

THE YEAR IN SEX (AND WHAT A YEAR IT'S BEEN!)

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1985 • \$3.00

YAAAA-HOOOOO

**IT'S THE
GIRLS OF
TEXAS
(EAT YOUR
HEART OUT,
CALIFORNIA)**

**JERRY KRAMER
LOOKS BACK
AT THE PACK**

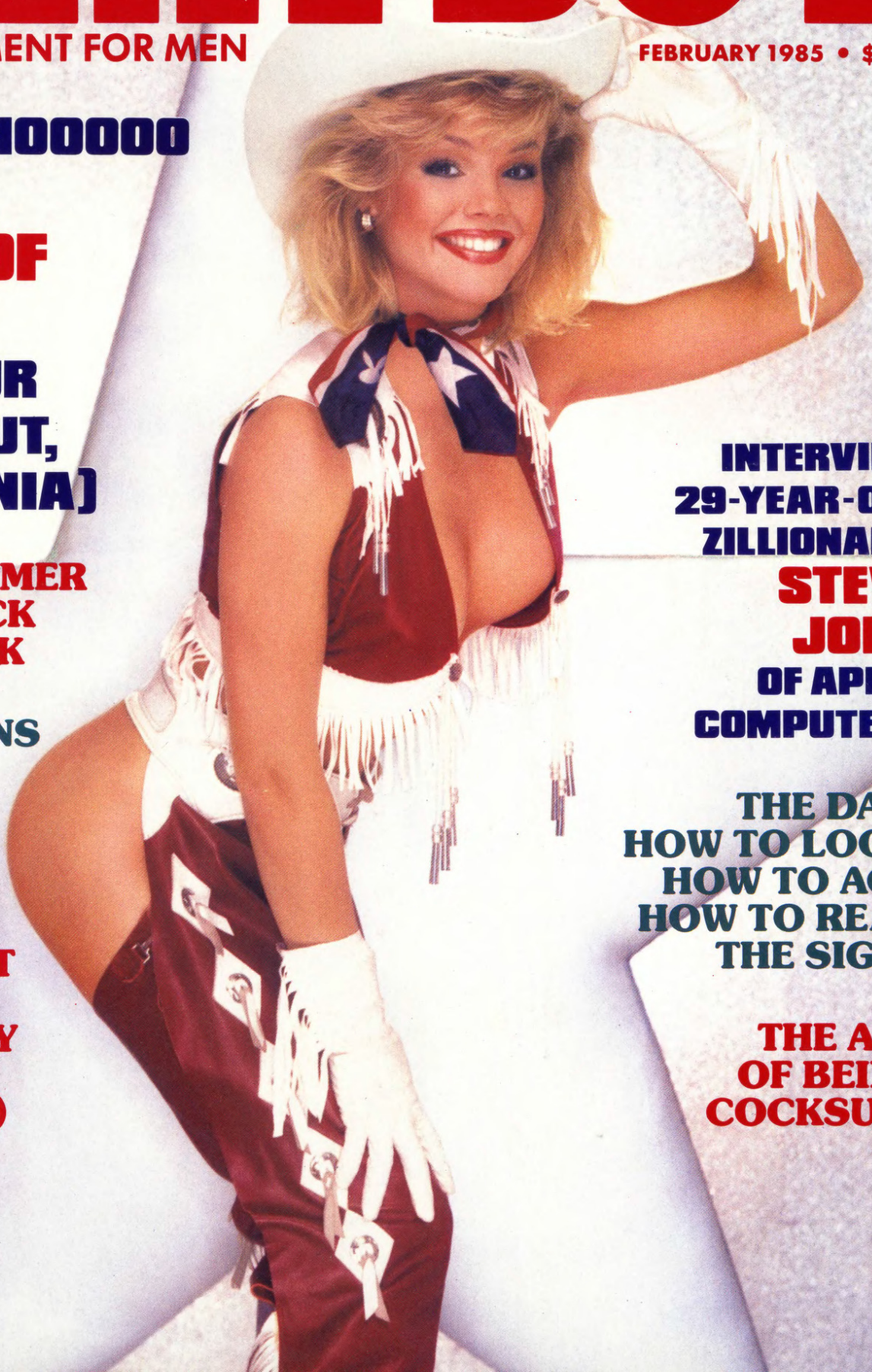
**DAN JENKINS
ON SUPER
SUNDAY**

**WICKED
WILLIE
MAN'S BEST
FRIEND
(HE HARDLY
EVER LETS
YOU DOWN)**

**INTERVIEW
29-YEAR-OLD
ZILLIONAIRE
STEVE
JOBS
OF APPLE
COMPUTERS**

**THE DATE
HOW TO LOOK,
HOW TO ACT,
HOW TO READ
THE SIGNS**

**THE ART
OF BEING
COCKSURE**





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GRAND PRIX PARIS 1889

Heineken

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AMSTERDAM 1883

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HOLLAND

**"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."**

PLAYBILL

LET US BE THE FIRST to wish you happy Valentine's month. Even more than most, this month's PLAYBOY revolves around affairs of the heart.

First, get ready for *The Date*, in which four worldly modernists reveal the secrets to squiring success. You'll find "Opening Lines," by Contributing Editor **D. Keith Mano**; **Pete Dexter's** "Getting Spiffy"; **P. J. O'Rourke's** "Stepping Out"; and "The Put-Away," delivered by **Dan Greenburg**.

Broken hearts can be repaired these days, but it's a bloody ugly business. In *Excavations*, **Wayne Fields** takes us inside the places in the heart. He spent several days watching cardiac surgeons at work, and his report will take you as close as you can get without being spattered.

From the hearts of men, we move to the soul of the new machine. **Steven Jobs**—the Johnny Appleseed of computers—is the subject of **David Sheff's Playboy Interview**. Jobs discusses the nature of the new machine, "young maniacs" like himself and fellow *Wunderkind* Steve Wozniak and the year he lost a quarter of a billion dollars. He hopes you like them Apples.

Retirement pains many athletes; perhaps the ones who hurt the most are those whose careers were greatest. In **Jerry Kramer's Distant Replay**—written with **Dick Schaap**—Kramer looks back on his days with the fabled Vince Lombardi Packers and considers what has happened since. He provides insights as well on his teammates' and opponents' lives. Some of them, it seems, still listen for the echoes of their youth.

Hearts are leaping throughout the Lone Star State over *The Girls of Texas*, Contributing Photographer **David Mecey's** excursion to the hotbed of yellow roses. If you think the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders are easy on the eyes, you ain't seen nothin'.

Easy is what life in the tropics should be, but in **Bob Shacochis' Easy in the Islands**, a death in the family sets off a tropical nightmare. In **Frederik Pohl's The Saved**—with magnetic sculpture by **Michael O'Brien**—the end of the world comes not with a bang but a twist.

The Fine Art of Cocksurety, by **Gary A. Taubes**, examines the fine line between confidence and arrogance. Confidently illustrated by **Richard Hess**, Taubes's article suggests that that line's a tight-rope on which many men lose their balance; those who can maintain a quiet cockiness are worth looking up to. Illustrator **Gray Jolliffe** and writer **Peter Mayle's Man's Best Friend** deals less metaphorically with cockiness. Excerpted from Jolliffe and Mayle's soon-to-be blockbuster from Harmony Books, *Man's Best Friend* introduces a salty dog named Wicked Willie.

Wicked Willies and Wilhelminas pop up all over *The Year in Sex*, our annual analysis of the sexual spectrum. Nineteen eighty-four, as it turned out, belonged to both Orwell and Falwell. Fortunately for us—and you—there was still plenty of blue news.

Did you ever play really scary games as a kid? Pin the tail on the Devil? Blindman's Empire State Building? **Jim Jerome** lifts another kids' game to frightening heights, asking **Brian De Palma 20 Questions**. The answers he gets from the director of *Dressed to Kill* and *Body Double* take us to the heart of Mr. Darkness.

With this month's pictorial *Paper Dolls*, photographer **Art Kane** brings a quirky mystery to nudes. Dressing his models in everything from fencing masks to gas masks, he manages to hide their faces without obscuring their charms.

There are more good faces and many more charms in this Valentine's issue, most prominent among them those of Miss February, **Cherie Witter**. Her gatefold pictorial is called *Cherie on Top*, but don't let those three little words give you any ideas. One picture of Cherie's worth 333⅓ times as much. And we've got 24 of them, beginning on page 86.

To some, the heart is a lonely hunter. We think the whole world is a happy hunting ground, particularly at this time of year. So, happy hunting.



MANO



FIELDS



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SHACOCHIS



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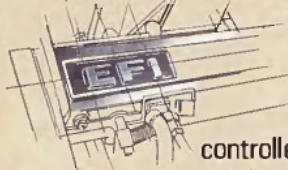
JEROME

Remember that ridge you always wanted to go to but never could? That strip of sand you thought was just out of reach? The way this 1985 4Runner SR5 breaks through, you'll swear it was designed by Houdini.

Sure, 4Runner's got the highest running ground clearance of any small sport utility vehicle, but that's just the beginning.

Its all-new 24 liter engine with 116 hp is the *most powerful* ever built for a small sport utility vehicle.

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Like every brilliant escape artist, 4Runner's exclusive EFI only uses power and fuel when needed. No wasted motion or energy here.

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in the back room, an outstanding AM/FM/MPX sound system, reclining bucket seats and an option that makes running away even more comfortable—a 7-way adjustable driver's Sport Seat.

OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

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BUCKLE UP. IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

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ESCAPE!

PLAYBOY

vol. 32, no. 2—february, 1985

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COVER STORY Texas, the eyes of the world are upon you. Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda shot this month's cover and West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski produced it, but they would have come up empty without cover girl Julie McCullough—the pride and joy of Allen, Texas. To see a few dozen other yellow roses, turn to *The Girls of Texas* on page 126.

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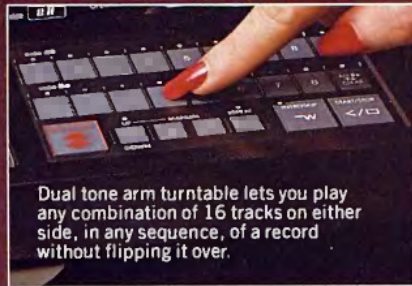
Fantastic! That's the word for Sansui's Midi ensemble. Never before has a music system offered so much pleasure in so little space—with so much ease of operation.

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there's no better outlet than a pair of super sounding Sansui speakers.

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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

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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.

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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.

Easy Access

Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call us toll-free or write us at the address below. The price is the same as it's been for the last five years: \$245. 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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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



PILLOW TALK

As grand-prize winner in The Playboy Channel's first Midsummer Night's Dream Sweepstakes, Miami accountant José Falagan (above right) took Peggy Labrador (second from right) to Hef's pajama party at Playboy Mansion West, where they met the host and his date, Carrie Leigh.



FASHION IN THE FLESH

Las Vegas was the scene of the Video Software Dealers' Association's annual convention, and a Playmate fashion show (above) was the highlight. Sponsored by CBS-Fox, distributor of our *Playboy Video* series, the spectacle wowed conventioners. Can you name the Playmates?

THE SINCEREST FORM OF WORLD CONQUEST

The invaders in NBC's *V* are clever—now they are imitating Earth's great publishers. The human at right is August 1983 cover girl Sybil Danning, in a recent episode. The other creature is a slimy impostor.



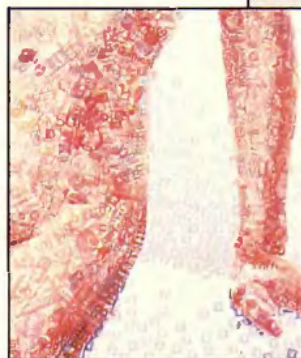
WE KNEW HIM AS A BROWN BELT

The Karate Kid was one of last year's surprise movie hits. Its star, Pat Morita (below), was Arnold in *Happy Days*; before that, he was rolling them in the aisles of our Playboy Clubs. Keyholders then found comic Pat in *VIP*, our Clubs' publication; soon they'll be seeing him in the sequel to *Karate Kid*.



STAMPING OUT A BRAND-NEW PENNY

Californian Leon McFadden has become an artistic original by rubber-stamping other people's trademarks. McFadden's work creates an effect that is all the more intriguing the closer you get. And that's something his portrait of 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker (right) shares with its subject.



LIGHTS: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, KING: 17 mg. "tar",
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EL PRESIDENTE

The insights provided by El Salvador's President José Napoleón Duarte in November's *Playboy Interview* should be required reading for those who oppose our assistance to that beautiful but troubled nation. The views expressed by most television and newspaper reports seem to be governed by the ugly-American syndrome. To understand El Salvador, one must view the situation from the Salvadoran perspective and not from that of the U.S. The legal system is one example: The system in El Salvador is not based on English law. Is that to say that it is wrong? My hat is off to journalists Marc Cooper and Gregory Goldin for providing an informative and unbiased *Interview*. *PLAYBOY* gets my vote for the responsible-journalism-of-the-year award for publishing it. It is a crying shame that the people who most need to read the comments of President Duarte are the type who would rather censor *PLAYBOY* than open it. As for Duarte himself, he is the last hope for El Salvador, at least in this century.

Ken Lowen
Honolulu, Hawaii

In your November *Interview* with the "imposed" president of El Salvador, I detect his desire to become a kind of Caesar covered by a thin curtain of democracy. Duarte speaks against the Salvadoran army and the United States in the name of the people of El Salvador, some thing he cannot do, since more than half his country opposes him. He asserts that the right wing killed Archbishop Romero, without giving any proof. He says that a Christian Democrat is killed almost every day but forgets to mention the members of other parties killed by their ideological enemies. There are rumors in San Salvador that the Green squads (Duarte's) are commanded by Venezuelans and are aimed against the members of right-wing parties. I do not have proof of my claims, but neither does Duarte have proof of his. He says that Salvadoran society is uncivi-

lized, that having a gun is enough to make one feel like the "king of the world" and impose one's will on anyone who is unarmed. This is true, and anyone can see it any day in the streets of San Salvador when Duarte's convoy of armor-plated Cherokee Chiefs (the preferred car of the death squads) passes by, showing his almighty power to the rest of what he calls his people. I hope I will not find myself jailed or killed because of what I have said here. But the next time you do a report on El Salvador, go not only to the *Zona Rosa* but also to El Buho, an expensive *discothèque*, where you can see how well the vice-president and other members of Duarte's cabinet treat themselves.

Rafael A. Alfaro P.
San Salvador, El Salvador

I applaud your *Interview* with Duarte, but your interviewers either fail or refuse to grasp the fundamental problems that confront him. The guerrillas do not want free elections and democracy, and neither do the powerful members of the rightist oligarchy. Certainly, Duarte would like to stop the activity of the death squads; the Kissinger Commission recommended that progress toward that goal be a prerequisite to obtaining further military and economic assistance. What he wants to do and what he has the *power* to do are different things, at least at the present time. One does not have to be a right-wing zealot to recognize Duarte's delicate position or to emphasize El Salvador's importance in the over-all scheme of Central America. The solution to its bloody past does not lie in crucifying the one true moderate who has a chance to achieve democratic ends.

Buckner P. Wellford
New York, New York

COLUMNY

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credit. His *Against the Wind* column "Beach Slang" (PLAYBOY, November) is the most accurate and complete article ever to focus on the Southern California beach scene. I couldn't have put it any better, Craig. Your column fully shreds.

Jeffrey Thurnher
"New Porsche Beach," California

We have been reading Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column for quite some time, and we have also been reading Asa Baber's column, *Men*. We think his column is better. Why? Because he does not reflect the low level of sexual vulgarity that she does. Her references to vibrators and her apparent dependence on mechanical means of gratification indicate to us an inability to relate to others sexually. Her response to that inability seems to be cynicism and condescension toward the male of our species.

Mark Sherwood
Ben Carter
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Cynthia Heimel, it's time I let you in on the fact that your *Women* column each month in PLAYBOY is worth the price of the magazine (sorry, Hef and Asa). After reading "Coupling" (November), I'm not sure where my wife and I fit in—probably a little bit here and there—but, yes, there are many more weirdo twosomes around. I hope you don't get pissed at me for saying that I was overcome by the urge to search *Playbill* each month until I finally saw HEIMEL under an attractive permed visage (it would *really* be nice to find it somewhere just before or after the centerfold—no, never mind, I'm too selfish). As you can see, I tend to ramble . . . but I want you to know that this is my first letter to PLAYBOY or any other magazine. Why? Because (one last kudos) you have so motivated me with your tongue/quill combo that I just had to introduce myself personally and steal a cheap thrill.

Gary D. Amato
Chantilly, Virginia

CHRISTIE DRESSES UP

Supermodel Christie Brinkley makes the November cover of PLAYBOY the very best ever. Thanks.

Jerry Lewis
Fort Worth, Texas

What? No pith helmet, sunglasses and heavy mustache for Christie Brinkley (*Veddy British, Veddy Brinkley*, PLAYBOY, November)? Please don't tease us so much! I eagerly await next month's issue, which should feature Jamie Lee Curtis wearing an old whiskey barrel.

George V. Michael, Jr.
Libertyville, Illinois

I love it! PLAYBOY, the magazine that brings us lovely ladies from around the

world, and Christie Brinkley, one of the most beautiful women the world round, team up to produce one exquisite pictorial. I hope to see more of the incredibly gorgeous Christie in a future issue.

Michael D. Schaffer
Tempe, Arizona

IF I WERE A RICH MAN. . .

Bravo for Michael Drosnin's courageous *Citizen Hughes* (PLAYBOY, November)! Even though I'm writing a book about the epic battle between humanitarians and Machiavellians, I am constantly amazed at the number of big lies swallowed by the public. If Drosnin's analysis of a Nixon-Hughes Watergate is accurate, it shines light on yet another dark corner. He has provided a valuable service to everyone who embraces Lincoln's concept of government of the people, by the people and for the people.

André Bacard, Director
Affirmist Society
Novato, California

I have just concluded part one of *Citizen Hughes* and found it spectacular reading. It provides rare insight into the realities that drive our political system.

Robert T. Robbins
Mission Viejo, California

LITTLE ANNIE MAKES IT BIG

If you knew Annie like I knew Annie. . . Anne (Margaret) Carlisle, featured in your September *Cult Queen* pictorial, was born in New Milford, Connecticut. She moved to Lantana, Florida, in 1968, when she was 13. That's when I met her. She was a talented artist and a model. Four years later, I married her sister, Cathy. Two years after that, Anne married an attorney. Following her divorce, she moved to New York. The rest is obvious. If you start a Little Annie Fan Club, let me know.

J. E. Harmon
West Palm Beach, Florida

PREPESCIENT

Anson Mount is too capable a prognosticator. The 4-7 season he predicted for the Pitt Panthers in 1983 was one year premature.

Earl R. Beyer
Palmyra, Pennsylvania

MOLTEN COPPER

Over the years, you've managed to present your lucky readers with more than a fair share of bodies beautiful. But with your introduction of Miss November, Roberta Vasquez, into the national consciousness, you've reached the summit and, in the process, have managed to redefine the perfect ten. Why doesn't she share her body-building secrets with the world via a video cassette? If bean poles can sell

their shtick, why not Roberta? I'll be dumfounded if I don't find her in your June 1985 Playmate of the Year edition. But, since nothing in this world is certain, I'll play it safe and ask for one more look now.

Peter Lyons
North Attleboro, Massachusetts

Roberta Vasquez is the steamiest, sexiest Playmate in years.

Willie Brown
Detroit, Michigan

Our compliments to you for discovering and to Steve Wayda for photographing Miss November, Roberta Vasquez. Virtually the entire third floor of our dormitory agrees that this modern-day Aphrodite is, in fact, a perfect ten. Although she does not attend our college, we are nominating her for homecoming queen.

The Blue Ridge Bachelors
Berea College
Berea, Kentucky

Roberta Vasquez. Holy shit!

Dale Adams
Battle Creek, Michigan

Too bad voluptuous Roberta Vasquez has left the California State Police force. After seeing your devastating photos of her, I was ready to head for Los Angeles to go on a nonstop crime spree in hope of being apprehended by her. What a memorable experience it would be to get busted by the busty Miss Vasquez!

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California



Remember, Lanny—you'd be handcuffed.





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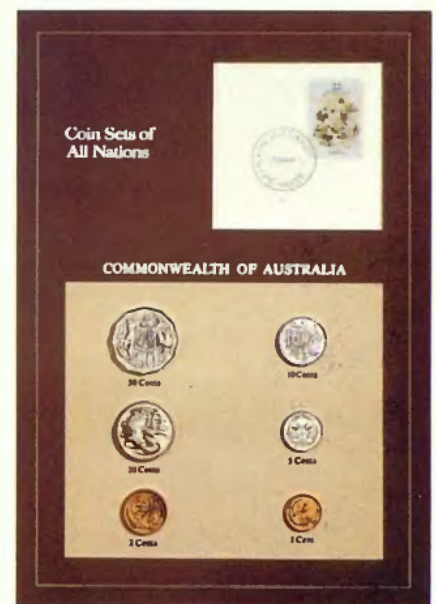
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ALL CHOKED UP

While he was eating breakfast the morning of his wedding, a piece of sausage became lodged in Robert Graf, Jr.'s, throat. Despite the efforts of doctors at the Shoreline Clinic in Essex, Connecticut, the sausage wouldn't budge. Disregarding the pain, Graf decided to go ahead with his wedding as planned, and the Reverend William Gaydos rushed through the ceremony at the Killingworth Congregational Church in 20 minutes—after which, Graf headed for minor surgery at Middlesex Memorial Hospital. Doctors removed the sausage and later released Graf. The bride's sister, Geri Nebor, summed up the wedding this way: "It was a beautiful ceremony. Everyone was crying."

The Baby Boomers addition to the Trivial Pursuit game, asks this provocative question in its Lives and Times category: "Who said, 'In horse vernacular, Roy has always given me my head, and I have tried to do the same for him?'" The answer is not Trigger; it's Dale Evans. Roy stuffed Trigger.

A woman on a TWA flight from London to New York forgot that she had concealed \$4000 in her panty hose and lost it in the plumbing when she used the lavatory. Upon landing, the woman explained her plight, and two TWA ramp servicemen volunteered to check the effluent as it was pumped off the plane. Forty laundered \$100 bills were returned to her. Asked to comment on the woman's fiscal irresponsibility, a TWA spokesman said, "She was somewhat beside herself."

OH, RICKY!

At a recent New York City Friars Club tribute to Dean Martin, Lucille Ball recalled the club's 1961 fete honoring her. The Friars' dinners, until then, had been strictly stag affairs at which mah-velous show-business personalities peppered tes-

timonials with their randiest material. In deference to Lucy, however, the Friars were instructed to clean up their acts that night. Johnny Carson, taking his turn at the lectern, obediently obliged when he introduced the guest of honor. Said Carson, "Ladies and gentlemen, what a thrill it is to present Miss Lucille Testicle."

The quizmaster on TV's *Tic Tac Dough* asked a schoolteacher, "Charles Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities*. Can you tell me the two cities mentioned in the title?" Replied the schoolma'am, "Well, yes, I think I can—Sodom and Gomorrah." You could say it was the best of answers and the worst of answers.

Judges at the First Wine Sommelier Contest in San Francisco were astounded when eight absent-minded wine stewards showed up for the event without their corkscrews. "Incredible," said Christian Finger, one of the judges who docked the

contestants two points each for their forgetfulness. "The corkscrew is the tool of our trade. What are you going to do in a restaurant—ask the customer if he has a corkscrew you can borrow?" The winner of the five-event contest was Harold Tous-saint of the Stanford Court Hotel, who scored 72 and a half points out of a possible 100. He won a trip to New York. The other contestants each received gold-plated corkscrews.

Drape expectations: According to the Napa, California, *Register*, the Napa-Solano chapter of Parents Without Partners sponsored "an open toga party."

While trying literally to make the best of a layover at Shannon Airport, a young Soviet couple went in search of the latest in capitalist condoms and got more than they had bargained for—even at giddy duty-free rates.

The two, while on their way from Havana to Moscow, approached the duty-free counter, and the man asked for "protection" in broken English. He was immediately scooped up by immigration authorities and questioned for almost 30 minutes before it was determined that he had wanted sexual, not political asylum.

Stand back, guys, these folks really smoke: After winning the National Break Dancing Championship in New York City, St. Croix's proud team was treated to a welcome-home motorcade and other celebrations. Dance enthusiasts will be pleased to know that the group calls itself the Windbreakers.

And you thought those guys looked only at hemlines: Fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld incited a stir at the Milan debut of his latest spring-summer womenswear collection. Quoted in an English-language



WICKED REMARKS

COMPILED BY GLEN EVANS

"I kissed my first girl and smoked my first cigarette on the same day. I haven't had time for tobacco since."

—ARTURO TOSCANINI

"Sex is an emotion in motion."

—MAE WEST

"Sex is one of the nine reasons for reincarnation. . . . The other eight are unimportant."

—HENRY MILLER

"I've tried several varieties of sex. The conventional position makes me claustrophobic and the others give me a stiff neck or lockjaw."

—TALLULAH BANKHEAD

"Sexual intercourse is kicking death in the ass while singing."

—CHARLES BUKOWSKI

"The good thing about masturbation is that you don't have to dress up for it."

—TRUMAN CAPOTE

"Sex is the great amateur art. The professional, male or female, is frowned upon. He or she misses the whole point and spoils the show."

—DAVID CORT

"An erection at will is the moral equivalent of a valid credit card."

—ALEX COMFORT

"Chastity—the most unnatural of the sexual perversions."

—ALDOUS HUXLEY

"Love is the answer, but while you are waiting for the answer, sex raises some pretty good questions."

—WOODY ALLEN

"Sex—the poor man's polo."

—CLIFFORD ODETS

"The first girl you go to bed with is always pretty."

—WALTER MATTHAU

"There will be sex after death, we just won't be able to feel it."

—LILY TOMLIN

"When a man and woman of unorthodox tastes make love, the man could be said to be introducing his foible into her quirk."

—KENNETH TYNAN

"What is a promiscuous person? It's usually someone who is getting more sex than you are."

—VICTOR LOWNES

"There are some elements of life, above all sexual pleasure, about which it isn't necessary to have a position."

—SUSAN SONTAG

"If it weren't for pickpockets, I'd have no sex life at all."

—RODNEY DANGERFIELD

"Sex without class consciousness cannot give satisfaction, even if it is repeated until infinity."

—ALDO BRANDIRALI, former secretary-general of the Italian Marxist-Leninist party

"Men always fall for frigid women, because they put on the best show."

—FANNY BRICE

"Whoever named it necking was a poor judge of anatomy."

—GROUCHO MARN

"I think pop music has done more for oral intercourse than anything else that ever happened and vice versa."

—FRANK ZAPPA

"The only way to resolve a situation with a girl is to jump on her, and things will work out."

—LEE MARVIN

"The big difference between sex for money and sex for free is that sex for money usually costs a lot less."

—BRENDAN FRANCIS

"When grownups do it, it's kind of dirty—that's because there's no one to punish them."

—TUESDAY WELD

"The sexual drive is nothing but the motor memory of previously experienced pleasure."

—WILHELM REICH

press release, Lagerfeld described the new designs as "shaped to be raped." Carla Fendi, whose label manufactures the Lagerfeld line, fended off criticism, explaining, "In Italian, men may say of a woman, 'She is so beautiful, I want to *violenzare* her,' without any connotation of violence, only of Latin admiration." Carla, you party chick, we love ya.

LAST TANGO IN TEXAS

Falling for Each Other Department: After performing what might be described as the ultimate dip, an elderly Texas man and wife were found on the floor of their San Antonio apartment, both dead of apparent heart failure. Local authorities guessed that the husband had collapsed on top of his invalid spouse, trapping her as he was trying to lift her onto her bed. The woman, pinned underneath her husband's body, apparently died two days later.

A Federal investigation has implicated Cabbage Patch dolls in widespread welfare fraud. It seems that hospitals handed out bona fide birth certificates for Cabbage Patch dolls to those unfortunate kids who were unable to obtain a doll in time for Christmas last year. Now the parents of those kids are using the certificates to get Social Security numbers and, according to the Feds, they are using the Social Security numbers to apply for welfare benefits. It must be noted, however, that most Cabbage Patch dolls are decent, hard-working citizens.

PARRR-TEEE! POLITICS

During the Presidential-election campaign, Nancy Reagan made a stop in Atlanta to plug her pet project, curbing the ingestion of nonprescription personal additives. When reporters asked the First Lady questions about her old man's search for re-employment, she refused to answer, reminding them, "I'm just here for the drugs."

The employee newspaper of L.A.'s Bullocks department store ran this piece of managerial advice back in 1927: "If you can't be the Big Wheel in a great machine, at least be a good screw."

Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts charges \$11,700 a year tuition. Now, for an additional \$250 per month, the school will allow a student to stable a horse on campus. Susan Varnum of Maine says that with all the pressure of student life, having her pal Jewel Thief around "isn't a luxury. To me, it's a necessity." Susan Barrie, from Leconfield, England, concurs, even though her horse's transatlantic air fare cost \$3500: "Not having a horse would be like having a leg amputated."

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

BE WARNED that a strong stomach and steel nerves may help you get through *The Killing Fields* (Warner), parts of which I had to watch through knotted fingers while writhing squeamishly in my seat. That's a backhanded compliment for producer David Puttnam, director Roland Joffé and everyone else involved in this harrowing drama about the horrors of war and peace in Cambodia from 1973 to 1975. Based on a *New York Times Magazine* feature by correspondent Sydney H. Schanberg, the movie is partly an affectionate, searching reminiscence of Schanberg's friendship with Dith Pran, a Cambodian colleague he had to leave behind after the Khmer Rouge revolutionary take-over. But *Killing Fields* is also an angry, bloody, unequivocal indictment of U.S. bungling and cover-ups in faraway places. Sam Waterston registers strongly as Schanberg, with Dr. Haing S. Ngor, a real-life refugee from Khmer Rouge terrorism, barely a step behind him as Dith Pran. Somewhat diffuse in the second half, when the two main characters' stories are a hemisphere apart, and musically somewhat heavily overscored at times, the film nonetheless picks you up, shakes you and sends you reeling home with troublesome food for thought as few movies do nowadays. **★★½**

Treating sex and violence stylishly, with a sharp eye brightened by a wicked sense of humor, director Joel Coen's first feature, *Blood Simple* (Circle Releasing), was the surprise hit of the 1984 New York Film Festival. One not-quite-dead body is buried in the course of this visually witty shocker, which wastes few words but pumps up edge-of-your-seat excitement from reel number one to its socko finish. Adultery, revenge and deadly retribution are the games afoot in a poky Texas town, where the surly owner of a gin mill called The Neon Boot hires an unscrupulous private investigator to murder his errant wife and the younger, sexier bartender she's shackled up with. Cast respectively as the husband, wife and lover, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand and John Getz are very fine, albeit upstaged a bit by M. Emmet Walsh, whose portrayal of the corrupt, leering private eye is sleaze on a grand scale.

Nothing about *Blood Simple* is actually simple, because Coen's tricky tour de force manipulates an audience until questions of whodunit evolve into riddles about *what* was done and what the hell will everyone do next? Bodies, motives and deadly weapons are shuffled like cards in a magician's loaded deck. All in fun, it's somewhat less gory than the title suggests, and the magician at work has to be Coen himself, who



Waterston and Ngor in one of the less bloody moments from *The Killing Fields*.

Three hard-hitting films: *Blood Simple*, *The Killing Fields*, *The River*.



John Getz in *Blood Simple* whodunit.



Spacek, Gibson, kids battle *The River*.

wrote the screenplay with his brother (and producer) Ethan. As a moviemaker, he shows the quicksilver skill of early Spielberg, plus the kind of deadpan malice supposedly patented by Hitchcock. Coen occasionally lets logic go hang lest it interfere with his desired effects; but at the age of 29, he can afford to show off a talent so striking that we'll have to be careful not to spoil him with adulation. Trust me, he'll be back. **★★½**

The same John Getz who gets it on with his boss's wife in *Blood Simple* plays the cuckolded husband in *Thief of Hearts* (Paramount). Writer-director Douglas Day Stewart's story has all the ingredients of a high-gloss hard-core movie, but he has too carefully laundered it. Here we have a handsome, half-crazy cat burglar (Steven Bauer, a scene stealer in *Scarface* as Pacino's pal) who robs the home of a wealthy San Francisco couple, makes off with the wife's sexy secret journals, then manages to meet and seduce her by fulfilling all the fantasies she has confided to her diary. Beautiful Canadian-born actress Barbara Williams is both intense and believable as the lady in heat. So far, so good. But not much comes of it after a couple of tame unclothed encounters that convey very little of the superstar's promise to give his paramour "anything you want, any way you ever wanted it." The melodramatic ending is predictable, too—with the sanctity of marriage reaffirmed, infidelity forgiven and the answer to a matron's prayers slipping off into the fog of fond memory. Or maybe creeping back between the covers of a lush romance novel, where he belongs. **★★**

Through either trendiness or sheer coincidence, *The River* (Universal) is the third major movie of 1984 about hard times in

THE BIG 1¢ STEAL!

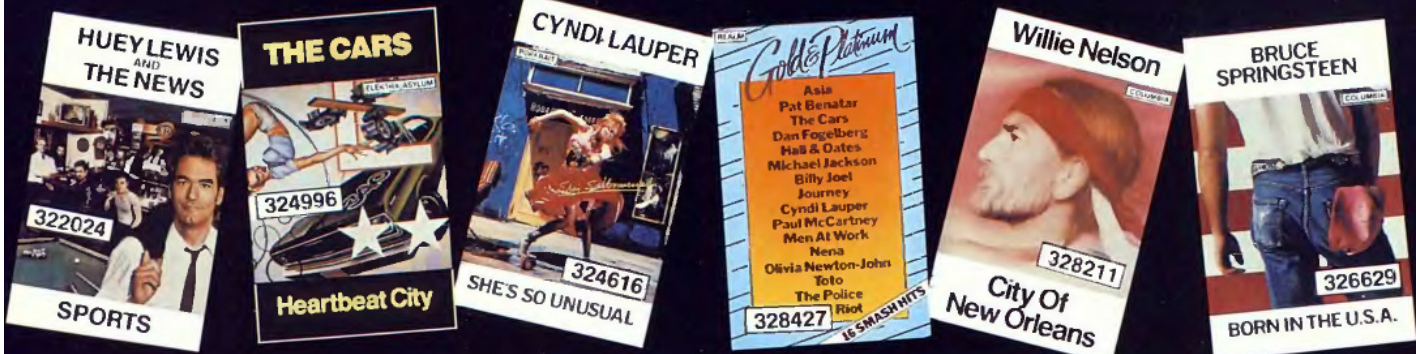


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rural America. Ironically, while politicians have sought to persuade us that happy days are here again, moviemakers find America's noblest values preserved by the dispossessed—those unhappy one-family farmers whose way of life may be inimical to progress. The ravages of man and nature in *The River* are strikingly close to those depicted in *Country* and *Places in the Heart*. Forget the duplicated highlights, however, and you'll note that *The River's* screenplay (by Robert Dillon and Julian Barry) is less contrived, more psychologically true in matching its characters' deeds to their actions in adversity.

Going with the flow, Sissy Spacek and Mel Gibson are the beleaguered Tennessee couple whose problems go far beyond feeding their kids and getting in the corn crop. They've also got a wealthy, ruthless neighbor (Scott Glenn) who schemes to flood the valley—and wants Gibson's wife as well as his land. The acting cannot be faulted—Spacek homespun to the bone, Gibson a rock-solid center for the film. Long heralded as a potential superstar, here he comes through with the kind of old-time charisma that *makes* you watch him. Oddly, *The River's* most poignant scene is one in a big-city steel mill, where Gibson and other desperate, dislocated farmers are hired as scab labor during a strike. When a wild deer wanders into the mill, the men corner, then free it after seeing themselves in the frightened animal's eyes. Director Mark (On *Golden Pond*) Rydell does not always work so subtly. John Williams' obtrusive musical score struck me as lushly inappropriate to the simple life on the screen, and Rydell himself tends to underscore heart-tugging emotionalism so insistently that it invites trouble to let a character say, in utter seriousness, "We're gonna get a million dollars for all this corn!" Fortunately, the movie's scattered corn is backed up dramatically by some good, rich meat and potatoes. ♫♫

Director Jonathan Demme's *Stop Making Sense* (Cinecom/Island Alive) is a nonsense concert film that sets an exceptionally high standard for music cinema. Digitally recorded 24-track stereo sound, combined with Jordan Cronenweth's stark, arresting cinematography, makes this a phantasmagorical showcase for the Talking Heads. The group's leader and star vocalist, David Byrne, in an outsized suit, looks like a cross between a kabuki actor and a young Boris Karloff as Frankenstein's monster, but he is mesmerizing in performance. *Stop Making Sense* projects an air of immediacy and stage magic—the equivalent of a front-row-center seat, plus some glimpses behind the scenes, altogether likely to knock your socks off if you're a fan for whom 88 minutes of high-decibel Heads sounds like a little bit of heaven. ♫♫

The older woman/younger man relationship explored in *No Small Affair*



Body Double's Wasson, Shelton.

Strange mix of sex and violence in *Crimes of Passion*, *Body Double*.



Perkins, Turner in private *Passions*.

(Columbia) concerns a 16-year-old San Francisco schoolboy-photographer and an aspiring pop singer of 23. Played beguilingly by Demi Moore (from TV's *General Hospital*) and Jon Cryer (a recruit from Broadway who comes on like a small, teen-aged James Stewart), director Jerry Schatzberg's effort to revive the lost art of romantic comedy meets with moderate success. Himself a former photographer, Schatzberg launches husky-voiced Moore as a commandingly vibrant heroine, while cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond (who also made *The River* a sight to behold) sees to it that the Bay Area is an eye-popping backdrop for Demi, Jon and the boy-meets-girl trivia. *Affair* is smaller than its moviemakers think, but easy to like. ♫♫½

Spoofing a spoof is not easy to do, but *The Perils of Gwendoline* (Goldwyn), inspired by a Thirties comic strip by John Willie, aspires to mock the mock heroics of such blockbusters as *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Director Just Jaeckin, a former glamor photographer who made the first,

and phenomenal, *Emmanuelle*, puts a shimmering surface on *Gwendoline*. Everything below the surface, however, is pure marshmallow adventure in the land of the Yik-Yak, where a lepidopterist's daughter (Tawny Kitaen, *Bachelor Party's* comely bride-to-be) in search of her lost dad joins forces with a smashingly handsome soldier of fortune (Brent Huff, a top male model who looks uncannily like a Charlton Heston/Harrison Ford hybrid). Given a better script and a faster pace, these two might well make it. ♫♫

Lots of "in" references to other movies and moviemaking lend an air of superficial chic to Brian De Palma's trumped-up *Body Double* (Columbia). Craig Wasson portrays a so-so Hollywood actor who sublets a super-Mod hilltop house with a wrap-around view, where he is obviously being set up to witness the murder of the sexy brunette (Deborah Shelton) in a house below (shades of Hitchcock's *Rear Window*). The crime itself is ghastly, the murder weapon a flagrantly phallic electric drill. Then De Palma continues untangling a plot that nine out of ten moviegoers will already have figured out and found wanting. His technical virtuosity is impressive, as always, but virtuosity in a void brings drastically diminished returns.

Paradoxically, the most redeeming and endearing asset of the movie is Melanie Griffith's performance as a porno queen whose squeaky-voiced innocence defuses the supposed depravity of her chosen profession, even when she lays down an explicit set of ground rules: "No animal acts . . . no fist fucking and absolutely no coming in my face." Aces in the title role, Melanie (Mrs. Steven Bauer offscreen, by the way) *almost* saves the day. ♫♫

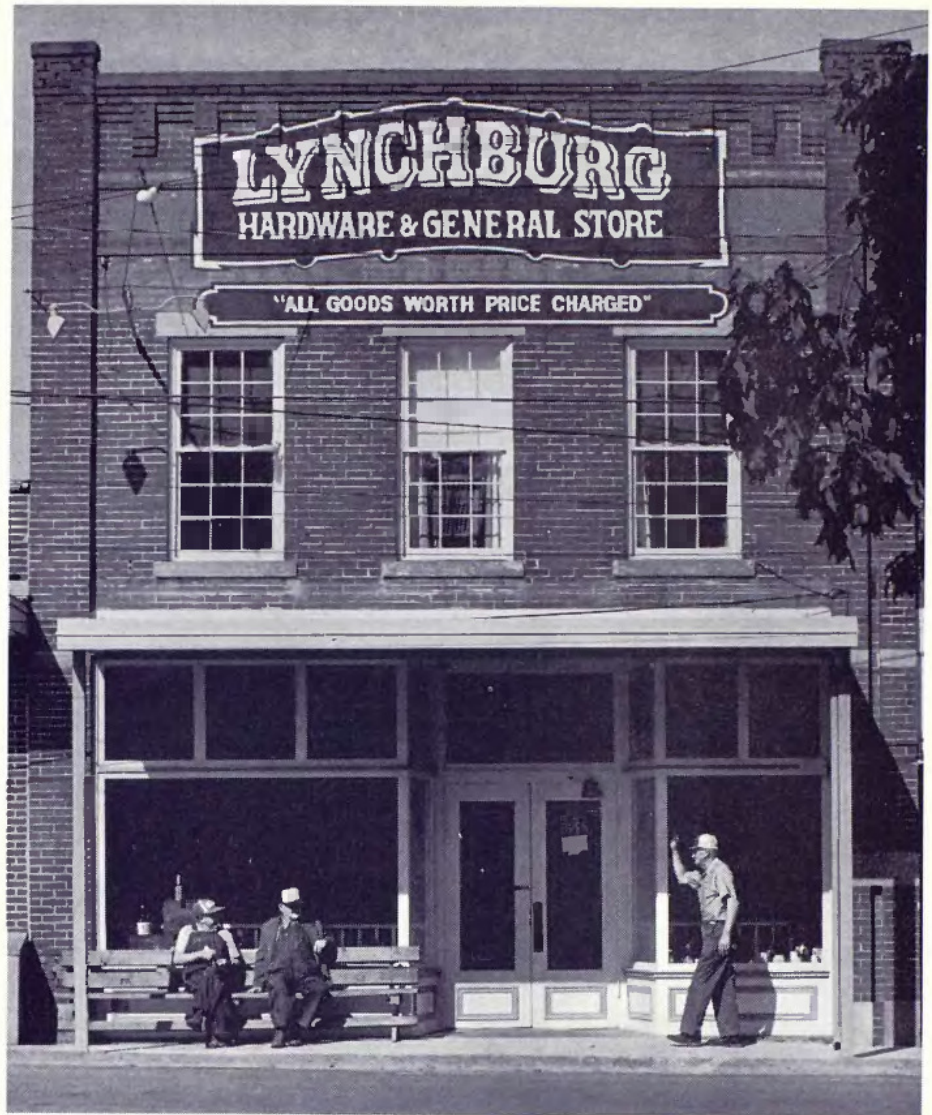
Are movies getting sexier? Well, not really. You might wonder, though, when Kathleen Turner saunters on, all tarted up and licking a Beat Me—Eat Me licorice whip in *Crimes of Passion* (New World). Turner's a successful career girl moonlighting as a hooker named China Blue, who finds true love with an unhappy married man (John Laughlin) after narrowly escaping the clutches of a Scripture-spouting lunatic (Anthony Perkins, in yet another feverish recap of his celebrated stint in *Psycho*). Perkins also carries a deadly serrated silver dildo, just to make a girl nervous. Everything she's asked to do, Turner does amazingly well, but her opportunities are limited in Barry Sandler's blunt screenplay—directed, with his usual manic energy, by Ken Russell. What might have been a sad, shocking and suspenseful human comedy about the sex games people play to mask their deeper emotional conflicts is turned into a freak show by Russell, who is seldom dull but just as seldom coherent. Finally, *Crimes* evokes mostly chuckles mingled with pity for actors who have to chew the scenery and spew such dialog as "You wear your angst like a breakaway chastity belt." ♫♫

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Amadeus** Milos Forman's spectacular big-screen bio of W. A. Mozart. **YYYY**
- The Bear** A bit fuzzy, except for Gary Busey as grid coach Bryant. **YY½**
- Blood Simple** (See review) Label this new suspense entry type A. **YYY**
- Body Double** (See review) De Palma trying *too* hard to be Hitchcock. **YY**
- Crimes of Passion** (See review) Kathleen Turner moonlighting as a tart. **YY**
- Falling in Love** Slow illicit romance for N.Y.C. commuters, earnestly overacted by Streep and De Niro. **YY**
- Fear City** A latter-day Jack the Ripper with an evil eye for strippers. **YY½**
- The Flamingo Kid** Feisty coming-of-age beach movie stars Matt Dillon. **YYY**
- Give My Regards to Broad Street** Thin McCartney musicale. **YY**
- The Hit** Dirty doings in sunny Spain, with John Hurt, Terence Stamp. **YY**
- The Inheritors** Grim indictment of neo-Nazism in Germany today. **YY**
- Just the Way You Are** Neat Kristy on the ski slopes. **YY**
- The Killing Fields** (See review) An eyewitness horror show from Cambodia. **YYY**
- The Little Drummer Girl** They throw the book at Keaton and just miss. **YY**
- Mass Appeal** Light religious debates from Broadway, with Lemmon. **YY**
- Night of the Comet** Wry comedy of nuclear apocalypse as seen by a couple of teen queens on the Coast. **YYY**
- No Small Affair** (See review) Schoolboy gets it on with pop singer. **YY½**
- Not for Publication** Paul (*Eating Raoul*) Bartel's dull comic jab at tabloid journalism is a local anesthetic. **Y**
- Oh, God! You Devil** Good *versus* evil, by George. **YY**
- Paris, Texas** Pretty dry until Nastassja Kinski shows up with Stanton. **YY½**
- The Perils of Gwendoline** (See review) As arch as a lost *Raiders*. **YY**
- Places in the Heart** Warming, rural and wonderfully played by Sally Field in fine company of plainsfolk. **YYY½**
- The River** (See review) Mel, Sissy and hardship down on the farm. **YYY**
- Stop Making Sense** (See review) Talking Heads stunningly framed in song. **YYY**
- Stranger than Paradise** Flip, fun and independent in every sense. **YYY**
- A Sunday in the Country** VSOP French comedy, choice as rare cognac. **YYY½**
- The Terminator** Schwarzenegger in time warp, good mean fun. **YY**
- Thief of Hearts** (See review) Purloined diary of a bored housewife. **YY**
- The Times of Harvey Milk** For a gay martyr, in memoriam. **YYY**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



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COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: John Huston's next directorial effort will be *Prizzi's Honor*, starring Jack Nicholson, Kathleen (Romancing the Stone) Turner and Huston's daughter Anjelica. Based on Richard Condon's novel of the same name, the project is a black comedy about a Mafia family. . . . Last month, in this space, I suggested that the Western may be making a comeback, launched by the production of Hugh Wilson's comedy *Rustler's Rhapsody*. Well, Clint Eastwood seems to have jumped onto the band wagon (or, in this case, chuck wagon) with *Pale Rider*. Co-starring Christopher Penn, Carrie Snodgrass, Michael Moriarty and Richard Kiel, the flick involves a lonesome stranger (Eastwood) who gets caught up in a struggle between smalltime miners and the big mining companies. Naturally, the jury is still out on whether or not Westerns can make money in this day and age (the only real litmus test in Hollywood), so we'll just have to wait and see. If they do, expect a deluge. . . . Michael Douglas has been set to star in Embassy Pictures' film version of *A Chorus Line*, with Richard Attenborough directing.

SPY-JINKS: Twentieth Century-Fox's *The Man with One Red Shoe* is an "Americanized version" (the producers abhor the word remake) of the classic French comedy *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe*. In this case, Americanized basically means three things: adding a real love story (since American audiences presumably won't buy casual sexual affairs), having the good guys come out better than the bad guys in the end and shortening the title. Tom (Splash) Hanks stars as the innocent violinist mistaken for a superagent amid a bout of internecine warfare within the CIA. Dabney Coleman and Charles Durning play the rival agency bigwigs; Lori (Footloose) Singer is a superagent who uses feminine wiles to worm secrets out of Hanks; Carrie Fisher plays a flutist having an affair with our hero; and Jim Belushi is her hubby. Says director Stan (Love at First Bite) Dragoti: "The goal is to keep people in the audience laughing while on the edge of their seats."

NEWS FLASH! A few random details have leaked out from the closely guarded set of *Purple Rose of Cairo*, Woody Allen's latest movie, scheduled for a February release. For starters, it seems to take place in the Thirties. The title is the name of a 1936 picture playing at a local moviehouse called the Jewel. Mia Farrow plays a waitress in a small town on the Hudson. Danny Aiello plays her husband, and Jeff (Terms of Endearment) Daniels is a matinee idol. Also featured (but not mentioned in any pro-



Have we got a remedy for those post-holiday blues! Say goodbye to the blahs with *Brazil*, a futuristic comedy saga in which Kim Greist (above) plays an innocent dreaming of escape to another world. Mel Gibson and Diane Keaton team up in *Mrs. Soffel*, a romantic drama based on a true story (below left). Peter O'Toole and Mariel Hemingway get together in *Creator* (below right), an offbeat, zany comedy about an eccentric biologist and his female assistant.



duction notes) are Van Johnson, Edward Herrmann, Zoe Caldwell, night-club crooner Karen Akers and Broadway impresario Alexander H. Cohen. At least now you know it doesn't take place in Egypt.

SEQUELMANIA: Hollywood seems to have gone sequel mad once again. Among next year's bounty of follow-ups are *Poltergeist II*, now in development at MGM/UA, with a script by the same folks who penned the original; *Mad Max III*, currently in postproduction at Warner Bros., with Mel Gibson reprising his now-famous role opposite singer/actress Tina Turner; and, last but

not least, *The Howling II*, top-lining sexy Sybil Danning as the first all-blond werewolf in cinematic history. This one takes up where the original left off, at the funeral of the Dee Wallace character, where lycanthropy expert Christopher Lee reveals that all hell will break loose if someone doesn't get to the werewolf high priestess (Danning) before she can celebrate her 10,000th birthday. *The Howling II*'s special effects will no doubt top those of the original—included in the film is a *ménage à trois* love scene during which the three participants turn into werewolves. In other words, they grow hair on more than just their palms.

By DAN JENKINS

IF THE SUPER BOWL were a sitcom, it would have been canceled years ago. The zebras aren't funny. Not funny enough, at least, to justify all those flags they throw that make your money sprout wings and challenge the Goodyear Blimp to a swirling dogfight. And the players haven't been any help. More often than not, one team shows up looking overcoached and undermedicated—or doesn't show up at all. Same thing would've happened if the Super Bowl had been an adventure series: canceled. The car chases between Pete Rozelle and Al Davis wouldn't have outnumbered the balloons and the choir groups.

But here we are with another Super Bowl coming up and the N.F.L. establishment is busily promoting it as the final, thrilling episode of *Masterpiece Football*. That being the case, I wish I were opening the show myself. I'd wear a tweed jacket, take a thick book off a library shelf, sit in a leather chair, cross my legs and look into the camera like a close friend of Dostoevsky. "Good evening," I'd say. "Many of us remember when the five worst words a pro football player could hear were 'You've been traded to Buffalo.' That's changed. In tonight's story, we find our heroes dealing with five new words that have entered the sporting lexicon—'possession with intent to sell.'"

I know. There'd be a few clicks. My friend Dan Rather at CBS says he can hear clicks all over the country every time the day's events dictate that he utter the word deficit. But I say my opening would prompt fewer clicks than the normal pro football telecast does when one of those N.F.L. shills says, "This is going to be some kind of football game, folks!"

We find this season's Super Bowl returning to a stadium on a college campus after rattling around mostly in bowls and domes for the past 18 years. Good. That should give it some class, especially since the outrageous Stanford band, were it invited, would be likely to spell out NARC at half time before 85,000 people in the relic of a stadium where such immortals as Ernie Nevers, Bobby Grayson and Frankie Albert have trod. The Stanford band could also be relied on to play its favorite fight song: *White Punks on Dope*.

But, alas, the Stanford band won't be there, and we'll have nothing so colorful. I'm afraid the Super Bowl is going to be more of what it has already become: the world's longest and most tedious promo for a sport that is no longer chic.

Let's remember something. Pro football began as a blue-collar sport played by fat men in baseball stadiums. It stayed that way for a long, long time while college



THE STUPOR BOWL

An eye-opening look
at pro football's
big snooze.

football—which, on the whole, is still played with more intensity and emotion—ruled the sports pages and the airwaves. Pro football was lifted out of its gloom by television, by expanding to include some born-rich owners who attracted their social-climbing friends to the stadiums and by a relentless PR job on the nation's sportswriters and editors. Until recently, the N.F.L. had enjoyed a 25-year stretch of being the "in" spectator sport in America. My thermometer, however, supported by a harrowing decline in TV ratings and no small amount of irritable saloon talk, says the public's ardor for professional football has cooled.

If so, the sport has only its own greed to blame. The greed is all around us. We've seen it in further expansion, franchise shifts, an interminably long season, overexposure on TV—even gamblers can't watch *Monday-Thursday-Saturday-Sunday Night Football*, particularly without Howard Cosell to wake them up from the sameness of the games—not to forget coldly corporate stadiums, out-of-control players' salaries, scandals and so many reports in the newspapers of legal problems that most people I know have been bored into a coma.

And now they're selling another Super Bowl, that thing with Roman numerals

where the game is an actual contest about once every five years. It happens that I have experienced a half dozen of these squalid affairs in person, and I can tell you firsthand that the Super Bowl ranks pretty high on the list of places to drink yourself into a stupor and become mentally retarded for six days, but it falls at the very bottom of the heap of overhyped sports events, which obviously accounts for much of the journalistic debauchery. Journalists bore easily.

None of us in the press look back on any great Super Bowl plays. We look back on that night on Bourbon Street when two of our members got into a bidding war for a fetching flower girl—and the winner watched her go down on room service for three days. We look back on the network pal who couldn't finish the job he had started with a tattooed debutante and shouted to an associate waiting to be next, "Gimme a break, I gotta read the fucking instructions!"

We look back on the colleague who left the site early one week and then called back long distance to say, "Did we have fun last night? I've got a goddamn fish in my pocket!"

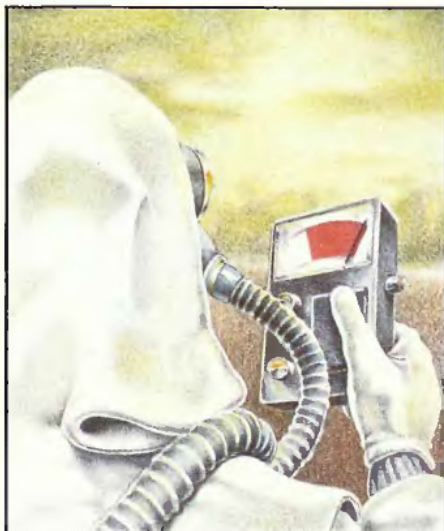
And we look back with extreme fondness on the woefully hung-over author who swallowed a capsule to assist him with his deadline story in the Miami press box and, 30 minutes later, still staring at a blank page in his Olivetti, was heard to yell, "Kick in, you son of a bitch; you've never taken this long before!"

Do what they will in Stanford's stadium or in the Washington Square Bar & Grill in San Francisco at Super Bowl XIX, the best story of the 1984 N.F.L. season has come and gone. It occurred during that period of September when the Miami Dolphins were desperate to replenish their stock of running backs—remember? First, they tried to trade for Chuck Muncie of the San Diego Chargers, but Muncie had a history of drug abuse and he flunked the physical. Next, they tried to sign Rickey Young, who'd previously been cut by the Minnesota Vikings, but Young had a history of drug abuse and he, too, flunked the physical. Finally, the Dolphins made a successful trade for Pete Johnson of the Chargers. So on September 23, the Dolphins played the Indianapolis Colts at home and provided my favorite N.F.L. moment of the year.

There in the Orange Bowl, Pete Johnson received the most applause ever given to a pro football player for passing a urine test.

If the Super Bowl can top that, I'll be sad I missed it.

Things are looking up for Don DeLillo, author of *White Noise* (Viking). His earlier work (seven novels, most notably *The Names* and *Ratner's Star*) was erratic—sometimes stand-back brilliant, sometimes turgid or just unintelligible. *White Noise* is terrific. It concerns Jack Gladney, a Hitler-studies professor (the book takes place in an unspecified near future) whose small-town existence keeps getting polluted by rabid technologies. His family is chased from its home by a chemical spill known as The Airborne Toxic Event. As events both airborne and earth-bound unfold, *White Noise* slips effortlessly between highflying satire and deep meditation. DeLillo's supporting characters are as colorful as ever, but in this novel, the center holds, and DeLillo takes his place as one of our finest novelists.



DeLillo's ever-colorful *White Noise*.

Any high-minded, left-leaning, card-carrying do-gooder who sticks his head into R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s, *The Liberal Crackup* (Simon & Schuster) had better be ready to duck. As the right wing's most eloquent and patrician wit since the late, great Mencken or Wild Bill Buckley, Tyrrell takes time out from editing *The American Spectator* to deliver an epic rant against the ideas nearest and dearest to what he calls New Age Liberals. He attacks everything from pacifism to feminism to environmentalism like a battle-happy machine gunner with an endless belt of verbal ammunition, and few targets are missed. Some shots are cheap, some go wide of the mark, some hit his own friends (if, indeed, he would admit to having any), but the pleasure he takes in outraging humorless reformers is no doubt enhanced by the possibility that those of his targets who appreciate style and literacy will die from laughing, wishing only that they had such a gleeful, articulate warrior on their side of the party line.

When a man lets his penis make his major life decisions, he's apt in time to be disappointed. On the other hand, giving into the varied wonts of said organ can make life interesting. Both thoughts apply to Thomas McGuane's *Something to Be Desired* (Random House), a book about a guy named Lucien whose specific desires are two women—a bad one and a good one. It's a wise story that teaches some lessons about fathers and sons. Beware of a goofy beginning that reads like a *New York* magazine piece on single dads; it gets much better. Just follow the leader around the American West and elsewhere, the way Lucien does, and you'll have a fine read.

Franchise chains are the noise of the American landscape, jostling for our atten-

A story of desire from McGuane; a baseball book and a look at the Mob.

tion with garish signs and infuriating, unforgettable jingles. We all know Ronald McDonald, but how many of us know how he came to be? In *Roadside Empires* (Elisabeth Sifton/Viking), subtitled "How the Chains Franchised America," Stan Luxenberg traces the development of franchising from the days of such visionaries as Harlan Sanders and Ray Kroc to today's corporate bureaucracies. He explains the business side, but there's fun in his book as well. Here's Colonel Sanders rattling around the Midwest in the Fifties, trying to interest restaurateurs in a crazy new way to pressure-cook chicken. There's Ronald in Tokyo, becoming "Donald McDonald" so the customers can pronounce his name. Did you know that the French translate Big Mac as "big pimp"? That's the kind of juicy stuff that makes *Roadside Empires* tasty.

"Television, more than any other single force, has transformed spectator sports into trivial affairs." If you agree with that statement, you'll love Benjamin G. Rader's *In Its Own Image* (Free Press), the latest product of the how-TV-killed-American-sports school of journalism. Rader longs for the days when "the United States was one nation with a single set of values . . . a nation in which any boy might succeed, and where one could say 'Wow' without embarrassment." Such dubious pronouncements fill Rader's book. The

trouble is, TV hasn't killed American sports. It has only changed them, making them, for one thing, more popular than ever before. Pundits who pine for the glorious Forties are just the fathers of future pundits who will pine for the glorious Eighties. The best sports ever played are taking place right now. And on TV. Wow.

During the summer of 1983, Marc Gunther interviewed ten professional baseball players, each representing a different level of the game. The result is *Basepaths* (Scribner's), a book about baseball careers. From Marc Heyison, a fuzzy-cheeked draftee, to Jim "Catfish" Hunter, a recent retiree, these talented young men come across as likable and, in a way, heroic. From the moment they first pick up bat and ball, the odds are stacked against them, but they keep slugging away. Fading pitcher Ferguson Jenkins proves the most articulate, but each player has something worth while to say. *Basepaths* keeps sending you to *The Sporting News* to see how such subs and stars as Heyison, Dennis "Oil Can" Boyd, Ron Darling, Bill Almon, Steve Kemp and Ron Kittle are doing, and you find yourself rooting for them. Gunther introduces his book with a line that suggests why his task was both simple and near mystic. He asked the players "the most interesting question of all: how they mastered the game of baseball." That may not be the world's most crucial question, but it's right up there. Like most good baseball books, *Basepaths* revolves around how *hard* this boys' game is.

Nicholas von Hoffman has hung his literary ass out on the screenplay market with *Organized Crimes* (Harper & Row). His new Capone-era novel bows to most of the conventions of a Robert Redford movie, but that isn't necessarily bad. You just have to agree with the author very early on that you'll view this as if it were already on the screen. That way, you can pull out the hankies for the cute scenes between Allan, the upper-crust University of Chicago sociology student, and his smart-as-a-whip Polish coed girlfriend Irena. And get out the popcorn to watch Allan waver between being Redford and Jimmy Stewart as he infiltrates the Mob to collect data for his graduate thesis. Sound unlikely? Sure it is, but it's fun and you won't have to stand in line.

BOOK BAG

Steve Adcock's *Partner Workout* (Evans) may be the perfect answer to the home-gym craze. A partner doesn't have to be dusted, stored in the closet or recycled in a garage sale. The exercises described by Adcock were developed for professional dancers. They work.

MUSIC



WELL-RESPECTED MEN ABOUT TOWN: Who'd have thought all this was possible for the favorite rocking rascals of two generations? First they become movie stars, next they kick drugs and now their work has been collected and analog remastered for posterity by Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab in an 11-record set called *The Rolling Stones*. Cost is \$250, including the case and a book of original cover art. We give gold stars to the Stones. Rumor has it that the tapes of another hot old British group are so mangled and spilled on that they can't be remastered. Wonder who.

MILEAGE UPDATE: In the Fifties, Miles Davis was the first in his field to wear Italian suits and shoes and drive a Ferrari. Thirty years later, Miles, in the flesh, was about 80 kilometers from Rome in Terni, an industrial city situated in the green hills of Umbria. Twelve thousand people jammed the town square as Umbria Jazz '84 (the main part of which takes place in Perugia) was kicked off with a free concert by the latest edition of Davis' band: Bob Berg, tenor and soprano saxes; John Scofield, guitar; Robert Irving, synthesizer; Darryl Jones, bass; Steve Thornton, percussion; and Al Foster, drums.

When Miles wasn't blowing his trumpet, he was often at his personal synthesizer. On trumpet, he was in good form, his sound ringing out loud and clear in the night air, particularly on a moving, slow blues. He played selections from his last Columbia album, *Decoy*, and showed off his warm, harmonically acute ballad style on Cyndi Lauper's *Time After Time*. Then came a short but arresting Thelonious Monk minimedley of *Rhythm-a-ning*, *Bemsha Swing* and *Friday the Thirteenth*. Berg and Scofield acquitted themselves well, but the saxophonist received precious little solo time. If there was a complaint from a jazz standpoint, it was the usual one—too much rock 'n' roll. If Miles is no longer the Prince of Darkness, with his yachting cap he may have become the Commodore of Electric Jazz-Rock. He is enjoying his continuing pop-star status.

"I enjoy the money I make," Davis told me before the concert. "I enjoy playing. I enjoy every note that I play. I go by my

instincts." Even after all these years, there is still as much lip in his interviews as in his horn playing.

He doesn't like to listen to old records—his or anyone else's. "It's depressing for me, because my body throws it off. I can't lay with that." He likes Art Blakey's band and calls Terence Blanchard "about the brightest of the new trumpet players. The rest are just mechanical," he adds, a veiled put-down of Wynton Marsalis (see review), the trumpet tyro who has been openly critical of Davis' fusoid attitude.

