

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1986 • \$3.50

SALLY FIELD

AN INTERVIEW
FROM THE HEART

HOW TO KISS A GIRL

A VALENTINE
TO BUNNIES
CAN JACK KEMP
OUTPLAY
BILL BRADLEY?
MEN, MONEY
AND DARTMOUTH

LADY D.J.S

FAST-TALKING,
HOT-LOOKING,
TUNE THEM IN!



When it comes to great taste, everyone draws the same conclusion.



Atari Explodes

Atari's new computer serious threat to Macintosh. Will the Amiga survive?

The Atari 520 ST is a serious challenge to the Apple Macintosh and will open up a major fight in the personal computer market.



By Joseph Sugarman

Imagine this. If I could offer you a Macintosh computer—a computer that sells for over \$2000—for one third the price, you might wonder.

But what if I offered you a better computer with none of the disadvantages of the Mac and what if I added new features which improved its speed and performance? That's exactly what Atari has done in an effort to grab the ball from Apple and really explode into the personal computer market.

HEADING EFFORT

Heading the effort at Atari is Jack Tramiel—the same man who built Commodore into a billion dollar corporation, sold more computers than any other man in the world and believes in giving the consumer incredible value without sacrificing quality. The new Atari is a perfect example.

First, let's compare the new Atari ST to the Macintosh and the Commodore Amiga. Sorry IBM, we can't compare the ST to your PC because yours is almost five years old, much slower, and, in my judgement, over priced.

Price The cheapest you can get the Macintosh with 512K of memory is \$1800 with a one-button mouse, a disk drive and a monochrome monitor. The Amiga sells for \$1995 with a two-button mouse, a disk drive and a color monitor. The Atari ST sells for \$699 with a two-button mouse, a disk drive and a monochrome monitor and for \$200 more, a color monitor. Read on.

Monitor With the Mac you can only use its 9" monochrome monitor and with the Amiga you can only use its 12" color monitor. With the ST you have a choice of either a 12" monochrome or high-resolution color monitor or your own TV set.

Resolution The number of pixels or tiny dots on a screen determine the sharpness of a computer monitor. The Mac has 175,104 pixels and has one of the sharpest screens in the industry. The Atari ST has 256,000 pixels or almost a third more than the Mac. And the Atari color monitor compared to the Amiga in its non interlace mode is 128,000 pixels or exactly the same.

Power All the computers have a 512K memory with a 68000 CPU operating with a 32-bit internal architecture. But Atari uses four advanced custom chips which cause the CPU to run faster and more efficiently giving it some tremendous advantages. For example, it has a faster clock speed of 8Mhz com-

pared to the Mac's 7.83 and the Amiga's 7.16. And the speed of the unit is hardly affected by the memory requirements of the monitor which in the Amiga can eat up much as 70% of the unit's cycle time or speed.

Keyboard This is the part I love. The Mac has a small 59-key keyboard and a mouse. That's all. The 95-key Atari has both a mouse, cursor keys, a numeric keypad and ten function keys. The keyboard looks fantastic and is easy to type on. Although the 89-key Amiga has almost all the features of the Atari keyboard, it looks like a toy in comparison. (Sorry Commodore, but that's my opinion.)

Disk Drive The Mac's 3 1/2" disk drives run at variable speeds—slowing down as they run. The Atari 3 1/2" drives run faster at a constant speed—and quieter than any other unit.

Features The Atari ST comes equipped with the same printer and modem ports as the IBM PC—a parallel and RS232C serial port. The Mac comes only with a tiny non-standard serial and modem port. The ST has a hard disk interface capable of receiving 10 million bits per second. There are two joy stick ports and a 128K cartridge port for smaller programs or games. It has 512 colors (for the color monitor), it has a unique MIDI interface into which you can plug your music synthesizer and record or play back your music.

Software Right now, the Mac has more than the Atari ST and the Amiga combined. The Atari is a new system but the track record of Atari's Jack Tramiel and the potential of the new unit is causing a flood of new software titles. In fact, I'll predict that eventually the Atari will have more software than the Mac. There are now hundreds of titles, from word processing to spread sheet programs, from graphics and games to data base management—all with those easy drop-down menus and windows. There's plenty from which to select now and plenty more to come.

If you think I'm enthusiastic over the ST, listen to what the press is saying. *Byte Magazine* just called it the "Computer of the year for 1986." *Creative Computing* exclaimed, "Without question, the most advanced, most powerful micro computer your money can buy," and finally, the Atari ST is the best selling computer in Europe and acclaimed, "The computer of the year," by the European personal computer press.

I am going to make the ST so easy to test in your home or office that it would be a shame if you did not take advantage of my

offer. First, I will offer the computer itself for only \$299. You will need, in addition, either one or two disk drives and either an Atari monochrome or color monitor or your own TV. If you order with your credit card during our introduction I will ship your order and only bill you for the postage and 1/3 the purchase price. I will also add a few software packages free including "Logo"—a beginners programming language, a disk for programming in BASIC and Neochrome—a graphics paint program.

COMPARE THE TWO

After you receive the Atari ST, put it next to your Mac or Amiga or even IBM. See how extremely sharp the graphics appear, discover what a perfect word processor it is, how great the keyboard feels and finally how much faster and quieter it runs.

If you're not convinced that the Atari is far superior to your present computer and a fantastic value, simply return it and I'll refund your modest down payment plus our postage and handling charges. If you decide to keep it, I'll bill your credit card account for the remaining balance and enroll you in our discount software club (a \$50 value) that lets you buy software for up to 50% off the retail price.

But act fast. We have only 2,000 units and 1,000 free memberships that we will offer as part of this introductory program and we are certain they will go fast. Order today.

To order, credit card holders call toll free and ask for product by number (shown in parentheses). Please add \$20 per order for postage and handling. (If you pay by check, you must pay the full amount but we will provide you with a bonus software package.)

ST Keyboard, CPU & Mouse(4060A) **\$299**
 Disk Drive (4056A) **199**
 Monochrome Monitor (4057A) **199**
 RGB Color Monitor (4058A) **399**

Note: A list of software will come with the unit. IBM is a registered trademark of International Business Machines Corp. Commodore & Amiga are trademarks of Commodore Electronics LTD. Apple & Macintosh are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. Atari, ST & Logo are trademarks of Atari Corp.

JS&A PRODUCTS
 THAT
 THINK

One JS&A Plaza

Northbrook, Illinois 60062

CALL TOLL FREE 800 228-5000

IL residents add 7% sales tax. ©JS&A Group, Inc., 1985

You'd probably be say about this bike more for it.

Traditionally, there's been a very simple way to judge a motorcycle's performance. Without any riding. Without any specs. Without even seeing the motorcycle.

All you have to do is look at the price tag. The lighter it'll make your wallet, the more you'll get. Until now.

Introducing the \$2,399 Radian.

We designed the Radian to be everything one would expect a high-quality motorcycle to be. Except one thing. It isn't expensive.

Which is why it offers the kind of versatility and dependability you would have only thought possible from motorcycles

costing hundreds of dollars more. No matter what kind of riding you do, it will never remind you how little you spent for it.



The Radian isn't built just for those riders who wear down footpegs as quickly as they wear down tires. Its generous supply of power and smooth ride also make it a thoroughly enjoyable touring mount.

The 598cc four-cylinder DOHC engine produces more horsepower per buck than anything in the industry. Based on the engine that powered the FJ600 in production middleweight road racing.

It's mated to a constant mesh six-speed transmission and a sealed type chain for maximum efficiency and fuel economy.

At 55 mph in sixth gear, the engine lopes along at only 4,400rpm. Sipping gas while you drink in the scenery.

A pair of heavy duty springs with oil dampers hold the rubber to the pavement in the rear. Up front, 36mm forks glide over rough roads while keeping flex to a minimum.

Grab the brake lever and a pair of hydraulic discs with opposed piston calipers and semi-metallic pads provide immediate progressive stopping power.

Sixteen-inch wheels fore and aft let you flick the Radian through S-turns



effortlessly. And a 4-into-2 collector exhaust enhances power while it cuts weight and bulk.

The Radian even has our new aircraft-type fuel filler cap. It fits flush with the tank, which makes tank bag mounting easier and more secure. Add some saddlebags and you're ready for a nice, long trip.

Yamaha and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation encourage you to ride safely and respect fellow riders and the environment. For further information regarding the MSF rider course please call 1-800-447-4700.

lieve everything we if we charged \$800



Like all Yamahas, the Radian offers rock solid reliability. Which is a comforting thought when you're a thousand miles from home.

It's also a comforting thought if you depend on your motorcycle to get you to work every day. A chore which the Radian handles much more efficiently and

comfortably than one-dimensional touring or sport bikes.

We might also point out that the Radian looks a lot better than any \$2399 motorcycle has a right to. With deep, rich paint. Unique aluminum cast wheels. Brilliantly chromed exhaust pipes. A plush, handsomely pleated seat. And

clean, no-nonsense lines.

Now considering the price, you may have some difficulty swallowing everything we've said about the Radian. This motorcycle might seem like an impossibly good deal.

But then, we planned it that way.

YAMAHA
We make the difference.™

12-month limited warranty. Warranty terms are limited. See your Yamaha dealer for details. Specifications are subject to change without notice. Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. This model is equipped with evaporative emission control device.

VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

PLAYBILL

OK, YOU'VE PUT DOWN YOUR \$3.50. You've done your part. This is where we take the wheel. Sit down, relax, let our richly diverse March issue drive you to distraction. Have you ever fallen in deep, meaningful, this-is-the-real-thing love with a disembodied voice on the radio? It was one of those things just bound to happen: More women are on the radio, while more men are caught in expressway traffic jams with the radio on. Staff Photographer **David Mecey** photographed the embodiments of those voices for our silent appreciation of on-air talent, *Radio Visions*. Seeing is believing.

As we approach the political wars of 1988, the names of two former athletes—**Jack Kemp**, onetime quarterback for the champion Buffalo Bills, and **Bill Bradley**, former New York Knicks star—keep coming up. To quote a President, "Well . . ." they're sounding awfully Presidential these days. But aren't jocks supposed to be dumb? Funny thing. That's what they used to say about actors. In *Seriously, Now, a Jock for President?* (illustrated by **Dave Calver**), **Geoffrey Norman** explores a pair of favorites and ponders whether a sports career is something for a serious politician to live down or whether, in fact, athletes may bring certain desirable skills to political work. If the latter is true, we can't wait for William "Refrigerator" Perry's political debut.

Johnny Greene examines the legally sanctioned killing of convicted murderer **John Louis Evans III** in *Executioner*. What happens when a reform-minded Alabama corrections commissioner carries out his first death sentence? And what does the technician who throws the electrocution switch think of his job? Through startlingly candid conversations, Greene discovers at what cost the executioner takes a life.

That word—the Y word—comes up again this month. Whatever you may think about Yuppies, Associate Editor **Kevin Cook** tells us that major banking institutions, at least, give them a lot of credit. In *Nouvelle Plastique*, Cook describes the charge plates that all self-respecting, card-carrying Yups will soon enjoy. Apparently, some people can get a charge out of anything.

For a special kind of gamesmanship, take a look at resident financial expert **Andrew Tobias'** *Quarterly Reports: Playing for Money*, in which Tobias plays a lot of computer games and asks, "Will software simulations of financial markets make you rich?" Tobias is no slouch on financial computer programming, by the way, having written a best-selling piece of software, *Managing Your Money*. Meanwhile, back on campus, Contributing Editor **E. Jean Carroll** found a bunch of guys who will probably never have to worry about possessing capital assets in *Young Men, Old Money* (illustrated by **Antonio Lopez**). Carroll visited Dartmouth College for a wacky report on America's once-and-future fat cats. She learned, among other things, that boys will be boys. In this month's *Playboy Interview*, Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** talks with **Sally Field**, and you'll see what a Talking Head says in **David and Victoria Sheff's** *20 Questions* with the man in the big suit—**David Byrne**. But we're not all talk. You'll find typically fine fiction this month: *The Devil Is Real*, by the esteemed **George V. Higgins**, and **Greg Donaldson's** basketball fantasy *The Lockup Book* (illustrated by **John O'Leary**). And for a major distraction, Associate Photo Editor **Janice Moses** and Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** went to Italy to bring you an erotic look at that country's most romantic city in *Viva Venezia*. Moses says she conceived of the project during a passionate moment on a vacation there. Producing it proved to be more than a labor of love. Said Moses, "Have you ever tried to catch a taxi in Venice? There's not an automobile in the place. My poor feet." But, Janice, why do you think they invented gondolas?

As usual, we've hit column bottom, and there's still more: Miss March, **Kim Morris**; a *Playboy Guide: The Best*; and *Our Bunny Valentine*, a tribute to the women and men of the Playboy Clubs, including the new Empire Club in New York City. Ready to roll? Then turn the page.



MECEY



NORMAN



CAIVER



GREENE



COOK



TOBIAS



CARROLL



LOPEZ



SHEFF, SHEFF



GROBEL



HIGGINS



DONALDSON



O'LEARY



MOSES, FEGLEY

The Norwegians are perfectly clear
about their vodka.

Introducing
Vikin Fjord Vodka
from Norway.

It's made with
pure, crystal-clear
water from the
untouched
glaciers of Arctic
Norway.

That is why
it is discernibly
smoother and
cleaner than any
vodka you've ever
tasted.

Vikin Fjord.
The glacial vodka
from Norway.



Introducing Vikin Fjord Vodka.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 33, no. 3—march 1986

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	5
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	11
DEAR PLAYBOY	15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	19
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 27
MEN	ASA BABER 29
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 31
AGAINST THE WIND	CRAIG VETTER 33
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	35
DEAR PLAYMATES	37
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	41
VIEWPOINT: WHAT'D I SAY?	DAVE MARSH 46
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SALLY FIELD—candid conversation	49
THE DEVIL IS REAL—fiction	GEORGE V. HIGGINS 58
VIVA VENEZIA—pictorial	62
SERIOUSLY, NOW, A JOCK FOR PRESIDENT?—article	GEOFFREY NORMAN 72
RED-HOT TO TROT—modern living	BROCK YATES 76
YOUNG MEN, OLD MONEY—article	E. JEAN CARROLL 78
LATE BLOOMER—playboy's playmate of the month	80
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	94
EXECUTIONER—article	JOHNNY GREENE 96
20 QUESTIONS: DAVID BYRNE	98
THE LOCKUP BOOK—fiction	GREG DONALDSON 100
OUR BUNNY VALENTINE—pictorial	102
NOUVELLE PLASTIQUE—humor	KEVIN COOK 106
PLAYBOY GUIDE: THE BEST	111
QUARTERLY REPORTS: PLAYING FOR MONEY—article	ANDREW TOBIAS 119
RADIO VISIONS—pictorial	120
FAST FORWARD	138
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI	174
GRAPEVINE	176



Air Power P. 120



Switch Pullers P. 96



March's Morris P. 80



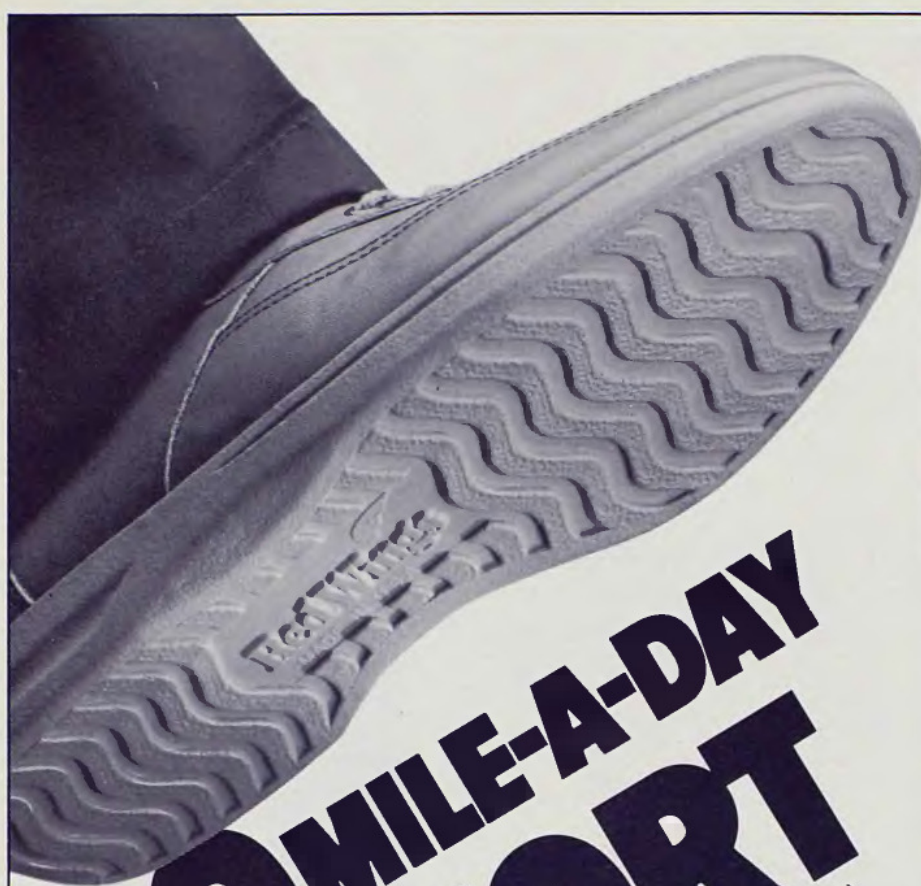
Flying Ferrari P. 76



COVER STORY

Academy Award-winning actress Sally Field's appearance in Bunny Costume on our cover, in a photo by Mario Casilli, re-emphasizes the fact that she and we have grown up since her *Flying Nun* days. You'll learn a lot about Sally from her *Playboy Interview* within, and more about the Bunny's new look in *Our Bunny Valentine*, page 102. (For the artistic touches on cover and Bunny feature, a tip of the Rabbit's ears to Bill Rieser.)

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1986 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY. REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: STEVE CONWAY, P. 5, 175; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 104, 105; BENNO FRIEDMAN, P. 5 (5); ANDREW GOLDMAN, P. 9; ROBERT HOKDESKE, P. 5; RICHARD IZUL, P. 140; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 11 (2); DAVID MECEY, P. 174, 175; RON MESAROS, P. 5; KERRY MORRIS, P. 81; MARSHA NORMAN, P. 5; FRANK OCKENFELS, P. 5; CHARLES PATCH, P. 5; NEAL PRESTON/CAMERA 5, P. 11 (5); PETER TENZER, P. 5; BARON WOLMAN, P. 5. BED LINENS COURTESY OF DESCAMPS, BEVERLY CENTER, LOS ANGELES, CA. P. 84-88, 93. CUSTOM WOOL RUG COURTESY OF AGA JOHN DRIENTAL RUG, PACIFIC DESIGN CENTER, LOS ANGELES, CA. P. 93. MAKE-UP BY LEANNE NEWTON, P. 62-71. PILLOWS AND FUTON BY NATURAL DESIGNS OF CHICAGO, P. 124, 125. CLOTHING BY JEFFREY BANKS, P. 79. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: STEVE BOSWICK, P. 174; JULIE CASTILLO, P. 33; DAN CLYNE, P. 175; CINDI COCHRAN, P. 39; DAVID CSICSKO, P. 20; JOHN ALFRED DORN III, P. 31; MICHAEL GLASCOTT, P. 25; WALTER GURBO, P. 43 (2); MARY JONES, P. 26; REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF LONGMAN GROUP, LTD., P. 175; DENNIS MUKAL, P. 41; LERDY NEIMAN, P. 102; KEVIN RODE, P. 174; BILL RIESER, P. 102-105; PATER SATO, P. 19; JOHN SCHMELZER, P. 174; ABBE SENNETT, P. 175; RAY SMITH, P. 27; TERRY WIDENER, P. 24; HARUMI YAMAGUCHI, P. 35. NISSAN INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21.



20 MILE-A-DAY COMFORT

(Do you know how far you walk on your job?)

	Average Daily Mileage
Real estate agents	5.0
Nurses	5.4
Food servers	6.3
Mail carriers	6.5
Retail store clerks	6.6
Commodities runners	6.7
Factory workers	9.3
City messengers	10.3

Source: Scholl Inc.

No wonder three out of four people say their feet hurt! And that's why Red Wing builds shoes the way we do.

Every one of our work oxford styles has cushioning underfoot to soften concrete. And leather that conforms to the unique shape of your foot. With construction that holds the shape, keeps the comfort—even if you squeeze 12 hours work into a single day.

If your feet go only a mile-a-day, they deserve 20-mile-a-day comfort. Because even a little pain is too much.

OXFORD RED WINGS

RED WING
SHOES®



Write for free brochure:
Red Wing Shoe Co.,
419 Bush St. PB,
Red Wing, MN
55066

Made in U.S.A.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
and associate publisher

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

NONFICTION: JAMES MORGAN *articles editor*; ROB FLEDER *senior editor*; **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor*; TERESA GROSCH *associate editor*; **PLAYBOY GUIDES:** MAURY Z. LEVY *editor*; **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL *editor*; **STAFF:** GRETCHEN EDGREN, WILLIAM J. HELMER, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (*administration*), JOHN REZEK, DAVID STEVENS *senior editors*; ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writers*; BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER (*new york*) *associate editors*; MONA PLUMER *assistant editor*; **MODERN LIVING:** ED WALKER *associate editor*; JIM BARKER *assistant editor*; **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *editor*; HOLLY BINDERUP *assistant editor*; **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor*; **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS *editor*; JOYCE RUBIN *assistant editor*; CAROLYN BROWNE, MARCY MARCHI CAMPAGNA, PHILLIP COOPER, STEPHEN FORSLING, BARI NASH, MARY ZION *researchers*; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, JOHN BLUMENTHAL, E. JEAN CARROLL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, D. KEITH MANO, ANSON MOUNT, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, TONY SCHWARTZ, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (*movies*), GARY WITZENBURG

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director*; CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors*; BRUCE HANSEN, THEO KOUVATOS *associate directors*; KAREN GAEBE, KAREN GUTOWSKY *junior directors*; JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant director*; FRANK LINDNER, DANIEL REED, ANN SEIDL *art assistants*; SUSAN HOLMSTROM *traffic coordinator*; BARBARA HOFFMAN *administrative manager*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *senior editor*; LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, JANICE MOSES, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor*; POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer*; DAVID MCECY, KERRY MORRIS *staff photographers*; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, LARRY L. LOGAN, KEN MARCUS, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers*; TRIA HERMSEN, ELYCE KAPOLAS, PATRICIA TOMLINSON *stylists*; JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor*; ROBERT CHELIUS *business manager*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; MARIA MANDIS *manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, RITA JOHNSON *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADVERTISING

SAUL STONE *director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

J. P. TIM DOLMAN *assistant publisher*; MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*; EILEEN KENT *contracts administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *president*



Small Wonder

It's here, *pocket-size* radar protection.

Imagine a superbly crafted electronic instrument, powerful enough to protect against traffic radar, miniaturized enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award.

Small means nearly-invisible protection

That could only be PASSPORT. It has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape.

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives from the experts.

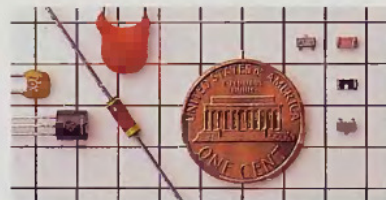
"In a word, the Passport is a winner," said *Car and Driver*.

The experts report excellent performance. Simply switch PASSPORT on and adjust the volume knob. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio

Small means the size of a cassette tape

begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. Should you want to defeat the audible warning during a long radar encounter, a special switch provides silence, yet leaves PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. A photocell adjusts alert lamp brightness to the light level in your car. PASSPORT was designed for your protection *and* your convenience.



In PASSPORT, 102 SMDs (right) do the work of ordinary transistors, resistors and capacitors.

PASSPORT comes with a leather case and travels like a pro, in your briefcase or in your pocket—to the job for trips in the company car, on airplanes for use in far-away rentals. Just install on dashtop or visor, then plug into the lighter. PASSPORT keeps such a low profile. It can be on duty without anyone noticing.

Small means an easy fit in the briefcase

One more PASSPORT convenience—call us direct. It's toll free. We make PASSPORT in our own factory and we'll be happy to answer any questions you may have. If you decide to buy, we'll ship your PASSPORT within 24 hours by UPS, and we'll pay the shipping. For an extra \$6.00, Federal Express guarantees 48-hour delivery.

If you're not satisfied within 30 days, return PASSPORT. We'll refund your purchase and your return shipping costs. There are no hidden charges.

Isn't it time for a PASSPORT of your own?

\$295 (OH res. add \$16.23 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada



© 1985 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

PASSPORT®
RADAR • RECEIVER

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-007-C15
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100



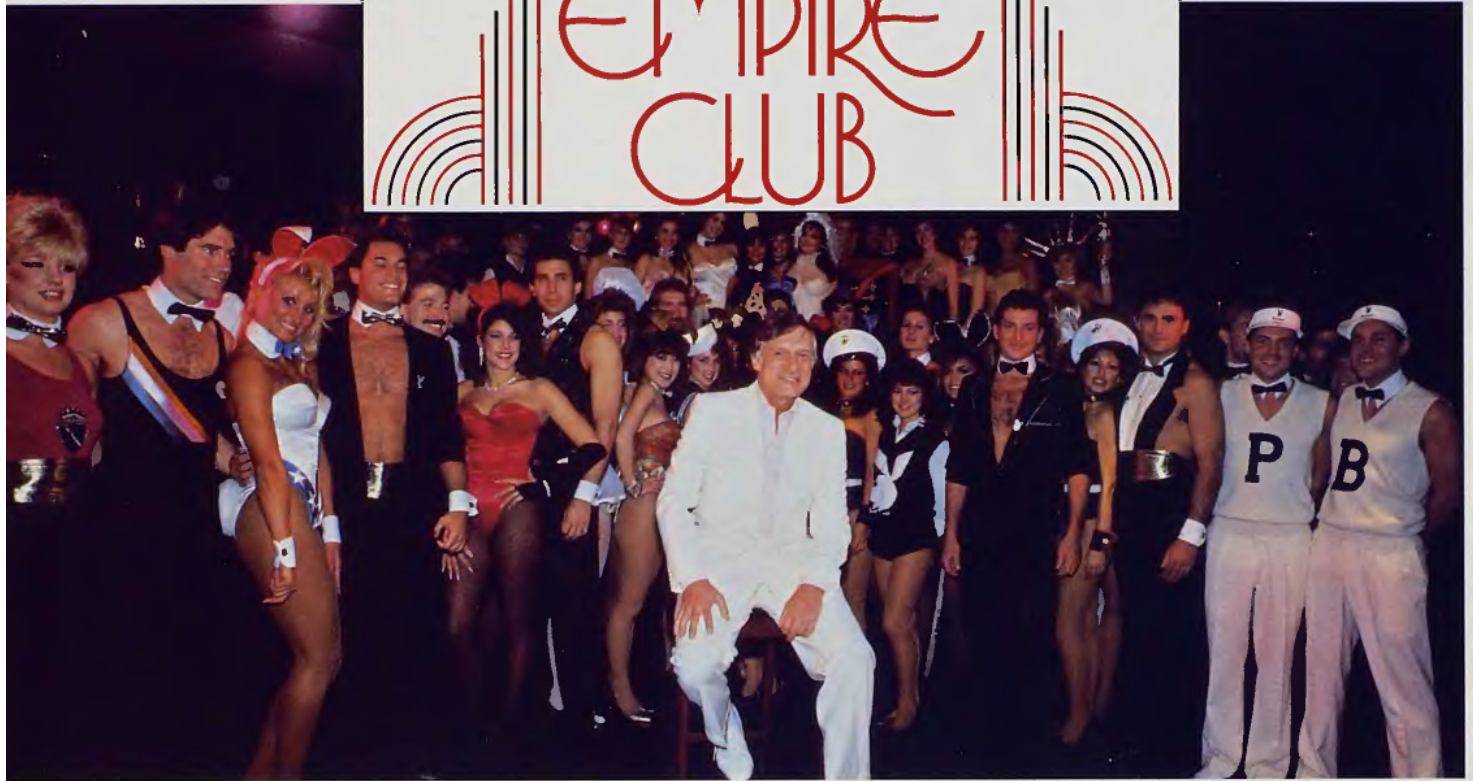
THE TASTE BEYOND BOLD.

RUMPLE MINZE PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. ENJOY IN MODERATION.
100 Proof Liqueur. Imported by The Paddington Corp., New York, NY, U.S.A.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

PLAYBOY'S EMPIRE CLUB



Diane Sawyer took a few ticks off from *60 Minutes* to chat with Hef (above). At the Club (right), Manhattanites hopped in to see what all the noise was about and caught a glimpse of Catherine Bach (below), who showed up without the Dukes but was a Hazzard to traffic.

The Rabbits—boy Bunnies!—were the hottest copy when Playboy's Empire Club welcomed the world in November, but almost everything was new at New York's most colorful playpen. There were Bunnies—Theme Bunnies!—one, minus an ear, in the gallery near the Van Gogh. Some of the press was catty. "Note the Yuppies at the bar," wrote one Peggy Lander. Hey, we *like* Yuppies. The number-one Rabbit (above) presided, emerging from comfy Mansion West to renew his firm commitment to a good time.



Mr. Money, Malcolm Forbes, met Bunny Belinda (above) and smiled as widely as you would if you had his wealth. George Plimpton (below) arrived on his bicycle to meet with Christie. We're hoping George will don an open-breasted tux for a new first-person report, *I, Rabbit*.



THE LEAN MACHINE.





POWER AND WEIGHT IN PERFECT BALANCE.

Lean into the curve. Feel the precision steering, the balance, the comfort. With handling that crisp and positive, it has to be a 500 Interceptor™—the motorcycle that established a new precedent for mid-sized sport machines.

The DOHC liquid-cooled 90-degree V-4 engine delivers 68 horsepower[†] at 11,500 rpm. It's definitely got the power.

The engine's location in the specially designed rectangular section frame gives the Interceptor™ a low center of gravity. The exclusive Pro-Link™ rear suspension features an air-adjustable shock with four-way adjustable rebound damping. It handles like a dream.

Power and weight in perfect balance—an unforgettable riding experience waiting at your Honda dealer. 500 Interceptor: The lean machine.

RIDE LIKE A PRO.

That means using your head. And riding safely. Always wear a helmet and eye protection. Read your owner's manual carefully. Follow the rules of the road and always use common sense. Never drink and ride. Ride at a safe speed. If you're riding a new or unfamiliar machine, take it extra easy. Doing the right things makes riding a lot safer. And more fun.

The 500 Interceptor has a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. See your local Honda dealer for complete details. Specifications and availability subject to change without notice. [†]SAE net taken at the crankshaft. California version differs slightly due to emissions equipment. Interceptor and Pro-Link are Honda trademarks. For a free brochure, see your Honda dealer. Or write: American Honda, Dept. 198, P.O. Box 7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609-7055. ©1986 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. (2/86)



HONDA 
MOTORCYCLES
FOLLOW THE LEADER



CHAPS MUSK
BY RALPH LAUREN



LIVING WITHOUT BOUNDARIES.



DEAR PLAYBOY



ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY BUILDING
919 N. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

COS AND EFFECT

I want to express my appreciation for December's *Playboy Interview* with the real king of comedy. The Cos has always been my favorite comedian. He has a very special gift—he can see humor in almost any situation. It's a gift that I wish more of us had. Bill Cosby is a very intelligent man who has my utmost respect.

Brad Beall
Tampa, Florida

For a brilliant man, Dr. Cosby can sure say dumb things. So he doesn't like the way blacks were portrayed in the movie *The Gods Must Be Crazy*. I see. I'm truly sorry that Cosby found this charming film offensive. Producer Jamie Uys may, indeed, be white, but if everyone in South Africa showed the same compassion and perception that he does, there probably wouldn't be apartheid. To dismiss "white film maker" Uys's efforts as "dumb," in Cosby's context, is nothing less than racism. And what could be dumber than that?

John Dell
Santa Barbara, California

Not only is Cosby a very funny man, he is also honest, straightforward and practical. I am concerned, however, about his simplistic judgment of *The Gods Must Be Crazy*. Would Cosby consider me a racist because I was able to thoroughly enjoy that film without thinking of it in simple black-vs.-white terms?

Michael A. Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

MEN OF WORDS

This letter comes from someone who truly *does* read the articles in *PLAYBOY*. December's issue contains a gem. I speak of Craig Vetter's *Against the Wind* column "Man of Words." I was touched by Mary Sandoe and his equally passionate love for words. She set him in front of me—vices,

charms and all—naked. I wanted to look away but couldn't. I'm glad I couldn't. Thanks, Mary, for sharing your Jim with his nephew and, in turn, with us.

Beth Bradley
Baltimore, Maryland

INSIDE DOPE

Laurence Gonzales lives up to his usual fine form in *Why Drug Enforcement Doesn't Work* (*PLAYBOY*, December), but he's doing little more than pissing in the wind. Everyone who has smoked a joint and liked it knows that legalization with control is the only answer, but what we're talking about here has little to do with law or knowledge. Fighting drugs is a politician's hottest ticket. Drug abuse is an easy target, one that won't go away as long as prohibition is maintained. It gives Nancy Reagan a social life; it gives politicians such as Paula Hawkins something to stuff their newsletters with; it spreads political power throughout numerous departments of Government. That's the real heart of the matter. The fact that drugs are harmful when abused is something millions of people deal with rationally and wisely. The sheer quantity of drugs that sneak into America indicates that vast numbers of people are handling their drug use very well; if they weren't, our hospitals and morgues would have the same bursting-at-the-seams problems that our prisons have had for years.

Arthur E. Buffington
Pompano Beach, Florida

I could not agree more with Gonzales' article on the failures of drug enforcement. Our Government fails to understand why narcotics are purchased and used by so many people. Drug use is an acknowledgment of the unhappiness that users face in their daily lives and of their need to escape from reality. Happy, self-motivated people have no need to get stoned. If the philosophical underpinnings of drug consumption could be properly treated, there

ONE PRICE COVERS EVERYTHING EXCEPT YOUR SUNTAN.

At Sandals, all you need is love. Because one low price per couple covers everything: • Luxurious accommodations • All meals and snacks • Unlimited wine and drinks • Four bars and disco • Nightly parties and entertainment • Water sports, including scuba, snorkeling, skiing • Sauna • Jacuzzi® • Windsurfers, Sunfish, paddle boats • Tennis day and night • Jamaica's largest and most magnificent private beach. • Etc. • Etc.

For more information, contact your travel agent or call toll-free 1-800-327-1991, in Florida 1-800-231-1645, in Miami (305) 271-0045.

Sandals
Montego Bay, Jamaica



GET IT AT HOME

Subscribe now and have **PLAYBOY** conveniently delivered to your door.

12 issues \$24. Save \$19.00 off \$43.00 single-copy price.

To order, write:
PLAYBOY
Dept. 7BGY5
P.O. Box 51679

Boulder, Colorado 80322-1679

OR for subscription orders only, call our TOLL-FREE NUMBER 24 hours a day, 7 days a week:
1-800-228-3700

(Except in Nebraska, Alaska, Hawaii. In Nebraska only, call 1-800-642-8788.)

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only. Canadian rate: 12 issues \$35.

PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), MARCH 1986, VOLUME 33, NUMBER 3, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$56 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$38 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$24 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$35 (U.S. CURRENCY) FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 59230, BOULDER, COLORADO 80323-5230, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; JACK BERNSTEIN, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: JOE MANGIONE, ADVERTISING PROMOTION DIRECTOR; JAY REMER, NATIONAL ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES MARKETING MANAGER; BRIAN VAN MOLS, NATIONAL AUTOMOTIVE MARKETING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; LINDA MALANGA, CHICAGO MANAGER, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611; 3001 WEST BIG BEAVER ROAD, TROY, MICHIGAN 48064; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BLVD.; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY ST.

would be no need for drug enforcement. Indeed, there would be no need for drugs.

Roberto Santiago
New York, New York

Many construction companies are now requiring pre-employment physicals and drug tests. I became painfully aware of this upon applying for a job and submitting a urine sample. The head supervisor then informed me that the test results showed I was "full of drugs." I was not considered for the job. I have been a crane operator for the past ten years. I know that you cannot be under the influence of any mind-altering drug (including alcohol) and expect to perform such duties safely. I have accumulated thousands of hours of seat time on many cranes, from 18-ton hydraulics to 250-ton conventional cranes with 300 feet of boom. The margin for error is nil. Yet through all those years, I'm proud to say, no one has had so much as a finger pinched because of me. I'm waiting for a copy of the urinalysis report to see what drugs I'm supposedly "full of." A little rum and an occasional joint (never before or during working hours) are the only things that could have shown up. Because of these indiscretions, word may very well leak out and ten years of good work may be ruined by a drug-addict reputation. If the workingman must submit to these tests, why not the same treatment for

our police, judges, Senators, Congressmen and doctors? Equal treatment for all, right?

G. J.
Corpus Christi, Texas

BARBI REVISITED

What a pleasure to see the December cover heralding Barbi Benton "Lookin' Better Than Ever." No hype here; she is, indeed! Oh, sure, Barbi looked good in previous PLAYBOY layouts, but this latest Richard Fegley cover shot is incredible. Two questions: How old is beautiful Barbi, and is there any chance of just one more look?

Alvin Reichert
Berkeley, California



Barbi just turned 36, going on 26. As for your second question, yes, there's a 50-50 chance. We'll flip a coin. Call it, Alvin. Tails?

THE NEW DEAL

As publisher of the major weekly newspaper in a state that is America's birthplace of personal freedom but in which oral sex between consenting adults is still a crime, I appreciate fine irony. Consequently, I found it particularly amusing when mutual reader Janice Stone wrote to you (*Dear Playboy*, December) that *The NewPaper* had accused PLAYBOY of being "pornographic," since a few natives here have accused *The NewPaper* of the same offense at various times. We assume this was due to our occasional use of the F word in a quotation or to the personals we run. We thank PLAYBOY for mentioning that it was a Pacific News Service story in *The NewPaper* that contained the reference. For the record, *The NewPaper* does not consider PLAYBOY to be in any way pornographic and salutes the good works the magazine has accomplished on many fronts. Now, how about the Playboy Foundation's going after Rhode Island's antiquated sex laws?

Ty Davis, Publisher
The NewPaper
Providence, Rhode Island

PUBIC-AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

In your December issue, a woman wrote to *The Playboy Advisor* about her desire to have her boyfriend trim his long pubic hairs. In so many words, the Advisor's

THE \$2000 CAR STEREO (THAT JUST MIGHT FIT IN YOUR CAR)



More than 48 million units...over 34 years experience
designed into every state-of-the-art Fujitsu Ten car audio.

LISTEN UP  **FUJITSU TEN**

Write: Fujitsu Ten, 19281 Pacific Gateway Drive, Torrance, California 90502.

© 1986 Fujitsu Ten Corp. of America. In Canada: Noreasco Canada Inc., Toronto, Ontario. Manufactured by Fujitsu Ten Ltd.

advice was, "Stick it!" Come on! What girl wants a cave man with pubic hairs down to his knees? Why *shouldn't* he trim up to please his girlfriend? I'm sure the Advisor's response would have been *very* different had a man written complaining about his girlfriend's pubic hairs.

Jenifer Foreman
Las Vegas, Nevada

AT THE MOVIES

It's ugly, but revelatory of the present condition of our culture, that two men the media now celebrate as heroes, Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas (*20 Questions*, *PLAYBOY*, November), both think the grooviest thing they've ever seen on film was the dismemberment of a live human being in *Scarface*. My own favorite scene in the movies is when Roxane finally learns the truth about Cyrano's love for her. I must be old-fashioned.

Lew Gaff
Wailuku, Hawaii

CHRISTMAS CAROL

My vote for Playmate of the Year goes to the voluptuous Miss December. That's right. You guessed it. Miss December, Carol Ficatier.

John Cullen
Attleboro, Massachusetts

I just love Miss December. If I were an agent looking for the perfect-ten model, I would choose Carol Ficatier. I think she has the *sexiest* toes.

Reginald L. Tabron
Detroit, Michigan

Thanks for featuring Carol Ficatier as your December Playmate. *PLAYBOY* is probably the last place I expected to see a plug for Mobilization for Animals. This special lady proves once and for all that a woman doesn't need the adornment of animal skins to look absolutely beautiful.

Deborah Sturdy
St. Louis, Missouri

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MENSA

Many thanks to *PLAYBOY* for *The Women of Mensa* (*PLAYBOY*, November) and to Senior Photography Editor Jeff Cohen for sending us some great G-rated photos to accompany Janel Killheffer's article in our November *Mensa Bulletin*—which enabled our members to share in what your seven Mensa ladies have unanimously called a delightful experience. Stereotypes such as the dumb blonde and the wimpy egghead are impervious to logical arguments. But they *can* be undermined by the example of intriguing individuals who by their very existence attack the stereotype where it lives—in the subconscious mind. *The Women of Mensa* did more to that end than any other single effort I can imagine. Congratulations, and thanks!

Kent B. Van Cleave, Editor
The Mensa Bulletin
Phoenix, Arizona

VISION QUEST

In regard to Asa Baber's December *Men* column ("The Plot of the Vision Police"): Men are not the only ones worried by this war against "pornography." We women also enjoy beauty—in nature, painting, sculpture, music and the human form. The human body, male or female, is a beautiful thing to look at. Artists down the centuries have known this. Photography is an art form, too, and the layouts in *PLAYBOY* are tastefully done. I drove by a convenience store last week that was being picketed for carrying *PLAYBOY* and other "smut" magazines. One man had a sign

that stated PORNOGRAPHY CAUSES RAPE! I could not resist the impulse to lean out my car window and yell, "People cause rape, stupid!" I think that these people are afraid of their own sexuality. Everyone likes to look. If these "vision police" are going to ban *PLAYBOY*, they may as well also ban *The Kiss*, Michelangelo's *David*, *Venus de Milo*, the Sistine Chapel paintings, sunsets, rainbows, the birth of a baby and half of life.

Lynne Asbille
Des Moines, Iowa



Frrresh. Naturally more delicious because you make it yourself: with 1½ oz. of Kahlúa to 4 oz. of fresh cream, or milk, over ice. Sensational, right?

Our Treat. Be our guest to a free Kahlúa Recipe Book.

We'll be happy to send you as many as you'd like.

Kahlúa, Dept. F, P.O. Box 230, Los Angeles, CA 90078-0230.

© 1985 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA

GET YOUR FREE CAMEL T-SHIRT!



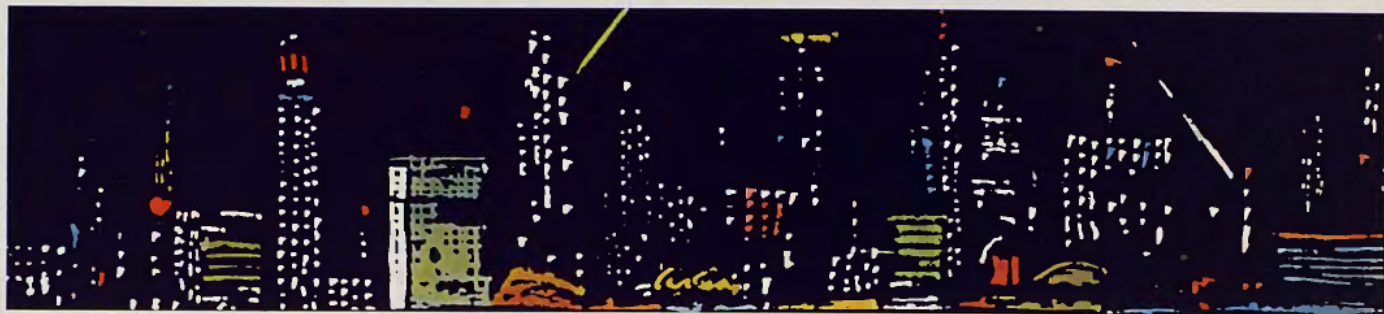
CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-228-3455

LIGHTS 85, LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, FILTERS: 16 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine, FILTERS HARD PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
REGULAR: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

OFFER RESTRICTED TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.
All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. Limit one
request per household. Allow 6-8 weeks for shipment. Offer
good only in U.S.A. Offer void where restricted or prohibited
by law. EXPIRATION DATE: FEBRUARY 21, 1986. OFFER GOOD
ONLY WHILE SUPPLIES LAST.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



OVERKILL

When one can of insect fogger failed to do the trick, Marilyn Lucas of North Las Vegas escalated her war on bugs. She set off 15 cans at the same time. Lucas had barely gotten through the door when the pilot light on the gas stove ignited the fog, triggering an explosion that blew out all the windows and sent her roof skyward. The bugs survived.

Dennis Newton fired his attorney and decided to defend himself on an armed-robbery charge. He was doing fine, too, until he cross-examined the manager of the store he was accused of ripping off. Unhappy with one of her responses, he jumped up, charged her with lying and yelled, "I should have blown your [expletive] head off." After a pause, he added, "If I'd been the one that was there." The jury took 20 minutes to convict him.

Those who dress for success can now get a firmer foundation. Business Briefs—underwear sporting such phrases as CAVEAT EMPTOR (let the buyer beware) and other free-market credos—come in their own briefcases and sell for \$17.50.

LOVE STORY

On her father's arm, she walked down the aisle. The song being played was *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. The bride wore white, and although the groom wore a tux, his penis had to be removed before the ceremony because it wouldn't fit into his neatly pressed pants.

On Saturday, March 23, 1985, Sherri Foxman—author of *Classified Love*, a non-fiction bible for singles—married Big John DeVinyl, a blowup rubber doll, at The Winking Lizard Tavern, a bizarre bar in Cleveland, Ohio. There were ten ushers, ten bridesmaids and more than 200 guests, many of whom had blowup dates.

Foxman, who turned 35 on the day of her wedding, was trying to make a statement. "You don't *have* to get married to

have a good time," she said flatly. "It's that simple."

Big John's 12-inch rubber schlong was reattached for the honeymoon and, "because he's inflatable," said the blushing bride, "he gets more head than anyone I know. The only problem is, the nozzle's on his back."

Alas, Foxman should have listened more closely to the lyrics of her wedding march. After only eight months, the marriage was on the outs.

"He hasn't been performing well under pressure," she complained, "so we're going to have a quickie divorce at a Mexican restaurant." How's John taking the news? "He's speechless," said Foxman.

Last we heard, they were separated; she was living in their Cleveland apartment and he in the trunk of her car.

A gang of misguided bank robbers in Dublin fearlessly tunneled for 25 yards, crept through sewers and cut a two-foot hole in the basement of what turned out to



be a ladies' rest room, not the bank vault. Still, the entry triggered an electronic alarm in a police station a half mile away, so the gang fled empty-handed. They should have known there would be trouble with a bank on Dame Street.

FUNDING FOR GODOT

Contributor Derek Pell offers this preview of forthcoming U.S. Government-sponsored studies, providing further evidence that our tax dollars have located the Bermuda Triangle.

The Darth Nader Commission. A \$16,500,000 study designed to improve shopping-cart safety.

A \$7,200,000 Presidential fact-finding tour of the offices of *National Enquirer*.

The Dashboard Safety Council. A House-authorized \$22,000,000 study to determine whether or not Saint Christopher statues save lives in head-on collisions.

A \$14,000,000 land survey to determine the natural-resources potential of America's golf courses.

The Armand Hammer Commission. A 3.2-billion-dollar blue-ribbon panel of medical experts will study the epidemic of shingles in the construction industry.

