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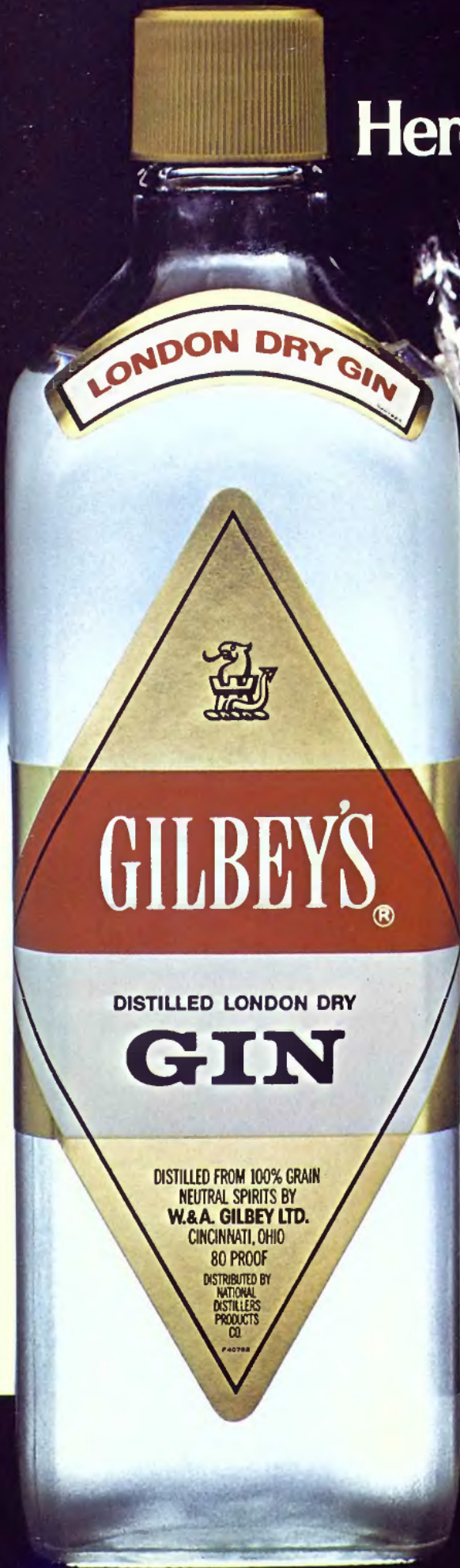


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NUDE**

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FIRST
TIME**

**PLUS:
DAN JENKINS
BILLY CRYSTAL
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JOHN HUSTON
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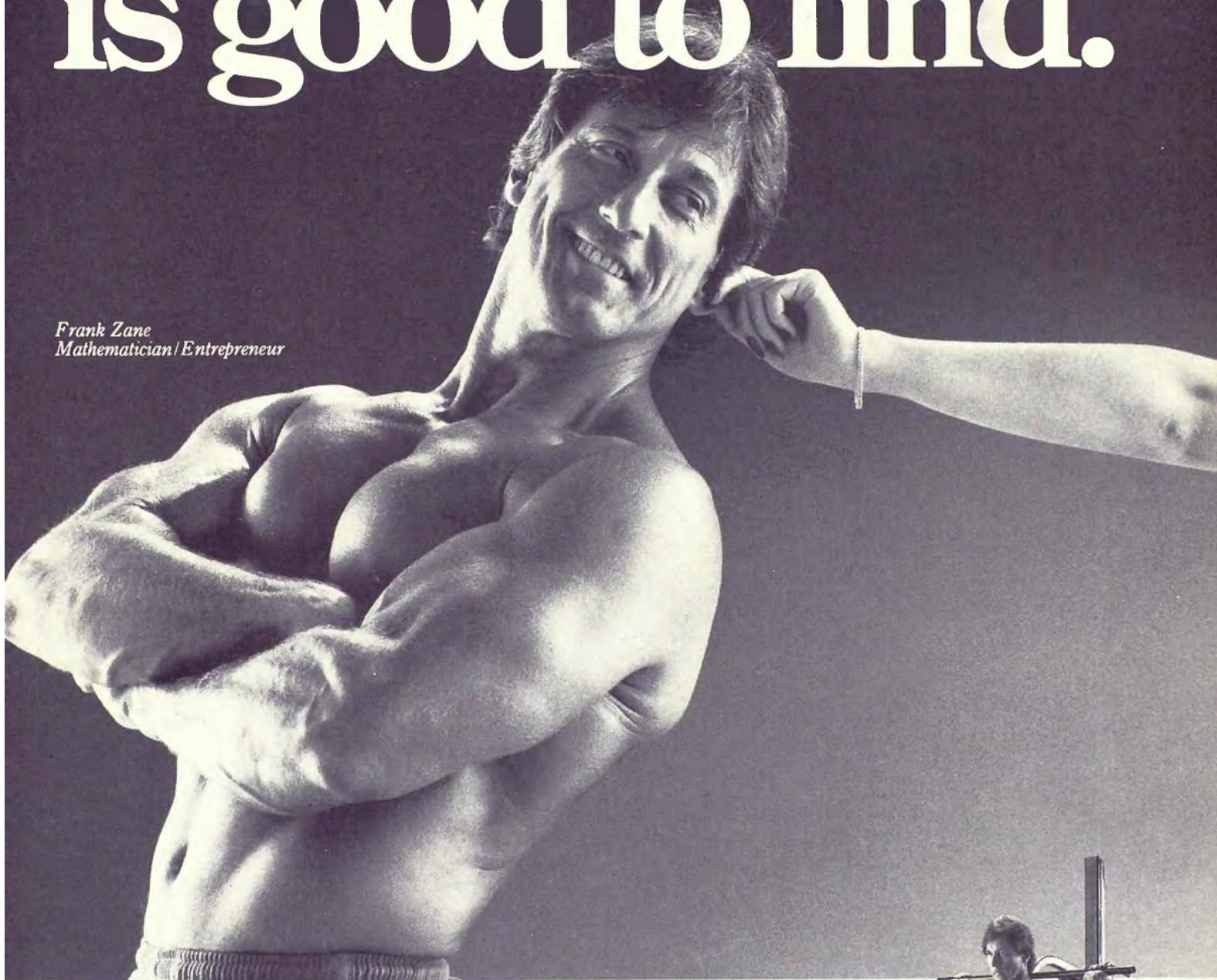
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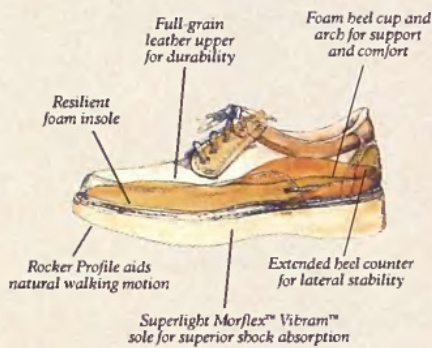
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PLAYBILL

THIS MONTH—the last stapled issue of *PLAYBOY*—boasts the nude photos of **Madonna**, who is very simply the hottest woman in show business today. She's the raunchy rock-'n'-roller who opens her concerts by holding up a portable radio/cassette player, smiling slyly and saying, "How do you like my box?" In other words, our kind of girl. Even back in 1979, renowned photographers **Lee Friedlander** and **Martin H. Schreiber** saw something special in the 20-year-old model who posed for them in their Manhattan studios. We do, too, and so will you. Guaranteed.

Madonna's not the only leading lady on these pages. **Brigitte Nielsen**, **Arnold (Conan) Schwarzenegger's** on-screen (and **Sylvester Stallone's** off-screen) partner, is here, too. And speaking of the Barbarian, the *Little Annie Fanny* team of **Harvey Kurtzman**, **Will Elder**, **Phil Felix** and **Sarah Dawns** has put our heroine in a Conanesque predicament.

September also marks the 25th anniversary of the *Playboy Advisor* column. It seems like only yesterday that we began answering pertinent queries ranging from fashion to sex. Recently, a reporter from the *Chicago Tribune* called to tell us that an *Advisor* answer had been responsible for launching a famous musician on his career. It seems that a certain B.M. from Brooklyn had written in December 1965, asking for help: "My musical wild oats are screaming to be sown, but it means giving up my secure job. Any suggestions?" The musician was **Barry Manilow**, and it appears that he followed our advice, which was to go sow his notes. Top that, Dr. Ruth.

PLAYBOY is not normally known for its career counseling, but that seems to be the theme of this issue. **Mark Baker** spent months cruising the streets with guys who put *Hill Street Blues* and *Miami Vice* to shame. His *Cops* is part of a book to be published by Simon & Schuster this fall.

Some people think that cops—most men, for that matter—are too *macho*. Perhaps they need to read *The Moral Superiority of (a) Men (b) Women*, by **Anthony Brandt** (illustrated by **Barbara Nessim**). Those of you contemplating a life in journalism should read **Pete Dexter's** *Revenge of the Quiet Man*—a parable of life in the city room of a major metropolitan newspaper, starring a reporter with a priceless response to the frigidity of "management by objective." M.B.O. is definitely not the M.O. of **John Huston**, the man responsible for *The African Queen*, *The Maltese Falcon* and almost everything else good on film, who is alive and well and kicking ass in Puerto Vallarta. In a free-spirited conversation with Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel**, he talks about actors, Hemingway, barroom brawls, women and money.

And talking of talk, Contributing Editor **David Rensin** checked in with **Billy Crystal** for *20 Questions*. Crystal, in case you've just returned from the dead, personally keeps ten to 15 television actors unemployed—he's that versatile. And funny.

There are some professions we don't usually cater to. *I'm Dick Felder!* profiles a dentist with a mid-life crisis. Author **Jerry Stahl** may be known to *PLAYBOY* readers as one of the men behind the cult-film classic *Café Flesh*. The illustration is by **Etienne Delessert**. In September's other fiction, *Point of View*, written by **Daman Knight** and illustrated by **Chris Van Allsburg**, a man tries to put his mind into a rabbit. Gee. We thought Hef did that years ago.

What's the toughest job in America? Well, Contributing Editor **Anson Mount** probably has a handle on it. Every year, he has to look at pro football's list of prospective employees and pick a pre-season all-pro team, as well as write *Playboy's Pro Football Preview*. If you follow Mount's advice and win money on it, you may have need of **Andrew Tobias' Quarterly Reports, Systems II: The Sequel**, wherein he takes a look at Wall Street weathermen. For those of you still in school and looking for your first buck, the *Playboy Guide: Back to Campus '85* gives you the inside scoop on what professions are paying what. And keep those letters coming. If we can help Barry Manilow, we can help you.



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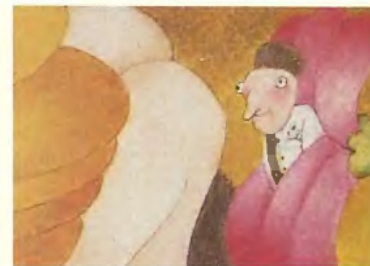
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COVER STORY

We don't have to tell you who is on our cover; Miss Ciccone is the pop star of the year, the woman of the year, the look of the year. So we'll stick to the facts: The photo is by Herb Ritts for Visages. You'll see a lot more of Madonna in a 14-page pictorial starting on page 118 and featuring nude studies by two leading New York photographers, Lee Friedlander and Martin H. Schreiber. Desperately seeking our Rabbit Head? We found it a soft spot.

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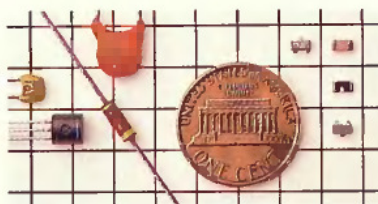
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



Take a quick look at the flying tumult on this page, then imagine it moving. That's as close as you can get to the excitement of the new Playboy Channel without flipping on your TV. Here are a few highlights from a fast-moving, sophisticated alternative to network TV.



In *A Night at the Moulin Rouge*, Marty Pasetta, director of 14 Academy Awards telecasts, takes you front and center at the sumptuous Paris show, *Le Bal du Moulin Rouge* (above). During its 95-year history, the famed night club has spotlighted *les can-canuses*—semiclad dancers who have inspired men from Toulouse-Lautrec to Sinatra. Now Playboy Channel subscribers can get in on the fun.



Since cinematic sex is the next best thing to the participatory kind, the Channel now offers a new bimonthly series, *Sex in Cinema*—hosted by film scholar Arthur Knight—as well as its weekly Playboy Film Festivals. Fellini's *Satyricon* (above), a sexy art film, is a recent Festival entry.



Women on Sex (above) is a sometimes shocking talk show produced by and for women, but a lot of guys love to watch. *Playboy's Candid Camera*, with Allen Funt (below), is *Candid Camera* with a hot new Playboy plus—sex added to the surprise.



Toastee Milton Berle fights back after Dick Martin and m.c. David Steinberg tear him up in the outrageous new series *The Playboy Comedy Roast* (above), while Grace Jones (inset) appears in a graceful *Playboy Video Magazine* interview and Morganna the Kissing Bandit (below) puckers up for two of her favorite things—baseball and the *Playboy Video Magazine*.



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SPARKPLUG

In a world in which people seem increasingly like the products they consume—standardized and mass-produced—Sparky Anderson is a rarity. In fact, as Ken Kelley's brilliant June *Playboy Interview* reveals, Sparky is an original. Behind the fractured grammar and the self-effacing humor is one smart fox—or should I say Tiger? There's a reason—beyond the fast start, the talent and the law of averages—that Detroit fans saw their fantasies come true last year, and that reason is Sparky. Your *Interview* is well timed, because, once again, the Tigers are in the thick of a pennant race, and Sparky's the man who got them there.

David Weir
San Francisco, California

NO TOMORROW

Since I appear a couple of times in David Butler's *The Fall of Saigon* (PLAYBOY, May), I thought I would offer a couple of comments. It is correct to say that I was responsible for assembling lists of potential Vietnamese evacuees. However, those lists included literally hundreds of thousands of persons. Most of us did not expect such a massive evacuation to be possible and, as Butler reports, many began in the last few weeks to make efforts to assist a few Vietnamese of special concern (friends, relatives or senior employees) in their efforts to leave. Apparently, United States Information Service chief Alan Carter did not realize that the problem was not one of information but of transportation. In the last weeks of Saigon, mission management's attention was focused almost entirely on the evacuation of Americans and their dependents. A couple of dozen junior officers, mainly those who had served in the provinces, met informally to make plans for the evacuation of some Vietnamese friends and employees in the event of a more hurried evacuation. It was at the urging of this group that mission coordinator Jake Jacobson arranged

for the stationing of several barges at the Khanh Hoi docks. The existence of those barges was widely known, though apparently not by Carter. As the city slipped into chaos, I found myself at a villa in downtown Saigon, with the grounds jammed by almost 1000 potential evacuees. The bus drivers and gas pumpers had run away, and the buses on which we had counted to transport those evacuees were no longer available. I waited until midafternoon, and, finally, after being assured that the barges were still there and that the buses would not be coming, I told our Vietnamese friends that they would have to make their way to the docks by themselves. Some asked whether I might not be returning with buses the next day and whether they could wait for me where they were, but I had to inform them that there might not be a tomorrow. I left them to return to my own villa but, on reflection, decided to return about half an hour later for fear they had not taken my message seriously. Sure enough, many were still waiting where I had left them. I reviewed with them the existence of the barges, which could take them down the Saigon River. Some did take that course, and I met them later in the United States. I fear many—perhaps afraid to cross the city as it fell into disorder, perhaps distrustful of my message—did not. A final note: There had been considerable speculation as to how our Vietnamese friends might react when we finally left them. There was, in fact, no hostility at all among the people in my group. Their reaction was polite, sad and dignified.

Shep Lowman
Miami, Florida

ROXANNE!

Your luscious pictorial *Prize Pulitzer* (PLAYBOY, June) will light up my reading time for months to come. I was fascinated and touched by the deeply beautiful Roxanne Pulitzer's views on nudity and the natural traits of our lives. From what I read about her, I would consider her a

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model mother. Roxanne, the men of America are on your side.

John F. Boslet
Altoona, Pennsylvania

I hope some other millionaire has the balls to marry Roxanne Pulitzer A.S.A.P. She's beautiful, smart, funny and horny—what more could a man want?

Leslie Sansone
Cambria, California

I'm writing to commend you on your excellent pictorial essay on Roxanne Pulitzer. She looks super! Like many residents of Palm Beach, I followed her divorce proceedings in the newspapers and said to myself many times that she was being treated unfairly. I am glad she got to tell her side of the story in your magazine. Palm Beach is one of the most decadent little islands I have ever seen, but the people here like to keep it behind closed doors. For a town that is so cosmopolitan in many ways, it is still very naïve in others. I feel that Roxanne was victimized. It can happen to anyone, male or female, who is young and attractive and who comes to Palm Beach innocently seeking—anything. From the younger crowd in Palm Beach, Roxanne: Good luck for the future. You deserve it.

Steven Cucchiaro
Palm Beach, Florida

Thanks to all who stepped forward to rave about Roxanne (shown here pushing down



the pillars of Palm Beach society). She's not one to blow her own horn.

LICKETY SPLIT

The Playboy Advisor, that supposed apostle of sexual freedom, has demonstrated that he is in his own way as narrow-minded as any Moral Majoritarian. His June column features a letter from a Portland, Oregon, woman who does not enjoy

a certain sexual activity and who wishes to know how she may tactfully communicate this to her lover(s). Unfortunately for her, the woman refers not to golden showers or bestiality but to cunnilingus, which is obviously on the Advisor's list of things that everyone should—indeed, *must*—enjoy. So, instead of the help she seeks, he gives her the back of his hand. She is told she is living in the wrong century. She is ridiculed for feeling that oral sex is not romantic. She is informed that surveys indicate that most people enjoy and expect oral sex. Most popular uprisings lead to excesses, so I should hardly be surprised that the sexual revolution has found its Stalin. I hope you will have the courage to repudiate the Advisor's comments and attitude.

William M. Reardon
Parsippany, New Jersey

The Playboy Advisor replies:

The Stalin of the sexual revolution? Gee, can I use that on my résumé? I don't see what you're so excited about. I didn't tell the woman to commit suicide. In an era of conservative namby-pambyism, I came out unequivocally for oral sex. The Nobel Prize committee hasn't come knocking on my door, but I can live with that. In this day and age, you can't be halfhearted about sex. You have to claw at the roots of your numbness, find out what is keeping you from enjoying yourself and go to work on that. Let the people who don't enjoy oral sex move to Russia. My country: Lick it or leave it.

POMPEO'S CIRCUMSTANCE

Thanks to Pompeo Posar for 25 years of beautiful photography. *The Lens of Love* (PLAYBOY, June) is a fine tribute. I especially like the page that shows many of the covers Posar has photographed. I have always considered PLAYBOY's cover photographs excellent pieces of work; how about a special pictorial showing every cover of PLAYBOY ever issued?

Gary F. McCracken
Columbus, Ohio

Thank you, Pompeo, for being a great professional in your chosen line of work. But do you really call that *work*?

Marshall Hanson
Troy, New York

THE FREE LUNCH

Andrew Tobias' *Quarterly Reports* on systems in the stock market (PLAYBOY, June) is particularly interesting to me. He mentions briefly a Harvard Business School student and his stock-market system. I am that student. I turned \$5000 into \$150,000 in five trading days. Then, using the same system, it took me a year and a half to lose everything that Uncle Sam hadn't taken the first time. So I went to Harvard Business School. My system stopped working, probably because the enormous gains from using it attracted too many people to the system to allow it to

continue to work. I would argue that there is now a new learning curve (my professors would be proud) that *is* working. The problem is that I am not sure I know what it is. By the time I *am* sure, there may not be much time left until it doesn't work anymore. It sure is fun when a system works, though! Happy hunting.

Ed Spumony
Boston, Massachusetts

LOUISIANA LIGHTNING

Down here in Louisiana, we Cajuns say Devin René DeVasquez is a real toot-toot. That means something special in Cajun talk. Makes you want to go-go, which means have sex. Most of us Cajuns are very proud of our toot-toots. We are especially proud of PLAYBOY's June Playmate. Even seven or eight miles down in the swamps, we get PLAYBOY, if we have good luck fighting off the gators. Don't anybody mess with my June toot-toot, now.

Corbit Domenques
Breaux Bridge, Louisiana

If Devin DeVasquez is not the Playmate of the Century, then there is no justice in the bayou.

Richard DeWald
Austin, Texas

READERS NEED WOMEN

What the hell happened to *Women* in the June issue? Yes, Asa Baber's *Men* column is usually right on target and happens to be the second thing I read in PLAYBOY every month. As a young professional woman who freely admits that PLAYBOY is her favorite magazine, however, I demand equal time! Next month, I expect to see the clever Cynthia Heimel in her rightful place.

Sheila A. Tuttle
Fort Worth, Texas

I opened my mailbox and thought, Oh, good, I got my PLAYBOY today. I would never have guessed that a few moments later, I would be writing a letter to cancel my subscription. As usual, I was flipping through, looking for the *Women* column, by Cynthia Heimel, *before* scanning the pictorials (I don't care what anyone believes; it's true). *Women* wasn't there. No apology, no reason, nothing. I couldn't believe it. If the lack of a Heimel column is not a temporary situation, cancel my subscription. Perhaps I am partly responsible—I did not write sooner in support of her enlightening, funny, touching and enjoyable writing. I sincerely hope that *Women* returns, since I would much rather get PLAYBOY than not. Nevertheless, if Cynthia goes, so do I.

Mark Adler
Gainesville, Florida

Don't go, Heimel fans. Cynthia's back where she belongs, toe to toe with Asa Baber. Does it tickle, Asa?



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Each component in Aiwa's amazing new remote-controlled V-1200 audio system is singularly impressive. There are no compromises.

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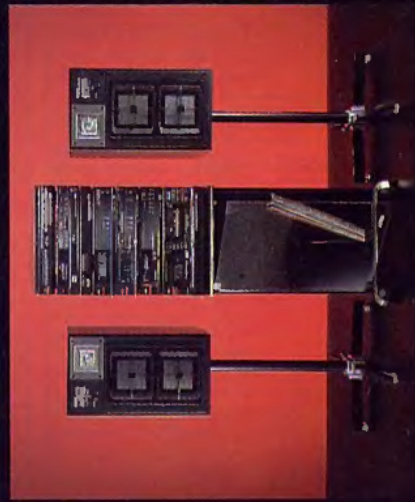
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



WHAT'S UP, DOCK?

Eager Marines from the U.S.S. Tripoli, which docked in San Francisco recently, thought they had hit the dating jackpot when they saw 250 women partying on the same pier. The women, however, were gathered for a lesbian fund-raiser for the city's Gay Games II.

“Good-looking schizophrenic male seeks sophisticated schizophrenic female for intimate foursome” read the classified in California's *Pacific Grovel Pebble Beach Tribune*.

When interviewed for a position as a police officer with the Fort Lauderdale Police Department, applicant Margaret Gray was asked if she had ever stolen money. She replied, with surprising candor, yes—from the Salvation Army. “She said she had been stealing \$500 a week for the past two years,” said police detective Steve Ruebottom. Candor has its price—Gray, who had used the skimmed \$50,000 for a Camaro and a down payment on a house, turned herself in at the Broward County Jail on charges of grand theft and was released on \$2500 bond.

BLIND FAITH

A Chesapeake, Virginia, police officer chased and stopped a car that was weaving across three lanes of highway only to find that the driver of the vehicle was blind drunk—literally. A 24-year-old blind Portsmouth man had apparently decided that it was safer if he drove than if his intoxicated female companion did. He was charged with drunken driving, reckless driving and driving without a license. Miraculously, no one was injured.

HAIRPIN TURN

A woman and her three children were injured when she lost control of her car while she was drying her hair out of a window. She told an officer that she had been driving with the cruise control on, hanging

her head out the window, when she realized she was going too fast and locked her brakes. The car skidded 253 feet, struck an embankment, flipped end over end, skidded another 16 feet and came to rest in a ditch on the other side of the road.

About 50 participants in a charity walkathon through New York's Central Park were set upon by robbers who grabbed necklaces, purses and other valuables. Detective Evans Andre said a witness told him that the Sunday event “just turned into a robathon.” Two 19-year-old girls in the march found themselves swept up by a band of about 100 youths. Another officer said their “chains were gone, their clothes were ripped. They looked like they had been through a tornado.”

THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Boguslaw Krotoszynski, an Illinois Institute of Technology scientist, has a remarkable nose. It can differentiate among the

aromas of five varieties of peas, ten types of apples and more than 20 breads. “Detecting the quality of odorants is an art,” he says. He put his nose to the grindstone recently and sniffed the vapors emitted by dried human excrement in order to analyze the dietary patterns of ancient Indians from Utah. Krotoszynski discovered that 6400 years ago, the Indians ate the leaves of wild plants, including a licorice-scented herb. That item must have provided a dung chow zing.

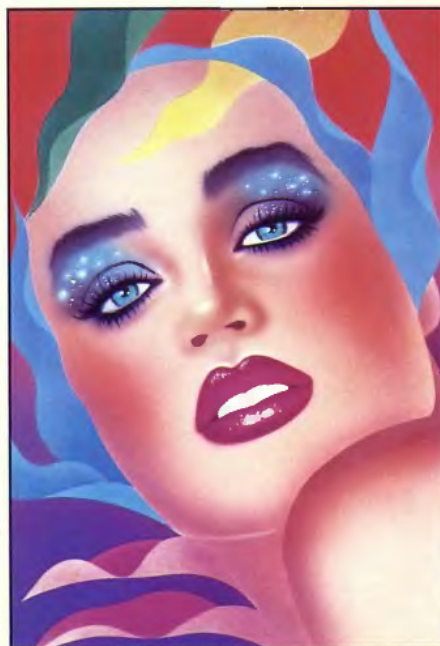
Gee, we know the type, but the description is a little sketchy. Chicago's *North Loop News* reported in its “Police Log” that “a 55-year-old visitor from Italy was accosted outside his hotel by a female offender who was described as having big feet, big breasts and a flat nose. The unknown offender appeared interested in the man's body at first but took \$750 from his pants pocket.”

The Walton, New York, *Reporter* ran this classified: “Hair Affair. Nice quiet at-home atmosphere. Call any time for appointment for the best head in town.”

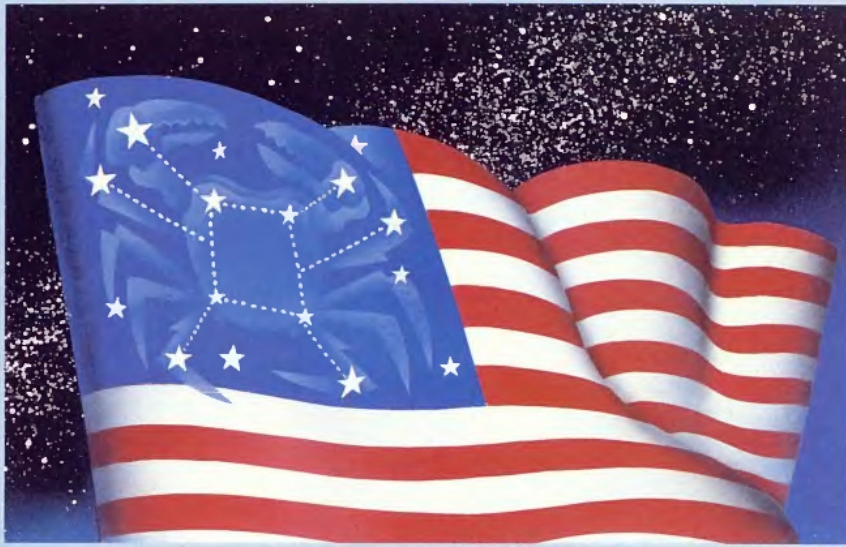
Tough guys are always the most sentimental. At the Texas funeral of Bandidos motorcycle-club honcho Alvin Chester “Big Al” Frakes, mourners dispensed with Bibles and read from Harley repair manuals. Big Al isn't gone; he's just tightening his hub nuts at that truck stop in the sky.

TALL FISH STORIES

Every April Fools' Day, Aetna Life & Casualty goes through its files for some of the odder claims it's handled. This year, two fish stories stand out: First, a third-grade teacher was teaching his class how to catch fish when a 30-pound salmon jumped from the water and smacked him on the mouth, causing a cut lip that took six stitches to close. Second, when a Miami woman who



MACROASTROLOGY



When we have difficult decisions to make, we have the luxury of consulting our horoscopes. Well, countries have birthdays, too; hence, they must have astrological signs that govern their attitudes and behavior. And since many countries are in serious need of help, they should be able to consult their horoscopes as well. Indeed, macroastrology is probably more useful than macroeconomics. This month's advice to select countries:

U.S.A.—You're a Cancer. You are endowed with a strong determination and many natural resources, but you have lightened the work load a bit too much. Fix your trains. Buy Bermuda. It's about time you learned how to play soccer. Have a good, long talk with California. Make a movie in which people work hard for a living. Kissinger is currently underutilized; trade him. Loosen up; declare a Sex Is Fun Week—it'll help relations with Scandinavia and diffuse those depressed liberals. Carpet El Salvador. You've been ignoring the moon. Don't play with strangers.

FRANCE—Stop flirting, you devil Cancer, you. Romance may interfere with national progress. Nationalize what's left of the undergarment industry. Be nice to visitors. Don't go to any parties. Shorter work hours will increase your population. You know when you are beaten—stop trying to make cars, beer and SSTs. Trade from strength—export your women.

UGANDA—You Virgos are frisky this month. Invite the queen of England over for lunch. Announce that your country led the world in biopsies last year. Become the first landlocked nation to have a navy with submarines. Claim that God spoke to you and asked for advice.

UNITED KINGDOM—It's unbecoming for a Leo to have such an inferiority complex, even though you *have* lost your empire. Be magnanimous and praise your punkers. Rename the Falkland Islands British Argentina. Rename the pound the ounce. It's also

time for Princess Di to write a nifty little diary-type book—c'mon, you *do* need the bread.

INDIA—It is difficult for a sensitive Aquarius to know that the entire world is laughing at you. Stack your people more neatly. Have Air India institute superlow one-way fares to anywhere. Start a motto, "Our sidewalks make you feel safe at home."

RUSSIA—You're a Scorpio. You are self-controlled, ambitious and want praise and flattery. The new position of Saturn will result in a happier period in which you still have a few difficulties, especially with the Eastern bloc. Peaceful overtures from Cancers may contain more than a grain of SALT. It's a nice month to release prisoners. Your choice of leaders has been bad for yogurt sales. How about a nonmilitary parade—dancers, floats, advertising, movie stars, Santa Claus? Make nicey-nice with China.

AUSTRALIA—OK, Aquarian: The world will sit up and take notice when you announce plans to build a four-lane bridge to Los Angeles. Continue the flair of your new tourist scheme, Legal Drinking and Driving.

CANADA—Cast off your Cancerian stubbornness. It's time to face it. Give up already. Winter can be a passing fad. Trade land with another country, and then get the hell out. Before you leave, instruct everyone to flush on the count of three to get even with Cleveland and Buffalo. You might think about bombing your neighbor and printing more money. —GARY GAILE

had broken her arm while fishing was in the doctor's waiting room, a mounted sailfish came loose from the wall and hit her on the head.

Religious fervor erupted in an Eltingville, New York, church a few months back. Two people attending a service at the Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses "disagreed with one of the Bible passages" that were read and began throwing pieces of bread intended for use in Communion at other members of the congregation. A 22-year-old man and a 23-year-old woman were charged with disorderly conduct and disrupting religious services.

WATER LANDING

An elderly couple apparently mistook a runway at St. Petersburg's Albert Whitted Airport for the interstate and drove off the end of it into Tampa Bay. Eighty-seven-year-old Jack Comiskey and his 78-year-old wife, Winifred, were wet but uninjured by the mishap. Bill Jordan, the control-tower supervisor, explained, "We thought for sure the car would stop before it hit the water, but it never did."

Private Eye tells us that a modest Brit was forced from his home by a neighbor's practice of exposing her breasts to him.

"On one occasion, when I was mowing the lawn, [my neighbor]—a very well-built woman—hung them over the garden fence," he claimed. "But the incident that made me move to a secret address involved her leaning out of a top-floor window, stripped to the waist and shouting, 'Big ones! Big ones!'"

No one laughed when the New American Woodwind Quintet sat down to play at St. Louis' Art Museum. That's because no one—save for two people who hadn't paid for their tickets—showed up. But the concert was a success. One of the attendees, a critic from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, praised the quintet for its "excellent balance, elegant phrasing, faultless intonation and technical brilliance." He also commented on the up side of an empty concert hall: "No honking of noses, rattling of cellophane, fits of coughing, extraneous applause. And no one rushed to the parking lot before the final note faded into silence."

DOGGIE RIVER

In Stephen King's novel *Cujo*, a family takes shelter from a rabid Saint Bernard by locking itself in the car. In Twin Falls, Idaho, 64-year-old Rene Schatz left his dog in his van. He also left the engine running. Somehow, the dog managed to knock the gearshift into reverse—while Schatz was standing behind the van, which ran over him, breaking several ribs. Reports did not say whether or not the Twin Falls police tested the dog's breath.



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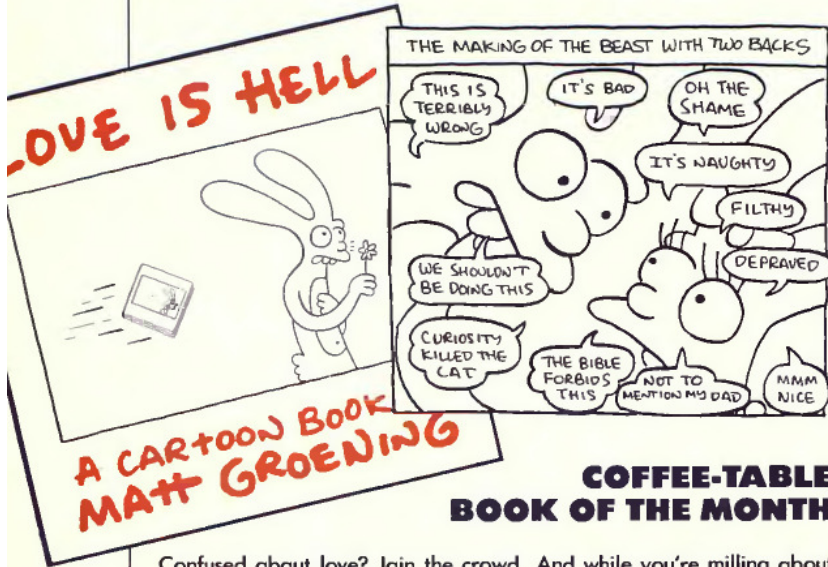
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FACTOIDS

IT'S A JINGLE OUT THERE

You decide to wait until noon on Mother's Day, Thanksgiving or Christmas to phone home and discover that all circuits are busy. It may help to know that if you're using AT&T, you're sharing its long-distance holiday network with nearly 25,000,000 other kids. Just how many calls can it handle before the android alert kicks in? AT&T Communications told us that the telephone "corridor" between the Big Apple and the Windy City could handle thousands of direct connections before a telephonic log jam. It can still complete most calls without a wait—by rerouting your message by way of Los Angeles. Next time you're fed up with this network and vow not to take it anymore, consider: AT&T may want to start charging us by the mile.



COFFEE-TABLE BOOK OF THE MONTH

Confused about love? Join the crowd. And while you're milling about with the rest of us, find solace in Matt Groening's *Love Is Hell*—a collection of cartoons for people who like their heavy thinking on the light side. Groening's everyman—a robbitlike biped named Binky—is properly aswim in the ombiguity of contemporary lust. Maybe part of the problem is that Groening chose not to draw him anatomically complete.

BACK TALK



THE INNER LIFE OF JOHN D. MAC DONALD

WHY IS THERE ALWAYS A COLOR IN THE TITLES OF YOUR TRAVIS MC GEE BOOKS?

Years ago, in the Red Devil saloon in New York, a few friends and I tried to think of some way to clue the reader that he could have read the book before. I didn't want to number them, because I wanted the series to be readable in any order. We discussed musical terms, months of the year; finally, all agreed that colors would be the best and easiest to remember.

WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED FROM YOUR WORLD TRAVELS?

There is no common humanity. Even if the Kashmiri Hindu and the Kenya tribesman and the Amsterdam merchant were miraculously given a common language, they would find their concepts of life and time and destiny so variant that meaningful discussion of ideas would be impossible. Only when you understand this can you begin to comprehend, for example, a group of Iranian school-teachers' setting fire to a theater and burning hundreds of their young pupils to death. The more you learn about other countries, the less you comprehend them. The instant tourist, on the other hand, has no doubts.

YOUR BOOKS PAINT BEAUTIFUL PICTURES OF HARBOR LIFE AND SAILING. IS IT REALLY THAT IDYLIC?

At times, it is as idyllic as trying to comb your hair while falling downstairs.



VICE IS NICE

Sure, sure, we know. Frittering away your leisure hours asking trivial questions is not the best way to show off your liberal-arts education. But if trivialize you must, Axlon, Inc., at least puts some bite into it. Vices puts human frailties nicely into perspective. For example, "What famous actor's lovemaking made Marilyn Monroe doubt whether she made love right?" Marlon Brando. And "Who was a self-described 'beautiful little boy' who was had by 'men, women, dogs and fire hydrants'?" Why, famous prose stylist Truman Capote, of course. There are a zillion other hors d'oeuvres for thought here to convince you that there are folks out there a whole lot weirder than thou.

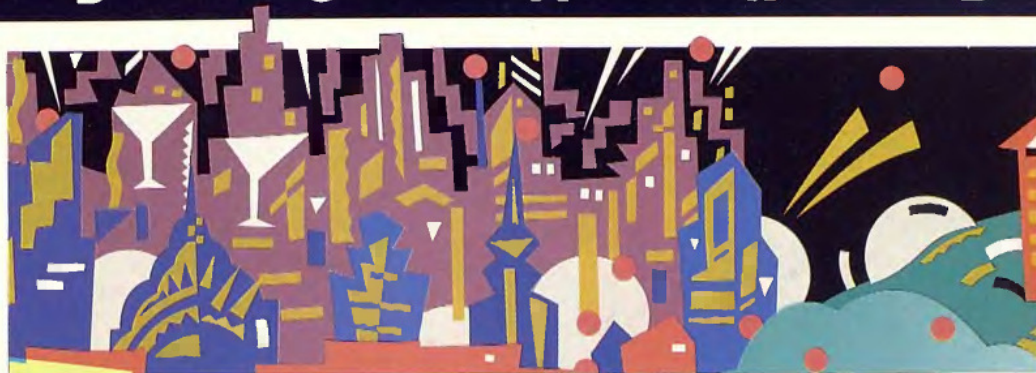


CURSORS! OUT OF BOUNDS AGAIN!

Boot up *Golf's Best* and you're standing on the first tee at Pinehurst's famed number-two course, playing the most realistic computer golf game yet. If you're proficient—and this game is no pitch-'n'-putt—your birdies, eagles and

holes in one will be met with a dazzling array of special effects. If you're not, you'll be polishing your blue vocabulary. What's the best thing about *Golf's Best*? The course doesn't have to be cordoned off when Gerald Ford plays.

**NEW YORK
GLITZ TO GO**



We all like the bustle and glitter of the Imperial City, but even those of us who love New York sometimes have to do so at a distance. That's no reason, however, not to keep in touch with the things that make Manhattan the magical place it is. Here are a few suggestions to keep your finger on the frantic pulse:

- **Theater:** Recordings of musicals, make way for the spoken word. Tom Stoppard's tale of modern romance, *The Real Thing*, is available from Nonesuch. Have Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close bicker eloquently in your own living room—and you can have any seat in the house.
- **Music:** Even if you *are* in New York, you can't always get into the Café Carlyle to see Bobby Short. His Atlantic album recorded live at the Café will give you his basic sophisticated saloon singing. George Feyer, whom purists prefer to Short as *the* highbrow pianist, is semiretired now. Happily, Vanguard has preserved him on record.
- **Food:** Exotic delicacies are

hard to come by in the hinterlands. But Dean and DeLuca's mail-order catalog allows you to bring home *le bacon*. Not to mention the balsamic vinegar, the basil mustard and the Pesto Sanremo. Zabar's—the deli on the Yupper West Side—will scoot you some “nice” smoked salmon for Sunday brunch.

- **The Scene:** Maybe the best thing about New York is the giddy behavior of New Yorkers. Stay current with *Avenue*—the diary of the Upper East Side glitterati. For those whose taste runs more to the outrageous club/fashion scene, stick to *Details* magazine. Stephen Saban's gossip column is a hoot and will let you peek in at what's going on from the safety of your armchair.

G I Z M O



This is just about what it appears to be, except it's art. Artist Clayton Bailey created this electric-chair arcade game, complete with a strapped-in dummy that jumps around when you throw on the juice. The work now sits in the Joseph Chowning Gallery in San Francisco, where you can play it for a quarter. We asked if there were a lot of repeat customers. Yes; last April 15, someone put a bag labeled IRS on the dummy's head and dropped several dollars' worth. You can own the jolts and bolts for a mere \$15,000.

H E L P F I L E



**HOW TO GOSSIP
LIKE A MAN**

First off, forget the stereotypical notions about who actually gossips. Hairdressers engage in recreational gossip, which is about as useful as reading mystery novels. We're talking about power gossip, the type of rumor and innuendo that makes Rupert Murdoch, Steve Ross and William Agee names that live beyond *The Wall Street Journal*. We're talking about gossip as another arrow in the quiver that helps on your climb to the top. Like any other weapon, there's a right way and a wrong way to use it.

- Don't apologize. Only a wimp prefaces a remark with “I really shouldn't say this” or “It's probably not my place to

ask.” What if Woodward and Bernstein had thought like that?

- Be creative. Don't let it sound like gossip. Show off your literary bent. Did a co-worker disappear with two hookers at a sales convention? Good; claim they were twins. Your audience—and your subject—will thank you.

- Accept (even embrace) hypocrisy. Face it: You won't be gossiping only about your enemies, and you may sometimes feel a tad guilty mentioning to others a friend's expense-account indiscretions. Don't be silly. Your friend would gladly do the same for you.

- Never gossip about your secretary. We mean it. She knows more about you than you even want to think about. And while it may be tempting to comment to colleagues on one or two

of her physical attributes, her revenge will remind you of Sikhs' running amuck in the 19th Century. Hell hath no fury like a woman who is self-conscious about her hooters.

- Be discreet. Know how and when to keep a secret. If a favorite boss tells you something juicy in the strictest confidence, put Velcro fasteners on your lips. A trustworthy employee gets more—and better—dirt later.

- If you are caught (and it happens to the best of us), admit everything. Say, “Sure, I told everyone you paid the mailboy to give you a blow job, but this is 1985. Everyone accepts that nowadays. We all thought it was charming.” Later, offer even more damaging information about other co-workers as a way of making amends. —STEPHEN RANDALL



Can you be too sharp? Ask Process and the Doo Rags.

REVIEWS

NELSON GEORGE

Process and the Doo Rags / Too Sharp (Columbia): Everything old is new again, but only if you make it trendy. Such is the case on this debut LP by a Buffalo-based doo-wop vocal quintet sponsored by the king of punk funk, Rick James. Dressed as clean as Fifties pool sharks, with processed hair, zoot suits and diamond rings galore, these guys are right on time for the video age. But even in the Eighties, it still helps (a little bit, at least) if you can sing—and they can. On side one, they croon like the Temptations over some *primo* James rhythms. On side two, James “Process” Hawkins, Stacey “Wave” Lattimore, Henry “Gumps” Graham, Michael “Smoothie” Gibson and Dennis “Shorty” Andrews go for fresh-sounding, old-fashioned harmonies on such doo-wop classics as Shep and the Limelites’ *Daddy’s Home* and the Persuaders’ *Thin Line Between Love and Hate*. Both sides suggest that whether funk or doo-wopping, Process and the Doo Rags have a future.

Prince and the Revolution / Around the World in a Day (Warner): *Purple Rain* may have made Prince a megastar, but *Around the World in a Day* re-establishes him as an adventurous recording artist. With the exception of the idiosyncratic funk gem *When Doves Cry*, *Purple Rain* was composed mostly of pop rock such as the title song, which is the *Stairway to Heaven* of the Eighties. *Around the World in a Day*, instead, draws inspiration from a variety of sources: the Beatles (*Around the World in a Day*, *Paisley Park*), Sly and the Family Stone (*Tamborine*, *America*), Gospel (*The Ladder*) and Prince’s own wonderful

weirdness. *Condition of the Heart*, a piano-based ballad, processes a beautiful melody, somewhat obscured by some odd production touches. *Temptation* is highlighted by a Prince conversation with God that is quite droll. Those seeking hits should try *Raspberry Beret*, a bright mid-tempo romp with a clever string arrangement, and *Pop Life*, in which Prince rails against ignorance and cocaine addiction over Sheila E.’s tasty trap drumming. *Around the World in a Day* may not sell 12,000,000 copies, but after the previous album’s flash has faded, it will endure.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Joe Walsh / The Confessor (Warner): Here, Walsh becomes the second major rock star of the year (the other being John Fogerty) to yodel. Oddly enough, they both pull it off—Fogerty because he’s a great singer, Walsh because he quavers and cracks around his melodies anyway, so he may as well formalize the process. The first three songs on side two are his best work since *Life’s Been Good*, which is to say I’ve been playing *The Confessor* (power chords *vs.* the unconscious), *Rosewood Bitters* (more metaphysical distress) and *Good Man Down* (son of James Gang triumphs) a lot for my own pleasure. Side one is reserved mostly for Walsh’s life’s-been-a-fiasco ironicizing, a quick antidote to feeling sorry for yourself if less of an epiphany than the immortal *I Like Big Tits* on 1983’s *You Bought It—You Name It*.

D.O.A. / Let’s Wreck the Party (Alternative Tentacles): These guys manage to salt down their fierce idealism with a little humility that makes them vastly more palatable than certain other political bands I shall refrain from gratuitously slagging.

Not that they are wimp liberals; it’s just that they’re willing to meet you more than halfway musically—like being tight while retaining the raw, like laying some melody over all that energy, like not calling you a sellout prick and making you join the Republicans out of obtuseness. Most stirring single you’ll never hear on the radio unless you live in a college town: *General Strike*. Cut you’d least expect on the same album: *Singin’ in the Rain*.

DAVE MARSH

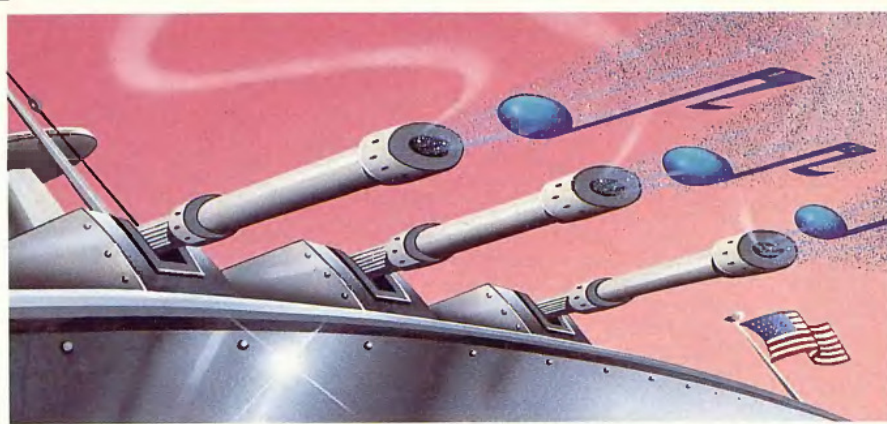
Bob Dylan / Empire Burlesque (Columbia): After 25 years of recording, Dylan has for the first time produced himself (with only remix aid from Arthur Baker), and the results aren’t much different from the albums concocted with the assistance of studio professionals. The tracks vary from pretty good (*Tight Connection to My Heart*, *Clean Cut Kid*) to awfully sloppy (*I’ll Remember You*, *Never Gonna Be the Same Again*, *Trust Yourself*), and the themes are, well, you know, Bob Dylan themes: guilt, retribution, fear, shame, disgrace, despair, jealousy, isolation, loneliness, moral rectitude and the end of the world. Since he is writing about those topics with uncommon humor (some of it knowing), this ought to be one of his best albums. But Dylan at his best is a lot more than just a writer. He can be a great performer, too. There isn’t a rendition here that has the scale of his last true epic, *Every Grain of Sand*, from *Shot of Love*. The best *Empire Burlesque* has to offer is a few verbal gems, most notably his cutting one-line definition of religious obsession: “I never could learn to drink that blood and call it wine.”

John Cafferty and the Beaver Brown Band / Tough All Over (Scotti Brothers): Before Eddie and the Cruisers, these guys were America’s best bar band, and they still play with the same smarts, particularly guitarist Gary Gramolini and drummer Kenny Jo Silva, who on the two best tracks, *Tough All Over* and *Voice of America’s Sons*, makes like Rhode Island’s answer to Keith Moon. Meantime, Cafferty’s vocal resemblance to Bruce Springsteen is, if not minimized, at least reduced. And his writing has sharpened perceptibly, resulting in nine focused vignettes centering on characters who, one way or another, echo the unemployed guy in the title song: “It’s tough to swallow your pride / Each and every day.” Meat-and-potatoes sentiments but, hey, this isn’t *nouvelle* rock; it’s the basics.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

George Strait / Greatest Hits (MCA): Strait isn’t a phony, and that isn’t faint

FAST TRACKS



THE K.G.B. BOOGIE DEPARTMENT: Kansas' Phil Ehart, returning from the U.S.O.'s latest First Airborne Rock 'n' Roll Division Tour, reports that a Russian spy ship was apparently eavesdropping on the rockers while they played the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Eisenhower off the coast of Lebanon. For their trouble, the Russian sailors were treated to a rousing 6000-man chorus of *Born in the U.S.A.* The Airborne Division is planning a round-the-world tour next year. Will the Russians tape it for a greatest-hits album: Politburo Picks?

praise. With the country-music mainstream rerouted directly to Vegas and such holdout authentics as Willie Nelson and Ricky Skaggs choking on their own auras, those who still look to country for the simple things treasure the matter-of-fact commitment of the man, who could have been named by a press agent but wasn't. His other albums are OK, but in country music, hit compilations do reduce cliché density by a crucial quantum: no thematic surprises, just more tuneful and clever ways of grappling with the endless contradictions of sexual fidelity. Pithiest titles: *Let's Fall to Pieces Together*, *If You're Thinking You Want a Stranger (There's One Coming Home)*. And if in the end he's not quite as exciting as you'd hope, well, those are the wages of straight.

Fela Anikulapo Kuti / Army Arrangement (Celluloid): American listeners are put off when African records don't pack the pronounced beat of domestic dance product. That is only because African music is about rhythm, which means Africans don't need the pulse spelled out for them. But such rationalizations won't help its creators get over in this country, while Bill Laswell's judicious remix on Nigeria's most dangerous pop rebel just may. Augmenting and clarifying the powerful groove are three distinct rhythmic voices—P-Funk keyboard master Bernie Worrell, Senegalese percussionist Aiyb Dieng and the great Jamaican drummer Sly Dunbar. The vocals also come through loud and clear, so when you run out of breath dancing, pick up the crib sheet and follow along. Amnesty International thinks Fela's big mouth is the reason Nigeria's latest rulers have slammed him in jail for five years—not the currency violations he was hit with when embarking upon a long-overdue U.S. tour last September.

SHORT CUTS

VIC GARBARINI

Supertramp / Brother Where You Bound (A & M): Take away the only half-decent tunesmith from the wimpiest band in an already wimpy genre and let it whine its way through some tepid jazz and R&B. The result? Superwimp.

Yngwie Malmsteen / Rising Force (Polydor / PolyGram): The Swedish Eddie Van Halen? Get serious. Turgid art-rock clichés that would embarrass even Emerson, Lake & Palmer. Son of Superwimp.

Robin Williamson / Legacy of the Scottish Harpers (Flying Fish): Former Incredible String Band-er captures the joyous mystery at the heart of Celtic music. The perfect antidote to Andreas Vollenweider's pseudo-mystic ramblings.

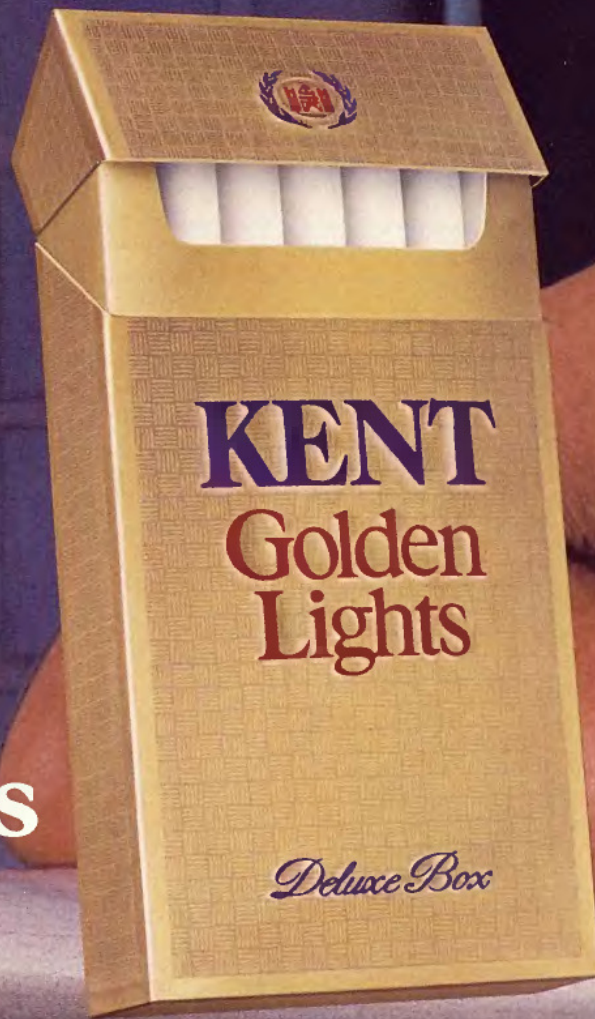
Lone Justice (Geffen): Maria McKee may have the best pipes west of the Pecos, but she needs to temper that raw urgency with a sense of nuance and dynamics. Ditto for her earnest but unimaginative band.

REELING AND ROCKING: Sting's next movie, *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*, will be a tie-in with an album. Directed by Michael Apter, the film will chronicle the development, rehearsal and performance of Sting's new four-piece jazz band. . . . **Mountain's Leslie West** has been cast in that new **Richard Benjamin** movie, *The Money Pit*. West will play a wealthy rock star. Type-casting? . . . **Annie Lennox** has a role in *Revolution*, starring **Al Pacino** and **Nastassja Kinski**. . . . **Keith Emerson** is about to make his acting debut in an adventure film shot in Venezuela.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for the latest **Lionel Richie** album any minute now. . . . **Frankie Valli** is working on a four-volume video-and-album instructional package called *If You Can Talk, You Can Sing*. If you follow his suggestions, you'll be able to sing *Big Girls Don't Cry* on key in the shower. . . . **Miami Vice** plans to strengthen its ties to rock 'n' roll this season. Producer **Michael Mann** is talking with the likes of **Eric Clapton**, **Chaka Khan**, **Phil Collins**, **Peter Wolf** and **Glenn Frey** (again). Mann also plans to release a sound-track album any day now to tie in with *Vice's* special two-hour show, featuring **Jan Hammer's** theme and score on one side and the new songs on the other. . . . **Bette Midler**, who has signed with Disney to produce and star in movies, has also been working on a live album. When asked about the recent rash of L.A. weddings, including her own, Midler quipped, "It must have been last call at the singles bar." . . . NBC has a hot follow-up to last spring's wonderful *Motown Returns to the Apollo* special: *The Motown Revue Starring Smokey Robinson*. Along with **Smokey**,

the show will spotlight **Stevie Wonder**, **The Four Tops**, **DeBarge** and **Vanity**. . . . And speaking of the Apollo, **Hall & Oates** also played a spring concert there. Oates reports, "Daryl and I both feel strongly about playing there. After all, it's the roots of our music. . . . We filmed and recorded it, so there's a chance that you may hear something from us from there." . . . The official **Quiet Riot** bio has been published. It's only 47 pages long. . . . One of rock's best-credited film makers, Australian **Peter Clifton**, has signed a publishing deal for his memoirs, to be titled *Hello Goodbye—A Personal Recollection of 20 Years of Rock*. Clifton's films include **Led Zep's** *The Song Remains the Same*, *Sweet Soul Music*, *Popcorn* and *The Punk Rock Movie*. He made the first **Stones** film in London in 1966 and the *Hello Goodbye* clip for the **Beatles**. He has worked with everyone from **Otis Redding** to **Procol Harum** to **Pink Floyd**. It should be pretty juicy. . . . There won't be a 20th-anniversary tour by the **Jefferson Airplane**. Said **Paul Kantner**, "It's an amusing idea, maybe for our 25th or 50th but not this year." . . . The five most performed songs in 1984, according to ASCAP, were *All Night Long*, *Hello*, *Say Say Say*, *Against All Odds* and *Karma Chameleon*. . . . **Madonna** mania: The San Francisco hotel where Madonna stayed while on tour turned down a \$10,000 offer for her bed linen. . . . **Billy Squier** is planning a mountaineering trip to Nepal for two reasons: for the thrill of the unknown and to get there before **David Lee Roth**. . . . Finally, **Kenny Loggins** on the rock life: "It can be very schizophrenic. My drinking days are over, 'cause my liver gave out." —BARBARA NELLIS

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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TWO MEN in a Latin-American prison cell have little in common except the cramped space they share. Molina, a homosexual, is supposed to be informing on his cellmate, Valentin, a dour Marxist revolutionary whose face and body are scarred by frequent torture. Eventually, they become friends, then lovers. Yet *Kiss of the Spider Woman* (Island Alive) is anything but a gay-rights romance. Its protagonists are simply people whose enforced togetherness teaches them love and trust. The odd-couple chemistry works very well, thanks to vibrant performances by Raul Julia as the radical and William Hurt as the gay window dresser who's been jailed for corrupting a minor and spends his time recalling the plots of old movies. Hurt, who has the flashier role, was named best actor at this year's Cannes Film Festival. You'll see why. He takes getting used to as a self-proclaimed faggot who flounces around the jail wearing his towel as a turban, a parody of the Hollywood pinups he idolizes. But Hurt finally conquers with a thoughtful portrayal of a tragically real character, and it's a compliment to say he never appears to be pulling off an actor's tour de force à la *Tootsie*.

Does everything so far sound like a downer? Hang on a bit, because *Spider Woman* on film is as many-splendored, subtle and exotic as the exceptional novel from which it sprang, written almost entirely in dialog by Argentine-born Manuel Puig. (The screen adaptation is by Leonard Schrader.) The mood brightens when the spotlight falls upon Brazil's national treasure, Sonia Braga, playing several roles—among them the woman Valentin left behind and the star of Molina's favorite movie within the movie, a flamboyant vintage melodrama about a sultry torch singer in love with a Nazi. Although Brazilian film maker Hector Babenco (whose *Pixote* won wide acclaim in 1981) may be a beat behind Sonia in handling high comedy in the flashbacks, his direction throughout is sensitive enough to keep a claustrophobic subject emotionally quick and varied. An English-language import from Brazil, this offbeat *Spider Woman* spins its web as one of the most haunting, original movies of this or any year. ★★★½

The late James Mason's infallible artistry in his last screen role would be reason enough to praise *The Shooting Party* (European Classics). One highlight is a richly comic scene between Mason, as lord of the manor, and John Gielgud, as a local social reformer who deprecates the upper classes' penchant for blood sport. Another, ironically, is a poignant death scene in which Mason fights to keep his own composure



Raul Julia, William Hurt in gripping drama *Kiss of the Spider Woman*.

Hurt, Julia, Braga sizzle in *Spider Woman*; Nicholson, Turner ditto in *Prizzi's*.

while easing a dying man's final hour. Fortunately, Mason and Gielgud are not alone. Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson and Cheryl Campbell flesh out the top-line company recruited by director Alan Bridges for his fascinating social study of well-mannered man's inhumanity. Set in Edwardian England on the eve of World War One, *Shooting Party* is adapted from a novel by Isabel Colegate. Judged purely as cinema, it's slow, often talky, a shade too schematic; but those flaws tend to fade against its dense tapestry of English country life as lived by gentlefolk whose fierce pride and understated passions start unraveling the status quo when they take up weapons to hunt. Fun people they are not, but they definitely give a thinking person something to take home and ponder. ★★★

The strangest love story of the season is *Prizzi's Honor* (Fox), a brilliant but disconcerting black comedy directed by John Huston (see this month's *Interview*) from the novel by Richard Condon. "Do I ice her? Do I marry her?" muses Jack Nicholson, downright wonderful as Charley Partanna, a semiarticulate Mobster whose relationship to a Mafia family gets complicated when he falls in love with a beautiful professional killer (Kathleen Turner). She, as usual, oozes movie-star quality as the dangerous Irene, who coquettishly plays

down the number of people she's murdered over the past several years: "It's not many if you consider the size of the population." As the Prizzi family's errant daughter—the other woman in this triangle—Anjelica Huston (John's progeny and Nicholson's real-life lady) makes the most of the meatiest role she's ever had. William Hickey plays Don Corrado Prizzi, scoring with a frog-voiced send-up of Brando as Don Corleone, while John Randolph, Robert Loggia and an elite corps of other bad guys make the banality of evil look like business as usual. In case you haven't guessed, *Prizzi's Honor* is *The Godfather* revisited with tongue in cheek. I'm not at all sure how the mass of moviegoers will respond to an amoral fable about a man and a woman whose romance hits a snag when they're hired to kill each other. Although seldom heart-warming, *Prizzi's Honor* is sophisticated, sardonic and richly endowed with stars who fluff up the edges of its mean streak. ★★★½

After a spring and summer glutted with movies about concupiscent teenagers, *Cocoon* (Fox) stands out as a genial, joyous science-fiction comedy. With a nod of acknowledgment to Tom Benedek's sentimental but frolicsome screenplay, *Cocoon* certifies Ron Howard as a major American director, proving unequivocally that there's life after *Splash*. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, Willford Brimley, Maureen Stapleton, Don Ameche and Gwen Verdon are delightful as a sextet of oldsters in a Florida retirement community, all spiritually and sexually rejuvenated when they slip away to swim in the pool of a nearby shore-front mansion. The estate is being rented by a group of mysterious strangers (who turn out to be of the interplanetary variety), among them Brian

Dennehy, Tahnee Welch (Raquel's daughter) and Tyrone Power, Jr. (an extraterrestrial of few words but a ringer for his dad). Needless to say, Ameche's break dancing and Cronyn's diving headlong into the fountain of youth are something to see. The most engaging of the younger performers is Steve Guttenberg, playing a stupefied charter-boat operator who's hired by the strange visitors for a bizarre rescue mission involving pods at the bottom of the sea. There's a lot of plot to juggle here, but it adds up to far more than just a sweet, sexy hybrid that recycles *E.T.* and *Close Encounters* for the geriatric set. *Cocoon* at last offers something for everyone who's perennially young at heart. **★★★★½**

Even if you're convinced you have the steel nerves and stomach to confront George A. Romero's bloody new *Day of the Dead* (UFD), better cancel your lunch dates for the following week. Romero has outdone himself in this third of his *Living Dead* shockathons. Zombies now rule the world, except for a handful of human survivors who take refuge in an underground bunker in Florida. There, a jovial mad scientist (Richard Liberty) is trying to domesticate a monstrosity nicknamed Bub (Howard Sherman). Meanwhile, a psychotic military commander (Joseph Pilato) makes life hell for the resident civilians, who include Lori Cardille as a spunky, highly credible heroine and Terry Alexander as a philosophical helicopter pilot. What Romero's movies add to the sum of subhuman experience, of course, is overkill—plus black humor and Romero's pure boyish exuberance in exercising his considerable skills as a film maker. The real stars of the enterprise are the special-effects SWAT team, maniacal make-up artists exploring new dimensions of gore. Who'd have believed there were so many ways to tear a body limb from limb or take off a head? All a critic can offer in return is grudging admiration for *Day* as grim Grand Guignol played according to Romero's rule: Either go with the joke or reach for a barf bag. **★★½**

Three of the attractive performers in *St. Elmo's Fire* (Columbia) played errant high school students in *The Breakfast Club* earlier this year. Now Emilio Estevez, Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy share lower marks with Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, Andrew McCarthy and Mare Winningham as a group of recent college graduates facing the hard reality that there may be life after commencement day. A better title for this youth-oriented fiasco would be *The Little Chill*, since writer-director Joel Schumacher emulates Larry Kasdan's 1983 *Big Chill* but matches none of its virtues. **★**

From a crackerjack opening sequence on the ski slopes of Siberia to a knockout climax atop San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge (where a blimp is shipwrecked,



Dead: Another gross-out from Romero.