"Some artists think they're the saviors of jazz," he continues. "They don't need to save it. The tape has already saved it. If I was a young guy starting out, I would listen to no records. I would just keep my head open for something new. These guys just copy, man. They copy everything that's been done. I couldn't play unless I created something, unless I took it from Dizzy [Gillespie] and did something with it. I wouldn't feel right playing exactly like him and looking in his face. Nobody invented copying. That's just a form of flattery, and who wants to be flattered all the time?"

Davis talks of orchestrational techniques and mentions such names as Ravel, Ernest Bloch and Gil Evans. "Think, don't copy," he reiterates. "Why not use the synthesizer? Don't say that those who are using the synthesizer or electric drums are getting away from the soul of jazz. Jazz is a white man's word that means nigger to me. It shouldn't be in a category. I'd rather say social music. But that could be discussed for three weeks.

"If you are a young musician who is sin-

cere but not on an ego trip, you would try these new instruments. Any fool can read and listen and look and see that the texture of orchestrating now is going to synthesizers combined with other instruments. I had to put that in Chick [Corea]'s head. I had to do that with Herbie [Hancock]. They didn't want to play electric piano. Now look at Herbie. He has a new sound, scratching and carrying on—and once in a while, you hear him. At least it's something different and it's not bad."

One thing is certain: If Miles wanted to follow in Herbie's *Rockit* path, he'd have no problem with the rap track.

—IRA GITLER

REVIEWS

On *Hot House Flowers* (Columbia), Wynton Marsalis' trumpet improvisations satisfy, surprise but seldom burn with the intensity of, say, Miles Davis. We recommend the new album for Marsalis' sharply edited and well-controlled performances, heard against a 24-piece orchestra and a quintet of jazz players. Addressing mostly standards, Marsalis and his colleagues thoughtfully and economically enhance the melodies, sometimes allowing them to remain relatively unadorned. Robert Freedman's elegant, often imaginative arrangements are an asset. Simultaneous with the release of *Hot House Flowers*, Columbia has brought out the trumpeter's second classical LP, featuring soprano Edita Gruberova and Raymond Leppard

TRUST US



HOT

Stevie Wonder / *The Woman in Red*
(sound track)

Jimi Hendrix / *Kiss the Sky*
(audiophile quality)

Windham Hill Records Sampler '84
Men Without Hats / *Folk of the '80's*
(Part III)

Romeo Void / *Instincts*



NOT

DEVO / *Shout*

FAST TRACKS



HOW DUMB CAN YOU GET? DEPARTMENT: A group calling itself the Stupeds—the Society to Undertake the Preservation of Dumb Songs—held a dumb-song festival in San Francisco. The Stupeds are a group of ten session musicians and vocalists who have played with the likes of Van Morrison and Dan Hicks. Want some examples? How about *I'm Henry VIII* or *These Boots Are Made for Walking*? Dumb enough for you? The Stupeds say the festival really should have been called *The Songs You Used to Hate but Haven't Heard in Ten Years . . . And [Are] Amazed that You Knew All the Words To*.

REELING AND ROCKING: We told you a while ago that **Bette Midler** was going to star in *My Girdle Is Killing Me*, a picture about a faded movie star who is harbored by four eccentric women in their condemned New York apartment. What we've just learned is that the producers hope to sign either **Tina Turner** or **Patti LaBelle** to co-star. . . . **Ringo** and **Harry Nilsson** will revive the old *Hope/Crosby* road-film genre in *Road to Australia*, with Ringo's wife, **Barbara Bach**, playing the **Dorothy Lamour** role. . . . No surprise here: Columbia Pictures is reported to be developing two films for **Michael Jackson**, one a feature based on the *Beat It* video that would include all the brothers. . . . By now, **38 Special's** full-length concert video should be in your local video store. . . . **The Doors** are working on their first feature-length home video, which will include performance material from their private archives—including a previously banned clip of *The Unknown Soldier* and onstage and behind-the-scenes coverage of the summer-of-1968 tour, when **Jim Morrison** was busted for inciting riots in five cities within a month.

NEWSBREAKS: Speaking of **The Doors**, look for **Danny Sugarmans**' novel, called *Wonderland Avenue: Tales of Glamour & Excess** (*A Rock and Roll Saga), from Morrow sometime this year. Sugarman wrote the best-selling bio of Morrison, *No One Gets Out of Here Alive*. The new opus is about the Southern California rock scene, life in the fast lane and, yes, getting out alive. . . . **David Ritz**, who co-wrote a book about **Ray Charles**, is working on one about **Marvin Gaye** to be published this spring. Ritz says there'll be no exposé, but he will try to explain the darker side of Gaye's life as it affected

his career. . . . Two **Elvis** TV specials, the 1968 *Singer Special* and the 1973 *Aloha from Hawaii* special, are out now on video cassette as part of the 50th-birthday celebration. . . . **Pete Townshend** is making an album with **The Fabulous Thunderbirds**, **Nick Lowe** producing. Said Lowe, "If Pete did something that sounded like early Who, people would go mad for it, and that's what I'll endeavor to make him sound like." . . . We hear that the **Prince** tour could last as long as two years. Said one tour spokesman, "Prince will tour until he decides he's ready to go home." He may take time out to work on a couple of movies, one of which is not a musical. It's altogether possible that the Prince tour could turn a bigger profit than the **Jacksons'**, even though his tickets are cheaper. Lower prices mean faster sales, and since Prince is touring with a much simpler production, more seats will be available and overhead will be lower. . . . **Diana Ross** is going into business with a line of designer hosiery that's probably just the beginning. "I'm very interested in business now; it's almost as exciting as getting on the stage and performing," she says. . . . Why has the price of albums gone up again, despite lower costs of crude oil, vinyl's basic raw material? "Rising costs of manufacturing and marketing records and tapes." Does that make you feel better? No, right?

RANDOM RUMORS: So **The Little River Band's** former leader, **Glenn Shorrock**, likes to play *Trivial Pursuit*. Big deal. But wait. While playing recently, one of his opponents drew this card: "Who is the former lead singer of **The Little River Band**?" Shorrock has since burned the card. No fair, right?

—BARBARA NELLIS

conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. Interpreting material by Purcell, Handel, Torelli, Molter and Fasch, Marsalis is quite effective; he plays decisively, often brilliantly, adding to the evidence that he knows what music is about.

When second-generation rockers show up just in time to cash in on Dad's laurels, it kinda makes you want to puke. But we're happy to announce that **Julian Lennon**, John's son by his first wife, **Cynthia**, has made a brilliant debut with **Valotte** (Atlantic). Certainly he was helped along by top-rated producer **Phil Ramone** and such big names as **Barry Beckett**, **Ralph MacDonald** and **Jean "Toots" Thielemans**, but the real strength of the work derives from Lennon's songwriting talents and his fine voice. It's a little haunting, because John is definitely there in a gentle sort of way; but in the end, you say, "No, this is the voice of Julian." Congratulations.

One of the fastest singles racing up the charts last fall was *Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go*, a dance-oriented thing that sounded as if it had been greased on a rack in Motown. But like many of the newest Motown knockoffs, this one came from England, written, produced and performed by **George Michael** and **Andrew Ridgeley**, the two members of **Wham!**, whose new album, *Make It Big* (Columbia), continues in the *Wake Me Up* vein. Go-go get it.

Ten from Texas: Herd it Through the Grapevine (Elektra) discovers ten unsigned bands that are attracting attention in such Texas cities as Austin, where country culture meets urban sophistication and the two sometimes marry, without much regard for the consequences. This musical recklessness out on the new frontier could only be called country punk.

His journey from TV redneck in *The Dukes of Hazzard* to country singer has not been a long one as such trips go, but the name **John Schneider** still tends to slip through the cracks between such prominent neo-honky-tonkers as **Bandy**, **Strait** and **Anderson**. Schneider's latest album, *Too Good to Stop Now* (MCA), may correct that situation. It taps into pop, rock and romance only enough to accommodate the market and otherwise reveals his talent for the proper rendering of old-fashioned hurtin' songs. It's hard to get those onto big-city radio these days, but his best cut, *I've Been Around Enough to Know*, has made it onto the charts and is the right sound for long drives and lonely wives.

If you were born with, in the immortal words of **Eddie Murphy**, "boogie in the butt," then you're likely to be a **Rick James** freak. His latest release, *Reflections*

(Gordy), is an amalgam of the best of James's earlier funk (including our favorites, *You and I*, *Mary Jane* and that all-time sadomasochistic classic *Fire and Desire*), plus three new songs. The new single *17*, about the temptations of illegal nookie when you're a big funk star, is doing well on the soul charts. But any singer with a backup group named Process and the DooRags *ought* to be on the soul charts.

If you've followed the musical expression of John McLaughlin's spiritual journey through previous albums, his latest, *Mahavishnu* (Warner), will put you in samadhi. The Mahavishnu band is at its best, with guest drummer Billy Cobham keeping everybody tight. If you're looking for the supernatural side of McLaughlin, check out *The Unbeliever*, and if you're looking for just plain old good jazz, you'll like *Pacific Express*. If McLaughlin could get Cobham to play with the Mahavishnu band all the time, he might have the hottest sound in jazz around.

Makoto Ozone (Columbia) reveals a gifted jazz pianist and composer. The Japanese keyboardist pays stylistic homage to Bill Evans with his affinity for melody and subtle expression of musical pulse. At 23, Ozone here makes up for his own lack of seasoning with the ablest of backup performances by jazz stars Gary Burton on vibes and Eddie Gomez on bass.

Get a copy of *Deedles* (GRP) and be ready for a treat. Deedles is the nickname of Diane Schuur, a blind singer-pianist from Auburn, Washington, whose sightlessness has not impaired her impressive talent. She has been performing since the age of nine and that experience shines on this album. Backed by a string section and some jazz stalwarts (Stan Getz among them), she sings—in a rich and sinewy and accurate voice—a broad array of tunes, from *The Very Thought of You* to *New York State of Mind* to *Amazing Grace*. Whether the mood is solidly jazz-based or Gospel- or rock-flavored, she is in charge. Inventive, emotional and, above all, musical, Deedles should be here to stay.

SHORT CUTS

Big Country / Steeltown (Mercury/PolyGram): Well, what do you expect? It's big, tough and it takes big shoulders to play this kind of guitar. Not as pretty as this Scottish band's other work.

Fee Waybill / Read My Lips (Capitol): We can't find the jokes that the press release promises, but we appreciate the good intentions. Same goes for the music.

XTC / The Big Express (Geffen): Here, XTC keeps the train song alive and chugs about the British colonies for an amalgam of ethnic styles and textured sounds that keep you interested. We've always liked this low-profile trio.



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By ASA BABER

"I DON'T KNOW how to relate to women today, do you?" Fubar asked. "I'm having a terrible time. What am I doing wrong?"

"Well, for one thing," I said, "you can't use a word like relate anymore. Don't you know that, Fubar? Relate is way behind the times. It doesn't have that hard-nosed edge to it. Women think you're a wimp if you use words like relate."

"So what should I use?" Fubar asked.

"Try merge. Or 'establish a limited partnership.'"

"You make romance sound like a business," Fubar said.

"Exactly," I nodded.

"That takes all the fun out of it," he argued.

"OK, Fubar, stay lonely. See if I care. But today's women are supply-siders. Haven't you noticed? They're all business, baby, all business."

"I don't get it," Fubar said.

"Fubar," I said, "give me your standard line, OK? You see a beautiful woman, how do you come on to her?"

"Oh, I say something romantic, something warm to break the ice."

"Such as?" I asked.

"Gee, I don't know. I saw a gorgeous woman at the Art Institute yesterday. I told her she reminded me of a Botticelli painting I'd seen in Florence."

"Did that get you far?" I asked.

"She asked me what high school I attended. 'Lady, I'm 35 years old,' I told her. She laughed and walked away."

"See?" I said. "You're operating with old lines. They don't work anymore."

"What works?" he asked.

"Try something like 'That Herbert Hoover was a hell of a President, wasn't he?' Or 'Speaking of deficits, how much larger can we allow these transfer payments to grow?' Lines like that."

"Are you shitting me?" Fubar asked.

"No," I said. "Women are supply-siders now. They are supercapitalists. Remember how you and I used to talk about the corporate state and what it might do to us? Women don't want to hear those questions. They are totally absorbed in their careers. They see the golden doors of business swinging open to them for the first time in history. You can't expect them to be critical of a club they are finally able to join, Fubar. It's just human nature."

"How about 'Have you heard what the Fed did today?'" Fubar asked.

"That's a very good one," I said. "You can go either way with it. Either they haven't heard and you can tell them or they have heard and they'll tell you. You're learning, Fubar. The only common vocabulary now between the sexes is business. Politics is too controversial. So is religion. Nobody can see all the movies you're sup-



SUPPLY-SIDE SEXUALITY

"Don't come on like James Dean. He couldn't hold a corporate position for five minutes."

posed to see today. Or listen to all the songs. Right now, business is it."

"Would you help me clean up my act?" Fubar asked. We were in his living room.

"OK, but remember, I have to tell it like it is, Fubar. Don't get insulted, promise?"

"I promise," he said.

"Let's start with your walls. What's a woman going to think when she walks in here for dinner the first time? Look at those little fuzzy mobiles. Look at the SMILE sign over the mantel and that stupid HAVE A NICE DAY poster. As you decorate your pad, so shall you reap, Fubar. I feel like I'm in a sugar factory. Most women I know would walk in here and barf."

"Help me, help me!" he cried.

"Toughen it up," I said. "Let's see some commodity-price charts on the wall. Let's have stock-market quotes coming in. Give her something she can talk about. Fubar, have you ever listed the women in your life and what they do? Gail's in the soybean pit, right? Linda's in banking. Marcie's into real estate."

"Helen is a stock analyst"—Fubar was tracking with his fingers—"Joy is a Government statistician, Monique is a stewardess; does that count, a stewardess?"

"What did she tell you last week, Fubar? She's trying to buy out the airline, right? Either that or take over the flight

attendants' union. I guess that counts."

"So I've been projecting the wrong image?" Fubar asked.

"No question about it," I said. "How are you dressed right now? Camouflage T-shirt, cutoff Levi's, red tennis shoes, puka-shell necklace. You could be right out of *Hair*. That does not make it in today's world, Fubar. Get into your tuxedo. Strut your stuff. Don't let anybody get in your way. I'll bet when you're walking down the street with a date, if a bum stops you, you give him some money, huh?"

"Not too much money," he said, blushing. "Isn't that OK?"

"You want to impress your friend, I'm sorry, your colleague? Ask that bum if he really milked his depreciation schedule and if he's maximized his IRA or Keogh plan. Then keep on walking as if you own Michigan Avenue."

"You know, sometimes everything seems OK until we reach the bedroom. Then something happens. They turn away."

"Obviously," I said as I stood in his bedroom doorway. "A water bed? A Jimi Hendrix poster? Books on El Salvador? Not one on women's liberation? No wonder you're in trouble, Fubar. Where are the computer and the modem? A woman may want to mess around with you a little, but you can't expect her to stay away from the markets just for some loving. She'll be too nervous. You set up a research center right by the bed—some business magazines, a couple of economics textbooks, a few market newsletters. Food for the mind, Fubar, food for the mind."

"I've been doing it all wrong, haven't I?" he asked. "I should get a haircut, look prosperous, change my image."

"And change your thinking," I said. "You want to model yourself after somebody the women of today can respect. Don't come on like James Dean. He couldn't hold a corporate position for five minutes. Don't be such a wild man. Get a briefcase, always wear a suit, talk without moving your lips, look like an executive. Then you'll have a chance. One supply-sider attracts another, understand?"


"I understand," he said.

"You think you can do it?"

"Are you kidding me? I'll do anything to get laid," Fubar said. "I'm just like everybody else. I want approval and I'll do anything to get it. Deep down, I probably don't have any beliefs at all. But I do have a question."

"Ask away," I said.

"Can I keep the water bed? It's not filled with water, it's filled with thousands of \$1000 bills."

"Fubar, my man," I said, hugging my old buddy and toasting him with my beer, "don't change a hair for me." 

CAMEL LIGHTS

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

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

WORST THING in the world happened the other day. I was looking for a book and came across a secret cache of letters. Well, OK, *one* letter. The boyfriend was in England, thousands of miles away, and here was this letter I'd never seen before. Girlish handwriting. What to do?

I read the breezy little missive in a flash. Old girlfriend. Pining away for him. Lying in bed, eating salted nuts, drinking hibiscus tea, thinking about him.

Drinking hibiscus tea, thinking about him. The cow. The slut. The tramp. The tart. The troll.

I read the letter at approximately one A.M. By 2:30, it was clear that I had to break up with him. By 3:30, I realized I had no choice but to seek this woman out and ruin her life. By five A.M., they were both stone-cold dead as doornails and I was appearing at his funeral all in black, with an enigmatic smile behind my tasteful veil.

Ever have a fight transatlantically? Not the greatest idea. Every well-chosen invective costs about \$2.75. "Just come home!" I screeched after about \$45 worth of strangled expletives and poisonous silences.

I was too enervated by my night of obsessive fury to round up the usual girlfriend network and spill the beans. My paranoia was rampant. Tried to make a piece of toast, threw it across the room. Took a Valium or seven. Dissolved into tears a few times. Finally called Cleo.

"I found this letter," I said.

"Come right over," she said.

A good girl, Cleo. She pointed out that there was the possibility, however slight, that I was overreacting.

"Give me a fucking break," I said. "How about the bit where she can't wait to feel his arms around her again?"

"Again is an extremely imprecise adverb," she advised, "and just remember, *she* wrote the letter, *he* didn't. She's obviously a silly bimbo and may well be harking back to years ago. Believe me, this is a letter from a desperate woman."

"She's going to be a lot more desperate after I've shoved knitting needles in her eyes," I decided.

Overreacting? *Moi?*

"Jesus Christ!" said my lover. "*She* wrote the letter, *I* didn't. I can't control what she does."

He had taken the next plane home after speaking with me. He looked worried.

At approximately six A.M., crazed with jet lag, he admitted that there had been a certain episode that wouldn't please me. A small indiscretion last Christmas. He had been out of town for a month, separated from me; there she was.

"Lust," he said, "plain and simple. Sowing the wild seed."

I almost killed him. I'm still trying to



PARANOIA FOR BREAKFAST

"Sexual jealousy is a deep, primal emotion. Anyone who tells you otherwise is simply an acid casualty."

forgive him.

There are two (2) morals to this story:

1. Don't leave incriminating letters lying around.

2. Don't look for trouble.

Obviously, the two are intertwined. A person who leaves letters around the house is down on his hands and knees, groveling for trouble. Being a firm believer in the there-are-no-accidents school of life, I refuse to believe that my lover just happened to leave that letter (bombshell) where I could find it. I think things were going too well; that's what I think. I think he wanted to stir things up a bit, the toad.

But what kind of moronic impulse made me read it? I think things were going too well; that's what I think. I think I was trying to stir things up a bit. Was it really of earth-shattering importance that I know that he slipped it to some mindless-floozy hibiscus-tea drinker?

Here is a rule I have discovered too late: Do not feed paranoia. That means:

1. No sneaky reading of diaries.
2. No going through drawers.
3. No covert monitoring of answering-machine messages.
4. No steaming open suspect mail.

You know how your heart beats like a jackhammer in your chest when you do any of the above? It's the adrenaline pumping into your body because danger is

near. Searching for evidence of infidelity is the most self-destructive practice one can indulge in. If you find something incriminating, you want to die. If you find nothing, you're completely disgusted with yourself. Paranoia is nothing but self-punishment.

This is what I keep saying to myself. It's not working.

He goes out for coffee, takes five minutes longer than he should. I'm suspicious. He comes home from band practice, takes a shower. I'm suspicious. He goes to work in the morning. I'm suspicious. He says he has a headache. I want him dead.

What to do?

There are those who have told me that sexual jealousy is silly, that everyone should love everyone and there should be no such thing as possessiveness. This school of thought was big in the Sixties, especially among men. I hated it then; I hate it more now. Sexual jealousy is a deep, primal emotion. Anyone who tells you otherwise is simply an acid casualty. The truth is that everyone wants to fool around, but nobody wants her lover even to *look* at someone else.

What to do?

That night when he told me, when we were lying in bed exhausted after I had showered him with kidney punches, I realized that it wasn't the infidelity that was bothering me. It was the betrayal. He had kept a hurtful secret from me, yet I had found out in the most painful way. How could he do this to me? This wasn't the man I knew and loved. How could I trust him?

"How about this?" he proposed, staring at me with sleep-craving eyes. "How about if I promise to tell you? Everything. From now on."

"Why can't you just be a nice faithful boyfriend?"

"Oh, I will. I probably will. But you know me. I'm a young, lust-crazed guy. Some fabulously beautiful African dancer may follow me into Central Park one day. Then, maybe, she'll pull me into the bushes and take my hand and put it on her breast—"

"Shut up."

"OK, but listen. I promise, if anything happens, you'll be the first to know."

"Well, OK. But if you do it with someone else, you can't know her name. You can't kiss her. You can't spend the whole night with her. And you can't ever, ever see her again."

"She'll think I'm a little strange. . . ."

"Fuck her."

"Well, OK, darling, I promise."

He promises. When I get crazed, he reiterates this promise. He has threatened to make me a repeating tape loop, filled with promises. What can I do? I'll have to trust him. I guess.





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AGAINST THE WIND

By **CRAIG VETTER**

ABOUT 14 YEARS AGO, I got a letter that went something like this:

Dear Craig Vetter,

When I was at the University of Illinois, I bragged to my friends that I would be in *Time* magazine by the time I was 26 years old. Little did I know it would be as *you*.

Sincerely,
Craig Vetter

At first it was amusing, then just a little spooky to think there was some guy out there exactly my age wearing exactly my name. Somehow, Craig Vetter seemed just odd enough a name that there ought to have been only one of them. So the letter amounted to surprise notice that I had a twin—not identical, not even fraternal, but nominal, which meant that each of us was getting and giving credit and blame for things we knew nothing about. And the part that mentioned bragging to his friends about how famous he was going to be meant that he had a nice fat little ego, and that made two of us. A vivid imagination might have heard the faint sound of matched dueling pistols' being taken from their mahogany case.

As it turned out, when we met in Chicago a couple of years later, we liked each other. We laughed over the coincidences in our lives. Both of us had taken the entrance exams for the Air Force Academy in the same year. He passed them, I didn't. Or maybe I passed, he didn't. Maybe he got my results, I got his. Probably not, though, because despite our small similarities, we were quite different people. He was very much more the sort the Air Force tries to make officers of. He had a good scientific mind, strong mechanical aptitude; he didn't use any drugs and just generally seemed to be cut along the lines that arrows are cut.

At the time of that first meeting, he was an ambitious young industrial designer working out of his garage making motorcycle fairings, those bubblelike windshields that keep bugs out of bikers' teeth—an enterprise that was going to make him a millionaire less than ten years later. He would be the rich Craig Vetter. But he said he thought I was more famous and people were already asking him if he were the writer. Then he asked my birthday, and when it turned out to be a couple of months before his, he said, "Damn, I wanted to be the *first* Craig Vetter."

"You are. You were," I told him. "For seven years, you were the only Craig Vetter."

It's a strange story—a war story, really—and I don't know whether it made Craig Vetter feel better or worse when I told it to him. I was born Peter Simmons in 1942, while my father was busy fighting



THE OTHER CRAIG VETTER

"At first it was amusing, then just a little spooky to think there was some guy out there exactly my age wearing exactly my name."

World War Two aboard a destroyer in the Pacific. He and his ship were blown to pieces in 1945; several years later, my mother married a man named Vetter, who adopted me and in the process changed both of my names, so that around seven years of age, Peter Simmons became Craig Vetter. I don't remember much about it, except that I grew up without feeling any real attachment to either name. They were just names, things others gave you, things that couldn't possibly have much to do with who you really were—not if they could be changed for 75 bucks, which was what it cost in those days.

The other Craig Vetter, of course, didn't have the same luxury of detachment from the name, and as time went along, things between us became a bit strained, I thought. Every year, I'd get an invitation in the mail to something called Craig Vetter's Incredible Party, which was really a lavish staff picnic for the 100 or so employees of his company, which had grown into something of a Quonset-hut empire in the middle of a cornfield. One year, I showed up at the party without telling him I was coming. I slid up next to a group he was talking to, put on a belligerent wino tone and said, "Where's this rathead son of a bitch calls himself Craig Vetter, anyway?"

About 20 people went stiff where they

stood, including Craig Vetter. He looked over at me with a chemical sort of rage in his eyes, then recognized me and said, "It's *you*." Then, flush with his corporate success, he said, "I'm more famous than you now." I told him that ought to be worth about 35 cents.

Later that day, the two of us toured his factory, and as we talked, I began to suspect that being the other Craig Vetter was costing him more than it was me. I had just written a story for this magazine for which I had wrestled a naked whore in a sleazy massage house in Los Angeles—just another in a long series of distinguished assignments I took in those years. It was called *That's Me on Top, Helpless!*, and it ran with about 30 black-and-white photos of the entire grisly exercise. The week it hit the newsstands, the other Craig Vetter was in Milwaukee trying to sell the people at Harley-Davidson on the idea of a fairing he would make especially for their motorcycles. "They had this thing open on the desk when I walked in," he said, "and it took me forever to convince them it wasn't me in those pictures."

I was laughing pretty hard by the time he finished that story, but I probably shouldn't have been. It's difficult sometimes even for me to haul the reputation I've junked together for myself, and standing there in his factory with this straight and amiable designer-businessman, I realized that such confusion probably wasn't as funny to him as it was to me. Then he said something that came out sounding almost plaintive: "You know," he said, "I'm afraid they're going to keep me out of heaven by mistake." Then he asked me if I wouldn't please change my name. I told him I'd think about it.

Ah, but finally it doesn't do to feel too sorry for the rich. After all, Craig Vetter's out there somewhere in California in a beautiful house, managing his fortune, lecturing now and then at colleges on how it feels to be Horatio Alger from Rantoul. And this thing hasn't been without its stupid moments for me, either. This very day, I got a letter that opened this way: "Mr. Vetter: I am searching for a folding foot-peg bracket (part number 95-833725) for a Triumph Hurricane left side. . . ." I've had more than a few letters like that over the years. I used to write back to those people, tell them I had the part and was willing to trade it for drugs. I've mellowed, though. I mean, where's the fun in mutilating the reputation of an otherwise good man who just happens to have my name?

In fact, Craig, I've decided I *am* going to change it. It's time; so I've instructed my attorney to take whatever legal steps are necessary to change my name once and for all: from Craig Vetter to *The* Craig Vetter. Just so there won't be any mix-up at the pearly gates.



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SPONGE HARVESTING

We've told you before about the revolutionary new contraceptive sponge called Today. It fits over a woman's cervix and can be kept there for 24 hours. Apparently, there's been a snafu in the use of this item, which sounded to us like the best thing in contraception since the French tickler.

Some sponge users are having trouble removing it from their bodies after use. We can imagine the fear, anguish and discomfort caused by this problem. Today's manufacturers believe that it shouldn't be a problem if a woman is given proper instruction. Therefore, to prevent loss of sales, they are offering to pay for a trip to a doctor for women who are unable to remove the sponge. We wonder, couldn't an interested friend be of some assistance?

SEXUAL PURSUIT

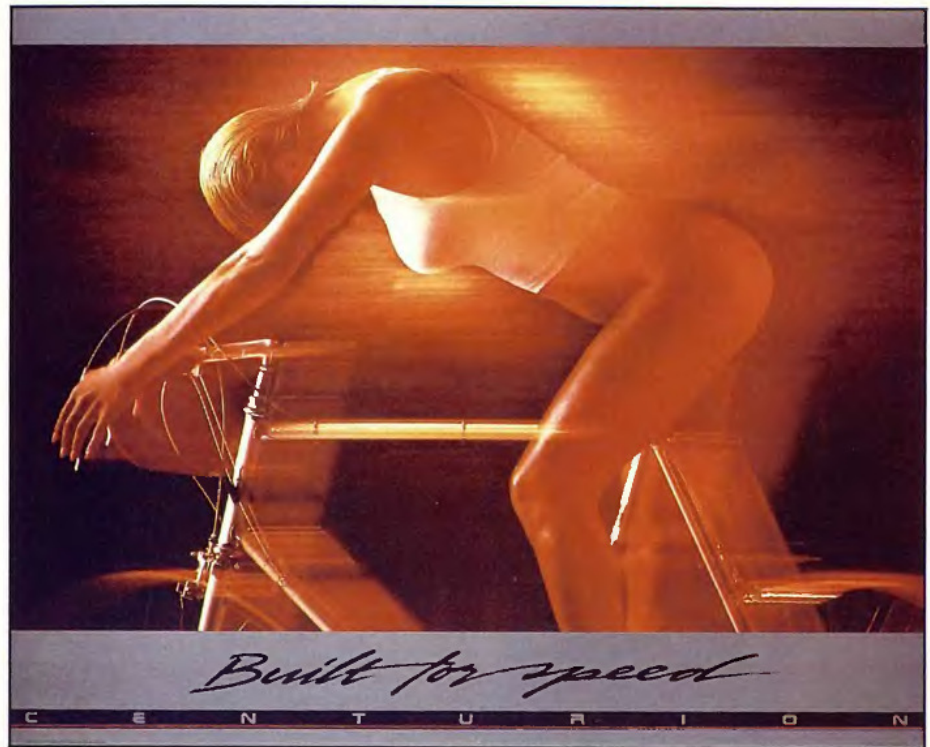
The trivia industry has finally gone too far. First there was the board game, which rightfully trivialized all the hard questions from a liberal-arts education. But now—horrors!—a small toymaker in Rockford, Illinois, has trivialized sex. A new card game called Raunchy Trivia asks: A cold shower will make a penis do what? (Shrink.) Attila the Hun died during sex, true or false? (True.) The December 1983 PLAYBOY sold out because of whose nude photos? (Joan Collins.) Subject matter spans both the biological and the cultural aspects of sex and seemingly every sexual innuendo ever uttered by Mae West. The game is sold in gift stores for about \$13. Don't blame us if your sex life seems trivial afterward.

FOOL FOR A DOCTOR?

An Ohio-based firm has introduced V.D. Alert, a new home test for gonorrhea. It sounds simple enough. You pick up a kit at the drugstore, take a specimen and, with a confidential (no names, please) identification number, send it off to a lab. Two days later, you telephone for test results, said to be 95 percent accurate.

Aside from our concern for the five percent who don't get accurate test results, we have some serious reservations about the whole concept of do-it-yourself diagnosis. After talking with medical professionals, we're convinced that V.D. home tests may be a bad idea. And kits are about to be marketed for detection of *Chlamydia*, *Trichomonas vaginalis* and *Candida* infections. Naturally, doctors will balk at anything that reduces their business, but we're with them on this one.

We checked with Chicago M.D. Frank Rubovits, who agreed that the \$19.20 charged for the gonorrhea test is a fair price. But, he cautioned, "if your test comes out negative and residual symptoms



When Centurion Bicycles wanted to note the advancement of women in athletics, particularly in the last Olympic cycling competition, it asked advanced Playmate Heidi Sorenson to top off a Centurion bike for this poster, \$30, by Mirage Editions, 1662 12th Street, Santa Monica 90404.

persist, you'll still need to see a doctor." Dr. Rubovits pointed out that an array of genital diseases and conditions produce symptoms similar to those of gonorrhea. Whatever you have will require treatment by a doctor. And no doctor will administer treatment without making his

"Attila the Hun died during sex, true or false?"

own diagnosis. So where's the advantage in using the store-bought test? An office visit to the doctor that includes a physical exam and tests for most venereal diseases runs about \$65. It's costlier, but in the end, you'll know what you've caught.

A representative of the American Medical Association speculated that such products "capitalize on people's unwillingness to expose themselves to ridicule and embarrassment" by going to a doctor. Certainly, we can imagine the sexually active teenager scraping together the 20 bucks for the test to avoid having one of those Wally Cleaver "Uh, Dad, I think we have a problem" conversations. For such cases, the over-the-counter test is better than nothing. But we'd still recommend

climbing into the old jalopy and heading to the next town to consult with a doctor who doesn't know Dad.

12 BILLION YEARS FOR THIS?

Scientists recently have been working hard to screw up the sex lives of those ancient creatures that presently reside in our utensil drawers—cockroaches.

At Zoecon Industries in Dallas, chemists have produced hydroprene, a powerful chemical that not only kills lots of roaches on contact but leaves survivors sterile and some of them homosexual. We're not sure whether investigations have yielded any little leather bars yet, but the substance is about to be marketed to commercial exterminators.

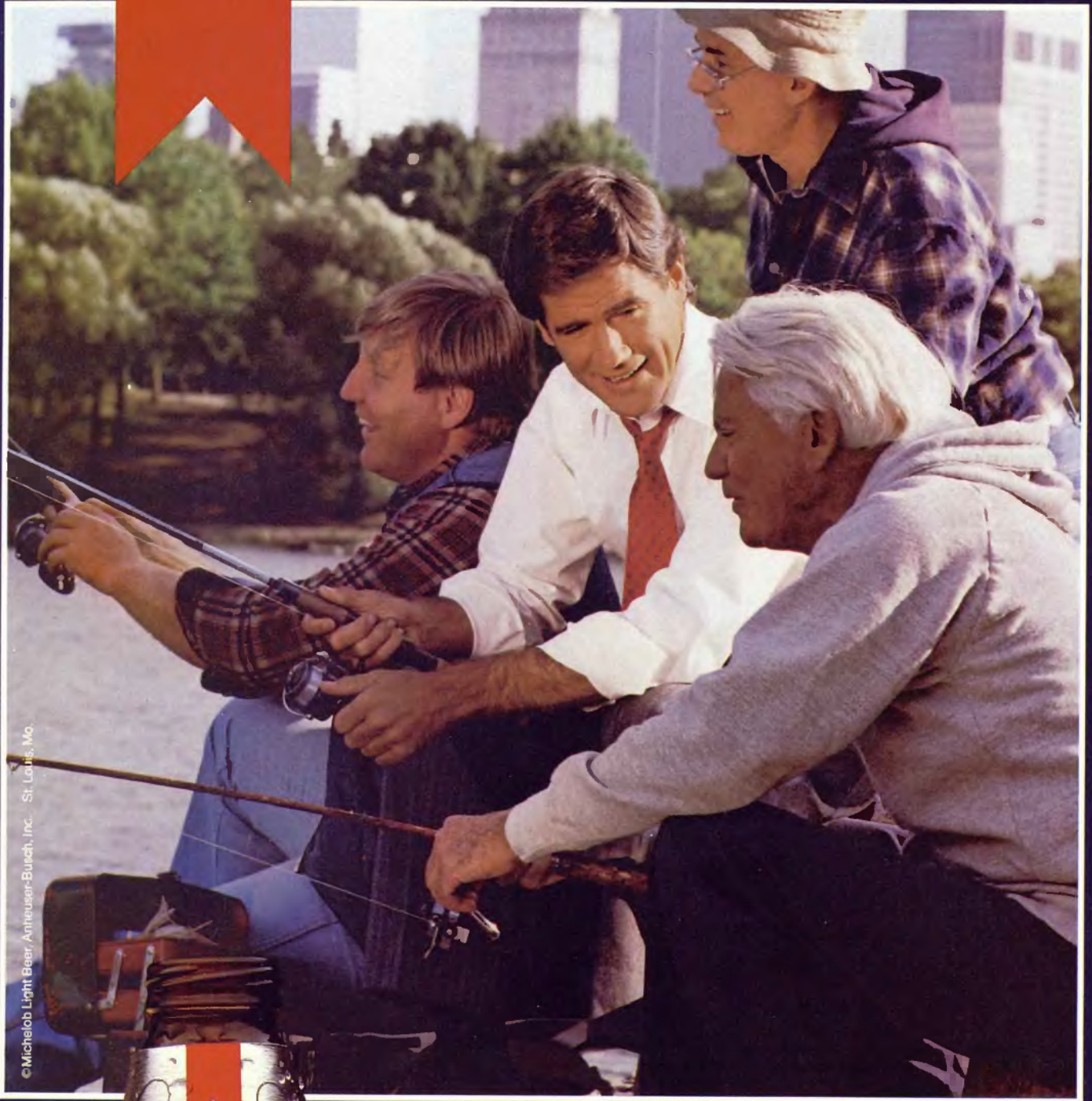
We predict that the world's cockroach population will soon resemble Berlin in the Thirties. Wait till the antivivisectionists hear about this.

HERPES LIT

For those who are interested in or confused about the most-talked-about disease of the 20th Century, we recommend a new text: *Herpes Diseases and Your Health*, published by the University of Minnesota Press. Authors Henry H. Balfour, Jr., M.D., and Ralph C. Heussner distinguish among the various forms of the herpes family with clarity and brevity. The information is up to date and, fortunately, the authors don't push the panic button.



Professional/Fisherman



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

You always seem to give sensible answers to all questions that are submitted to your column, which I read religiously. Well, I have a good question and just know that others also wonder about this subject. I am 28 years old and, believe it or not, have not perfected the art of making love to a woman's private parts. I know that you always say to try to see what you and your partner enjoy, but with women's lib the way it is, the girls are likely to laugh at you if you don't have some knowledge of technique. Do you lick the entire area lengthwise or sideways? Do you just suck on her clitoris, or should you try the lightly-nibbling-on-it technique? Do you stick your finger inside her while doing the nibbling and sucking and licking, or is that too irritating? Is it all right to stick your tongue inside her, or should you concentrate on the clitoris (that is the most important part, right)? Most important, if your girlfriend is extremely wet, how can you tell when she is coming? Most girls love to have oral sex, but I want to know what to look for so that I can determine what each lady enjoys. Please don't think that I am wasting your time—I sincerely want to know what to do and how to do it right. Pleasing a woman in the best way is what lovemaking is all about to me.—J. L. F., Fullerton, California.

The possible answers are (1) all of the above; (2) none of the above; (3) yes, for God's sake, don't stop; and (4) ask your partner. All of those techniques are interesting, and doing them every time you make love, with every woman you meet, may make you a legend in your home town. But the correct answer is number four. Ask your partner what works.

I keep hearing how front-wheel drive is the automotive wave of the future for better traction, fuel economy, and so on. Yet, while the American manufacturers seem bent on converting everything to front-wheel drive, most of the top European imports are sticking with rear-wheel drive. Who is right?—W. G., Chicago, Illinois.

Both are. Like most everything else in life, a car's drive system is a compromise. A front-engined vehicle driven by its front wheels has two distinct advantages over a similar-sized one with its drive wheels in back. The first is packaging: With all the greasy stuff up front, all the room from the dashboard back is available for people and cargo. Thus, a car that's downsized to improve its fuel efficiency can maintain its interior roominess if it's also converted to front-wheel drive. The second is slick-road traction: With the heavy machinery up front and more of the vehicle's weight over its drive wheels, the driving tires have more



load on them and therefore better stick on the surface. This second advantage diminishes, however, under hard acceleration and on steep upgrades, because both conditions transfer weight rearward (the nose lifts, the tail squats) away from those driving wheels. A front-drive vehicle is also not much good for towing or hauling heavy loads, since most of that added weight goes onto the rear over the non-driven wheels. And its front tires wear faster because they do most of the work, while the rears mostly hold the back end off the road and follow like a trailer. By contrast, rear-wheel drive takes up more room (transmission and drive shaft down the center, bulky drive axle under the rear floor) and has less driving traction on the straight and level. But it's also simpler, cheaper to produce, easier to service, generally better for high performance and next to necessary for towing. Basically, then, front drive is best for smaller cars, where space is at a premium, while rear drive is often preferred for larger cars and high-powered sports cars, where interior room is not such a high priority. The final decision is a matter of choice—first the manufacturer's, then yours.

For the past six months, I have been going out with the most beautiful and lovely lady I have ever met. Besides being very smart, she has a most fantastic figure and refuses to wear a bra. Usually I don't mind, but at times she will wear the sheerest blouse or a loose-weave sweater that shows all, and that can be very embarrassing. Don't misunderstand me; she looks great without a bra (she measures a 35B), because she works out, which keeps her firm and trim, but still, a nipple showing through a blouse or a tight sweater can be

quite disturbing in a fancy restaurant or around family members. If you or any of the Playmates or other editors have a suggestion, please let me know as soon as possible. I have a family reunion in five weeks.—L. B., Atlanta, Georgia.

Why not tell her exactly what you told us: that as much as you appreciate her physical attributes, you are uncomfortable when they are publicly displayed. We don't think this is an unreasonable request, and your girlfriend may even be complimented by your interest in keeping her assets private. Then again, she may think you are an insecure, overly possessive wimp. You could learn a lot from her self-confidence. The last thing you want is a girlfriend who puts Band-Aids on her nipples.

This won't be much of a challenge to your knowledge, but I have been unable to get the recipe for Long Island Ice Tea. I look forward to making a cool, refreshing one as soon as you let me know how to do it. Thanks.—M. G. F., Bettendorf, Iowa.

You nearly had us fooled. We thought for sure you were referring to some esoteric sex technique. But no, this is a drink question. We dusted off our bar guide and found the following recipe: In a tall glass, blend ½ shot each of vodka, gin, rum and tequila. Add a splash of triple sec, 2 or 3 ounces of sweet and sour and one ounce of Coke (for color). As a final flourish, garnish the drink with a twist of lemon and phone the paramedics.

I hope you will be able to help me. I have never sought advice on this or any other matter, but this problem is causing a fair amount of stress in my marriage. My husband and I have been married four years. We have intercourse on the average of five times per week. I consider our sex life fairly satisfactory, though I would enjoy more foreplay (my husband is aware of this). Our routine consists of brief kissing and fondling of my breasts, then direct manual stimulation of my clitoris, which brings me to orgasm in two to five minutes (with the help of some fantasizing on my part). That is followed by intercourse, which brings my husband to orgasm. The problem is this: Although I achieve a satisfactory orgasm 95 to 99 percent of the time, I find that I am not lubricating sufficiently to allow ease of penetration. Since we have read that a woman's ability to lubricate is equivalent to a man's achieving erection and that they are both related to the extent of sexual excitation, my husband is beginning to wonder if, in fact, I am really achieving orgasm (i.e., he thinks I may be faking). I know I am experiencing wonderful orgasms, but I can't

understand why I am not getting wet. There is nothing physically wrong with me. I find that I lubricate easily whenever I read or view sexually erotic material and also whenever I masturbate (when I engage in these activities, I find that I prolong my state of sexual excitation beyond the two to five minutes I have with my husband). I hope you will be able to shed some light on this situation.—Mrs. R. C., Reno, Nevada.

It's normal for a woman to lose some lubrication after her first orgasm. If that's the case, penetration should occur earlier. Your husband can still stimulate you manually. You may also require a somewhat longer time for stimulation during foreplay or different types of stimulation for adequate lubrication to occur. Try varying your surroundings, as well as the kinds of stimulation you and your husband engage in during sexplay. Also, since your techniques during masturbation appear to work well for you, try incorporating some of them into sex with your husband. If that fails, you might switch to a commercial lubricant, such as Transi-Lube or K-Y jelly. Lubrication is an indicator of arousal, but it's not the only one.

I've skied all over the United States and Canada, and now I'm ready to take the big plunge and head for Europe. Can you give me some idea of how the skiing over there differs from that of the slopes and resorts in America? Also, can I get by if I don't speak a foreign language?—J. N., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

There are differences in both style and substance, but the bottom line is that skiing in Europe is, if possible, even more fun than it is here. First, there's the sheer, mind-boggling size of some of the resorts in Austria, Switzerland, France and Italy (the prime ski destinations in Europe). The area around Val d'Isère, France, for example, has 111 lifts, not including ten cable cars. And that's not even the biggest selection in France. Don't expect immaculately groomed, clearly defined trails separated by stands of evergreens. Most skiing is done above the tree line on wide-open slopes whose trails are marked, if at all, by small posts or, in one place we've been, Coca-Cola signs. Hiring a guide is by far the smartest way to get to know a new area. And don't expect to find many chair lifts: Most resorts have mainly pomas, T bars or other forms of what are called drag lifts. At the opposite end are the cable cars, many of which span truly terrifying heights and are not for the faint of heart. Fortunately for your tired legs, European skiers take lunch very seriously, and two-hour breaks for mid-mountain feasts are de rigueur. As far as stylistic matters go, you'll be able to spot fellow Americans by their ski hats with pompons on top, which Europeans apparently haven't taken to yet. You'll also discover that very little virtue is attached to cutting the first tracks on the mountain, and the 8:30 tram is filled mainly with sleepy ski patrolmen and crazy Americans determined to get their money's worth.

English, or some variation on it, is spoken widely enough for you to get by at all the major ski areas. However, we do recommend taking your own equipment, not only because rentals vary greatly in quality but also because conveying exactly what you want or what's wrong with a binding can be dicey. If you're worried about the language issue, you might check out the bilingual ski program offered by Club Med at one of its villages in St. Moritz, Switzerland. Everything is conducted in French and English, including the free daily lessons. And if you come from the Bill Johnson school of downhill action, consider a program out of Val d'Isère called Top Ski. It's a full week's package, with English-speaking guides, that includes some truly outrageous off-trail skiing. For an even more extreme high, try a few weeks at Chamonix with Le Grand Ski. For more information about any of these excursions, contact a travel agent.

Lately, I've been reading a lot about the new compact-disc players. Some people think they're the best thing since sliced bread; critics allege harshness and lack of musicality. Frankly, my musical ear is not that sensitive, but I don't want to invest a lot of money in a white-elephant system. Are compact discs all they're cracked up to be?—M. O., Los Angeles, California.

We've heard the criticisms and we've heard the discs. We like the discs. One of the problems is that recording engineers are still learning how to record for them. The sound is so clean that any mistakes made in mixing, sound level, etc., are blatant. Sounds usually covered up by other processes, such as the breathing of the instrumentalists, seem to stand out in a CD. If you've been listening to muffled recordings, a sharp one is likely to sound harsh to you. And you don't know how muffled your sound has been until you hear a CD. There is no distortion, no wow, no flutter and none of that infuriating background hiss. All you get is good, clean sound. The bottom line, though, is whether or not you like the sound. Home stereo systems these days are almost as variable as studio systems, allowing you to shape the sound to your liking. Since you can't be objective about the sound without a lot of special equipment, be subjective. But before you listen, accept the CD for what it is: a musical source in itself. Studio and concert-hall realism is available only in studios and concert halls. But you can get pretty close with a CD.

While in the Philippine Islands during World War Two, our L.S.T. put into a small harbor on Luzon. One of the native people related how two young sisters—daughters of a local doctor who had been killed by the Japanese—had perfected a technique of male sexual stimulation to the point where they could “empty the glands.” In some cases, it was said, as much as three fluid ounces of semen had been ejaculated. The technique consisted of one girl's applying a fragrant cream to

the penis and, through hand manipulation, arousing a full, hard erection. When she had reached that point, the second girl would enter the anus with a finger of her right hand, its rubber glove suitably lubricated. While the man lay on his side with legs slightly bent, the first girl would firmly stroke the penis and massage the testicles while the second girl proceeded to massage the prostate. Through physical signals from the male and everyone's perception of the intensity of arousal and climax, an ejaculation occurred at such a moment that the man did not know whether the stroking or the prostate massage had been the initiating factor. The ejaculation was a divine experience. The semen ran with the fullness of urination, and the amount of expelled fluid felt massive. An intense feeling of pleasure and euphoria swept through the body. Afterward, one felt totally devastated.

As an experiment, we sent one of the larger members (6'3", 235 pounds) of our crew to the village for this experience and instructed him to have the first girl capture the semen in a graduated cup that we got from the sick bay. The experiment produced 70 milliliters (69 c.c.) of semen. Since that event occurred, in 1944, I have never experienced such a phenomenon. Over the years, I have often thought about some obvious questions: (1) Can the prostate be emptied in a medical sense? (2) How much semen can be produced by that method, and what is the limiting factor? (3) Does a male's physical size have a bearing on the amount of semen produced? (4) Is this technique practiced in the U.S.?—D. A. D., Santa Clara, California.

We didn't think it was a secret that the prostate gland figures prominently in male ejaculation and, thus, to a large extent, in pleasure. An extended period of arousal with stimulation of the prostate can lead to a terrific orgasm in many men. The technique you described could, indeed, bring the average man to a most pleasurable orgasm, but we tend to doubt that every man could produce the result your volunteer obtained. Other factors, including age, length of time since previous ejaculation, general health and so on, could come into play—not to mention the condition and sensitivity of the individual prostate. With a knowledgeable partner (or partners), we would think this experiment could be more or less duplicated on your own, but we have no idea why you have waited 41 years to explore it further. If you get to do more research, please let us know what happens.

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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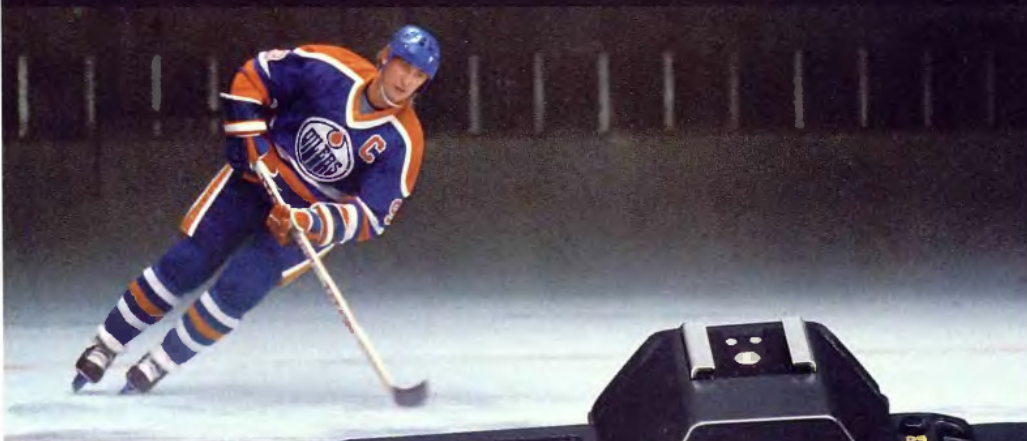
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DEAR PLAYMATES

While Valentine's Day makes us think along some fairly traditional lines, our Playmate advisors remind us that the world is constantly changing. And, for the most part, so are they.

The question for the month:

Do you think women have become more sexually aggressive than men?

I think a woman today goes for everything she can get, and that's true of sex, too. Men who still want an old-fashioned girl may have a problem with that. If I want a guy, I don't want the outcome left to chance. I think a lot of men don't know whether or not they're putting the right moves on women. It's up to an aggressive woman to help show the way. As for me personally, if I know a man well and I want to have sex with him, I can be sexually aggressive.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

It depends on where you live. In L.A., women are just as sexually aggressive as men. Other places, they are a bit more old-fashioned. I don't think I hold back. When I want something badly enough, I go for it. I'm not going to wait till he makes a move on me. Why should I? And it has paid off. I think if I'm aggressive and if the man in question is interested, he'll show it. If he isn't, then I just turn around and walk away, because I know it's not going to work.



Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

No. I think women are still affected by the religious and social standards that have been applied to them since the beginning of time. I don't think women are as sexually aggressive as men, on the whole, but I don't fall into the majority category. In my case, I think it has to do with being a very physical, athletic person and understanding the needs of my body. Physical people are sexual people. Those are the ones who understand how their bodies work and what they need. And I am one of them. I know when I need sex, and I'm tuned into my needs.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

Oh, definitely, we have to be aggressive. At least in my age group, there's a shortage of eligible men. Particularly black men. The war took them. A lot of them are incarcerated or homosexuals. Then there are those who are involved with white women, or older men going for really young women. So the kind of man I like is often already married or living with someone. I get turned on by a man's mind, and if he happens to be the kind of guy who stimulates me, that makes the juices flow. But you've got to go after him, because the competition is fierce.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

These days, women are more aggressive. They've become so much more aware of their sexuality and how to express it. I recently asked a man out on a date for the first time, instead of waiting for him to ask me. He said yes and I think he was flattered, but it was a weird feeling not knowing what he would say. About sex: If a woman wants to go to bed with a man, she's free to say yes now without feeling cheap. And no longer does a woman have to talk herself into love just to have sex. I call that aggressive.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

I feel that men are the aggressors before they reach the bedroom. Afterward, women are more aggressive. In public, men take charge. They do the courting. But when a woman invites a man into her home, she takes the edge. At least I do. Once intimacy begins, I think it's pretty much 50-50. It is as though the woman has been released and it's finally her turn to show her feelings. But I don't think a woman should use sex to try to keep a man around.



Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

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





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CARNAL COP

In my years as a New Orleans attorney, I have frequently been impressed with the dedication of our vice squad in protecting citizens against the threat of unnatural carnal copulation and the zeal with which it throws itself into its work. Not long ago, for example, a client of mine had been arrested and charged with a "crime against nature," which in Louisiana Revised Statutes Title 14, Section 89, is defined as:

1. The unnatural carnal copulation by a human being with another of the same sex or opposite sex or with an animal, except that anal sexual intercourse between two human beings shall not be deemed as a crime against nature when done under any of the circumstances described in R.S. 14:41 (etc.). Emission is not necessary; and, when committed by a human being with another, the use of the genital organ of one of the offenders of whatever sex is sufficient to constitute the crime.
2. The solicitation by a human being of another with the intent to engage in any unnatural carnal copulation for compensation.

After I examined the police report, it became clear that the arresting officer had set out the bait so conveniently that he himself was—under the wording of the law—"one of the offenders." His report read as follows:

I went into the booth next to the suspect and put a quarter in the machine to start the movies. I then unzipped my zipper, took out my penis and put it through a hole in the wall adjoining the booth next to me. When the suspect attempted to put his mouth around my penis, I withdrew it and alighted from the booth, placing the subject in the booth next to me under arrest.

While I have defended several people over the years for this offense and all have claimed to me that that was what the policeman had done, this was the first time I had ever seen it described in a police report. Rather than prosecute the officer for actions above and beyond the call of duty, the district attorney agreed to drop the charges.

William E. Rittenberg
Attorney at Law
New Orleans, Louisiana

PRURIENT PICKUP

Texas is one of those states that encourage people to pay good money to put silly words on their license plates. I've seen everything from HOTCHA to HOOKEEM, but the best of all had to be the message on the plate of a red pickup cruising down a street in south Austin: 6ULDV8. Take a minute to figure it out.

My real concern was seeing that slogan

*"6ULDV8. Take a minute
to figure it out."*

on a classic-looking redneck vehicle, because I hadn't thought goat ropers knew what a deviate was, let alone how to spell it. Maybe it meant he was somebody who fornicated with female Homo sapiens instead of the normal farm animals with which the good Lord provides all true sons of the earth.

Billy Turner
San Antonio, Texas

WIMPISM

Thank you for publishing the "Wimps Beat Wives" item in the *Forum Newsfront* section of your November issue.

Your magazine is a powerful influence in shaping the thinking of many men, including those who are unsure of themselves and their male image. By reporting research that finds the abusive man to be

emotionally insecure, instead of the tough guy he'd like to think he is, I'm sure you'll persuade some men to re-examine their attitudes.

I've heard men brag about "keeping the old lady in her place" by slapping her around, and I've seen their friends nod in agreement and even encourage and congratulate the abuser. When more people see the abusive man as a wimp, rather than as a tough guy, they'll be less likely to support such behavior. Without their friends' support and approval, I'm sure far fewer men would abuse their wives.

Marianne Graci
Cincinnati, Ohio

HOUSEWORK

In regard to the "dirty little secret of feminism" discovered by sociologist-writer William R. Beer and reported in the October *Forum Newsfront*:

I am a white, lower-middle-class housewife with a working husband and three sons. I also clean for a professional woman, who makes no secret of this. My boss hires me to do her cleaning for the same reason men have traditionally kept wives well past their more attractive, childbearing years: She simply doesn't want to spend 40 to 50 hours per week at her job, though she enjoys it, then go home to an endless list of housekeeping chores.

In our small community, cleaning women earn from \$3.60 to \$10 per hour, without being tied to a full-time job. By working just a few hours each week, I can afford the tuition and transportation for my son's private nursery school and still be available when my family needs me.

In my case, cleaning is just a temporary plug. I was on a full scholarship at the University of Northern Iowa for three years before I decided that I would never be able to face a classroom as a teacher and got married, instead. When my youngest son is finally tucked safely away in the public school system for the entire day, I'll probably either return to college (in a different field) or find a more interesting job. If I can then afford it, I'll hire cleaning help myself.

There are people who *need* an intellectually undemanding job with which to support themselves, and not always because they lack the training or the brains to do anything else. A nursing-home director here recently resigned her position and went into cleaning. Why? Because she couldn't take the pressure any longer!

Large numbers of single women today are supporting families. They need higher-paying, "professional" jobs, and, if they



can afford it, cleaning help, so they can have more time for their children. Married professional women whose husbands are employed and who can, without too much discomfort, afford housekeeping services are doing the economically disadvantaged (black or white) no injury by employing them. Such people are, after all, *free* to search out better ways to earn a living.

Patricia Chlupach
Iowa Falls, Iowa

The December "Playboy Forum" begins with a letter from a Florida professional woman with similar views. Beer's point is that the practice, while universal, generally isn't mentioned by feminist writers who address the subject of men and housework.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS AMENDMENT

Steve Charnovitz advocates a nightmare that has been haunting me for years (*The Playboy Forum*, November). Namely, he suggests an Equal Rights Amendment that would be devoid of anything as frightening as equal rights. At least he should have the honesty to retitle it the *Women's Rights Amendment*.

Judges have already shown a singular inability to apply equal rights legislation to sex discrimination against men. Although California approved the E.R.A., for example, judges declared constitutional a statutory-rape law that is aimed only at male adults who have sex with underage girls. They rationalized their sex discrimination against males by claiming that teenage pregnancy is the central issue and only girls get pregnant. Is it OK for me to screw a six-year-old girl just because there is no way she'll get pregnant? Should males with vasectomies be exempted from the law?

This is just one of many examples of the sex discrimination practiced by the very people who have the responsibility to end sex discrimination. PLAYBOY could (and should) devote an article to all the contortions our leaders go through just so that they can avoid the burgeoning field of antimale sex discrimination. (I'll be glad to write one.)

Charnovitz wants the E.R.A. to be limited to "things that matter" and exclude the draft. A law that decrees that you owe something to the country only if you are born male matters. A law that decrees that only a male can be *forced* to carry out traditional sex roles matters. A law that decrees that only a male has no way of safeguarding the sovereignty over his own body matters. A law that decrees that only a male can have his "equal" employment opportunities, family relationships and life plans all interrupted matters.

Charnovitz also wants abortion specifically excluded from the E.R.A. There are many who feel that the E.R.A. really implies nothing about the legalization of abortion. What the E.R.A. does imply, however, is that if abortion is legal, then paternity suits are not. That is, the E.R.A.

would ensure that we cannot pass legislation that says that once a child is conceived, a woman has total control over the next 18 years of her parental destiny and a man has absolutely no decision-making power over his own.

True equality is more than just a Phyllis Schlafly scare tactic. Maybe the country is not yet ready for true equality, but let's not go through the pretense of an E.R.A. until we are ready. Charnovitz' watered-down E.R.A. might reduce the opposition by some people, but it sure would create an opposition by me.

Fredric Hayward, Director
Men's Rights, Inc.
Sacramento, California

PRAYER IN SCHOOLS

Whether proposals for religious activity in the public schools resurface as the twisted interpretation of constitutional

*"There is absolutely
no place for superstition
in our public-education
system unless that is
the topic under study."*

rights that declares it *wrong* to exclude religion, or whether the issue reappears as the sanctioning of classroom snake handling, there is absolutely no place for superstition in our public-education system unless that is the topic under study. If students wish to combine religion with reading, writing and arithmetic, they may attend parochial schools. If they wish to discuss articles of faith, the organized religions have spent a lot of money building Gothic structures with lovely stained-glass windows to accommodate them.

It is one of the unhappy side effects of democracy that a determined band of hard-core crazies can gain political legitimacy and actually shape the political agenda simply by making more noise than anyone else. When the founding fathers were nailing down our Constitution, James Madison himself worried that the system of checks and balances he and his buddies were constructing could allow the emergence of highly organized, highly vocal single-interest factions that would not cease and desist until they got their way. What Madison referred to as factionalism we now recognize as the efforts of various nut groups to force their views upon the rest of us. In this country, freedom of religion means that we are free to worship any deity of our choice and equally free to scoff at religion. This is no small freedom, and if we are not careful, we could lose it.

While the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, the price of eternal vigilance is boredom, and while the vast majority of us

drowsily take for granted our freedom to worship or not worship as we see fit, the lunatic fringe never rests.

Jay B. Timmons
Raleigh, North Carolina

Ya know, folks, I've just about had it with the liberal mind-set that continually manifests itself in the various letters-to-the-editor pages. Now we have one Mark Molello of Denver, Colorado, alerting us to the evil thinking of the so-called New Right (*The Playboy Forum*, October). The object of Molello's ire? The absolutely horrible specter that children may be allowed to pray in school. For a minute.

The razor-sharp mind of Molello has concluded that the prayer bit is merely the tip of the New Right's iceberg. He knows conclusively (his letter indicates) that the New Right plans on polluting the minds of our children by feeding them false information and eliminating logic.

Give it a rest, Molello. The last time I looked, the overwhelming majority of teachers in this country were decidedly of the liberal bent, so the bulk of your argument just went down the crapper. Molello further states that if the New Right is successful, it will subvert our school system. Hey, look around. Our esteemed teachers are already graduating functional illiterates and doing a generally rotten job all by themselves, without the help of the New Right or anyone else.

Tim Ryan
East Patchogue, New York

Our leaders and their evangelical friends who want to see prayer in public schools and religion in politics and public life generally should be packed off to Pakistan. There, I read in the paper, the army has appointed some 60,000 "prayer wardens" to "persuade" the nation's 90,000,000 Moslems to perform the required prayer ceremonies five times a day. President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq said the wardens would use persuasion rather than coercion to attain their religious objective, but he added that they must send confidential reports to their provincial governors detailing the level of religious feeling among Moslems in their areas.

Of course, there are some leaders of outlawed—I repeat, outlawed—political parties carping that the army will use the prayer wardens to weed out dissidents before national elections and to mobilize support for candidates favored by the present rulers. Not that our own politicians and moralists would let things go that far, God forbid. But if tyranny ever does come to this country, it's pretty certain to travel the road of religion.

Terry Litke
Boise, Idaho

ZERO TOLERANCE

Tim Blanchard's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, November) left me, and I suppose others, with the impression that

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

SAN FRANCISCO—The Selective Service System has been caught in the slightly embarrassing position of sending draft-registration warnings to names on a "birthday list" compiled seven years ago by an ice-cream parlor. Some of the names



were fake, cooked up by kids trying to score free ice cream, but the notices went to their real addresses. When the youngsters' parents figured out the connection, they jumped on Farrell's Ice Cream Parlor, one of whose executives conceded that "if I send my two sons out for ice-cream sundaes at Farrell's, I don't want their names to end up on a Selective Service list." He said such use of the list, which had been sold to a marketing company, was in violation of an agreement with the buyer. Selective Service has returned the list to Farrell's but defended its actions as perfectly legal and said, "Let's face it—we all are on somebody's list somewhere in this day and age."

Meanwhile, a study by the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., predicts that a peacetime draft may become necessary in the Nineties if the Reagan Administration moves ahead with its plans to expand the Armed Forces and deploy more sophisticated weapons systems requiring better-educated personnel.

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

SAN FRANCISCO—After much legal wrangling over the years, the Internal Revenue Service has stripped Universal Life Church of its tax-exempt status. The church was incorporated in California in 1962 by the Reverend Kirby Hensley as a mail-order ministry with an exceptionally modest number of requirements for ordination—not much more than a postage stamp and a letter of request. The

Reverend Hensley allowed as how his church "has no traditional doctrine. It only believes in that which is right." Among the things the church considered right were the tax deductions and exemptions claimed by its members, which usually consisted of the newly ordained minister's declaring his home to be a place of worship for a congregation, including his wife and children. That practice was actually upheld by a U.S. district court in 1974 and became popular among the church's estimated 11,000,000 members. IRS officials complained that the members had claimed \$1,850,000 in tax-exempt contributions during one recent 11-month period. One said, "The bottom line of this action is that contributions to Universal Life are no longer automatically deductible." The mother church indicated that it would appeal.