Our favorite quote from *Money Talks* (a Facts on File Publication) is from Pope John XXIII: "It often happens that I wake at night and begin to think about a serious problem and decide I must tell the Pope about it. Then I wake up completely and remember I am the Pope."

Our least favorite art trend centers on the scores of tombstones and statues that have disappeared from graveyards, particularly in Connecticut, and reappeared as primitive folk art in New York art galleries. Apparently, graveyard vandalism and neglect are giving way to outright theft of older, hand-carved headstones and statuary. A headstone from the Cove Burial Ground in East Haddam, Connecticut, for

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BREASTS

Breasts. America loves 'em. They've nurtured the young and the old, inspired songs and sonnets, war and peace, not to mention a major men's magazine. We could go on forever, so we will—with a lengthy tribute to the names, nicknames and euphemisms that have come to characterize chest fever. The following extensive but by no means exhaustive list was compiled by amateur etymologists Parker Bennett and Tom Mannis.

ANGEL CAKES	DOUBLE WHAMMIES	LOAVES	PT BOATS
APPLES	DUELING BANJOS	LOBLOLLIES	PUMPKINS
BALBOAS	DUGS	LOVE MELONS	RANGOONS
BALLOONS	DUMPLINGS	LOVE MUFFINS	RIB BALLOONS
BANGERS	DUNES	LULUS	RIB CUSHIONS
BANGLES	EAR MUFFS	MACAROONS	RIVETS
BASSOONS	ECLAIRS	MAMBOS	ROUNDIES
BAUBLES	EGLPLANTS	MAMMARIES	SANDBAGS
BAZONGAS	ENCHILADAS	MAMMIES	SATELLITES
BAZOOKAS	FLAPJACKS	MAMS	SCONES
BAZOOMS	FLAPPERS	MANGOS	SCOOPS
BEACONS	FLESH BULBS	MARANGOS	SET
BEANBAGS	FLESH MELONS	MARASCHINOS	SHAKERS
BEBOPS	FLOATERS	MARIMBAS	SHEBAS
BETTY BOOPS	FLOATS	MARSHMALLOWS	SHERMANS
BIG BOPPERS	FOG LIGHTS	MAU MAUS	SHIMMIES
BIKINI STUFFERS	FRIED EGGS	MAUSERS	SILOS
BILLIBONGS	FUN BAGS	MEATBALLS	SKIN SACKS
BLINKERS	GAGAS	MEAT LOAVES	SKOONERS
BOMBERS	GARBOS	MELONS	SMOOTHIES
BOMBSHELLS	GAZINGAS	MILK CANS	SNUGGLE PUPS
BONBONS	GAZONGAS	MILK FOUNTAINS	SPARK PLUGS
BONGOS	GLANDS	MILK SHAKES	SPECIALS
BONKERS	GLOBULETS	MOLEHILLS	SPHERES
BOOBERS	GLOBES	MOMMAS	SPONGECAKES
BOOBIES	GOB STOPPERS	MONDOS	SPUDS
BOOBS	GONGAS	MONTEZUMAS	STACKS
BOOPS	GOOMBAS	MOO MOOS	STUFFING
BOPS	GRAPEFRUITS	MOTHER LODES	SUGARPLUMS
BOSOM	GUAVAS	MOUNDS	SWEATER MEAT
BOULDERS	GUM DROPS	MOUNTAIN PEAKS	SWEATER PUFFS
BOUNCERS	HANDSETS	MUCHACHAS	SWEET ROLLS
BRA BUDDIES	HAND WARMERS	MUFFINS	TAHITIS
BRA STUFFERS	HEADERS	MULLIGANS	TAMALES
BREASTS	HEAD LAMPS	MUSHMELONS	TARTUGAS
BRONSKIS	HEADLIGHTS	NANCIES	TATAS
BUBBAS	HEADPHONES	NECTARINES	TATTLERS
BUBBIES	HEADSETS	NIBLETS	TEATS
BUDS	HEFTIES	NIBS	TETONS
BULBS	HEIFERS	NIPPELOONS	THANGS
BULGES	HEMISPHERES	NIPPELOS	THINGUMAJIGS
BULLETS	HILLS	NIPPERS	TIDBITS
BUMPERS	HINDENBURGS	NIPPES	TITBITS
BUMPS	HONEYDEWS	NIPPIES	TITS
BUST	HONKERS	NODES	TITSKIS
BUSTERS	HOOD ORNAMENTS	NODULES	TITTERS
BUSTIES	HOOHAS	NOOGIES	TITTIES
BUTTERBALLS	HOOTERS	NOSE CONES	TOMATOES
BUTTONS	HOT CAKES	OBOES	TOM-TOMS
CABOODLES	HOTTENTOTS	OOMPAS	TOOTERS
CAMS	HOWITZERS	ORBS	TORPEDOES
CANNON BALLS	HUBCAPS	OTTOMANS	TORTILLAS
CANTALOUPE	HUFFIES	PADDING	TOTOS
CARUMBAS	HUMDINGERS	PAGODAS	TWANGERS
CASABAS	HUSH PUPPIES	PAIR	TWEAKERS
CHA-CHAS	ICBMS	PALOOKAS	TWEETERS
CHARLIES	JAWBREAKERS	PAPAYAS	TWIN PEAKS
CHIHUAHUAS	JEMIMAS	PARABOLAS	TWOFFERS
CHIMICHONGAS	JIBS	PASTRIES	TYMPANIES
CHIQUITAS	JOBBER	PAW PATTIES	U-BOATS
COCONUTS	JUGS	PEACHES	UMLAUTS
CONGAS	JUKES	PEAKERS	WAHWAHS
CORKERS	JUMBOS	PEAKS	WALDOS
CREAMERS	KABUKIS	PEARS	WARHEADS
CREAM PIES	KALAMAZOOS	PECTS	WATER-
CUHUANGAS	KAZONGAS	PEEPERS	MELONS
CUPCAKES	KAZOOS	PILLOWS	WHOPPERS
CURVES	KNOBBERS	PIPS	WIND-
DINGERS	KNOCKERS	PLUMS	JAMMERS
DINGHIES	KONGAS	POINTER	WOBLERS
DINGOS	KUMQUATS	SISTERS	WONGAS
DIRIGIBLES	LACTOIDS	POINTS	WOOFERS
DOMES	LIP FODDER	POKERS	YABBOS
DOODADS	LLAMAS	POLYGONS	YAMS
DOORKNOBS		POMPONS	YAYAS
DOOZERS		PONTOONS	ZEPPELINS
DOOZIES		POTATOES	ZINGERS

example, found its way to a Soho gallery with a price tag of \$1950. If there is a silver lining to all this, it's the fact that some auction houses and galleries are no longer accepting such pieces for sale. And some items are being returned. Four tombstones reappeared last summer at the Plains Cemetery in Franklin, Connecticut. One read, SLEEP SWEET BABES & TAKE YOUR REST. GOD CALLED YOU HOME. HE SAW IT BEST.

GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE CRANKSHAFT

The Cuban government has passed a new law cracking down on names. Parents will no longer be allowed to give newborn babies names that might prove embarrassing—either to the family or, presumably, to the Cuban government. A Havana Radio announcer cited as examples twin girls whose names mean Connecting Rod and Propeller.

Italian film director Lina Wertmuller, who is known for her off-the-wall, slightly kinky movies, has been hired to direct American TV commercials. No word yet on what products Wertmuller will help advertise, but that doesn't stop us from making some 30-second suggestions: Seven Beauties Kitty Chow, Swept Away Portable Vacuum Cleaners, Love and Anarchy perfumes and Seduction of Mimi Wine Coolers.

The Australian army recently bought 541,000 condoms for waterproofing guns. Australian senator Gareth Evans explained, "I am assured that the contract for the purchase of these condoms was placed after independent leak-and-burst tests in which the condoms were inflated to a volume of more than 5.5 gallons." He went on to say that the tests ensured that the male-contraceptive devices could waterproof even the gun barrels of tanks. There's someone in our office who thinks he has the prototype for just such an item.

Rather than risk becoming victims of highway robbers stalking south Florida expressways, motorists have been advised by a highway-patrol major to run down pedestrians who approach them in a suspicious manner. However, he also cautioned motorists to "exercise judgment" before hitting persons armed with rocks or running toward their cars.

Maybe we should give him an award instead. The U.S. Postal Service filed charges after it discovered that one of its East Cleveland carriers, Kenneth Young, had 4514 pieces of undelivered mail in his apartment. It wasn't the snow, the rain or the gloom of night that kept this guy from his appointed rounds, it was his sore feet. Most of the pieces were dated circulars, postal officials admitted. And the service hadn't received a single complaint.

**NISSAN
INTRODUCES THE
MOST IMPORTANT
TRUCK ADVANCE
IN 25 YEARS.**



THE NEW HARD

FROM NISSAN—A TOTALLY NEW LINE OF TRUCKS Introducing a full line of trucks so tough, so powerful, so bold in styling, they could only be called Hardbodies. A revolutionary concept in compact truck design from Nissan, the company that invented the compact truck.

MORE POWER THAN EVER Totally re-engineered. A full line of fuel-injected trucks. With a re-geared powertrain that delivers more real power and torque to the rear wheels. Available with the biggest engine of any compact truck. Nissan's new 3.0 litre overhead cam V-6.



BODY NISSAN

BIGGER INSIDE Totally re-designed. Nissan created this new truck around its most important payload—you. With the biggest, broadest, roomiest cab in any Nissan.

BIGGER OUTSIDE Totally re-shaped. With hot-rolled steel wrapped around the longest, widest, most aerodynamic truck Nissan's ever built. And the biggest cargo box of all leading standard compact trucks. The Hardbodies. Bold. Taut. Muscular.



The Nissan SE King Cab® 4X4
Optional light bar, grille and brush guard
shown here not available until April '86.

NISSAN—OUR MOST POWERFUL

EVERY TRUCK FUEL-INJECTED

Regular Bed. Long Bed. King Cab®
4X2. 4X4. The whole line fuel-injected
for more power and performance.
With a new 5-speed manual trans-
mission standard throughout the line.

BIGGEST V-6 IN THE CLASS

Workout
the biggest engine in any compact
truck ever—Nissan's new 3.0 litre
overhead cam V-6. With 140 horse-
power, no other compact pumps out
more power. Or, choose Nissan's twin-
spark, hemi-head 2.4 litre NAPS-Z
engine. It's got the most power—106
horsepower—and torque of all the
leading standard model compact trucks.

NEW FUNCTIONAL AERODYNAMICS

Nissan knows that power alone
doesn't make a truck great. It takes a
truck designed with agility and finesse,
too. Witness the new Nissan—the
airfoil roofline, raked windshield,
sloped hood and flared fenders. They
weren't designed to make this
Hardbody the sleekest, hottest-looking
truck on the street—they're a function
of aerodynamics designed to
improve performance, reduce noise,
and deliver a smoother ride.



Nissan SE King Cab 4X4 in Thunder Black

Standard Regular Bed 4X2 in bright red—
Nissan's lowest sticker-priced Hardbody



LINE OF COMPACT TRUCKS EVER

BUILT TOUGHER FROM THE GROUND UP Every Hardbody truck is built around a new, reinforced box-ladder chassis as tough as the steel from which it's cast—a chassis that handles a 1400 lb. payload on all the new E, XE, and SE models. A clean new underbody design—

featuring a beefed-up independent front suspension—creates Nissan's best-ever ground clearance. And more galvanized steel is used in its underbody and sheet metal for even more rust resistance.

ONE-TON PAYLOAD For extra-big loads, Nissan's got an extra-big, extra-tough Hardbody—the new Heavy Duty Long Bed. V-6 powered, it's got an 88" bed and a 2000 lb. payload.



Nissan XE Long Bed 4X4 in Platinum

NISSAN—OUR BIGGEST, WIDEST,

BIGGEST CARGO BOX Double walls of steel shape a cargo box so wide and deep, this new Nissan has the biggest cargo volume of any leading standard compact truck. It's wider, too, between the wheel wells, accommodating a wider track and bigger tires. Incredible attention was paid to even the smallest details. Case in point—the tie-down hooks. They're hidden—set into the cargo-side walls until you pop them out. These patented pop-up hooks are a Nissan exclusive, standard on all SE models.



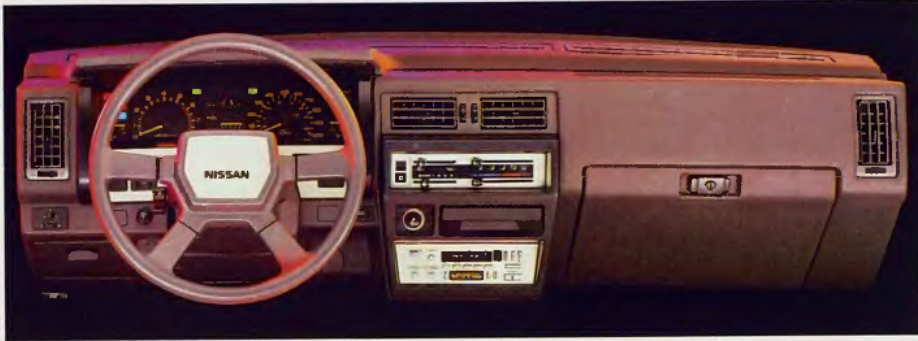
BIGGEST, FATTEST TIRES The biggest, widest (P235/75R15) factory-available tires of any compact truck are standard on the SE 4X4. If the biggest aren't big enough, trick-out the SE with Nissan's optional 31 X 10.5 R15's mounted on new alloy wheels. It's the hot set-up.

BIGGER KING CAB® America's best-selling extended-cab compact truck is now even better—and bigger. With more lockable space behind the buckets—for people or cargo. This new King Cab® introduces hideaway jump seats that fold flush into the side walls—another Nissan exclusive. And, new side windows wrap into the roof for extra visibility.

BIGGEST, ROOMIEST CAB—DESIGNED AROUND YOU Move into Nissan's biggest cab ever. Discover roominess head and shoulders above anything you ever expected in a compact truck. Look through the big side windows and huge windshield—the visibility is Nissan's best ever. New insulation and aerodynamics combine to dramatically reduce interior noise. Ventilation is improved, too. Nissan calls it ergonomics. You'll just call it intelligent. With full instrumentation laid out the way it should be. Easy to read. Easy to reach.



ROOMIEST TRUCKS EVER



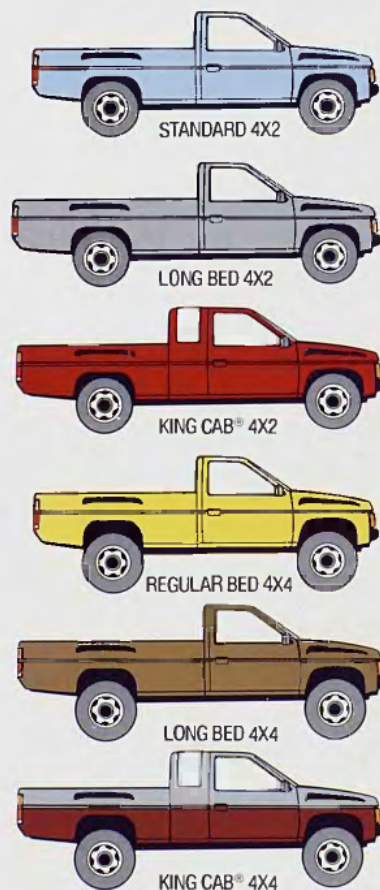
WIDE CHOICE OF OPTIONS There's a Hardbody truck for everybody. Regular Bed. Long Bed. King Cab® 4X2. 4X4. The long list of options includes the only 4-speed overdrive automatic transmission in any compact truck. A big, new air conditioner. A Power Package (available with Sport Package) with power windows and doorlocks, cruise control, variable intermittent wipers, dual electric outside mirrors, and a superb AM/FM stereo cassette 4-speaker system. And the list goes on. Outfit a Hardbody truck any way you want—there will never be an ounce of fat on it.



SPEC THE NISSAN HARDBODIES



They're built tougher. Play rougher. Look hotter. They're Hardbodies. There's never been a line of trucks in better condition.



STANDARD 4X2

LONG BED 4X2

KING CAB® 4X2

REGULAR BED 4X4

LONG BED 4X4

KING CAB® 4X4

NISSAN TRUCKS DIMENSIONS AND WEIGHTS	REGULAR BED	LONG BED	KING CAB®	REGULAR BED	LONG BED	KING CAB®
	4X2			4X4		
Wheelbase (in.)	104.3	116.1	116.1	104.3	116.1	116.1
Length Overall (in.)	174.6	190.0	190.0	174.6	190.0	190.0
Width (in.)	65.0	65.0	65.0	66.5	66.5	66.5
Height (in.)	62.0	62.0	62.0	66.7	66.7	66.7
Track—Front (in.)	54.9	54.9	54.9	56.1	56.1	56.1
Track—Rear (in.)	54.5	54.5	54.5	54.5	54.5	54.5
Headroom—(in.)	39.3	39.3	39.3	39.3	39.3	39.3
Legroom—(in.)	42.2	42.2	42.6	42.2	42.2	42.6
Shoulder Room (in.)	55.3	55.3	55.3	55.3	55.3	55.3
Payload (lb.) ¹	1400 ²	1400	1400	1400	1400	1400
Bed Length (in.)	72.6	88.0	73.4	72.6	88.0	73.4
Bed Width (in.)	59.8	59.8	59.8	59.8	59.8	59.8
(Between Wheel Wells)	41.7	41.7	41.7	41.7	41.7	41.7
Bed Depth (in.)	17.1	17.1	17.1	17.1	17.1	17.1
Transmission (std.)	M50D ³	M50D	M50D	M50D	M50D	M50D
Transmission (opt.)	A4DD ⁴	A40D	A40D	N/A	N/A	N/A
NISSAN TRUCK ENGINES	2.4L I-4			3.0L V-6		
Displacement (cc)	2389			2960		
Horsepower @ rpm	106 @ 4800			140 @ 4800		
Torque (ft. lbs.) @ rpm	137 @ 2400			166 @ 2800		
Induction System	Single Point Fuel-Injection			Single Point Fuel-Injection		

¹Heavy-Duty Payload Available 2000 lbs. ²Regular Bed Standard Payload 1000 lbs. ³Manual 5-Speed Overdrive. ⁴Automatic 4-Speed Overdrive.

Nissan trucks are available with a wide choice of trim levels (STD, E, XE, and SE), exterior colors (11—including 3 great new two-tones), and interior colors (4—including a new dark red).



THE NAME IS
NISSAN

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WHAT THE world needs now, I strongly suspect, is Woody Allen's warm-blooded, wonderful new romance, *Hannah and Her Sisters* (Orion). Hannah, of course, is Mia Farrow, playing the most winsome Allen heroine since Annie Hall in a tangled tale as irresistibly indigenous to Manhattan as Woody's 1979 film by that title. Hannah is a generous housewife and sometime theatrical star who's crazy about children (seven of Mia's own brood appear in the movie, along with her mother, veteran screen star Maureen O'Sullivan, as a slightly dipsomaniacal grandma). One of Hannah's sisters is having an affair with Hannah's husband (Barbara Hershey and Michael Caine excel as the illicit in-laws), while her sister the would-be actress who has sworn off drugs (played with kookie brilliance by Dianne Wiest) tries a career as a gourmet caterer before she switches gears with a novel about her family's foibles. Among the eccentric males who complicate the women's lives are Max Von Sydow, the late Lloyd Nolan (as Hannah's father) and Allen himself, portraying Hannah's first husband and accompanying everyone else with riffs of wickedly funny social satire. He is a TV entrepreneur who gives up the tube to explore Catholicism, Buddhism and Wonder Bread, only to decide that life is, indeed, meaningless: "I've read Socrates . . . he used to knock off little Greek boys. What's *he* going to teach me?"

It's no accident that *Hannah's* musical sound track revives such golden oldies as Rodgers and Hart's *Bewitched*. The riddles of existence are Woody's theme. His myriad subplots tune in on rooms full of screwed-up contemporary New Yorkers, one a hard-pressed psychoanalyst who has to "put in a salad bar." Allen has seldom scored as many significant points while pretending to be silly, and that's one of the secrets of grand comedy. ♣♣♣

Jane Grey was a political pawn and a mere punctuation mark in the long line of English royalty—a pre-Elizabethan queen who reigned for nine days in the year 1553, still a teenager when sent to the bloody Tower with her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley. *Lady Jane* (Paramount) is a scholarly, stunningly handsome historical drama about young love *vs.* the lust for power. Director Trevor Nunn and writer David Edgar, the creative team that transformed Dickens' *Nicholas Nickleby* into a theatrical triumph, have done an intelligent job of telling Jane's tragic story with the emotional stops full out. Movie newcomer Helena Bonham Carter, a brave plain Jane who might well have sat for a 16th Century portrait artist, is partnered



Allen, Farrow have a winner in *Hannah*.

When it comes to movie themes, Woody still takes Manhattan—by storm.

by Cary Elwes, looking more like a calendar hunk than a Dudley in his royal consort's costumes, though he's forceful enough as the plot quickens. Both are clearly meant to captivate young audiences as star-crossed lovers à la Romeo and Juliet. While *Lady Jane* seldom attains the lyrical heights of that 1968 classic by Zeffirelli out of Shakespeare, the movie is fascinating as a literal, traditional slice of English history, with the usual Brit contingent of princely players (John Wood, Jane Lapotaire, Michael Hordern, et al.) to make the language ring. ♣♣♣

Giant sea turtles swimming through the blue-green depths of the aquarium in a London zoo are scarcely what you'd call happy. Neither are people, many of them trapped or going in circles like any other captive creature. Simply stated, that's the thought behind *Turtle Diary* (Samuel Goldwyn), an unexpectedly beguiling British comedy with Glenda Jackson and Ben (*Gandhi*) Kingsley as a couple of chance acquaintances who free themselves, in a sense, when they conspire to free the poor turtles. Directed by John Irvin, this droll adaptation of a novel by Russell Hoban was written by none other than playwright Harold Pinter, a man rarely caught red-handed with a happy ending. *Turtle Diary* obviously brought him out of his shell and may do the same for moviegoers with a yen to try something strikingly different. The tone is straightforward English eccentric, a mini-adventure

marked by sharp turns and touching revelations of character. Don't fight it unless you are altogether allergic to whimsy. ♣♣♣

Already an international favorite, with a Hollywood fan club headed by names such as Dunaway, MacLaine, Kinski, Nicholson and Duvall, Russian director Andrei (*Maria's Lovers*) Konchalovsky more than lives up to his reputation with *Runaway Train* (Cannon). Adapted from an original screenplay by Japan's masterful Akira Kurosawa, of all people, this primal and compelling adventure drama makes your run-of-the-mill *Rambo/Commando* fantasy look puny by comparison. The film's formula is classically simple: In a snowy northern wilderness, two dangerous escaped convicts (Jon Voight and Eric Roberts) and a frightened railway worker (Rebecca De Mornay) find themselves trapped by fate aboard a speeding train that has four powerful locomotives and no engineer. This out-of-control situation is complicated by a vengeful prison warden (John P. Ryan), who's in hot pursuit, via helicopter, of one of the crooks, a habitual criminal named Manny. In that key role, Voight—with scar tissue over his left eye and deeper psychic scars right down to the core of him—delivers a profound, almost scarily convincing performance. As his side-kick, a convicted rapist, Roberts seems wired with manic energy, a hanger-on propelled by "more guts than brains." In one harrowing moment, when their captive companion calls him an animal, Voight hisses, "No, worse . . . human." *Runaway Train*, though flawed by overexposure to great escapes in cinema, has a bleak elemental beauty that pretty much justifies the brutishness and violence throughout. You will not come away yawning. ♣♣♣

Pardon my weakness for strong performers, but the best reason for seeing the movie based on Horton Foote's play *The Trip to Bountiful* (Island Pictures) can be summed up in just two words: Geraldine Page. This actress' work nearly always inspires superlatives, and Page is amazingly true, funny, touching and resourceful as an ailing old lady who runs away from her pussy-whipped son (John Heard) and bitchy daughter-in-law (Carlin Glynn) for a last sentimental journey to her family home. She travels by bus from Houston, befriends a charming young Army wife (again, Rebecca De Mornay, tripping more lightly than in *Runaway Train*) en route and ultimately discovers, to no one's surprise, that you can't go home again. Director Peter Masterson (Glynn's husband, who directed her in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* on Broadway) has a

nice feeling for the place and period (1947) but still has things to learn about how to make movies move. His one unerring instinct is to keep the camera on his actors, all of whom help hide the fact that *Trip* often resembles an earnest, literate work made to order for public television. Page brings in the bigness, making a dramatic molehill loom like Everest. ♫½

The first of prolific actor-writer Sam Shepard's plays to be adapted by him for the screen would be a major event in any movie season. *Fool for Love* (Cannon), with Robert Altman directing like a champion still high in the saddle after several nasty falls, has to be tagged a winner despite a quibble or two. On stage, *Fool* struck me as a flashy,actable showpiece with much style, scant substance. On film, what meets the eye, ear and viscera is so tantalizing and spectacular that the essential hollowness doesn't seem to matter a hell of a lot. First, you get Shepard himself, loosened up by Altman and drawing his own pungent dialog ("If you ain't a cowboy, you ain't *shit*" is a fair sample) in the meatiest role he has ever had. He's no *Right Stuff* hero here, just a wild-assed drifter who has traced a girl named May—who turns out to be his half sister—to a Godforsaken desert motel after ditching her for another woman. But Shepard's crazy Eddie would be nowhere without a May as down-home earthy, sexy and vulnerable as Kim Basinger. Given her best shot so far at full-fledged stardom, Basinger plunges into the part and just about walks off with the movie. Together, she and Shepard fire up some moments of real movie magic—feuding and fussing and twitching their tails at each other like a couple of horny lizards on hot sand.

Problems occur when Altman lets the sexual chemistry cool just below boiling point to concentrate on flashbacks concerning a mysterious Old Man (played to perfection, in his usual style, by Harry Dean Stanton), who is probably a phantom. He's also May and Eddie's father, an eerie presence throughout the movie and most effective when Altman mixes the play's incestuous Oedipal complexity into the here and now, as he does in some early scenes. The final flashbacks are clever but irrelevant illustrations of what is already obvious, and they also interrupt a comic cameo by Randy Quaid. As a galumphing hick who shows up for a date with May, Quaid is so good we'd rather watch him squirm than start pondering what Daddy did way back when. Through thick and thin, however, *Fool's* wildly askew battle of the sexes always looks shot from the hip by prime talent. ♫½

The entirely predictable course of *Murphy's Romance* (Columbia), with James Garner and Sally Field cautiously wooing in a small town out West, makes mature romance look a shade less exciting than bingo. Lightened up but still touched by



Basinger, Shepard heat up *Fool for Love*.

Sam and Kim sizzle
in his *Fool for Love*;
Sally may O.D. on pluck.

dust-bowl despair, director Martin Ritt approaches romantic comedy as if it were *Norma Rae* set on a dude ranch. Field plays a plucky, hard-slogging divorcee who boards horses for her livelihood and is saddled with a young son (Corey Haim), as well as her ne'er-do-well ex-husband (Brian Kerwin), who's sponging between jobs. Garner plays the town pharmacist, Murphy Jones, a widower who dispenses homely philosophy along with lemon Cokes. Salt-of-the-earth schmaltz is second nature to these two veterans; but Field, in particular, is overdue for a change of pace—it's time for a part in which she wears spike heels and sequins and does something different. A good start is her pose on the cover of this issue. ♫½

Kris Kristofferson, Keith Carradine, Lori Singer and Genevieve Bujold head the company collected for writer-director Alan Rudolph's *Trouble in Mind* (Alive Films). The pivotal character is Kristofferson, low-key and charismatic as a latter-day Bogart character—a tough former cop who has done time for murder. *Trouble* is set in an unspecified time in a generic urban sinkhole identified as Rain City, though shot in Seattle, with splendid mood-spinning cinematography by Toyomichi Kurita. Divine, the transvestite star, shows up as a campy male kingpin of crime, while Carradine portrays a country boy who takes up larceny and starts wearing his hair in a tinted punk pompadour. Pretentious dialog and an excess of voice-over narration spread confusion about whether Rudolph meant to spoof the big-city *film noir* melodramas of yesteryear or to imitate them. Those Bogart classics

were designed as entertainment and became art films through the test of time. *Trouble* appears to be striving for the ART label, but five'll get you ten that its entertainment value will not stand up against Bogey's golden oldies' as time goes by. ♫

Watching Michael Keaton make the grade in a noncomedic role is among the fringe benefits of *Touch and Go* (Tri-Star). He's just fine as a Chicago hockey star whose career dominates his life until he is set up for a mugging by a street-wise 11-year-old (played precociously by Chicago tyke Ajay Naidu) and gets romantically involved with the boy's mother (Maria Conchita Alonso). The big-strong-hero/little-guy pathos is exploited for somewhat more than it's worth, stretching credibility in order to keep heartstrings thrumming. The National Hockey League officially advised all member teams not to cooperate with the film makers, because *Touch and Go* "would not be complimentary to the game." The league's script analysis, which seems rather harsh in retrospect, did not take into account Keaton's unassuming appeal as a superstar athlete who is ready to lose a game to save a child. ♫½

The law of diminishing returns is rarely overruled by sequels, and *The Jewel of the Nile* (Fox), alas, only dimly reflects the wry wit and spontaneity of *Romancing the Stone*. Producer-star Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner, together again—he's the professional adventurer, she's the novelist whose real life becomes blurred by misadventures stranger than pulp fiction—are an engagingly romantic team undone by a shapeless script, as well as rather languid direction. The supporting cast recruited to chase Douglas and Turner across the Sahara is a rogues' gallery headed by Danny DeVito, Greek star Spiros Focas and Avner Eisenberg, plus that quintet of certifiable madcaps known as The Flying Karamazov Brothers. Despite everyone's hard work and some bright moments, *The Jewel* is more or less up the river without a paddle. ♫½

Carole Lombard in her heyday might have tackled the leading role of *My Chauffeur* (Crown International), a Lombardian screwball comedy. You know: Vivacious blonde becomes the only female driver for a limo company but can't get along with the stuffy, handsome son of the tycoon who owns the outfit. Desperately cute and trifling, this fluff could also reasonably be subtitled "Valley Girl Meets Flash Gordon"—since those are the parts that brought co-stars Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones into the movie spotlight. As film farces go, *My Chauffeur* belongs in the right lane, smooth and steady but well behind the sprightliest front runners. And how do you suppose it all ends? Three guesses before you start throwing rice. ♫

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Bring on the Night** Musical sting. ★★★
A Chorus Line OK, but only if you missed the show on Broadway. ★★
Clue The whodunit board game as a wry, sylish maze for mystery buffs. ★★★
Dark of the Night Auto mania. Call an exorcist to check out the Jag. ★★
Desert Hearts Girl meets girl out West and goes that-a-way. ★★
Fool for Love (See review) Mating game adapted from Shepard's play. ★★★½
Hail Mary The miracle according to Godard. ★
Hannah and Her Sisters (See review) Woody serves a fine Manhattan. ★★★
The Jewel of the Nile (See review) A cut below *Romancing the Stone*. ★★½
Kaos From Italy, five Pirandellian tales—maybe a couple too many. ★★½
Lady Jane (See review) Off with the head of destiny's Tudor tot. ★★★
Mixed Blood Paul Morrissey's exotic, oddball tour of Alphabet City. ★★★
Murphy's Romance (See review) Foolin' around with Field and Garner. ★★½
My Chauffeur (See review) Love blooms in a limo. ★★
Nomads Spooks pursuing Pierce Brosnan, better off as Steele. ★
The Official Story Stunning drama from Argentina, with an unforgettable performance by Norma Aleandro. ★★★
Out of Africa A stunning travelog with Streep and Redford loving and losing as your guiding stars. ★★½
Ran Shakespeare's *Lear* recycled as a masterwork from Kurosawa. ★★★
Rasputin That baaad Russian. ★★
Rocky IV After Reagan's summit, are you ready for Stallone's nadir? ★
Runaway Train (See review) On a wailing track. ★★★
Shoah Ten more hours of Holocaust in a compelling documentary. ★★★½
Smooth Talk Laura Dern's effective as a virgin with an urge to learn. ★★½
That Was Then . . . This Is Now Written by and starring Emilio Estevez. ★★
Touch and Go (See review) Michael Keaton's a less puckish hockey player. ★★½
The Trip to Bountiful (See review) On the road with Geraldine Page. ★★½
Trouble in Mind (See review) Wicked ways in the big city. Nothing new. ★★
Turtle Diary (See review) Neat shell game from Harold Pinter. Hmmm. ★★★
Twice in a Lifetime Love after 50, smashingly played by Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, Ellen Burstyn & Co. ★★★
White Nights The Cold War made tops in taps, with Baryshnikov and Hines. And that's dancin'. ★★★

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

© 1985 Shulton, Inc.



THE NEWEST OLD SPICE® SCENT.

Unmistakably masculine,
unmistakably Old Spice. Leather.
Our new fragrance.

\$150

MANUFACTURER COUPON

Offer expires 6/30/86

SAVE ON
NEW
OLD SPICE®
LEATHER.



TO DEALER: Shults will redeem this coupon for face value plus 6¢ handling, provided the terms of this offer have been complied with. Failure to enforce terms shall not be deemed a waiver of any of the conditions. Terms: Coupon is valid only when redeemed by a retail dealer from a customer at time of purchase of specified brand. Any other use constitutes fraud. Customer must pay any sales tax. Invoice covering purchase of sufficient stock to cover presented coupons must be shown on request. Coupon is not transferrable. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Mail coupon with name of supplier to: Old Spice, Box 1177, Clinton, Iowa 52734. OFFER IS VALID ON 4 1/4-oz. Leather After Shave or Cologne. Limit one coupon per purchase.

\$150

PLY 6602-01

MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

A CHIEF rock-critic preoccupation of the late Seventies and early Eighties, The Clash was aggressively, defiantly punk in aesthetic and musical attack, providing a stark contrast to the vapid mainstream rock stars of the period. And so politically correct that The Clash was regarded by fans as the only band that mattered.

Yet behind the posturing and the ragged energy was a snide, Great-White-Father-out-to-save-the-world subtext not very different from the Thatcherism the band abhorred. The Clash's catalysts, Joe Strummer and Mick Jones, split apart as their political arrogance turned into (what else?) rock-star ego, strangling their creativity and the band as well. The debut album of Jones's new band, *This Is Big Audio Dynamite* (Columbia), is as much a concept as a musical aggregation. Clash video director Don Letts is a member, and perhaps that's why the eight songs are aural collages, pock-marked with bits of speeches and news broadcasts bouncing over beat-box-boogie rhythms. Punk, with its derivative style, is a memory for Jones, as demonstrated on the album's most compelling song, *The Bottom Line*, built around a riff from Melle Mel's *White Lines*.

Strummer hasn't forgotten punk, either. He just doesn't render it as crudely as he used to. On *Cut the Crap* (Epic), The Clash's original front man and chief theoretician uses more studio trickery than ever before. But on most cuts, the guitars are cranked up high, and Strummer's angry rasp leads his revamped Clash through such anthemic rockers as *We Are The Clash* and the analytical *Dictator*. Unlike Jones's trendy knob turning, Strummer's loyalty to punk's gritty virtues rocks hard and makes his political musings ring true.

DAVE MARSH

The rediscovery of Motown's glory days has led even hidebound Atlantic Records to explore its vaults, and the result is a half-dozen albums of the most glorious music of the soul era. Atlantic's new *Best of* series includes sets from those performers who defined the era's adult black pop: Aretha Franklin, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett and Sam & Dave are five unmatched voices at the height of their rawboned powers. The revelation of the series, though, is the Joe Tex set, which establishes him as a genius of back-country wisdom and a pioneer of rap music. (The disappointment is the poorly selected Booker T. and the MG's LP.) The packages are shabby, with no notes or credits and ugly graphics, but this music is indispensable.

The soul performers were part of the



A job Weill done.

The only band
that matters—
the sequels.

post-World War Two migration of rural American blacks to the cities, which created everything from Chicago blues to the civil rights movement. A similar process is now taking place among Hispanic Americans, and the musical results may be equally explosive. Evidence abounds, from the output of Rubén Blades to that of Cheech & Chong, whose *Born in East L.A.* is a tragicomedy of racism and immigration, with an underlying seriousness that's a complete contradiction of everything else these professional dopers have ever done. (Unfortunately, that includes the rest of their album *Get Out of My Room* [MCA].)

The really good news comes from *Cruza-dos* (Arista), a quartet that truly was born in East L.A. Guitarist Steven Hufsteter and singer Tito Larriva deliver an album that ranges from straight hard rock to outright Latin ballads. At its best, Cruzados merges the two, creating music that belongs on heartland radio but is built on a uniquely Latin foundation. This is the most impressive new group of the past year.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Kurt Weill is the most universal 20th Century composer this side of Bob Marley, and let's be frank—Weill had more chops. A German Jew who fled to Paris and felt most at home in New York City, he was claimed as "a Negro" by one of his lyricists, the black poet Langston Hughes. Now Hal Willner has compiled

Lost in the Stars (A&M), an hourlong disc of unlikely seeming Weill interpretations. Lou Reed's *September Song* is the most startling, Dagmar Krause's *Surabaya Johnny* the most dramatic, Marianne Faithfull's *Ballad of the Soldier's Wife* the most wrenching and, believe me, I could go on. This one you owe yourself.

The playful or dreamy or alienated obliqueness of new pop love songs is also chickenshit—an arty way for a young guy to pull the old "It ain't me, babe." So when Marti Jones covers such material, I sympathize—she has to protect herself from evasive guys. Jones is a modern woman, resilient and self-aware, yet she's obviously singing to keep from sighing. Her solo debut, *Unsophisticated Time* (A&M), reclaims unjustly neglected tunes from the dB's, the Bongos, Elvis Costello and others, notably producer Don Dixon, who as an R.E.M. colleague is no stranger to obliqueness.

The first album by drummer Anton Fier's Golden Palominos was an art-funk experiment that featured the strangulated Arto Lindsay. The follow-up, *Visions of Excess* (Celluloid), is a psychedelic-punk experiment that features five lead singers: Lindsay, Michael Stipe, John Lydon, Jack Bruce and female phenom Syd Straw. The musicians are equally semifamous, but this is no off-the-cuff supersession: Despite the project's slightly clinical air, the playing is powerful as well as tight, and Fier's attention to composition pays off. If the music of the Sixties blows you away, you're the listener his experiment is designed to manipulate, benignly.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Jello Biafra is the Jimmy Swaggart of punk, a master preacher and polarizer whose posturing forces audiences to regard him as either a hero or an asshole. On past efforts by the Dead Kennedys, his quavering rants were often mixed a shade high, and his sermons hindered appreciation for the rest of the D.K.s' murderous attack. Not so on *Frankenchrist* (Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 11458, San Francisco, California 94101). The D.K.s finally got the mix right—and just in time, because the melodies here are their most accessible ever. East Bay Ray's schizo-thrash guitar style (the guy switches to minor keys at the oddest moments) continues to unnerve and here finally overwhelms as it ought to. The rhythm section of Klaus Fluoride on bass and D. H. Peligro on drums may be the best in punk, balancing chaos with just enough order to keep the songs from flying apart. Lyrically, Biafra seems more interested in being outraged than in studying the objects of his outrage. He thus ends up attacking stereotypes (football players for being dumb fascists in *Jock-O-Rama*) but

can be real inspirational when skewering corporate greed and political corruption. Unlike Bruce Springsteen, the Dead Kennedys will never be quoted by Ronald Reagan.

At the other end of the spectrum, we have Robin Gibb, who mines the same shaft alone on *Walls Have Eyes* (EMI America) that he did with the Bee Gees. While the Dead Kennedys feel a snarl is the proper response to life, Gibb whines, mostly for someone of the female gender to save him. Nothing here comes close to *Stayin' Alive*, the inspired Bee Gees song that made you feel heroic about an accomplishment that can be claimed by four billion other people. Having no nostalgia for disco, I want my mommy more than I want this record.

VIC GARBARINI

Simple Minds / Once upon a Time (A&M): The aptly titled *Alive and Kicking* proves that S.M. has finally acquired the drive, grace and passion to transcend its former rep as an artsy but unfocused U2.

James Taylor / That's Why I'm Here (Columbia): Spare, tasteful arrangements sidestep Taylor's worst lounge-angst clichés, highlighting instead the sweet melancholy of his best performances in a decade.

Pete Townshend / White City (Atco): Pete usually saves the pick of the litter for his solo projects. Although lyrically astute, this mini-rock opera's tunes are as bland and featureless as the bleak London housing project they document.

Joni Mitchell / Dog Eat Dog (Geffen): It's not that the political and social broadsides here aren't relevant. It's just that Joni's better at finding the universal in the depths of her own experience than at the end of her finger—*Ethiopia* excepted, bless her.

10,000 Maniacs / The Wishing Chair (Elektra): And all of 'em wanna be Richard Thompson, Sandy Denny or R.E.M. Some wood-shedding in the depth, range and spirit departments wouldn't hurt.

Waterboys / This Is the Sea (Island): Determined to supersede Simple Minds as artsy but unfocused U2 contender. Loose but promising.

Clarence Clemons / Hero (Columbia): He may have a minor hit with a little help from Jackson Browne, but he's better as King Curtis than as Levi Stubbs.

Wynton Marsalis / Black Codes from the Underground (Columbia): This last recording by the original quintet (brother Branford and keyboardist Kenny Kirkland are now with Sting) may be the loo-est, most fluid exercise in mid-Milesian cool—while moments on side two heat up to rival the group's in-concert brilliance.

Blue Nile / A Walk Across the Rooftops (A&M): If Brian Eno were still making minimalist pop (and was kinda depressed and a wee bit self-pitying), he might sound like these melancholic Scots.

FAST TRACKS



IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY, I'VE GOT THE TIME DEPARTMENT: In case you haven't been up in Canada recently, we wanted to tell you about Canada Trust's automatic banking machines. "What does this have to do with rock 'n' roll?" you ask. The machines are called Johnny-Cash, and the advertising slogan is "Why walk the line?" You even get a JohnnyCash card. We salute Johnny for his entrepreneurial spirit. It looks as if the man in black is in the black.

REELING AND ROCKING: We hear that **Madonna** has been offered the role created by **Brigitte Bardot** in the movie *And God Created Woman*; the remake, like the original, will be directed by **Roger Vadim**. **Madonna** and **Sean Penn** are also considering *Shanghai Surprises*, from **George Harrison's** Handmade Films. . . . **Kurtis Blow** has some new movies up his sleeve: *Bamboo Cross*, described as a spin-off of *Rambo*, and a co-starring role in the *Fat Boys* feature due out this spring. . . . **Mick Jones** of **Foreigner** has written some songs for *Purple Rain* director **Albert Magnoli's** new film, *American Anthem*. . . . **New Edition** is discussing a movie about a basketball team with *Krush Groove* director **Michael Schultz**. . . . **Mickey Thomas** sings the theme song from **Rob Lowe's** new movie, *Young Blood*.

NEWSBREAKS: Leisure clothes for old hippies: **The Beach Boys** are going to launch their own line of clothes and accessories for men, women and children. . . . Look for *On the Record*, a half-hour syndicated review/preview TV show written and hosted by **Steve Pond** and **Robert Christgau** (who can also be heard from regularly in our music-review pages). . . . **Meat Loaf** has filmed an episode of TV's *The Equalizer*, playing a gun salesman in the South Bronx. . . . How's this for getting tackier by the second: **Wall of Voodoo's** new lead singer, **Andy Prieboy**, was turned down for a part in a TV pilot because the show's sponsor, Procter & Gamble, told the producers that the name of Prieboy's band could be misinterpreted by the ladies of the Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.) as having something to do with Devil worship. . . . More **John Lennon** artwork will go on sale this spring at Art Expo in New York. All proceeds will be used for the planned Lennon Museum near Lincoln Center in New York. . . . **The Romantics**

have discovered that they had a roadie who led a double life—part rock 'n' roll and part mercenary for the Jewish Defense League. "He was always reading *Soldier of Fortune* . . ." says the Romantics' **Wally Palmar**, "but we didn't think anything of it until he disappeared." That's life in the *really* fast lane. . . . Look for the first **Tower of Power** studio LP since 1979 in a store near you. . . . **Billy Preston** will be musical director and featured keyboardist for the pilot of Motown's new talk show, *Nightlife*. . . . **Lindsey Buckingham** is set to coproduce (with **Richard Dashut**) the first **Fleetwood Mac** album since *Mirage*. In his spare time, Buckingham is working on a third solo effort. . . . **Kim Carnes's** new album will feature a duet with **Smokey Robinson**. They wrote the song together. . . . **Daryl Hall** is working on a solo album and writing songs with **Dave Stewart**. Says Hall, "I've written a couple of songs with him and I'll be cutting them with him. And I'll probably do some more stuff with **Nile Rodgers**." . . . The **Genesis** watch continues: The band is in the studio, the album's due out any minute and a world tour is planned to begin at the end of the summer. Let's see what **Phil Collins** does. . . . We played a little free-association game with **Mick Mars** of **Mötley Crüe**: We said a word and asked him to say the first thing that came into his mind. Here are the unscientific results: **Quiet Riot?** "Bald-headed." **Dee Snider?** "Madman." **David Lee Roth?** "Great entertainer." **Krokus?** "Suck." **Leather?** "Huh?" **Leather?** "Not familiar with them." Just the term itself. "Oh, *leather*. Overkill." In other **Mötley Crüe** news, after a meeting with **Nikki Sixx**, the president of a Texas parents' organization came away pronouncing **Mötley's** message "positive" and "free of Satanism." She even went to the group's show. —BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

"MY ASSIGNMENT . . . was to travel to Haiti, find the voodoo sorcerers responsible and obtain samples of the poison and antidote, observing their preparation and if possible documenting their use." So writes Wade Davis in *The Serpent and the Rainbow* (Simon & Schuster), and his mission was mostly accomplished. Davis is a Harvard ethnobotanist who explored the world of Haitian voodoo, participated in its ceremonies, sought the secrets of zombification (putting people into a deathlike trance and then raising them from their graves) and came back from Haiti with the knowledge that secret societies have more power on that island than either church or state. You might call this *Indiana Jones Goes Spooking*. And spookly it is.

Quick, while you're still sniffing the sweet smell of success from *Iacocca*, pick up *Where Did Our Love Go?* (St. Martin's), by Nelson George, who is one of our regular music reviewers. This history of Motown Records is in large part the story of another Detroit biz whiz who started off in the auto industry and made it big—Berry Gordy, Jr. Of course, Gordy had to exit the auto industry in order to make his mark, which has been as great an influence on pop music as *Iacocca's* Mustang has been on cars. Surely, it must have been tempting to tell the story from the perspective of Motown's famous stable of stars, especially since neither Gordy nor Motown officially cooperated on the project. To his credit, George instead attends to the business story, which, in fact, was heavily influenced by individual performers. Gordy's personal contributions might have enriched this book, but *Where Did Our Love Go?* remains a well-done and insightful look at an American institution.

We won't be the only ones to compare Margaret Atwood's haunting novel *The Handmaid's Tale* (Houghton Mifflin) to Anthony Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*—it's *that* frightening. Atwood examines life after the extreme right has had its way. Believe us, you won't want to live that long. Read this novel—then go contribute to your favorite liberal cause.

Christopher Dickey's *The Contras* (Simon & Schuster) is an outstanding description of the mercenary army we've created to do our dirty work against the *Sandinistas* in Nicaragua. Dickey, one of our most knowledgeable reporters about Central America, takes us from 1979 through 1985, from Washington to Managua and the jungles of Honduras. He describes the leadership of the *Contras*, men who call themselves by such names as Krill and Suicida, brutal men, some of whom killed their own troops for pleasure or discipline—*Contra* commanders who were eventually exe-



Voodoo secrets uncovered.