Seeing *Day of the Dead*?
If you're squeamish,
take along a barf bag.

but never mind details), *A View to a Kill* (MGM/UA) delivers exactly what *aficionados* of the James Bond movies have come to expect. When Grace Jones, as an amusing archvillainess named May Day, leaps off the Eiffel Tower, and Roger Moore, as 007, tells a Paris taxi driver to "follow that parachute," you somehow know you're in good hands. In the Bond charades, by now as precisely tailored as a Savile Row suit, familiarity breeds content. **★★★**

The *Rolling Stone* reporter portrayed by John Travolta in *Perfect* (Columbia) gives journalism a touch of sleaze. While working up a hatchet job on the California health-club scene, he trickily seduces a wary aerobics instructor (Jamie Lee Curtis, who generates remarkable sympathy in a role about as emotionally rich as *Jane Fonda's Workout*). Written by *Rolling Stone* writer Aaron Latham and director James Bridges, whose last joint foray into pop culture was *Urban Cowboy*, *Perfect* is mostly memorable for a peculiar piece of casting: *Rolling Stone's* real editor-publisher, Jann Wenner, plays a fictional *Stone* editor, Mark Roth, making him a clownish, unprincipled opportunist who vengefully puts his star writer's by-line on a story faked by a couple of staff flunkies. Yet the *Perfect* publicity blitz quotes Wenner: "I think the film shows *Rolling Stone* as it really is." Say it ain't so, Jann. The movie gathers plenty of moss as it strains to develop serious ideas in a shallow world of hustle and muscle. **★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Brewster's Millions** Hit-or-miss riches with Pryor. **★★**
Bullshot British-made spoof of *Bulldog Drummond*. No bark, no bite. **★**
Camila Girl meets priest for illicit passion down Argentine way. **★★½**
The Coca-Cola Kid Aussie wars about soft drinks. Give us harder stuff. **★**
Cocoon (See review) Pod people, plus old people—and golden comedy. **★★★★½**
Code of Silence Move over, Eastwood; Chuck Norris is gaining on you. **★★★**
Dance with a Stranger British crime of passion. **★★★★½**
Dangerous Moves Political chess game, Oscar's pick for 1984. **★★½**
Day of the Dead (See review) Blood and guts by Romero, at it again. **★★½**
Desperately Seeking Susan This movie made Madonna, and vice versa. **★★★★½**
Fletch Chevy's hot as the ace reporter with a thousand faces, all funny. **★★★**
George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey A fine tribute to Dad, by George Jr. **★★**
The Goonies Kids, treasure and another bonanza for Spielberg. **★★★**
Heartbreakers Peter Coyote, Nick Mancuso having trouble with women in Bobby Roth's timely L.A. comedy. **★★★**
Henry IV Pirandello's talky drama stars Marcello Mastroianni, luckily. **★★**
Kiss of the Spider Woman (See review) Hurt and Julia rehashing old movies in jail, with Sonia Braga starred. **★★★★½**
Ladyhawke A man and a woman as a wolf and a bird, all gloriously scenic. **★★**
The Lift Some really spooky ups and downs as elevator goes berserk. **★★**
Pale Rider Back in the saddle, Clint goes West in a six-gun classic. **★★★**
Perfect (See review) All you get here is Jamie Lee, doing aerobics. **★★**
Prizzi's Honor (See review) A couple of hired killers find love. **★★★★½**
Pumping Iron II: The Women All about girls tougher than we are. **★★★**
The Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's sunny valentine to old movies. **★★★**
Rambo: First Blood Part II Stallone wreaking vengeance on damned near everybody; box-office bonanza. **★★★★½**
Return to Waterloo A striking fable from the Kinks' *capo*. **★★½**
St. Elmo's Fire (See review) Young and restless and burned out. **★**
Secret Places Girls just trying to have fun in wartime England. **★★½**
The Shooting Party (See review) James Mason's final film triumph, but there is much more to it than that. **★★★**
A View to a Kill (See review) Bond is back, in good form, but everyone's talking about the Jones girl. **★★★**

★★★★ Don't miss
★★★ Good show

★★ Worth a look
★ Forget it

COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: A trio of Oscar nominees—**Mary Tyler Moore**, **Sam Waterston** and **Christine (Swing Shift) Lahti**—have been signed to star in Orion's *Something in Common*, a comedy about a suburban housewife (Moore) who finds out that her best friend (Lahti) had been having an affair with her recently deceased husband. Said husband will be played by *Cheers*'s **Ted Danson**. . . . Sequels on the drawing board include a follow-up to *Beverly Hills Cop* (**Eddie Murphy** is still considering whether or not to reprise his role); a new edition of *A Touch of Class*, with **George Segal** and **Glenda Jackson** reuniting; and a second installment of South African **Jamie Uys**'s *The Gods Must Be Crazy*. . . . Word has it that **Steven Spielberg** will direct the screen version of **Alice Walker**'s Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Color Purple*. Comedienne **Whoopi Goldberg** has been cast in the lead role. . . . **Tony Perkins** will star in and direct Universal's *Psycho III*. . . . A film version of the popular board game *Clue* will be brought to the screen by Paramount in time for Christmas, with an all-star cast filling the roles of Colonel Mustard, Mrs. Peacock, Miss Scarlet, Mr. Green, Mrs. White and Professor Plum. . . . After eight years of false starts, it finally looks as if a film version of the *Dick Tracy* comic strip may just make it to the big screen. **Martin Scorsese** has been set to direct, with **Warren Beatty** probably playing the title role.

●
RUSTIC CHARM, INDEED! The premise of Universal's *Money Pit* will have a familiar ring to anyone who has ever sunk a lot of money into what Realtors optimistically call a fixer-upper. (The film's publicists are calling it a "restoration comedy.") It's about a conservative New York lawyer (**Tom Hanks**) and his viola-playing fiancée (**Shelley Long**) who get a good deal on a two-story colonial in Long Island that needs a little work. No sooner have they moved in than everything, and we mean everything, starts to go wrong. (For starters, when Hanks carries Long over the threshold, the door falls off.) Needless to say, this puts a considerable strain on their relationship (not to mention their bank account), a situation that's complicated by the fact that Long's ex-husband, an autocratic symphony conductor (**Alexander Godunov**), is trying to win his wife back. **Maureen Stapleton** plays the former owner of the house, and **Josh Mostel** is the real-estate broker. Shooting has been taking place in a model of the entire house constructed on a 26,000-square-foot stage in New York. Directed by **Richard Benjamin**, *Money Pit* will be released in December.

●
CHRISTMAS SPIRITS: Take a heaping teaspoonful of *A Christmas Carol*, add a half



Daryl Hannah trades her *Splashy* tail fin for a set of skins in Warner Bros.' forthcoming *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, the film version of the best-selling novel. Daryl looks great as the Cro-Magnon woman Ayla; the spectacular Canadian background isn't bad, either.

cup of *It's a Wonderful Life*, toss in a pinch of *Miracle on 34th Street*, stir vigorously and what have you got? Disney's upbeat, Capraesque Christmas movie *Father Christmas*. (If anyone can do this right, it's Disney.) Starring **Mary Steenburgen**, **Harry Dean Stanton** and **Gary (Alamo Bay) Basaraba**, the movie is about a family of four going through hard times. Pop (Basaraba) has been laid off from his factory job and Mom (Steenburgen) seems to have lost the old Christmas spirit. On Christmas Eve, the family is visited by an angel (Stanton, of all people), sent down to earth to instill Christmas cheer in the cheerless family. Described as Disney's "heartfelt holiday gift to moviegoers the world over," the flick is being shot mostly in Canada by director **Phillip (The Grey Fox) Borsos**. Says Steenburgen, "I love the whole feeling of the script . . . it's evocative of what **Frank Capra** used to do, taking the reality of lower-middle-class life in America and then putting the brush of magic across it."

●
VAGABONDAGE: Last month, we mentioned another Disney entry involving a mysterious stranger who has a profound effect on the life of a married couple. Then titled *Jerry Saved from Drowning*, it's now being called *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*. All of the characters are rather odd: **Nick Nolte** plays a suicidal transient; **Bette Midler**, a Beverly Hills housewife who's into health food and swamis; and **Richard Dreyfuss**, her husband, a manufacturer of coat hangers. Their daughter is a near anorexic and their son is trying to find his sexual identity. Also featured in the film is **Little Richard**, making his film debut as the couple's record-producer neighbor. A 1986 release is planned.

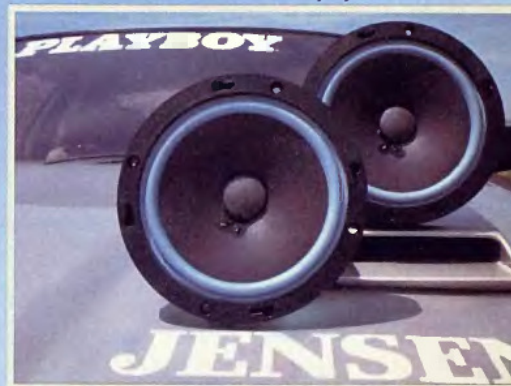
●
SHOOTING STARS: Two action-adventure pictures currently in production are 20th Century Fox's *Commando*, starring **Arnold Schwarzenegger** and **Rae Dawn Chong**, and Orion's *F/X*, top-lining Australian import **Bryan Brown** and **Brian Dennehy**. The former has Schwarzenegger playing a retired special-operations chief who is forced out of retirement when his daughter is kidnaped by an exiled South American dictator; Chong plays a wisecracking stewardess who is drawn into the fracas. In *F/X*, Brown portrays a special-effects technician hired by a witness-protection agency to stage a phony assassination of a gangland insider who's about to testify against his Mob cronies. When our hero is double-crossed, he's compelled to use the tricks of his trade in order to survive. A mid-October release is scheduled for *Commando*, while *F/X* is due in early 1986.

●
MURDERERS' ROW: "The movie is about layers and layers and layers of truth. It's like peeling an onion down to the core." So says director **Richard (Return of the Jedi) Marquand** about his latest film, *Jagged Edge*, starring **Jeff Bridges**, **Glenn Close** and **Peter Coyote**. Bridges plays the editor in chief of a daily newspaper who is accused by the city's politically ambitious district attorney (Coyote) of murdering his wife with a jagged-edge hunting knife. For legal support, he turns to the paper's corporate lawyers—in particular, **Teddy Barnes** (Close), a divorced mother who once worked for the D.A. Barnes hires a crusty detective (**Robert Loggia**) to unravel the case. And so, continues Marquand, "the roller coaster begins. Is he innocent? Is he guilty? Is he lying? It's a classic high-tension psychological thriller."

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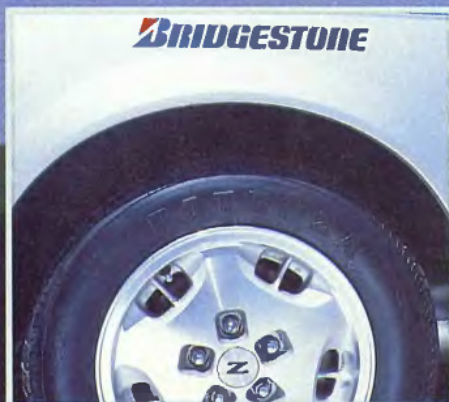
Photographed at Sears Point International Raceway, Sonoma, CA, during Playboy's U.S. Endurance Cup Race.



POTENZA RE91. The ultimate high-performance SuperFiller steel-belted radial. 50 series, VR speed rating. A serious tire for serious drivers.



JENSEN 6 1/2" speakers, ATZ500 stereo receiver and EQA5000 graphic equalizer for total-system sound.



POTENZA 137V. An aggressive tread pattern and raised black letters for looks that match performance.



NISSAN 200SX TURBO HATCHBACK. Blinding performance with a style all its own.

POTENZA 147V. 60-series, VR speed rating. SuperFiller bead for maximum braking, cornering performance.

And Nissan has some serious performance wrapped in another package. The 200SX Turbo Hatchback. Outside there are special alloy wheels, wraparound bumpers, a rear deck spoiler, blacked-out trim and a blacked-out honeycomb grille nestled between the hidden headlights. Under the hood, a turbocharged 1.8-liter that generates 120 pulsating horses. Inside, an interior designed to help serious drivers get down to business.

Serious drivers. That's who Bridgestone had in mind when it developed the Potenza. A serious high-performance steel-belted radial for drivers who take performance seriously. Potenza V- and H-rated radials can trace their lineage straight back to Daytona, Riverside, LeMans. The Potenza 137V is a 60-series tire with an HR speed rating. The 60-series Potenza 147V has a VR speed rating. And the ultra high-performance Potenza RE91 is a 50-series tire with a VR high-speed rating.

All three Potenza models have a straight, water-channeling tread pattern and a racing-like compound for a tenacious grip on the road. SuperFiller, a unique hard-rubber insert around the rim, means a more flexible sidewall for firm, sure footing during hard cornering and braking. Anyone serious about driving needs Potenza, the serious high-performance radial.

Today's high-performance automobile isn't complete without high-performance sound. And no matter your taste in tunes, from hard rock to Rachmaninoff, from The Boss to Bach, no one can fill your car with sound like Jensen can.

Start with the ATZ500 computer-controlled stereo receiver. Its elegance and sophistication go beyond the beautiful design. Add the EQA5000 graphic equalizer and amplifier with 40 watts total power and seven bands of equalization. Hook up the 6-1/2" power-amplified

speaker system, each speaker with its own 20-watt volume-boosting amplifier. Or for the ultimate in high-performance sound reproduction, go for Jensen's 6" x 9" Triax® 3-Way speaker system. Each speaker can handle 150 watts of peak power with 80 watts RMS. The 40-25,000Hz frequency response means you'll hear all the music. These beauties are so efficient they even sound great with a standard car radio.

And speaking of high tech, Cobra's new super-heterodyne Trapshooters are out there on the leading edge of radar detector technology. Side-by-side lab tests with the competition have proven the unequalled sensitivity of the Trapshooter line. And with special advanced anti-falsing circuitry, false alerts are virtually eliminated. If a Trapshooter goes off, you better back off.

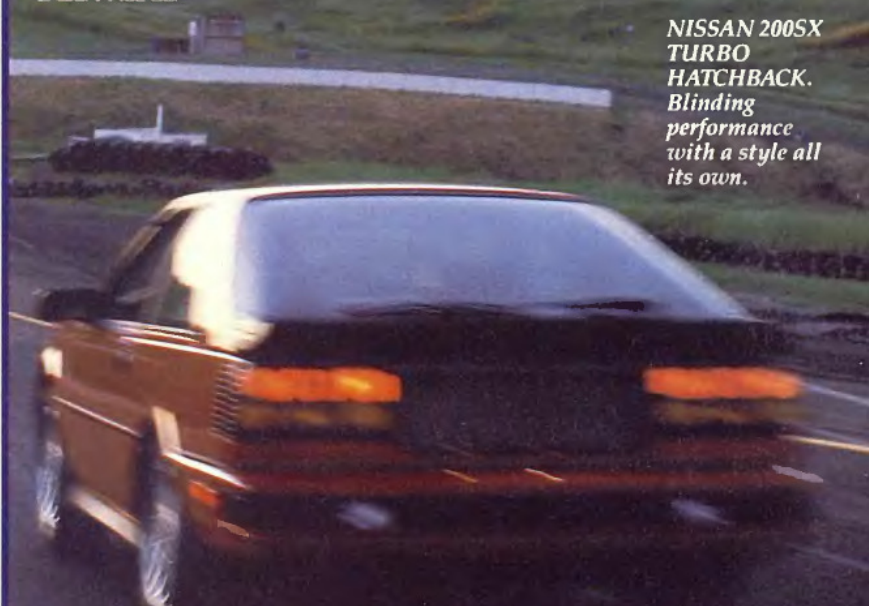
The Cobra Trapshooter Model 3100 is a dual-band, dual-alarm, ultra-compact detector that easily mounts on visor or dash. Lockout feature reduces false alerts. The repetition rate of the alarm increases with signal strength.

The Trapshooter Pro II Model 4100 has Cobra's exclusive Signal Sensor, which effectively discriminates against low-level non-police radar without sacrificing high sensitivity to the real thing. Lockout circuitry and No-false eliminate response to "dirty radar" from radar detectors in nearby vehicles.

For the ultimate in detector sophistication, there's the Cobra Trapshooter Pro II Remote Model 5100. Virtually invisible to thieves, the Pro II Remote consists of an antennae module that mounts under the hood behind the grille, and a small control head that mounts under the dash. The Pro II Remote has Signal Sensor, Lockout and No-false circuitry for the same super performance as the bigger Pro II.



JENSEN 6" x 9" TRIAX® speakers, ATZ500 stereo receiver and EQA5000 graphic equalizer. Maximum high-performance sound.



NISSAN 200SX TURBO HATCHBACK. Blinding performance with a style all its own.



NISSAN 300ZX TURBO. It's an all-new design, but there are echoes of the legendary 240Z in the sleek, aerodynamic lines of the 300ZX.



POTENZA RADIALS. Designed for demanding high-performance driving.



COBRA TRAPSHOOTER PRO II/ MODEL 4100. Dual-band, dual-alarm professional-caliber detector.

BOOKS

Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist William A. Henry III does us all the favor of reviewing the last Presidential campaign in *Visions of America: How We Saw the 1984 Election* (Atlantic Monthly Press). This is not your basic behind-the-scenes account but an unpartisan history of how the nation at large saw the events that led to Reagan's landslide. Henry is a careful observer of the recent past and proves to be an astute appreciator of Reagan's peculiar and persistent political allure. Every Democratic campaign strategist should read this book before gearing up for the next go-around if he wants to stay in business.

"As American Presidential campaigns go," write Jack W. Germond and Jules Witcover in a harsher election post-mortem, *Wake Us When It's Over* (Macmillan), "the one in 1984 was no day at the beach. It seemed endless, and all of the competition was in one party. The level of bickering was high and of substantive dialog low. . . . In many ways, [it] embodied most of what is wrong today with the process of selecting the President of the United States." Having said that, Germond and Witcover go on to provide a witty and insightful analysis of the primaries and the campaign, giving us the anecdotes and inside stories that were behind the headlines and press releases. The last chapter of the book is a tough-minded blast at all the elements in our democracy—politicians, press and voters—who contributed to the superficial, venal, empty contest we called the 1984 election.

The only thing we have against Gregory McDonald is the fact that he seems to have singlehandedly given Chevy Chase a reason to go on making movies. McDonald is the creator of Fletch, a free agent who does for journalism what Travis McGee does for salvage. Chase plays him in the movie version, and since there are eight or so titles in the series, he's got his work cut out for him. *Fletch Won* (Warner Books) is the latest. In this caper, Fletch tries to find the killer of a criminal lawyer, the owners of a health-spa whorehouse—and the time to meet the mother of his betrothed.

The hardest thing about writing a critically acclaimed first novel is coming up with a second. Jay McInerney's *Ransom* (Random House) proves he's in it for the long haul. Chris Ransom is a reluctant expatriate who fled from his powerful father, his Princeton degree, bad-dope dealing in Afghanistan and, finally, from America. He settles in Japan, studies karate and wears the country and its strangeness like a disguise. The book's power is in the story of Ransom's assimilation and how his Western moralism gets refashioned into an unexpected Japanese



Reagan's landslide, analyzed twice.

Thrills from Chesbro, blasts at the 1984 election and another Fletch caper.



Beasts: Chesbro's Mongo is magnificent.

arrangement. McInerney's deft brush strokes paint a powerful and bleak scroll, one from which we learn much about contemporary terror and courage.

Mongo the Magnificent is a former circus dwarf turned private detective, with a degree in criminology and a black belt in karate. Are you with us? He is also the delightful hero of a great series of suspense thrillers by George C. Chesbro: *Shadow of a Broken Man*, *City of Whispering Stone*, *An Affair of Sorcerers*. In the latest, the long-awaited *The Beasts of Valhalla* (Atheneum), Mongo takes on a mad scientist who has a plot to end the world through

recombinant-DNA research and computer games based on Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings*. Still with us? Here, Raymond Chandler meets Stephen King by way of Alice's looking glass. Great beach reading.

Robert Cigar is the best sportswriter in Mozart, Wisconsin. He's got a lot of talent but no ambition. When the newspaper he works for goes belly up, Robert returns to college to get that one biology credit separating him from a diploma. Back at school, he meets Professor Ben Ladysmith, a strange man who tells apocryphal crow tales and dies—soon after befriending Robert—in a mysterious boating accident on Mozart's Oblong Lake. Charles Dickinson's lovely second novel, *Crows* (Knopf), is the story of Cigar's three-year search for the body of his professor. Robert lives in the Ladysmith home, sleeps with Ben Ladysmith's daughter and dives at night in Oblong Lake on a mission no less strange and mysterious than the circumstances surrounding the professor's death. Dickinson has real talent. When you get done reading this one, treat yourself to his first book, *Waltz in Marathon*. And keep your eyes on this guy.

Michael M. Thomas proved with his previous book, *Green Monday*, that Wall Streeters could write if only they had a story to tell. With *Hard Money* (Viking), he's got a very good story on his hands. H. H. Monstrance (who bears a striking stylistic resemblance to William Paley) seeks to regain control of his television empire from his son and from the political cronies of President Eldon Erwit—a deliciously cruel parody of our current Chief of State. Because he knows Wall Street well, Thomas is able to give the best popular account of a take-over bid we've seen, keeping his story moving with glimpses into the current New York social and art scenes. Thomas also writes great sex scenes.

BOOK BAG

Perfect Symmetry (Simon & Schuster), by Heinz R. Pagels: Pagels, executive director of the New York Academy of Sciences, is as deft an explainer as ten Carl Sagans. In this, his second book, he elucidates "the new physics" in language the layman can enjoy—and with hardly any equations!

Martina (Knopf), by Martina Navratilova with George Vecsey: The world's greatest woman tennis player tells us more than we'd ever want to know about her childhood, friends, lovers, philosophy and diet. Martina may have kicked her junk-food habit, but she's picked up another unhealthy American addiction: the celebrity tell-all syndrome.



We asked these three experts to put a price on this edition of Dickens' DAVID COPPERFIELD.

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KEN McCORMICK,
Sr. Consulting Editor,
Doubleday.



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CLIVE BARNES,
Cultural critic, New York Post



"The paper is fine mill. The end pages an unusual design. A first-class job.

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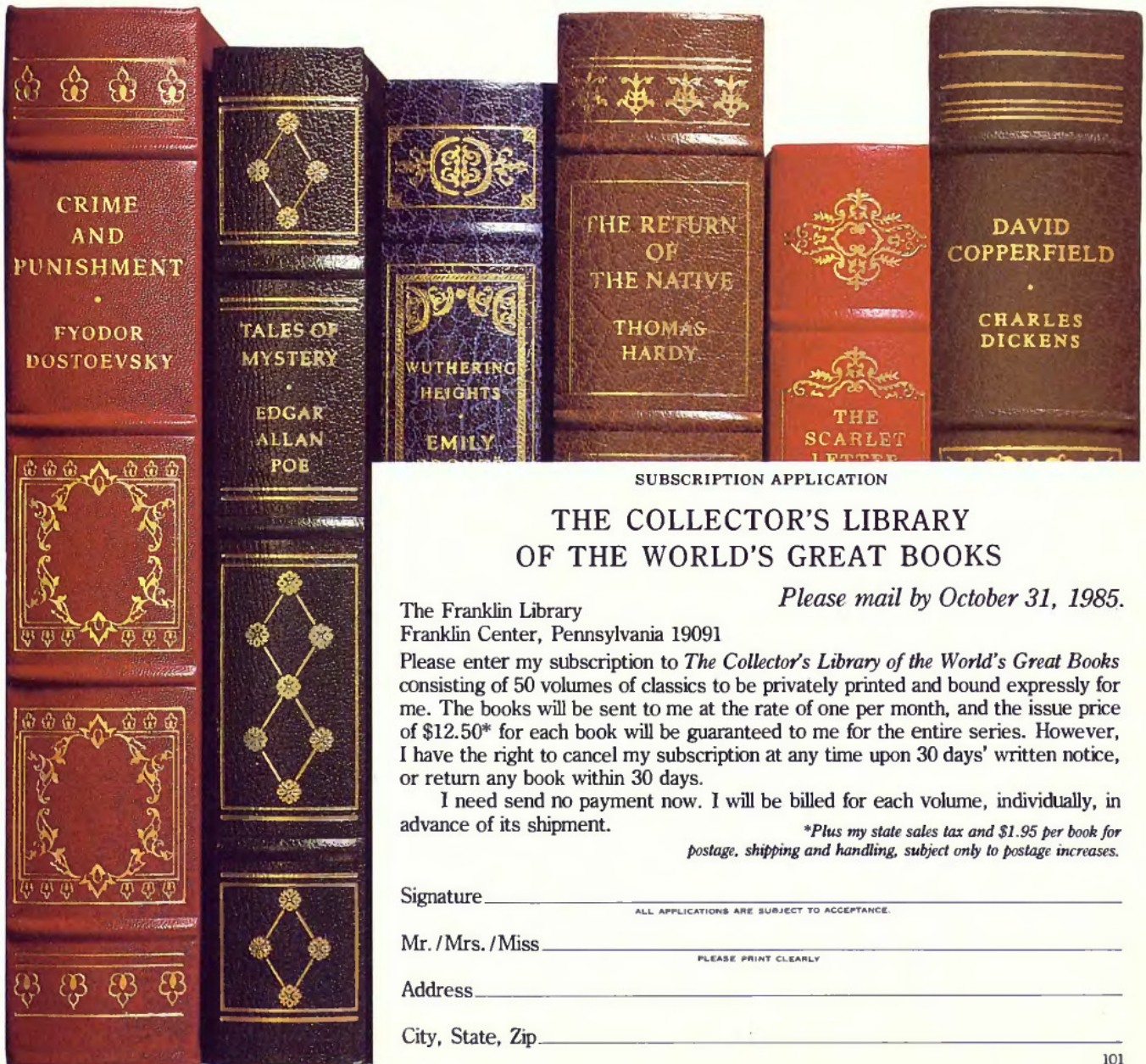
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

For indiscriminate killing, it's tough to beat a Latin-American country. How does this apply to sports? I'll tell you how. They take soccer seriously down there. In fact, Latins almost seem to take soccer more seriously than they do in England, which happens to be where the sport began, in the 11th Century, as a game called "kicking the Dane's head." This means that Latins take soccer more seriously than the average Brit takes his bath water. Consequently, it's my perception that soccer in Latin America has, to date, killed more people than wars, terrorist raids, coups, border skirmishes, guerrilla mischief and medicine doctors combined. According to my math, riots at Latin-American soccer games alone have accounted for 1,300,000 deaths in the past 48 hours. When you add in the dead and injured from various stadium collapses, the number of casualties grows to 2,700,000, give or take a troubled dope deal in Bogotá. Last spring, they tried to match these figures in Europe but didn't come close.

I bring up the subject this month because it's the time of year when thousands of concerned mothers in the U.S. are trying to persuade their sports-loving little boys to go out for soccer instead of football. There is less chance of injury in soccer, they think. Most fathers would prefer to see their little boys play football, of course, but it's not worth arguing about. They've gone up against Magda Goebbels before and have come away bruised and battered from the domestic holocaust. Meanwhile, thousands of kids of only modest intelligence are shouting, "But, Momma, I'm too young to die!"

Like me, these kids have glanced at the sports sections of newspapers and have seen those stories that can usually be found on page six, lower left-hand corner.

Normally, the headline says, "218 DIE IN MONTEVIDEO SOCCER RIOT."

But sometimes it says, "STADIUM COLLAPSE KILLS 403 IN ECUADOR."

I, personally, always read the stories, which are only one paragraph long, anyhow.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY—A riot erupted during a soccer match yesterday, killing 218 chanting, flag-waving fans and injuring many others. An eyewitness to the tragedy said the riot apparently started when several members of the home-team cheering section inadvertently began to sing off key.



FOOTBALL FOR FOREIGNERS

And:

GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR—A large area of a municipal sports stadium collapsed yesterday during a soccer match, killing 403 spectators and injuring dozens of others. Cause of the tragedy was not immediately known, but a rescue worker digging through the debris said it appeared to him that the stadium had been constructed out of burnt lumber.

Don't ask me why soccer inspires such unruly passion. I've been to Central and South America on numerous occasions, and the only people I've ever encountered were either asleep or misplacing my hotel reservation—except for those who were driving 120 mph in a 30-mph zone, and would soon be deadlier than soccer fans.

I do know, however, why soccer has never really caught on in the U.S. and will never be a huge spectator sport here in my lifetime. The basic reasons are:

1. *You can't use your hands.*

If you're American, it is unnatural to play a game with a ball and not be able to use your hands. The fact that people of other nations do not freely use their hands at any number of things is a custom I lay directly at soccer's doorstep. Moreover, where foreign waiters are concerned, this custom accounts for most of the breakage

in Manhattan restaurants.

2. *Nobody falls on a loose ball.*

Most Americans see a loose ball as something to be scooped up or dived upon. It just doesn't seem right for somebody to kick a loose ball intentionally. An American knows that if he kicks, or kicks at, a loose ball of any kind—golf ball, tennis ball, baseball, football, bowling ball, what have you—he will probably suffer a penalty in the game at hand or, at the very least, be identified as an ill-tempered motherfucker (i.e., a poor sport).

3. *Grown men wear short pants outdoors.*

It looks funny. Also, it looks, well, foreign. There was a happier time in the world when a man wouldn't be seen outdoors in short pants unless, through some odd circumstance over which he had no control or, perhaps, in an effort to get a passing grade in phys. ed., he wound up in the 120-yard high hurdles.

4. *Everybody runs around in a silly direction.*

There can be only one explanation for this. It's impossible to score a goal, anyway, so the players may as well look like they're keeping busy.

5. *Pelé never played for the Yankees.*

He was the greatest soccer player who ever lived, evidently, but he didn't wear the Yankee logo, so how could he be taken seriously? People smoked pelé, drank pelé coladas and vacationed in the pelé islands, but meanwhile, he was just "that black guy from down there somewhere" who could bounce a ball on his head.

Fans of American football, who are sometimes known as soccer haters, owe a lasting debt of gratitude to a man named William Webb Ellis. While playing soccer one day in England, he begat rugby, which begat football as we know it. A small monument on the Rugby School grounds bears an inscription that explains our debt:

THIS STONE
COMMEMORATES THE EXPLOIT OF
WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS,
WHO WITH A FINE DISREGARD FOR THE
RULES OF FOOTBALL, AS PLAYED IN HIS
TIME, FIRST TOOK THE BALL IN HIS ARMS
AND RAN WITH IT, THUS ORIGINATING THE
DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF THE RUGBY GAME
A.D. 1823

One hundred sixty years would pass before American professional football players, earning \$500,000 a game, showed a fine disregard for bettors and popularized the art of fumbling.



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THERE'S A REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT INSIDE YOUR INNOCENT "RUM-AND-COLA" THAT WANTS TO BE NOTICED ALL ON ITS OWN. THAT SPIRIT HAS CHARACTER, DIGNITY, AND TASTE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'VE BEEN BURYING IT UNDER COLA. NO MORE. THE TIME FOR RUM HAS COME. THAT IS, IF WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO.

IN PUERTO RICO THEY TREAT RUM WITH THE SAME KIND OF RESPECT MOST PEOPLE GIVE A FINE VODKA, GIN, SCOTCH AND BOURBON. THERE, THEY GIVE THEIR RUMS CHARACTER. SMOOTHNESS. AND MELLOWNESS. BECAUSE THERE, THEY AGE THEIR RUMS BY LAW. SO THE SUBTLETIES YOU'D EXPECT FROM YOUR FAVORITE SPIRIT WILL ALWAYS BE THERE. SO DON'T THINK OF RUM ONLY WITH THOSE SWEET TASTING COLAS. THINK OF IT STRAIGHT UP. ON THE ROCKS. WITH SODA OR TONIC. UNCHAIN YOUR TASTEBUDS, SERVE YOUR DRINKS WITH RUMS FROM PUERTO RICO.

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By ASA BABER

It's been a decade since America's commitment to Vietnam ended. Now that the hype surrounding the tenth anniversary of our withdrawal from Saigon is over, maybe we can talk rationally about the Vietnam war and the haunting memories it evoked this past spring.

Vietnam is a subject many men still think about: More than 58,000 men (and eight women) are listed on the Vietnam Memorial, and questions about that war—the nature of it, its meaning, who went and who didn't, how it was fought, how it was concluded—are alive and kicking in the male consciousness.

Mostly, we are confused about Vietnam. That may sound like a simple sentence, but it's not. Confusion is something men are not supposed to admit to, at least not for very long. Confusion is considered unmanly, unintelligent, inconvenient. "What's the matter, can't you make up your mind?" is an internal taunt with which men often torment themselves.

I suggest that with a subject as complex as Vietnam, confusion is as natural as the wind, and we should not be so afraid of it. As a matter of fact, it will be a good day when we men can say to one another, "Vietnam? I think we were right and I think we were wrong. I think we killed and I think we created. I think we were brave and I think we were cowardly."

When I came back from the Far East in the early Sixties, I was a confused young man who had seen the beginnings of a secret war shape up. I had no one to talk with about it, no role models in life or literature; and, to be blunt, no one wanted to listen to the tales I had to tell. Places like Vietnam and Laos were as distant as the moon to most Americans, and they could not have cared less about what went on there.

It became clear that America wanted to forget the war as fast as possible, and those of us who still wrote and talked about it were an embarrassment. Worse, we spoke in divisive tongues, some of us against the war in all its forms, others for it. What was to be gained by listening to such disharmony? In this culture, confused men who send conflicting signals are considered useless, bothersome, foolish.

In 1980, America elected a President who supposedly wasn't confused about anything: Vietnam was a noble cause; Russia was an evil empire; the military-industrial complex was essentially underfunded.



COMING TO TERMS WITH 'NAM

At the same time, there was also a deal shaping up about Vietnam. It went like this: Admit that Vietnam was a good war and we'll say that you veterans are OK; refuse to acknowledge the ambiguities of that war and we'll declare you number one; drop all confusion and we'll call you loyal and patriotic. It was a deal designed to appeal to men, especially those who had served in Vietnam.

To be male is, by definition, to search for solutions. From boyhood on, we are trained to do that. And life in the military is nothing but a steady parade of problems to be solved, along with textbook solutions to some of those problems.

As a male, I confess that I can handle ambiguity for only so long before I tire of it. But the problem with male impatience is that it arises not out of thought but out of fear. I hate to appear vacillating, weak, dumb. I want to look as though I know what I'm doing. Somewhere in that process, I drop my search for truth and begin protecting my image of myself.

That is precisely what we must *not* do as we search for the lessons of Vietnam. Of all the wars in our nation's history, that one was the most ironic, incomplete and ambiguous. It had moments of terrible beauty, thousands of incidents of incredible bravery, but it was also flawed from its inception, brutal in its execution and

wasteful of lives, property and territory. As men, we must hold on to that ambiguity, we must live with it. It would be as stupid for us to jump on the band wagon of those who would turn Vietnam into a virtuous action as it would be for us to accept the idea that all men who served there were baby killers.

Whenever I find myself searching for a simple-minded conclusion about 'Nam, I have only to think of the men I knew who served there, some of whom were on highly classified jobs. Their fates were ironic and unpredictable. How could they fit under one theoretical umbrella?

Mike and I served in the Marine Corps together, including some time overseas. He was killed in a chopper crash in Laos. You will not find his name on the Vietnam Memorial. Did you think that at least the memorial was unambiguous? It is not. Scores, possibly hundreds of men who were killed are not listed there: Air America pilots, Intelligence personnel, people on special duty attached to the military. Wars begin very quietly, you see, and they end quietly, too. Even the names of our dead are incomplete.

Ed was a head-hunter, a sniper who could put a .30-caliber bullet in the black from 1000 meters. He loved killing and reenlisted for a second tour. Then a North Vietnamese sniper shot him in the back and severed his spinal cord. Paralyzed from the waist down, Ed now rails against the war, an assassin turned pacifist.

Jim stayed in the corps, a career man all the way. A company commander at Khe Sanh, he fought brilliantly, won the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and two Purple Hearts. He also had a casualty rate in his company of 200 percent. That is to say that he lost all of his men and then lost their replacements—all in a year's time.

David was a conscientious objector who joined International Voluntary Services, a precursor of the Peace Corps. He lived and died in the provinces and never touched a weapon. A total of ten I.V.S. people were killed in Indochina. Their names aren't on the memorial, either.

There is really no way I can encompass that war and its cost. I come to terms with it by admitting I'll never come to terms with it. And I tell myself that such confusion may be heavy luggage, but it's my job to carry it.



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You've probably decided something else. Racing your bike against it might not be.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Pour me another margarita, darlin’,” Rita said. “I think I may die of thirst.”

I had made a huge punch bowl of margaritas and was ready to oblige.

“I sure do like a potluck supper,” said Jean, polishing off a large portion of jambalaya and her fourth margarita. She burped happily.

We were all burping and scratching and snorting with abandon, there being no men around to keep us prim. Whenever I go out to Los Angeles, my contingent of girlfriends humors me by scheduling an all-women affair where we get drunk and discuss jobs, politics, far-reaching philosophical subjects, corn-bread recipes and, occasionally, men.

Tonight’s agenda included two male-related topics: Marjorie’s breakup with Charles and Lurene’s affair with the New York artist.

Marjorie had drunk so much that she thought it was a hilarious idea to put broccoli spears up her nose.

“Do you know what the son of a bitch said to me?” she bellowed. “That low-down scum sucker of a lawyer had the unparalleled gall to stare soulfully into my eyes and tell me that it was fine that he was leaving me for another woman, because he had already made it, and he was tired of being with someone who was still struggling!”

We all shrieked and threw corn bread into the air.

“Men!” snorted Jean.

“It’s not *men*, it’s lawyers,” decided Lurene.

“It’s not lawyers, it’s Los Angeles,” said Rita.

“Well, it sure is a kick in the head,” I said.

“You’re better off without him,” we all told Marjorie.

She believed us. But that didn’t stop her from bursting into tears, with that lightning mood change of the alcohol-laden.

“Oh, I know I’m better off,” she sniffled. “I understand everything. I understand that Charles is just like my father, shallow and insecure and status-hungry, and I understand that I don’t want him back so much as I want to *win*, and I understand that I’ll probably get over it in six months. I especially understand that Charles is possibly the most contemptible, malevolent, low-life serpent in this City of Angels, which is literally crawling with scaly beasts. But—listen to me, now—



OF MARGARITAS AND MEN

understanding is the booby prize.

“I don’t want to understand, I want to have a good time! I want a perfectly wonderful man who adores me beyond anything and sends me two dozen roses every day and will give me as many babies as I want. Fuck understanding! I don’t want to be wise, I want to be happy.”

“Have another margarita, honey,” said Rita.

“Now, what’s the story with you, Lurene?” I asked.

Lurene sighed. “Well,” she said, “you all know I moved out of Fred’s apartment a few months ago.”

“We love Fred,” said Rita.

“Yes, we love Fred,” said Lurene. “And Fred loves me. But so what? I was bored. It was so placid. I know, I know!” she shouted as we all glared at her. “I’m crazy; I don’t care; I found a little apartment and met this New York artist.”

“What kind of artist?” Jean asked.

“Um, graffiti, actually. He’s part owner of a gallery in the East Village.”

“What’s his name?” I asked.

“Jimmy,” she said.

“How old is he?” Rita asked.

“Thirty-six.”

“Ever been married?” Marjorie piped up from her drunken stupor.

“No.”

“Any money?” I asked.

“Not much.”

“What’s not much?” Jean wondered.

“Well, none, actually. His old girlfriend supported him.”

“Lurene!” we chorused.

“But he wants to change,” she added hastily.

“When did he break up with his old girlfriend?” somebody asked.

“Three weeks ago; he came out here to get over it.”

“Ten to one, she paid for the ticket,” Rita announced.

There were no takers. We stared at Lurene glumly. She had got herself involved with a dread marginal man. No fixed abode, no fixed income. Marginal men are always good-looking in a tousled sort of way. They are often ex-junkies. Sometimes they talk about their pain, sometimes about motorcycle accidents. Life, for a marginal man, is always falling apart. He needs constant rescuing. He never does dishes. Terminally sensitive, madly in love with himself. James Dean.

“Oh, God!” Lurene said, covering her eyes. “I need the danger. I need to feel my heart pound in my throat with fear and excitement. I need not to know what’s going to happen next. I know it’s no good: He’ll be mean to me; he’ll break my heart. It’s the danger.”

“Lurene, don’t be a schmuck,” Jean said.

“We all need danger, honey,” counseled Rita. “That’s what I, for one, live for. But there are better ways of getting it than sitting in the passenger seat of an out-of-control semi barreling down the side of a mountain toward a hairpin curve.”

“I’m not,” Lurene whimpered.

“Don’t kid yourself,” I snarled. “Lurene, you’re too smart to live through your men. You want danger? Create it yourself.”

Lurene fixed me with a snaky gaze. “Who was it who called me last year, whacked out of her mind, gibbering about being on the road with a rock-n-roll singer who bought her Frederick’s of Hollywood underwear?”

“Three years ago, at least. A small lapse,” I said.

“Get your danger from your work, Lurene,” Rita advised. “You’re a *real* painter, not like him.”

“Throw yourself off precipices with your work; take insane risks with your work, not your love life,” I said.

“Oh, leave her alone, you self-righteous princesses,” Marjorie muttered.



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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

Perhaps this, the eve of a climbing trip to Yosemite, isn't the perfect time for me to be thinking about falling. Then again, maybe this is precisely the moment to be hashing around in the subject, knowing that in a little while I'll be up there on one of those slick granite faces, in that cathedral of rock, looking down from a perspective that makes the big pines look like moss on the valley floor, and that at certain minutes, like every time before, I will be so terrified that anything I've said here will seem the kind of nonsense a man ought to be punished for.

For instance, what will I think of up there when my legs begin to shake and my fingers begin to slip? I've been going around for years telling my friends that Karl Wallenda's death was one of the most beautiful I know about. He was 73 years old and had been walking the high wire for most of his life. Then, in Puerto Rico, a heavy tropical wind tore him from a cable that had been stretched between two buildings. The news ran films of it, and what I thought I saw had a rare and powerful dignity to it. He grabbed the wire, but when he couldn't hang on to it, he simply hugged his long balance pole and fell to his death. I can still see it, and for me, the awful beauty of the moment came from the mute grace with which this man accepted his final undoing at the hands of something he had done so bravely for so long. What a poetic death. What a nice metaphor—to *fall* out of his life. That's what I think now, anyway, sitting here at my typewriter, with about three feet between my ass and the floor. When I'm up on those rocks next week, though, I'm going to remember a couple of the big truths about climbing, about *not falling*: You don't climb by brain alone, and when you come loose, you don't catch yourself by metaphor.

My falls, when I take them in Yosemite, are not likely to kill me. If they're like the others I've taken there, they will be short, nasty little plunges that will be stopped by a rope, and the worst I'll get from them will be a little banging up. Still, whenever I feel mother gravity trying to yank me home, there is nothing to do for the fear except suffer it. I react as if there were no rope, no safety, because the voice inside us that screams "Don't fall!" is perhaps louder and more urgent than any of our other instincts. I've heard it said that fear of falling is the only fear we're born with, and if that's not true, it may as well be. In



FALLING

fact, it's probably what allowed our monkey ancestors to survive life in the treetops, probably what brought our particular family down from the upper stories of the forest.

My worst fall didn't come while I was rock-climbing, though. For one thing, I climb behind pros, and I'm too much a novice to be bold or careless at this strange and difficult sport. The fall that almost killed me happened on an oil rig in Wyoming several summers ago. I had taken a job as a worm, the lowest man on the crew, and the first day, they put me to work washing the derrick. I knew nothing about those big, ugly machines except that there are 107 ways to die on them if something lets go, and I started the first shift with an intense fear that I was going to be slaughtered by something I didn't even know the name of. The rest of the crew was no help. They were a bunch of dirt-eating stoners who got most of their fun telling the new boy stories about other worms they'd known who'd been cut in half or blown to pieces right in front of their eyes.

"Damn tongs threw him up against the draw works, he went stiff as a board, was dead before he hit the ground."


Then I'd ask, "What's the draw works?" And they'd laugh.

For all their greasy *macho*, however, none of them liked to climb much. So when the buckets were passed out, I decided to show them I could at least do

something, and I monkeyed my way straight to the 100-foot crown and began scrubbing as if the height meant nothing to me. Which was almost true. Not that there was much room for error up there: We had no safety lines, because there was no one on the rig sober or smart enough to give a damn, but the good hand- and footholds and the regular patterns of the iron were nothing compared with the puzzle and challenge of the rocks I'd been up.

After about nine hours, I'd worked my way down within 25 feet of the ground, and one of the bosses climbed up near me and held out a hard-hat. I was standing on a soapy beam in rubber boots, hanging on to another soapy beam with one hand, and as I reached, I came off. Those were surreal split seconds. I knew everything: that I was falling, that I was going to hit soon, that I was cartwheeling toward a head-first landing. But there was no terror, no fear at all; just a calm, lucid realization that whatever happened was out of my hands. I landed on my side across a beam just short of the ground, and I clung. I'd broken three ribs, but they didn't hurt yet, and the first time I felt any fear was when I looked up and saw the boss's face. He asked if I was all right, and when I lied and said yes, he scrambled down, got into his truck and took off as if he needed a drink. He told me later that when he saw me go, he thought I was dead. He said he'd seen more than one man die in shorter falls than mine. I got back up in the rig for another hour that day and wondered why I hadn't been afraid. Not enough time? But there's always time enough for fear. Adrenaline travels faster than light.

I never have understood the weird quiet of that moment, but much later, I put it together with a dream I once had. They say that if you hit bottom in a dream fall, you'll die in your sleep, and I was aware of that in this one. I went off the top of a very high building, could see the sidewalk flying up at me, could feel every muscle in my body tense to pain. Then I hit. But instead of being smashed to death, I sailed through the concrete with no more jolt than if I'd fallen through stretched newspaper. Then I was just floating, a leaf in the air: no tension, no pain, no fear. Pure pleasure.

I'm going to try to take the courage of that epiphany up the rocks with me next week, and I probably will. For about the first nine feet up the first route. 

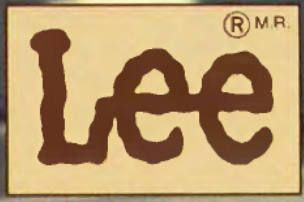
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

What is the problem with women these days? Why can't I find a woman who likes making love to me? Although my experience is not extensive, I cannot find a mate who will volunteer the female-superior position. Women appear to think that it is the man's job to do all the work, as pleasant a job as it may be. Ladies, as much as you enjoy being made love to by your mate, I am sure that most men will agree with me that it is equally, if not more, enjoyable for a man to be made love to by a woman. One of the excuses that I get when I ask a mate how she feels about making love to me is "I don't know what to do." Ha! How hard, no pun intended, can it be? I've never had a goddamn lesson. Some ladies think that it is improper, unladylike or *macho* for a woman to make love to a man. Bullshit. For those of you men who agree with those ladies, don't knock it until you've been knocked by a lady, and if you can't get one to make love to you, then buy one. It's worth it. Then maybe you will understand what I am talking about. Ladies, I have a suggestion. If you like the way your mate makes love to you, taking into account the differences in anatomy, use the same techniques, the same rhythm. I find that I get bored very quickly with a particular mate, even though I may very much like her, if time after time I must initiate as well as follow through with a session of lovemaking. If we cannot enjoy and complement each other physically, then I really am not interested in any form of relationship. Sorry, ladies, but get your shit together. Please.—B. A. S., Los Angeles, California.

You should teach each woman you go out with "how to make love to a man." You will appreciate it, and the next man she goes out with will appreciate it.

Recently, a friend and I were having a dispute about what exactly defines a gentleman. After women's lib, does the concept even have meaning anymore? We thought for sure that the Playboy Advisor would know the meaning of the word. What do you say?—R. D., Boston, Massachusetts.

The best definition of a gentleman that we've come across is from the handbook of the Virginia Military Institute. We gave a lecture on sex there last spring and are proud to report that the corps of cadets are gentlemen—horny gentlemen but gentlemen nonetheless. The school has a code that is worth reprinting. The code does not recognize the change in women that has occurred in the past 20 years. The stuff about alcohol is also primeval, but here goes:

"Without a strict observance of the fundamental code of honor, no man, no matter how 'polished,' can be considered a gentleman.



The honor of a gentleman demands the inviolability of his word and the incorruptibility of his principles. He is the descendant of the knight, the crusader, he is the defender of the defenseless and the champion of justice—or he is not a gentleman.

"A gentleman does not discuss his family affairs in public or with acquaintances;

"Does not speak more than casually about his wife or girlfriend;

"Does not go to a lady's house if he is affected by alcohol. He is temperate in the use of alcohol;

"Does not lose his temper nor exhibit anger, fear, hate, embarrassment, ardor or hilarity in public;

"Does not hail a lady from a club window;

"Never discusses the merits or demerits of a lady;

"Does not mention names, exactly as he avoids the mention of what things cost;

"Does not borrow money from a friend, except in dire need. Money borrowed is a debt of honor and must be repaid as promptly as possible. Debts incurred by a deceased parent, brother, sister or grown child are assumed by honorable men as a debt of honor;

"Does not display his wealth, money or possessions;

"Does not put his manners on and off, whether in the club or in a ballroom. He treats people with courtesy, no matter what their social positions may be;

"Does not slap strangers on the back nor so much as lay a finger on a lady;

"Does not 'lick the boots of those above him' nor 'kick the face of those below him on the social ladder';

"Does not take advantage of another's helplessness or ignorance and assumes that no gentleman will take advantage of him.

"A gentleman respects the reserves of others but demands that others respect those which are his.

"A gentleman can become what he wills to be. . . ."

Not bad. On the other hand, we've heard a gentleman described as a man who supports his weight on his elbow.

The February *Advisor* item from D.A.D., of Santa Clara, California, about wartime sex in Luzon, triggered my own memory of the Philippines, also during World War Two. The scenario went like this: Our gang of four would meet outside a particular bar. We couldn't enter until all were present. We would then proceed directly to a quite high table that had ample room underneath. Each man would be served by an individual girl, who had brought her knee pillow. After serving us, the girls disappeared under the table. As one might well imagine, the intrigue was building and building. Ten dollars from each man was in the pot, table center. The first man who smiled had to pay for the beer. His girl was awarded the pot of \$40 for her expertise. (I believe the girls divided it up in the back room.) While this experience lacked the scientific input related by D.A.D., it was nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed by us four and was reenacted many times.—C. S., San Diego, California.

What did the girls do under the table? Tell jokes? Teach one another to eat with one chopstick? If you are going to share memories with us, at least make them detailed memories.

I recently upgraded my stereo system by replacing an old 20-watts-per-channel receiver with a new one rated at 50 watts per channel. However, I am not getting anything near the added volume I expected from more than twice the amount of power I used to have. What gives?—J. L., Detroit, Michigan.

There's a widespread misunderstanding regarding the number of amplifier watts and their effect on volume. Doubling the wattage does not mean doubling the sound level. A twofold increase in wattage (10 to 20 or 30 to 60, etc.) means an increase in sound level of only three decibels. We perceive this increase as "somewhat" louder but not "twice as loud." To increase the sound level twofold requires a jump upward of ten decibels, which is actually a tenfold increase. In other words, if you wanted your system to sound literally twice as loud as it did before, you would need an amplifier capable of supplying 200 watts per channel. Your new receiver has about four decibels more headroom than your former set. That's not going to make things sound twice as loud as before, but it permits

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A friend of mine has recently returned from Europe, where he heard about something called a Blockoe ring. Apparently, you wear it around your penis, and it is supposed to increase tumescence, as well as improve sexual performance. Does it really work? Is it dangerous in any way? If it works, where can one obtain it? Thank you very much for your assistance.—P. J. O., New York, New York.

Regardless of the brand name of the device, any sex toy that is placed around the penis or the testicles to enhance excitement or improve performance is potentially dangerous. The primary reason is that such rings tend to restrict blood flow to the genitals, and that's very risky. Any damage to the blood vessels in the genitals could cause a host of complications, including impotence.

I plan to start a new life in Dallas upon my release from state prison. Please send me the names and addresses of swingers' clubs in Dallas-Fort Worth, national swingers' publications, publications for gay and/or bisexual people, bondage publications, S/M publications, enema/"water sports" publications, wholesale dealers of X-rated video tapes to buy in volume, wholesale dealers of X-rated publications, publications for producers of X-rated films and magazines and stars.—B. F., Rasbaron, Texas.

We can see that you have a great future laid out for yourself, but we're afraid we can't help. Your query does not exactly come under the heading of reasonable questions, as described at the end of this column. Your best bet would be to investigate appropriate clubs and publications upon your arrival in Dallas.

Looking over your Cars '85 specifications (PLAYBOY, March), it seems that almost everything is available with a turbocharged engine. Can you tell me exactly what a turbocharger is and what it does? Is it worth the extra money?—S. R., Newark, New Jersey.

Yes and yes. And maybe. By definition, a turbocharger is an exhaust-driven supercharger. It pressurizes intake air before that air is mixed with fuel for combustion in the cylinders and, by doing so, forces a greater mass of air into the given cylinder volume. With more molecules of air (and, therefore, more oxygen) in the cylinders, more fuel can be burned with each power stroke. The result is more power; it's like turning up a furnace. Increasing engine speed makes the exhaust flow faster, increasing the turbocharger's turbine and pump speeds. The higher the rpm, the more exhaust out, the more pressurized air in. That's why turbos do little at low rpm but come on strong once the engine reaches, say, 2500 or 3500 rpm. The slight delay between stomping on the gas and the onset of turbo boost is called lag. An engine-driven supercharger, by contrast, is driven directly by a

belt or chain and works at all engine speeds. The supercharger's advantage is that it has no lag; the turbo's is that it robs no power from the engine (the exhaust energy would otherwise be wasted) and has no effect on fuel economy at low engine speeds. Thus, a small turbocharged engine has small-engine economy when you don't use the boost but gives big-engine performance when you want it. The down side is that turbocharging adds cost and complication under the hood and could lead to more trouble and expense down the road. Today's factory turbo engines, however, seem to be highly reliable with proper care and maintenance. Some have water cooling so their bearings won't cook when the engine is shut down immediately after a hard run. Some have intercoolers, which cool the intake air after it's pressurized (to make it dense for even more power) and reduce underhood temperatures. Is turbocharging worth the money? How much power do you need, and how much are you willing to spend? Only you can answer those questions. However, it may interest you to know that the Playboy Advisor rides a Kawasaki 750 Turbo motorcycle. Our bottom-line reply to a question about turbocharging is this: Holy shit!

My girlfriend and I have been together for nearly four years. We are very close and we have a moderate sex life. I say moderate because I feel the need for experimentation. She performs oral sex on me but will not let me perform it on her. I'm really puzzled as to why that is so. Her denying me has made my appetite for oral sex greater. Also, she won't let me bring her to orgasm manually. She always pushes my hand away when she is about to orgasm. Watching her in a pleasurable state is exciting—but my excitement level goes down when she pushes my hand away and when she doesn't permit me to go down on her. She will, however, orgasm when I'm in her. I know that I'm sexually aggressive, but am I demanding too much from her?—H. B., Portland, Oregon.

Since your girlfriend does reach orgasm and seems satisfied with the way things are, you're going to have a tough time persuading her to experiment. Perhaps she is extremely sensitive—and finds oral sex and manual stroking unnecessary or even painful. Try to at least talk the matter over with her in an attempt to learn why she behaves as she does. If there is no physiological justification for her actions, she's only depriving herself—and you—of additional pleasure. Since that pleasure is very important to you, it could have a profound effect on the future of your relationship. We hope there's room for a reasonable compromise.

I've been buying many cases of Bordeaux over the past years—wines that will not reach their maturity for ten or 15 years—so I'm building a cellar in which to store them in my basement. I plan to keep the room at 54 to 56 degrees Fahrenheit, but is there anything else I should be aware of in

planning its construction?—S. T., Baltimore, Maryland.

We think it's a good idea to capitalize on the very fine recent vintages of Bordeaux: 1978, 1979, 1981—and especially 1982—are an exceptional cluster of years, indeed. Nineteen eighty-three looks as if it will be a winner as well. As you know, wine must be stored at a constant, cool temperature to age predictably; the 54-to-56-degree range that you mention is what you should reach for. Another caution: Keep your construction away from any plumbing pipes. Wines should be stored in an odor-free environment; even though their corks are sealed with metallic caps, they can be affected by ambient smells, and a leaking sewer pipe can impart an unpleasant ester that Baron Rothschild never intended for his Mouton. Invite us for dinner in 1999.

I am 20 years old. When I was born, my dad didn't have me circumcised. Some people think this is no big deal, but it has become a serious problem with me. When I was 12 years old and started taking showers after gym class, other kids laughed at me, so I skipped all my gym classes. Recently, I was with two girls who are strictly friends while they were looking through *Playgirl*. Not knowing that I'm not circumcised, one of them pointed out an uncircumcised guy in the magazine and told us how ugly his penis was and how she wouldn't have sex with a guy like that. Well, I agree it's ugly and have no second thoughts about getting circumcised, except for one thing: I often wake up in the morning with a piss hard-on, and I am afraid that right after the circumcision procedure, I will wake up in the morning with one and rip the stitches out. I was wondering if there were a drug to temporarily prevent me from getting a hard-on.—C. R. M., Auburn Hills, Michigan.

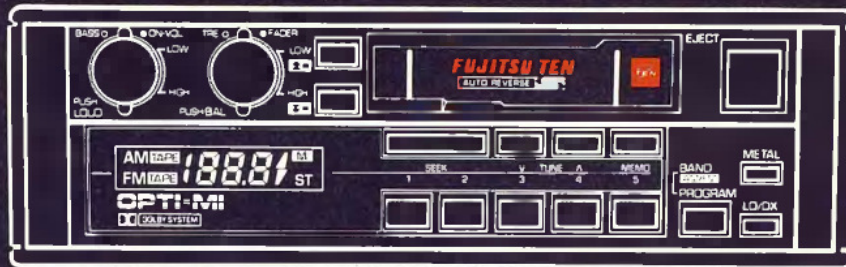
Adult circumcision has been performed for generations, generally for reasons of personal hygiene. However, it is often performed for cosmetic reasons, such as the one you've expressed. The operation is a minor one, and there is no reason to fear postoperative effects on your sexual functioning. We suggest that you consult a qualified urologist for advice on the operation and its advisability in your particular case. But one last word: By the time a girl agrees to go to bed with you, she has already said yes to you the person, not you the foreskin (or lack of it). You feel different now; imagine what it will feel like to be merely one of the crowd.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

Do you remember a time when you didn't think you were attractive?

I never thought I was as attractive as other people thought I was, until PLAYBOY accepted me as a Playmate. I was a tom-boy. I hung out with the boys until I was 15 or 16. We'd go bike riding and they'd see a girl in shorts and they'd whistle. I'd be in shorts, too, but they wouldn't be whistling at me, because I was one of them, one of the guys. Then I grew up and started to do professional make-up after I went to beauty school. I deal in appearances all day long. I don't feel I look my best when I've gained weight, so I hit the gym. It's important to look *your* best, but it's not important to look better than anyone else.



LesAnn Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Definitely. I've never thought I was a ten—you know, a raving beauty. I still don't consider myself perfect, but in grade school, I didn't think I was pretty at all. I had wire-frame glasses and crooked teeth. I wasn't proportioned right. But to tell you the truth, feeling attractive wasn't really all that important to me. If I got a compliment, that was great, but I was never one to be really vain. I always felt that my insides were more important than my outside. I'm a confident person and I like the way I am, so I guess that makes me pretty on the outside, too. Becoming a Playmate simply boosted my self-confidence further.



Patty Duffek

PATTY DUFFEK
MAY 1984

Sure. All through my growing-up years and high school, we were basically poor. I never had really nice clothes and we couldn't afford haircuts. My mom cut my hair. I felt awkward all through puberty. Then I turned 16, and my body began to develop and change. All of a sudden, I got a lot of attention. I was turning into a woman, and I didn't know how to handle it. I was embarrassed by my body, and I felt unattractive. I thought people were gawking at me. I *still* don't feel great about how I look unless I've got the right clothes on or have just had my hair and make-up done. I looked at the Playmates and thought they were absolutely beautiful. I've always wanted to be a Playmate.



Debi Nicolle Johnson

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

In grade school. You know how your parents always tell you, "You're beautiful to me"? I thought I was ugly. I had really long hair, and my mom braided it every single day of my life. I was skinny and introverted. I was very shy. Even now, I occasionally feel ugly, usually because something is lacking in my life—sexual excitement, physical activity, a new project, something. If I don't have enough going on, I start to get depressed, and with that comes the feeling of being unattractive. Then I have to do something nice for myself. I may go shopping or get a new haircut or plan a night out with my friends or have a new date. That helps in the short run. For long-term good feelings, I have to start working on a new project.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

Yes. I was very, very shy. I hardly spoke to anyone. When people stared at me, I always thought they were doing it because something was wrong with the way I looked. I have the kind of body people look at, and for a long time, I didn't know how to handle that. Until I was about 18 or 19, I never wore make-up; I dressed down in baggy clothes so people couldn't see my body. I did not want to attract any attention. I thought people were looking at me because I was so ugly. But PLAYBOY makes Playmates look beautiful in print. I don't think I'm a ten or every man's dream. But I do have my days when I know I'm pretty.



Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

I was so thin when I was in my teens that everyone made fun of me. People would see me on the street and want to feed me. I thought I was an ugly duckling, and having older brothers did not help at all. They teased me a lot. But then I got to high school and adolescence hit, and the feeling just wore off. The trick is to stay away from the mirror. It makes you too self-conscious. In the mirror, you pick out all your flaws. You get through the awkward period as you grow up, and then you realize it doesn't matter much anyway.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

I have worked in the field of child-care regulation for 14 years and have often been a party to investigations relating to the sexual molestation of children.

Maurice R. Franks, in his letter that appears in the March *Playboy Forum*, astounded me by apparently placing the responsibility for sexual abuse squarely on the mother and daughter in stepfamily situations.

I quote: "The daughter, having learned manipulateness from her own mother, seduces a sexually frustrated stepdad. . . ."

Come now, Franks; the most commonly used and accurate definition of child sexual abuse I have seen states that it is the use of a child by an older person to satisfy adult sexual needs. Most children of any age have no idea what adult sexual needs are, because they have never experienced them; they have no understanding of or interest in satisfying needs they don't feel. They manipulate their stepdads in many ways, but not sexually.

It is the adult, male or female, who is responsible and who should be held accountable. A normal adult placed in the situation you describe will seize the opportunity to educate and guide the child, not to victimize him or her for his own gratification. Almost as many boys as girls are molested in this country, because perpetrators relate more to the immaturity and helplessness of their victims than to the victims' sex.

It is time that the citizens of this country got the facts and started dealing with this very serious problem. Roughly 80 percent of child sexual abusers were themselves abused when they were children but were not identified and helped. Sexual abuse will continue to be with us and will continue to damage children and disrupt their lives until society recognizes the problem and takes the steps to stop it.

Durwood Collier, Jr.
Graniteville, Vermont

OUTNUMBERED

Men! The last bastion has fallen! The gentlemen's rest room, that last domain of male privacy, has been overrun by female forces for women's equality.

The occasion was the Sixth Annual Women in Management Conference, sponsored by the University of Southern Maine at a large hotel just outside Portland, Maine's largest city. A total of 367 persons attended, of whom three were male; it was I who was less than three tenths of one percent of the whole assemblage.

There I was, between workshops, taking a piss in a potty in the men's room, when I heard a woman's voice say, "That one's full. Let's go in here!" Hastily rezippering, I turned to face a gaggle of young women tidal-waving through the rest-room door. I gave a casual wave and departed hastily with but one final shot of male dominance: "Excuse me for leaving the seat up!"

Recovering in time for a workshop on Sexual Harassment: A Practical Response

*"I turned to face a
gaggle of young women
tidal-waving through
the rest-room door."*

and the keynote speech, by Natasha Josefowitz, Ph.D., I was pleased that Dr. Josefowitz, in concluding her remarks, advised against angry confrontation with the male. I thanked her for counseling compassion and said to the group, "You must realize that what you're faced with here is a job of de-education, or re-education. For after all, like all men, I'm the product of an education by Hugh Hefner, Lauren Bacall—'Just whistle'—Sam Goldwyn's musicals and Florenz Ziegfeld's extravaganzas." Josefowitz responded, "Good comment. Did everyone hear him?" From way in the back, a woman



cried, "No, I didn't." Quick on the uptake, the good doc translated, "He says his father is Hugh Hefner and his mother is Lauren Bacall!"

I hope Hef has a nice room for his son in Playboy Mansion West. I'll be arriving there late next Friday (stretch limo at the airport, please).

Philip Jenkins
Portland, Maine

Fine, but call first.

COMPLIMENTS TO KANSAS

Kansas usually is not the state that comes to mind as particularly enlightened in matters of free speech and freedom of the press, but one of our most important officeholders is making me, a retired librarian, proud.

In 1978 and again in 1982, we elected Robert T. Stephan state attorney general. Since taking office, Stephan has been a staunch supporter of human rights and a defender of the First Amendment—activities that have earned him awards from the Kansas Press Association and the Plains States Regional Board of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. In a recent speech on the role of public libraries in America, he stated that knowledge should be available to all citizens and stressed the need for intellectual freedom. He went on to say, "In America, the controversial ideas concerning drugs, sex, politics and religious information are going to play a role in the administration of public and private libraries. . . . But it is very important that libraries not limit their scope or their mission by special-interest groups that want to impose arbitrary censorship." With that attitude and leadership, Kansas should not only survive the national trend toward censorship but, I hope, be in the vanguard of states dedicated to preserving the freedoms of the individual.

(Name withheld by request)
Topeka, Kansas

DR. REAGANSTEIN

More than a year ago, I gave my husband a gift subscription to your magazine, and I read it more avidly than he. I have not been able to find any other publication that addresses my intelligence and political views so well.