NINETY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR JOKE

NEW YORK CITY—A U.S. district-court judge has awarded \$90,000 to a former convict and his wife after concluding that officers at the Green Haven Correctional Facility had framed the two on phony charges to retaliate for the inmate's success as a jailhouse lawyer. The court found that the inmate had been "a model prisoner" who had antagonized prison authorities on various legal matters and that, as "a wicked joke," officers had planted contraband—a vial of the fluorescent ink used to mark visitors' hands—in a package being taken to him in prison by his wife. A joint of marijuana, found in the inmate's cell, had also been planted, the judge determined. Prison administrators apparently had not known the charges were false, the court said, but took advantage of the case to brand the prisoner a security risk, put him in an isolation cell and thereby rid themselves of a lawsuit-filing troublemaker—they thought. The inmate had originally been convicted of fatally shooting a man who had broken into his house and threatened his family but had had his sentence reduced when new evidence showed that the shot had, in fact, been fired by another person.

KEEP IT CLEAN

SAN DIEGO—The doors and curtains must come down from the city's 235 peep-show booths in order to allow better police surveillance, the city council has decreed. Council members were told that the transition from screen-projected peep shows to video tapes eliminated the need for darkened viewing areas and that the booths were being utilized for prostitution, crime and what the local paper called "unsanitary activity."

COVER-UP

HOUSTON—Club Fieldstone, an apartment complex that stirred up controversy when its new owners instituted a "clothing-optional" policy and a nudist-only swimming pool, has caved in to economic necessity after four months and too few renters. A dress code is back in effect, and the nudists who had moved in were put out by the decision. One, a practicing nudist for 31 years, said, "We feel we've been misled and prostituted, in a sense that we were used in an experiment." But a former resident who had left rather than live among nudists said, "I am delighted. Morality is alive and well in Houston. I am so glad."

ILLEGITIMATE FATHER

TRENTON—A New Jersey appellate court has held that a man must pay \$50 a month to support a child who blood tests proved had been conceived through his former wife's infidelity. The panel of judges decided that the man had legally established his fatherhood by accepting and raising the seven-year-old girl as his own and that because he was the only father she had ever known, it would be harmful to her to learn that she was not, in fact, his legitimate daughter.

SPARE THE ROD

GALLIVARE, SWEDEN—The father of an 11-year-old boy was fined the equivalent of \$12 after a jury found him guilty of spanking his son in violation of a 1979 law prohibiting physical punishment or other demeaning treatment of children.



The boy had been spanked for taking a bicycle ride with his younger brother without permission and afterward turned his father in to the police, who proceeded with the case—the first of its kind—professionally if somewhat reluctantly.

the military urinalysis program is some sort of panacea for solving the drug debate currently raised to a high emotional level by the Reagan Administration. I couldn't care less whether or not his voodoo math is correct. This I do know: His implication that the tragedy aboard the Nimitz in May of 1981 could have been avoided, and that future similar accidents can be avoided by urinalysis, is dead wrong.

In the Nimitz affair, the pilot (who died in the crash) had taken an abnormally high dosage of an antihistamine cold medicine that can cause sedation, dizziness,

double vision and tremors. Urinalysis as presently used does not screen for legal drugs. The Navy, responding to intense media coverage, didn't let that fact get in the way and set upon its present course.

Since "project golden flow" has been pursued in earnest, the Navy has experienced no significant decrease in its fatality rate from on-the-job and off-the-job "accidents." The culprit—alcohol. The troops switched to the legal alternative, which fits the lifestyle of the brass, and they have been dying for the change.

Drugs of any kind should not be tol-

erated in a work environment—in this I can agree with the military. While it's fashionable now to punish every real or imagined transgression, urinalysis makes a lousy sleuth. Even the military now admits there have been errors in the program, but it hasn't taken much in the way of corrective action. If it can find you and advise you, you can appeal. So much for the high ideals of the military.

From the Inquisition to Salem, witch-hunts have been sick and shameful demonstrations of self-righteous efforts of one group or another to regulate lifestyles. My

SEXPAC: AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

By GARY WASSERMAN

The news last year that a certain U.S. Senator from the Midwest's principal corn-producing state had, in a spasm of "curiosity and weakness," visited a whorehouse wasn't really news. It had only the novelty of a racing-car crash that brings the crowd to its feet and turns the yellow caution light on until the mess is cleaned up. If not entirely predictable, such spills are inevitable, given the nature and the history of the sport: One Congressman is caught in an awkward position with a Federal employee in a men's room; another financially supports young men with dismal résumés but advanced degrees in sexual high-jinks; a senior Congressman retires when reporters discover that his secretary can't type but can give dictation—to the press.

If there is a problem here, it's the opposite of what most people think. The scandals don't demonstrate the abundance and availability of sex in Washington but the lack of it.

Lonely Congressmen have the same drives as the citizenry that elected them, usually stronger ones, which is why they're in Congress. Yet their fish-bowl existence and the present climate of moral reform force them to do without the physical companionship they thought went with the office. Without a Kennedy's looks or a Rockefeller's money, they are compelled to prowling the brothels, streets and bathrooms in search of love. Those too afraid of aggressive journalists and ambitious secretaries remain at home watching R-rated movies on Saturday night, not getting enough sleep. The result: depression, fatigue, listless inattention to legislative detail.

Our leaders today are victims of a system that no longer takes care of its elected representatives, by which I

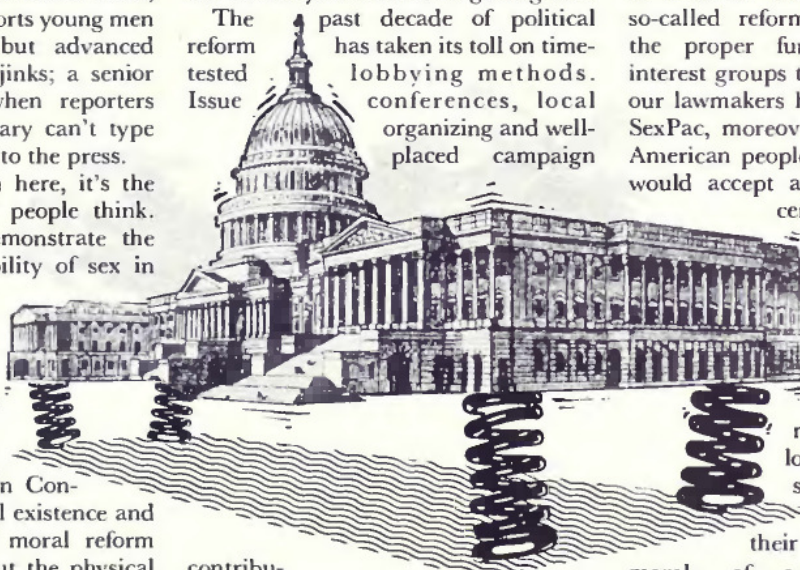
mean that our lobbyists are not doing their jobs. The process of lobbying Congress used to have real flesh on it. Let's say a key bill was coming through the banking committee. The lobbyists for the banks might gather together the relevant Congressmen, rent a hotel room, supply drinks, some dates, and . . . uh . . . lobby. The results were not necessarily tailored to the public interest, but neither are today's. It's hard to think clearly about Federal Reserve policies and prime interest rates when your mind is on getting laid.

The past decade of political reform has taken its toll on time-tested lobbying methods. Issue conferences, local organizing and well-placed campaign

The need is great, the solution apparent. A new political-action committee is called for. Observing all the legal restrictions governing that interesting organizational concept, our new group, SexPac, would function as a clearinghouse providing information on how Congress can fulfill its robust sex drive at no cost to the taxpayer and no embarrassment to its members, allowing them to conduct their official business with light hearts and clear heads. It would campaign to unleash the lobbyists, removing so-called reforms that merely block the proper functioning of special-interest groups that know how to keep our lawmakers happy and productive. SexPac, moreover, would educate the American people about this crisis and would accept applications from concerned citizens offering their services to our leaders.

As long as the political system does not provide the expected perks of power, Congressmen will be forced to look elsewhere. That search has already caused damage to their careers and to the morals of our youth and an unwarranted insult to our constitutional system. If lobbyists are not allowed to do what they're supposed to do, Congressmen will do what they have to do. We need to get sex off the streets and back into Government, where it doesn't do any harm.

Gary Wasserman is a former political-science professor, author of "The Basics of American Politics" and the would-be publisher of Mole, a national magazine of satire and general humor.



contributions have replaced booze and broads. Youthful ideologues, environmentalists and Common Cause types simply do not understand how to respond positively to a Congressional wink. The reduced power of committee chairmen has also complicated lobbyists' jobs. Taking care of a dozen or so chairmen is one thing. Getting dates for scores of subcommittee heads and the ranking minority-party members is a taxing load for the few remaining traditional lobbyists. They're spread too thin.



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Government shames and embarrasses me with this wholesale intrusion into my private life and those of my shipmates. Judge me and my fallen comrades by what is done on the job, not in the privacy of our living rooms.

Please withhold my name and address, as I am on active duty in the Navy and would be drained of all bodily fluids for expressing even this much dissent.

(Name and address withheld by request)

I feel no need to comment on the punishment aspect of being tripped up by the military's "project golden flow" drug-use detection program. We all knew when we signed on the dotted line what was more or less expected of us concerning drugs. In a word: Don't. Some people seem to lose sight of the fact that smoking pot is illegal. They prefer to view it as a right. I know, because I once felt the same way.

I was reduced in grade, restricted, heavily fined and placed on extra duty after popping positive for THC. I was also sent, per S.O.P., to the Joint Drug and Alcohol Counseling Center for evaluation. There, I was diagnosed by a substance-abuse counselor, himself a recovering addict/alcoholic, as a chronic alcohol abuser with a psychological dependence on marijuana. The counselor recommended me for formal rehabilitation. I fully believed that I had no problem. You had only to look at my sterling record and my outstanding marks to see that I *couldn't* need help. Nonetheless, against my will, orders were cut assigning me to the Naval Drug Rehabilitation Center at Miramar Naval Air Station. I didn't want help, didn't need help and told everybody that.

During the eight weeks of treatment, I learned a lot about the process of addiction and the disease of alcoholism. I now know that denial is part of the disease. Alcoholics and addicts are the last ones to admit that they have a problem. Breaking through that denial was the single most difficult thing I have ever had to do.

My point is that the military's system for counseling and rehabilitating users and abusers works. It may not help everyone, but I know of at least 40 people just in my small military community who have benefited. Were it not for NDRC and my counselors there, I and others like me might never have gotten the help we needed (but would not seek) in time to get our lives headed in the right direction.

(Name withheld by request)
Marine Corps Air Station
Yuma, Arizona

It's good news when the system works, and that needs to be reported. At times, it hasn't worked, and the Services are currently trying to track down several thousand military personnel to advise them that they may be able to appeal disciplinary actions stemming from faulty testing and documentation.

ABORTION

As a happily vasectomized father of three, I dearly know the cost of raising a child—about \$180,000 to the age of 18. If Right-to-Lifers are so hot to halt abortions, let *them* take all the unabortored children and raise them. Money will talk louder than their "morality."

William Childress
Anderson, Missouri

BABER MEETS MENCKEN

We're pleased to report that Asa Baber, one of our favorite Contributing Editors, has won a 1984 Mencken Award for his *Killing Us Softly with Their Song*, a critique of the media response to the downing of Korean Air Lines flight 007, published in the March 1984 *PLAYBOY*. The Mencken Awards are sponsored by the Free Press Association, a national media group of editors, reporters, broadcasters and writers committed to preserving First Amendment rights.

Making abortion illegal won't stop the practice. It will drive it underground, where greedy people with crude instruments will feast on desperate women. It has happened before. Adopting a law requiring all pregnant women to have their babies is, in my view, ridiculous. How would you enforce such a law—require all doctors to report all positive pregnancy tests? What about the women who didn't go to a doctor, because they bought the test at a drugstore and did it themselves? Oh, I get the picture—require all women to be checked for pregnancy once a month. If a woman's test is positive, immediately place her in a maximum-security facility, where she can be observed for nine months to be certain she does nothing harmful to the baby.

I really wish all the torch-carrying Right-to-Lifers would wise up and realize there is nothing in this world they can do to make me have a baby I don't want.

Jeanie Anderson
Newton, Kansas

Your letter coincides with a report that the government of Romania is now requiring married women to undergo monthly pregnancy tests in order to increase the birth rate in that country, and the government supposedly intends to investigate pregnancies that do not go to term, as well as persistent negative results from the monthly tests of the married ladies. Such policies might be enforceable under a strict anti-abortion law such as our own President Reagan appears to advocate, making us wonder if he could be an unwitting dupe of the Communists.

SPERM-'N'-GO

I would like to warn your readers of a potentially dangerous rip-off, so to speak,

that may plague unwary travelers journeying through northern Louisiana and neighboring states. As you may know, recently there has been a spurt of new activity in the medical field resulting in the establishment of sperm banks and sperm-storage facilities to be used for in-vitro fertilization and God knows what else.

News of this development eventually filtered into our local parish, where unemployment is high and intelligence, especially among males, low. From this circumstance came the entrepreneurial venture known as Sperm-'n'-Go, the brain child of Orlo and Heeter Chambeaux, known as The Brothers Grim to local Saturday-night wrestling fans.

Wrestling having fallen on hard times, the Chambeaux brothers got into a new line of work, which consisted of opening a chain of "one-stop, one-drop" outlets for the dispensing of frozen sperm. As assistant persecutor in the parish, I immediately investigated this operation and learned that Orlo, the smarter of the two, had decided that "all them Yankee ladies driving through on the way to New Orleans oughta be able to take home more than a mem'ry."

Accordingly, the brothers invested in half a dozen Coldspot freezers, several gross of plastic ice-cube trays and a number of back issues of adult magazines. Suffice it to say that they filled each cube with a drop of semen, water and a toothpick ("so's nobody'd have to touch it with dirty hands").

They were selling these for \$49.98 per cube, which included the price of a small Styrofoam cooler and shaved packing ice. I don't know how many cubes they actually sold and I don't want to know. I simply told Orlo and Heeter that if they didn't shut down immediately, I'd have their mother released.

That seemed to have solved the problem, but I write to you because the Chambeaux boys have skipped the parish and I keep hearing of "roadside bait stands," sometimes masquerading as Gulf-shrimp wholesalers, along the interstate.

I would counsel any person who may have bought any of this product to seek pregnancy-termination counseling. But there's worse. Supposedly, a busload of vacationers from San Francisco bought more than 100 trays from the original Sperm-'n'-Go and are using them at home for party favors.

"Beauregard Dusard"
Bossier City, Louisiana

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MERIT

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STEVEN JOBS

a candid conversation about making computers, making mistakes and making millions with the young entrepreneur who sparked a business revolution

If anyone can be said to represent the spirit of an entrepreneurial generation, the man to beat for now is the charismatic cofounder and chairman of Apple Computer, Inc., Steven Jobs. He transformed a small business begun in a garage in Los Altos, California, into a revolutionary billion-dollar company—one that joined the ranks of the Fortune 500 in just five years, faster than any other company in history. And what's most galling about it is that the guy is only 29 years old.

Jobs's company introduced personal computers into the American home and workplace. Before the founding of Apple in 1976, the image most people had of computers was of machines in science-fiction movies that beeped and flashed or of huge, silent mainframes that brooded ominously behind the closed doors of giant corporations and Government agencies. But with the development of the transistor and then the microprocessor chip, it became possible to miniaturize the technology of the computer and make it accessible to personal users. By the mid-Seventies, a starter computer kit, of interest mainly to hobbyists, was available for about \$375, plus assorted parts.

In a valley south of San Francisco already known for a concentration of electronics firms and youthful start-up companies, two friends

who shared a penchant for mischief and electronics set out to create a small computer of their own. Jobs, then 21, the adopted son of a machinist, had taken a job designing video games at Atari after dropping out of Reed College, while Stephen Wozniak, 26, worked as an engineer at Hewlett-Packard, one of the largest firms in the area known as Silicon Valley. In their spare time, the friends designed and built a makeshift computer—a circuit board, really—which they whimsically called the Apple I. It didn't do much, but when they found that they had stacked up orders for 50 of the contraptions, it dawned on Jobs that there might be an actual growth market for personal computers.

Wozniak's interest was primarily technical; Jobs set about making the computer accessible to people. Together, they added a keyboard and memory (the capability of storing information) to the Apple I, and Wozniak developed the disk drive (a device to read and store information permanently) and added a video terminal. Jobs hired experts to design an efficient power supply and a fancy casing and, thus, the Apple II was born—along with an entire industry.

Apple's rise was meteoric. From sales of \$200,000 that first year in Jobs's garage (the Silicon Valley version of Lincoln's log cabin),

the company grew into a giant firm with 1.4 billion dollars in revenues in 1984. Its founders became multimillionaires and folk heroes. Wozniak, who effectively retired from Apple in 1979 to go back to college and to sponsor music festivals, had relatively little to do after his creative contribution to the technology. It was Jobs who stayed on to run the company, to see 70 percent of home and school computers bear the Apple mark, to fend off efforts within Apple to unseat him and, most of all, to do battle with IBM when Big Blue, as the 40-billion-dollar colossus is unaffectionately known, decided to move in on the personal-computer business.

With an estimated net worth of \$450,000,000, mostly in Apple stock, Jobs was by far the youngest person on Forbes's list of richest Americans for several years running. (It is also worth noting that of the 100 Americans named by Forbes, Jobs is one of only seven who made their fortunes on their own.) Recently, with the drop in the value of Apple stock during troubled times in 1983, he lost nearly a quarter of a billion dollars on paper, so his net worth is today estimated at about \$200,000,000.

But to hear Jobs tell it, the money isn't even half the story, especially since he does not spend it very lavishly—and, indeed, claims to



"A lot of the Sixties people ended up not really accomplishing what they set out to accomplish, and because they had thrown their discipline to the wind, they didn't have much to fall back on."



"The IBM PC fundamentally brought no new technology to the industry at all. It was just repackaging and slight extension of Apple II technology, and they want it all. They absolutely want it all."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN

"People get stuck as they get older. Our minds are sort of electrochemical computers. It's rare that you see an artist in his 30s or 40s able to really contribute something amazing. Some remain kids, but they're rare."

have very little time for social life. He is on a mission, preaching the Gospel of salvation through the personal computer—preferably one manufactured by Apple. He is an engaging pitchman and never loses an opportunity to sell his products, eloquently describing a time when computers will be as common as kitchen appliances and as revolutionary in their impact as the telephone or the internal-combustion engine. Hype aside, it is a fact that there are now more than 2,000,000 Apple computers—and an estimated 16,000 software programs—in classrooms, suburban living rooms, farmhouses, missile-tracking stations and small and large business offices throughout America.

In creating the vast market for computers, Apple also created an environment for competition, and companies by the score have entered the fray to capture the market Apple dominated from 1977 to 1982. But no other product has been as successful as the IBM PC, which quickly took 28 percent of the market, establishing a new standard. With its market share dropping, Apple introduced two new computers, the Lisa and the Apple III, to an unenthusiastic reception. By mid-1983, analysts were wondering aloud if Apple would survive.

Amid corporate infighting, Jobs took over the division of Apple that was building an entirely new computer, which he saw as Apple's last, best hope. It wasn't just parochial, he said; if they failed, "IBM would be left to dominate—and destroy—the industry." After three years, the Macintosh was released with a \$20,000,000 advertising campaign. Billed as a computer "for the rest of us," it was hailed as a giant step toward making computers easy to use. With a paper-white screen, small pictures to represent program choices and a "mouse" (a small rolling box with a button on it) to make selections on the screen, the Mac was certainly the least threatening computer ever built. It was also criticized as being too much of a toy, unsuitable for serious business use. Although the arguments rage on, Apple has been busily manufacturing 40,000 Macintoshes a month and has plans to double that figure this year.

Depending on whom one talks to, Jobs is a visionary who changed the world for the better or an opportunist whose marketing skills made for an incredible commercial success. In jeans and worn sneakers, running a company that prides itself on having a mixture of Sixties idealism and Eighties business savvy, Jobs is both admired and feared. "He's the reason I'll work 20 hours a day," says one engineer. Or, as Michael Moritz reports in "The Little Kingdom," Jobs's capriciousness—praise one day, scorn the next—nearly drove members of the Macintosh team to distraction. He also asked a wavering president of Pepsi-Cola, John Sculley, to take administrative charge of Apple, saying, "Are you going to keep selling sugar water to children when you could be changing the world?" Sculley accepted the offer.

To explore life and technology with the

young (Jobs will turn 30 next month) father of the computer revolution, PLAYBOY sent freelance journalist David Sheff to the heart of Silicon Valley. His report:

"This 'Interview' was one of the few in my life when I was always the one who was overdressed. I'd heard of Apple's informality but, after all, I was interviewing the head of a billion-dollar company, so I wore a tie to our first meeting. Naturally, when I met Jobs in his office in Cupertino, California, he was wearing a flannel shirt and jeans. I still didn't feel out of place—until I met John Sculley, the new president of Apple: He was wearing a T-shirt.

"The Apple offices are clearly not like most places of employment. Video games abound, ping-pong tables are in use, speakers blare out music ranging from The Rolling Stones to Windham Hill jazz. Conference rooms are named after Da Vinci and Picasso, and snack-room refrigerators are stocked with fresh carrot, apple and orange juice. (The Mac team alone spends \$100,000 on fresh juice per year.)

"I spoke at length with Jobs both at work and on his only two vacations of the year, in Aspen and at a Sonoma health spa, where he

*"It makes me feel old
when I speak at a campus
and find that what students
are most in awe of
is that I'm a millionaire."*

was supposed to be relaxing. Unable to relent in his mission to spread the Apple word, he talked with solemn ferocity about the war with IBM—but then would punctuate his enthusiasm for an idea with "Neat!" or "Incredibly great!"

"The 'Interview' was all but complete when I met Jobs at a celebrity-filled birthday party for a youngster in New York City. As the evening progressed, I wandered around to discover that Jobs had gone off with the nine-year-old birthday boy to give him the gift he'd brought from California: a Macintosh computer. As I watched, he showed the boy how to sketch with the machine's graphics program. Two other party guests wandered into the room and looked over Jobs's shoulder. 'Hmmm,' said the first, Andy Warhol. 'What is this? Look at this, Keith. This is incredible!' The second guest, Keith Haring, the graffiti artist whose work now commands huge prices, went over. Warhol and Haring asked to take a turn at the Mac, and as I walked away, Warhol had just sat down to manipulate the mouse. 'My God!' he was saying, 'I drew a circle!'

"But more revealing was the scene after the party. Well after the other guests had gone,

Jobs stayed to tutor the boy on the fine points of using the Mac. Later, I asked him why he had seemed happier with the boy than with the two famous artists. His answer seemed unhearsable to me: 'Older people sit down and ask, "What is it?"' but the boy asks, "What can I do with it?"' "

PLAYBOY: We survived 1984, and computers did not take over the world, though some people might find that hard to believe. If there's any one individual who can be either blamed or praised for the proliferation of computers, you, the 29-year-old father of the computer revolution, are the prime contender. It has also made you wealthy beyond dreams—your stock was worth almost a half billion dollars at one point, wasn't it?

JOBS: I actually lost \$250,000,000 in one year when the stock went down. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You can laugh about it?

JOBS: I'm not going to let it ruin my life. Isn't it kind of funny? You know, my main reaction to this money thing is that it's humorous, all the attention to it, because it's hardly the most insightful or valuable thing that's happened to me in the past ten years. But it makes me feel old, sometimes, when I speak at a campus and I find that what students are most in awe of is the fact that I'm a millionaire.

When I went to school, it was right after the Sixties and before this general wave of practical purposefulness had set in. Now students aren't even thinking in idealistic terms, or at least nowhere near as much. They certainly are not letting any of the philosophical issues of the day take up too much of their time as they study their business majors. The idealistic wind of the Sixties was still at our backs, though, and most of the people I know who are my age have that engrained in them forever.

PLAYBOY: It's interesting that the computer field has made millionaires of—

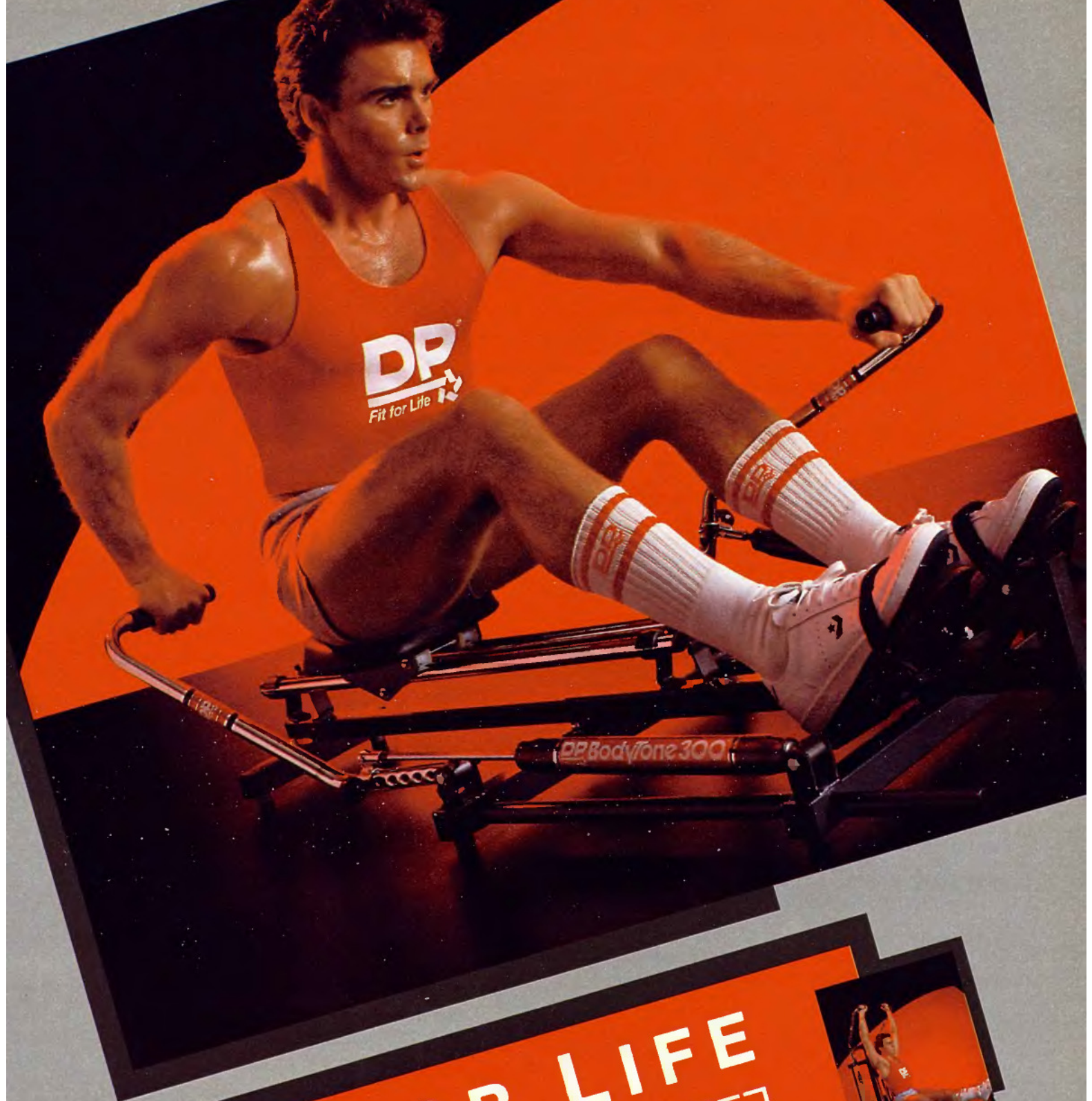
JOBS: Young maniacs, I know.

PLAYBOY: We were going to say guys like you and Steve Wozniak, working out of a garage only ten years ago. Just what is this revolution you two seem to have started?

JOBS: We're living in the wake of the petrochemical revolution of 100 years ago. The petrochemical revolution gave us free energy—free mechanical energy, in this case. It changed the texture of society in most ways. This revolution, the information revolution, is a revolution of free energy as well, but of another kind: free intellectual energy. It's very crude today, yet our Macintosh computer takes less power than a 100-watt light bulb to run and it can save you hours a day. What will it be able to do ten or 20 years from now, or 50 years from now? This revolution will dwarf the petrochemical revolution. We're on the forefront.

PLAYBOY: Maybe we should pause and get your definition of what a computer is. How do they work?

JOBS: Computers are actually pretty



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simple. We're sitting here on a bench in this café [for this part of the *Interview*]. Let's assume that you understood only the most rudimentary of directions and you asked how to find the rest room. I would have to describe it to you in very specific and precise instructions. I might say, "Scoot sideways two meters off the bench. Stand erect. Lift left foot. Bend left knee until it is horizontal. Extend left foot and shift weight 300 centimeters forward . . ." and on and on. If you could interpret all those instructions 100 times faster than any other person in this café, you would appear to be a magician: You could run over and grab a milk shake and bring it back and set it on the table and snap your fingers, and I'd think you made the milk shake appear, because it was so fast relative to my perception. That's exactly what a computer does. It takes these very, very simple-minded instructions—"Go fetch a number, add it to this number, put the result there, perceive if it's greater than this other number"—but executes them at a rate of, let's say, 1,000,000 per second. At 1,000,000 per second, the results appear to be magic.

That's a simple explanation, and the point is that people really don't have to understand how computers work. Most people have no concept of how an automatic transmission works, yet they know how to drive a car. You don't have to study physics to understand the laws of motion to drive a car. You don't have to understand any of this stuff to use Macintosh—but you asked [*laughs*].

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you believe that computers are going to change our personal lives, but how would you persuade a skeptic? A holdout?

JOBS: A computer is the most incredible tool we've ever seen. It can be a writing tool, a communications center, a supercalculator, a planner, a filer and an artistic instrument all in one, just by being given new instructions, or software, to work from. There are no other tools that have the power and versatility of a computer. We have no idea how far it's going to go. Right now, computers make our lives easier. They do work for us in fractions of a second that would take us hours. They increase the quality of life, some of that by simply automating drudgery and some of that by broadening our possibilities. As things progress, they'll be doing more and more for us.

PLAYBOY: How about some *concrete* reasons to buy a computer today? An executive in your industry recently said, "We've given people computers, but we haven't shown them what to do with them. I can balance my checkbook faster by hand than on my computer." Why *should* a person buy a computer?

JOBS: There are different answers for different people. In business, that question is easy to answer: You really can prepare documents much faster and at a higher quality level, and you can do many things

to increase office productivity. A computer frees people from much of the menial work. Besides that, you are giving them a tool that encourages them to be creative. Remember, computers are tools. Tools help us do our work better.

In education, computers are the first thing to come along since books that will sit there and interact with you endlessly, without judgment. Socratic education isn't available anymore, and computers have the potential to be a real breakthrough in the educational process when used in conjunction with enlightened teachers. We're in most schools already.

PLAYBOY: Those are arguments for computers in business and in schools, but what about the home?

JOBS: So far, that's more of a conceptual market than a real market. The primary reasons to buy a computer for your home now are that you want to do some business work at home or you want to run educational software for yourself or your children. If you can't justify buying a computer for one of those two reasons, the only other possible reason is that you just want to be computer literate. You know there's something going on, you don't exactly know what it is, so you want to learn. This will change: Computers will be essential in most homes.

PLAYBOY: What will change?

JOBS: The most compelling reason for most people to buy a computer for the home will be to link it into a nationwide communications network. We're just in the beginning stages of what will be a truly remarkable breakthrough for most people—as remarkable as the telephone.

PLAYBOY: Specifically, what kind of breakthrough are you talking about?

JOBS: I can only begin to speculate. We see that a lot in our industry: You don't know exactly what's going to result, but you know it's something very big and very good.

PLAYBOY: Then for now, aren't you asking home-computer buyers to invest \$3000 in what is essentially an act of faith?

JOBS: In the future, it won't be an act of faith. The hard part of what we're up against now is that people ask you about specifics and you can't tell them. A hundred years ago, if somebody had asked Alexander Graham Bell, "What are you going to be able to do with a telephone?" he wouldn't have been able to tell him the ways the telephone would affect the world. He didn't know that people would use the telephone to call up and find out what movies were playing that night or to order some groceries or call a relative on the other side of the globe. But remember that first the public telegraph was inaugurated, in 1844. It was an amazing breakthrough in communications. You could actually send messages from New York to San Francisco in an afternoon. People talked about putting a telegraph on every desk in America to improve productivity. But it wouldn't have worked. It required that people learn this whole sequence of

strange incantations, Morse code, dots and dashes, to use the telegraph. It took about 40 hours to learn. The majority of people would never learn how to use it. So, fortunately, in the 1870s, Bell filed the patents for the telephone. It performed basically the same function as the telegraph, but people already knew how to use it. Also, the neatest thing about it was that besides allowing you to communicate with just words, it allowed you to sing.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

JOBS: It allowed you to intone your words with meaning beyond the simple linguistics. And we're in the same situation today. Some people are saying that we ought to put an IBM PC on every desk in America to improve productivity. It won't work. The special incantations you have to learn this time are "slash q-z" and things like that. The manual for WordStar, the most popular word-processing program, is 400 pages thick. To write a novel, you have to read a novel—one that reads like a mystery to most people. They're not going to learn slash q-z any more than they're going to learn Morse code. That is what Macintosh is all about. It's the first "telephone" of our industry. And, besides that, the neatest thing about it, to me, is that the Macintosh lets you sing the way the telephone did. You don't simply communicate words, you have special print styles and the ability to draw and add pictures to express yourself.

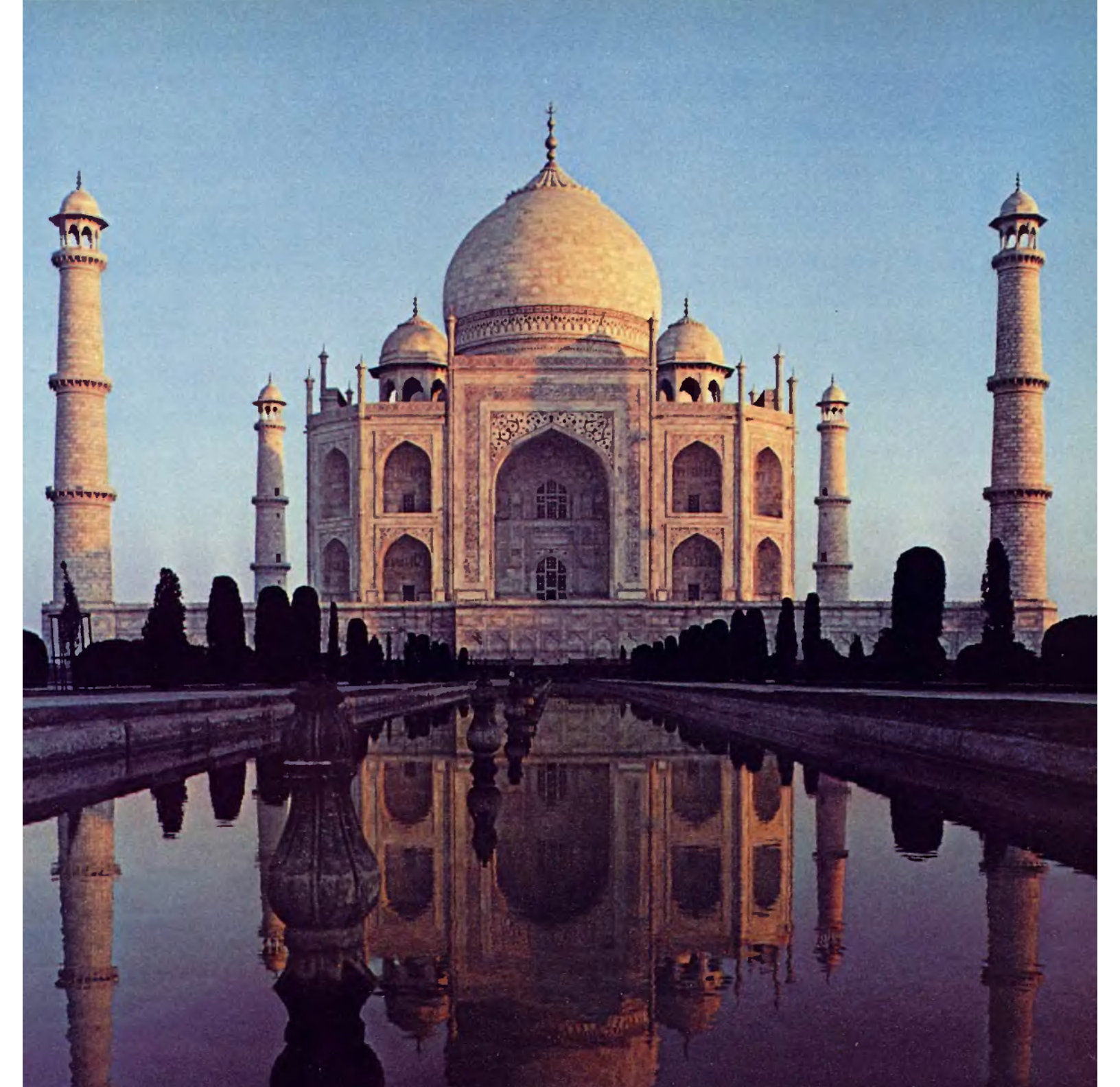
PLAYBOY: Is that really significant or is it simply a novelty? The Macintosh has been called "the world's most expensive Etch A Sketch" by at least one critic.

JOBS: It's as significant as the difference between the telephone and the telegraph. Imagine what you could have done if you had this sophisticated an Etch A Sketch when you were growing up. But that's only a small part of it. Not only can it help you increase your productivity and your creativity enormously, but it also allows us to communicate more efficiently by using pictures and graphs as well as words and numbers.

PLAYBOY: Most computers use key strokes to enter instructions, but Macintosh replaces many of them with something called a mouse—a little box that is rolled around on your desk and guides a pointer on your computer screen. It's a big change for people used to keyboards. Why the mouse?

JOBS: If I want to tell you there is a spot on your shirt, I'm not going to do it linguistically: "There's a spot on your shirt 14 centimeters down from the collar and three centimeters to the left of your button." If you have a spot—"There!" [*He points*—I'll point to it. Pointing is a metaphor we all know. We've done a lot of studies and tests on that, and it's much faster to do all kinds of functions, such as cutting and pasting, with a mouse, so it's not only easier to use but more efficient.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take to develop Macintosh?



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JOBS: It was more than two years on the computer itself. We had been working on the technology behind it for years before that. I don't think I've ever worked so hard on something, but working on Macintosh was the neatest experience of my life. Almost everyone who worked on it will say that. None of us wanted to release it at the end. It was as though we knew that once it was out of our hands, it wouldn't be ours anymore. When we finally presented it at the shareholders' meeting, everyone in the auditorium stood up and gave it a five-minute ovation. What was incredible to me was that I could see the Mac team in the first few rows. It was as though none of us could believe that we'd actually finished it. Everyone started crying.

PLAYBOY: We were warned about you: Before this *Interview* began, someone said we were "about to be snowed by the best."

JOBS: [Smiling] We're just enthusiastic about what we do.

PLAYBOY: But considering that enthusiasm, the multimillion-dollar ad campaigns and your own ability to get press coverage, how does the consumer know what's behind the hype?

JOBS: Ad campaigns are necessary for competition; IBM's ads are everywhere. But good PR educates people; that's all it is. You can't con people in this business. The products speak for themselves.

PLAYBOY: Aside from some of the recurrent criticisms—that the mouse is inefficient, that the Macintosh screen is only black and white—the most serious charge is that Apple overprices its products. Do you care to answer any or all?

JOBS: We've done studies that prove that the mouse is faster than traditional ways of moving through data or applications. Someday we may be able to build a color screen for a reasonable price. As to overpricing, the start-up of a new product makes it more expensive than it will be later. The more we can produce, the lower the price will get—

PLAYBOY: That's what critics charge you with: hooking the enthusiasts with premium prices, then turning around and lowering your prices to catch the rest of the market.

JOBS: That's simply untrue. As soon as we can lower prices, we do. It's true that our computers are less expensive today than they were a few years ago, or even last year. But that's also true of the IBM PC. Our goal is to get computers out to tens of millions of people, and the cheaper we can make them, the easier it's going to be to do that. I'd love it if Macintosh cost \$1000.

PLAYBOY: How about people who bought Lisa and Apple III, the two computers you released prior to Macintosh? You've left them with incompatible, out-of-date products.

JOBS: If you want to try that one, add the people who bought the IBM PCs or the PCjr's to that list, too. As far as Lisa is concerned, since some of its technology was

used in the Macintosh, it can now run Macintosh software and is being seen as a big brother to Macintosh; though it was unsuccessful at first, our sales of Lisa are going through the roof. We're also still selling more than 2000 Apple IIIs a month—more than half to repeat buyers. The over-all point is that new technology will not necessarily replace old technology, but it will date it. By definition. Eventually, it *will* replace it. But it's like people who had black-and-white TVs when color came out. They eventually decided whether or not the new technology was worth the investment.

PLAYBOY: At the rate things are changing, won't Mac itself be out of date within a few years?

JOBS: Before Macintosh, there were two standards: Apple II and IBM PC. Those two standards are like rivers carved in the rock bed of a canyon. It's taken years to carve them—seven years to carve the Apple II and four years to carve the IBM. What we have done with Macintosh is that in less than a year, through the momentum of the revolutionary aspects of the product and through every ounce of marketing that we have as a company, we have been able to blast a third channel through that rock and make a third river, a third standard. In my opinion, there are only two companies that can do that today, Apple and IBM. Maybe that's too bad, but to do it right now is just a monumental effort, and I don't think that Apple or IBM will do that in the next three or four years. Toward the end of the Eighties, we may be seeing some new things.

PLAYBOY: And in the meantime?

JOBS: The developments will be in making the products more and more portable, networking them, getting out laser printers, getting out shared data bases, getting out more communications ability, maybe the merging of the telephone and the personal computer.

PLAYBOY: You have a lot riding on this one. Some people have said that Macintosh will make or break Apple. After Lisa and Apple III, Apple stock plummeted and the industry speculated that Apple might not survive.

JOBS: Yeah, we felt the weight of the world on our shoulders. We knew that we had to pull the rabbit out of the hat with Macintosh, or else we'd never realize the dreams we had for either the products or the company.

PLAYBOY: How serious was it? Was Apple near bankruptcy?

JOBS: No, no, no. In fact, 1983, when all these predictions were being made, was a phenomenally successful year for Apple. We virtually doubled in size in 1983. We went from \$583,000,000 in 1982 to something like \$980,000,000 in sales. It was almost all Apple II-related. It just didn't live up to our expectations. If Macintosh weren't a success, we probably would have stayed at something like a billion dollars a year, selling Apple IIs and versions of it.

PLAYBOY: Then what was behind the talk last year that Apple had had it?

JOBS: IBM was coming on very, very strong, and the momentum was switching to IBM. The software developers were moving to IBM. The dealers were talking more and more of IBM. It became clear to all of us who worked on Macintosh that it was just gonna blow the socks off the industry, that it was going to redefine the industry. And that's exactly what it had to do. If Macintosh hadn't been successful, then I should have just thrown in the towel, because my vision of the whole industry would have been totally wrong.

PLAYBOY: Apple III was supposed to have been your souped-up Apple II, but it has been a failure since it was launched, four years ago. You recalled the first 14,000, and even the revised Apple III never took off. How much was lost on Apple III?

JOBS: Infinite, incalculable amounts. I think if the III had been more successful, IBM would have had a much harder time entering the market place. But that's life. I think we emerged from that experience much stronger.

PLAYBOY: Yet when Lisa came out, it, too, was a relative failure in the market place. What went wrong?

JOBS: First of all, it was too expensive—about ten grand. We had gotten Fortune 500—itis, trying to sell to those huge corporations, when our roots were selling to people. There were other problems: late shipping; the software didn't come together in the end as well as we hoped and we lost a lot of momentum. And IBM's coming on very strong, coupled with our being about six months late, coupled with the price's being too high, plus another strategic mistake we made—deciding to sell Lisa only through about 150 dealers, which was absolutely foolish on our part—meant it was a very costly mistake. We decided to hire people we thought were marketing and management experts. Not a bad idea, but unfortunately, this was such a new business that the things the so-called professionals knew were almost detriments to their success in this new way of looking at business.

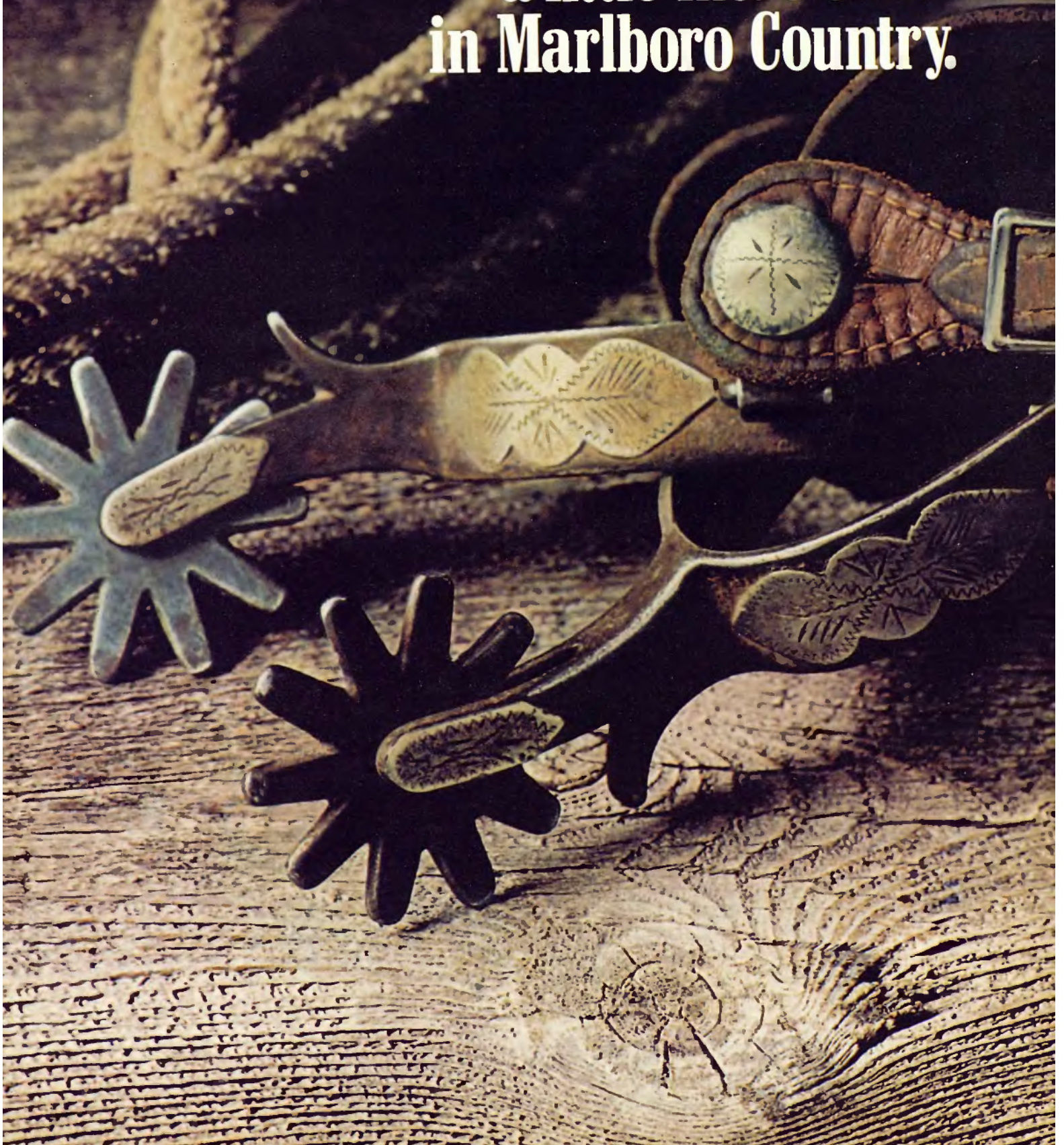
PLAYBOY: Was that a reflection of insecurity on your part—"This thing has gotten big and now we're playing hardball; I better bring in some real pros"?

JOBS: Remember, we were 23, 24 and 25 years old. We had never done any of this before, so it seemed like a good thing to do.

PLAYBOY: Were most of those decisions, good and bad, yours?

JOBS: We tried never to have one person make all the decisions. There were three people running the company at that time: Mike Scott, Mike Markkula and myself. Now it's John Sculley [Apple's president] and myself. In the early days, if there was a disagreement, I would generally defer my judgment to some of the other people who had more experience than I had. In many cases, they were right. In some important cases, if we had gone my way,

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PLAYBOY: You wanted to run the Lisa division. Markkula and Scott, who were, in effect, your bosses, even though you had a hand in hiring them, didn't feel you were capable, right?

JOBS: After setting up the framework for the concepts and finding the key people and sort of setting the technical directions, Scotty decided I didn't have the experience to run the thing. It hurt a lot. There's no getting around it.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel you were losing Apple?

JOBS: There was a bit of that, I guess, but the thing that was harder for me was that they hired a lot of people in the Lisa group who didn't share the vision we originally had. There was a big conflict in the Lisa group between the people who wanted, in essence, to build something like Macintosh and the people hired from Hewlett-Packard and other companies who brought with them a perspective of larger machines, corporate sales. I just decided that I was going to go off and do that myself with a small group, sort of go back to the garage, to design the Macintosh. They didn't take us very seriously. I think Scotty was just sort of humoring me.

PLAYBOY: But this was the company that you founded. Weren't you resentful?

JOBS: You can never resent your kid.

PLAYBOY: Even when your kid tells you to fuck off?

JOBS: I wouldn't feel resentment. I'd feel great sorrow about it and I'd be frustrated, which I was. But I got the best people who were at Apple, because I thought that if we didn't do that, we'd be in real trouble. Of course, it was those people who came up with Macintosh. [*Shrugs*] Look at Mac.

PLAYBOY: That verdict is far from in. In fact, you ushered in the Mac with a lot of the same fanfare that preceded the Lisa, and the Lisa failed initially.

JOBS: It's true: We expressed very high hopes for Lisa and we were wrong. The hardest thing for us was that we knew Macintosh was coming, and Macintosh seemed to overcome every possible objection to Lisa. As a company, we would be getting back to our roots—selling computers to people, not corporations. We went off and built the most insanely great computer in the world.

PLAYBOY: Does it take insane people to make insanely great things?

JOBS: Actually, making an insanely great product has a lot to do with the process of making the product, how you learn things and adopt new ideas and throw out old ideas. But, yeah, the people who made Mac are sort of on the edge.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between the people who have insanely great ideas and the people who pull off those insanely great ideas?

JOBS: Let me compare it with IBM. How come the Mac group produced Mac and the people at IBM produced the PCjr?

We think the Mac will sell zillions, but we didn't build Mac for anybody else. We built it for ourselves. We were the group of people who were going to judge whether it was great or not. We weren't going to go out and do market research. We just wanted to build the best thing we could build. When you're a carpenter making a beautiful chest of drawers, you're not going to use a piece of plywood on the back, even though it faces the wall and nobody will ever see it. You'll know it's there, so you're going to use a beautiful piece of wood on the back. For you to sleep well at night, the aesthetic, the quality, has to be carried all the way through.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the people who made the PCjr don't have that kind of pride in the product?

JOBS: If they did, they wouldn't have turned out the PCjr. It seems clear to me that they were designing that on the basis of market research for a specific market segment, for a specific demographic type of customer, and they hoped that if they built this, lots of people would buy them and they'd make lots of money. Those are different motivations. The people in the Mac group wanted to build the greatest computer that has ever been seen.

PLAYBOY: Why is the computer field dominated by people so young? The average age of Apple employees is 29.

JOBS: It's often the same with any new, revolutionary thing. People get stuck as they get older. Our minds are sort of electrochemical computers. Your thoughts construct patterns like scaffolding in your mind. You are really etching chemical patterns. In most cases, people get stuck in those patterns, just like grooves in a record, and they never get out of them. It's a rare person who etches grooves that are other than a specific way of looking at things, a specific way of *questioning* things. It's rare that you see an artist in his 30s or 40s able to really contribute something amazing. Of course, there are some people who are innately curious, forever little kids in their awe of life, but they're rare.

PLAYBOY: A lot of guys in their 40s are going to be real pleased with you. Let's move on to the other thing that people talk about when they mention Apple—the company, not the computer. You feel a similar sense of mission about the way things are run at Apple, don't you?

JOBS: I do feel there is another way we have an effect on society besides our computers. I think Apple has a chance to be the model of a Fortune 500 company in the late Eighties and early Nineties. Ten to 15 years ago, if you asked people to make a list of the five most exciting companies in America, Polaroid and Xerox would have been on everyone's list. Where are they now? They would be on no one's list today. What happened? Companies, as they grow to become multibillion-dollar entities, somehow lose their vision. They insert lots of layers of middle management between the people running the company and the

people doing the work. They no longer have an inherent feel or a passion about the products. The creative people, who are the ones who care passionately, have to persuade five layers of management to do what they know is the right thing to do.

What happens in most companies is that you don't keep great people under working environments where individual accomplishment is discouraged rather than encouraged. The great people leave and you end up with mediocrity. I know, because that's how Apple was built. Apple is an Ellis Island company. Apple is built on refugees from other companies. These are the extremely bright individual contributors who were troublemakers at other companies.

You know, Dr. Edwin Land was a troublemaker. He dropped out of Harvard and founded Polaroid. Not only was he one of the great inventors of our time but, more important, he saw the intersection of art and science and business and built an organization to reflect that. Polaroid did that for some years, but eventually Dr. Land, one of those brilliant troublemakers, was asked to leave his own company—which is one of the dumbest things I've ever heard of. So Land, at 75, went off to spend the remainder of his life doing pure science, trying to crack the code of color vision. The man is a national treasure. I don't understand why people like that can't be held up as models: This is the most incredible thing to be—not an astronaut, not a football player—but *this*.

Anyway, one of our biggest challenges, and the one I think John Sculley and I should be judged on in five to ten years, is making Apple an incredibly great ten- or 20-billion-dollar company. Will it still have the spirit it does today? We're charting new territory. There are no models that we can look to for our high growth, for some of the new management concepts we have. So we're having to find our own way.

PLAYBOY: If Apple is really that kind of company, then why the projected twenty-fold growth? Why not stay relatively small?

JOBS: The way it's going to work out is that in our business, in order to continue to be one of the major contributors, we're going to have to be a ten-billion-dollar company. That growth is required for us to keep up with the competition. Our concern is how we become that, rather than the dollar goal, which is meaningless to us.

At Apple, people are putting in 18-hour days. We attract a different type of person—a person who doesn't want to wait five or ten years to have someone take a giant risk on him or her. Someone who really wants to get in a little over his head and make a little dent in the universe. We are aware that we are doing something significant. We're here at the beginning of it and we're able to shape how it goes. Everyone here has the sense that right now is one of those moments when we are influencing the future. Most of the time, we're

(continued on page 70)

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EASY IN THE ISLANDS

*tillman owned an exotic
hotel in the tropics—and
found trouble in paradise*

fiction

By **BOB SHACCOCHIS**

THE DAYS WERE SMALL, pointless epics, long wind-ups to punches that always drifted by cartoon fashion, as if each simple task were meaningless unless immersed in more theater and threat than bad opera.

It was only Monday noon and already Tillman had been through the wringer. He had greased the trade commissioner to allow a pallet of Campbell's consommé to come ashore, fired one steel band for their hooliganism and hired another, found a carpenter he was willing to trust to repair the back veranda that was so spongy in spots that Tillman knew it was only a matter of days before a guest's foot burst through the surface into whatever terrors lived below in the tepid darkness, restocked on vitamins from the pharmacy, argued with the crayfish regulatory bureau about quotas. And argued with the inscrutable cook, a fat country woman who wore a wool watch cap and smoked hand-rolled cigars; argued with both maids, muscle-bound Lemonille and the other one, who wouldn't reveal her name; argued with the gardener, who liked to chop everything up; argued with the customs house; argued with the bartender, Jevanee. And although he had not forthrightly won any of these encounters, he had won them enough to forestall the doom that would one day descend on





Rosehill Plantation.

But now the daily defeats and victories were overshadowed by a first-class doozy, a default too personal to implicate the local population. The problem was to decide what to do about his mother—Mother, who had thought life wonderful in the islands. Now she rested stiffly in the food locker, dead and coated with frost, as blue as the shallow water on the reefs, protected from the fierceness of the sun she had once loved without question or fear, a sun that was never really her enemy, no matter how it textured her skin, no matter what it revealed of her age.

In her room on Saturday, Mother had died mysteriously. As Lemonille had said when the two of them carried her out after the doctor had been there, "Mistah Tillmahn, it look so you muddah shake out she heart fah no good reason. Like she tricked by some false light, ya know."

His mother's body had been strong and brassy, her spirit itself unusually athletic for a woman only weeks away from 60. In her quick laugh was as much vitality as a girl's, and yet she had died. In bed, early in the evening, disdainful of the bars and clubs, reading a book—Colette, rediscovered on her latest Continental visit—her finger ready to turn the page. Tillman was astonished. Only after Dr. Bradley had told him that he suspected his mother had been poisoned did Tillman begin to calm down, his imperturbable self returning by degrees. Such a conclusion made no sense. The terms of life in the islands were that nothing ever made sense, unless you were a mystic or a politician or studied both with ambition. Then every stupidity seemed an act of inspiration, every cruelty part of a divine scheme. There was no dialectic here, only the obverting of all possibilities until caprice made its selection.

Bradley couldn't be sure, though. Neither he nor any of the three other sanctioned doctors on the island knew how to perform an autopsy with sufficient accuracy to assure one another or anybody else of the exact nature of death when the cause was less than obvious. Still, Bradley earned moments of miraculous credibility, as when the former minister of trade was brought into the hospital dead of a gunshot wound in his chest. To the government's relief, Bradley determined the cause of death as "heart failure," an organic demise and unembarrassing.

"I will take your permission, mahn, to cut de body open ahnd look in she stomach," Dr. B. had said to Tillman as they stood over his mother's corpse in the sunny hotel room on Sunday morning, a breeze off the ocean dancing the curtains open, billowing sunlight throughout the room and then sucking it back outside. A spray of creamy rosebuds tapped against the louvered window, an eerie beckoning in the air silenced by death.

"For God's sake, why?" Tillman had said. It sounded like the ultimate obscenity to have this fool, with his meatcutter's stubby hands, groping in his mother's abdomen.

"To determine what she eat aht de time of succumtion."

"I told you what she was eating," Tillman said, exasperated. "She was eating a can of peaches with a spoon. Look here; there are still some left in the can." He shook the can angrily and syrup slopped onto his wrist. In disgust, Tillman wiped the sticky wetness on his pants, half-nauseated, associating the liquid with some oozy by-product of dissolution. "Take the peaches if you need something to cut into, but you're not taking Mother. This isn't one of your Bottom Town cadavers."

Bradley had reacted with a shrug and a patronizing twist to his smile. "Dis racial complexity—what a pity, mahn."

How often Tillman had heard this lie, so facile, from the lips of bad men. "One world," he said, biting down on the syllables as if they were a condemnation or a final sorrow.

Tillman refused to let him remove the body from Rosehill. He wrapped his mother in the mauve-chenille bedspread she had been lying on, restacked several crates of frozen chicken parts and arranged her in the walk-in freezer until he could figure out just what to do. It was easy to accept the fact that you couldn't trust a doctor in such circumstances. What was most unacceptable was that Bradley had told the police that there was a possibility the old lady had been murdered. The police, of course, were excited by this news. They had sent Inspector Cuffy over to Rosehill to inform Tillman that he was under suspicion. "You're kidding," Tillman had said.

He suggested the inspector should walk down to the beach bar the hotel maintained on the waterfront and have a drink, courtesy of the house, while he took care of two new guests who had just arrived in a taxi from the airport. "I don't believe it," the new man said in an aside to Tillman as he checked them in. "The skycaps at the airport whistled at my wife and called her a whore." His wife stood demurely by his side, looking a bit overwhelmed. Tillman could see the dark coronas of nipples under her white-muslin sun dress.

"Hey, people here are more conservative than you might think," he told the couple, and to the woman he added, "Unless you want little boys rubbing up against your leg, you shouldn't wear shorts or a bathing suit into town."

"But this is the tropics," the woman protested in an adolescent voice, looking at Tillman as if he were just being silly.

"Right," Tillman conceded, handing over the key. He escorted the couple to their room, helping with the luggage, and

wished them well. Wished himself a dollar for every time their notion of paradise would be fouled by some rudeness, aggression or irrelevant accusation.

He crossed back over the veranda out onto the cobbled drive, past the derelict stone tower of the windmill, where every other Saturday the hotel sponsored a goat roast that was well attended by civil servants, Peace Corps volunteers and whatever tourists were around, down the glorious green lawn crazy with blossom, down, hot and sweaty, to the palm grove, the bamboo beach bar on its fringe, the lagoon dipping into the land like a blue pasture, Tillman walking with his hands in the pockets of his loose cotton pants, reciting a calypso and feeling, despite his troubles, elected, an aristocrat of the sensual latitudes, anointed to all the earthly privileges ordinary people dreamed about on their commuter trains 50 weeks a year. No matter that in a second-class Eden, nothing was as unprofitable as the housing of its guests. Even loss seemed less discouraging in the daily flood of sun.

Jevanee was glaring at him from behind the bar. And the inspector sat grandly on his stool, satisfied with being the big shot, bearing a smile that welcomed Tillman as if they were to be partners in future prosperity, as if the venture they were to embark on could only end profitably. He gave a little wink before he tipped his green bottle of imported beer and sank the neck between his lips.

"Dis a sad affair, mahn," he said, wagging his round head. Jevanee uncapped a second bottle and set it before the inspector, paying no attention to Tillman's presence. Tillman drew a stool up beside Cuffy and perched on it, requesting Jevanee to bring another beer, and watched with practiced patience as the bartender kicked about and finally delivered the bottle as if it were his life's savings.

"What is it with you, Jevanee? What am I doing wrong?" The bartender had come with Rosehill when he had inherited the hotel eight months ago. Somebody had trained him to be a terror.

"Mistah Trick!" Jevanee whooped. He was often too self-conscious to confront his employer head on. Nevertheless, he would not accept even the mildest reproach without an extravagant line of defense or, worse, smoldering until his tongue ignited and his hands flew threateningly, shouting in a tantrum that would go on forever with or without an audience, a man who would never be employed to his satisfaction. He turned his back on Tillman and began muttering at the whiskey bottles arrayed on the work island in the center of the oval bar.

"Mistah Trick, he say what him doin' wrong, de Devil. He say daht, he mean, 'Jevanee, why you is a chupid boy ahs blahck ahs me boot cahnt count change ahnd show yah teef nice aht de white



"Kids today have no respect for tradition."

lady?" He say daht, he mean, 'Jevanee, why you cahnt work fah free like you grahnpoppy? Why you cahnt bring you sistah here ta please me?'" Without ceasing his analysis of what the white man had meant, he marched out from the bar and into the bushes to take a leak. Tillman forced himself not to react any further to Jevanee's rage, which appeared to be taking on a decidedly historical sweep.

The inspector, who had not shown any interest in Jevanee's complaints, began to tap the long nail of his index finger on the surface of the bar. He made a show of becoming serious without wanting to deprive Tillman of his informality, his compassion, his essential sympathy, etc.—all the qualities he believed he possessed and controlled to his benefit.

"Who else, Tillmahn, but you?" he finally concluded as if it hurt him to say this. "Undah-stahnd, is only speculation."