Wade Davis gets into Haitian sorcery; Len Deighton ties up loose ends.

cuted themselves for their excesses. We meet CIA station chiefs, American Ambassadors, State Department bureaucrats, death-squad members, former *Somozas guardia*, women commandos, dictators and *campesinos*. It's a rich tapestry, dark with the shadows of a clandestine, undeclared war, and it comes to us from a reporter who was there in the thick of things. A courageous, powerful book.

We admit right up front that we're big fans of Joseph Heller's fiction. We also admit we were skeptical about the idea of his new book, *No Laughing Matter* (Putnam's), co-written with his friend Speed Vogel. After all, how funny could Guillain-Barre syndrome, an illness that comes upon a person out of nowhere and leaves him paralyzed, be? In the hands of these two guys, *very* funny. It doesn't hurt that the co-stars of this chronicle are the likes of Mel Brooks, Mario Puzo and Dustin Hoffman, either. Buy it, not only for the laughs—and there are plenty of those—but for the story of a friendship that went all the way.

Len Deighton continues to write the meatiest espionage novels on the market. *London Match* (Knopf) concludes the trilogy (*Berlin Game*, *Mexico Set*) we've been tracking over the past two years, and it nails the messy business of spies, counter-spies and the frailties and vanities of the people who must track them. Deighton's hero, Bernard Samson, must decide

whether the K.G.B. agent he brought over in the last book is genuine or a plant to misinform London Central. In Deighton's hands, the largish issues of East-West power struggles get miniaturized; adultery, defection—treasons of small and great proportions—brew within the same pungent stew. We mentioned before that Samson is the perfect tormented protector of our fragile freedoms. Now we must thank him for, among other things, pointing out the fact that one of our greatest freedoms is the ability to correct our mistakes.

Partly because J. Edgar Hoover couldn't see past the end of his fat little nose, the Mafia was able to loot this country to the tune of 20 billion dollars annually for some 25 years, which is how long it took the twisted wacko who headed the FBI to concede that there was such a thing as organized crime in America. One of the looters was Henry Hill, who began as a Brooklyn Mafia gofer in 1955, at the age of 12, and graduated to thief, arsonist, gun-runner, drug dealer, hijacker and all-round scumbag. Faced with a life sentence in 1980, he became a professional traitor and joined the Federal Witness Program. *Wise Guy* (Simon & Schuster), by Nicholas Pileggi, is Hill's self-serving and shameless exposé of his career. Now a successful businessman, Hill has a \$150,000 house and receives a monthly check of \$1500 from the U.S. taxpayers, plus regular all-expense-paid trips to New York for court appearances. It's a great life, crime.

Can Bob Horner hit with a screwed-up wrist? Will Dwight Gooden's petulant agent hold him out of spring training? Why can't the Phils trade Bo Diaz? Can Reggie Jackson still play the outfield? And what about the Cleveland Indians? If these are the questions you ponder while shoveling snow, *A Baseball Winter* (Macmillan), edited by Terry Pluto and Jeffrey Neuman, is the off-season deal for you. It's a rundown of all the wheeling and worrying done by the Braves, Mets, Phillies, Angels and Indians (whose bright idea was it to include Cleveland?) during the winter of 1984-1985. Written by five sportswriters who deliver all the dugout dope but tend to have trouble with verb tenses, *A Baseball Winter* is full of slapdash writing but just as full of trade talk, contract talk, injury talk—enough baseball talk to offset that cold-turkey feeling that strikes addicts every year around Thanksgiving. An epilog brings us up to date with all five teams late in the 1985 season, answering the questions we began with. The answers, in order: yes; no; Bo's knees; sure, if you call that playing the outfield; and who cares?



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Another pro football season is finally over, but the future of the sport hunkers before me in the form of a Chicago Bear named William "The Refrigerator" Perry, ex-Clemson, *magna cum* lunch meat. By next season, I fear, every team in the N.F.L. will have a "conversation topic" on its roster. Advertisers will go mad with excitement; talk-show bookers will burn up the telephone wires; fans will replace the propellers on their hard hats with, oh, I don't know, Bob Costas dolls, maybe; and Brent Musburger, having read the newspapers, will be afforded many more opportunities to lecture America on the things that he knows and it doesn't.

No other club can have a Refrigerator, of course. That's been taken. But I think we can look forward to some pretty imaginative creations, particularly from the Dallas Cowboys, always an innovative organization. It was Dallas, after all, that first implanted an electronic brain in a manikin, gave it a G man's hat, then a name—Tom Landry—and assigned it coaching responsibilities.

I expect Dallas to go after the Bears and close the carnival gap rather quickly. Knowing the Cowboys have all these free agents stashed away, I tapped into their computer the other day and found out what they're working on. Here are some of their more engaging prospects for next fall:

Bob "Barcalounger" Bates, running back, Fashion-in-Furniture Institute, Heel Point, North Carolina:

A modular, sectional, reclining ball carrier, Bates stands 3'6" and weighs 409 pounds. Once, in a single off-tackle play, he carried five defenders across a hardwood floor. "I love Naugahyde," says Bates. "It smells like victory."

Clarence "Chevy Pickup" Scroggins, quarterback, Consolidated Technical High School, Justice, Texas:

A fully loaded signal caller and thrower with a V8 engine, rally wheels, power stride and power vision, Scroggins skipped a college career to go straight into the pros, where he felt there would be more of an accent on cruise control. His high school coach, Olds Toronado, says Scroggins was the smartest quarterback he ever had on his squad. "We had no problem with the state's new no-pass, no-play rule at Consolidated Technical," said the coach. "Clarence made straight A's in Fender, Headlight and Dashboard."

Raymond "Betamax" Barnes, running



EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK

back, Affordable Baptist, Lordsburg, Virginia:

Potentially the most exciting runner in the country. He has blinding speed in the fast-forward position, but his opponents have learned that he's just as quick when you put him in rewind. Perhaps a larger plus with Barnes will be his replay capability. If you miss his eight fumbles in the first two quarters of a game, he'll show them to you again in the second half. "It's kind of how I got my name," he says.

Dale "Louver Drape" Lawrence, defensive end, Central Florida FM & Patio, Flamingo, Florida:

The thinnest player in America at 6'6" and 87 pounds, but his size frequently works to his advantage. On end sweeps, for example, Lawrence can hardly be seen at all; and yet, as swiftly as you can yank a cord, he can shut off the light on an offense. "Vertically speaking," said one opponent, "he's the most unique player I've ever encountered."

Loetis B. "Lease/Buy" James, quarterback, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Iowa, Texas A & M, SMU, Texas, Florida, Oklahoma State and Temple:

A multitasking runner, passer and Grand Prix driver, James announced his intention to enter OU while sitting on the hood of a red BMW. Subsequently, he announced his plans to transfer to Nebraska while sitting on the hood of a red

Porsche. James's final collegiate press conference was held in the cargo deck of the Q.E. II, where all of his automobiles were assembled. "I'm turning pro," he said. "Everybody kept promising a leather interior, but all I ever saw was velour."

Floyd "Fireplace" Granger, linebacker, Mount River-Union, St. Dawdle, Minnesota:

He's not tall at 2'9", but his rough-hewn-stone exterior makes him almost impossible to move. Granger's coach, Brick Mortar, says, "What we'd do is put him right there in the middle and dare 'em to run at him."


Sidney "Stock Fund" Dillon, offensive lineman, 1122 West Loop J.C., Chicago, Illinois:

A high-yield, high-quality blocker, Dillon first caught the attention of pro scouts in a game in which he seemed to gain weight in each quarter. He started one particular contest at 222½ and closed 257¼. The coach, Al Keogh, says, "You don't get any negative fluctuation with Sidney in the line-up. He'll compound your nose guard on a long-term basis."

Timmy "The Hiccup" Harris, free safety, Middle Normal State, Funnel, Kansas:

They don't really know how hard Harris, at 2'11" and 45 pounds, can hit, because no one has ever felt his lick. Still, this smallest player in college football has proved his worth. He's simply everywhere during a game, pecking away on the helmets of his foes and stealing the flags of officials before they can hit the ground. "I see this as my main attribute," he says. "With me on the field, you get a penalty-free football game. A zebra reaches for a flag and I'm there—quick as a hiccup."

Vinny "Vacuum Cleaner" Gambino, defensive end, Eureka Falls J.C., Upright, Louisiana:

After all the recent dope scandals in professional sports, nobody thought we would ever see another powerhead vac with two-motor power, an edge cleaner, a bumper, a foot-operated switch, suction control, stand-up speed and unlimited bag capacity—but Gambino's got it all. Show him a football or a vial, and he's on top of it. "Nobody can sniff out a play as good as Vinny," wrote one sportswriter. Gambino says he'd prefer to play for a team that doesn't have a hole in the roof of its stadium, because he's got this head cold he just can't seem to shake. "Look at it this way," he says. "With me on the team, nobody else has got a dope problem." 

Hennessy

the civilized way
to catch someone's eye

Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y. 80 Proof. © 1986

The world's most civilized spirit



By ASA BABER

About four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 30, 1985, Sylvia Seegrist parked her car at the Springfield Shopping Mall near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She got out of the car, wearing combat fatigues and sneakers and carrying a rifle. Without saying anything, she started shooting.

Seegrist opened fire at a woman standing at a banking machine, missed her, fired at two other people, moved inside the mall, killed a two-year-old boy who was walking with older relatives and worked her way through the crowded main walkway, aiming in one direction and then another. She fired more than 15 shots in less than five minutes, killing two more people and wounding six others.

A passer-by, John W. Laufer III, finally moved behind her, grabbed her gun and held her until the police arrived. "It's, like, hurry up, man," Seegrist said in a clipped voice at her arraignment. "You should have killed me on the spot."

It turned out that Sylvia Seegrist had been having some major problems before she went on her shooting rampage. Prior to that event, she had tried to choke her mother, stabbed a mental-health worker, frightened neighbors with her aggressive behavior and carried a semiautomatic .22 rifle around for weeks before she used it. Ruth Seegrist, Sylvia's mother and a columnist for the weekly *Springfield Press*, had written a column about the plight of parents who need protection from their own children. "What do you need? Blood on the floor?" Ruth Seegrist had asked as she sought help for her daughter.

The bet in this *Men* column is that there will be an increasing number of Seegrists. Violence, it is clear, finds those who will serve it, male or female. Women are not immune to its blandishments, no matter how we try to hide from that fact.

The violence of women is seldom discussed in this culture. It is a taboo subject. But in pretending it doesn't exist, we run risks, as some people at the Springfield mall would tell you. Although Seegrist was wearing the gloves of war, a woman climbing out of a car with a rifle in her hands is still less immediately threatening than a man in similar circumstances.

Some people will argue that Seegrist is a statistical aberration, but she is not. Talk to any cop who has to answer domestic-disturbance calls and you will learn that the police who break up family feuds *never* assume as they arrive at the front door



THE IRON FIST IN THE IRON GLOVE

that the male will be the violent partner. They know better than most that women in those situations also have the potential for violence.

Sociological studies back up that fact: Women perpetrate spousal violence almost as frequently as men. This holds true across cultures and across economic lines.

Why are we men so quiet about this? We're willing to examine our own acknowledged penchant for violence (as I've done frequently in this column), and we absorb feminist descriptions of our aggressive natures, but rarely do we look across the sexual boundary and see the violence on the other side. Or maybe that should be put another way: Rarely do we speak about it, even if we see it, even if we live with it.

"Yeah, my woman slapped me around last night. She was really pissed. I didn't know how to handle it or what to do."

Those are not lines you'll hear in any locker room. Men just don't talk about it. But taboos were made to be broken, and our self-censorship deprives us of needed discussion and feedback.

I lived with a woman who physically abused me. It didn't start out that way. Like all romances, it began optimistically, but something soured, and her response to what she soon considered my unacceptable presence was to go on the attack. She raged, slapped, kicked, scratched, hit.

Once, I woke up with a knife in the mattress beside me. Once, she cut every suit I owned into small pieces and then threatened to use the scissors on me when I discovered what she had done. Her violence escalated in proportion to my confusion, and I left the relationship—only to receive a call that very evening: Unless I returned to her immediately, she announced, she would kill me, then kill herself.

I chose to wait out that threat. It was the right thing to do. She stayed put, everybody lived, and we went on to separate, better lives.

The violence we survive is always educational, however, and that night marked the last time I ever romanticized women. As much as I hated losing my fantasies of shelter and refuge, I knew then that women were simply human beings, open to all the glory and cruelty that label implies. I saw the iron fist in the iron glove, and I knew that violence was androgynous, a hermaphrodite who could seduce any one of us if we let him/her.

The irony of my tolerating physical abuse from a person probably half as strong as I am was not lost on me. But what, as a male, do you do in such a situation? I asked myself that question many times. If you counter the aggression, you might really hurt somebody. If you talk about it, you'll be mocked by your peers and possibly disbelieved by professionals. If you're not careful, the rage you feel will eventually explode—or you'll crawl into your shell and question your own manhood. That narrow range of choices puts the male in a very tight bind.

Literally trained to kill, I had to resist the violence I felt when I was assaulted. I am glad that I did resist; but at the time, it was extremely expensive to my system and my sense of myself. I did not completely understand the forces at work on me, and I felt isolated, misunderstood, alone.

It is fair to say that the problem of domestic violence will never be solved until the issue is discussed in its entirety. Sooner or later, we're going to understand that today's simplistic perception—the idea that men are violent and women are not—is one that hides from the truth.

Sylvia Seegrist was neither the first nor the last woman to let vengeance be hers. Could we all admit that? And then could we move on to tackle the overwhelming question of why we sometimes go that route—all of us, male and female?



Alive with pleasure! Newport



© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1985

**After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?**

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I don't know whether to kill myself or go bowling. —FLORENCE HENDERSON, on "The Love Boat"

It looks all black outside, even at noon; and inside, there is a perpetual dreary gray, wet and chill and noxious. I cannot clear my head of it; my eyes will hardly focus.

My arms and legs feel too heavy to move. If I could go into the kitchen to make coffee, I would. There is no book to read, no one to speak to, nothing to occupy my hands, which won't move anyway.

The idea of love or hate or any strong passion is completely removed from me. I remember emotions as if they were from another life. Not all feeling has left, though: From my chest to my groin, I feel a dull, constant ache, a pain it seems I have felt forever. I want to die.

"Would you look at this shameless slut? Three in the afternoon and she's lying there in her second-best nightgown," says Rita from the doorway.

"Pitiful," says Cleo, behind her.

"Honey, when was the last time you washed your hair?" Rita asks.

"How the hell did you get in here?" I say. "Go away. Beat it. Piss off."

"I used my key," says Cleo. "You may have noticed you haven't been answering the phone—a sure attention getter."

"Get up; get in that shower," says Rita.

I start to cry. Somebody cares.

"What's the matter with me?" I wail. "I think I'm having a nervous breakdown. I'm so frightened and confused and miserable. I lie around all day, being sucked deeper and deeper into some crazy black whirlpool of the soul. Then I try to go out, take a little walk in hopes that it will make me feel better. The minute I get outside, my heart starts jumping into my throat and I panic. I think I am going to have a heart attack and die."

"You're heartbroken," says Cleo.

"You've been flirting too long with the abyss," says Rita. "You've fallen in. It's time to pull yourself out. Scramble up those rocks. Get dirt under your fingernails. Hang tough. Wait it out."

"Let's call Jake," says Cleo. "He can slap some sense into her."

"With friends like you, who needs a mother?" I ask. "And anyway, I'm not heartbroken."

"Nobody who wasn't heartbroken would let her hair get into such a state," says Rita.



IN THE ABYSS

Within my morass of misery, I can feel a few warm, affectionate emotions stirring. What girls. Cleo is picking the dead flowers out of a semilive bouquet on my mantelpiece; Rita is regarding me with slightly fearful consternation.

"There is a palpable haze of self-pity enveloping you. I can hardly see you. Take a shower. Wash your hair."

"Look," I say, "I am not heartbroken. I knew it would never work. He was too young. Too cosmic. I loved him, though. We had some kind of fearsome, intense connection. I would look at him and be hypnotized. The smell of him lost me to the rest of the world. I was disgusting. I would sniff his armpits the way a puppy sniffs a crotch. I remember the last time he sat on the edge of my bed, in an old pink T-shirt I bought him—the line of his torso was indescribably touching to me."

"Not heartbroken, hey?" says Cleo.

"Why not just pop into the shower and then tell us about it?" says Rita, returning to her favorite motif. "I am not one of those people who get kicks from smelling pungent armpits."

I take an exploratory sniff. "Jesus, I guess I *am* alive. Anyway, you don't understand. It's not about being heartbroken. I'm over that part. I'm sad, I'm resigned, I'm mending according to schedule. But this adventure has thrown me back on myself. I can't stand the sight of the inner me. I'm all bleak and horrible

and useless and aching and needy and lonely and desperate. I have no inner resources. I am ashamed of being unattached. I hate myself for it."

"I have turned the shower water on," says Rita. "Get in there before I cut that nightgown off you with this pair of scissors I am brandishing."

I'm dreamily slicing half-inch hairs off my legs with a disposable razor when the door to the bathroom opens, the shower curtain is pushed aside.

"Jake, you pervert. Get out. I'm naked."

"I've seen it before, remember? Hi, there, tits, nice to see you again. Always loved them tits." He perches his big, burly, bearded self on the sink. "I'll just wait here until you're finished."

"I am not going to kill myself in the shower, you know."

"Course not."

"I will be fine."

"Course you will. That boyfriend of yours is sleeping with somebody else, I hear."

"He's not my boyfriend anymore," I say, miffed.

"And you're not sleeping with anyone. That big old abandonment goblin has got you in its clutches. You must feel like hell."

"This is not right, Jake. You were my boyfriend once, too. Why are we talking about this?"

"Because this is where an old boyfriend can come in real handy. I'm here to commiserate with you, fold you in my large and incredibly masculine embrace. Soothe your troubled brow. Feeling abandoned by a loved one is the worst pain there is."

"We had broken up. He has every right to go off with someone else."

"Course he does."

"Jake, I want to kill him. I want to take an ax and split his head open. I want to kick him so hard in the balls that he's doubled up for a week. I want to have him arrested."

"Come on out now, darling; you're getting waterlogged. Here's a nice towel."

"But you know what, Jake? I feel like if I can handle this pain—not run away from it, not try to find a substitute immediately but face the sucker down—I might be better off than I ever was."

"Amen," says Jake. "Here's your comb."



Choose a diamond as magnificent as
the moment it's given.



DeBeers

You want a diamond engagement ring that is as irreplaceable as this once-in-a-lifetime moment. And one you can both be proud of forever. And today, that means spending about 2 months' salary. Now that may sound like a lot at

first. But anyone who knows the value of quality knows it pays to go for the best you can afford.

So take your time. See a jeweler. Learn about the 4C's that determine a diamond's quality: Cut, color, clarity and carat-weight. And send for our booklet, "Everything You'd Love to Know...

About Diamonds." Just mail \$1.25 to DIC, Dept. DER-L-PL, Box 1344, N.Y., N.Y. 10101-1344.

After all, this is the one thing that will symbolize your love every day of your lives.

A diamond is forever.



Is 2 months' salary too much to spend
for something that lasts forever?

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

It's worse than bad—it's half good," Dashiell Hammett told his girlfriend, Lillian Hellman, after he'd read the first version of one of her plays, and it's a crack that has ridden around with me ever since I read it years ago in Hellman's *An Unfinished Woman*.

I remembered it while I was watching television the other Saturday afternoon, just dialing around. Didn't want any football, didn't want a Western, wasn't even sure I wanted TV; then, all of a sudden, he was there: hunched into his canvas, slashing at it with a brush big enough to white-wash a fence, babbling at it in his Germanic accent, "More white, more white, more white," while something that was trying to be an ocean wave took on something that was trying to look like foam around the crest.

I'd seen this guy before and had never been able to dial past him. He's a weird little man, Bill Alexander; and I can't help it, he has a powerful hypnotic effect on me. The show is called *The Magic of Oil Painting*, and as Alexander opens it with a palette in one hand and a brush in the other, he tries to talk himself and his viewers into a creative frenzy by shouting that we must be the commander in chief of our paintings, the captain, the almighty power behind what's about to happen. Then, with terrific bravado, he says, "Load up and fire in. I mean, *really* fire in." He starts with the sky, and you wonder why he doesn't use a roller. Sky will be almost half the painting when he's finished, and most of the other half will be bushes. He makes his bushes by loading up with bush green and punching the end of a three-inch brush into the canvas—*blam!*—a bush. Then 20 of them. Then he does some happy little clouds, some happy little trees, a happy road, maybe, and, now and then, some happy little buildings. He calls every element of his paintings a happy this or a happy that, which probably explains why there are never any people in these scenes. Too moody.

And all the time he's punching and smearing and streaking with his palette knife, you get this stream of chatter that is at the same time a creative pep talk and an explication of his philosophy of art.

"Couple of happy flowers in. . . Paint vat your heart tells you, fire it in za vay you vant to. . . I'm in a red mood today, and vat za Devil is wrong vid dat? . . . Blue yonder, blue yonder. . . I don't go in for little details. . . On za happy little



DOLLAR A SEA GULL

road, put some happy little brown. . . Don't fiddle around for hours. . . creative power ve can't hold on too long. . . There is so much baloney in za art world; drive me nuts. . . Touch of yellow. . . Touch of yellow, touch of yellow. . . Always cover up vat you think is not right. . . Here ve make a little short cut. . . Ve make illusions, *almighty illusions*. . . Make a happy painting. . . happy painting doesn't give you any headaches."

There was a moment in one of these amazing runs when I wondered, What if you'd taken Van Gogh, dragged him into a TV studio, told him he had half an hour to do an entire painting, then hung a microphone around his neck and listened to *his* interior monolog?

"Damn you. . . damn you all to hell. . . Yellow sky and red and green and purple. . . Big crazy sky, going to explode and kill everybody. . . especially her. . . indifferent slut. . . Big hot sun. . . burn everything to ashes. . . Ugly little man, ugly little man. . . liar. . . thief. . . Big, sad road. . . Blue. . . Road to hell. . ."

When Bill finishes his paintings, they are happy, and deeply awful. The only things he does well are fog, mist and overgrowth, and he is the master of them. Otherwise, every stroke, punch and slash of paint is wrong, and if it was accidentally right when he laid it on, he has gone care-

fully back and wronged it.

As the music that ends the show rises, you get an extended look at the finished product; and unless every sensory organ on your body is dead, you have to be asking yourself why in God's name you have sat here and watched him do this.

It was a seascape he was making when I thought of Dashiell Hammett's remark. There's something in both very good and very bad art that sucks me in. In the very fine, it's magic that works, illusion that takes your little hand in a much larger hand and leads you anywhere it wants. And really bad art, after all, is just failed magic, a peek at the act from behind the magician's table, a view that reveals the little black-velvet bags and the machine that makes the smoke. I think that's why I was sitting there watching bad art and bad television at the same time. And it's probably why I hate *Hill Street Blues*, with its pretense of realism, its lofty dramatic ambitions, its 35-cent psychologizing all wrapped into a package that is almost exactly half good.

I hate *M*A*S*H* for the same reasons but even more than I hate *Hill Street Blues*. Every episode of *M*A*S*H* that I've ever seen wobbles just this side and that of half good until what you have is a mean-spirited, smartass, self-righteous string of award-winning crap that drives me straight to *The Love Boat*.

So here's Bill Alexander putting the final touches on the seascape, using a palette knife to scrape happy little sea gulls into the sky. "Sea gull, sea gull, sea gull. . . You see how easy. . . Another gull. . . zis one upside down—he just saw a fish. You know, a man once hired me to paint a seascape and I put in some sea gulls, and I said, 'I think zat's enough gulls,' and he said, 'No. More gulls, more gulls,' and I said, 'It's enough gulls,' and he said, 'I give you a dollar a sea gull.' Vell. . . den I paint za best sea gulls of my life."

And I thought to myself, I'll bet you did, Bill. I'll bet you couldn't finally see the sky for those little palette-knife Vs, and that's another reason I watch you. There's a stupid, joyful shamelessness to really bad art that I admire: an honesty. Most artists work for a dollar a sea gull sooner or later. I myself work for slightly more than a dollar a gull these days, and my friends who do this kind of work will take a buck a bird any time. It's just that we get so damn moody about it.





Peppermint Twist

Splash Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps over ice and sip with a very close friend.



HIRAM WALKER

What a difference a name makes.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

About ten years ago, a girl I was dating was, indeed, perfect in every way, save one: She refused me oral sex. It was OK for me to go down on her, but I never received the same consideration. After several months of near begging on my part, she confessed to me that she thought my dick was unattractive and bushy-looking. I was a bit hurt—one doesn't have one's dick commented on very often in such a manner. She told me she would go down on me if I let her trim the hair around my crotch. I was desperate, and I figured, why not? She trimmed the hair to about half an inch in length, and I have to admit that the feeling was not at all unpleasant. And to be honest, it didn't look bad, either. It sort of blended in with the hair on my stomach and legs. After that, she became insatiable about oral sex. She loved it. That was ten years ago, and that girl and I have since parted, but I continue to trim my pubic hair. Women love it, and I find it more comfortable, especially during warm months. I am not gay, bisexual or a pervert—just horny and well groomed. I mean, we trim our nose hairs, don't we?—R. C., Fairpark, New York.

Nose hairs? Are you crazy? They can be used to tickle a woman's clitoris during cunnilingus. You weave them into your mustache. . . . Just kidding, folks. Anything that increases the likelihood of great oral sex is fine with us.

In shopping for speakers, I've been subjected to a blizzard of claims for new and exotic speaker materials—everything from graphite to titanium to polypropylene. What are the virtues of these exotics, and which is best?—G. T., Washington, D.C.

Well, they make interesting ad copy. But seriously, now, designers of both home and automotive speakers have long been searching for a material that combines great stiffness—to assure that the speaker's movement faithfully follows the musical signal—and great damping, the property of "deadness" that prevents resonance and unnatural shrillness in the speaker's sound. Since stiff things tend to resonate and well-damped things tend not to be stiff, this quest for a Holy Grail material is still going on. Japanese speaker makers have gravitated toward diaphragms of very lightweight, stiff metals, such as beryllium, titanium and boron. They claim that the lack of damping in these materials is unimportant, since their resonances occur outside the audible frequency range. American and British companies favor less esoteric materials: either paper fibers that have been mixed with stiffness-and-damping-supplementing agents, such as graphite, carbon fiber or even chalk, or else the au courant plastic material called polypropylene. This is a waxy, well-damped sub-



stance closely related to the polymer used in making plastic squeeze bottles. First investigated and employed by Britain's BBC in its mid-Seventies experiments with monitor loudspeakers, polypropylene, when properly employed, includes among its virtues a neutral sound quality, as well as water and temperature resistance—properties of obvious value in both home and auto sound applications. Such chemistry lessons are interesting to audiophiles and engineers; but in the end, you should choose a pair of speakers on the basis of sound quality, not the periodic table.

My lover and I enjoy a wonderful relationship, including a very satisfying sex life. When possible, we engage in long periods of lovemaking that include protracted foreplay and then intercourse. These sessions can continue for more than three hours and are immensely pleasurable and satisfying for us both. However, while I have only one or two orgasms, she has as many as 55. While we have each had prior sexual activities, neither of us would be considered highly experienced; nor has either of us enjoyed anything comparable to these times we spend pursuing such pleasures. I've kidded her about being way off the bell curve and setting a new world record for orgasms, but I really don't know how unusual her situation is. Can you help us with an answer to this? She is 28 and in the past has had long periods of abstinence between her sexual encounters, none of which has been as complete or fully satisfying as ours (my good fortune!).—H. T. M., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Gee. Thanks for taking the time to write to us. Relax; it happens that your ladyfriend is multiorgasmic, and while the total you

counted at a recent session was high, it is by no means record-breaking. We recall one sex researcher's reporting on a woman who had more than 50 orgasms in an hour. Then the batteries in her vibrator died.

My girlfriend and I want to take a cruise this winter. Charter yachts make us seasick, and giant liners offer all the allure of a crowded bus station. Is there any alternative?—P. K., New York, New York.

You aren't the only ones who want to give up the ship. We once went on one of those "cruises to nowhere" that easily lived up to its billing. It was about as romantic as twin beds—which, not coincidentally, were the furnishings in our cabin. But there is some good news for folks looking for high style on the high seas. A flotilla of so-called yacht-size cruise ships has recently been launched, and they are closer in size (and spirit) to a Ferrari than to a Winnebago. For example, the Sea Goddess I (there's also a newer twin, Sea Goddess II), which started this trend a couple of years ago, carries only about 116 passengers. You won't find bingo games or deck tennis aboard, but there are wonderful dining, luxurious accommodations and interesting stops at small, out-of-the-way ports. The only thing that's big is the price, so batten down your bank account. Two other good bets are the World Discoverer and the Society Explorer, which are run by Society Expeditions. The emphasis here is on voyages of discovery to exotic corners of the globe (how does a cruise up the Orinoco grab you?) done in princely style. A week or two on any of these new ships ought to raise your anchor a bit.

For the past four months, I've been dating a lovely young lady who experiences the most powerful orgasms of any woman I've ever slept with and likes to engage in sex several times each day. We've known each other for a year and are good friends. The problem lies in her attitude toward experimental sex. She enjoys it only in the good old missionary style, because her ex-boyfriend's demands caused her to feel cheap and disgusted. I've tried to explain to her that I am a different guy with a different attitude. I pointed out the fact that there are dozens of sexual positions and that being limited to one of them gives me the feeling of confinement. She told me that the one time she let me fuck her doggy style, she had been drunk and felt disgusted the next day. What gives?

We've talked a few times about this situation, and she has told me she's not a "picture in one of [my] dirty little books." I know this is a common problem, because most of my male friends have similar concerns. How do you persuade the woman you spend time with in the sexual arena to spend it in reciprocating the pleasure that is given to her? To tell you the

truth, I'm beginning to wonder if she's got some deep-seated psychological problem. What to do?—D. M., Springfield, Massachusetts.

Yours is a very difficult question to answer. Obviously, we share your viewpoint that sexual experimentation is, at the very least, fun and can be important to the development of a relationship. Your girlfriend's attitude is hurting both of you. This might change with time—after all, you've been dating for only a matter of months—but she has to acknowledge that a problem exists, and this may be your biggest challenge. She seems very happy with the situation at present—and perhaps you should be, too, for a while longer, at least. Try giving her a reading list, including "The Joy of Sex," by Alex Comfort, or "For Each Other: Sharing Sexual Intimacy," by Lonnie Barbach. For fiction, pick up "Delta of Venus," by Anaïs Nin. Perhaps the passage of time, the continued growth of your relationship and a good deal of communication and compromise will reduce, if not eliminate, her hesitancy. If not, you'll have to weigh the value of sexual variety in a relationship and proceed accordingly. Good luck.

Please help settle an argument. I say a four-wheel-drive car will beat the same car with two-wheel drive on mountain roads, because its power goes to all four wheels. A friend says front-wheel drive handles better; another favors rear drive. What's really best?—A. K., Skokie, Illinois.

Best for what? What kind of road, what conditions? High-powered racing cars all have their drive wheels in back for one simple reason: When you step on the gas, weight transfers to the rear (the car "squats"), giving the rear tires more traction and the front tires less. Obviously, in order to put your power to the pavement and not burn it up shredding your tires, you want the weight to go to the end with the most traction. But high-powered racing cars are designed to race on dry surfaces. The minute the road gets slick, it's a brand-new ball game. A front-drive car, properly driven by an expert (using left-foot braking or the hand brake to get the back end sliding, which overcomes the car's tendency to understeer, or "plow" straight ahead, under power in a turn), would probably win your theoretical road race over a rear-driver in slippery conditions. This is because a powerful rear-drive car spins its rear wheels and oversteers too easily when accelerating out of a turn. But the front-drive car can take only so much power or it, too, spins its drive wheels helplessly, trying to accelerate. Obviously, the best answer for slippery conditions is four-wheel drive. That's why the U.S. and World Rally championships (we're talking high-speed rally racing, or pro rallying, as it's known in America, which is run mostly on dirt and gravel surfaces, often in bad weather) have been won by four-wheel-drive cars for the past several years. Four-wheel drive has a slight disadvantage in the dry, however, all other factors being equal, because some engine power goes to turn its

extra machinery. We like four-wheel-drive cars—a lot—but probably wouldn't spend the extra bucks for one if we almost never encountered slippery conditions. As to which car would win your theoretical road race, we'd bet on the rear-drive car on dry paved roads and on the four-wheeler, definitely, in rain, snow, ice, dirt, gravel, etc., assuming equal power and weight—though, realistically, it would probably boil down to driver skill, training and experience.

I am a 30-year-old fashion designer. Living alone in Manhattan, I have had many opportunities to experience firsthand a multitude of sexual adventures. However, about a month ago, something happened with my current boyfriend that left me really perplexed.

Our love affair has lasted 18 months now. Geoffrey (not his real name) is involved in the New York night life in a big way. We usually party until the early hours of the morning, and on occasion, when he has had a few too many to drink, he has fondled some model's breasts or put his hand up a skirt or two. I would like to believe that if it were not for the huge problem of communicable diseases such as AIDS and herpes, I would encourage him to have a good time.

Geoffrey has asked many times if we could have a threesome with another girl. However, my fear of catching something has inhibited me. I have never had a strictly lesbian encounter, but I do enjoy touching and kissing other women (I also enjoy looking at the PLAYBOY centerfolds). Geoffrey gets hard just thinking of two women taking care of him at the same time. I can recall several extremely erotic threesomes I have enjoyed in the past.

My problem is not with another woman; quite the opposite. Geoffrey's closest friend is a wealthy, influential New Yorker; until I came along, Geoffrey and Bruno (not his real name) did a lot of womanizing together. Bruno has never hidden his desire for me; Geoffrey takes it as a compliment and I just grin and bear it—or I did until a month ago.

We were having dinner with Bruno and his girlfriend. We had been drinking, and when Geoffrey went to make a phone call, Bruno took the opportunity to caress my breast through my evening dress. Geoffrey saw what had happened and apparently got turned on. We all proceeded to Bruno's penthouse for one last drink. Bruno did a little fondling with his girl and sent her home. He had already switched on an X-rated video on the big screen in the bedroom, and Geoffrey was watching alone. We joined him on the couch. After a few minutes, Geoffrey unzipped and asked me to give him oral sex. I did not expect him to go along with Bruno's request to be included, but Geoffrey said he wanted to watch. After a quick hygiene inspection and a few questions, I thought, What the hell—if Bruno had a communicable disease, Geoffrey would kill him anyway. We

quickly undressed, and in a frenzy of touching and kissing, I closed my eyes and savored four hands' caressing my body. When I opened my eyes, Geoffrey was actively working on Bruno's penis with his tongue and mouth. He was so involved in what he was doing that Bruno had to push him away before he would stop. I continued where Geoffrey had left off while Geoffrey made love to me.

Geoffrey claims that he has never done this before, nor engaged in any other homosexual activities. The reason he gave me when I questioned him the following day was that he had wanted to see what it was like. I admit that I love oral sex and often verbalize my pleasure. Personally, I felt it may have been a desire on his part to protect me.

What I would really like to know is whether or not you believe Geoffrey is a passive bisexual. I care for him very much, but I don't want to be around when he has his first boyfriend. I am in no way prejudiced against homosexuals, but I do have firsthand experience with AIDS patients and have had a bout with cancer, so I am tremendously aware of the possibilities of dying. Many of Geoffrey's homosexual friends are prime AIDS candidates.

I would very much appreciate your honest opinion and assessment of my problem. I have never read or heard about it, and I really do not know anyone I would trust to ask about the situation. Since the incident, we have gone out with Bruno, but nothing has ever been mentioned. I do not believe that discussing this with Geoffrey will help, because I do not want to put any wrong ideas into his head. Geoffrey has in no way indicated that I owe him a threesome with another woman now. I am truly baffled!—Miss S. M., New York, New York.

Your instinct is correct. AIDS is a genuine concern, and you are wise to avoid high-risk groups. You are asking us if your boyfriend is telling the truth. What good is communication if you don't trust your partner? How well do you have to know someone before you know whether or not he's telling the truth? It's a real quandary. Because AIDS is easily transmitted through anal sex, our advice is simple: Watch your ass. Tell Geoffrey to watch his. Ask him to have a blood test. Until you get the results, use a condom or refrain from sex. If the blood test is negative, go back to the same old same old and keep sending us letters.

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.



Here is a world that is as good for the body as it is for the soul. The Island of Las Vegas at the all new Tropicana Hotel. It is a world where everyday concerns are shed in private waterfalls and sleepy lagoons surrounded by heady tropical breezes. Where the night is alive with the electric resonance of the Folies Bergere, an elegant casino, and enough succulent feasts to satiate even the most discriminating native cravings. So come. Let yourself go...to the beautiful Island of Las Vegas. It is where you really want to be.

Hedonists welcomed.

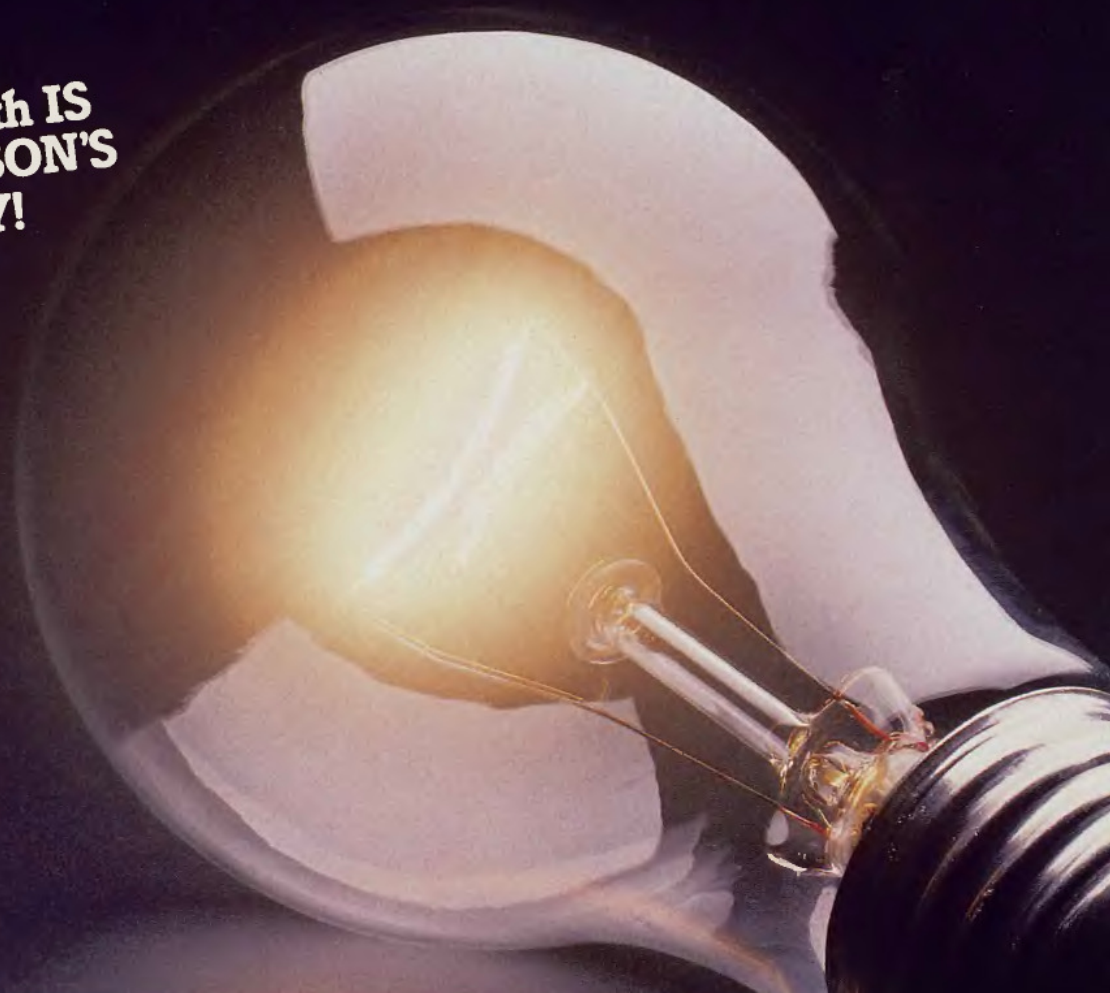


1(800) 272-6232



The Island of Las Vegas™
A Ramada® Renaissance® Resort & Casino.

FEBRUARY 11th IS THOMAS EDISON'S BIRTHDAY!



Florine stretched indulgently, reveling in the luxurious, sensuous sensation of her cool satin sheets.

Coming fully awake, she delighted in her memories of Ground Hog Day. Norming had shadowed her the entire evening.

She slipped into her form-fitting house slippers, admiring the way they accented her high arches.

"What would they think back home?" she wondered reflectively as she sat before her art deco framed mirror. Could she ever reveal the intimate details of her life to her folks? Would they be able to accept her as she is now? "Probably not," she frowned as she brushed out her luxuriant, long, blonde hair.

"They have no conception, not even in their wildest dreams, of life's delicious possibilities."

Florine had discovered, as had many beautiful young women who had come to the city, that February offered much more to celebrate than Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday (observed).

Already, Florine had her eye on a party for Potato Lovers Month, and a giant affair for James Dean's Birthday. But she was keeping quiet about her special plans for the International Clam Chowder Festival.

She quickly dressed for work, selecting a wool suit cut so as not to hide the assets of her eager mind. Mr. Oliver, her Editor-in-Chief, would be away celebrating International Friendship Month by catching the Bean Throwing Festival in Japan.

"I hope there's not a lot of wind," he said as he left.

In the lobby of her luxurious apartment building, the overwhelming fragrance of cherry blossoms reminded Florine that it was National Cherry Month.

"Must be a special treat for you," she said tartly to the all-too-handsome doorman.

Outside, she took a deep breath, filling her ample lungs with the refreshing February air. The excitement of the season lifted her spirits . . . the hustle and bustle of the holiday crowds, the special songs sung at every street corner, the almost universal good cheer. "Wouldn't it be wonderful," she wondered, "if the world could keep that February spirit glowing year-round?"

Passing Angelo's Department Store, she stopped to watch the spectacular Shape Up with Pickles Time animated window display. It struck her as overly sweet, but she refused to let

that sour her mood.

At her 12th floor office in the International Publishing Conglomerate Incorporated Building, she was greeted with a sheaf of pink "While You Were Out" notes.

Norming's name jumped at her, so she hurriedly dialed.

"Hi, love," Norming answered softly, seeming to know it was Florine.

Florine tried to suppress her anticipation . . . and the incredible memories of the fantastic Robinson Crusoe Day celebration. Norming had asked how much chocolate it took to make a dessert island.

"It was a desert island," she'd gently corrected him.

Norming's deep, resonant voice continued. "Norman Rockwell's birthday is coming up."

"Let's paint the town," Florine suggested. "Then on Charles Lindbergh's birthday, we could . . ."

"Ooooh, baby," Norming interrupted. "That's when I fly solo."

Florine's face clouded. "We'll do something special on Weatherman's Day," she predicted, feeling sunny again.

"Or how about conspiring with me

on Aaron Burr's birthday?" Norming asked darkly.

As she hung up, the statuesque Brindle burst into Florine's office.

"Mr. Oliver bought my idea," Brindle exulted. "He said it gave the Charles Dickens' Birthday promotion a whole new twist."

At that moment, Florine's secretary announced the arrival of Mr. Jym Jyrrell.

"J. J. for short," the deeply tanned, cowboy hatted, wide shouldered, long legged, ruggedly handsome man drawled as he strode across the extra-deep pile carpet. "Though I ain't too short," he exclaimed, offering his leather-tough hand.

Florine felt her heart race. She struggled to control her breathing. Finally, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

"Let me see your greeting card ideas," she exhaled while establishing eye contact.

J. J. deftly opened his brief case. The greeting cards he'd designed for every day in February tumbled out, covering Florine's desk.

Florine impulsively grabbed a handful. The card celebrating composer Eubie

Blake's birthday, began: "Eubie Blake was Wild About Harry." Inside, a tiger said: "Me? I'm wild about you!"

And "Rose is a rose is a rose" for Gertrude Stein's birthday. Inside, a gardener said, "Maybe so. But I still dig you."

"And it's National New Ideas Week ... I've thought of something I'd like to try!"

"William Henry Harrison's Birthday means ... It's time for a short-term celebration!"

"Here's a bright idea for Thomas Edison's birthday ... Let's dance the light fantastic!"

"On Charles Darwin's birthday ... Let's see how things evolve!"

Florine was entranced and immediately made an appointment to see Mr. Oliver.

Meanwhile, Norming, during the Anniversary of the First American in Space, realized that Florine was no longer in his orbit.

Arranging J. J.'s greeting cards in Mr. Oliver's festively decorated office, Florine struggled to

pick a favorite from:

"It's National Engineers Week ... I've got designs on you!"

"Happy Birthday, New Yorker Magazine ... Let's be an item!"

"Honus Wagner's birthday reminds me ... You're a big hit!"

It was a fabulously successful presentation. Mr. Oliver promoted her on the spot to the coveted Assistant to the Assistant Editor's position.

Florine and J. J. combined the celebration of success with the celebration of George Frederick Handel's 301st birthday.

"We made beautiful music," Florine thought later.

Nestled in J. J.'s strong, protective arms, she seemed to lose 10 days on Gregorian Calendar Day while her enthusiastic mind flew to the future. Still to come in February was Enrico Caruso's birthday when they'd hit a high note. And they'd have their own Wild West Show to commemorate William Cody's birthday.

Then the delights of March would follow. National Muffin week when she'd rise to the occasion. National Drafting Week when they'd do something mechanical. And National Procrastination week when she'd continue putting him off.

YOU'VE GOT EVERY REASON TO CELEBRATE!™

New Baybry's Champagne Coolers have the sparkle that makes any occasion great. Because the real champagne in Baybry's is reason enough to celebrate. So lighten up!

REAL CHAMPAGNE. ONLY COOLER.™

Not Available in all Areas.

© 1986 Anheuser-Busch Beverage Group, Inc., St. Louis, MO.



NEW PLAYBOY VIDEOS

Available Direct to Your Home by Phone or Mail



Enjoy the excitement of PLAYBOY magazine in a whole new dimension. Playboy Videos now bring you the joys of PLAYBOY in a best-selling collection of home videocassettes, including these new releases:

PLAYBOY VIDEO MAGAZINE Volume 8. #21513B-Beta #21513V-VHS. Get close to beautiful Playmate of the Year KAREN VELEZ and Playmate OEVIN DE VASQUEZ in intimate profiles. See GRACE JONES at her most revealing and relive the historic Vietnam visit of JO COLLINS, the Playmate who went

to war. Rock on with MADONNA like you've never seen her before, then roll on with lessons in EROTIC MASSAGE. And watch time fly prettily by with the 1986 PLAYMATE CALENDAR.

DOROTHY STRATTEN: THE UNTOLD STORY. #21800B-Beta #21800V-VHS. Dorothy Stratten was PLAYBOY's 1980 Playmate of the Year, an actress with a bright career beginning to unfold. Her combination of simple charm and sophisticated style captivated audiences everywhere. She had it all—except the happy ending. Now, for the first time, the joy she shared in her life and the true and tragic story of her shocking death are captured in this

**CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-544-3004**

unprecedented program. Learn the real and gripping truth of her life as told by Dorothy herself in her final days and through the moving revelations of the men and women who knew her best.