Therefore, I was surprised at the blatant demonstration of idiocy that you granted Tom Dekel (*The Playboy Forum*, June). Here is a man so imprisoned within his self-constructed cell of Judaism that, to paraphrase his own letter, he saw only one

word—Reagansteinomics—in the whole of Tony Edward Brown's March *Forum* letter.

If only I were black or Latin or Jewish so that I could indulge in such childish rages over a mere name that became twisted into a proof of bigotry. Hey, I'm a blonde California girl and I don't give a shit about the incorrect assumptions made about blonde California girls.

TeriLynne Saveliff
San Diego, California

By now, Dekel is probably kicking himself for wrongly assuming that the word Reagansteinomics was anti-Semitic instead of a reference to what Brown considered the monstrous economic policies of Dr. Reagan. We granted Dekel the space as a little lesson to all of us about squawking first and thinking later.

JURY VETO, ROUND THREE

I was thrilled to discover in the March *Playboy Forum* the "Jury Nullification" letter from P. A. Detches of California—thrilled because I wrote much of it! Many writers would be upset, but that information was purposely not copyrighted so that the ideas could reach the widest possible audience. My essay "Jury Veto" was originally published in *Colorado Liberty*, May-June 1983. It has been reprinted in libertarian and tax-protest publications since then, and now in *PLAYBOY*.

Since the *Playboy Forum* letter concludes with the editorial response "Anybody else?" perhaps you could pass along the complete legal citations I have enclosed. It would be interesting to see what *PLAYBOY*'s lawyers have to say about the jury-veto precedents.

Stormy Mon
Denver, Colorado

Regarding the letters discussing the issue of jury nullification, your readers may be interested in what John Adams and Alexander Hamilton had to say on the subject.

Adams: "It is not only the juror's right but his duty to find a verdict according to his own best understanding, judgment and conscience, though in direct opposition to the direction of the court."

Hamilton held that a jury in a criminal case is duty bound to acquit, despite the instruction of the judge, "if exercising their judgment with discretion and honesty they have a clear conviction that the charge of the court is wrong."

Both quotes were taken from Lawrence R. Velvels' *Undeclared War and Civil Disobedience*. I'm not surprised that some lawyers feel differently. They are no longer taught the law as embodied in the U.S. Constitution but, instead, are brainwashed into memorizing needless procedural trivia whereby people's rights and the power of the jury are sacrificed to the discretion of the judge.

Marlon S. Covell
Woodland, California

In the matter of jury nullification, allow me to enlighten your readers as well as some of your letter writers. The cases of *Sparf*, *Moylan* and *Dougherty* do not stand for the proposition that juries have the right to disregard a particular law but should not be advised of this. Rather, those decisions unequivocally state that a jury does not have the legal right to disregard the law and that it may not decide a case on the basis of what it feels the law should or should not be. In almost all instances, jurors are required to follow the law, whether or not they agree with it. The question How can someone be required to follow a law with which he or she honestly or morally disagrees? may then be raised. The answer is simple: Each juror, during jury selection, is advised of the nature of the case and is given a synopsis of the facts. If a particular juror feels that he or she cannot render a verdict in conformance with the evidence because of personal disagreement with the law, then that individual is excused from serving. Obviously, any jury, as a practical matter,

"Any jury, as a practical matter, can choose to disregard the facts."

can choose to disregard the facts or the court's instructions to follow the law if it so desires. However, this ability on the part of a jury to disregard the law stems not from any legal right it possesses (because it has none); rather, it simply stems from the fact that a jury is entrusted with the responsibility of rendering a verdict and *because of that*, it has the ultimate say-so. *Sparf* (and the other decisions following it) therefore did not hold that juries have the right to ignore the judge's instructions on the law. It actually held to the contrary—jurors are legally required to follow the law. To allow them to decide which laws are appropriate and which ones can be disregarded would (according to *Sparf* and the other cases) invite complete anarchy. As the court observed in the *Dougherty* case:

To encourage individuals to make their own determinations as to which laws they will obey and which they will permit themselves as a matter of conscience to disobey is to invite chaos. No legal system could long survive if it gave every individual the option of disregarding with impunity any law which by his personal standard was judged morally untenable. Toleration of such conduct would not be democratic, as appellants claim, but inevitably anarchic.

—473 F.2d at 1133-34 (quoting from the *Moylan* decision)

Some of your reader/writers should do

themselves a favor and spend more time learning how to read and interpret a legal decision—skills that, incidentally, are customarily taught to all first-year law students but that some individuals, as you can see, never master. Before one can even begin to evaluate or criticize a "bad" law, one first must *know* the law!

Paul S. Banales
Attorney at Law
Tucson, Arizona

At first, our Legal Department indicated that it had better things to do than referee a contest of wits between libertarians and structuralists; but after much nagging by "The Playboy Forum," it offered this: Jurors are bound by oath to decide the facts of a case and to apply the law according to the court's instructions. They are not advised of their authority to do otherwise because the oath they take does not include such authority. They do, however, possess the capacity to violate their oath—ignoring the facts, the law and the court's instructions—and there's nothing much the state can do about it. A guilty verdict under those circumstances can be appealed by the defendant on several grounds, but in the event of a not-guilty verdict, the state cannot retry the case because of the double-jeopardy doctrine. So everybody's right, more or less.

PORN PICKETS

I'd like to offer a well-deserved "Attaboy!" to the Southland Corporation—7-Eleven's parent company—for refusing to give in to the pressure being placed upon it by so-called antiporn groups anxious to get men's magazines, including *PLAYBOY*, out of its stores.

The latest action being taken by the National Federation of Decency, for example, is a massive picketing of 7-Eleven stores across the United States. According to Louis E. Caggiano, organizer of the protest in Palm Beach County, the problem with *PLAYBOY* and other magazines of its kind is not their display of nude women (though that doesn't help things) but their "antifamily" philosophy.

"*PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler* and all those say it's OK to be married and have two or three girlfriends on the side," said Caggiano in a recent newspaper interview. "If I read stuff like that, I'd start to get ideas."

It might open some eyes if Caggiano and his fellow zealots *did* read *PLAYBOY* instead of relying on the word of others whose apparent goal is nothing less than a severe restriction of the First Amendment. They would undoubtedly find that *PLAYBOY* does not promote adultery but responsibility in marriage and all relationships.

As I write this, the proposed picketing is less than two days away, and I plan to walk proudly into my neighborhood 7-Eleven and buy the latest issue of *PLAYBOY*—even though I already subscribe. It's just my way of telling the Southland Corporation to keep up the good work and saying that those who don't

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

UNHAPPY HOUR

FREEHOLD, NEW JERSEY—In the auto-accident case that led to New Jersey's host-liability law, attorneys for the defendants have agreed to a \$172,500 settlement for a woman who was injured in a head-on collision with a drunk driver. The cost of



the settlement is being shared by the insurance company for the motorist, who pleaded guilty to intoxicated driving, and the insurance company for the couple in whose home he had had more than a dozen drinks before getting into his car.

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—By a vote of four to four, the U.S. Supreme Court has let stand an appellate-court decision that required city officials of Scarsdale, New York, to allow display of a Nativity scene in a downtown public park. The case was being closely watched by the A.C.L.U. and Jewish groups as a test of a community's right to deny private groups permission to erect religious or other controversial symbols on public property but, because of the split vote, the ruling does not set a binding precedent.

By another split vote, the Court upheld an appellate ruling that had declared unconstitutional an Oklahoma law making teachers who speak out on behalf of homosexual rights subject to dismissal.

POUND OF CURE

LONDON—New government regulations aimed at preventing the spread of AIDS give magistrates broad authority in dealing with its victims, including the power, in some circumstances, to confine them to hospitals involuntarily. That and other less drastic measures would not be used except as a last resort, officials said. The

regulations also include the power to prevent relatives from taking possession of the body of a deceased AIDS victim.

GOD WILL JUDGE

ROME—Jean-Luc Godard's French film "Je Vous Salue, Marie" ("Hail, Mary") has opened in Italy to loud protests over its depiction of the Virgin as the sometimes nude wife of a science-fiction-reading cab-driver who is informed by a foulmouthed angel Gabriel that she is to become the mother of God. The satire failed to amuse Pope John Paul II, who has taken the exceptional action of publicly charging that it "distorts and slanders" fundamental themes of the Christian faith.

SILENT SCREAM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A report by the Bureau of Justice Statistics estimates that of 479,000 rapes committed from 1973 to 1982, only 40 percent were reported to police and that women reported only about half of 1,030,000 attempted rapes during that period. A Justice Department official suggested that many victims remain silent for fear of reprisal, public identification or "becoming entangled in an insensitive criminal-justice system."

MORE CONSCIENCE, LESS LAW

HOUSTON—Only 40 percent of the college religion teachers and the church counselors responding to a nationwide survey consider premarital sex immoral, and some 16 percent do not think adultery is wrong. The University of Houston law professor who conducted the study said he also found that nearly half of the respondents did not consider homosexual relations inherently wrong. Professor G. Sidney Buchanan said the survey was intended to compare the attitudes of persons in the religious community with the concept of the right of privacy that is developing under constitutional law. In general, the survey indicated a trend toward respecting private sexual behavior and opposing laws that attempt to restrict it.

WHY THEY CALL IT DOPE

HOUSTON—A 33-year-old man walked into the main Houston police station, produced a packet of white powder he said he had just bought and asked the cops to test it. Narcotics officers obliged and assured their man that he had not been ripped off. Then they arrested him for possession of an ounce of methamphetamine. They also formed the opinion, from his general demeanor, that "he might already have tested his purchase."

CLOSED BOOKS

CHICAGO—Noting the increase in violence directed at abortion clinics, the Illinois Appellate Court has ruled two to one that state funds used for abortions are not a matter of public record and therefore are not available to anti-abortion organizations. A group calling itself the Family Life League had sought that information, including the names of doctors performing abortions. Critics of the court's decision said it could set a dangerous precedent of denying access to state records on the basis of assumption and speculation, especially if the ruling is upheld by the Illinois Supreme Court. The appellate court based its decision on a clause of the State Records Act that protects information that would "invade or assist in the invasion of any person's right to privacy."

VANISHING VIRGINS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Only about one woman in five is still a virgin when she marries, according to the National Survey of Family Growth. That figure applied to women marrying from 1975 to 1979; a similar survey conducted among women from 1960 to 1964 found that nearly half had delayed sexual intercourse until marriage.

COP-RECRUITING CRISIS

CHICAGO—Police departments in large cities seem to be having trouble finding recruits who don't flunk their tests for illegal drug use. The failure rate in Chicago



has been almost one out of four—mostly for pot smoking—and the city council is now urging that drug tests be conducted at the outset of the screening process instead of six weeks later.

BEAVER STATE FOLLIES

Jean-Paul Sartre, who was not an Oregonian, held that the people most occupied with sexual matters were those who opted for celibacy as a way of "sexually Being."

To Sartre's Gallic way of thinking, one who negates sex through celibacy must constantly think of sex in order to control the natural urge to copulate with something. Eventually, the celibate begins to perceive sexual content in everything, and horniness becomes both a virtue and an obsession.

Here in the Pacific Northwest, Sartre's celibate is no longer a lone crusader spearheading the campaign against sex. He has been joined by a number of antipornography activists who are waging political and economic war against their rather all-inclusive concept of porn.

What makes our Beaver State crusaders akin to Sartre's celibate is their obsessive belief that *all* nudity, sex and erotica equal pornography: If something contains even a suggestion of a naked body, *it is porn*.

One local group, Citizens in Action for Clackamas County, has members who hold that Venus, as in *de Milo and Rising*, is obscene. C.A.C.C. does not limit its art appreciation to the classics; if the group's members had their way, 90 percent of all commercial films would be censored. Its public spokeswoman is famed in these parts for scissoring underwear ads from publications before allowing her family to read them.

It would be one thing if C.A.C.C. could be written off as a collection of politically impotent fringies, but after months of campaigning, the group intimidated the Clackamas County commissioners into passing legislation to limit adult-oriented businesses. The action was taken in response to the rapid spread of such establishments. Clackamas County, which is nearly twice the size of Rhode Island and is populated by 250,000 people in the metropolitan Portland area, has a total of one.

Just up the interstate a bit, in Washington, a group called Together Against Pornography threatened to boycott the local outlets of several large chain stores because they sold men's magazines. Two of the stores caved in; one agreed to stop selling the magazines in its western Washington outlets, and the second—headquartered in Portland, of course—pulled the magazines from all of its then-60-odd stores

in four states.

What was interesting about the group's protest was the fact that in all of the chains, the targeted magazines were not kept in public view. They were held behind sales counters, in racks that allowed customers to see—barely—only the magazines' titles. The only way the offended could read the magazines would be to buy them.

Yet Together Against Pornography went to bat—and hit .666—to eliminate items its members considered obscene. Since one assumes that its members never looked at the magazines, it wasn't the nudity that so upset them. As with Sartre's celibate, who is obsessed with the *idea* of sex, it was their obsession with the *idea* of nudity that made them protest. To our sexually preoccupied Northwesterners, the very thought of nudity equals sex, sex equals smut and all must be damned to hell—or, at least, California.

Emboldened by their successes, our local crusaders are now going after the constitution of the state of Oregon. The C.A.C.C. plans to begin a petition drive to place on next fall's ballot an initiative revising Oregon's constitutional guarantees of free expression.

Maybe Oregon's founders learned something in the interim, but where the 196-year-old Bill of Rights states, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," Oregon's 126-year-old constitution orders, "No law shall be passed . . . restricting the right to speak, write or print freely on any subject whatever."

The C.A.C.C. wants to bring the Oregon constitution into line with its Federal cousin in the hope that it will then be easier for the group to push through municipal laws banishing businesses and publications it doesn't like.

In most states, that kind of nonsense would never even reach the ballot, but in Oregon, you never know. After all, this is the great state that but three years ago voted down a measure intended to legalize that ghastly social evil—self-service gas stations.

There are a lot of political crackpots running loose in Oregon, and most of them would love to muzzle what they perceive to be a liberal, permissive press. They just may feel that censoring underwear ads is as good a way to start as any.

Sartre would understand.

—MICHAEL DALE

Oregon City, Oregon

like others' telling them what they can read applaud its fortitude.

Donald Vaughan
Greenacres, Florida

STAMPING OUT SIN

Once again, PLAYBOY or, in this case, The Playboy Channel is being blamed for all the evils in American society. Last January, a group of clergymen and residents told the Virginia Beach city council that rape, incest and moral perversion have increased because of The Playboy Channel on Cox Cable Television.

The antisex arguments ignore the fact that The Playboy Channel is an extra-cost option in Virginia Beach, is scrambled in homes that do not choose to subscribe and even then is broadcast only after eight P.M. In short, it is not available in homes that do not want it.

Every individual should decide what television programming and entertainment he wants in his own home. I have chosen to subscribe to The Playboy Channel, and while I do not watch much of its programming, I do find some of the news and entertainment specials a refreshing alternative to the drivel that the three major networks aim at the prepubescent mind.

We must maintain our right to individual choice. When we let a minority push its views to the point where we lose freedom of choice within our own homes, we have taken a sorry step back from the values of individual rights that Americans have so long cherished.

Don Eisenstein

Virginia Beach, Virginia

Was an extra-cost option in Virginia Beach. Stand by while we borrow an idea from Jesse Helms and seize control of the city council.

Since the fundamentalist-preaching community considers PLAYBOY an agent of the Devil, I thought you might be able to help me. I've given the matter a lot of thought and have decided to trade my immortal soul for a lifetime of earthly bliss. Yes, I am ready to make a deal with the Devil. The only catch is that so far, I haven't been able to contact Lucifer in order to negotiate the terms. The next time you hear from the Prince of Darkness, please be kind enough to tell him of my interest. Thank you for your consideration.

Beverly Anne Wasielewsky
Chicago, Illinois

To reach Satan, you'll probably have to track down someone like Billy James Hargis, whose Christian Crusade suffered a setback when he was tempted into porking both male and female students at his church college in Tulsa a few years ago. Once you're in touch, let us know and we'll refer you to some pretty good attorneys.

INSIDE LOOKING OUT

During the past ten years, with the help of thousands of citizens recruited partly through the Playboy Foundation and PLAYBOY, Prison Pen Pals has served more

than 500,000 persons in and out of prison.

To celebrate our tenth birthday this year, we are organizing as a nonprofit corporation. We moved our main office to San Diego and established a volunteer office in Fort Lauderdale, with Joy Perry operating that end of it. We counted our volunteers across the nation and found 687 persons directly involved as supporters. We enlisted the help of 54 prominent Americans as an advisory board. We also established 62 regional volunteer-network consultant agencies that serve inmates on release as well as those still in prison.

Without the encouragement and support of the Playboy Foundation and PLAYBOY, we would have never lasted ten years, much less grown to such exciting proportions.

However, the problem remains. We get far more prisoner mail than citizen correspondents. A lot of people are afraid of convicts, and rightly so. But there can be a very satisfying reward to people who enter a writing relationship. We provide a set of guidelines and lists of prisoners seeking mail to anyone who asks. (It helps if a volunteer sends a self-addressed, stamped envelope, because we have no funds for postage.)

The bottom line is that I believe that Prison Pen Pals has made life safer in America for all of us by linking lonely, frustrated inmates with citizens who care.

Lou Torok, Founder and Director
Prison Pen Pals
Box 82188
San Diego, California 92138

FRIENDLY SUGGESTION

With regard to "Colonel Colt" in the March *Playboy Forum*, the man from New York sounds typical of the majority who want to feel safe from the nuts who prey on the weak. I'd like to suggest that he move to Texas and buy a larger caliber.

Lee Gooch
Houston, Texas

I enjoy the good-natured bantering and foolishness in which the editors indulge themselves in *The Playboy Forum*, but it took me a moment to realize that your impertinent advice to the pistol-toting man from New York City to "come to [his] humanitarian senses, lay down [his] arms and no longer constitute a threat to the local muggers" was just kidding . . . right?

C. G. Ormsby
San Bernardino, California

Right. And that editor has been asked to please step down as chairman of the More Bullets for Bernie ammunition fund.

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



Visit our old-time distillery anytime. We'd love to show you how we make Jack Daniel's Whiskey.

A GOOD PLACE to learn about Jack Daniel's Whiskey is on the courthouse bench in Lynchburg, Tennessee.

It's a subject our citizens are particularly fond of discussing. You see, this is the home of Jack Daniel's Distillery. And here, in these Tennessee hills and hollows, is where Mr. Jack started making whiskey in 1866. Our citizens will tell you how we've never changed his old-time methods. A sip, we believe, and you'll know why we never will.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

WHY YOU SHOULD CONSIDER SPENDING \$1000 FOR A NEW FISHER HIGH FIDELITY VIDEO RECORDER.

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Before you can record "off the air" with a video recorder, you have to capture the broadcast signal and hold it firmly in place.

That's why the heart of the new Fisher FVH-840 High Fidelity Video Recorder is a Quartz Synthesized Digital Stereo Tuner. It is practically identical to the tuner in our \$1000 High Fidelity Television Receiver, and borrows its advanced technology from our top-end FM-stereo audio tuners.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN HUSTON

a candid conversation with the writer-director about real men and real movies—from bogart in “maltese falcon” to nicholson in “prizzi’s honor”

There’s trouble in paradise as John Huston looks up at the sky again and sees no sign of rain. He has been living in Las Caletas, Mexico, which is south of Puerto Vallarta and reachable only by boat, for ten years, and when the rains don’t come, the wells dry up and there’s no running water. His hacking, recurring cough expresses his displeasure.

The short-wave connection to his secretary in Puerto Vallarta is not coming through, and when it finally does, he’s told that Maricela, the young woman who is both companion and caretaker, missed her flight and won’t be back until tomorrow. So even here, where pelicans float on the sea and iguanas rest on boulders, it’s beyond snafu (situation normal, all fucked up), at tarfu (things are really fucked up) and closing in on fubar (fucked up beyond any recognition)—favorite expressions of Huston’s—but that’s OK with him.

He would probably scoff at being called a national treasure, but if John Huston doesn’t fit the cliché, no one in America does. As writer, director and actor, he has been a force in our culture for more than four decades, from his first hyphenated credit as writer-director of the 1941 remake of “The Maltese Falcon” to his recently released and highly charged Mafia black comedy, “Prizzi’s

Honor,” starring Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner and his daughter Anjelica.

Over his long life, Huston has lived in New York, Arizona, California, France, England, Africa, Ireland and now Mexico, which has always fascinated him. In 1948, he wrote and directed “The Treasure of the Sierra Madre” there and received separate Oscars as director and screenwriter. Nearly two decades after that, he decided to film Tennessee Williams’ “The Night of the Iguana” in Puerto Vallarta and helped turn a sleepy village of 2500 into a bustling tourist attraction of 80,000.

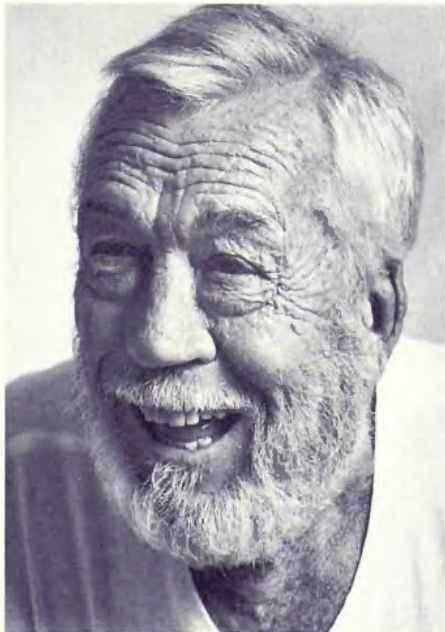
Huston is one of the last of a breed of rugged individualists who had enough talent and courage to carve out a life that reads a lot like an overblown Kipling story. Born in Nevada, Missouri, in 1906, Huston has been a semipro boxer, painter, writer of fiction and screenplays, big-game hunter, actor, director, horseman, great drinker, womanizer, husband (five times), father (of five children, one adopted), animal lover, architect, storyteller, narrator and, at appropriate times, the voices of Noah and God.

He has dared to adapt such great works of literature as Melville’s “Moby Dick,” Kipling’s “The Man Who Would Be King,” Stephen Crane’s “The Red Badge of Courage”

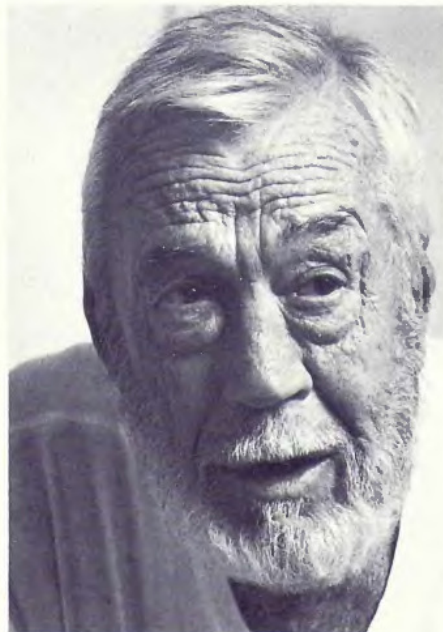
and Flannery O’Connor’s “Wise Blood” and turned B. Traven’s “The Treasure of the Sierra Madre,” C. S. Forester’s “The African Queen,” Dashiell Hammett’s “The Maltese Falcon,” W. R. Burnett’s “The Asphalt Jungle,” Arthur Miller’s “The Misfits” and Carson McCullers’ “Reflections in a Golden Eye” into some of the most memorable stories ever put onto film.

It was his father, actor Walter Huston, who not only encouraged him to direct but showed him the fundamentals of drama when he took his son to the 1923 Dempsey-Firpo heavy-weight-championship fight at the Polo Grounds. Dempsey was, to the 17-year-old Huston, a god. “Nobody in my lifetime has ever had such glory about him. He walked in a nimbus.” When the fight started, he dropped the much larger Firpo in the first 15 seconds. Firpo got up, went down, got up, went down again—and the crowd went crazy. Then, incredibly, Firpo threw a mighty punch that sent Dempsey through the ropes. Huston thought it was over, but Dempsey got back in and knocked Firpo down at the bell. In the second round, Dempsey won the fight and young John learned a lesson in courage and drama he would always remember.

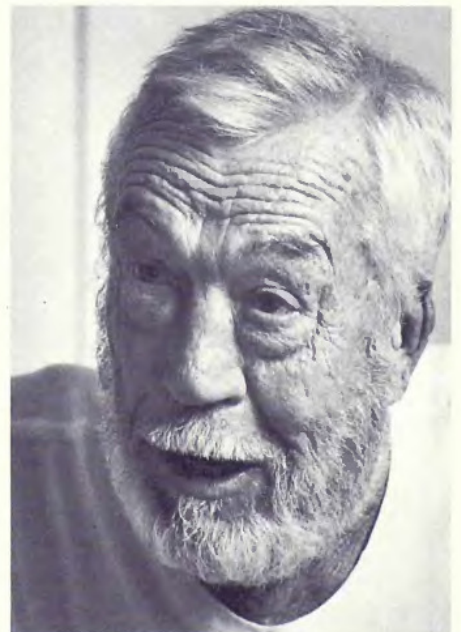
As a fighter himself, Huston won his 140-pound division at Lincoln Heights High



“Then the breeze changed and our scent drifted and hell broke loose. There were elephants going by like train engines. You must not run under those circumstances, because that only confuses the elephants.”



“I’ve delighted in the women I have known, been married to and been in love with. It’s really gone to make a very good life. I regret that I wasn’t constituted, as some men are, to stay with one woman.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

“It’s amazing that pictures ever get made—and a bad picture, with no qualifications whatever, can get made as readily as something like ‘Terms of Endearment,’ which was turned down by every studio in town.”

School in Los Angeles and then boxed in clubs for five dollars a fight, winning 23 of 25 bouts, until he discovered painting and enrolled in the Smith School of Art. Painting has remained a passion, but it was the theater that enthralled him. His mother, a journalist, and his father had divorced, but Walter Huston kept in touch with his son—and passed along a love for the theater.

In 1924, John acted for the first time with the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village. He married his first sweetheart, Dorothy Harvey, and they lived in Malibu, broke but happy; Huston returned to the ring to pick up some cash. His career lasted one bout, in which he was pummeled so hard that he decided to return to the haven of the arts.

His mother had smuggled a copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses" into the country, and it affected Huston in much the same way as Dempsey's flattening Firpo. He tried his hand at writing stories. One, called "Fool," was accepted by American Mercury.

He became a journalist, working for the New York Daily Graphic, then wrote a play for marionettes and acted in a short film called "Two Americans" in 1929. When his friend Herman Shulín (who had directed "Grand Hotel") suggested he go to Hollywood as a contract writer for Sam Goldwyn, Huston gave up journalism and crossed the country once again.

Although he wrote a few scripts ("A House Divided," "Law and Order," "Murders in the Rue Morgue"), his first experience in Hollywood was disappointing. His marriage dissolved when his wife discovered he was having an affair. He had a car accident in which he ran over and killed a girl crossing the street. Shaken, he took an offer to write scripts in London and moved to England.

The job proved to be a bust, and Huston soon found himself sleeping in London parks and singing cowboy songs in the streets. Twenty-eight and penniless, he returned to the States, where he fell in love with an Irish girl named Lesley Black. They married and went to Hollywood, where Huston was asked by his friend William Wyler to doctor a script he had been writing called "Jezebel."

Next, Huston wrote "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" for Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart, collaborated on "Juarez" for Paul Muni and moved to the San Fernando Valley, where he designed his first house. He wrote "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet" in 1940, and his screenplay was nominated for an Oscar. He then wrote "Sergeant York" for Warner Bros., followed by "High Sierra" and then by his directorial debut, "The Maltese Falcon."

Before Bogart's death in 1957, Huston directed him in five other films: "Across the Pacific," "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre," "Key Largo," "The African Queen" and "Beat the Devil."

The outbreak of the Second World War coincided with the breakup of Huston's second marriage, coming soon after he and his wife had lost their daughter, born prematurely. He accepted a commission as a lieutenant in the U.S. Army Signal Corps, and

between 1943 and 1946, he made three of the most powerful and controversial war documentaries: "Report from the Aleutians," "The Battle of San Pietro" and "Let There Be Light." The effect of the "San Pietro" documentary was so vivid, its depiction of war so bitter, that it was classified as secret by the War Department; it took a direct order by General George C. Marshall to override the classification. And it wasn't until January 1981 that Walter Mondale, as Vice-President, got "Let There Be Light" released.

By the war's end, Huston had fallen in love with a married woman, Marietta Fitzgerald. While waiting for her to leave her husband, he met actress Evelyn Keyes, who proposed to him at a restaurant. Ever the gentleman, Huston accepted and they flew to Vegas to marry that night.

During the McCarthy era, Huston helped form a group called the Committee for the First Amendment, which was falsely described as a Communist-front organization. Disgusted with the politics of the time, Huston left the country to make "The African Queen," "Moulin Rouge" and "Beat the Devil." He eventually found a haven in

"What the hell. You can have a heart attack in the Beverly Hills Hotel and be dead before you get to the ambulance."

Ireland; he bought an estate in Galway and became a fox-hunting gentleman farmer. By then, he was married to his fourth wife, Enrica "Ricki" Soma. In 1964, he became an Irish citizen. Eleven years after that, ever restless, he moved to Mexico.

To find out more about this legendary man, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (who has conducted "Playboy Interviews" with two actors who have worked for Huston, Marlon Brando and George C. Scott) to Las Caletas for a week of intensive conversations. Grobel's report:

"It shouldn't be easy getting to see John Huston and, by God, it isn't. After the flight to Puerto Vallarta, it's a 20-kilometer drive along a narrow road between the mountains and the sea to an unpaved, rocky turn-off at a place called Boca de Tomatlán. José, Huston's boatman, was waiting by his ponga. A washing machine was already in the boat, being transported to Huston's coastal hide-away, and José suggested that I sit behind it as we made our way through choppy seas.

"When I realized that it wasn't secured, the trip became a ride of terror; the machine slid from side to side as we plowed through the waves, and I feared being crushed to death by an errant washing machine.

"The sun was bright, the weather warm, the sky blue and unpolluted. The huge boulders that make up the shore line of the Mexican Pacific are scarred as if sliced by the ax of

some angry Mexican god, and the jungle glowers behind the shore.

"The house Huston lives in is a simple one: An arched trellis provides shade over the path to the house, which consists of living room, bedroom and bathroom. A satellite dish and a short-wave radio provide him with all the contact with the outside world he needs. In his bedroom, books and scripts cover his large bed; vials of pills line the top of the bookcase.

"Although racked by emphysema and worn down by heart surgery, he is still a vigorous, unvanquished man whose life force is strong. He takes a daily morning swim in the sea, works a full day and reads long into the night. He was a gracious host, conscientious, thoughtful, insightful. I liked him enormously."

PLAYBOY: Coming to Puerto Vallarta to interview you is an adventure in itself.

HUSTON: Well, this is the most primitive home I have ever had, with the jungle at my back and the ocean a few steps from my house. No running water, either. It hasn't rained in more than three months, so the spring has run dry. You get used to it. It's a hell of a lot better than living in Bel Air, which is the kind of life I can least imagine myself living—where if your neighbor has a Colonial mansion, you have a Swiss chalet and, depending on how rich you are, you live north or south of Sunset Boulevard. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: At least in Bel Air, you could get help in an emergency. You're 79 years old and an hour's boat ride away from a hospital. Doesn't that concern you?

HUSTON: Not an hour; it's a day from anywhere, because the hospital in Puerto Vallarta is not what I would call space-age outfitted. But what the hell. If you think like that, you can have a heart attack in the Beverly Hills Hotel and be dead before you get to the ambulance—which is how my father died.

PLAYBOY: What kind of shape are you in?

HUSTON: I'm in terrible shape. I've got emphysema as bad as you can have it. A flight of steps is a short climb up Mount Everest for me. I went to Mexico City, where the smog is ten times as bad as in Los Angeles, and, Christ, I didn't think I could make it to the curb.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss Ireland?

HUSTON: Yes. It was wonderful; I loved it.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave?

HUSTON: Two reasons. When I went to Ireland, it was one of the cheaper places in Europe to live. But prices kept going up, salaries kept rising, until today it's one of the most expensive countries. The other big consideration was the hunting, which was a strenuous sport. I was joint master of the Galway Blazers for ten years. But when I couldn't hunt any longer, those two things just decided it for me. But it was one of the best periods of my life.

PLAYBOY: Are you still an Irish citizen?

HUSTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other locations for which you feel nostalgia?

HUSTON: I liked Africa, but a lot of the

places that I've been to are quite impossible today. When I was in Africa to shoot *The African Queen*, for instance, there was no conflict, the people were friendly and hospitable, and you felt perfectly safe in places that now no one dares mention, such as the backwaters of Uganda, where you can get killed. It's hard to imagine those gentle, delightful people, who were very well governed, by the way. . . . I was, and theoretically still am, against colonialism, but, my God, they were a lot better off under the English.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that when your expatriate life began—with *The African Queen*?

HUSTON: Well, I didn't exactly pack my bags and leave America. It's just that I had one son, my wife was going to have another baby, and since I had to cut that movie in England, I took them all over. Then came the idea of doing *Moulin Rouge*, so I went to France, and after that came *Beat the Devil*. During that time, I would go over to Ireland for hunting weekends. It was something I had never experienced before, the best hunting in the world. That led me to rent a house in Ireland.

PLAYBOY: There's lots to talk about—writing, directing, acting, your rich personal life—but since you mentioned it, *The African Queen* seems as good a place as any to begin. What memories do you have of that location—of Katharine Hepburn and your friend Humphrey Bogart?

HUSTON: We had some funny encounters in Africa. To start out with, we had talked with a local king who said that his people would be villagers for us, but when the time came, no one showed up. So we drove a considerable distance to this king's native village. I said, "Why aren't the people coming?" He said, "They are afraid you are going to eat them." I said, "Oh, no, we wouldn't dream of doing anything like that." By that time, there was quite an audience of villagers around us, and he asked for volunteers. Two of the bravest men I have encountered held up their hands. Just two. So we took them back with us, wine and dined them and drove them back to their village. The next morning, they all came. They call it the Third World, but, my God, Africa was the 97th world! It was so far removed from our awareness, there was no basis for comparison.

PLAYBOY: The stories about that film are that Hepburn was very much put off by you and Bogart and the project in general. Just how skeptical was she at first?

HUSTON: Extremely. Katie was born suspicious, and she had great reservations regarding me that she was in no pains to conceal. She knew that both Bogart and I were wastrels, but Katie has a weakness for wastrels. Spencer Tracy was also one. But we put it on for her. We pretended to be even bigger wastrels than we were.

PLAYBOY: How?

HUSTON: By writing dirty things on her mirror in soap—childish things that shocked her. She always rose to the bait. She was suspicious of my advice as a

director and wasn't sure how she was going to play her character in the film. I advised her to play her as a lady rather than a shrew. She said, "What lady?" I said, "Eleanor Roosevelt." That made sense to her, and her performance thereafter was everything I had ever hoped for.

PLAYBOY: Did you become close?

HUSTON: I don't think I was ever closer to anybody than I was to Katie out there. Not in a romantic way; there was only one man in her life, and there was no room for anybody but Spence.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a story about the two of you getting caught in the middle of a herd of elephants?

HUSTON: Well, that was a bad moment. I used to go out shooting in the morning to get game for the pot. It was always in my mind to get a really impressive trophy, a big tusk. There was a book written about my quest for a big elephant, but I never shot one. I wouldn't commit the sin—not the crime but the sin—of shooting an elephant unless the reward were sufficiently handsome. I wanted nothing less than 100 kilos in the way of a trophy. Anyway, Katie took a very dim view of my shooting. She said, "John, this just doesn't go with the rest of your character. You're not a murderer, and yet you shoot these beautiful animals." I said, "Katie, you can't really understand unless you come with me and experience it." So she did, and from that day on, Katie was a veritable Diana of the hunt. We shot antelope, waterbuck. You couldn't restrain her. She would come into my cabin and wake me before dawn to get in an hour of shooting before we started work on the picture. One of those mornings, there were elephant signs. It was a very heavy forest in Uganda, and we worked very carefully down wind. All of a sudden, there was a very loud growl, which was the elephant's insides digesting, about five feet away. We froze, of course, and the elephant didn't know we were there. But then the breeze changed and our scent drifted and hell broke loose. There were elephants going by like train engines. You must not run under those circumstances, because that only confuses the elephants, which are trying to get away from you. But if they're confused, they're likely to pick you up and throw you away for good. I turned and looked at Katie, who had my light rifle up to her shoulder. She was going to go down like the heroine she is. Fortunately, those locomotives all went by us, and I breathed very deeply and wiped the sweat off my brow. Katie wasn't shaken by the experience. I was profoundly shaken. It was a hell of a note, my taking my star out, submitting her to that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: You once nearly did away with the picture's other star, too, didn't you?

HUSTON: Yes, in Italy, just before we began shooting *Beat the Devil*. There was an element of absurdity about that whole experience. I found myself in Rome with the company, the crew—everything but a

script. It was no spot to be in. I said to Bogey, "Let's forget the whole thing." He surprised me very much, saying, "John, it's only money." Then he and I got a chauffeur-driven car to go to Naples, and at a fork in the road, the driver couldn't make up his mind and went straight ahead through a stone wall. I was sitting in the front seat and braced myself, but Bogey was asleep in the back seat. His teeth had been knocked out; he had bitten through his tongue. We got him to a hospital and had to wait ten days for his bridge to be duplicated and sent over.

PLAYBOY: You say you were stuck without a script. How did you come up with one?

HUSTON: I met a young man named Truman Capote on the street in Rome and asked him if he could help us out. He said sure. He was an extraordinary little man who had the courage and the determination of a lion. We worked on the script together. We had been writing feverishly for a few days when his face got swollen to half again its size. He had an impacted wisdom tooth. So I called an ambulance and we took him to the hospital; and that night, pages came back to me from the hospital. That was typical of Truman.

PLAYBOY: When you have your writer's hat on, how do you work with a collaborator?

HUSTON: As a rule, I write a scene and the other person writes a scene; then he takes mine and I take his and we rewrite.

PLAYBOY: How good a screenwriter do you think you are?

HUSTON: I think I am one of the best.

PLAYBOY: Are there many others?

HUSTON: There aren't many. Ingmar Bergman. Robert Bolt writes beautifully for the screen. Screenwriting is such a very special branch of literature. In some ways, it's closer to the poetic form than it is to the dramatic. A lot of book writers think that they write down to an audience if they do a motion-picture script.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of writing up or down to your audience, it seems as if some of your latest films, such as *Under the Volcano* and *Wise Blood*, have been smaller, more personal than the adventure films for which you're famous—*The Maltese Falcon*, *The African Queen*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The Man Who Would Be King*. Why have you gone in this direction?

HUSTON: Nothing conscious about it. I don't think of those films as art films, nor do I think of adventure as something that simply implies action or exploit. The consul in *Volcano*, played by Albert Finney, is an adventurer. *Volcano* is an adventure of the mind, of the soul.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, these films are different in appeal. Is that what interests you more now?

HUSTON: No, there's no design in any of this. My new movie, *Prizzi's Honor*, is not a small film. But, yes, I am less concerned with having to make a buck.

PLAYBOY: In writing about *Under the Volcano*, *The New York Times* called you a "bold visionary." Are you?

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HUSTON: I'm a bold visionary with other people's work. I haven't originated my films in any true sense. As for the acting, that is largely the work of the artists themselves. Just as I had done with many other actors, I often said to Albert Finney and the others, "Work something out; I'll leave you alone." I'd leave them for an hour or two and they'd come up with something.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a favorite expression of yours—"Work something out"?

HUSTON: Yes. And if they are the right people playing the part, what they choose to do is right, as a rule, and that's a great help. It's a practice of mine to get as much out of the actor as I can, rather than to impose myself upon his performance.

PLAYBOY: But what happens when you ask your actors to come up with something and they can't—or when a scene isn't working, no matter what you do?

HUSTON: You go back to the sources, to the writing. You may even discover that the scene isn't needed and can be dropped; that's happened a time or two. I'll give you a very good example: I had such a scene in *The Night of the Iguana*. The dialog and the situation were good, but for some reason, the scene wasn't coming off. It was between Richard Burton and the young girl, Sue Lyon. He's in his room at that hotel in Puerto Barrio, and she comes to see him surreptitiously. She wants him to make love to her and he resists. He's shaving, there is a whiskey bottle on a shelf,

and they have this dialog that doesn't work.

Well, Tennessee Williams was down there on the set, and I said to him, "I'm having trouble with this; see if you can do anything about it." He had it for me the next morning. What he had done with it made it perhaps the best scene in the picture: When she comes in, instead of dialog, her very appearance startles him and he bumps against the shelf and the whiskey bottle falls off and breaks on the floor. He's barefoot. He begins to tell her why they must not make love and, in talking, he walks up and down, the broken glass cutting his feet. She watches him become a kind of martyr with fascination; then she takes off her shoes and joins him in his martyrdom, cutting her own feet as their dialog is played over that. I think that's a striking example of the answer to your question.

PLAYBOY: Yet Williams wasn't happy with the way you ended *Iguana*, was he?

HUSTON: We talked a lot about the finish of the picture and disagreed on it. The most amusing character in the play was the one played by Ava Gardner, who had the most penetrating remarks. Yet, in the end, he wanted her to be a female spider. But he himself had written her sympathetically, and it seemed to me he was pulling back his sympathy at the end. He resisted the finish as we had written it for the screen but couldn't come up with anything as good. He just wanted to make the Ava Gardner

character consuming and destructive. Finally, I said, "Tennessee, I think you've got it in for women; you don't want to see a man and a woman in a love relationship, and that's at the bottom of it." He didn't contest that; he just thought about it and stopped arguing. Yet years later, in London at a luncheon party, the last thing he ever said to me, just before he left, was, "John, I still don't agree with you about the finish. I think that finish was a mistake."

PLAYBOY: Was Williams a genius?

HUSTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What is a genius?

HUSTON: Someone who sees things in a way that illuminates them and enables you to see things in a different way.

PLAYBOY: How many have you known?

HUSTON: Well, one knows men of genius only through their work. I'd say Williams; Eugene O'Neill; Manzù, the sculptor; Henry Moore, the sculptor; Mark Rothko, the painter; Henri Cartier-Bresson; in a funny way, Robert Capa, the photographer; Ernest Hemingway; William Faulkner; Dashiell Hammett; Marlon Brando. I've seen flashes of it in others: Bergman; Vittorio De Sica; Akira Kurosawa.

PLAYBOY: Brando is the only actor you include. What about some of his peers from the old days, such as Montgomery Clift and James Dean?

HUSTON: Clift and Dean were in the same league, but Brando was something else entirely. Brando had an explosive thing;

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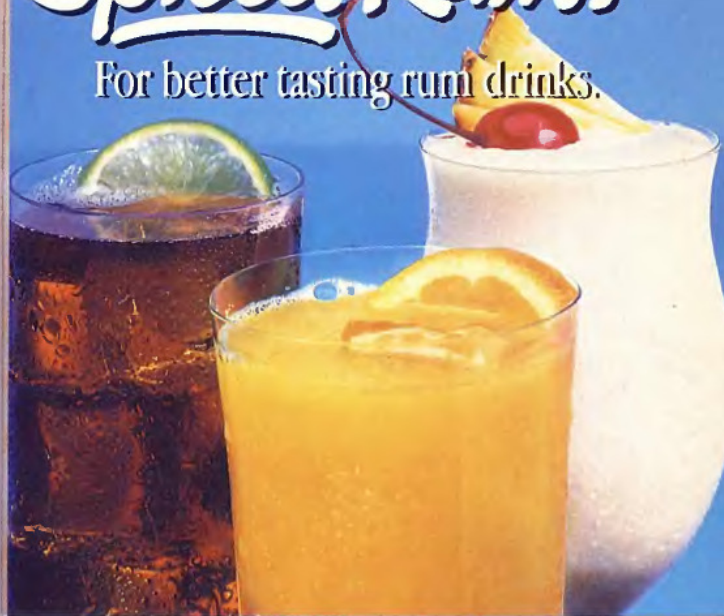


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you felt something smoldering, dangerous, about to ignite at times. Did you see *Julius Caesar*? Christ! I will never forget that; it was like a furnace door opening—the heat came off the screen. I don't know another actor who could do that.

PLAYBOY: You directed him in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. What comes to mind?

HUSTON: An extraordinary, amazing actor. If you remember the scene where he talks about the Army, standing at the mantelpiece, it's a long speech and he fiddles with a candle. Well, he did it, and after the first time, I could have said, "That's it," as I often do; but knowing Marlon and the way he works, I said, "Let's do it again." We did it three times, and each time was different; any of them could have been used!

In another scene, he gives a lecture on leadership to a class as his wife is in the background, on horseback, with the man she was having an affair with. He did that completely differently two or three times. I've never seen any other actor do that.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Brando's disdain for his profession is real?

HUSTON: Yes, I think it's real, though he takes his acting very seriously. He is not a dilettante in that sense. I'm not sure that he felt about acting the way Laurence Olivier does, or John Gielgud, or those who are dedicated to the art of acting. His doing a season at Stratford is beyond one's imagination. But, God knows, he is a fine actor and a very intelligent man. I don't

know whether Brando has done some of the things he has simply because of the money, but I can't imagine him being bad in anything, though I think the worst thing I ever saw Brando do was *Apocalypse Now*, which was just dreadful—the finish of that picture. The model for it, *Heart of Darkness*, has no finish, either, and the movie-makers just didn't find one. It's very good for a picture to have an ending before you start shooting. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Of your several careers, when did you start thinking of yourself as a writer?

HUSTON: H. L. Mencken, the legendary editor of *American Mercury*, accepted a short story I'd written called *Fool* in 1929. It was the first time anybody had ever published anything of mine. I can't begin to describe the importance Mencken had in my young manhood. He was the most prestigious figure in this country, as far as I was concerned; the arbiter of taste and judgment as the editor of the finest magazine. When his letter came saying he wished to publish my story, why, that was a high moment in my life.

PLAYBOY: Soon after that, you became a reporter for the New York *Daily Graphic*. Did you like being a journalist?

HUSTON: No, I was the world's worst reporter. There was a night city editor who hated my guts. He would fire me and the day city editor would hire me back. I was hired and fired three or four times. All my sympathies, by the way, are with the night

city editor. He was quite correct. The thing that finally brought about my separation from the paper forever happened when I was sent to cover a murder in a tobacco factory in New Jersey. One of the workers had killed another one, and I got my notes mixed up and had the owner of the factory down as the murderer. That ended my career as a newspaperman.

PLAYBOY: And when did your career as a director begin?

HUSTON: Let's see: I was a boxer while I was in high school, and I was also going to the Art Students League in California; I had a half notion that I'd be a painter and a half notion I might have the makings of a welterweight champion. Then I went to New York on a visit to my father, whom I wasn't living with. I had only seen him in vaudeville, not in the New York theater. He was in *Desire Under the Elms*. That's when I met O'Neill. I was about 17, and it influenced me enormously, seeing one of the great American plays come together.

Anyway, some years later, when I had had some success as a writer in Hollywood, my father asked me to direct him in a play, *A Passenger to Bali*. I'd never directed, of course. I'm trying to remember whether I had ever expressed the desire to direct. . . . No, it was his idea, as I recall. The play had a modest success, but it confirmed my desire to become a director.

PLAYBOY: So the credit goes to your father?

HUSTON: Yes, yes.

PLAYBOY: But how did you get your chance to direct—getting as your first movie a small property called *The Maltese Falcon*?

HUSTON: It came from my being a writer first. My standing as a writer was quite high at Warner's; and after I had adapted *High Sierra*, my agent had it written into my contract that if they took up my option, they'd let me direct a picture. When it came time, Henry Blanke, who was a producer at Warner Bros. and a man of great taste and discrimination, became something of a champion of mine, and he backed me up. When I said I wanted to direct *The Maltese Falcon*, the studio heads were astonished and delighted, because they owned it. It had been a bad picture twice before, but it makes sense to remake a bad picture.

PLAYBOY: George Raft was Warner's first choice to star, not Bogart. Had he made it, would it have been—

HUSTON: Not nearly as good. I couldn't have been more pleased when Raft turned it down.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea that you were making a film classic?

HUSTON: I knew it was a marvelous book. Hammett is one of the great American writers, a great stylist.

PLAYBOY: Did you cast the picture yourself?

HUSTON: Yes. Just think of a completely inexperienced director's bringing Sydney Greenstreet out from New York. They gave me the actors I wanted. Being in charge of my own casting has allowed me not to have to do as much directing through the years. If the actors aren't right, then you have to direct and conceal that fact.

PLAYBOY: Casting your father in another picture, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, was apparently a right decision.

HUSTON: Yes. [Laughs] He got the Academy Award for it; I regard that film with great sentiment. And since I learned a lot about direction from seeing my father work, it was very gratifying.

PLAYBOY: Were you close to your father?

HUSTON: I didn't see a great deal of him until I was about 15 years old. I had merely been told by my mother that he was an actor, which meant he was away. Then I remember my mother's saying they were getting a divorce. I stayed with my mother and my grandmother. But every month, he would write a letter and send money. Every year or two, they would send me to see him; and because I saw him so infrequently, he would put himself out, so it was always a very pleasant relationship. And since he had never played a father, he never assumed that role with me. We were more like brothers or good friends. He was a great companion; he loved great humor. I've never laughed with anyone else as much as I did with him.

PLAYBOY: What was your mother like?

HUSTON: Nervous . . . very active . . . smoked. When I say nervous, I mean tending toward the neurotic. She was bet-

ter with animals than with people. She liked excitement. Still, I was closer to her than to my father, closer to the women in my family.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us of a story we read about your mother's leaving you with your nursemaid when you were a boy. . . .

HUSTON: Oh, yes, I know what you're talking about. I was very young, maybe five or six, and my mother was working and left me alone with this nursemaid. I lay on the bed with her, and somehow her dresses got up and her behind was bare, and I fiddled with her behind and thought it was marvelous. I thoroughly approved of it. I remember my mother coming to the front door, but I didn't tell her what had happened. There was some sense that I should keep this very strictly to myself, looking forward to further exploration.

PLAYBOY: And?

HUSTON: Unfortunately, the nursemaid disappeared from our lives almost immediately. [Laughs] But from that time on, I was trying to get little girls to show me their genitals.

PLAYBOY: So you were advanced sexually?

HUSTON: I don't know about that. I was comparatively late in having any coitus. I was about 15 or 16; it was with a girl I met in the park. My mother was away, and I took her to my bedroom and pulled the shade down. My mother later noticed that the shade was down and asked me if I had been home during the afternoon. I confessed ignorance of that mystery.

PLAYBOY: You must have made up for your ignorance by the time you got through school. There's another story we seem to remember involving you, a lady and a commission in the Mexican army—all before you were 20.

HUSTON: Oh . . . that was when I first came down to Mexico. I loved horses and there was a well-known teacher of dressage in Mexico, and I thought if I could get down here, maybe I could get lessons from him. I had jumped horses, but I had never done dressage. I found the man, who was a colonel in the Mexican army, and he gave me lessons at a stable in Mexico City. We became friends. I didn't have much money, and one day, the colonel said, "Look, you don't have to pay me for the dressage lessons anymore; why don't I just give you an honorary commission so you can ride horses and go to the officers' mess and not have to pay the expenses?" Well, that sounded good, and that's what I did.

The whole scene in Mexico and the army around that time was pretty abandoned. I became a kind of a Mexican-army pet, a mascot. It was a crazy country, much more so than now. I had never seen an outdoor swimming pool owned by an individual, and one night, a powerful bureaucrat named José Avelleneda, who later became secretary of the treasury, invited a group of us to his house in the country, and he had an outdoor swimming pool—and he had it full of whores, without any clothes on. He had brought them

out for our visit. We dived right in. Life was a constant revel.

PLAYBOY: And what happened with the woman—and a supposed duel?

HUSTON: That was just an absurd thing. There was a count from South Africa whose main claim to glory was that he had lured Mata Hari, the German spy, over the Spanish border into France to be shot. That was his demonstration of patriotism. He was in hot pursuit of the wife of an American I got to know. She was afraid to tell her husband about the count, but she wanted him warned off. So I undertook to do it. There was a quarrel, we scuffled, were separated and he said, "I will meet you in an hour, where I will kill you."

I hurried downtown, where guns could be bought without a license. I wasn't an expert with handguns at all, so I bought the one with the longest barrel and took up my position, behind a tree, well before the stroke of the hour. I was going to shoot him as he turned the corner, aim the gun like a rifle and just shoot him [laughs]—so there would be no question of the outcome. Well, the count didn't turn the corner; my mother did! She had come down a few weeks earlier, had heard about the duel and had come to disarm me. And that was the end of that.

PLAYBOY: That's not the only time you've been involved with guns and a ladyfriend. We're thinking of the filming of *Moulin Rouge* in Paris, in 1952, and the actress Suzanne Flon.

HUSTON: That happened on Bastille Day. I had been with Aly Khan, Zsa Zsa Gabor, José Ferrer and Suzanne Flon. Afterward, I took Suzanne home in a taxi, and when the taxi door opened, somebody came in and belted me—hit me two or three times before I knew what was happening. I got out of the cab and the man disappeared through an archway. I followed and he came down some steps with a pistol, which he pointed at me. I went toward him and he pulled the trigger, and I heard the pistol click and decided it wasn't loaded. The taxi driver and a bystander got between us, and Suzanne kept begging me to leave, so I did. But he had bruised me around the eyes and I had to put on some dark glasses. He was in love with her; he was jealous and he had been waiting to see who was taking her home.

Well, I found out where he lived, and I had a kind of goon in the company who I asked to come with me, since I knew he had a gun. I knocked on his door and he opened it, and I hit the door hard enough to knock him back, then proceeded to kick the shit out of him. He couldn't fight; he tried to kick me in the balls, so I gave him a little extra punishment for that. [Laughs] I was still angry at this son of a bitch. Then he began to beg, saying he had loved her for so many years and so on, and there was a knock at the door—the gendarmes. We answered, said it was just a friendly scuffle—he was bleeding from his nose and mouth. [Laughs] I said, "Let me see your



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gun," and he brought it; it was only a .22, but you can kill somebody with a .22. I took the clip out of the gun and, son of a bitch, the round had misfired.

PLAYBOY: Was Suzanne worth getting killed over?

HUSTON: She was the most extraordinary woman I have ever known.

PLAYBOY: Another, more publicized altercation was an hourlong fistfight you had with Errol Flynn. How serious was that?

HUSTON: He went to one hospital and I went to another. [Laughs] To reduce the publicity.

PLAYBOY: You didn't say in your memoirs why you had that fight, but other sources say it was over a remark Flynn had made about Olivia de Havilland.

HUSTON: I've never said that.

PLAYBOY: Still, it seems as if you feel a man needs to test his courage with an occasional fight. True?

HUSTON: It depends on how severe the test. I think it's of primary importance in the make-up of a man, the part that courage plays in his character. It's happened to me frequently. Let's say that I've been able to conceal from others the anxiety that I felt at the time. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: That's straight out of Hemingway—whom you sparred with, correct?

HUSTON: I had been told by someone that Hemingway had his doubts about me as a boxer. I'd been on the boat with Papa in Cuba—I think I began calling him Papa at that time—and instead of swimming directly to shore, he took a long walk instead. That evening, we had some cocktails and we were at his house and I said, "Have you got some gloves here, Papa?" And he said yes, and I said, "Let's put them on; I just want to see what your style is." He said, "You have longer arms and you're supposed to be a good boxer; you wouldn't stay out there and jab my face, jab my nose, would you?" And I said, "No, no, I wouldn't do anything like that." I meant it.

Well, Papa went into the other room with [writer] Peter Viertel, saying, "I'm gonna cool the son of a bitch." But Mary, his wife, said to me, "John, don't box with him, please; he has been having trouble with his heart; that's why he walked in today and didn't swim. No one is supposed to know that, but, please, don't box him." When he came out, I said, "Let's forget it," and that was the end of that.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider working with him in any way?

HUSTON: I was going to do a picture of Hemingway's at one time and the idea was for him to do a voice-over, a foreword to it, but it was impossible. His voice had a funny lack of expression in it.

PLAYBOY: Does anyone today remind you of Hemingway?

HUSTON: I'll tell you the actor who looks more like him than anybody else but doesn't resemble him in any other way: Burt Reynolds. He could be his brother.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Heming-

way's choice of death?

HUSTON: I approve completely. He knew he was on the way out; his mind was gone. Papa had been having persecution complexes, phobias, and life was dreadful for him. He had a moment or two of sanity and killed himself in one of those moments.

PLAYBOY: You've been married five times. You're obviously a good judge of actors and actresses; how good a judge of women are you in your personal life?

HUSTON: Quite good. I've delighted in the women I have known, been married to and been in love with. It's really gone to make a very good life. I regret that I wasn't constituted, as some men are, to stay with one woman, though I believed implicitly each time that I would.

PLAYBOY: Do you really regret that? After all, you seem to be in the mold of Hemingway, Norman Mailer, adventurous men who apparently outgrow their women.

HUSTON: No, I think they grew just as fast as I did . . . and for the most part, they were extraordinary women, except the last, who was a crocodile. [Laughs] And even she was extraordinary, in a sense. Let me put it this way: I regret that lack within myself that enables a man to pour all his affection into one individual.

PLAYBOY: Why do you call your last wife a crocodile?

HUSTON: It's just the best description I have of her. [Laughs] I've been friends with all of my wives except the last. We were never good friends, from the word go.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised at your lack of perception about her?

HUSTON: I was, indeed. I was shocked by it.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever known a woman who you felt was your equal?

HUSTON: Oh, many. A few, even superior. [Laughs] For sheer strength of character, I wouldn't have dared to cross swords with [Maria] Callas. I would rather have gone six rounds with Jack Dempsey! I had an aunt Margaret who was a very strong and intelligent woman. I didn't like her or have great regard for her, though. A woman we've talked about, for whom I have enormous respect and regard for her intelligence and humanity, is Suzanne Flon. Another is Iris Tree.

PLAYBOY: You have five children, including an adopted son. Do you feel differently about each of them?

HUSTON: Yes, I have different emotions toward each.

PLAYBOY: Is it tough for them, being the children of John Huston?

HUSTON: One of my sons has a little difficulty being a son of mine and the other one none at all, and neither of my daughters has any problem. Anjelica has a role in my new movie and is wonderful in it.

PLAYBOY: Anjelica has been living with Jack Nicholson for some time; that makes him a kind of son-in-law. Is he a good one?

HUSTON: As far as I'm concerned, he is.

PLAYBOY: Do the rumors linking Nicholson to alleged cocaine use bother you?

HUSTON: I don't think there is any truth to the stories. I have seen a good deal of Jack and never once have I seen him under the influence of drugs.

PLAYBOY: You acted with Nicholson in *Chinatown*; now you've directed him in *Prizzi's Honor*. How do you assess him from both sides of the camera?

HUSTON: Oh, he's a wonderful actor, one of the best. He just illuminates the book. He impressed me in one scene after another; the new movie is composed largely of first takes with him.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the themes of your movies. There seems to be an element of despair in some of the recent ones. Does that reflect your own philosophy?

HUSTON: I certainly don't know what the point of life is . . . but I don't indulge in depression. I think I see the world very clearly, though.

PLAYBOY: Has life always seemed futile?

HUSTON: Not always. In World War Two, I think I had as high hopes as anybody. It looked to me as if we were on our way to some kind of understanding of life.

PLAYBOY: What changed that vision?

HUSTON: The McCarthy era, the whole Red-baiting thing. The idea of America, the America of our founding fathers, was lost. It stopped being that America and became something else. And then one wondered whether it ever had been America except for the founding fathers and a few rare souls. Was it all an illusion? I know that what Roosevelt was doing with the New Deal seemed to hold the promise of a return to those original values. He was the only President in my time I thoroughly approved of. Red baiting did nothing to me and my career, because my nose was completely clean; I had no Communist inclination; but I had a few friends who were Communists, though they never told me they were. The thing is, I saw nothing reprehensible; if they chose to become Communists, that was their business. In America, there is supposed to be political and religious freedom!

PLAYBOY: Your Committee of the First Amendment was described as a Communist front.

HUSTON: Only afterward, you see.

PLAYBOY: Why weren't you subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee?

HUSTON: Because the members all knew I wasn't a Communist.

PLAYBOY: Still, many Hollywood writers and directors were brought before HUAC.

HUSTON: I think many of them were Communists. I know of one who was not, but he was never called to the stand. That was Howard Koch; he was subpoenaed but not called. HUAC had a pretty good idea of who was a Communist and who wasn't. The people who did get caught up in it were, for the most part, well-intentioned boobs from a poor background. A number of them had come from the Lower East Side of Manhattan, and out in Hollywood, they sort of felt guilty for living the good life. Their

(continued on page 178)



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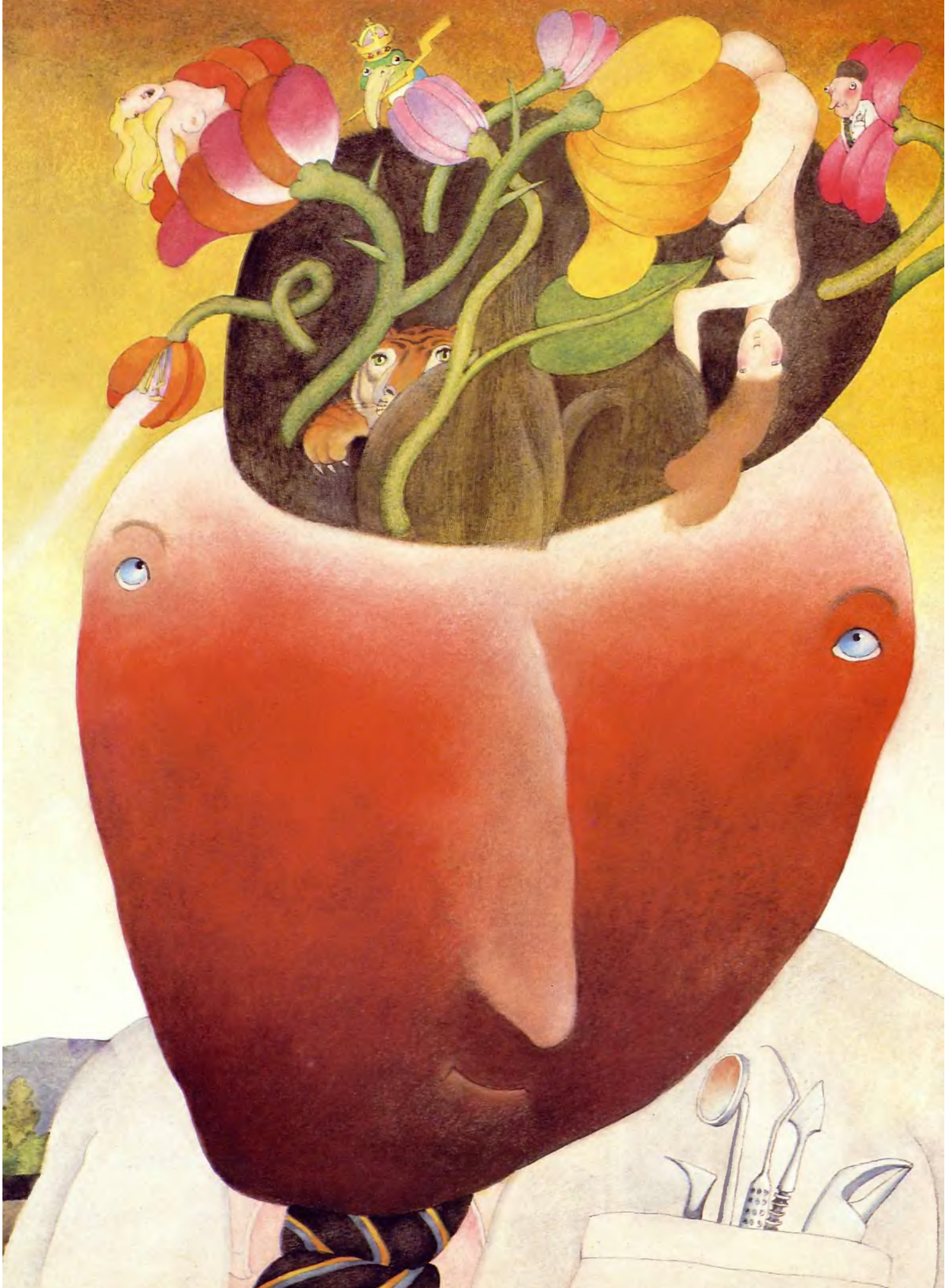
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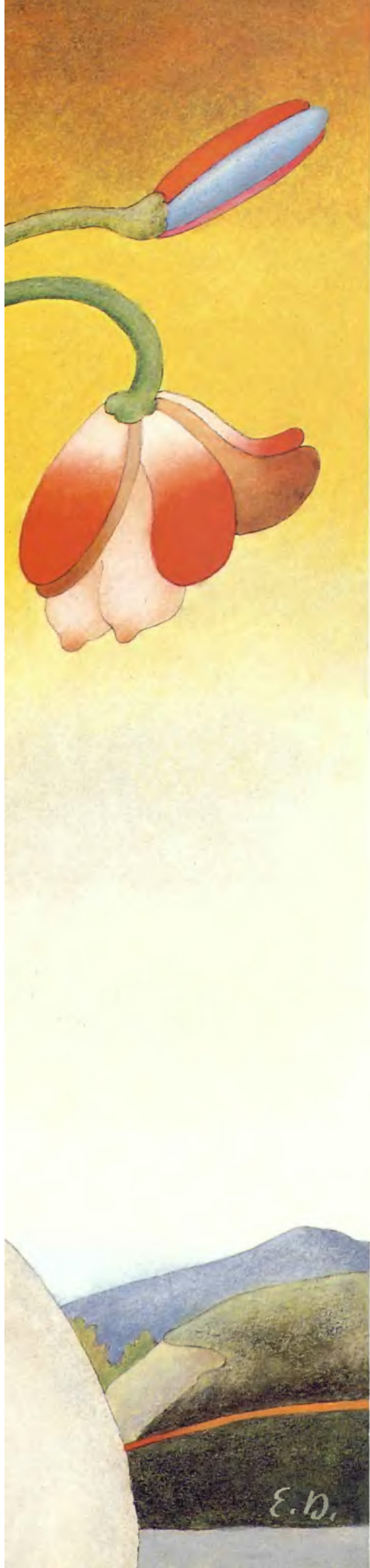
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fiction

By **JERRY STAHL**

i'm dick felder!

he was a strait-laced kind of guy who was never even tempted—until hot little evie came along

FOR NO APPARENT REASON, Felder's son, on his tenth birthday, decided to change his name from Chuck to Shecky. The boy, whose main interest was plumbing equipment, gave no explanation. But he was so insistent that Felder went ahead and picked up the necessary forms at city hall one day after work, though he had no intention of actually mailing them off once the child had filled them out.