"Who else but me?" Tillman sputtered. "Are you crazy?" The inspector frowned and Tillman immediately regretted his choice of words. Cuffy was as willfully unpredictable as almost everybody else on the island, but in a madhouse, an outsider soon learned, truth was always a prelude to disaster, the match dropped thoughtlessly onto tinder. He should have said, "Look, how can you think that?" or "Man, what will it take to end this unfortunate business?" But too late. The inspector was pinching at his rubbery nose, no longer even considering Tillman, looking out across the harbor, the anchored sailboats bobbing like a display of various possibilities, playing the image of artful calculation for his suspect.

Tillman sighed. "Why do you think I would kill my own mother? She was my *mother*. What son could harm the woman who carried him into the world?"

The inspector pursed his lips and then relaxed them. "Well, Tillmahn, perhaps you do it to have title to dis property, true?"

The absurdity was too great even for Tillman, a connoisseur of island nonsense. "To inherit this property!" Now Tillman had to laugh, regardless of the inspector's feelings. "Cuffy, nobody wants this place. In his will, my father was excessively sorry for burdening me with Rosehill Plantation and advised I sell it at the first opportunity. My mother had absolutely no claim to Rosehill. He divorced her long ago."

Tillman paused. As far as he could tell, he was the only one in the world, besides the government, who wanted Rosehill Plantation. It had been on the market for years, not once receiving an honest offer. Its profits were marginal, its overhead crushing. But the hotel was his, so why not be there. What he had found through it was unexpected—the inexplicable sense that life on the island had a certain fullness, that it was, far beyond what he had ever experienced back home, authentic in

the most elemental ways.

Cuffy had become petulant, studying him as if he were spoiled, an unappreciative child. Tillman was not intimidated. "Why should I tell you this, anyway? It has absolutely no relevance to my mother's death."

"Um-hmm, um-hmm, I see," the inspector said. "So perhahps you muddah take a lovah, a dark mahn, ahnd you become vexed wit' she fah behavin' so. You warn she to stop but she refuse. So. . . ." He threw out his hands as if the rest of the scene he conceived were there before him. "Is only speculation."

Tillman was tiring fast. Inspector Cuffy had no use for what was and what wasn't; his only concern was his own role in the exercise of authority. It killed boredom, boredom amid the splendor. It created heroes and villains, wealth and poverty. No other existence offered him so much.

He discovered that he was grinding his teeth, and the muscles in his jaw ached. Jevanee had slipped back behind the bar, and every time Tillman glanced over there, Jevanee, now bold, tried to stare him down.

"My mother was an old lady," he told the inspector. "She was beyond love. She liked books and beaches, fruit, seafood and rare wines. Traveling. There was no man in her life. There never was. She was even a stranger to my father."

"You just a boy," Cuffy noted in a way that made Tillman think it was a line the inspector must use frequently. "Nobody beyond love, ya know."

"So?"

"So, nobody beyond pahssion, ahnd nobody beyond crime."

Tillman blinked. Damn, he thought, Cuffy's starting to make sense.

"Even ahn old womahn need a good roll to keep she happy," the inspector concluded.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," Tillman said, standing up. "I have to get back."

He couldn't get away before Jevanee butted in. Ignore Jevanee and life might go on. The bartender used his mouth like a gun, the words popping spitefully while he focused on whatever spirit he had summoned to witness his oppression.

"Daht ol' bony bag he call his muddah grabbin' aht every blahck boy on de beach. I see it wit' me own eyes."

"Jevanee, shut up."

"Oh, yes, massa, suh. Yes, massa." He feigned excessive servitude, wiping the bar counter, the cashbox, the bamboo supports with his shirt sleeve. The time would come when Tillman would have to face up to Jevanee's vindictiveness. He had been steaming ever since Tillman had told him not to hand out free drinks to his friends from the village. Jevanee insisted that no one but Rosehill's tourists, which were not regular, would ever patronize the beach bar if it weren't for him. Maybe he was

right. Nobody was coming around anymore, except on Friday nights, when the band played. More and more, Jevanee wanted Tillman to understand that he was a dangerous man, his every move a challenge to his employer. Tillman was still trying to figure out how to fire the guy without a lot of unpleasantness.

"Don't listen to Jevanee," Tillman told the inspector. "He's pissed at me these days because of a disagreement we had over a charitable instinct of his."

"I give me bruddah a drink," Jevanee said in a self-deprecating way, as though he were the victim and Cuffy would understand. Jevanee's mood would only escalate if Tillman explained that the bartender's "bruddah" was consuming a case of Scotch on his drier visits, so he refused to debate Jevanee's claim. The inspector turned on his stool with the cold expression of a man whose duty it is to make it known that he must hurt you severely, that he may cripple you or make you weep, if you disobey him.

"Look now, you," he said, taking moral pleasure in this chastisement. "Doan you make trouble fah Mistah Tillmahn. You is lucky he give you work."

"Dis white bitch doan give me a damn t'ing," Jevanee snarled, shaking an empty beer bottle at Tillman. "I work in dis same spot a long time when he show up. Ahnd what you doin' kissin' he ahss?"

"Doan talk aht me daht way, boy, or I fuck you up. Hell goin' have a new bahtendah soon if you cahnt behave."

Jevanee tried to smile, a taut earnestness that never quite made it to his mouth. Tillman arranged chairs around the warped café tables, backing away. "OK, then, Cuffy. I'm glad we had this opportunity to straighten everything out. Stay and have another beer if you want."

Cuffy looked at his gold wrist watch. "You will be around in de aftahnoon?"

"Why?"

"I wish to view de deceased."

"Uh, can't it wait till tomorrow?" Tillman asked. "I have errands to run in town. A shipment of beef is coming in from Miami."

From his shirt pocket, Cuffy had taken a note pad and was scribbling in it. He talked without raising his head. "OK, dere's no hurry. De old womahn takin' she time goin' nowheres."

Tillman nodded, now in stride with the process, the havoc of it. "Cuffy, you're a thorough man. If anybody's going to get to the bottom of this mess, it's you."

The inspector accepted this flattery as his due, too certain of its validity to bother about the subtle mocking edge to Tillman's voice. His eyes relaxed, hooded and moist. Tillman started up the footpath through the palms, kicking a coconut ahead of him, a leaden soccer ball, turning once to check what fared in his absence

(continued on page 78)

PAPER DOLLS

*photographer
art kane's new book masks
his models in mystery*



ART KANE'S novel and often bizarre approach to photographing the female form has appeared in such diverse publications as *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and the German magazine *Stern*. And now, climaxing a 25-year career, his first collection of "my favorite photographs of women" will soon hit the bookstores. It's called *Paper Dolls* (Melrose)—"the title was selected long before the television show," Kane says—and nine of the photos you'll see on this and the following pages are on the book's cover. The idea of photographing women in masks came to Kane accidentally: "I'd just (text concluded on page 68)

The lady at right (model Kriss Ziemer) is wearing a protective helmet for the Japanese stick-fighting art, *kendo*. If all female *kendo* enthusiasts looked like this, no man would ever go bowling; he'd go find a *kendo* stick.

The next time you have a date with a girl whose face you'd like to cover with a paper bag, be creative! Try a welder's helmet or a gas mask (right and far right) or perhaps a motorcycle helmet, boxing headgear or a fencing mask (left to right, below).



At right, model Tara Shannon wears a Mardi Gras mesh mask, and at far right, Kriss Ziemer models the fashionable bank-rabber look. On the opposite page, the Mosque of the Red Death look is created with a full-contact karate helmet.





finished a shoot for *Bazaar Italia*," says the New York native, "and my stylist was on his way to a baseball game in Central Park with a red catcher's mask in his hand. The mask seemed strange and sort of ritualistic, so I asked the model to let me take a few shots of her wearing the mask, stripped to the waist. The result was astonishing. I felt as though I'd expressed a feminist conflict: a woman trapped in a male symbol. And still, the femininity is so strong that it overwhelms these symbols. I tried every kind of mask I could find. Ironically, the shot with the catcher's mask didn't make the book selection."



Of the photo above (our favorite, by the way), Kane explains, "This was a take for a shoe spread in *Bazaar Italia*. The model, Janice Dickinson, does yoga every day, and she's incredibly, amazingly flexible. I had been fascinated with the concept of the female figure taking on the shape of an insect, like a praying mantis. Somehow, the idea was enhanced by putting shoes on Janice's hands and feet as though she were four-legged. It's erotic in an eerie sort of way, I think." Insects have six legs, Art, not four; but it's our opinion that Miss Dickinson would look erotic in any pose, with or without extra shoes. She gives the phrase "she had two left feet" new meaning.

STEVEN JOBS *(continued from page 58)*

"If IBM wins, my personal feeling is that we're going to enter a computer Dark Ages for about 20 years."

taking things. Neither you nor I made the clothes we wear; we don't make the food or grow the foods we eat; we use a language that was developed by other people; we use another society's mathematics. Very rarely do we get a chance to put something back into that pool. I think we have that opportunity now. And no, we don't know where it will lead. We just know there's something much bigger than any of us here.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the business market is crucial for you to conquer with Macintosh. Can you beat IBM at work?

JOBS: Yes. The business market has several sectors. Rather than just thinking of the Fortune 500, which is where IBM is strongest, I like to think of the Fortune 5,000,000 or 14,000,000. There are 14,000,000 small businesses in this country. I think that the vast group of people who need to be computerized includes that large number of medium and small businesses. We're going to try to be able to bring some meaningful solutions to them in 1985.

PLAYBOY: How?

JOBS: Our approach is to think of them not as businesses but as collections of people. We want to qualitatively change the way people work. We don't just want to help them do word processing faster or add numbers faster. We want to change the way they can communicate with one another. We're seeing five-page memos get compressed to one-page memos because we can use a picture to express the key concept. We're seeing less paper flying around and more quality of communication. And it's more fun. There's always been this myth that really neat, fun people at home all of a sudden have to become very dull and boring when they come to work. It's simply not true. If we can inject that liberal-arts spirit into the very serious realm of business, I think it will be a worthwhile contribution. We can't even conceive of how far it will go.

PLAYBOY: But in the business market, you're fighting the IBM name as much as anything. People associate IBM with stability and efficiency. The new entry in the computer field, A.T.&T., has that one up on you, too. Apple is a relatively young and untested company, particularly in the eyes of corporations that might be customers.

JOBS: It's Macintosh's job to really penetrate the business market place. IBM focuses on the top down, the mainframe centric approach to selling in businesses. If we are going to be successful, we've got to approach this from a grass-roots point of view. To use networking as an example,

rather than focusing on wiring up whole companies, as IBM is doing, we're going to focus on the phenomenon of the small work group.

PLAYBOY: One of the experts in the field says that for this industry to really flourish, and for it to benefit the consumer, one standard has to prevail.

JOBS: That's simply untrue. Insisting that we need one standard now is like saying that they needed one standard for automobiles in 1920. There would have been no innovations such as the automatic transmission, power steering and independent suspension if they believed that. The last thing we want to do is freeze technology. With computers, Macintosh is revolutionary. There is no question that Macintosh's technology is superior to IBM's. There is a clear need for an alternative to IBM.

PLAYBOY: Was any of your decision not to become compatible with IBM based on the fact that you didn't want to knuckle under to IBM? One critic says that the reason Mac isn't IBM-compatible is mere arrogance—that "Steve Jobs was saying 'Fuck you' to IBM."

JOBS: It wasn't that we had to express our manhood by being different, no.

PLAYBOY: Then why were you?

JOBS: The main thing is very simply that the technology we developed is superior. It could not be this good if we became compatible with IBM. Of course, it's true that we don't want IBM to dominate this industry. A lot of people thought we were nuts for not being IBM-compatible, for not living under IBM's umbrella. There were two key reasons we chose to bet our company on not doing that: The first was that we thought—and I think as history is unfolding, we're being proved correct—that IBM would fold its umbrella on the companies making compatible computers and absolutely crush them.

Second and more important, we did not go IBM-compatible because of the product vision that drives this company. We think that computers are the most remarkable tools that humankind has ever come up with, and we think that people are basically tool users. So if we can just get lots of computers to lots of people, it will make some qualitative difference in the world. What we want to do at Apple is make computers into appliances and get them to tens of millions of people. That's simply what we want to do. And we couldn't do that with the current IBM-generation type of technology. So we had to do something different. That's why we came up with the Macintosh.

PLAYBOY: From 1981 to 1983, your share of the personal-computer sales slipped from 29 percent to 23 percent. IBM's part has grown from three percent to 28 percent in the same time. How do you fight the numbers?

JOBS: We've never worried about numbers. In the market place, Apple is trying to focus the spotlight on products, because products really make a difference. IBM is trying to focus the spotlight on service, support, security, mainframes and motherhood. Now, Apple's key observation three years ago was that when you're shipping 10,000,000 computers a year, even IBM does not have enough mothers to ship one with every computer. So you've got to build motherhood *into* the computer. And that's a big part of what Macintosh is all about.

All these things show that it really is coming down to just Apple and IBM. If, for some reason, we make some giant mistakes and IBM wins, my personal feeling is that we are going to enter sort of a computer Dark Ages for about 20 years. Once IBM gains control of a market sector, they almost always stop innovation. They prevent innovation from happening.

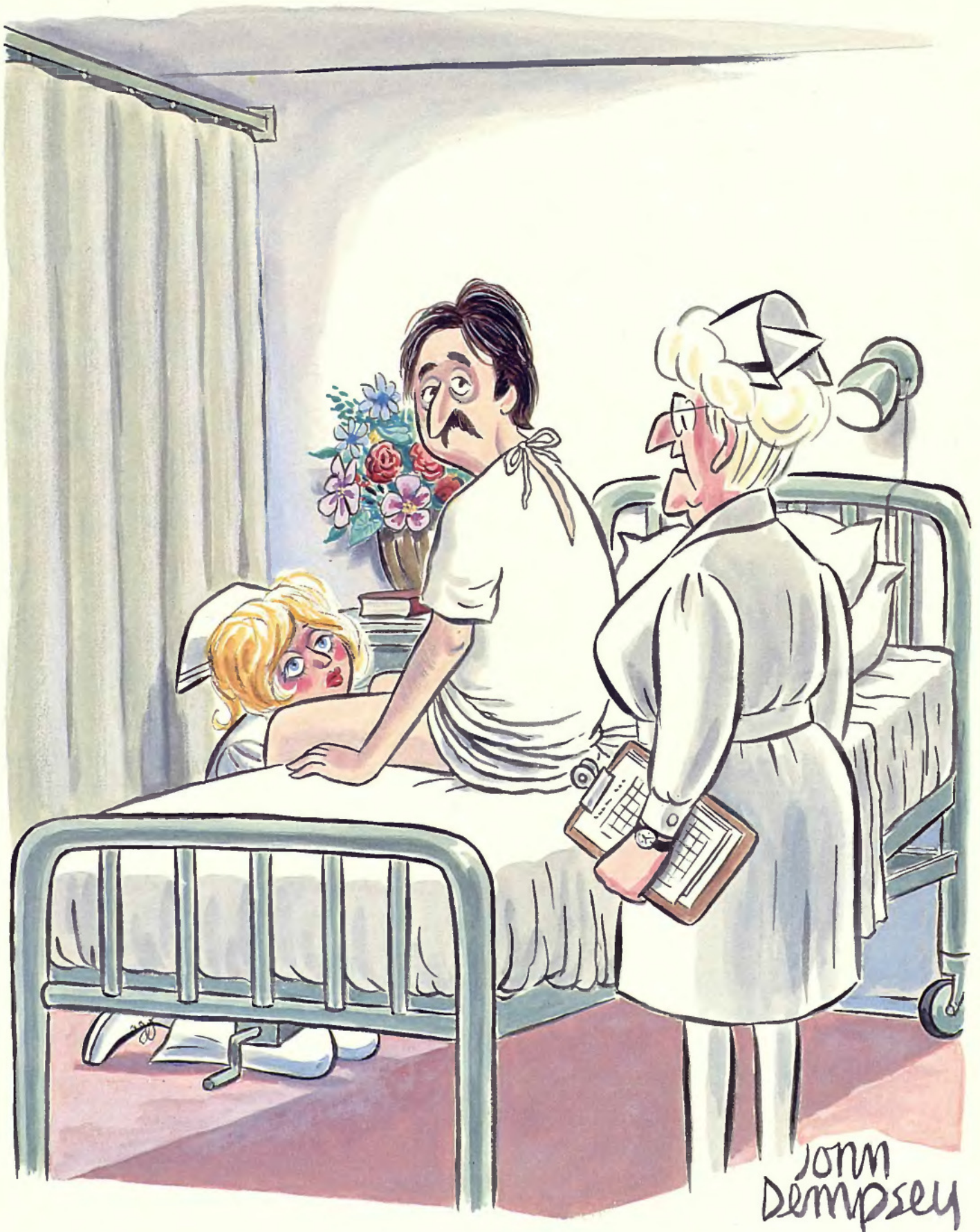
PLAYBOY: Why?

JOBS: Look at this example: Frito-Lay is a very interesting company. They call on more than half a million accounts a week. There's a Frito-Lay rack in each store, and the chips are all there, and every store's got the identical rack and the big ones have multiples. For Frito-Lay, the biggest problem is stale product—bad chips, so to speak. For Frito-Lay's service, they've got, like, 10,000 guys who run around and take out the stale product and replace it with good product. They talk to the manager of that department and they make sure everything's fine. Because of that service and support, they now have more than an 80 percent share of every segment of chips that they're in. Nobody else can break into that. As long as they keep doing what they do well, nobody else can get 80 percent of the market share, because they can't get the sales and support staff. They can't get it because they can't afford it. They can't afford it because they don't have 80 percent of the market share. It's catch-22. Nobody will ever be able to break into their franchise.

Frito-Lay doesn't have to innovate very much. They just watch all the little chip companies come out with something new, study it for a year, and a year or two years later they come out with their own, service and support it to death, and they've got 80 percent of the market share of the new product a year later.

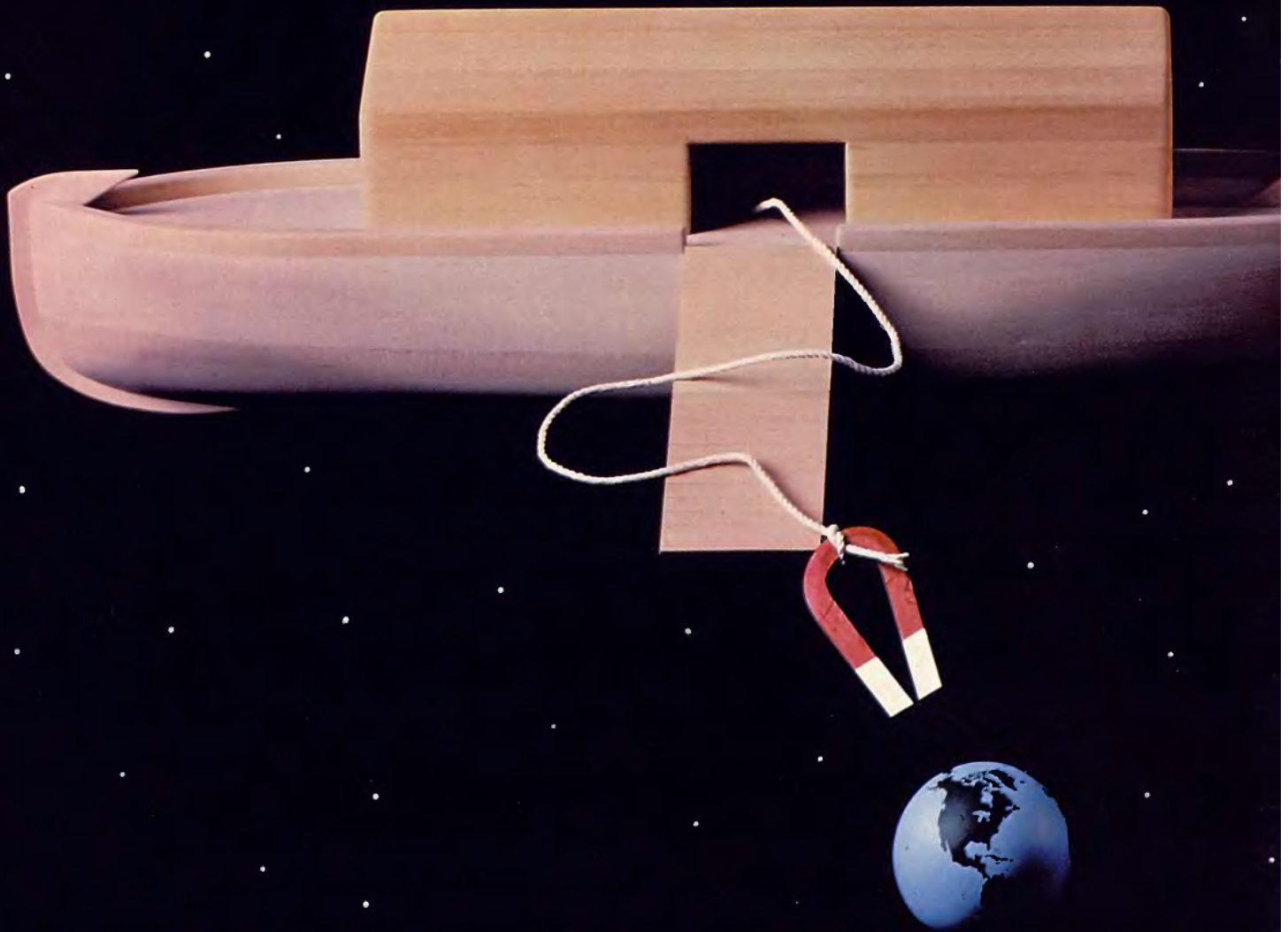
IBM is playing exactly the same game. If you look at the mainframe market place, there's been virtually zero innovation since IBM got dominant control of that market place 15 years ago. They are going

(continued on page 174)



JOHN
DEMPSEY

*"Miss Reynolds, I'm afraid the patient's
Blue Cross doesn't cover that."*



THE SAVED

*face it, general,
aliens just have different values*

fiction

By FREDERIK POHL

THE MESSAGE BEGAN:

WE CANNOT BE SURE THAT YOU ARE AS YET SUFFICIENTLY EVOLVED EVEN TO BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND THIS COMMUNICATION. AFTER ALL, WE DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU EXISTED UNTIL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The general threw his coat to an orderly as he entered the war room. The stars on the shoulders tinkled against each other. "What a damn nerve," he muttered. "Who do they think they are?"

The technical-duty officer looked up from his computer. "With all respect, sir," he said, "it seems obvious they're further advanced than we."

"Further advanced? Oh, maybe they've got better gadgets, if that's what you mean. Never mind, never mind. Go on with the decrypting."

"Yes, sir."

IT IS NOT IMPORTANT IF YOU DO NOT COMPREHEND THIS MESSAGE. WE WILL SAVE YOU ANYWAY, THROUGH THE SAME MEANS WE USED TO TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE TO GET HERE. DO NOT BE AFRAID.

"Afraid!" snorted the general, scandalized.

THE TRANSFER WILL BE INSTANTANEOUS. NOT ONLY WILL IT NOT REQUIRE ANY ACTION ON YOUR PART, YOU WILL NOT EVEN BE AWARE IT IS HAPPENING UNTIL YOU ARRIVE IN OUR SHIP.

"You're sure it's not a hoax?" asked the general, hoping against hope.

"I don't think so, sir. SKYWATCH reported tracking an unidentified object in cislunar orbit eleven hours ago. The message began coming in—same message, over and over—since about . . . let's see"—he tapped the keys of his pocket calculator swiftly—"about a quarter to one this morning. We called you in Washington right away, sir."

"I know damn well you did," grated the general. "Are the Russians getting this?"

The tech officer brightened. "I think not, sir," he said. "We began jamming right away. I don't think the Russkies can sort out the real signals, not without something like this." He patted the keyboard that connected the Denver

war room to the big mainframe computers under the Colorado Rockies. "And we know they don't have that!"

"Um," said the general, slightly mollified. "Is there more to the message?"

"Oh, yes, sir." The tech officer started the crawl of the text again:

BEAR IN MIND THAT WE CAN SAVE ONLY YOU FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION OF STAR ALPHA CENTAURI. WE WERE ABLE TO REACH YOUR SYSTEM ONLY A SHORT TIME AHEAD OF THE WAVE FRONT. YOUR PETS, DOMESTIC ANIMALS, POSSESSIONS, AND SO ON, CANNOT BE RESCUED IN TIME.

"If they leave the Russians to burn up," grinned the general, "who cares if they don't save the guppies? But what about Alpha Centauri? What does it matter if it explodes?"

"Well, sir," said the T.O. hesitantly, "I'm not your best witness on this, but the National Science Council people say that if this is true, it will be such a big explosion that it will just about burn us up. Even so far away."

"And that's going to happen when?" asked the general uneasily.

"The message from the object in cislunar orbit said only, WHEN THE WAVE FRONT REACHES US. Our people are working on it, sir, but I could try to figure it out for you now—"

"Do it!"

"Yes, sir," said the T.O., reaching into his pocket. His hand came out without his little calculator. "That's funny," he said, looking around to see where he had put it. Unsuccessfully. "Well, I'll do it on the mainframe, General—"

But the keyboard to the mainframe was gone, too. So was the modem. So were the printer and the CRT, and when, with a sudden shock of fright, the T.O. patched together a closed-circuit-TV link to the computer center in the Rockies, the huge rock chambers were empty. Empty of storage reels, empty of processors, empty of everything, at least, that related to computers, calculators or any other form of machine intelligence. All that was gone. What was left was only the pets and the domestic animals, fingering the stars on their uniforms or staring, pop-eyed with wonder, into their communications screens . . . as outside, the sky brightened and brightened some more and kept on getting brighter.





DENIM DOES IT-AGAIN

america's favorite fabric isn't about to fade

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

TODAY'S DENIMS hug a wide range of people, but a century ago, their home was on the range. Jeans go back to 1849, when disgruntled miners approached tentmaker Levi Strauss, the patron saint of denim. "These work pants of ours just aren't tough enough," the miners complained, "and nylon hasn't been invented yet." Strauss tried canvas, then turned to a French fabric called *serge de Nîmes*. *De Nîmes* became denim. The miners loved it. Cowboys took to it and denim rode off into the sunset, waiting for Marlon Brando and James Dean. In the Fifties, more

Left: A kiss is still a kiss and a sigh is just a sigh, but denim goes on forever—here a cotton indigo-denim jacket, by Brittanica, \$60; faded-denim jeans, by New Man for Men, about \$85; and cotton knit sweater, by Lois Int., about \$65. On his wrist is an interchangeable watch, by [IXI:Z], \$189.





than 100 years after their invention, blue jeans turned chic. Alienated young heroes wore them in the movies. Young movie fans wore them in the streets. The Sixties protesters threw off the shackles of the *bourgeoisie* and threw on bell-bottoms. Pretty soon, everyone was wearing them. And now that the Eighties are well under way, it's clear that the denim revolution won't shrink or fade away. Jeans show up in fashion shows and on movie stars, in the mall and in the Oval Office. Why? Because of the comfort, style and durability of this legendary fabric. The cut and the finish may change, but denim's here to stay in shirts, sweaters and jackets as well as jeans. In short, it's perfect for the hardest work or the most casual kind of romance; and we'll take romance every time.



Left: When Momma told you about those blues in the night, she failed to mention that there were strings attached—such as the ones on this crushed-denim parka, by Marithé & François Girbaud, about \$160; skinny jeans, by Guess? for Men, \$52; and navy shirt, by Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh for BASCO, \$74. Above: More lip service to the blues, including a guaranteed-ta-fade indigo cardigan, by Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh for BASCO, \$95; and a short-sleeved cotton shirt, \$40, and denim slacks, \$36, both by Cade Bleu Japan. Right: Talk about playing ball! This classic baseball jacket in denim, about \$130, has never seen better days; and his denim pants, about \$85, both by New Man for Men, are having a ball, too. (Her shirt is by Guess?)



"It wasn't very easy to find peace on the island, whereas it was very easy to catch hell."

and—yes—Cuffy and Jevanee had their heads together, the bartender animated, swinging his hands, the inspector with his arms crossed on his wide chest. Jevanee had too much energy today. Maybe his attitude would defuse if he were somewhere other than the bar for a while. He seemed to live there. Tillman shouted back down to them, "Jevanee, after the inspector leaves, lock everything up and take the rest of the day off."

The bartender ignored him.

Tillman jogged up the perfect lawn along an avenue of floral celebration—tree-sized poinsettias, arrow ginger, bougainvillea, oleander—a perfumer's tray of fragrance. On the knoll, graced with a millionaire's view of the channel, was the old plantation house, a stubborn remnant of colonial elegance, its white-washed brick flaking in a way that benefited the charm of its archaic construction, the faded red of the gabled tin roof a human comfort against the green, monotonous sheets of the mountains that were its background. Farther south, the cone shell of the windmill stood like a guard tower or a last refuge. Tillman had huddled there with his guests last summer during a hurricane, the lot of them drunk and playing roundhouse bridge, the cards fluttering from the storm outside.

When he was a teenager, Tillman had flown down to the island during a summer off from Exeter to help his father build the two modern wings that flanked the manor, one-level box rooms side by side, as uninspired as any lodging on any Florida roadside. Tillman's father was a decent man, completely involved in his scheming, though his interest invariably flagged once a puzzle was solved, a challenge dispatched. The old man had worked for J. D. Root, one of the big ad agencies in New York, handling the Detroit accounts. His final act was an irony unappreciated—he perished in one of the cars he promoted, losing control on the Northway one rainy evening, going fishing up on the St. Lawrence, convinced that this time, he would hook a muskellunge. Rosehill Plantation was his most daring breakaway, but he never really had time for the place. Throughout his ownership, Roschill lost money, and after his death the checks from the estate in New York flowed like aid from the mother country. When a lawyer's telegram reached Tillman, asking if he wanted to pursue more aggressively the sale of the plantation, he decided to dump his Lower East Side loft, where he had

been mulling for two years since graduate school, sweating out the draft, and make his claim on Rosehill. Besides, Nixon had just been re-elected. The States no longer seemed like the right place to be.

Awash in perspiration, Tillman turned the corner around the east wing, his blood pressure a little jumpy, the skin on his face at the point of combustion, wondering if all the friction of a fast life could suddenly cause a person to burst into flame. Sometimes he felt as if it were happening. It wasn't very easy to find peace on the island unless you hiked up into the mountains. Whereas it was very easy to catch hell.

In the exterior courtyard behind the estate house, the new arrivals, husband and wife from Wilmington, Delaware, were inspecting one of Tillman's few unequivocal successes, the gazebo that housed his parrot aviary, in it seven of the last rainbow parrots on earth. The project was really that of the veterinarian at the ministry of agriculture, a man who hated goats and cows but spent all his spare time bird watching or digging up pre-Columbian artifacts, storing them in his living room until the far-off day a museum would be built. Together, he and Tillman had waged a public campaign on the island, the parrots' sole habitat, to prevent their extinction. A law was passed for appearances, its advantage being that it clearly defined for the bird smugglers just who needed to be paid off and who could be bypassed with impunity.

After the crusade, Tillman had decided to contact some poachers himself. They were kids, tough miniature bandits, the nest robbers. One was nine, the other 11—Basil and Jacob, tree climbers *extraordinaire*, both as skinny as vanilla beans. They lived in a mountain village, a clump of wattle huts, one of the outposts before the vast roadless center of the island, all sharp peaks, palisades and jungle. When the hatching season had ended, Tillman and the boys trekked into the lush interior, camping overnight, Tillman's neck strained from looking up into the canopy, his ears confused by the wraithish shrieks and skraws—skra-aaa-aw!—unable to pinpoint where the sound had come from in the infinite cathedral of growth. But the kids knew their business. They were fearless, scaling to the top of the highest mahogany, indifferent to the slashing beaks of the females that refused to abandon the nest, shinnying down the trunks with the chicks held gently in their mouths, polycolor cotton balls, the

fierce tiny heads lolling helplessly out from between the embrace of boyish lips.

Tillman thought he would tell his guests from Delaware the story. The woman was scrutinizing the birds rather sternly. She would cluck and whistle at them, tap the chicken-wire wall of the cage, but she did so without affection. When he finished talking, she turned to look at him, her eyes obscured behind oversized sunglasses, her mouth in a pout. Tillman guessed she was a bank teller, something that had made her very sure of herself without placing any demand on her intelligence.

"It's cruel," she said.

"It is not cruel. It's heroic. These islands have a way of forcing everything but the lowest common denominator into oblivion."

"Hero," she said sardonically. The husband looked skeptical. Light reflected off her glasses and sliced back at Tillman. He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps he should bar Americans from Rosehill. Canadians made the better tourists. They allowed for a world outside themselves.

The Land-Rover started painfully, a victim of mechanical arthritis. Soon it would take no more to the prosthetic miracle of wire, tin and hardware junk. Spare parts appeared from across the ocean as often as Halley's comet.

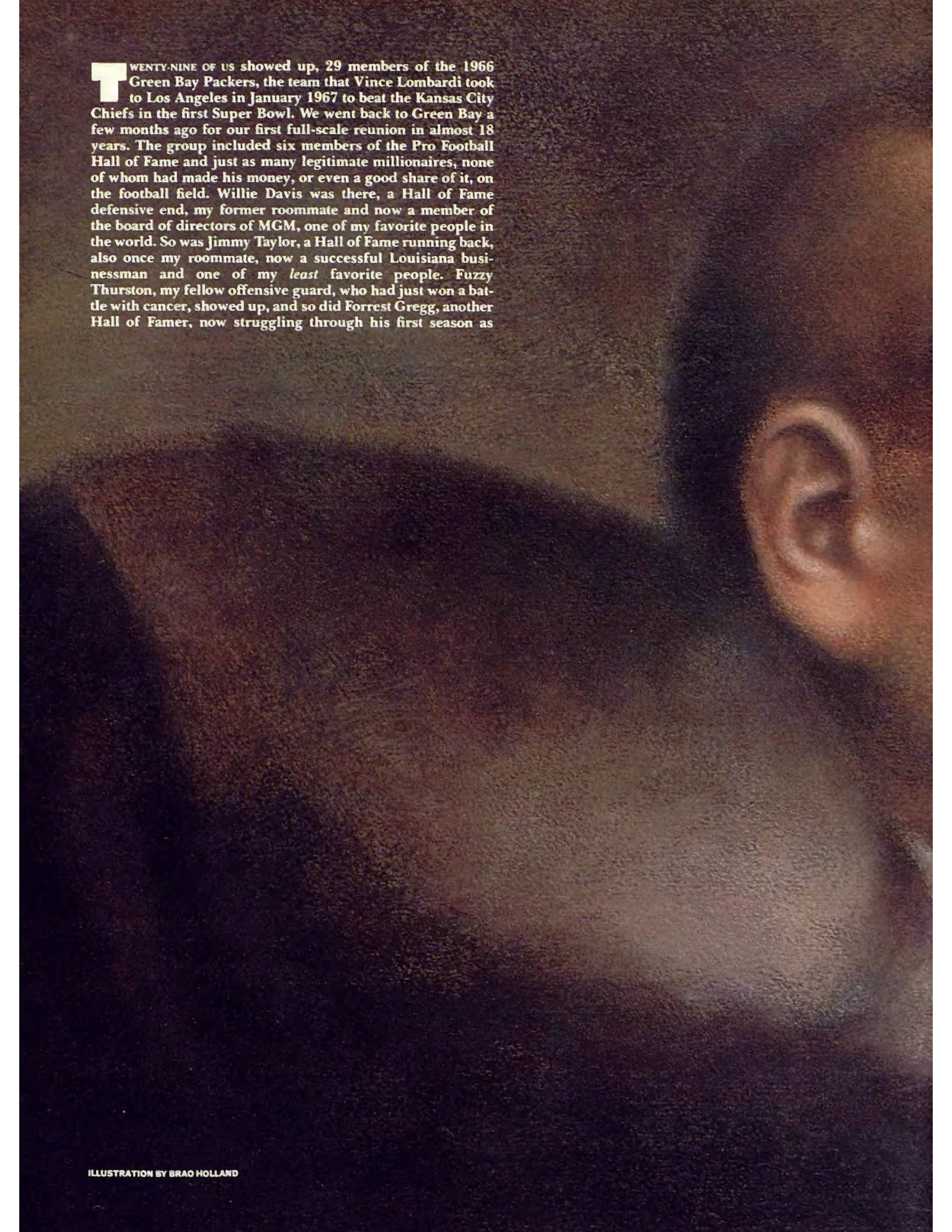
Onto the narrow blacktop road that circumnavigated the island, Tillman drove with reckless courage and whipping flair, showing inner strength when he refused to give way to two flat-bed lorries painted up like Easter eggs, one named Sweetfish, the other Dr. Lick, passengers clinging to everything but the wheel hubs, racing down the coastal hill side by side straight at him, Dr. Lick overtaking Sweetfish just as Tillman downshifted reluctantly to third and toed the brake pedal. Someday the lorries will spread carnage across this highway, Tillman thought. It will be a national event, the island equivalent of a 747's going down.

In the capital, a pastel city breathtaking from the heights above it but garbage-strewn and ramshackle once you were on its streets, Tillman honked his way through the crowds down along Front Street, inching his way to the docks. On the quay, three pallets of frozen steaks destined for Roschill were sweating pink juice onto the dirty concrete. Beef from the island was as tough and stringy as rug; if a hotel wanted to serve food worthy of the name, it had to import almost everything but fish. He located the purser in one of the rum-and-Coke sheds that filled every unclaimed inch of the wharves like derelict carnival booths. There was no use complaining about the shipment's being off-loaded without anybody's being there to receive it. That was Tillman's fault—he

(continued on page 162)



"The witness will please answer the question! Did you or did you not screw the plaintiff's brains out?"



TWENTY-NINE OF US showed up, 29 members of the 1966 Green Bay Packers, the team that Vince Lombardi took to Los Angeles in January 1967 to beat the Kansas City Chiefs in the first Super Bowl. We went back to Green Bay a few months ago for our first full-scale reunion in almost 18 years. The group included six members of the Pro Football Hall of Fame and just as many legitimate millionaires, none of whom had made his money, or even a good share of it, on the football field. Willie Davis was there, a Hall of Fame defensive end, my former roommate and now a member of the board of directors of MGM, one of my favorite people in the world. So was Jimmy Taylor, a Hall of Fame running back, also once my roommate, now a successful Louisiana businessman and one of my *least* favorite people. Fuzzy Thurston, my fellow offensive guard, who had just won a battle with cancer, showed up, and so did Forrest Gregg, another Hall of Famer, now struggling through his first season as



DISTANT REPLAY

article **By JERRY KRAMER**
with **DICK SCHAAP**

*as a player, he wrote a
classic book about pro football—
but life looks different from
outside the white lines*

head coach of our old team. Also on hand was the man he had replaced, our Hall of Fame quarterback, Bart Starr, who several months earlier had been fired as head coach of the Packers. Ray Nitschke, a Hall of Fame linebacker, showed up, and so did Herb Adderley and Willie Wood, a couple of great defensive backs. When we were introduced at the Green Bay-San Diego game, Herb, another Hall of Famer, was in such good shape that he raced halfway to the center of the field, spun around and backpedaled at full speed the rest of the way. Willie Wood, on the other hand, had gained so much weight that one of the guys yelled to him, "Hey, come over here, Willie, so we can take a group picture of you!"

We were together for three days in October, all these men I had once written about in a book called *Instant Replay*, and I've never been hugged and kissed so much by men, and I wanted to write about them again. I saw guys I hadn't seen for 15 years and we picked up conversations as if they had been suspended only yesterday. Some of us had passed our 50th birthdays and some were just approaching 50. Some of us had brought our first wives along and carried pictures of our grandchildren, and some had brought new wives young enough to be their daughters. While the men played golf one day, the women played their own version of Trivial Pursuit; one of the questions they asked was, How old were you when your husband played in the first Super Bowl? and Jimmy Taylor's wife answered, "Five."

For this weekend, at least, we were all young again.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since I arrived in Green Bay, Wisconsin, a raw and totally unsophisticated small-town kid from Idaho, a rookie in the National Football League. A quarter of a century. That's hard for me to believe. Aren't I still a flat-bellied, whippy-wristed college kid? No, I'm not. I still feel the same inside; but more and more, this shell they've given me is showing signs of wear. Gray at the sideburns and even a little higher, maybe. Too much stomach where part of my chest must have slipped. Wrinkles around my eyes. Aches and pains I never felt before. Amazing process, this living and dying. What the hell is going on?

I used to think I would live forever, which is funny, considering how many times I came close to dying. As a kid, I shot myself, accidentally, with a ten-gauge shotgun and severed the nerves in my right arm, which left me with a fist that I could never quite clench. Then, chasing a calf, I ran full speed into a splintered plank and the jagged end ripped into my groin; that one sent me to the hospital for a few operations then and several more 12 years later, when doctors, suspecting I was

dying of cancer, cut me open and found four forgotten slivers of wood lodged in my intestines, gradually causing tumors and internal bleeding. I broke my neck and my leg and just about all my ribs playing football; I suffered brain concussions and a detached retina; and by the time I was 30, I had undergone a couple of dozen operations, most of them major. And yet I was still positive I couldn't die. Maybe because I had gone through so many near-death experiences, death didn't seem like a threat. It wasn't something to worry about. But lately I've been worrying, maybe because I've got more to lose now.

I'm coming up fast on 50, just a year away. I've been married twice, I've got six kids, and one of them has been through a divorce and another spent time in jail after an automobile accident and a third has pushed himself bravely, and successfully, to overcome a speech impediment. I've found out how it feels to make \$1,000,000 in a single business deal and I've found out how it feels to lose \$1,000,000 in a single business deal and, believe me, Lombardi was right about winning. It is the only thing—as long as you do it, as he said, fairly, squarely and decently, within the rules, the written and the unwritten ones. Lombardi's been dead now for more than ten years. That's scary, too. I *knew* he would live forever.

I think a lot about death these days, which is funny, because I've never been healthier. I've had only one serious illness in the past ten years, only one near-death experience. I haven't broken a bone, not even a finger, since I stopped playing football 16 years ago. My weight's not bad, about 240, 20 pounds less than when I was playing, and most of the time I feel awfully good. And yet now, more than ever, I sense that I'm mortal.

A little more than a year ago, I lost my father to cancer, and I don't think I'll ever get over his death. In some ways, I think it was more difficult for the family than it was for Dad. He was a very religious man and he was ready to go. He had his faith and he was locked in the arms of the Lord. Sometimes I wish I had that kind of faith. But I don't. I just have questions.

Which is why, I suppose, I embarked on a new project, one I had started before our reunion in Green Bay. I decided to go see some of my old teammates, as many of them as I could, to update what I had done in *Instant Replay*—to take a new look at a group of men linked yet separated, aging, perhaps maturing, maybe sadder, maybe wiser, maybe not. I want to find out what they're wondering about, how they're reacting to life and age and death—something to measure my own thoughts and hopes and fears against, just as I used *Instant Replay* for therapy, for self-analysis, to explain to myself why I played professional football, what I put into the game and what I got out of it. Football was

easy. Now I get so tangled up trying to figure out life—why I am playing it, how I am playing it—and I wonder if anybody else has answers.

I couldn't have gone looking for this kind of help a few years ago. The first ten or 12 years I was out of football, I wouldn't listen to anybody, I was just so full of how bright I was, how wonderful. It's nice to have self-confidence, but I was ridiculous.

I'll tell you how cocky I was. I had dinner in Los Angeles one night with Rod McKuen, the poet, who was a friend of mine, and Rod said, "Hey, Sinatra's recording some of my songs tonight over at this studio. You want to go?"

I said, "Hell, yes." Who wouldn't want to? We walked into the studio as Sinatra was recording a song called *Two Can Dream a Dream Together*. He finished the song and came over and said hello to Rod, and Rod introduced me, and I said, "Hi, Frank, I've been a fan of yours for a long time but, boy, you were beating the hell out of that song."

He said, "What?"

And I said, "You're beating the hell out of that song. That's a beautiful thought—two can dream a dream together—but you're just beating on it. It ought to be a little softer."

Sinatra looked at me like I had an asshole right in the middle of my forehead. He turned to McKuen and never said another word to me. I ceased to exist. Would you believe it took a few years before I realized that I'd better stop listening to the wonderful sound of my own voice? Now I want to listen to my old teammates, to other voices, loud or soft, either way, whatever they want to say.

I've seen many of them, on and off, over the years, and it's an amazing thing: As soon as I see one—boom!—the old feelings of warmth and affection come right back. It doesn't matter if I haven't seen the guy in six months or ten years, there's no sense of having been separated. The emotional bond is still there. A few years ago, I was in Milwaukee for a golf outing, a Lombardi memorial, and I was sitting in a bar and looked across the room and thought, Hey, that looks like Herb Adderley. Then I said to myself, Nah, can't be, and I turned to talk to somebody. I felt a hand on my shoulder and spun around, and he said, "J.K.," and it was Herbie, and we gave each other a big hug. "It's still there, isn't it?" he said. It was—and it always is. It's there whenever I bump into any of the guys. Except one. It's a warm feeling with everybody else.

I see Willie Davis about as often as I see anybody from the team. When I tell people about his three Schlitz distributorships in Los Angeles and his Inglenook distributorship and the five radio stations

(continued on page 116)



POWER SNIFTERS

*welcome to the heady world of
after-dinner quaffing—where deals
are cut and kisses kindled*

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

SAVVY HOSTS KNOW HOW to finish dinner with a flourish. After the *café*, or with it, they present a sensuous spirit in a round-bowled, footed goblet known, of course, as a snifter. What happens next is best described by an observation from France's high-proof 19th Century diplomat, Talley-

rand: "We hold the glass in the hollow of the hand, we warm it up, we shake it in a circular movement so that the liquor exhales its perfume. Then we sniff it, we inhale it, and then, dear sir, we leave it on the table and speak about it." The wily Talleyrand and his guests *(concluded on page 148)*



THE FINE ART OF COCKSURETY

*so what if people think
you've got an attitude?
you know how good you are*

article **By GARY A. TAUBES**

PIECE OF CAKE. When I suggested to PLAYBOY that I write a piece about cocksurety, I had complete confidence. Not that PLAYBOY did: The editors worried that I was inexperienced, likely to turn in something beneath their standards. I said, "Hey, Muhammad Ali was inexperienced when he fought Sonny Liston." They worried that I wasn't a "big name" writer. I said, "Once the word gets out on this story, I will be."

Meanwhile, I was wondering whether or not the Pulitzer people might extend their usual award categories to include magazine essays. I knew they'd want to once they read this, but tradition is hard to fight. I wrote them a letter so they'd have time to get the wheels rolling before the article appeared.

With a three-month deadline, I went right to work. First, I bought a motorcycle with the money PLAYBOY had promised to pay me if they liked the story. Beautiful machine; you should have seen it. I discovered, though, that pulling wheelies at 85 mph on the boardwalk in Atlantic City is not generally a great idea. Too bad about that video arcade. Maybe I can put the damages on the expense account. I took the rest of the three months off to relax, keep out of the spotlight and shop around for a new bike.

Now that I'm down to the kind of one-day deadline I like to work with, I'm ready to talk about cocksurety.

Cocksurety is a glorious thing to see, a

beautiful tool, the closest thing to immortality. It is simply—and this is straight from the dictionary—feeling perfect assurance, sometimes on inadequate grounds. Moreover, it is the unabashed confidence of the underdog, the utter presumptuousness of the man who doesn't give a damn that all the odds are against him. It is the demented give-me-freedom-or-give-me-death mentality that drives a man to attempt outrageous acts because the alternative, mediocrity, is unacceptable.

When I think of cocksurety, one case comes to mind as the quintessential example. It's a sad commentary on American cocksurety that this episode involves a Frenchman, since only 100 years ago, Mark Twain justifiably wrote of the French, "What is the meekness of the rabbit to the meekness of the Frenchman?"

Still, for daring, state-of-the-art, degree-of-difficulty-3.0-with-perfect-ten-for-artistic-impression cocksurety, no one has yet approached the performance of Albert Spaggiari. Pay attention, and keep an eye on his unparalleled talent for not neglecting the details.

Spaggiari is an ex-society photographer, a former paratrooper in Vietnam who, when he was 22, went to jail for four years for stealing the money from the till of a Saigon brothel. That was only one of his 23 jails. Much later, on a Friday evening in July 1976, Spaggiari, then 43, and several accomplices tunneled from the sewers of Nice into the (continued on page 124)

CHERIE ON TOP

*introducing miss witter,
a model citizen from seattle*



THERE ARE only a few professions in which you can be considered a seasoned veteran before you become an adult. Chess master and Mousketeer come immediately to mind. And, of course, fashion model. Indeed, as a model, you can be a phenom, a rookie, a seasoned vet and all washed up in the course of your senior year in high school. So those who survive, like Cherie Witter, are special.

The reason is that modeling takes, as Cherie would say, "a major amount" of dedication. Especially in an area that's somewhat off the beaten track for the fashion industry. The towns where Cherie grew up—Marysville, Everett, Edmonds, Bellevue—appear only on fairly detailed maps of the hilly farm and forest land, lakes and seashores surrounding Seattle. Although it's a picturesque

"I've always been told I was unique-looking. But unique doesn't always make it for a model. Some clients are afraid to take a chance on anything different. They're not sure how the public will react."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG/GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





On the town in Seattle, Cherie and her friend Lisanne (above left) spot a likely looking fish dinner at Pike Place Market, then take a ride on a waterfront trolley. Cherie clown (upper right) in front of a local sculpture but gets deadly serious (below left) on a trip to the icy slopes of Oregon's Mount Hood, where a slip could bring disaster. "It took a Sno-Cat just to get to the start of the climb. Ice climbing is a lot of fun. It's beautiful. Look anywhere and there's nothing but mountains and sky. Say something and it echoes. At the end of the day you're tired. But you feel like you've really worked, like you've really done something. After five or six hours of climbing, you sleep so good that night." That's Cherie below right, with a warm friend, proving the truth of her words.



area, it hasn't been a center of fashion since the boom days of the Klondike gold rush. Of course, few people today wear miners' boots. And with the gold all but played out, people in Seattle have been forced to build ships and planes, catch fish and harvest timber.

Cherie began her career in her freshman year of high school, putting on noontime fashion shows for the other girls in the school. By the age of 17, she had enrolled in a modeling school in Bellevue. By 18, she had been signed by an agency in New York, and a few months later she was in Paris.

"Paris when I was 18," Cherie recalls, "that really was an experience for me. Compared with Everett, Paris was like a dream. I'd never been far from home, much less out of the country. I was scared. I didn't know how to do anything. I couldn't speak French. It was horrible, but I enjoyed it. I think I appreciate it more now, looking back on it, realizing how beautiful it was and how much I have gotten out of it.

"Modeling happened very fast for me. It kind of



Cherie adds some curves to the Seattle skyline (above right) for a fashion shot. At the Bellevue agency called Coming Attractions (right), she gives make-up tips to a few modeling aspirants and holds an informal question-and-answer session with a group that proves the Seattle area is right up there with the best in beauty production.





all happened at once."

Between jobs, Cherie teaches aspirants at a modeling school and agency in Bellevue.

"I do informal lectures—just talking to girls about modeling and about what I've done and about what they can look for with modeling. The pros and cons."

Among the cons Cherie dislikes is the beautiful-but-dumb stereotype.

"Because of my looks, people think that I'm not smart, that I don't have anything upstairs and that I'm naïve. And along with that comes people's trying to take advantage of you. Well, I just have to watch out for that.

"I feel as if, at times in my life, I've been fighting what I have on the outside. I feel that, when people meet



"It does rain a lot in Seattle. But it's supposed to be the most livable city in the States. Maybe because I grew up here, I don't notice the rain so much as other people might. Besides, Washington is such a beautiful state, a clean state, with friendly people and a lot of outdoor things to do all year."





"Sex for me is being able to come together as one, and it's not something that I can share with just anybody. It's something that I reserve, that I save for somebody special."





"It takes a lot to get me angry. A lot! I don't like to argue. I walk away. I don't feel that there's ever any need to argue. You can always discuss a problem, whatever it may be, with the other person and work something out."

me, I don't really have a chance to let them know what I'm about or to prove that I'm worth knowing. And I don't like having to prove that to people.

"But a lot of people who meet me are surprised. And they tell me they're surprised; that's what's funny about it—they're honest. They say, 'I'm surprised, really surprised that you not only have your looks but you have something upstairs, too.' I like that."







Cherie W. Sutton

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cherie Witter

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 10-22-63 BIRTHPLACE: Everett, Wash.

AMBITIONS: To further my Career in Modeling and Start my acting Career.

TURN-ONS: Positive people, good Company, a good Wine, the first snow of winter.

TURN-OFFS: Judgmental people, Cigars, traffic, a stressful environment, pushy people.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Arthur, Terms of Endearment, East of Eden, Trading Places.

FAVORITE FOODS: Lobster, Real, pasta, Chocolate mousse, fresh strawberries.

FAVORITE PLACE: Alaska, New Mexico.

IDEAL EVENING: Being cozy by a warm fireplace with my boyfriend, watching a good movie.

BIGGEST JOY: Seeing people smile, being with my sweet heart and my family and friends



Trying to bribe Santa for xmas.



2nd grade school picture.



Smiling for the Bunny!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two girls were discussing their heavy smoking habits. "I get such a yen for a cigarette," said one, "that the only effective countermeasure is to pop a Life Saver into my mouth and suck strongly."

"That's all very well for you," huffed her friend, "but I don't happen to live in a house that's right on the beach!"

Hollywood update: The musical version of a classic horror film will again star Vincent Price, but also Julio Iglesias. Its title this time: *The Spanish Fly*.



Having traded in her old car for a racy new model, the girl invited her boyfriend to go for a test drive. The vehicle performed beautifully, and after a while she pulled off the highway down a shady lane. . . . But a farmer appeared before long to tell them to get off his property, so the girl pulled back to the main road. When red changed to green at the first traffic light, she went through the usual gear-engagement motions and stepped on the accelerator—but nothing happened. "Damn!" she swore softly. "I wonder what's wrong."

"Nothing, really," said her boyfriend, "except that that was me you just shifted into first."

We've found a new use for an old phrase suggested to us to describe a girl who gets herself fitted with an I.U.D. but nevertheless continues to cling to her virginity. She's a *spring chicken*.

"I'm no fool!" the girl told the heavily breathing young man. "I saw you slip him that bill, and I know that bellhops can't marry people. So you go down and get that hotel manager up here right now if you're serious!"

Because male Martians are equipped with a pair of penises, sexual excitement in their case results in double-digit inflation.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *floozy's sauna* as a tramp steamer.

When I come home from work thirsty and horny," the man told the marriage counselor, "I find that what my wife has waiting for me is a warm beer and a cold pussy!"

Sex-aid news: An aphrodisiac that induces a desire to perform cunnilingus will be marketed under the name Muffin Mix.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *shoe fetishist* as a guy who's hard over heels.

I find aspects of hooking quite sleazy,"
Says a finicky harlot named Kesey.
"Though it costs me some bread,
I refuse to give head,
Since my virtue, while easy, is queasy."

Because of a terrible, unbelievable hospital mistake, a man scheduled for a circumcision was subjected to a sex-change operation. With the surgical team around his bed afterward, he was told, "We have some—er—bad news for you."

Quite understandably, the patient went to pieces when the situation was explained to him. "This means, of course," he sobbed, "that I'll never experience an erection again."

"Of course you'll be able to experience an erection again," said one of the surgeons, "but it will have to be someone else's."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *space-shuttle sex* as high diddle-diddle.

It was on a whim that a wacky brunette had a tattoo artist needle a brief pair of black-net crotchless panties on her. The result so impressed her blonde roommate that the latter asked the tattooer what he would charge to do the same thing in beige for her. "That'd be thirty-five bucks," said the man.

"You charged my friend only twenty dollars for her pair," protested the blonde.

"I know," admitted the artist, "but it was my first such commission, and I went into the hole on that job."

"So why wouldn't you," pursued the blonde, "take a licking on this one?"

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



"Not me. I thought he was you picked up at the party!"

EXCAVATIONS

they probe to the very center of life, and then they hold it, delicately, in their hands

article

By **WAYNE FIELDS**

I AM NOT A SURGEON, *not even in fantasy. Nor have I any expertise or interest in the technology that makes modern surgery possible. Yet two months ago, I watched for a week as heart surgeons plied their trade. I watched because my daughter had had heart surgery as an infant and the doubt and mystery surrounding that operation wouldn't leave me. I watched because opening the body and touching the heart, a notion once unthinkable to me, had become personal.*

According to their surgeons, heart patients do not die; they get killed—sometimes by the misdiagnoses of internists; sometimes by cardiologists doing fibrillation tests or by residents who don't recognize signs of imminent death in time to prevent it. But most often, the killer is identified as the surgeon himself: "I killed one on the table today." "I must have killed 50 patients during my residency." Such talk reflects more than the brutal flippancy of those who spend their days cutting into the damaged organs of dying people; it carries an edge of guilt and, even more, a tacit assumption that death is, somehow, always preventable. It indicates, besides professional paranoia, an unhealthy disrespect for death. In the





MOCH

world that surgeons inhabit, death has become unnatural.

There was a time not so long ago when heart surgeons killed most of the people upon whom they operated. The technology of heart-lung machines, the drug mixtures by which anesthesiologists manipulate blood pressure and pulse rate, the cooling techniques by which fibrillation is controlled without exhausting the heart's electrochemical balance, all these were insufficiently advanced to prevent recurrent death on the operating table. Desperately ill people hoped that the long shot would come in for them and, of course, the odds won.

There is a story told about one of the first cardiac surgeons, a man whom the IRS took to court for back taxes. A colleague called as a character witness by the defense supposedly remarked as he and the surgeon walked out of the courtroom, "John, you're just like Al Capone. You killed all those people and they can only get you for income-tax evasion." But that has changed. Heart surgery, with all its frightful aspects, is routine and has little more risk than a gall-bladder operation.

The surgeons I watched belong to a generation for whom death is the exception, and so it comes as a shock when, as I enter the hospital the first day with one of the surgeons, he is already being paged, an hour before he is scheduled to operate. By the time we reach the doctors' changing room, we hear that the day's first patient has arrested while being transported to surgery. He is dying or already dead.

Before we push through the swinging doors that separate the operating area from the rest of the hospital, covers must be pulled over shoes, a cap tied over hair and a mask placed over nose and mouth. The surgeon does this quickly and rushes on. But in a world where bypasses are finely stitched and secured with delicate knots, I cannot manage the shoelace-thick ties at the back of the cap and the mask. Seconds pass as I fumble, losing first one end and then the other, time enough to destroy an oxygen-depleted brain. Properly clothed at last, I hurry to the final pair of doors, push a button beside the long steel scrub sink and am admitted to the operating room.

The man, surrounded by masked figures, lies naked on the table, his arms outstretched to either side, hands cupped, fingers loosely curled. His heart has been shocked back to feeble activity, but his blood pressure falters and will not climb to an acceptable level. Two surgeons are in the room, one watching the monitors that hang above the operating area. The other cuts into the right thigh and feeds a catheter through the artery toward the heart. At the end of the catheter is a balloon that, once inside, will be alternately inflated and deflated, displacing some of the blood the heart has wearied of pumping. When

at last the catheter is in place and the balloon is doing its work, the blood pressure stabilizes, though still at a perilous level. There is nothing else to do. The patient will stay alive with the help of this support system; without it, he will die.

The surgeons stand aside while nurses prepare the patient for transport to the intensive-care unit. One of the surgeons is tall, at least 6'5", and stooped. The other stands straight but is still a head shorter. There is no exhilaration that the dead has been raised, only the weight of defeat and the first effort to assign blame. The short surgeon is frustrated beyond endurance, not only because it is his patient but also because, like many surgeons, he is incapable of enduring much frustration.

Nurses and orderlies, three to a side, slowly lift the naked man from the operating table as technicians keep tubes and electronic leads from tangling. The man is heavy and his weight sags against his attendants as they struggle to keep his body straight. At last, he is settled on the gurney and is wheeled, with his machines and drip bottles, to intensive care.

"What the hell kind of hospital kills people in the goddamned corridors?" the short surgeon cries out. The tall surgeon shrugs but doesn't look up.

"Dehydrated," the short man says, his voice only slightly lower and his left hand twisting the back of his cap. "De-goddamnedhydrated. You know why? I'll bet you goddamned anything they gave the guy an enema last night. Had to make sure the plumbing was clean as a whistle, and they killed him. You make it three months with a heart all shot to hell, and then what a hell of a note. You get killed by a goddamned enema." He starts to pace. Nurses and orderlies, preparing for the next patient, move around him without slowing.

The tall surgeon raises his head, then slowly straightens the rest of his body, as though awakening. "A nice old guy," he says softly. He shakes his head.

The other man stops in front of him, not speaking for a moment. "I got a Pacemaker," he says. "What's coming up for you?"

The tall surgeon stretches. "A bypass. A big scar, too—probably an aneurysm. We're done with this one. Might as well get on with it." It is eight A.M. and both men seem tired, wary of a day and a week that begin so badly.

For one who does not live there, who has not come to accept its narrow world as "real," the strangest thing about an operating room is not the blood or the smell of burning flesh that the electric scalpels produce but the way day after day you can stand side by side with six to a dozen people, share the most intimate of rituals and yet never see or know more than two or three inches of their faces. The intern, whose smooth skin at the corners of his

eyes declares his youth, I can recognize by the nervous swallowing that bobs his Adam's apple as he tries to anticipate the surgeon's next move. But if he were unmasked, I would not know him. An economy of movement identifies the surgeon's assistant, whether in suturing a wound or in the rare blinking of his eyes. In the operating room, he is always calm. I cannot imagine him running for a bus or pushing his way through a supermarket.

But most remarkable are the nurses, who in the machinery of surgery—alternating as scrub nurse presiding at high table—are interchangeable parts but who after a few hours, the most casual observer can distinguish immediately. One sways above the surgeons as she hands out clamps and retractors from the instrument table that covers the patient's lower body, moving with an easy grace that has its own choreography. Another darts. Her short arms always seem fully extended as she snatches, unerringly, the requested instrument. A third, heavier than the others, moves deliberately, rarely bending, never darting. She moves with her feet and hands rather than with her body and, despite her size, seems almost to disappear from the proceedings, because her movements are so nondescript.

The woman resident does not move like a nurse. She works in the narrow limits of a chest, never reaches the length of an instrument table, never bends to anticipate the next tool to be required of her. She works up and down, like a bricklayer or a carpenter—like a surgeon—probing the same opening, always returning to the same confinement. Unlike the imperturbable surgeon's assistant, she likes to grimace. Little things: pushing at her mask with outstretched lip and blowing at the sweat sliding down around her nose, or wrinkling her forehead to adjust the glasses she has taped in place. Even with her mask, it is evident that she smiles easily and often. A part of her job, in addition to opening the chest, is to bring a new joke every day. And she does, usually telling it after she has pushed the saber saw the length of the breastbone and worked the retracting clamp into place, while, still a little breathless from her effort, she watches the surgeon examine the damage. Her jokes are oddly pristine, the kind you can tell your mother, yet she always seems a little embarrassed. A blush creeps out from the edges of her mask as she talks, and she laughs lightly at the punch line. Then she returns to cauterizing bleeders with the electric scalpel.