Price information: \$39.95 plus \$3.50 postage and handling per videocassette. Illinois residents, add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

To order by mail: Specify Playboy Video title, item number with VHS or Beta format desired. Enclose name, address, plus check or money order to: Playboy Video, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007. For charges to Visa, MasterCard or American Express, list all numbers on your card and include your signature.

DEAR PLAYMATES

HOW DO WOMEN WANT TO BE KISSED?

My best advice is to start slowly. Caress her hands, face, arms; look into her eyes and move toward her slowly. Kiss her hands, her fingers, her neck. Give her small kisses all over her face, neck and cheeks. Then kiss her around her mouth.

Then move in on her lips. Once you get there, kiss so lightly that you can barely feel each other's lips. Those small, tiny kisses should get longer and harder until you fall into a long, passion-

ate kiss. You will have to follow these steps before you get to tongues and heat. Kisses are a very important piece of information about what kind of lover a man will be. Will he go slowly and take his time? Is he a sloppy kisser or a wet kisser? There's a difference, you know, and it's important. Will he be as slow with the rest of your body as he was with your mouth? Have I answered this question?



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

Oh, God. I'm starting to feel like Dr. Ruth. Kissing is very important, along with cuddling. It's another form of closeness between two people. Without words, a kiss says, "I care," with warmth. I don't think a so-so kisser is a hopeless case. You can retrain him, you know. The emotion coming from a kiss is more important. It should be a slow and lingering one. The man has to express real involvement and emotion with his kiss. This is hard to describe. Who thinks these questions up? I really can't do any better.



But when I've gotten the kind of kiss I'm talking about, believe me, I know it.

Venice Kong

VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

A first kiss should be gentle. It shouldn't be overbearing and scare a woman away. But it has to be firm. A weak kiss is like getting a weak handshake—it shows a lack of authority. A woman wants to think a man knows what he's doing and is showing some real emotion. A kiss should make a woman feel sexy. A man shouldn't open his mouth too wide. He should be gentle and caressing—no grabbing on a first kiss. He shouldn't try to devour the woman; no tongue in the back of the throat. He should use his tongue to softly explore her mouth. Soft bites are good; hard bites are out. In a more familiar kiss, sucking on her lips is nice. A man should vary his kisses to keep her interest up. I think kisses are a very good indicator of how things are going to work out with a man. Kissing is something a woman wants to do all the time when she's involved. If you hate the way a man kisses, there's no way things are going to work out between you. If you aren't happy with his kisses, you're not going to be all that thrilled to take your clothes off and make love. Have I told you everything you need to know?



Lesa Ann Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Start with tenderness. Discover every inch of her face, neck and mouth, and when you feel the passion begin to rise,

don't be afraid to show it. Licking is nice. Lips and tongue should be entangled. Blow in her ear; nibble on her ear lobe. A first kiss is for learning about each other. It's more experimental. For that, a man needs to go slowly and take his time. You'll know from his early kisses what kind of a lover he's going to be. Did he remember to romance your neck? Did he wait for you to indicate that you're turned on, too? Then did he take charge? Did you feel his passion rising?



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Kissing is my favorite activity. I like to start out gentle and build to passion. I like to be kissed all over. I don't think a kiss is just for the mouth. It could start at the mouth and wander. A first kiss should be with a closed mouth. Really. That way, you can get a genuine feel of his lips. Most men can do a lot with their tongues, but I'm more interested in what a man can do with his lips. Then the kiss can start moving to the rest of the body. As an indicator of what a man will be like in bed, a good kiss is 90 percent effective, because it's my favorite thing. A good kiss turns me on.



Kathy Shower

KATHY SHOWER
MAY 1985

(concluded overleaf)

Some of the world's sexiest women have peered into the public eye from PLAYBOY's front cover. Bo Derek. Roxanne Pulitzer. Farrah Fawcett. Shannon Tweed. And more. Now, PLAYBOY uncovers them in *Playboy's Cover Girls*, a Special Edition.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

FRONT RUNNERS



To order by mail, send check or money order for \$6.95 per copy (includes postage) made payable to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Canadian residents, add \$3.00. Full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

How a man kisses is probably how he makes love. If he kisses poorly, well . . . we humans are very oral creatures, you know. Women still want that "Take me" romantic kiss. It's hundreds of years of programming. How does that kiss work? It's forceful and possessive but never sloppy and never painful. Men who try to jam their tongues down your throat are the most unattractive kissers. And so are the men who kiss weakly. I think a kiss needs to be warm, passionate and comfortable. A good kiss is kind of like a game, a tease. It should start one way—nice, gentle, warm. It should grow into something else—very exciting, animalistic, with a lot of mutual lip sucking. Kissing is *very* seductive.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new safety ratcheted bezel, and still only **\$49.95***

**But read the ad for an even better deal!*

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive. The Navigator™ Watch is powered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement. It has both a luminous analog dial and an LCD display. This is especially helpful when you are far away from home and want to have time in two zones. The LCD display shows time continuously—in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch/chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The Navigator™ Watch is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is water-proof to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just \$49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for \$120 or more. But here is an even better deal: *Buy two for \$99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.* Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

*The advanced chip that steers the many functions of the Navigator™ Watch is powered by one tiny mercury cell. It should last at least one year before it needs to be replaced.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1015A986 and your major chargecard number and expiration date. If you prefer, mail check or chargecard authorization for the total amount. Also include post./ins. for Navigator™ Watch: \$5.95 for one and \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have a 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+) with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

haverhills

formerly Russell's

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

I can look into a man's eyes and tell if I'm going to kiss him. A nice, soft kiss is the right way to begin; but sometimes, unexpected passion can leap up, and I find myself kissing him faster or harder. As long as he doesn't stick his tongue down my throat, I'm OK. Kissing is the most intimate expression of who you are. I can tell by looking at a man if he's going to be any good at it, just by the way he moves. If he kisses well, the rest of the night is usually good, too. I haven't struck out yet.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

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.



BECAUSE
LIFE IS NOT
A SPECTATOR
SPORT.™

© Reebok International Ltd.



*They perform. They are incredibly comfortable.
In Reebok's exclusive garment leather. Designed
with care to provide the ultimate support.*

WORKOUT
MID-CUT

Available at Big Sky
and other fine stores.

Reebok 
FITNESS • AEROBICS • TENNIS • RUNNING



*Beer
Brewed under
License and
Authority of
Löwenbräu
Munich*

*Löwenbräu
Established
1383
Munich,
Germany*

LÖWENBRÄU

Of all the beers in this world, there's only one brewed around the world, in the great beer drinking countries. Löwenbräu. Brewed in Munich. Brewed in England, Sweden. Canada,

Japan and here in America. Here, as around the world, aromatic Hallertau hops are imported to give Löwenbräu its world class taste. And Munich's brewmasters ensure that the

Löwenbräu brewed in each country meets distinctive taste and quality standards. That's how you get 600 years of Bavarian heritage in one smooth American beer.

THIS WORLD CALLS FOR LÖWENBRÄU.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

UNCLE SAM'S DOPE

The time has come for legislators to legalize marijuana. If that were done properly, the national debt would shrink to zero in three years and the surplus would eventually swell so much that unlimited space exploration would be the only single budget item that could make a dent in it.

Imagine this scenario: The U.S. Government buys the best-quality grass from all over the 50 states—primarily California, Hawaii, Kentucky, Tennessee and Florida. To grow grass, a farmer must buy a license for \$2500 per acre. The farmer can sell his grass only to an official U.S. grass-purchasing agent, at prices set by the FDA. The Feds classify the grass and distribute it through the Postal Service, the Social Security Administration or food stamps.

John Q. Public sends in a fee of \$100 per calendar month, or \$1200 per calendar year, and receives a card good for a month. Now for the good part: J. Q. Public takes the card, along with his Social Security card (for positive I.D.), to the local post-and-pot office, where the clerk forks over the daily ration. J. Q. can now buy his choice of five grams of whatever type of grass he can afford.

The staggering profits realized by the Treasury, the FDA and the Postal Service go into the pot pot. Out of this pot, wages are paid and money is reinvested to ensure a steady supply. The huge surplus from the pot pot goes to pay off the U.S. debt. Soon we have unlimited bucks for space exploration, colonization and—who knows?—maybe cultivation of space weed!

All we need are a few intelligent Congressmen to put this plan together. Even the President might endorse it, because organized crime would be put out of the grass business.

(Name and address withheld by request)

And to which recreational drug do we owe this solution to all our problems?

AFFORDABLE FAVORS

Looking for a new vacation spot? I'd suggest a visit to my home town, Lake Worth, Florida. It's not New York, but it knows how to party.

A good time with a "horizontal hostess" is cheap—a fact made public recently when undercover police officers arrested a prostitute after she offered to go down on one of them for only \$25.

As reported by *The Lake Worth Herald*, Sergeant Stu Winterson called Lake Worth "a low-rate city" and noted that the same act would go for \$200 in Tampa.

If the Lake Worth chamber of commerce were smart, it would take this

and run with it. I can see the TV promo: "Visit Lake Worth for a trip around the world—at prices you can afford!"

Don Vaughan
Greenacres City, Florida

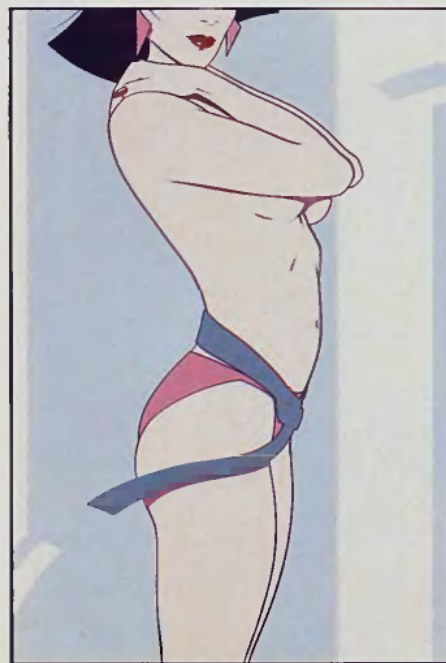
HOME ON WHEELS

Eric Petersen (*The Playboy Forum*, December) takes righteous exception to the recent Supreme Court decision in *California vs. Carney*, which found recreational vehicles to be more similar to cars than to houses. The decision pertained to unwarranted search-and-seizure rules, with houses being highly protected and cars substantially less protected.

"A trip around the world—at prices you can afford!"

Because R.V.s possess certain characteristics of both, it could be a tough call either way. But when put into the context in which the Court deliberated, the decision was an easy one.

Carney had been caught exchanging marijuana for sexual favors from boys while operating out of a Dodge Mini motor home parked in a San Diego lot. The Court was well within its discretion in stretching the meaning of the "automobile exception" in order to uphold a lower court's conviction. Had it backed down, Carney would have gone free on the dreaded technicality.



We all want to be free from unwarranted and "unreasonable" searches and seizures, as provided by the Fourth Amendment. And certainly we all fear the "two-class system of law" that Petersen predicts; but let's not tie the hands of law-enforcement officers to the point where they can't get scum off the street.

Lee Burdick
Takoma Park, Maryland

Court decisions that make sense in one context but not in another illustrate the principle that bad cases make bad law. Perhaps another case will one day define a motor home as a house if its wheels and spark plugs are removed. See the following letter.

Iven G. Vines, my son, was using a 28-foot motor home as an established residence while working as a construction supervisor at a nearby power plant. From the enclosed clippings, you'll see that the burglar who broke in was armed with a hunting knife and had a criminal record. Iven held him at gunpoint while calling the police by C.B. radio, and the police arrested both of them—the burglar on suspicion of that crime and my son for possession of a firearm in what the police chose to define as a motor vehicle. They were both transported to jail in the back of the same squad car and were placed in the same holding cell.

If you can do nothing else, please inform the owners of motor homes who live in them as residences that the law is not for their protection, and to beware.

Eugean V. Vines
Pearl River, Louisiana

GOOD GIVING

President Reagan sailed into his second term with the battle cry "You ain't seen nothing yet!" This has meant the continuing reallocation of resources from social services to the military, a shift duly noted by nonprofit organizations. For example, the day Congress voted to fund the *Contras* in Central America, librarians in Pennsylvania told me they had lost 80 percent of their Federal funding.

The good news is that since the Reagan Administration has brought inflation down to four percent, more people are working, making more money and giving more money to charities when they are asked. In 1984, Americans gave 74.25 billion dollars, an amount greater than the national budgets of two thirds of the countries in the world. Individual giving to nonprofit organizations went up 11 percent in the past year.

The Playboy Foundation is to be commended for assisting some of this successful

fund raising through its support for my book, *The Grass Roots Fundraising Book*. A project of The Youth Project Foundation, this book is the most complete and useful how-to manual for raising money in your own community. The first edition was produced by the Playboy Foundation in 1977 and sold out its 40,000 copies, including 10,000 copies for VISTA volunteers. In 1982, I updated the text to include the newest fund-raising technologies, such as cable TV, alternative payroll deductions and major donor campaigns. Updated again in 1984, *The Grass Roots Fundraising Book* has now sold 56,500 copies, making it the most popular fund-raising book in the United States.

Dollar for dollar, the Playboy Foundation's donation to *The Grass Roots Fundraising Book* is undoubtedly the most cost-effective technical-assistance grant ever made. The fund-raising libraries of the Foundation Center report that it is the book that gets stolen most, and, as librarians say, there can be no higher praise.

Joan Flanagan
Chicago, Illinois

Available at your local bookstore, as they say, or call *Contemporary Books in Chicago* (312-782-9181).

X-RATED BIBLE

Thanks for mentioning *The X-Rated Bible* in the December *Forum Newsfront*. I have been doing a string of talk shows, and I thought you might like to know how the fundamentalists have been responding.

They say *The X-Rated Bible* is a perversion of the Word of God and that I have misused the Scriptures by quoting passages out of context. They also call me an instrument of the Devil and say I'm carrying out Satan's handiwork by having produced the anthology and by trying to corrupt others with its immoral message. And Joseph Caruthers, president of the Fellowship of Southern Baptists, has decided that "sick minds have put together something that would be very damaging to society."

As for me, I'm going into quiet semiretirement on the Mexican border.

Ben Edward Akerley
Glendale, California

We notice that Akerley doesn't specify exactly where on the Mexican border.

PATERNITY PROBLEMS

I am writing in the hope that I can spare some of your readers the unbelievable hassles that I have recently been undergoing. My ex-girlfriend lied about using birth control, got pregnant and sued me for paternity—a move, as best I can tell, designed solely to better her living standard.

At that point, I started learning some disturbing things about American justice. If, for example, a judge thinks there is a high probability of paternity—not, mind you, conclusive proof—you lose, and big. She wants to keep the child? The judge

orders blood tests, for which you pay. No matter that I have letters she wrote to me saying that she shouldn't have "joked" in telling me not to worry about birth control and swearing that she would get an abortion and wouldn't take me to court. She feels like suing me? I was required by law to go to Wisconsin to appear in court. The litigation destroyed my business and put me in debt. Ironically, that also provided me with the only defense left to me—inability to pay.

I had no idea that women had the judicial power to commit fraud and extortion and enforce slavery with such impunity. Sex education at school didn't tell me that, and I never picked up this safety tip on the

JUST LUST

The land is awash in lasciviousness and lust, the U.S. Supreme Court has confirmed. But the Court also found that these amount to sexual longing, are a healthy, even wholesome, part of life and are protected by the Constitution.

The case in point was a Washington State statute, declared unconstitutional by the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, prohibiting material that "incites lasciviousness or lust." Although the Supreme Court wished that the law had not been totally invalidated, it agreed with the lower court's finding that lust had come to mean a "healthy, wholesome human reaction common to millions of well-adjusted persons in our society" and did not include the "shameful and morbid interest in nudity, sex or excrement" that has been one test of legally proscribed obscenity.

Anyone confused about the power of the Supreme Court should not be misled: Sex may still be a sin. The only difference is that people now have a constitutional right to lust.

If there's a downside, it is this: Yet another of the seven deadly sins has become subject to Government regulation. Greed and envy have become acts of patriotism under the current Administration, while pride and anger have been substituted for rational foreign policy. We have a national holiday every November that's dedicated, more or less, to gluttony. Now that lust has received judicial acceptance, only one of the big seven remains unanointed; only one can still supply that thrill of violating a mild taboo. And it, too, is endangered. Sloth, of all the sins, deserves the bureaucratic recognition that will surely come when someone in Government finally gets around to it. —ROBERT KEARNEY

street. The basic, self-evident point of all this should be that equal financial and moral responsibility means equal choice. Instead, the situation looks to me more like "use a penis, go to jail."

Pregnant women have three choices: abortion, adoption or keeping the child. The bottom line is that men have no such choices. My question is this: Can I contact a group that is fighting this legal outrage of coerced, forced parenthood? I have written to members of Congress and to legal professionals, but the only replies are from judges who keep insisting that I have a "parental obligation."

Whatever happened to the principle of no taxation without representation? In an age of choice, give me back my options . . . and then we'll talk about parental feelings and duty.

(Name withheld)
San Diego, California

There's a lot of injustice going around that doesn't quite qualify as fraud or as an ex post facto defense against the financial liabilities of fatherhood. For future reference, you might contact MR, Inc., Box 163180, Sacramento, California 95816.

BABY PROHIBITION

Prohibition did nothing to accomplish what it set out to do, but it did make a lot of pretty unsavory characters rich with the growth of an enormous underground business network. Surely, not even the most ardent Right-to-Lifer could argue that an anti-abortion law won't do the same.

Steve Grant
London, England

In his letter (*The Playboy Forum*, December), Jeffrey A. Teets repeats the popular falsehood that most people who oppose abortion favor capital punishment.

On the basis of my own observations, I have found the opposite to be true—those who oppose abortion also oppose capital punishment, the arms race, cutbacks in social-services funding, military intervention in Central America and attacks on the rights of women.

Among the 40-odd members of Pax Christi, my local Catholic peace group, I don't know of anyone who takes the position that Teets claims for us.

Would he please furnish the results of one scientifically conducted public-opinion poll that supports his position?

Raymond E. Graglia
Bradley Beach, New Jersey

Letters to "The Playboy Forum" support Teets's observation, and we'd bet that the average anti-abortionist would think that your own survey sample consisted entirely of leftist peaceniks whose single redeeming quality is that they oppose abortion.

READING AND THE RIGHT

Jerry Falwell and his fellow Neanderthals recently protested pornography by

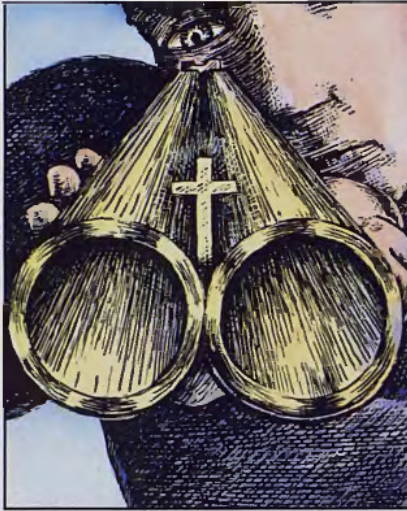
FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

MINNEAPOLIS—A Presbyterian church-camp director who freaked out his youngsters with a mock attack by an "atheist militia" has explained that he was only trying to teach them about life in countries where religion is forbidden. The six-man

who had been forced to stop running because of some injury displayed an increase in anxiety, depression and tension and generally suffered from greater mood disturbances than those who were still doing a minimum of 30 miles a week.



squad of supposed atheists broke into the camp's main cabin, brandishing a shotgun, announced that it was taking over and began denouncing religion and confiscating Bibles. A 13-year-old girl who reached a telephone outside the campgrounds called the sheriff and found out that the campers were undergoing a "learning experience."

FLOWER POWER

AUSTIN—Real men of the Texas legislature have beaten back an attempt by wimps in the Texas Highway and Public Transportation Commission to adorn auto license plates with bluebonnets, the state flower. Led by a representative from Amarillo, where the wildflowers are rare, 57 legislators signed a petition opposing the idea. Commission chairman Robert C. Lanier of Houston said, "Of all the bad things I've done in my life, I wouldn't have thought this would make the list."

HABIT-FORMING

LOS ANGELES—Jogging may be considered an addiction to the extent that it becomes something that the jogger cannot do without, according to a report given before the annual convention of the American Psychological Association. According to Dr. Connie Chan of the University of Massachusetts, many people begin running simply to get exercise but end up doing it for far more complex psychological reasons. A study using standardized psychological tests found that many people

COUNTRY TRUST

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA—A three-judge appeals court has affirmed a \$15,000 award to a woman who mortgaged everything she owned for the man she loved, who reneged on his investment promises, used her money to buy a house trailer and pay off loans on his land, car and pickup, and then went back to his estranged wife. The man had appealed the lower-court verdict, arguing that his glib girlfriend should have been suspicious of his intentions. The court held that he exploited the naïveté of a "trusting person" who, the judges said, "lacks book learning as well as schooling in the ways of the world."

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

MADISON, WISCONSIN—A bill that holds parents financially responsible if their minor children have babies has been passed by the Wisconsin legislature and signed into law by Governor Anthony Earl. The unique statute allows a welfare agency to take the parents of both the mother and the father to court to make them pay for the expenses of raising the child if the minors cannot. It also allocates \$1,000,000 for pregnancy counseling, requires a girl's consent before a hospital or clinic can notify her parents of her abortion and repeals restrictions on the advertising and sale of contraceptives. Critics have questioned whether or not the law is workable, but one of its supporters said that making parents financially responsible might at least induce them to discuss the subject with their children.

LESSON IN TOLERANCE

AUGUSTA, MAINE—The Maine Supreme Court has unanimously upheld the authority of a local school board to cancel a Tolerance Day program that would have included a lesbian along with representatives of such other minorities as Jews, blacks and Indians. The court found that a school board has wide latitude in controlling curricula and that fear of disruption by the appearance of a woman homosexual, whose visit was opposed by a farmers' organization and a fundamentalist group, was sufficient ground to cancel a program intended to recognize victims of intolerance.

THE PRICE ONE PAYS

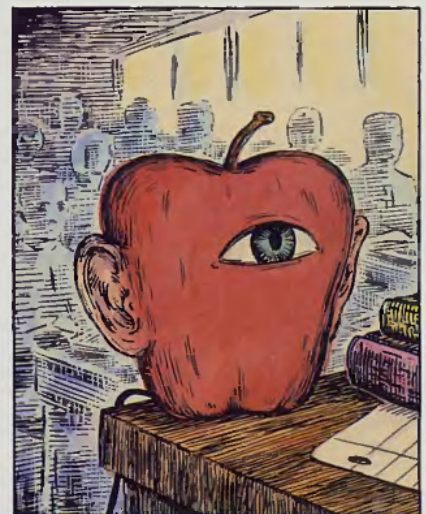
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS—Gun buffs are blaming their overconfidence for what happened in the Chicago suburb of Oak Park, where 55 percent of the voters on an advisory referendum supported their city's handgun ban. Usually, such laws lose by margins of nearly two to one when actually put to a vote. A few days after the Oak Park election, a 29-year-old resident used a handgun to warn and then kill one of three teenagers who had deliberately knocked him off his bicycle with their car and then attacked him on the ground. Eyewitness testimony of neighbors cleared him of all charges except those pertaining to the illegal handgun.

HOME BREAKER

ENUMCLAW, WASHINGTON—A woman who left town for five days after filing for divorce returned to find that her husband had used a bulldozer and a backhoe to demolish their modern three-bedroom home. Police were investigating but said they may not have a case, since the irate husband had troubled himself to obtain an \$11.50 demolition permit.

PROF WATCH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A new conservative organization called Accuracy in Academia is asking college students to monitor and challenge what they perceive to be the liberal bias of many professors. A spin-off from Accuracy in Media, which watches for liberal bias in the press and television



news, the group says it hopes to sign up 250,000 members this year and in its first month of operation received letters and phone calls from about 500 students on 100 campuses eager to keep tabs on their teachers.

demanding that 7-Eleven stores stop selling PLAYBOY magazine. I fervently hope that the Southland organization is able to stand up to this opportunistic, bluenosed phony who would impose his brand of antediluvian morality on everyone else.

Having been a reader of PLAYBOY for more than 30 years and having read the Bible from cover to cover, I can objectively and unequivocally state that there is more wisdom and rationality in any one issue of your magazine than in all the pages of the Bible—a conglomeration of mythological nonsense that purports to be the truth but is, in fact, scientifically indefensible. Ecclesiastical con men such as Falwell use their insidious eloquence to ensnare the shallow minds of believers and keep them chained to the superstitious hokum and chimerical claptrap contained in the Bible.

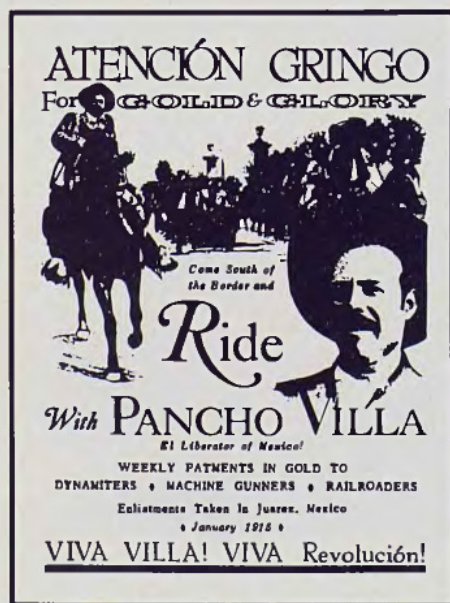
It will be a dismally dark day in the history of mankind when a buffoon like Falwell is taken so seriously that he can dictate what a commercial establishment can and cannot sell or what a person can and cannot read.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

GOLD AND GLORY

The August 1984 *Playboy Forum* includes an illustration of a piece of sheet music for a World War One song titled *America, Here's My Boy*, which pictured a gallant, gray-haired mother sending her fruity-looking son off to battle. The reader who sent it in chose to relate this old-style patriotic fervor to contemporary U.S. policy toward Central America, whining about war and bloodshed and the political stupidity that leads to them.

OK, but get a load of this recruiting poster from Pancho Villa, which a



neighborhood bar passed out as an opening-day promotion. It's one thing to get your butt shot off for the sake of some vague and probably wrongheaded ideolog-

ical or political objective, but when it's for "gold and glory," you can sign me up!

Roger Doroziac
El Paso, Texas

Have another drink, Roger.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

I don't know if this would come under the category of birth control, abortion, sex education or child abuse, but I clipped it



Keep babies from opening toilet lids, or floors, refrigerators, etc. Works on smor surfaces. No screws, no glues, easy to u: lot available in stores. "Order Toda package of three for \$7.95. Send check nonev order to "Baby Restrainer" *P O R

from a major women's magazine whose name starts with V simply because it's so eye-catching. However, I think it fails to address the problem of protecting children from harm, and my wife does not find it at all funny, or me funny for cutting up her magazine. Would you please ask *The Playboy Advisor* what I should do now.

Alan Cary
Waukegan, Illinois

"The Playboy Advisor" advises that it does not involve itself in domestic disputes.

NEOPOLITICS

Letters in *"The Playboy Forum"* last August and December raised the issue of whether PLAYBOY readers tended to be liberal or conservative or the neo versions of either, which prompted us to ask if anyone could tell us, in 100 words or less, how one neo could be distinguished from the other. We should have known better.

Contemporary conservative thought derives from theories of individualism and limitation on Government that were developed in the 17th Century and were at that time considered liberal (e.g., John Locke's). Liberal thought, on the other hand, draws certain of its ideas regarding governmental activism from seemingly conservative philosophers reaching as far back as Thomas Hobbes and maybe even Plato. By the Thirties, conservatives and liberals were jumping fences at will, using "individual rights" to defend or attack, as appropriate—ditto with justifying when to go to war, break up demonstrations or intervene in the economy. They're still at it today. Liberals want the Government to prosecute anti-abortion demonstrators but not Central America protesters. Conservatives want free speech for the former and jail terms for the latter. The reason you find it difficult to distinguish between the neo editions of liberal and conservative is

that both are attempts to put new saddles on old nags. In the horse business, we'd say, after 300 years, they've come up with a mule.

Harry Madrid
Austin, Texas

That's more than 100 words, Harry, but the education is worth it.

A neoliberal believes that big business is essentially predatory. It is therefore necessary to impose regulations, controls and taxes to make big business serve the common man and society. The results are high taxes, unemployment and economic inefficiency.

A neoconservative, on the other hand, believes that big business is essentially beneficent. It needs only regulations, controls and subsidies to make it even better serve the common man and society. The results are high taxes, unemployment and economic inefficiency.

Big difference.

Paul Thiel, A.P.M.
Covington, Kentucky

A neoliberal believes that Government should allow people to have a good time and make a lot of money without working too hard.

A neoconservative believes that Government should allow people to work and make a lot of money but not to have a good time.

A person who believes that Government should allow people neither to make money nor to enjoy life is a Communist, while a person who believes that Government should allow people both to make money and to enjoy life is, of course, a libertarian.

Sandy Spooner
Fort Mitchell, Kentucky

Neoliberals will admit to listening to Bruce Springsteen. Neoconservatives prefer John Cougar Mellencamp. Both read *The Washington Post* but are offended by different things. Neoliberals believe in stopping the threat of world-wide communism wherever necessary; neoconservatives believe this can generally be done at a profit.

Ralph Taliaferro Towns
Boston, Massachusetts

Neoliberals read *The Washington Monthly* and watch *Cagney and Lacey*. Neoconservatives read *The New Republic* and watch *Magnum, P.I.* But neither can do both at the same time.

Phil Ortez
Miami, Florida

A neoliberal and a neoconservative were over in Watts, watching the L.A.P.D. beat the shit out of some black anti-apartheid marchers. The neoliberal said, "I defend the right to protest, but I endorse the power of the police to ensure public order." The neoconservative said, "I

defend the right to protest, but I endorse the power of the police to keep the streets safe from crime and violence."

A. F. Corson III
San Diego, California

They're rival Yuppies, with one difference: Neoliberals use their own condoms, while neoconservatives, as supply-siders, expect them to be provided. Which brings us to the trickle-down theory. . . .

Linda Elliot-Sands
(Address withheld by request)

One has more syllables?

Gerri McGarrett
Denver, Colorado

I eschew the 100 words in favor of one article and three letters; viz., an R.C.H.; i. e., a red cunt hair.

Bernard J. Vondersmith, Ph.D.
Baltimore, Maryland

Which would bring us to yet another weighty issue—pubic hairs of different color as extremely small units of measurement sometimes used by vulgar scientific and engineering types (mostly male)—except that, fortunately, we covered the subject pretty well in "The Playboy Forum" for December 1981.

EVOLVING CONSCIENCE

A few thoughts on the death penalty and other matters:

1. *The death penalty is administered in a racially discriminatory manner; more blacks than whites are executed.*

True, but that is as much an argument for executing more white murderers as it is for abolishing capital punishment.

2. *The death penalty is not a deterrent.*

There is now a consensus that society's revenge justifies executing murderers, regardless of whether or not the execution deters others. Conclusion: The death penalty is a good idea.

Wrong! There are too many documented instances of innocent individuals' being convicted of murder and executed, only to be subsequently exonerated by newly discovered evidence. Until justice is perfect, a penalty that cannot be corrected should not be sanctioned.

Incidentally, these are the views of a 27-year-old former liberal Democrat currently in the chrysalis stage of metamorphosing into a decidedly moderate Republican. Probably the single most significant event in American politics in the next ten years will be the coming to power of a generation that embraces the social ideals of the Democratic Party tempered by the prudence and pragmatism of the Republicans. Thus, our commitment to civil rights embraces affirmative action but rejects quotas as reverse discrimination. Equal opportunity is distinct from equal results. We are unabashed entrepreneurial capitalists, but we expect corporations to behave ethically. In foreign affairs, we

have no illusions about the dangerous imperialism of the Soviet Union, but we regard the United States' Vietnam, Iranian and Nicaraguan experiences as an admonition to follow the ideals in our own Declaration of Independence: to support moderate elements that seek national self-determination and a capitalistic or mixed

economy and thereby neutralize fanatics of the left and the right.

Ready or not, here we come.

Neal Milch
Attorney at Law
New York, New York
Quick, neo spotters. There goes one now!

FINAL SOLUTION

Regarding your "Forum Follies" item about the squabbling of Miami and Santa Monica over the exchange of undesirables (*The Playboy Forum*, December), these things could be amicably and speedily resolved if the two police departments simply got together and negotiated. Something like this:

SANTA MONICA: Joe? Bob here. What's going down in Miami?

MIAMI: Same old sixes and nines, Bob. We're still up to our testes in prosties, pimps and pickpockets.

SANTA MONICA: We may be able to help you out on all three. We're in the market. What do you have and what do you need?

MIAMI: You can send us the same mixed bag you sent us last month; and if it's any help, toss in a few muggers. But one thing we're going to have to talk about is the rate on armed bank robbers.

SANTA MONICA: Yeah, Joe, I knew that was coming. Ever since the Israelis traded more than 1000 Palestinians for three of their soldiers, the prisoner-exchange rate has gone through the roof. With that in mind, I'm willing to accept 17 hookers, four pimps and three pickpockets for each A.B.R. we send you. That OK?

MIAMI: It's a little thin, but I'll go along with it. Do you have anything in the exotic line we might talk about?

SANTA MONICA: Well, it just so happens that we have two international terrorists, but I'm sure you don't want them any more than we do. Any suggestions?

MIAMI: Why don't you do what we do? Get them on a plane and let 'em sort of fall out at 20,000 feet.

SANTA MONICA: Good suggestion, Joe. What about this crop of child molesters we're getting buried with?

MIAMI: No problem. Put 'em on the same plane and just open the door a little wider.

John V. Davies
Anaheim, California

PLAY DAY

From Austin reporter Pete Szilagyi, the man who brought us the news of the Houston-area shoot-out over the sexual favors of a horse (*The Playboy Forum*, November), comes an item from the *Bastrop County Times* describing a fairly unusual incident near the town of Smithville, Texas. This keeps Texas well out in front of California in the weirdness sweepstakes, insofar as the flap caused by Santa Monica's deporting a sex offender to Miami (*The Playboy Forum*, December) was merely a retaliatory move. Now, as we were saying:

SMITHVILLE—A "young and attractive couple from Austin" was found frolicking naked out by Shipps Lake east of Smithville Monday afternoon, authorities report.

The young woman, who was completely nude except for a pair of bikini panties and a thick layer of cow manure, had to be hosed off by Smithville Animal Control Officer Laurel Rawlinson before she could be clothed in borrowed police garb and placed in custody.

"She smelled awful," Rawlinson said.

The young woman's fiancé, who was also naked except for plaster casts on his leg and arm, was transported to the Bastrop County Jail, where he was charged with indecent exposure and released. He told Smithville police that he'd broken his arm and leg in a motorcycle accident the week before and his doctor had told him not to get his casts wet, so that when he started to perspire, he took his clothes off, according to police reports.

Honorable mention should go to South Carolina, where a Beaufort man has been charged with "buggery" of a cat. The item was supplied by Wiki Smith of Burton, but did not give much in the way of details.

"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.



WHAT'D I SAY?

pressure groups and the u.s. senate have told rockers to watch what they say, putting the u.s. constitution to a new test: is it good enough for rock 'n' roll?

By DAVE MARSH

MANY ROCK BANDS do stupid things, from taking drugs to biting off the heads of bats; and they advocate even dumber ones (at least, I don't think Ozzy Osbourne has actually taken his own advice and committed suicide). But no rock star has ever achieved an atrocity as damaging as those pulled off by the apparently respectable groups that are censoring rock songs. Groups such as:

- The Parents' Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.), ostensibly four Washington housewives but, behind the scenes, the wives of 16 members of Congress and one Cabinet member.

- The national Parent-Teachers Association (P.T.A.), whose 5,400,000 members have never been consulted on its decision to pass a resolution calling for "rating" rock records. But the P.T.A. has never bothered to have a resolution opposing illiteracy.

- The Recording Industry Association of America (R.I.A.A.), a lobbying group that represents record labels that collectively sell 80 percent of all the recorded music sold in the United States.

Together, these groups have conspired to subvert the First Amendment. The three testified last September at a hearing before the Senate Commerce committee (five of whose members are wed to women associated with P.M.R.C.) and crafted a joint agreement on a plan to "label" (i.e., censor) rock records.

Because of the First Amendment, Americans who don't make rock records still have the right to discuss all sorts of things: rape, murder, incest, bestiality, masturbation, suicide, shooting dope, worshipping Satan (or Jesus) or, for that matter, not voting for Senators and Representatives who encourage the violation of its principles and who participate in the equivalent of show trials and witch-hunts.

That doesn't make it right to commit murder and rape or healthy to shoot dope and fuck sheep. But anybody who understands that point must admit that it's

equally wrong to gut the Constitution just so that an adult too dumb to put two and two together can keep her kids from finding out that Prince thinks that jacking off in public is cool.

The P.M.R.C. was founded by Tipper Gore, who was seduced into buying Prince's *Purple Rain*, the sound track to one of the most controversial R-rated films in recent memory, by hearing the hit *Let's Go Crazy* on the radio. Tipper didn't know anything else about Prince, not even what anyone who had passed a newsstand or watched *Entertainment Tonight* could have told her: *Purple Rain* is the most explicitly sexual rock film ever made, and its songs live up to the on-screen images. Due to Tipper's ignorance, her copy of the Prince album fell into the innocent hands of her eight-year-old daughter, who was shocked by the lyrics of *Darling Nikki*: "I met her in a hotel lobby/Masturbating with a magazine."

It's unhealthy to allow people who are terrified that their children will masturbate at all to create a climate of sexual and creative repression for your kids—and mine. (Yes, I have two teenaged daughters, who dug *Purple Rain* and thought that *Darling Nikki* was acting like an idiot.) If our society is going to be run by people unable to distinguish between *can* and *should*, who says we'll even have a creative life? Or any kind of life? Tipper Gore is married to Senator Albert Gore, Jr., whose swing vote was crucial to keeping the life-defying first-strike MX missile system alive.

My own credentials as a moralist are in order: I've been a critic for the past 15 years, and one of my guiding principles has always been that what popular musicians do is sufficiently important to call them to account when they act irresponsibly. But I've never seen behavior by a musician that's as cowardly and irresponsible as the things that have gone on in this attempt to get rock musicians to "clean up their acts," to quote that good liberal Donald Riegle, of the Senate Com-

merce committee. We have seen the President attack rock musicians as pornographers; we have seen a Senate hearing (chaired by Senator John Danforth of Missouri, whose wife is a secret associate of the P.M.R.C.) in which browbeating popular musicians became great sport; we have seen the president of the R.I.A.A. admit that the record labels had to give in, because the well-connected Congressional wives could stop other legislation favorable to his industry. In all this time, we have not heard a peep out of the illustrious Congressional Arts Caucus, perhaps because its chairman, Representative Thomas Downey, is married to one of the P.M.R.C.'s hidden associates. If the legislators of any other country behaved in this fashion, cries of "Show trial!" and "Witch-hunt!" would fill the airwaves. And those who objected would be correct. Without its very special relationship to certain Congressmen, P.M.R.C. would never have stirred up a five-o'clock-news furor over controversial lyrics, and it sure wouldn't have been capable of instigating a Senate hearing on porn rock. But since only the Senators' wives were involved, it was impossible to say that there had been improper use of influence here. In a sense, this made Tipper Gore a great American, for she had found a way to ensure Congressmen's holding hearings on controversial issues—just hot-wire their wives.

At the very least, it's suspicious that this antirock crusade takes place at a time when popular musicians are organizing to wield political and financial power to an unprecedented degree. In the past year, rock stars have raised millions of dollars to feed the starving and house the homeless, and they lead the drive to end U.S. support of apartheid and the fight to save American farmers from being thrown off their land. In short, right now, rock stars are—by and large—among the best citizens this nation has produced.

Out of one side of their mouths, the record censors may even agree, while the

Orwellian side explains that ratings don't carry the stigma of censorship. Anyway, they say, under the "compromise" agreement, all you have to do is print your dirty lyrics on the back of the album cover. The unfortunate fact is that labels and ratings are censorship that dares not speak its name. And the only difference between the words EXPLICIT LYRICS—PARENTAL ADVISORY and a lyric sheet is that the lyric sheet has more words. Either way, the record is not just labeled but given a mark of Cain. Henceforth, all albums with lyrics on the back can be presumed to meet the criteria of "porn rock"—that is, from now on, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* is a piece of dangerous filth. And after a record company has given itself the mark, few retailers are going to stock such tainted albums. So the record industry hasn't struck a great diplomatic compromise, it has simply pleaded guilty.

But guilty of what? The First Amendment makes no distinction between books and records—or, for that matter, between cassettes and magazines. A P.T.A. spokesperson tried to convince me that there is a meaningful difference, because in most stores, records are sealed. I refuse to believe that the Constitution sanctions censorship on the basis of shrink wrap. At most, rock records can be convicted of speaking in language fit for adults rather than nine-year-olds. This is not a crime and it had better not become one. Otherwise, we have entered not 1986 but something akin to Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, a state where sexuality has been so repressed that any attempt to express passionate desire is essentially criminal. (But not really criminal, because that would be censorship. Just sort of . . . banned.) For, despite their *Through the Looking-Glass* aspect, P.M.R.C.'s triumphs of illogic and ill-framed rationalization actually took place in America in 1985.

What's much more frightening is that plans to censor rock confirm the domino theory of censorship. The record raters justify their attacks on records by claiming that the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings code has been successful, which any parent knows is a complete joke, since any teen can get into any picture rated less than triple X. Of course, the raters also allege that the M.P.A.A. code isn't censorship—a premise with which Brian De Palma, to pick an obvious example, would undoubtedly disagree.

It may seem late in the game to be reiterating these complaints, which were rather broadly aired last fall, while the hearings and deals were being struck (though none of these criticisms was nearly so frequently voiced as was the case for rock censorship—*The New York Times*, a full-throttle First Amendment

advocate when its own interests are involved, ran two Op-Ed page articles attacking rock lyrics but none attacking the censors). Anyhow, the battle is far from over; it's just moved to new territory.

In the first place, the R.I.A.A.'s member labels misunderstand their own deal. "I have no problem as long as judging what is explicit is left up to each record company," says MCA Records president Irving Azoff. "Then it would be fair to assume that any label that cared about the First Amendment could honor this agreement and just not ever find any lyrics that were objectionable, couldn't it?"

No, it couldn't. The compromise provides the P.M.R.C. and the P.T.A. the right to review the success of labeling at the end of this year. If the labels don't

"The compromise provides the P.M.R.C. and the P.T.A. the right to review the success of labeling at the end of this year. If the labels don't play ball, the housewives will once more bray and bully their way into the headlines during the national Congressional elections."


play ball, the housewives will once more bray and bully their way into the headlines . . . during the midst of national Congressional elections. Furthermore, the compromise agreement has done nothing to deter Senator Ernest Hollings of South Carolina from trying to find a Constitutional way to write a music-censorship law.

In any event, the P.M.R.C. and like-minded organizations will simply move on to other areas of the rock business. The already notorious example is San Antonio, Texas, where the city council and Mayor Henry Cisneros (briefly touted as a Mondale running mate in 1984) have passed a law preventing fans under 13 from attending any concert that is deemed sexually explicit. The purpose of

the law is clearly to intimidate certain kinds of musicians—rockers, particularly heavy-metal bands—into bypassing San Antonio altogether. In Springfield, Illinois, the board of the Prairie Convention Center agreed to allow AC/DC to play there only after the band members were informed that they'd be individually liable for stopping the show—and AC/DC still couldn't obtain hotel rooms in Springfield, a fine tribute from Abe Lincoln's home town. Dozens of other brush-fire battles with censors can be expected, not only wiping out the good will created by U.S.A. for Africa, Live Aid and the like but creating an atmosphere in which rock musicians are again relegated to the role of scapegoat misfits and their audiences portrayed as an "undesirable element," in the immortal words of James Watt.

Needless to say, it is highly unlikely that labeled records have any significant chance of being played on most (Federally regulated) radio stations—though radio is the medium through which almost everybody first encounters popular music and an indispensable element in creating a widely heard hit. Without airplay, such acts will lose their record contracts and, thus, remain unheard, which sounds pretty much like censorship to me.

In other words, contemporary popular music is now just like the movies, television and radio: subject to the arbitrary whims of bluenoses. That leaves print as just about the only medium in which the First Amendment is still in effect. And if the record censors have their way, not even magazines and newspapers will be left alone for long: Barry Lynn of the American Civil Liberties Union told me recently of an encounter with Jeff Ling, the rock musician who became a minister and then a consultant for P.M.R.C. Ling showed him a sheaf of clippings from rock magazines and talked about how dangerous it was for such material to be available to youngsters in convenience stores. Anybody got a match?

The 16 Congressmen whose wives have been affiliated with P.M.R.C. are Senators Lloyd Bentsen (Democrat, Texas), John Danforth (Republican, Missouri), David Durenberger (Republican, Minnesota), Albert Gore (Democrat, Tennessee), John Heinz (Republican, Pennsylvania), Ernest Hollings (Democrat, South Carolina), Bob Packwood (Republican, Oregon), Paul Simon (Democrat, Illinois), Strom Thurmond (Republican, South Carolina), Paul S. Trible, Jr. (Republican, Virginia), and Representatives Bill Archer (Republican, Texas), Thomas Downey (Democrat, New York), Bill Frenzel (Republican, Minnesota), James Jones (Democrat, Oklahoma), Richard T. Schulze (Republican, Pennsylvania) and Guy Vander Jagt (Republican, Michigan). 

Super-premium
taste.

MICHELOB
Light

In a
less-filling beer.

 **You can have it all.**TM

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SALLY FIELD

a candid conversation with the oscar-winning actress about family, sex, friendship, self-esteem, dirty words, flying nuns and scrabbling to the top

To be a successful actress, it's said, you need drive, tenacity, talent and resilience in the face of rejection. It also doesn't hurt to have good looks. But if you're just kind of cute, and you haven't gone to drama school, and you did your growing up as a teen sweetheart on TV and then went from that to an even more preposterous role—a nun who flies—well, the odds of your someday being considered among the greatest actresses are pretty slim.

Considered from that perspective, Sally Field's achievement becomes all the more remarkable. The kind of leap she made—from Gidget to Norma Rae—is so rare that it's difficult to come up with a male equivalent. Marlon Brando, Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Dustin Hoffman all were Method actors with serious beginnings. Among today's world-class actresses—Jane Fonda, Meryl Streep, Jessica Lange, Kathleen Turner, Debra Winger—some had to live down joke movies (Fonda's "Barbarella," Lange's "King Kong"), but none an entire TV career. That Field was able to do so, and win two Academy Awards in the process, is a testament to her skills and determination; that she also managed to transform her image from a sugary teenager to a sexy, earthy woman having a public fling with Burt Reynolds is a testament to her style.

Although Field would be the last to understand why, she was named one of the nation's ten most respected people in a poll conducted recently by U.S. News & World Report.

As a little girl growing up in Pasadena, California, Sally was a model of the ordinary kid. After graduating from high school, she attended an acting class on the Columbia Studios lot, where she was—as they say—discovered. That discovery led to a TV series called "Gidget"—about the adventures of a teenaged girl with teenage problems, living alone with her father. Field was paid \$500 per episode for the year it ran. After "Gidget," however, she once again touched down in the real world, confused and bewildered.