The Shecky-Chuck situation was just one new thing about his own life that Felder did not understand. Lately, there seemed to be more and more of them, such as why his wife, Gene—short for Eugenia—had suddenly become so feverish on their bed of matrimony. The pair had wed when Felder was fresh out of Colgate Dental and setting up his own practice. (Felder could never mention his alma mater without thinking of his father, a retired tool-and-die man. "How do you like that," Felder Sr. would joke each Thanksgiving when Felder came to visit, "the kid wants to be a dentist, so he picks a school they named after a tooth paste!" Every year, until the stroke that paralyzed his tongue, restricting him to excited snapping noises, Felder's dad had come up with a new angle on his Colgate gag. After he died, Felder had tried to cook up a few holiday tooth-paste jokes of his own, in the old man's honor, but it wasn't the same.)

Even in their office-sweetheart days, Gene had never really fallen into what the manuals they consulted called the Ardent category, sexual relations-wise. She was a long, languid girl who tended to clear her throat after a while and ask if Felder was finished yet. Now, though, all he had to do was stroke her back to send her rippling through a series of shrieks and twitches. Which was fine with Felder—except that twice in one week, he thought he'd heard her pronounce the name Elroy before launching into a bout of twitching shrieks in bed beneath him. This was another new

thing he didn't quite get.

Felder had fallen in love with his wife because of her overbite. He was a cream puff for overbites. The sight of one on a languid redhead with a swath of freckles and perfect, mile-long legs had made him swoon the minute he met her. Gene was the only girl he had interviewed to be his dental assistant. He saw her first and simply told the others to go away. As it happened, though, the girl's good looks were not matched by a flair for oral hygiene. Gene would often gaze across a patient's upturned face and hold her nose, her way of hinting that the breath of that peppy bachelor beneath them was "worse than the city dump" (her favorite saying). She talked right over people or commented on their clothes. To her, they were just 32 teeth she had to rinse and pick at.

For weeks, Felder wrestled with himself. Finally, he decided he had to either fire her or ask her to marry him. So he did both. Soon thereafter, Mrs. Felder was pregnant with Shecky-Chuck, and Felder had already put another ad in *Dental Week*. This time, he hired Uni, a gentle Japanese hygienist with long black hair and such skilled hands that everybody whose plaque she removed came away glowing. Once, over coffee, the petite assistant confided that in Japan, her mother actually got up early to put the tooth paste on her husband's brush. Felder hated to admit it, but he might have liked that—if not every day, then at least on his birthday and major holidays. Instead, for the past 11 years, he'd had Gene, who had announced just last week, their first night in the split-level Felder had nailed down with a variable mortgage—another new thing—that she had no more intention of sitting home watching soaps than she did of hopping to Miami on her clit. That was the kind of remark Gene made lately, which was also sort of new. When Felder met her, she couldn't say "Dog do" without blushing.

"I have my Tupperware, I have my child, I have my shopping and I have you," Gene informed him after her clit remark. And Felder's heart sank to think that if his wife were an Olympic event, he wouldn't even have brought home a bronze.

There were new developments at the office, too—such as Mrs. Pfennig's mouth. Mrs. Pfennig was one of dozens of ancient patients Felder had inherited from Dr. Nance, the dentist with whom he'd recently signed on. Nearly all of Nance's patients were of rest-home age. This meant a busload of denture work—never Felder's favorite activity. And yet, in a piece of good fortune that still astonished him, Nance had dropped the entire practice into his lap after state dental inspectors began sniffing around for Medicare infractions. His partner of only a few months, the senior dentist retired at 42 to concentrate on sport fishing in Bimini.

And Felder, incredibly, was left with a battery of lucrative blue-hairs all his own. Almost without trying, it seemed, he had become fairly wealthy. There were drawbacks, of course—aside from all those retirees, he never got used to showing up every day at a shopping mall, where Nance's office was wedged between The Puff Hut, "a feline boutique," and Mister Jackie's, a hairpiece salon for men. But still, as his wife kept telling him, only a fool would complain about falling into something so sweet. So Felder kept his senior-shopping-mall queasiness to himself.

Mrs. Pfennig, though, was a majestic, well-coiled woman, the widow of a judge. She had a swanlike neck that required his keeping the dental chair as low to the floor as possible. For rear-molar work, Felder, even at 5'8", had to stand on a telephone book. And in recent weeks, Mrs. Pfennig had required massive amounts of rear molar. She'd been in almost constantly, complaining that some fillings Felder had given her were bringing in a country-and-western radio station. What seemed to bother the stately patient was not that her fillings picked up music but the kind of music they were picking up. "Really," she complained, as though this lapse in taste were somehow a reflection on Felder, "they keep playing this dreadful song about Jesus kicking some man's soul through the goal posts of heaven. *Now, that's when Prue Pfennig says enough!*"

As she explained it, all the distinguished old woman wanted was for Felder to tune her in to "some nice Mantovani." And, to his own surprise, Felder found himself canceling other patients, clearing the decks to spend entire afternoons adjusting her fillings, rearranging things, splattering silver compound around on her dentures in hopes of providing the judicial widow some easy listening in her sunset years. For a while, all he could get her was the dispatcher for a black taxicab company, followed by a few days of news and weather, and then a batch of staticky police bulletins that Mrs. Pfennig claimed made the roof of her mouth itch.

Most remarkable of all for Felder was not just that he was going along with the music-loving dowager but how much he looked forward to tinkering with her transistorized teeth. It was strange. In the face of his son Shecky-Chuck's request, his wife's unbidden lust and the general pall of existence as an old people's dentist, the afternoon Mrs. Pfennig leaped up to exclaim that he'd finally snagged her some light classical, it struck Felder as a red-letter day, the high point of his recent life. Not a happy thought. After that, it was back to the other seniors and their crumbling gums.

It might have been this last realization that inspired Felder to walk past his Buick Regal in the mall parking lot that after-

noon and just keep walking. Clad in his standard officewear—double-knit flares, brown Hush Puppies, a doctor's smock with three tiny mirrors and a canine pick still peeking out of the breast pocket—he strolled the two miles from the shopping mall to the interstate, where he stuck out his thumb.

In his wallet that day, Felder held \$43, plus some credit cards and an I.D. from the American Dental Association. "What else," he asked himself, as a van full of teens slowed down to point at him, "does a guy need to run away from home?"

"You a beautician?" asked the girl behind the wheel after Felder managed to clamber across the gravel shoulder. The van had made an illegal U turn to pass him twice, which had him a little worried. But when they swung back a third time, he saw it was just a teenaged girl with her younger sister and pesky little brother in back.

"It's the smock," explained Felder as he climbed aboard. "I'm no beautician." And without thinking, he added, "I'm with the carnival."

The girl driving giggled, but her sister piped right up, "With those duds? You look like a *dentist* to me!"

"Well," said Felder, smoothing the part in his hair and settling in.

The younger sister was a squat girl with a thick face and a short bowl haircut who had popped out of the front seat as soon as Felder scrambled in. She might have been 12, and looked like a stunted version of the driver, a slender Audrey Hepburn look-alike of 17 or 18. Felder couldn't tell. On the driver, that bowl haircut seemed very stylish, and he imagined it might have been the latest rage in Paris or New York. Gene was always dragging *Vogues* into bed, but Felder never glanced at them unless she made him read the horoscope page, so she could wait until he was through and remind him that if she'd known about astrology before he proposed, she would never have said yes to a man with Felder's moons.

But now it was the little brother who turned on him. "There ain't no carnival," he croaked, bursting Felder's *Vogue* reverie. The child sounded like Froggy in *The Little Rascals*, and Felder wondered if he was doing it on purpose or if he'd suffered some kind of damage to his glottis. "There ain't no carnival, for one thing," the boy rushed on, "and for another, I know who you are. You're that dentist at the mall. I know, because my grandma went to you once. She said your hands were clammy." The youngster craned his square head over the seat back and put his face right in Felder's, like someone baiting an umpire. "Plus," he said, "I know because you're Shecky-Chuck's dad and he's in my gym class. How come you let him change his
(continued on page 114)



"Hey, Dad . . . can I use the wheel tonight?"

RATING NIELSEN

brigitte, the scrumptious star of "red sonja," has "rocky iv"—and stallone—waiting in the wings

personality BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



Brigitte calls Red Sonja "a female Conan" and she's fittingly teamed with Arnold Schwarzenegger (top) as Kalidor, who has to fight her to win her. Above, Sonja in battle garb, sword in hand, stands amid ruins of a war-devastated city called Hablac. We'd say the Farce is with her. See opposite and following pages for our exclusive offscreen uncovery of Brigitte.

THERE'S A GREAT DANE at large in Hollywood and, off screen or on, it may take more than a couple of cinematic supermen to tame her. The lady in question is a glorious example of Danish modern called Brigitte Nielsen, nearly six feet tall, redheaded or blonde or brunette as the spirit moves her and, at the age of 21, a top-rung European model who beat out hundreds of competitors for the title role in *Red Sonja*. Playing a character created by Robert E. Howard, the author of





the *Conan* series, in an adventure epic presented by Dino De Laurentiis, Brigitte follows in the footsteps of such earlier De Laurentiis discoveries as Jessica Lange. Not a bad start. Her co-star in *Sonja* is that *Conan/Terminator* hunk, Arnold Schwarzenegger. But talk about muscle: Privately, and on occasion quite publicly (cozying up with him in the pages of *People*, for example), Brigitte has also been discovered by Rocky's illustrious alter ego, Sylvester Stallone, a man who obviously knows a hot property



when he sees one. More later re Sly and Gitte (pronounced ghee-ta, with a hard "G"), as she's known to intimates. But how, you ask, does a girl make the leap from Copenhagen to a place in the limelight with the likes of Conan and Rocky? Being drop-dead beautiful is a big help. Walk with her through a hotel lobby or a smart Manhattan restaurant and you'll note that the ripple effect of her passage is about as understated as a flash flood. So it's hard to stifle a hoot of skepticism when she launches the standard wallflower-to-whistle-bait tale of an ugly-duckling childhood. "Yah, it's true," Brigitte insists in slangy, slightly accented English. "I was as tall as I am now, skinny like a match, my teeth all over. I wore braces and had a terrible time at school. All the other girls had tits and were going with boys, but I was very, very late developing."

Suddenly, at 15 or so, Cinderella began to sizzle. At 16, she bought a second-class train ticket to Hamburg en route to Paris, with the address of a modeling agency in

her pocket. "I arrived at five in the morning, all alone, and slept on the stairs in the snow with my coat around me, crying. When you're young, a stranger, where nobody speaks your language, you're treated like shit. But nothing has ever scared me."

Paris turned out to be just a stopover in a meteoric modeling career that led to Rome, Milan, New York, magazine covers, plus an idyllic romance with an Italian dancer named Lucca. "We had the most incredible relationship for two and a half



years. I lived with him and his family, which made things better for me. A model's life is very hard. You're away from your own family, hanging around with guys who take drugs, men with money and big cars. It's so easy to say yes, but I hated all that."

Denmark was still home, where she maintained close ties with her parents and a younger brother. And where, at 19, she met and married Kaspar Winding, a composer-performer whom she describes as "the most famous musician in Denmark. He's a genius. Everyone says he looks exactly like Mick Jagger; he played drums on recordings with The Rolling Stones and Donna Summer. He's writing songs now for Madonna and just finished the music for a film with Burt Lancaster. He's also been talking with Peter Martins about writing a ballet for the New York City Ballet." Career conflicts wrecked the marriage without noticeably diminishing Brigitte's admiration for the father of her son, Julian, *(text concluded on page 188)*



COPS

article By MARK BAKER



"MY HUSBAND, the cop. Always has to be the big man. One of the neighbors gets a ticket, they show up on our doorstep. 'Hey, Jimmy, old buddy, can you fix this for me? I swear the light was yellow. Can you fix it?'"

"Don't worry about it," he says. "No problem."

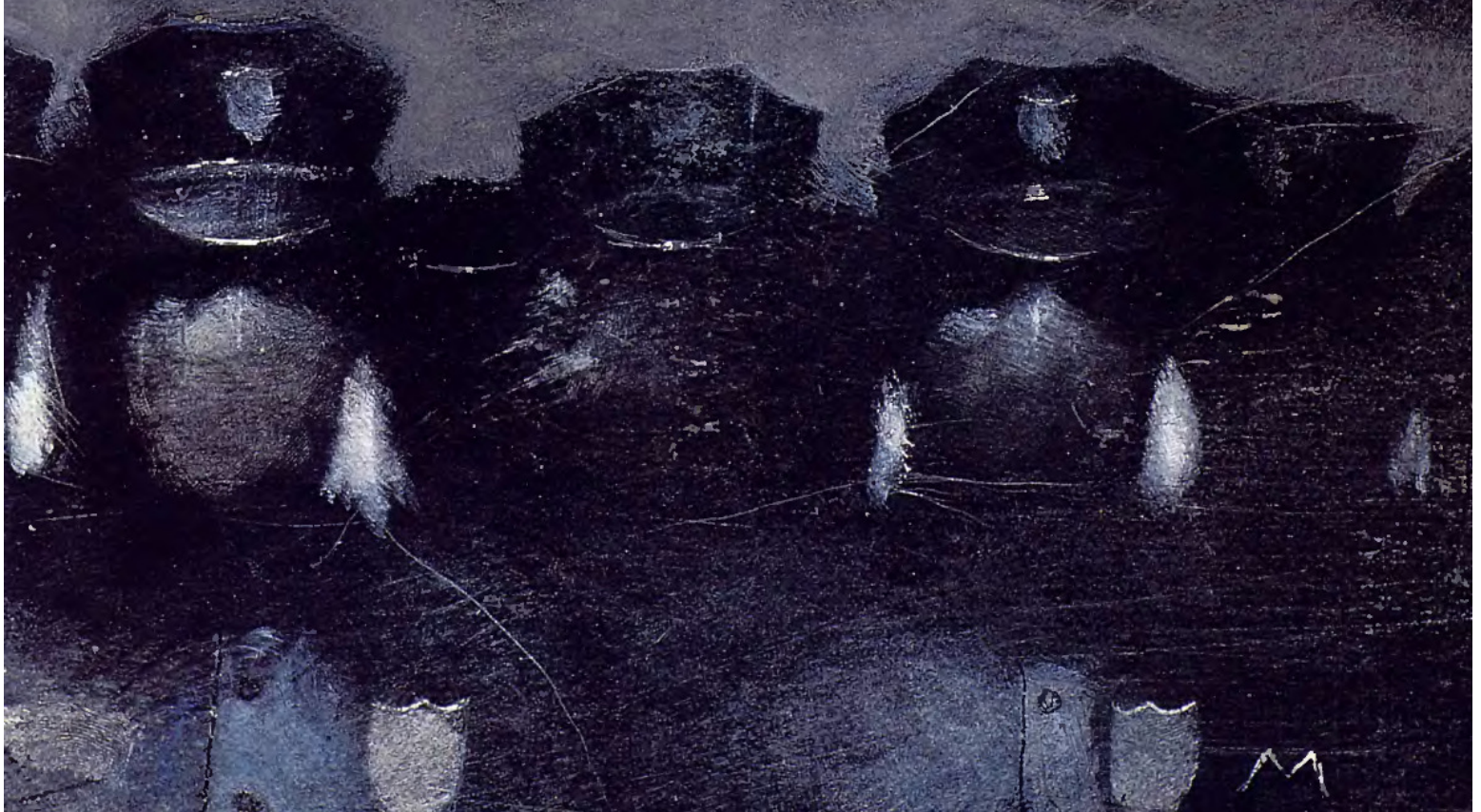
The wife of a police officer, a thin, conservatively well-dressed woman in her 50s, was trying to explain to me the gulf between illusion and reality in her neighbors' percep-

tion of her husband and in his perception of himself. He is a patrolman in a large metropolitan area and has worked the same assignment in the same precinct for 15 years.

"The big, important policeman. Do you know how he fixes tickets? He goes downtown and he pays them; that's how he fixes tickets."

She was angry about his behavior, but in telling this story, she wasn't trying to belittle her husband. She wanted to give

the stories they tell will make your day



me a glimpse of the man inside the uniform—not a hero or a fascist, a gunslinger or a centurion, just a mere mortal, like everyone else.

Cops and crime are a national obsession these days. America has more police officers per capita than any other nation in the world. And most Americans believe they know how a police officer does his job and lives his life, because they read the newspapers and see Kojak on TV. We tune in to prime-time television and watch cop shows—good cops, bad cops, private cops, secret cops, ex-con cops, jiggly and feminist cops, straight-arrow and rebel cops, fantasy and “real” cops. And it’s not just television; American popular culture is permeated with images of the police as saviors or monsters, peace officers or pigs. But, in truth, when we see them riding around in their cars, we avert our eyes. Unless a cop is writing us a ticket, we never talk to the police, not even to say hello. In fact, we get very little realistic information on exactly what policework is like and even less insight into the day-to-day existence of police officers—the men and women, the human beings.

I wanted to go beyond the crime statistics and the sociological studies, beyond the cardboard characters of most fiction and official police press releases. I wanted to find out just who these people are, to have them tell me in their own words why they chose to be cops and how they do their jobs. I promised all the officers with whom I talked that I would not use their names. I wanted them to relax, to feel safe, to speak freely. I hoped that this confidential, off-the-record approach would enable them to tell me things they might not discuss with a partner or a spouse—things they might not admit even to themselves.

SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS

Here's how it begins for the typical young cop. A white male from a working-class family, he graduates from high school and serves in the military or spends a couple of years in junior college. He gets married. Soon there is a child to feed. The most heroic thing he does is to put food on the table for his family.

One day, he signs up to take the civil-service examination. He tells his wife, his family and himself that he's after a higher salary, job security and better benefits. That's not the whole truth. He's looking for a little excitement with his opportunity for advancement.

Once he's made it through the rituals of psychological questionnaires, polygraph tests and physical examinations, he spends approximately six months in the police academy.

At graduation, he and all the others raise their right hands and swear a solemn oath. Each one is presented a shiny metal badge, which is never quite as heavy as he expects it to be, and a pistol that drags down on his belt like fate itself. They are congratulated by the mayor and the chief of police, their families

and friends. Now they're cops. Here are the stories they tell.

You come brand-spanking-new out of the academy and you think you're going to save the world. You'll make the streets safe for everybody. There won't be any more crime out there after you get done. Takes about two weeks to burst your bubble.

The first fellow I rode with said to me the first thing, “Have you ever ridden Midland before?” That's a black ghetto part of town.

“No, sir,” I said. “I don't even know where Midland is.”

He turned his head and rolled his eyes. I could see him thinking, Oh, boy, that's just what I need. Not only is he a rookie but he knows less than a rookie.

We get out there and he says, “On this call, I want you to do all the talking.”

I get in there and I start talking to these people, like I was having a regular conversation. They look at me and look back at my training officer, and then they look back at me. They scratch their heads, lean over to the training officer and ask, “What'd he say?”

He would translate for me: “He said that if you don't shut up, he's going to kick your fucking ass.”

“Yes, sir. We understand,” they'd say.

I looked at him kind of amazed and said, “Did I say that?”

“You did that time.”

After a while, you realize that you can't educate everybody you come in contact with, so there is only one other choice. Go down to their level.

I was patrolling a desolate highway in a rural part of the state when I get a call that there's an accident. There's injuries involved, so, naturally, being out of the academy not too long, your adrenaline gets pumping. You're going to try to do good and help people out.

I get there relatively quickly, within three or four minutes' time. It was a head-on collision dead smack in the middle of the highway median. The cars weren't burning, but there was smoke and steam rising up from them, because the engines had been compressed on both vehicles.

I looked inside and I just stood there for a second. I'm looking at this woman who had no nose on her face. The nose had been severed off. This is shocking to me, because without that appendage on the front of her face, you're really looking down the throat of the individual. I had my first-aid kit with me, and the best thing for bleeding we had in there was a Kotex. So I got that on her face and got her on the side of the highway. I'm trying to calm her down. I'm hearing the moans and screams from other people. I get her down and get one of the passers-by to help me out by holding direct pressure on her face. There was extensive bleeding.

There was a small child in the front seat of that car. I walked over and looked at her. The child was not severely lacerated, but it was obvious that she was dead. This young girl was two or three years old and died of massive internal injuries caused by the impact of the collision. I could do nothing for her. That was all, in that one car.

I walked over to the other car, and there happened to be four people in that vehicle. I went up to the driver's side and realized that we had a problem here, because the driver had no head. He was decapitated by a piece of flying metal from the car that he had struck—I later found out it was a he. He was in his early 30s. That turned out to be somewhat humorous, because it took six troopers nearly two hours to find his head. His head had gone out through the front windshield and actually landed over 300 feet from the point of impact.

The driver's wife, who was sitting next to him, was killed. She bled to death before I even arrived. There was another child in the back seat who was about nine or ten, and she was alive. She was talking to me. She was crying, asking me how her father and mother were doing. I went to her first, because she was the only one conscious and that I could recognize as being alive. I brought her out of the car and was holding her and telling her she would be OK. She was going into shock. I was trying to keep her awake and keep her going. As I'm talking to her, she looks at me and said, “Oh, you're a policeman.” I felt so good about that—that she recognized that I was there to help her.

Then a little bit of blood began to come out of the right corner of her mouth and she died. I'll never forget that child dying in my arms as long as I live. I knew she was dead because when she died, she urinated. It sounds crazy to repeat this, but her warm urine, the last warm part of her body, was dripping all over my uniform.

The ambulance didn't arrive until about 20 minutes later. All this activity transpired within 15 minutes. You experience death and do all these things you've been trained to do, and you say to yourself, “Wow, I'm here.”

An adult death you can accept. We're programed to accept that, but a child and an infant. . . .

That was the first day I was on my own.

The street is very seductive and very sensuous. There used to be a place in Manhattan between First and Second avenues on 100th Street that was like Bombay—18,000 people in one block, and 17,500 had criminal records. The place was a zoo. Thousands and thousands of people were outdoors on the street. The one block had four cops.

It was hysterical. What went on in that block in one night was more policework—if you wanted to participate in it—than

(continued on page 132)

BACK TO CAMPUS

has the preppie look come back strong? yup!

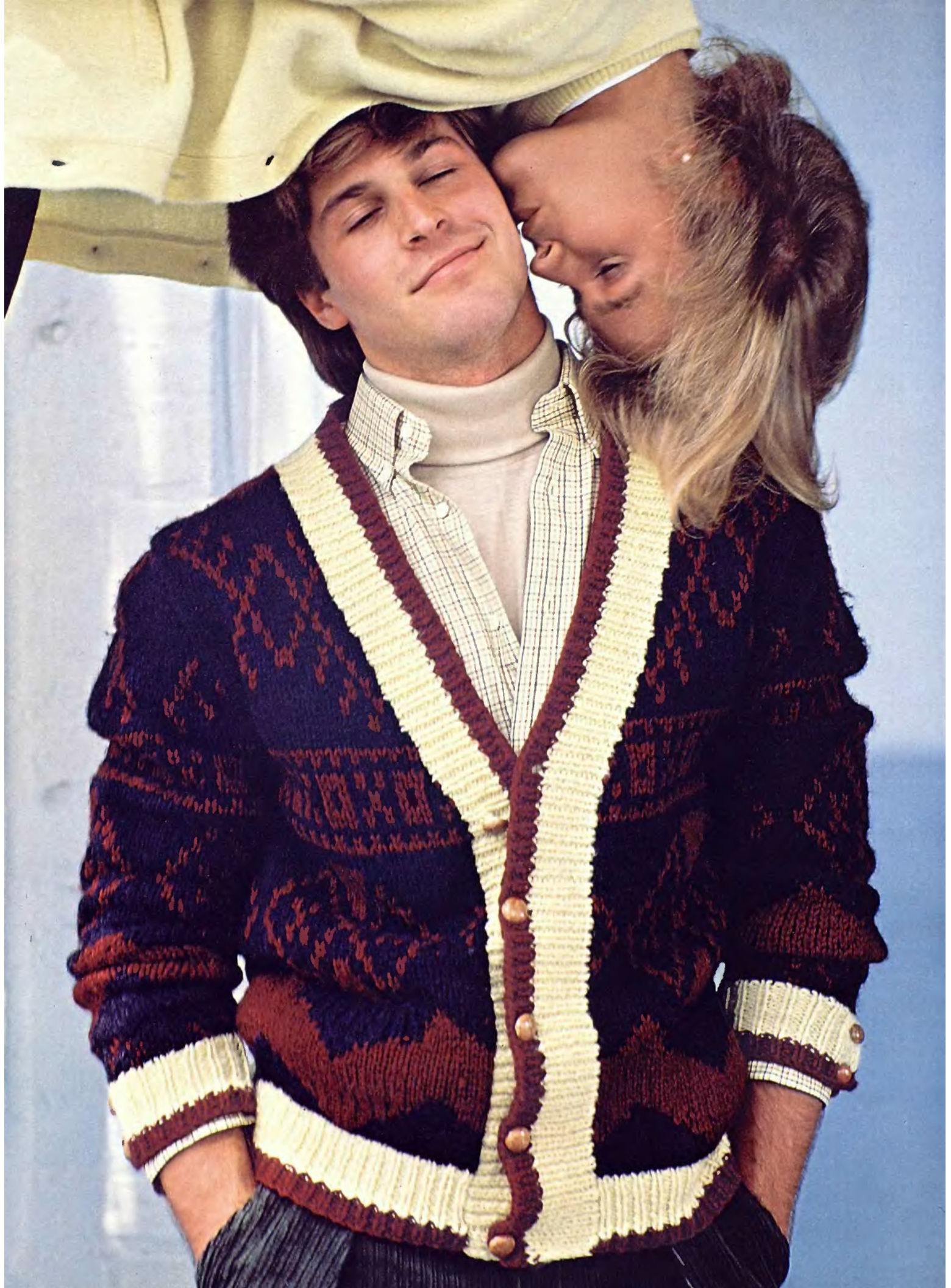
fashion **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

THE CURRENT TREND in campus fashion is layered, *very* preppie and colorful. Best of all, the layered look ensures that you'll always have something to wrap around your girlfriend in chilly weather. Heavy knit sweaters are great substitutes for a blanket when the two of you entertain a sudden compulsion to lie down in the park. So check out these duds and make your choices. Will being well dressed make you a better student? That's academic.

Both jocks and computer nerds look good in a varsity sweater like this jade-wool version, by Pepe U.S.A., \$85. Gold-wool rib-knit pullover, by Axis, \$95. Blue-denim five-pocket jeans, by Jordache, \$40. Cotton T-shirt, by Jockey, about \$6.50. Round wire-covered-shell Polo Classic glasses, by Ralph Lauren, \$75.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHAEL HALSBAND





The coeds will go topsyturvy for you in this cuddly Burgundy and navy-wool cardigan with cream trim, \$150, over a yellow-cotton buttondown shirt, \$45, with gray pleated corduroy pants, \$55. The outfit at left is by Sal Cesarani. At football games, you'll like the winter-white polyester-filled cotton stadium coat at right, by Henry Grethel, \$145. Ivory acrylic sweater vest with crossover placket neckline, \$35, is worn over a slate-cotton/poly Jacquard shirt, \$45, both by Jantzen. Cotton-corduroy pants are by Robert Stock, \$45.



This classic and comfy preppie look starts with the gray-wool-flannel shirt jacket, by Perry Ellis America, \$55. Black-wool-knit crew-neck sweater with stained-glass design, by Robert Stock, \$155. Blue-cotton button-down shirt from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$29.50. Chestnut-canvas pants, by Lee, \$28.



Right: Crinkled-nylon trench coat with raglan sleeves and back cape, by Sahara Club, \$88. Tweed spats jacket, by Allyn St. George, \$180. Plaid-wool buttandown shirt, from Labo by Pendleton, \$58. Wool-flannel slacks, by Members Only for Europe Craft, about \$60. Knit tie, by Diony's, \$38.



*in the war between the sexes, the hot battle
is for the high ground*

I WENT TO A CONFERENCE in New York recently that was called Changing Men's Roles in a Changing World. It was sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee, and on opening night the meeting hall was jammed. About two thirds of the audience were men. The keynote speaker was a sandy-haired, handsome fellow named William Caldicott, who is a pediatrician and a leader of the antiwar, antinuke movement. He admitted right away that he didn't know much about men per se, aside from being one. But that didn't stop him from making his point. Men, he said, not women, were responsible for war. Men were the bad guys when it came to violence and aggression. And the only way to stop war was for us men to get our act together and reform—to become, that is, more like women. On the subject of war and peace, he said, women were definitely "better" than men. Better people. More moral.

Since then, I've asked around among my friends, who do they think are more moral, men or women? Nobody said anything about war, but everybody had an opinion. My friend Paul, who not too long ago spent \$20,000 on lawyers' fees fighting his ex-wife to get to see his son more often, said, "I've never known a woman to be magnanimous. They're constantly focused on themselves and their own interests." My friend Gael, who hates gossip, told me, "No doubt about it, women are much more moral than men. Everybody says women gossip more, but it's not true. I've known men to destroy people's reputations and not think twice about it. They can be really cruel." Another woman, Tammy, a mother, agreed that women were more moral, because, she said, "life comes through them." They have an instinct, she said. It comes from being mothers, it makes them "more responsible, more open, more honest." But then a third woman, Barbara, a clinical psychologist, told me that she had never heard any of her female patients refer to a moral principle as a reason for making a decision. Women, she said, refer everything to their own interests. Men do, too, mostly, but they also sometimes act on principle. And finally I asked my friend Joe, who said the whole thing was ridiculous.

Maybe so. But a great many people besides William Caldicott take it seriously. There is, in fact, a hot and heavy academic debate on the subject that has been gaining momentum for 15 years. Scholars have been piling up evidence on both sides. You can see why. If one side should actually *win*, all kinds of consequences could follow. Suppose it turned out that women were more moral. It then would be their duty to seize power and run the world according to their lights, wouldn't it? If I were a woman, I'd say so. But if men are more moral, what are we doing nominating a woman to be Vice-President of the United States—not to mention manager of the international sales division? I'm sure you get my drift. If either side wins, there will be a definite shift in the balance of power between the sexes. Caldicott will say, "See, I told you so" and lead a march on Washington to do something about it. Put a woman in charge of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Insist that the Reverend Jerry Falwell have a sex-change operation. I speak only half in jest. The issue is not entirely ridiculous. We aren't to the point yet where one side is winning, but we have reached the point where it's time to sit up and pay attention.

For the most part, the world has generally believed that men are more moral than women. You can find this belief in the Bible—Eve, not Adam, was the first to succumb to temptation (continued on page 190)

essay

By ANTHONY BRANDT

THE

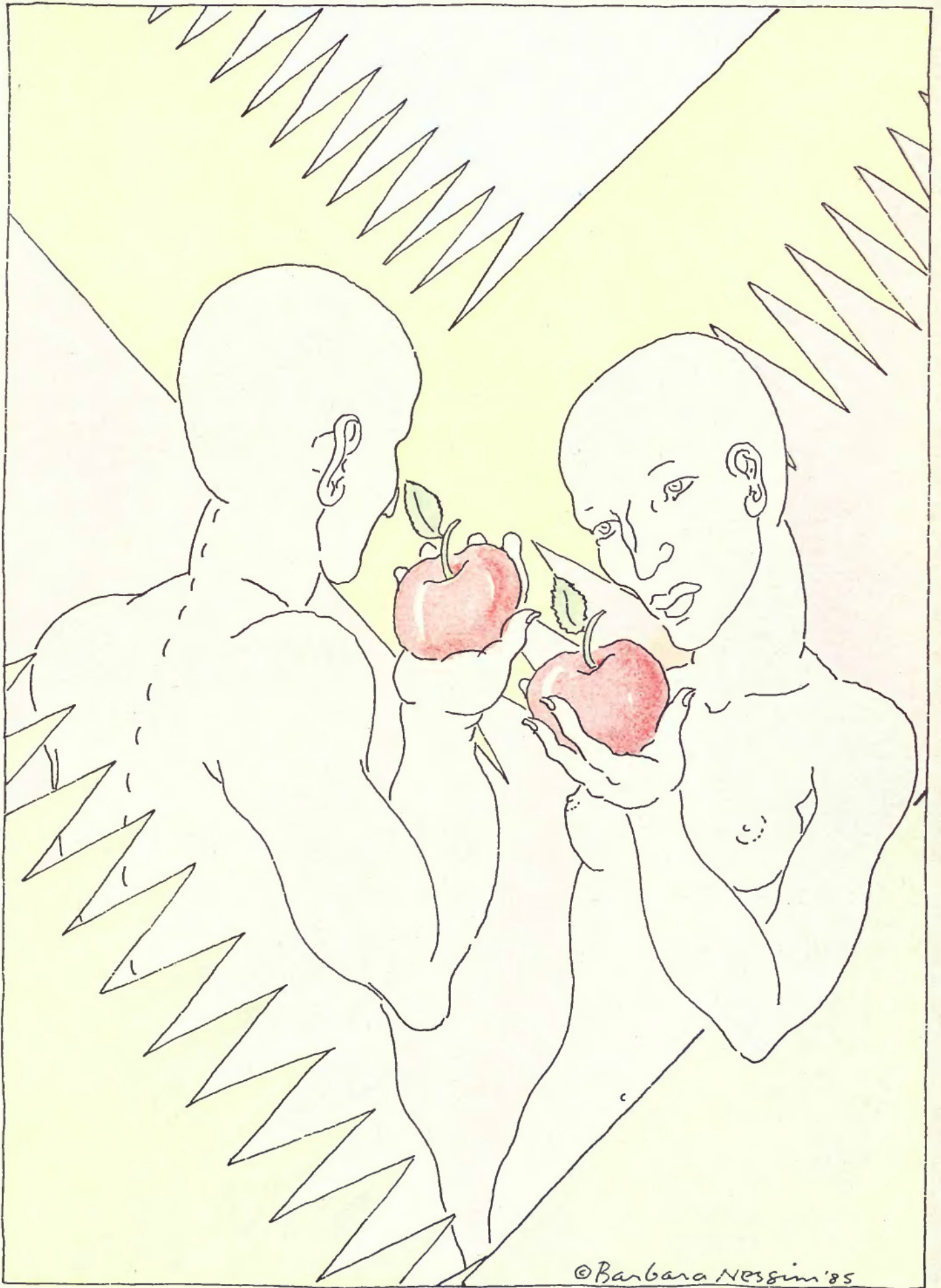
MORAL

SUPERIORITY

OF

(a) MEN

(b) WOMEN



©Barbara Nessim'85



*bunny-turned-banker venice kong
has said her jamaican farewell*

CARIBBEAN QUEEN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

THE MORE FUN Venice Kong is having, the higher her voice pitch goes. On especially playful days, you're not sure whether it's Venice or Memorex. She's just naturally bubbly and effusive, though you wouldn't have thought so if you'd met her eight years ago.

"When I first came to America, I went through a year's worth of culture shock. I stayed in my apartment for one year. I wouldn't venture out. Chicago was too cold, and every time I said something to someone, he would go, 'What?' because I had a very thick Jamaican accent. Plus, in Jamaica, you walk down

Venice and her constant companion, Templeton (above), are making a life for themselves in Los Angeles, far from her home in Jamaica. "I just take it one day—well, one month—at a time."



the street and everyone says, 'Hello,' 'Good morning,' 'Good afternoon.' In this country, you look over your shoulder to see if someone's going to mug you. Getting used to it was weird."

When Venice (rhymes with increase) finally ventured out, she found herself at the Chicago Playboy Club applying for a job as a Bunny. She had very interesting references: Both her mother and her aunt had been Bunnies at Playboy's resort in Jamaica. She got the job without any trouble. But Chicago didn't get any warmer. So she left.

Now firmly rooted in Los Angeles, Venice is still struck by the differences between Jamaican and American life.

"When I first went to Chicago, people would ask, 'What are you?' When I said Jamaican, they would say, 'Yes, but are you black, white, Chinese—what are you?' I just couldn't comprehend that, the prejudice between the races. Jamaicans aren't very prejudiced, because everybody is all mixed up—you know, half of this, half of that; blacks, Orientals, Indians, whites—and their motto, which you learn in school, is 'Out of many, one people.'"

Venice remembers her childhood in Jamaica with fondness.

"We weren't rich, but we weren't poor. My father's family owned a bakery and a small market in St. Mary. My mother moved to the United States to find work when I was about six.

"I used to work in my aunt's clothing store. I got ten bucks for working three months, and that was a big deal.

"After you graduate from school in Jamaica, there's not much to do, especially in a small town like St. Mary.

"But it's a wonderful place to grow up. I'd recommend it to anybody. But it's hard, especially if you want to be a capitalist like me!"

For the past few years, Venice has



Venice finds California beaches (top left) as warm as the sands at home. As a volunteer worker with Operation California (center left), she helps Rosanne Katon Walden, actress and Playmate, and French singer Jean-Paul Vignon provide food and medicine to Third World countries that need relief. Rosanne's husband, Richard Walden, founded the charity. One of the rewards of doing good is the chance to meet stars such as Julie Andrews (left), who supported an effort to aid Ethiopians in a benefit held at Tramp, a Los Angeles club.





been making her way in the world of banking and investments. It's a radical change from Bunnydom, to be sure, but she's handling the shift.

"I like to have fun, but when I go into the bank, I'm Miss Conservative. After all, people come to me with the money that they've saved all their lives and want to know that it's safe, and I have to give them that impression."

Venice does that in two ways: She tailors her wardrobe to the bank atmosphere and she knows what she's doing. Proving that when you look like Venice, however, is something of a problem.

"It's funny. People come in and ask, 'Where's the guy who works here?' And then I start talking to them and they say, 'Wow, she knows what she's doing.' After that, it's OK!" Venice is counting on banking to become a major part of her career. She'd like to do more modeling but feels her security is in the ledger columns. She's at an age when decisions have to be made.

"I mean, 24 is not the oldest age, but it's kind of a time when you have to start thinking about the future.

"Right now, I think I'm a typical L.A. girl. I talk L.A., hang out L.A. style. But at the same time, I go home and listen to Bob Marley. We eat Jamaican food on Sunday, but I'll still go out for hamburgers. It's fun having two different cultures. I like my life."



"I'm not the type to climb trees anymore; but back home in Jamaica, I used to be a little tomboy. Now everyone says I'm prissy. I'm not, really. It's true that I'm conservative, but I like to think I have an open mind."













MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Miss-Kate

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: VENICE KONG
BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105
BIRTH DATE: 12-17-61 BIRTHPLACE: ST. MARY, JAMAICA
AMBITIONS: TO GET AS MUCH OUT OF LIFE AS I CAN
WHILE HELPING OTHERS GET WHAT THEY WANT
TURN-ONS: SAUNAS & MASSAGES, WINDOW SHOPPING,
CUTE, CUDDLY ANIMALS, SUN-BATHING
TURN-OFFS: SMOKY ROOMS, NEGATIVE PEOPLE
WAITING IN LINES, DISORGANIZED PEOPLE
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: DIANA ROSS, BOB MARLEY,
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, BILLY OCEAN
FAVORITE FOODS: EGGS BENEDICT, CURRIED CHICKEN,
FRESH-SQUEEZED O.J., CROISSANTS
FAVORITE PLACE: ASPEN, COLORADO
FAVORITE TV SHOWS: MIAMI VICE, THE COSBY SHOW,
ALL MY CHILDREN, JEOPARDY, SIMON & SIMON
IDEAL MAN: INTELLIGENT, FUNNY, SUCCESSFUL,
HONEST, SENSITIVE & LOVES DOGS!



HURRY AND TAKE
THE PICTURE!



"I LOVE L.A."



SAY CHEESE!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As they reminisced on the veranda on a warm summer evening, one fading Southern belle turned to the other and said, "Betty Sue, do you remember the minuet?"

"Why, honey," Betty Sue replied, "I can't hardly remember the ones I screwed!"

On Hill Street, they define *coitus interruptus* as a cop-out.



Curious about an odd-looking machine in the corner of the bar, the patron asked what it did. The bartender explained that it provided a full-scale medical exam based on urinalysis. The customer gave it a try. After he inserted a quarter and provided a urine sample, the machine whirred and out came a print-out that read, YOU NEED GLASSES.

The man blinked. "This machine is bullshit," he said, "and tomorrow I'll prove it!"

That evening, the indignant man collected urine samples from his dog, his daughter and his wife. He mixed them together, added a few drops of motor oil and then, for good measure, masturbated into the cup.

Returning to the bar the next day, he approached the machine, inserted a quarter and poured in the contents of his cup. A moment later, the print-out appeared: YOUR DOG HAS FLEAS. YOUR DAUGHTER IS PREGNANT BY A HAITIAN DRUG USER. YOUR WIFE HAS A BOYFRIEND. YOUR CAR IS ABOUT TO BLOW UP AND IF YOU DON'T STOP JERKING OFF, YOU'LL GO BLIND.

In Hollywood, they define *coitus interruptus* as an outtake.

So what's the problem?" the bartender asked. "You say your girlfriend's bright, beautiful and a great lover."

"Yeah, but she's kind of psychic," said the depressed customer. "You know—precognitive."

"If she's happy in bed," the bartender reasoned, "who cares?"

"That's just it," the man sighed. "She keeps yelling the name of the guy she's going to sleep with next."

Mrs. Van Winkle defined *coitus interruptus* as a Rip-off.

After 45 years of marriage, Sadie's husband, Sidney, died suddenly. According to his wishes, Sadie had his body cremated and placed the remains in a small urn.

Several weeks later, Sadie came home wearing a full-length mink coat and an eight-carat diamond ring. She went into the living room, removed the urn from the mantel and carefully tapped Sidney's ashes into a small dish on the coffee table.

"Sidney, my beloved Sidney," she began, "I wish to talk to you. Sidney, do you remember, for forty-five years you promised me a mink coat? Well, here it is, Sidney. Do you like it?"

"And, Sidney," she continued, "do you remember, for forty-five years you promised me a diamond ring? Yes? You remember? Here it is, Sidney. Do you like it?"

"Well," Sadie exclaimed, puffing Sidney's ashes into the air, "there's the blow job I promised you for forty-five years."

Defining *coitus interruptus*, Sam Goldwyn once said, "Include me out!"



Vampires define *rigor mortis interruptus* as a stake-out.

When a persistent pain didn't ease after several days, the gay lumberjack made an appointment to see his proctologist. During the examination, the physician was shocked to find a bouquet of flowers lodged in the man's rectum.

"Where in the hell did these come from?" the doctor asked, removing a yellow rose.

"I'm not sure," said the lumberjack, smiling. "Why don't you read the card?"

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



"Notice any difference in me? I've started eating eggs laid by hens that scratch around in the dirt and get screwed by roosters."

**if you've ever
wanted to tell
your boss to shove
it, this story
is for you**

REVENGE OF THE QUIET MAN

article

By PETE DEXTER

NOBODY KNOWS exactly when the quiet man turned the corner—they don't call him the quiet man for nothing—but somewhere along the line, Doug Campbell, a ten-year reporter at *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, came to a point in his life where he did not love his newspaper at all.

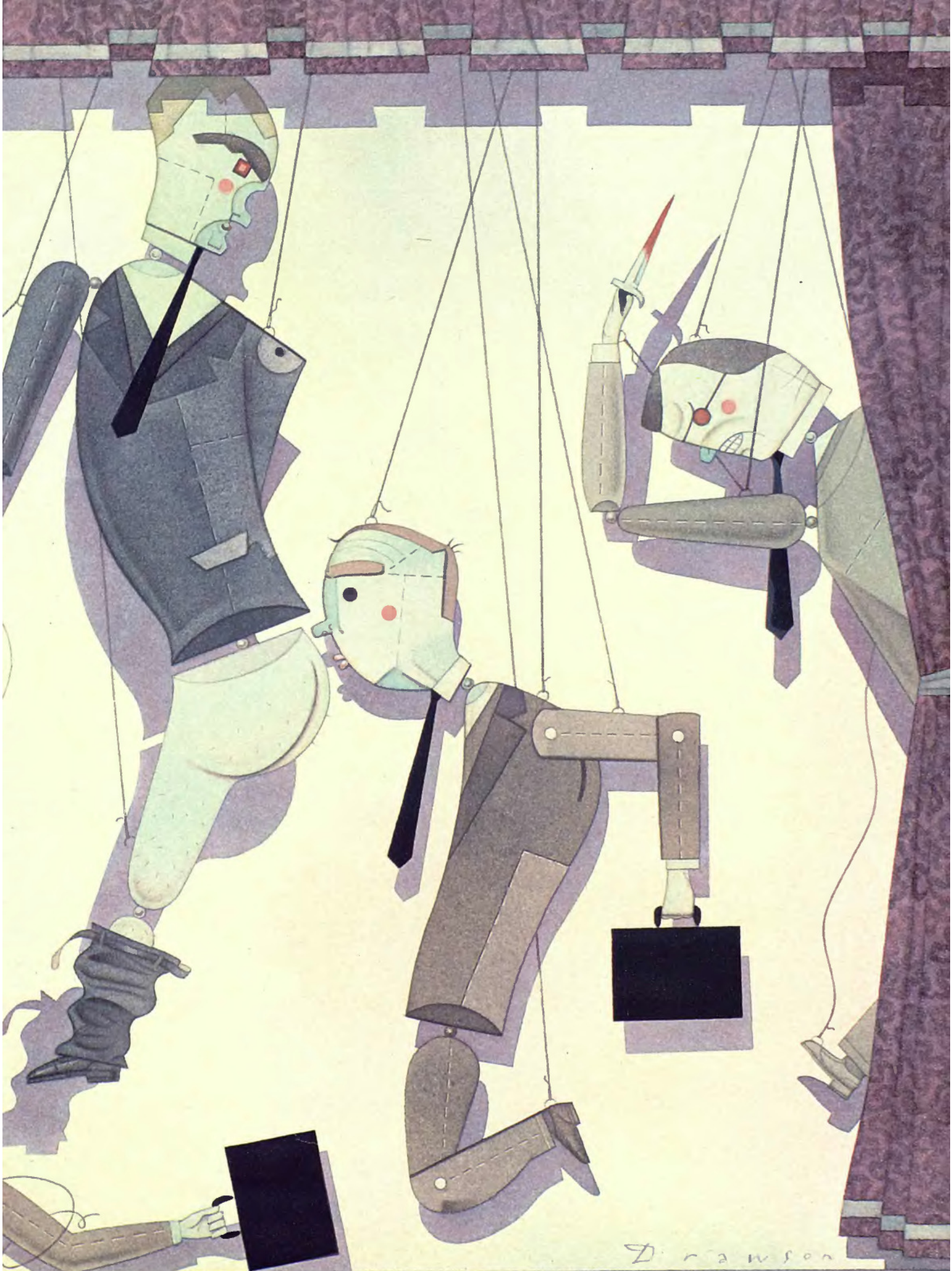
There is some question now, in light of what happened, whether or not the quiet man ever loved *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in the first place. I mean, in ten years, he never died for the paper. And it was obvious enough that he wouldn't kill for the paper that they never even thought about making him management.

And *kill or be killed* is entry-level affection if you are going to be one of the hearts-and-minds boys, the occupying army on the fifth floor.

The fifth floor, I ought to explain, is where you find the *Inquirer* city desk—reporters and copy editors and clerks, and the middle managers out to win their hearts and minds. The hearts-and-minds boys mingle with the staff; many of them kid with favorite reporters or play practical jokes. Animals—everything from frogs in large numbers to camels—have regularly been delivered to that floor for years. I believe it is considered good for morale.

As a rule, the staff returns these pleasantries, but it is apparent, even to the casual observer, that the hearts-and-minds boys are foreigners in a land where they are not entirely welcome. *(continued on page 186)*





D. Dawson



COCKTAIL-PARTY PALAVER is a reasonably accurate barometer of the concerns of those who set the pace and stir social trends. Topics run in cycles. Today, as likely as not, the conversation centers on fitness: aerobics, jogging, stretching exercises, Universal and Nautilus machines, pectoral definition and the relative merits of rival body shops. Lately, dedicated practitioners of fitness have been shifting their focus from the gym to the table, and references to high-fiber diets, whole grains, H.D.L.s (the good lipoproteins), cholesterol and sodium are abroad in the land. How can anyone fault the ideal of fitness? But we think the nutritional activists are missing something. Why not expand the use of that stuff to places it's not currently applied or expected—for example, a variety of cocktails and coolers? There are little-known, largely unexplored beverages that lend themselves to use as mixers, creating interesting drinks. Call them health kicks. Some of these items are fairly recent arrivals on the shelves, and a number are easier to find in health-food or specialty-food emporiums. For the most part, you just wouldn't associate them with alcoholic beverages. Nectars, the largest individual category in the group, offer the

*to stir up some thirst-
quenching excitement,
curl one of these
concoctions, muscles*

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

HEALTH KICKS

greatest versatility. Among the dozen or so currently available are a clutch of exotic numbers derived from tropical fruits that are especially intriguing as mixers. How would you like to try a mango cooler, a passion-fruit double passion, a pomegranate *sangria*, a guava wine chill or a papaya colada?

Other inviting possibilities are tart sauerkraut juice, a real snapper, combined with aquavit and vegetable-juice cocktail; yogurt laced with fruit liqueur, delicious and wholesome; and a black-cherry sour—based on natural black-cherry juice. And for sheer adventure, try mixing with beetroot juice, clam juice, water-cress leaves or tamarind.

You don't have to be a health buff to subscribe to the drinks described below. They're worthy by any standards—savory and smart. You'll find them a distinctive addition to *(concluded on page 184)*

I'M DICK FELDER!

(continued from page 76)

"He's mad 'cause he thinks we eloped. He thinks we're taking his van and going to Vegas."

name to Shecky, anyway? If I asked my dad something like that, he'd strain my milk!"

"Cool it, Dooley!" the thick sister sniped at him. She rapped the child's bony skull with a metal ruler, and the high-strung Hepburn girl slapped the wheel and laughed. Watching the older sister, Felder forgot his uneasiness over being spotted long enough to think how much he liked her smile. She had the kind of uppers his professor called "perfs," like the ones in the after halves of all the before-and-after charts they studied that semester. The truth was, Felder loved braces. He loved the molding and measuring, loved laying them in. But mostly he loved that little Michelangelo feeling a dentist got when he pried the wires off a once-buck-toothed ten-year-old, then got to watch as the grateful pup finally realized that all the teasing, all the tears and pillow pounding, was worth while. *"No more Bugs Bunny, Mommy . . . !"* It made him sigh.

One of the biggest regrets about his all-senior roster was that few, if any, of your elderlies went in for braces. "Welcome to *Planet of the Dentures*," Nance had toasted him his first day on the job.

"So what *are* you?" the sister in back demanded after hurting her brother. For a second, they stopped bickering, and Felder felt their outraged stares. The driver, he saw, was biting her fist to check her giggles, and Felder had one second where he imagined Gene speeding by on her way to a Tupperware rally, glancing up to see Felder side by side with this lovely but skittish Hepburn child. This seemed like the first whole thought he'd had since his Mrs. Pfennig triumph. He realized all at once that he'd have to make friends with these three or one of them would blab all over school that they'd picked up Shecky-Chuck's dad hitchhiking, *"and he said he was joining the carnival!"* No doubt that bit of news would shame his son, who always seemed slightly ashamed to begin with. Worse, it would be sure to send Gene off to the authorities to haul him back home. Back to the boy's name change and plumbing collection, back to his wife's Tupperware, her clit remarks and late-night Elroy noises.

Felder slid inches lower in his seat. "You're part right," he said, trying to chuckle and pat the lad's squarish head. "I *am* a dentist. But I'm also with the carnival. I fill the fat lady's cavities. I'm Stretch Felder, carnival dentist," he said solemnly, only to have the gravel-voiced youth roll his eyes. "Scout's honor!" A

scout pledge always worked with Shecky-Chuck, who wasn't even a scout, and Felder had hoped it might pass muster here. "Anyway," he went on, "it's my twin brother who treated your grandma. We're both dentists, see, and sometimes I have to hitch in and see him when I need new tools. Like these," he said, seized by sudden inspiration. "Take one!" He plucked a dime-sized molar mirror from his pocket and held it out. "I picked up some extras, so why don't you keep this as a present. Just to keep everything sort of secret."

"Why?" asked the boy. "What did you do?"

"Yeah, what?" His wide-faced sister glared at him.

"I didn't do anything," Felder replied. He tried to act casual, though children made him nervous. He didn't know why they were so mean. He was half ready to just throw open the door and risk a major concussion leaping out. He seemed to remember a special on stunt men that said that if you kept rolling, you couldn't get hurt. Once on his feet, he could dust off and run away all over again. He would count this as a false start. Maybe the next time, he'd get scooped up by some hearty truck driver who'd take him north, get him work in a logging camp. They probably lost a lot of teeth in logging camps, and he could put them back in again. Felder pictured himself in a plaid shirt, bonding the crowns on a jolly red-haired fellow named Corky after a timber mishap. Doc Felder, he thought, Logging Camp Dentist.

Felder had his fingers wrapped around the door latch, ready to bounce off for the Great Northwest, when the pretty driver pinched him—just reached over and squeezed the love handle that spilled over his slacks. "Hey," she said, smiling her Audrey Hepburn smile. "I don't mind if you fool with Dooley and Isabelle. They're babies. But I know you're a beautician. Soon as I drop them off at Fred's, we'll shoot over to the Barb, maybe do some make-overs."

"Who's Fred?" Felder asked, though he really wanted to know who Barb was.

The girl gave him another smile. "Our father, silly. He gets us the second half of the week. But he works nights, so the minute I drop these two off, I'm heading straight for the Barb. I already decided."

She finished up with a teeny-nose wrinkle that left Felder's mouth dry. He hadn't planned on anything like this when he decided to run away. He hadn't really decided, if you wanted to get technical. He had just sort of waved goodbye to Uni and

sauntered off onto the mall parking lot—as simple as that. Now that the pretty teenager at the wheel turned out to be so friendly—actually seemed to *like* him—it occurred to Felder that the best part of running away might not be escaping Gene and her Elroy twitches. It might be replacing her with a girl who twitched for *him*—though it was still hard to believe he could inspire anyone who looked ten minutes out of high school to anything like that.

After a half hour of sitting in the van in Fred's driveway, Felder wondered vaguely if he could be arrested for something. Could they just come over and book him for not going home? He had nearly persuaded himself to make a run for it, when the Audrey Hepburn girl dashed out of the front door and ran across the tiny yard to leap into Felder's side of the van. "Shove over," she cried, tossing the keys into his lap. "Let's go!"

Before Felder even had time to panic, she was banging him on the thigh. "For God's sake, drive!" she shrieked. *"Come on!"* Normally, Felder would have explained that he never drove anything but Buicks, that he didn't know about stick shifts. But there wasn't time. He found the ignition and managed to back down to the street just as a bald man in Bermuda shorts came bursting out of the house. The man was waving something in his hand, and Felder looked away before he could see if it was a gun or not.

"I should have told you . . . !" The girl shouted over whatever the bald man was screaming and the crash of a garbage can Felder had sideswiped. *"I'm running away from home!"*

"You . . . what?" The garbage can seemed to clatter after them, and Felder had to shout back as they lurched down the street. "Is that why he's mad?"

"N-O spells *no!*" said the girl, tugging the giant T-shirt she wore down over her fish-net stockings. "He's mad 'cause he thinks we eloped. He thinks we're taking his van and going to Vegas."

The girl began to giggle again, and Felder clutched his stomach. Why hadn't he heard how maniacal she sounded before this? With Dooley and Isabelle, the teenager had seemed a textbook big sis. Now Felder peered over and saw a juvenile delinquent, a girl in fish nets. Even her bowl haircut looked antisocial. She still had that Hepburn thing, but Felder realized that for the 100th time, he'd been taken in by nice teeth.

"We gotta make time," the girl cried, reaching over to punch him in his thigh again. No girl had ever done that before, and he wasn't sure he liked it.

"I don't even know your name," Felder told the girl suddenly, "and I don't know about any Vegas, either. I just want to get

(continued on page 170)



Eric Brown

"There's that tough hole I was telling you about."

POINT
OF
VIEW

fiction
By DAMON KNIGHT

oh, lord, professor, did you screw up this experiment

HE AWAKENED in a place that was not a room but a cosmos. At first he recognized nothing, not even his own mountainous body. Because he was not a man now, shapes no longer had the same meaning; he could not tell the ceiling from the floor.

He had expected all this, and yet nothing was as he had expected. It was evident that he had made a serious, fundamental error; luckily, it was one that would be easy to correct next time.

He moved dizzily around the room, found the rabbit's water dish and drank, tasted its food; he even walked over the body that had been his own and peered with one eye into its nostril, where the hairs fluttered with barely perceptible breathing.

He had no idea how much time had passed before the voices began. They came through wires into the room: slow, booming sounds that vibrated in the air like flapping dishcloths.

"The theory is that if the brain is alive but not functioning, the consciousness has got to go somewhere."

"All right, but where?"

"That's what he wanted to find out. He did it to a dog, you know, and left it in a Faraday cage with a frog."

"Frog and dog. That's funny. Why the Faraday cage?"

"He hoped it would restrict the movement of consciousness to whatever animal he put in the cage. He wanted to make sure it didn't just drift away to God knows where."

"I see. And?"

"Well, the frog didn't move for a while. Then it hopped over to the dog's dish and tried to eat dog food."

That voice must be Mathews, his assistant; the other he didn't know. He located the rabbit's dishes again in the enormous space and went there under the eye of the television camera. Surely they must notice. But the voices went on.

"I see. So then he decided to try it on himself?"

"Yes, because that's the whole point—to experience the world through the sensorium of another animal. If it works, it will be a tremendous breakthrough—something we always thought belonged to metaphysics."

"But it doesn't seem to be working."

"We don't know that."

"The rabbit was supposed to do something with those alphabet charts?"

"That was our hope, but there are all kinds of reasons it might not be possible. Anyway, we'll find out soon enough."

"If he comes out of this."

"Yes."

Hearing these words, he darted toward the giant square things that must be alphabet charts, pressed his nose to one, then another. The shapes on them were meaningless to him; he was more aware of their smell. But surely they would see that he was trying?

"Hot for this time of year."

"Yes. It's almost time. We may as well go in."

Booming footsteps in the corridor, squeak of wheels on the trolley. A line of darkness opened from the floor upward and widened. Then the vast foreshortened shapes were moving around him.

"When you turn off the current, his cortical activity will resume?"

"Yes."

One of the men was bending to look at the rabbit. "Do you suppose he's in there?" The rabbit hopped and sat still.

He flew at the man, hovered in front of his cratered face. *Here I am, here! Not the rabbit—me!*

"Hold on a minute."

"What's the matter?"

"Before we do anything else, I'm going to swat this blasted fly."

Help, it's me. Whack.





PART I:

THE LEE FRIEDLANDER SESSIONS

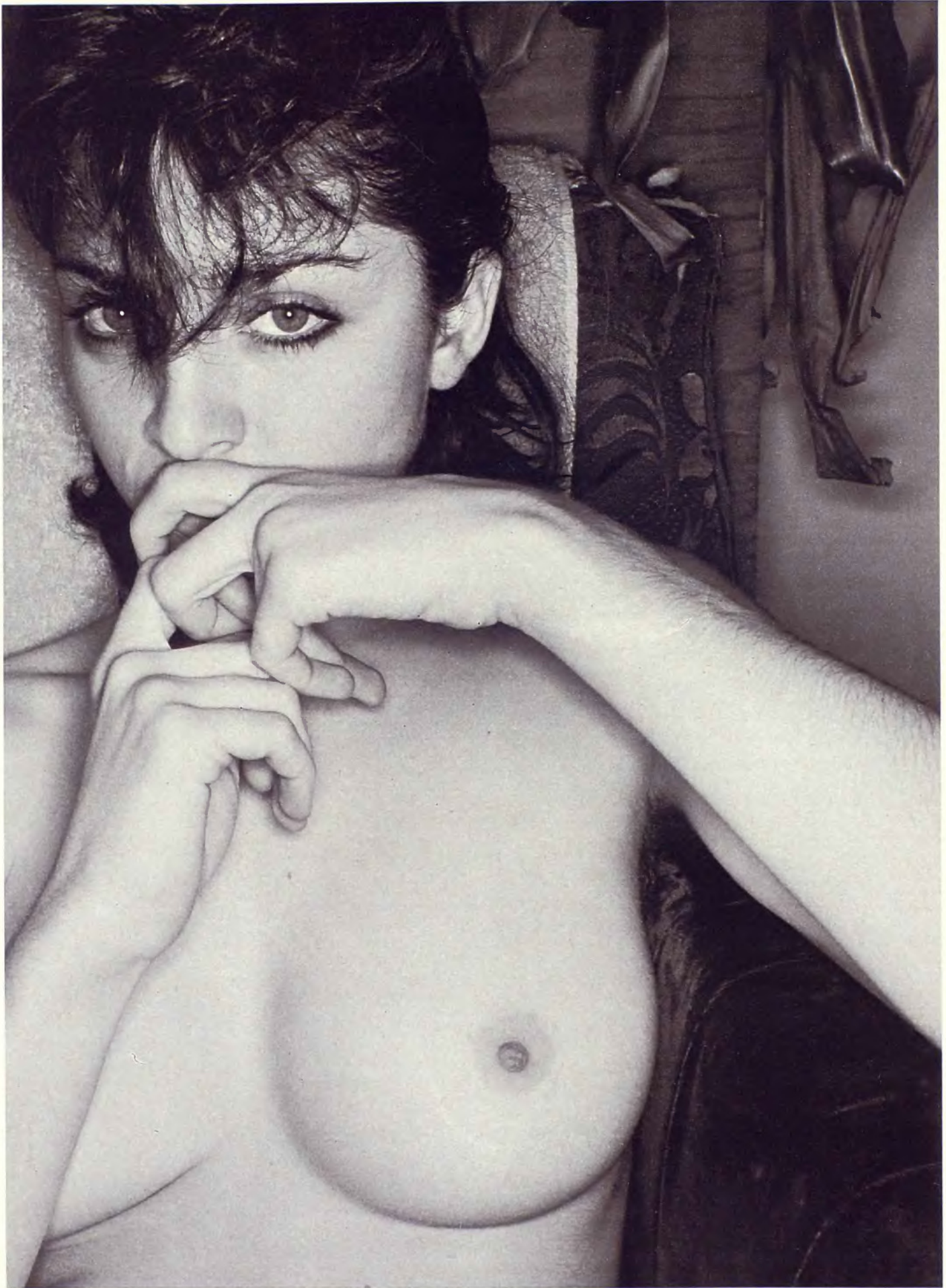


MADONNA

*a look at our material world's most ethereal girl—
before she was a superstar*

ON STAGE, in flashy trash and laser light, her sneer says, "Toy with me, I'll toy with you." On screen, she is Susan of the streets, canny and in control. On MTV, she is the belly button America loves. Once a Lower East Side gadabout, she is this season's sex symbol. And like Marilyn Monroe before her, Madonna Louise Ciccone did some nude posing before she got famous. These photographs were taken by two well-known art photographers during numerous sessions in 1979–1980. Madonna was working as a nude model while forming a band.

Since we turned down those nude photos of Vanessa Williams, some people will ask why we're publishing these. It's simple. We think Vanessa genuinely didn't know what she was doing, didn't know her photos might be published. More important, we didn't want to destroy her career. Madonna, on the other hand, posed repeatedly for two noted photographers who routinely publish what they shoot. The results—seen here for the very first time—attest to Lee Friedlander's and Martin H. Schreiber's talent and to Madonna's unusual beauty.







For those of you living in sound-proof booths, Madonna's first two albums went platinum. Her *Virgin* tour has Michael Jackson and Prince stewing in the musical background. *Desperately Seeking Susan* made her the hottest young actress in Hollywood. Best of all, her onstage contortions and Boy Toy voice have put sopping sex back where it belongs—front and center in the limelight.