•
Ten years ago, my wife and I gave our daughter to such people. The surgeon came to us in a stylish suit, with the proper show of pastel cuff. He examined his cuticles, checking the manicure beneath bright fluorescent lights, and told us the odds, like Nick the
(continued on page 136)

modern living



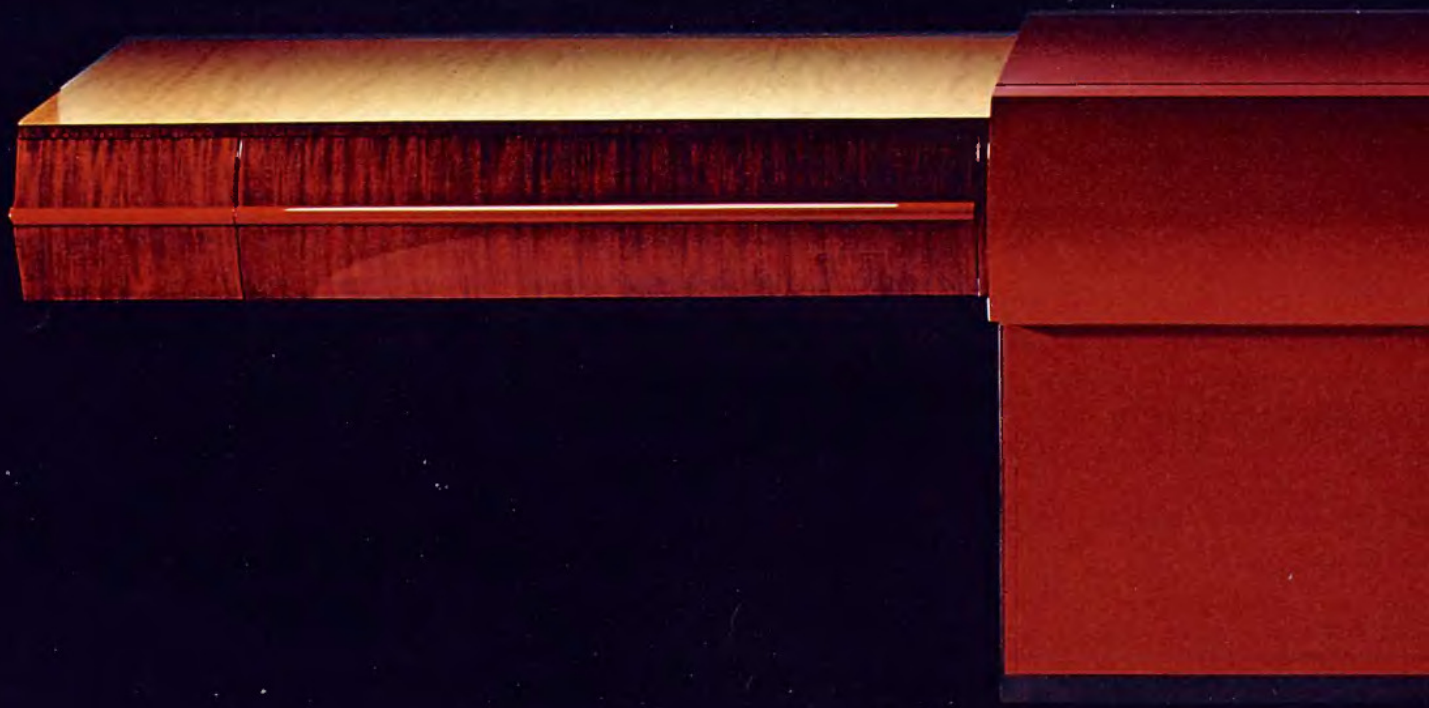
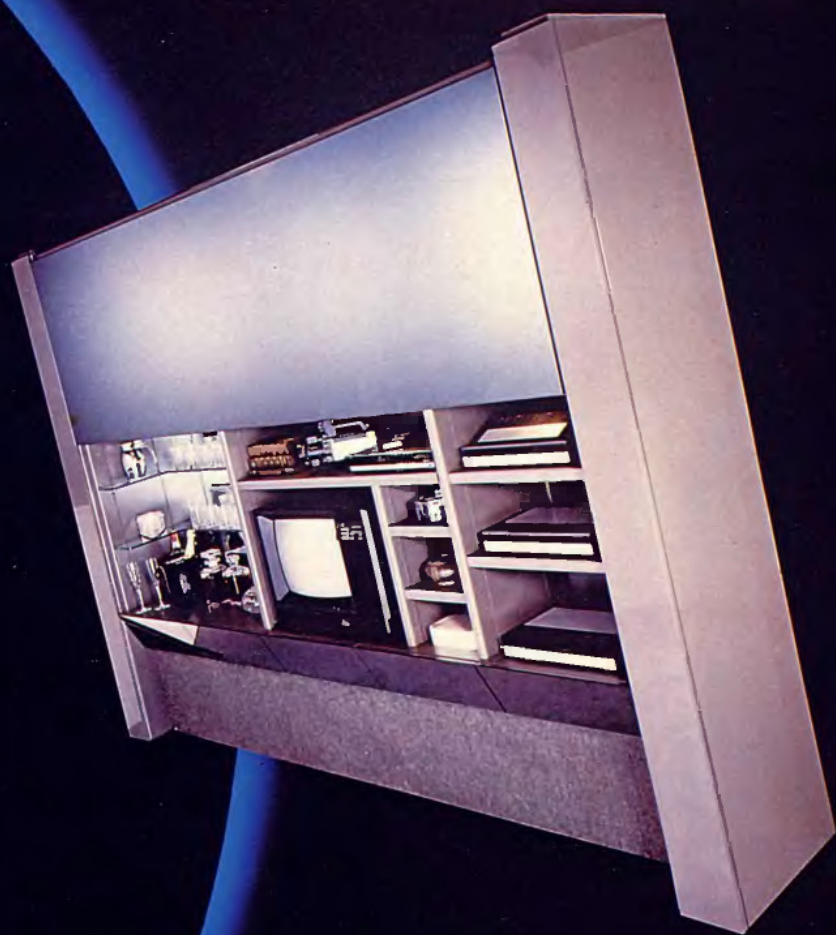
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!

*five sexy audio-video systems
guaranteed to keep you home nights*

YOU SAW IT YEARS AGO in *Playboy's Electronic Entertainment Wall*, *Switched-On Superwall* and *Playboy's Wonder Wall*—a marvelously compact combination of modern electronic miracles integrated into a single unit “for the urban man of tomorrow.” Well, you can stop holding your breath, gentlemen; tomorrow is today and seeing is believing—as one look at the five state-of-the-art audio-video systems pictured on these pages will attest. All can be purchased as shown; some, such as the 11-foot Cy Mann Horizon Wall, with a mirrored fascia that rises at the press of a remote-control button, are sold minus equipment. The Bromley-Jacobson ADA System 56, on the other hand, resembles a NASA command center and comes fully equipped with dual video monitors and enough audio gear to sonically set the most critical fidelity buff on his finely tuned ear. Let the sights and sounds begin!

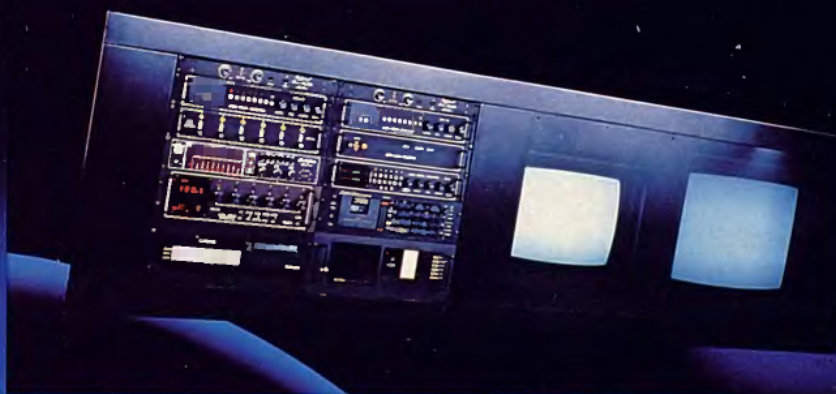
Right: Press the magic button and—voilà!—you can remotely open Media Column's door and bring the 12" television forward for viewing or activate the appearance of the speakers. The lower two doors in the 6' column open manually to reveal storage, and the entire unit swivels, from Harvey Bruce Altman, Inc., New York, \$7500, not including the Sony TV.

Right: Behind the mirrored front panel of Cy Monn's Horizon Wall system is an Aladdin's cave of electronic goodies, plus customized interior fittings that include adjustable glass shelving for a bar, quartz lighting, mitered drawers, a pull-out swivel TV tray and specially sized compartments to accommodate video-cassette recorders. (The hi-fi speakers are housed behind the cloth-covered baseboard.) When you've tired of all your toys, just touch a remote-control button and the 10'-wide mirrored front panel automatically lowers. More good news: The entire system is freestanding and requires no structural support. Over-all dimensions are about 11' wide, 8' high and 2' deep. All from Holly Hunt, Ltd., Chicago, \$24,400, not including the Proton TV, Bang & Olufsen system or GE portable VCR and video camera shown. Below: If it's a low, wide and handsome media cabinet you're seeking, put your money in New York designer Dakota Jackson's satinwood, mahogany and Chinese-red-lacquer unit that's 3' high, 2' deep and an eye-popping 14' wide. All doors slide or lower to reveal storage space for pull-out stereo equipment, plus speakers, TV monitor and a bar. Dakota Jackson's price of \$17,250 doesn't include any electronic components—as if you had to be told.





Left above: RCA's Dimensia system consists of seven interactive components with special color-coded cables for easy hookup. Tucked into the sleek cabinet are a 26" monitor/receiver, VHS stereo cassette recorder, linear-tracking turntable, compact digital audio-disc player and twin stereo speakers (the monitor keeps you informed of each component's status with an onscreen display), \$5700 complete. Left below: The king of the audio/video castle is undoubtedly Audio Design Associates' System 56, a sleek, Star Wars-style setup that can play different music in several rooms simultaneously via wireless infrared controls that access the main system. Those two monitors you see are a 19" Sharp and a 25" Sony Profeel, housed in a black anodized rack measuring about 9' x 3' x 2'. The other sonic hardware includes two BGW power amps, two ADA control units with source-selection equalizer and digital volume control, an ADA FM stereo tuner, Nakamichi's Dragon cassette deck, a Panasonic VHS video-cassette recorder and a Micro Seiki compact-disc player. As you may already have guessed, the price for all this electronic wonderment isn't cheap—\$37,000 complete. But what girl could resist going back to your place for tunes or TV on a rig that costs more than a Jaguar?



The

Date



HEY,
HAVE YA HEARD?
TRADITIONAL DATING
IS BACK!!!

MY TRADITION...
OR YOURS?

going out is coming back
into style—so listen up, jugheads, as our experts
walk you through the new mating game

OPENING LINES

By D. KEITH MANO

HATE TO GRIM everyone out, but you don't make passes at women in 1985, you *audition* for them. Your come-on had better be a quick job résumé: age, income, previous experience, negative Wassermann and that your apartment-building doorman has his own booth outside. We're all pressed for time, jomoke, so you've got about one minute to sing scat and impress her (or she, you). Men aren't objects of love or lust; they're closer to some competitive service industry now. What can you do for her career, social life, class status, for her tipped uterus? It could be as depressing as postage meters are to a stamp collector.

The date is no longer passionate. Forget about playing all that Sixties idealism on your glass harmonica. The sun has set over Earth Day. Nuclear thaw, Costa Salvador and El Nicaragua, Committees for Holistic Cat Spaying—none of them will penetrate her lead apron. Even female lib has been line-item vetoed. Women want an equal wage and, I dunno, bigenderal pregnancy, but demonstrating or talking about it would use up too much paid sick leave at work. We've entered the Age of Small Fact. They don't ask people to give an ontological proof for God in Trivial Pursuit. Your liberal-arts education is as attractive as human-hair soup today. Just lean in, say, "Flex over to my apartment, little piece of *Schnecken*." Then whisper, "I know how we can make it *deductible*."

You are her cost accountant, broker, handy man, pharmacist, shrink. In mid snow (concluded on page 156)

GETTING SPIFFY

By PETE DEXTER

I HAVE been thinking a lot about getting dressed lately, I don't know why. It used to come naturally. I guess it could've been the advertisement I saw in *The New York Times*, where a man in a tweed coat and a tie was standing in a cow pasture to express an unhurried view of fashion, or it could've been a letter I received recently from Miss Gail Everley of the College of Saint Mary in Omaha, Nebraska, objecting to a newspaper column I had written about having once gone barefoot to the Queen of Hearts Ball.

Miss Everley says she can understand my behavior, coming as I do from South Dakota; but as Christian as the lady from Saint Mary's tries to be, I somehow sense in the end that I have not been completely forgiven. "We still have the Queen of Hearts Ball every year," she writes, "but I don't believe I have ever seen (another) barefoot escort in the queen's court."

The things that come back to haunt you, right?

Miss Everley's letter illustrates two things, I think. First, that I am not the guy who shows up wearing brown shoes with a tuxedo; second, that nothing you do in your time on this planet judges you as surely or sticks with you as long as how you dress for the Queen of Hearts Ball.

And it is a fact of life that there is always another Queen of Hearts Ball out there waiting for you. Right up to your funeral, there is going to be somebody thinking of reasons you have to get gussied up, and half the time, it doesn't even have anything to (continued on page 156)

STEPPING OUT

By P. J. O'ROURKE

IF YOU SEE a woman you like, you cannot go up to her, show her your body and your VISA-card credit limit and say, "How about me forever?" You have to take her on a date. The same is true if you're already dating a woman. Women cannot be left in the case, like fine shotguns. There are no parking garages for girlfriends. You have to date them some more.

But where to go? In the Sixties and Seventies, everybody was always going somewhere—going "where it's at," going "where the action is." Everywhere got used up. There's a shortage of wheres in the Eighties.

Discothèques are empty. The only fans left at rock concerts can't leave, because they're dead from overdoses. Movies are for 16-year-olds and bloody-minded ones, at that. Your date may scream and jump into your lap. But you may scream, too, and jump into hers. This will muss her skirt and maybe break her knees. People do still go to restaurants, but they go there to eat, not to make the scene. Anyway, bribing a woman with food has always seemed a little too much like dog training for me.

No, the modern dater must plan clever, unconventional activities. To start, have your objectives clearly in mind. What do you want from your date—sex, love or a boost to the ego?

If it's sex, take her to a church wedding. After a beautiful religious service, with all its pious symbolism and cleansing ceremony, no woman can resist a wild roll in the hay—especially if the bridesmaids looked cute and the (concluded on page 157)

THE PUT-AWAY

By DAN GREENBURG

YOU HAVE MET a horrifyingly attractive woman and have somehow managed to charm her into accepting your invitation to dinner at an intimate French restaurant, where you have at least a nodding acquaintance with the menu, the wine list and the maître d'hôtel.

It is time to leave the restaurant. It is time to Make Your Move. Depending on the precise combination of words and gestures you put together in the next few minutes, you will end the evening either (1) lying naked next to this fragrant and impossibly beautiful young woman or (2) lying naked, fantasizing about Miss December, by yourself. What happens is totally up to you. The following pointers will enable you to achieve number one in lieu of number two. First of all:

How to tell if she is ready. You will, of course, have to judge the subtleties and the nuances of each situation; however, generally speaking, she is going to be amenable to a discreet invitation to bed:

A. If during dinner she has made at least three remarks of a decidedly suggestive nature;

B. If at some point in the evening you happened to sneak a glance in her open purse and saw a diaphragm case;

C. If, upon entering your apartment, she goes to your hall closet and hangs up her coat, her skirt, her blouse, her slip, her stockings, her bra and her panties.

Conversely, the young lady will *not* be amenable to an overt sexual invitation:

A. If she is double parked;

B. If she is clutching a canister of Mace;

C. If (concluded on page 157)

THE YEAR IN SEX

in a time in which prudery seems to be gaining on us, we still believe in letting the fig leaves fall where they may

ERICA JONG may have long ago conquered her fear of flying, but in 1984, those perennial spoilsports, the pruders, seemed to be suffering more severely than ever from their own special phobia: fear of fun. Imagine: Somebody, sometime, might have had a photo taken *au naturel*. Somebody else might have showed a bunch of teenaged girls a tape of male go-go dancers wearing (gasp!) bikini trunks. (OK, the teacher in this case did win her job back, but a hearing officer ruled the tape "inappropriate for classroom viewing.") Somebody else might have (horrors!) Done It and Got Caught, with the evidence showing up nine months later. Well, say these modern Mr. and Mrs. Grundys, "Punish them! Make them pay!" At the rate they're going, we may yet see the return of that antique treatment for transgressors, stoning. Repression, after all, starts with little things, such as trying to keep contraceptives out of teenagers' hands and PLAYBOY off the shelves of your local 7-Eleven. It seldom stops there. To all of these self-appointed censors, we say a resounding "Phooey!" *Time* magazine may have tried to bury the sexual revolution in 1984, but the next report we read, in *Parade* magazine, revealed that the first study of American sexual behavior ever conducted with a national probability sample had found that revolution to be thriving. Concluded *Parade's* editors: "Traditional ideas of what constitutes normal and abnormal sexual behavior are no longer universally accepted." Nearly half the survey's respondents were into sexual experimentation—a lot of it. Interestingly, a similar percentage of *that* group considered itself religiously "very devout." This may come as a surprise to the Reverends Jerry Falwell and Donald Wildmon, a pair of uptight clergymen who obviously don't agree with poet William Blake that "the nakedness of woman is the work of God." Actually, their contention that they represent mainstream America reminds us of the work of Hans Christian Andersen. Like the little kid in Andersen's tale, we're not afraid to say to these would-be arbiters of American mores, whose claims have no more substance than did the imaginary fabric in which the fairy-tale monarch wrapped himself, "The emperor has no clothes!"



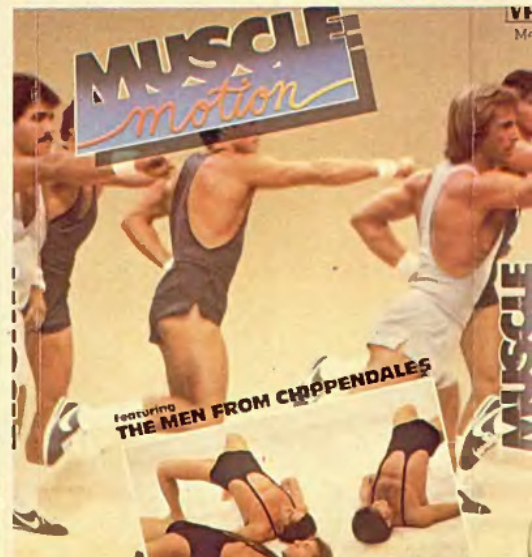
THE MISSING AMERICANS: Vanessa Williams (left), last year's Miss America, had to give up her title when embarrassing photos were published in *Penthouse*. Kellogg recalled her special Corn Flakes box, too. Bob Guccione also torpedoed the Miss America hopes of Rhoda Swanson (below right), Miss San Diego, by publishing nude shots of her as "Nina Lee."



YES, YES, LINNETTE: And then there was the case of Linnette Postel (below), who withdrew from a preliminary event in the Miss Iowa beauty pageant during the Vanessa Williams/Miss America hullabaloo because a nude photo of her was scheduled to appear in *PLAYBOY's* *Girls of the Big Ten* pictorial (September 1984). We think Linnette, a University of Iowa junior, would be an asset to any beauty contest, but, unfortunately, we didn't get a vote.



HUNK VIDEO VETOED: When Bartonville, Illinois, high school teacher Alice Zook (below) showed her girls' P.E. class *Muscle Motion*, the Chippendales aerobics video tape at right, the local school board fired her. Guess there's no physical in Bartonville's education.



THE NAKED TRUTH IN ADVERTISING



SAY AMEN, SOMEBODY: Christian charity took a beating from churchmen

in '84. The Reverend Dennis Wood of Madison, Wisconsin, refused to officiate at Michelle Mislivecek's wedding after she was in our *Girls of the Big Ten* (above). Michelle went on *Donahue* (inset) with Marian Guinn, who won an invasion-of-privacy suit against church elders who denounced her affair.



SINGULAR MOTHERS: British stewardess Susan Mackie and son (left) fled Qatar, where it's illegal for a single woman to give birth. Loretta Wort (below), ejected from the National Honor Society when she was pregnant with baby Lacey Ann, sued and was later reinstated.



OEDIPUS WRECKS: Mary Ann Bass, 43, and her son Danny, 26 (below), have been indicted on incest charges. They wed in 1978, but when she refused him a divorce, he squealed. She's up for bigamy, too.



JUST CALL HER MADAM: Sydney Biddle Barrows (above) was accused of running a Manhattan callgirl ring servicing the rich and famous. Reporters hope to find Johns of this Mayflower descendant who'll speak for themselves.



JOCKS ON JILLS: Bye-bye, satin and lace and frilly stuff; hello, man-style undies for women (above). Calvin Klein started the new fad; Jockey wasn't far behind in the competition. Where's the beef?

SOFTENED CORE: Remember the subliminal message on the apple-juice label revealed by artist René Moncada last year (*PLAYBOY*, February)? The Mott's people have gone and executed a cover-up (right) that's a pip.

CANNON BALL: Double-entendre reigns in Cannon sheet and towel ads featuring (clockwise from right) Larry (J.R.) Hagman, Brooke Shields and sultry Joan Collins.



THE LUSTY ARTS

HERE'S A MAN WHO ENJOYS HIS WORK: An estimated 50,000 persons turned up to view sights like the one below at the second Festival de l'Erotisme, held, *naturellement*, in Paris. It's ticklish but better than tangling with another exhibit, a phallic cactus garden.



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS: The young lady at right creates performance art at Area, New York's hottest disco, in its series of events devoted to various obsessions. Tonight's theme? Sex.



ERECTOR SET: He's just checking to see if she caught a chill. Mermaids at New Orleans' World's Fair (above), unlike Daryl (Splash) Hannah, made a clean breast of things.



DISORDER IN THE COURTS



HOLE CARDS: Biggest-ever FBI sting of Mob-linked prostitution had G men running a credit-card firm. Agents raided 12 Chicago-area sex clubs where \$30,000,000 went on the Feds' phony plastic.



TAKE THIS CANDELABRUM AND SHOVE IT: Above, Liberace and ex-bodyguard Scott Thorson in happier days. Scotty's palimony suit against Lee was dismissed on the ground that contracts for sex are illegal.

FREE SAMPLES! Candy "Roomful O' Bazooms" Samples (left) was among the unlucky 13 arrested in a, er, bust of Show World during a cleanup of Times Square.



SALES FIGURES



SAUNIC BOOM: Among other tips in her new book (above), Britt Ekland says, "I wouldn't recommend a sauna before lovemaking." Girls may buy the book for advice; guys get off on the pix.

SHEEP DIP: Love Ewe, "the original inflatable party sheep" (right), comes to us from an Ohio outfit calling itself The Acme Gorilla Suit Co. This sounds like a job for Wile E. Coyote.



A CHATTER BOX: For your more intimate conversations, the Erotica telephone (left) is the first one we have seen with a mouthpiece on the mons Veneris.

SKIN GAMESTERS

RUMP ROAST: The magic moment (below) from Delilah Films' Bun-Off contest in Venice, California, will be featured in *Rear View*, a home video that should help MGM-UA's bottom line.



A SHOT IN THE PARK: The lady shot-putter in the Nude Olympics at Dick Drost's Naked City in Indiana (left) is a darn sight better-looking than the sweaty hulks we remember from the high school track-and-field team. What's our old friend Professor Irwin Corey doing in this arena? We know judging is a tough job, but someone's gotta do it.



FRENCH FRY: A sizzling heat wave in Paris last summer sent *tout le monde* into the pool (left). *Mais zut!* No suit!

THEY'VE REALLY GOT PULL: You can buy postcards of this unfettered tug of war at Black's Beach from The Naturist Society, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



WINNING SUITS



LET THE SUN SHINE IN: As you can see, the Water Soluble Bikini Bathing Suit (above) really is. Be sure the girl to whom you give it has a sense of humor. Below, models frolic in actress Ann Turkel's The Unsuit, which is supposed to permit you to get an all-over tan while being modest.



SCIENCE MARCHES ON



THE HARD PART WAS FINDING THOSE TINY BEDS: Yale chemists have synthesized a pheromone produced by virgin female cockroaches that can drive males, in the throes of sexual frenzy, right into baited traps.

WHAT, NO CUKES? British researchers report bananas are good for your sex life. They help make hormones. Spinach scores, too. Ask Olive.



TAKE-OFFS



OH, SAY, CANNES YOU SEE? What would the French Riviera be like during the annual film festival at Cannes if it weren't for starlets (above) giving their all for art—and attention?

THIS IS FOR JERRY'S KIDS: To tell the truth, we don't know which worthy cause Marvellous Marlena is supporting below, but she does donate a portion of her exotic-dancing income to a charitable organization in every town she plays. Among her favorites: shelters for the homeless and church soup kitchens.



FULL DISCLOSURE: The debates might have had higher ratings if they'd included some other Presidential candidates. We have in mind Merrily Nunes (left).

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KEL-LIE? The Stripper for Christ, Kellie Everts, has a new ministry: Tom Selleck. After saying the Rosary for him daily, she did get to meet him (inset).



POLITICS' STRANGE BEDFELLOWS



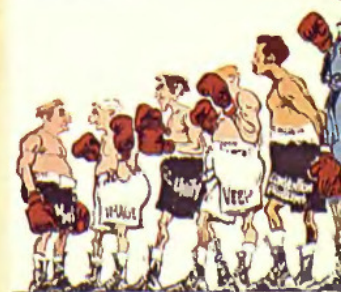
STARS & BARS: Larry Flynt's bizarre pursuit of the Presidency, during which he wore a U.S. flag as a diaper, stalled when he was jailed for contempt. Above, Manhattan theater group Pink sends Flynt up.



expose yourself to art

ROTSA RUCK ON YOUR COMING ERECTION: Nobody admits to putting the whang on the Veep, but this ran in *U.S. News & World Report*.

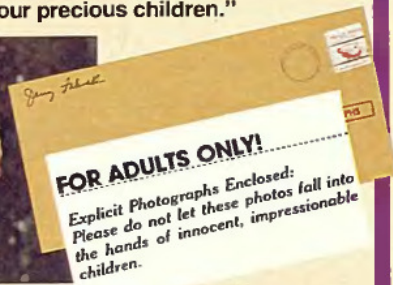
For Mondale, the Tough Part Is Still Ahead



home of a wealthy friend, invest- of overpromising and bear

HOLY TERRORS

THE LAVENDER LETTER: The Reverend Jerry Falwell's latest pitch for funds, with photographs (below), screeches that "militant homosexuals . . . have their eyes on our schools . . . our churches . . . our government . . . and our precious children."



THE DEVIL MADE HIM DO IT? Texas pastor Ricky Pfeil (left) attacked *E.T.*: Only God and Satan are supernatural.



WHERE'S POPPA? Rita Milla (right) claims one of seven priests fathered her baby. She's suing L.A.'s archdiocese.

SAINTED MAMMARIES: His Holiness John Paul II may be the most traveled Pope in history, but it's a good bet he'd never seen anything like the welcoming committee that greeted him in Papua New Guinea (below). The pontiff's spontaneous reaction: a smile.



FIRST GOD, NOW SEX?

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION IS OVER.



WHAT NEXT? Back in April 1966, *Time's* cover-story writers essayed killing off God. In April 1984, the intended victim was sex. NBC bought that one (left), but within two weeks, *Time* itself was backpedaling by blaming an apparent (and alarming) increase in child abuse in part on the current "age of sexual freedom."



SPORTS VISIONS



STATUE, DEAR? No fig leaves wanted at the XXIII Olympiad, which featured anatomically correct seven-foot bronze torsos (left). Water-polo team member Terry Schroeder, who posed for the male figure, immediately became a celebrity poster hunk.

SUMO LIKE IT HOT: Tokyo's Garden Pub Asahi this year found it could sell more beer at higher prices with the added attraction of female sumo wrestlers (right). Winner gets customers' tips.



ON THE RIGHT TACK: Marking the start of the charter-boat season in the U.S. Virgin Islands is the annual Piña Colada Regatta (left), in which anything goes, starting with crew clothing.

TUBULAR



FIRST, PUSH "PLAY": Explicit demonstrations and comments by sex therapists are featured in Vestron Video's new educational cassette *A Guide to Making Love* (below).



AVA GALORE: If you don't get The Playboy Channel, one of the things you miss is Ava Cadell (above), hostess of the *Pillow Previews* adult-film show.



TAPED TITS: Ann Marie, an exotic dancer from Streamwood, Illinois (left), has a new marketing gimmick. She'll personalize her topless video for a fee—and purchase of her *For Your Breasts Only* cassette.

MONKEY BUSINESS

THE CENSORED CHIMP: The postcard below, advertising *Sheena*, was pulled when a mogul thought the ape looked too excited by Tanya Roberts.



ERICA KONG: For ten years, Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo called this orangutan Eric. Since baby came, she's Erica.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

KOOSOME TWO-SOME: Koo Stark, Prince Andrew's ex-flame, wed trading-stamp heir Tim Jeffries (below). His mum sniffed: "Who would want shop-soiled goods?"



PARKINSON'S SINDROME: Scandal ensued when M.P. Cecil Parkinson's ex-secretary, Sara Keays, bore his baby (above).

BARE RABETT: Koo's successor in Andy's life, Katie Rabett, stumbled when her photos showed up in the press (below). For Andy, no nudes is good nudes.



OFF WITH THE SHOW



NOTHING LIKE A GOOD PUCK: In Paris, Lindsay Kemp—who directed David Bowie on the stage in *Ziggy Stardust*—put on a production of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* (above) that was short on both costume and dialog, long on dance, song and acrobatics in "a sensual celebration of magic, nature, Eros and drama."

TWO THE HARD WAY: Two of veteran film maker Russ Meyer's most famous discoveries, Kitten Natividad and Edy Williams (the latter a former Mrs. M.), crossed the line from soft- to hard-core films in 1984. Kitten appears in *Bodacious Ta-Tas* (below), e sexier *Bachelor Party*, and Edy is showcased in *Lady Lust* (right).



GREAT X-PECTATIONS: So what was new in the adult-film world last year? *Reel People* (left) couples amateur volunteers, recruited through classified "Personals" ads, with experienced porn stars. *Ménage à Trois in 3-D* (below), which is just what its title suggests, has patrons donning those funny little glasses again. *Every Woman Has a Fantasy* (right), produced and directed by a wife-husband team, introduces the veteran John Leslie to the secret world of female dreams in a departure from standard male-oriented fare.



DISTANT REPLAY (continued from page 82)

"I turned and grabbed Ray around the throat and said I was ready to tear his head off."

he owns and his position on the board of directors of Fireman's Fund and Consolidated Foods as well as MGM, I'm proud—proud because he's my friend, proud because he's a football player who has demonstrated that he has the mental capacity to compete and win in the business world. And I'm proud that I know a guy who came out of Grambling College with a degree in physical education and, realizing it had left him ill prepared for the world, had the dedication and discipline, while he was playing so brilliantly in the National Football League, to spend six years going to the University of Chicago to earn an M.B.A.

Willie was my roommate my final season. I think we were maybe the second set of black-and-white roommates in the N.F.L., after Gale Sayers and Brian Piccolo, and we went through a lot together. We worried about each other then, and we still do. I worry about Willie's weight. Someone tricked him into getting on a scale during the reunion, and he was up over 280. I tell him that extra weight puts extra strain on the heart, but he just laughs at my worrying, and I love to hear Willie laugh. He's a very important person now, very influential in business and politics, but he hasn't changed any. He's still Dr. Feelgood, still remembers his roots and his friends.

I see Fuzzy occasionally, Fuzzy Thurston, my old running mate at guard, who used to tell people, "There are two reasons the Green Bay Packers win: Jerry Kramer is one of them and you're looking at the other." Fuzzy has had his ups and downs since we stopped playing ball. The restaurant business he was in with Max McGee, another ex-Packer, expanded rapidly during the early Sixties and early Seventies. In 1974, they did more than \$14,000,000 worth of business at 11 restaurants. But the recession in the mid-Seventies hit them hard, and the partnership fell apart. Fuzz ended up with three restaurants, Max with one. Max took his and, with some strong financial backing, turned it into a franchise operation, a chain of Mexican restaurants called ChiChi's that made him a millionaire many times over. Fuzz's restaurants kept sliding and, eventually, he went into bankruptcy. He's got another restaurant now, Shenanigans, in Green Bay, and he and his wife, Sue, are working hard to make it go.

Of course, Fuzzy's had to battle something harder than bankruptcy. A couple of years ago, he underwent surgery for cancer, had his larynx removed. Right after

the operation, I called to see how he was doing, and he couldn't talk at all, but he handed Sue a note that said, "Tell Jerry I'm doing fantastic." Then Fuzzy held up his hand to tell Sue to wait a minute, he was going to write another note. "And that's bullshit," he wrote.

I played golf with him a few months later, and he held his finger against his throat, so his words would be audible. "You've got to give me three strokes a side—for cancer," he said. He wanted strokes, but he's a tough man and he didn't want sympathy. So many teams had let him go before he ended up in Green Bay, before he proved he could play. He stretched himself to the limits of his ability, the way so many of us did for Lombardi. Fuzzy won't let up against the cancer, either. There's no way he'll quit on himself. He was the main force behind the reunion in October, and when we were introduced at the game, he sprinted onto the field. He looked like he was ready to play, ready to pull out and lead the blocking again.

Ray Nitschke looked like he was ready to play, too. Ray and I have always had a strange relationship. I started it on a sour note in camp at the College All-Star Game in 1958 when, half joking, I made some smartass remark about his brain power, something about a mental giant. Ray didn't think it was funny, and it wasn't. He came out of his chair and challenged me in a loud, menacing voice. I was wrong and I backed down, but Ray never forgot. He always looked at me like I was a dog that had bitten him once.

We had a few other confrontations in our early years at Green Bay. The last one I remember well. We were out partying, drinking more than we should have, and Ray said some things he shouldn't have said. One thing led to another, and he finally asked if I wanted to step outside. I said, "Hell, yes," and started for the door. I looked over my shoulder and Ray was right behind me. I said to myself, *Oh, self, you are in trouble!* I figured we were about to get serious and I had better get my bluff in first.

I turned and grabbed Ray around the throat and said I was ready to tear his head off. I backed him up against a brick wall and said I was crazy enough to fight or drink, whichever way he wanted it. He looked at me and said, "No, man, you're my teammate. I don't want to fight you," and back inside we went.

It was a truce, but an uneasy one. We were never that close to it again, but every

time I blocked him in practice for the next few years, I knew that he'd be waiting for me—Ray and that damned forearm of his. He had one hell of a forearm, and he was the best linebacker I ever saw in the middle. Butkus was up there, and so was Joe Schmidt, but I think Ray was the best.

A couple of years back, we had a chance to spend some time together in Reno at an N.F.L. alumni convention. Ray and I played golf together two or three days in a row, and I guess it was the most relaxed we'd ever been with each other, a really good feeling. As we were saying our goodbyes, he said, "Thanks. Thanks for everything."

I said, "What are you talking about?"

He looked at me and said, "You know what I'm talking about."

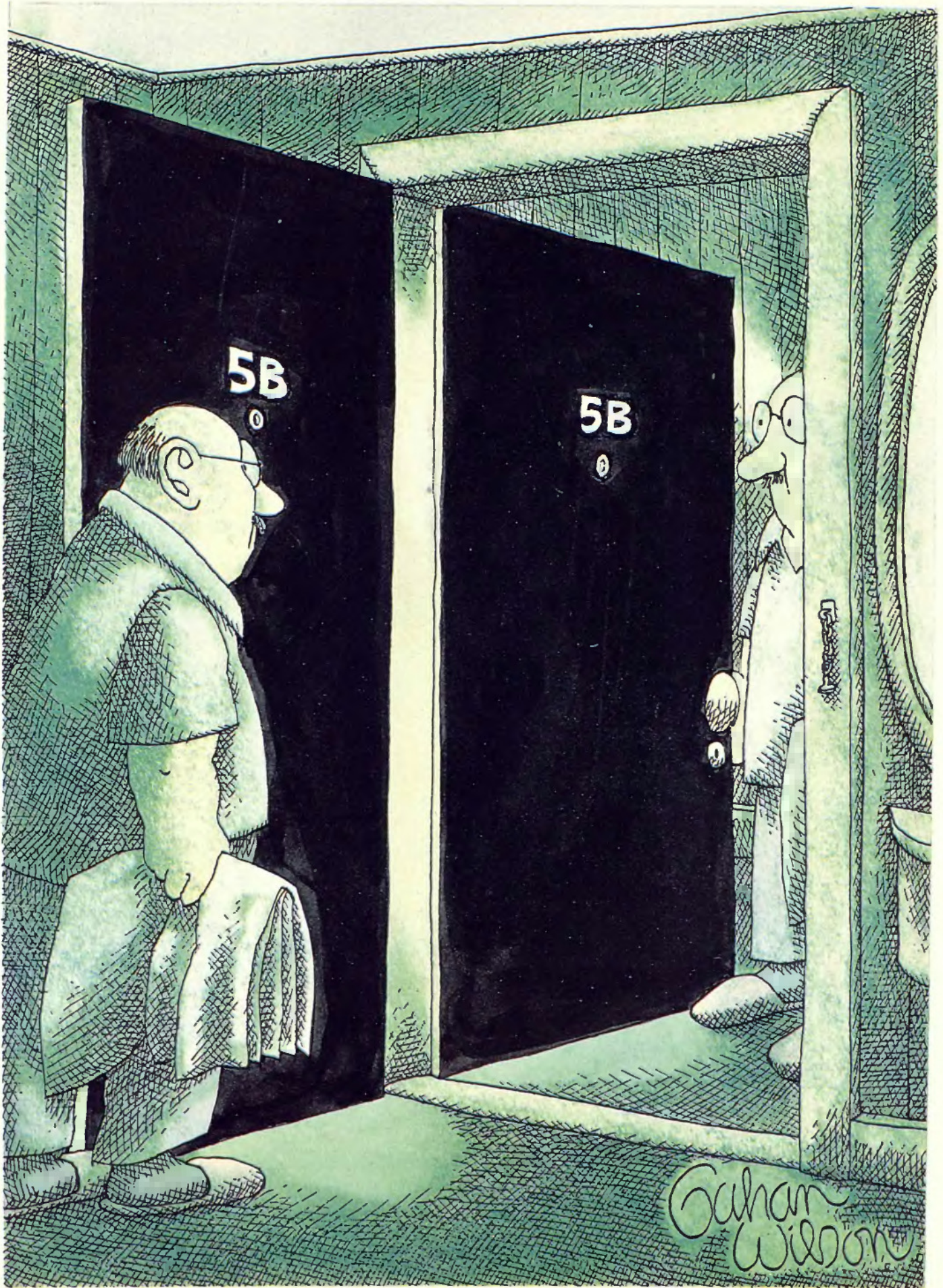
Sad to say, there are two guys from the team whom I won't be seeing.

Henry Jordan lived across the street from me on Careful Drive in Green Bay. His wife, Olive, and my first wife, Barbara, were close friends, and so were our children. We did family things together. Henry was a good old boy, a great family man, a great defensive tackle. After his football career ended, he became the director of the Summerfest, a fair they hold each year in Milwaukee. It was an important job and Henry was doing it well, and then one day seven years ago, jogging in a health club after playing racquetball, Henry just fell over and died from a heart attack. He was 42 years old.

Then there's Urban Henry. You probably don't remember Urban. He was with us for only a year in the early Sixties, and he wasn't a great football player, but he made a great impression on me. He came to us from the Los Angeles Rams with a reputation as a head-hunter. He was the kamikaze man on the kickoff team, a crazy man, completely without fear.

The first time Urban practiced with the Packers, or one of the first times, Lombardi put us up against each other, one on one, me and him. Urban was about 6'5", maybe 275 pounds—two inches taller and 15 pounds heavier than me. He came roaring into this blocking drill. I mean, he just brought his hat and his lunch and everything with him, and I met him and met him and met him, some god-awful collisions. Neither one of us was going to back up, and he wasn't a fancy footwork man, just powerful. Later, I saw him do semisquats with so much weight on his shoulders that the bar would droop at the ends. I don't know how much he was lifting, but it must have been 500 or 600 pounds. He was a hulk, and it was all-out war between us that day. We went bang, bang, seemed like all day long. One of the sportswriters watched and did an article afterward that said the earth shook and the trees wiggled—that kind of stuff. And there *were* some hellacious collisions.

(continued on page 152)





20 QUESTIONS: BRIAN DE PALMA

the unrepentant director of "dressed to kill" and "scarface" on voyeurism, female masturbation and the electric drill

For 16 years, director Brian De Palma has paddled a very successful life raft in the midst of Hollywood's mainstream. His subjects have included menstruation and telekinetic wrath ("Carrie"), assassination, conspiracy and paranoia ("Blow Out"), a razor-flashing drag-queen shrink ("Dressed to Kill") and a demonic Cuban cocaine lord who has a mild case of fantasy incest ("Scarface"). His newest film, "Body Double," is a murder mystery involving a woman who works in porn films and a man who is compelled to watch her through a telescope while she masturbates. We sent Jim Jerome to De Palma's New York office. Jerome reports: "For all the frenzy, titillation and terror in his movies, De Palma is strikingly, almost meditatively serene. He makes tight but peaceful eye contact, barely fidgets, and his conversation is gracefully streamlined and precise. There is nothing wasteful or tentative about the man. Nor is he explosively chummy. In our initial meeting, he dispensed with introduction and handshake. 'In here,' he nodded toward an inner room. And so we began."

1.

PLAYBOY: No De Palma movie, from *Hi, Mom!*, in 1970, to the present, would seem complete without a telescope. Are you into peeping, or would you care to advance some cinematic reason for that fact?

DE PALMA: The most exciting, sensuous part of the grammar of film is the point-of-view shot—when the audience sees exactly what the character sees, unfiltered, uninterpreted. This is unique to film making. The moviemaking experience is that of being the watcher, and a P.O.V. shot through a scope turns the audience into the ultimate voyeur. Yeah, obviously, it has a negative connotation, but it's exciting, too. It's also part of the surrealism of movies, of dream imagery, of your unconscious desires.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you like to watch?

DE PALMA: Anybody finds it arousing to watch others engaging in sex. Why are there love scenes in movies and pornography? It's part of our culture. It wouldn't be the truth if someone said he wasn't aroused. The whole point of porno flicks is to arouse. I like the way women look and enjoy photographing them. Any healthy man has an interest in attractive women,

and working with them as a director is certainly a lot more interesting than working with animals or furniture or on a prison picture.

3.

PLAYBOY: What research in pornography did you do for *Body Double*?

DE PALMA: I wanted to find out who these people are who make fuck films, to bring some veracity to my movie. I spent a lot of time with Annette Haven, one of the models for the Holly Body character. She's been making porno films for ten years. It was my first experience in that subculture. It's totally isolated from normal film making. In fact, Annette was astonished that a normal actress had to study lines and read for a part. It was the most ludicrous idea she had ever heard of.

The film making isn't that much different, except they're just shooting people fucking. It's like surgery, very mechanical and unsexual. Most of these people have worked together over and over, like an ensemble. It's an astonishing way to make a living—and it's big business and becoming very middle class through cassette sales. But many people in porn are more bourgeois than decadent, with boyfriends, husbands; they go to work. Bottom line, they're actors creating an illusion, like someone who plays a drunk or an addict.

4.

PLAYBOY: Somehow, kissing a girlfriend goodbye after breakfast before she goes off to do ten come shots seems different, don't you think?

DE PALMA: I'd find that a little difficult myself. After getting to know these people and their motives, I lost my objectivity—like when a mass murderer says he was molested as a child. That creates a sympathetic point of view that blunts your initial impression, even if it's awful. He's still a killer. I stepped back and said, "How can anyone really justify his existence in this world?" In the end, it left me with a sense of sadness.

5.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you do a slick, elegant De Palma fuck film, X-rated and all?

DE PALMA: The X rating doesn't interest me. I don't think you can morally justify—publicly, anyhow—saying it's all right to be aroused. Our culture doesn't accept it. No politician can platform for voyeurism.

In researching the cocaine industry for *Scarface* and porn film making for *Body Double*, I was amazed at how huge these businesses are. I mean, you ask, "Is anybody doing anything about this?" It's a serious problem, and people just step aside. There's too much money involved.

6.

PLAYBOY: What did making *Scarface* teach you?

DE PALMA: Everyone focused on the violence of *Scarface* and missed the point—which was the American dream gone awry. Violence is endemic to anyone who cuts corners and rides fast in the cocaine world. How is this multibillion-dollar industry allowed to go on in our society? But then you're addressing the tenets of capitalism, and who wants to be a pinko and come down on capitalist enterprise? Profit is its own justification in our society, and that's why I have a rather dark vision about it.

7.

PLAYBOY: An oil-company board chairman can admit he's in it for the money, so why do "artists" in Hollywood rarely say what a gas it is to get, say, \$3,000,000 for a couple of months' work?

DE PALMA: I have no problem saying I make movies in order to make money. Even before *Carrie*, I knew I was in *showbiz*. Whether it's art or not, it's part of the world I live in. We're dealing with huge amounts of money and we have to justify the way we spend it, which means getting enough people who want to see what I've done. I get very angry with the media. They say they're dealing with information, so they don't have to take responsibility for, or justify, anything they put out. They get away with anything. I, on the other hand, take full responsibility. I have a certain vision that I put forth, and I've been very fortunate, thank you. I am going now to do exactly what I want, because I've done films that pay for themselves. And I don't make any apologies for that.

8.

PLAYBOY: What did we miss when *Scarface* and *Dressed to Kill* were cut to get an R?

DE PALMA: In *Dressed*, a little more nudity, more blood from the murders, more slash, some language. In *Scarface*, I didn't take anything out, except for the arm that was chain-sawed off. (continued on page 158)

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

introducing wicked willie in the title role

cartoons by GRAY JOLLIFFE

text by PETER MAYLE



FOREWORD

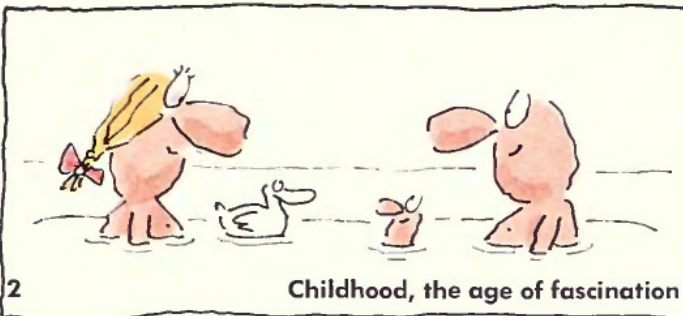
There are almost as many names for a man's most intimate possession as there are for man himself. Depending on the self-confidence of the owner and the degree of esteem that exists between the two parties, these names may range from the optimistic (Big Steve, Oliver Twist) to the pessimistic (General Custer, Sleeping Beauty); from the formal (He Who Must Be Obeyed) to the familiar (Old Faithless); from Tom, Dick or Harry to Jean-Claude, Giorgio or Fritz.

The hero (or villain, if you prefer) of these pages is named Willie. You may recognize him. A mainly nocturnal creature, he reluctantly spends the daylight hours beneath layers of clothing. So far, he has resisted all attempts at domestication. He is not to be trusted in bars, on subways or buses, in elevators, on dance floors or in the cosmetics department of Bloomingdale's.



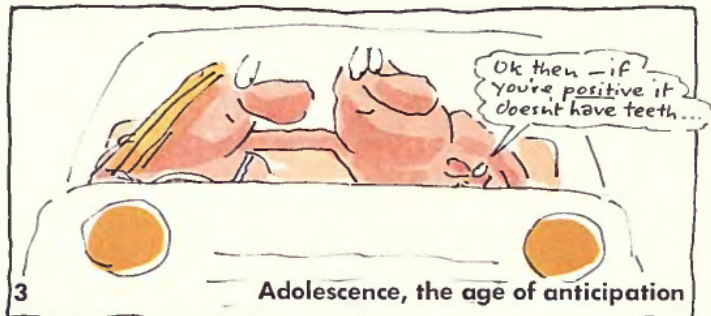
The Seven Ages of Man

Now that we know how all the trouble started, it comes as no surprise to find that man's entire life span is dominated, from a very early age, by what an eminent anthropologist calls *Dementia Guilielmi*, or the Willie Obsession. While precise timings will vary (particularly in California), most experts agree that the following stages of development can be readily identified.



The moment of revelation takes place very early. After several months of being entirely satisfied with his teddy bear, our baby looks down and—eureka!—realizes that he has been born with a permanent toy.

What some see as talking dirty is, in fact, the first sign of a shoring personality. Why keep this to yourself? At the same time, a boy can learn the rudiments of negotiation: "I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours."



From older boys come strange and wonderful reports that this is not a purely functional object. All is not yet clear, but you know that something happens in the back seats of cars that is more fun than football.

Your eye is firmly fixed on the vice-president's job. Your friend is more interested in the vice-president's secretary. Surveys list office politics as the main cause of executive failure. The real problem is the office party.



After years of service, your next step is chairman of the board. Alos, the beast below leads you into a liaison with an exotic dancer at a soles conference and you are exiled to Central Filing in North Dakota.

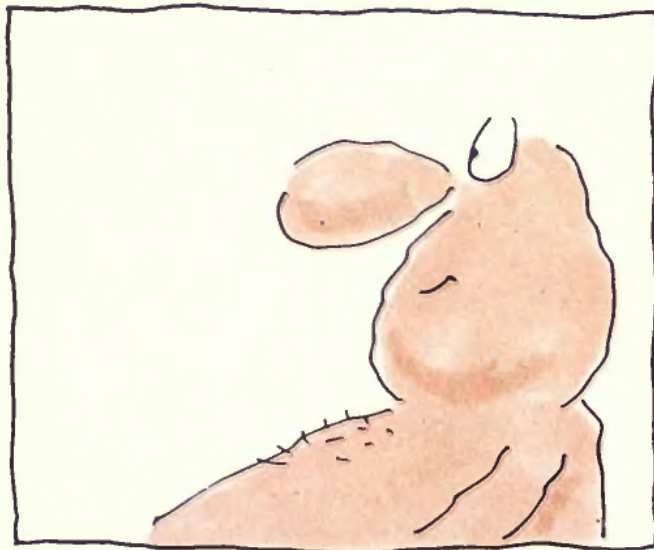
Your eyes dim, and most of your other faculties lose their edge. But with a selfish disregard for your heart, the urge remains. You resolve to never remove your pants unless you are in the presence of a registered nurse.



Memory has now faded, along with practically everything else, but occasional glimmers of recollection still occur. Stronger to say, these are invariably pleasant—it's comforting to find some part of you still intact.

Attacks below the belt, or you can't keep a bad man down

True to his contrary nature, Willie is at his most demanding when you already have plenty on your mind. During those golden years between young manhood and old age, you are at the height of your intellectual powers and in the midst of a brilliant career. You could run for President, take over Exxon, discover a cure for television, open a good, cheap French restaurant—anything is possible. Or it would be, if only your eye weren't taken off the ball and directed elsewhere by the self-centered little brute you take to work with you every day.



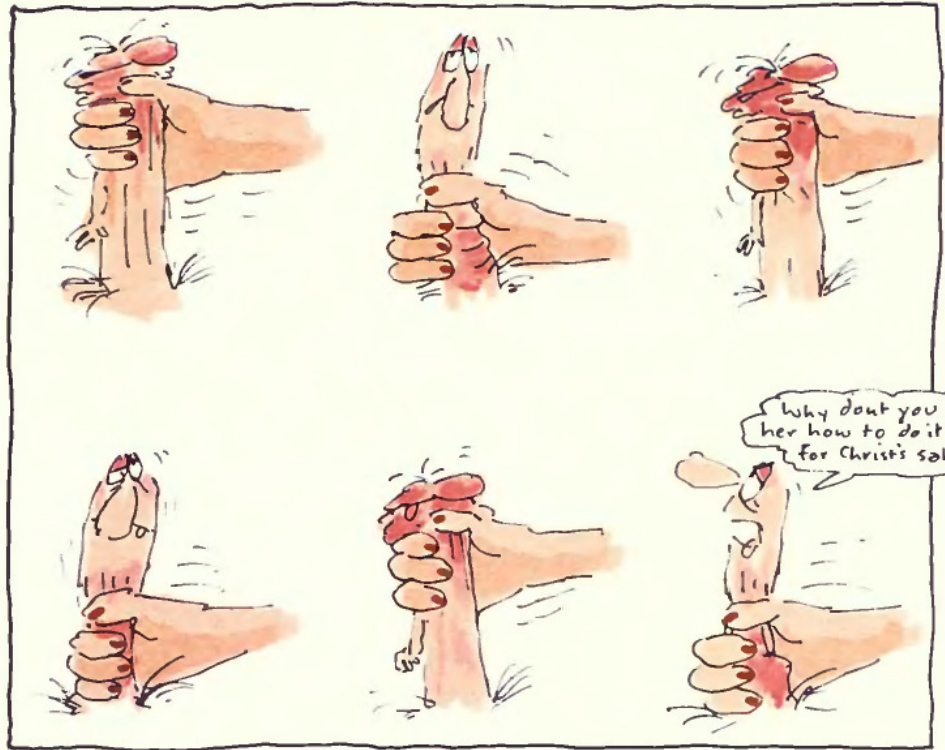
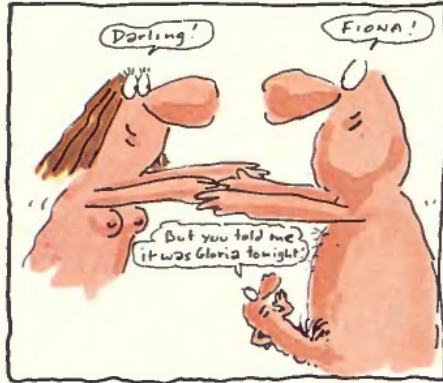
At the office

Sitting behind your desk, you prepare for the first meeting of the day. Your charts are arranged on the easel, your colleagues arrive, your mind is razor-sharp, and all would be well if it weren't for a very fine pair of legs from the sales-promotion department that are carelessly crossed in your direction. The moment arrives for you to rise and make your presentation but, of course, part of you has already risen. The only way to reach your charts without giving the game away is on all fours. Try as you might to explain this as primal therapy, it inevitably adds a shade to your already colorful reputation.



The social round

Invitations to parties should be accepted only if you have a social death wish. The conflict of interest is always the same: your innocent desire for relaxed conversation versus the addict's need for a fit of bad behavior. The result is usually domestic recrimination, embarrassed hostesses, vengeful husbands, tearful phone calls and banishment from the golf club.



Stage fright

Occasionally, you and your friend are united in the pursuit of a common dream—a soul mate. After a succession of candlelit dinners, strolls in the park, shared confidences and heavy florist's bills, the time of consummation comes. Whereupon our Willie, suffering from an unaccustomed bout of shyness, leaves you to make his apologies. The florist is happy to help you out.



[We are back in the Garden of Eden. ADAM is now an old man. He looks up as he hears a thunderclap.]

VOICE FROM ON HIGH: Well, was it worth it?

[ADAM strokes his beard and looks down.]

WILLIE: It was more fun than having 13 ribs, wasn't it?

[ADAM says nothing.]

WILLIE: We had some good times, didn't we?

[ADAM nods.]

WILLIE: Still pals?

ADAM: Still pals.



COCKSURETY

(continued from page 85)

"We hate show-offs, but we end up loving the cocksure. That is the power."

neighboring subterranean vaults of one of the largest banks in France. Once there, they spent the entire weekend looting. They escaped with as much as \$12,000,000 in gold ingots, cash and jewels. The French papers called it "LE FRIC-FRAC DU SIÈCLE," the heist of the century.

Spaggiari's planning was brilliant; the follow-through was a bit weak. Within months, the team was in jail. On March tenth of the following year, Spaggiari was transferred from prison to be questioned by the magistrate in Nice's Palace of Justice. In a second-floor office where he was giving his deposition, he paused in midsentence, ran to the window, opened it and jumped. He landed on the roof of a car, hopped onto the back of a waiting motorcycle and sped away, slowing only long enough to yell "Au revoir" and thumb his nose at the judge.

A few days later, Spaggiari mailed \$625 in cash to the man whose car roof had been dented in the escape. Later that year, still facing 20 years in jail if he were caught, Spaggiari wrote his autobiography, titled *Sewers to Paradise*. By 1982, the French police were insisting that he was dead—otherwise they would have caught him, *n'est-ce pas?* To put the rumors to rest, Spaggiari had his picture taken in Rio de Janeiro. He was smiling. And just so there would be no confusion, the photographs were mailed to the French newspapers. *Morceau de gâteau*. The man is a thief, a gangster, a terrorist and maybe even a murderer, and you've got to admire him. *This is cocksurety.*

We hate show-offs, but we end up loving the cocksure. That is the power. They're the ones who prove that, at least for a short time, reality and mortality are just states of mind. They may be arrogant, but they back it up. The cocksure believe that if there is a judgment day, the Lord will throw wide the gates of heaven before them. Although they may not have been meek enough to please some, they gave Him a good show, and, after all, what else is there?

As far as I'm concerned, in this world you've got to be good, because nothing else is worth the price of admission. So why not let on? If it turns out you're wrong, you can always leave early and beat the rush. Maybe this is "that confidence of success that often induces real success" that Freud talked about. Or

maybe it's just a way of raising the stakes in life so that you take a few more risks, try a little harder, get a little farther, have the courage to move on.

Take Bill Johnson, for example. At the 1984 winter Olympics, he was an unknown. Just days before the downhill ski event, he told the world, "This course was designed for me, and everyone else is here to fight for second place." Then the ex-car thief—he once "borrowed" a '56 Chevy for its engine—went out and blew the mountain away. Aced it. Afterward, when reporters asked him what the gold medal meant to him, he replied honestly: "Millions! We're talking *millions*."

Or consider Joe Namath. Diehard N.F.L. fans still won't forgive him for what he did in the 1969 Super Bowl. Before the game, he guaranteed that his 7-1 underdog Jets would win; he is said to have told his teammates that he'd reimburse them all if they lost money betting on themselves. Then, with millions of people waiting breathlessly for Bubba Smith to bury him six feet beneath the Jets' goal line, Namath played as though, in one writer's words, he had some "kind of moral ascendancy over all around him, some extensory dominance of friend and foe alike—that the Jets, as a result, could not possibly lose this one. . . ." They didn't.

And, of course, there's Ali. In his prime, he taunted boxing fans, dared them to deny his talent, and then finally got the whole world to admit that he was the Greatest. When he said, "It's hard to be humble when you are as great as I am," we had to agree, because his boxing was such a god-awful beautiful thing to watch and because he was the eternal underdog, playing his own game no matter how badly people wanted him to be white. He bragged with style and never let on whether or not he was taking himself seriously.

In the past 20 years, though, American cocksurety has been diluted, dissipated and, more than anything else, sold out and cashed in. And that's too bad, because this country was *born* out of flaming cocksurety. As you'll remember from your history books, we took on the whole sun-won't-dare-set-on-it-if-it-knows-what's-good-for-it British Empire, and we did it with a goddamned farmer, George Washington, leading the way. The British had Hessians and trained soldiers and cannons and this invincible navy, and we had rubes with homemade rifles. First we declared to

the world that we were independent, "Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown." Then we fought—and won.

But today, that natural, native cocksurety has been undermined by the readiness of Hollywood and Madison Avenue to dump large quantities of money onto anyone (except, as far as I can tell, writers) who shows talent and the slightest sign of cocksurety. The cocksure have never been motivated primarily by money, though it does sometimes enter their minds. Imagine Washington: "Gentlemen, if we beat the British, we'll make more money than Michael Jackson." We'd all be singing *God Save the Queen* before baseball games.

No, the cocksure are in it not for the money but for the thrill, the excitement, the risk, the challenge—and maybe for the glory. Of course, if someone is cocksure enough to make a name for himself, he's likely to be offered several billion dollars just to wear running shoes with slashes on the sides and several billion more simply to be seen drinking diet cola for seven seconds on a one-minute TV commercial. Such riches tend to confuse even the purest of cocksure competitors. Let's face it, *God* probably didn't get *this* kind of money for creating the universe. After several minutes of thought, the cocksure begin competing for the money first and the thrill second. And instead of cocksurety, we're suddenly confronted with 17-point marketing plans and personal managers from the Harvard Business School.

Look at Carl Lewis, maybe the fastest man in the history of the planet. "I must be *sooo* spectacular for people to say the things they do about me," he once said. Nice kid, but instead of being cocksure, he's the crown prince of hype. "I'm willing to wait for the so-called big bucks," he says. And he has a manager who instructs him to do such things as "emote openly" after victory to ensure his popularity. *Emote openly!*

So what happens? In the Olympics, Lewis wins his four gold medals but backs out of the one risky challenge he faces—to break the long-jump record. He doesn't even try, says he's feeling a little bit sore. Then the press compares him to Jesse Owens.

Even in business, you find that the cocksure have a passion for something other than profit margins. Because cocksurety inevitably clashes with corporate bureaucracy, today's cocksure business types tend to play in such wild, outlaw arenas as venture capitalism. That's where ideas that promise higher-than-average returns go eyeball to eyeball with higher-than-average risks, and the ultimate cocksure venture capitalist is a guy named Fred Adler. Adler won't consider any scheme that doesn't promise to bring him home ten times as much money as he is risking.

(continued on page 149)



yankee-doodle dandy two American folk tales, circa 1900

Ribald Classic

NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD

Now, once there was an actress named Millicent Kettle, as pretty as a picture, and she went with a traveling company to our Western states. The company arrived in Kansas City and set up for five nights at the opera house. On the third night, Millicent vanished.

Her sister Eleanor was also in the troupe, and she carried on something terrible about the disappearance. She flew into a rage at any suggestion that Millicent might have run off with a man, and she was sure that somebody had killed her and hidden her body.

The manager of the company suggested they try some communication with the other world to see if Millicent had, indeed, passed over yonder.

The entire troupe of actors went into a room with the gas turned down to a glow, and they sat in a circle and put their hands on a little table. Eleanor kept asking the spirits to come forward and tell them what had become of her dear sister; was she among them now?

At last, they felt the table move. "Is Millicent dead?" Eleanor asked. The table gave a loud rap, which meant no.

"Is she here in this hotel?" Eleanor

called out, and the table gave two loud raps, which meant yes.

"Is she with a man?" someone asked. The table jumped a foot in the air and gave two loud raps.

"And what is Millicent doing?" Eleanor almost screamed.

And, by golly, if that table didn't leap into the air and fall over onto its back with its legs sticking up, and the drawers flew open!

THE DECOY

Jed Coffin used to take cityfolk duck-hunting, and his son Orville always went along to do the chores. Now, Orville didn't like to kill ducks, so he stayed in camp while the others were hunting and whittled decoys, at which he soon got very artful.

On one of these parties, there was a real pretty, big-bubbied lady. One evening, she went over to the log where Orville was a-whittling and asked him what he was doing.

Orville began to tell her about his decoys. All the while, she was leaning over him with her shirt loose and giving him a good view of hills and dales. And, naturally, his pants began to rise.

The next morning, everybody but

Orville went out at dawn, and soon he could hear the guns from the lake.

In a little while, the pretty lady came walking along the path, and she went right up to Orville and said in a low voice, "I've got something I want you to carve and I'm going out behind the paper-birch grove to wait for you."

When Orville got there, she was lying on a blanket, naked. And there wasn't much he could do but drop his pants and give her a hearty screwing.

After that was over, the lady began to play with Orville's tallywag. "This is a clever little thing you've got here," she said, "but what became of that big one I saw rising up yesterday?"

"Oh, that," Orville said and reached over to his clothes and pulled out a club about 13 inches long. "That's my decoy, and I whittled it out of hickory. It fools some birds, too."

The lady began to laugh until the tears rolled down her cheeks, and before she was through, she'd pulled Orville down for another game of bump. When the camp broke up, she gave Orville five dollars for his decoy—just to remember him by, she said.

—Retold by Jem Buller



*a legion of lasses
from the lone star state*

FORGET Victoria Principal and the other girls of *Dallas*. Forget the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders. Forget Farrah, Cybill, Jaclyn. Forget Lynda Bird Johnson. They are only the best known of the Lone Star lovelies. A few years ago, we hired Texan David Mecey as a Staff Photographer. For months, he badgered *PLAYBOY* to send him back to his home state with film in his camera. Finally, we gave in. He traveled to Houston, Dallas and Austin and interviewed more than 700 women. With the help of one or two additional photographers, he brought back this collection of fantastic females. "Texas is a body-conscious state," he reports. "The weather's warm and these women spend a lot of time playing hard, keeping themselves fit." Texas, the eyes of the nation are upon you. Yee-hah!