She had married a childhood friend, Steve Craig, and had achieved fame at an early age, but she felt lost. It was almost as if the quiet and timid Sally from her childhood had begun to re-emerge. She simultaneously began to lose confidence and gain weight and even after landing a small part in the film "The Way West," found no respite from her increasing self-doubt.

The next TV series that came along was based on the premise that a cute nun living in Puerto Rico could tilt her wimple into the wind and actually fly. Despite its absurdity, Field made the title character of "The Flying

Nun" appealing enough for the show itself to fly and, once again, she found herself in a hit series. She says today that she was tremendously unhappy with the role; but when the show ended, she found herself accepting yet another situation-comedy slot—as a character with extrasensory perception in a show called "The Girl with Something Extra."

Field tried fruitlessly to read for movie roles, but no producer would give her the opportunity. Even her agent—often an actor's most loyal and blindly optimistic fan—tried to discourage her. That's when Sally Field started to get mad.

She fired her agent, divorced her husband, took her two small boys and moved out. She did not look back.

On a bluff, she managed to wangle an audition for Bob Rafelson's "Stay Hungry" and strutted out with the part she wanted: that of a cock-teasing tart. She played it, to everyone's surprise, then went to another audition, this one for the title role of a four-hour television movie based on the true story of a young girl with multiple personalities. Again, Sally had to fight for the audition and, again, she copped the part. And when it appeared in 1976, "Sybil" astonished its TV audience and earned Field an Emmy.

There was still a problem, however:



"I walked up to accept the Oscar thinking, Shit, I've got 30 seconds, and 'Places in the Heart' was such an emotional experience. So I said to myself, 'Don't sell yourself away. Get to what you really feel and fuck 'em.'"



"There were times with my stepfather when I'd stand on the coffee table and scream at him. I changed from a sweet, helpless being into Godzilla when I was 15. But he scared me a lot of times. Threw me across the yard."



"The 'Nun' was a smash hit, but I was miserable. The studio head asked me what I wanted. 'You want a boat, a car?' Off the top of my head, I said, 'A Ferrari.' I didn't even know what a Ferrari was—a car or a plane."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

Although producers and directors now knew she could act, her looks were . . . unusual. Not exactly your average beauty queen. That's when she received a call from an actor she had never met—an actor named Burt Reynolds. He had a project called "Smokey and the Bandit" and wanted Sally to play his girlfriend. She said yes and not only wound up as Reynolds' romantic interest in the film but landed a five-year run as his real-life leading lady as well.

Sally Field had finally arrived. On the arm of one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, she cranked out "Heroes" with Henry Winkler, and "The End," again with Reynolds. And in 1980, Field stepped up to the podium to receive an Oscar for best actress as the union organizer in "Norma Rae" and permanently logged herself into the Hollywood history books.

For a while, things were perfect. Almost too perfect. Something had to give—and eventually it did. Field's life with Reynolds did not turn out as happily ever after as most gossip fans had hoped, and the relationship began to disintegrate. She then chose as her next movie "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure." She broke up with Reynolds and once again sorted her life out.

Her good sense about scripts returned to her and she did "Absence of Malice," with Paul Newman. She then did "Back Roads," with Tommy Lee Jones, and "Kiss Me Goodbye," with Jeff Bridges and James Caan. Then came the role of her lifetime: Edna Spalding in "Places in the Heart," for which she won another Oscar. At that Academy Awards ceremony, she stood before the star-studded audience—not to mention the world—and tearfully acknowledged the public's acceptance of her. "You really like me!" she sobbed.

It was perhaps her strangest performance. Here was a tremendously talented actress—an Emmy and an Oscar already on her mantelpiece—stepping up to accept her second Academy Award, and what rushed out were her innermost doubts and insecurities. She wept openly.

Field was remarried in December 1984, to producer Alan Greisman ("Heart Beat," "Modern Problems," "Fletch") and has now decided to produce, her first effort being the newly released "Murphy's Romance," in which she co-stars with James Garner. A true power in Hollywood at the age of 39, she has recently become deeply involved in the anti-nuclear movement and has a future project in which she plans to portray anti-nuclear activist Dr. Helen Caldicott.

We sent Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (whose last "Playboy Interviews" were with John Huston and Goldie Hawn) to discover the many sides of this complex actress. His report:

"Our first session took place at Sally's new home on a cul-de-sac street in Brentwood. Inside, workers were still getting her study in order, and outside, a gardener raked leaves off the tiled patio. When I suggested that raking the tiles might scratch them, Sally

responded, 'Maybe he doesn't have a broom with him.' Then she looked at me and shrugged. 'I can't take control. I'll come out and sweep later.' I had to smile. Here was a woman who had fought and scratched her way to the very top of Hollywood's hierarchy and she felt she could not prevent her gardener from scratching her new patio.

"Over the course of the talks—which spanned two weeks—Sally was very open, saying she felt a responsibility to tell the truth, however hurtful, in this interview. When it was over, we embraced, and I said that I felt it must have been a kind of therapy for her. That's when she revealed that our conversations had given her nightmares. 'I started to have an image of myself that I hadn't had in a long time,' she said. 'I don't know that I've ever followed myself down the whole line.'

"What follows is the picture Sally paints of herself. As I left, I offhandedly asked if she felt that she'd been taken advantage of during most of her life. 'I don't think so,' she said. 'I mean, there were some schmucks along the way'—she paused, then smiled—'and I'll get them.' Then she laughed. It was a healthy laugh. But I had no doubt that a couple of schmucks from Sally Field's life had better watch out."

*"My self-image changes
every six months.
And not necessarily
for the better."*

PLAYBOY: You'll be on the cover of the issue in which this interview appears; how do you feel about that?

FIELD: Terrified—that my thighs won't be thin enough, that I won't look good.

PLAYBOY: You've had pictures taken for the covers of women's magazines; what's so terrifying about PLAYBOY?

FIELD: I don't get to dress up like a hooker for *Ladies' Home Journal*. [Laughs] Or whatever you guys think up for me—though there's nothing wrong with hookers or dressing up like one. That's the fun thing about being a woman—dress-up. What's a guy going to dress up as? A fireman? A cowboy?

PLAYBOY: Does it make you feel sexy?

FIELD: Well, I was raised to think that a certain kind of woman was sexy and any other kind was not. It took me a long time to understand that my sense of myself is sexy and that it doesn't have to be like Jessica Lange's. When she comes into a room, the first thing you say is, "Whoa! This is a sexy lady!" Jessica is the kind of woman who used to make me feel how unsexy I was. It took me a long time not to be intimidated by her kind of sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Does your approaching 40th

birthday lessen or heighten that anxiety?

FIELD: The other day, I was having my first blues about being close to 40, depressed by an awareness that I'm never going to be 22 again. Of course, I never had the body of a 22-year-old when I was 22! I can no longer dream that if I work real hard, I, too, can look like Bo Derek or whoever it is who looks really great right now—Kelly LeBrock—these gorgeous creatures. I can't compete on that sort of girl level with other women.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of your looks today?

FIELD: My looks? Sort of clean. [Laughs] Certainly not really beautiful. Not ugly. . . . Could be ugly. Could definitely be ugly at the drop of a hat. But, no, sort of pleasant and bright.

PLAYBOY: And if we asked you to describe yourself emotionally?

FIELD: Oh . . . I'm relentless and demanding, very emotionally demanding. I'm impatient. I'm sensitive. [Pauses] The good things don't seem to be coming readily to mind. Sometimes, I find, I haven't really liked myself. For much of my life, I felt that my nicest qualities were the ones that weakened me.

PLAYBOY: Has your self-image changed over the years?

FIELD: My self-image changes every six months! And not necessarily for the better. But I've always had this tiny nugget inside that knew I could act. That always stayed the same. I just didn't want to take a very good look at it, for fear that it wouldn't be as big as I thought, or it might crumble.

PLAYBOY: After the ups and downs of your career and the ups and downs of your romantic life, aren't things a little calmer for you just now?

FIELD: Yes. Professionally, things are terrific. And, personally, I'm in a very happy, productive and exciting place right now, in a relationship with a man who makes me feel good about myself and the "us" that we're creating.

PLAYBOY: You had a widely publicized affair with Burt Reynolds for five years but ended up marrying producer Alan Greisman. Didn't you once say you felt that once you become lovers, the relationship is almost over?

FIELD: I certainly did at one point in my life, because I never saw a relationship with any longevity that wasn't horrible. In that area, there's so much that I have never felt or known about myself. I know much more about myself as an actor than I do as a partner to a man. I've just started to learn about that. Once you make love with someone and you decide to love him, it's the start of all sorts of things you didn't really know were there—really starting to learn how to make love. Making love with strangers is not making love, because you don't love them. It's called fucking.

I met Alan when he called about a project he wanted to talk to me about. When



Fly First Class.

**Wild Turkey. It's not the best because it's expensive.
It's expensive because it's the best.**



Now you can send a gift of Wild Turkey® 101 Proof anywhere* by phone through Nationwide Gift Liquor. Call Toll Free 1-800-CHEER-UP (Arizona 602-957-4923). *Except where prohibited. Major credit cards accepted. Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY © 1985.

he came in, I never looked at him at all. It was an absolute business meeting. Then he wrote me a letter about a week later that said he had enjoyed the meeting, and would I like to have lunch or dinner sometime? We went out to dinner and—haven't been separated.

PLAYBOY: You fell in love over dinner?

FIELD: I don't know that I've *ever* really fallen in love with *anybody*. I've fallen deeply into infatuation, and deeply into like, and fallen deeply into want—whether it was sexual want or my want for someone to be important, or my want that *I* be important to him. Even my husband, who I'm really having a lovely time with—I don't think I fell in love with him. I am learning *now* to love him. It was the most adult thing that I think I've ever done. We made a decision to love each other. I've been married almost a year, but I don't count on the fact that it will be there tomorrow. I don't necessarily expect that life is happily ever after.

PLAYBOY: That's pretty clear-eyed for the girl who was Gidget. Does that attitude come from your marriage to your high school boyfriend, which ended after six years?

FIELD: I don't know. Steve and I grew up together, and we were little kids. And best, best friends. Those were good years for me, but we were certainly not the right people to stay married to each other. We were never destined to have an adult relationship with each other. It certainly wasn't his fault. And I have two people in my life—my children, Peter and Eli—who wouldn't be there if I hadn't married. They are so much of my life and have given me so much.

PLAYBOY: Was Steve your first lover?

FIELD: Yes. I met Steve when I was 14. I must have lost my virginity around 15.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel the first time?

FIELD: Terrible, terrible. I never liked it. I always thought sex was a completely useless event, except for having children. I hated it. I just could not get into it. I come from Southern women who would catch my brother and me in the bathroom, playing "Show me yours, I'll show you mine." They were horrified by it. You know, the rap on the door: "What are you *doing* in there?"

PLAYBOY: Are you still guilty about sex?

FIELD: Oh, I've definitely worked that out. I desperately wanted that side of myself. Beyond the sheer thrill, joy and fun of being able to lose yourself with somebody sexually, there's a part of you that gets cut off—parts of yourself you want to know. You're lonely without those parts, because when they shut the door and everyone leaves the room, you're all alone. Even you aren't there. But I find that as you get older, it becomes more fun, more exciting, because you have more experience with it and you're less frightened.

PLAYBOY: But it wasn't very exciting for you as a teenager.

FIELD: I was very awkward at anything that

had to do with sexuality. In the summertime, you just went to the beach every day to pick up guys, and it all seemed so mindless to me.

PLAYBOY: Were you successful at picking up guys?

FIELD: No, terrible. I never picked up good guys. All my girlfriends did that. I looked much younger than I was; when you're 17, you want to look 22, and I looked 14. We'd go to the beach and my girlfriends would say, "We're going for a walk. You stay here—you look too young." And I hated their guts. I just felt hurt. But I would say, "Fine; that's good." I was a buddy to the boys; I was real tiny. If anybody needed someone to put in a blanket toss, I was the one. They used to like to show their masculinity by seeing how far up in the air they could throw me. That made me angry.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like a fearful way to grow up.

FIELD: Oh, yeah. When I was 12, I went through a time where every *night* I was scared to death. I thought there was somebody outside. I'd hear things. My heart would be beating in my throat. I was paralyzed, I couldn't get up, I couldn't call out; I was afraid someone was coming in the window. Every time I started to fall asleep, I would feel someone just about to put his hand on my neck. I was sure somebody was going to grab me. Sometimes I'd get up enough courage to call out to my mom. But my stepfather at that time didn't want to 'girlify' me. He didn't want little girls to be sissies. He thought the way to handle my fears was to tell me to shut up: "There's nobody there!" So I never did find anybody to help me, to turn on all the lights and make that fear go away.

PLAYBOY: All of this started earlier, though, when you found out your real father and mother were going to be divorced.

FIELD: Yes. I remember the alienation of my father and how hurt he was, desperately hurt. I remember such guilt that *I* felt, that I had to make everybody happy. I remember my father's crying. That was devastating to me. I never really got over that. I was five or six, as high as the flat of the bed. My father was in the divorce house—in his room. He put his face down in his hands—eye level with me—and began to cry because he was about to lose his little baby. I thought it was my fault and if I could be real, real cute and funny, I could make it better. I put my arm up over his shoulder and patted him, telling him he hadn't lost his little baby, I was still there. "You're never going to lose me," I said. It was tough, because I felt that my real loyalties had to be with my mother and brother. And I felt that one wrong move and I would lose that, that he was going to take me and I was going to have to be his little girl and not go where I belonged. That was terrifying. So my love was qualified: "I love you, but. . ."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get to know your father?

FIELD: I'm hesitant to say this about him for fear he will read it, but we never really had a relationship. I never felt the opportunity to know him. And I don't think I ever really wanted to, because I never stopped feeling I had to take care of him.

PLAYBOY: When your mother married actor Jock Mahoney, did you gain a father?

FIELD: My stepfather never became my father. But then, my *father* never was my father, even though that statement would kill him. I don't know what a father is. [Pauses] I have a hard time doing this—I feel two things. I want to do my job here and be honest with you, but I know these people and I have love for them and don't want to hurt them. So I get torn. . . .

PLAYBOY: What do you want to say about fathers?

FIELD: That I had difficult times with my stepfather, that I don't have a relationship with either him or my real father. So whatever happened then stays with me. And because I'm more successful—at least in public terms—than they are, I feel they are waiting for me to make these relationships happen. But I don't feel that way. I still feel like I'm a little kid; let *them* be the grownups.

PLAYBOY: How did your mother fit into this?

FIELD: My mother makes up for every miscommunication that I ever had with my father. She was always my best friend, as corny as that is. She taught me that a woman's charm, a woman's place, is being supportive and quiet. She used to tell me a man will like you if you laugh at his jokes and are interested in what he says; that he doesn't want anything he can get too easily. She was really the one who taught me about acting. She was an actress under contract at Paramount; she had a tremendous love of acting and the classics. Yet she gave up her career for my stepfather, Jocko, who was so big and dashing, who never wanted to be an actor, just a celebrity, a star. He wore fringe and moccasins, strutted, had horses. And he threw you up into the air, which I *really* hated. My sister, brother and I were his little tribe, like little worshipers. Literally, he'd hold up hoops and we would jump through them into pools. I wanted to please him so desperately; but, at that time, you didn't reveal yourself to your children, and as we got older and more rebellious in our teenage years, he had a hard time letting us go. I think it really broke his heart.

PLAYBOY: How did you rebel?

FIELD: I wore make-up, mascara or lipstick. I wasn't allowed to wear lipstick until I was five feet tall, which didn't happen until last year. [Laughs] The first time I had a guy over to the house for dinner—it was in the eighth grade—I had forgotten to wipe my mascara off. And Jocko got a washcloth and washed my face at the table *in front of the guy*.

There were times when we fought with each other over everything. I would stand on the coffee table and scream at him. I would go apeshit. I changed from a sweet,

helpless being into Godzilla when I was 15, 16. I was so frightened of him that the only way to get to myself at all was to be louder than he was, bigger than he was. There was no in-between. Either I was completely helpless, a baby, or I was up on the table, a screaming meemie, absolute spitting, red in the face, cannot be contained. He scared me a lot of times. Threw me across the yard, something humiliating. I was always aware of my lack of size and my powerless position, because I could be in a heavy-duty argument and then find myself flying across the back yard. I know I would have given anything had I been able to pick him up and throw him across the yard.

PLAYBOY: It's easy to see why you were ready to unleash your energies by the time you went into TV. How did you stumble into *Gidget* at such an early age, though?

FIELD: It was 1964 and I was going to go to a junior college, because my grades were so awful that I had to go to night school to get out of high school. I couldn't go away to some fabulous college and become Katharine Hepburn. I needed something to do in the summer, and my stepfather said he knew of this workshop at Columbia Studios. I went and it was awful. We weren't doing Chekhov; we were doing scenes from *Dr. Kildare*. It wasn't about acting. But the second night I was there, the casting director from Screen Gems asked me if I wanted to audition. I said, "Sure," in my Minnie Mouse voice. Jocko went with me. It felt like my first date, with my father standing on the porch with a shotgun. I walked onto the set and said, "Which one's the camera?" I was fearless. But I did all right. At 17, I had my own television series. Welcome to the world, you know? Hello.

I spent that whole year of *Gidget* on such a high, I was so excited, it was like Christmas every single day. And I really was like *Gidget* in a lot of ways. I felt so stupid, it was painful to be embarrassed all the time. I was so unsophisticated: I'd never been out of California or on an airplane. Somewhere along the line, I had decided that I was cute but not real bright. I couldn't remember how to say the simplest words, like mundane or symbiotic. Everyone would sit around at the readings and laugh at me.

PLAYBOY: Do memories of the show embarrass you today?

FIELD: I don't know. . . . There's something universal about *Gidget*. It's now like cult stuff. Many kids today say it's a real cool thing, it's in. And they all use the language: "What's up, Gidge?" It's like a new thing again.

PLAYBOY: After *Gidget* was canceled, you made your first film, *The Way West*, with Robert Mitchum and Kirk Douglas. What do you remember about that?

FIELD: That I gained 15 pounds in two days. I couldn't stop eating. I had always been this tiny little thing; I had never been a porko. And into my life came a lot of

trouble that was going to follow me around for the next ten years, a lot of eating disorders and confusion and loneliness, feeling trapped behind my own face.

PLAYBOY: After that, you returned to the tube to do *The Flying Nun*. How did you ever get talked into that?

FIELD: *Gidget* had become popular over the summer and ABC realized they'd made a mistake canceling it, but at that time, they didn't bring shows back on, so they said, "Create another show for Sally Field." They came up with the *Nun* and I said no. They had the script written; I said no. They had it rewritten, they kept coming back, I kept turning it down and they finally started filming with somebody else. Then the studio called my stepfather to try to talk to me. He said to me, "You know, you may never work again." His actual words. So I called the producer up that day, frightened. I was succumbing to a sort of ugly, base fear. I said I would do it. And from day one, I always felt that I had sold something of myself.

PLAYBOY: Once you started, how was it?

FIELD: I was bored, bored, bored, bored. I had disconnected myself from all my

*"There's something
universal about 'Gidget.'
Kids today say
it's a cool thing
and use the language:
'What's up, Gidge?'"*

hopes and dreams, from my lust for acting that I had had in junior high and high school. I just was numb. I would do tricks with myself that ultimately turned out to be very productive for me. I was being led by some instinct for survival. For instance, I wouldn't read the script and I would go onto the set and memorize it instantly and I would see if I could do it in one take. It gave me some sort of life, because there was nothing for me to play.

In *Gidget*, I had had things to play, scenes with fathers and people; here I had *nothing*. Just complete silliness—someone got into the convent who shouldn't have and we'd have to hide him. . . . There were no life problems going on, nothing I could relate to. It made no sense to me. I started refusing press interviews and getting a bad reputation. But I couldn't lie. I couldn't go and hype the show, saying, "I'm having such a good time" when I wanted to say, "Let me out of here!"

Flying Nun was a one-joke show, and I don't know why it was successful. The first year, all the stand-up comics, like Bob Hope, had jokes about it—all the nun jokes in the world became *The Flying Nun* jokes. And I was unable to find any sense

of humor inside me. It had all left. I took myself so seriously, felt so wounded. I couldn't detach myself from it. I was 19, 20 years old, and it hurt my feelings.

PLAYBOY: Can you laugh today at the jokes? There's one we heard not so long ago: "What do you get when you cross a Smurf with Sally Field?" Do you know that one?

FIELD: No.

PLAYBOY: Blue Nun.

FIELD: Oh, really? Is that a joke now? [*Manages to almost laugh*] They're still doing it. We're talking almost 20 years later. Can you imagine what it was *then*?

PLAYBOY: But you can still bring that out in people, can't you? When you won your second Oscar, for *Places in the Heart*, you burst out, "This means you really like me!" Some people were touched by it; but for others, such as Joan Rivers, it was like turning on a joke tap.

FIELD: [*Quietly*] I knew I was providing a lot of people with a lot of material, which is nothing new, considering my career. What Joan does is not without malice. She's very funny, but I feel guilty for laughing when she's saying things about people. If I were Elizabeth Taylor, it would fucking hurt my feelings. I mean, she's talking about my face, my thoughts, my words. She's not even talking about my work. There's a certain meanness to that.

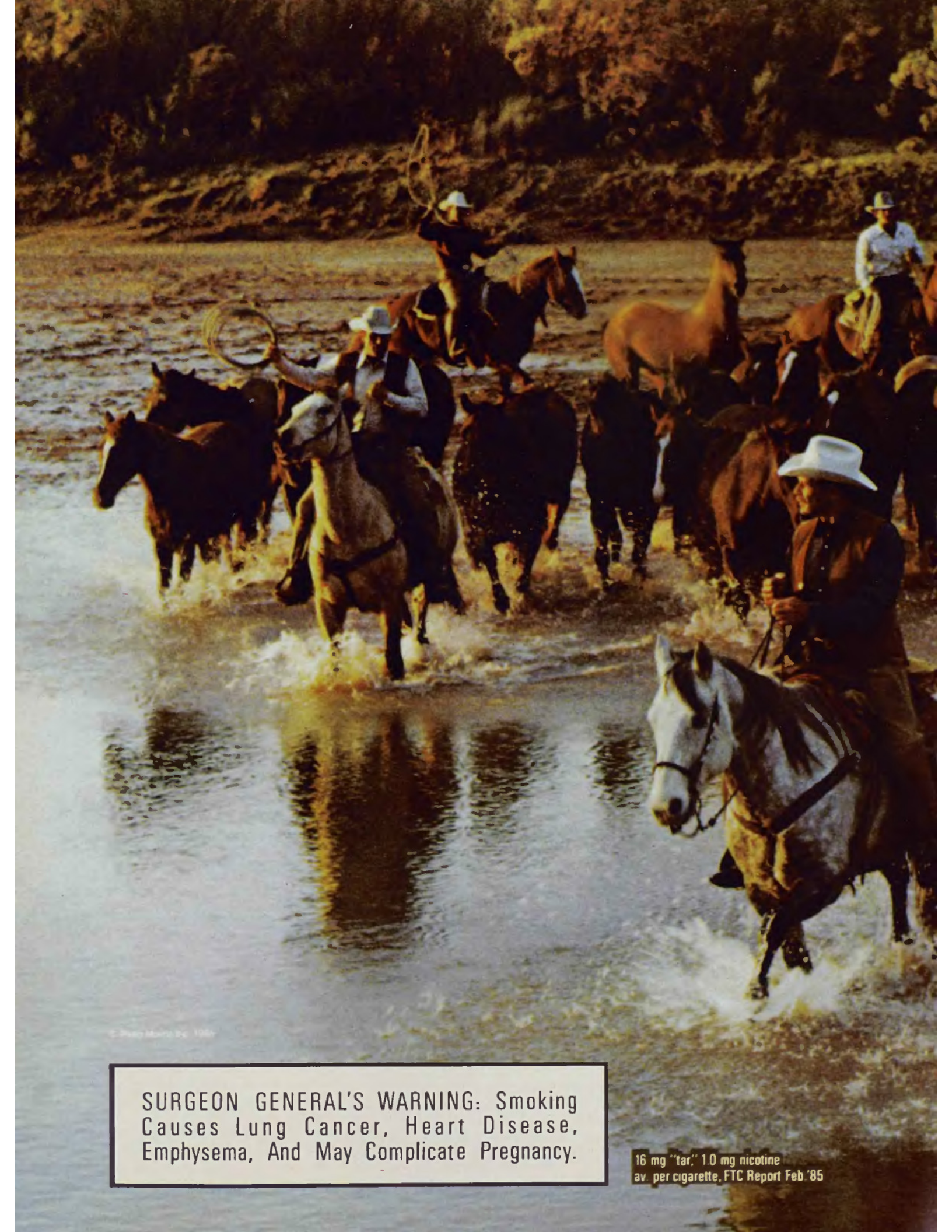
PLAYBOY: So we won't expect you to appear with Rivers on *The Tonight Show*.

FIELD: Never, never, no way. I've had my years of being tortured and humiliated, thank you. I don't need to ask for it.

PLAYBOY: How do you now feel about that Oscar acceptance speech? Would you tone it down if you had to do it again?

FIELD: I'm glad I did what I did. I remember sitting and watching the Academy Awards as a kid; it was a big event. When Deborah Kerr won, it meant something to her. And part of the joy of watching it was that you got to see these people speaking to their peers about a business that's tough, that's competitive, that's mean, that's grueling and that's delightful. And they cried or laughed or fell down. When I won my first one [*for Norma Rae*], I was so contained, I never allowed myself to feel it. I was numb. All I could think of was, Don't fall down, because I didn't have any underwear on. I felt I denied myself that moment, which was foolish of me. This is my moment. These things are few and far between, and you're a goddamn fool if you don't award yourself with them. Because if you don't, the negative of the business will beat you to a pulp. If you don't take the good and eat it, fall face first into it, then you're a fucking jerk. And I'd been one. God, my career. . . .

So I walked up there thinking, Shit, I've got 30 seconds, and *Places in the Heart* was such an emotional experience for me. So I said to myself, "Don't sell yourself away. Get to what you really feel and fuck 'em!" Because the people I was talking to were those who actually had taken a pencil and

A photograph capturing a group of cowboys on horseback herding a large number of horses through a shallow river. The scene is set in a natural, wooded environment with a steep, brush-covered bank in the background. The water is splashing around the horses' legs, and the overall lighting is warm, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. Several cowboys are visible, some wearing hats and holding lasso ropes. The horses are of various colors, including dark browns and greys. The image has a vintage, slightly grainy quality.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb '85

A group of men on horseback leading a pack train of mules and horses through a river. The scene is set in a rugged, mountainous landscape with rocky banks. The pack train consists of several mules and horses, some carrying large packs. The men are dressed in traditional Western attire, including hats and boots. The water is turbulent, creating white foam as the pack train moves through it.

Come to Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

put an X on the ballot next to my name. And I had to tell them how much that meant to me. [*Emotional now, she begins to cry*] It meant a lot. And it makes me cry. So I said it. My deepest, truest feelings were how thrilled I was that whatever course my life had taken, that however hard I tried to deny it, right this minute . . . you liked me! And I'm glad I did it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any doubts now about being liked?

FIELD: Even now I can think, Will you still love me tomorrow? Will I fade out? Will I matter tomorrow?

PLAYBOY: [*After a break*] You were talking about your feelings around the time *The Flying Nun* became popular.

FIELD: Yes. I remember Jackie Cooper called me into his office—he was the head of Screen Gems at the time—and the *Nun* was a smash hit, one of the top shows, but I was so miserable and confused. He was worried about me. It was when the Monkees were popular and drugs were really in; everybody was taking acid, and the studio was afraid that I was going to turn into one of these freaks and screw up the show—which was the farthest thing from the truth. I was always desperately frightened of drugs, because I felt like I was in a drugged state that I couldn't get out of anyway. Drugs meant a chance that I might have to get to my sexuality, so that was completely out of the picture.

So, anyway, Mr. Cooper asked me what I wanted. I said, "Better scripts." He said, "You want a down payment on a boat? A house? A car?" I said, off the top of my head, "How about a Ferrari?" Just being a completely cocky little shit. I didn't even know what a Ferrari was—a car or an airplane. The next day, we went to Beverly Hills and he picked out this blue Ferrari. I had it for three years, barely knew how to drive the sucker. It was horrible, because I was scared to death of it; the car overheated on the freeway all the time.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you also get pregnant during *The Flying Nun*?

FIELD: Another mindless act. I didn't even sit and talk with my husband about it. He must have wondered why, when all of a sudden I was willing to do it. I became pregnant with Peter the last year of the *Nun*. There was this wonderfully expanding—literally—time in my life and I was dressed up in a nun's habit. My belt kept widening. I had to carry books in front of myself, a sort of humiliation trying to hide the fact. I wasn't even an actress dressed in normal clothes, I was a nun. A pregnant nun!

PLAYBOY: What finally happened to turn your professional life around?

FIELD: Madeleine Sherwood took me to the Actors Studio. It changed my life. I found a place where I could go and create. All the transplants from New York were out here—Ellen Burstyn, Jack Nicholson, Sally Kellerman, Bruce Dern—and Lee Strasberg was there for six months out of

the year. Little by little, I gained a reputation, sort of underground via the Actors Studio. But I was doing facile work, a lot of histrionics. I felt very cocky. Once, I was doing some fancy footwork with another actress, being unpredictable, performing for the other actors—which you absolutely do not do. Lee, who had been excruciatingly helpful to me, came up to me and said, "When are you going to stop this fucking shit?"

The blood ran out of my face. I went, "What?" He said, "This drivel, this shit." I began screaming at him, "Who the fuck do you think you are?" I was screaming, crying; my nose was running all over the place. I went on, hysterical and defensive—I was hiccuping and wiping my nose with my hand—and finally he said, "Listen to me. This is where you want to be, where you have been unable to go. It's the difference between acting and being. You already can act; what you want to do is *be*. That's what you've been too fucking cowardly to do."

PLAYBOY: Not to be an armchair shrink, but did it seem to you that Strasberg had become your stepfather? Were you back up on that table, screaming?

*"My agent said,
You aren't good enough
for movies.'
I said, 'You're fired.'"*

FIELD: At that moment, that's exactly what happened. And Lee was absolutely right.

PLAYBOY: But it still took you a long time to get out of TV and get taken seriously by the movie studios, didn't it?

FIELD: I couldn't get in *anybody's* door. TV was a poor man's game at the time, and movie people looked down their noses at TV people. It was before Barbra Streisand had even come on the scene; there were no films about women. It finally reached a point where I got angry. I went to my business manager and my agent at the time, saying, "I'm not going to do TV anymore." My agent said, "You aren't good enough." I said, "You're fired."

I sold my house, left my husband and just studied. I had no pride. I'd do a scene in a hallway. Finally, a casting lady called me to meet Bob Rafelson for a film, which was *Stay Hungry*. I asked what kind of role it was and they said it was a really sexy, flirty kind of girl. Well, Jesus Christ, that couldn't have been *less* my territory. But I went into the office and I . . . was this tart. If I sat in a chair that had arms, I put one leg on one side and one on the other—I'm talking a girl *heavily* into tart [*laughs*]. I'm not sure *what* I did in the room. I was in another zone altogether. I left Sally Field

somewhere in the dust and there was this hungry spirit, this complete tart in the room. If they'd harnessed me, I could have lit up all of Chicago. I would never have the guts to do anything like that today.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Rafelson didn't want to test you and you said to tell him you were the best lay in L.A.?

FIELD: I don't think I said best lay. I said, "I'm the best *fuck* in town." I was acting like I was this girl who'd really been around and knew the ropes. But *Stay Hungry* was the crack in the door.

PLAYBOY: Which you burst open with your next performance, in the title role of *Sybil*, about a girl with multiple personalities. How did you land that one?

FIELD: I got to see the script for *Sybil* and realized that my *Stay Hungry* character was about as much like *Sybil* as Margaret Thatcher, but I was allowed to read for the part anyway. And I went in and *was* *Sybil*. Joanne Woodward, who played my mother, was wonderful to work with. For that role, there wasn't any amount of energy that was too much. All the anger and frustration in me was released. It was tremendously grueling, and it was what Lee had told me to do—I didn't *act* a single moment in that film. Every second of that four hours, I had to *be*. It was real gutter kind of work, real vomit on the floor, and I didn't analyze it too much. I totally forgot about being attractive. I created this one character, the nine-year-old Peggy personality, who was real angry, animallike. Peggy had a real crouched-down walk, clenched fists; you weren't sure if she was going to bite you or butt you with her head.

PLAYBOY: You received an Emmy for *Sybil* but didn't show up at the ceremony. Why?

FIELD: I was newly with Mr. Reynolds. We were up in Santa Barbara, filming *The End*, which Burt was directing, and he needed my support. I was chief chef and bottle washer. And that was important to me. I wanted to make this relationship work; he needed me to care for him. He didn't feel I should go to the Emmys. I remember sitting in this condominium, watching it by myself. Burt wasn't feeling well and had gone to sleep. When I won, I felt, You schmuck, why weren't you down there? Typical Field move. I allowed other people to lead me. I was so dependent on other people.

PLAYBOY: What was Reynolds' reaction when you won?

FIELD: It wasn't really very important to him. He was busy directing a film; mine was a TV movie.

PLAYBOY: You've said your years with Reynolds changed you. How did you meet?

FIELD: It was when I was completely Sybiled out. I got a call saying that Burt Reynolds wanted me to do a movie with him. Talk about left field! The movie was supposed to be called *Smokey and the*

Bandit, and there was no script; it seemed terrible. I said, "No, you've got to be kidding; I'm a serious actress now. I'm going to do *Macbeth* next and on to *Medea*." But then I started hearing reactions to *Sybil*: that I wasn't pretty enough, that I was this short little Munchkin. Burt was a *macho* movie star, very attractive, so I thought, Even if the film doesn't work, if *he* thinks I'm attractive in it, other people will think so, too. And I did it calculatedly, for that reason only.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any idea how successful it would become?

FIELD: Absolutely no idea. We made the script up as we went along. We'd be driving in the car and I'd say, "If I put my feet up here on the dash, I could tap-dance," and he'd say, "That's good, OK."

PLAYBOY: Along with changing the way people thought of your looks, that movie gave you a reputation for having a fast, dirty mouth, didn't it?

FIELD: I was just so tired of feeling so fucking vulnerable, so small-townish, embarrassed by dirty jokes. I was this little girl in a car with a movie star; I started writing stuff in my journal to talk myself out of being scared. I've kept a journal since I was 13—I write poetry, draw pictures. Well, if you look back, you can tell what mood I was in during that movie by what I wrote: fuck, shit, just dirty words all over the page. I also wrote to myself, "You're a good actress; who the hell is *he*?" Since I felt like the perpetual Bambi, I just went completely the other way and pretended I was Joan Collins—everything was "motherfucker," and I split words in the middle, saying "senfuckingsational." And I pretended I'd been into the drug scene and had slept around. The only time I wasn't scared was when the cameras started rolling; then I knew I was home.

PLAYBOY: And how did Burt take to your behavior?

FIELD: He was aghast, chagrined, because he's a Southern gentleman, a real barefoot boy. He came from an era when women were one way and men another and never the twain shall meet. Well, they meet only one way. If you're going to be linked with him, then you have to fit his idea of what's proper. My mentality was, I'm going to do it to you before you do it to me. I found out I really *liked* swearing.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised he took an interest in you?

FIELD: I was startled; it caught me very much off guard. Burt was the most important influence that came into my life other than my children at that time. He changed me all around. I spent five years being around a major movie star, and I learned a lot. He gave me a feeling that I was attractive, sexy. It pleased me to dress for him. I like doing that. I like being exhibited by a man in some ways, like an object. I wanted to be the perfect person I never could be before. I wanted to be everything

he ever wanted. That was terrible, because what happened is that I stopped existing. I dressed for him, looked for him, walked for him.

PLAYBOY: Were you also jealous when other women came on to him?

FIELD: Hah! I was trying so hard the first three years to allow him some space, to let him do what he needed to do—with me still there. He had an image to perpetuate, and I respected it. But the other side was the savage being that so much of my passion was locked up in. I am a jealous human being to my core. I am *crazed*.

PLAYBOY: Did he walk out on you at the end? Were you the victim of that relationship?

FIELD: No, I was not the victim. I came up to the surface, is what I did. I got *mad*. And all the colors that I try to hide from all these guys—these fathers and men—finally came out. I mean, it was *Sybil*. [*In the voice of the enraged nine-year-old Peggy of that movie, shouting*] "This won't do, that won't do, *I don't like it!*"

PLAYBOY: What was Burt's reaction?

FIELD: He said, "Who is this? I don't know you." He felt betrayed. This person he'd come to depend on, who was patient and kind, baked pies and made brownies

*"I know I shouldn't,
but . . . yes, Burt asked me
to marry him many times
at the end. Begged me."*

and rubbed his feet and ran home to feed her kids, then ran back to feed *him* and never asked for any space and lived in her car and never asked for a coat hanger! All of a sudden, I went, "What the fuck is going on? I am a human and these are my needs and how do they fit in with yours?"

But in truth . . . it wasn't fair of me, because I had never professed to need anything. What I was saying was, "I'm better than you are, because you need and I don't." Ultimately, the person who asked for it went away feeling useless, because I never said, "Would you rub *my* back? I need your hands, your strength." I *chose* to do that. And I left.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever discuss marriage?

FIELD: I've never really talked about all of this . . . I know I shouldn't. But . . . yes, he asked me to marry him many times at the end. Begged me: "Please, let's try it." But I didn't want to. I knew that his heart wasn't in it. He wanted the girl back he had had before, but I was never going to be that way again. We'd have ended up just feeling terrible.

PLAYBOY: Have you remained friendly?

FIELD: Oh, no, we didn't part close friends. We're still not. I am, unfortunately, an all-

or-nothing-at-all kind of person.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever hear from him when you got married?

FIELD: No. I wrote him a letter, telling him, before the press heard. I didn't know whether or not he cared to hear that.

PLAYBOY: What about those rumors he had to deny about having AIDS?

FIELD: I wouldn't have any way of knowing one way or another. I'm sure it's not true. There's always been something going on around him. But he's had health problems ever since I've known him.

PLAYBOY: How do you assess Reynolds as an actor?

FIELD: It's not fair to say anything that could be conceived of as negative when he's not in a good place right now. Burt has a quality that nobody else has. He's funny, sexy, glib, likable and still very *macho*. But Burt tries to be all things to all people, and he pushes himself some places he shouldn't. He thinks that unless he's doing the kind of work that, say, [Al] Pacino or [Robert] De Niro does—intense, dramatic work—then he's not an actor. But I don't think he's comfortable with that kind of intense emotional revealing. He doesn't like to reveal himself that way in life, yet he's mad at himself because he can't do that on the screen.

There is value in doing what Burt does and not doing anything else. You don't have to do "issue" pictures to be worth while. Entertainment is one of the great values of mankind. What Clint Eastwood does is to entertain people, and very artistically. He doesn't seem mad at himself for not doing *Richard III*. Burt always felt that it wasn't enough to entertain. But *nobody* does it all—except, maybe, Dustin Hoffman. But Dustin has a trade-off, too, because Dustin doesn't have Burt's looks.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to work with Hoffman one day?

FIELD: Definitely. Hoffman has always been very sexy to me, because he's so bloody talented. And that kind of talent, that kind of energy, that sort of burning inside is hot. That's exciting.

PLAYBOY: Does any other actor make you feel that way?

FIELD: Nicholson is the same way; he has a different kind of aura, he's unpredictable and he has a certain burning inside. And Brando, of course.

PLAYBOY: You starred with Paul Newman in *Absence of Malice*. How was he to work with?

FIELD: He's so easy that you keep thinking he's not doing anything. You know, "When is this guy going to act?" He's funny in that he's so unfunny. [*Laughs*] He tells the worst jokes known to man and he loves it. He'll stop a set cold for 45 minutes when you're late, trying to get done for the day, to tell the worst shaggy-dog story.

PLAYBOY: How about John Malkovich, with whom you worked in *Places in the Heart*?

(continued on page 116)





THE DEVIL IS REAL

he said to me, "honey, i'd do anything for you." how'd i know he'd end up in jail?

DAN FLYNN went out on the road in the hot morning to finish interviewing people for his presentencing report on James F. Teal. He started at Runciman Wire & Cable in the Taunton Industrial Park, where he had a 9:15 appointment with Teal's former supervisor.

Amelio Marino was a middle-aged man with a barrel chest and iron-colored hair. He looked at Flynn appraisingly and said that Teal had been a satisfactory employee for his whole 11 years with the company: "Steady, reliable, honest." He said that all of Teal's colleagues on the sales force had been shocked by Teal's arrest and

fiction

By GEORGE V. HIGGINS

subsequent conviction.

"We all think it sucks, too," he said, "if that makes any difference."

Flynn wrote in his field notebook, "Spvsr. cites sympath. for Def. w/co-workers." Aloud he said, "It doesn't. It won't to the court, at least."

Marino snorted. "That's what I figured," he said, "but all the guys asked me to tell you that, and I said I would, so I did."

"Mr. Teal was well liked?" Flynn said.

"Of course he was," Marino said. "Hell, we all knew he was having trouble. The past couple years, naturally, we knew the guy was under some kind of pressure at home. Said his wife'd gone batty over religion. But it didn't seem like anything that couldn't be worked out. Everybody gets divorced, for God's sake. Over half the people in this plant've been divorced. I'm not saying it's fun, but it's done. He should've been all right."

"Our understanding," Flynn said, "is that his wife didn't want a divorce."

Marino gazed thoughtfully at Flynn. "She sure didn't," he said. "If what I read in the papers was true, what she wanted was his goddamned head. Got it, too, looks like."

"It's true," Flynn said. "That's how they found out. When he went to visit his kids, he took them out on the porch, where she couldn't hear them talk. Left his coat in the living room, samples in his pockets. She went through the pockets. She looked at the bills. All the numbers were the same. Then she made the call. After that, it was simple. All they had to do was have an undercover guy approach him and make the buy."

Marino had let out one rough laugh. "That's Jimmy for you," he said. "Natural-born salesman. Day or night, he's always ready, case there's a customer. How'd she know, though, to look? You wanna tell me that?"

Flynn snapped his notebook shut. "Would if I could," he said. "I don't know myself."

Marino snorted again. "Bullshit," he said.

"Think what you like," Flynn said, standing up. "Thanks for your trouble and time."

Flynn's second stop was Teal's former home in a development enclosed by tall pines east of Route 42 in Randolph. There he met Teal's estranged wife, Carol. She was petite and had short blonde hair. She had dark eyes, and she wore a divided denim skirt and a flowered-cotton blouse and white sneakers with sockies that had little pompons at the counters. She smelled of Ivory soap. With tight lips she introduced him to her two daughters, ages 14 and 12. To them she said, "Mr. Flynn is here from the Federal Probation to talk to me about Dad." To Flynn she said, "Do you want to talk to Molly and Jennifer, or

is it just me?"

"Ah, just you, I think," he said to her. To the two girls he said awkwardly, "Nice meeting you." They did not answer but fled immediately to the second floor of the eight-room ranch.

"We can talk in the kitchen," Carol Teal said. She gave him instant coffee and assured him his visit was no trouble. She volunteered her explanation of Teal's problems. "James," she said regretfully, "is not a moral man. We were married very young. I was only nineteen. He had just turned twenty-one. We were very much in love—perhaps I should say infatuated—the way you are at that age, and we didn't think very much about how we should serve the Lord." She said she had counseled several times with her pastor and prayed with him and alone for guidance about how to bring her husband to the Way.

"What did you decide to do?" Flynn said.

She looked at him pityingly. "Mr. Flynn," she said, "the wife is as much the helpmeet of the Lord as she is of her husband before the Lord. And she must first, as the Lord's handmaiden, be His servant in enlightening her husband to the Way.

"When her husband will not hear the Lord," she said, "she must gain his attention. And you are a mature man. You know there is but one means to turn his eyes to Zion when he will not heed."

"I'm not sure I do," Flynn said.

She became severe. "The conjugal act, Mr. Flynn," she said. "The conjugal act between husband and wife is a sacred one and is the measure whereby he may be brought to the Lord."

"I'm still not sure," Flynn said.

She looked exasperated. "I told him I had counseled and that I had prayed. I told him that until he embraced the Lord, he would not again embrace me."

"I see," Flynn said.

"His neck remained unbent," she said. "I had fellowship and counseled and we prayed together, and James remained stiff-necked. He left me, Mr. Flynn," she said. "He left his family." She paused. She looked sorrowful. "I heard what he was doing. Stories reached my ears. I pondered those things in my heart.

"And I became sure," she said, "sure in my heart, and with Reverend May, that it was the Lord's will that James must bow to the secular arm before he would be reborn." She paused and nodded. "James is in the grip of Satan." She said it calmly, but her eyes glittered. "Satan in the form of the harlot that he keeps. Satan's whore, where he resorted after rejecting the Lord and me. The Lord told me what to do."

Flynn wrote in his notebook, "Wf. v. relig." He cleared his throat and said, "Uh, when you say 'the Lord,' Mrs. Teal, did you talk to anyone else?"

She gazed at him suspiciously. "What

do you mean?" she said.

"Well," he said, "you told me you counseled with your pastor, and you prayed and so forth. But what exactly was it that prompted you to search your husband's coat?"

"The money," she said. "I said that at the trial. He was trying to buy the loyalty of the children from me and the Way of the Lord. Those big radios he bought them—awful things. And the music tapes they played. All about drugs and sex. That was Satan at work, Mr. Flynn. I knew that in my heart."

"Well, ah, yes," he said, "but what made you search his coat? How'd you happen to do that?"

She sighed and spoke slowly, as though addressing a limited child. "I testified at the trial, Mr. Flynn," she said. "I counseled with Reverend May and sought guidance through prayer. And I became sure that James was in the bond of sin. And I called the FBI."

"You called the FBI," Flynn said.

"Yes, I did," she said. "I told them that my husband was spending far beyond his means, that he was secretive with me and that he was consorting with a whore of Satan. And they asked me what evidence I had of these things. And I said I was sure in my heart. I knew he had been in Aca-pulco with the harlot, but I did not tell them that. And they told me they would need something more. And I said he no longer lived here. And they said without evidence, they could do nothing.

"So the next time he came," she said, "I went through his pockets, and I found nine fifty-dollar bills, which I knew he could not have gotten honestly. And I called the FBI. And they said that was not enough. And I believed, well, I was unsure. I believed that they might be laughing at me. And I asked them what would be enough, because I knew James was locked in sin, and they said the next time he came, I might do it again and write down the serial numbers, and they would check to see if the bills were stolen. And I did that. And there were six of the bills that time, and each of them had the same number. And they told me to wait for the Secret Service to get in touch with me, and that is what I did. They called that same morning." She took a deep breath. "It was God's will, the first step in his rebirth. I was the instrument. They were his instruments as well, the FBI men and the Secret Service. The Devil is real, Mr. Flynn. He roams the earth seeking whom he may devour. But God is not mocked. God is not mocked. We serve Him even when we know not, in our daily lives."

Flynn rewarded himself for enduring his morning with lunch at the Eire Pub on Gallivan Boulevard in Dorchester. By the time he got back to his office, late at 1:50,

(continued on page 130)



ERIC BROWN

"Captain, the men are homesick and frightened; maybe we should turn back."



VIVA VENEZIA

*THE PEARL
OF THE
ADRIATIC
IS A PARADISE
FOR LOVERS*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY







Venice is a fairy
city of the heart.
—LORD BYRON

WHOEVER said that Venice can be seen in less than two days must have been talking about Venice, California. In the Italian original, it takes a week just to catch your breath. In fact, whatever you've *heard* about Venice, it's wise to take it all with a pinch of parmesan. Venice is a city you have to *experience*.