"I was curious to try my hand at the nude." That's how Lee Friedlander, a man with three Guggenheim fellowships and a 1981 Medal of Paris to his credit, recalls his reason for making pictures of Madonna.

So here you are, Lee Friedlander, curious about the nude. A painter friend of yours recommends a model, one Madonna Louise Ciccone.

"She seemed very confident, a street-wise girl," says Friedlander. "She told me she was putting a band together, but half the kids that age are doing that. She was a good professional model."

A photographer of the natural world as well as of the social landscape, Friedlander had certain things in mind in trying the nude.

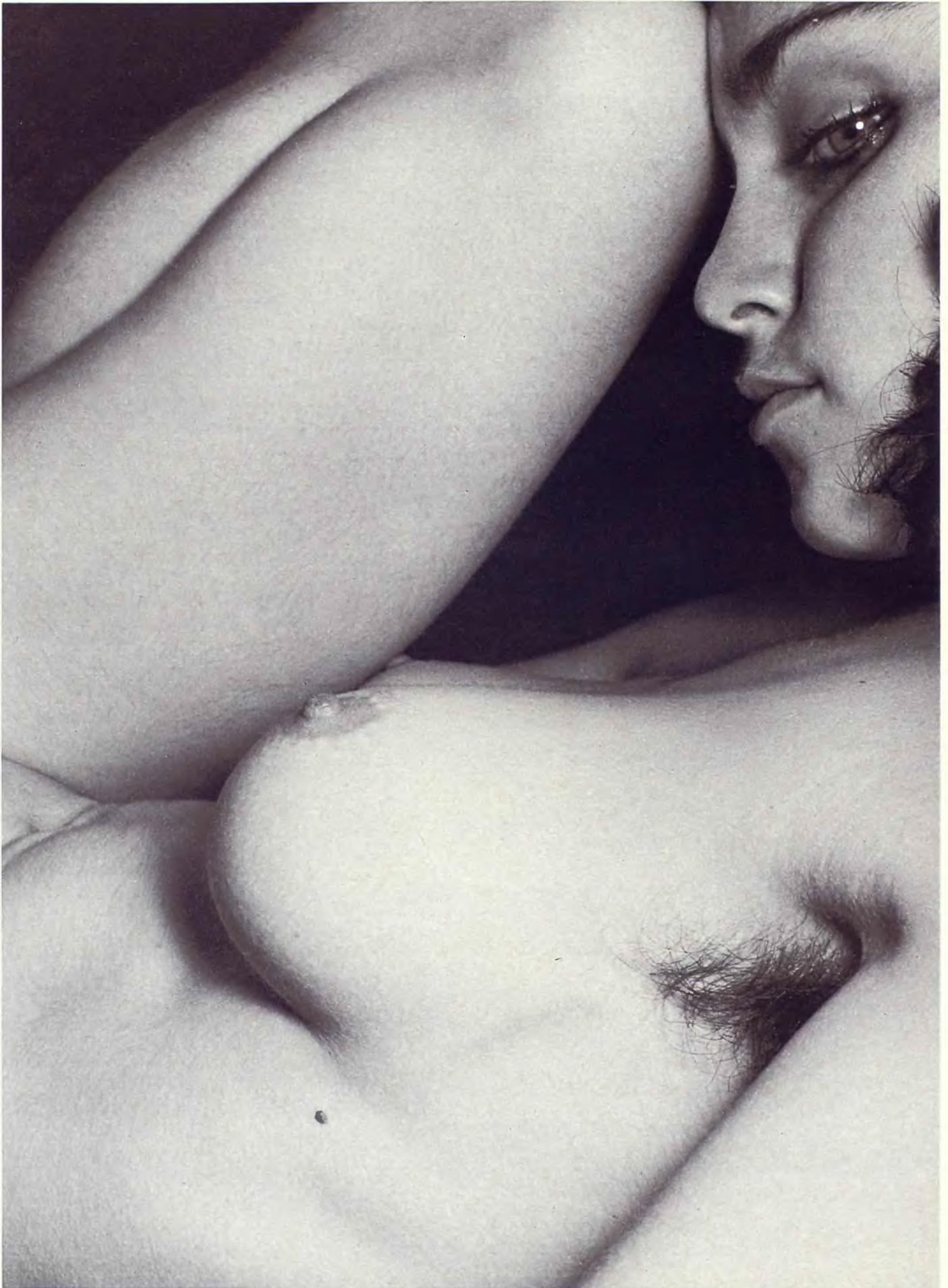
"There's something perfect about the nude," he muses. "Each kind of subject is different. Say you want to photograph a rose in black and white. You have to portray the rose—approach it so that it doesn't look like concrete. Whether the subject is a rose, a tree or a nude, you look for something unique."

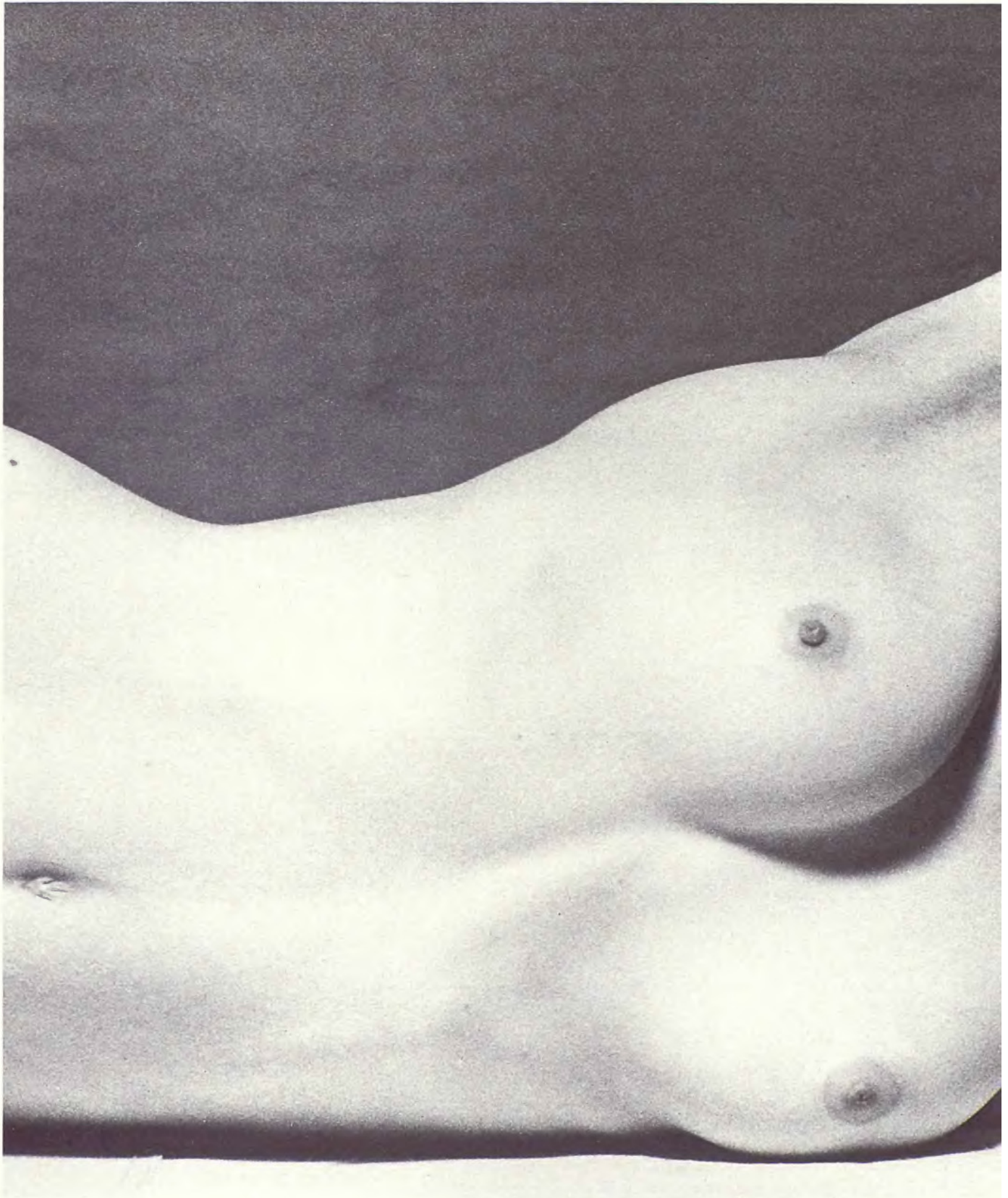
Madonna is something unique. You've seen her exude a very sexual furor in the movies, on TV, in videos, on tour. And now you've seen the world's number-one Boy Toy as a rose in black and white.













PART II:

THE MARTIN H. SCHREIBER SESSIONS

The Photographing the Nude course at New York's New School was founded by Martin H. Schreiber, whose students spent February 12 and 14, 1979, cutting their photographic teeth on a "beautiful, intelligent, unconventional" lady named Madonna.

"She was skinnier six years ago," says Schreiber, whose book credits include *Bodyscapes* and *Last of a Breed*. "There was something special about her; that's for sure. I think she's quite beautiful now, but she had a different kind of beauty then."

Schreiber's advanced-photography students met a girl who had to be paid in cash for her modeling work because she had no bank account but who clearly had inner resources.

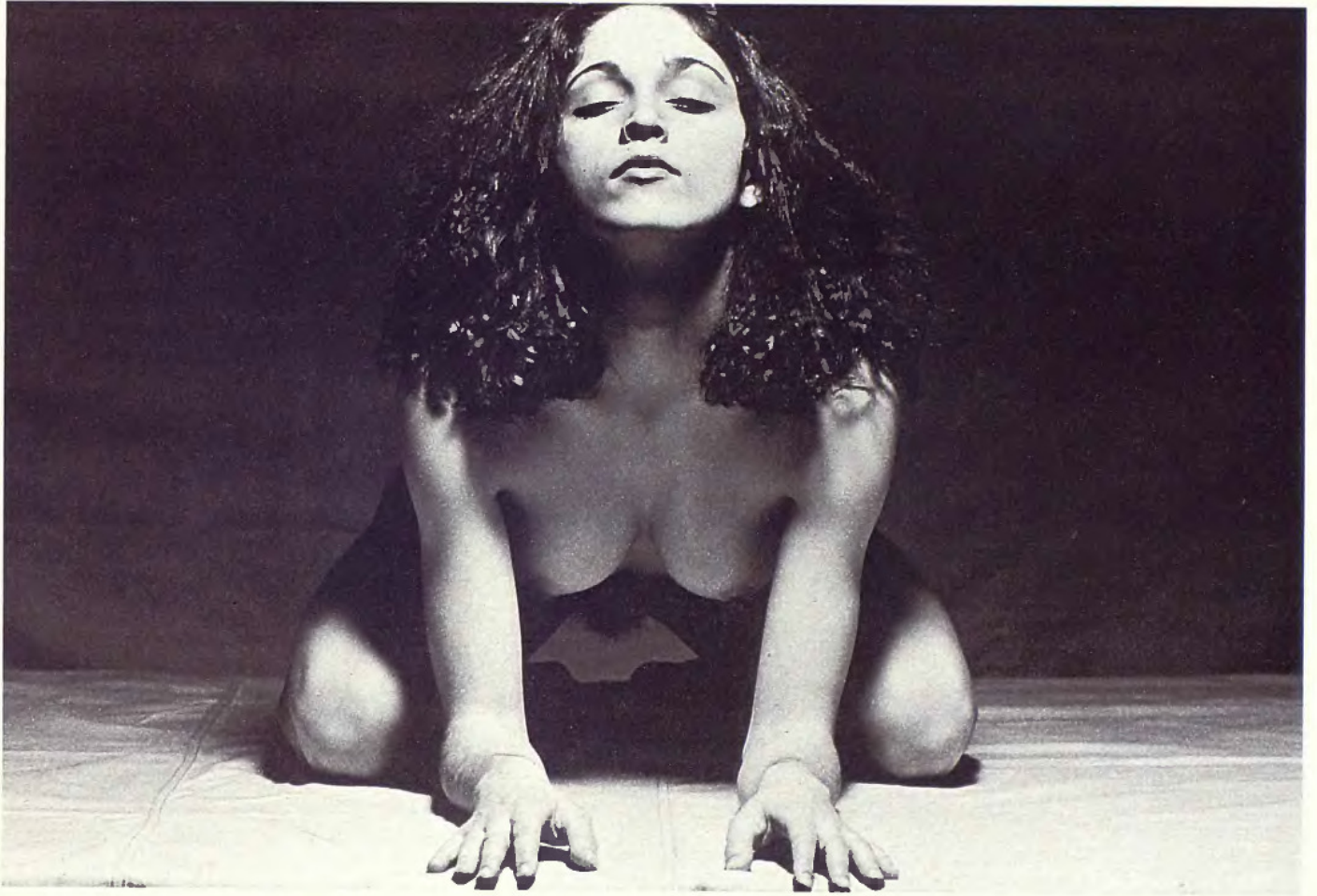
"I don't think she really knew what she wanted yet," recalls the photographer, "but she had some ideas. She was experimenting. She would do whatever it took to get where she wanted to go."

Which was up. Around that time, her experiments led her to front for a band called the Breakfast Club, and before long, she would parlay a new blonde 'do, a set of pipes made for pop music and the kittenish bod you see here into the Image. She would become the compleat Boy Toy.

This was to be an Eighties Boy Toy, however, not some frosted cupcake. The voice and body are her bona fides, but Madonna's secret may be her satirical bite. She knows a lot of this Image stuff is bullshit; she knows that *you* know. So as long as we're all in on the gag, let's enjoy it.

The Image would make Madonna the hottest star of 1985, but things were less warm in 1979.

"It was cold in my studio. I










had two heaters on Madonna," Schreiber remembers. "But she was laughing, having a good time. There was no hesitation on her part. 'Here I am. It's no big deal'—that's the way she was. I was fascinated by her."

Schreiber's fascination—he knew his model somewhat better than Friedlander did—may be the reason his photos of her seem a little more street-wise (there's that word again). Friedlander was making studies of an anonymous nude, while Schreiber was discovering a persona. "With a lot of nudes, I don't photograph faces," the latter says. "But with her, I wanted to include that face. Madonna had such a face."

Still does. She had yet to fine-tune Madonna Louise, a girl without a checkbook, into Madonna, a phenomenon without a need for one. Still, while her face and form were beautiful, Schreiber was more interested in shooting the inner Madonna than her now-famous innie.

"The nudes I've done are lovely," he says without a blush. "There's something wonderful in a beautiful form that happens to be someone's body. One of my roles is to make people look at nudes differently—I'm trying to make people feel less uptight about their bodies, because we're living in a puritanical age."

Sounds like a song cue, doesn't it? We're living in a puritanical age, in a material world. Her records would have you think she's just a material girl, but the year she spent as an artist's model left a record of a different Madonna—an ethereal young woman who could laugh off the chill of obscurity. Madonna knew she'd be hot before long. 

COPS *(continued from page 86)*

"His duties put him on intimate terms with the bizarre things people are doing to one another."

most cops would experience in a lifetime on one street: stabbings, shootings, fighting, gambling, prostitution. I would go home at night and think to myself, What a world! What an experience! It's really exciting. The smells were even very special. It was smells I'd never smelled before, exotic.

And the girls. If a guy is fairly good-looking and has anything going—anything at all—and he works in the ghetto, he can fuck himself to death if he wants to. That's no bullshit. It's just so available. It's so easy to get laid.

This is a single man's job, because you meet literally thousands of women, and you meet them in unusually stressful situations. You come in as the knight in shining armor. Some guys will take advantage of that. There's this ethic that says you don't do it, but we all know that everyone does it. I don't think I locked up a guy the first year on the force without fucking his wife, girlfriend or mother.

I was on my first post. A young fellow walked up to me—he had his load on—and made some snide remark to me. I deflected it. He came back again and made some very personal remark about my family, and I started to ignore that, too. I looked around, and I was aware that everybody was watching me. I realized that if I didn't take this situation in hand right away, there would be nothing I could accomplish.

I pretended to walk past him, but before I got by, I kned him right in the balls and dropped him to the ground. I picked him up gently, very gently, sat him on the stoop and walked away.

I never had a problem again on that post. I didn't beat him up or leave any scars. I didn't enjoy it. I didn't put myself in a situation where people would feel I was getting my rocks off. I just made my point. I had given him the opportunity to get his rocks off and leave. He didn't take it, and that was that.

I'd been a police officer for six days. Just got my uniform. I was riding with an experienced officer. He was actually a year younger than I was, but he had a whole year on the job.

This was a Sunday afternoon, a real nice, sunny day. We get a call up in a very expensive residential neighborhood—"Crime against nature." What's that? Somebody chopping down a tree? We're looking in our penal code. It's some kind of sex crime, we figured out. We drive up. There's another unit already there, so I

walked up and said, "Hey, what's going on?"

"You won't believe this," they said. "There's a naked lady fucking a dog."

"Nah, you're kidding me."

"Well, go back and look for yourself."

We go back behind this house, which is a \$200,000 home, and there's this naked woman screwing a great Dane. And it's not even her house. It was her dog, as it turned out. The resident is saying, "There's this lady in my back yard and I don't know what she's doing there. Well, I know what she's doing, but I don't know why she picked my back yard."

Obviously, we had to do something. It was beginning to draw a crowd. People were coming around. All these little kids from the neighborhood are showing up. She was oblivious to what was going on. She was really into it, orally copulating this rather large great Dane. So we decided we were going to separate her from the dog. They said to me, "All right, Dave, you grab the dog." I was the new guy.

I didn't think that was a real good idea, but I come up to the dog and tried to grab him. Naturally, he tried to bite me, bared fangs, "Raw! Raw! Raw-raw!"

"No, that's not going to work. Let's back off." We got on the radio and called up Animal Control. While we're waiting for the dogcatcher to show up, she's continuing with this thing. She was crazy.

This man comes up to me. He was about 40. He says, "You know, I am a visitor to this country. I am from Denmark. We have nothing like this in Denmark."

"I don't think we have much like this here in our country, either, buddy."

One of our guys runs back to his car and gets one of those little Instamatic cameras. He says, "I'm getting pictures of this." He's crawling up on hands and knees, getting some crotch shots of this gal. She wasn't bad-looking. She's chewing on this dog and sticking flowers up her twat.

A few minutes later, the Animal Control guy shows up. "Oh, yeah," he says. "It's Jane. She's always with her dog."

He put the noose thing on the end of a stick over the dog's head and started pulling the great Dane away. We got hold of her by the heels and we're dragging her the other way. Her point of connection with the dog is his testicles. We're pulling in both directions and the dog is going cross-eyed, yelping.

Finally, we break her loose from the dog. She turns as we grab her and she wraps her arms around this one officer, grabs him by the nuts and gives a big

squeeze. He's yelping. We're calling, "You got her, Joe. You got her. Hang on."

We managed to get her down to the unit, wrapped her in a blanket and got under way to Mental Health to see if they knew what to do with her.

As we're starting to drive down to Mental Health, she crawls up into the back window of the car and all you could see was this big, white butt sticking to the window. We drive her down the street, laughing as hard as we can. She's mooning the entire city.

I'd only been on a week, and I thought, This is really going to be strange.

ON PATROL

The police department is a service organization, open for business 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Dial their number and somebody has to answer, no matter what it is you want. A police officer deals with the desperate, the disturbed and all those people out there who are just plain lonely in the middle of the night. His duties put him on intimate terms with the bizarre things people are doing to one another and to themselves behind all the closed doors and drawn shades in the community. While the rest of us look the other way, he carts away the societal offal we don't want to deal with—suicides, drunks, drug addicts and derelicts. We call it keeping the peace, but the policeman often thinks of himself as humanity's garbage man.

A policeman on patrol does not solve crimes. For the most part, he spends his time with victims, not criminals. Something bad happens and someone calls the police. By the time the police arrive, the incident is usually over, and the officer at the scene can only try to pick up the pieces.

Stolen vehicle. The suspects were a good ways away from us, but my partner said, "They don't know the area and they're going to try to get off the main road. Let's go out after them, just for the heck of it."

We hadn't started down the road but about a half mile when here comes the vehicle the other way. We spun around and got behind them in a high-speed chase down a big old twisty, winding country road. No streetlights, no nothing.

We finally ran them to ground. They pulled over and stopped. We bailed out. It was a 14-year-old and a 13-year-old kid. We'd been told they were armed with a .22 pistol that they'd shot at the guy they stole the car from.

We jerked them out of the car and frisked them down. About this time, my partner found the .22 on one of the guys. I flipped open the back door and was getting ready to throw them in and this kid—a 13-year-old—turned around, looked me in the eye and said, "What about my rights?"

This is three o'clock in the morning, out *(continued on page 161)*

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

SYSTEMS II: THE SEQUEL

do stocks really move in lunar cycles? can astrology help you make millions? join our intrepid columnist in his continuing quest for a key to the market

LAST QUARTER, we were searching for systems—magic ways to play the market without necessarily having to think a great deal. This quarter, the search goes on.

“Don’t tell anybody about this,” a radio financial commentator tells me, “but I’ve found one of the keys to the market.” This radio stuff he just does as a side line. Full time, he is a stockbroker “with the best record in the country.” I ask him just what that means and whether he is very, very rich. He says he would be very, very rich if only his partners didn’t keep stealing from him. But he’s got a photographic memory, studies 40 pages of computer print-outs every morning, and he’s better than anybody at psyching out stocks and commodities.

I’d voice my skepticism, except that he’s bigger than me, we are about to go on the air (he controls the mikes) and, frankly, I am dying to know about this key to the market he’s found. So I ask him what it is and he says it’s simple. In the first minutes of trading, he can always tell—well, nine times out of ten—what the market will do that day. A short-term orientation, to be sure, but one that could nonetheless be leveraged to considerable advantage. How can he tell? It’s a secret he wouldn’t want to have get around, because why give away something so valuable for nothing, but “Just check out the opening on AMR.” He doesn’t know why—does it matter?—but if American Airlines (ticker symbol: AMR) opens up, the market will have an up day. If it opens down, the market will have a down day. Think you can remember that?

Naturally, since this guy has the best record of any broker in the country and would be very, very rich if only he didn’t always have partners stealing from him, I got set to multiply my own considerable fortune by going long or short stock-market futures each morning as soon as I saw how AMR opened and then closing out my position with a fat little profit each afternoon.

But I figured I’d try a dry run first. And do you know what? Over 20 consecutive trading days it worked not nine

times out of ten, as advertised, but only a little better than half the time, as you’d expect. (You’d expect better than 50 percent accuracy because AMR is most likely to open up if the market as a whole opens up; and if the market as a whole opens up, it’s already got a head start on *finishing* up.) On the first day of my test, AMR opened up an eighth and the market finished up three points. Score one for the supernatural. But the second day, AMR opened down a quarter and the market finished up 15. The day the market soared 21 points, AMR opened unchanged. On its biggest losing day, AMR opened up a quarter. Damn!

Anyhow, it’s tough to find systems that work—but tempting. And, at least in hindsight, it’s possible to find systems that have. Whether they’ll continue to is your job to decide.

THE STOP-LOSS STRATEGY

One tenet of Wall Street, widely accepted by folks far richer than I (which has to make ’em pretty filthy goddamn rich, let me tell you), runs like this: Cut your losses and let your profits run.

So a system many investors use is to place “tight stops” on all their positions. When their brokers call to confirm that they’ve just bought a stock at \$50.75 a share, for example, they may say, “Good. Now put in a stop-loss at 49.”

A stop-loss order assures that even if you’re off in Africa and not paying attention, you will be “stopped out” of your stock—your shares will be sold—if it ever touches 49. The less room you give your stock to fall, the tighter your stop. What’s more, if and as your stock starts to rise, you can continually “raise your stop” right along with it, like a ratchet wrench, to lock in your gains.

I’ll grant two parts wisdom in this. The first and most obvious is that if you arbitrarily set a ten-percent limit, say, on the loss you’ll accept, you’ll never lose more than ten percent. The second is that it’s a big world out there, and you can’t know all its secrets. If your stock is falling, there may be a reason. Rather (continued on page 156)



*an early line on teams
and players in both
conferences of the n.f.l.*

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

S

o you want to know which teams will go to the Super Bowl this year? It's easy. Of the dozen or so most talented squads in the league, the two with the fewest injuries will make it to New Orleans next January 26. The quality of officiating and lucky bounces of the ball will have their effects, but the best ticket to Super Bowl XX will be a clean bill of health.

Conflicting financial pressures have made pro football a huge crap game. In order to promote ever-greater ticket sales and higher television ratings, the game's rules have been changed to favor the offense—producing higher-scoring, more “entertaining” games. Professional football is, after all, big-time showbiz. But the increasing complexity of offenses has introduced perplexing problems. Having one or two capable players at the skill positions is no longer enough. Different game situations now require players with entirely different abilities who can shuttle in and out of *the same* positions, and capable substitutes must be available in case of injury to first- or even second-stringers.

Such a wide diversity of talent is hard to provide on a 45-player roster. The owners obviously don't want to increase the number of their employees—even the worst of whom, you can bet, feels he's worth \$500,000 for six months' work.

In addition, television revenues are no longer skyrocketing. It's a matter of oversupply. The airwaves are now so loaded with football games—college, pro and even high school—that audiences aren't as avid as they once were. They're hung over on football.

Thus, with an increasingly complex and diversified game that makes greater demands on available talent—and with the prospect of less and less TV money on hand to buy *more* talent—a few ill-timed and ill-placed injuries can scuttle the

sports **By ANSON MOUNT**

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

PLAYBOY'S 1985 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

Mark Duper, Miami	Wide Receiver
Roy Green, St. Louis	Wide Receiver
Ozzie Newsome, Cleveland	Tight End
Anthony Munoz, Cincinnati	Tackle
Jim Covert, Chicago	Tackle
Mike Munchak, Houston	Guard
Randy Cross, San Francisco	Guard
Dwight Stephenson, Miami	Center
Joe Montana, San Francisco	Quarterback
Walter Payton, Chicago	Running Back
Eric Dickerson, Los Angeles Rams	Running Back
Jan Stenerud, Minnesota	Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay	End
Mark Gastineau, New York Jets	End
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Dave Butz, Washington	Tackle
Mike Singletary, Chicago	Middle Linebacker
Hugh Green, Tampa Bay	Outside Linebacker
Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants	Outside Linebacker
Mark Haynes, New York Giants	Cornerback
Mike Haynes, Los Angeles Raiders	Cornerback
Mike Downs, Dallas	Free Safety
Kenny Easley, Seattle	Strong Safety
Jim Arnold, Kansas City	Punter
Louis Lipps, Pittsburgh	Kick Returner
Bill Bates, Dallas	Special Teams

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

A.F.C. Eastern Division	Miami Dolphins
A.F.C. Central Division	Pittsburgh Steelers
A.F.C. Western Division	Seattle Seahawks

A.F.C. Champion Seattle Seahawks

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Washington Redskins
N.F.C. Central Division	Chicago Bears
N.F.C. Western Division	San Francisco 49ers

N.F.C. Champion Chicago Bears

ALL THE MARBLES SEATTLE SEAHAWKS

season for a franchise. Look at the Chicago Bears last year. Where might they have finished with a healthy Jim McMahon?

Take our advice and don't bet big bucks on which teams will be this season's powerhouses—unless your grandmother is a soothsayer or you're on a first-name basis with several team physicians.

Oh, yes. There is one irreplaceable element if a team is to survive injuries and other unexpected obstacles. That's a creative and intelligent coach who has the smarts to adapt his game strategy to the vicissitudes of fortune. And that's why this year we're going with Chuck Knox's Seattle Seahawks and Mike Ditka's Chicago Bears.

While we wait for the season to begin—and for the disabled lists to start filling up—let's take a look at all the teams around the N.F.L.

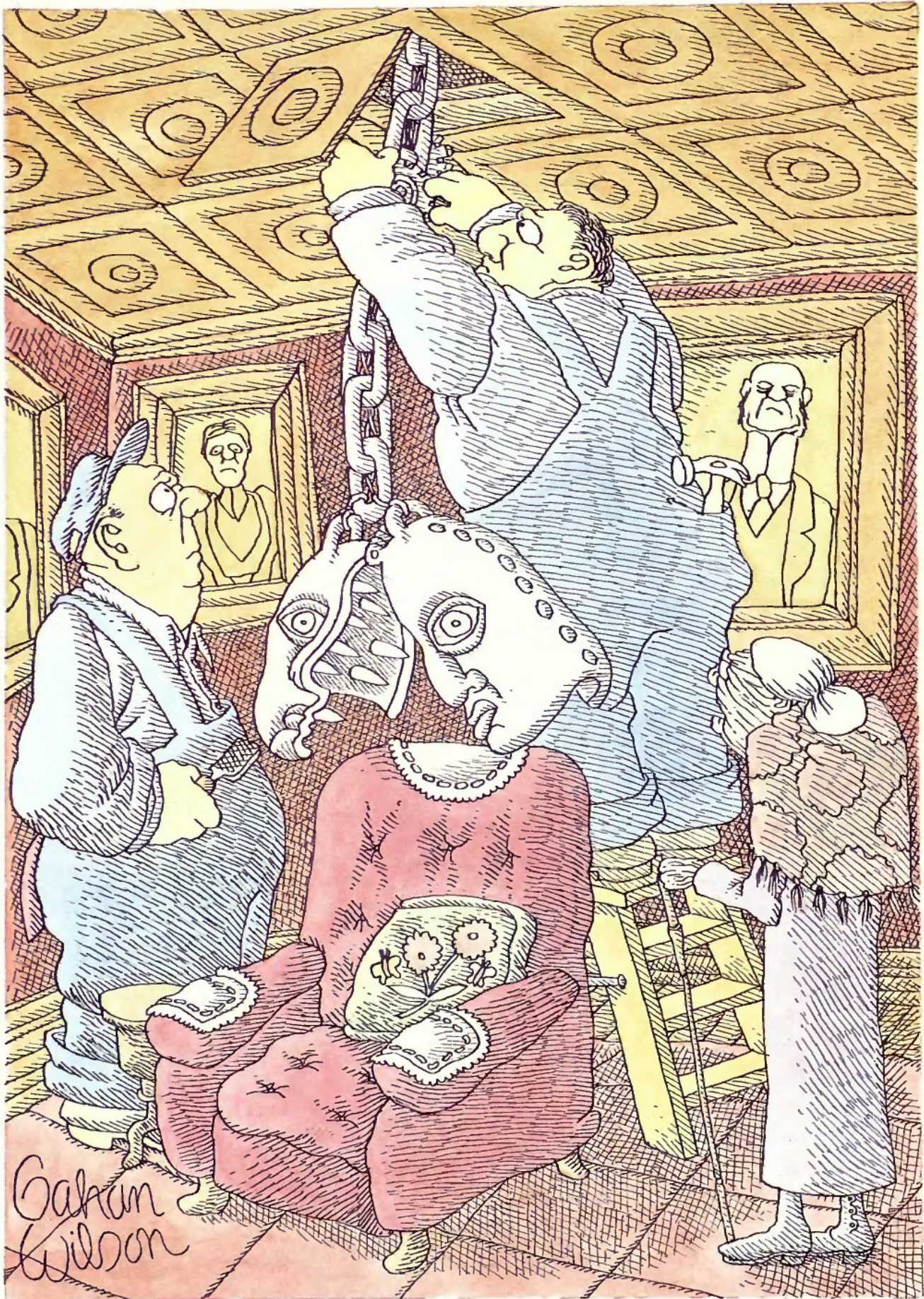
EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	10-6
New England Patriots	9-7
New York Jets	9-7
Buffalo Bills	6-10
Indianapolis Colts	5-11

Miami's remarkable success last season was the result of two fortuitous happenings. First, quarterback Dan Marino suddenly matured and had a record-shattering campaign. Second (and even more important), the other teams in the A.F.C. East ranged from mediocre to awful. Marino will return this year, presumably better than ever, but the other Eastern Division teams will all be improved. The Dolphins' biggest problem, however, is on defense. The Killer B's were overrated last season, and they'll be even worse this year. There weren't many great defensive players available in April's draft—by the time the Dolphins had a pick, all the goodies were gone. Three Dolphin rookies, defensive tackle George Little, linebacker Alex Moyer and cornerback Mike Smith, will probably make the squad out of sheer necessity. Don Shula also needs a couple of intimidating runners to give another dimension to his passaholic offense—first-round draft choice Lorenzo Hampton should help.

Patriotism is running high in Boston. The days of rancor and vicious infighting are over. New coach Raymond Berry has brought a sense of stability to the franchise. Although he has recruited a quality group of assistants, Berry—the former Colts receiver who was Johnny U.'s favorite target—will run the offense himself. He has several superassets, such as runners Craig James and Tony Collins and a passing attack that includes quarterback Tony Eason and receivers Irving Fryar, Stanley Morgan and Stephen Starring (a new



"It's very awkward when it sticks like that!"

PLAYBOY

PRO FOOTBALL



**C
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ENTRY FORM

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL CHALLENGE

Here are my picks for the 1985 season champions:

NFC _____

East _____

West _____

Central _____

AFC _____

East _____

West _____

Central _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Age _____

Entries must be postmarked no later than September 8, 1985. Send to: Playboy's Pro Football Challenge, P.O. Box 7092, Deerfield, IL 60015.

BEAT ANSON MOUNT AND WIN A TRIP TO SUPER BOWL XX WITH A PLAYMATE!

So, you think you can pick this season's winners better than Anson Mount? We dare you to prove it in **PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL CHALLENGE**. This year, your opinions can win more than just an argument. They can win you a seat at the Super Bowl alongside a Playmate!

Just pick your choices for Division champs on the entry form and mail it to us before September 8, 1985. You could win one of 10 Playboy-sponsored weekend trips for two to Super Bowl XX in New Orleans. And a **PLAYBOY Playmate** will be your escort for the game. Or win one of 100 runner-up prizes: a custom-designed Playboy Pro Football Jersey. See official contest rules for details, and enter today.



OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. No purchase necessary.
2. To enter and to be eligible for all prizes, follow the instructions indicated, using the entry form shown or a 3x5 postcard. Only one (1) entry per person. Entries must be received no later than 9/8/85, the final closing date of this contest. Entries should be sent to: Playboy's Pro Football Challenge, P.O. Box 7092, Deerfield, IL 60015.

Not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected or mutilated entries.

3. Winners will be drawn at random and awarded to entries bearing the greatest number of correct answers, based on the final 1985 NFC and AFC Division standings. Winners will be determined by an independent judging organization whose decisions will be final. Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. Entries become the property of Playboy.

4. All prizes will be awarded. No substitutions will be made on any prize. Limit one (1) prize per family. Taxes on all prizes are the sole responsibility of the winner.

5. All winners will be notified by mail. Winners may be obligated to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release within ten (10) days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, alternate winners will be selected. Any prize notification letter or any prize returned to Playboy Enterprises, Inc., as undeliverable will be awarded to an alternate winner.

6. Ten first prizes each include round-trip coach airfare for two persons from closest commercial airport to New Orleans; ground transportation; three nights in a deluxe hotel; dinners and two tickets to Super Bowl XX (approximate retail value \$3,500 per prize). 100 runner-up prizes of a Playboy Pro Football Jersey (approximate retail value \$15 per prize). Total value of all prizes is approximately \$36,500.

7. Entry authorizes use of any prize winner's name and photograph by Playboy Enterprises, Inc., without further compensation to the winner.

8. Contest is open to residents of the United States only, who are 18 years of age or older, except employees and families of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., its agencies and affiliates. Contest is subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations, and is void wherever prohibited by law.

9. To receive a list of the major prize winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Playboy's Pro Football Challenge, Prize Winner List, P.O. Box 7093, Deerfield, IL 60015.

member of the N.F.L.'s All-Name team). The Patriots' draft was productive, bringing center Trevor Matich and defensive end Garin Veris to New England.

The turmoil is beginning to subside in the Jets' locker room. The furor began when former coach Walt Michaels took the team to within one game of the 1983 Super Bowl and then was moved out. His replacement, Joe Walton, often covered his inadequacies by screaming at the veterans. Most of the oldies are gone now, and Walton has molded the team in his own image. The Jets have an excellent offensive line and a good ground attack but have no established quarterback as they begin pre-season drills. They didn't find a promising passer in the draft but upgraded their air attack by selecting Wisconsin's Al Toon, who'll be their best receiver for years.

The situation in Buffalo is simple: When you're on the bottom, you can't go anywhere but up. Fortunately for the Bills, last season's poor showing gave them a prime position in April's draft. They reaped a bumper crop. The top prize, of course, was defensive end Bruce Smith, but cornerback Derrick Burroughs and center Mark Traynowicz should also win starting jobs. Buffalo needs help everywhere, so most of the rookies will be thrown into the trenches as raw recruits. The Bills should still charge a little harder than they did in 1984.

We did a grave disservice to the Colts last year, predicting that they would win only two games. They had a fabulously successful season, winning four. This year, they're going to reach astronomical heights by winning five—certainly enough to keep the fans filling the Hoosier Dome.

The Colts need help everywhere—*especially* in Robert Irsay's owner's box—but, unfortunately, some of their highest draft choices have suffered attacks of failurephobia and have defected to the U.S.F.L. That leaves holes in the Colts' line-up, but help is on the way—at least on defense—in the persons of draftees Duane Bickett, a linebacker from USC, and Don Anderson, a cornerback from Purdue.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	10-6
Cincinnati Bengals	7-9
Cleveland Browns	6-10
Houston Oilers	5-11

Pro football teams, like people and cicadas, go through cycles. The franchises that are big winners for a number of years eventually suffer the inroads of low draft choices and aging veterans. The rebuilding process can be long and excruciating. The Pittsburgh Steelers, however, have pulled off a nearly miraculous resurrection in only two years. Last season, they were a prime example of the wild inconsistencies

of young teams (there were 13 rookies on the roster): They beat the 49ers in San Francisco, then lost the next week to the lowly Colts. The Steelers have enviable quarterback depth (Mark Malone is this year's probable starter), plus a superb corps of receivers (Louis Lipps is super-superb, and he's still getting better), and the running of Frank Pollard and Walter Abercrombie, just approaching his potential.

The Steelers have depth problems at many positions, so a few ill-timed injuries could devastate them. The draft brought half a dozen contenders for starting spots, but offensive tackle Mark Benning, defensive back Liffort Hobley and linebacker Gregg Carr are the real prizes.

Cincinnati is also rebuilding—a task made all the more difficult by management's tightfisted fiscal policies. Every time general manager Paul Brown opens his wallet, the hinges squeak. The result has been the Bengals' recent difficulty in signing high draft choices and the insistence of some of their best players on being traded. It now appears, however, that the Bengals' parsimony is a harbinger of the immediate future in the N.F.L.

Cincinnati needs to sign all its draftees this year, though, since the talent stockpile in Riverfront Stadium is thin. And April's draft was a Bengal bonanza. Linebackers Emmanuel King and Carl Zander, defensive backs Sean Thomas and Anthony Tuggle and lineman Tony DeGrate should all be rookie starters. The quarterback position has suffered from instability, but Boomer Esiason will win the job this year.

Cleveland is also looking for stability at quarterback. Gary Danielson is the experienced veteran, but second-year player Terry Nugent has a cannon for an arm.

The Browns suffered from an anemic running attack last year, but they added iron by signing running back Kevin Mack, who defected from the U.S.F.L. The Browns' weakest suit is a limp offensive line that is showing its age. The draft this year—good news—was loaded with top-grade blockers, and the Browns got one: Marc Krerowicz. They also picked super-runner Greg Allen, but the big catch was a whopper. Bernie Kosar—taken in the supplemental draft—could quickly become one of the top quarterbacks in the N.F.L.

Added firepower on offense should help the Browns' defensive unit—one of the league's best last year—do even better this season. Playing three quarters per game tends to wear down even a great defense.

Houston's talent pool is a mirror image of Cleveland's. Quarterback Warren Moon is tremendous. Soon he'll be such a force in the N.F.L. that people will start talking about his arm instead of his salary. And the Oilers' young but talented offensive line, led by superguard Mike Munchak, could be the best in the league.

(continued on page 152)



20 QUESTIONS: BILLY CRYSTAL

the man of a thousand faces worries about double chins, designated hitters and wearing the sammy make-up home

One marvelous thing about actor/comedian Billy Crystal is that although he has portrayed so many marvelous characters on “Saturday Night Live,” “Soap” and “The Billy Crystal Comedy Hour”—not to mention the first pregnant man, in the film “Rabbit Test”—he is absolutely marvelous just being himself, even though he is not related to Marvelous Marvin Hagler. Do you know what we’re saying, darlings? And we feel we must tell you that he is, of course, a marvelous husband and father. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Crystal in his small but marvelously appointed NBC office. Said Rensin after the interview, “He looked great.”

1.

PLAYBOY: What does Fernando have that Ricardo and Cesar don’t? And how did he get it?

CRYSTAL: [As Fernando] See, they don’t know how to really tap into the pulse of America. You know what I’m saying to you? Cesar did the Batman. He was the Joker, I believe. But he hid behind the mask. It was like a Fellini dinner party when you looked at his face. And Ricardo got fat and lazy with *Fantasy Island*. He did not need a midget to look good. You know what I’m saying? And I think perhaps they made the mistake of having a lift and tuck that did not take. And so, the face falls. [Pauses] Now, me, I look mahvelous.

This whole thing got started when I was watching *The Tonight Show* and Fernando Lamas was on. I used to love him on there, because he would say, “You look marvelous, John. That was really marvelous”—but not the way I do it. He would just say it, and that seemed to be the thrust of his in-depth conversation. And then one night Johnny said, “Well, you look great, too.” And Fernando said, “I’d rather look good than feel good.” I got hysterical. I was running for a pad.

Later, I called up one of my managers and his secretary answered and I said [in voice], “Hello, this is Fernando Lamas. Can I talk with David, please?” And we got into it. It got so funny that the whole office started calling me and saying, “Hello, Billy? Is Fernando there?” Then I started leaving answering-machine messages, and this Fernando thing got very big—but only on the phone.

Finally, when I got my own show at NBC, I was fooling around with Fernando, and my brother, who was a writer on the show, said, “Let’s do a talk show and call it *The Hideaway*.” So I would improvise 18

minutes’ worth of guests and edit it down. When I brought Fernando to *Saturday Night Live*, “You look mahvelous” became a sort of catch phrase. The other day, I ran into a two-year-old kid doing it in the supermarket.

Of course, you know that I’m *not* doing Fernando Lamas. The late Mr. Lamas was a nice, intelligent man. My guy is an idiot. But he means well.

2.

PLAYBOY: Who does *not* look marvelous?

CRYSTAL: [As Fernando] David Soul. Nice man, needs some work. Billy Dee Williams. I’m confused, Bill. First movies, now *Dynasty*? I don’t get that. Sold out for the bucks? O. J. Simpson. I’m confused. Nice man but bad career moves. Too much time at airports. Next time, walk, don’t run, babe. Mel Tormé. Great singer, but this thing [grabs chin] is like a turtle-neck. It’s amazing-looking. Marlon Brando, this whole weight thing, I don’t get it. Is it pain? Am I sensing pain, Marlon? Three hundred pounds! Also, what’s with this video, Jermaine Jackson? With the shooting? With the woman trying to kill you in the shower? What the hell is that?

3.

PLAYBOY: You were in the original cast of *Saturday Night Live*. Should we believe what we read in the press: that you quit because you weren’t allowed to develop material at your own pace?

CRYSTAL: No. I was brand-new. I had a deal pending with NBC at the time. The thought was that I would do six appearances and develop into a host. When I went on to do the first show, I saw that my spot was at 12:55 A.M.—not great. But we did a dress rehearsal on Friday and the piece was great, though a bit long. It ran six minutes and Lorne [Michaels, *Saturday Night Live*’s creator] said it had to be trimmed by nearly five. I couldn’t. So I called the office and we met here on Saturday—the day of the debut of what I knew was going to be a history-making show. And we went back and forth. It was terribly painful. Eventually, we decided that because of the lack of time, I’d look like a throw-in. Much later, I found out that it had actually come down to a choice between me and Valri Bromfield, based on who had traveled farther. I had come from Long Island. She had come from Toronto.

The night I got bumped, I was already in my make-up. I took the Long Island Rail Road home. It was just awful. I was

leaning against the glass, like Dustin Hoffman on the bus at the end of *Midnight Cowboy*. I got to my apartment and made the phone calls: “Hello, Mom? I’m not going to be on.” She said, “What did you say to those people? What did you do, get fired?” That was the worst.

I went on to the other *Saturday Night*, with Howard Cosell. I have a picture of the marquee from one night: TONIGHT’S GUESTS, CHITA RIVERA, GWEN VERDON, ROY CLARK, SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY AND BILLY CRYSTAL. And then *Soap* happened. I moved to Los Angeles. But my head and heart were in New York. I didn’t feel right for years, until my show was canceled and I got back out on the road, just working, doing stand-up.

4.

PLAYBOY: Many of the characters you now portray are older than you. You’re 36. What draws you to the aged?

CRYSTAL: I do them well. I also have a huge fear of getting old. When I was growing up, there was a lot of death in my family. The grandparents were always sick. They were joyous people, with a sense of humor, but always sick. On Passover, we’d be together and there would be 40 people doing “Who’s sicker?” You know, “What are you talking about? The fever, 108, it’s not a fever. I was dead for six months and didn’t know it. I came back because Jews have a sense of humor.” I’d hear that and get upset. I loved them, yet I would get up and start imitating them. They got hysterical. And 30 years later, I’m *still* doing them. When I slid into 35 headfirst, I thought, Boy, this goes fast. Soon you start learning words like minoxidil; learning that you can’t play two sets of tennis; that aspirin really *does* upset your stomach; that you shouldn’t swim after a sandwich. So I’m getting ready.

5.

PLAYBOY: Your father started the Commodore jazz record label. Billie Holiday baby-sat for you. Did she sing you to sleep?

CRYSTAL: She baby-sat for me, but my parents didn’t give her two dollars an hour to come over. And she didn’t sing me to sleep. It wasn’t as great as that. My dad ran great jazz concerts: Going to them was the only way I could see him on the weekends. They were called the Sessions. And Billie would be there—though I had no idea who these people were: the giants of jazz, Eddie Condon, Jack Teagarden, all the great (continued on page 175)

BACK TO CAMPUS '85

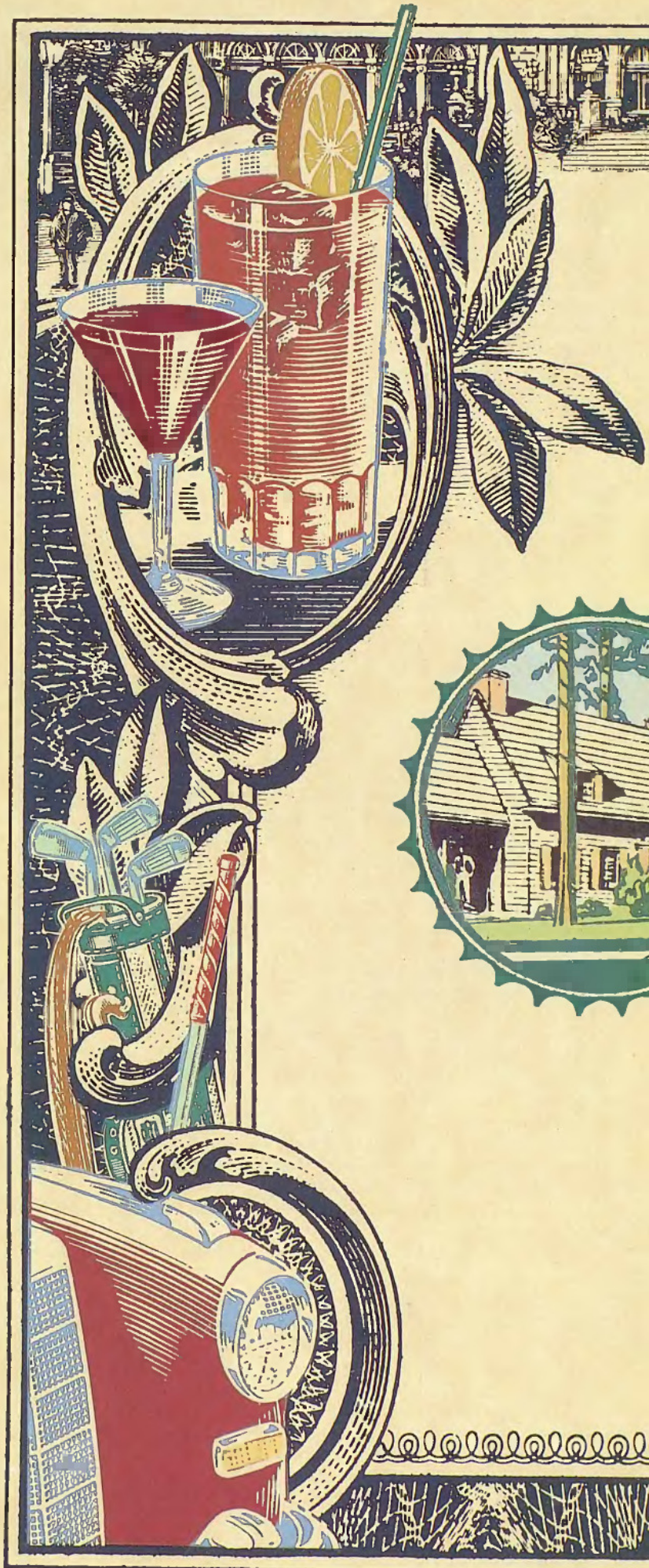
*these days, nothing succeeds
like success*

NO ONE is quite sure when it all began. Some people point to recent pop music—Cyndi Lauper's *Money Changes Everything*, Madonna's *Material Girl*—as the best barometer of the changing mood on campus. Then again, it's been more than 20 years since the Beatles remade *Money* (*That's What I Want*). In music, as in pop culture, what comes around goes around.

This time, though, there's some new spin on the ball. The college kid who wants to get good grades, land a job with a big company and make megabucks is now old news. The real success stories of the mid-Eighties aren't those who join the big companies but those who *start* them. The numbers of student entrepreneurs (such as the ones featured on the following pages) are growing rapidly.

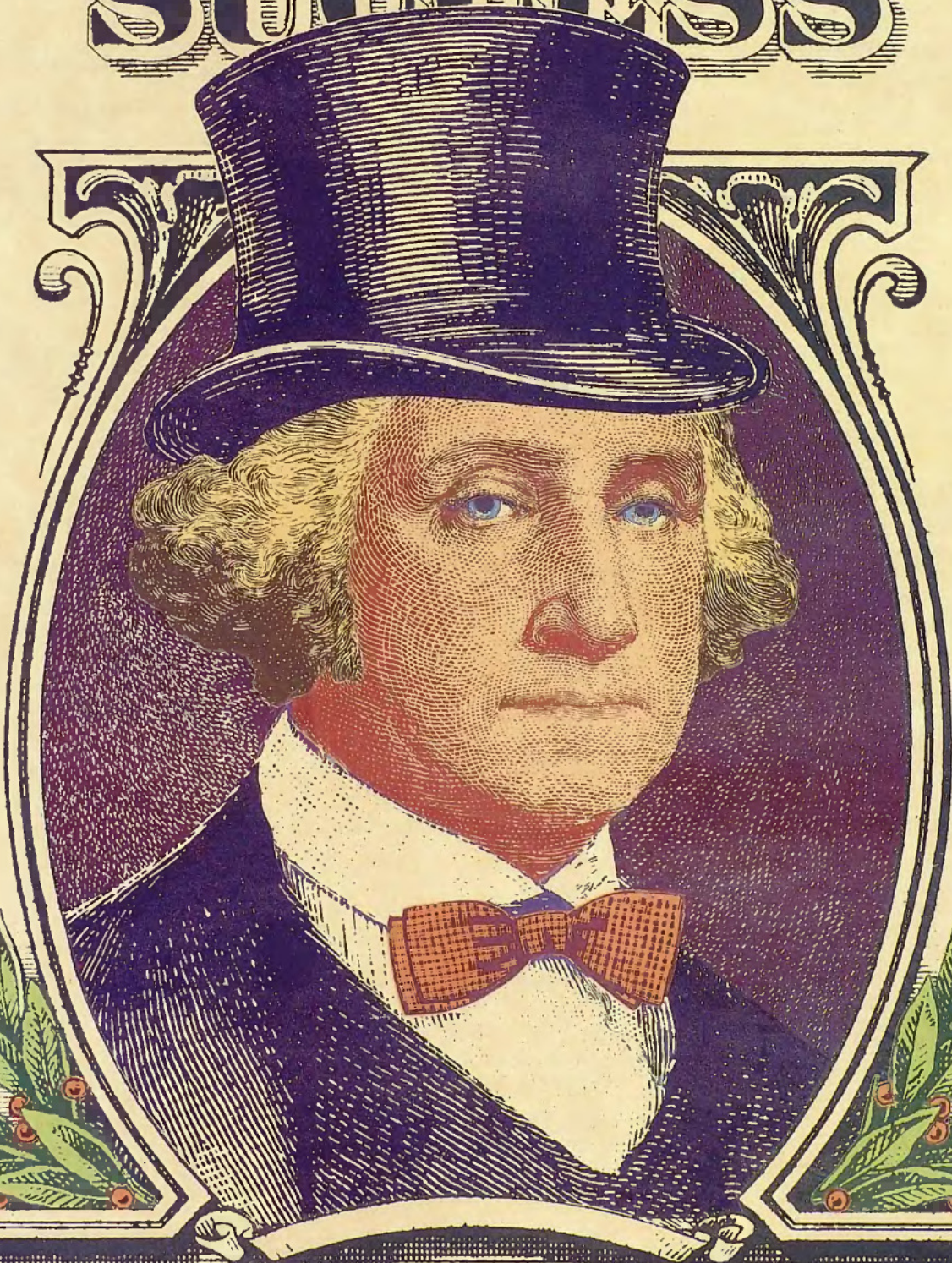
And colleges themselves have jumped onto the band wagon. The number of universities with courses or research centers devoted to entrepreneurship has grown from six in 1967 to more than 150 today. As recently as 1981, no school offered an undergraduate major in entrepreneurship. Now at least five colleges—Arizona, Babson, Baylor, Southern Cal and Penn—do, and others are expected to follow soon.

We've put together this year's *Back to Campus Guide* with this stress on success in mind. In addition to our profiles of students who have had a degree of success before they've gotten their degrees, we offer a success survival handbook—chock-full of tips on everything from presenting yourself effectively during a job interview to how to order the right drink. We even give you some tips on how to spot a successful woman. Consider that extra credit.



COLLEGE

SUCCESS



GUIDE



THE CAMPUS SUCCESS HANDBOOK

what you need to know to make it in the material world

WHERE THE BUCKS ARE

Who's making the big money? While the average *starting* salary for all 1985 graduates is \$20,470, engineering majors are pulling down almost double what a liberal-arts graduate makes. Here, if there's still time to change your major, are average first-year salaries by field of study (figures from *Recruiting Trends*, Michigan State University).

Electrical engineering	\$28,086
Mechanical engineering	28,004
Chemical engineering	27,827
Computer science	26,690
Physics	25,411
Civil engineering	22,789
Financial administration	19,506
Accounting	19,262
Marketing/sales	19,157
Business administration	17,782
Social science	17,640
Personnel administration	17,181
Education	17,082
Hotel, restaurant and institutional management	16,871
Communications	16,299
Liberal arts	15,124
Human ecology	14,827

But don't panic yet if an engineering degree isn't in the cards for you. If you're willing to put in a few years' time, compensation in other professions can catch up with experience or an advanced degree. Our business sources tell us the top professions in terms of financial compensation are (1) investment banking, (2) medicine, (3) securities trading. Average salaries reach \$100,000 in those fields. Professions in the \$50,000-to-\$75,000 range include pilot, dentist and financial planner.

WHERE THE JOBS ARE

Want to know where to go for the best job opportunities? How about Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada? The Southwest region of the U.S. had the highest availability of jobs for 1985 grads. Next-best regions were the South Central, the Southeast and the Northeast. That doesn't say much for the Big Ten, does it?

TEN TIPS FOR A SUCCESSFUL INTERVIEW

A high G.P.A. alone won't land you a job. But chances are, a successful interview will. This is one time you can't rely on your natural charm and good looks, either. Here are some things you *can* do to make the right impression.

1. Always ask your references' permission *before* you give their names out. It's proper form, and it allows them to decide what to tell prospective employers.

2. Research the company prior to the interview, so you can ask intelligent questions. Your placement office may have the company's literature on file, or check the library for its annual report and news items in trade publications.

3. Never ask about salary first. Show the employer what *you* can do for *him* before you ask what he can do for you.

4. Be prepared to talk honestly about a low point on your transcript. Instead of making excuses, show what you've done to make up for mistakes.

5. Project positive body language—sit up straight, lean slightly forward, make eye contact often.

6. Go easy on cologne or after-shave. You want the interviewer to remember *you*, not your fragrance.

7. Personnel directors tell us that the first thing they spot is grooming: shoes shined, suit pressed, nails clean.

8. Keep your look as professional as possible; leave your textbooks in the dorm.

9. Take extra copies of your résumé.

10. Write a thank-you note to the interviewer the same day (don't forget to proof-read it). This will keep your name fresh in the interviewer's mind.

THE RIGHT DRINK

Out for lunch with a prospective boss? You probably know this isn't the time to get loaded on zombies. But what's the proper drink to order? At New York's prestigious "21" Club, the most popular drinks at business lunches are martinis, bloody marys, Scotch, white wine and sours. We can't argue with success.

EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES FOR THE UPWARDLY MOBILE

Forget break dancing. Here are some hobbies that can help your career take off.

Gourmet cooking. It comes in handy when you want to throw a cocktail party—or get through life.

Golf. You want to be able to say yes when the C.E.O. invites you to his club.

Winetasting. Knowing a good Burgundy from a mediocre Beaujolais will help you make the right choice.

Squash. Men in high-pressure positions find this great for fielding frustrations.

Scuba diving. With its high-tech equipment and exotic locations, scuba is right

up there with skiing as the preferred vacation sport.

EARNING CREDIT

Establishing financial credit while you're still earning college credits is easier than it used to be. The best way is by getting a credit card or a charge card, and American Express is practically giving its plastic away. If you're a graduating senior with a clean credit history, a job offer paying at least \$10,000 annually will qualify you for a green card. Special student applications are being distributed on campus or are available from the company.

If you're an underclassman, you can get into the act by having a creditworthy guarantor cosign the application. You take it from there.

THREE COURSES YOU SHOULD TAKE

Statistics. With computers everywhere, quantitative analysis is valuable even for liberal-arts majors.

Public speaking. Talking in front of a group is one of man's greatest fears. Work on making it an asset.

Business writing. The ability to facilitate written communication will enhance the feasibility of an individual's upward movement in any professional environment. If you've read this far, we'll buy you a beer.

REQUIRED READING

Samuelson's *Economics* will take you only so far. For true views of success, read these books:

What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School, by Mark H. McCormack

Megatrends, by John Naisbitt

In Search of Excellence, by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr.

Iacocca: An Autobiography, by Lee Iacocca and William Novak

HOW TO SPOT A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN

No successful man should be without a successful woman. Finding the *right* woman isn't always easy. We offer some sure-fire advice.

• Her earrings match, and there's only one per lobe.

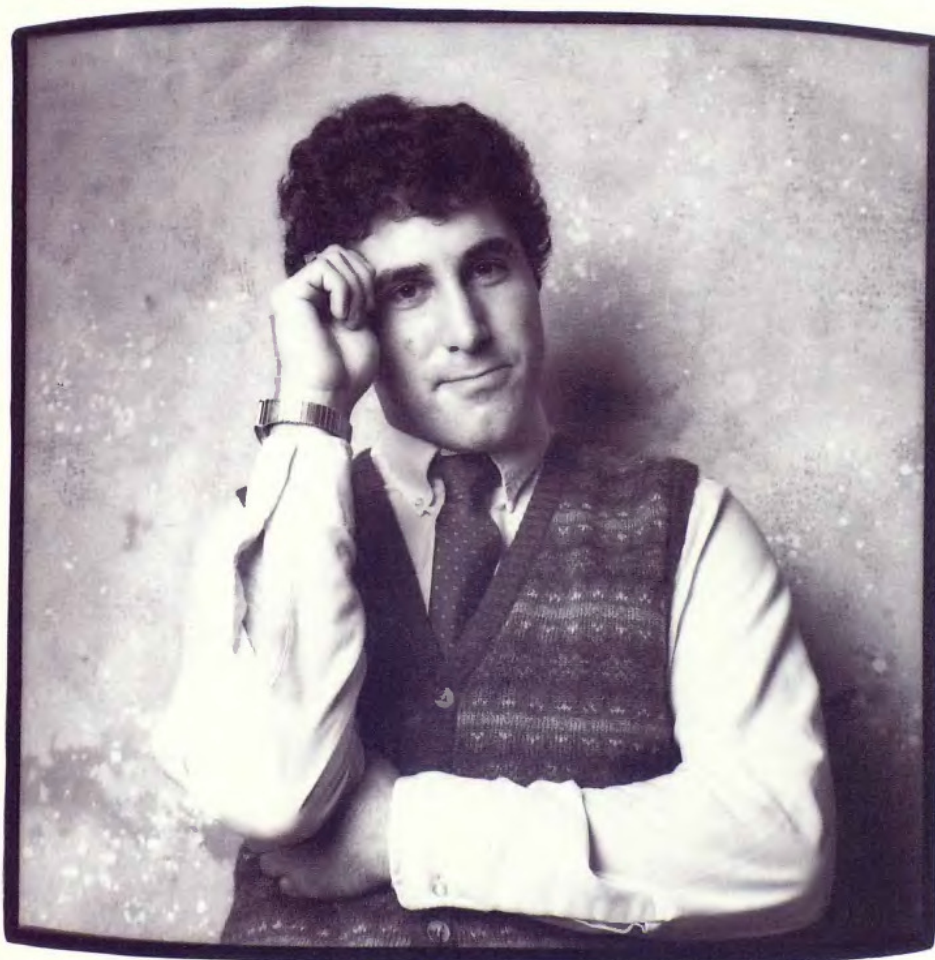
• She knows that Paul McCartney was in a band before Wings.

• She doesn't think that G.N.P. stands for good-natured person.

• She's not (concluded on page 151)



RISKY BUSINESS



Mark Krasnow



Robert Kotick

*students who took a chance on earning
their fortunes before their degrees*

By DAN ROTTENBERG

Some businesses are born on Wall Street and some students go to college for a degree. And then there are businesses such as Fast Breaks, which was dreamed up two years ago as an entrepreneur-club idea by 17 Indiana University students. Their concept was simple but brilliant: Fast Breaks would charge a premium to deliver hamburgers, fried chicken, *tacos* and pizza from a fast-food strip on the outskirts of Bloomington to the thousands of students marooned without cars in IU's dormitories.

But by the time Fast Breaks actually got going last fall, all but one of the students—senior Rick Gilbertson—had lost interest. Gilbertson needed to keep Fast Breaks alive as his senior project in order to graduate, but the business was consuming 70 to 100 hours a week. On the other hand, Fast

Breaks was producing full-time profits.

"So I said the hell with it," Gilbertson recalls. With school, that is.

Gilbertson dropped out of IU in his senior year and never got a degree. But he *does* have a company that now employs 18 drivers and an accountant and is about to expand its operations into other college towns across the country.

Yes, times are changing once again on America's college campuses. A few years ago, kids went to school to get a degree so they could land a good job and make a lot of money. These days, increasingly, students are launching lucrative businesses *in* school, and often the degree is beside the point. Student-owned businesses have spread so quickly that they now have their own trade group, based at Wichita State

University—the two-year-old Association of Collegiate Entrepreneurs, whose annual convention in Dallas this year attracted 611 participants from 202 schools in 41 states and eight countries.

Some of those undergrads, profiled here, started businesses for the experience. Others are already operating major enterprises that only a college student might be gutsy enough to start.

"If you wait until you're out of school and working for somebody else," says 24-year-old Jimmy Enriquez of Houston, who founded two thriving businesses as a University of Texas undergrad, "you're going to get used to that big salary and that fancy car. Once that happens, it's very difficult to gamble on a new idea. It's better to start a company when you're a student, while you're still used to driving a junker and living like a dog."

●
Robert Kotick and Howard Marks
School: University of Michigan, Ann Arbor



Howard Marks

Company: Arktronics Corporation
Business: Computer-software

The nation's largest student-run business was born one day in December 1982 when Michigan roommates Bobby Kotick and Howard Marks were horsing around in their dorm. Marks, then 20, was an engineering student from Paris with an American father and a French mother—an electronics genius who had built his own TV set when he was 13. Kotick, then 19, was a history-of-art major from New York and a confessed computer illiterate. "I bet Howard that he couldn't create a computer-software program I could use," Kotick remembers. "He won the bet. But, of course, we both won."

The program Marks designed—called Jane—was a forerunner of Apple's Macintosh concept: It employed friendly graphics and symbols instead of complicated jargon commands and was ideal for beginners to use in their homes. Through family connections, Kotick showed the program to Golden Nugget chairman Stephen A.



Michael S. Miller

Wynn. With his help, Kotick and Marks formed Arktronics, raised \$250,000 and, in 1983, put Jane—the first inexpensive sophisticated software aimed at computer novices—on the market.