Cliff Barnes is a *Dallas* character. Killeen's Susan Barnes (above) isn't but should be. With a telecommunications degree, she wants to write best sellers and produce movies. Rebecca Culmer (right) was born in Dallas but now lives in Houston. She is a revenue accountant who likes sailing, singing and hiking. Here she takes a dip in the I'm OK-You're OK Corral.



THE GIRLS OF TEXAS





Maybe it's something in the water—or the genetic pool. Crystal Louise Kahl (left) and Lesia Kahl (right) are sisters, the offspring of an Air Force master sergeant currently serving in Germany. The girls have lived in such exotic places as Japan and the Philippines but call Dallas home. Leia Lane (below left) came to the Houston area from Tulsa. She sponsors the Hulla-baloa Corvette Club, likes parties and camping in the woods. Robin Goodland (below right) was born in Beaumont. Her father sells oil-field pipe. She works out, plays racquetball, skis and rides. Houston's Shaun Sharmaine Stauffer (opposite below) tries to coax her trusty steed into action. She is an aspiring actress and model who is enthusiastic about roller skating, the beach, kittens, puppies and pistachia nuts. Her goal in life: to be in a rock video.







Shirley Johnson (far left) has a bachelor of fine arts degree from the University of Texas. She works in advertising in Houston but wants to be a magazine publisher. Deborah Ann Negus (left) doesn't like crowds or small places. Little wonder she's at home in Dallas. Donna Marie (below left), a former Bunny in the Dallas Playboy Club, is a flight attendant from Balch Springs, Texas, who lifts weights and collects Japanese art. Staci Gordon (below right) is a Dallas receptionist who likes fast cars, horses, polo, Lotin jazz, Italian food and high heels. Here's a thought: Do Texas girls wear spurs on their high heels? Julie McCullough (right) is working her way around the world. She was born in Honolulu, lives in Allen, Texas, and is on her way to Venice for another PLAYBOY shooting, Italian style.





Texas ladies like the great outdoors, which is just as well, because in Texas there's a lot of it. Connie Lynn Stafko (above left) of Dallas is into sailing, weight lifting, water-skiing and aerobics, which keep her fit for modeling. Austin's Julee Lynne Burris (above right) likes to ride motorcycles, play Frisbee and ski. Her mother once drove an 18-wheeler. Keep on truckin', Mom. Suzanne DeLaney (below) dislikes driving for hours but hopes that will change when she gets her Mercedes. She's an office manager in Houston. Pamela Saunders (opposite), who was born in Miami, still returns to Florida to fish with her father. She's a Plano bartender who enjoys spending time with her dogs and cat—who enjoy spending time with Pomela, no doubt.







Barbara Diane Thompson (left) is a student at Eastfield College in Mesquite, where her activities include gymnastics, swimming and hiking. She wants to be a news broadcaster. Marty Crider (below left) works at Neiman-Marcus in Fort Worth. She dotes on fast cars, tight jeans, Dudley Maare, Willie Nelson and cowboys. The Stone sisters (right) are Army brats who've lived in Germany, California and Colorado. They are (clockwise from 11) Dallas twins Moira Ann and Sheila (26) and Laura (20), who lives in Odessa. All three are into aerobics and weight training. (In Texas, strength is beauty.) Lori Lynn Summerfard (far right), an aerobics instructor in Houston, also works as a volunteer for an ambulance service. She wants to be a medical technician. Dayna Parsons (below right) is a travel consultant in Austin. She recently played a groupie in *Songwriter*, with Kris Kristofferson and Willie Nelson. Now we see why they've spent so much time in Texas.





EXCAVATIONS

(continued from page 104)

"We were powerless amid the mystery and secrecy of the place. Everything was a hieroglyph."

Greek in George Plimpton's clothing. We, too, watched his hands as he told us terrible things about our child. They were beautiful, soft, with long, delicate fingers. He watched them with a parent's pride. Then he looked up, an easy, confident smile on his face. "We beat the odds every day," he said. "We'll give it our best shot." His gaze dropped back to his hands. He moved and talked and smiled like a professional athlete, a man absorbed in his own body. Curling thumb and forefinger into a circle, he said softly, "It's no bigger than that, you know. The size of a walnut." The four of us looked down at those fingers, at the nut-sized hole, in silence.

A heart is not an appendix or a gall bladder. Despite a growing sophistication in such matters and the gradual re-orientation of our sense of life and self, the heart remains the essence of us. We may redefine life and death as statements about our brains, even grow used to talk of transplants and pumps, but our everyday language gives us away. A change of heart is still a more significant event than a change of mind. Even the sloppiness of expression when we say we "feel"—a function relegated to the heart—when to say we "think" would seem more appropriate involves a clear weighing of priorities. We value the one more than the other.

The brain may be the neurological center directing our rational lives, but we have placed our feelings far away from the head, locked in the deeper security of the chest. Brain injuries are terrifying precisely because that organ seems so helpless, a kind of cranial pudding that, for all its supposed ability to control and order, is itself so shapeless. Merely to touch it is to destroy a part of us, kill some function if not the whole being. Although we describe some people as strong-minded, we never refer to the brain as strong. But we do speak of strong—even stout—hearts, and if the brain is amorphous in our thoughts, the heart has been simplified to a shape that every childish hand can inscribe. And this form that we display so casually is only a token, an outward sign of what is most intimately and securely us.

When I was a child, all rural Baptist churches had the same picture hanging on the front wall, placed to one side of the pulpit. In it, Jesus, romantically depicted in white robe and highlighted hair, stood knocking at a door. The door was oak, bound with heavy metal bands, and at the top, rather than squaring off in the modern fashion, it curved. I was told that the picture showed Jesus knocking at a person's heart, my heart, waiting for it to be opened. The explanation always brought a

sad word for those who would never respond, and there came a rush of fear or, rather, twin fears: one the fear of the heart exposed—a thought that always caused me to pull my arms in tightly against my chest—and the other, somehow worse, the fear of never being opened, of never being known.

In the operating room, the second patient lies naked, blotched by reddish-yellow disinfectant wherever an incision is to be made. Beside his head, an anesthesiologist probes with a hypodermic needle until he locates the jugular. But the patient is dehydrated, and the vein slips away from the needle. The anesthesiologist turns the head, adjusting tubes that run to nose and mouth. He continues to probe, massaging the neck until he again locates and holds the vein. This time, the needle penetrates, and blood rises dark and heavy. The anesthesiologist removes the filled plastic cartridge and inserts a tube, but the vein falters, the needle slips and he must begin again. A nurse, her head between the patient's feet, lifts the legs to increase the blood pressure. At last, with the needle in place, the anesthesiologist reinserts the metal tube, then a larger plastic one through which he feeds a catheter down into the heart, where it will monitor pressure inside the chambers. He watches the monitor as the catheter enters the ventricle, waiting for the lines to settle into their proper pattern on the screen. When he is content that the heart has accepted this intrusion, he busies himself with the tubes and clamps and drip stands that will allow him to administer drugs as the monitor demands.

Two nurses, one on each side of the operating table, are at work. One wraps the patient's feet and ankles in toweling and gauze. The other, who keeps her wedding ring pinned to her operating gown, shaves the pubic hair and then primly lifts the penis by its foreskin while she swabs the area with disinfectant and finally inserts a catheter.

After the anesthesiologist has arranged all his tubes and drip stands, he raises a sheet, separating the patient's head from what is about to take place below, and, as though that were not sufficient, tapes the eyes closed with clear-plastic tape. At last, he repositions the monitors, adjusts the stool and settles down for the vigil ahead.

The tall surgeon has left the operating room and now, on another floor in a closet-sized room, threads into a viewer the catheterization film the cardiologists have made of dye released inside the heart. He darkens the room and switches on the

machine. At first, Africalike, the shadow heart throbs; then, as the dye appears, the blackness divides, cut through by chalkish streams and rivulets that twist across the heaving terrain, not with the geographical grace of terrestrial rivers but with a severe angularity that thickens and narrows in ugly, awkward branches, resembling less the waterways of the Congo or the Nile than newly plucked insect legs strung in a twitching chain. Here and there, the streams terminate abruptly, dammed by blockages that disrupt their flow. The surgeon stops the film, memorizing where the grafts should go, identifying the regions most devastated by the lack of oxygen, and lingers over a large dead space, blank on the screen, where a heart attack has left its mark. As the film moves once more, the pale outline of the heart throbs back to life, dilating and expanding, the tributaries clearly charted on its surface as it clinches and releases.

On the way back to the operating room, the surgeon stops to reassure the family. They stand apart from other families, edging out into the corridor, shyly inviting recognition. As he talks, they smile and nod nervously, as though the most important thing is to be agreeable.

We waited in the hospital's halls and waiting rooms during our daughter's operation. Our stomachs were knotted; our heads throbbed with an ache that we knew was there for the duration. We watched the movements of doctors and nurses and listened to the meaningless calls of the P.A. system, fearfully expecting some sign. We were powerless amid the mystery and secrecy of the place. Everything was a hieroglyph, a message concealed in the jangle of doctor calls or on the faces of the staff. Something terrifying was taking place and was being hidden from us. We paced the corridors or hunkered down in vinyl chairs, blotting out everything until only the fear remained. Somewhere in that building, unspeakable things were happening to our daughter, and we were ignorant but witting accomplices.

After talking briefly with the family, the surgeon goes back to the locker room and returns the white coat he wears whenever he ventures into the hospital halls. Before entering the operating area, he again dons cap, shoe covers and mask. Outside the last door, he scrubs, all the while bantering with other surgeons who will be working in the surrounding rooms.

He enters the operating room holding his hands, arms bent at the elbows, in front of him, as though about to surrender. A nurse helps him into an operating gown and then starts the rubber gloves over his hands. After he has worked the gloves into place, wriggling his fingers, testing, he circles the table, avoiding any physical contact as he exchanges greetings and inspects the body.

A senior resident, the young woman

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who likes to smile, bends over the patient. His chest, yellowed with disinfectant, has been covered with a sheet of clear plastic, the kind used to seal food in refrigerator dishes. She slices through the plastic as she begins the long incision that runs from the base of the neck to the stomach. She cuts a layer at a time, working with an electric scalpel that sizzles and crackles, sending out the heavy smell of singed tallow. A small green pad, the kind used to scour Teflon-coated pots and pans, has been stuck to the patient's abdomen; and from time to time, the resident scrapes her scalpel across that rough surface, cleaning away the burned flesh. As each layer gives way—the skin, the thick ivory heaps of fat—she catches up the bleeders, burning them shut. It is an archaeological dig, accomplished by burning rather than by digging, and as the cut deepens, the strata of the body rising on either side, the chest continues to rise and fall, responding to this assault with an occasional tremor but, for the most part, absorbing it without complaint. There is little blood and it seems at times more like cutting through the fabric of a chair or the plastic layers of a doll than what it is.

But with the thigh, which the surgeon has opened in search of a usable vein, there can be no such illusion. This is real flesh, sliced by a real knife and producing real blood. The foot-long incision gapes; skin and muscle hang limp and ugly in their powerlessness. In contrast to the subdued yellows and ivories of the chest, this wound shows the garish reds and purples of raw meat. And rather than the neat trenchlike incision being carved into the chest, here a hole stretches from the upper thigh to the knee, resuming below the knee for another six or seven inches.

When the prospecting is concluded and the vein lies exposed, the surgeon lifts it with long forceps and gently snips it free from the surrounding tissue. The opening is then packed with a sponge dressing to collect the blood. If the vein is itself too damaged or is insufficient for the number of bypasses needed, the other thigh may be opened. But this vein is adequate, and the surgeon carries it away from the patient to a well-lighted table, where he can prepare the grafts, suturing any leaks and side veins. He bends like a jeweler over his worktable, intent on the minutiae of his craft. When at last all the sutures are in place, he straightens. He lifts his hands, flexing his fingers, and then takes the vein once more, lifting it from the bowl of saline in which he is continually rinsing it. He clamps one end and injects solution into the other, inflating the length of vein. Where he has tied off side veins, thick white bumps rise, rough on the surface. He checks the sutures for leaks, the rest of the vein for weaknesses.

At the main table, the resident has reached the breastbone. The first time, and to a surprising extent every time, this event brings its own peculiar mix of sensa-

tions. It is that moment from childhood fantasies of buried treasure when the shovel strikes the box and the thrill of impending discovery runs high. And it is, too, a moment of violation, the work of grave robbers who have carved their way into some pharaoh's tomb and now stand before the last unbroken seal. What the patient has contained for 70 years, has nourished and protected but has never seen—never will see—is about to come to light. The resident taps on the bone with her knuckle, gauging its thickness. "Some old people have really thick breastbones," she says. She speaks, interprets, only when the surgeon is away from the table; but, like most of the other people who work in this room, she both enjoys and needs to explain what is taking place. "Not always, but sometimes, they're gnarled and hard to cut. Sometimes, though, they are spongy."

The resident's green robes are blood-splattered now. She calls for the saw, one very much like a carpenter's saber saw, and begins the cut from top to bottom. The bone is tough and the work proceeds slowly, straining her arms and causing sweat to glisten on her face. Her lower lip juts out as she blows the sweat away from her mouth. She leans into the saw with all her weight, lifting the chest with her effort as the saw cuts through the eight-inch length of bone. After sealing the last bleeders that bubble from the fat along the cut, she calls for a spreading clamp. It also seems like a thing from a carpenter's kit, a bulky stainless-steel contraption that attaches to either side of the broken breastbone. It cranks at the end, levering the chest apart, separating the halves of the sternum until the chest opens like a clumsy satchel.

Below the bone, only soft tissue remains; but even here, a person is a creature of layers. The lungs are partially exposed, pushed up against the clamp, not nearly so perfectly shaped as they appear in anatomical drawings. But the heart, between the lungs, is still concealed by the pericardium, the thick, lumpy membrane that surrounds the heart and swells and trembles with every pulse beat. This cut, so much easier than all that have preceded it, will be irrevocable. Once opened, the pericardium will not be closed again. Instead, fluids will drain into the chest cavity, then out through plastic tubes, and the healing heart will settle directly behind the sternum. No longer muffled by the membranous sack, the beating heart will turn the breastbone into a sounding board, declaring its presence more assertively than ever.

The resident works wax into the raw, porous edges of the split bone. Beside her, the physician's assistant suctions debris from the chest cavity. The rest of the staff take their places as the pericardium is cut open, slowly, gently, not only because of its toughness but also because of the frantic lurching of the thing inside.

All other activity in the room ceases as the heart comes into view. The anesthesiologist, rising on his stool, peers over the patient's head. The tall surgeon, head and shoulders taller than the resident, watches from behind her. Poised above the instrument table, the scrub nurse looks on. Another nurse stands on tiptoe opposite the physician's assistant. Even the profusionist who operates the heart-lung machine looks momentarily toward the organ now doing her work.

The heart is large, twice the size of the surgeon's hand, the pink muscle obscured by thick streaks of yellow fat that pour down from the aorta like the overflow of a candle. It thrashes like a cornered beast, convulsing with every beat as though desperate to escape.

When the edges of the pericardium have been sewn to the layer of muscle above the halves of breastbone, it forms a milky lining of the sort found in jewelry boxes and caskets. Suctioned of all fluid, the membrane has a pristine quality that belies its age and the heart's violent wrenching.

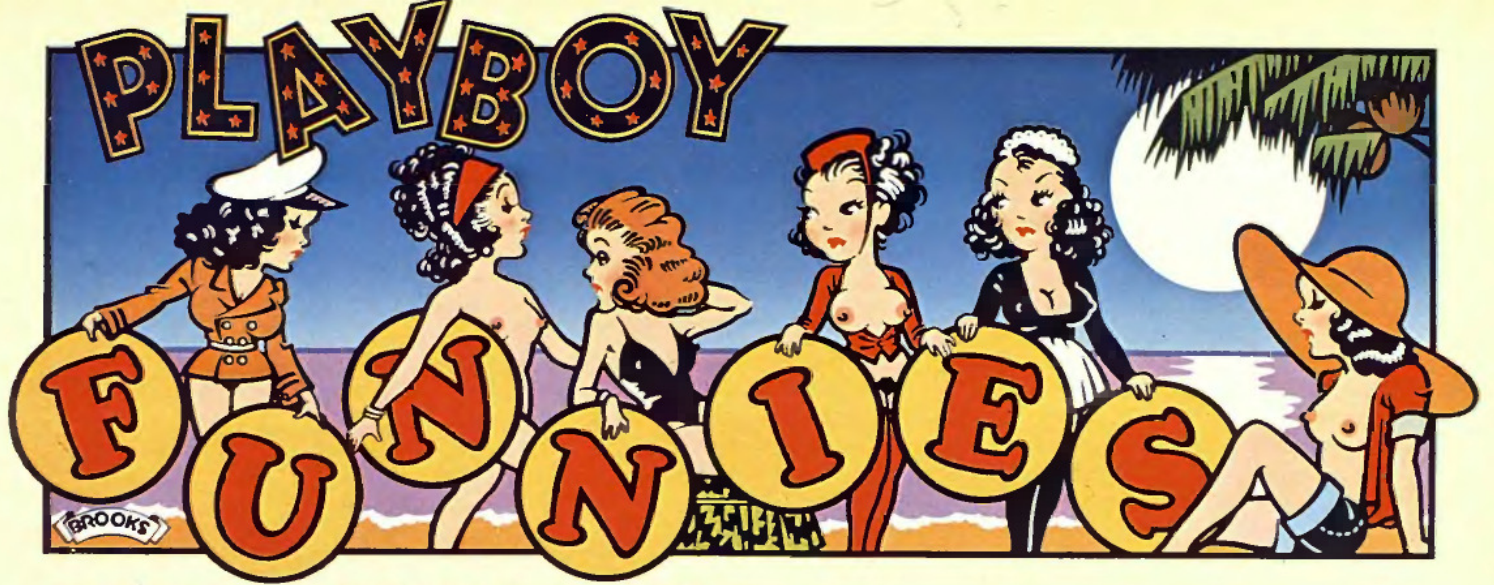
All Americans born in the past 50 years have grown up seeing hearts—or, rather, representations of hearts—in the clear plastic people, complete with internal organs, that stand in museums of natural science and in the multipaged, see-through construct-a-person illustrations contained in tenth-grade biology texts. Any surprise in the heart's appearance has to do with its individuality, the consequence of its own particular life and labor. Between the thick streaks of yellow fat that mark its decline, the muscle shows tough and purplish, and where that muscle has been broken or destroyed, the scars and aneurysms show a dead fish-belly white, marking old traumas and future catastrophes.

The surprise is the power, the enormous strength of this engine that drives our bodies. The steady, reassuring thump we hear as we drift into sleep is only the remote evidence of what is at work within us. When we at last confront it, its pounding is wilder, more terrifying than anything ever foreshadowed by that faint, familiar beat.

The surgeon takes over now, and as he touches the heart, it reacts with tremors and convulsions. Its rhythm broken, it jerks away from each indignity. He slips his hand cautiously behind, searching the hidden surface for the dead spot he saw in the catheterization film and gauging the dimensions of the aneurysm. When he pulls his hand free, he shows the size with his forefinger and thumb three inches apart, and shakes his head.

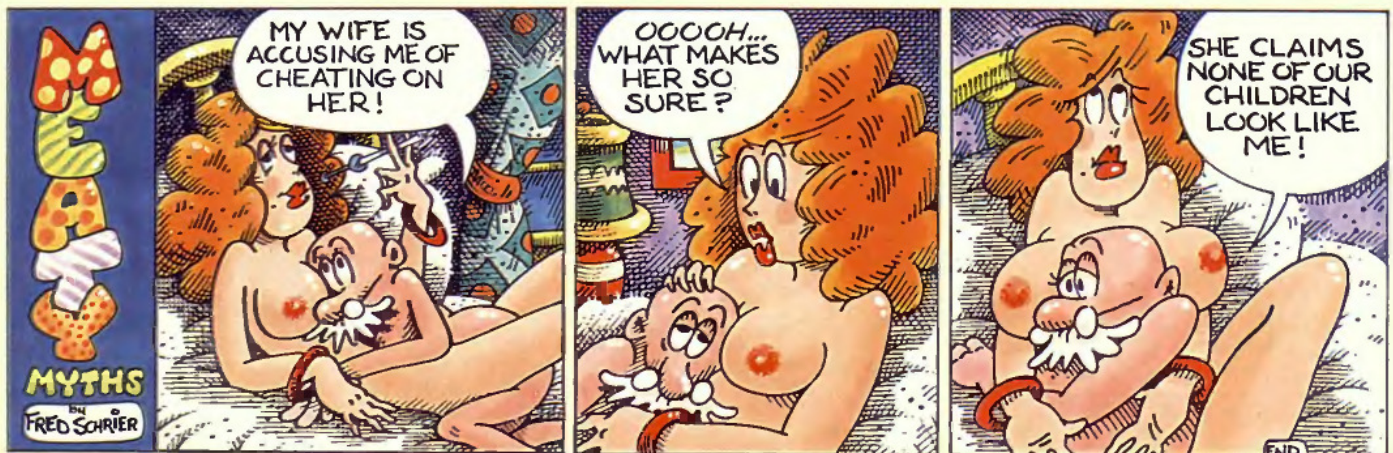
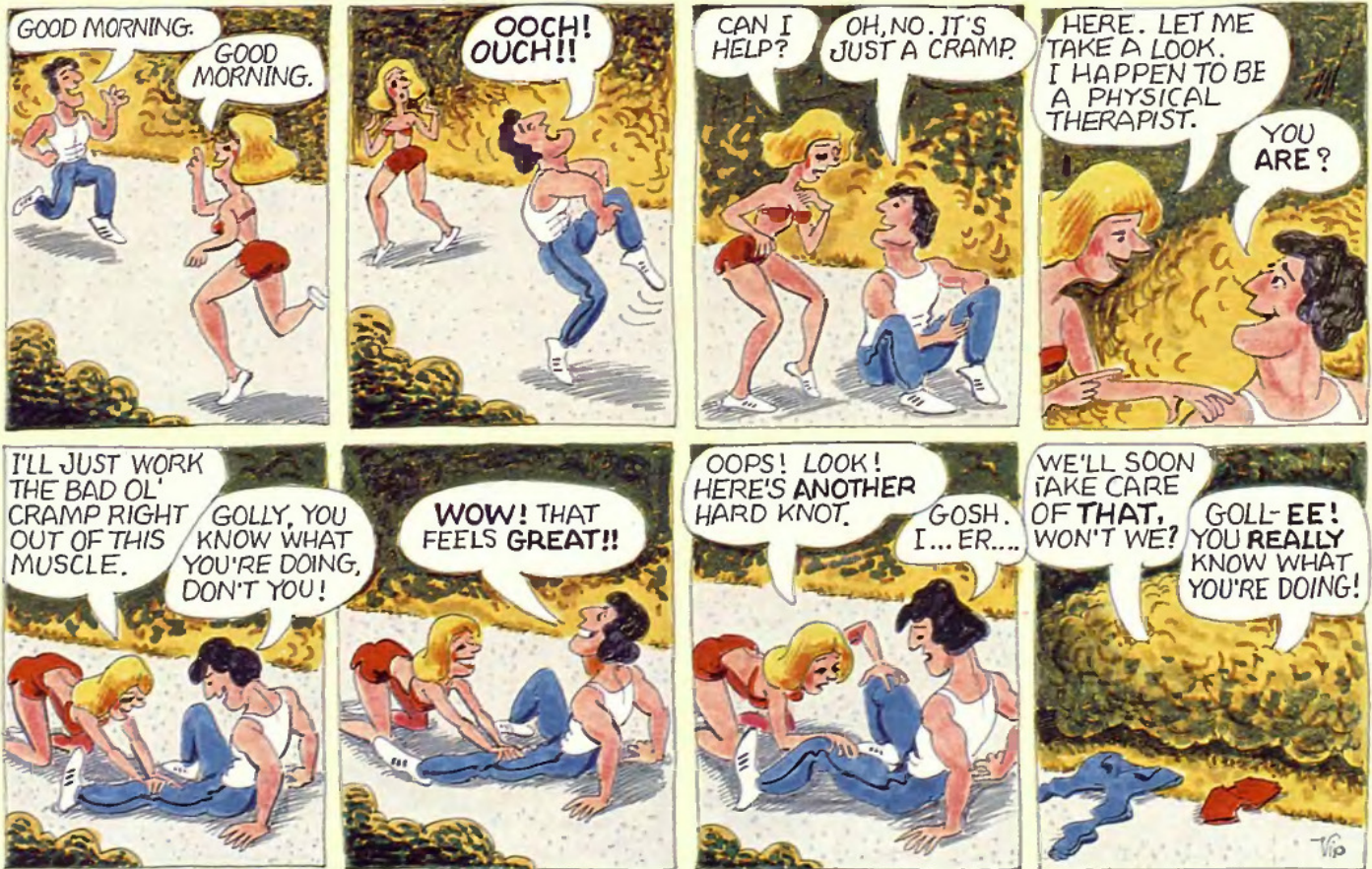
He calls for a clamp and settles the heart back into the chest cavity. Slowly, its erratic twitching subsides and blends into the regular upheaval of its beating. The aorta, more like a radiator hose than an artery, rises from the heart a thick trunk of leathery white, larded with lumpy streaks of yellow. The surgeon pinches off one side

(continued on page 142)



BOOBS MERRYWEATHER

by Virgil Partch

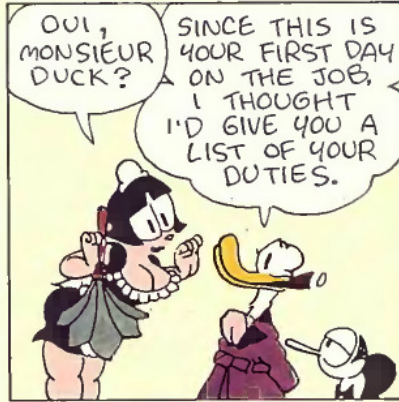


Dirty Duck

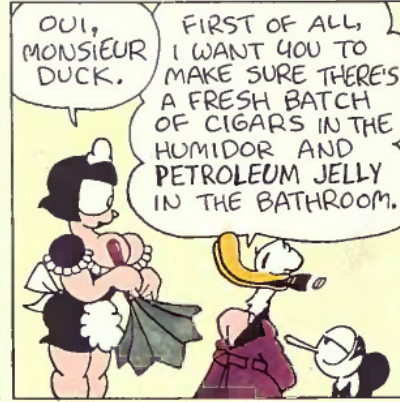
by Bobby London



OH, FIFI, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?



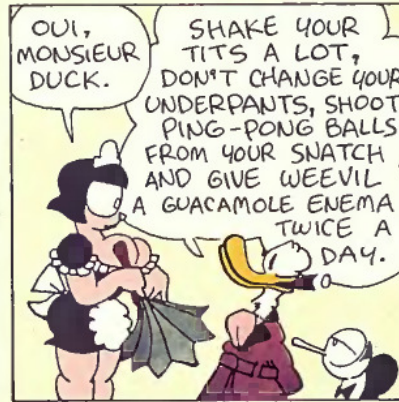
OUI, MONSIEUR DUCK? SINCE THIS IS YOUR FIRST DAY ON THE JOB, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A LIST OF YOUR DUTIES.



OUI, MONSIEUR DUCK. FIRST OF ALL, I WANT YOU TO MAKE SURE THERE'S A FRESH BATCH OF CIGARS IN THE HUMIDOR AND PETROLEUM JELLY IN THE BATHROOM.



OUI, MONSIEUR DUCK. SECONDLY, YOU'RE TO ALLOW THE MAILMAN TO SODOMIZE YOU ON TUESDAYS AND MAKE SURE HE COMES C.O.D.



OUI, MONSIEUR DUCK. SHAKE YOUR TITS A LOT, DON'T CHANGE YOUR UNDERPANTS, SHOOT PING-PONG BALLS FROM YOUR SNATCH AND GIVE WEEVIL A GUACAMOLE ENEMA TWICE A DAY.



OUI, MONSIEUR DUCK. IF SHE EVER LEARNS ENGLISH, WE'RE SUNK.

The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Messel



HALP! SAFE US! SOB, DER VICKED DRAGON IZ EIN PIMPER! HOO POY!



GRRRRRR! BOO!



I'M INGA. VE IZ DER SMORGASBROAD ZISTERS! VE LIF IN DER KASTLE MIT DER MOAT!



VUNDERBAR! HOW CAN VE THANK YOU BARON? GUESS!



KOMMEN, BARON, VE MAKE DER TRIPLE LAY - UND VE DO IT FOR HAFF PRICE!



FOR LUFF DER BARON VILL NOT PAY - NOT EVEN FOR DER TRIPLE LAY!

holistic harry

by JOHN DEMPSEY



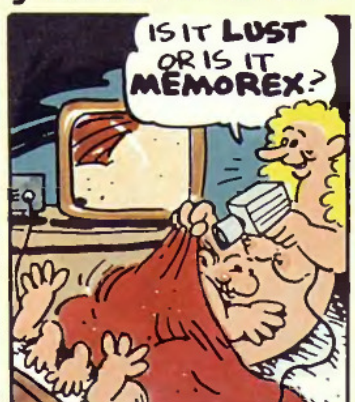
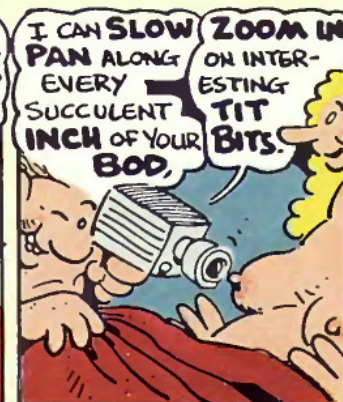
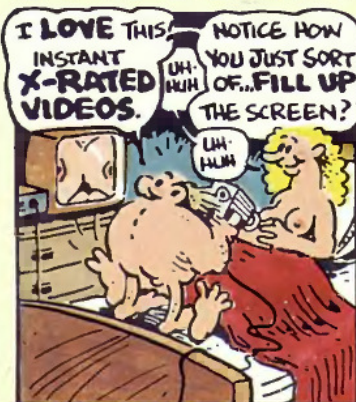
THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



EXCAVATIONS

(continued from page 138)

"The fidgeting continues. Reluctant to surrender, the heart still jumps at the surgeon's touch."

with a long, curved clamp, then divides the leg vein into two seven-inch sections—one for the front bypass, the other for the back. With a tiny needle locked in forceps, he laces the end of each section around the small incisions he has snipped into the clamped artery wall. For the moment, he leaves the veins stretched across the heart, lying pale and curled on its surface.

The patient will be connected to the heart-lung machine by two clear-plastic tubes. One is inserted through an incision into the right atrium and will carry blood to the machine. As it is slipped into the heart, blood surges up to the clamp. The surgeon swiftly laces the tube in place, but before all the sutures are secured, a jet of blood springs up, staining his mask and the slit of face that shows above it. Holding the needle, he waits while a nurse removes his glasses. As she cleans the lenses, he completes the suturing, blinking, owl-like, against the light. A trickle of blood crawls from the bridge of his nose down to the top of his mask.

A second tube, also clamped, is inserted above the vein graft into the aorta. Here,

too, blood leaps up until its passage is blocked; but this time, the sutures hold immediately and there is only a slight seeping of red around the incision.

While the profusionist readies the heart-lung machine, a gleaming console of stainless steel and clear plastic, the surgeon checks and rechecks the sutures. Satisfied, he bends over the tube jutting from the aorta. Eyes close to the plastic, he calls for a pair of forceps and begins to tap against the tube. He stops, examines the plastic once more, then taps again. "Got to save his memory," he says as he continues to thump away at minuscule air pockets that, if they elude him, will go to the brain and cause strokes. "Every bubble's a year." He hesitates, then taps one more time. "That one looked like 1954."

He calls instructions to the profusionist and begins releasing the clamp above the atrium. With a surge, blood moves up the tube, working its way to the machine. The profusionist turns knobs and adjusts controls. Next the clamp is removed from the aorta line, providing return passage for the blood that is now detoured around

heart and lungs. This blood, cooled by the machine, lowers the patient's body temperature to 30 degrees Celsius. Next, the aorta is clamped between the heart and the blood return line, removing the heart's old burden but denying it food and oxygen as well.

To preserve the muscle's life and function, a cold solution containing potassium and lidocaine is injected through the blocked aorta. At four degrees Celsius, it cools the heart to ten to 12 degrees Celsius. Overhead, the monitors record the erratic tremors of the detached organ as the cold slows its last frantic efforts to beat. Before this procedure was introduced, the bypassed heart exhausted itself, depleting its electrolytic composition with the result that, when reconnected, it responded sluggishly, only gradually recharging itself, like a run-down battery.

As the solution cools the muscle, the heart fibrillates, bouncing the straightened line on the monitor. For a while, the fidgeting continues. Reluctant to surrender, the heart still jumps at the surgeon's touch, but its power is only latent now. It moves nothing, is itself moved, whimsically, as the surgeon lifts and turns, exposing the dead tissue of the aneurysm. Finally elevated on a pillow of sponges, it juts, bottom up, from its cavity, revealing the sausage-shaped protrusion where dead tissue has bloated out like the rupture on an old tire. The surgeon cuts, using a steel



scalpel, around the whitened scar tissue. He works his way along the edge of the aneurysm until a two-and-a-half-inch hole opens directly into the heart's interior, revealing beneath the lights the rubbery mitral valve, for the first time in 70 years immobile and discovered.

The aneurysm lies in a bright metal pan, neither muscle nor fat but parchment-colored and leathery, strangely offensive in its blatant deadness. In cutting it from the heart wall, the surgeon has left a thin rim of this tough dead tissue, and now he makes a seam with green thread, pulling tightly so that the scar is drawn into a long, puckered line, joining on the underside living muscle from both sides of the incision. As he weaves in more and more sutures, a green web forms, firmly anchoring the repair.

The surgeon's height forces him to work bent in compromise to the rest of his team. Now he straightens, twisting his neck and wriggling his shoulders. Stooping again, he tilts the heart, carefully inspecting the sutures, then lowers it back into place. The mended hole has greatly shortened one side of the organ, twisting it oddly below the gaudy seam. "Not pretty," he says. "He's traded one funny heart for another." He frets with his fingers, pale in the thin gloves, along the wound, trusting them more than his eyes. If the repaired heart fails after the heart-lung machine has been shut down and the blood pushes

back into these chambers, the rupture will be here, along this line.

The surgeon turns almost reluctantly to the grafts, connecting the veins to each of five coronary artery branches. He is joined now by the short surgeon, whose work across the hall has been completed. The shorter man finds a riser and climbs up on the opposite side of the patient. There are four of them now. The resident works on the leg, joined by the physician's assistant, who had, until pushed aside by the short surgeon, been assisting with the graft. Now it is this recent arrival who lifts the free end of the vein being stitched into place.

Above them, the scrub nurse bobs and weaves over rows of scalpels and forceps and sutures, handing out new ones, taking back the old to deposit in shiny pans. From a distance, all of this might look reverential: the three doctors and the assistant bowed under the bright lights, the scrub nurse bent over the patient's lower body. Except for the sigh of the respirator, the clicking of monitors and the rustle of nurses renewing supplies, the room is quiet. Occasionally, one of the doctors calls for an instrument, but his voice carries only a few feet. The room, apart from the black-tile floor, is ivory-colored, and beneath the intense lights, the green uniforms and dazzling-red sponges seem surrealistic, the stainless-steel surfaces mirroring and distorting from every side. But this is no celebration of ancient mys-

tery. It is a concentrated effort to make routine that which ultimately refuses to become business as usual.

As the surgeons suture the last grafts into place, securing the dead-looking vein to arteries on the stilled heart, they have all become seamstresses, an assembly line of stitchers and cutters, plying their needles on heart and leg with the dexterity of craftsmen, while the scrub nurse prepares the sutures, removing them from sterile packages and fitting them into needle holders or, when business slows, cleans dirtied forceps and clamps as though polishing household silver.

The anesthesiologist, still seated, watches; but all the while, he alternately pushes downward against the stool on which he is sitting and then releases. He is doing isometrics. Beside him, irrelevant, a trickle of blood works its way slowly from the patient's nose and down his cheek. The profusionist looks toward neither patient nor doctors but tends her machine. She is very thin, with skin as pale as skim milk. Her fingers are also thin, with long, curving nails polished in a shade that exactly matches the dark crimson of the blood-filled plastic hoses.

When all the sutures are in place, inspected and reinspected, when all the sponges have been wrung out and their contents suctioned away, it is time for the blood bypassing through the machine to



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be returned to the heart. All pretense of routine passes away. For the past hour, the work has been intricate, demanding, but with issues of life and death postponed: A heart disconnected cannot fail. The test of patient and surgeon comes when the organ is called upon to do what it hasn't since its first fetal beat: start from a dead stop.

Instructions pass between surgeon and perfusionist. Peripheral movement ceases. As when the pericardium was opened, everyone is again pulled toward the center. The anesthesiologist has drawn more samples for the lab, readjusted drip tubes and now sits ready for the chemical fine-tuning that will be required when the heart is working again. His features are contorted, his head back so that neck mus-

cles are taut, mouth stretched wide, as though about to scream. After a few seconds, he relaxes, then contorts his face again. The scrub nurse quietly realigns her wares, and the supply nurses move to where they can see the monitors.

When the warm blood re-enters the coronary arteries, the reaction is immediate and violent. The heart leaps, twisting in a lopsided seizure, straining at the green threads. It contracts into a fist of muscle, releases with abandon and clinches again. "They always want to beat," the tall surgeon says.

A thin jet of blood spurts up from the spot where a graft is attached to the heart. It leaps two feet above the table, driven by tremendous pressure. The tall surgeon

blocks it with his hand and calls for a suture. The short surgeon quickly catches up the vein, now inflated pink with blood, and holds it with forceps while another suture is put into place. Leaning over the patient, he cracks his head on the overhead light. "Damn it," he says, "every time I start to grow. . . ."

The first suture does not stop the leak. Another is tied in place. The bleeding stops. For the outsider, the jet of blood seems urgent, visible evidence of what has, all along, been at stake. But for those on the surgical team, it is merely a nuisance involving an amount of blood trivial in comparison to that squeezed from sponges and suctioned into the machine for recirculation; less blood than stains their clothing. For them, the drama focuses on thread, especially the web of stitching where the aneurysm was. As the machine is shut down, the tubes are removed from the aorta and the atrium, and the holes they leave behind are drawn closed so quickly by the threads stitched into place when the operation began that only a thin line of blood escapes the sealed incisions. The tall surgeon intently watches the stitches while the short man calls out pressures from the monitor.

When the repairs hold, absorbing the wrenching force of the heartbeat, the anesthesiologist takes over. The monitor dictates his pace, calling for this drug or that as the pressure levels fluctuate. Only the perfusionist shows no interest. Oblivious to the change in events, she is absorbed in cleaning her stained machine. The short surgeon continues reading the monitor, though now everyone is watching for himself. He bounces on his toes when the pressure rises; his voice deepens in anger when it falls. He is like a little boy who needs to go to the bathroom. The numbers begin to fall, and the anesthesiologist moves among the drip stands, adjusting clamps, checking bottles. As he varies the flow of drugs into the blood stream, his expression does not change, but his eyes flick constantly between monitors and medications. He never looks at the patient. The nurses are silent, unmoving.

The tall surgeon, still standing beside the open chest but now turned, eyes uplifted to the monitor, softly names a drug. The anesthesiologist, busy over yet another clamp, does not look up. He answers affirmatively, then curtly gives an amount. Another is named. Another affirmation, another quantity identified. The pressure continues to fall. "What about increasing it?" the tall man asks. The anesthesiologist does not answer. He seems annoyed with the distraction, even with the patient. He is shutting out everything but the monitors and the paraphernalia of his trade.

The short surgeon, still bouncing in agitation, still calling out the numbers, turns



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from the monitor to the anesthesiologist. "Goddamn it, you're killing him!" he cries. He is genuinely angry and steps toward the drip stands as though he wants to fight. "Get it right!" he is nearly screaming. This is not his patient—he has been in the room only for the past 30 minutes—and he gives no specific instructions. But he cannot contain himself, must throw himself at something or someone. He is ignored.

The numbers begin to climb once more, and the short surgeon returns to his announcements, now a partisan sportscaster when the favorite has taken the lead. "That got it," the tall doctor says. The anesthesiologist does not answer but, arms folded on his chest, watches the monitor, shunning his doubters.

As the heart stabilizes, people drift back to their work once more. Having called the race, the short surgeon departs for his office. Around the operating room, green-robed figures fill garbage bags with the debris of surgery. The resident returns to stitching the leg wound, but the chest is left open as the tall surgeon, who has slumped onto a nearby stool, waits. He looks at the patient, turning so that for the first time since the operation began, he can take in the entire person. Then he closes his eyes. The heart throbs regularly, strongly against the now-stained backdrop of the pericardium, driving yellow lung tissue against the chest retractor. The surgeon at last rises from his stool. The anesthesiologist looks over to him. "A good job," the surgeon says.

The anesthesiologist nods noncommittally.

"Let's close it up, then," and he turns, reluctantly, back to the patient. He closes the retractor, lowering the two halves of uplifted chest until the broken bone lies once more in place. The retractor is removed and the resident takes over. With large curved hooks, she pushes wire through both pieces of sternum, a length of wire every inch from top to bottom, and then, with pliers, twists the ends together as though repairing a fence, the strain obvious in her arms and face, until the halves of bone have been rejoined, laced together like a football. The twisted wire is

bent over flat against the bone, little veins of silver along the rough, bleached surface of the sternum.

Drainage tubes are inserted, protruding from slits below the bone. At last, flesh pulled back into place, all wounds are sealed on chest and leg, by thread and then by wide metal staples, seaming the patient in a bright metallic line. The surgeon watches, giving occasional directions, as the resident finishes. He leans against the table, conserving energy for the next operation. Nurses gather the last of the garbage—of which there has been an incredible amount—and clean the patient, removing from room and body all traces of blood. The anesthesiologist removes the curtain, returning the head to the rest of the body.

From the operating room, the surgeon goes to the doctors' dressing room and exchanges bloodied operating greens for clean clothes topped with a long white jacket. Then he walks out into the corridors, where Muzak plays tirelessly, where brass plaques declare the generosity of the local upper class and candy-stripers with innocent smiles rush about in pink-and-white pinafores. He makes his way to the waiting room, where the family, a wife and two middle-aged daughters, stands huddled. When they see him, they move eagerly, but then they slow, suddenly reluctant. "He's fine," he says quickly. His tone is positive, confident. "He's doing even better than we expected." The women relax, slide into relief after the long wait. Old suspicions give way to gratitude. Husband and father is alive. Suddenly, they are eager to be amused. They laugh when the surgeon says, "He'll be yelling for food in a few hours." That reminds them of their own hunger and, still smiling, they make their way toward the elevator and the snack bar.

After 15 hours, the surgeon came down the hall toward us. We watched his face for any evidence of the news he brought and moved toward him awkwardly on leaden legs. His mouth was set in a professional line, a line we knew was meant to inspire confidence, to set the laity at ease. It did neither. He strode purposefully toward us, still not speaking, but a

faint smile of recognition touched his mouth. He had found the right people.

"How is she?" my wife demanded.

"That is rather difficult to say," he replied. He was evasive, sly. "They are watching her in the recovery room. We'll know more when she wakes up."

"What do you think right now?" I asked. "Do you think her heart has been fixed? Will she live?"

"Oh, I think the heart will be fine. I'm very happy with what we've done."

"Then she will live, or," anticipating his cautiousness, "you expect her to?"

"Yes, I expect her to live," but his words were guarded.

"Can we see her?" my wife asked.

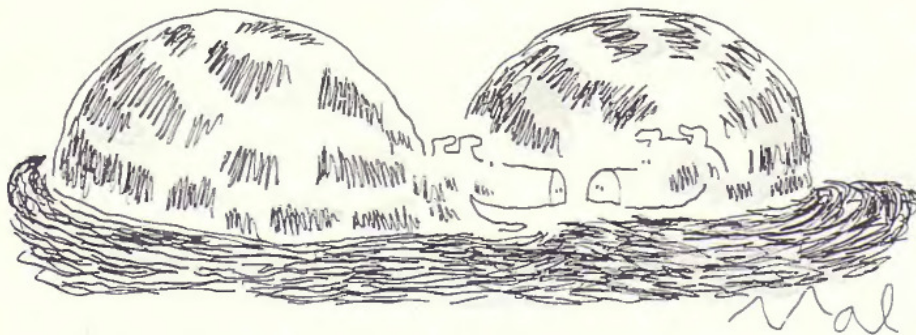
"She will be down soon," he said, almost frowning. "But let the nurses get her comfortable first. There will be a lot of tubes, and you'll be unnecessarily upset." He tried to move us out of the hall.

But he was too late. She was wheeled from the elevator, drip stands banging, catheters slapping and the tubes from her chest dripping red into plastic bottles. But she was there, her color already pinker, and, although her eyes were closed and she did not move, we knew she was alive, and we rushed to her, crowding between orderlies to touch her and to look across at each other and laugh. She had come back.

I observed surgery for six days. On the last day, the patient I had seen on the first day returned to the operating room. He had held on all week, his blood pressure eventually steadying to the point where the balloon could be removed from his heart. And so, on Friday, the orderlies took him for surgery once more. This time his heart was more damaged than before. They gave him a new mitral valve, a pig valve—rather than an artificial one—and a quadruple bypass. When the old valve had been cut away and lay in a silver pan, the surgeon passed it to me.

"Feel that," he said. It was tough, lined with grit, like a chicken's craw. Then, since I was scrubbed and gloved, "Feel this." The wall of the heart was thick and rubbery, still pliant and resilient. The surgeon arranged the overhead light, focusing it on the incision, all the while holding the stilled heart in his hand at an angle that directed the light through the hole he had cut, illuminating the chamber below. At last, he lowered the heart back onto the sponges and began to sew. "That's it," he said. "Now you've seen the cockles and touched the quick."

When it was done and the chest had been closed, I lingered, watching as the patient was cleaned and lifted to the gurney. He looked very old, the flesh on his legs and sides deeply wrinkled, hanging in thick folds. But his color was changing even as I watched. No longer a blue-gray, it already showed the first touch of pink.



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POWER SNIFTERS (continued from page 83)

"The latest ploy in snifter gamesmanship is a whisper of another liquor added to the basic spirit."

undoubtedly discussed weightier matters, too. Even today, important decisions are made and heavy deals cut in the relaxing balm of what corporate *cognoscenti* call the power snifter. No suggestion of dirty tricks here. It's just that after the brittle tensions of eyeball-to-eyeball negotiations, the civilizing warmth of the snifter suddenly makes savage antagonists aware of each other as fellow humans and the guards come down. Obviously, a power snifter can't be just any old glass. You want it made of leaded crystal and of a sensible size; a 5-oz. to 6-oz. capacity is recommended. It's small enough to nestle comfortably in one's palm, yet large enough to contain the fragrant vapors rising from the glass so they can be enjoyed in a leisurely fashion.

Traditionally, "something in a snifter" has been shorthand for a nip of cognac, such as Hennessy or Courvoisier or, more recently, Armagnac. And while it would be wrong to say that now anything goes, there's a lot more experimentation and exploration of alternative contents for the *verre ballon*, as this lavish glass is known in France. Calvados comes immediately to mind. Ordinary *appellation réglementée* calvados may be imbibed over ice in a rocks glass or in a highball, but aged calvados *pays d'Auge* commands the classic snifter. American straight, bonded (100-proof) applejack is another spirit worthy of this special receptacle, and so are some bourbons. Sam Aaron, co-proprietor of New York's distinguished Sherry-Lehmann wine and spirits shop, tells of attending an international financiers' dinner at the Savoy in London. The assembled luminaries were a bit miffed to note that the after-dinner snifter contained a 20-year-old bourbon rather than cognac. But after sampling the liquor, they actually rose and gave it a standing O. Sadly, such fine old bourbons are not easily found.

Two Irish whiskeys deserving of the snifter treatment are Black Bush and Jameson 1780—also known as Jameson 12. Chances are you haven't tried them yet, as they're new to the States. Bush is a full-bodied, complex round whiskey that goes down easily. Jameson 12 is rich, burnished and packed with flavor.

Tempered, mahogany-hued rums from Haiti, Jamaica and Martinique are also agreeable and attractive possibilities, as are austere, refreshing dry fruit brandies such as *eau de vie de poire*, malt Scotches, fine, aged *grappas* and mars (especially the scented *marc de Gewurztraminer*), bourbon-, Scotch- and Irish-based liqueurs (Wild Turkey, Jeremiah Weed,

Irish Mist and Drambuie), golden tequila *añejo* and pungent Unicum bitters. Three distinctive though unusual candidates for the *ballon* are intense Reserve Bual madeira, velvety vintage Porto and the new Grande Chartreuse Liqueur du 9^e Centenaire—commemorating 900 years (1084–1984) of the vaunted monastery cordial. Try them on adventurous friends and don't be afraid to flout convention; chuck an ice cube into the glass if that's your preference.

The latest ploy in snifter gamesmanship is the complementary garnish—a whisper of another compatible liquor added to the basic spirit for a lift, complexity, smoothness and a delightful change of taste. It was Max Cointreau himself who persuaded us of the efficacy of blending a liqueur with cognac. He accomplished this one night in Paris by the simple expedient of pouring a *soupeçon* of Cointreau into our brandy glass. Superb! Try it. Drambuie and Scotch are a classic mix, of course, but true Brits splash a creamy, bittersweet ale, such as Newcastle Brown, or perhaps Guinness, into their malt Scotch as the last drink of the evening. In Cognac, *pineau des Charentes*—a *mistelle* made of young cognac and grape juice—is often added to the snifter. Similarly, Armagnacais add their *mistelle*, called *floc*, to a glass of Armagnac.

Following are 20 affinities you might try in your power snifter. While proportions are given, they're flexible—intended merely as suggestions. Note, too, that ice cubes or stirring with ice are optional. Since you're crossing new frontiers, you can make your own rules—and accommodate your own taste. *Vive le ballon!*

ANDALUSIA

5 parts rum
1 part sherry

APPLE STING

4 parts calvados
1 part peppermint schnapps

BRANDY LIFT

3 parts cognac
1 part *pineau des Charentes*

C & C

3 parts cognac
1 part Chartreuse

CAFÉ BOURBON

3 parts bourbon
1 part Kahlúa coffee liqueur
Dash of bitters

DIGESTIF

Cognac
Bitters, to taste

DOUBLE BOURBON

3 parts bourbon
1 part bourbon liqueur
Dash peach bitters (optional)

DRY JULEP

Full-bodied bourbon
Very light splash of water
Fresh mint leaf (bruise leaf well before adding)

DURANGO

3 parts golden tequila
1 part lime liqueur

FRENCH MANDARIN

4 parts Armagnac
1 part Mandarine Napoléon liqueur

HELENE

3 parts *eau de vie de poire*
1 part chocolate liqueur

IRISH SMILE

3 parts Irish whiskey
1 part Irish Mist

MARTINIQUE

4 parts dark rum
1 part Creole-Shrubb liqueur

MIDNIGHT BREW

Full-bodied Scotch
Splash of creamy bittersweet ale or Guinness Stout

MINTED PEAR

6 parts *eau de vie de poire*
1 part crème de menthe

MOUSQUETAIRE

4 parts Armagnac
1 part prunelle or sloe gin

RASPBERRY SMACK

5 parts *framboise*
1 part raspberry liqueur

RUMBALL

3 parts dark rum
1 part chocolate liqueur

SCOTCH STONE

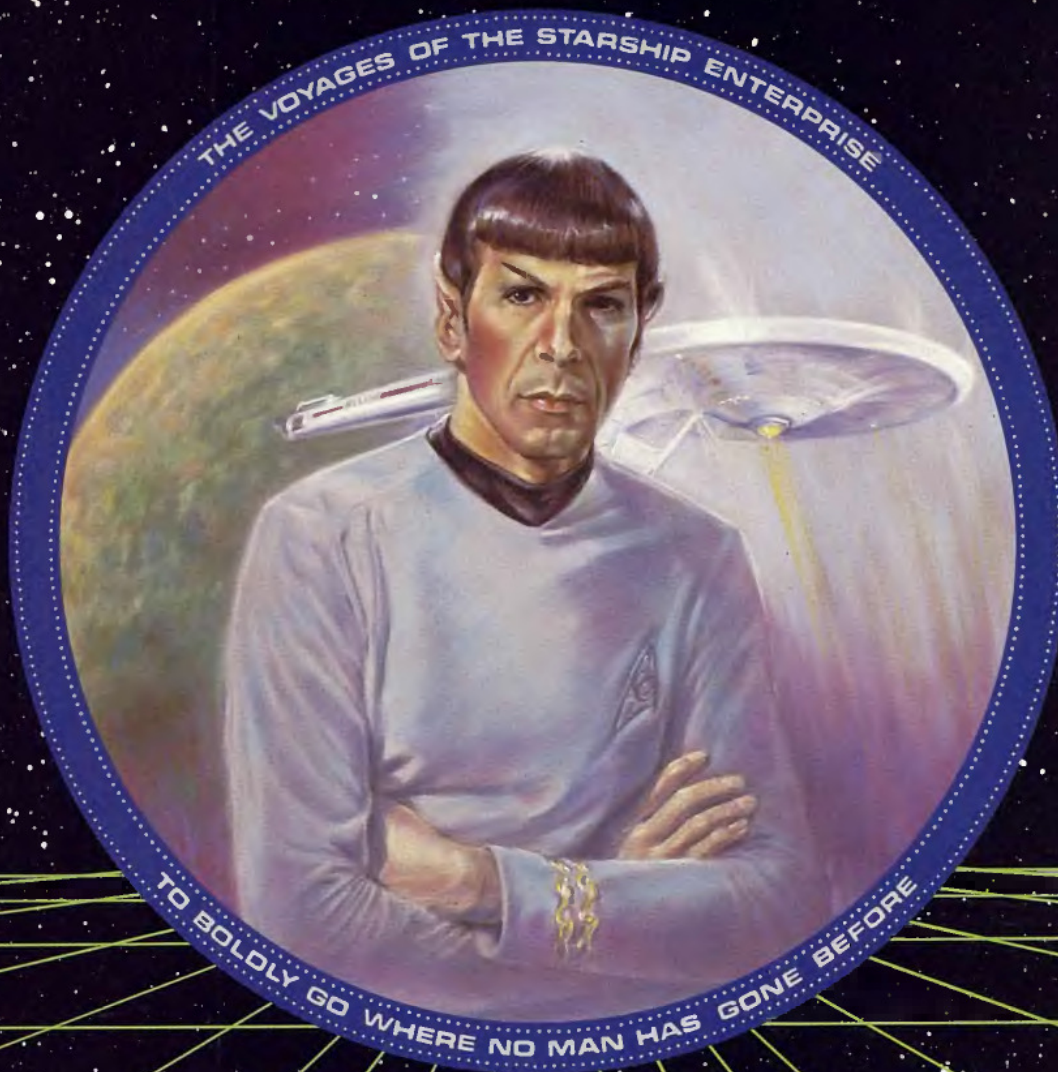
4 parts full-bodied Scotch
1 part Stone's ginger wine

THE GOLDEN MAX

4 parts cognac
1 part Cointreau

In view of contemporary tastes and styles, *avant* hosts are offering snifter combinations as heady, relatively light alternatives to dessert. It's a sensitive denouement to any dinner—and guests are always appreciative.





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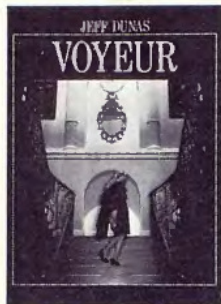
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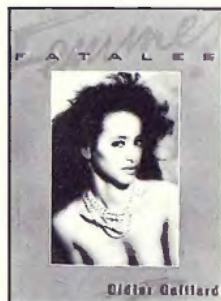
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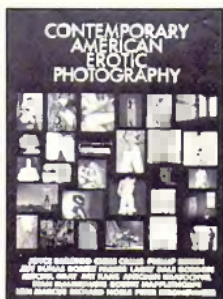
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"The best way to glean the rudiments of the fine art of cocksurety is to observe the masters."

Still, he says, the great venture capitalists don't do it for the money: "It's in their blood. They smell a new company to build, they scratch the ground with their hooves and they're off trying to do it again."

Unfortunately, when people think of cocksurety today, they think of "cocky little bastards" and of arrogance and conceit or, worse, that smug, overweening attitude that slick operators have when they're in a position of power. You know, these are the people who believe that they can insult our intelligence, stomp on our dignity or jaywalk through our lives because of a perverted sense of entitlement—people like John De Lorean.

As a young auto executive, De Lorean had cosmetic surgery to improve his standing among the jet set and then married a beautiful model 20 years his junior. Later, he started his heralded automobile company, watched it roll into bankruptcy and produced a \$25,000 gull-winged rattletrap in the process. Then, when he was trapped by narcs in a drug deal—video-taped examining a suitcase filled with \$24,000,000 in cocaine—he hired the best lawyers in the country and came out an innocent victim of Government oppression. Finally, redefining the word gall forever, he took out a newspaper ad asking the public to help him pay his legal fees.

The best way to glean the rudiments of the fine art of cocksurety is to observe the masters. Unfortunately, those whom we would expect to be cocksure in America—how does a man get to be President, for instance, without a good dose of cocksurety?—are all too often of the De Lorean school. It has become the American way.

For too long a time, America learned about cocksurety from Richard Nixon. He had all the markings of a truly cocksure politician. He lost elections and then ran again as if he were unfazed by defeat. On occasion, he attempted admirably cocksure acts: In 1964, while a private citizen, he caught a train from Finland to Moscow in the middle of the night because, on a whim, he had decided to talk with Nikita Khrushchev. Nixon actually got there and knocked on his door. So what if Khrushchev wasn't home? Later, Nixon went down saying such things as "I am not a crook" and "When the President does it, that means it is not illegal." By the time he had buried himself, the public was confused about cocksurety and even feared it. Why do you think we voted for Jimmy Carter?

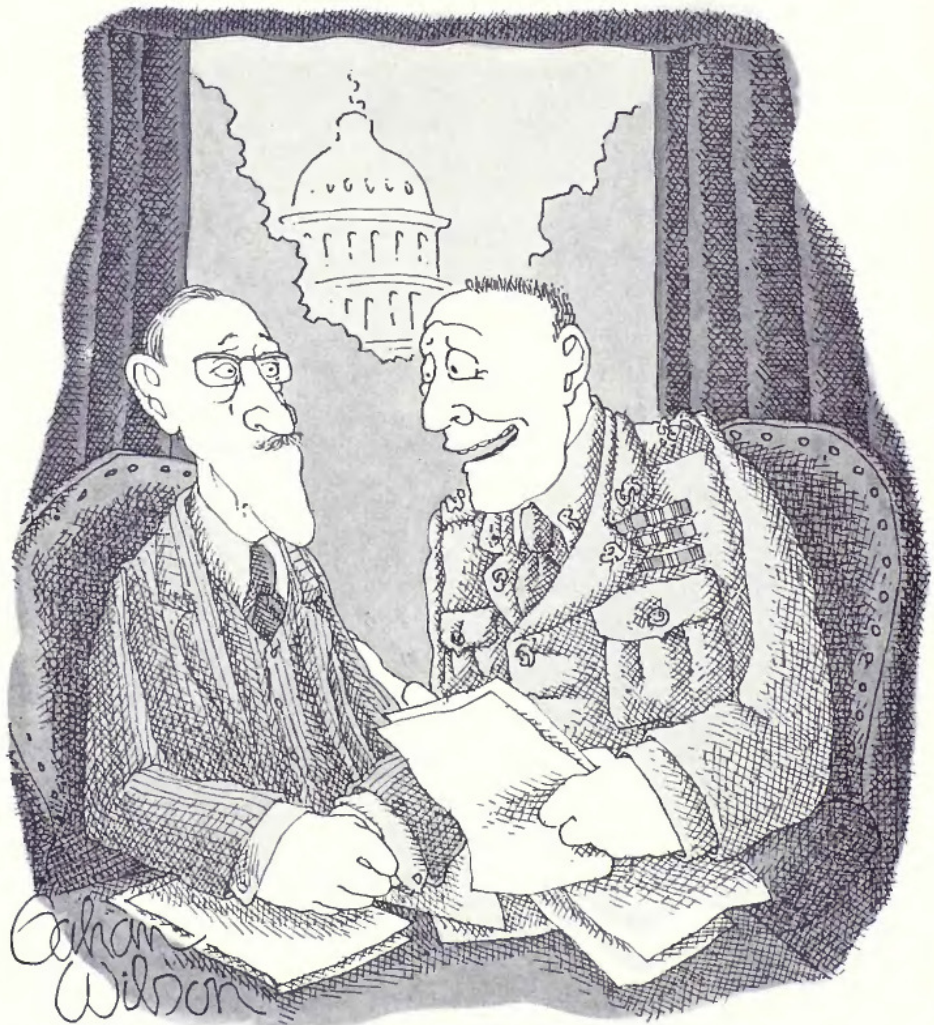
As for Ronald Reagan, he has unparal-

leled *chutzpah*, but he suffers from what might be called Nuclearophilic Insecurity Syndrome. He holds a press conference, pre-empting *Magnum, P.I.* and *Real People* and then tells the country, without even being asked, that we have enough nuclear weapons to blow up half the galaxy—but if we were to go to war with the Russians, we would get our ass kicked. (Unless, of course, he thinks the microphone isn't on, in which case he acts cocksure and jokes that the bombing starts in five minutes.) This is not cocksurety. A cocksure President would squint at the Russians, rest his finger on the button and say something like "Go ahead, make my day." Isn't that what Kennedy did? The truly cocksure don't care how big the other guy's gun is, because

they know they're going to win anyway.

Further muddling the state of American cocksurety is that species known as the new male, the quintessential realization of Emerson's claim that "society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members." New men are fond of *savoir-faire* and *nouvelle cuisine* and—here the bells begin tolling—sensitivity. No one who is sensitive enough to be a new man can possibly claim to be the best or even very good; he can't even hint it, because that would be construed by his truly sensitive friends as a claim of superiority, an insensitive thing to do.

See, women don't particularly want men to be cocksure. They find the cocksure man intriguing and exciting but threatening. He may do anything: disappear for a year so he can climb K^2 in his bare feet, because it's never been done, or quit his \$100,000-a-year job on Wall Street to become an itinerant poet, because he's always wanted to be a poet. Most women think such things are foolish. As one female friend of mine put it, "Since you



"Limited nuclear war, sir, is where people like you and me survive."

can't create life, you have to go out and prove that you can."

Nevertheless, the only way to get anywhere worth going—if you weren't born there—is to be cocksure. And if you want to be cocksure, you've got to be able to recognize cocksurety when you see it. Here are a few clues.

The cocksure, believe it or not, don't go blowing their mouths off until they are asked. Namath once said in response to accusations of immodesty, "Hell, somebody asked me a question and I told them the truth." Compare that with Hollywood Henderson, who wasn't cocksure but was a self-promoter. Before the 1979 Super Bowl, the Dallas Cowboys linebacker searched out reporters and said such things as "It's time to talk and I'm talking"; a tactic that works only in professional wrestling. Today, Namath could play a drag queen on Broadway and Archie Bunker would still bet on him to come out on top. Henderson is in jail for sexual assault involving a pair of teenagers and then trying to bribe them not to testify. The IRS auctioned off one of his Super Bowl rings to cover his back taxes.

The cocksure, when they are asked, tell the truth. When a journalist asked Babe Ruth how he felt about getting paid a higher salary than President Hoover, Ruth replied, "I had a better year than he did."

When a reporter asked Muhammad Ali whether or not he believed all men were equal, he replied, "If you want to be equal with me, you can get your own Rolls-Royce, your own house and your own million dollars." Hard to argue with that.

The truly cocksure don't ridicule the competition after they've won. When Dwight Stones won the Olympic high-jump trials in 1976, he told reporters that his competition had choked. "We got rid of the ruffraff at 7'1," Stones said. Then he went on to Montreal, wrapped one hand firmly around his throat and choked. He came in third. When he made a comeback eight years later in L.A., the press uncharacteristically treated him kindly, gave him another chance and again he choked.