Who's that curious stranger eying our couple from the window of the Caffè Florian, above? The same one staring from a passing gondola on the Grand Canal (previous page). The 17th Century church of Santa Mario dello Salute is a venerable backdrop. At right, ardent impulses can strike with little warning; fortunately, undisturbed waters suggest no one's paddling by.







A chance meeting in the Piazza San Marco (above)? We think not. But then, what's sharing a little birdseed among friends? Water may douse fires, but the *acqua* of Venice seems only to ignite them. Or whet one's appetite (right). Not a bad reason for a black-tie luncheon alfresco atop the Landra Palace. It's hard to beat the view, especially if you're nearsighted.









Even a dictionaryful of superlatives cannot adequately conjure its enchanting, provocative majesty; its history, romance, sexuality, pungency, color, mood—there we go. But it all applies. Just leaf through Byron sometime. Two ladies we know recently returned from a week in Venice, though they called the city by another name: paradise. The reason for their excitement?

February usually means carnival in Venice; the revelry takes place during the ten days preceding Ash Wednesday. But you can always wander through the costumeries of Nicolaa Atelier and Fiorella, hire a discreet gondolier, find a friend or two and create a scene you once could only imagine. As you see, the possibilities are fascinating; fantasy is usually close to reality in Venice.





It was dusk of our first day, and we'd exhausted ourselves sight-seeing," they said. "We were crossing the Piazza San Marco, checking out the people on our way back to the hotel, when all of a sudden we said, 'What we really need now is two great-looking guys with their own boat who will take us for a spin on the Grand Canal.' Wishful thinking, right? But next thing we *(continued on page 146)*

Throughout history, Venice has been called by many names. Courteson of Europe seems most apt, since the city never fails to entertain its legions of callers. Inspired by its legendary flair for mixing fashion with passion, our ribald threesome seem only moments removed from a party *au naturel* in their antiques-appointed hotel room. Nice of them to invite us by.





CT
KEMP



1A

KEMP

NY

*we could do worse than
to elect someone who's been
tested, week after week, with
everybody watching*

**SERIOUSLY,
NOW,
A
JOCK
FOR
PRESIDENT?**

article **By GEOFFREY NORMAN**

Jack Kennedy understood that the most important, probably the only dynamic culture in America, the only culture to enlist the imagination and change the character of Americans, was the one we had been given by the movies. Therefore a void existed at the center of American life. No movie star had the mind, courage or force to be national leader, and no national leader had the epic adventurous resonance of a movie star. So the President nominated himself. He would fill the void. He would be the movie star come to life as President. That took genius. —NORMAN MAILER

FEBRUARY 1985. A former movie star stands before a joint session of Congress to deliver his fourth State of the Union address. He is the most successful President since John Kennedy, whose time was cut short by a bullet. Not successful in the way that historians judge these matters—we won't know about that for years, perhaps decades—but successful, certainly, in the terms that journalists and critics use: on top of the job, enjoying himself, staying out in front and communicating the way a President should. Some professionals in the business of watching Presidents are saying that he is good at this job *because* he once made his living as an actor. What was once thought a liability is, perhaps, his greatest asset. He can stay with a script, and he can deliver every line with conviction. Without the actor's discipline, he would never have become the Great Communicator, which is what some pundits like to call him. The morning after his State



of the Union address, the *Today* show invites two potential Presidents into its studios to discuss the speech. One of them is a former professional football player and the other is a former professional basketball player. They are asked to comment on the President's proposals for simplifying the tax structure.

Now, wait a minute, you think. Ordinarily, you can accept just about anything morning television throws at you. The rules of logic are suspended before breakfast. But something of unusual significance seems to be going on here—something that could carry large consequences. There is a former movie star in the White House, and here are two rising young political stars, widely talked about as possible Presidential candidates in 1988—running, perhaps, against each other—and they are former jocks. There isn't a lawyer or a general or an up-from-the-ranks political pro in sight.

Bill Bradley, the Democratic Senator from New Jersey, and Jack Kemp, a Republican Congressman from Upstate New York, agree that the President is on the right track with his tax-simplification plans. Bradley, of Princeton and the New York Knicks, was a perfectionist as a shooter, passer and player of defense—cool and methodical, a team player and a star at the same time. Kemp was the tough and resourceful quarterback of the Buffalo Bills, in the days before the A.F.L. and the N.F.L. merged. His team won back-to-back title games, and in the second, Kemp was voted the Most Valuable Player. He was the kind of quarterback more highly regarded by other ballplayers than by the press or the fans. Not smooth and flashy, like Namath or Marino; all he did, the other players say, was beat you.

Today, Jack Kemp is the darling—and the early Presidential choice—of his party's right wing. He is widely associated with a range of economic positions that can be categorized as "supply side." The tax cut of 1981 was first proposed as the Kemp-Roth Bill, and when Ronald Reagan compromised enough to make the cut 25 rather than 30 percent, Kemp went to the White House and gave him hell for it.

He flies around the country, giving speeches in support of his vision of a bright new economic day: incentives, production, lower taxes, a rising tide that lifts all boats. He speaks with absolute conviction and no prepared text. His pitch can be compressed into a few lines that he uses over and over: "Generally speaking, when you subsidize something, you get more of it. In this country, we subsidize unemployment and we tax work." He is a very effective speaker, and many former liberals who are looking for a way to reformulate their creed find something to study in Kemp's simple message of optimism, hope and hard, rewarding work.

His full head of hair is turning gray and his face is fleshier than it was when he was calling plays, but it still shows more chin than jowl. The eyes are a level, penetrating blue-gray, the kind of eyes that always seem to be looking down-field for the open man—or the main chance.

Ask Kemp if he is running for President and he will say, "Ask me again in '86." His supporters desperately want him to run. They see only one formidable opponent in his way, the Vice-President. Kemp's people believe that in a charisma showdown with George Bush, their man would blow him away.

"I think he's running," one political consultant in Washington says. "You can see it when it happens, and it's happening to him."

Bradley may not be running—yet—but it seems almost a matter of fate that someday he will. When he was 21 years old, he was the subject of a long and admiring John McPhee profile in *The New Yorker*. In that article, Bradley's former high school principal said of him, "With the help of his friends, Bill could very well be President of the United States. And without the help of his friends, he might make it anyway."

If Kemp is the most visible and glamorous of the neoconservatives in today's somewhat murky political alignment, then Bradley is one of a handful of conspicuous neoliberals. He shares most of their assumptions, which come down to a belief in Government as a referee and a protector in the last resort but not as the supplier of everything. Bradley is for the same kind of high-tech solutions to the problems of economic growth that Gary Hart favored. Like Kemp, he is sponsoring his own tax-simplification plan, which is called Bradley-Gephardt. He got there, actually, before Kemp.

Going by looks, Bradley is farther than Kemp from the days of playing a boy's game for money. His face is soft and he has a slight set of wattles that sag over the knot of his inevitable rep tie. His hair is thinning. The flesh around his eyes is creased, no doubt by work, for he is as serious about the job he has now as he was about basketball. As his coach once said, "Others can run faster and jump higher. The difference between Bill and other basketball players is self-discipline."

But even with the creases fanning out around them, the eyes convey tremendous intensity and intelligence. Bradley may have had the best eyes of anyone who ever set foot on a basketball court. He could always find the open man.

These days, even if he is not running for President as hard and as openly as Kemp seems to be, it is easy to imagine the Democratic Party's needing Bradley and issuing the call. He is a vastly popular Senator from exactly the kind of state—part industrial, part high-tech, part inner city and part suburb—that the Democrats

need if they are going to take the White House again in this century. And he comes with the glamor ready-made.

It is not farfetched, then, to imagine a campaign, in 1988 or later, in which the former basketball star runs against the former football star. The people who seem to know how these things work are the people who run the great engine of our time—television. And the morning after the President made his speech, with all the politicians across the wide land to choose from, the people at *Today* picked Bill Bradley and Jack Kemp to talk about it. You'd have to be bold or stupid to bet against the intuition of the people who run television news.

In fact, if you survey the political landscape these days, you'll be hard-pressed to deny that the network people are on to something. Each week, it seems, more and more athletes are being drawn into the political arena. There is speculation that Tom Seaver may run for the Senate from New York—the Democrats need a glamorous candidate if they are to beat Al D'Amato—and Steve Garvey is rumored to be interested in Senator Alan Cranston's California seat. Tom McMillen, a former journeyman N.B.A. basketball player, is talking about running for the House of Representatives from Maryland. And even some coaches are getting in on the action. The state of Georgia held its breath last summer while Vince Dooley pondered whether or not to run for the Senate. And he could have been elected, not because of his ideas (which he never got around to formulating) but because his Bulldogs had been national champions. To Georgians, he is a proven winner.

Everywhere you look, the athletes are running, to the point where it may be jocks for President the next time around.

Writing in *The Washington Weekly*, Craig Stoltz and Tom McNichol recently lamented the advent of the political jock, noting that once upon a time, "political accomplishment brought fame. Now the process has been reversed.

"Perhaps," they continued, "it's because professional sports are so much like big business, and that big business is so much like the media, and the media are so much like politics. But for whatever reason, the transition from locker room to Oval Office seems very reasonable these days."

The authors concluded their provocative essay with a warning: "Bradley and Kemp are really only playing the same game with different balls. They have tried to skip quietly from one boyhood dream to another, and so far, the fans have done nothing but cheer. But there is a darker side to all of this. If, in 1988, the two men wind up on opposite ends of the Presidential ballot, voters may have the best excuse

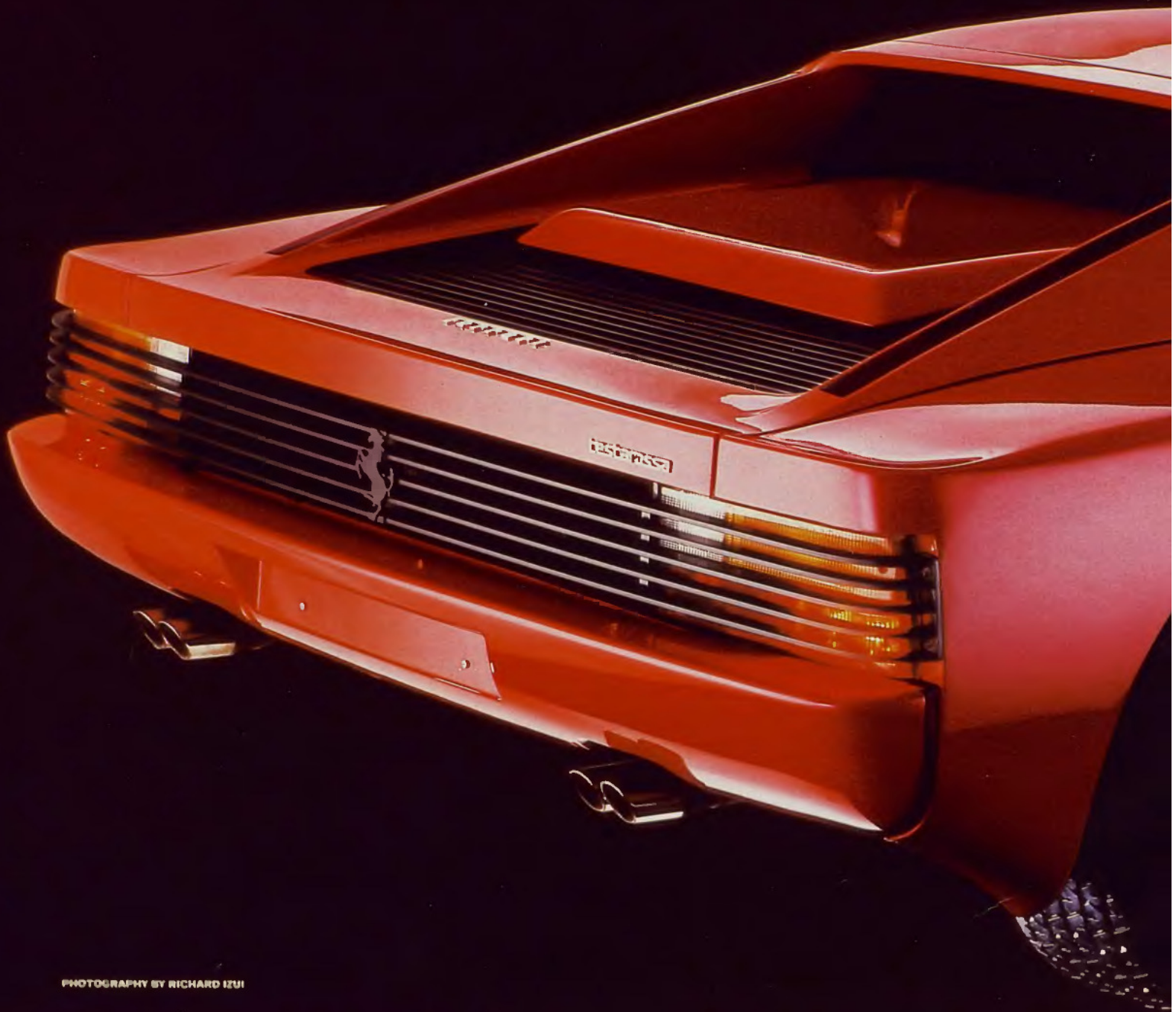
(continued on page 166)



"I am in touch with myself as a man—that's why I want to talk about my '79 Chevy."

ROAD WARRIORS

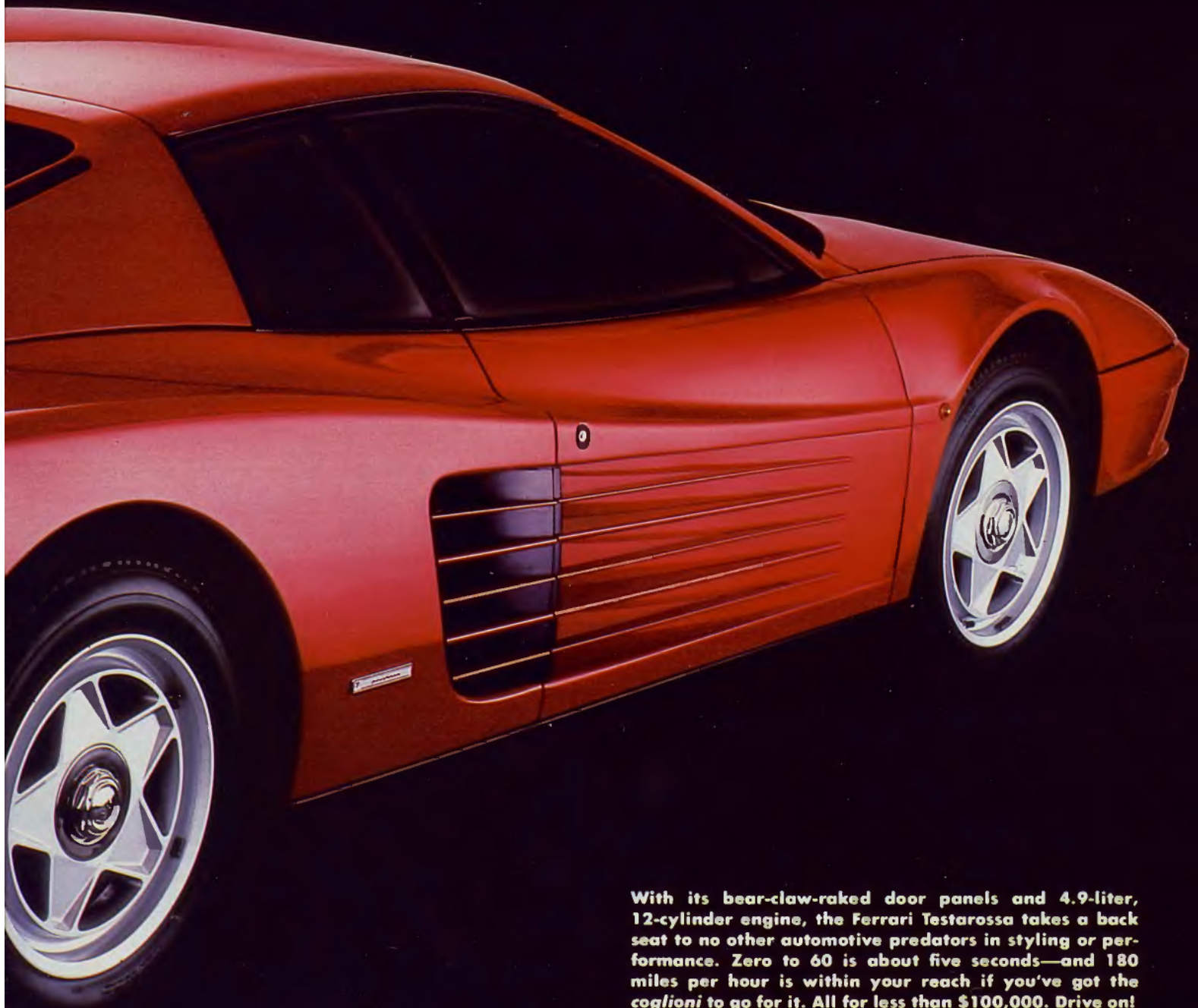
a playboy feature



modern living **By BROCK YATES** Take heart, Ferrari freaks. Those bad old days of wimpy GTBs and Mondials with *mere* 230-horsepower V8s, which ran the risk of having their headlights sucked out in every angry encounter with a Porsche 911, are over. In fact, for anyone claiming to possess a really fast road car, *it's over*. The Red Brigade from Maranello is back, and in a way that is typically Ferrari (read big, strong, bullet-like, beefy bolides with classic 12-cylinder engines that are quicker than anything else on the highway). It's called the Testarossa. *(concluded on page 140)*

RED-HOT TO TROT

ferrari's dreamer of a screamer, the testarossa, has hit the streets. pucker up and punch it—if you dare



With its bear-claw-raked door panels and 4.9-liter, 12-cylinder engine, the Ferrari Testarossa takes a back seat to no other automotive predators in styling or performance. Zero to 60 is about five seconds—and 180 miles per hour is within your reach if you've got the *coglioni* to go for it. All for less than \$100,000. Drive on!

AT DARTMOUTH, THEY KNOW
THE ONLY THING BETTER THAN THE FAST TRACK
IS THE INSIDE TRACK

Y O U N G M E N

THIS IS THE Alpha Delta fraternity house at Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. The brothers are standing outside on their balcony, ready to serenade me. Sing, boys!

"Iowa! Iowa!"

"Wait——"

"That's where the tall corn grows!"

"Corn? What are they singing about corn for?"

"Iowa! Iowa!"

"This is the East. This is the Ivy League," I say, laughing.

"Get 'em up! Get 'em up! Get 'em up!"

"Oh, no."

"Iowa! Iowa!"

"They're taking off—they're all dropping their pants!"

"That's where the tall corn grows!"

"Oh! Heavens!" I yell.

"Get 'em up! Get 'em up! Get 'em up!"

"They're dropping their under-p-p-p—Gracious! What a tribute!"

"Iowa! Iowa!"

God, I love college.

I love college so much I still have dreams of my old boyfriend, Mike Troy, the great Indiana University Olympic swimming star, at the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house, clasping me—a virgin Pi Phi, a virtual anomaly at an American

university—in his embrace, the flounces of my gown caught between his legs; or I am lying in my Miss Indiana University crown in the back seat of Mike's, the Divinity of Bloomington's, Fairlane, in the Phi Kappa Psi parking lot, across from the Kinsey Institute of Sexual Behavior.

Usually, I have those dreams or the one where Mike rises out of the pool at the N.C.A.A. championships, his snappy red swimming suit sucked against his young body, his thick gold medals hanging almost to the floor.

That is the college I dream about. It bears no resemblance to the college I discover when I am asked to go out to Dartmouth and take stock of America's future corporate leaders. Mike Troy has gone into real estate in San Francisco. But it is not the same thing.

The Psi Upsilon's are ragging me because I can't take them all out to dinner. It's *Friday night*, they say. Why don't you have dates? I say. After dinner, they say. After dinner? Isn't anybody in love? I say. They all look at Ned and start banging him on the head. Ned is big, tall and the son of a director of one of the largest stockbrokerage houses in America. He raises his shoulders and turns bright red.

"I'm really, I'm really not," he says.

"You're not in love?" I say.

The sides of his nose break out in perspiration.

"No," he says.

This puts everybody in the mood for a little slam pong, so we go down to the basement. Twenty or 25 Psi U.s are in the basement, with the music blaring. The Psi Upsilon's (Nelson Rockefeller was a Psi U. here) are the oldest (1842) fraternity at Dartmouth, and they have beer on tap, a polyurethane dance floor, an ice rink in the front yard and are known on campus as the rich, preppie assholes.

They squeegee off the pong table.

"Why don't you take us all out to dinner under the pretext of interviewing us?" says the Moss Man.

"I'd love to——" I say.

"Great," says the Moss Man.

"But I have only two hundred dollars for my whole stay at Dartmouth."

"Listen, Jean," says Moss Man. The Moss Man is a fine, tall figure, wears his hair combed to the side, skis for Dartmouth and is interviewing with investment banks, commercial banks and a few consulting firms in New York City, and says I should call *PLAYBOY* and say I am going to need a (continued on page 158)

O L D M O N E Y

article By E. JEAN CARROLL



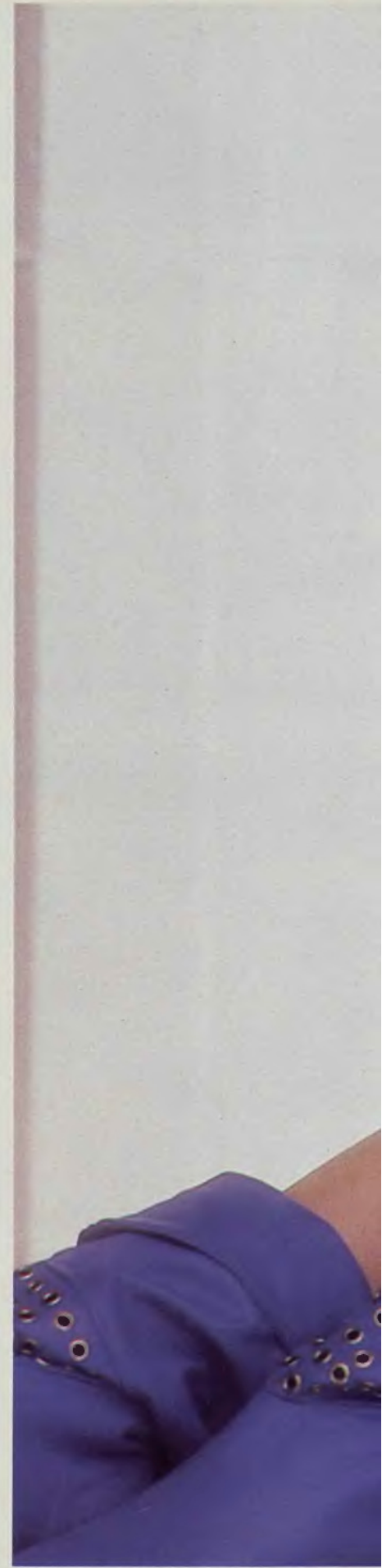
antano

LATE BLOOMER



*to kim morris,
growing up was
worth waiting for*

THE NAILS on one hand were a definite pink; those on the other leaned toward coral. Kim Morris said it was a test to see which she liked better. The different colors didn't matter much then; it was just an informal lunch. But they would the next day, when she would have to put hands and body on the line for a modeling job. Then, you can rest assured, Kim's nails would be perfect. Experimentation is part of her life: Try this, try that, see what works. At 27,





PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS AND STEPHEN WAYDA



she's loping along, confident and comfortable. A few years ago, she didn't know where she might be headed. "I was an orthodontist's assistant, working in Hawaii. Two of my girlfriends had gone to audition for a job billed as 'partially nude.' It was for the Crazy Horse Revue from Paris, playing in Hawaii. I said, 'Are you crazy? I could never do that.' But I went and saw the show; it was fabulous. They projected slides over the women, all seventeen of them. So it was tasteful—it was like hidden seductiveness—and it came off really well. I said, 'I want to be up there.' And I went, took off my clothes, and they said, 'You're hired.' I danced for two years."

After one has been in the Crazy Horse Revue, one doesn't return to orthodontics. Kim had had a taste of show business and liked it. Los Angeles, with its modeling and music-video action, seemed like the place to be. So she hopped a plane. Not long after she landed, she connected with PLAYBOY.

While it was immediately apparent that Kim was Playmate material, we had to put her on ice until an open month could be found. In the meantime, she joined Playboy Models.

The energy that doesn't go onto film sometimes comes out on canvas in Kim's

The closer she is to water, the better Kim likes it. Lately, she has taken to painting it, under the tutelage of her mother. "Her whole life has been painting," says Kim, who uses her own skills to keep the creative edge sharp when she's not busy modeling.







acrylic, free-style paintings. Her favorite subject: the ocean.

"It was that never-ending cycle of the waves and tides that drew me to the ocean. It's always there, going out and coming in. I think I was a fish at one time or another."

We suggested a swan as suitably aquatic and more attractive, but Kim countered with ugly duckling.

"I was a late bloomer, putting it bluntly. I wore a pixy haircut, and I was always very short. People called me Jim for years. I thought that I was never going to grow up. Finally, my junior and senior years in high school, I started filling out. I thought, This is wonderful. I hope I don't get too cocky."

Not a chance. Cockiness

"I'm not dull. That's for sure. There's always going to be that spontaneous spark in me. I'm always going to be thinking of new ways to tease and please whoever I'm with."







isn't a part of Kim's make-up. She's quiet, she observes, then she moves.

"I'm a listener," Kim offered. "I can observe and listen and pretty much figure out where people are coming from—usually from the first couple of things they say or the way they move, their body language." Then she laughed. "I sat and listened for years and years until I bloomed!"

But things were still far from rosy when we talked. Kim's love life, for one, just wasn't working out. She worried she might just have to call it quits.

"I hate to be alone, yeah. But I just want that . . . heart-stopping. . . ." Kim searched for a way to say it. "There's *someone* out there. I don't think I've ever really been in love. I've *loved*. I love the guy I live with now. But I'm not *in* love with him. I've done this now—this will be my third time that I've had to move out and say, 'I'm sorry it didn't work.' And I can't do that anymore. I've decided I'm going to live with friends and not have a relationship—at least, not a live-in one.

"What do I want? I want someone who's more dominant than I, someone who's going to say, 'Kim, grow up!' Or at least put me back down to earth."



"I think I'm a lot of things rolled into one. I'm homey, I'm down to earth, but I'm also flighty. I'm interesting, I think. I can be quiet or I can be full of questions, right out there, not afraid of anything. And I can sit back and just look."

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kim Morris

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 10/7/58 BIRTHPLACE: San Diego, California

WHAT PLACE WOULD YOU LIKE TO RETIRE TO AND WHY? Northern California, Napa Valley! Own a Bed & Breakfast/Hotel & raise a family

WHAT MALE DANCER WOULD YOU LIKE TO DANCE WITH AND WHY? Mikhail Baryshnikov - It would be like dancing in a Dream

WHAT EXPERIMENT WOULD YOU LIKE TO PERFORM ON THE SPACE SHUTTLE? A photo session with friends from Playboy

IF YOU COULD HAVE ONLY THREE RECORDS, WHAT WOULD THEY BE? The Beatles "Abbey Road", John Klemmer "Touch", "We are the World"

WHAT ARE THE MOST INTERESTING PLACES TO MAKE LOVE? At the Beach! At a romantic Dinner for two!! Beside a fire

WHAT'S THE PERFECT MENU FOR THAT SPECIAL DATE? Cold Pasta Salad, champagne and strawberries, picnicking outdoors!

WHOM WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADD TO YOUR CIRCLE OF FRIENDS? all people who are challenging, creative and sexy!



My first pony ride - 5 yrs.



Home Run!!



my parents' house in Hawaii



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three spinsters died and appeared at the pearly gates. Unfortunately, the gates were out of order. An apologetic angel offered to send each of the ladies back to earth for two weeks as anyone she chose.

"Hmmm. I'll go back as Morgan Brittany," the first said.

"Make me Morgan Fairchild," said the second.

"I'll be Sarah Pippeline," said the third.

"Who's that?" the angel asked.

The old lady pulled a tattered news story from her handbag and handed it over. The angel read the article and sighed.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That was the *Sahara Pipeline* that 400 men laid in two weeks."



When the naïve young lady asked the clerk in the Sex Shoppe to show her his selection of vibrators, he brought out the two most popular ones.

"The basic white one here is twenty dollars," the clerk said. "The black model is thirty."

"I'm just not sure," the woman said. Then she noticed an eye-catching item on the back shelf. "How much is that plaid one over there?"

"Oh, that's the hot one," said the clerk. "I couldn't let it go for less than a hundred."

"I'll take it."

Later that day, the store owner called in to see how business was going. "Great," the clerk told him. "This morning, I sold a white vibrator and a black one. And this afternoon, I got a hundred bucks for my Thermos."

Hard-drinking lawyers define *hangover* as the burden of proof.

What could have gone wrong?" Keith asked the downcast man at the health club. "When I saw you here yesterday, you were arm in arm with that gorgeous aerobics instructor."

"Well, we went to her place and had a few drinks," the man explained. "Then she said, 'Roger, take off my blouse.' A moment later, she said, 'Roger, take off my leotard.' Before long, she said, 'Roger, take off my bra.' And finally, she said, 'Roger, take off my panties.'"

"Oh, you had it made!" Keith moaned enviously. "Was it great?"

"I suppose so. But after that, I couldn't see past Roger."

Having lost his potency years before, the octogenarian was desperate to satisfy his new 18-year-old wife. He visited a gypsy woman with magical powers.

After the man downed a foul-tasting potion, the gypsy said, "There. Now the word beep will give you an enormous erection. The words beep-beep will make it disappear. But remember," she cautioned, "it will work only three times. Make use of it wisely."

As the old man left, he decided to test her prediction. "Beep," he said, and sure enough, he got the biggest erection of his life. "Beep-beep," he said. It went away.

He sped through traffic on his way home. "Beep," honked a taxi. The old man gasped as he instantly got hard.

"Beep-beep," honked a truck. His erection wilted.

Pulling into his driveway at last, the frantic man rushed inside and found his nubile wife watching TV.

"Have I got a surprise for you," he said, tearing off his clothes. "Beep!"

"Just a second," his wife said. "Here comes the Roadrunner."

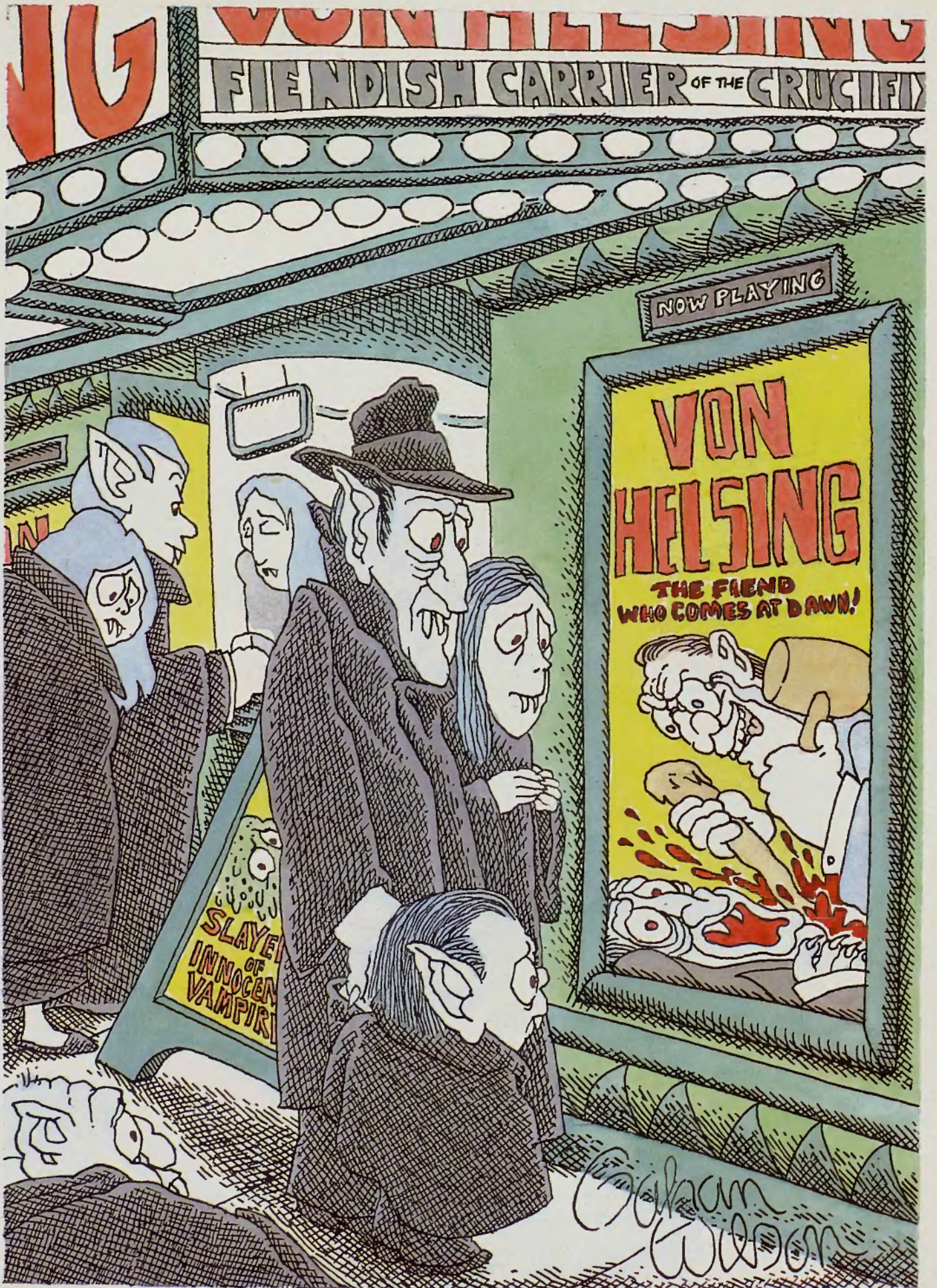
How would I know if I believe in love at first sight?" the sexy social climber said to her roommate. "I mean, I've never seen a Porsche full of money."



A few weeks after his parents' divorce, the little boy passed his mother's bedroom and saw her rubbing her body and moaning, "I need a man, I need a man."

The boy saw this scene repeated several times until, a month later, he passed her bedroom, heard her moaning and saw a man on top of her. The boy ran to his room, took his clothes off, threw himself onto his bed and began rubbing himself and moaning, "I need a bike, I need a bike."

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.



EXECUTIONER

he went into corrections work because it needed bright young men like him, and besides, capital punishment had been outlawed.

and then capital punishment came back

FOR WEEKS during the early Alabama spring of 1983, Fred Smith regarded the growing stacks of messages with disbelief. The previous January, when he was appointed Alabama corrections commissioner by Governor George Wallace, Smith had known that as head of the state prison system, he would face the most vexing test required of any appointed or elected official—supervising the execution of another man. To handle the task, he had mentally steeled himself for months, memorizing and rehearsing the state's intricate procedures for capital punishment until he was satisfied that on the night of the execution of *(continued on page 108)*

article

By JOHNNY GREENE







20 QUESTIONS: DAVID BYRNE

the talking head sounds off on art, being taken literally and baltimorons

The Talking Heads are one of the most intriguing and influential bands in music. They have combined stark arrangements, feverishly pounding beats and hysterical lyrics to capture an audience that has outgrown the avant-garde fringe—and, surprisingly, have had hit singles from their seventh LP, "Little Creatures." Last year's Talking Heads film and sound-track LP "Stop Making Sense" were also critical and commercial smashes. The ringleader in all the fine madness is 33-year-old David Byrne, singer, songwriter and guitarist, who, solo, has also scored a Twyla Tharp dance, sections of an opera, has collaborated with Brian Eno on an album rooted in African rhythms and produced bands such as B-52's. Victoria and David Sheff ate sushi and drank sake with Byrne in L.A. Their report: "Although his clothes were weird—a white panama hat, white short-sleeved shirt buttoned nerdlily to the collar and, yes, pencils sticking out of his shirt pocket—the biggest surprise about Byrne was how generally unweird he is. For someone who implores us to stop making sense, he made an awful lot of it."

1.

PLAYBOY: You're our candidate for most unlikely rock star. Are you surprised to be doing what you're doing?

BYRNE: Yeah, I have to pinch myself. The most amazing part is that you can do whatever you like. That could drive you crazy. You have all these opportunities and not enough time to do them all. And there are responsibilities that come with it in all sorts of ways. If I do a video, I feel it shouldn't be too expensive, or there should be value for the money—that sort of thing. And it should express something worth while, even if I fail. But still, I can pretty much express myself any way I like. I'm exaggerating some—you can do whatever you want within what seems reasonable.

2.

PLAYBOY: The success of *Stop Making Sense* and your videos has made you known to a huge audience. Has that affected you?

BYRNE: The effect has been minimal. I pretty much always shave before I go out now; that's about it. Otherwise, as long as I look presentable, which is really childish, I don't mind being seen at the supermarket buying toilet paper.

3.

PLAYBOY: Explain the magic of *Stop Making Sense*—which has been acknowledged as

the best rock-performance film yet.

BYRNE: We originally were going to use weird stage lights and stuff—it would have been controlled and perfect. But then I realized that it would lose the energy of the performance that way. In the end, we got a tasteful, or sympathetic, reporting of what was there. We went backward. Instead of using all the latest tricks and gimmicks, we opted for a really conservative approach. Really, nothing happened that didn't happen in front of your eyes. Maybe that's why it communicates to people—because it has that kind of honesty.

4.

PLAYBOY: Who is your tailor, anyway? That suit you wear in the film is a little large, isn't it?

BYRNE: The belt is somewhere around a size 58 or 60. I don't know what size the suit is, but the idea was that I wanted to be a big Mr. Man. He really is someone else. I transform myself. I almost adopt a different character when I'm singing. That's performance. When I saw myself slip out of character—when this guy was stumbling around, looking for a microphone or something—I recognized myself.

5.

PLAYBOY: You're directing *True Stories*; why did you decide to go into film making?

BYRNE: A big part of my background is in the visual arts. And the idea of this film was to design something that would give me an outlet for that. There's a gap between the way music is being treated on MTV or in *Flashdance* and the way it's done on stage in Broadway musicals. I'm trying to find that place. So the film will be a musical portrait of a town. It will be a sort of musical documentary—only more stylized. The word documentary is supposed to be box-office death.

6.

PLAYBOY: But you've had relative commercial success with concepts that were supposed to be box-office death. How have you succeeded where others have failed?

BYRNE: It's possible to do some things that are . . . a little *unusual* and still be accessible to a fairly broad public. The public is underestimated, pandered to. You don't have to pretend that people are stupid and you don't have to pretend that you are smarter than your audience. You do what interests you. That's all you can do.

7.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* called you the "thinking man's rock star." Isn't rock 'n' roll antithetical to the life of the mind?

BYRNE: I don't get too hung up on the words. The sounds of the words have as much meaning as their literal sense. But intelligent lyrics and rock 'n' roll don't have to be antithetical. Rock 'n' roll lost its innocence in the Sixties. Once *Rolling Stone* appeared, it was ruined right there. But even simple rock 'n' roll has that kind of intellectual awareness, or maybe just smarts. The Rolling Stones or John Fogerty—who I think of as playing basic rock 'n' roll—have something else in the music.

8.

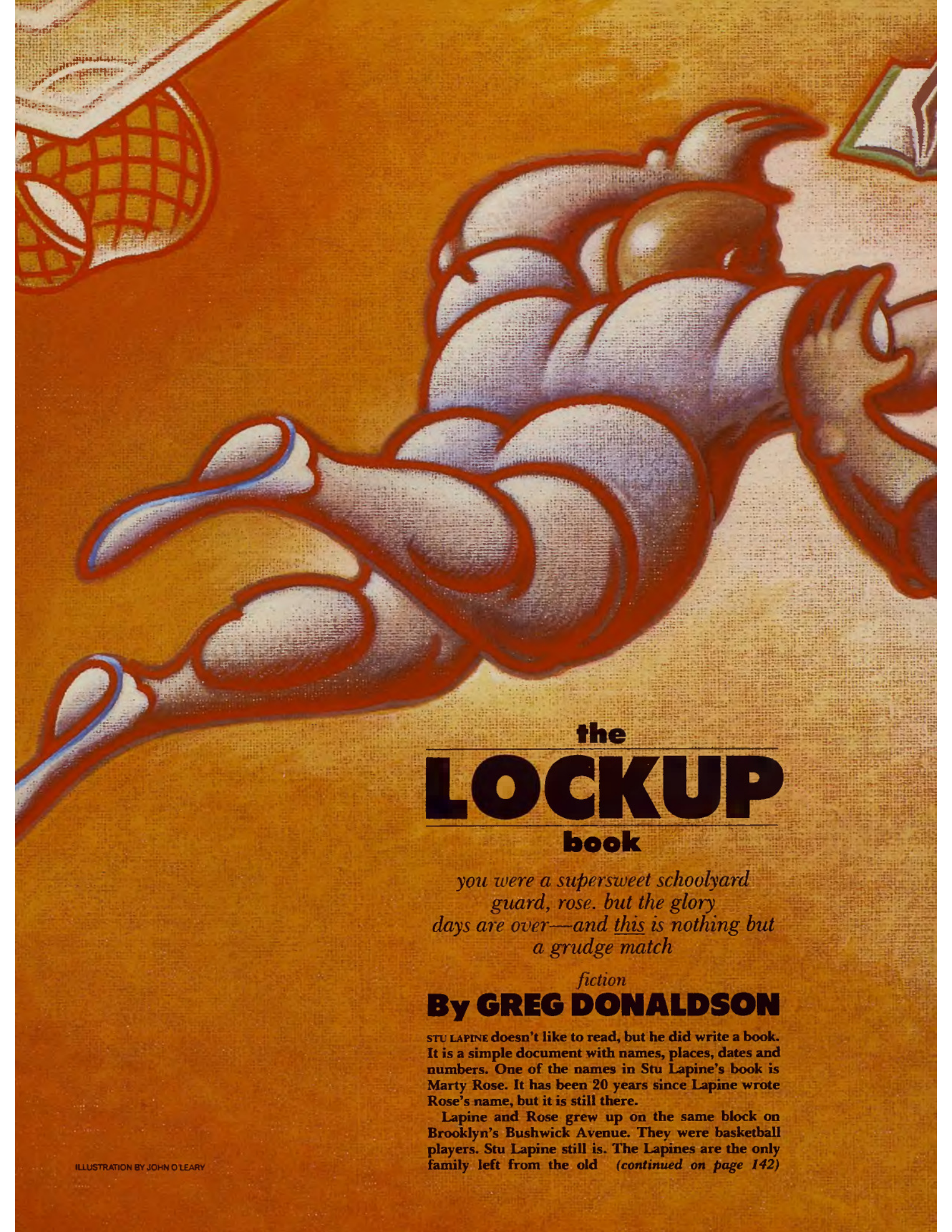
PLAYBOY: How important is it to you that your audience understand what you are trying to say?

BYRNE: I don't know yet. I want the meaning to be in there but not specified. I do have an idea about the meaning of my song. If enough people come back to me and think it's about something completely different from what I intended, then the song wasn't very well crafted, because nobody got it. Quite a number of people thought that in *Once in a Lifetime*, I was trying to make fun of suburban middle-class life. But I was trying to write from the point of view of these people suddenly opening their eyes and realizing where they were. They were shocked by it and wanted to know how they got there. I juxtaposed that with a sense of surrender and relief, as if they were saying, "It's all right, even if it's a little absurd on the surface." Writing songs is a process of letting your own consciousness run loose and then reining it in. You spew out a bunch of phrases and words, almost at random. Then you have to be kind of schizophrenic about it and go, "OK, let's shape this stuff up and push it together and make a song out of it. Make a verse here. Make this rhyme with the other one." Pure emotion is sitting there like a blob and you have to whip it into shape.

9.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about clubs full of people dancing to your song about a psycho killer?

BYRNE: I like that. It's sort of sneaky. I like that idea of the body accepting something before the mind does. I'm assuming that some of the people who listen just to the music might say (concluded on page 172)



the
LOCKUP
book

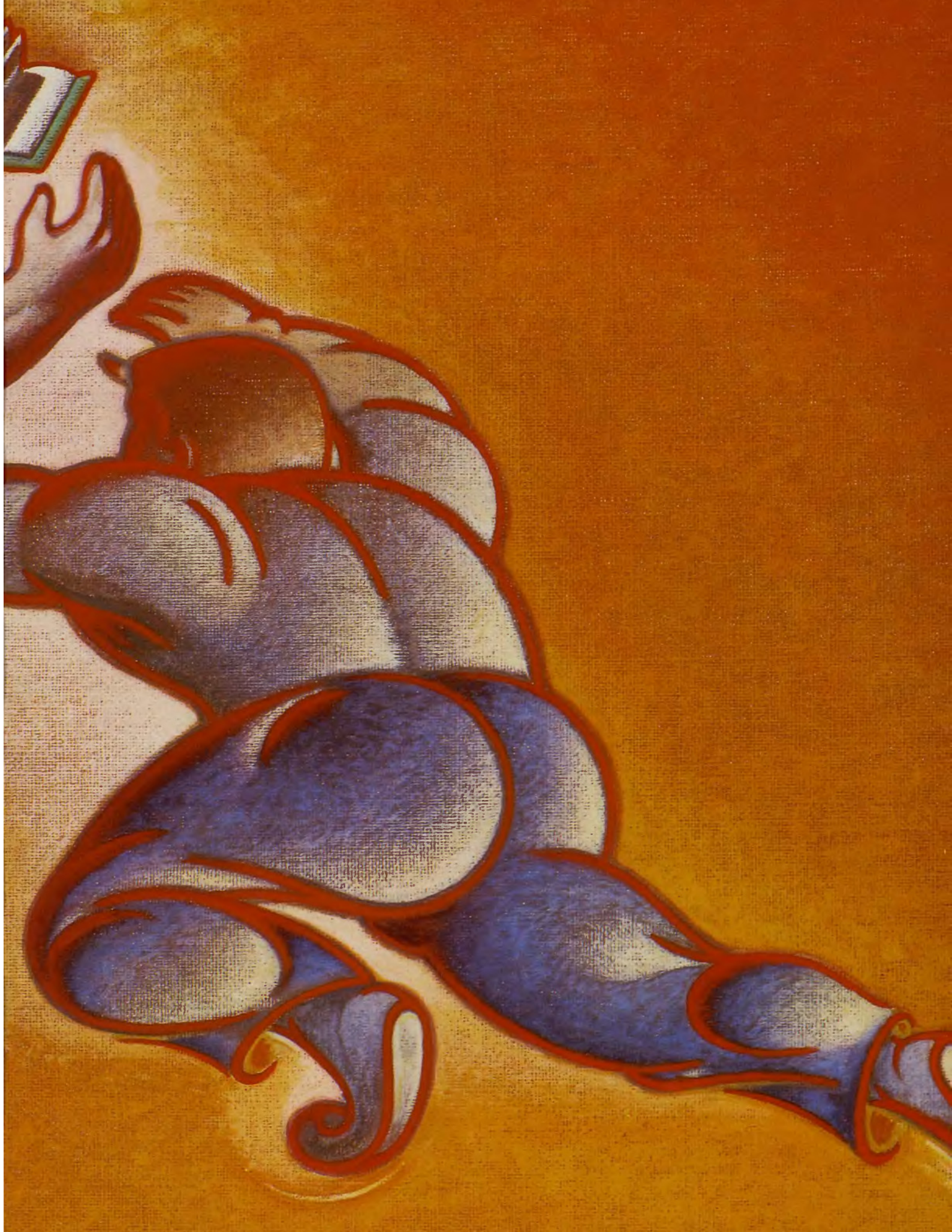
*you were a supersweet schoolyard
guard, rose. but the glory
days are over—and this is nothing but
a grudge match*

fiction

By GREG DONALDSON

STU LAPINE doesn't like to read, but he did write a book. It is a simple document with names, places, dates and numbers. One of the names in Stu Lapine's book is Marty Rose. It has been 20 years since Lapine wrote Rose's name, but it is still there.