After shipping \$500,000 worth of Jane programs in their first seven months, the two students realized that they had more than a good product on their hands: They had an unbeatable one-two punch in Marks's technical genius and Kotick's marketing skill.

Instead of coasting on Jane's success, last year, with the help of Arthur Salomon of Salomon Brothers, they built Arktronics into a 20-person organization that began churning out a stream of new software products, selling licensing rights to major computer manufacturers in exchange for royalties. Today, Jane is produced in six languages. Arktronics is expected to gross more than \$2,000,000 this year and Marks and Kotick are so busy that they recently hired a full-time chief operating officer so they can finish their undergraduate-degree

requirements.

"We're sort of half-time students now," Kotick admits, though both expect to graduate this year.

"Our parents and friends were afraid we'd drop out," says Marks, who's now 23. "But our business has benefited from our contacts with professors. And they gave me some credits for the programs I was designing. I even got an A in one course."

Besides, adds Kotick, running a company such as Arktronics saves time in other ways: "You don't have to go for job interviews."

•
Mark Krasnow

School: Washington University, St. Louis
Company: Kras Shorts

Business: Sportswear manufacturer

Going into the clothing business was the last thing on Mark Krasnow's mind when he ran into high school chum Gary Goble in the summer of 1984. They had gone home to Oklahoma City after finishing

their freshman year—Krasnow at Washington University, Goble at Oklahoma—and they decided to celebrate by treating themselves to new, flashy tropical shorts. But when Goble saw the \$28 price tag on the shorts in a local store, he got another idea: "Let's figure out how to make them ourselves."

A week later, Goble went to Krasnow's house wearing a pair he had stitched together. (Goble had cut a pattern by taking another pair of shorts and ripping it apart.) The two students bought some cotton-and-polyester fabric from a local retailer and sewed themselves a few more pairs of Hawaiian shorts, complete with multicolored birds and flowers.

"We had no intention of going into business," Krasnow insists. But when they started wearing the shorts around town, envious friends demanded copies of their own, which Krasnow and Goble obligingly supplied. Soon they had so many orders that they hired a girlfriend to do their sew-

ing in her home. When they sold 50 pairs (at \$11 each) to a souvenir shop at an amusement park, "We knew we were on to something," Krasnow says. Later, they sold 350 pairs to an Oklahoma City chain store; by summer's end, the two reluctant entrepreneurs had four friends sewing for them—not to mention a Vietnamese tailor with a professional's sewing machine.

Goble subsequently lost interest. But when Krasnow, a premed student who switched to economics, returned to school in St. Louis last fall, he wangled an appointment with the head sportswear buyer at Famous-Barr, a big local department store. She readily acknowledged that his Kras shorts were as good as anything on the market and much less expensive and talked with him about ordering 2000 pairs.

"I was flabbergasted," Krasnow says. "Our people were turning out maybe 100 pairs a week. I couldn't fill that order unless I quit school and hired a whole new

work force." Because he figured that Hawaiian shorts were a passing fad that would soon fizzle, Krasnow declined to follow up on the order, opting instead to stay in school and keep his business small. Today, he sells the shorts from his fraternity house, relying on word of mouth to draw customers—which isn't difficult, considering the \$14.50 price. "Last time I looked, Famous-Barr was charging \$30," Krasnow says, grinning.

Samuel Kates

School: Babson College, Wellesley, Massachusetts

Company: SSK Enterprises Inc.

Business: Candy, résumés, real estate

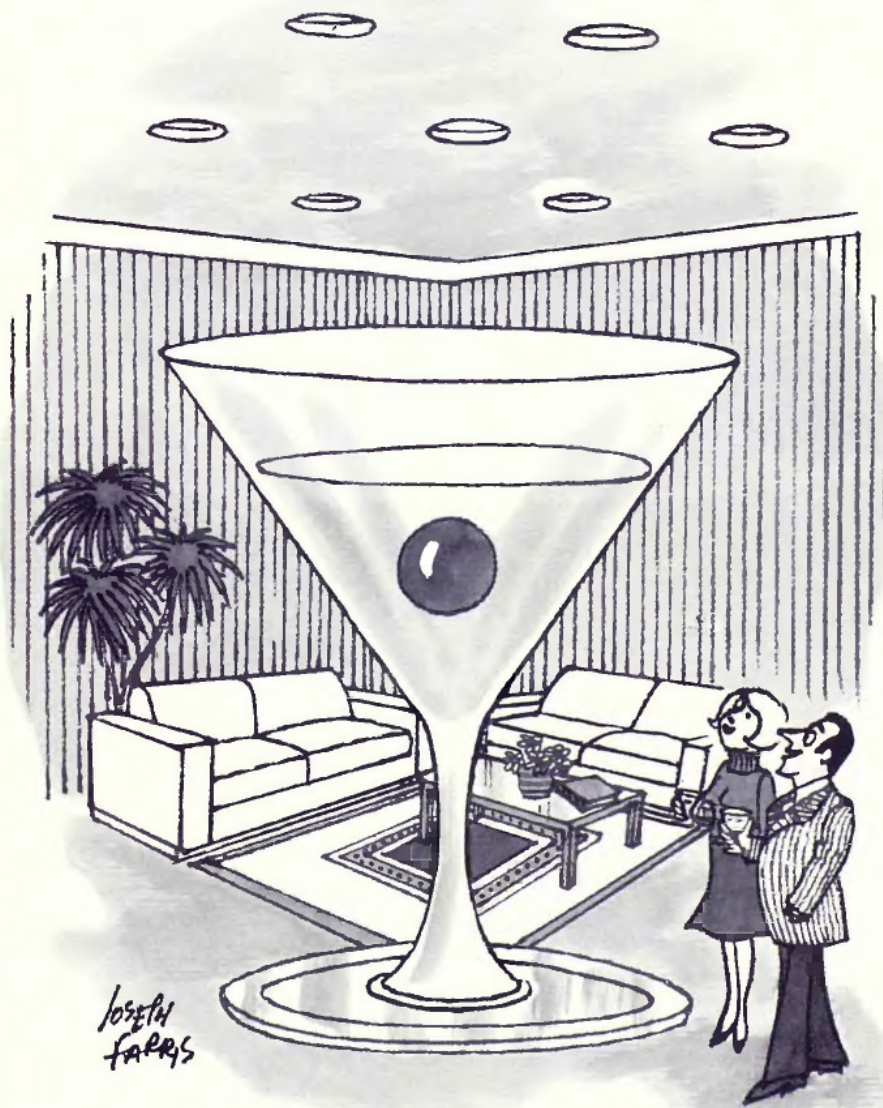
Although he's only 21, fast-talking Skip Kates is founder, president and sole stockholder of SSK Enterprises Inc., a diversified corporation that produces résumés, sells real estate and manufactures chocolate novelties through a subsidiary called Kandy Man. Of course, SSK sounds more impressive than it is: The corporate structure was set up "just for the experience," Kates says; its sole full-time employee (aside from himself) is his mother; and the corporate headquarters is Kates's dorm room on the Babson campus.

"When potential suppliers call and say they want to meet me in my office," he says, smiling, "I say, 'No, let me buy you a cup of coffee someplace.' I don't hide the fact that I'm a student, but I don't go out of my way to publicize it, either."

Kates launched Kandy Man three years ago as a high school senior in nearby Framingham. After watching friends make chocolate novelties for a party, he took \$100 in savings and began producing chocolate greeting cards, holiday baskets, dipped fruit and other chocolate novelties. As a Babson freshman, leaning heavily on his father's financial advice, he rented an unused kitchen on campus, bought chocolate in 50-pound cases, hired his mother and a few friends part time to do the cooking and marketed his products to students, companies and Boston retail stores. His sales hit \$1000 the first year, and since then, all earnings have gone to capitalize further business expansion. This year, he expects earnings to pay his tuition and living expenses.

But Kates, an entrepreneurship-and-finance major, insists that the money isn't an end in itself—which is why, this year, he picked up a real-estate broker's license and added a résumé-consulting service to his business repertoire.

"My goal is not to make a dollar but to learn something," he says. "I'm getting experience running a business that most other students don't get. I'm dealing with suppliers, customers and employees. I'm not just a student—I'm a businessman. And the business has helped my schoolwork. Dealing with real-life situations



"I don't collect sculpture, as a rule, but this piece spoke to me."

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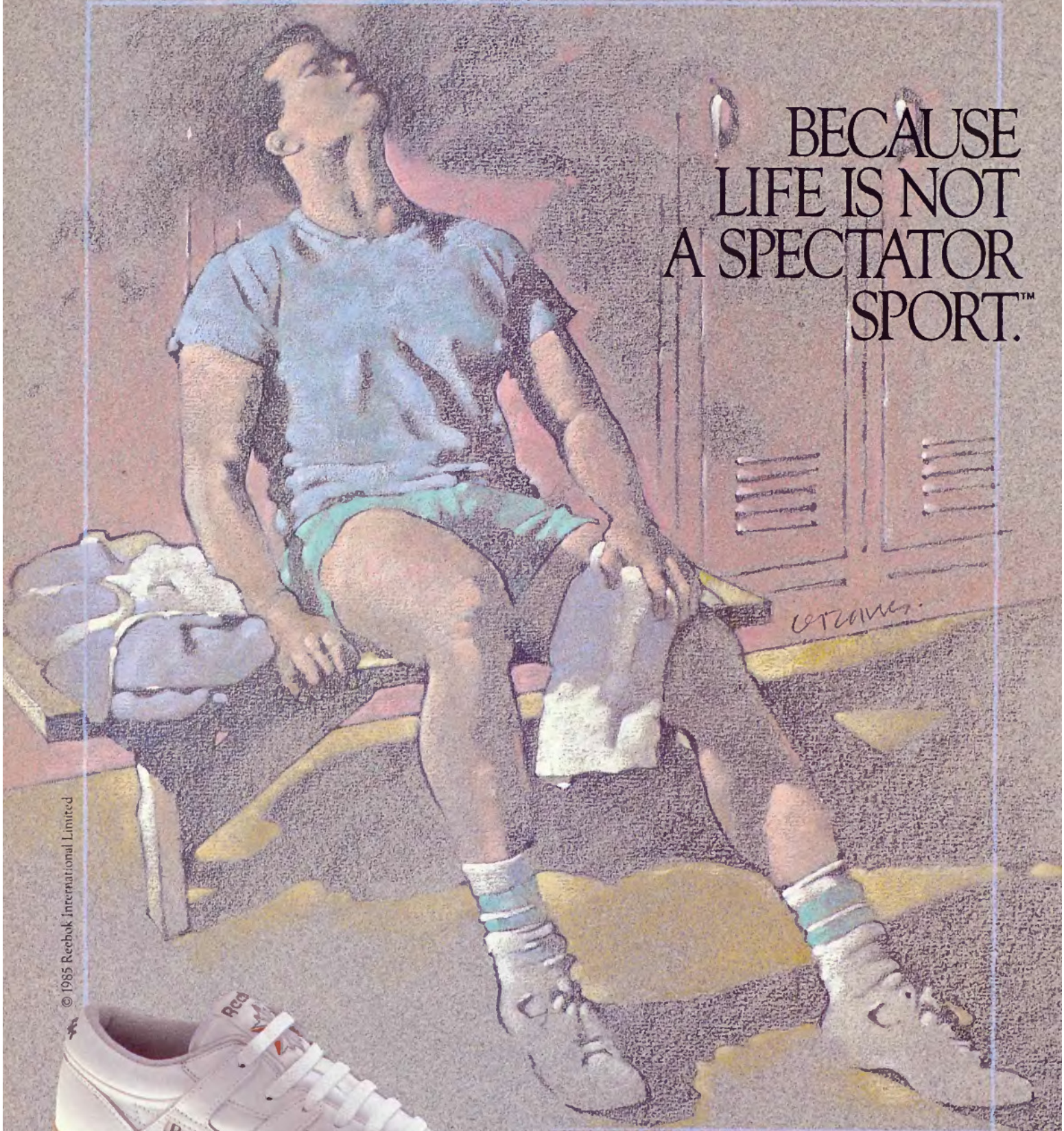
They say it’s exceptional with tonic.”

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helps me see the relevance of what's being taught in class. The professors love it."

There are many more young success stories out there. Here are some other faces in the college entrepreneurial crowd:

Michael S. Miller, University of Pennsylvania, parlayed \$14,000 in savings into a jewelry business called Bead It with colorful pushcarts brightening half a dozen shopping malls that gross as much as \$2000 per cart on a good weekend.

Dan Bienenfeld, Chip Conk and Sam Angus, University of California at Santa Barbara, produced 1985 California Dreaming calendars; did \$200,000 in sales in 1984; will do \$3,000,000 this year.

Tom Brim and James Taggart, Northwestern University. They run the University Book Exchange, which sells new and used textbooks at about 15 percent less than competing stores, including the university's own bookstore.

Charles Clemmons, University of Alabama. His Thomasville Recycling, Inc., a brokerage sales concern, is said to do \$250,000 in sales annually.

Paul and Charles Dines, San Francisco State University, brothers who run Bristol Fashion Yacht Care, took in about \$20,000 for yacht care last year.

David Glickman, University of California at Santa Barbara. His import-export clothing business, called Oliver D. World Imports (read "All over the world"), is said to gross \$200,000 in annual sales.

Charles Henderson and Eric Elie, University of Pennsylvania, are partners who started the New York Job Exchange, a resumé consulting service, last fall.

Mark Idzik and Howard Isaacson, Georgetown University, gross about \$250,000 annually from Strictly Software Plus, a retailer of computer products.

Mark Komonoski, University of Calgary in Alberta. His landscaping-and-painting concern, K.O.'s Professional Services, has three employees and grossed \$30,000 last year.

Katherine Krupp, Smith College, known as The Underwoman, sells lingerie to students, attends trade shows in summer, sets up displays in Smith dorms during the school year.

Julie Levine, Northwestern University, designs, makes and sells sweat shirts and T-shirts with a NORTHWESTERN U. COUNTRY CLUB logo; she also sells costume jewelry to students and retail stores in Evanston.

Adam Ruderman, Williams College. His College Pro Painters franchise, with 15 employees, grossed \$100,000 in 1984 painting houses.

Hugh Taylor, Harvard University. His Benjamin Graphics, a design-and-printing firm, grossed about \$200,000 in 1984, when he was at New York University. After transferring to Harvard last year, he sold the business to concentrate on his studies.



SUCCESS HANDBOOK

(continued from page 144)

sipping anything pink.

- She doesn't chew gum.
- Her nails and eyelashes are her own.
- If she's a Democrat, her father's a Republican.
- She won't challenge you to a chugging contest.
- She's not the one in fish nets.
- She's not still wearing a MONDALE/FERRARO button.

WHO WENT WHERE

Steven Jobs, founder, Apple Computer, Reed.

Peter Ueberroth, baseball commissioner, San Jose State.

Ted Turner, entrepreneur, Brown.

Bob Woodward, journalist, Yale.

Steven Ross, chairman, Warner Communications, Paul Smith's.

Bob Woolf, sports agent, Boston College.

Robert J. Birnbaum, president, New York Stock Exchange, New York University.

James Michener, author, Swarthmore.

Charles L. Brown, chairman, AT&T, University of Virginia.

Grant Tinker, television executive, Dartmouth.

David Mahoney, chairman, Norton Simon, University of Pennsylvania.

Franklin Thomas, president, Ford Foundation, Columbia University.

Alexander Julian, fashion designer, University of North Carolina.

Henry Kissinger, former everything, Harvard.

THE HOT MAJOR

Ask anyone: The hottest field for the Eighties is computer science. So where are the top schools to major in C.S.? According to *The Gourman Report*, a respected source of college rankings, the best schools are MIT; University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign; University of California, Berkeley; University of Minnesota, Twin Cities; and University of Wisconsin, Madison. Slippery Rock State didn't rank.

NEW WAVES

Thanks to the wonders of modern electronics, the secrets of success can be learned from your TV set. National College Television Network, a new satellite television system now reaching 100 campuses, features *Business Week's Guide to Careers*, a show giving practical advice on getting into the business world. If that's a little too cerebral, the network also has programming such as *The Adult Cartoon Show* and *New Grooves*, a music-video show.

HOW TO GET A BIGGER PAY CHECK

If you begin work in the summer, you'll make only about half your annual salary by December 31. So why should you have 1985 tax withheld at the same rate you'd pay if you'd worked all year? Ask your employer to figure your withholding rate with the special part-year method (based on your real calendar-year earnings) and you'll have a little more in each pay check.

—KATY KOONTZ



"I am glad to see you, but, as it turns out, this is a gun in my pocket."

"The Cowboy players, says a front-office insider, have 'sucked up their guts to make a comeback.'"

The defensive unit, however, is weak, though the draft brought some help. The most valuable nuggets are defensive lineman Ray Childress and defensive back Richard Johnson, but at least ten of this year's draftees should make the team.

Part of the trouble last year (the Oilers won three games) was the fact that both coach Hugh Campbell and quarterback Moon were new to the N.F.L. This year's liability will be extreme youth. More than half the squad is a product of the past three drafts. The Oilers' long history of front-office interference with the coaching staff should end this time around; now that he has shown some results, Campbell will have a freer hand in running his ball club.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Seattle Seahawks	12-4
Denver Broncos	10-6
Los Angeles Raiders	10-6
Kansas City Chiefs	8-8
San Diego Chargers	5-11

The Seahawks have everything they need to take this year's Super Bowl crown. Running back Curt Warner, whose injury in last year's opening game was a devastating setback, is fully recovered. Seattle's productive passing attack (Dave Krieg throwing to Steve Largent and Daryl Turner)—developed by coach Chuck Knox after Warner went down—should be better than ever. And a young, talented defensive unit will benefit from a year's experience. The draft crop was Lean Cuisine as far as Seattle was concerned—fullback Owen Gill is the only sure bet to see a lot of action.

The Seahawks' offensive line could use some backup help, but there are no glaring weaknesses anywhere on the squad. Last season's best-ever 12-4 record may even be surpassed by this year's performance.

Denver, too, had one of its best records ever last season (13-3). The Broncos will take charge if Seattle slips. Denver's hopes revolve around whether or not quarterback John Elway can scratch the surface of his immense potential. That, in turn, depends on whether or not some heftier runners and speedier receivers can be rounded up to help him. The Broncos have a huge contingent of youngsters who should profit from a year's hard knocks, but there are also some aging, busted Broncos who must soon be replaced. Three rookie receivers—Steve Sewell, Vance Johnson and Keli McGregor—could be the keys to producing the devastating passing attack Broncos fans have expected since Elway signed.

The Broncos' major adversary may be their schedule: It's much tougher than last season's. At least they play both Miami and San Francisco at home.

The Los Angeles Raiders' fall from grace (they won only 11 times last year—a disgraceful showing by owner Al Davis' standards) was due largely to a scrambled quarterback situation (veteran Jim Plunkett is being eased out by future helmsman Marc Wilson) and a once-impregnable offensive line that was devastated by injuries. The health of the blockers will be questionable until opening day, but Wilson should be in full command this fall. His favorite target will be receiver Darrell "Dokie" Williams. The Raiders' defense, especially at cornerback and safety, is a sight to behold. Cornerbacks Lester Hayes and Mike Haynes are two of the best in the history of the game. And second-year nose tackle Bill Pickel terrorizes opposing quarterbacks the way Ben Davidson used to do. The Raiders' depth is so impressive that receiver Jesse Hester is the only rookie likely to succeed this year.

Kansas City's bright prospects last season came a cropper when quarterback Bill Kenney was disabled. Breaks and strains all over the defensive line didn't help, either. But the hurts are healed, so the Chiefs could be a dark-horse team in the race to the Super Bowl this fall. Their pride will be a stellar corps of receivers led by Henry Marshall and Carlos Carson—it could be the best in the league. Still, the Chiefs are desperately short of ball carriers. The draft brought help in the person of running back Ethan Horton. The Chiefs will probably throw the ball 80 percent of the time, hope for the best and depend on a tenacious defense led by Art Still, Bill Maas and Mike Bell.

It's start-over time in San Diego. In just three years, the Chargers have dropped from Super Bowl contenders to a team in desperate need of help from top to bottom. The offensive line is wearing down, the entire defense is (as always) lackluster and injuries took an unusually high toll last year. The trouble spot is the defensive backfield. Rookie defensive backs Wayne Davis, John Hendy and Jeff Dale will help there. Quarterback Dan Fouts is still one of the league's best when he's healthy (don't blink—he's healthy now), but he has little offensive help except runner Earnest Jackson. The Chargers' schedule is much easier than it was a year ago, but that's small comfort—they'll be lucky to post a single win inside their division.

Washington has been the oldest team in the league for a decade, but these oldies

are still the Skins' best players. The Skins suffered a plague of breaks and bruises last season (31 players were on the injured reserve at one time or another), but, incredibly, the older players sustained the fewest injuries. Age inevitably catches up, however, and a lot of familiar Redskins names could be missing from the roster by the end of the pre-season.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Washington Redskins	10-6
Dallas Cowboys	9-7
St. Louis Cardinals	9-7
New York Giants	8-8
Philadelphia Eagles	5-11

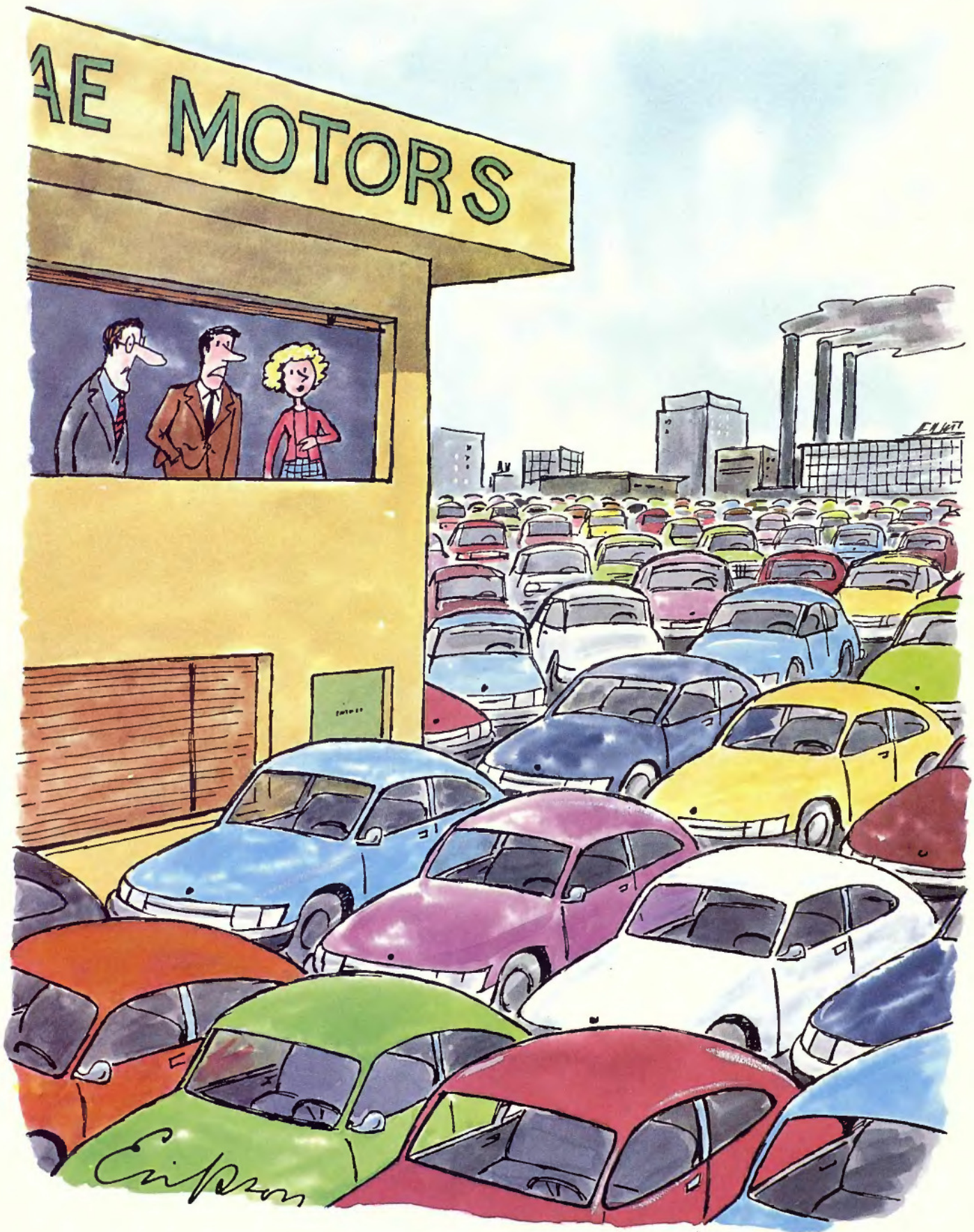
The Redskins will still be favorites to win the division, thanks to their remaining stalwarts (such as defensive lineman Dave Butz) and a spectacular trio of receivers (Art Monk, Charlie Brown and Calvin Muhammad). The offensive line remains one of the N.F.L.'s best. The major perk in Washington, though, is the over-all stability of the franchise. The Redskins are an emotionally mature squad, with no egocentric malcontents threatening to jump ship at the drop of a U.S.F.L. dollar. The Skins' draft was a dry well, but a fortunate off-season trade brought fullback George Rogers to Washington. Rogers, if needed, will be a better-than-adequate replacement for party animal John Riggins.

The Cowboys were roughed up last year, missing the play-offs for only the second time since the mid-Sixties. A vast talent reservoir has trickled away into retirement over the past two years, but that was foreseeable. The mind-boggling improbabilities were a morale-shattering controversy about quarterback leadership (Danny White vs. Gary Hogeboom) and freak injuries (the Cowboys' best offensive lineman, Jim Cooper, was wiped out by a dance-floor accident).

Like all rebuilding teams, the Cowboys need a few promising youngsters. This year—as usual—the Dallas draft produced an array of names few fans have ever heard. A prime example is Kurt Ploeger, a defensive end from Gustavus Adolphus College, in northern Minnesota. The always-alert Cowboys did select running back Robert Lavette and another ball carrier named Herschel Walker—when the U.S.F.L. folds, Dallas can then pair Walker and Tony Dorsett in the world's best rushing game.

This year, Tom Landry is dedicated to reconstruction. The Cowboy players, says a front-office insider, have "sucked up their guts to make a comeback." Perhaps the best sign of renewed spirit is the assumption of team leadership by Dorsett, an awesomely impressive young man whose personal assets outstrip even his athletic gifts. His biggest triumphs will come after he leaves professional football.

A quarter of a century ago, the Cardinals fled Chicago for St. Louis. They've



"Nobody recalled them. They just came back."

been underachievers ever since. This, at long last, could be the turnaround year. The franchise has a new sense of belonging, now that the St. Louis city fathers have pledged to build an expensive new stadium to keep the Cardinals from absconding to Albuquerque, Amarillo, Phoenix or Grimy Gulch. An even better omen for the Cardinals' future is a growing stockpile of young talent. Quarterback Neil Lomax and wide-out Roy Green constitute one of football's finest passing combinations. The defensive side, led by linebacker E. J. Junior and safety Benny Perrin, is solid and improving; ditto for a young and rapidly improving Cardinal offensive line. Linebacker Freddie Joe Nunn and tackle Scott Bergold are the only first-year players certain to play.

The Giants enjoyed unaccustomed success last year (nine victories) because they stayed healthy. Quarterback Phil Simms, for instance, went through a full season without injury for the first time in six years. If their luck holds and the Giants can put some muscle into their running attack, they may muscle their way to double-figure wins this time around. Rookie runner George Adams will find his way into the picture. Another draftee, receiver Stacy Robinson, has enough speed to help the aerial attack.

The Giants are clearly a team of the future. Last year's roster included 24 rookies and second-year players. Eleven of those were starters.

The Eagles' plight is easy to describe. They need help everywhere; but most of all, they need it in the front office. Incompetent linebackers are cut in the N.F.L.; inept owners (and commissioners) hang on forever. Philadelphia's new owners will presumably introduce rational management, but the Eagles need more. They need a settled quarterback position (unlikely this year, though rookie Randall Cunningham could be a big help in the future), a respectable running game (they were dead last in rushing last season and got no help at all in the draft) and fresh faces in the trenches. Draft choices Kevin Allen, Greg Naron and Ken Reeves will help in the offensive line. The defensive unit, operating in a hopeless situation, has become battle-hardened. Safeties Wes Hopkins and Ray Ellis are especially tough.

CENTRAL DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Chicago Bears	12-4
Green Bay Packers	8-8
Minnesota Vikings	7-9
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	6-10
Detroit Lions	4-12

At last—the season Chicago fans have been waiting for. All the pieces to the Super Bowl puzzle are in place. Last year's insurmountable obstacle was quarterback Jim McMahon's early-season injury (five quarterbacks started for the

Bears last season), but McMahon is now fully recovered and armed for Bear. Walter Payton gives the Bears the best running threat in the league, and the young Chicago offensive line improves with every game. Jimbo Covert is already the league's premier tackle. Add to all this the fact that the Bears led the N.F.L. in defense last fall. Best of all, coach Mike Ditka had no critical needs to fill in the draft; few rookies will see much action. With a little luck and no shattering injuries, Chicago should show up in New Orleans next January for Super Bowl XX.

The Bears made what appeared to be the dumbest pick in April's draft, using a first-round choice on elephantine—and lightly regarded—defensive tackle William Perry. If Ditka can keep him away from the dinner table, however, Perry may develop into a one-man defensive line.

If Chicago falters, Green Bay is ready to take charge. Under coach Forrest Gregg, the Packers have been transformed from a finesse team into a group of intimidators. Gregg's dog-eat-dog approach produced a 7-1 record in the second half of the 1984 season, and the Packers could be even more formidable this year. Quarterback Lynn Dickey is a forceful leader. At present, the Pack has no urgent need for reinforcements anywhere, but a couple of rookies—offensive linemen Ken Ruettggers and Rich Moran—could provide some help.

The return of coach Bud Grant after a one-year retirement gives Minnesota a renewed sense of purpose, but purpose alone doesn't win games. The Vikings are several seasons away from regaining their standing as the powerhouse of the Central Division. One reason for their decline in recent years has been the frugality of general manager Mike Lynn, who now promises to mend his ways and sign all of April's draft picks. The Vikes need help in the defensive line and at quarterback, where Tommy Kramer has suffered debilitating injuries in each of the past two seasons. Rookie Steve Bono could become a stable backup. The Vikings' draft also caught a top-drawer defensive linebacker, Chris Doleman, and a good defensive back named Issiac Holt. They had ten draft choices in the first six rounds, and all ten of those draftees should stick.

There are two reasons this could be a surprisingly good year in Tampa Bay. First, Leeman Bennett takes over as head coach. Bennett is pleasant and low-key on the surface, but there's a dynamo whirling inside him. The second is the likelihood that last year's shocking series of freak plays, close officiating calls and untimely injuries won't repeat itself. The Bucs also hope to have better luck away from home. Last year, they didn't win a single game on the road. The Buccaneers need help throughout the defensive unit. They think this year's draft brought a few

goodies. The best of them will be defensive end Ron Holmes, linebacker Ervin Randle and defensive back Mike Heaven.

If Tampa Bay has a big year, the Buccaneers' followers will certainly enjoy seeing Atlanta fans eat their hearts out. Bennett was fired a couple of years ago by Falcons owner Rankin Smith.

Prospects are bleak for the Detroit Lions. New coach Darryl Rogers takes over a team with thorny problems in the offensive unit. Injuries last season to runner Billy Sims and various members of the offensive line left the Lions' attack toothless. Indecision about who would be the starting quarterback was a divisive issue until the Lions obtained passer Joe Ferguson from Buffalo on draft day.

The Lions were looking for almost any kind of offensive help in April's draft and came up with two certain starters, tackle Lomas Brown and center Kevin Glover. They expect this year's rookies to contribute more than last year's flop crop.

WESTERN DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
San Francisco 49ers	11-5
Los Angeles Rams	10-6
New Orleans Saints	8-8
Atlanta Falcons	5-11

The San Francisco 49ers are a model franchise. Joe Montana, as good a quarterback as you'll find anywhere, is even better as a team leader. Receivers Freddie Solomon and Dwight Clark are among the best in the N.F.L., as are runners Wendell Tyler and Roger Craig. The 49ers' defense, remarkably, may be even *better* than the offense. But an ominous cloud hangs over the Golden Gate—there is a long N.F.L. tradition of teams' winning the Super Bowl and then taking a dive the next season. The last time the 49ers won the championship, in 1981, they fell apart the following year. If they aren't mesmerized by adulation, they will be strong contenders for the Super Bowl.

The 49ers dug a couple of diamonds out of April's draft. Wide receiver Jerry Rice is expected to be an instant starter, and runner Ricky Moore will see a lot of action.

If a few pieces of the puzzle fall into place, we may be looking at a banner year for the Rams. Their major offensive shortcoming, a muddled situation at quarterback, was remedied by the signing of Dieter Brock from the Canadian Football League. He will be throwing to three excellent young receivers, Henry Ellard, Ron Brown and rookie Chuck Scott. Eric Dickerson is the league's best runner since O. J. Simpson. The offensive line is superb, but the Rams need a more intimidating pass rush, and the draft brought little help. Two colorful rookies—defensive back Jerry Gray and linebacker Kevin Greene—will improve L.A.'s defense.

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Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis, MO.

Orleans owner John Mecom, Jr., decided to throw in the towel and unload the franchise to a group led by Tom Benson. The new ownership seems refreshingly stable and sane. Bum Phillips remains in command as head coach, despite the Saints' performance last year—1984 was a hellish campaign. Why? A rash of offensive-line injuries contributed to quarterback Richard Todd's poor performance. Dave Wilson seems destined to start this year.

A big boost to New Orleans' fortunes this season could be runner Earl Campbell. He was supposed to be the savior of the Saints when he came over from Houston a year ago, but Campbell never regained the form that had made him the A.F.C.'s most feared running back. Maybe this year he will.

The draft brought reinforcements for the Saints' defensive unit—linebackers Alvin Toles and Jack Del Rio are hot prospects.

The skies are gray over Atlanta, thanks to some dumb decisions by owner Rankin

Smith. It's been downhill for the Falcons ever since he fired coach Leeman Bennett after a winning season and hired Dan Henning, and now the Atlanta sports community is getting bitter.

Last year's poor record (4-12) was—in all fairness to Henning—a result of disastrous injuries to the offensive unit. The verdict is still out on runner William Andrews and receiver Billy Johnson: Will they be fully recovered from last season's injuries when this season begins? Another iffy situation is at quarterback, where David Archer has the inside track.

Going into April's draft, the Falcons needed depth across the board, particularly in the offensive line. Tackle Bill Fralic has it in him to solve that problem all by himself. Another rookie, defensive end Mike Gann, is also a certain starter, and running back Joe Washington—obtained in an off-season trade—will juice up Atlanta's disappointing ground game.



SYSTEMS II

(continued from page 133)

than wait to find out what it is (by then, the stock could be down 40 percent), it may be better to scam.

Even so, there are some problems with this strategy.

First, it's not entirely true that by setting a ten-percent stop you'll never lose more than ten percent, because (A) you have to pay commissions, which can easily bump your ten-percent loss up to 14 percent or more; and (B) if the stock should encounter some major bad news, closing at 50% one night and opening the next day at 33½, you may not have a *chance* to limit your loss to ten percent (which is to say, 14 percent). You will be off shooting emus, or their photographs, and your broker will be dutifully selling you out on the opening at 33½. So you're not entirely protected.

Second, what often happens is that you do, indeed, get stopped out at 49, or whatever price you specified, only to see the stock bounce back to 50% and beyond. This is called getting whipsawed. The floor of the New York Stock Exchange is ankle-deep in whipsawdust.

So if you do use stop-loss orders, you might be best served using them selectively. They're fine if you're jumping on board a rising stock simply because everyone else is buying it and you hope it may have a way yet to climb (the musical-chairs theory of stock selection); it's less obviously useful if you're buying a stock you feel represents great value.

THE EX-DIVIDEND SYSTEM

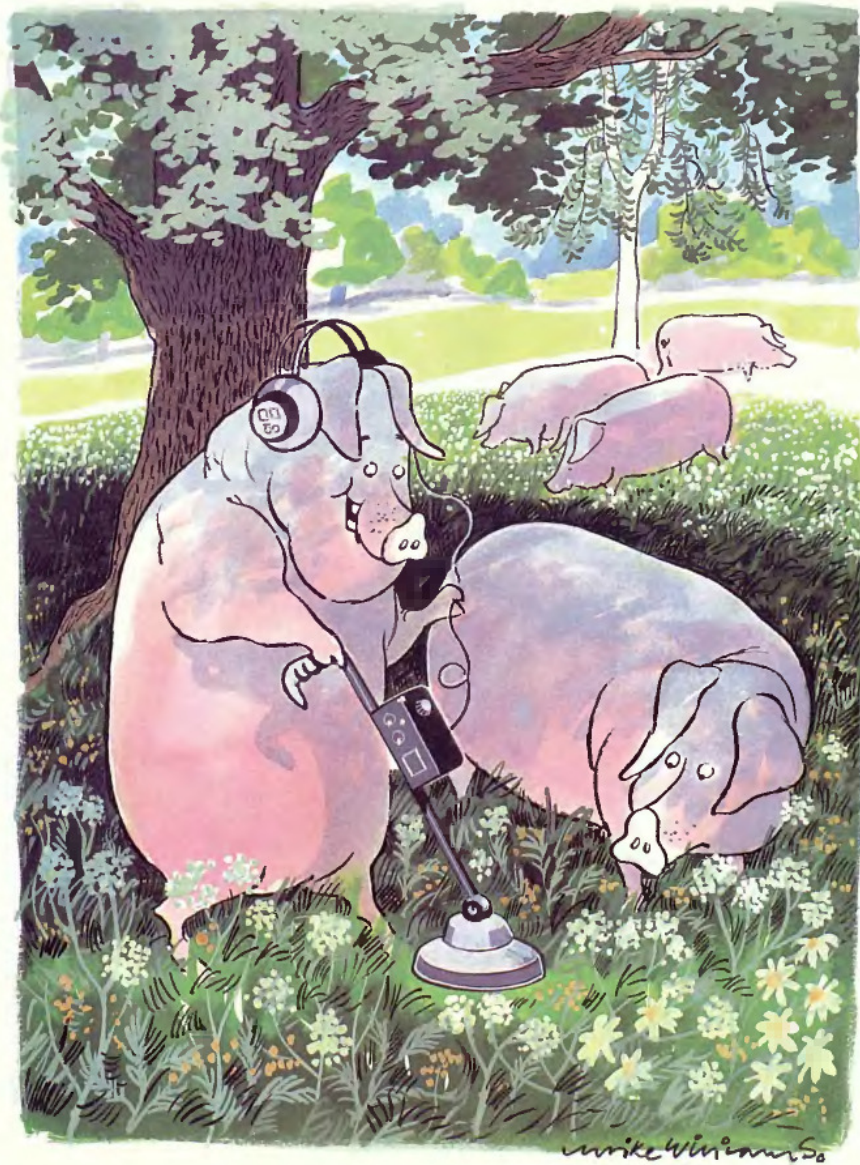
This is a good one, so bear with me. Unfortunately, it's for fairly heavy hitters—the rich get richer—but if you can't afford it just yet, listen anyway. You can use it at the Labor Day picnic to impress your uncle Phil.

OK. Are you listening?

Stocks pay dividends—if they pay dividends—four times a year. The "record dates" for those dividends are known well in advance. Those are the dates used to determine, for dividend-paying purposes, who is a shareholder. If you own the stock that day, you are eligible for the dividend even if you sell before they actually get around to mailing out the checks. You'll find record dates in *The Wall Street Journal*.

Say General Motors is selling at 80 and, by buying on margin, you can afford to buy 1000 shares. (Dream a little.) You do that Monday, five business days before the record date. Tuesday, you sell it back at 80. (To own a stock on the record date, you must actually have purchased it five business days earlier, because it takes five days for a transaction to settle. You can sell it the very next day, because the sale, too, takes five days. It's like the world's most out-of-sync movie: The lips move five days before you hear the words.)

You paid \$80,000 for the stock and



Mike Winans

"I got bored with truffles."

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

got \$80,000 for its sale, so that's a wash. You also paid—if you've got the right broker—a modest \$250 in commissions. And you paid interest for one day on the \$40,000 your broker lent you to buy on margin (half the purchase price). That's another \$14 or so.

But you got the dividend, which in G.M.'s case might be \$1.25 a share, or \$1250.

After your expenses, you made almost \$1000—in one day!—on \$40,000 of your own money (plus \$40,000 you borrowed), which is two and a half percent. *In one day!*

And tomorrow, you can take your \$40,000—correction, your \$41,000—and use it to buy some other stock that, like a mare in labor, is about to bear a dividend.

Do that every day and, compounded, you'll soon own the world. The annualized rate of return comes to around 14,000 percent (before taxes).

Here are the problems.

The first is that it's even more crucial than usual, in a scheme like this, to keep your commissions low. To do that, you've got to be playing with grown-up money. If you tried to do this with just 50 shares of G.M., say—which is still \$4000—the dividend you'd get, \$62.50, would be less than the commissions you'd pay to do the trades.

But it's little or no more difficult for a broker to trade 1000 shares of G.M. than to trade 50, and with this system you'd generate monumental commissions, so it wouldn't be hard to find one who agreed to take, say, a straight eighth of a point per share. That's 12.5 cents for each share you buy, 12.5 cents for each share you sell, \$250 in all for buying and selling 1000 shares of stock. If you really got going, you might be able to do even a little better.

The second problem is a lot stickier. Who says, having bought G.M. for 80, you'll be able to sell it back at that price the next day? What if you can get only 77?

And, in fact, four days before a stock's record date, it "goes ex-dividend." That means three things. First, somebody makes sure that a little x appears next to it in the stock pages of your newspaper. Second, anyone ignoring that x and buying the shares anyway is buying them ex—without—the dividend, because when the trade finally settles, five days later, the record date will have passed. Third, the value of the dividend will automatically be subtracted from the quoted price of the stock the next morning—at least until it opens for trading.

If you're lucky, investors will be little troubled by the lack of this dividend and will immediately bid the stock back up to the \$80 you paid for it. (In which case the newspaper will report it as having gone up one and a quarter that day.)

But if you're not lucky, it will not only be quoted at 78¾ (80, less the dividend), it will minutes later crash to 63 on news that Subaru has invented a V8 engine that gets 140 miles to the gallon on a mixture of alcohol and V-8. In Detroit, they'll be

screaming bloody Mary, and in the meantime, in your quest for a lousy \$1250 dividend, you'll have lost \$17,000.

Enter a Jupiter, Florida, firm called Dividend Management, Inc., in the person of attorney and accountant Floyd J. Marena. Marena, 54, has done a lot of looking into these things and has found that "certain stocks have established patterns or trends in the periods immediately prior and subsequent to ex-dividend day." With American Cyanamid, for example, "we can logically conclude that one should buy it on the fifth day preceding ex-dividend day" and drop it like herpes the moment it opens ex-dividend. With IBM, ex-dividend day is usually so bad that the way to play it is to eschew the dividend altogether: Buy the stock a week before the dividend, but unload it on the day prior to ex-dividend day—letting some other sucker get the dividend (and a sharp drop in price). With International Paper, you'd also forget about the dividend—buy the stock the day after it goes ex-dividend for a quick two bucks a share in the week that follows . . . all this assuming, of course, that past trends hold.

For a minimum of \$2000 a year, which won't be much if he can do for your \$100,000 what he thinks he can do (but you never know), Marena will drive your broker crazy with instructions to buy and sell stocks and collect dividends. Currently, he does this for about 50 well-heeled investors and a collective \$2,000,000—never touching their money himself, just directing the activity—and the results have been good. In 1984, he says, a typical \$100,000 account involved about 100 separate plays, \$28,000 in commissions, \$3900 in interest charges, \$34,000 in dividends and \$26,600 in capital gains. Net return: 29 percent.

Conceptually, what's appealing about this system—apart from your never having to do any work and Mr. Marena's never actually touching any of your money—is that the dividends can, indeed, handily exceed the commissions on any given trade, so that with any decent luck at all, you should at least not lose much with this system. Which, believe me, is a lot to say for any system.

The biggest drawback, apart from having to watch your broker rise month by month to a higher standard of living than he or she could ever possibly deserve, may be that any income you do earn from the scheme will be fully taxed. (Doctors, lawyers, electricians, take note: This may be something to consider for a portion of that \$1,500,000 tax-sheltered retirement fund of yours. And Marena does run a sort of mini mutual fund that allows participations as small as \$25,000.)

RELATIVE STRENGTH

Have you ever noticed how, when the market is going down, some issues seem to avoid most of the loss? They're stronger than their brothers and sisters, and many

believe that this relative strength will translate, when the market starts back up, into superior gains.

Dan Sullivan, who has more than quadrupled his own portfolio since 1969 (though, amazingly, to do so in 16 years is merely to compound one's money at nine percent), has made a science of calculating stocks' relative strength and a business out of selling his advice to others (*The Chartist*, Box 3160, Long Beach, California 90803). He says he really doesn't care what the companies he invests in do; he cares only how their stocks move relative to others and which way the market is headed. Into his computer go stock data and out come relative-strength ratings based on a formula he has developed. Lately, his performance has been near the head of the class, but (we all have our good years) has he really found a way to beat the market? Time will tell. But, as usual, not until it's too late to do us much good.

MAKING A FORTUNE IN TEENSY-WEENSY INCREMENTS

In one sense, there's no question that systems work. The ones I have in mind are highly quantitative systems that allow pros with big computers and a lot of time and capital—and minimal transaction costs—to exploit the little gaps of good sense in the market. If Treasury bonds are selling even a few pennies per \$1000 cheaper than they should relative to T-bill futures, why, there's a golden opportunity!

There's a whole new breed in the trading rooms of Wall Street brokerage houses. They're called quants—quantitative types, good with numbers—and they sit in front of computer screens all day, looking for those little gaps and wondering whether radiation from video-display terminals will really fry their genes.

One Wall Street quant, according to *Institutional Investor*, recently brushed aside a potential \$850,000-a-year job offer because she was happy where she was, at perhaps half the pay, supervising 35 Ph.D. mathematicians (and a world crossword-puzzle champion) in applying higher mathematics to the bond-trading strategies at Merrill Lynch.

By and large, these 35 geniuses are not figuring out ways to make clients of Merrill Lynch richer—at least not clients like you or me—they're employed to make Merrill Lynch richer. And you've got to believe that these academic wonders and their counterparts around town, earning mere pittances at graduate schools just a few years earlier, wouldn't be getting paid so much today if they didn't know what they were doing.

It's easy to earn big money on Wall Street without knowing much if you're in sales—you make money from your clients. But these folks have shown their firms how to make money from the market.

There are many ways they do this, some extraordinarily complex and having to do, say, with buying and selling tens or

hundreds of millions of dollars of Treasury-bill futures from different months. Don't even try to understand this—if I did, I'd be putting my own hundreds of millions into the deal. I just want to suggest how it smells.

MARKET TIMING

With real estate, everyone knows it's location, location, location. With investing, writes author/investor Dick A. Stoken, the three crucial elements are timing, timing and timing. It is vastly easier to make money in stocks or precious metals or real estate when the general trend of stocks or metals or real estate is up. Just which stocks you choose, or which metal, or which rental property, is secondary.

That much is sure. Whether, in addition, you should buy stocks "when either short- or long-term interest rates have fallen to a 15-month low" and hold them until both long and short rates have risen to seven-year highs, I cannot say. But if you like this kind of thing, Stoken's book, *Strategic Investment Timing*, is excellent. Certainly, with the perspective it provides on political and economic cycles and its rules for interpreting four commonly available indicators (interest rates, the political cycle, the Producers' Price Index and the Dow), when you lose money in the market, your losses will be based on much more sophisticated misjudgments.

Had you followed Stoken's rules from 1921 through 1983, you could have grown \$1000 not into the mere \$19,000 you'd have had standing pat with the Dow Jones industrials but—by side-stepping declines in the market and then coming back in at the bottom—\$2,714,466. Tailoring your investments not just to the Dow but to rotating groups of stocks that perform best in various phases of an up market, you'd have done yet another four times as well. None of this takes into consideration dividends or taxes, but what it really doesn't take into consideration is that, sadly, Stoken's book appeared in 1984, not 1921. As he would surely acknowledge, it's far easier to formulate rules that fit the past than the future. That said, you're a lot less likely to buy at the top or sell at the bottom after reading this book.

FOLLOWING THE INSIDERS

A lot of study backs up the common-sense notion that, over time, insiders are likely to do better than you or I buying and selling their own stocks. Not that they don't often get carried away with their own bullish forecasts and buy when they should sell or mistake the power of the market and sell too soon—they do.

Several newsletters will help you follow and assess insider moves, which must promptly be reported to the Securities and Exchange Commission. One is *The Insiders* (3471 North Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33306), from the same people who publish a bunch of other good newsletters. But how much can one

afford to spend on newsletters? And what if you're only out to buy six or a dozen good stocks and hold them for the long term? What do you do with five or six newsletters arriving each week offering hundreds of recommendations a year? Tending your investments could quickly become a full-time occupation, with no guarantee you'll do any better than, or even as well as, you'd do in a no-load mutual fund or a bank.

THE GENERIC-STOCKS STRATEGY

A new book by Avner Arbel, called *How to Beat the Market with High-Performance Generic Stocks*, makes a strong statistical case for buying neglected stocks. Arbel's notions overlap the good cases others make for buying "doghouse" stocks (the contrarian system of investing) and for buying "low p/e" stocks (stocks with low prices relative to earnings) and for buying "small cap" stocks (stocks with small capitalizations that the big financial institu-

tions can't be bothered with). But Arbel says a company doesn't have to be small to be neglected—almost a third of the big blue chips in the Standard & Poor's 500 are not regularly covered by Wall Street analysts—and that, in fact, some small companies are not neglected and tend to be poorer buys than those that are.

Arbel advises that we look up a potential purchase in the *Standard & Poor's Stock Guide* (any broker has this on his desk, if you don't) and check out the column that tells how many different financial institutions own it. As a rule, he says, a stock held by fewer than ten institutions can be considered neglected. If you further screen your choices to weed out the financially infirm, you're likely to be left with a portfolio of what Arbel calls "generic stocks"—stocks whose prices are not inflated by a brand-name premium.

"Amazingly," he writes of the results of one study, "the return of the most neglected stocks was more than 60 percent



"Now, we're not going to hurt each other, are we, doctor?"

higher than for the most followed stocks even after adjustment for total risk!"

One clear advantage to this system: A stock owned by a lot of institutions can one day be sold by a lot of institutions, crushing it, while a neglected stock may some day catch their eye, causing it to soar.

THE LOW P/E SYSTEM

Technology may be the future—but how could it not be?—but it's possible that you'd do a heck of a lot better buying old shoe-machinery companies at seven times earnings than Digitalis at 50 times. For a 300-odd-page elaboration of this notion, see David Dreman's much-praised *The New Contrarian Investment Strategy*.

THE NO P/E SYSTEM

Neglected is one thing, reviled another. The case for buying real losers (many of whose p/e cannot be calculated, because they have no e) is made in William J. Grace, Jr.'s, *The Phoenix Approach*, subtitled "The Contrarian Investor's Guide to Profiting from Out-of-Favor, Distressed and Bankrupt Companies."

THE INTERPLANETARY SYSTEM

Former Merrill Lynch and ex-encyclopedia salesman Arch Crawford counsels stock-market and commodities traders on the basis of his readings of the planets. ("The 20th and 21st of May [1985] have a complex formation involving Jupiter, Uranus, Venus and Mars, which could provide the energy for an explosive blow-off. Mars will oppose the electrical planet Uranus on the 20th.") He's made some good calls in the past, and if you believe these had anything to do with his ability to interpret the heavens, you will surely want to send him your money (*Crawford Perspectives*, 250 East 77th Street, New York, New York 10021). If you have any money left, that is, after the 1929-style crash he's predicted should occur by the end of this year.

CYCLE JOCKEYS ONE LAP LATER

We closed last quarter, particularly faithful readers of this column will recall, with Speed Sexton and Mike Jenkins, whose *Harmonic Research* (Rooney, Pace, Inc., New York, New York 10004) uses the cyclical patterns of the moon and the market, the Elliot and Kondratieff waves, and just about anything else that ripples, to forecast the future.

When all the various waves that have been fed into their computer are more or less canceling one another out, not much happens. But when almost everything is aligned in harmony, as sometimes happens, the computer begins to vibrate wildly and bounce around the office—if not literally, then through the enthusiasm its output inspires in Speed and Mike.

Speed is a Harvard M.B.A., Mike a veteran mutual-fund manager, and their goal is to use the work they've done understanding cycles to grow their money under

management at ten percent a month. I can't say for sure how well they're doing (though to grow \$1,000,000 at ten percent a month is to grow it, in ten years, to 93 billion dollars, so they've got their work cut out), but, as promised, I have faithfully reviewed their fortnightly analysis.

Every two weeks it comes with a capsule of what to expect of each of the next ten trading days, like a two-week weather forecast. For each day, an arrow points either up or down, indicating the direction of the Dow, with occasional comments such as "Strong opening, weak close" or "Big decline possible!"

Since they have had the *chutzpah* to forecast the financial weather, I had the gall to check out their record for 12 weeks. I gave them two points for each day they were right, one point if they were sort of right, subtracted one if they were sort of wrong and subtracted two if they were ass backward. Days they starred as being particularly noteworthy I tripled in importance. For example, for Wednesday, May first, when they predicted a strong up day but the Dow was down 16 points, I subtracted two. But for the previous Thursday, when they had predicted an up day and the Dow went up, they were credited two.

Right all 60 days, they'd score 120 or so; wrong all 60, minus 120; no more right than wrong—which is exactly what you'd expect—they'd score zero.

Admittedly a crude gauge, but not without foundation. Final score: minus three.

Lest my rankings be too subjective, I also tried a more mechanical approach. On days they said the market would go up, I gave them as many points as it did go up—or subtracted the number it went down. And vice versa. On days they said it would be flat, I credited them for each point fewer than five the Dow moved and subtracted for each point more than five up or down.

Here they had a maximum possible score—if the market always went in the direction they had predicted—of around 330 points (or minus 330 if it had always foiled their predictions). Again, you'd expect a score around zero, the good calls canceling out the bad. But you'd hope these guys could do better, because they're nice guys, smart guys, hard-working guys, and it would be great to think they'd found a key to the market. They scored minus 55.

Given their remarkable level of effort, sophistication and computerization, it does make one wonder whether even the above-average Joe can beat the market with cycle analysis.

And you should know this before you send your millions to Speed and Mike: You'll be sending them just to Speed. There's been a bit of disharmony over at Harmonic Research since last I reported, and Mike has struck off on his own.

THE BEST SYSTEM

For almost everybody, the best system for the stock market is not to try to play it

yourself at all but, with the portion of your assets you can afford to risk in the market (if there is any such portion), to invest through one or more carefully selected no-load mutual funds.

Speaking of which, there's a system. Two, actually—mine and a more sophisticated one. Mine is simply to recommend a program of steady investments—\$100 a month, \$500 a month, whatever. The only twist I offer is that in times when the world seems sure to collapse, you should double up on your investments (if you have any money), and at times when the market is marching steadily to new highs, you should take a little vacation from the market and stash that \$500 a month in a savings account, instead.

For details, I always recommend *The Handbook for No-Load Fund Investors* (\$32, Box 283, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York 10706).

Another book of interest is *Market Timing with No-Load Mutual Funds* (\$12.95, Backwater Books, 7438 SE 40th Street, Mercer Island, Washington 98040). By being in your funds only half the time, this book suggests, you can cut your risk in half and—if you choose the right half of the time to be in—greatly enhance your returns. Easier said than done, to be sure, but worth a look. The authors note that serious no-load fund investors can now buy their funds on margin, through Charles Schwab & Co., and, at relatively modest cost, conveniently switch around among hundreds of otherwise unrelated funds. The one caveat with this book is that it serves also as a sales brochure for the authors' money-management services—at a hefty two percent of your assets per year—so bear in mind that it is written with a point of view.

A similar system comes from the respected if not infallible Institute for Econometric Research, which has begun offering a newsletter, *Mutual Fund Forecaster* (\$49 a year to charter subscribers; 3471 North Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33306), that purports to "use sophisticated computer technology to make sure you own the right fund at the right time." When you consider that the sales commission on a \$10,000 investment in a traditional-load mutual fund would be a non-tax-deductible \$850—with the salesperson advising you on which fund to buy naturally advising his own—this tax-deductible \$49 price tag could be worse.

Or you could save even that \$49 and choose the no-load fund I've been recommending for eight years now, Mutual Shares (26 Broadway, New York, New York 10004), which, had you been foolish enough to invest your life savings in it simply on the recommendation of some clown like me, would, as it happens, have served you very well. But with Mutual Shares, as with any fund, there is no assurance that such success will continue.



COPS

(continued from page 132)

on a deserted road. These kids held up a man, stole his car at gunpoint, tried to outrun the police, and this kid's worried about his rights.

We threw them in the back. Any way you look at it, there was a lot of adrenaline flowing. My partner and I sat there and looked at each other. Then we just busted out laughing. "What about my rights?"

It was a hot summer night. The streets were crawling, man. We're going to really get the big one. In the back of the young cop's mind is the big arrest that's going to transform him immediately to a suit of clothes and a gold shield. That's first and foremost—the Big Arrest. It could happen, and it could happen any time, 'cause we're in a prime situation. We're looking for the heavies.

We're all rearing at the bit. Six o'clock, we turned out of the station house, charging like a football team. Ten of us have got out the door. Almost directly across the street in front of the station, there's a dispute going on between a little P.R. and a black guy. It's a parking dispute. The black guy has scammed into the Puerto Rican's parking spot. The Rican was waiting for that spot, but he parked behind the space. But the spade came up and he slid in there. The Rican said, "No way, José. For a half hour, I been sitting here sweating my ass off, with no *cerveza* Rheingold, no nothing. And this nigger comes sliding into my spot." That's using their terminology, but that's the way they feel. They're very prejudiced against these people. They don't like niggers, and that's all there is to it. Forget the white/black thing; we're not even prejudiced by comparison with the Spanish guys.

This argument is bullshit. It could develop into a small little fucking violation, and we don't take violations—we take felonies. We're booking. We're getting the fuck away from these fuckers.

We're about ten feet away from these two dudes who are arguing and we hear, *Bam! Bam! Bam!* Undeniable fucking gunshots. We didn't even have to turn around. We know that one of the two has shot the other one. "Oh, God. I don't fucking believe it."

We turn around, and the Puerto Rican smoked the spade. The gun is still smoking, and there's the black guy, deader than a fucking doornail. Put three right in the fucking locker on this guy from about a foot away. I look at the gun he's holding and it looked like a police revolver. I think, He must, you know, be a cop. That was my first impression, because I thought, He's so fucking calm. There's ten of us cops with guns, ten feet away, and look at him. He's just looking at the body, holding his gun. Well, he's got to be a cop. I'm very fortunate.

I hesitated and didn't do what I really

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should have done, which is as follows: That fucker has a gun. He's just wasted this guy. My gun should be out. I should say, "Drop the gun." If he says nope, then *Bam!* You're dead. That's it. That's the smart thing. Totally justified.

What did I do? I hesitated. That was a mistake. But it turned out that I didn't get hurt. He wasn't a cop, but he wasn't a fucking cold-blooded murderer, either. He was an angry fucking man who wasn't too bright and just went the limit, man. Went the limit.

When me and you got mad as kids, you'd say to your friend, "I'd like to kill you." It's in us, the fact that we could conjure it up. The guys who commit it, they've brought it out and let it surface. They just snap, and that's that.

I walked up to him and said, "Give me the gun." The other cops with me now all have their guns out. It suddenly dawns on me, I got nine guns on my fucking back because they want him. It's a gun collar now, and it's a murder. This could be instant promotion. These fuckers will kill me to get this son of a bitch. Jesus. There was a moment of that thought.

I looked at the guy and I said, "Why did you do that?"

He looked back at me and said, "He took my parking space, man." Pure honesty. "He took my parking space, man." He had killed the fucking man. It might have happened the next day, and he would have just argued with the guy about the parking space. It might have proceeded to

a very violent oral altercation. But this day was just the day that he snapped.

You work a four-to-12. Say out of the 30 jobs you've gotten on the shift, eight of them involve a spouse, male or female, telling the other spouse a palpable lie as to their whereabouts or as to who that was that didn't talk on the phone or whatever. On a given night, you've got eight instances in an eight-hour period where somebody has said they were out bowling with their friends when, in fact, they were screwing around.

You go home and your wife isn't home. Ten minutes later, she comes in the door. "Where the hell were you?"

"Oh, I was out with my girlfriends." And she probably was, but you've heard that lie eight times tonight. It engenders a certain emotional paranoia.

I got a call of a burglary in progress. I get there and this woman comes out in the road and she's yelling, "They robbed me! They robbed me! They took my jewels!"

"Lady, lady, who robbed you?"

"The gypsies!"

"Gypsies? In Southern California?"

We get into the house and there are five gypsy women. The victim says, "I was just sitting there, and all of a sudden, these gypsy women are in my house and they're taking my rings and my jewels." So I round up these gypsy women. I start talking to them and they just look at me. They had lots of cash, but they only spoke a

Serbo-Croatian dialect, which almost no one knows.

Why me, Lord? This is a real mess. None of them had any identification on them. I get the sergeant down there. "What are we going to do with this?"

"Take them all down to the station," he tells me. "We'll figure out there what to do with them." We interview the victim and find out what they did. There had been some similar thefts reported in the area, so the sergeant told me to book them all.

Two of the five had babies, little babies. The gypsy men who showed up wouldn't take the babies, so we had to put them in the pediatrics ward at the hospital in protective custody while their moms are in jail. So I load all the gypsy women into a paddy wagon and I take them to the hospital to do all the paperwork.

Momma's holding her baby and I get her out and into the emergency room. There's a lot of people in there. I get the baby from her, and about that time, the gypsy woman figured out what's going on here. She's trying to get her baby back, and she starts chasing me. We're going round and round in a circle and all these people are watching.

This bitch pulls her top down, grabs both breasts and starts spraying me with gypsy mother's milk. I was amazed. It sprays a long ways. She was getting me with both barrels. I was laughing almost as much as everybody else. For years, all the guys claimed I was under the curse of the gypsy mother's milk. They kidded me about filing charges: aggravated assault with a breast. I've never had it happen again. But I was, in that one instance, attacked with a breast.

I remember an accident. It was a bad one, but it wasn't like people were injured all over the place. The car that got hit was flipped over. A woman got out, but she was dazed when I got there. Then she started coming to and she started screaming for her baby. I said, "Oh, shit, now there's a baby inside that car."

I go crawling inside the car. Here's this little kid, about six months old, a little girl. She probably bounced around in that car like a rubber ball, because they're so flexible. She's sitting there. She's not crying, and nobody ever thought to look for her.

When you pull the child out, you feel, "Oh, I can't believe this, that I did this." You're scared shitless to go and look, because you don't want to see the kid's head crushed and have to tell the mother. But then you come out with the kid. You're able to tell everybody something good. They're all clapping on the side. The ending was nice and those kind of things make you feel happy about doing the work.

DEADLY FORCE

In TV and motion pictures, a bullet is often portrayed as a discreet piece of metal. When it strikes a bad guy, it produces a round, red polka dot approximately the



"My marriage is fine, but I'm having communication blocks with my aerobics trainer."

diameter of a pencil. There is very little blood and never an exit wound. One shot—two at the most—and the bad guy drops like a rock.

The reality is both more and less than the Hollywood illusion. Bullets aren't sharp. They don't drill neat holes in flesh. Bullets rip and tear. They cause bones to burst and splinter. For all that destructiveness, a single pistol shot usually won't stop a human being instantly. Inertia and momentum can carry an attacker for a second or two—time enough to do a great deal of damage.

If a cop is lucky, his gun does its job, and he has chosen the right time and person to employ it on. The average police officer never fires his weapon in 20 years on duty. Some of them rarely draw their pistols except at the firing range. But it's there all the time, hanging from a hip or riding in a Velcro ankle holster, in the nightstand beside the bed or—all too often—under the pillow.

The first thing they ask you after a shooting is "What was your backstop?" This is a standard question. "What was your backstop in case you missed or in case the round went through the person?" My backstop was a four-lane, heavily traveled street full of traffic and the major-shopping-mall parking lot adjacent to the building. That's what it was.

"Did he fire at you?" they ask. They love to ask that question. "How many shots did the suspect fire at you before you shot him?" Like you're supposed to give the guy a couple of freebies to make for a better sense of fair play. Bullshit.

We got a call—man with a gun in a candy store. We get to the candy store and the owner says to me, "It's this kid, just ran around the corner. He's 15, he's wearing a blue jacket, a white shirt and dark pants. He pulled a gun on me. He had a fight with me earlier here, and he came back and pulled a gun on me. He just ran around the corner."

I jump in the car and drive around the corner. I see this description going into a building that turns out to be a youth home. I never really got a good look at him. I just had an impression of the clothing. I jump out of the radio car and I run through the door of the youth home. The place is crowded with kids, but I can hear footsteps ahead of me, running down the hallway.

I'm chasing the kid. I'm always just a little bit behind him. Up some stairs. Down that hallway. Up some other stairs. Down another hallway. Always one turn ahead of me. Then the hallway dead-ends where some elevators are and I finally come up on him.