The cocksure don't believe in false modesty. When Winston Churchill was once accused of being an egotist, he replied, "Of course I am an egotist. Where do you get if you aren't?" He once called one of his peers "a sheep in sheep's clothing" and "a modest man with much to be modest about." Without him, the English would now be singing *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles* before cricket matches.

The cocksure don't make excuses when they lose. Roberto Durán—who epitomizes Hispanic cocksurety, which is to the American version what mezcal is to light beer—was humiliated in the ring by Sugar Ray Leonard. Durán quit and walked away—total disgrace. Still, his trainer had to talk him into claiming he had a stomach-ache so that the entire nation of Panama wouldn't lynch him on his return. As far as Durán was concerned, first he

should party and try to forget about it, then deal with the Panamanians. He knew he'd be back.

The cocksure don't apologize to their fans when they lose. When Gerry Cooney went 13 rounds with Larry Holmes and got taught a boxing lesson but did not disgrace himself, he told the 32,000 fans after the fight, "I tried with all my heart. I love you. I'm sorry." Sorry for what? For losing? For not trying hard enough? God knows how much money Cooney could make if he had even the slightest case of cocksurety.

The cocksure don't equivocate. Ted Turner took a run-down billboard company and built it into a communications empire with \$224,000,000 in sales. His motto: "Lead, follow or get out of the way." George Steinbrenner took a baseball team overloaded with talent and ran it into the ground. His motto: "Lead, well . . . follow . . . well, no, go ahead and lead . . . um . . . get out of the way . . . no, no, definitely lead."

The cocksure know that accomplishments speak for themselves. When Charles Lindbergh landed in Paris after spending 33 hours and 29 minutes alone over the Atlantic Ocean, he climbed out of the Spirit of St. Louis and said softly, "Well, here we are. I am very happy." Emoting openly never entered his mind.

The cocksure are willing to bet it all when the odds are in their favor. In 1980, a man walked into Binion's Horseshoe in Vegas with two suitcases—one empty, the other containing \$777,000. He bet all the money on one throw of the dice, won, filled the suitcase with his winnings and walked out. "I reckoned inflation was going to eat that money up anyway, so I might as well double it or lose it all," he said.

The cocksure are willing to chance sensational fuck-ups if the payoff is high enough. Said John Kenneth Galbraith, a Harvard economist who by definition has been wrong more often than right and has to be cocksure even to *begin* to think he can make sense of the economy, "If all else fails, immortality can always be assured by spectacular error."

And a friend once said of Churchill, "Winston was often right, but when he was wrong, well, my God."

The cocksure hate to lose, but they know that losing is almost as easy to do as winning. Nietzsche once wrote, "Timid, ashamed, awkward, like a tiger whose leap has failed: This is how I have often seen you slink aside, you higher men. A throw you made had failed. But what of that, you dice throwers! . . . If great things you have attempted have turned out failures, does that mean you yourselves are—failures?" (Of course, philosophers were generally full of shit but were cocksure in a cerebral way. Sartre wrote 800 pages on being and nothingness and assumed that because he had written it, people would read it. And what's truly incomprehensible is that a lot of people did.) Dice

throwers know that if you could beat the odds every time, in a short while the management would change the odds—or check the dice.

In essence, the cocksure believe that they have whatever it takes to win. And because they've always had it in the past, they'll have it in the future.

But the cocksure are also all too aware of *hubris*. In Greek mythology, that was the most pernicious sin of all. When you got so full of yourself that the gods got a little put off, they might decide to rearrange your priorities, so to speak. Transmogrification would be in order: They might turn you into a spider or a pig or, if they were feeling unimaginative, simply fry your ass with a lightning bolt. The cocksure know that they have to work like hell to be the best, because as soon as they just assume that that's the case or neglect to give credit where credit is due . . . zap!

Psychiatrists, of course, would frown upon everything I've said. A psychiatrist would get some cocksure daredevil on his couch, eye him quizzically and say something like "Obviously, you were too attached to your mother as a child and, hence, have an overabundance of confidence. Of course, it is equally possible that you were neglected by your mother as a child and, hence, are exceedingly insecure and need constant attention." For \$60 an hour, he could cure the patient of his cocksurety, provided he see him three hours a week for ten years—with time off for August.

But the cocksure would look at the psychiatrist as if he were crazy. "Cure me?" he'd say. "Cure me? Why would I want to be cured?"

Obviously, the answer to that question is that someday, the cocksure will run out of challenges or, worse, will finally lose. This seems to be one of those unfortunate side effects of life. Like Icarus, the cocksure tend to wing it too close to the sun. At best, they can land softly; at worst, they crash and burn. Still, at some time or another, the cocksure have decided that they would rather crash and burn than never fly.

As far as I'm concerned, the first step toward cocksurety is to ignore any and all risk if confronted by a payoff worth writing home about. The next step is to take a soldering iron and burn three simple rules into your subconscious:

First: Get in over your head, and then worry about whether or not you can swim.

Second: Convince yourself that it's better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all.

Third: Don't fail.

As for me, I admit to having been a little worried at times that PLAYBOY might not like this piece. So I called my mother. She said she was sure it must be a fine story. Like I said, piece of cake.





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DISTANT REPLAY (continued from page 116)

"After he stopped playing football, he moved into an old slave's shack right on the edge of the swamp."

Urban decided then and there that I had a little courage or a little insanity, maybe both. And I certainly knew that he wasn't bashful about physical contact. So right away, we had a fundamental basis for a relationship, some understanding and appreciation of each other, and that relationship just grew and grew.

Urban was raised in Morgan City, Louisiana, bayou country, and he was part Cajun, or all Cajun—a coon-ass, he called himself. He and I started off hunting and fishing and drinking beer together, and our relationship developed into a long and deep friendship. It didn't have anything to do with families. Urban was a bachelor, never married, a man's kind of man, not a woman's. We were business partners, too, Urban and I and Jimmy Taylor, who was my roommate for five years in Green Bay. Jimmy's in the Hall of Fame, and he's also in my shithouse. He's the one former teammate I don't feel any warmth for, not even a little bit. It all goes back to the business we had in Louisiana, a commercial-diving company.

One time, after a hurricane, we got a contract to blow up a sunken barge that was blocking the channel, a danger to navigation. Urban knew the business better than Jimmy and I did, so I asked him, "Who the hell are we going to get to blow it up?"

He said, "I'm going to blow it up."

I said, "You don't know anything about explosives."

He said, "Yeah, man, I got a book. You use plastic explosives; it's all in the book. No problem." And he did it. He'd already taught himself how to dive, and he went down and blew up the barge. Urban was like that.

He was fearless, and he was bright, a quick learner, and he was different. Not long after he stopped playing football, he moved to the swamp, into an old slave's shack right on the edge of the swamp, paid something like \$400 a year in rent. He loved the swamp. He lived there with Sally and George and Scrap Iron and a couple of other dogs. My wife, Wink, and I used to go down and visit him and stay in the shack and just love every minute of it. One time, the three of us went to a bar nearby, and while I was in the phone booth trying to make a call, Urban tipped it over and flattened the folding doors against the floor so I couldn't get out. He kept me there for half an hour, laughing his head off.

We did a lot of crazy things together. One night, about midnight, we decided we'd go into the swamp and go frog hunting. We each carried a gig, a little spear,

and I had a light strapped to my head. We were half drunk and half crazy, two large men and one beer cooler in an old metal motorboat, slipping through the swamp. It was darker than hell, and the tide was so high that the water hit the banks where the frogs usually sat and chased them back into the bushes. There was no way we could catch them or even see them. We went a couple of hours without seeing a frog.

Then Urban turned to me and said, "Hold it, there's a gator. C'mon, we'll catch him." I could see two bright-red eyes about the size of dimes, with maybe four inches between them. We shut our motor off and drifted toward the gator, and as we got close, it backed down into the water, leaving just a piece of its head exposed.

I said, "That's not a gator, that's a snake or a turtle or something."

Just then, Urban reached down and hauled whatever it was into the boat. It must have been three or four feet long, and it spun around and began chewing on Urban's wrist, so he just sort of rolled out of the boat and threw it at me. The damn thing landed on my thigh, latched onto my leg, tore my pants and drew blood, and I still wasn't sure what it was. I tried to back up and get away from it, and I fell over the beer cooler. Urban was in the water, hanging onto the boat, laughing like crazy. I finally got my light aimed and saw that it was just a little gator, and Urban dragged it out of the boat. Then he decided he wanted to catch some more. Not to keep them, just to catch them—for the fun of it.

The next gator we spotted had eyes the size of quarters, about six inches apart. We turned off the motor again, and as we drifted beside it, Urban did a dead fall into the water, grabbed the gator—about a six-footer—and began thrashing around till he had it pinned, under control. Then he just let it go.

He caught two or three more that way before we saw a pair of eyes the size of silver dollars, maybe ten or 12 inches apart. "Let's head toward him," Urban said, and I said, "No, you silly son of a bitch," but he got himself all set to jump. Then, about 50 feet away from this giant gator, a real granddaddy, Urban fell into the water, pretending he was trying to catch it. As he climbed back into the boat, he snapped his fingers and said, "Doggone, I missed him."

Urban was unbelievably talented. He supported himself for a while by painting scenes of the swamp, beautiful paintings, and selling them for as much as \$2000. Then, one day, he saw some porcelain

birds that were selling for \$7000 or \$8000 apiece and he said, "Hell, I can make a porcelain bird better than that."

He went and got a book and studied and built himself a kiln and started the long, slow process of making birds from porcelain. He'd go out into the swamp and catch a bird and take it home and freeze it, then study it, not just for minutes or hours but for days at a time, making certain he knew every detail. He had one book on birds' feet and another real thick one on wing structure—that's how important detail was to him. When he made his first porcelain bird and painted it and built a lovely scene around it, it sold for \$2000. His plan was to do only four or five more, with a limited number of reproductions. But one evening, as he was cooking dinner, he had a heart attack and fell over, dead.

I was stunned. Urban was so full of life. He was still in his 40s. It was hard to accept the fact that he was gone. I still get the urge every now and then to go to the swamp and drink and hunt and fish with him: *Hey, I think I'll go down the swamp and spend a few days with Urban.* And when I realize that I can't, I get pissed off all over again.

I think about Urban and I think about Henry Jordan. They were both about my size and my shape, and we all came from similar backgrounds, and I wonder why I'm alive and they're not. And I wonder how much time I've got left and what I'm going to do with it. I've had seven years already that Henry didn't have. I've had the last of my three younger children since he died. I've watched these children spring up. I've had so much pleasure that he didn't have. What have I done with those extra years? What have I done with my time?

I ask that question and I remember reading a book called *Life After Life*, about people who were clinically dead and then came back to life. One of the people told about floating up and encountering a being of light that asked somehow, nonverbally, "What have you done with your life [that you want] to show me?" I remember putting the book down and asking myself the same question, then answering it by listing my possessions—my ranch in Idaho, my cars, my boat—then suddenly stopping and saying to myself, "Oh, isn't that wonderful? The greatest thing you've done on this earth is collect a pisspot full of toys. Isn't that neat?"

Then I started thinking about what I really wanted to do with my life. I wanted to contribute *something* positive, and I tried to think of how I could do something of lasting value, something that meant a damn. I began looking at my children and realizing that the best thing I could do on this planet would be to give them proper values, a set of guidelines that would help them survive in this world, and flourish. I realized that I hadn't done for them what



Devin

my father had done for me.

I have no complaints about the values my father left me. I have faults, but I don't blame him. He was an extreme disciplinarian, very quick with the strap, and I think that both helped and hurt me when I was young, made me strong and brave and sometimes mean. I'm not so mean now; and I'm not so brave. But my father's values have stayed with me. He had a store that sold television sets, and I once stole 50 cents from the till. I jacked the handle back and forth about 25 times before I made up my mind to take the money. What the hell? I figured. If he finds out, he'll just beat me, and he's doing that pretty regularly, anyway. He came home that night and confronted me: He was missing 50 cents. I was going to lie to him, but before I could, he just hung his head and said to me, "If I can't trust you, son, who can I trust?" And that cut a whole lot deeper than any beating.

Dad lived by a set of rules, and I'll never forget that. He's gone now, but his values, his principles are still alive. *If I can't trust you, who can I trust?*

That's the question that always comes to mind when I think about Jimmy Taylor. I treated him like a brother when we roomed together. I took care of him, stood up for him, shielded him, made excuses for him. He was raised on the streets, had to scramble for every nickel and every dime, never had a father to give him the kind of guidance my father gave me. I knew that accounted for a lot of the way Jimmy acted, the chip on his shoulder, the cocky attitude, the need to prove himself over and over. But I cared about him. That's why we went into business together.

Eventually, we merged our diving business into a big outfit called Petrolane, and we each got a lot of stock. Of course, there were expenses involved, and after the merger, Jimmy ended up owing Urban \$1700. He owed Urban the money for three, maybe four years and just refused to pay. He always had an excuse, but there was no good reason for not paying. It was just Jimmy squeezing every nickel and every dime.

One night we all got together at Urban's shack in the swamp to discuss the company's finances—and Jimmy's debt. Jimmy took a wad of money out of his pocket and, with a big show, peeled off 17 \$100 bills. Like he was giving Urban a gift or something, like a real big shot. Urban reached over and slapped him in the face. Jimmy just sat there with his head bowed and Urban slapped him again. Jimmy got up and Urban slapped him again. Jimmy walked to the door and Urban slapped him on the back of the head. Jimmy went out to his car and Urban reached in through the open window and slapped him again. Not once did Jimmy act like a man. He never faced up to Urban, never raised a hand to defend himself. I couldn't

believe what I was seeing. Here was this romping, stomping fullback, who had shown such fire on the football field, acting like a whipped dog with his tail between his legs.

I later heard that he sold his Petrolane stock for close to \$1,000,000.

I used to ask about it, but I haven't really talked to him now for three or four years. He's come up to me a few times at golf tournaments, trying to start a conversation or shake hands, but he's always come up empty. I'm not sure I'll ever talk to him again. He was sure one hell of a running back but, to Urban and me, such a disappointment as a human being. I just can't get over that. *If I can't trust you, who can I trust?*

•

I still get all riled up just talking about Jimmy Taylor. But, aside from him, I've got nothing but good memories of football. It was a hell of a trip. I loved the game, loved the guys, loved Lombardi. I wouldn't change a minute of it—not the highs, not the lows, not even the injuries and the pain.

I haven't forgotten the injuries. I've got a couple of jammed vertebrae that still give me some shoulder and neck pain every now and then. Offensive linemen get reminders from their necks; we used our heads to block at Green Bay.

Come to think of it, maybe there is one thing I would change: By today's standards, the salaries we got at Green Bay were pitiful. Not long ago, at an N.F.L. alumni outing, I was talking with Ray Nitschke and John David Crow. I had always been curious about Ray's salary, since we were rookies together and teammates for so long, but we were forbidden to discuss our salaries at Green Bay and, believe it or not, we didn't. Anyway, I looked at Ray and said, "Hey, Nitsch, what kind of a bonus did you get to sign with the Packers?"

He looked up, kind of grinned and said, "I got \$500, man."

I said, "You s.o.b., you doubled me. I only got \$250! Two fifty for signing and \$7750 for the season."

Nitschke said, "You got \$8000. I only got \$7700."

John David said, "You two are both pikers. I got \$1000 as a bonus and \$14,000 for the season." Of course, he won the Heisman Trophy and was the number-one draft choice that year. And now I see that Randy White recently signed a contract with Dallas for \$800,000 a year—100 times what I made! That's hard to comprehend. But I guess what's really hard to comprehend is the power of television.

I don't watch much football on TV these days, and my three younger kids don't know much about my football days. They've seen a few things on television mentioning the old Packers, so they know

I played, but that's about all. They never saw me in action, though, and we've never gone to a game. I've taken them with me on trips to Green Bay, to visit the older children, but I've never taken them to the Packer Hall of Fame, never bothered to show them I'm in it. I was elected in 1975, the same time as Lombardi and Willie D. and Taylor and Fuzzy and McGee and Paul Hornung and Henry Jordan. Not a bad crop that year.

But I'm not in the Pro Football Hall of Fame, the one in Canton, Ohio, and I've got to admit, I'm pissed about that. Not as hot as I was when I first became eligible and wasn't elected, but still resentful, a little bitter. Back around 1970, when the National Football League put out a book commemorating its first half-century, I was named the outstanding guard of the first 50 years. So how the hell could I not be elected to the Hall of Fame? The only thing worse is that Hornung hasn't been elected, and he deserves it ahead of me. I guess they feel they already have too many Packers. Still, I think Hornung should be there, then Willie Wood, then me. Hell, I think the whole team should be there.

As much as I care about my former teammates, though, and as good as I feel about them, I don't usually dwell on the past. In my work—I'm in the oil and gas business, concentrating on exploration—I never bring up football. Half the people I deal with probably don't give a damn about it, and the other half want to spend so much time talking about the Packers that it gets in the way of accomplishing anything.

I'm still working as hard as I did in Green Bay, when Lombardi would chew on me. I'm still trying to shoot an elephant, to make a score so big I won't have to worry about anything the rest of my life. I'm not sure why I keep driving myself, living on the road most of the time, working, planning, dealing. I could retire now, settle down with my kids and my wife, who's the kind of woman I dreamed about when I was young. I could sell the ranch, which is probably worth more than \$1,000,000, and live out my life comfortably. But I've got to keep going, got to keep pushing.

Part of it, I know, is the work ethic instilled in me by my father, and in all the Packers by Vince Lombardi. And part of it goes back even further. All my life, ever since I found myself growing bigger than most of the other kids, I've been trying to prove I've got a head on this big scarred body, I'm not just a big dumb jock. I suppose I've proved it to a lot of people. But I don't know if I'll ever prove it to myself.

Maybe I'll find some answers talking to the guys. Maybe one of them has the secret. Maybe Urban had the secret. I wish he and Henry Jordan were here. I wish we were all going to live forever. I used to think we were.



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The Date

(continued from page 109)

OPENING LINES

blow, pull out your Pocket Quote receiver or that new portable cellular telephone, then give Ms. a hot tip on jumbo C.D.s and orphan-home stock. Look like someone smart enough to commit computer crime—not like some dufu who'd need a court-appointed plumber. Here are just two can't-fail openers: "Gee, my aunt is dying. Don't know what we'll do with her \$169-per-month rent-controlled apartment on Park Avenue." Or (this I came upon after a successful diet) "Just lost 30 pounds without any hunger." Bang, she'll get as passionate as Jean Harris before you can say "lipid deposit." Bang.

Traditional values and romance, they'll tell you, are back. True. But Nurse Smith from *Operating Room Love* marries the famous prostate surgeon, not some bedpan emptier who has his degree in Q*bert and Dig Dug. Romance is upwardly mobile. When you touch-dance, let her breast brush against a fat money clip—instant areola pucker. "I'm V.P. of my own leisure group." (Not a lie; you and Joe and Sal sit around drinking beer all weekend.) "I'm heavily into communications." (You have this monstrous phone bill.) Flowers are fine. But, remember, a rose is a rose is a rose because it isn't a \$100 bill.

Of course, you still wanna get your sprinkler system into her private sector. Just assure Miss Young Thing, who smells from ski wax and Lutèce house dressing, that it won't take long. Kink is out: Don't mention your Bardex enema kit and equipment-leased torture rack; they're time consuming. "Unchain me, master, I've gotta call Prudential-Bache" is a real swizzle-stick wilter. Project the image of stable, work-efficient sex. Say, "Come on up, I've only got *one* etching." Pot is also out since 1980 or so. (Have you noticed that all at once it makes nine of ten women paranoid?) If you can, put some Anafanil in her cocktail-party drink. This marvelous antidepressant will, as a side effect, cause instant orgasm (or erection and ejaculation) whenever you *yawn*. Get off even while bored. The best sex breakthrough since warm sugar tongs.

And, for Chrissakes, grow a mustache over that herpetic bleb on your lip. The third approach line should be your certificate of health: "My brother is on staff at Mount Sinai. Last week he cleared me to be an artificial-insemination donor for the sperm bank there. Grave responsibility." We're so disease aware now, I know men who wear condoms when they jerk off. You don't want a promiscuous date, someone who has memorized every third ceiling in New York or who gives her own frequent-flyer discount. Watch her face and say, "Gosh, my 12-year-old niece just caught

clap. Got it break dancing on dirty pavement." If your intended has a sudden, strange wad of phlegm in her throat or crushes her potato salad crossing one leg over the other, move away and don't touch that nice onion dip again.

Most important: Dating isn't dating in 1985. It is a kind of *networking*. Men and women consort with each other's entire mutual acquaintance. The pre-eminent sexual come-on today (Jerry Rubin told me this) is a handsome business card. Yours should be elegant, *macho*, with type raised so high it'll hurt her thumb. You are, no matter what her line, JOHN DOE, CONSULTANT. Is the chick into organically grown clothes—hey, you know an important shirt farmer. Is she working for The National Head Injury Foundation—hey, you know a lot of people who've been concussed. We don't make love now, we pool contacts. Even in bed, hot stomach to hot stomach, you aren't just filling her moist *pita* pocket—you're *interfacing*.



GETTING SPIFFY

do with dancing. It's there and you may as well get used to it.

And so it is useful to start, I think, with an all-purpose rule. Whatever the occasion, you owe it to yourself to wash your dick. Even in Nebraska.

This advice comes not only from me but from my brother Tom, who has more notches on the old six-shooter than anybody in the family, and we are a family of lady-killers.

"I recommend a neutral-base saddle soap," he told me, "something that will remove the scuff marks without damaging the surface texture."

I couldn't agree more. My own preference is Nunn Bush No. 403. You wipe it on, you wipe it off, and then just a few strokes with a soft-haired brush and you can see your face in the shine.

Sure, it takes a few extra minutes, but isn't it worth it to know you're safe? From a practical—as well as an existential—view, what can embarrass you if your dick is as clean as a whistle? With an edge like that, you don't care if they have to cut your pants off in the emergency room, so you can go ahead and impress your date a little. Do your impression of a collie driving a car; eat a light bulb. Tell the pimp you don't like his hat. Show her you don't care about trendy social conventions.

You think that doesn't appeal to women? Where have you been hanging out—Radcliffe? And you know what else appeals to them? Medical emergencies. A medical emergency always brings out that nursing instinct in them, and you know

where that can lead. "Can I do anything to help? *Anything* at all?"

There are, of course, as many different kinds of emergencies as there are women to have them in front of. Sometimes my brother Tom will claim that his class ring has been slowly cutting off the circulation to his third finger ever since he graduated from high school—it never hurts to throw that in, that you're educated, right?—and if he could only find the right lubricant, he might still be able to save his finger. . . .

And then again, sometimes he'll just paint one of his legs blue.

But I have strayed here. We were talking about preparing ourselves for the Queen of Hearts Ball.

All right, once matters of personal hygiene are settled—and I can't overemphasize their importance—that still leaves you unclothed. You have to do something about that. Not even my brother Tom would spend a whole night looking at his reflection in his own dick, and he can make a lot of funny faces.

Besides, sometimes it's just too cold.

So what do you do? Do what Tom does—go to your closet. Inside are a tuxedo and five Hawaiian shirts. Tom and I are all-or-nothing kind of guys, and that's what you have to be, too, if you want to get lucky.

The best rule I know for picking out clothes for an evening—and this, again, is something of a family rule—is *Always go with the parrots*. When you start with parrots, everything matches. You can wear a parrot shirt with knickers and it looks right. You can wear it with your tuxedo pants and the stripes don't look silly. Pressed pants, wrinkled pants; it's all the same. White shoes look good with parrots, yellow shoes look very good with parrots—shit, golf shoes look good with parrots, and what attention getters those are on the dance floor.

So, anyway, a quick recap. You put on the parrot shirt, golf shoes and any kind of pants you have lying around, and head for the door, right?

Are you really that gullible? You forgot your rubbers.

Nobody is dressed for the evening without prophylactics. And I am not talking here about amoeba colors that end up looking like last season's snakeskin. I am speaking of yellows and blues and greens and blacks. The same company that makes parrot shirts makes rubbers, too—they're down there in the jungle, anyway; what else is there to do?

They are sold in boxes of threes, but you take them out and put one or two in each pocket, where they will spill out into the punch bowl while you're looking for a pen to write down a woman's number. A subtle tease, like a flash of leg under a slit

skirt. A little something to let them know you're thinking about it, too.

And that, of course, is where it's all aimed. At the mind. Sure, you know how to dazzle them now, but the message behind it is what counts. Remember that. By the time you are ready to knock on her door, the woman who answers should take one look and know, beyond doubt or hope, that she is in for something special.



STEPPING OUT

bride got a lot of silver nut dishes and Waterford crystal. City hall will do in a pinch.

But if it's love you want, you'll have to do more than marry your date. You'll have to take her out and do something that will impress her, arouse her pity or get her to hate your guts.

Hate may seem like the wrong idea. It's not. Women like strong emotions but have trouble telling them apart. This is why they weep when you give them diamond earrings and say, "Don't make me laugh" when you threaten suicide. Also, hate is easy and cheap. Just stand her up three or four times. Or you can take her along when you walk the dog. Sic your dog on a Lhasa apso. Tell your date you enjoy cruelty to animals and say, "All my friends said they wouldn't take you to a dogfight. Not me." This should work.

When a woman really hates you, she'll think about you night and day. Then she'll realize that thinking about someone night and day is a sure sign of love. Either that or she'll use what she's learned in rape-defense class and break your neck.

To impress a woman, take her to a local bar and introduce her to your famous friends. Tell them they're famous first. Hint: Nobody knows what Thomas Pynchon looks like. Writers are good this way, since their names are known but their faces aren't. Pass off bald friends as Thomas Berger. Say your crazy aunt is Joan Didion. Second hint: Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald are dead now, and your date may know this.

Death can be used to advantage, though. Take your date to the funerals of famous people. Famous people have been having a lot of funerals lately. They can't say they never knew you. Get drunk and demonstrate your grief loudly. She'll be impressed and feel sorry for you, too.

To generate more pity, tell your date that none of your rich Republican friends will speak to you because you supported Jesse Jackson for President. Then take her to a black-tie charity ball for which you don't have an invitation. You'll be snubbed. Your date's heart will melt.

A boost to the ego is, of course, the best

reason for dating. There are many ways to get love and sex, but self-confidence is best had by ushering a beautiful woman around so everyone can see you. Take her to a gay bar. You can do a thousand good turns in Grand Central Station and no one will ever notice. But walk into a gay bar and, somehow, all your friends and family will be watching from across the street. Or take your date to a bank robbery. This is what the Symbionese Liberation Army was doing with Patty Hearst. They had a date with this beautiful rich girl, and they wanted everybody to know.

However, maybe you actually like the woman you're dating. Maybe you want to please her and make her happy. You could take her to do the kind of things women like to do. But you're going to look silly trying on dresses.

If you can't do something she wants, then do something you hate. Go to a lecture on begonia cultivation at the garden club. The fact that your date will be just as bored as you won't matter. Women get pleasure from seeing men annoyed. Women have a whole life of annoying diapers, lawns and house payments planned for you. They want to get you in shape for it.

If none of this appeals to you and you're looking for some real excitement, try drinking, taking drugs and driving too fast. Then you can take your date to that place where so many other women have told you to go.



THE PUT-AWAY

she is wearing a stainless-steel panty girdle with a Mosler time lock.

What to say. There are many theories about how specifically one should phrase the actual sexual invitation. As a general rule, I have found those invitations most effective that are neither so specific as to spell out in detail the precise anatomical couplings I have in mind nor so vague as to leave my guest with the impression that I wish her merely to catch 40 winks on my living-room couch. Hence, "You wanna sleep over?" is about as far off the mark as "Whaddaya say I strap your ankles to the bedposts and hump your *kishkes* up into your throat?"

It is generally a poor idea to have your invitation imply that you are inexperienced ("I'd love to fuck you, but—and I hope this isn't going to sound too naïve—I'm not entirely sure I'd know where to put it"), that you are *too* experienced ("Most chicks I know say I give better head than a woman"), that you ever require sleep ("I gotta be up in four hours, but if you come fast, I can spend about five minutes on you before I doze off"), that you aren't clean ("I gotta warn ya, I got a

few open sores on my joint, but, hey, no problem, because I just went to the doc and he says it isn't herpes, after all"), that you haven't really been giving her your full attention ("I hope you don't mind if I call you Honey in bed, because I'm terrible with names"), that you aren't planning to see her again ("I hope you're not one of these real possessive chicks who think a fuck is a commitment") or that you're planning *too seriously* on seeing her again ("Until tonight, my darling, I had been saving myself for the woman I plan to spend eternity with").

Closing the sale. Chances are, the young lady's initial response to your invitation has been inconclusive. Chances are, she has not unzipped your fly, pulled out your *shvantz* and begun coating it with cocoa butter; but neither has she coldcocked you with a candlestick. Chances are, she herself has not decided what she intends to do.

She has allowed you to take her back to your apartment. She is waiting to be persuaded. How will you persuade her? A method much admired by auto salesmen is:

Closing on a minor point. "Do you prefer the stick shift or the automatic transmission? The four-cylinder or the six-?" In my bachelor days, I kept two brand-new factory-sealed toothbrushes for such occasions. When a young lady objected to staying over at my apartment on the grounds that she didn't have her toilet articles with her, I took out the two toothbrushes and asked her which color she preferred. In deciding the minor point, she was consenting to the major one.

How to handle objections. The worst thing you can do with a woman's objections is try to talk her out of them—I have spent half my life in such futile and fruitless pursuit, so I know whereof I speak. How, then, to handle objections when they arise? By *agreeing* with her. Is her objection that it's too late to begin lovemaking? Agree with her—tell her you usually require at least four hours to do the thing properly, anyway. Is her objection that the first date is too soon for sex? Agree with her—tell her that whenever you have let passion overcome your bias against sex on the first date, the ensuing relationship has never lasted longer than a year. Whatever her objection, agree with it, say she is absolutely right, say she is even understating the case—all the while continuing to light the candles, pour the wine, caress her neck, unbutton her blouse and put the well-worn copy of *Bolero* on the turntable.

She probably feels she's expected to object, even if she doesn't want to. And, as a wise man once observed, a woman is never so open to a man as when she has just turned him down.



BRIAN DE PALMA (continued from page 119)

"On a news show, I see more violence in 60 seconds of news footage than in 15 years of film making."

You don't really see it, just about 12 frames. I took it out, anyway. I sent the censors four versions and kept taking things out and finally said, "I'm not doing this anymore," and all four versions got an X for "cumulative violence," whatever that is. So I figured, Hey, if we're getting an X, let's go with our first version. So I put it all back and fought the appeal on the original cut. Why fight the fourth version? I didn't even like it. And we won. I had already taken out the arm on my own. I was amazed at the brouhaha.

9.

PLAYBOY: Your murder weapons have ranged from gun to carving knife, carrot peeler, scissors, straight razor, telekinetic detonation, wrist-watch garrote, chain saw and, most recently, a huge electric drill in *Body Double*. What's wrong with a nice .357 Magnum?

DE PALMA: The usual instruments get boring—aesthetically—after a while. A gun—someone grabs his chest and falls. That's that. You have to figure out what is the right instrument for the right killing. How will it be shot? How effective and scary is it? The chain saw wasn't my idea. It came from the *Scarface* screenwriter, Oliver Stone. It's an aesthetic problem,

like shooting love scenes: Where is he touching her? How is she kissing him? You need an inventive solution, or it looks like everything else you've ever seen. Violence lends itself very well to cinematic form. It's one of the few artistic forms where you can deal with really violent kinetic imagery.

10.

PLAYBOY: Your violent scenes have earned you plenty of rabid criticism—particularly from women. Care to respond?

DE PALMA: Media people always ask how I can make movies like this. This is what's in my brain. I don't have to justify it to anyone. Studio heads are only interested if a movie makes money. And out of 15 movies I've made, I've justified my existence to them on at least ten of them. The problem isn't the Hollywood system but the people who force a moral justification on you in order for them to sell magazines or air time. They're in business, too. But they can't say that. When I go on a news show, I see more violence in 60 seconds of news footage than in 15 years of film making.

An artist basically creates something out of what's in his brain. I'm no documentarian trying to reflect what's going on in society. There is absolutely no

correlation between movie violence and actual violence as far as I can see.

We see movies or boxing or football for their cathartic effect, as an outlet, to see these impulses acted out. There are a lot more outlets for sexual impulses in this society. You can't just go out and beat people up and get into fights, but you can certainly go out and get laid. But anyone in an artistic medium has a leg up in dealing with his obsessions, because he can express them. It's great. I don't dream much, because my dreams are all in my movies. I don't have nightmares, because I work them all out in artistic form.

11.

PLAYBOY: Does your high tolerance for blood have anything to do with watching your father perform orthopedic surgery in Philadelphia?

DE PALMA: When I was, like, 16, 17, I saw him do a lot of bone surgery, amputate legs, put in a steel femur. I saw some brain and eye surgery performed by his colleagues. You *do* see a lot of blood when people operate.

12.

PLAYBOY: Have you submitted to analysis?

DE PALMA: I've gone to therapists, not analysts, basically when I had problems and needed someone to talk to. And not for long. I didn't go to ruminate about my psychological obsessions. That doesn't interest me. Maybe it's because, again, I sort of act them out in my movies all the time. I'm attracted to material that emanates from subconscious need through bizarre dreams. If I understood exactly what that need was, I probably wouldn't be interested anymore. To explain, examine, justify, label all your motivations is for me a defecating process that has nothing to do with creating.

13.

PLAYBOY: We know you don't have to be weird to make weird movies. But would it help?

DE PALMA: It's a trap people always fall into. But I'm not paranoid. I don't own telescopes. I walk the city streets without feeling I'm being followed. Quite the contrary; after all the research I did in pornography, I couldn't have been more uninterested. I absorb all the information I need to make a movie; then I'm satiated with it. I've seen it and done it and worked it out and it's over.

14.

PLAYBOY: Would it be out of line to believe the rumors that some of Al Pacino's coke in *Scarface* was the real thing?

DE PALMA: Absolutely out of line. Pacino's very straight. The idea that you have to be drunk to play drunk went out at the turn of the century. Had the coke been real, the whole budget of that movie would have been on his table at the end. No, it was lactose, one of the popular cuts. It makes you



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sneeze a lot. Al didn't like it. It stuffed up his nose and he had to keep blowing it after scenes.

15.

PLAYBOY: Since you can't give out an Oscar, who gets a Brian award?

DE PALMA: *The King of Comedy*, about the best film made over the past few years. It's very difficult to surprise me, but Marty Scorsese found an ingenious way to depict uncommercial material. And Robert De Niro's portrayal of such a compellingly unlikable character is fabulously realized and integrated, a seamless work of art. For Marty, it was a cohesive, audacious effort.

16.

PLAYBOY: Defend your critics.

DE PALMA: It's always nice to have someone understand what I'm trying to do, and it's fascinating to see where people get thrown off: The rise of *Scarface* was interesting but

the downfall dull—stuff like that. The best critics can make me aware of things in my work, but they've followed me for years and I know where they are coming from. I don't keep up with them socially, but I know many well enough to call on the phone and ask for support, like when I'm in trouble with the ratings board. For *Scarface*, I called Roger Ebert; I spoke with *The New York Times*; I would have called Pauline Kael, but she was sick and I didn't want to get her involved. I wouldn't say that I get perverse satisfaction from the hostility of the others. I've been hit so often that it just doesn't have much effect anymore. It did disturb me when critics attacked my ex-wife, Nancy Allen, for the mere fact that she was my wife and had appeared in several of my movies. We worked quite well together, but the downside was the talk about her being in the films because she was the director's wife. You just have to deal with it; it's unfair, but what else is new?

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the most hostile attack you encounter from feminists?

DE PALMA: That I'm a women hater, obsessed with violence and dirty sex, that type of thing. I tell them I make the movies I want to make, that I like working with women and that my movies have strong women protagonists. As for violence, it makes no difference if you take body counts whether you're killing men or women in movies. Since *Scarface*, my body count for women is minuscule compared with that for men. Basically, feminists don't use the word psychopath. Usually, they call me sick. I don't try to convince them that I'm not that bad a guy. I tell them, "It's a free world; don't buy a ticket."

18.

PLAYBOY: What do you like most and least about film making?

DE PALMA: I like the deal making—the capitalist system in perfect formation, wrestling around dollars. I like thinking things up, structuring characters, relationships, cinematic design. That I can wake up in the morning and still have ideas to put together in a movie is more than anyone can ask of the system. I like writing early—from six A.M.—in my office. Then I like to walk around, physically locating the movie in specific places. The worst parts are the actual making of the movie and when it's released. That's when you've got the most pressure. My favorite period is when I'm thinking about the movies I'm going to make and refining and editing the movie I've just made. That is paradise for this director. As a matter of fact, my editing office for *Body Double* was right across the street from the Pussycat Cinema on Broadway.

19.

PLAYBOY: What are you serving up next?

DE PALMA: I'm very interested in the media, TV in particular. There's a murder in the next movie, and it will definitely be a De Palma film. It's about someone who becomes a celebrity after the murder—and his motivation to become famous at any cost. It's a little like *King of Comedy* and like John Hinckley—writing those letters to Jodie Foster to tell her how important his love is.

20.

PLAYBOY: Forgive us, we have to ask. Is it hard to assure a woman who's seen *Dressed* that it's safe to take a shower in your apartment?

DE PALMA: I don't have too many problems in that area. The shower curtain's opaque and the sharpest object in the bathroom happens to be my toothbrush.



Henderson

"Feeling as you do about abortion, Arthur, you probably shouldn't have one."





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PLAYBOY

ISLANDS

(continued from page 78)

had been too preoccupied. He signed the shipping order and then scrambled to hire a driver and boys to break down the pallets and truck the cartons out to Rosehill's freezer before the meat thawed completely.

There were other errands, less urgent—to the marketing board in search of the rare tomato, to the post office, to the stationer for a ballpoint pen, to the pharmacist, who was disappointed when Tillman bought only aspirin. Most of his regular white customers spent small fortunes on amphetamines or Quaaludes. When Tillman had finished there, he drove over to the national hospital on the edge of town. Without a death certificate from Bradley, Mother was destined to be the morbid champion of cryogenics, the queen of ice in a land where water never froze in nature.

The old colonial hospital was a structure and a system bypassed by any notion of modernity. Someone yelled at him as he entered the shadowed foyer, but it wasn't apparent who or why. The rough wooden floor boards creaked under his feet. The maze of hallways seemed to be a repository for loiterers—attendants, nurses, nuns, clerks, superfluous guards, mangled patients, talking, weeping, spending the day in rigid silence. One naked little boy asleep on the floor, hugging the wall.

He found Bradley's office and went through the door without knocking. Bradley, chief surgeon, head physician of Saint George's National People's Hospital, an agnostic operation if Tillman had ever seen one, was reading in his chair, a paperback romance, a man hovering over a fallen woman on its cover. The room smelled of sweet putrefaction and Lysol. The scent of jasmine wafted in through open, screenless windows. Tillman sat down on a wooden bench against one bare wall. Flies buzzed along the ceiling. Bradley slowly broke off from his reading, dropping his feet one by one from where they were propped on the broad window sill. His lab coat, smudged with yellow stains and laundered blood, sagged away from his middle. He recognized Tillman and smiled grudgingly.

"Mahn, I been callin' you, ya know. I examine dem peaches you muddah eat. Dey was no good. I think we solve dis big mystery."

Tillman knew this was his chance to end the affair, but he could not forgive Bradley his smugness, his careless manner, the suffering he had sown.

"You're sure? What'd you do, feed them to a chicken and the chicken died?"

"Mahn, Tillmahn, you doan have enough troubles, you must come make some wit' me? Why is daht?"

"You're telling me she died of botulism?"

"It seem so, seem so."

Tillman was incited to fury. "Botulism, doctor, causes vomiting and extreme pain. How can you not know that? My mother died a peaceful death."

Bradley turned with eyes murderous. "If it's so, de autopsy prove so. I cahnt know oddahwise."

"You're not touching her. Somebody else can do it, but not you."

"Mahn, daht's irrational."

Tillman jumped up from the bench and stood in front of the doctor's cluttered desk. "You'd be the last person on earth to touch her."

"Get out, Tillmahn."

Tillman was in no hurry to leave. "Remember Freddy Allen?" he asked.

"Who?" Then Bradley remembered and his face lost its arrogance.

"He was a friend of mine, a good one. He helped me out at Rosehill whenever I needed it."

"Tillmahn, consider I am only human."

"Yes, you are. So was Freddy until he came to you. You gave him bromides for acute appendicitis. The damn vet can diagnose better than you."

Bradley stood so fast, his eyes full of menace, that Tillman tensed to defend himself. "Get out!" he shouted, pointing his finger at Tillman. "You muddah now a permahnent guest aht Rosehill till you come to you senses. Get out!"

The doctor came around from his desk to open the office door and then kicked it shut behind him.

Tillman, island hotelier, master of the business arts, student of impossibility, fond of weather that rarely oppressed, a man of contingencies and recently motherless—Tillman knew what to do. Whatever it took.

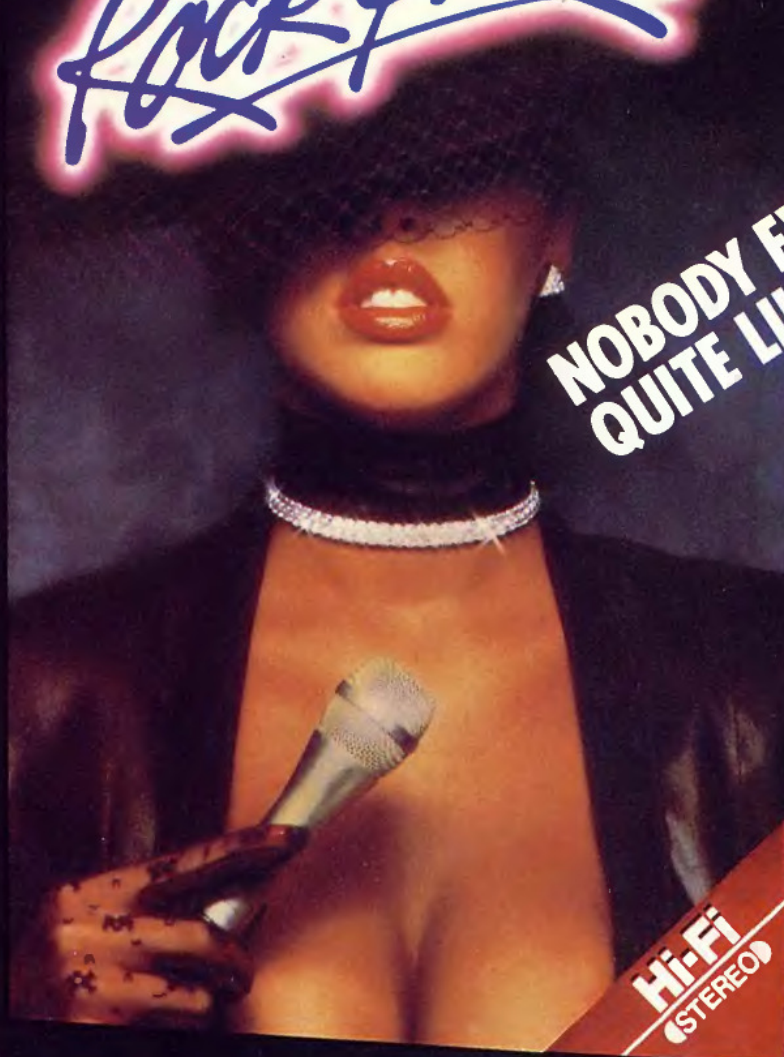
Whatever it took, Tillman told himself, back out on the streets, heedless in the late-afternoon traffic. Sometimes that meant nothing at all; sometimes the gods spared you muckery, blessed you with style, and everything was easy.

At the airport, he parked next to a single taxi out front, no one around to note this familiar island tune, the prolonged pitch of tires violently braked. Through the dark, empty airport that always reminded him of an abandoned warehouse, Tillman searched for his friend Roland, the freelance bush pilot from Australia, maverick and proven ace. Roland leaped around the warm world in his Stearman, spraying mountainsides of bananas with chemicals that prevented leaf spot and other blights. Tillman suspected that the pilot was also part of the interisland ring sponsored by the most influential businessmen to smuggle drugs, whiskey, cigarettes, stereos—whatever contraband could be crammed surreptitiously into the fuselage of a small plane. He seemed to be able to come and go as he pleased.

Roland's plane wasn't on the tarmac, nor in the hangar. Sunset wasn't far away. Wherever Roland was, waltzing his plane

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through green, radical valleys, he would have to return before dark if he was coming in tonight. Tillman left a message with a mechanic in the machine shed for Roland to come find him at Rosehill.

Twilight had begun to radiate through the vegetation as he arrived back at the hotel, lifting the mélange of colors to a higher level of brilliance, as if each plant, each surface, were responding to the passage of the sun with its own interior luminosity. Inspector Cuffy was on the veranda of the west wing, laughing with Lemonille, her eyes flirtatious. They clammed up when Tillman appeared beside them.

"You haven't been waiting for me, have you?"

"Well, doan trouble yourself, mahn. I been interviewin' dis pretty young lady."

Tillman looked at Lemonille, who averted her eyes shyly. "Perahps we cah view de body of you muddah now." Cuffy said this without the slightest conviction. Tillman understood that for the time being, the inspector was only interested in chasing Lemonille.

"I've had a hell of a day. Can I ask you to wait until tomorrow?"

"Daht strike me ahs reasonable," Cuffy said, allowing Tillman to experience his generosity.

"Besides, case solved, Cuffy," Tillman said, remembering the doctor, the hospital. "Bradley says something was wrong with the can of peaches my mother was eating when she died." ("If you want to believe such crap," Tillman added under his breath.)

"I will study daht report," the inspector said. From the way he spoke, Tillman knew the investigation would drag on for days, weeks—especially if Lemonille played hard to get.

"Mistah Till-mahn?" Lemonille buried her chin, afraid to speak now that she had drawn attention to herself. More woe, thought Tillman. More hue and cry.

"What's wrong?"

"De cook say she 'fraid wit' you dead muddah in de freezah. She say she not cookin' wit' a duppy so close by."

"All right, I'll go talk to her."

"She gone home."

"All right, I'll take care of it." He began to walk away.

"Mistah Till-mahn?" The big woman's soft and guarded voice made him stop and turn around.

"What, Lemonille?"

"De men come wit' de meat, but dey won't stock it."

Tillman inhaled nervously. "My mother again, right?"

Lemonille nodded. "Damn!" Tillman said and scuffed the dirt in frustration.

Lemonille had one last piece of news. "Jevanee in a fuss 'cause you fire him."

"I didn't fire him. I told him to take the day off."

"Oh."

"Cuffy was there. He heard me." Cuffy

looked into the trees and would not support or deny this allegation.

"Oh. But Jevanee tellin' every bug in de sky you fire him. Daht mahn be fulla dread you goin' put him out since de day you poppy die."

"Well, it's not true. Tell him that when you see him."

Tillman took these developments in stride, closing the restaurant for the evening by posting a scrawled note of apology at the entrance to the modest dining hall in the manor. For an hour, he shuffled the cartons of dripping steaks from the kitchen to the freezer, stacking them around the corpse of his mother as if these walls of spoiling meat were meant to be her tomb.

Event upon event—any day in the islands could keep accumulating such events until it was overrich, festering or glorious, never to be reproduced so wonderfully. This day was really no different except that his mother had triggered some extraordinary complications that were taking him to the limit.

After showering in cold water, Tillman climbed the stairs in the main house to the sanctitude of his office, his heart feeling too dry for blood to run through it, another fire hazard. What's to be done with Mother? On a hot plate, he heated water for tea, sat with the steaming mug before the phone on his desk. Ministry offices would be closed at this hour and besides, the minister of health was no friend of his, so there was no use ringing him up.

Finally, he decided to call Dr. Layland. If Layland still were running the island's medical services, the day would have been much simpler; but Layland, a surgeon who had earned international respect for his papers on brain dysfunction in the tropics, had lost his job and his license to practice last winter when he refused to allow politics to interfere with the removal of a bullet from an opposition member's neck. Although the case was before the federation, there was little hope of reinstatement before next year's elections.

"Frankly," Layland told him, his accent bearing the vestige of an Oxford education, "your position is most unenviable, my friend. A burial certificate, likewise permission to transfer the corpse back to its native soil, must be issued by both the national police and the chief medical officer. The police, pending their own investigation of the cause of death, will not act without clearance from the C.M.O. In cases where the cause is unclear, it is unlikely that the C.M.O. will agree to such clearance, especially for an expatriate Caucasian, until an autopsy is performed."

"But Bradley said it was the peaches, a bad can of peaches." Tillman jerked his head away from the telephone. How absurd and false those words sounded.

"Unlikely, but I see what you're getting at. Any cause is better than none, in light of your problem. But you know what sort

of humbug that foolish man is. And you shan't have him on your side, since you refused to have him do the autopsy."

Layland further explained that there was no alternative to removing the corpse from the walk-in freezer unless he had another to put it in or unless he committed it to the island's only morgue, in the basement of the prison at Fort Albert—again, Bradley's domain. The final solution would be to bury her at Rosehill, but even this could not be accomplished without official permits. The police would come to dig her up. Tillman asked if it were a mistake not to allow Bradley to cut open his mother.

"I'm afraid, Tillman, you must decide that for yourself," Layland answered. "But I think you must know that I am as disgusted by my erstwhile colleague as you are. Well, good luck."

Tillman pushed the phone away, rubbed his sore eyes, massaged the knots in his temples. He tilted back in his chair and almost went over backward, caught unaware by a flood of panic. Unclean paradise, he thought suddenly. What about Mother? Damn, she was dead and needed taking care of. Hard to believe. Lord, why did she come here, anyway? She probably knew she was dying and figured the only dignified place to accomplish the fact was under the roof of her only child. A mother's final strategy.

Outside on the grounds, one of the stray

dogs that were always about began a rabid barking. Tillman listened more closely, the sounds of squawking audible between the gaps in the dog's racket. The protest grew louder, unmistakable. Tillman was down the stairs and out on the lawn in no time at all, running toward the aviary.

There was some light from the few bulbs strung gaily through the branches of frangipani that overhung the parking area, enough for Tillman to see what was going on, the wickedness being enacted in blue-satin shadows. In the gazebo, an angry silhouette swung a cutlass back and forth, lashing at the amorphous flutter of wings that seemed everywhere in the tall cage.

"Jevanee?" Tillman called, uncertain. The silhouette reeled violently, froze in its step and then burst through the door of the cage, yelling.

"Mah, you cy-ahnt fire me, I quit."

Tillman cringed at the vulgarity of such a dissembled *non sequitur*. All the bad television in the world, the stupid lyrics of false heroes, the latent rage of kung-fu and cowboy fantasies had entered into this man's head, and here was the result, some new breed of imperial slave and his feeble, fatuous uprising.

"I didn't fire you. I said take the day off, cool down."

"Cy-ahnt fire me, you bitch."

The parrots were dead. Hatred exploded through Tillman. He wanted to kill the bartender. Fuck it. He wanted to

shoot him down. He sprinted back across the lawn, up on the veranda toward the main house for the gun kept locked in the supply closet behind the check-in desk. Jevanee charged after him. A guest, the woman recently arrived from Wilmington, stepped out in front of Tillman from her room that fronted the veranda. Tillman shoulder-blocked her back through the door. She sprawled on her ass and, for a second, Tillman saw on her face an expression that welcomed violence as if it were an exotic game she had paid for.

"Stay in your goddamn room and bolt the door."

Tillman felt the bad TV engulfing them, the harried scriptwriter unbalanced with drugs and spite. Jevanee's foot plunged through the rotten boards in the veranda and lodged there. An exodus of pestilence swarmed from the splintery hole into the dim light, palmetto bugs flying blindly up through an increasing cloud of smaller winged insects.

At the same time, stepping out from the darkness of a hedge of bougainvillea that ran in bushy clumps along the veranda was Inspector Cuffy, pistol in hand. Tillman gawked at him. What was he doing around Rosehill so late? Lemonille had been encouraging him or the investigation had broadened to round-the-clock foolishness. Or, Tillman surmised, knowing it was true, Cuffy apparently knew Jevanee was going after him and had



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lurked on the premises until the pot boiled over. A shot whistled by Tillman's head. Jevanee had a gun, too. Tillman pitched back off the deck and flattened out in the shrubbery.

"Stop!" Cuffy shouted.

What the hell? thought Tillman. Where's Jevanee going, anyway? He was near enough to smell the heavily Scotched breath of the bartender, see his eyes, as dumb and frightened as the eyes of a wild horse. Another shot was fired off; then a flurry of them as the two men emptied their pistols at each other with no effect. Silence and awkwardness as Cuffy and Jevanee confronted each other, the action gone out of them, praying thanks for the lives they still owned. Tillman crawled away toward the main house. He couldn't care less how they finished the drama, whether they killed each other with their bare hands or retired to a rumshop together, blaming Tillman for the sour fate of the island. There was no point in getting upset about it now, once the hate had subsided, outdone by the comics.

He sat in the kitchen on the cutting table, facing the vaultlike aluminum door of the refrigerated walk-in where his mother lay, preserved in ice among more ordinary meats and perishables.

He wanted to talk to her, but even in death she seemed only another guest at the hotel, one with special requirements, nevertheless expecting courtesy and service, the proper distance kept safely between their lives. She had never kissed him on the lips, not once, but had only brushed his cheek when an occasion required some tangible sign of motherly devotion. He had never been closer to her heart than when they cried together when he was in high school and lost his first girl, less than a year before his parents divorced. She had entered his room late at night and tuned the radio loud to a big-band station and held him, the two of them together shivering on his bed. She had not written that she was coming to visit but had showed up unannounced with only hand luggage, a leather grip of novels, a variety of bathing suits, caftans and creams. Behind her she had left Paris, where the weather had begun its decline toward winter. Whatever else she had left behind in her life was as obscure and sovereign as a foreign language. He wanted to talk to her, but nothing translated.

The pilot found him there sometime in the middle of the night, Tillman forlorn, more tired than he could ever remember feeling. Roland looked worn out, too, as if he had been stuck in an engine for hours, his cutoff shorts and colorless T-shirt smudged with grease, his hiking boots unlaced; and yet, despite this general dishevelment, his self-confidence was as apparent as the gleam of his teeth. Tillman remembered him at the beach bar late one night, yelling into the face of a

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man dressed in a seersucker suit, "I get things done, damn you, not like *these* bloody fools," and the sweep of his arm had seemed to include the entire planet.

Tillman smiled mournfully back at him. "Roland, I need your help."

The pilot removed the mirrored sunglasses he wore at all times. "You've had a full day of it, I hear. What's on your mind, mate?"

Like an unwieldy piece of lumber, his mother's frozen corpse banged to and fro in the short bed of the Land-Rover, her wrapped feet pointing up over the tail gate. With a little effort and jockeying, they fit her into the tubular chemical tank in the fuselage of the Stearman after Roland, Tillman standing by with a flashlight, unbolted two plates of sheet metal from the underbelly of the craft that concealed bay doors. "You can't smuggle bales of grass with only a nozzle and a funnel," Roland explained.

Tillman was worried that an unscheduled flight would foul up Roland's good grace with the authorities. "Man," Roland said, "I've got more connections than the friggin' P.M. And I mean of the U.K., not this bloody cow pie." He thought for a second and was less flamboyant. "I've been in trouble before, of course. Nobody, Tillman, can touch this boy from down under as long as I have me bird, you see. Let us now lift upward into the splendid atmosphere and its many bright stars."

The chemical tank smelled cloyingly of poison. With his head poked into it, Tillman gagged, maneuvering the rigid body of his mother, the limbs clunking dully against the shiny metal, until she was positioned. Roland geared the bay doors back into place. The sound of them clicking into their locks brought relief to Tillman. They tucked themselves into the tiny cockpit, Tillman behind the pilot's seat, his legs flat against the floor board, straddled as if he were riding a bobsled.

The airport shut down at dusk, the funding for runway lights never more than deadpan rhetoric during the height of the political season. Roland rested his sunglasses on the crown of his blond head as they taxied to the landward end of the strip, the mountains a cracked ridge behind them, the sea ahead down the length of pale concrete. Out there somewhere in the water, an incompatibly situated cay stuck up like a catcher's mitt for small planes whose pilots were down on their agility and nerve.

Roland switched off the lights on the instrumentation to cut all reflection in the cockpit. Transparent blackness, the gray run of concrete stretching into nearby infinity.

Roland shouted over the roar, "She's a dumpy old bird, but with no real cargo, we

should have some spirited moments."

Even as Roland spoke, they were already jostling down the airstrip like an old hot rod on a rutted road, Tillman anticipating lift-off long before it actually happened. The slow climb against gravity seemed almost futile, the opaque hand of the cay suddenly materializing directly in front of them. Roland dropped a wing and slammed the rudder pedal. The Stearman veered sharply away from the hazard, then leveled off and continued mounting upward. Tillman could hear his mother thump in the fuselage.

"Bit of a thrill," Roland shouted. Tillman closed his eyes and endured the languid speed and the hard, grinding vibrations of the plane.

Roland put on his headset and talked to any ghost he could rouse. When Tillman opened his eyes again, the clouds out the windscreen had a tender pink sheen to their tops. The atmosphere tingled with blueness. The ocean was black below them, and Barbados, ten degrees off starboard, was blacker still, a solid puddle sprinkled with electricity. Along the horizon, the new day was a thin red thread unraveling westward. The beauty of it all made Tillman melancholy.

Roland floated the plane down to earth like a fat old goose that couldn't be hurried. The airport on Barbados was modern and received plenty of international traffic, so they found it awake and active at this hour. Taxiing to the small-plane tarmac, Tillman experienced a moment of claustrophobia, smelling only the acrid human sweat that cut through the mechanical fumes. He hadn't noticed it airborne, but on the ground it was unbearable.

They parked and had the Stearman serviced. In the wet, warm morning air, Tillman's spirits revived. Roland walked through customs, headed for the bar to wait for him to do his business. Two hours later, Tillman threw himself down in a chair next to the pilot and cradled his head on the sticky table, the surge of weariness through his back and neck almost making him pass out. He listened to Roland patiently suck his beer and commanded himself up to communicate the failure of the expedition.

"Bastards. They won't let me transfer her to a Stateside flight without the right paper."

"There was that chance," Roland admitted.

All along, Tillman had believed that



"Damn it, George, you said the maid was to make my life more pleasant!"

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Barbados was the answer, that people were reasonable there, that he had only to bring over the corpse of his mother, coffin her, place her on an Eastern flight to Miami connecting with Boston, have a funeral home intercept her, bury her next to her husband in the family plot on Beacon Hill. Send out death announcements to the few relatives scattered across the country, and then it would be over, back to normal. No mother, no obligations of blood. That was how she had lived, anyway.

"Just how well connected are you, Roland?"

"Barbados is a bit iffy. The people are too damn sophisticated." He left to make some phone calls but returned with his hands out, the luckless palms upturned.

"Tillman, what next?"

Tillman exhaled and fought the urge to laugh, knowing it would mount to a hysterical outpouring of wretchedness. "I just don't know. Back to the island, I guess. If you can see any other option, speak out. Please."

The pilot was unreadable behind the mirrors of his glasses. His young face had become loose and puffy since he had located Tillman at Roschill. They settled their bar bill and left.

In the air again, the sound of the Stearman rattled Tillman so thoroughly that he felt as though the plane's engine were in his own skull. He tried to close his sleepless eyes against the killing brightness of the sun but could not stop the hypnotic flash that kept him staring below at the ocean. Halfway through the flight, Roland removed his headset and turned in his seat, letting the plane fly itself while he talked.

"Tillman," he shouted, "I didn't bolt the plates back on the fuselage."

Tillman nodded absently and made no reply.

Roland jabbed his finger, pointing at the floor. "That hand gear there by your foot opens the bay doors."

He resumed flying the plane, allowing Tillman his own thoughts. Tillman had none. He expected some inspiration or voice to break through his dizziness, but it didn't happen. After several more minutes, he tapped Roland on the shoulder. Roland turned again, lifting his glasses so Tillman could see his full face, his strained but resolute eyes, Tillman understanding this gesture as a stripping of fear, tacit confirmation that they were two men capable of making such a decision without ruining themselves with ambiguity.

"OK, Roland, the hell with it. She never liked being in one place too long, anyway."

"Right you are, then," Roland said solemnly. "Any special spot?"

"No."

"Better this way," Roland yelled as he

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dropped the air speed and sank the Stearman to 1000 feet. "The thing that bothers me about burial, you see, is caseation. Your frigging body turns to cheese after a month in the dirt. How unspeakably nasty. I don't know if you've noticed, but I never eat cheese myself. Odd, isn't it?"

Tillman poked him on the shoulder again. "Knock it off."

"Sorry."

Tillman palmed the gear open. It was as easy as turning the faucet of a hose. When they felt her body dislodge and the tail bob inconsequentially, Roland banked the plane into a steep dive so they could view the interment. Tillman braced his hands against the windscreen and looked out, saw her cartwheel for a moment and then stabilize as the mauve-chenille shroud came apart like a party streamer, a sky diver's Mae West. The Stearman circled slowly around the invisible line of her descent through space.

"Too bad about your mother, mate," Roland called out finally. "My own, I don't remember much."

"I'm still young," Tillman confessed, surprising himself, the words blurring forth from his mouth unsolicited. Tears of gratitude slipped down his face from this unexpected report of the heart.

He looked down at the endless water, waves struggling and receding, the small carnation of foam marking his mother's entrance into the sea, saw her, through the medium of refraction, unwrapped from her shroud, naked and washed, crawling with pure, unlabored motion down the shafts of light and beyond their farthest reach, thawed into suppleness, small glass bubbles, the cold air of her last breath, expelled past her white lips, nuzzled by unnamed fish, a perfect swimmer, free of the air and the boundaries of the living, darkness passing through darkness, down, down, to kiss the silt of the ocean floor, to touch the bottom of the world with dead fingers.

They had watched her plummet with a sense of awe and wonderment, as boys do who have thrown an object from off a high bridge. The pilot regained altitude and they continued westward. The realization came into Tillman, a palpable weight in his chest. "I don't belong here," he said to himself, and immediately resisted the feeling, because that must have been the way she felt all her life.

Then, with the rich peaks of the island in sight, the heaviness dissipated. "It's beautiful here," he heard himself saying.

"What's that?" Roland shouted back.

"Beautiful," he repeated, and throughout Roland's clumsy landing, the jolt and thunder of the runway, "Mother, be at peace."

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STEVEN JOBS

(continued from page 70)

to do the same thing in every other sector of the computer market place if they can get away with it. The IBM PC fundamentally brought no new technology to the industry at all. It was just repackaging and slight extension of Apple II technology, and they want it all. They absolutely want it all.

This market place is coming down to the two of us, whether we like it or not. I don't particularly like it, but it's coming down to Apple and IBM.

PLAYBOY: How can you say that about an industry that's changing so fast? Macintosh is the hot new thing right now, but will it still be in two years? Aren't you competing with your own philosophy? Just as you're after IBM, aren't there small computer companies coming after Apple?

JOBS: In terms of supplying the computer itself, it's coming down to Apple and IBM. And I don't think there are going to be a lot of third- and fourth-place companies, much less sixth- or seventh-place companies. Most of the new, innovative companies are focusing on the software. I think there will be lots of innovation in the areas of software but not in hardware.

PLAYBOY: IBM might say the same thing about hardware, but you're not about to let it get away with that. Why is your point any different?

JOBS: I think that the scale of the business has gotten large enough so that it's going to be very difficult for anyone to successfully launch anything new.

PLAYBOY: No more billion-dollar companies hatched in garages?