Lapine and Rose grew up on the same block on Brooklyn's Bushwick Avenue. They were basketball players. Stu Lapine still is. The Lapines are the only family left from the old (continued on page 142)





OUR BUNNY VALENTINE



as she completes her 25th year in the playboy club, we take a loving look at her past and a periscopic peek into a his-and-her future

DURING THE quarter century in which Bunnies have been hopping around the Playboy Clubs of the world, everybody's been trying to get into the act—or at least into the costume. Male celebrities, among them Johnny Carson, Burt Reynolds, the Smothers Brothers and

Would-be bunnies beat a path to Playboy after 'Tale' telecast

Style • Art



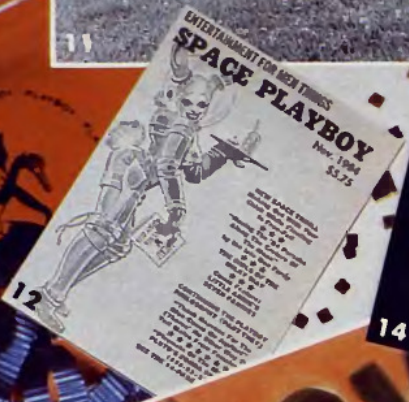
15



14



17



12



13



18

Some highlights from Bunny history: **1.** Deborah Horry as a New York Bunny. **2.** Steve Allen enrolls in Bunny school for a 1963 TV skit. **3.** The first Bunny of the Year, Gina Byrns, sketched by LeRay Neiman in 1969. **4.** Barbara Walters learns to Bunny-hap for a 1963 Today assignment. **5.** Hugh M. Hefner and some newly

collared Chicago cottontails. **6.** Bikinied Bunnies frolic in Jamaica. **7.** Hare-raising antics by comic Marty Allen. **8.** Cynthia Maddox, once the magazine's Assistant Cartoon Editor, parts a first draft of the Bunny Costume on TV's *Playboy's Penthouse*. **9.** Chicago Bunnies model proposed costume revisions at the Playboy Mansion, 1967. **10.** June "The Bosom" Wilkinson on duty in the first official Bunny outfit, black satin sons collar and cuffs. **11.** Chicago Bears' great Dick Butkus, as Playboy's resort athletic director, huddles with Bunny Pam. **12.** Mad magazine's idea of an outer-space cottontail cover girl, published in March 1965.

13. Gildo Radner, Jane Curtin and Laraine Newman suit up for Hef's 1977 *Saturday Night Live* gig. **14.** Johnny Carson in a 1963 Bunny spoof. **15.** Gloria Steinem goes undercover to write *A Bunny's Tale* for Show, 1963. **16.** A 1985 TV version of Steinem's exposé actually spurred recruitment. **17.** Lauren Hutton as a New York Bunny, 1963. **18.** Hef, Penny Marshall and Carrie Fisher in *Laverne & Shirley*, 1982. **19.** Bunny Jennifer gets a whole of a kiss for a Save the Whale benefit at the New York Aquarium. **20.** Bunny Louise Palmer surprises Queen Elizabeth with a posy at Derby day 1978. **21.** Another notable who's all ears: Carol Channing.




19



20



21



Steve Allen, haven't been able to resist donning Bunny ears and/or tails. Females fortunate enough to have the figure for it—for example, Cher, Carrie Fisher, Penny Marshall, Barbara Walters, Farrah Fawcett, the ladies of the original *Saturday Night Live* and, on our current cover, Sally Field—have enthusiastically modeled the entire outfit. A number of notable women, such as singers Deborah Harry and Dale Bozzio and actresses Lauren Hutton, Susan Sullivan, Lynne Moody and Julie Cobb, actually worked as Bunnies while waiting for their

showbiz breaks. The Playboy Club Bunny's attire of waist-hugging suit and matching satin ears, accented by collar, bow tie, cuffs and pumps with three-inch heels, soon became arguably the most recognizable civilian uniform in the world—and certainly the first ever to have been registered as a service mark with the U.S. Patent Office. Over the period of those 25 years, minor changes have been made, from the early appearance of collars and cuffs to the addition of psychedelic-print fabrics and the introduction of beruffled Cabaret outfits. Still, the basic design remained the same.

And here, the new look for the Playboy Bunny—and, at upper right, the Playboy Rabbit. The updated costumes, 22 in all, were designed by William Kloges, Jr., of Chicago.

Now, however, just in time for the celebration of her silver jubilee, the Bunny is getting not only a (text concluded on page 140)







NOUVELLE PLASTIQUE

because baby boomers know there's no such thing as too much boom in the billfold

humor **By KEVIN COOK**

EVERYBODY wants a piece of the Yup pie. That's why your mailbox is full of fliers offering new, improved credit cards. American Express Platinum leads the way, but Sears recently debuted its Discover card, and JCPenney is now in the bank-card biz. A new homeowner's card offers cut-rate shopping for everything from tax preparation to Preparation H.

The credit czars know that Yupward mobility requires a card for every mood. They know that even upwardly immobile baby boomers want the chance to spend money *even before it is minted* (insiders call this "fiduciary prekindling," or "wampum zappum"). Soon they'll be shilling the next generation of specialized cards—now being tested in secret underground malls.

THE VATICAN EXPRESS CARD "DON'T LEAVE ROME WITHOUT IT"

Unlimited indulgence for covetousness and sloth is just one of the advantages enjoyed by practicing faithholders who travel with the Vatican Express card. Outside your home parish, use Vatican Express for collection plates, votive candles, bingo, even special dispensation from faith-holding Irish policemen. And if you lose your card, Saint Anthony will find it for you—*guaranteed*. The Vatican Express card is worshiped at more than a billion locations. Look for the Sign of the Cross.

THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS CARD "YOU CAN'T GET ON THE PLANE WITHOUT IT"

"Do you know me? I tried smuggling hash out of Turkey, spent needless years in prison, even bit a guy's tongue out in rage and frustration—all because I didn't carry the Midnight Express card. Next time you're sharing your seat with a kilo, you'll feel secure, thanks to the Midnight Express Instant Ransom Activator. It gets you off with a flogging and probation at kangaroo courts throughout the uncivilized world. How? Let's just say we have certain raghead jackals in our pockets. If you're about to be bugged by a 300-pound Turk—always a threat in those Middle East hellholes—the Midnight Express card will expand into a shield, literally covering your ass.

"Take it from me, Billy Hayes. Carry the Midnight Express card. Because There Are Places Where the Sun Don't Shine."

MEXICARD INTERNACIONAL

¡Arriba! Forget the Alamo and discover the pleasure of seeing your dollars grow into millions and millions of pesos. In Mexico City, enjoy the finest *carne* in all the Americas. For you? A dime. In Tecate, our famous *cervezas*—on the *casa*. In Acapulco and Cancun, our condos. You don't even need a reservation—we'll ask our squatting relatives to straighten up and move. With MEXICARD, you get the best seats at our bullfights, our dogfights, our cockfights and our colorful slayings of your narcotics agents. You get your windshield cleaned every block. You get free pictures of yourself on a mule. Respond now and receive your very own Richter scale. MEXICARD. *En español*, we say, *Siéntense sobre nosotros porque somos pobres*—"Sit on us, for we are poor."

THE BIG CARD ON CAMPUS "PECUNIA SANA IN WALLETTU'S SANO"

Do you hate to study? Is the Pope Polish? Now, with our Overnite Transcript Alterations, you can bag the books and still be a regular Conan the Valedictorian. Think of it—with the B.C.O.C., you can graduate without knowing Sartre from Shinola, just like a varsity athlete! You can charge up pizzas, keggers, false I.D.s, suicide pills. We'll even help you find a job, provided you're not some humanities major with a head full of *haifuckingku*. The B.C.O.C. is for the best, the brightest, the most ruthless leaders of tomorrow—for people who know that money isn't everything; it's what you use to *buy* everything. "The Big Card on Campus. Because Life Ends at 22."

NICKEL-AND-DIMERS' CLUB

So you'll never qualify for a major credit card. *What the hey!* Who needs instant flight insurance on transoceanic routes? What this country needs is a blue-collar card to get a guy through to Friday!

And that's what you get with the Nickel-and-Dimers' Club. Bus fare, Lotto tickets, apple wine, a fin for that sure thing in the ninth race—they're all a snap with N.A.D.C. Just present your card to one of our authorized representatives at tents, swap meets and holes in the wall worldwide, and collect up to *25 bucks a year*—with no risk to your credit rating and a minimal risk to your knees.

But what the hey! You've got that filly in the ninth. Join the Nickel-and-Dimers'

Club today. Because without a credit card, you're not worth loose change.

MENSACARD "SO WORDY, SO WALPURGISNACHT"

If you have yet to reach the terminus of this paragraph, forget about applying for MensaCard. MensaCardholders are nothing less than the brightest and the best, a petite elite consisting of the uppermost two percent of the nation's brained population. What do you get with MensaCard? Let's look at it rationally:

- A little yellow pin that identifies you to similarly macrocephalic people whose interests, like yours, range from quantum chromodynamics to refuting challenges to the Stanford-Binet intelligence test;
- A year of *Genius High-Jinks*, the magazine for those who should know better;
- Tickets to any world-championship chess match held in the free world.

In short, nothing of value. But you're not the kind to rely on the perquisites of the consumer ethos, are you? You derive pleasure from the mere recognition of your supercognition, and MensaCard is there. Nurture *your* nature with MensaCard. "Because You're Better than the Rest of Them, and They Should Know It."

THE ACE IN THE HOLE

You don't live like other people. Why die, like them?

Carrying the Ace in the Hole means that the moment your vital signs signal oxygen death, we'll have someone on hand to *die in your place*. All you do is expire. Your Ace in the Hole card—imprinted with the pattern of *your* brain waves—is ready for insertion in the frontal lobe of a sexually potent member of the underclass. Your host's family receives a handsome sum, of course, but *you* get much more: the chance to see your children grow up, have children of their own and then perish . . . an eternal subscription to our financial bulletin, *Long-Term Investment* . . . and, most of all, the chance to grab for all the gusto of quasi godhood.

Sure, it's expensive, and the Government will tax everything you leave yourself in your will. But which would you rather have—some of your assets and immortality or all of them and *rigor mortis*? We believe that you, like the original God Himself, will choose eternal life. Apply before you die. "With the Ace in the Hole Card, Nothing's Sure but Taxes."



"Alone they faced the dogging personal questions of how you end another person's life."

convicted murderer John Louis Evans III, as he carried out his duties by rote, he could respond to the revulsion of ending Evans' life as coldly and as indifferently as if he were only a piece of machinery in the electrocution chamber. But Smith had no warnings to prepare him for the stacks of messages he was receiving.

The Evans case was provocative, dramatically heightened by the 11th-hour stay that had saved him from the electric chair in 1979. For four years, Evans' name had resurfaced regularly in the media as his appeals process was gradually exhausted. At his trial on murder charges, he had demanded execution in the electric chair and had warned the jury that if he were not found guilty and sentenced to death, he would somehow escape and murder each juror. He was sentenced to death. But after his 1979 reprieve, Evans publicly professed a change of heart and said he no longer wanted to die, that he had undergone a religious conversion, had been "saved" and wanted to live.

People throughout Alabama remembered how Evans had taunted the jurors. They recalled the well-publicized moments in his case—the reprieve and Evans' conversion. And now, as Fred Smith sought to plan and coordinate an orderly execution, people from all over Alabama were calling his office and leaving messages demanding blood.

Spotting Smith in restaurants, customers shouted to him, "If y'all don't want to kill Evans, I'll do it!" Strangers often approached him and said, "When you gonna kill Evans?"

Others wanted to witness the execution. Smith could dismiss the majority of those requests as sick fantasies of the emotionally unstable. But the strident requests he received from seemingly responsible civic leaders and state troopers were disturbing. A dark wave of enthusiasm was building toward the Evans execution, and Fred Smith was caught on its crest.

No one had been executed in Alabama's wooden electric chair since William F. Bowen, Jr., a white male convicted of murder, was electrocuted 18 years earlier at Kilby Prison, near Montgomery. In 1967, executions were suspended nationwide by the United States Supreme Court. But before the Court halted the killings, 150 men and three women went to their deaths at Kilby, where on some nights as many as five were executed in rapid succession.

In the 18-year interval between the 1965 killing of Bowen and the scheduled execu-

tion of Evans in the spring of 1983, and in the long hiatus between executions in the nation's 37 other death-penalty jurisdictions, a new generation of law-enforcement and corrections-department professionals like Fred Smith had come of age.

These men had no experience in the elaborate, arcane procedures that had historically surrounded and shrouded the killing of condemned men and women. For guidance, they could seek out retired executioners, history books, newspaper and magazine articles or dusty technical manuals. Like any rising generation, however, they would deliberately approach and handle their tasks differently from their predecessors. But the emotions experienced by the new regime of state-sanctioned executioners would reflect what universally happens to otherwise ordinary men and women when they are called upon to end lives.

Alabama's corrections officials, like their contemporary and historical counterparts, tried to impose a safe distance between themselves and the political and emotional storms touched off by the issue of capital punishment. Their job was to kill, not to question. More importantly, they tried to maintain objectivity in dealing with often personable death-row inmates whom they would one day have to take to death chambers and execute. Alone they faced the dogging personal questions of how you end another person's life and how you live with yourself afterward. Fred Smith saw his duty from the outset as clearly and simply defined. "We had to get rid of the person," he says, "and that's all we did—get rid of the person."

To Smith, the position in which he found himself in the spring of 1983 must have seemed nothing less than extraordinary. He was a prominent member of a crop of young Southerners who represented the best instincts of the New South. He was born in 1947, received college and advanced degrees from Auburn University and had just turned 35 when he was appointed to his state cabinet-level post by Wallace. He and his contemporaries were educated, articulate and dedicated to reforming the corrupt and brutal prison systems they had inherited. Within Alabama, where for eight years he had held high-echelon administrative posts in the corrections department, Smith was known as a liberal who advocated reduced prison sentences and improved corrections facilities. Now, ironically, in his first months as commissioner, he was saddled with responsibility for conducting a killing.

Smith had, of course, studied the sordid history of Alabama's prison system, and especially of its electric chair during the years it was housed at Kilby Prison, between 1927 and 1970. Prisoners under death sentence used to be hanged in county jails, but a 1923 Alabama law designated Kilby as the sole place of execution within the state and conferred upon the Kilby warden—the state's official executioner—immunity from a charge of murder for carrying out his job. Multiple electrocutions at Kilby had nevertheless given rise to rumors of drunken death-squad members, of demonic prison officials who drugged the prisoners so the terrified men would not have to be dragged screaming to their deaths, and of the bludgeonings even of sedated prisoners before they were killed.

In 1970, while the Supreme Court's ban on capital punishment was still in effect, the state dismantled Kilby and the electric chair and re-established the death chamber in Holman Prison, a facility that had recently opened near Atmore. Death-penalty opponents and attorneys for death-row inmates argued that the move invalidated capital punishment in Alabama. But a state that had executed 150 men and three women in its electric chair between 1927 and 1965, and had rebuilt its death chamber in the face of the Supreme Court's ban on executions, was not going to roll over on a technicality.

In 1972, the state's supreme court ruled that the move of the chair had not, by some "magical power," repealed the state's death penalty. Alabama was prepared to resume business as usual in dispatching condemned men and women. The new death chamber was set up, its electrical generators ready to be turned on as soon as the Supreme Court backed away from its 1967 ruling. In 1976, the Supreme Court did just that.

Alabama wanted to be the first state in the nation to execute after the ban was lifted, and there had been a chance it might get its wish. Evans was scheduled to die on April 6, 1979. But on January 17, 1977, Utah became the first state to renew the killing when Gary Gilmore went to his death before a firing squad.

Denied the chance to be first nationally, Alabama was determined to be first in the South. But when Evans was granted an 11th-hour reprieve, the state again lost its first-strike opportunity—Florida electrocuted John Spinklink on May 25, 1979. After Spinklink's death, it was as if a race were on among the states of the old Confederacy to see which would kill next and kill most.

By the end of 1985, of the 50 men and women executed since 1976, 46 had been put to death in the South. Ironically, Alabama had killed only one man.

Alabama's momentum had been slowed because the killing of Evans initially



"To answer your question, Miss Martin—this is what can be performed on a grand piano that can't be performed on an upright."

looked like an example of the most feared excess of capital punishment conceivable in a civilized society—a botched electrocution. After Evans' execution, his killers were faced not only with the vivid memories of taking another person's life but with the distinct impressions that they had actually fried a human being to death.

The night of the scheduled execution, Fred Smith went to dinner at the restaurant of the Best Western Motel near Atmore. It was the night of the junior-senior prom, and he was surrounded by teenagers decked out in fancy clothes. He found it odd that reporters were curious about what he ordered for dinner that night. He could not explain to those around him, nor to reporters who wondered how he could eat and kill on the same night, that he was actually holding on by reciting to himself the steps and signals for electrocution he had memorized from the procedures manual. As he sat in silence, word came that Evans' final appeal had been turned down. The execution was to take place as soon as possible.

A heavy rain was falling when Smith abandoned his meal and rushed to the prison a few miles away. "It couldn't have been more classic," he says. "A lightning storm. We were afraid the juice would be knocked out of the chamber. People in the witness room were worried over their feet being wet. It was like something out of a horror movie."

In the car on the way to the prison, Smith ran through the electrocution procedures again. "How do you prepare for an execution?" he later asks, and chuckles. "It's like the old joke about how you get to Carnegie Hall—practice, practice, practice. You rehearse in your mind until you think you're a machine. The staff was anxious. No one had ever participated in an execution before. Security was a major concern, because people were here from all over the world. One man crawled through the woods to get to the institution just to look at it. The anxiety made us plan and rehearse. The execution team rehearsed. We had a man playing the inmate and had him mock-faint so we could rehearse that, too, and make sure it went off on time."

The procedures even involved the inmate. "You don't want to walk in on him and say, 'Come on, John, we're going to execute you now,' do you? No. You go in and you say, 'John, here's what we're gonna do.' And we rehearsed that, too."

Involving Evans in the planning for his own execution was important to Smith. Like all executioners, whether novices or veterans, he needed the assurance that all surprises had been prevented.

Now as he entered the witness room and took his position beside the doorway—with the opened telephone line to the governor's mansion—it would be up to his

finely wrought procedures to get him through the ordeal unscathed.

The ground-level cell block at Holman Prison looks like any prison hallway, with gray-green walls and spotless floors. On one side is an ordinary prison cell. Just past that are three large doors. The hallway is strangely quiet for a penitentiary, the ordinary racket of the prison far removed from this particular cell block.

Carrying a set of heavy keys, a guard unlocks one of the three large doors. Inside, a stand of electrical equipment crowds a small, narrow room. Upside down, a long black-rubber glove rides the switch to the electric chair. The glove's heavy fingers are curled into a grip. Holding the keys, the guard stands in the doorway, partially blocking the light. In the dim, almost airless room, the silence seems oppressive and threatening, and it is hard to avoid brushing against the generator, the glove and the switch.

To the left of the electrical equipment is a small window through which the electric chair is visible. Built by prison labor in 1927 and painted yellow, the chair is known familiarly as Old Yellow. To the touch, one of its wide arms feels like just another piece of wood, not unlike the back of a church pew. On a lark, it would be easy to slip into the big yellow chair, clasp your hands behind your head and sink into its oversized proportions designed to accommodate men and women of any height, any weight. But in the stillness of a room sealed and unopened for days, weeks and maybe months during an unremitting Alabama summer, it is as if all of the heat and the stench of the season wraps around the throat like a vise, placing a palpable barrier around the chair.

On the night Evans was led down the hallway by the three members of the execution squad, the cramped witness room next to the death chamber was occupied by Smith and eight other men—a chaplain, three reporters, two doctors, Evans' lawyer and a friend of Evans'. If it hadn't been for the windowpane, the witnesses almost could have reached out and touched Old Yellow itself.

Electrocution procedures do not differ radically in the states that employ the electric chair. Some states hire anonymous individuals to serve as executioners; but in most, the warden of the prison housing the death chamber does so, and the death-squad members who perform almost all of the execution procedures other than the killing are prison guards hand-picked by the state's senior corrections officer or the prison warden.

"They were the most trusted men the warden had," Smith says of the death squad that killed Evans. "The execution team was made up of the deputy warden and seven correctional officers."

Like Smith, they were inexperienced in

the business of executions. But if they were nervous or tense as they carried out the duties they had rehearsed, it did not show. They followed Smith's orders and procedures without flinching.

Three men escorted Evans to the death chamber, where the five others were waiting. Two of the men then left the death chamber and stood in the hallway outside. Each of the six men in the death chamber had been assigned tasks in strapping Evans into the chair. There were straps for each of his legs, each forearm and wrist, his waist, neck and head. The team member responsible for placing the strap around Evans' neck was also to put the skullcap containing the electrodes over his head and the mask across his face.

When the straps were secured, four of the men left the chamber and stood at assigned stations—two outside the witness room, the others outside the death chamber. The two men remaining checked the straps and the electrical connections. One of them then left and stood outside in the hallway. The other picked up a small paddle with the word *READY* on it and waited beside the window between the death chamber and the electrical-equipment room. He stood on a wooden box in case the current jumped from Evans' leg.

Outside the prison, in the surrounding south Alabama piney hills, people were crawling through the woods, desperate to be nearby when the execution took place. Supporters and opponents of the death penalty clamored behind cordons of state troopers. Along an interstate highway, a woman claiming to be a reporter was found walking toward Montgomery—en route, she said, to get the permission of George Wallace to take Evans' place in the electric chair. Inside the prison's visiting area, members of the press corps and state troopers who were granted their wishes to see the execution jostled with one another to watch Evans killed on closed-circuit television. Standing in the witness room beside the doorway, near the telephone to the governor's mansion, Smith silently recited the procedures once more.

"Warden," he then said, "has there been word?"

Holman warden J. D. White told Smith there'd been no word from the governor.

"Go ahead with the procedures," Smith said.

Warden White stood in the death chamber and read Evans the warrant for his death, telling him he was going to be electrocuted. He asked Evans if he wanted to make a final statement. Evans had asked that his statement remain private.

Inside the witness room, Holman prison chaplain Martin Weber said, "He's saying, 'I have no malice for anyone, no hatred for anyone.'"

Smith turned, shook his finger at Weber and silenced the chaplain. He then

(continued on page 154)

The Best

BEST POTATO CHIP

What becomes a legend most? A luxe mink coat? A long, flashy limo? While there are those who would have you believe that the watch that ticks the loudest works the best, that's not necessarily the case. The best isn't ostentatiousness or glitz. The best is style and innovation, originality and execution. The best, above all, is class. It can be represented by something as sensuous as a fine silk robe or as brilliantly simple as a baseball bat destined for a place in the Hall of Fame. Here, we present a sampling of the best. This, as we see it, is as good as it gets.



Maui Kitch'n Cook'd chips, all the way from Hawaii, are the crunchiest you'll ever taste. Thickly sliced Burbank russets (skins and all) are cooked without preservatives—just oil and salt. You'll never eat Pringles again.

BEST RERUN OF "THE MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW"



We're not just clowning around when we admit to being dead set on "Chuckles Bites the Dust." And we think that even Lou and Mary would agree. "A little song, a little dance, a little seltzer down your pants." R.I.P., Chuckles.

BEST WATCH



Audemars Piguet's Grand Complication is an 18-kt.-gold Swiss pocket watch handmade in a very limited edition. The 12-function timepiece, with a perpetual and lunar calendar, costs \$185,000.

The Best

BEST BASEBALL BAT



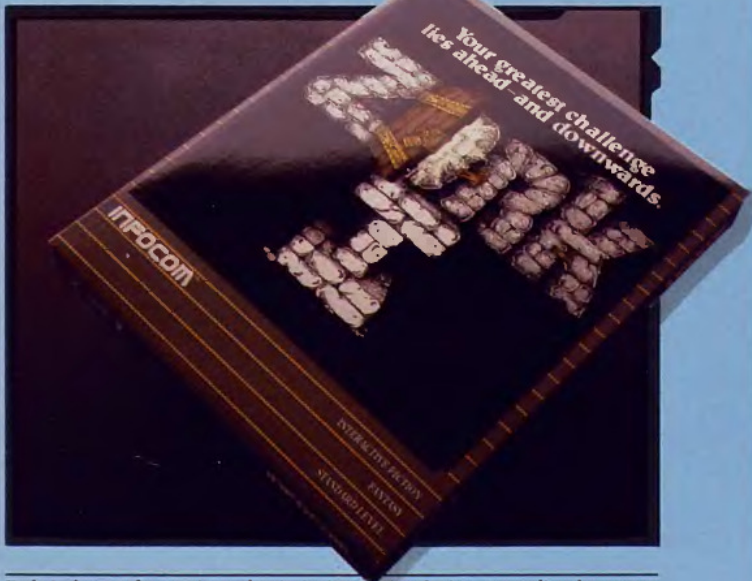
We don't care if Pete Rose did switch to Mizuno; when it comes to a batting stick, we buy strictly American: Louisville Slugger, still made from prime Northern white ash, pine tar not included.

BEST TOOTHBRUSH



The Radius has 5500 fine bristles, an asymmetric contour neck and it comes in right- and left-handed models. Used by Sting and Mick Jagger. For you, \$10.

BEST COMPUTER GAME



Zork I, from Infocom, is a classic in interactive fiction. A medieval treasure quest, it's the program by which all other computerized adventures are judged.

BEST DRIVE



The central stretch of California's Pacific Coast Highway (U.S. 1) from Carmel to San Simeon. It's one breath-taking cliff-hanger.

BEST GOLF BALL



The Titleist, by Acushnet, is the most successful ball on the P.G.A. Tour, with more than twice the earnings of all others combined.

BEST GUITAR



Fender's Stratocaster was introduced in 1953 by country artists; then Buddy Holly rocked the world with it in 1957. Jimi Hendrix played it at Woodstock, Eric Clapton at Live Aid. Will this true classic ever be bettered? That'll be the day.

BEST ADULT TOY



The Trihawk, from Harley-Davidson, is technically a motorcycle. In real life, it's the fastest and sexiest thing on three wheels—100 mph, priced from \$9975.

BEST TAP WATER



You'll find it in Olympia, Washington, says the American Water Works Association. Boston finished second in its taste test.

The Best

BEST ROBE



You just can't beat the silks from the Sulka collection. This one is produced in Paris from handmade Italian silk brocade, \$2000.

BEST STUFF ON A STICK



Put down that Dove Bar. Fozfruit comes in 14 all-natural flavors, chunks and all. Most have fewer than 70 calories; all are delicious. Our pick is strawberry.

BEST CUSTOM BIKE



J. P. Weigle Cycles roll off a very slow assembly line in East Haddam, Connecticut, with classy custom frame and snazzy, multicolor point, Cinelli bar and stem, Rolls saddle, Assos rims and Campagnolo Record C components, about \$3000.

BEST HOTEL SUITE



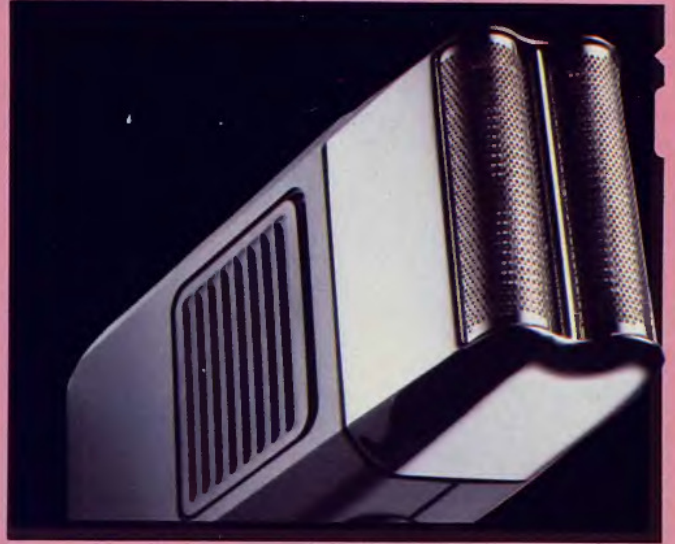
The Penthouse Suite atop the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco has three bedrooms, a full kitchen, a secret-passage library, a game room, maid and butler—all for \$4000 a day. That includes cable TV.

BEST CIGAR



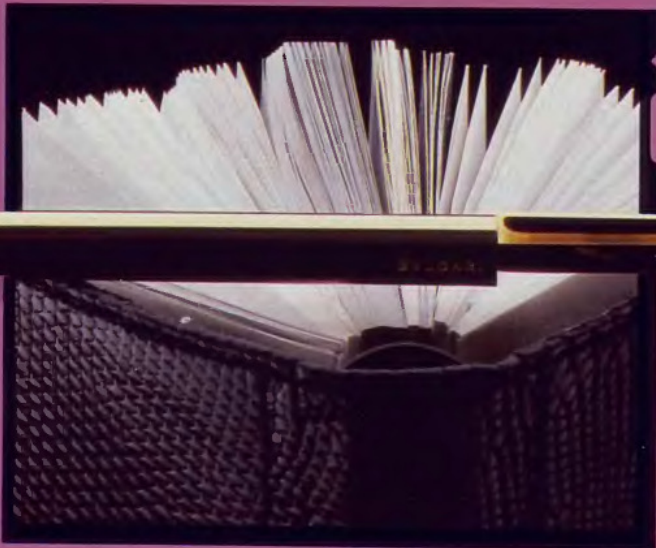
The Davidoff Mouton Rothschild Corona takes seven years from seed to store. It's blended from three Cuban harvests; production is limited. They sell for \$8 each in Switzerland, \$16 in Germany. To find them in the States, you need a close friend in far places.

BEST ELECTRIC SHAVER



From Porsche Design: double-head titanium-enriched foil over precision-honed stainless-steel cutters angled at 22 degrees. It's cordless and rechargeable, \$170.

BEST DAYBOOK AND PEN



The British Filofax System, complete with London Underground map, is the one the others try to copy; in various leathers, from \$150. To complement it, our choice for best ballpoint is the Bulgari Eccentric; in ten-micron gold plate, \$200.

BEST GAME-SHOW HOSTESS



Is there a V? Yes, there is one V. Is there an A? There are two A's. How about an N? Two Ns. Is it the lovely Vanna White? Who else? We'd spend a fortune to have this sexy star spin our wheel.

SALLY FIELD *(continued from page 57)*

"In all honesty, I don't know what good friendship does, what purpose. I don't understand it."

FIELD: He's a complete lunatic. *[Laughs]* A very strange fellow—but, again, so lovable that I felt a great comfort in being with him. His humor is so off the wall that you think maybe he's lost it altogether. He faces his work in such a free way; I've never seen anybody else work like that. He doesn't prepare it, he just does it.

PLAYBOY: And your *Back Roads* co-star, Tommy Lee Jones?

FIELD: A very troubled person. We didn't have a very good time. We almost got into a fistfight. He behaved very badly.

PLAYBOY: How badly?

FIELD: I will overlook and overlook, then push me too far and I say, "Good night." I got tired of being bullied. It wasn't like he was an actor lost in his role; it was just some guy who didn't have it together.

PLAYBOY: Was he drinking?

FIELD: I think so. And God knows what else. I don't want to bad-mouth the guy; this was a long time ago, and maybe he's gotten better.

PLAYBOY: Did he get physical with you?

FIELD: Once. He was trying to show me how I couldn't get away if he didn't want me to. I have really tiny bones, and he had a grip on my wrist like he was gonna twist it off. He made my friend [director] Marty [Ritt] ill, which pissed me off. He was so relentless about showing me and Marty that we couldn't do this scene that I just sank my teeth into his hand. *[Laughs]* I got away. But then he ran after me and said he was going to disfigure my face. He was a bad guy as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: We've covered some of the male actors you've worked with; how about the women who are your peers? Whom do you consider at the top of your profession?

FIELD: As far as getting the plum roles, Meryl [Streep] wears the crown. She's held up to be the quintessential actress of our generation—maybe because she's in the New York scene, which is very important right now as far as motion pictures are concerned. I will never be Meryl, who's done nothing but quality. That will never be. It was not written in the cards. She's extraordinary. But there are several other extraordinary actresses. Sissy Spacek is wonderful; Jane Fonda is fabulous; Jessica Lange's work is very interesting.

PLAYBOY: And Goldie Hawn?

FIELD: Goldie does something that none of the other actresses can do. She has a whimsy and a comedic ability that no one else has. We can all imitate her, but we can't get near it. I don't think that Goldie has yet branched out as much as she would like to dramatically, because

she's such big box office doing what she does.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider any of the women we've discussed friends?

FIELD: I really have not known a lot of people in the business. There's something about me that's so reclusive, I'm always fighting that urge to just go home and take up weaving and never be seen by another human being, just go act and come home and hide. I find it so difficult to allow friends into my life; I don't know why. It's a very big hole in my life. I don't understand this part of me. For years, when I was with shrinks, I used to think that there was something wrong with me because I didn't have friends. And I really don't . . . and I haven't.

I periodically say I'm going to open up this part of my life and invite these women in—and then I don't. I think of all these reasons to rationalize it. I have two kids, this career; I don't have time. But there are other people who have two kids and careers and they have lots of women friends. And they say, "I couldn't do without my women friends. I couldn't exist without that release." I can't even visualize what that release is about. *What release?*

In all honesty, which reveals another not-quite-so-attractive part of me, I don't know what good it does, what purpose. I don't understand the process of working to have a friend. If I didn't have my mother and my sister as a vent for any sort of emotional exchange, I would have had to learn how to make friends.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Jane Fonda once make a friendly overture toward you?

FIELD: Jane wrote me a letter about *Norma Rae*. I'd never met her. She wrote, "You make me proud to be in the profession that I'm in. Please let's have lunch and get to know each other." I was overwhelmed. This letter weighed on me for weeks, because I didn't have the guts to call her up. You see, when we're old and gray, Jane Fonda will be a woman of this time. She is tremendously powerful and successful. She's so much more grown-up than I was. I know I make myself sound like this trembling doe-eyed thing. There's a place inside me that's a complete bitch, but we're not talking about that side. Anyway, I finally wrote her a letter and said that her letter meant very much to me, but at this time in my life, I was just too intimidated ever to have lunch with her. *[Laughs]* I couldn't face it. She laughed about my letter and said, "Whenever you feel you can get to know me. . . ."

PLAYBOY: And did you?

FIELD: Yes. I hit a very low spot in my life for about two years. It was after *Norma*, when *Absence of Malice* was coming out. I broke down and called Jane and said that I needed to talk to her, and she was great. I remember tears' coming to my eyes several times during the lunch. I had a production company, and I couldn't even figure out whom to get to help me figure out what to do. I'd think, I have to make phone calls. Should I be meeting people? I just said to Jane, "I need to know how you do what you do. I'm completely lost. I don't know what I'm doing or why I'm doing it, and I feel so lonely here. I just want to go home."

So she just talked and talked. She told me about her own insecurities. Jane is unafraid to reveal herself. She's very passionate about things, and she's out there. There are people who are involved in things, but nobody quite like Jane. She was so generous, I felt not so alone.

PLAYBOY: You became pretty prominent yourself as one of the m.c.s for the Live Aid show, and you've been outspoken against nukes. Do you wonder if that kind of involvement will affect your career?

FIELD: It's a real juggling act. I feel that people who are well known have a certain responsibility to society to get information out. I know people say, "What gives you, as a stupid actor, the right to get up and say anything?" I don't think it's our responsibility to tell people what to think, but we can say, "Listen to this person who is an authority." The nuclear issue is the one to which I feel most committed. As for the Live Aid concert, there are times when you just feel, Fuck it, do it.

On the other hand, sure, you have to be very careful. Selfishly, I don't want to lose any of my opportunities to act. Acting has to be faceless. You have to be able to wipe the slate clean, and it's difficult carrying a lot of baggage for the audience as you come in. You don't want them to feel they already know you.

PLAYBOY: You portrayed very different women in *Norma Rae* and *Places in the Heart*. How would you describe the differences?

FIELD: Norma was an angry woman. She was compelled and lived with her anger. It was suppressed a great deal of her life, because she felt helpless and hopeless. But she was furious. Her strength came out of her anger and love for her children. Edna Spalding, in *Places*, was the opposite. She was not an angry woman. Her whole energy was about love. She was driven to do things outside of herself out of love.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you broke an actor's rib shooting a scene for *Norma Rae*?

FIELD: Yes. It was a scene where I was just supposed to see a police car and they said, "You're going to jail, Norma Rae." And then I get into the car. Well, I asked Marty [Ritt, the director], "Can I do whatever I want?" He said yes. And I went absolutely



"I violate local community standards. What do you do?"

apeshit. The guys couldn't get me into the car. I'd wriggle away and fall onto the ground. Four guys picked me up, but I was kicking and biting. They would drop me and I'd crawl away and they'd grab me again. I had had no idea that I was going to get that violent. I broke one of the gentlemen's ribs. Another guy had some sort of gift watch for his 20th-year retirement, and I shattered it. I just went *crackers*.

PLAYBOY: Marty Ritt has directed you in your current movie, *Murphy's Romance*. Is this film a departure for both of you?

FIELD: In a sense. It's a very sweet film, but, boy, it sure isn't action-packed. It's a light, sophisticated comedy about choosing the right person to be in love with. I hope Marty and James Garner get some recognition for it. I would give up a finger if Marty finally got the recognition he deserves.

PLAYBOY: Have the roles you've played changed you as a person?

FIELD: Most definitely. Acting is like therapy; it unearths parts of yourself that you were not in touch with, and you change.

PLAYBOY: What parts of yourself did you unearth in *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure*, which you did after *Norma Rae*?

FIELD: [Laughs] Oddly enough, I *did* learn from that. I learned that I'd rather starve, have my house taken away, go sell cosmetics—anything would be more dignified than doing that again. I could never work so blatantly for money again.

PLAYBOY: Was that the reason you did it?

FIELD: Oh, yeah, I had no money. I got about \$75,000. Actually, as far as the experience went, it was a great cast, and we laughed a ton. I literally wet my pants three times on screen. I don't know if people know how funny Peter Boyle and Jack Warden are. Every time we faced some new disaster, they'd be singing, "'Clang, clang, clang' went the trolley." We were supposed to pretend the room was shaking, and director Irwin Allen would sit up on his ladder and shoot off a gun for action, yelling, "Flail, flail, flail!" Well, if you could see these actors, like Michael Caine, Karl Malden, Slim Pickens, Shirley Jones, Shirley Knight, Jack Warden, Peter Boyle, all good actors, *flailing, flailing* . . . all muttering things to one another under their breath. I had to fall out of sight because I was laughing so hard.

PLAYBOY: You said you made *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure* for \$75,000. That's not much by movie standards. What were you paid for *Norma Rae*?

FIELD: Fifty thousand. And I was glad to get it, because I had no money at all then. I was scared. I would have done it for nothing.

PLAYBOY: So, until recently, you've never really made that much money—not even after all those years on TV?

FIELD: Never. And I have a fear of losing everything I have now. *Gidget* and the *Nun* are on TV now and I get *nothing*, not even

a thank-you letter. There was nothing on the back end for me, ever.

PLAYBOY: And today?

FIELD: Well, I have two Oscars and an Emmy. If I can't get \$2,000,000 now—and I don't—with other salaries what they are. . . . [Laughs] I mean, what I make is enormous, but as far as the other women who are working are concerned, I'm on the low end of the totem pole.

PLAYBOY: Surely, though, you must be aware that you're a power in this industry.

FIELD: There's a side of me that feels it, feels that I have to use it now; that power is so fleeting in this industry. I do have a certain power right now. I must learn how to use it correctly, so that it will open up other things for me inside, creatively.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned about producing?

FIELD: That producing is a real craft; it takes a real talent to develop properties for film. And here we are, actors with power to develop our projects, but it doesn't mean that we know how to deal with this. I still don't like being out in the business at all. I don't feel comfortable, and it wears me out to have lunches with people—producers, agents, writers, directors—pretending that I know what I'm talking about when I usually have no idea. I often feel like a stupid idiot.

PLAYBOY: Is that when you go home and take out your aggression on your dishwasher? We heard that you once destroyed one with a hammer.

FIELD: Yes, and it was great; I loved every moment of it. I fixed that dishwasher four times, goddamn it. [Laughs] I was just furious at it, so I wrecked it.

PLAYBOY: How do your children react to your temper tantrums?

FIELD: They've told me many times when I have a temper tantrum where I just go nuts like that and kick the walls, "Look, we don't like this behavior." Peter told me one time to go to my room. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did you go to your room?

FIELD: I did. It scared him and he didn't like it.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult when you were single, raising two boys?

FIELD: I was hell-bent on giving my boys the kind of childhood they would have regardless of a man. But I'm limited by my inability to do any athletics, and I'm frightened of things. I was always looking for places I could take the kids on vacation, but they were always a disaster; we never had any fun. Perfect example: One summer, right before I did *Places, The American Sportsman* asked me to go to Africa to balloon out of the Ngora Ngora crater. I figured, What the hell; you go up, you come down; it's *The Wizard of Oz*; what can happen? So I took the boys. It took us three days to drive in. You're in Africa—no roads, no telephones, no water, no electricity. I was glad that I had Kleenex. The first day, there was so much

wind that they couldn't get the balloon ignited; and when they did, they said, "Run, dive," and I had to jump into this balloon headfirst. Then we came crashing back down and I realized this wasn't going to be fun. When we finally got up, we started to come down right into the hippo pond. About 45 hippos, and we came right down onto their heads, with their mouths wide-open, and the cameras were filming this. I was going, "Oh, my *Christ*."

I became an expert balloonist. I was leaning out one side to keep it from falling over. We were now resting on the top of the hippos. Finally, we got enough elevation that we skirted along the top of the water into the reeds. The next day, we went up again; and the minute we did, I knew in my heart that something bad was going to happen, because I couldn't breathe. We came down really, really hard, and both my knees crashed on a steel cylinder. It popped one kneecap in two and the other was all cut up. I started to cry. They didn't have any first aid. That night, we were told not to leave the tents, but I had to pee. I couldn't bend either leg now. I woke the kids and said, "Guys, I have to pee. I don't even care if I get eaten; my having to pee hurts worse than either knee." [Laughs] I realized then as I was crawling around in the bushes seeing the Cape buffalo in the moonlight, not knowing what was going to reach out and bite me in the ass, that women cannot pee without bending either knee while standing up. It's physically impossible. I just had to live with the damage I did to my shoes. And it took us a week to get out of Africa. When I got home, I had to be in a cast for eight and a half weeks.

PLAYBOY: Despite all that, you managed to bring up your boys without a man around. And you've said your fight was against men—against fathers and demanding men. Now that you've settled down with your husband, how do you feel about men?

FIELD: Strangely enough, I'd have to say I like men better than women. In the past, I've found I have, despite all, which is probably a sign of my deeply competitive nature with women.

PLAYBOY: Is there any aspect of your life you would change if you could?

FIELD: I'd have more really close friends with a long history attached to them. That's what I'd change. It's like my always saying I'm going to learn to play golf, but I never do it. [Brightens up] Someday I'm going to play golf with a lot of friends; that's what I'm going to do!

PLAYBOY: One last question: Whose "I love you" means the most to you—Alan's? Your kids'? Your mother's?

FIELD: Actually—what a horrible thing to say, but when you said that, immediately I thought, My own.



Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

PLAYING FOR MONEY

can financial computer games really sharpen your trading skills?

PERSONAL COMPUTERS are these large, expensive things you may or may not need that are built essentially like toasters. They come typically in one- and two-slice varieties, except that instead of inserting Wonder Bread into their slots, you insert floppy disks. And instead of toasting the disks, the computer “reads” them.

The real miracle in all this, as I understand it, is not the computer, which is, as I say, just a fancy toaster, but the disks. A floppy disk can turn a toaster into a word processor or a flight simulator or a spread sheet (be it the premium spread or a lesser variety) or even a game to teach you about the stock market, futures or interest rates.

This all comes to mind because I can't find my *Monty Plays Scrabble* disk, which is the floppy I always reach for when I should be writing something serious. This column was to be titled “Anomalies in the Yield Curve: How You Can Profit from Money Supply Trend Simulation.”

That I can't find *Monty* leads me to think I must have thrown him out amidst my last bout of procrastination or else that I scrunched him into a ball in frustration over some of the . . . “words” . . . he uses. I've always felt—*The Official Scrabble Players Dictionary* be damned—that words people use, like pecs and——, are words, and that words no one has ever heard of, like ae and aas, which *Monty* approves, are not.

You say, how the——does this guy, who is supposed to be sifting the financial dung heap for insights to help build our financial pecs, find time to play *Monty* in Scrabble?

The real question is how Warren Buffett, renowned chairman of Berkshire Hathaway, whose stock reached \$2530 a share recently (up from \$19), finds time to play *Monty*. Most of the stories you read about Buffett don't include this. They talk about his part in the Capitol Cities take-over of ABC or the brilliant deal he cut with American Express to share a piece of Fireman's Fund business now that the insurance-underwriting cycle has turned. They talk about his controlling large chunks of the Washington Post Company, Time, Inc., and R. J. Reynolds from his tiny office in Omaha. But here is a man of such

flexibility he is able to stoop, on occasion, even to my level of play.

He writes: “P.S. *Monty* rejected ‘haji’ the other day, and I felt an emotional high as I overruled him.”

A master strategist, Buffett reports that, having taken up the game in 1983, he has learned to manipulate his machine so that, “with a half dozen or so tries, I can get the letters for WEARERS to open the game (with *Monty* selecting the tiles).”

How he gets *Monty* to be so generous defies me—*Monty* always gives me opening hands like OOIEUB—but Buffett “places this to get 72 points by having the S end on the center square, rather than 78 points by having the W on the double letter.”

A six-point sacrifice. But wait.

“In this manner, with the next S I get, I can go up or down along the left side and create SWEARERS as a triple word along with the triple that occurs vertically.”

Using this opening gambit, he managed a score of 626. And you wonder how Berkshire Hathaway stock climbed from \$19 to \$2530?

I own five fancy toasters, having several years ago gotten rid of my Qyx Intelligent Typewriter.

The Qyx was a magnificent machine for its time. It came attached to an Exxon Office Systems repairperson for whom I briefly thought of building a small guest room. “Exxon—whooooof! Let's see how giant IBM does competing with a *real* giant, for a change, hey?” IBM managed. Exxon went back to energy. My Qyx joined a clatter of other Qyxes at a Qyx farm in Boston.

In its place I bought an Apple Three (“Apple ///,” as Apple had it then, which may have been part of the marketing problem), on which I write these very words. My Apple's never been sick a day in its life, fits ergonomically on my desk and allows use of a superior word-processing program, *Apple Writer ///*—all of which you would be crazy to buy, because no one else did. It's just me and maybe 200,000 other loyalists, stranded in an IBM-compatible world.