He turned around and sticks a gun in my face and pulls the trigger. I watched the cylinder rotate. Nothing happened. I knocked the gun to the side. The kid doesn't even fight at this point. He's as stunned as I am that he pulled the trigger at point-blank range and I'm still standing there. I get his arms behind him. I cuff

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him. I get the gun and I stick it in my pants.

My first reaction wasn't to beat the hell out of him or to even touch him. My first reaction was "Why the fuck am I still here? Why aren't I dead?"

We get the kid out and put him in the car and take him to the station house. He's 15 years old. As near as we can make out from the situation, this kid has been sticking up cabdrivers. We got the gun in the house and I open it up. It's a .32 Smith & Wesson with three live rounds and three empty chambers. The hammer had landed on one of the spent rounds. If it had landed on any one of the three live slugs, I would have gotten my brains splattered all over that hallway.

He was a juvenile offender. I didn't hit him. I processed him through to the juvenile detention center, went down to youth court with him, and they let him go. Tried to kill me, had been sticking up cabdrivers and got nothing at all from the authorities. The worst punishment he got was when his mother came into the precinct and she started slapping him around because he'd taken her gun. He'd taken her gun out of the drawer. She slapped the shit out of him.

I made an arrest that night and I was processing him upstairs. One man at the desk heard on the radio that there was a 10-13—which is "assist patrolman." You could be doing anything, but the minute you hear 10-13, you drop everything. Then it came over, "Cop shot."

I don't remember who I was with, but we jump in a car and go down to the scene. When we get there, there's a lot of cops and people milling around. They say a cop got shot. I'm looking and I see a little bit

of blood on the street.

"Who got hit?" I says.

"Mikey."

We started going through the motions, trying to get names and witnesses. In the back of my mind, I think, Flesh wound, just a nick.

We're there for maybe ten, 15 minutes and I said, "Let's go up to the hospital and see how he's doing." So we go up.

We walked right up to the emergency room and the nurses we knew very well were working. When we walk in there, I saw that not only was Mikey shot but the sergeant that was with him was shot. They were both cracked open, laying on a table. You could see their lungs.

The sergeant was a boss. I didn't socialize with him. But Mikey, he was over to the house. He was separated from his wife, so there wasn't that real family type of thing. But he'd come over by himself and we'd have a few drinks. He was getting back with his wife. I looked at him and it was like . . . how personal can you get when you see a guy's insides?

I looked over at one of the nurses, Ann, and she was crying. Another of the nurses just made a gesture like, "It's over." Neither one of them made it.

They tell me Mikey was laying there in the street—that's the part that gets you—laying in all this garbage, just strangers around him. He was saying, "Call my people. Call my people." I don't know if he meant us as his people or his family. You don't know what goes through his mind when a guy dies.

THE DETECTIVES

Contrary to the popular image, the world of the detective does not glitter. The aftermath

of crime is sordid, tragic, ugly. There may be bodies and coagulated blood, the smells of death and decomposition. There are bound to be pain and terror. The sounds are the sobs of the violated and the frenzied cries for justice from the families of the victims. To one side are frightened children with hollow eyes. This is where a detective works.

A modern detective's major tool is his feet. His feet carry him on the endless journey of canvassing neighborhoods for witnesses. His feet are also handy in the battle against the bureaucratic red tape in his own department as he walks from section to section searching for information, standing in line filling out his request form for access, filling out the request form for request forms.

The most effective detectives combine a dedicated tenacity in the face of this endless red tape with alertness in the presence of mind-numbing repetition—and no little amount of luck. When they are able to bring a criminal to justice, the heroism in their effort goes beyond the outlandish plots of television dramas. If a suspect is actually tried and convicted, it seems little less than a miracle.

I've spent thousands of hours sitting and waiting—sometimes based on a tip but more often than not based on a probability. That's like playing the big number in the lottery. The bosses say, "They been taking off Colonel Sanders' all over the city. The chances are that this one will be hit." So you set up for two weeks and you sit and wait and wait and wait.

To pass the time, we look at women a lot and make remarks—not very gentlemanly remarks, but no one is listening. What else is there to do? You can't read a book.

Usually, one of us is going through some kind of marital problems. We'll hash that over for a few hours. We will try to think up every which way the robbery could go down, try to plan for every contingency. You don't know what you're looking for. You don't know what kind of car they're driving. You just know how they're going to take it down when they do go in. Hopefully, you can see inside the store with your binoculars—if you're not sleeping.

It's just so boring, it will drive you crazy. There's nothing glamorous about the job until the shit goes down, and then it's not glamorous, either.

The biggest fear that I have is not about getting killed. It's about taking this guy off without hurting anybody else and not letting him get away—mostly not hurting anybody else. But it happens so fast that you almost miss it every time. Once you collect yourself and figure out that it is, in fact, going down, it's almost over. Your decision to shoot or not to shoot is like a split second. There are so many things that can happen. Will it go all right or am I going to hit some innocent person? Am I going to make the decision to shoot when it's not appropriate, when the guy really doesn't have a gun? That absolutely scares me to death.



"Miss Stewart, find out who's been putting these little love objects on my desk."

We did a seven-week stake-out in a Kentucky Fried Chicken joint. We were wearing the red shirts and red bow ties and we're packing the chicken in boxes. We got so good at it that the manager wanted to pay us. But we never caught anybody. We'd be sitting in this place with a radio and they'd go and knock off the one a few blocks away. Frustration.

Another time, a few days before Christmas, ATF—the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms—called our robbery squad. They had an informant who said that a supermarket was going to get held up. Two or three blacks were going to do it, and they had gotten hold of a machine gun. That raised eyebrows. We worked it for the first night with ATF. Of course, nothing happened, which is the way it usually is.

The weekend rolled along, but we stayed on it. It was closing time and we were just about to pack up our shotguns. My partner is sitting at the wheel, and he looks out this little side window and says, "Hey, buddy, this guy sitting in a car right here just tucked a gun in his belt."

"Fuck you, asshole," I said. I didn't believe him. But I got up, since he did have a little bit of urgency in his voice. This guy walks toward the store, he pulls open the door and, all of a sudden, you see the security guard's hands go up inside.

Meanwhile, in the car sitting right beside us, there was a second guy. He rolls the car right up in front, opens the door and jumps out with what looks like a fucking Thompson. Have you ever seen one of those, with the canister? Jesus Christ. It turns out that it is not an authentic Thompson, but it was a damn good copy. The same configuration—semiautomatic, a 40-round clip with .45-caliber ammunition which can go right through their dinky vests they give us.

It's my son's second Christmas, and I'm thinking about him. And I do not want to get out of this van. I'm really upset by that Thompson. I didn't like that. I said, "Somebody's going to get hurt out here. I don't think there is any way to avoid it." I got my shotgun and I chambered a round. There's no cars anywhere to hide behind, and we can't hide behind the van in the position that it's in. So we're just kind of standing out there in the middle of the fucking parking lot.

When these guys came back out the door, the guy with the Thompson is in the lead; he comes out and he's looking right dead at us. One of us yelled, "Freeze, motherfucker!"

He's got the gun cradled like he's Machine Gun Kelly. He thinks that he's the baddest thing that ever hit the road. He's strutting. He all of a sudden saw us and he brought it up. I waxed him. I said to myself, "Fuck it. If he gets a burst off, we're all going to get it." Right behind us, there is an entire apartment complex and a four-lane main drive.

I went, Boom! He took off, running like

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a jack rabbit. Now, I've got a shotgun full of .00 buck, which is the equivalent of nine .32-caliber slugs all at once and he took off running. We're all following him in our sights, and thank God it's all bricks down through there. You can see the powder coming off the brick wall as the shots hit behind him one after the other. Finally, he goes down.

The second guy has a gun in each hand. He's got the security guard's gun and his own gun. He's got the cash drawer balanced on his forearms in front of him. He caught one of the .00 bucks right in the spine and went down immediately. The other guy had taken all the rest in the heart from the first shot and still made that run. The autopsy showed it. It's scary. You been watching cop shows all your life and you think when you shoot these people, they're supposed to fall down. But they don't do it.

The first guy died. The other guy lived, and he's in the penitentiary. He's filed a \$7,000,000 lawsuit against us. He's suing us for violation of civil rights.

At the beginning, I thought it was great. I was chosen secretly out of this organization to be one of the guys who was going to work this undercover job. I thought that was fantastic.

An undercover guy pretty much does what he wants, nobody bosses you around. The first six months, I thought it was glamorous. I grew a beard, I wore shitty clothes, I didn't look like a cop. I didn't even look like the people I'm working with. I'm working with the Mob. It took me six months to realize what was going on. Nobody was walking around with long hair and a beard. They got three-piece suits and fancy shirts, silk ties.

We're making cases, but it's starting to get long—a year and a half. Several times, I think that they're going to wind it up, and then they change their minds. They say, "Let's go a little bit longer." The target date keeps getting extended.

We're doing some deals with some pretty high-level organized-crime figures in the state and around the country. For instance, I would fly to Florida and have lunch with them. Pretty big-time guys, the kiss on the cheek and the whole bit.

In undercover work, you come from this world of black and white into a world of "We don't give a fuck and whatever happens, happens." You're living like that and it's crazy. I'm wearing this recorder between my legs. I know they'd kill me in a minute. There's nothing on me that says I'm a cop. I'm there by myself. My nerves are really up. I'm starting to get to where I can't keep a meal down. I would eat with them and I'd be all right there with them. But when I would leave, 20 minutes later, I would be throwing my guts up on the side of the road. I started to feel these chest pains. I really felt like I was having a heart attack. I had diarrhea on a daily basis.

I go to this doctor that I'd known since I

was a kid. That seemed safe. He checks me out on an E.K.G. He says, "I don't really see anything wrong with you. Are you under a lot of stress?"

I started spilling my guts, because I had to talk to somebody. He writes this thing down on a piece of paper from his prescription pad that due to excessive stress, it might be necessary for Officer Mitchell to change his position in the state police.

Now I got this piece of paper. Like a little kid, I go to my sergeant on the undercover gig the next day and I figure, This is it. I have a note from the doctor saying I'm under stress, too much stress. They'll have to let me out of this job.

He laughs. I say, "What are you laughing about?"

"We got a million dollars wrapped up in this. You're not physically hurt. You're going through stress. You'll be all right. You can handle it." That's the mentality of cops: You can handle anything. Don't worry about it, kid; you can handle it. I was devastated.

But finally when he gave me a real ending date, it got all right. There's a goal line. It will be over soon. Then I was fine again.

The big day arrives. We go to the National Guard armory that day at four o'clock in the morning. We're going to lock up like 28 Mob figures in the state, then it was going to expand from there. There's 100 FBI agents, 200 uniformed troopers there when I walk in. Law enforcement up the ass. I think, This is going to be the greatest day of my life. After two and a half years, I'm coming back, the prodigal son.

I'm one of the main figures in the investigation, so I'm standing there next to all these people from the FBI. We're supposed to get ready for this big press conference on the big raid, but I don't have anything in common with them. They're the people I say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" to, that I have a militarylike relationship that goes on between us, but it's no more than that. They don't come from my world and I don't belong to theirs. I wasn't able to sit with the troopers, either. Nobody that looked like me was with the troopers. Those guys are turning, looking at me, pointing, but nobody is waving.

They start bringing in the defendants. They've picked them up and arrested them at their house. The armory is going to be the processing site. I was supposed to interview some of them. It would be a real shock value with me interviewing them. Maybe they would turn over quicker.

I go downstairs, and they're ready to fingerprint them. The troopers standing around, they think it's great. I thought it was going to be great, too. But I felt like the biggest cocksucker in the world.

I'm wearing a three-piece suit. My hands were behind my back. One of the guys says, "What did they pinch you for?"

"I'm with them," I said.

"You cocksucker," he says and then he

spit. They were just looking at me. I couldn't even look these guys in the eyes. Here's guys I hung out with, guys I broke bread with. I really came to like some of them. And they liked me, trusted me.

One guy comes up to me and says, "How could you do this, Ben? You're my friend. How could you do this?" He was 60-some years old. He was like anybody's grandfather, a nice guy, but he dealt in stolen securities. That's what we locked him up for. He put a heavy guilt trip on me. I couldn't look at him. I had to put my head down.

Here I am, not in the troopers' group any longer, and the friends that I've had for the past two and a half years, I've just delivered into the enemy's hands. So now even the bad guys have told me I'm no good. I felt like a piece of shit, a stool pigeon.

Undercover is a very strange way to do policework, because you identify with the bad guys. It's a strange feeling to be trusted by somebody and then betray them.

HARDENING OF THE HEART

Policemen hate and fear criminals. The cops, in turn, are feared and hated by most of the people they police. The establishment they serve seems to hold them in contempt. In the cop's opinion, the press is a mortal enemy, ready to chew up an officer's entire career just to spit it out as a sensational headline or a news update.

Cops also feel as though they get no support from their colleagues in the judicial system. They see the system of justice, including the judges and attorneys who operate it, as a broken-down machine.

It doesn't take a cop long to decide that even the police administration, like all bureaucracies, is more interested in maintaining the status quo and its own integrity than in protecting the rights of any one officer.

Finally, a police officer looks inside himself. He sees the calluses growing thick and hard over his ability to feel. He reconsiders his own motives with his new-found cynicism. If he is honest with himself, he sees how tarnished his ideals have become, how hard his heart is. The last disappointment is with himself.

The part that really caught up with me was seeing the death. A lot of people say they don't see a lot of it. I saw a lot of it. You go to somebody's house. She's crying because her husband died at the dinner table. The police are the first with everything. You're involved with her screaming, her crying. She wants you to play God. She wants you to bring life back into that person. You go through the motions. It really catches up with you.

What people don't realize is that I'm picking up the feeling, too—unless you're a callous, cold-blooded drug addict, you can't help it. Now they train you with different techniques about how to do this stuff. You don't go in and say, "Are you widow McNamara?" But nobody tells you

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how you're going to react. They don't train you how to deal with your own emotions.

So you tell someone their husband died and then, the next thing you know, you're getting the newspaper for the sergeant or lunch for the guys in the back room or you're going to a barroom brawl and you're the bouncer. You're breaking up a fight. You're not Superman. You can get knocked on your ass. When somebody punches you in the mouth, you can feel it, too. You're scared.

You're always scared. I don't give a shit who the cop is that tells you that he's not scared; that's a lot of shit. He's scared all the time. He's scared of looking like a fool, of being weak, yellow, of being a coward. Afraid he's going to say the wrong thing and get in trouble with the department. Fear is a policeman's life. It's impossible to go out on the street day in and day out and not have fear.

A lot of cops really want to believe that they're the type of guy that can do the things the cops on TV can do. They want to believe they can talk people into confessing and they'll fall down at their feet, instead of having a guy whipping out his cock and pissing on them or spitting in their face. You don't know what it's like until you're talking to a guy and there he is, smiling at you, but you're just looking at his face. Now watch his hands, because he's taking out his cock and pissing at you.

So you lock him up. So what? He doesn't give a shit. The fucking guy has an I.Q. of two. That's what it's all about.

Once you find out and you're comfortable with that and you can deal with that, then you can be very successful.

The smell was so bad, the building emptied out. It was in the middle of the block,

and the bar on the corner had emptied out. People thought it was a sewer backing up in the basement.

We get there and open the apartment door, and there's this mound on the floor. It wasn't hardly recognizable. The stench was so incredible that you didn't breathe in the room. It's something I can't describe. I can't say it's like rotten eggs or anything. It was like nothing I ever smelled before. It was wintertime and the apartment was hot. This thing on the floor was a 19-year-old kid covered with maggots and blown up all over the wall.

The story, we found out, was that the mother had a heart attack and he took her to the hospital. He came home and shot up—died with the needle in his arm and laid there for two weeks while his mother was in the hospital. The body began to decompose. Since there were no breaks or punctures or wounds, the gases of decomposition made the body bloat. There was nothing for this expansion to come out of. The body blew up. He was on the walls and all over the floor, and when you rolled him over, he was nothing but a pile of maggots.

That shook me up a lot. It thickened the shell I was developing since I got on the job. As the shell thickens, you become more and more out of touch—not with the world but with yourself, so that when you walk in on a scene like this, you just shrug your shoulders. Another messy thing.

Here's a guy who lives out on a tree-lined street in a lily-white area with his wife and a couple of kids. He gets on the train or he drives into the center of the city to a ghetto area and he just deals with blacks. You don't see a white face all night unless it's your partner. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but he's living in two worlds.

He gets more work in one weekend than some entire towns get. Even if he's a racist and a bigot, you'd have to have a heart of stone to go into an apartment house there and take a look at babies without diapers, just laying there, filthy, no mattress. The kid's having trouble. And it's not just one. There's thousands of them out there.

He goes to a family fight and one of them is knifing the other. He sees the kids are in the apartment during this whole thing. People are drunk and overdosed.

He does that for eight hours a day, 40 hours a week. Then he goes home to the wife. He walks into the house and she says, "You better take the day off tomorrow; I've got a P.T.A. meeting and you got to take care of the kids."

He just saw, like, five people die tonight, and she's worried about the kids' new shoes. "I seen kids without clothes. They needed food!" He don't say that to his wife. He can't say that to his wife. He don't say, "Leave me alone. I got all these problems to think about." What does he say? Nothing.

The great danger in this job is not getting shot or stabbed. It's that you'll get fat or die of a heart attack. Or, because you let your nerves eat you up, you'll have a nervous breakdown. Or you become an emotionally disturbed person.

Chances are, shooting and stabbing aren't going to happen to you. There's a good chance that you're going to be dragged out of your patrol car or from behind your desk, dead from cardiac arrest. A good chance that you'll be a nervous wreck. A good chance that you won't be able to talk to normal people because of your own emotional problems. The rest of the shit, don't worry about.

You talk to the new kids and they can't wait to strap that gun on their side, go out there and show the world. They're going to do a job, man. I had that feeling, and it's a good feeling. But when the reality comes round, you got to worry about your sanity and making it through your career.

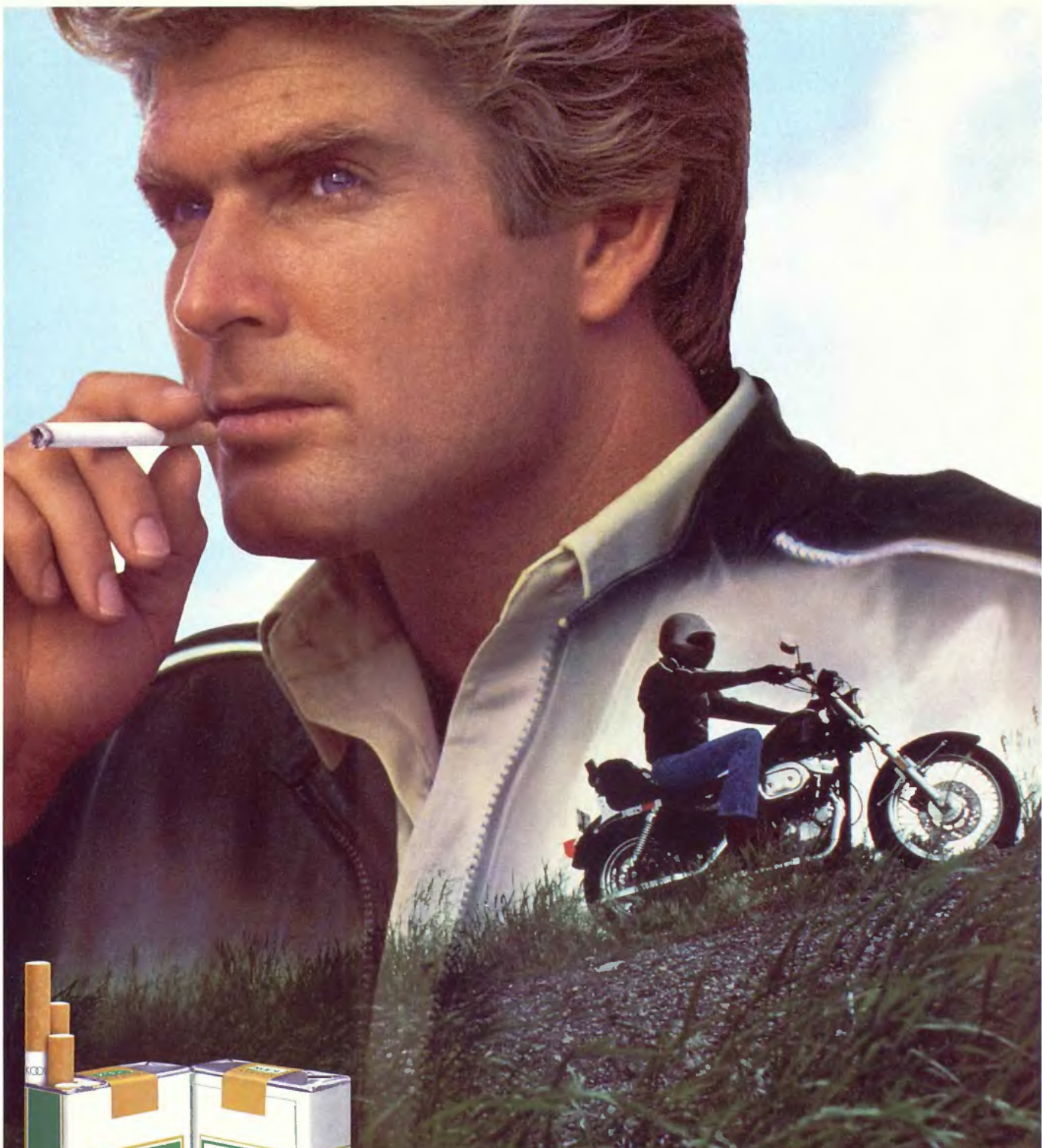
You come into the job with a lot of preconceived notions. No matter how worldly you are or knowledgeable you are, your body of experience has expanded exponentially because of the job.

Whatever sacred cows you may have been feeding all those years are slaughtered after a little while. That's probably the greatest single tragedy that every cop faces. You find out that nothing is on the level. You find out that people die for nothing.

Whatever it is that drives people to religion is what you experience. And yet you're in a position where you can't accept religion, because you can't function that way. The job runs against every good impulse you ever had.



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I'M DICK FELDER!

(continued from page 114)

"She leaned over to paste her lips on his. Herpes, he thought automatically, the dentist's enemy!"

out right where I got in."

"It's Evie, and you can't," she said. "Why can't I?"

"Because," giggled Evie, punctuating each word with a light tap at Felder's groin, "Fred's seen you! He's probably told everybody down at the station what happened. They might even be looking!"

The groin taps got to him, and he felt his resolve weakening. "What station?" he asked, hoping she'd say Exxon or Texaco.

"The TV station, silly. Fred does nightly news briefs on nine—eight-ten, ten-ten, twelve-ten and sign-off, plus bulletins."

"Great," said Felder, though, oddly, now that he had a new reason to run away, he felt better about the whole thing. "Do you really think he saw me?"

"Who cares? We're going straight to the Barb, anyway. You can give yourself a whole new look while you're there."

"But the police!" Felder's palms went clammy, the way they did in deceased denture operations. Looking to stretch their dental dollar, a spate of patients had taken to willing their bridgework to loved ones, like shares in IBM. Whenever Felder had to pluck out a deceased's dentures, his palms became clammy right away. "They'll be looking for this van," he said, shuddering. "I could be wanted!"

"Don't be so weird." Evie grinned and showed her lowers, as though they'd discussed fleeing the police together a zillion times. "I told you where I'm going!"

"Well," said Felder, "all I know is, I've never been wanted before. I've never even known anyone who was wanted! In all those fugitive movies, you always see these guys in fedoras hanging around train stations or waiting at the airport. . . ."

"God! We're not taking a train," said the girl. "We're in a Ford Econoline van!"

"OK, then," Felder countered. "What about the roadblocks? The highway patrol?"

In his own mind, the dentist was not sure how he'd stand up against Brod Crawford on a lonely stretch of interstate. He figured he'd be OK if he could sneak out his canine pick. Otherwise, the burly patrolman would probably cut him to ribbons against the hood of his car.

The girl popped a gum ball into her mouth and made a face. "They don't have roadblocks anymore; they have helicopters. You don't even have to come if you don't feel like it."

Dick Felder, *San Quentin Dentist*. "What I feel like," he told his new friend, "is lying down in the back. You take the wheel."

"A real man," said the girl; and for the life of him, Felder could not tell whether this was the charming Hepburn side of her

or the smart-aleck-delinquent side. Who knew? "There's some sucks back there if you want," she told him as he crawled over the seat, "under the spare-tire cover. Just don't be too big a piggo."

Felder had missed the hippie thing entirely. He'd been swept up in dent and predated at the height of it. Only occasionally would he stare wistfully at the rainbow-colored vans as they passed by the campus on their way to such places as Santa Cruz or Colorado. When there were marches on the dinnertime news, he'd gaze a long time at the banners and the protesters packing the parade. For a spell, Felder had thought of starting a dentists-for-peace brigade, a ragtime battery of future malocclusion men, on the march against Amerikan decay. But he never did. The truth was, Felder had never succumbed to hippiedom or radical politics or strange drugs or any kind of extramarital temptation, because he did not want to get in trouble. He could not say for certain what made him this way, any more than he could say what trouble would be like if he ever slipped up and got in a little. All Felder knew was that until this minute, fleeing with Evie, he had never stared trouble right in the face. If it turned out to be no big deal, he'd have to thank his lucky stars he had found out before he was too old to do anything about it.

Felder sighed and ran his fingers over the red fur pasted to the van's floor and sides. Above him, the cherry fuzz poked out between the mirrored tiles stuck to the ceiling. He gazed up at himself and stared dreamily. *Dick Felder, Dentist on the Run. . . .*

"Earth to Felder, Earth to Felder," Evie called over her shoulder. "The suck's right beside you, behind the spare."

Felder caught her glare in the rearview and said, "Okey-doke." He felt around under the tire cover—also furred—and pulled out a *Sucrets* case with a single wrinkled cigarette inside.

The girl tossed back a plastic lighter with a Happi Face on it, but Felder barely had time to flick it and take a modest puff before she started snapping her fingers. "Oh, terrif," she chided him, "we've got a real greedy-poo back there, don't we?"

Felder did not realize he had passed out until he heard the helicopter landing on his head. "Whoa . . . hold on there!" he shouted, opening one eye to see a razor-thin fellow with half his hair shaved off wielding an electric barber shears just above him. The left half of the boy's head dripped dirty yellow ringlets. The right

showed blotchy pink, like a diseased lamb.

"Evie says you're a famous beautician," the half-haired fellow said over his buzzing implement. "I wanted, like, to do some stuff on you, so you could see it. I'm kinda new, but I think I do some original stuff."

"Hold on!" cried Felder again. He needed at least 15 minutes of David Hartman to really wake up, and here he'd just tumbled out of a chopper nightmare into a live set of clippers.

"Original stuff," the boy was saying. "A whole new you. . . . Evie says you have to change what you look like, since her dad saw you kidnap her. They put all the kidnap guys up in the post office, so I figured you wouldn't mind a change."

Felder could hardly take it all in. In his fog, he had only just realized he was no longer in the van. He rubbed his eyes as Evie appeared and knelt beside him. But before he could say a word, she gave him her Audrey look and leaned over to paste her lips on his, releasing a cloud of perfumy smoke inside his mouth. Herpes, he thought automatically, the dentist's enemy! The kiss tickled a spot on his spine he'd never felt before, but the perfumy mouthful sent him straight from sleep into confusion. Chanel brain.

Suddenly, the girl grabbed him by the shoulders and screeched in his face, "All-points bulletin! Fred worked you into his briefs! Eight-ten and ten-ten. Stay tuned!"

"He what? When?"

"He tattled," the half-haired youngster interrupted. "That means I get a chance to work on my technique—and you get a new look. One beauty guy helping another."

Evie giggled her way into a nasty cackle, and Felder felt himself flush. "I don't see what's so funny," he said, wishing he could open a vent in his skull and let out some perfume. "I'm supposed to be running away; meanwhile, I'm stuck someplace I don't even know."

"Lighten up," said the girl. "You're at the Barb's."

"Where is she?"

Evie rolled her eyes like her baby brother. "There's no she, boob face. It's B-A-R-B, the Be Aware Runaway Brigade. There's twenty-six branches, and the founder's an ex-prostitute. I saw all about it on *Donahue* and called the toll-free number. You're allowed to stay until you decide what you want to do."

"You mean, it's a crash pad?" Felder almost felt like crying.

"A what?"

Evie and the half-haired boy exchanged smirks, but Felder didn't notice. "Never mind," he mumbled, as a wave of nostalgia came crashing over him. There was a phase in his life when it seemed as if all the people he knew were either hitching across Europe or "just back from the Coast." From what Felder could gather, they all got to stay in crash pads, bouncing in and out of sleeping bags with girls named Wheat or Zinnia who thought sex was just



"I would like that, too, Miss Chapman, but there is such a thing as medical ethics. We'll have to make it your place."

another plane of existence. Felder, of course, was either off at school or at home tending his summer paper route while they were crashing. (He kept the route until he was 24, when one of the neighbors complained that his eight-year-old ought to have a crack at it.) Frequently, back then, Felder imagined what it would be like in a real crash pad. And now, in his mid-30s, the owner of a Buick Regal, he had finally landed in one.

Felder felt a little tingly as he gazed around. Things were almost exactly as he had expected. The room in which he was sprawled was bright yellow, as casual as a dorm rec room. In one corner, giant slabs of foam rubber were stacked between a pair of battered couches, and a circle of folding chairs had been set up in the middle. A plastic AM radio blasted next to one of the couches, where a pair of wayward BARBies sat tapping their boots to a tune Felder recognized from Mrs. Pfennig's teeth.

"Listen, guy," said the half-hair, giving Felder's chin a playful punch. "Me and Evie got some important beauty biz. See you back at group, huh?"

"Sure thing," said Felder, too busy soaking it all in to notice as they ambled off.

By now, a handful of young people had come straggling in, the new kind he recognized as punks. Not *punk* punks, like when he was in high school—guys with pointy shoes who smoked Pall Malls in the boys' room—but modern punks, with spiky hair and earrings and swastikas on their jackets. Felder had read about them in *Time*.

As Felder basked in his crash-pad experiences, a swollen-looking youth swaggered over and stuck out his hand. The boy was clad entirely in denim, with gaping holes at both knees and a red bandanna around his ankle. One of his front teeth was missing, and he wore a peroxide crewcut. Felder was not sure which kind of shake to go with—a standard or the soul shake favored in his own day. As it happened, the swollen, peroxide boy didn't shake at all but just slapped his hand sideways, capping the gesture with a clap on Felder's back. "Bad do," said the boy. "I heard you're into doing make-up for videos. I guess that's a good job for dressing any way you want. That's my problem. I could see getting a job and everything, but I can't find one where you can dress the way you want."

"It's a definite plus," Felder said. Not sure whether or not the boy was making fun of him, he checked down at his flares and Hush Puppies. He knew flares were "out" but hadn't gotten around to deflaring his slacks yet. Now here he was, running away, stuck with flapping ankles while all these kids were packed into their snug straight-legs.

"Don't worry, it works," said the half-haired boy, as though reading the dentist's fears about his appearance. Felder had not even noticed he was back. He hunched

with his ringlet side facing him, winding the cord around his clippers and slipping them into a Greyhound kit bag. "The flares, the Puppies, the hairstyle—it's a special look. It's, like, *really you* . . ."

"Well, I found him," Evie chimed in, and Felder tingled again to think she might actually like him. But then, mooning up at her, he realized something had happened. Since she had gone off with the clippers fellow, her bowl haircut had become a melon slice, a cantaloupe plume sprouting down the middle of a baldy. She'd gone Mohawk.

"We're twins," she giggled at Felder's surprise. "I told Oleo I wanted just what he gave you."

"Oleo?" Things weren't sinking in.

"That's me," said the budding beautician, raising his Greyhound bag. "Have snips, will Mohawk!"

Felder chuckled right along with them, though he was not sure he understood. A moment later, the door opened and a chill hit his scalp. He reached up and gasped. The side of his head felt like a kneecap. He quickly touched the other side—more kneecap—and was about to cry out when he felt the thick swath of hair left in the middle.

"Thank God!" he sighed. Felder knew he must look pretty peculiar, but just knowing he had that swath, if nothing else, made him feel a bit better.

He stopped touching himself as a tiny pimpled girl ambled over to their group and sat at his feet. The waif arranged a patent-leather hatbox on her lap and began talking. "You're new here, right? OK, we've got counseling, individual and group, plus a deal with the phone company so kids can call their parents if they decide they want to go home, free of charge. I've got a kitty," she confided, tapping her hatbox, "but house rules are *no pets*, so I only let her out in the laundry room. Her name's Ethel, the same as mine."

"You're a lucky little lady," said Felder. He never knew what to say to strange children—including his own son. But as the room started to fill, more and more rambling teens came to cluster around him, to hang out with a veteran runaway. Evie rested her head on Felder's shoulder. The tiny pimpled girl knelt at his feet and Oleo stood proud sentry beside him. A little hemmed in, Felder tried to rearrange his legs on the floor, going tailor-seat. This was when he expected someone to pull out a folk guitar and break into *Michael (Row the Boat Ashore)* while everybody held hands and swayed. Felder had never done any serious swaying and wondered if there might be some on the agenda. But all the adolescents seemed to want to do was chat.

"I guess you've been on the road since *Saturday Night Fever*," ventured the pimpled girl with a kind of awe. And Felder felt a dozen pairs of teenaged eyes just glowing at him.

"I've been around," he said quietly, striking what he hoped was a rugged, world-weary pose for his new fans.

"The guy's even got *Hush Puppies!*" Oleo pointed at Felder's toast-colored loafers and shook his head. "That's class!"

"You work in video," sighed the peroxide boy, "you get to wear what you want."

They went on like that, Felder less than certain how to enjoy his new-found status. He guessed it was already about 11—somehow he'd lost his graduation watch, inscribed HAPPY TOOTHACHES, FROM DAD—and Felder was anxious to find out when the lights went off. He still wanted to sample some sleeping-bag action, even if everyone else his age had tried it 15 years before.

"Do we all . . . *sleep* here?" he whispered to Evie, but just then, a strapping fellow of 30 or so strode into the room. "That's Brother Hank," the girl hissed, jamming an elbow into Felder's soft middle. "It's *counseling* time."

"You mean, a rap session?" This was another new experience, and Felder was excited. The counselor looked comfortable in turtleneck and khakis, like a man who knew how to handle youth groups. He straddled a tall stool up front and raised his right hand for quiet.

"Evening, boys and girls."

"Evening, Brother Hank."

"Any new faces?"

"Me," Evie piped up, indicating Felder, "and this is the guy who drove me."

Felder gave a sheepish wave, and a very young boy he hadn't seen before stood up and bowed. "Ace, here," said the boy, who might have been in sixth grade. He had on a pair of leather pants, a leather vest and a half dozen crisscrossing chains.

"Glad to see all of you," said Brother Hank. "Welcome! Now, Ace, how did you happen to join us?"

The boy glanced around the runaway circle, then gave his shoulders a tough little roll. "Daddy's in petrodollars, see? One day, he comes home and starts bawling about the crumbling price structure. He starts drinking martinis. He doesn't stop, see? That's a week ago. Then, this morning, he gives the old lady two black eyes. 'You're next,' he goes, 'you're not leaving this house!' And then—"

"Hang on!" Felder had sat through as much of this as he could. "You can't be more than eleven or twelve," he butted in. "I have a son nearly your age. His name used to be Chuck."

Ace clammed up, giving another shoulder roll, and Brother Hank aimed his smile Felder's way. "You are?"

"Dick Felder, D.D.S.," Felder said.

The counselor nodded. "What you're saying, doctor, is that you ran away from home and your son stayed?"

"Well," Felder heard himself say, "he likes it there. . . ."

"Maybe you and I should speak later, in my office," said Brother Hank, glaring at

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PRIVATE BENJAMIN	6018072	ROOSTER COGBURN	1018082	PURPLE RAIN	6048012
SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON	5504002	NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN	6042072	THE MALTESE FALCON	0508072
RED RIVER	7507032				

him a second before getting back to Ace.

Felder's ears burned bright red. It was like getting yelled at in junior high, except now he was the same age as the teacher. Maybe the BARB wasn't for him. While Brother Hank went on to review kitchen privileges, Felder kept busy trying to make out bits of graffiti.

Everybody broke off in twos and threes after the session, and Felder found himself on the couch with the swollen, peroxide boy. His name turned out to be Link. Felder listened to Link's career-and-wardrobe problems, meanwhile trying to decide whether to talk to Brother Hank or to just walk out. He wasn't sure it would go down in the books as running away, but he thought of calling a cab to whisk him back to the interstate. He'd be blowing his shot at any on-the-floor stuff with Evie, but still. . . .

Without making his mind up one way or the other, Felder leaped to his feet and announced that he was going for a walk. He could not spot Evie anywhere, and on a whim he asked Link if he knew where the freeway was. "Around the corner," sighed the swollen blond. "I guess a guy like you has a lot of cool videos to go back to." He made Felder take his name and his mother's address—in case anything "came up"—and they shook hands.

To Felder's surprise, the freeway really was around the corner. Weirder yet, when he stepped outside, he saw that the run-away house was a duplex on a tree-lined street in a normal residential area. He had expected a minority neighborhood.

A horseshoe drive wound down to the curb, and at the bottom Felder heard a peculiar mewling. It seemed to be coming from a parked Econoline van—little Evie's. He stepped toward it and tapped on the rear door. "What's up?" he called in his professional voice. "You OK?"

There was no answer for a second; then the door fell open and Felder got a blast of stale perfume smoke. "Oh, it's you," Evie mumbled, sounding hoarse and averting her eyes. "Come on in, I guess."

It was dark inside, but as he followed, Felder could see that the girl had nothing on but that giant T-shirt with RELAX across the back. He made his way cautiously, taking stooped, tiny steps until they reached a giant beanbag pillow up by the seats. Evie settled in against the bag and looked away from Felder. "I got the heebie-jeebs," she confessed. "I came out here to think."

"Me, too."

Felder lowered himself and nestled beside her. He couldn't help gaze at the way her perfect high school legs sort of languished in front of him, crossed at the ankle, her smooth thighs bare against the scarlet pile. His own luck scared him.

"You're shaking," Felder said, half to take attention from his own quivers, and Evie laughed her brave little *Breakfast at Tiffany's* laugh. "I made a mistake," she whispered, as if it were the saddest secret

in the world, and Felder felt something snap in his chest. He wasn't sure whose arms had flown around whom, but next thing he knew, they were rolling in that synthetic fur, Evie's fingers working his Sansabelt while he kissed the tears out of her mascara.

In no time, Felder was sprawled naked on the itchy fiber, Evie beside him, with her T-shirt pushed up to her navel. As they embraced, Felder got a glimpse of their reflection in the mirrored ceiling. He'd always wanted to try it with mirrors—not with Gene, necessarily—but was not sure if this qualified, since he couldn't recognize himself. What thrill was it watching a couple frolic in the mirror if you weren't sure which one was you? Was that him—in the Mohawk? For a few seconds, his stomach threatened to quease up. *What would his patients think?* But no sooner did he quease up than he dequeased. He had a flash, as they used to say, that there was no point worrying about his haircut. What good had a regular boy's ever done him? He'd had a regular boy's for 30 years and had ended up with a Tupperware wife and a fleet of senior denture wearers. He'd had the Mohawk half a day, and here he was tussling in a mirrored van with a lovely 18-year-old.

The thought fortified him, and Felder got back into the swing. The trouble was, he'd never seen his own buttocks before, and every time he looked up, *there they were*. He had no idea how much hip fat he'd been packing on. But somehow, Evie worked it so his bottom was always in view, and Felder had to struggle to forget about it. "Come on," the girl panted in his ear, "really ride me, Daddy!" As they got going, she kept up the patter like a peppy infielder, squealing, "Make me bad, make me *real* bad!" until Felder asked if she could quiet down for a sec so he could concentrate. He wasn't used to all that chatter, and he had a feeling she'd picked it up from some kind of movie.

The second he'd spoken up, Felder knew he had blown it. Evie stopped wriggling, and her voice went flat. "Don't mind me," she huffed, and Felder found himself more or less finishing up on his own.

The girl maintained a sullen silence until he was through, at which point she said, "Ooh-ah" and pulled her T-shirt back down.

So now he'd done it. Felder had hitchhiked, had tried sex in a van. He'd been to a crash pad and had gotten a wild haircut. He'd even tried drugs. It occurred to him that this pretty much covered all the fun things he could have done if he'd run away years ago—in a single day. If he wanted to, he could just pop back into the office the next morning, a new man.

Felder considered all this as he stood under a streetlight, buttoning his smock. The freeway, as Link had promised, was

just down the road, and Felder could hardly explain the cheer he felt as he strolled up the on ramp. He stuck out his thumb as the first headlights approached. They turned out to be from a Wonderbread truck, which struck him as wholesome. He could use a little wholesomeness, he thought, after what he'd been through.

Felder took a step forward when the bread truck slowed. He gave a big grin, but the driver only slid open his window and hollered something that sounded like "No Greek"—whatever *that* meant. Still, as chilly as the night was getting, Felder felt stout of spirit. He stamped his feet and clapped his hands together. It started drizzling, which was OK, too, since most folks would probably feel sorry for a lonely soul out on the highway in rainy weather. He knew it was late—he had never found his HAPPY TOOTHACHES watch—but it wasn't *that* late. A half dozen more automobiles went by, nearly all slowing to stare and point, until Felder himself was obliged to turn around and look behind him, just to see what they were gawking at.

At last, as the drizzle turned to a light downpour, a car whooshing off in the distance gave Felder a special feeling. "This one's lucky," he said out loud, blowing into his hands. He held out his thumb with what he felt was a longing gaze. In the old days, all the kids would do up giant signs saying things like CALIFORNIA or WEST! But even if he'd thought of it, Felder knew he would have felt too silly holding up a square of cardboard saying MALL.

As the car swung into view, Felder gave a happy yelp. "A Buick!" Since he drove one himself, Felder felt a special affinity for other Buick owners. They weren't as showy as, say, Cadillac owners. They were regular people who made enough money to live comfortably without getting cocky about it—Dick Felder's kind of people.

A Buick Le Sabre approached and slowed down on the shoulder before him.

"How do!" Felder called out and trotted up to lean into the passenger window. He saw to his relief that the man at the wheel was actually Mister Jackie, owner of the hairpiece salon beside him in the mall. "Mister Jackie," Felder cried. "It's me, Dick Felder—the dentist next door!"

The wig man stared for a second, and the window shot back up. Felder saw his reflection in the window. For the second time, it startled him. He looked like a middle-aged Apache. The gleaming sides of his skull lent the rest of his face a leering, demented sheen.

The toupee baron sped off and left him in a spray of gravel. "Wait!" Felder yelled. "I've got an office. . . ."

He kept on that way, yelling and chasing after the Le Sabre, long after it had disappeared down the highway. By now it was pouring, and Felder had no choice but to keep on running.



BILLY CRYSTAL

(continued from page 141)

Dixielanders. I was five or six years old. They were great characters and funny. What I didn't like was being around them when they were drunk or stoned. But I loved the fact that they made people feel good. I would run up on stage and tapdance with them. That's when I started performing.

My nickname was Face. Billie called me Face or Mr. Billy a lot. I called her Miss Billie and used to imitate her. One time, she took me to see *Shane* at the Loews State. I sat in her lap. I remember hearing the kid calling after Alan Ladd, "Come back, Shane, my mom wants you!" And Billie cried, "He ain't never comin' back. He ain't gonna come back. When a man makes up his mind to go, he goes."

6.

PLAYBOY: What pisses you off?

CRYSTAL: Rude people. The fact that life goes by so fast. And, on a heavier note, that my father died when I was 15. That got me very angry—still does. You come to a point in life where you want to say, "I'm doing good." But I've got no one—well, my mother and my brothers and I are close, but I miss being able to say to my dad, "Hey, look what I'm doing." It probably started because being the youngest of three brothers, I had to be the loudest. I did a lot of "Look at me," and still do.

I also get upset at people who say, "You do life only once, so get it right." And at my own perfectionism. I'm also angry about being ambivalent.

7.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to the news that Sammy Davis Jr. had incorporated the song *Ghostbusters* into his act?

CRYSTAL: [As Sammy] "Who are you going to call? Ghostbusters." Really? Oh, no! "I ain't afraid of no ghost." It's just so perfect. I worked with Sammy for two weeks once. It was the most fun I've ever had in show business. He was great to talk with, had great stories. [As Sammy] "I'm at a party and Kim and I are off in a corner." And I'd say, "Kim Novak?" "Yeah. And then Brando comes in." "Marlon?" "Yeah." "Then Bogart and I were having a joint." "Humphrey?" "Yeah." I loved hearing these names. He was such a character. It gave me the juice to do him. I only do people I like. I do them; I don't "get" them. But I hear Sammy is upset about this, and I feel bad. He says I do the old him. But I don't. The new him is more of the old him.

8.

PLAYBOY: What songs can you play on a push-button phone?

CRYSTAL: *Camptown Races*. Also, a song called *I Love Mickey* that Teresa Brewer sang in 1956 with Mickey Mantle. It's [sings] "I love Mickey. Three-three-one-one." [Picks up phone and dials] Da-da-da-

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da. That's Beethoven. Also, *The Marriage of Figaro*, but I need two phones.

9.

PLAYBOY: How do you shave?

CRYSTAL: Badly—too fast and in the wrong direction. I end up bleeding like someone in a razor-blade war. I look like an aerial view of a farming area, all ruts and stuff.

10.

PLAYBOY: As an ex-ballplayer and a former major-league hopeful, what would you like to tell commissioner Peter Ueberroth?

CRYSTAL: Peter, no designated hitter. That's not baseball. It puts too much of a burden on the starting pitcher. It's taken strategy out of the game. I'm an old-fashioned guy. I wish they'd outlaw AstroTurf. I also hate double-knit uniforms. And I'd especially like to re-establish players' staying with hometown clubs for 20 years. It was great knowing Mantle would be a Yankee his entire career. That's why I love Carl Yastrzemski. I do a piece on a fan waiting to give Yaz five in the victory lap. It's the most emotional thing. When Yaz finally

passes, the guy's thought is, He looks so much bigger up close. Then he touches him and it's "Goodbye, Shane."

11.

PLAYBOY: Who is your best friend and why?

CRYSTAL: Rob Reiner. Well, there are two people I love very much, Rob and . . . but this is going to hurt the third one. OK. Rob and a screenwriter named Eric Roth. We share the same point of view. It's strength in numbers when we go, "Wait a second. Am I nuts? Or why do I think of Molly Goldberg when I have an org—do you? Yes!" The same hang-ups. "Life is a bitch and then you die."

12.

PLAYBOY: You're a family man with two children. What kind of advice will you give your older daughter about men?

CRYSTAL: Don't give it up too soon. Make sure you like him. Boy, am I boring here. [Pauses] I haven't done it yet, but she's 12 and I'll have to—unless her mother does it. So I guess I'll be saying, "Jenny, make sure you get at least dinner and a movie."

That sounds terrible. You're hitting an area in me that's so fearful. I do a piece on stage about her fantasy boyfriend's coming to the door. I'm sitting there and the bell rings. And the guy is gigantic! It's, like, "Look at the size of this thing!" He says, "Is Jenny home?" I worry, because it's going to happen. She's cute, charming, got it all. I'd hate to say, "Experiment," because I know where that goes. I guess I'd just say, "Be patient, take your time and the right guy will come to you." Corny but true.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's the most amazing thing a doctor has said to you at checkup time?

CRYSTAL: "What is that, a spoon?" No. "How'd you get that mouse in there?" They call it rat running in San Francisco. OK—here's the truth. Two things.

In 1961, I was getting ready for my *bar mitzvah*. I was very small, very thin. I have a brother 6'2", another 5'10", but my grandparents were lab mice. It's in the genes, but I kept feeling shortchanged. So my mother took me to a doctor to get my "spaces" X-rayed for a prognosis on my growth rate, because she had an awful vision that I was going to be a midget wrestler one day. So the doctor came out of the office after the exam and said, "Maybe 5'8". That was the worst thing I'd ever heard in my life. So they put me on these appetite pills, because now I wasn't eating. I ate my brains out. In two months, I gained 30 pounds. But I didn't grow an inch. I became this little fat kid for my *bar mitzvah*, ripping my suit seams, standing on a milk crate behind the pulpit.

The other thing is embarrassing. [Pauses] Oh, well. . . I'd had chest pains and a little lump on my breast. I thought my life was over, that I had cancer. We all have that big cancer alert, no matter what it is. The doctor said I was growing a breast because of a hormonal problem. It's incredibly common.

14.

PLAYBOY: Defend game shows.

CRYSTAL: I would like to appear on *Jeopardy*. It's the root of *Trivial Pursuit*. I love the show. I've done *Hollywood Squares*, but it was uncomfortable. I felt like Caryl Chessman. I was in the "death box," sitting next to Rose Marie, who was saying [deep voice] "Billy, do you know anyone for me?" I'll take Cliff Arquette to block. However, I am the world's champion \$20,000 *Pyramid* player. I own the fastest time. It's very hard not to say "Ah" under pressure, but it was one of those things that just clicked. It was literally one clue for each answer. I did it in 26 seconds. I have a cassette of it that I look at now and then. It was ridiculous.

15.

PLAYBOY: You're managed by the people who handle Woody Allen. What's it like bumping into him in the hall?

CRYSTAL: Bumping into him in the hall is



"It isn't just the orgasms that I've been faking. It's also the conversations, the smiles, the interest. . . ."

scary. It's like, "Hi, I shouldn't be in the same world." He's an idol of mine. He's sweet and very shy, but you get the feeling that he doesn't really want to talk to you. But we talked about jazz. He knew who my father was. Later, we played three-man basketball in a gym that Woody had rented. He wore two pairs of black socks, a headband, white T-shirt, some kind of shorts. He was a good outside shot. It's weird. I was 26 years old at the time and I was guarding Woody Allen. So I started to press him. [Laughs, imitates Allen] "Please . . . would you not guard me so close? I have trouble with that." Then we played these two taller guys and he said, "I don't think it's a good idea. It's sort of Kafkaesque." But we beat them. That was in 1976. I haven't really seen him since.

16.

PLAYBOY: What joke do you tell when you're put on the spot?
CRYSTAL: Like now? There are a couple. OK. There are two guys watching a great Dane lick his balls. For an hour. They're mesmerized. One guy turns to the other and says, "I wish I could do that." The other says, "You'd better pet him first; he looks awfully mean." Stupid. Another? There's this old Jewish couple in divorce court. They're, like, 90. And the judge says, "You want a divorce after all these years?" The man says, "Yes. Ever since we were married." "So why did you wait so long?" "We were waiting for the children to die." OK, last one, hardly any punch line. An actor comes home and finds his house all ripped apart. He can't find his wife. "Honey? Honey?" Nothing. Then he hears some murmuring in the closet, opens the door, finds her beaten and raped. He goes nuts. "My God, honey, who did this? Tell me so I can kill him." Finally, she says, "OK. It was your agent." He says, "My agent came to the house?"

17.

PLAYBOY: Are you a guys' guy or a girls' guy?
CRYSTAL: What's a guys' guy? Someone who spits and drinks Löwenbräu? I think I'm a girls' guy. I think that comes with having kids. I'm very considerate and an incredible lover. I like women, being with them. I love my wife. We've been together since 1966. No matter where I am, I call. I never take a job on her birthday.

18.

PLAYBOY: Are you funny in bed?
CRYSTAL: I've been told that. You mean during sex? Gotta laugh—at the right times. [Becomes Fernando] It's one thing to be that wild, instinctive chimpanzee of love that I can be, [as Billy] but when my wife says, "Wear the Sammy make-up home," I get scared. But we have a few laughs. The most human moments are when we're stuck to each other. Those things. I'm hurting. Those are funny moments, but, you know, they're over so quickly that there really is no time for laughs. Hmm. I guess I am Jewish!

19.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about comedy that newcomers will learn?
CRYSTAL: Mel Brooks once said to me, "Hang in there. I didn't make it until I was 52 years old." And you've got to do what you believe in. Also, don't have an agent or a manager. Stay out of Ferraris and any other small Italian car. Work honestly. Don't eat fatty food before a show, because it just lies there.

20.

PLAYBOY: What can't you do that you would really like to do?
CRYSTAL: Grow. My ideal height would be six feet—5'10", even. Look, 5'4" would be

great. No. I'd like to grow because then I could have played baseball. And I'd feel more comfortable doing nude scenes.

What else? I'd like to know how to tip. I'm an idiot there. I'd like to understand foreign currency. I hate it when I give the money and the guy goes, "Thank you, g'v'nor." I'd also like to be able to do the new math. And sit down and play the piano instantly. I play the clarinet. I look at the piano and it's like a Yiddish newspaper. But most of all, I'd like to be able to just walk onto *The Tonight Show* and say, "Excuse me, Johnny, but we're just taping across the hall. How you doin'?"



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JOHN HUSTON (continued from page 72)

"Everyone said Jeanette MacDonald pissed ice water, but L.B. knew that she had heart."

social conscience was more acute than the next fellow's.

PLAYBOY: Didn't the head of MGM, Louis B. Mayer, want you to do a documentary tribute to Joe McCarthy?

HUSTON: Yes. I just laughed. L.B. was a great patriot.

PLAYBOY: Did he actually crawl on his knees and kiss your hand, as reported, begging you to make *Quo Vadis* for him?

HUSTON: Yes, he was the kind of man who would do such a thing. [Laughs] He wanted that picture to be warm and emotional, and he described to me the way he had once hired Jeanette MacDonald against everyone's advice. Everyone said MacDonald pissed ice water—I'm quoting L.B.—but he knew that she had heart, and he said he sang her a Jewish song and was able to bring tears to her eyes. She went on and did *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* in that picture, and it was an experience that no one ever forgot. Now he wanted me to make *Quo Vadis* that kind of picture, and if I were able to, he would get down on his knees and kiss my hand, and then he proceeded to do exactly that. Needless to say, I didn't make the film.

PLAYBOY: Another example of your outlook was *Fat City*, a bleak look at one of your favorite pastimes—boxing—which contrasts, for example, with the upbeat tone of such movies as *Rocky*.

HUSTON: Yes, one asks the question, Why is a prize-fighting film such as *Rocky* a great success and a picture such as *Fat City* not successful at all? *Rocky* isn't the true world of boxing. *Rocky* is a world of boxing that's in people's minds. But the first *Rocky* was very good; there were some extraordinary moments in it—his seduction of the girl, getting her to take off her hat, standing there mute . . . it was memorable.

PLAYBOY: Coming from an old boxer, that's at least some praise. You have a fondness for tough guys, don't you? Robert Mitchum, for instance.

HUSTON: Yes, I like Mitchum enormously.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HUSTON: It's just his viewpoint, his attitude toward life. He doesn't dramatize anything; he's—I don't even like the word, but he's cool, he underplays everything and he has a wonderful humor. He's

extremely intelligent, has marvelous powers of observation, can re-create a scene with all the funny aspects that it originally had. Mitchum is, essentially, a gent. I like his easy attitude. God, I've seen some funny things happen with Mitchum.

One night in Tobago, I went into the hotel where we were staying and Mitchum had a sailor over a balcony, holding him by the throat, slapping him around. Dorothy, his wife, was crying and begging him to let go, which Mitchum did. Then he laughed and strolled back to the bar. I said, "What in hell happened?" Turned out these two sailors had bothered him and he put up with them as long as he could and finally they jumped him; he knocked them both down. Mitchum could fight. It ended with them, so one sailor said, trying to be friends, "Give me a free one." Bob said all right, and the sailor hit him once for all he was worth. Bob said, "OK, you've had your free one," and turned away. Then the son of a bitch hit him again! Bob turned loose. That's when I came in, as Bob was throttling the guy, about to throw him over the balcony 80 feet down. [Laughs] But there is no element of the bully in Bob, no strutting his stuff. He's quite the opposite.

PLAYBOY: A tough guy for whom you don't have much affection is George C. Scott. You once called him a shitheel in *Rolling Stone*. When you filmed *The Bible*, who was more difficult, the animals or Scott?

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HUSTON: Scott was more difficult, because he got drunk.

PLAYBOY: How much abuse did he give Ava Gardner on that film?

HUSTON: Considerable.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever see him slap her?

HUSTON: No. I saw him try to, but I was on his back and stopped him—with six others.

PLAYBOY: Has your opinion of him changed?

HUSTON: No, not in the slightest.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever consider him for another role?

HUSTON: No.

PLAYBOY: Any other actors with whom you wouldn't have done a second film?

HUSTON: Paul Muni. He was certainly an amazingly good actor, but he had a huge ego. He ruined a picture that I depended a great deal on—*Juarez*. He really ruined it. I can say this without bragging, because two other men worked with me on the script for almost a year; it was a very fine script and was written so *Juarez* would just come into the story at vital, special moments and when he spoke, every word counted. This was in contrast to the grace and eloquence of Maximilian. Well, the first thing Muni wanted was more dialog. A humorless man, vastly impressed with himself.

PLAYBOY: Montgomery Clift was supposedly a difficult actor to work with, yet you starred him in two of your pictures—*The Misfits* and *Freud*.

HUSTON: Emotionally, Clift was very frag-

ile. He was a mess; he was gone. I remember that on *The Misfits*, Clark Gable had a bad back, a slipped disk; Monty would slap him on purpose. Gable didn't have much use for him, I must say. But it wasn't Clift who made filming *The Misfits* an ordeal; it was Marilyn Monroe. She was always trying to wake up or go to sleep.

Marilyn and her husband, Arthur Miller, were at odds. I hadn't realized that until we were well into the picture. I was impertinent enough to say to Arthur that to allow her to take drugs of any kind was criminal and utterly irresponsible on the part of anyone who had any feeling for her. It was only shortly after that that I realized that she wouldn't listen to Arthur at all; he had no say over her actions.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe her death was a suicide?

HUSTON: No, no, I think it was an accident. You know, when I cast her in her first big picture [*The Asphalt Jungle*], I didn't have any idea that she was going to become America's sex queen. There was something very touching about her; one felt protective about Marilyn—and this is not simply after the fact, either. You felt that she was vulnerable and might get hurt, and she damn well did. The phrase sex queen may be a misapplication; that was no more than half of her attraction. She moved women as much as she did men.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to Clift, is it true that he would cry when you excluded him

from discussions during *Freud*?

HUSTON: Tears came very easily to Monty. I was amazed how good the end result was, because it was really an ordeal.

PLAYBOY: Was your reputation for being cruel to him unjust?

HUSTON: Completely so. I was never kinder to anybody than I was to Clift. Sometimes I spoke harshly to him, but it was an attempt to awaken something in him. The combination of drugs, drink and being homosexual was a soup that was just too much.

PLAYBOY: There was talk of brain damage. Do you think that was true?

HUSTON: Undoubtedly. He was never the same after his automobile accident. He lost the ability to memorize. In *The Misfits*, his lines were easy to learn, short, colloquial. *Freud* called for something entirely different, another language, as it were, the easy deployment of scientific terms—and he couldn't memorize anything.

PLAYBOY: *Freud* didn't get the kind of reception you had hoped it would, did it?

HUSTON: Well, I didn't like the beginning, but I did like the rest of the picture. I was surprised it didn't have an audience—and it certainly didn't. I'd thought that there would be more people curious about Freud's work. At one point, the studio changed the title to get a wider audience—*The Hidden Passion* or some goddamn thing—but that didn't fool anybody.

PLAYBOY: Jean-Paul Sartre wrote the first

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please try Carlton.

draft of *Freud*, didn't he?

HUSTON: Yes. I had promised him that we wouldn't be censored, and he understood that to mean we could have an eight-hour picture, so he wrote a script of that length. I then took his material and tried to organize it, and it was a hell of an undertaking. I have never had a worse time writing.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression of Sartre?

HUSTON: I don't think I knew Sartre at his best. He was on drugs—not hard drugs, drugs to stimulate him; he couldn't stop talking. He stayed with me in Ireland for three weeks, during which he talked. He had no English; my French isn't good; there were a couple of interpreters, who just added to the babble. He wore a cheap, ill-fitting three-piece suit with the same necktie, and although his shirts looked laundered, it was always as though he had the same clothes on. He was without egotism and was probably the ugliest man I have ever laid eyes on—one eye going in one direction, and the eye itself wasn't very beautiful, like an omelet. And this pitted face.

PLAYBOY: After *Freud*, you tackled another huge subject. What made you decide to film *Moby Dick*?

HUSTON: I had read *Moby Dick* 20 years before I made it. I hadn't read it as a child. Most people say they read it when they were children—well, they're liars. Nobody in his early teens ever read *Moby Dick*. They've read abridged versions. Ray Bradbury and I wrote the script; we simplified it into picture terms. The fact that multitudes didn't clamor to see *Moby Dick* was a great disappointment. The greatest criticism leveled against the picture was the casting—Gregory Peck as Ahab. Well, I'm a pretty good judge of actors. I saw *Moby Dick* recently on TV, and Peck is

good. But the image the audience of that time had of him was different; they wouldn't accept him.

PLAYBOY: That was the only film on which you ever went over budget, wasn't it?

HUSTON: Yes, because we encountered the worst seas in maritime history for that part of the Atlantic. We lost two quite expensive whales, and the picture had to stop while they built a new one. The cable holding it broke three times, and it was a question of rescuing either the men in the boats or the whales. Each time, we allowed sentiment to overcome our better judgment—we saved the men. [Laughs] When we were down to our last whale, I knew that if I got inside it, they weren't going to let it go, so I grabbed a bottle of Scotch and got inside the whale.

PLAYBOY: How do you rank *Moby Dick* among your films?

HUSTON: I like particular things about it. I like things about *The Red Badge of Courage* and about *Freud*, too.

PLAYBOY: You're naming three of your least appreciated films. How do you feel about your body of work?

HUSTON: I am delightfully surprised every now and then at something that I see is good. I am not unduly impressed with my *oeuvre*, as some call it, but every now and then I see something of which I approve.

PLAYBOY: Which of your films made you the most money?

HUSTON: For me, *Moulin Rouge*. The producers were unscrupulously honest; instead of trying to conceal profits, they took pleasure in giving me my dues.

PLAYBOY: What about *The African Queen*?

HUSTON: Just a salary. I wanted to get out of my partnership with Sam Spiegel, and giving up my profits got me out of it.

PLAYBOY: What about *The Man Who Would Be King*? Didn't Michael Caine and Sean

Connery have to sue to get their money?

HUSTON: Caine and Connery eventually got their money. I never got my full salary.

PLAYBOY: Which of your pictures would you like to either forget or remake?

HUSTON: I'd like to forget *The Barbarian and the Geisha* [with John Wayne], which was a good picture at one point. I went away to Africa for several months, and during that time, they changed it and released it, and it was really a fucked-up proposition, terrible, awful. I would have had my name taken off the picture, but the producer, the head of the studio, was a friend of mine; he was dying of a brain tumor and I didn't want to have a further complication. I would remake *Moulin Rouge* more realistically. At that time, censorship didn't permit the telling of the real Toulouse-Lautrec story.

PLAYBOY: Given your interest in art, do you think there are other painters' lives that might make good pictures?

HUSTON: Yes. I don't think justice was done to either Van Gogh or Michelangelo in *Lust for Life* and *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. Pictures could still be made about them, more serious, deeper pictures. But I've been influenced by painting in my own pictures. One of the things I look for in a color film is the palette: What palette do I use? Just as a painter, when he approaches a subject, decides what colors and tonalities. *Moulin Rouge* was in part an attempt to re-create something of the effect of the Lautrec posters.

PLAYBOY: Which films by other people do you most admire?

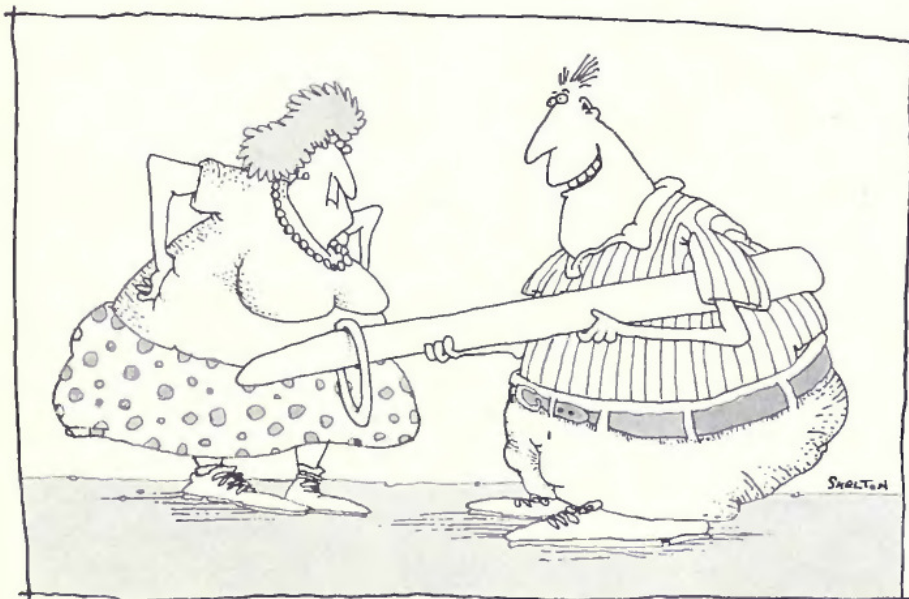
HUSTON: I find it easier to talk about the work of the director than about individual films. I like, of course, William Wyler enormously, the whole body of his work. John Ford, George Stevens—not unexpected names. Pictures from my youth—*Covered Wagon*; I was enormously moved by the profundity of *Four Horsemen*. [Laughs] Among the French, *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour*, Henri-Georges Clouzot's *Wages of Fear*. De Sica's *Bicycle Thief*. The original *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about remakes?