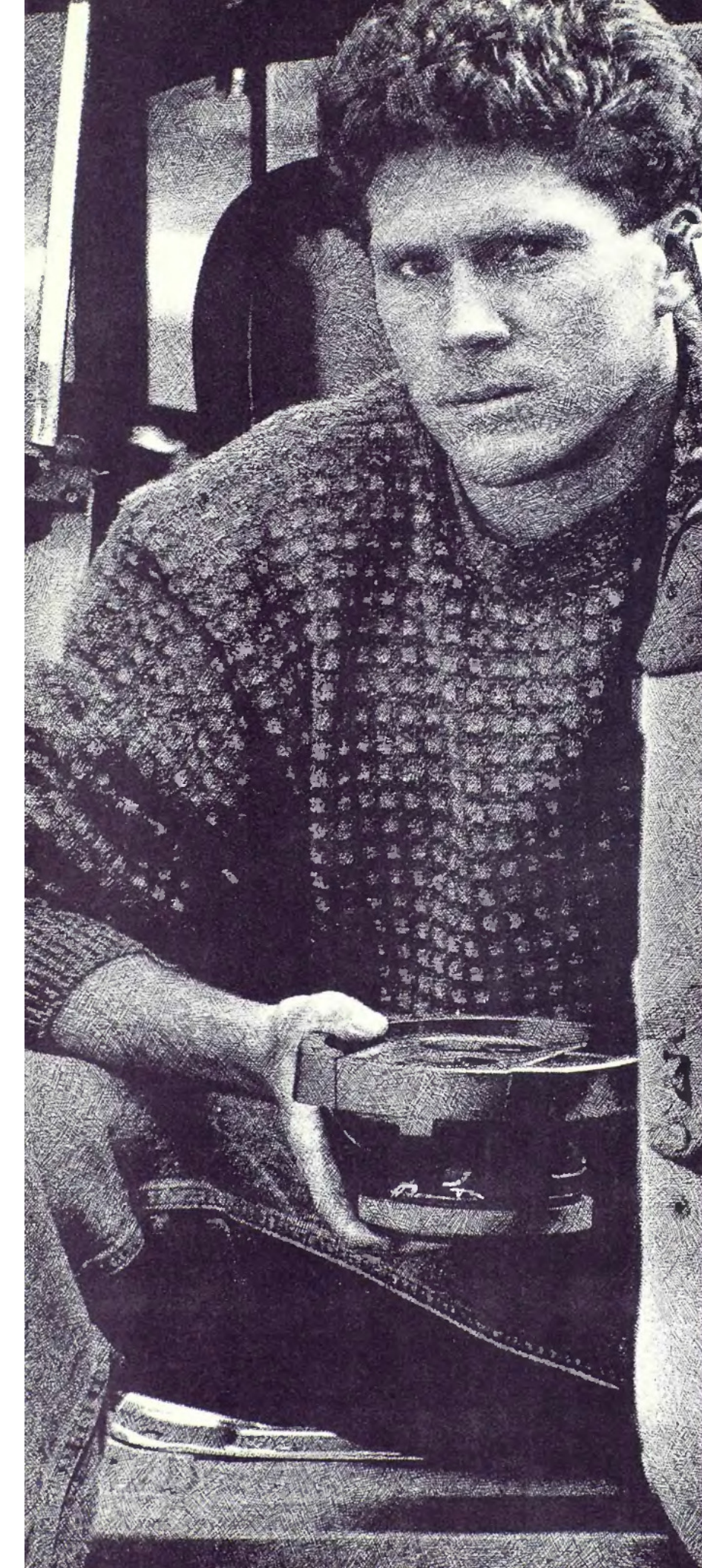
JOBS: No, I'm afraid not in computers. And this puts a responsibility on Apple, because if there's going to be innovation in this industry, it'll come from us. It's the only way we can compete with them. If we go fast enough, they can't keep up.

PLAYBOY: When do you think IBM will finally, as you put it, fold the umbrella on the companies making IBM-compatible computers?

JOBS: There may be some imitators left in the \$100,000,000-to-\$200,000,000 range, but being a \$200,000,000 company is going to mean you are struggling for your life, and that's not really a position from which to innovate. Not only do I think IBM will do away with its imitators by providing software they can't provide, I think eventually it will come up with a new standard that won't even be compatible with what it's making now—because it is too limiting.

PLAYBOY: Which is exactly what you've done at Apple. If a person owns software for the Apple II, he can't run it on the Macintosh.

JOBS: That's right. Mac is altogether new. We knew that we could reach the early innovators with current-generation technology—Apple II, IBM PC—because they'd stay up all night learning how to use their computer. But we'd never



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If we were really going to get computers to tens of millions of people, we needed a technology that would make the thing radically easier to use and more powerful at the same time, so we had to make a break. We just had to do it. We wanted to make sure it was great, because it may be the last chance that any of us get to make a clean break. And I'm very happy with the way Macintosh turned out. It will prove a really solid foundation for the next ten years.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the predecessors of the Lisa and the Mac, to the beginning. How influential were your parents in your interest in computers?

JOBS: They encouraged my interests. My father was a machinist, and he was a sort of genius with his hands. He can fix anything and make it work and take any mechanical thing apart and get it back together. That was my first glimpse of it. I started to gravitate more toward electronics, and he used to get me things I could take apart and put back together. He was transferred to Palo Alto when I was five. That's how we ended up in the Valley.

PLAYBOY: You had been adopted, hadn't you? How much of a factor in your life was that?

JOBS: You don't ever really know, do you?

PLAYBOY: Did you try to find your biological parents?

JOBS: I think it's quite a natural curiosity for adopted people to want to understand where certain traits come from. But I'm mostly an environmentalist. I think the way you are raised and your values and most of your world view come from the experiences you had as you grew up. But some things aren't accounted for that way. I think it's quite natural to have a curiosity about it. And I did.

PLAYBOY: Were you successful in trying to find your natural parents?

JOBS: That's one area I really don't want to talk about.

PLAYBOY: The valley your parents moved to has since come to be known as Silicon Valley. What was it like growing up there?

JOBS: It was the suburbs. It was like most suburbs in the U.S.: I grew up on a block with lots of kids. My mother taught me to read before I went to school, so I was pretty bored in school, and I turned into a little terror. You should have seen us in third grade. We basically destroyed our teacher. We would let snakes loose in the classroom and explode bombs. Things changed in the fourth grade, though. One of the saints in my life is this woman named Imogene Hill, who was a fourth-grade teacher who taught this advanced class. She got hip to my whole situation in about a month and kindled a passion in me for learning things. I learned more that year than I think I learned in any year in school. They wanted to put me in high school after that year, but my parents very wisely wouldn't let them.

PLAYBOY: But location had something to do

with your interests, didn't it? How did Silicon Valley come to be?

JOBS: The Valley is positioned strategically between two great universities, Berkeley and Stanford. Both of those universities attract not only lots of students but very good students and ones from all over the United States. They come here and fall in love with the area and they stay here. So there is a constant influx of new, bright human resources.

Before World War Two, two Stanford graduates named Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard created a very innovative electronics company—Hewlett-Packard. Then the transistor was invented in 1948 by Bell Telephone Laboratories. One of the three coinventors of the transistor, William Shockley, decided to return to his home town of Palo Alto to start a little company called Shockley Labs or something. He brought with him about a dozen of the best and brightest physicists and chemists of his day. Little by little, people started breaking off and forming competitive companies, like those flowers or weeds that scatter seeds in hundreds of directions when you blow on them. And that's why the Valley is here today.

PLAYBOY: What was your introduction to computers?

JOBS: A neighbor down the block named Larry Lang was an engineer at Hewlett-Packard. He spent a lot of time with me, teaching me stuff. The first computer I ever saw was at Hewlett-Packard. They used to invite maybe ten of us down every Tuesday night and give us lectures and let us work with a computer. I was maybe 12 the first time. I remember the night. They showed us one of their new desktop computers and let us play on it. I wanted one badly.

PLAYBOY: What was it about it that interested you? Did you have a sense of its potential?

JOBS: It wasn't anything like that. I just thought they were neat. I just wanted to mess around with one.

PLAYBOY: You went to work for Hewlett-Packard. How did that happen?

JOBS: When I was 12 or 13, I wanted to build something and I needed some parts, so I picked up the phone and called Bill Hewlett—he was listed in the Palo Alto phone book. He answered the phone and he was real nice. He chatted with me for, like, 20 minutes. He didn't know me at all, but he ended up giving me some parts and he got me a job that summer working at Hewlett-Packard on the line, assembling frequency counters. Assembling may be too strong. I was putting in screws. It didn't matter; I was in heaven.

I remember my first day, expressing my complete enthusiasm and bliss at being at Hewlett-Packard for the summer to my supervisor, a guy named Chris, telling him that my favorite thing in the whole world was electronics. I asked him what his favorite thing to do was and he looked at me and said, "To fuck!" [*Laughs*] I

learned a lot that summer.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you meet Steve Wozniak?

JOBS: I met Woz when I was 13, at a friend's garage. He was about 18. He was, like, the first person I met who knew more electronics than I did at that point. We became good friends, because we shared an interest in computers and we had a sense of humor. We pulled all kinds of pranks together.

PLAYBOY: For instance?

JOBS: [*Grins*] Normal stuff. Like making a huge flag with a giant one of these on it [*gives the finger*]. The idea was that we would unfurl it in the middle of a school graduation. Then there was the time Wozniak made something that looked and sounded like a bomb and took it to the school cafeteria. We also went into the blue-box business together.

PLAYBOY: Those were illegal devices that allowed free long-distance phone calls, weren't they?

JOBS: Mm-hm. The famous story about the boxes is when Woz called the Vatican and told them he was Henry Kissinger. They had someone going to wake the Pope up in the middle of the night before they figured out it wasn't really Kissinger.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into trouble for any of those things?

JOBS: Well, I was thrown out of school a few times.

PLAYBOY: Were you then, or have you ever been, a computer nerd?

JOBS: I wasn't completely in any one world for too long. There was so much else going on. Between my sophomore and junior years, I got stoned for the first time; I discovered Shakespeare, Dylan Thomas and all that classic stuff. I read *Moby Dick* and went back as a junior taking creative-writing classes. By the time I was a senior, I'd gotten permission to spend about half my time at Stanford, taking classes.

PLAYBOY: Was Wozniak obsessed at certain periods?

JOBS: [*Laughs*] Yes, but not just with computers. I think Woz was in a world that nobody understood. No one shared his interests, and he was a little ahead of his time. It was very lonely for him. He's driven from inner sights rather than external expectations of him, so he survived OK. Woz and I are different in most ways, but there are some ways in which we're the same, and we're very close in those ways. We're sort of like two planets in their own orbits that every so often intersect. It wasn't just computers, either. Woz and I very much liked Bob Dylan's poetry, and we spent a lot of time thinking about a lot of that stuff. This was California. You could get LSD fresh made from Stanford. You could sleep on the beach at night with your girlfriend. California has a sense of experimentation and a sense of openness—openness to new possibilities.

Besides Dylan, I was interested in Eastern mysticism, which hit the shores at about the same time. When I went to

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college at Reed, in Oregon, there was a constant flow of people stopping by, from Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert to Gary Snyder. There was a constant flow of intellectual questioning about the truth of life. That was a time when every college student in this country read *Be Here Now* and *Diet for a Small Planet*—there were about ten books. You'd be hard pressed to find those books on too many college campuses today. I'm not saying it's better or worse; it's just different—very different. *In Search of Excellence* [the book about business practices] has taken the place of *Be Here Now*.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, how did that influence what you're doing now?

JOBS: The whole period had a huge influence. As it was clear that the Sixties were over, it was also clear that a lot of the people who had gone through the Sixties ended up not really accomplishing what they set out to accomplish, and because they had thrown their discipline to the wind, they didn't have much to fall back on. Many of my friends have ended up engrained with the idealism of that period but also with a certain practicality, a cautiousness about ending up working behind the counter in a natural-food store when they are 45, which is what they saw happen to some of their older friends. It's not that that is bad in and of itself, but it's bad if that's not what you really wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: After Reed, you returned to Silicon Valley and answered a now-famous ad that boasted, "Have fun and make money."

JOBS: Right. I decided I wanted to travel, but I was lacking the necessary funds. I came back down to get a job. I was looking in the paper and there was this ad that said, yes, "Have fun and make money." I called. It was Atari. I had never had a job before other than the one when I was a kid. By some stroke of luck, they called me up the next day and hired me.

PLAYBOY: That must have been at Atari's earliest stage.

JOBS: I was, like, employee number 40. It was a very small company. They had made Pong and two other games. My first job was helping a guy named Don work on a basketball game, which was a disaster. There was this basketball game, and somebody was working on a hockey game. They were trying to model all their games after simple field sports at that time, because Pong was such a success.

PLAYBOY: You never lost sight of the reason for the job: to earn money so you could travel.

JOBS: Atari had shipped a bunch of games to Europe and they had some engineering defects in them, and I figured out how to fix them, but it was necessary for somebody to go over there and actually do the fixing. I volunteered to go and asked to take a leave of absence when I was there. They let me do it. I ended up in Switzerland and moved from Zurich to

New Delhi. I spent some time in India.

PLAYBOY: Where you shaved your head.

JOBS: That's not quite the way it happened. I was walking around in the Himalayas and I stumbled onto this thing that turned out to be a religious festival. There was a baba, a holy man, who was the holy man of this particular festival, with his large group of followers. I could smell good food. I hadn't been fortunate enough to smell good food for a long time, so I wandered up to pay my respects and eat some lunch.

For some reason, this baba, upon seeing me sitting there eating, immediately walked over to me and sat down and burst out laughing. He didn't speak much English and I spoke a little Hindi, but he tried to carry on a conversation and he was just rolling on the ground with laughter. Then he grabbed my arm and took me up this mountain trail. It was a little funny, because here were hundreds of Indians who had traveled for thousands of miles to hang out with this guy for ten seconds and I stumble in for something to eat and he's dragging me up this mountain path.

We get to the top of this mountain half an hour later and there's this little well and pond at the top of this mountain, and he dunks my head in the water and pulls out a razor from his pocket and starts to shave my head. I'm completely stunned. I'm 19 years old, in a foreign country, up in the Himalayas, and here is this bizarre Indian baba who has just dragged me away from the rest of the crowd, shaving my head atop this mountain peak. I'm still not sure why he did it.

PLAYBOY: What did you do when you came back?

JOBS: Coming back was more of a culture shock than going. Well, Atari called me up and wanted me to go back to work there. I didn't really want to, but eventually they persuaded me to go back as a consultant. Wozniak and I were hanging out. He took me to some Homebrew Computer Club meetings, where computer hobbyists compared notes and stuff. I didn't find them all that exciting, but some of them were fun. Wozniak went religiously.

PLAYBOY: What was the thinking about computers then? Why were you interested?

JOBS: The clubs were based around a computer kit called the Altair. It was so amazing to all of us that somebody had actually come up with a way to build a computer you could own yourself. That had never been possible. Remember, when we were in high school, neither of us had access to a computer mainframe. We had to drive somewhere and have some large company take a benevolent attitude toward us and let us use the computer. But now, for the first time, you could actually *buy* a computer. The Altair was a kit that came out around 1975 and sold for less than \$400.

Even though it was relatively inexpensive, not everyone could afford one. That's how the computer clubs started. People would band together and eventually

become a club.

PLAYBOY: What would you do with your makeshift computers?

JOBS: At that time, there were no graphics. It was all alphanumerics, and I used to be fascinated with the programming, simple programming. On the very early versions of computer kits, you didn't even type; you threw switches that signaled characters.

PLAYBOY: The Altair, then, presented the concept of a home computer.

JOBS: It was just sort of a computer that you could own. They really didn't know what to do with it. The first thing that they did was to put languages on it, so you could write some programs. People didn't start to apply them for practical things until a year or two later, and then it was simple things, like bookkeeping.

PLAYBOY: And you decided you could do the Altair one better.

JOBS: It sort of just happened. I was working a lot at Atari at night and I used to let Woz in. Atari put out a game called Gran Track, the first driving game with a steering wheel to drive it. Woz was a Gran Track addict. He would put great quantities of quarters into these games to play them, so I would just let him in at night and let him onto the production floor and he would play Gran Track all night long.

When I came up against a stumbling block on a project, I would get Woz to take a break from his road rally for ten minutes and come and help me. He pattered around on some things, too. And at one point, he designed a computer terminal with video on it. At a later date, he ended up buying a microprocessor and hooking it up to the terminal and made what was to become the Apple I. Woz and I laid out the circuit board ourselves. That was basically it.

PLAYBOY: Again, the idea was just to do it?

JOBS: Yeah, sure. And to be able to show it off to your friends.

PLAYBOY: What triggered the next step—manufacturing and selling them to make money?

JOBS: Woz and I raised \$1300 by selling my VW bus and his Hewlett-Packard calculator to finance them. A guy who started one of the first computer stores told us he could sell them if we could make them. It had not dawned on us until then.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Wozniak work together?

JOBS: He designed most of it. I helped on the memory part and I helped when we decided to turn it into a product. Woz isn't great at turning things into products, but he's really a brilliant designer.

PLAYBOY: The Apple I was for hobbyists?

JOBS: Completely. We sold only about 150 of them, ever. It wasn't that big a deal, but we made about \$95,000 and I started to see it as a business besides something to do. Apple I was just a printed circuit board. There was no case, there was no power supply; it wasn't much of a product yet. It was just a printed circuit board.

You had to go out and buy transformers for it. You had to buy your own keyboard [laughs].

PLAYBOY: Did you and Wozniak have a vision once things started rolling? Were you both thinking about how big it could get and how computers would be able to change the world?

JOBS: No, not particularly. Neither of us had any idea that this would go anywhere. Woz is motivated by figuring things out. He concentrated more on the engineering and proceeded to do one of his most brilliant pieces of work, which was the disk drive, another key engineering feat that made the Apple II a possibility. I was trying to build the company—trying to find out what a company *was*. I don't think it would have happened without Woz and I don't think it would have happened without me.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the partnership as time went on?

JOBS: The main thing was that Woz was never really interested in Apple as a company. He was just sort of interested in getting the Apple II on a printed circuit board so he could have one and be able to carry it to his computer club without having the wires break on the way. He had done that and decided to go on to other things. He had other ideas.

PLAYBOY: Such as the US Festival rock concert and computer show, where he lost something like \$10,000,000.

JOBS: Well, I thought the US Festival was a little crazy, but Woz believed very strongly in it.

PLAYBOY: How is it between the two of you now?

JOBS: When you work with somebody that close and you go through experiences like the ones we went through, there's a bond in life. Whatever hassles you have, there is a bond. And even though he may not be your best friend as time goes on, there's still something that transcends even friendship, in a way. Woz is living his own life now. He hasn't been around Apple for about five years. But what he did will go down in history. He's going around speaking to a lot of computer events now. He likes that.

PLAYBOY: The two of you went on to create the Apple II, which actually started the computer revolution. How did that occur?

JOBS: It wasn't just us. We brought in other people. Wozniak still did the logic of the Apple II, which certainly is a large part of it, but there were some other key parts. The power supply was really a key. The case was really a key. The real jump with the Apple II was that it was a finished product. It was the first computer that you could buy that wasn't a kit. It was fully assembled and had its own case and its own keyboard, and you could really sit down and start to use it. And that was the breakthrough of the Apple II: that it looked like a real product.

PLAYBOY: Was the initial market hobbyists?

JOBS: The difference was that you didn't

have to be a hardware hobbyist with the Apple II. You could be a software hobbyist. That was one of the key breakthroughs with the Apple II: realizing that there were a whole lot more people who wanted to play with a computer, just like Woz and me, than there were people who could build their own. That's what the Apple II was all about. Still, the first year, we sold only 3000 or 4000.

PLAYBOY: Even that sounds like a lot for a few guys who barely knew what they were doing.

JOBS: It was giant! We did about \$200,000 when our business was in the garage, in 1976. In 1977, about \$7,000,000 in business. I mean, it was phenomenal! And in 1978, we did \$17,000,000. In 1979, we did \$47,000,000. That's when we all really sensed that this was just going through the rafters. In 1980, we did \$117,000,000. In 1981, we did \$335,000,000. In 1982, we did \$583,000,000. In 1983, we did \$985,000,000, I think. This year, it will be a billion and a half.

PLAYBOY: You don't forget those numbers.

JOBS: Well, they're just yardsticks, you know. The neatest thing was, by 1979, I was able to walk into classrooms that had 15 Apple computers and see the kids using them. And those are the kinds of things that are really the milestones.

PLAYBOY: Which brings us full circle to your latest milestones, the Mac and your protracted shoot-out with IBM. In this *Interview*, you've repeatedly sounded as if there really are only two of you left in the field. But although the two of you account for something like 60 percent of the market, can you just write off the other 40 percent—the Radio Shacks, DEC's, Epsons, et al.—as insignificant? More important, are you ignoring your potentially biggest rival, A.T.&T.?

JOBS: A.T.&T. is absolutely going to be in

the business. There is a major transformation in the company that's taking place right now. A.T.&T. is changing from a subsidized and regulated service-oriented company to a free-market, competitive-marketing technology company. A.T.&T.'s products per se have never been of the highest quality. All you have to do is go look at their telephones. They're somewhat of an embarrassment. But they do possess great technology in their research labs. Their challenge is to learn how to commercialize that technology. Also, they have to learn about consumer marketing. I think that they will do both of those things, but it's going to take them years.

PLAYBOY: Are you writing them off as a threat?

JOBS: I don't think they're going to be a giant factor in the next 24 months, but they will learn.

PLAYBOY: What about Radio Shack?

JOBS: Radio Shack is totally out of the picture. They have missed the boat. Radio Shack tried to squeeze the computer into their model of retailing, which in my opinion often meant selling second-rate products or low-end products in a surplus-store environment. The sophistication of the computer buyer passed Radio Shack by without their really realizing it. Their market shares dropped through the floor. I don't anticipate that they're going to recover and again become a major player.

PLAYBOY: How about Xerox? Texas Instruments? DEC? Wang?

JOBS: Xerox is out of the business. T.I. is doing nowhere near their expectations. As to some of the others, the large companies, like DEC and Wang, can sell to their installed bases. They can sell personal computers as advanced terminals, but that business is going to dwindle.

PLAYBOY: How about the low-priced



"I'm getting fed up with men. Every one I meet treats me like a door mat."

computers: Commodore and Atari?

JOBS: I consider those a brochure for why you should buy an Apple II or Macintosh. I think people have already determined that the sub-\$500 computers don't do very much. They either tease people to want more or frustrate people completely.

PLAYBOY: What about some of the smaller portables?

JOBS: They are OK if you're a reporter and trying to take notes on the run. But for the average person, they're really not that useful, and there's not all that software for them, either. By the time you get your software done, a new one comes out with a slightly bigger display and your software is obsolete. So nobody is writing any software for them. Wait till *we* do it—the power of a Macintosh in something the size of a book!

PLAYBOY: What about Epson and some of the Japanese computer makers?

JOBS: I've said it before: The Japanese have hit the shores like dead fish. They're just like dead fish washing up on the shores. The Epson has been a failure in this market place.

PLAYBOY: Like computers, the automobile industry was an American industry that we almost lost to the Japanese. There is a lot of talk about American semiconductor companies' losing ground to Japanese. How will you keep the edge?

JOBS: Japan's very interesting. Some people think it copies things. I don't think that anymore. I think what they do is reinvent things. They will get something that's already been invented and study it until they thoroughly understand it. In some cases, they understand it better than the original inventor. Out of that understanding, they will reinvent it in a more refined second-generation version. That strategy works only when what they're working with isn't changing very much—the stereo industry and the automobile industry are two examples. When the target is moving quickly, they find it very difficult, because that reinvention cycle takes a few years.

As long as the definition of what a personal computer is keeps changing at the rate that it is, they will have a very hard time. Once the rate of change slows down, the Japanese will bring all of their strengths to bear on this market, because they absolutely want to dominate the computer business; there's no question about that. They see that as a national priority.

We think that in four to five years, the Japanese will finally figure out how to build a decent computer. And if we're going to keep this industry one in which America leads, we have four years to become world-class manufacturers. Our manufacturing technology has to equal or surpass that of the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: How do you plan to accomplish that?

JOBS: At the time we designed Macintosh, we also designed a machine to build the machine. We spent \$20,000,000 building the computer industry's most automated

factory. But that's not enough. Rather than take seven years to write off our factory, as most companies would do, we're writing it off in two. We will throw it away at the end of 1985 and build our second one, and we will write that off in two years and throw that away, so that three years from now, we'll be on to our third automated factory. That's the only way we can learn fast enough.

PLAYBOY: It's not all competition with the Japanese: You buy your disk drives from Sony, for instance.

JOBS: We buy many of our components from the Japanese. We're the largest user in the world of microprocessors, of high-technology RAM chips, of disk drives, of keyboards. We save a ton of energy not having to make and design floppy-disk drives or microprocessors that we can spend on software.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about software. What are the revolutionary changes in software development as you've seen it in the past few years?

JOBS: Certainly, the earlier programming, getting a programming language on a microprocessor chip, was a real breakthrough. VisiCalc was a breakthrough, because that was the first real use of computers in business, where business people could see tangible benefits of using one. Before that, you had to program your own applications, and the number of people who want to program is a small fraction—one percent. Coupled with VisiCalc, the ability to graph things, graph information, was important, and so was Lotus.

PLAYBOY: We're dropping a lot of brand names with which people may not be familiar. Please explain them.

JOBS: What Lotus did was combine a good spread sheet and graphics program. The word-processing and data-base parts of Lotus are certainly not the most robust that one can purchase. The real key to Lotus was that it combined spread sheet and graphics in one program, so you could go between them very rapidly.

The next breakthrough is happening now, thanks to the Macintosh, which brought that Lisa technology down to an affordable price. There exists, and there will be more, revolutionary software there. You generally want to truly evaluate a breakthrough a few years after it happens.

PLAYBOY: What about word processing? You didn't mention that on the list of breakthroughs.

JOBS: You're right, I should have listed word processing after VisiCalc. Word processing is the most universally needed application and one of the easiest to understand. It's probably the first use to which most people put their personal computer. There were word processors before personal computers, but a word processor on a personal computer was more of an economic breakthrough, while there was never any form of VisiCalc before the personal computer.

PLAYBOY: Have there been breakthroughs

in educational software?

JOBS: There has been a lot of very good software in education but not the breakthrough product, not the VisiCalc. I think that will come, but I don't expect it in the next 24 months.

PLAYBOY: You've stressed the fact that education is a high priority for you. How do you think computers are affecting it?

JOBS: Computers themselves, and software yet to be developed, will revolutionize the way we learn. We formed something called the Apple Education Foundation, and we give several million dollars in cash and equipment to people doing exploratory work with educational software and to schools that can't afford computers. We also wanted Macintosh to become the computer of choice in colleges, just as the Apple II is for grade and high schools. So we looked for six universities that were out to make large-scale commitments to personal computers—by large, meaning more than 1000 apiece—and instead of six, we found 24. We asked the colleges if they would invest at least \$2,000,000 each to be part of the Macintosh program. All 24—including the entire Ivy League—did. So in less than a year, Macintosh has become the standard in college computing. I could ship every Macintosh we make this year just to those 24 colleges. We can't, of course, but the demand is there.

PLAYBOY: But the software *isn't* there, is it?

JOBS: Some of it's there. What's not there, the people at colleges are going to write themselves. IBM tried to stop us—I hear it formed a 400-person task force to do it—by giving away IBM PCs. But the colleges were fairly astute. They realized the software investment they were about to embark upon would far outweigh the hardware investment, and they didn't want to spend all that software money on old technology like IBM's. So in many cases, they turned down IBM's offers and went with Macintoshes. In some cases, they used IBM grant money to buy Macintoshes.

PLAYBOY: Will you name some colleges?

JOBS: Can't. I'd get them in trouble.

PLAYBOY: When you were in college in precomputer days, what did you and your classmates feel was the way to make a contribution? Politics?

JOBS: None of the really bright people I knew in college went into politics. They all sensed that, in terms of making a change in the world, politics wasn't the place to be in the late Sixties and Seventies. All of them are in business now—which is funny, because they were the same people who trekked off to India or who tried in one way or another to find some sort of truth about life.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't business and the lure of money merely the easy choice in the end?

JOBS: No, none of those people care about the money. I mean, a lot of them made a lot of money, but they don't really *care*. Their lifestyles haven't particularly changed. It was the chance to actually try

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something, to fail, to succeed, to grow. Politics wasn't the place to be these past ten years if you were eager to try things out. As someone who hasn't turned 30 yet, I think your 20s are the time to be impatient, and a lot of these people's idealism would have been deeply frustrated in politics; it would have been blunted.

I think it takes a crisis for something to occur in America. And I believe there's going to be a crisis of significant proportions in the early Nineties as these problems our political leaders *should* have been addressing boil up to the surface. And that's when a lot of these people are going to bring both their practical experience and their idealism into the political realm. You're going to see the best-trained generation ever to go into politics. They're going to know how to choose people, how to get things done, how to lead.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't every generation say that?

JOBS: These are different times. The technological revolution is more intertwined every day with our economy and our society—more than 50 percent of America's gross national product comes from information-based industries—and most political leaders today have had no background in that revolution. It's going to become crucial that many of the larger decisions we make—how we allot our resources, how we educate our children—be made with an understanding of the technical issues and the directions the technology is taking. And that hasn't begun happening yet. In education, for example, we have close to a national embarrassment. In a society where information and innovation are going to be pivotal, there really is the possibility that America can become a second-rate industrial nation if we lose the technical momentum and leadership we have now.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned investing in education, but isn't the problem finding the funds in a time of soaring deficits?

JOBS: We're making the largest investment of capital that humankind has ever made in weapons over the next five years. We have decided, as a society, that that's where we should put our money, and that raises the deficits and, thus, the cost of our capital. Meanwhile, Japan, our nearest competitor on the next technological frontier—the semiconductor industry—has shaped its tax structure, its entire society, toward raising the capital to invest in that area. You get the feeling that connections aren't made in America between things like building weapons and the fact that we might lose our semiconductor industry. We have to educate ourselves to that danger.

PLAYBOY: And you think computers will help in that process.

JOBS: Well, I'll tell you a story. I saw a video tape that we weren't supposed to see. It was prepared for the Joint Chiefs of

Staff. By watching the tape, we discovered that, at least as of a few years ago, every tactical nuclear weapon in Europe manned by U.S. personnel was targeted by an Apple II computer. Now, we didn't sell computers to the military; they went out and bought them at a dealer's, I guess. But it didn't make us feel good to know that our computers were being used to target nuclear weapons in Europe. The only bright side of it was that at least they weren't [Radio Shack] TRS-80s! Thank God for that.

The point is that tools are always going to be used for certain things we don't find personally pleasing. And it's ultimately the wisdom of people, not the tools themselves, that is going to determine whether or not these things are used in positive, productive ways.

PLAYBOY: Where do you see computers and software going in the near future?

JOBS: Thus far, we're pretty much using our computers as good servants. We ask them to do something, we ask them to do some operation like a spread sheet, we ask them to take our key strokes and make a letter out of them, and they do that pretty well. And you'll see more and more perfection of that—computer as servant. But the next thing is going to be computer as guide or agent. And what that means is that it's going to do more in terms of anticipating what we want and doing it for us, noticing connections and patterns in what we do, asking us if this is some sort of generic thing we'd like to do regularly, so that we're going to have, as an example, the concept of triggers. We're going to be able to ask our computers to monitor things for us, and when certain conditions happen, are triggered, the computers will take certain actions and inform us after the fact.

PLAYBOY: For example?

JOBS: Simple things like monitoring your stocks every hour or every day. When a stock gets beyond set limits, the computer will call my broker and electronically sell it and then let me know. Another example is that at the end of the month, the computer will go into the data base and find all the salesmen who exceeded their sales quotas by more than 20 percent and write them a personalized letter from me and send it over the electronic mail system to them, and give me a report on who it sent the letters to each month. There will be a time when our computers have maybe 100 or so of those tasks; they're going to be much more like an agent for us. You're going to see that start to happen a little bit in the next 12 months, but really, it's about three years away. That's the next breakthrough.

PLAYBOY: Will we be able to perform all of those things on the hardware we have now? Or are you going to charge us for new machines?

JOBS: All? That would be a dangerous statement, using the word all. I don't

know about that. Macintosh was certainly designed with those concepts in mind.

PLAYBOY: You take great pride in having Apple keep ahead. How do you feel about the older companies that have to play catch-up with the younger companies—or perish?

JOBS: That's inevitably what happens. That's why I think death is the most wonderful invention of life. It purges the system of these old models that are obsolete. I think that's one of Apple's challenges, really. When two young people walk in with the next thing, are we going to embrace it and say this is fantastic? Are we going to be willing to drop our models, or are we going to explain it away? I think we'll do better, because we're completely aware of it and we make it a priority.

PLAYBOY: In thinking about your success, did you ever get to the point where you slapped your head and asked yourself what was happening? After all, it was virtually overnight.

JOBS: I used to think about selling 1,000,000 computers a year, but it was just a thought. When it actually happens, it's a totally different thing. So it was, "Holy shit, it's actually coming true!" But what's hard to explain is that this does not feel like overnight. Next year will be my tenth year. I had never done anything longer than a year in my life. Six months, for me, was a long time when we started Apple. So this has been my life since I've been sort of a free-willed adult. Each year has been so robust with problems and successes and learning experiences and human experiences that a year is a lifetime at Apple. So this has been ten lifetimes.

PLAYBOY: Do you know what you want to do with the rest of this lifetime?

JOBS: There's an old Hindu saying that comes into my mind occasionally: "For the first 30 years of your life, you make your habits. For the last 30 years of your life, your habits make you." As I'm going to be 30 in February, the thought has crossed my mind.

PLAYBOY: And?

JOBS: And I'm not sure. I'll always stay connected with Apple. I hope that throughout my life I'll sort of have the thread of my life and the thread of Apple weave in and out of each other, like a tapestry. There may be a few years when I'm not there, but I'll always come back. And that's what I may try to do. The key thing to remember about me is that I'm still a student. I'm still in boot camp. If anyone is reading any of my thoughts, I'd keep that in mind. Don't take it all too seriously. If you want to live your life in a creative way, as an artist, you have to not look back too much. You have to be willing to take whatever you've done and whoever you were and throw them away. What are we, anyway? Most of what we think we are is just a collection of likes and dislikes, habits, patterns. At the core of what we are is our values, and what decisions and



Buck Brown

"There might be an extra helpin' of sorghum and grits fer a cowboy interested in doin' a little night ridin'."

actions we make reflect those values. That is why it's hard doing interviews and being visible: As you are growing and changing, the more the outside world tries to reinforce an image of you that it thinks you are, the harder it is to continue to be an artist, which is why a lot of times, artists have to go, "Bye. I have to go. I'm going crazy and I'm getting out of here." And they go and hibernate somewhere. Maybe later they re-emerge a little differently.

PLAYBOY: You could take off. You certainly don't have to worry about money. You're still working—

JOBS: [Laughs] Because of guilt. Guilt over the money.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the money. You were a millionaire at 23—

JOBS: And when I was 24, my net worth was more than \$10,000,000; when I was 25, it was more than \$100,000,000.

PLAYBOY: What's the main difference between having \$1,000,000 and having several hundred million?

JOBS: Visibility. The number of people who have a net worth of more than \$1,000,000 in this country is in the tens of thousands. The number of people who have a net worth of more than \$10,000,000 gets down to thousands. And the number who have a net worth of more than \$100,000,000 gets down to a few hundred.

PLAYBOY: What does the money actually mean to you?

JOBS: I still don't understand it. It's a large responsibility to have more than you can spend in your lifetime—and I feel I have to spend it. If you die, you certainly don't want to leave a large amount to your children. It will just ruin their lives. And if you die without kids, it will all go to the Government. Almost everyone would think that he could invest the money back into humanity in a much more astute way than the Government could. The challenges are to figure out how to live with it and to reinvest it back into the world, which means either giving it away or using it to express your concerns or values.

PLAYBOY: So what do you do?

JOBS: That's a part of my life that I like to keep private. When I have some time, I'm going to start a public foundation. I do some things privately now.

PLAYBOY: You could spend all of your time disbursing your money.

JOBS: Oh, you have to. I'm convinced that to give away a dollar effectively is harder than to make a dollar.

PLAYBOY: Could that be an excuse to put off doing something?

JOBS: No. There are some simple reasons for that. One is that in order to learn how to do something well, you have to fail sometimes. In order to fail, there has to be a measurement system. And that's the problem with most philanthropy—there's no measurement system. You give somebody some money to do something and most of the time you can really never measure whether you failed or succeeded

in your judgment of that person or his ideas or their implementation. So if you can't succeed or fail, it's really hard to get better. Also, most of the time, the people who come to you with ideas don't provide the best ideas. You go seek the best ideas out, and that takes a lot of time.

PLAYBOY: If you plan to use your visibility to create a model for people, why is this one of the areas you choose not to discuss?

JOBS: Because I haven't done anything much yet. In that area, actions should speak the loudest.

PLAYBOY: Are you completely virtuous or do you admit to any extravagances?

JOBS: Well, my favorite things in life are books, *sushi* and. . . . My favorite things in life don't cost any money. It's really clear that the most precious resource we all have is time. As it is, I pay a price by not having much of a personal life. I don't have the time to pursue love affairs or to tour small towns in Italy and sit in cafés and eat tomato-and-mozzarella salad. Occasionally, I spend a little money to save myself a hassle, which means time. And that's the extent of it. I bought an apartment in New York, but it's because I love that city. I'm trying to educate myself, being from a small town in California, not having grown up with the sophistication and culture of a large city. I consider it part of my education. You know, there are many people at Apple who can buy everything that they could ever possibly want and still have most of their money unspent. I hate talking about this as a problem; people are going to read this and think, Yeah, well, give me your problem. They're going to think I'm an arrogant little asshole.

PLAYBOY: With your wealth and past accomplishments, you have the ability to pursue dreams as few others do. Does that freedom frighten you?

JOBS: The minute you have the means to take responsibility for your own dreams and can be held accountable for whether they come true or not, life is a lot tougher. It's easy to have wonderful thoughts when the chance to implement them is remote. When you've gotten to a place where you at least have a chance of implementing your ideas, there's a lot more responsibility in that.

PLAYBOY: We've talked about what you see in the near future; what about the far future? If we're still in kindergarten, and you start imagining some of the ways computers are going to change our lives, what do you see?

JOBS: When I came back from India, I found myself asking, What was the one most important thing that had struck me? And I think it was that Western rational thought is not an innate human characteristic. It is a learned ability. It had never occurred to me that if no one taught us how to think this way, we would not think

this way. And yet, that's the way it is. Obviously, one of the great challenges of an education is to teach us how to think. What we're finding is that computers are actually going to affect the quality of thinking as more and more of our children have these tools available to them. Humans are tool users. What's really incredible about a book is that you can read what Aristotle wrote. You don't have to have some teacher's interpretation of Aristotle. You can certainly get that, but you can read exactly what Aristotle wrote. That direct transmission of thoughts and ideas is one of the key building blocks of why we are where we are, as a society. But the problem with a book is that you can't ask Aristotle a question. I think one of the potentials of the computer is to somehow . . . capture the fundamental, underlying principles of an experience.

PLAYBOY: For example?

JOBS: Here's a very crude example. The original video game, Pong, captured the principles of gravity, angular momentum and things like that, to where each game obeyed those underlying principles, and yet every game was different—sort of like life. That's the simplest example. And what computer programming can do is to capture the underlying principles, the underlying essence, and then facilitate thousands of experiences based on that perception of the underlying principles. Now, what if we could capture Aristotle's world view—the underlying principles of his world view? Then you could actually ask Aristotle a question. OK. You might say it would not be exactly what Aristotle was. It could be all wrong. But maybe not.

PLAYBOY: But you would say it was at least interesting feedback.

JOBS: Exactly. Part of the challenge, I think, is to get these tools to millions and tens of millions of people and to start to refine these tools so that someday we can crudely, and then in a more refined sense, capture an Aristotle or an Einstein or a Land while he's alive. Imagine what that could be like for a young kid growing up. Forget the young kid—for us! And that's part of the challenge.

PLAYBOY: Will you be working on that yourself?

JOBS: That's for someone else. It's for the next generation. I think an interesting challenge in this area of intellectual inquiry is to grow obsolete gracefully, in the sense that things are changing so fast that certainly by the end of the Eighties, we really want to turn over the reins to the next generation, whose fundamental perceptions are state-of-the-art perceptions, so that they can go on, stand on our shoulders and go much further. It's a very interesting challenge, isn't it? How to grow obsolete with grace.





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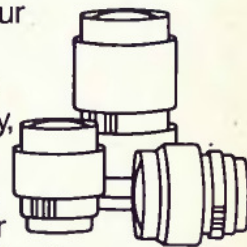
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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

The last time we saw Paris, we'd left our little black book and some equally critical corporate data back in a stack on our desk. What we should have done, of course, was take the information with us—only in a small package. So pictured here are some compact solutions that should improve your memory back home and

on the road. From the genteel *Economist Diary* (J.F.K. had two: one for his desk and one for his briefcase) to the British Filofax (one stopped a bullet that would have killed the English officer carrying it during World War Two) to a portable yet powerful minicomputer, life can be made simpler again. And all your troubles can be packed in a single old kit bag.

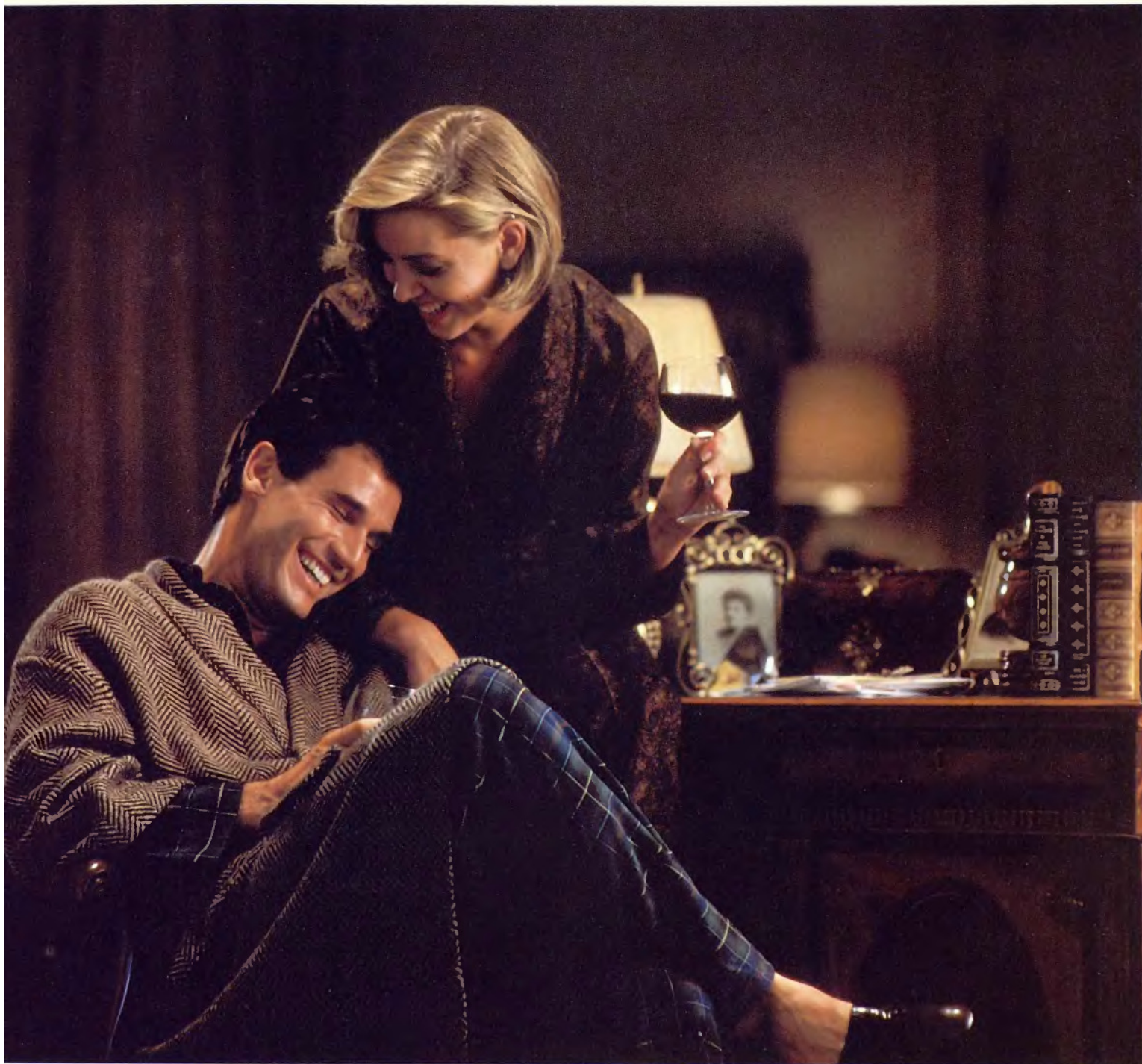
Counterclockwise from 11: Your moving finger writes on Casio's Data Bank surface and, having writ, moves on to other calculations, stored phone numbers, etc., \$69.95. Below it is the British Filofax organizer that includes a week-at-a-glance calendar, plus much more, \$150, and a matching zippered leather Filofax wallet, \$45, both from Jane Weber, Ink!, Chicago. Nontarnishable-nickel-silver Desk Secretary II weekly reminder book, \$56, matching Desk Secretary I address/telephone book, \$80, and chrome fountain pen, \$20, all from Brielle Galleries in Brielle, New Jersey. Seiko's quartz-alarm chronography watch can retain up to seven messages and perform watch and calculator functions, \$110. *The Economist Diary* contains 120 pages of facts, statistics and travel data, by The Economist, \$45. NEC's PC-8200 portable computer weighs only about four pounds and is the ideal electronic tool for salespeople, managers and execs on the go, \$599.



ROBING THE RICH

When the deep purple falls over sleepy high-rise walls, it's time you slipped into something more comfortable—and we're not talking about a hot tub or a dry martini. Supple lounging robes are returning to men's wardrobes, along with smoking jackets, silk pajamas and other luxurious male wrappings that make late-night lingering by the fire—as well as Sunday-morning brunches à deux—a sensuous

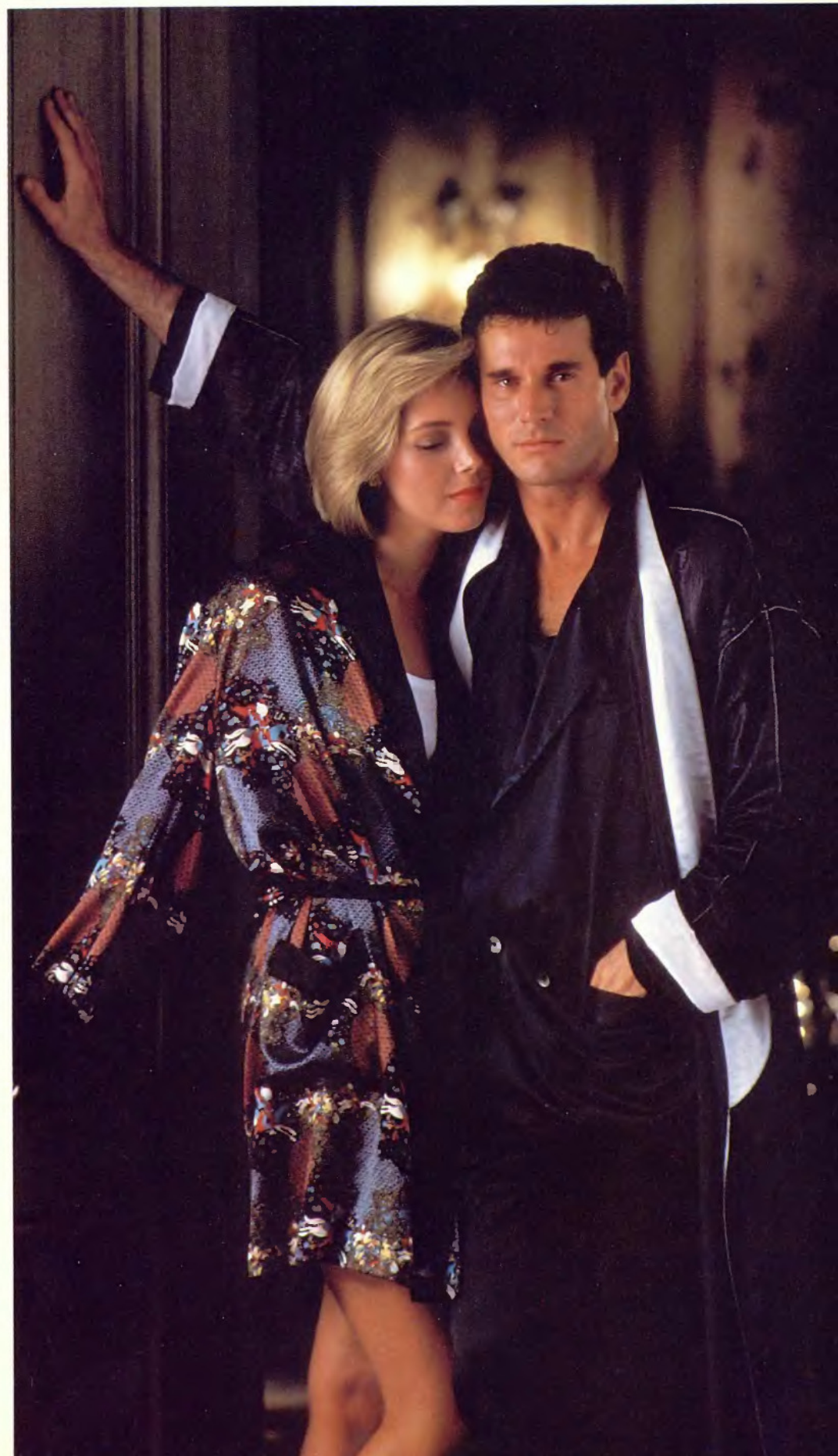
delight. The positive state of the economy (at least it's positive as we write this) has certainly contributed to the rekindling of after-dinnerwear. Here's a wrap-up of buying tips: For entertaining at home, pick a robe that's mid-calf or ankle length. Shorter terry and seersucker styles are fine for the beach or the health club. Think rich. For some, an expensive robe is a one-time purchase, so if you're going to be a bear, be a grizzly. Buy the best. Growl!



Above: When you come to the end of a perfect day, make it an even better night by shedding your street togs for something more comfy—for example, a hand-loomed wool/cashmere herringbone kimono with patch pockets, by Peter Barton's Closet, about \$275; worn over cotton flannel plaid pajamas with a drawstring waist, by Howard Partman for San Francisco, \$125; and kidskin scuffs, by Nancy Knox, \$72.

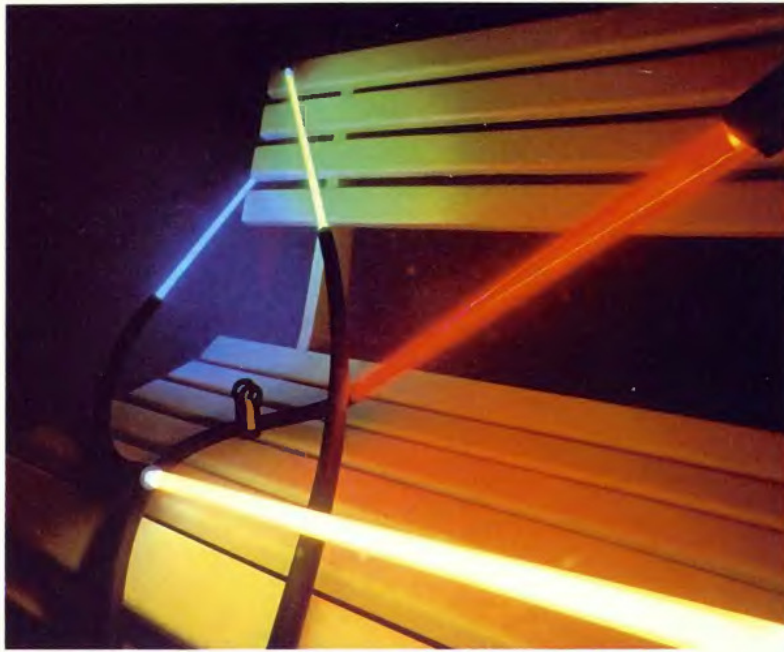


Below: It's the *moiré* the merrier, in a navy/black/white *moiré* boxing kimono, \$150, worn over a double-breasted navy-silk pajama top with triple patch pockets and black piping, black-silk pajama pants and a matching silk tank top, all by Fernando Sanchez for Men, \$450 the ensemble. (Her Chinese robe and shorts by Ora Feder Designs; white tank top by Tous les Caleçons.)



Above: Our guy checks out his checkmate in a cashmere robe with satin collar, by Sulka, \$2500; plus silk pajama pants, by Rick Pallack, \$100. Below: Here he takes more romantic steps in a cashmere robe, by Polo/Ralph Lauren, about \$550; silk *charmeuse* pajamas, by Lynn LaCava, \$220; silk pocket square, by Imperial, \$11; and velvet slippers, by Sulka, about \$85. (Ladies' wardrobe, above and below, by Ralph Lauren Loungewear.)





NEON SHITICKS

Back when we were kids, there was Pick-up Stix, a game played with skinny rods that you attempted to flip free of a pile without disturbing the others. Now that we're grown up, there's Mix-Up Stix, a creative toy for adults consisting of four 12"-long sticks of vibrant light—one red, one yellow, one green and one blue—connected by flexible black-rubber tubing that you can reassemble again and again into a wild and crazy configuration of shapes. Say It In Neon gallery at 434 Hudson Street, New York 10014, sells Mix-Up Stix for \$300, complete with a transformer. All you do is plug it in and start playing. Whee!



SLICK CHIC

Living well may be the best revenge, but looking as though you're living well can be almost as rewarding—and decidedly cheaper. So if it's champagne status symbols you're seeking at a beer price (\$7.95), stop by a bookstore and pick up *Surface Chic*—an Avon softcover by James Charlton that contains cut-outs for about \$4,000,000 worth of expensive baubles, bangles and trappings of success, from fake QE2 tickets to an ersatz Burberry label, gold blazer buttons, Rolex wrist watch or an Orient Express luggage tag. Other goodies include paper Porsche sunglasses, phony polo tickets, a Jaguar key fob and even a desktop photo of Henry Kissinger and friend—with space for you to insert your picture as his "friend." You should be so lucky.

THE SNOB MOB

Ever want to hire the London Symphony, buy a castle or pick up part ownership of the Detroit Tigers? Your materialistic dreams come true in SNOB, a board game in which players compete to be the first to spend \$10,000,000 in a fantasy shopping spree along some of the world's most exclusive status streets. The price: \$40.50 sent to Helene Fox Inc., 548 Olympic Drive Number 7, Altamonte Springs, Florida 32714. Chicken feed.



READY TEDDY

Singles will be happy to learn that there's a bear market out there for Teddy Tush, a 5" stuffed bruin that anyone on the prowl can pop into his back pocket as a nonverbal way of communicating that he's available, already taken, etc. (A booklet, *Teddy Tush Tells All . . .* bares the facts on this.) You can buy Teddy Tush in gift shops—or send \$6 to Visual Vibes, Box 31-44, Monterey Street, San Francisco 94131. Grin and bear it.





WRAP UP YOUR TROUBLES

Anyone can wrap up long-stemmed roses and lay them on somebody special, but to wrap up your long-stemmed body—now, that's *style*. To help you round out the corners, Rose Petal Products, P.O. Box 418, Dearborn Heights, Michigan 48127, has created a \$6.50 Self-Expression Body-Wrap Kit that includes a 30" x 60" snow-white self-wrap (one size fits all, unless you're Luciano Pavarotti), a red bow, a greeting card reading a SPECIAL GIFT JUST FOR YOU and instructions. Who said it's better to give than to receive?

VINTAGE PRESS

While Franklin Delano Roosevelt was housebreaking his pet dog on the *Chicago Tribune*, Christian Bailly, France's foremost collector of antiquarian newspapers, was saving it—along with newspapers from 49 other American cities in publication dates that go back to 1880. All that hoarding has paid off; Bailly has formed Historic Newspaper Archives, Inc., 1582 Hart Street, Rahway, New Jersey 07065, and for \$32.50, he'll provide you with an *original* newspaper "printed on the day you were born." Wow!



SPLIT INFINITY

Eternal optimists look at life through rose-colored glasses, but if you want to see the world as it really is—all topsyturvy—then invest \$39.50 in one of C. Bennett's Crystal Vision Teleidoscopes. Its 9" aluminum scope, in black or silver, transforms whatever you point and peek at into kaleidoscopic images that ebb and flow as you change directions. C. Bennett Scopes is at P.O. Box 721, Media, Pennsylvania 19063, and it carries miniscopes, too. Sorry, Peeping Toms, Bennett doesn't stock scope binoculars.



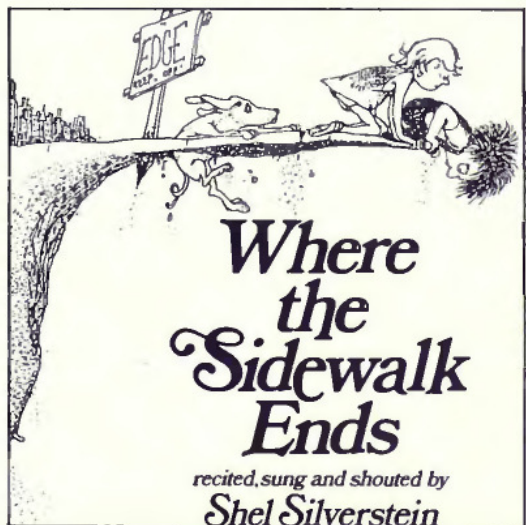
THE ICE-DRIVING MAN COMETH

If your winter wandering takes you to Steamboat Springs, Colorado, we recommend that you allow a few moments from all that schussing and *après-ski* socializing to try the Renault Ice Driving School, located at the base of Mount Werner. Courses on the mile-and-one-half great white way range from Introduction to Ice Driving (\$5 for five laps) to a two-day Grand Prix course (\$300) that includes accommodations, ski passes and the opportunity to compete in an Ice Driving Challenge against the clock. Wave as you go by, Frosty.



NEW SHEL GAME

"I have nothing to put in my stew, you see! Not a bone or a bean or a black-eyed pea! So I'll just climb in the pot to see! If I can make a stew out-of me." That's Shel Silverstein at his best; and now PLAYBOY's renaissance man, cartoonist and songwriter recites, sings and shouts 36 of his poems in *Where the Sidewalk Ends*, a Columbia LP retailing for about \$9. *Sidewalk's* material comes from Silverstein's children's book of the same name, published about ten years ago. The printed word has never sounded so good.



Taking a Chance on Modern Romance

ANDY KYRIACOU, Modern Romance drummer, and DEBEE ASHBY, Sun page-three girl, have been sharing secrets since meeting in London.

Getting a Leg Up on the Ratings

Actress NICOLLETTE SHERIDAN's new TV show, *Paper Dolls*, is a look into the glamor of the fashion industry. After work, it's time to kick out the jams.



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Order of the Garter

Do you know these people? They're NIGHT RANGER, and their album *Midnight Madness* went platinum last year. They've just completed nine months on the road, so is it any wonder that they're looking for a little R & R? A new album is due out any time. Then they'll put the lady down and go back to work. We promise.

Say Good Night, Todd

Capitalism and the American way are working well for TODD RUNDGREN. He has just produced an album for The Tubes and another for his own group, Utopia. Todd, along with The Tubes and Utopia, will be in your city any day now. So buy a ticket and salute!



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This Back's for You

Here's a Valentine's greeting for lovers everywhere from DON DOKKEN of the rock group Dokken, whose album *Tooth and Nail* is doing very well on the charts. The next time some musician whines about how hard life is on the road, remember this photo and weep. Is this lady in *your* hot tub?

Lovely Rita

This is singer/actress RITA FUNK (honest!). She's never been a meter maid, but in her movie, *Lost Passion*, she's a tease caught up in a love triangle. Big surprise, right? Rita is our hands-down winner as celebrity-in-the-making breast of the month.



Body Talk

Everyone got to know MARINE JAHAN's body language when she danced for Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*. Jahan is now starring in her own video, *Freedanse*, an aerobics workout also being taught in health clubs. We don't know about you, but we'd come out of the steam for a better look at Marine.



NEXT MONTH



SWINGING COMPUTERS



WHEELS GUIDE



MOTHER'S DAY



LINGERIED LOVELIES

"THE LONELY SILVER RAIN"—SOMEBODY'S LEAVING PIPE-CLEANER CATS LYING AROUND **TRAVIS MCGEE'S** HOUSEBOAT. TO HIS SURPRISE, THE KITTY LITTERER TURNS OUT TO BE A PRODUCT OF HIS PAST—BY **JOHN D. MAC DONALD**

"FRILLS AND THRILLS"—THE LATEST IN LINGERIE, MODELED BY PLAYMATES OF THE YEAR **MONIQUE ST. PIERRE, MARIANNE GRAVATTE, BARBARA EDWARDS** AND **SHANNON TWEED**

"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO WHEELS"—THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST FOR YOUR DRIVING PLEASURE

"LOVE BYTES"—THE KEY TO AN ACTIVE SEX LIFE MAY BE ON YOUR KEYBOARD. ONE MAN'S FORAY INTO THE WORLD OF COMPUTER DATING—BY **ROBERT E. CARR**

"MOTHER'S DAY"—THE CREATOR OF **EDDIE COYLE** AND **DIGGER DOHERTY** INTRODUCES SOME MORE UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS: CYNICAL COPS AND ASSORTED LOWLIFES—BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: SYSTEMS"—FORGET THE HEMLINE THEORY. JUST READ **ANDREW TOBIAS**

"THE REPACKAGING OF CARL LEWIS"—THANKS IN PART TO THE SHORTSIGHTED SCHEMES OF HIS MARKETING FRIENDS, AMERICA'S BEST SPRINTER CAME OUT OF THE OLYMPICS WITH A BADLY TARNISHED IMAGE. HERE'S A PLAN TO SERVE HIM IN THE LONG RUN—BY **ROY BLOUNT JR.**

BOB GIRALDI, KING OF MUSIC VIDEO, TALKS ABOUT **MICHAEL JACKSON**, MTV AND WHY HE'D LIKE HIS DAUGHTER TO MARRY **BOY GEORGE** IN A NOTE-WORTHY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLUS: THE **60 MINUTES** STAFF SITS STILL FOR A **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**; **JOHN GORDON'S** LAMENT FOR THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT, **"FEMINISM AS POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE"**; A LOOK AT **"SEX IN THE COMICS"**; **EMANUEL GREENBERG'S** ENTERTAINING VERSION OF **"THE MIDNIGHT SNACK"**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF THE BEST-LOOKING FEDERAL AGENT YOU'LL EVER MEET; **NORMAN EISENBERG'S** REPORT ON **"HIGH-END HI-FI"**; **DAN JENKINS** ON SPORTS; **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM** ON TRAVEL; AND—WOULD WE KID YOU?—MUCH, MUCH MORE

Rum on the Rocks. The New American Classic.

All across America more and more people are making Puerto Rican white rum a classic drink because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



Making tracks across the lovely Vermont landscape, Tex and Kimet Laidlaw know they have the reward of a Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks awaiting them at the end of their cross-country trek.

New York's Jack Putnam is a perfectionist, whether it be rigging for his model or his drink, white rum.



At home in San Juan, President of Condado Travel, José Targas and wife Carmen. Their drink: white rum.

At their beautiful Ponderosa Ranch home at Incline Village on Lake Tahoe, Nevada, Joyce and William Anderson enjoy a warm fire with Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks.

There's nothing like white rum to cap off the last run at Squaw Valley, according to ski instructor Tim Reeve and wife Linda.



Judith and Jimmy Dilday, at the home of friends Karen and Eddie Williams in Braintree, MA, debate the outcome of Sunday football while they agree on their choice of drink, white rum on the rocks.

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

Having winter the warm, sunny white rum way in San Juan are attorney Alvaro Cifuentes and wife Jeannie.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.





Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



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