HUSTON: Awful. They ought to remake the ones they did badly, but to remake a great picture is the ultimate in absurdity. Even if the remake is good, it can never be as good as the original. By Christ, you would think they would begin to realize that!

PLAYBOY: What contemporary films have impressed you?

HUSTON: The last picture that I saw that I liked without reservation was *Gallipoli*. It was a marvelous picture, unrecognized for how good it was, simply a great picture from every standpoint. Another that impressed me not as a great picture but as interesting was the one about the three old men who robbed a bank, *Going in Style*. *Ordinary People* was well written, not inspired but excellent. That other Australian film, *Breaker Morant*. *Godfather II*



Symbolic gesture on Ray's part

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was a hell of a picture, beautifully acted. Who played in *Taxi Driver*?

PLAYBOY: Robert De Niro.

HUSTON: Jesus, that was good. I didn't know it was De Niro when I began watching. I just knew it was marvelous. Christ, what a performance! I've seen a few pictures on TV that I would have missed otherwise. One was kind of awful but more interesting than people realized—De Niro in *The King of Comedy*. I found it distasteful and boring at first; then, about the third time I saw it on TV, I was fascinated. It was realism taken to the point of excruciating, sickening truth. It's a rather important document, I think, but mine is the first voice I've heard in praise of it.

PLAYBOY: What about the blockbusters—the *Star Wars* and *Raiders* pictures, *E.T.*?

HUSTON: Yes, fine . . . they've been done now. It's fascinating that such a large segment of mankind fell in love with the E.T. creature. It shows a good impulse.

PLAYBOY: And what do you think of Steven Spielberg as a director?

HUSTON: My God, I think he is as inventive as hell; I take my hat off to him. He's an ordinary man with an extraordinary expression.

PLAYBOY: And George Lucas?

HUSTON: I would lump them together.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of actors, such as Warren Beatty and Barbra Streisand, who turn to directing?

HUSTON: Beatty did an extraordinary job with *Reds*. What I most admired was his taking that subject. He is someone to contend with; his choices of material indicate quite a well-furnished apartment upstairs. I think, by the way, *Bonnie and Clyde* was one of the important pictures of our time.

PLAYBOY: And Streisand?

HUSTON: I'm impressed with her choosing *Yentl*; it was extraordinary. But for some reason, Hollywood turned against her.

PLAYBOY: Why?

HUSTON: I don't know; perhaps because she had some romantic hookup with this guy who was her hairdresser and she was calling the shots and they were out of their depth . . . there was a lack of sympathy toward her, I felt. I always felt Streisand was capable of far more than playing the Pussycat or the little Brooklyn Jewish girl. Christ, she could have played Cleopatra better than Liz Taylor, with her enormous power and the subtlety of her singing. I said to my friend Ray Stark [the producer of *Funny Girl*], "You are not doing the best thing you could with this girl."

PLAYBOY: Would you like to direct her?

HUSTON: I certainly would, because she is one of the great actresses and she hasn't been well used.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Meryl Streep, Faye Dunaway, Jane Fonda?

HUSTON: Meryl Streep and Faye Dunaway are quite extraordinary. I like Jane Fonda for what she does, but it hasn't that scope to it. I think Jessica Lange has something that's very fine.

PLAYBOY: How about Kathleen Turner, who's in your new film?

HUSTON: Superb. I don't think there's any question she's a major actress. She's got it all. It's the kind of acting that you're born with; it's not learned. It's channeled and, my God, it flows.

PLAYBOY: Does she remind you of anyone?

HUSTON: No, and that's why she's wonderful: The good ones don't remind you of anybody else.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about your own acting?

HUSTON: I don't put any great store in my acting; I don't take it seriously. I liked myself in *Chinatown*. And when I saw the picture about the Kennedys, *Winter Kills*, I thought that was amusing. But not much else. I just spoke my lines. But do you know who the best reader of lines is—at least on cue cards? The master?

PLAYBOY: Who?

HUSTON: Ronald Reagan. I saw him give a speech when he was in South Korea, and it was a damn good one. He spoke to the audience and he didn't look at the camera, you didn't see him reading his lines. It was the only thing about Ronald Reagan that ever impressed me.

PLAYBOY: You and Reagan go back a long way, don't you?

HUSTON: Yes, I have known him for a long time, since he was working with Warner Bros. I knew his wife, Nancy, who is the daughter of great friends of my father's, Dr. Loyal and Edith Davis. When Nancy went out to Hollywood, she was sort of under my wing for a while, and then she married Ronnie. I'd see them occasionally.

PLAYBOY: Did your opinion of Nancy lower any when she married Reagan?

HUSTON: Oh, no. I love Nancy—and I don't dislike Ronnie, I just disagree with his politics. But I submit one thing: The idea that Nancy is archconservative and reactionary and that she is the influence on Ronnie that has guided his political thinking is absurd, absolute nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss the old Hollywood?

HUSTON: Yes, I miss the order that the old Hollywood had. It was much easier then to get a picture made than it is today. It's become a cliché that the studio people were picture makers then, but there is a large element of truth in it. They were people who wanted to make pictures, and they knew how to make them. They weren't accountants and bookkeepers, tax consultants and efficiency experts who don't know how to make pictures, or wheeler-dealers; that element just seems to have taken over today—promoters who just want to get a part of the action rather than people who want to make good pictures. They'll get a picture, get an actor, wheel and deal and get a package together and present it to a studio and the studio will then pass on it. It's amazing that pictures ever get made—and a bad picture, a picture with no qualifications whatever, can get made as readily as something like

Terms of Endearment, which was turned down by every studio in town. As to the Hollywood social scene, I've managed to avoid that for a lifetime, except in very small doses. I like country life—not farming but the sports that attend to country life: huntin', shootin' and fishin', as it were. I like working with and being with animals. I like making a picture if I feel I'm on the way to getting something good. I despair of making a picture if I feel it's going badly, which occasionally happens. Only occasionally, thank God—otherwise, I wouldn't go on making films.

PLAYBOY: After all these years, are you still affected by reviews?

HUSTON: Yes, the bad ones hit me. I read something recently that disturbed me no end. There's a female reviewer for *The New Yorker* who was writing about *The Night of the Iguana*, saying it was a badly made picture. Well, it's not a badly made picture. I know damn well it's not. She is a cunt. I'm prepared to forgive her for a lot of things but not for that. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: With cassettes and cable and satellite dishes, do you think seeing movies in a theater will become a thing of the past?

HUSTON: I should think so. I find it very difficult to go to a theater if I have to line up round the block to see a picture. I'd go to see a fight or a horse race that way, but I would be goddamned if I would go to see a picture under those terms.

PLAYBOY: Did you once tell Bogart that you were forever and eternally bored?

HUSTON: No. Perhaps I was saying I was afraid of being bored, which is true. If I'm threatened with boredom, why, I'll run like a hare.

PLAYBOY: Is there a secret to maintaining your creativity through a long life?

HUSTON: Have I told you the story of a *jai alai* game I attended once? No? Well, there was a point that went on and on, an unbelievable rally that lasted five or more minutes, until one of the players lost. I heard the man behind me say, "He didn't lose it; his grandfather lost it." Well, it's not me; it's my grandparents.

PLAYBOY: It's in the genes?

HUSTON: Yeah, though you have to keep exercising the brain—it's a muscle like any other. I say this as the gates of senility open before me like a Beverly Hills estate.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of death? Would you like to be in control of your own death, as Hemingway was?

HUSTON: No, I don't care about that. What I wouldn't want to do is to hang around half out of my mind. I hope death approaches me very quietly, gently, touches me with a sleeve, says, "Lie down," puts its fingers over my eyes.

PLAYBOY: But until then—

HUSTON: There is usually something to do to keep from being bored—read a book, see a painting, ride a horse, skydive. . . .

PLAYBOY: You've left out something.

HUSTON: Oh, yes, make another picture.





"Is this something you learned on the crusades?"

"There are nutritional beverages that lend themselves to use as mixers. Call them health kicks."

your repertoire of drink specialties and a special treat for your guests.

PICKLE HEAD

2 ozs. aquavit
2 ozs. sauerkraut juice, chilled
2 ozs. vegetable-juice cocktail, chilled
Black pepper
Dill sprig

Over ice cubes in tumbler, pour aquavit, sauerkraut juice and vegetable-juice cocktail. Stir well. Add grind black pepper; stir briefly. Decorate drink with dill.

POMEGRANATE SANGRIA
(12 servings)

1 quart pomegranate juice
8 ozs. Jamaica rum
2 ozs. triple sec
4 ozs. orange juice
1 lemon, thinly sliced
12 strawberries, fresh or frozen, halved

Combine all ingredients except strawberries and mix thoroughly. Store in refrigerator. When ready to serve, pour

over ice in large bowl or pitcher. Stir briefly. Serve in punch cups or juice glasses, dipping strawberries into each portion.

MANGO COOLER

2 ozs. vodka
2 teaspoons Falernum
½ oz. lime juice
Mango nectar, chilled
Lime slice or thin slice fresh mango
Shake vodka, Falernum and lime juice briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in tall glass. Add 4 ozs. mango nectar, or to taste. Stir. Garnish with lime or mango slice.

YOGABERRY

2 ozs. plain yogurt
¼ cup finely crushed ice
2 ozs. strawberry or other fruit liqueur
⅛ teaspoon almond extract
Ripe strawberry
In chilled blender container, combine all ingredients but strawberry. Blend until smooth. Pour into chilled 8-oz. wineglass.

Cut slit in berry and place on rim.

BLACK-CHERRY SOUR

2 ozs. bourbon, Canadian or blended whiskey
2 ozs. black-cherry juice, chilled
½ teaspoon superfine sugar
½ oz. lemon juice
Strip lemon peel
½ orange slice
Shake first four ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into wineglass. Twist lemon peel over glass; add to glass. Garnish with ½ orange slice.

DOUBLE PASSION

2 ozs. passion-fruit nectar
1 oz. La Grande Passion liqueur
1 oz. gin
½ oz. lime juice
Lime slice
Pour all ingredients but lime slice over ice into 8-oz. highball glass. Stir vigorously. Hang lime slice on rim of glass.

PAPAYA COLADA

3 ozs. papaya nectar
1½ ozs. light rum
1 oz. cream of coconut
1 teaspoon lime juice
½ cup finely crushed ice
1-in. cube fresh papaya, optional
Combine all ingredients except papaya in chilled blender container. Blend at high speed just until smooth. Pour into tall glass. Serve with straws.

GREEN GODDESS

4-6 sprigs fresh water cress
1½ ozs. gin
3 ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
¼ cup finely crushed ice
Mint sprig
Pinch water-cress leaves from stems; discard stems. Combine leaves and remaining ingredients, except mint sprig, in chilled blender container. Blend until smooth and water-cress leaves are liquefied. Serve in highball glass or 8-oz. wineglass. Add mint sprig if desired.

GUAVA WINE CHILL

3 ozs. guava nectar, chilled
3 ozs. fruity white wine (chenin blanc, Riesling, Gewürztraminer)
Kiwi slice, ½ orange slice or mint sprig
Stir guava nectar and wine briefly with ice. Strain into chilled 8-oz. wineglass. Garnish with fruit slice or mint sprig.

SUPERPEAR

2 ozs. pear liqueur
4 ozs. pear nectar, chilled
¼ lemon
Pour pear liqueur and pear nectar over ice cubes into old fashioned glass. Squeeze in lemon juice and add peel. Stir well.
Use the ingredients introduced here in your own favorite combinations—and enjoy a unique change of taste.



"I was going to let you off with a prison sentence, but you've been so unpleasant I'm going to make it death."





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drift off line through ruts or wash out when you carve a corner. (Try that sometime in a truck with a straight axle!)

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Best extended-service plan available: up to 5 years/100,000 miles. Ask about Nissan's Security Plus at participating Nissan/Datsun dealers.



**THE NAME IS
NISSAN**

THE QUIET MAN

(continued from page 110)

"Somewhere along the line, corporate America decided that fear and greed work better than fear alone."

That's a price you pay when you undertake to win hearts and minds, of course—that anybody with any character at all is going to hate your guts. You have to worry all the time about being fragged.

Which is not to say that no one is comfortable at the *Inquirer*. There is always someone comfortable. In this case, it is Gene Roberts. Roberts is the *Inquirer's* executive editor, the man universally acknowledged as the force that changed the paper from pigshit into one of this country's most decorated and honored broadsheets. It is universally acknowledged in the newspaper business that those two things—pigshit and Pulitzers—do not occur at the same time in the same place.

I think it can be fairly reported that on the outside, Roberts resembles a frog. The hearts-and-minds boys send 100 of them to his office; I guess I can say the word out loud, right?

What Roberts resembles on the inside—well, you might as well try to understand eating flies. He is smart in ways you never thought of; he is magnetic, about half hypnotic; and he has—inexplicably, year after year—moved certain reporters and editors to believe that they, like *The New York Times*, cast the long shadow. That they are part of something important. That working for the *Inquirer* is a reward in itself.

Not everybody believes that, of course. The ones who never believed it—the fuck-ups—got cement shoes. The ones who believed it with all their hearts were allowed to continue to believe. You still see them around—they're like those 60-year-old Japanese who appear from the jungle about every three years and won't believe the war is over.

But it was the ones who believed it and then grew out of it who eventually got ahead—who went to bigger jobs and bigger titles and were moved, in their bigness, to see that they had been gullible before

and, having learned that, were now ready to cast long shadows of their own, to win the hearts and minds of their staff.

And the quiet man sat at his desk in his cement shoes for ten years, watching all this shadow casting, and somewhere along the line, he quit loving the *Inquirer*.

The quiet man worked night rewrite. Two years ago, in the closest thing Philadelphia Newspapers, Inc., has ever seen to a self-immolation, he asked for and received that job, the worst on the paper.

The quiet man's thinking may have been that there were fewer long shadows to look at when he worked at night, but what he probably never took into account was all the extra time the new hours gave him to think about the ones he did see.

About what they were doing there and what he was doing there and, of course, about M.B.O.

M.B.O., without going into a lot of detail, stands for Management by Objective, a philosophy of business management that sets specific individual goals for managers—largely involving getting other people to do the work—and then rewards or punishes the managers on the basis of how well the goals are met. Yes, somewhere along the line, corporate America has decided that fear and greed work better than fear alone. And where a company used to threaten to fire you, now it threatens to fire you and hold up your bonus.

The evaluations these awards are based on are made twice a year. Sometimes there are disagreements over whose leadership is responsible for someone else's work. In some cases, the disagreements are argued out in computer memos, which the staff intercepts and reads. In those cases, M.B.O. can be pretty entertaining stuff, but outside of that, it just doesn't do much for the morale of those who sit in cement shoes, watching.

And hearts-and-minds-wise, morale is always a consideration.

The quiet man's morale had been low even before he'd heard of M.B.O. He had taken the night rewrite job and regretted it right away, because, as a protest, it was ignored. He missed his family, and it turned out that on night rewrite there was nothing to do. And one of his quirks, as a fuck-up, is that he likes to work.

So the quiet man waited awhile and then went to the metropolitan editor and asked to be returned to dayside reporting. The metropolitan editor said no. He said he wanted the quiet man to work for the "Neighbors" section for New Jersey instead, writing a get-your-picture-in-the-paper column. You may have such a column in your own local paper: "Dorothy Snyder has been named to Society Hills Realty's Million Dollar Club. . . . Mary Bender was re-elected last night as president of the Camden Civic Association."

The quiet man thought it over and decided it was unethical journalism. He called it "Nerds in the News" and refused to do it. The metropolitan editor said he didn't understand, that he couldn't refuse.

The quiet man said it was the metropolitan editor who didn't understand, that he already *had* refused. Then he went home and made a papier-mâché model of Gene Roberts' head. Nobody knows exactly why.

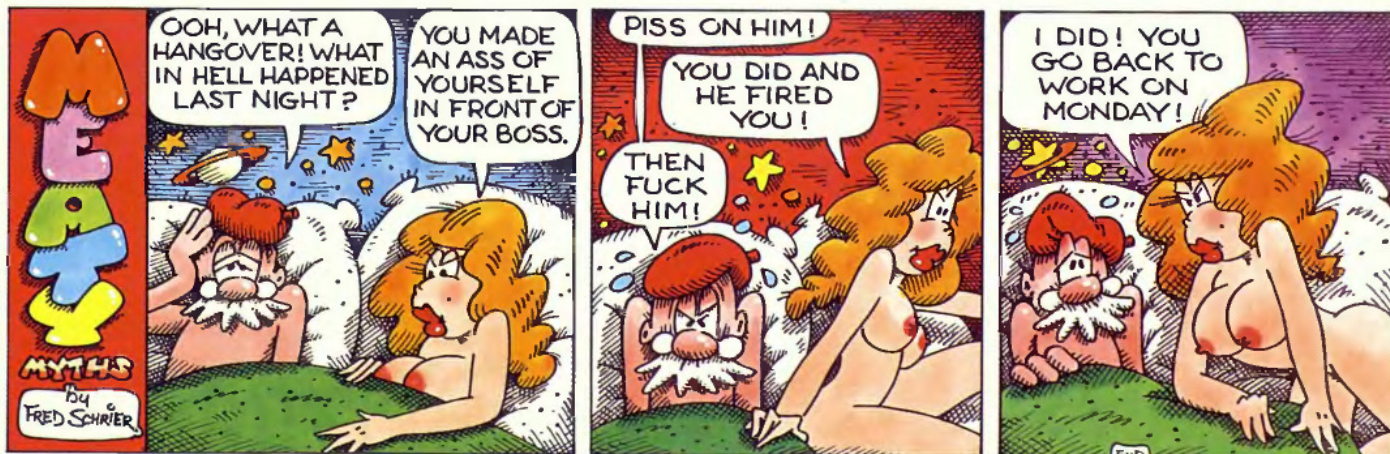
It was two feet across, and the quiet man wore it to the office the next afternoon. He walked around the city room inside it, and everyone who was not willing at that moment to kill or die for the *Inquirer* had to admit that the quiet man was a genius.

But that was just the beginning.

Three days later, a puppet appeared on the quiet man's desk. It was hung by strings from two crossed sticks that were hung, in turn, from the ceiling. It was the metropolitan editor, and it caught more of him in one look than you got from being around him for a week. It had his posture and his anxiety and something of his struggle to cast a shadow.

All day, people in the office stood around the desk, admiring the puppet.

On Friday, the metropolitan editor's two children visited, and on the way out



they stopped at the desk, dead still, until slowly, the younger one reached out and touched the strings.

"It's Daddy," he said.

A week to the day after the first puppet appeared, there was a second. This one had a pink tennis ball for a head, cotton eyebrows, a cigarette in one hand that went to its mouth when you pulled the strings. It would also urinate when the Gene Roberts puppet asked it to. It was the night city editor.

The third puppet, which came a week later, was the half-Pakistani assistant managing editor in charge of the Sunday paper. The quiet man constructed him out of panty hose and gave him a turban and diapers and set him up on a bed of nails labeled M.B.O. CARPET.

And it was with this puppet—an editor in diapers on a bed of nails—that people had the first inkling that, genius or not, the quiet man was subject to the same problem as the great artists before him. Yes, he was misunderstood.

The half-Pakistani editor liked the puppet. He posed with it for Polaroid pictures; he played with it when he passed the desk.

The quiet man, who had considered taking a week off, went back to work with renewed purpose.

The fourth puppet was the assistant managing editor in charge of the daily paper. He was made of corduroy and had a small, anatomically accurate hunch in his shoulders.

The assistant managing editor in charge of the daily paper complained that the hunch was cruel and that it was unfair to make his the only puppet without socks. So, later that week, the quiet man came in on his own time and sewed on socks.

By then, I believe, he was beginning to feel things getting away from him.

He held on, though, making puppets, taking his byline off the stories he wrote for the paper—something that had started about the same time as the puppets—and still refusing to do "Nerds in the News."

One day while I was there, the metropolitan editor called him into his office. "This isn't the way to get ahead around here," the editor told him.

One of the quiet man's followers began to shout from outside the office, "Quit wasting Campbell's time. He could be making puppets."

The quiet man built the M.B.O. Playhouse the next week, a theater about half as big as his desk, with a chair and a toilet. It looked a lot like Gene Roberts' office.

The next week's puppet was the managing editor. The quiet man gave him a boy-scout uniform with an M.B.O. neckerchief, and although the likeness was unmistakable, it wasn't nearly as disrespectful as the others.

Some of the quiet man's followers began to whisper that he was selling out. Office

feminists complained, wanting to know when he would make a lady puppet. He worried about vandalism—the hearts-and-minds boys are capable of anything—and built a security camera out of cardboard so they would see that he knew what they were thinking.

He was feeling new pressures now; too many people were depending on him. But what probably troubled the quiet man most was the fact that the last puppet, the one of the managing editor, had actually been requested by the associate managing editor/news. (That mark between editor and news, by the way, is read *slash*.)

The sixth puppet the quiet man made was that same associate managing editor/news. It was called the Killer Choirboy, and it was, arguably, his best work: an editor in a church robe holding a cross. When you pulled the strings, the choirboy brought the cross up, revealing a hidden knife, which he used to stab the managing editor and the night city editor in the back.

There was a fresh wave of congratulations among the quiet man's followers, but, distressingly, there was growing enthusiasm for the puppets among the hearts-and-minds boys, too. While three weeks earlier Roberts had been overheard saying, "How do I know what he's doing? He hasn't spoken to me in five years. I didn't know all that shit was going around in his head," now Roberts was bringing occasional guests by to show them how the associate managing editor/news stabbed the managing editor in the back.

The next week, the quiet man put Roberts' head on the wall and added another puppet. It was the city editor, who had threatened to tear the M.B.O. Playhouse

to pieces if he were ever included. The quiet man built him handsome, though, leaving off the belly and about 20 years. The city editor couldn't bring himself to touch it, even when he and all the other puppets were found kneeling to the head of Gene Roberts every morning, always in a slightly different attitude than the day before. The subtleties of the elbowing for position were little stories in themselves.

Then the quiet man built a casket. When you opened it, you found the *Inquirer's* embarrassing and pointless "investigation" of Geraldine Ferraro.

Then he gave a performance or two of *M.B.O. Theater*, only to be congratulated by a guy in a three-piece suit from the business side of the paper, who said a picture of the puppets ought to be on the cover of the company's annual report.

And the quiet man saw then that it was over. The company had somehow turned his puppets into official humor, like delivering frogs or chickens to the newsroom. That night, he talked with Gene Roberts.

The next night, he took the puppets down. His followers, of course, were hurt and disappointed, as followers often are. Some of them said he had gotten tired; some said he had sold out. He gave the two-foot head of Gene Roberts to one of them; he gave the puppets to his kids.

And a week later, the quiet man was quietly returned to daytime hours, which, you may remember, is what he wanted. You might call it an *objective*.

And that is the lesson here, I guess. Just because somebody is quiet doesn't mean he isn't paying attention.



"What wine goes well with a married man?"

BRIGITTE NIELSEN (continued from page 82)

“People think Scandinavians are sexually liberated, and we are—which means we don’t hide things.”

a toddler who’s still back in Copenhagen with his dad. “It’s kind of a sad story, because I chose to be separated, but I know it’s right for Julian that I don’t take him around, traveling everywhere, and I still have a wonderful relationship with my parents and my ex-husband.”

Brigitte’s restless nature made her want to try new things. “With my husband, I had learned to listen to music. I had always sung in church; then, in Italy, I bought a guitar and a book to study and I wrote songs. I went to a record company there and said I wanted to sing for them. So I did two songs from *Hair—Aquarius* and another one—and they liked me. And I just left. Later, I auditioned for Warner Bros. Records in New York. But I was not ready. I was too young, always flying from one idea to another.”

She was back in Rome when she got the call to see De Laurentiis, who was casting

a movie called *Red Sonja*. “I said, ‘Who’s Dino?’ My God, I had no idea who he was. I wondered if he was doing something pornographic until friends told me, ‘No, no, he’s a big Hollywood producer.’ He had seen me on the cover of *Photo* magazine, in a topless picture by Marco Emili. So I flew to Rome and did the interview and met the director, Richard Fleischer, and I got the job. Out of the blue. Out of nowhere. Dino was very excited, I remember. He said I should come to his office right away, and when I went in, the script was lying there, and the contract, and Dino said, ‘The part is yours.’”

Her life changed then, drastically. Four weeks of sword-fighting lessons in London. Workouts with professional coaches, plus inside tips from her amiable co-star and new best friend, Schwarzenegger. A multi-picture contract with De Laurentiis. Nielsen had found her niche.

Her first day on the set was tough. “We had to start with the most difficult scene in the picture, where I see my parents killed. Then I’m tied up in a house; it’s a rape scene with lots of crying and screaming. I started out low-key until Dick Fleischer said, ‘Why not give it a little more?’ Pretty soon, I sent the birds flying away with my screaming. I love to act. It’s just great.”

Lack of inhibition, an asset in her new profession, works for Brigitte in more ways than one. “I’m a very outgoing person, very aggressive. In Italy, I’d go out dancing alone, because I love to dance, and if I saw a nice man, I’d go up and talk to him. But I would be the girl who went home by herself, while some shy little thing went home with a guy. People think Scandinavians are sexually liberated, and we are—which means we’re open and don’t hide things. But Danish girls choose.”

How she got together with Stallone is a story in itself. Having found out where her favorite actor was staying in New York, Brigitte simply stopped by his hotel, dropped off a note and an 8”x10” glossy to let him know that *Red Sonja* would be happy to make Rocky’s acquaintance. A photograph of Brigitte, you’ll notice, speaks volumes. She had scarcely gotten back to her own hotel room when the phone rang. “Hi, Sly Stallone here. Wanna meet for a chat?”

Many phone calls later, Brigitte has realized her longtime dream of moving to Hollywood. She’s also Stallone’s constant companion and, as we go to press, has just started her second film role, in *Rocky IV*. After a location trip, she logged a preliminary report: “It’s a good part, a wonderful part. Rocky’s fighting a Russian champion named Drago, whose wife, Ludmilla, is the very political person who’s planning the fight. That’s me. So we’re against each other in the movie—but very happy together in reality.”

Look elsewhere for predictions about the open road to romance in Hollywood, *Rocky* or otherwise. It’s a safer bet that Brigitte Nielsen has the beauty, energy and ambition to hang in there on her own, highly visible long after the smoke has cleared. When she’s relaxed enough to trust you and tell you to call her Gitte, she narrows her brown eyes, confiding that her late grandmother’s ghost is her guardian angel, abetted by other inexplicable forces. “Oh, God, I know it sounds stupid, yet when I’m very, very confused—I mean about feelings, not material things—I can ask for a sign, and it comes. Like a laser, a blue laser that connects to whatever my problem is, and out of this, I get an answer, for good or for bad. And it has always been the right answer. So sometimes I feel that I do have some special power.” *Red Sonja* couldn’t say it better.



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"Kohlberg calls this the Heinz dilemma; the way you answer it reveals what moral stage you have reached."

and partake of the knowledge of good and evil; Adam had to be seduced. You can find it in Aristotle and in numerous other philosophers and cynics to this day. In the West, we have had 25 or 30 centuries of what you might call moral misogyny. Only in the 19th Century, when men put women on pedestals and extolled them as the civilizing sex, whose moral purity tamed the savage male heart, was the situation reversed. And that, of course, was a canard, as plenty of feminist historians have pointed out, a clever ploy to keep women out of power. If they're really that "good," you see, they're too good to soil their hands with politics. Freud put the tradition back on course, declaring firmly that women were morally inferior. "I cannot escape the notion," he wrote, "that for women, the level of what is ethically normal is different from what it is in men. Their superego is never so inexorable, so impersonal, so independent of its emotional origins as we require it to be in men." Feminists ever since, not without reason, have regarded Freud as an enemy.

But now there's a new enemy. He is a developmental psychologist named Lawrence Kohlberg, he teaches his subject at Harvard, he is a follower of the late Swiss psychologist Jean Piaget and he is the founder of the theory of moral stages—the idea that we progress, as we grow up, from

stage one to stage two, and so on to stage six. These stages are arranged in a hierarchy. Higher is better. In other words, if you're at stage six, you're going to be a hell of a lot more moral than you were at stage two. Or, rather, the way you *think* about moral issues is going to be more advanced, more intelligent; it's going to make much more sense.

Vague? Let me give you an example. Your name is Heinz, you are dirt-poor and your wife is dying of a rare form of cancer. There's only one hope: A druggist in town has invented an experimental drug that may be just the magic bullet your wife needs. But the druggist knows he's the sole source of supply, and he wants a small fortune for the drug—\$2000 per dose, about ten times as much as it cost to produce it. You don't have the money and can't scrape it up from friends and relatives. The druggist won't budge. Do you steal the drug from him? If so, why? If not, why not?

Kohlberg calls this the Heinz dilemma, and the way you answer it reveals what moral stage you have reached. What you think Heinz should do isn't as important as your reasons for thinking it. Suppose you think he should steal the drug to save his wife's life. If you're six or seven years old and thinking at stage one, you're going to say something like, yes, he should steal it, because there will be an investigation if

he doesn't and he'll get punished. Or you might say that it's not that bad to steal the drug, because it's really worth only \$200. But if you're 30 years old and thinking at stage six, you'll say something like, yes, of course he should steal the drug—the right to life takes priority over any right of property the druggist may have. At stage one, you're thinking about punishment and reward; your morality doesn't come from inside you, it comes from outside authority. At stage six, you think in terms of rights and principles, your morality is self-directed, and while you respect the law—including the law against theft—you can see beyond it to higher, universal laws that apply everywhere and at all times. At stage six, you are a moral philosopher.

As Kohlberg tells it, we all move through these stages, in order, from childhood through adolescence into adulthood. Once we reach a higher stage, we seldom go back to thinking according to the reasoning processes of lower stages. But not everybody reaches the higher stages. Kohlberg has a section in one of his papers in which he lists some of the statements Adolf Eichmann made when he was being interrogated in Israel after his capture. Nothing Eichmann says in his own justification gets beyond stage two. Most adult males stop developing at stage four. A happy few make it to stage five. Almost nobody progresses to stage six.

And women? In 1969, having worked on his theory and tested it on various populations for the previous nine or ten years, Kohlberg let it be known that women—with some exceptions—by and large land in stage three and stay there.

Stage three, let's face it, is not very advanced. At stage three, you are definitely not a morally mature person. You take your morality from those around you; you are anxious to please; you can't stand the idea of hurting somebody else, anybody else. You don't want people to think you're selfish. You think Heinz should save his wife because he loves her and because if he doesn't, he's never going to be able to look his family in the eye again. You don't think about the law at stage three, or universal moral principles, or the rights of others or your own, because you can't think that big. You're locked into trying to be a "good boy" or a "nice girl," doing what others expect of you. Stage three is the lowest kind of conventional morality; it's what your mother means when she warns you, as you're running out the door, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do." It's not really adult. It's a major put-down to label someone a stage-three person. To label an entire sex stage three is off the graph.

It took a while for feminists to react to Kohlberg's findings, possibly because his findings were buried as footnotes in 140-page sections of obscure scholarly handbooks or slipped into the middle of dense scholarly articles. But you can't ignore Kohlberg. He is, as they say in the ads, major motion in his field. Most other



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developmental psychologists have more or less accepted his account of the moral development of children and adolescents. So have educators. You don't plan a curriculum in moral education anymore without using his theory. By the mid-Seventies, feminist social scientists had begun writing articles criticizing what they saw as his bias against women. Finally, one of Kohlberg's former students, a woman who also teaches at Harvard now and whose office is practically next door to his, developed a countertheory. Her name is Carol Gilligan. To expound her theory, she has written a book, *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development*. It appeared in 1982 and has raised a major stir in feminist circles. The cry is up. In the battle between the sexes, Gilligan vs. Kohlberg is now a major skirmish.

Kohlberg is, in fact, vulnerable to criticism on a number of counts. For one thing, he developed his theory using a group of males as his subjects. His highest moral stages are therefore, the feminists claim, very "male" in style: logical, abstract, oriented toward autonomy and independence rather than toward the more "female" interdependence within a network of close relationships. If Kohlberg had used a mixed group of males and females, the theory might have a different perspective.

For another, there are those moral dilemmas of his. The Heinz dilemma is only the best known; Kohlberg has a set of them, eight or nine in all. Each one is hypothetical. How many times in your

threescore years and ten have you had to decide whether or not to steal some rare drug from a drugstore in order to save your wife from certain death? Or there's the one about the Army captain in Korea: His company is in retreat from a rapidly advancing enemy, and the only real chance they have is if somebody goes back and blows up a bridge to stop the enemy's advance. Whoever does that, however, is almost sure not to make it out alive. The captain knows that he himself is the best man to lead the retreat once the bridge is blown. So whom does he send back to blow up the bridge? Nobody volunteers; he has to make a choice. Should it be the company troublemaker, who's strong and at least has a slim chance to survive? Or the guy who's sick, who could blow the bridge but definitely couldn't make it out, but who's going to die shortly anyway? Or should he go back himself?

You can think about it, to be sure, but you probably haven't been an Army captain in Korea or anyplace like it, so you don't know what you would, in fact, do in such a situation. Mostly, you're in Denver at a conference, say, and some woman who is not your wife comes on to you and you have to decide, do I or don't I? But even then, you're not likely to spend 15 minutes analyzing the moral pros and cons of cheating on your wife. You say either, "What the hell, who's going to know?" or "I'm sorry, ma'am, you're very attractive, but I'm not that kind of guy." During my first marriage, I remember, I fell in love with another woman and we had a brief

affair, but I don't recall thinking about whether or not it was wrong. I already knew it was wrong, but I did it anyway; as I say, I was in love. When it was over and everybody had gotten hurt, I decided, never again. Is that moral reasoning? Hardly. But we do live this way; we act and then justify our actions, or regret them, and rarely, if ever, do we come up against clean, well-lit moral puzzles such as the one facing poor Heinz.

Take this issue out of the classroom, put all the theories aside and how do men and women deal with real-life moral problems? Do the ways they deal with them differ?

Almost no research has been done on this question, and with good reason. In real life, people are not sitting around in classrooms answering questionnaires, pondering the rights and wrongs of hypothetical dilemmas. They are dealing with extremely complex situations whose variables cannot be controlled and whose circumstances tend to be singular and not repeatable. And they are dealing with them under pressure.

An example: two friends of mine, Sam and Ruthie (not their real names), married for ten years, two young children. Ruthie's sister lives halfway across the country, and she's sick and alone and somebody has to take care of her for a few weeks, so Ruthie volunteers, with Sam's consent. For the first time in his marriage, Sam is alone. He has an affair; it's not easy with two kids to tend, but he manages it, and it opens his eyes. Sex such as he never would have believed. His new girlfriend has no inhibitions; Sam's are rapidly falling away. He hates to betray Ruthie, whom he truly cares for and who's doing the decent thing, taking care of her sick sister, but he can't help himself. He is carried away by passion. Or so he tells himself.

Soon enough, however, Ruthie returns, exhausted and in need of comforting. She wants to be held; she wants to be made love to. Suddenly, Sam realizes how confused he is and what a mess he's in. Sex with Ruthie has never been nearly as exciting for Sam as sex with his new girlfriend, and he's not sure he can make love to her; he knows he doesn't want to. What should he do—tell Ruthie what happened? Is he in love, or is this just an infatuation? If he sleeps with Ruthie, is he then betraying his girlfriend? Should he ask for a divorce? For forgiveness?

Nor are Sam's confused feelings the only thing on his mind. He loves his two kids intensely, and the thought of becoming a divorced, part-time father destroys him. He doesn't have much money and doubts that he could afford a divorce. He knows, or thinks he knows, that without him, Ruthie might not make it: She's dependent; she has no skills and would have trouble getting a job; she tends to collapse under pressure. He has been telling her for years, however, to go back to school and get some training. He doesn't want her to be dependent, even though that makes



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him feel strong and in charge. If he left, he thinks, she'd *have to* become a more independent person. And maybe another man could release some of the passion in Ruthie that he had never been able to.

So what's the right thing to do? And according to what moral system do you decide what the right thing is? If you're a utilitarian, you believe in the greatest good for the greatest number, and that would seem to prescribe that you stay with Ruthie—for her sake, for the kids' sake, maybe even for your own sake. But is it good for the kids if you stay in an unhappy marriage and they have to live with your anger and bitterness? Is it good for Ruthie to remain dependent and unskilled? Is it good for you to shoulder your responsibilities, as they say, when you're confused emotionally and don't know who you are or what you want?

Unless you've been in that particular situation, trying to maintain your balance, be a man, do the right thing, whatever that is, and keep your life from crashing down around your ears, all at the same time, you cannot have any useful notion of this man's so-called moral maturity. And once you've got it, you can't compare it, except intuitively, with anyone else's. Reverse the situation, for instance. Have Sam go spend some time with his dying father, let Ruthie have the affair and let her be the strong one in this marriage, and still enough of the particulars will change that you cannot compare the two of them. Ruthie, for one thing, is likely to wind up with the children, even though she has the affair. If he's the dependent one and she leaves, he is not as likely to have to call on his inner resources and become independent as she would be. Why not? Because there are so many more single women than single men; one of them is going to be only too happy to take care of poor old dependent Sam. And so on. In real life, there's no way to compare the moral maturity of individuals using an objective measure, and it's in real life that morality acquires its meaning.

What did Sam actually do? He told Ruthie he was having the affair. He did so partly because he was unable to carry out the deception; he can't act, he says. And partly because he felt so guilty. And partly because he believed it was wrong to lie to someone you cared for when so much was at stake. And partly because he was hoping that if he told her, she would make things easy for him, find the strength he wanted her to have, kick him out, give him a chance to be angry at her, so that if he did leave, he could do it with some assurance he wasn't making a martyr out of her. For all these reasons and more. Which consideration weighed the most with him? He doesn't know. They were all mixed up.

Ruthie didn't make things easy for Sam. She forgave him. It was his girlfriend who made things easy. She fell in love with somebody else shortly after Ruthie returned and it was goodbye, Sam. He and Ruthie are now trying to repair the dam-

age. When he talks about it with me, I pass no judgments. I've been through something like this myself, and I know what it feels like. It feels like no matter what you do, it's wrong. Like every choice you make costs you or somebody else or both of you something. Like you wish you were Heinz, and the choices were as simple as whether or not to steal the drug that would save somebody's life.

But life is far messier than that. You can criticize Kohlberg's theory for being—in a word—unreal.

Which Carol Gilligan does. And she goes Kohlberg one better by basing her account of women's moral development on real-life dramas: She did her research with patients at abortion clinics. Gilligan asked them why they wanted the abortion, how they felt about it, how they justified it. She also tested them on the Heinz dilemma. But what she does not do, surprisingly, is deny Kohlberg's finding that women get stuck at stage three of his moral-development scale. On the contrary, she *embraces* his finding. With a twist. Yes, women do respond to moral dilemmas differently from men. They do get more involved with other people. They are not as autonomous, not as independent in their judgments. They do, indeed, have trouble disentangling considerations of right from emotional considerations. But it's a mistake, says Gilligan, to think that this is an inferior form of moral thought. It's just *different*. There's nothing wrong with female morality; it's as valid as male morality. It's not as abstract, true, not as committed to the rules of the game, not as interested in individual rights or in overarching moral principles, but it's just as good. We are talking, in short, separate but equal. We are talking William Caldicott. Women *care* in a way men don't. Put a woman in the White House and the world is going to be a very different kind of place.

To be fair to Gilligan, she doesn't actually say this; she's more sensible than her followers. Let me put it in her own words: "The moral imperative that emerges repeatedly in interviews with women is an injunction to care, a responsibility to discern and alleviate the 'real recognizable trouble' of this world. For men, the moral imperative appears, rather, as an injunction to respect the rights of others and, thus, to protect from interference the rights to life and self-fulfillment." Women, in other words, at their moral best, are intent upon not hurting other people—or themselves. They want to help people; they get involved. And they have trouble with Heinz's problem because they can't imagine why Heinz and the druggist can't sit down together and somehow work the thing out so that nobody has to suffer.

But the Heinz dilemma, according to Gilligan, was made solely for men. True capitalists at heart, they can see the druggist's side, and they can see Heinz's side, too, and the whole thing becomes a kind of mathematical puzzle in which a hierarchy

of rights is the dominant consideration. Gilligan talks about the "compassion and tolerance" that distinguish the moral judgment of women. Men sacrifice compassion and tolerance to rules and principles. Men would just as soon cut the baby in half when two mothers claim it as their own. Men are aggressive and have a propensity to violence, as the world well knows. Women are nonviolent by nature, and their morality is nonviolent, too. Put a woman in the White House? Gilligan doesn't suggest it; but she does suggest that even her onetime mentor, Lawrence Kohlberg, has a propensity to violence of a sort. His moral dilemmas, she says, which arise "inevitably out of a conflict of truths," are by definition sick, in that their either/or formulation leaves "no room for an outcome that does not do violence." That's why women can't handle them. Somebody has to get hurt, Heinz or the druggist or Heinz's wife, and women can't stand to see anyone get hurt.

If you detect a note of impatience in this account, it is intentional. Gilligan spends a good deal of time on this question of the nonviolence of women as opposed to the violence of men, even while she is explaining to us the reasoning process by which her interview subjects were deciding to have abortions. Of all the women interviewed, only four didn't have an abortion and had the baby instead. Some of these women were coming back for their *second* abortion. Now, I ask you: Is not an abortion an act of violence? Does it not forcibly remove a fetus from a woman's body and destroy it? Is the act itself not a bloody, messy one? I happen to be in favor, violent male that I am, not of abortions but of the right of women to have them. But I am not about to deny that abortion is a difficult, terribly complex moral issue. Carol Gilligan, however, in a book of 174 pages based on her interviews with women having abortions, never raises this issue as a specifically moral one. In a book devoted to the morality of women, it somehow never comes up. Nor does she once so much as mention the violence these women are doing both to the fetus and to themselves.

Women, after all, don't like to hurt anyone. If Gilligan is an example, they also don't like to face unpleasant facts.

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Are women really like this? I sat my wife down one day and posed the Heinz dilemma to her, and it didn't make her uneasy the way it made Gilligan's subjects, and she didn't think Heinz and the druggist and his wife should sit down together and talk things over. She said right away, of *course* Heinz should steal the drug—the right to life obviously takes priority over the druggist's right to his property. I pressed her on it: Should Heinz steal the drug even if it were for a stranger? She hesitated for a moment, then said, yes, then, too. The right to life is a principle that shouldn't depend on personal



relationships—or words to that effect. That's stage-six reasoning, not stage three. My wife, apparently, thinks like a man.

So do lots of other women. About the time Gilligan's book came out, another scholar did an extensive review of the research on the subject of male-*vs.*-female scores on Kohlberg's moral-development scale, and it turns out that it's mostly "spouse housewives" who score lower than men. When you control for levels of education and job status, the difference between the sexes on these scores vanishes. Women who go to college and then get jobs at the same level as men, in other words, score as highly as men.

Gilligan is not very popular among other feminist scholars. An academic journal called *Social Research* devoted an entire issue to her book a couple of years ago, and most of the contributors, including the women, were highly critical. One scholar accused Gilligan of "social-scientific sexism." Another pointed out that you can't draw ostensibly universal conclusions about the moral maturity of women, compared with that of men, from abortion experiences. Men, by definition, can't have abortions; you don't know how they would think about it because you cannot. Logically, in other words, you *have* to come up with a different morality for women if you base that morality on an

experience that only women can have. Still another scholar—these are all women and, evidently, all feminists—charged that Gilligan had done some highly selective editing of her subjects' interviews, making it appear that they were both more mature in their reasoning and in better control of their lives than they actually were.

Yet the popular feminist press has seized upon Gilligan as a kind of savior. She is in constant demand for interviews and lectures. *Ms.* interviewed her shortly before her book appeared; the interview came out under the title "Are Women More Moral than Men?" You can guess the answer to that. In January 1984, *Ms.* made Gilligan its woman of the year. *Vogue* has profiled her adoringly. According to *Glamour*, businessmen have only to follow Gilligan's example and learn to "think like women" and offices will become more humane. And Benjamin Barber, writing in *The New Republic*, has claimed that Gilligan represents a third stage of feminism eager to "expose the conceptual biases built into the literature of moral development" and portray male ideals of moral autonomy as an "illusory and dangerous quest." Barber approves of all this and sees nothing wrong with the idea of a separate but equal morality for women. Let men have their morality of individual rights; females prefer one based on tender, loving care.

It is enough to make you believe that women really are the illogical creatures some people think they are. Feminists are rushing to embrace a theory about female morality that claims that women don't, can't and shouldn't think like men—that they don't, can't and shouldn't live by moral standards that give priority to the rights of individuals, to their independence, to their liberties, to all that "male" concern with autonomy—when it was in the name of those very rights that women won all that they have won in the past 20 years. What has feminism been about if not the *right* to be paid the same as a man for equivalent work, the *right* to have an abortion, the *right* not to be denied one's rights by virtue of one's sex? Who, for that matter, still would deny women their rights on the grounds that women really are fundamentally different, that they're much less violent, much more tender-hearted than men, that they don't want to hurt anyone, that they aren't equipped, therefore, to deal with large and difficult issues over which people inevitably must get hurt, that they belong in the home, where they can exercise their special talent for caring and nurturing and alleviating the suffering of others—that they are, in short, as Carol Gilligan describes them? Jerry Falwell. Phyllis Schlafly. Jesse Helms.

In my experience and in my opinion, for what it's worth, women are as capable of high levels of moral reasoning as any man. Although they may be less often moved to it, they are as capable of violence, as say, Catherine de Médicis. They are as likely to be tough and ruthless enough to start a war, like Margaret Thatcher, as they are to be caring and nurturing, like Eleanor Roosevelt. Tolerant and compassionate, as Gilligan says women particularly are? Sometimes—like Martin Luther King, Jr., or Albert Schweitzer. And frequently cruel and intolerant, like Bloody Mary of England, who toasted so many Protestant martyrs at the stake. These are *human* capacities, as anyone with some experience of the world knows. If women want to be accounted fully human, they must own up to them. To think that women, if only they were in charge, would abolish war, turn business away from competition and toward cooperation, make prisons obsolete and transform us all into nurturers and protomothers is not only Utopian, smug and absurd, it is dangerous. It plays into the hands of people like Helms and Schlafly. It makes women "better" than men, which remains a sure-fire way to keep them on their pedestals and out of power. It makes women "different." Men and women *are* different, but the point of morality is to treat others, no matter how different, as if they were yourself and to respect their rights as if they were your own. Separate but equal? Ask any black man whether separate is equal.



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Is 2 months' salary too much to spend
for something that lasts forever?

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH APOLOGIES TO FRAZETTA

ARNIE SHPRITZWASSER COMES BACK INTO ANNIE'S LIFE AS A THIEF, A SELLSWORD, A SLAYER, A GREASER AND AN ALL-ROUND NICE GUY. HE'S PLAYING COHAN THE BARBARIAN, A MYTHIC STUD WHO POKES AND STABS HIS WAY THROUGH THE HIBERNIAN AGE, WHEN THE SWORD IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN IS, AND THE PENIS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD IS.



BACK, OR, BY THE GREAT GOD CROM, YOU SHALL TASTE MY STEEL!

GETTING OFF!

BY THE GREAT TARIM'S BLOOD, STEEL HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!

BY THE GREAT LEAPIN' LIZARDS, I COME!

COME WITH ME, WENCH, OR, BY THE GREAT SPIDER OF ISHTAR, YOU'LL BE DRAGGED!

CUT!

SALE 50% OFF!



GIVE ARNIE A FRESH COAT OF OIL! HE'S LOSING HIS SHINE!

HOWZABOUT A COAT OF FUR?! I'M FREEZING MY TAIL OFF! HOW LONG MUST I RUN AROUND NAKED?

ALWAYS. THE PUBLIC ONLY WANTS TO SEE MY MUSCLES.

JEEPERS, MINE, TOO, ARNIE!



COME, WENCH, AWAY TO THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS!

ROLL 'EM!

HELP! COHAN!

UNHAND MY WENCH, OR, BY THE GREAT SKWEWDWIVER, I'LL WUN YOU THOUGH!

THIS WAY TO THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS I'D TURN BACK IF I WERE YOU!!



WE WILL VENTURE INTO THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS AND SEEK THE TREASURED MOGOMBO! BUT FIRST I WILL TEACH THIS SCUM TO MONKEY WITH MY WENCH!

HOLD! WHO DARES TO TRESPASS ON THE DOMAIN OF UFO?

JINKIES, WE'RE LOST! IT'S UFO, THE FLYING SORCERER! HE IS THE GREATEST WIZARD OF ALL TIME, WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO BEWITCH THE MIND AND SUMMON THE DARKEST DEMONS OF HELL!



BY THE HOLY MANTLE OF MITRA, COHAN, YOU SHALL NOW WITNESS WITCHCRAFT YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO FORGET!

PICK A CARD AND PUT IT BACK IN THE DECK!



I DIDN'T SEE IT, RIGHT?

EIGHT OF HEARTS!

BY THE MANTLE OF MITRA, HOW'D HE DO IT?

HELP! COHAN!

DOROTHY, WHERE ARE YOU?



AND NOW, BY THE GREAT HOODED DRECK, I SHALL TEST THE SHARPNESS OF MY BLADE ON YOUR PUTRID PROBOSCS!

BY THE VENOM THAT DRIPS FROM THE FANGS OF THE SPIDER GOD, I WILL TEMPER MY BLADE IN YOUR BOILING BLOOD.

BY THAT VILE CLOUD OF RANCID DOG'S BREATH THAT ISSUES FROM YOUR SNOOT, I SHALL DICE YOUR LIMBS AS WOULD A BENIHANA CHEF WITH A WARING BLENDER!

BE IT KNOWN, BY CROM'S ALL-SEEING WISDOM, I AM RUBBER AND YOU ARE GLUE. WORDS BOUNCE OFF ME AND STICK TO YOU!

CAN YOU SPEED THIS UP? I HAVE TO VISIT THE LADIES' ROOM.



HI-YAH!

WESH!



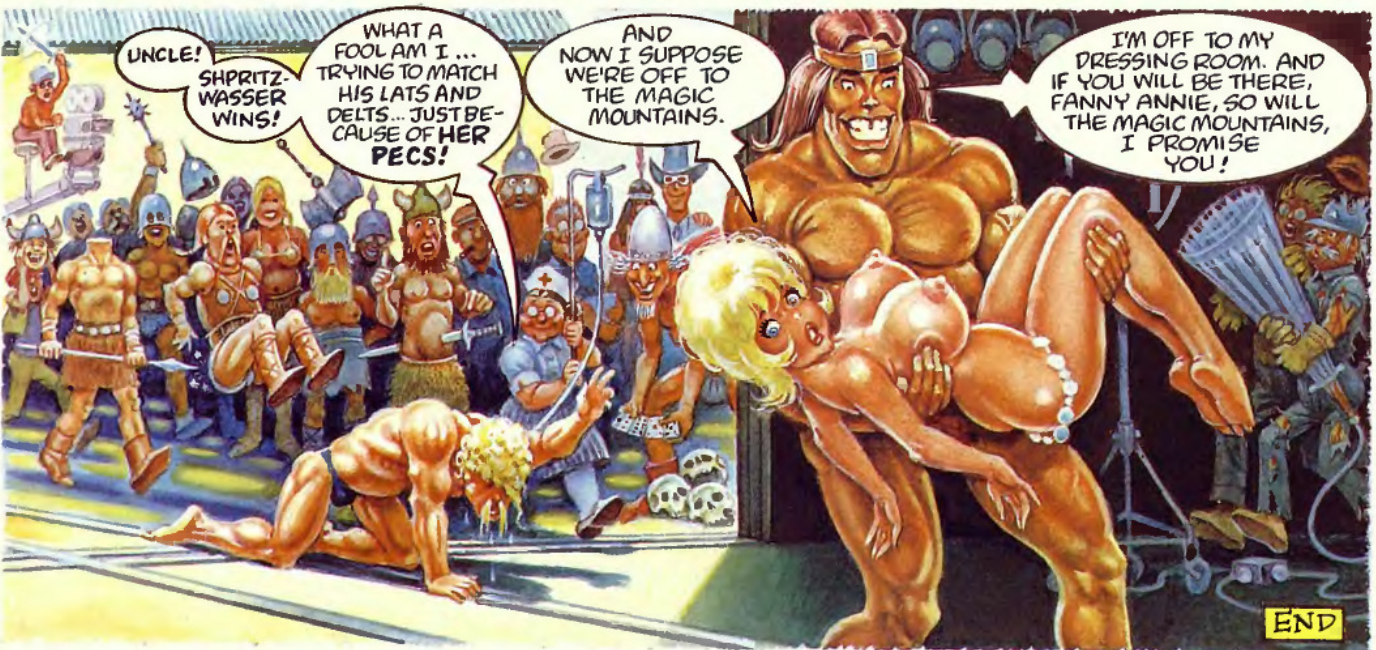
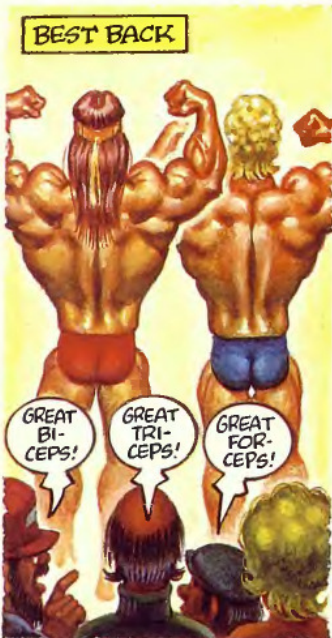
YAH! HYAAH!

WESH!



HIYA!

COHAN! A MINUTE!



END



“Light my Lucky.”



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

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TALKS OF THE TOWN

The second most annoying thing about modern life is getting phone calls when you don't want them. The most annoying thing is not getting the ones you do want. Solutions to this problem have included the extension cord and the extra phone. Then came the car phone. Now come portable forms of telecommunication that

will keep your long lines humming during those times you are between your office, your home and your car. Modern technology holds the phone for you in a briefcase or something that looks like a Third World attaché. One converts from car phone to walk phone, and they all let you see what you've dialed by way of an LCD readout. Start talking.

Below left: Housed in a gold Zero Halliburton briefcase with a hand-stitched Italian-leather interior is NEC's Model TR5E800-2B cellular phone, which features on-hook or off-hook dialing, last-number recall, memory dialing and backlit push-button keys, from Spectrum Cellular, Dallas, \$2995. **Below center:** Another NEC America cellular phone converts from a car phone to a field phone and weighs only seven and one half pounds, including a four-hour battery, \$2795. **Below right:** This briefcase of fine Spanish leather houses Mitsubishi's Diamond Tel-401, an advanced phone with separate access door, hidden antenna, plus many more nifty features, from Linair, Irvine, California, \$2995.



FASHION

CREWS CONTROL

Like jeans and the button-down shirt, that classic collegiate staple the crew-neck sweater just never fades away. This year, it's back in bold new guises that combine a bulky, textured look with jewel-colored patterns that add dimensional pop. The current crop of crews also has a subtle old-money richness that hints of lawn par-

ties in the Hamptons and motoring in the family Jaguar XK-120. Crews go well with chinos and are equally right worn layered with a tweed jacket or a blue blazer. In fact, about the only way we don't like a crew is with a tie knotted out of sight underneath it, making the wearer look as though he's going through a delayed adolescence. —HOLLIS WAYNE



Clockwise from lower left: Here's a woolly crew to pull for—a navy-wool houndstooth-patterned crew-neck with arm stripes and suede inserts, by Mark Elliot, \$75. Next, a very classy Shetland crew with a herringbone-tweed pattern intermingled with multicolor horizontal stripes, by Chaps-Ralph Lauren, \$57.50. The third sweater, a virgin worsted-wool crew-neck with a graphic Jacquard pattern, goes well with jeans, cords or more dressy flannel slacks, from Lobo by Pendleton, \$70. At 12 o'clock: A teal Shetland crew-neck with a multicolor vertical-dot-stripe pattern, from Colours by Alexander Julian, \$67.50. In the suitcase: A gray Shetland crew-neck with a small checked pattern in green, gold, blue and burgundy, by Daniel Hechter, \$70. Last, a handsome gray-wool hand-knit crew-neck with a jewel-colored design, by Boston Traders, \$125.

DENES PETOE



UPWARD MOBILITY

Mobil Travel Guide hosted a gala weekend at The Greenbrier in West Virginia for the winners of its coveted Five-Star awards for hotels, motels, inns, resorts and restaurants not long ago, and *PLAYBOY* was invited to sit in on the celebration. New to the list was Marriott's Rancho Las Palmas, near Palm Springs, while such establishments as Ernie's in San Francisco have earned Mobil's culinary kudos for decades. The *Guides* sell for \$7.95 each. Don't leave home without them.



THE LEGEND RIDES AGAIN

Since 1985 is the 30th anniversary of James Dean's death, Schott Brothers, a leather company at 358 Lehigh Avenue, Perth Amboy, New Jersey 08862, that makes a mighty smooth line of leather goods, has created a replica of the black jacket Dean owned and wore on and off the set during the filming of *Rebel Without a Cause*. It goes for about \$375, and a card to Schott will get you the name and address of a nearby retailer. Ride.



BODY STOPPERS

With Labor Day and the end of the long, hot summer looming on the horizon, we thought we'd give you another excuse besides hitting the beach for getting the lady in your life out of her clothes. SeX Marks the Spot Temporary Tattoos are just what you'd expect them to be—one-color transfers that are applied with alcohol prep pads. For \$5, postpaid, sent to Temptu Marketing, 157 Hudson Street, New York 10013, you'll get a stock of such stopper signs as **LOADING ZONE**, **THIS END UP**, **MERGE**, **YIELD**, **DO NOT ENTER**, **SLIPPERY WHEN WET**, **FRENCH SPOKEN HERE** and **U.S. 69**. Where you park them, of course, is up to you.



CAMP COUNTDOWN

Juveniles have been enjoying astronaut training and space-shuttle simulations at The Space & Rocket Center for several years. Starting September 20, adults who have always wanted to go into orbit on something other than double martinis can also sign up for a three-day camp session that includes weightless training, plus learning how to operate the shuttle's life-support system and mock remote-control arm. Finally, strapped into a cockpit simulator, campers will experience countdown and blast-off and then will fly the craft as a computer tracks their imaginary orbit through the heavens. The cost of all this spacy fun is \$300 per person, which includes everything (training, meals and housing) but transportation. The Space & Rocket Center, Tranquility Base, Huntsville, Alabama 35807, is where you sign up. Go for it, Buck.

GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

How many wine buffs know exactly what's in their cellars? Very few honest ones. The Micro Wine Companion computer software from Rhyton (available through a company called The Wine Enthusiast, P.O. Box 39, Pleasantville, New York 10570, for \$52.45) can help. It sorts by appellation, producer or shipper and year—and you can punch in occasions such as picnic and it will call up appropriate selections on your screen. The Apple (or IBM) of a vinophile's eye.



VIDEO'S NEW KICK

A new board game called The Big Payoff has just come down the field, and the munch-and-guzzle gridiron of videaside quarterbacks will never be the same. The Big Payoff allows opposing players to wager chips on the outcome of each televised play. Order it from Payoff Enterprises, P.O. Box 69064, Portland, Oregon 97201, for \$21.95, postpaid. Not playing for chips? What are you playing for—peanuts? Sure you are.



LOVE HANDLES

No, this isn't the entrance to some Parisian *maison de plaisir*; it's one of six erotic bronze door pulls (admit it—you *have* always wanted an erotic door pull) that architect-turned-sculptor M. B. Robinson has created for well-heeled roués. Each measures 12" x 4½" x 3" or 4", and the cost of about \$400 per handle is just steep enough to keep horny Yuppies from putting them on every door. Orders can be placed with Robinson at P.O. Box 7725, San Diego, California 92107. (Each door handle takes about four to six weeks to complete.) Or write for a flier and just look at the pictures.



VIVA VARGAS

Marilyn Monroe, Greta Garbo, even Shirley Temple—in his long and prolific life, Alberto Vargas painted them all, and now he's being honored and memorialized in the first-ever retrospective of his life's work, on exhibit at the San Francisco Art Exchange, 458 Geary Street, San Francisco 94102, through August 31, 1985. And after the show is over, Vargas will live on in the form of *Memories of Olive*, pictured at left. (Olive Thomas was a Ziegfeld showgirl in the Twenties.) A 20" x 24" poster goes for \$27, postpaid; a deluxe, limited-edition (250) lithograph is \$500.



AUDIO CLIFFS HANGERS

Cliffs Notes, the company that has plucked many a procrastinating undergrad from the brink of scholastic disaster with its capsulized commentaries on famous works of fiction, has just introduced Cliffs Cassettes and, no, it's not just an audio spin-off of the same ploy. Each \$7.95 Cliffs Cassettes is an entertaining blend of dramatized passages, orchestrated music and critical commentary designed to inspire the listener to read the work. *Hamlet*, *The Odyssey*, *Great Expectations*, *Frankenstein* and *Lord of the Flies* are just some of the titles. Listen up.





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English Muffin

Saturday Night Live's PAMELA STEPHENSON is beautiful and funny—every man's dream combination. She has also been naughty, most recently as the villainess in *Superman III*. Once she gets dressed to the nines, she is, in the words of Billy Crystal, "mahvelous."



Resuscitating a Survivor

SURVIVOR's new single and video is called *The Search Is Over*. The photo was shot during the two 20-hour days it took to make the video. When will the guys make a new album? "You have to see how long a record sells," says Frankie Sullivan. It looks to us as if the search is still on.

Cleaning Up

You can see actress LESLIE HUNTLY in her movie, *Hamburger*, or when she appears on *The Young and the Restless*. Better yet, maybe she'll come and dust your cobwebs.

© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN



The Moore the Merrier

Suppose you were a famous guy having a 50th birthday and the people who loved you didn't want you to spend most of your party picking the wax off your cake. What to do? Take a leaf from DUDLEY MOORE: Get your friends to send over 50 UCLA coeds instead. That would really be a surprise. Much cuter, too.



© 1985 ROBERT MATHLU

George's Pack of Pickled Peppers

GEORGE CLINTON (center), the high priest of funk, took on perhaps his strangest assignment yet, producing the L.A. group RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS (left and right) in Detroit. Is the Motor City ready for a bunch of white guys who perform wearing only an Argyle sock for warmth? We await the public's verdict. Meanwhile, catch the album *Freaky Styley* and see what George wrought.



GARY LEONARD (2)



© 1983 ROSS MARINO



Going for the Gold

How to get TRI-UMPH up for a gold record? Simple. Remove the presenter's clothes. Honored for *Thunder Seven*, the boys are all smiles.



“NEXT MONTH, IT WILL BE EASIER TO TAKE ME OUT”



OCTOBER PLAYMATE CYNTHIA BRIMHALL

STARTING IN OCTOBER, WE'RE GOING TO SAY SO LONG TO THE STAPLE IN THE CENTERFOLD. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LIKE THE INSPIRING PRESENCE OF THE PLAYMATE ON YOUR CORK WALLS, THE GATEFOLD WILL COME OUT OF THE MAGAZINE UNTORN AND AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK THAT *PLAYBOY* HAS AN ENDURING QUALITY, THE MAGAZINE WILL HAVE A RIGID SPINE, THE BETTER TO STAND ERECT ON YOUR SHELF. THIS IS OUR LAST STAPLEBOUND ISSUE. YOU MAY WANT TO KEEP IT IN A SPECIAL PLACE—ALONG WITH THE ONE COMING NEXT MONTH. THEY'RE BOTH BOUND TO BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS.

“THE SELF-CRUCIFIXION OF CATHLEEN CROWELL WEBB”—HAS SHE TOLD THE TRUTH YET? EXPERTS SEE HER BEHAVIOR AS TYPICAL OF THE NEWLY RELIGIOUS CONFRONTED WITH THE BIGGEST SIN OF ALL: SEX—BY **EDWIN AND ELIZABETH BLACK**

JOHN DELOREAN, WHO NEVER TOOK THE STAND IN COURT, IS GRILLED FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE ABOUT HIS DRUG CHARGES, HIS FAILED AUTO EMPIRE, HIS DIVORCE AND HIS BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIANITY IN A SIZZLING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

“YUPWARD MOBILITY: NEW EIGHT-PAGERS FOR

YUPIES”—WE'VE BROUGHT BACK A CLASSIC FORMAT TO CAPTURE THE REAL SEX DRIVES OF THESE SUCCESS-DRIVEN TYPES—BY **GERRY SUSSMAN**

“CONSUMER THERAPY”—MORE HELP FOR THE ABOVE. HAVE WE GOT AN ADVICE COLUMN FOR YOU!—BY **MARK O'DONNELL**

PLUS: “PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW”; **“GIRLS OF THE PAC 10”;** **PETER BEARD'S** PROVOCATIVE PHOTOS OF STUNNING MODEL **IMAN**; **BUCK HENRY'S “FAREWELL TO THE STAPLE”;** **“20 QUESTIONS”** WITH **ROSANNA ARQUETTE**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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Kings Soft: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85—
Kings Box: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.