So I also bought an IBM AT, (continued on page 150)

Chicago's Class of '95 N.C.S. 1st ALBUM

93QFM

PROJECT CONCERN Save the Hungry World RADIOTHON

106.7



WWGO-102.3

FM 103.5

FT. LAUDERDALE/MIAMI

she's only rock 'n roll

93QFM

KNFO 95 FM 1836-1986



FM 103.5

ROCK 1st ALBUM R



presenting the most beautiful women on the air

RADIO VISIONS

WAKE UP, America—you're tuned to *Women on the Air*, the rock-'n'-roll/country-and-western/classical program that rocks the Rockies, strums the South and classifies the cutest disc jocks on the dial. We know you've fallen in love with Trish Talk on the radio, gone to one of her promotional gigs and found out she could pass for a

Meet six perfect tens on the Arbitron scale: Nancy Gettle (top far left), of Fort Lauderdale/Miami's radio station WSHE; Pamela May (bottom far left, with Graham Parker), of Columbia, South Carolina's, WWGO; Frankie Hutchison (red-and-green bikini!), of KY-102 in Kansas City; Kristi Knight (top, this page), of 93QFM in Milwaukee; Chris DeCarla (an the stairway to heaven), of Pittsburgh's WVCL; and Lucy Johnson (near left)—known in her pristine state as The Naked i's Princess Cheyenne—of Boston's WBCN.





Hulkster. We hate for you to be disappointed. That's why we've dialed up 17 women with faces and figures to match their sexy voices and your best imaginings. So forget about Garrison Keillor for the moment and join us in the studio. This is the golden age of radio. What's it like being the disembodied female voice (text concluded on page 148)

Judy Smalley (left), a born-and-bred Santa Barbaran, enjoys all these California things—fresh air, the outdoors, tennis, all-surface skiing—in her off hours. On the job, she sells ad time and does PR for Santa Barbara's KTYD. Megan Thomson (showering), of North Carolina State's WKNC, is our only student d.j. Megan listens to Tina Turner, Springsteen and Bryan Adams on her Wet Tunes player as an antidote to her station's head-banging metal. April Whitney (right) is the lady disc joq of the Eighties on "The ROQ of the 80's," L.A.'s KROQ. Isn't it a shame you can't see radia?







Next time you're debauching in Cojunc country—if you can still count to 97.7—tune in Ronnye Martin, who is Ronnye O'Neal (opposite above), on Lafayette, Louisiana's, KMDL. Opposite below is another view of Lucy Johnson—a.k.a. Princess Chey-

enne on WBCN. How did the Princess, o top Boston stripper before she tried ural sex, prepare herself to host o sex talk show? "Practice in the field." Above, d.j. Sheri Donovan of Detroit's KISS-FM relaxes after a dizzying turntable shift.



Beverly Cleveland, 95FM's Kelly Forest (right), after a long day jockeying Woylon and Willie and the boys at Waco's KNFO, goes out to make a little rock 'n' roll with the wonderfully named band Uncle Dickie's Shameless Quickies. What will her deep-in-the-heart-of-Texas listeners think of finding her here? "At first, they're going to be shocked; then they're going to love it." Lindy Rome (opposite above) announces for WQCW in Waycross, Georgia, when she's not busy washing the jalopy or off somewhere scuba diving or water-skiing. When the boss of her Oklahoma station heard that Kim Kendrick (opposite below left) was involved with us, he objected. Booooo. Rather than return to her birthplace, Bermuda, Kim joined us in Chicago, and she's now WMET's programming assistant. Hooraaaay. Erin Clark—looking grand by the baby grand—is the traffic/office manager at KFSD, a San Diego classical station where you can hear the boss—not Mr. Springsteen, Mr. Beethoven.





"SHE's only rock 'n' roll," but we like her—Nancy Gettle (above) is the most sought-after she at Fort Lauderdale/Miami's WSHE. Since Nancy's been known to show up at Lauderdale's beaches in the WSHE van, you spring breakers no longer have any good reason to go to Doytono. Jonne Anderson (near right) is national sales coordinator for San Diego's 91X—now you know why 91X's soles are so brisk. Liso Hommond (facing page) is a program assistant of WGGC in Glasgow, Kentucky. Liso writes news, checks stories before they go out on the air, keeps the books and handles complaints. Who'd complain?



GGC-
95.1 M

Wesley
PROFESSIONAL



DEVIL IS REAL

(continued from page 60)

"She wore too much blush make-up and a black-silk dress with a scoop neckline."

he was already regretting his decisions to have onions on his hot dogs and a second Bally ale.

There were four people seated in the reception area when he checked in at the desk. Two of them were men in their middle 60s. They sat stiffly and ostentatiously apart from each other on the green-vinyl couch, neither wishing nor needing to inquire of each other about their common shames. They would be in to confer about sons who might be middle-aged and therefore career offenders who had first embarrassed them many years before and taught them the routine.

The women uncomfortably occupied wooden armchairs opposite the couch. One of them was extremely attractive, about 20; she looked teary and was chewing her lip. Flynn figured her to be Veronica Richards, in to see him about Teal; but when the receptionist handed him his pink phone-message slips and said, "Miss Richards has been waiting for you," she nodded toward the other woman, who stood up at once.

She was in her early 30s. She had dark hair cut short and feathered at her temples. She wore small diamond-stud earrings and slightly too much blush make-up and a black-silk dress with a scoop neckline that Flynn would like to have seen his wife wear to a dinner dance and June would not have worn, because she said she knew what she had and he knew what she had and there wasn't any need to go around in public showing them to everybody else. The woman took a hesitant step toward Flynn and offered her right hand, which he took. "'Ronica Richards," she said, as though he and not she had been kept waiting. She had a small brown-leather purse in her left hand. She wore black sandals with high heels. She weighed a little bit more than she had when she had bought the dress and the slightly overloaded bra underneath it.

Flynn accepted her hand and shook it and said as he ushered her to the door of the offices behind the counter, "Dan Flynn. I was held up in traffic." His stomach punished him for that half-truth by rolling audibly. He pretended that had not happened and, when the buzzer announced that the door was unlocked, took her down the marble hall to his cubicle. He asked her to sit down in the visitor's chair while he put his maroon blazer on the wire hanger on the hook behind the door.

He sat down at his desk and positioned a block of white, lined paper and three

sharpened pencils precisely in front of him. He frowned. He picked up one of the pencils. He looked up at her. "It's all right," she said anxiously. "That you were late, I mean. The expressway, I mean. The construction? Half the people that I work with, and the ones that come in to see them, half of them're late all the time now, too. Nobody can get anywhere these days."

"Yes," he said. "Well, since I did keep you waiting and away from your job and all—"

"I didn't mind," she said quickly. "If it'll, you know, if this's something that'll help James, you know, it's all right."

"Because," Flynn said, "that's the reason generally we try to go around and talk to the people that know the defendant where they work, you know? Or see them at home, after they get through work. Because, you know, we don't like to impose on anybody any more'n absolutely necessary, and we know these delays'll occur. We can't help them. There's nothing you can do."

"I know," she said. "It's just that, well, you know, I mean, I'd rather come over here and see you, like I said on the phone, because it's just a short walk from where I work, really, and this way, the other people in the office, well, they know about Jimmy, you know, and me and him seeing each other, but I just didn't want them listening, you know? It's like, well, they all know about James, of course, and what happened to him, and I know they're all sorry for me. But still, you know, it's like they're too interested, you know? In what's going on and everything. Like they're sort of enjoying this, you know? And there really isn't any place there that we could talk without them doing that."

"I would've come to your home," Flynn said. "I told you I'd do that. We often, we make lots of visits to people's homes, after they get through work, like I said. I would've done that."

She shook her head. "That wouldn't work, either," she said. "I got neighbors, you know? In my building. Where I live. And they're really nosy, like the only thing they've ever got to think about's who I'm seeing or if he's staying over and like that. When I first started seeing Jimmy, well, it's been like that with anyone I had over, you know? Like, even for dinner, or maybe when they come to pick me up to go out someplace and I have them in for a drink. Or when we come back and they come in. The neighbors always, the next day they're giving me these looks, and the same with

the guys I'm seeing, give them the looks, too. And it's, well, I don't like it, that's all. So I would rather come here."

"That's understandable," Flynn said. "Like I say, we know we're imposing, anyway, on people that just happened to know the defendant and really didn't have any part in what brought him to our attention, so we try to make it as painless as possible, and if coming here'll do that for you, well, we're flexible."

She opened her eyes wide and gave a short, incredulous laugh.

"Did I say something?" Flynn said.

"Well, yeah," she said, still looking startled. "Yeah. I mean, you saying 'painless' and all. It isn't like that, like it was painless. I can tell you that for sure."

Flynn felt very awkward. He rearranged his block of paper and selected a different pencil. "Well," he said, frowning as his stomach rolled again, forcing a cough to cover the sound, "it's not as though . . . nothing we can do is going to make this whole thing into, you know, something that the people we talk to in most cases are ordinarily going to actually enjoy. Or anything like that."

He looked up at her again. She had lots of small freckles on the tops of her breasts. June freckled like that when she sunbathed. He had been married to her for nine years before that summer, when he noticed that freckles had begun to cover her breasts. He did not say anything but became watchful, and when the next Saturday night came when each of the three kids was staying overnight at a friend's house, he didn't turn off the light, as she preferred, before she came out of the bathroom. He discovered she had freckles on her rear end, too, and well below the line where the top of her bikini would have shielded her abdomen. He did not tell her what he had seen. He did not tell her he had deduced why she had insisted that their back-yard swimming pool be installed above the ground, with an eight-foot fence of woven redwood slats surrounding it. He did tell her, as usual, after they had finished making love, that their only problem with sex was its infrequency, and she told him, as usual, that when the kids were in the house, sex made her uncomfortable, because he made too much noise. "And they would know, honey, and we would have to tell them something, and they're still too young for that." He could feel himself getting an erection. He squirmed in his chair and surreptitiously dropped his left hand off the top of the desk to adjust his shorts.

The woman sighed heavily. "Well," she said, "that's good. Because I can tell you right now, you know, that it isn't. Painless, I mean." She exhaled. "It isn't that at all. This's the worst thing I ever had to go through, and I thought I'd been around. This is just awful." She worked her facial muscles, and her eyes were very wet.

"This's just about the worst thing that's ever happened to me, the absolute worst thing."

"You cared deeply about Mr. Teal?" Flynn said solicitously.

"Not that," she said. "He isn't dead, you know, even if this did happen to him. He's still going to come out someday, isn't he? Even though this happened? It's not like he's never coming back."

"You still care about him, then," Flynn said. He made a note: "GF obvious sincere aff. for Def."

"A lot," the woman said. "I care more about Jimmy'n anyone I ever knew before in my whole life. He was the best thing ever happened to me. I thought, like, you know, like I loved other guys I went with before I met Jimmy. And that was two years ago, almost, when he come in the office one day and just luck, really, that he got assigned to me, that I hadda straighten out what his problem was at the time, and it was like, you know, *ka-boom*, right? It was like from the minute he comes in and sits down at my station and I start taking his history, I couldn't keep my eyes off him, you know? And I'm sitting there and I'm asking him questions, and I'm praying, just *praying*, that this guy isn't married, and if he is, it isn't going to matter, and I know that already, because it don't matter to me when he's sitting there if he's married or not, or he really loves his wife, or he's already going with somebody, or *anything*, you know? Anything. It just isn't going to matter."

She took a deep breath and shook her head. "It was like, I don't know, like somebody'd just hit me on the head or something. Like I was out of my mind. That never happened to me before."

Flynn had to clear his throat. "Yes," he said. He wrote, "GF strng sxul attrac to Def." He said, "And did he tell you he was, in fact, married at that time?"

"Oh, sure," she said. "He told me all that stuff. Well, I mean, he hadda, didn't he? If he wanted us to process his claims, like when his wife or his kids went to the doctor or something, he hadda tell us the truth. And he told me that. That he was thirty-six at the time, and he'd been married to his wife almost fifteen years, and they had two kids, and they weren't getting along for about a year or so before that, and he was, he'd moved out and they're, they were probably gonna get a divorce, but they weren't in no hurry about it, and besides, the way things were going for him right then and everything, he couldn't afford it right then, anyway. But he told me. He told me everything."

"And what he told you was the truth," Flynn said.

"Oh, yeah," she said. "I mean, as far as I know, it was. It all checked out and everything. The stuff we checked, at least. Yeah, it was all the truth. He didn't lie to me that I know. That I found out, at least." She paused and managed a small, sad smile. "I might've fibbed to *him* a few

times," she said. "I might've told him some things that weren't, you know, absolutely true. But if he ever lied to *me*, I didn't catch him at it. I never found out, if he did."

"Like what did you fib to him?" Flynn said absently. He wrote, "GF spks v. hi Def's verac."

"Oh," she said, "I don't mean I ever actually, you know, *lied* to Jimmy. But like that first day, when I met him, you know? I took all his history and said all the stuff you're supposed to say, when he'd be getting his card, and we'd send the bills to his place, his apartment where he was living since he got separated and all that stuff, you know? And then I said to him, I said, 'Look, all right? I mean, we're not supposed to do this, you know? And if you're some kind of one of them spotters we're always hearing rumors they've got going around and checking on us, you know, if we're following the rules and stuff, I'm going to be getting myself in a jam here. So I really hope you're not, because we're not

supposed to get too friendly with the customers, you know? But if maybe you might be, you know, free for drinks after work, well, I never did this before and I'd like to see you someplace.' And that was *sort* of a whopper, you know, because, well, because it just was."

"How was it a 'whopper'?" Flynn said.

"Well," she said, twisting the small leather purse in her hands and looking down at her lap, "well, I mean, because it just was, that's all." She looked up defiantly. "I mean, like, I'd done it before. Tried to pick up customers. Not very much, maybe only two or three times. At the most. But I'd done it. And you know something? It's really a wonder I did it again. Because the guys I did it with before, I picked up like that before from a new membership or an adjustment or something like that, they turned out to be such *jerks*. And I made a promise to myself, I wouldn't do that again. And then, well, I did it again."

"I take it he was just as interested?"



"We're not talking marriage yet, but for now, we've both agreed to erase our videos."



The fast, the bad a



Life in the streets is not pretty. Never has been. It's bike eat bike out there. And only the bad survive.

The ZL600 does what it has to do. And lives to tell about it.

It's a mean marauder. Tough, maneuverable, and quick on its feet.



Test ride a ZL600 now through May 31 and get a free pair of sunglasses. At participating Kawasaki dealers while supplies last.

With head-turning, breakthrough looks. Lower and longer than your standard night crawler. And a whole lot meaner.

750cc power injected into a 600cc engine—shaft-drive, liquid-cooled, 16-valve, dual overhead cams, In-Line Four.

The ZL's got a practical side too. Its middleweight size means that it sits right and handles light. It also means great insurance rates and price.

It was designed from the drawing table up to do two things. Make you feel good. And look bad.

The ZL600 obeys the laws of the jungle. Live fast. Love hard. Leave early.

To some, that's ugly. To others, it's beautiful.

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

Dealer reserves the right to refuse to permit anyone to ride who, in dealer's opinion, is not competent to ride the vehicle. Specifications subject to change without notice. Availability may be limited. Always wear a helmet and appropriate apparel. Call 1-800-457-4700 for the Motorcycle Safety Foundation beginner or expert course near you.



and the ugly.

Flynn said.

"Oh, yeah," she said. She grinned. "He was *very* interested. I mean, I never been married or anything, you know? Me and Jimmy, before all this stuff went down, we're going to get married or something someday pretty soon, but I mean, like, he wasn't the first guy I ever went out with, all right? He wasn't the first guy I knew. I was twenny-nine years old, and I'd been out with a few guys, and sometimes, with a few of them it got pretty serious and I thought . . . well, you know. But that never happened. But I could still tell, I knew when a guy was interested. It's not that hard to tell." She giggled. "Soon's he stood up again, I knew he was interested. I knew that right off."

"So you started going out together," Flynn said. He underlined "strng sxul atrac" on his note pad.

"Yeah," she said. "After work that same night, I met him down the Ninety-nine, and we had a few drinks, and we talked, and we had something to eat, like a burger or something, and after a while, I just said to him, 'I hope you don't think I'm always like this, but I been doing all right with it so far today, so, you know, we go to your place or is it mine? Because I don't really care which one it is, so long's it's one of them and it's pretty soon, because I don't think I can stand it much longer.' And that was the truth, I can tell you, because it was, you know? And jeez, we went back to his place and I practically attacked the guy. Which, lucky for me, it didn't bother him. Me acting like some kind of rapist or something. Said it turned him on." Her eyes teared up, and she looked down at her purse again. She shook her head. "He said it . . . he said I turned him on."

Flynn wrote, "GF obv. feels v. strngly abt. Def." He said, "Did Mr. Teal, ah, did he ever tell you about what he was doing,

this, that it might lead to the kind of problem he's got now?"

She looked up. Her eyes were full. "What do you mean?" she said. She snuffled. She opened her purse and took out a wad of tissues. She wiped her eyes and blew her nose.

"Did he ever mention to you," Flynn said, "what he might be doing?"

She put the tissues back into her purse. She shook her head. She snuffled again. "No," she said, "he didn't. I mean, it wasn't the kind of thing that somebody'd put down on a claim form, you know? Or to get benefits. That not only was he, did he have his regular job at Runciman, you know, wire-and-cable rep and all, but that he was also selling fake money."

She paused. She looked very worried. "Besides," she said, "I don't think, I don't think he was doing it then. Messed up in that stuff. Because he didn't have any money, you know? When I first started seeing him. The first thing I knew about that, the first time I was really sure, I mean, knew there hadda be something going on, was when all of a sudden he started having a lot more money and we're flying to Acapulco and he's buying me stuff and things. And I was, well, you know, I was afraid for a while it might be dope or something. But then I thought about it. And, like, I knew him, you know? And Jimmy wouldn't get involved in dope, not with his kids the way he's got. So I thought, Well, maybe he's just on a hot streak at his job. And I believed that. Which actually, well, I knew things didn't get that much better selling cable, not that fast, at least, but I didn't want to think about it. Where the dough was coming from. But the first thing I actually knew for sure what it was he'd been doing, it was when the Secret Service showed up and they arrested him." She paused. "I didn't

know the Secret Service did that stuff," she said. "Counterfeiting. I thought all they did was be bodyguards, you know? For the President and them."

"Did you ever actually see any of the bills?" Flynn said. "Did he show them to you, or anything?"

"Well," she said, "you know, that's funny. Because, naturally, when this happened, I figured I must've, you know? Fifties? But then I start to think back, like, When did I ever see him using fifties? And I couldn't think of one single time I ever did. When we went away, like to Acapulco there, he always got traveler's checks. Or his MasterCard; he would use that to pay. I don't think I ever did, is what I'm telling you. I don't think I ever did."

Flynn wrote, "GF cnfrms Def's sty GF nvr persnly psdd bogus." He said, "Did you, have you ever asked him since the Secret Service came whether he kept any of the bills himself and used them to finance things?"

She stared at him. "No," she said. "Would you tell me if you had?" Flynn said, staring right back. Her breasts heaved. He tried to keep his eyes on her face.

"No," she said.

"That's what I thought," he said. He wrote, "GF obvslly trthfl."

"Can I ask you some things?" she said. She twisted the leather purse.

"Sure," Flynn said, "fire away."

"What's going to happen to him?" she said. "I mean, I know he's probably going to jail, but . . ."

"Almost certainly," Flynn said, looking up. "The U.S. Attorney's office waits until it gets our reports before it decides on its recommendation for sentencing, so I can't tell you precisely what that'll be just yet. And then, of course, his lawyer makes a recommendation—or asks for the street, more accurately. And the judge decides then what it'll be. But in Mr. Teal's case, him getting himself involved with at least one operation where the undercover agents purchased four hundred thousand dollars in counterfeit fifties, the likelihood of him hitting the streets, well, it isn't very good. Not very good at all."

"But his first offense and everything?" she said wistfully. "Won't that help a little?"

"Oh, sure," Flynn said, "it'll help a little. But not very much, I'm afraid, for your sake. From your point of view, I mean. Or his."

"Like, what, then?" she said. "What's going to happen to him? Can you tell me that?"

He sighed. He shook his head. "Miss Richards," he said, "I hope you believe me when I tell you this is the part of my job, maybe the only part of my job, that I hate the most. Answering questions like that, from people like you. Because the only thing I can tell you, pretty much for sure, is that James Teal is going to go to jail. For how long, I don't know. Mr. Teal



"Hold all my calls, Miss Franklin, I'm masturbating."



HISTORIC GRAND COOLER DAM
Visit this famous recreational watering hole and see the 8th wonder of the modern world. Grand Cooler Dam is also home of the world's largest pull tab. Terrific

Even this is great! The biggest decision I've made all week is whether to wear the...

RESERVED
FF 5
FF 51
FF 51
FF 51

HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED.

Hello from

GRAND COOLER DAM



BUDWEISER KING OF BEERS ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. ST. LOUIS

refused to cooperate with the grand jury about where he got his bills. The U.S. Attorney usually doesn't like it when defendants, when that's the decision a defendant makes."

"But he was *afraid*," she said, almost wailing. "He was afraid if he talked. They know that's why he did."

"They do," Flynn said. "And they don't like it. They want people in his position to be more afraid of them than they are of other people, and when people in that position aren't more afraid, show that they're not more afraid of the U.S. Attorney than they are of somebody else, then the U.S. Attorney asks the judge to show them they made a mistake. Which in this case will most likely mean they'll ask for seven years."

She gasped. "Seven years?" she said.

He nodded. "They probably won't get it," he said. "The case's before Judge Goodman. She's no pushover for defendants, but she's not a rubber stamp for the prosecutors, either. My guess is she'll hit him with about five years. Which he'll probably end up doing about two years, maybe two and a half. If he's lucky, in Danbury. If he's not, in Leavenworth."

"Oh, my God," she said.

"I know it," Flynn said. "But it's a serious offense, even if it is his first. And he was obviously one part of a fairly sophisticated operation, which he refuses to testify about. I can't lie to you, Miss Richards. He's going to go away."

"And I'm going to go insane," she said. "He did this, I know part of the reason that he got involved with this, was because of me. He used to tell me, he used to say that I meant so much to him, you know? That he'd do anything for me. And I would tell him, I would say, 'Jimmy, all I want is you. Can't you understand that? That all I want is you? You don't have to give me things, take me places, stuff like that. All you ever have to do is tell me that you want me and show me in the bedroom, just like you've been doing, and that's all I'll ever need. You like to see me walking around naked? You don't think I don't feel the exact same way about you? You think, you think when you get in the shower with me, that all I'm doing, that the only thing that's going on is I am pleasing you?'"

Flynn had to drop his left hand and adjust his shorts again. "Uh, Miss Richards," he said, "did you, ah, did you ever tell this sort of thing to anybody else?"

"Somebody else?" she said.

"Yes," Flynn said. "Did you ever say to anybody else what you've just said to me?"

"I don't think so," she said. "That was just, you know, what I would say to him. I would tell him, you know," she said, "because sometimes he'd get worried, you know, he was asking too much? Because, like, we would do it every night, at least. And when we woke up in the morning, if he spent the night, we'd do it again. And I would say to him, 'Originally, James,' which is how he gave his name to me the day he came into my office, 'originally, James, I thought you were the best thing I ever saw. And I still think so, and you're everything I ever wanted. Nothing else. Just you.' And he didn't believe me."

"And you never," Flynn said, "you never said this to anybody else. Never told anybody else, how you felt about Mr. Teal."

"Uh-uh," she said. "Nobody." She paused and looked worried. "Unless you mean, like, well, I told his wife."

"His wife," Flynn said.

"Yeah," she said. "She called me one day at the office, you know? And I didn't know who this was. Like, I thought it was somebody had a problem with a claim. Because that is what I do. And she asked me, you know, she was very nice and everything, was I the woman that was seeing James? And I said, yes, I was. And she just started in on me. Did I know that he was married? Of course, I said, sure I did, because he told me. And if I realized, you know, that this was against God's will, what James and I were doing? It was a sin against God? Stuff like that."

"And what did you say?" Flynn said.

"Well," she said, remembered resentment showing on her face, "I naturally told her, 'No, it's not. Nothing that makes two people feel the way we feel, nothing that does that is wrong. We belong to each other. Don't tell me that's wrong.'"

"And what did she say?" Flynn said.

"Nothing," she said. "She didn't say a thing. She just hung up on me."

"And did you tell Mr. Teal about this, this call you had from her?" Flynn said. "So he might be on his guard when he visited the house?"

She looked down in her lap and shook her head. "No," she said. "I didn't. I was, you know, afraid, that he'd get all upset. Besides," she said, looking up, "I didn't think it mattered much that she had called me up. She knew we were together, I mean. It wasn't a secret. And I don't think that she believed me, any more than he did. Neither one of them believed me. Neither one of them."

"Oh, she believed you, all right," Flynn said, thinking of June lying naked on the deck of the swimming pool at home, sunbathing the body she did not want him to see, "and she had a pretty good idea of what God's will was, too."



"Air hostess Wendy will demonstrate how to apply your complimentary sun-screen lotion."

Spring Catalog Collection

We've gathered catalogs from the nation's best specialty shops and mail order firms. Bursting with new and exciting ideas for your spring shopping. Order now from the coupon at the bottom of the page.

Mellow Mail



1. Join hundreds of thousands of satisfied customers who love shopping (and laughing) with the upbeat, colorful, 72-page *Mellow Mail* Catalog—aimed at the adventurous and young of spirit. 100's of funny T-shirts, sexy lingerie, smoking accessories, music, gifts & much, much, more. \$1.00.



2. THE BEST KEPT SECRETS OF SEX APPEAL... **Frederick's of Hollywood** unique fashion catalog featuring exclusive designs in glamorous dresses and alluring sportswear, sensuous lingerie, bras and foundations, swimwear, shoes, accessories and much more. Send \$3.00 for a **one year catalog subscription** — plus — receive **\$25.00 worth of gift certificates** included with your first catalog



3. Indulge yourself with Ujena's exclusive collection of designer swimwear and accessories. Daring and different, all suits are created from the finest fabrics and materials, yet affordably priced. 100's of photos let you choose from a variety of designs. Every suit is uniquely-styled to flatter your figure. Send \$2.00 for our new spring catalog.



For those intimate moments

4. Take a close look at a tantalizing new intimates catalog from Europe, color-packed with sensual lingerie, exotic underthings, stunning partywear, stockings and g-strings, naughty nightwear and many, many more delicious surprises from Paris and London. One year subscription \$1.



CLEARWATER NIGHTS

EAST OF EDEN



8. BECOME A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN with Feminine Fantasy Clothing Direct from Europe. We specialise in exotic fabrics, stretchy rubbery PVC, Wet-Cire, Satins and silks made into the most unusual exciting designs ever seen. Erotic dresses, skirts, pants, disco-wear—sizes 6 to 28. Spiky shoes, high boots—sizes 3 to 13. Undies, corsets, garter-belts, wigs, and much more. Send only \$5 for 2 full color catalogs.



WELLINGTON JEWELS

5. Wellington Simulated Diamonds are masterpieces of deception. Comparable to only the world's finest diamonds. Rings, earrings, pendants and bracelets set in 14kt gold. Priced from \$125. Send for our FREE brochure.



Windjammer Barefoot Cruises LTD.

6. FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE, Sail a tall ship to a remote Caribbean Island. Your fantasies come true 'neath moonlite sails. Live-Love-Limbo WINDJAMMER style. Six romantic days from \$475. Send for your adventure magazine. FREE.



7. Dress up your nights with this sexy all-new line of European lingerie, playwear and dresses. Very soft. Very sexy. Very you. Try one on for size and see what a difference Silver Rose lingerie makes! Send \$2 for full color catalog.



VOYAGES, The Positive Lifestyle Magazine

9. Tantalize your partner with the most provocative, talked-about catalog in America. The most sophisticated and informative catalog of adult toys and sensual lingerie ever published. Large and tall sizes available. Information on how to create more joy, intimacy and pleasure in your relationship. A must for every couple's bedside reading (\$3.50 refund coupon included with catalog). Full Color. Send Today! \$3.50.

Send coupon to: CATALOGS U.S.A. Box 23039, Rochester, New York 14692 CATALOGS U.S.A.® Your Shopping Guide

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose check or M.O. for the total, including a \$1.00 mailing charge. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer expires March 29, 1986

- 1. Mellow Mail (\$1)
- 2. Frederick's (\$3)
- 3. Ujena (\$2)
- 4. Clearwater Nights (\$1)
- 5. Wellington (Free)
- 6. Windjammer (Free)
- 7. Silver Rose (\$2)
- 8. East of Eden (\$5)
- 9. Voyages (\$3.50)

total cost of catalogs ordered \$ _____
 ADD \$1.00 MAILING CHARGE \$ **1.00**
 Total Enclosed \$ _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Make check or money order payable to: CATALOGS U.S.A.
 No cash or stamps please. PB03/01/86

FAST FORWARD

JAMI GERTZ ▸ *square peg rising*

"My agent told me, 'It's a short, fat girl with braces, but go anyway.'" And so, Jami Gertz ended up at the Chicago auditions for *Square Pegs*, a ground-breaking sitcom of a few seasons back. Although tall and lean, with average dentition, Gertz turned out to be so good in the part of Muffy Tepperman, a hilariously self-involved high schooler, that, when the show folded, Gertz was out of work for less than 24 hours. And she hasn't stopped working since.

Her first two major films are now ready for release: *Quicksilver*, with Kevin Bacon, and *Crossroads*, with Ralph Macchio. As soon as those two films wrapped, Gertz, 20, flew to Spain to begin work on *Solarbabies*, a new movie produced by Mel Brooks.

Quick success, Gertz has learned, has its drawbacks, including being trapped filming for almost four months in the Spanish desert. "I love acting, but it's a very lonely profession," she says. "You're always in a foreign country or some hotel room, thrown together with people who have to become your best friends immediately, because there is no one else."

And, of course, there are radical changes in diets from country to country. "Milk Duds," Gertz said longingly from Spain. "I'm dying for Milk Duds."

—ROBERT E. CARR



MICHELE CLEMENT

▹ CHRIS ISAAK *back to basics*

"Sure, I don't drink, smoke or use drugs," says rock-'n'-roller Chris Isaak, "but that doesn't make me Pat Boone, does it? If Hitler didn't smoke or drink, you still wouldn't call him an all-German kind of guy, would you? Believe me, there's more to vice than smoking and drinking."

Isaak's debut album, *Silverstone*, has elicited rave comparisons between this California-born surfer/singer/songwriter/guitarist and Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, Ricky Nelson, Roy Orbison and Elvis Presley. When Isaak recently took his classic formula of rock on a tour of small clubs, such luminaries as Madonna, Rickie Lee Jones and John Fogerty showed up in the audience.

For a 29-year-old, Isaak has unusual taste in idols. "I admire guys who can sing, like Bing Crosby and Dean Martin. I spend a lot of time in the shower, trying to hold those big notes."

The oddness doesn't stop there. After all, how many rockers can play the accordion? "In the right hands, it's a very beautiful thing," he says. "In the wrong hands, it can kill. But my mom is so happy I got it. I do *Arrivederci, Roma* and she's *Tear City*."

But *why* doesn't he smoke or drink? "It gives me more time to run around with women," he explains. "Science says that psychologically and physically, it's good to be around women as much as possible. Who am I to argue with science?"

—SAL MANNA

▽ PETER HEINEMAN

a fish story

"I want the Yuppie dollar," says Peter Heineman, purveyor of designer frozen seafood. "I'm after the crowd that wants restaurant food at home. If people are satisfied eating Gorton's or Mrs. Paul's, that's their problem."

Heineman, 34, runs Homarus, Inc., a \$4,000,000 seafood supplier based in Mount Kisco, New York. He got into the biz at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, trying to raise shrimps in "underwater" greenhouses.

"The theories behind that were sound, but we failed dramatically," he says of the Scripps shrimp setback. "Those greenhouses were shrimp condos—the cutting edge of aquiculture at the time. But shrimps are cannibalistic. They reached through the mesh and pulled the legs off one another."

Heineman towed off and went home to New York to be a trout farmer. "My dad said, 'Don't be a horse's ass. You're better off processing fish than being a farmer.'" Dad knew best. Heineman set up an L. L. Bean trout smoker in the back yard and began smoking the competition. He talked the chef at New York's La Côte Basque into trying his trout; soon it was on the menu there, as well as at The Four Seasons and in Bloomingdale's.

"Then we picked up the Waldorf-Astoria. It could order a thousand trout at a time. You pick up two or three accounts like that and you can buy yourself a refrigerated truck. We expanded into Dallas, New Orleans, Chicago, Atlanta—all over the country. Now we're producing twenty thousand pounds of fish a week."

Last fall, Heineman launched Nouvelle Seafood Entrees—the top of the piscine line, with prices to match. Poached Norwegian salmon in butter dill sauce ("Mrs. Paul's doesn't have a salmon line," he sniffs, "but if it did, it would probably get some cheapo salmon out of the Northwest"), shrimp *scampi*, rainbow trout *amandine*.

"My diet's about ninety-five percent seafood," he says proudly. "I clean my arteries every night with a dose of fish."—KEVIN COOK



BRIAN HENNESSEY

GEORGE LANGE



RED-HOT TO TROT

(continued from page 77)

For those of you who don't understand old Jerry Vale lyrics, that means "redhead"—as in red crackle-finish camshaft covers on a series of terrific little 2.0- and 2.5-liter, four-cylinder race cars produced by Enzo Ferrari in the late Fifties. The originals were called Testa Rossas. The name is now spelled differently, and the new version is hardly a mid-sized four-banger. The red cam covers are there, but otherwise, the similarity is *finito*. Try 4.9 liters (302 cubic inches) of 12-cylinder muscle. Think in terms of 380 bhp—which, to put things in perspective, is exactly 150 more than the rated hp of America's sweetheart, the Corvette. And, by the way, Enzo and his *compari* didn't resort to cheap tricks such as supercharging or twin turbos to get that enormous output. The engine is an all-aluminum version of the 3.0-liter 12 that brought the flying-horse escutcheon of Ferrari no fewer than three World Grand Prix Championships. It features such exotica as four valves per cylinder, double-overhead camshafts and Bosch K-Jetronic fuel injection and is the woolliest normally aspirated passenger-car engine in the world.

The Testarossa bodywork is a symphony of lusty Italian car design. Giant, longitudinal intake louvers for the side-mounted radiators are a typically bold styling feature of the machine. Squatting on its massive tires, the Testarossa is almost seven inches wider than the Corvette, making it, at

77.8 inches, one of the broadest-shouldered cars on the road. Yet its ominous crouched shape belies its longish (100.4-inch) wheelbase and its weight (3600 pounds).

To drive the Testarossa is to enter an automotive nirvana seldom experienced by anyone outside the racing-world elite. Once you're tucked into the sumptuous leather seats and are gripping the adjustable steering wheel, a ride of stupefying proportions is about to begin. The engine produces magical sounds that offer the impression that some fierce organism is crammed behind the fire wall.

Discretion with the throttle produces no relief; the car does not know how to go slowly (nor can anyone with discernible pulse drive it slowly). Try hard and the Testarossa will squirt to 60 mph in about five seconds. Flat out in fifth gear at 6800 rpm is 180 mph (and despite any bar talk you may hear, this is the fastest top speed of any production automobile sold in the United States). The rest of the driving equation—braking, cornering, steering, shifting and straight-line stability—is also full-race. The car is simply a rolling, four-cam, five-speed, fuel-injected fortissimo—including the price, which will just about nudge 100 grand by the time you park the Testarossa beside the power mower and the gas barbecue.

But then, what idiot said the best things in life are free?



Now that Ferrari's beautiful screamer, the Testarossa, has hit the streets, "it's over," says Brock Yates, "for anyone claiming to possess a really fast road car." The Testarossa's 12-cylinder engine develops 380 bhp, and that's more than enough to rocket the 3600-pound machine to a top end that's just a tad below the twilight zone of 200 miles per hour. The acceleration curve is something akin to a space-shuttle lift-off; 100 comes up in about ten seconds, and disc brakes on all four corners haul down your flying red horse just fine when you see the blue light in your rearview mirror. You were planning to stop, weren't you, bunky?

BUNNY VALENTINE

(continued from page 104)

whole different look of her own but also some brand-new partners: male counterparts, called Rabbits. These bucks made their bow with the recent opening of Playboy's Empire Club in New York City (for more on that gala event, see *The World of Playboy*), and they were an instant hit, not only on the Club floor but with audiences of TV's *Donahue*, *Good Morning America* and *The Oprah Winfrey Show*.

Learning that more than 1500 men had applied to fill 25 vacancies at Playboy's Empire Club, *The New York Times* dispatched William E. Geist to interview the first Rabbit for his "About New York" column. Louis Affenito, a tall, dark carpenter and aspiring actor from Brooklyn, told Geist, "I always wanted to be first. I came to realize that I would not be the first astronaut or the first to hit 62 home runs. This is an honor."

Another Rabbit, Jeff Rector, chimed in, "An honor and a responsibility. We are the male counterpart of an institution: the Playboy Bunny."

Asked what his family's reaction might be, Affenito averred that "my father may think I have somehow gone wrong . . . but if working with 50 of the best-looking women in New York is exploitation, then let the exploitation begin."

Never let it be said that Playboy doesn't believe in equality (as opposed to uniformity) of the sexes: The Bunnies are getting updated costumes, too, many with light-hearted themes. "The idea was to make fun of ourselves: We wanted to create something tongue in cheek," explained Chicago restaurateur Rich Melman, the consultant who now heads up Playboy Clubs International and masterminded the creation of Playboy's Empire Club. There is a Carmen Miranda Bunny, a Miss Liberty Bunny, a Michael Jackson Bunny, a Cupid Bunny, a Madonna Bunny and a Bride Bunny—some 22 versions. And, Melman promises, "they'll continue to evolve with the times."

In the Eighties, romance is definitely in. At The Playboy Clubs, we're spicing it with a bit of good new-fashioned fun for both sexes. Playboy's Empire Club has been geared to appeal to women as well as men, and increased key sales to women testify to its success. Its concepts are expected to be introduced gradually into all other Playboy Clubs.

Could there ever be a Playboy Club without Bunnies? "No," Melman, a man of few words, answered. Why not? we persisted. "Playboy Bunnies are part of our heritage. They are attractive, fun people who make our Club unique." We, and thousands of Playboy Club keyholders around the world, agree. So a happy Valentine's Day to the Bunny—and a salute to her new companion, the Playboy Club Rabbit. You've won our hearts.



TODAY IF YOU COME IN SECOND, YOU'VE LOST THE RACE.



It may have been good enough in a Soapbox Derby,[®] but these days there is no second place.

Fortunately there's a new way to get a jump on your competition. Introducing Amiga.[™] The first personal computer that gives you a creative edge.

Amiga makes charts and graphs with more color and dimension than any other personal computer (and faster than most of them). But that's just a start. You can prepare presentations with stereo music and animation, slide shows, create package designs, instruction manuals, brochures.

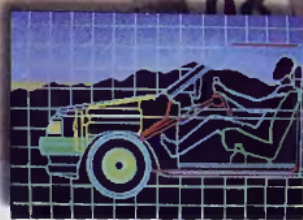
Amiga can not only do many more tasks, it can do more of them at once. And work on all of them simultaneously. While you're preparing the spreadsheet, Amiga will print the memo. And there's probably enough power left over to receive a phone message or a stock quote over a modem at the same time.

You won't find a computer that's easier to use, either. You point at symbols with the mouse or use keyboard commands if you prefer. Only Amiga is built to give you a choice.

Amiga has twice the memory of an IBM[®] PC. But although it can run rings around IBM, it will also run IBM programs. You have instant access to the largest collection of business software in the industry, including old standbys like Wordstar[®] and Lotus[®] 1,2,3. Amiga is more powerful than Macintosh,[™] too, and more expandable. With an optional expansion module you can add memory up to 8 megabytes. And while it can do much more than Macintosh or IBM, Amiga costs less than either of them.

See an Authorized Amiga Dealer near you. Now that Amiga is here, the question isn't whether you can afford a computer, it's whether you can afford to wait.

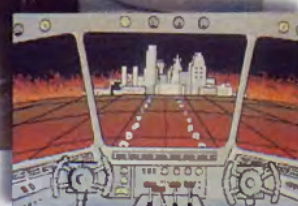
Amiga by Commodore



Amiga can help you design anything, from autos to atoms.



Like you, Amiga can do many things at once.



Amiga's color graphics leave the competition far behind.



AMIGA GIVES YOU A CREATIVE EDGE.

® Soapbox Derby is a registered trademark of International Soapbox Derby, Inc., Akron, Ohio. ™ Amiga is a trademark of Commodore-Amiga, Inc. © IBM is a registered trademark of International Business Machines, Inc. © Wordstar is a registered trademark of Micropro, Inc. © Lotus is a registered trademark of Lotus Development Corporation. ™ Macintosh is a trademark licensed to Apple Computer, Inc. © 1985, Commodore Electronics Limited.

LOCKUP BOOK (continued from page 100)

"Rose was better than good. He was gifted. But he thought he was even better than that."

neighborhood for 20 blocks in any direction. The air is filled with rap and reggae music now, and the delicatessen on the corner is a chicken-and-rice shop bathed in the scent of curry.

Marty Rose left the neighborhood for Harvard 20 years ago and never went back. He excelled at everything. He went to Wharton business school, entered the banking business and rose to the top so fast you would think he had a weather balloon tied to his finger.

While Marty Rose was negotiating his way through college, shifting his way to class through the hippies in Harvard Square, Stu Lapine was listening hard for noises above, watching carefully where he placed each step in the central highlands of Vietnam. He wasn't a hero, but he stayed alive and came home with a good reputation with people he met. After Vietnam, he moved back into the same house he'd grown up in. Simple. Everything about Stu Lapine is simple. He took a job at the transit-authority garage in Queens and works there still.

Marty Rose changed homes. He changed jobs and friends, and he quietly changed his wife. But there was one thing he could never change, and that is where we come to Stu Lapine's book. Marty Rose was a basketball player of reputation. Lapine was a ballplayer, too, but Rose was a name. He was a captain of the Boys' High team that went to the city finals and lost to Erasmus in '63. A supersweet six-foot guard, they called him The Shooter, a name he still uses for himself sometimes. He had a monster first step and could sweep to the basket, reach away with his long arm and flip the ball off the glass with his left hand. He could jam to a stop and stick the jump shot with good range. Rose was better than good. He was gifted. But he thought he was even better than that, and the years hadn't changed him. He tells stories now to house guests about the old days in Brooklyn. They are great stories, part of the legend of Marty Rose—the legend kept alive by Rose himself.

Lapine had a kind of reputation, too. Thick-legged and slow of foot, he was just an average high school player, but he had the fastest hands in Brooklyn. And in a half-court game, he may have been the best defensive guard in the city. He silenced so many scorers, locked up so many hot-shots, they started calling him The Sheriff in the schoolyards. And that was how he got the idea for his book. In it he wrote the name of every top player whom he had held far below his usual output in a half-court game.

He had standards. The player had to be a bona fide star. It had to be a 21-point game. Lapine's team had to win. If it was three on three, he had to hold his man under five points. If it was two on two, six points; and if it was one on one, he had to keep the man from scoring ten points. He carried his book all over the city, seeking out the best backcourt players in New York, the high school and college heroes and the underground legends. When he locked them up, he wrote their names in the book. He studied scorers the way some people watch birds, and he collected their names in his book. He called it the lockup book, and somewhere near the middle was written the name MARTY ROSE. Beneath the name it read, WINGATE HIGH SCHOOL PARK, APRIL 26, 1962, 3 ON 3, 21-14, ROSE 1 POINT.

Rose has been on the fast track for 20 years, but he remembers Lapine's book and his name. It is a mark on his stainless reputation. It recalls one of the few incidents in his life he couldn't point to with pride, and the thought of it still irks him.

It is difficult to describe the way Lapine played defense. It had a lot to do with changing rhythms. Take the Chenier game. Inside the billfold-sized green ledger, the entry reads, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL 57 PARK, 2 ON 2, 21-12, PABLO CHENIER—4 POINTS. To get that name in his book, Lapine had traveled to Bedford-Stuyvesant and waited all afternoon in a candy store for the weather to clear. Pablo Chenier was known as The Truth on the Brooklyn playgrounds. A 6'2" whippet, he had played for Tulsa in college and had been the last man cut by the Pistons in the N.B.A. two years in a row. He was perhaps a shade too frail for the pros, but he had reflexes from another world. People used to come from all over the city to see him put his elbows over the rim. Lapine didn't look much like a ballplayer, and when his game came up, the crowd began to drift away. Pablo tossed the ball into play. Lapine thought it only fair to announce to his opponent, "I play one game and one game only."

"So what?" Pablo said.

Pablo scored the first four points of the game easily, and Lapine asked to guard him. At first, Lapine played soft. Pablo was sure he had a lemon and nonchalantly went about squeezing it. He drove at the retreating Lapine and rose to the rim. He soared into the air almost a foot over the basket, but he didn't have the ball. Lapine had slapped it away at waist level, retrieved it and fed his teammate for a lay-up almost before Pablo had landed. On the next play, Pablo turned his back, but

Lapine knew the move so well he got a piece of the jump shot as Pablo spun. As the locals started returning to the fence, Pablo sliced off a pick and Lapine stole the ball cleanly. When he got the ball back, Pablo waved his teammate to the other side of the court. Clear-out. He turned his back and tried to work Lapine low. Pablo spun left and right but could get only a couple of inches closer to the basket each time.

On the next-to-last play of the game, Pablo drove around Lapine, but Stu slapped his dribble away and snatched the loose ball. Lapine faced Pablo outside and faked the jumper. Eager to make a spectacular play, Chenier rose for the fake like a jack-in-the-box. Lapine waited, using Pablo's leaping ability against him, took a short dribble to the right and carefully buried the jump shot.

Pablo took off his sweat shirt for another game as Lapine put his on.

"Run it back," Pablo demanded.

Lapine looked at him. "I play one game," he said. "I told you that." Then he took out his book and wrote down the facts.

Pablo was livid. "Punk!" he shrieked. "Run it back, punk!" Then he checked himself as his faithful turned away. It was all right to get burned once every few years, but it wasn't all right to lose your cool over it.

It is hard to find guys who know about those days in Brooklyn. Almost everybody who played or followed the schoolyard game is gone. There is a new Boys' High. The students from Erasmus and Midwood are engineers and lawyers living in Los Angeles. The street guys are spread out or just gone. You can't tell the way it really was by looking in old newspapers or some high school recordbooks, and the stories have almost all faded away. That is why when Marty Rose ran into Stu Lapine on the I.R.T. platform at Clark Street, he was happy to see him. Rose was headed to work from the town house he kept in Brooklyn Heights. Lapine was on his way home from the night shift.

Rose wore a softly cut Italian suit, and he carried *The Wall Street Journal* under his arm. The number-two train pulled in crammed with people, so he stepped back and waited for the next one. Stu Lapine's train arriving from Manhattan went out of service, and Lapine swung onto the steamy platform, grumbling at the delay. The frown on his face turned to a glowing smile when he saw Marty Rose. Marty was tan and trim, and Stu liked to see that, too. Marty had a big smile and his firmest handshake for Stu.

"You look great, Marty," Stu said. "You must be playin' ball."

"No, Stu, tennis. I play tennis now. You ever play? You might be good."

Stu laughed. "Tennis? You really play tennis?"

Marty nodded.

"Tennis is for the guys from the suburbs, Marty."

Marty Rose smiled. "You never change. You still with the . . . transit?"

"Yeah, Marty."

Marty Rose stepped toward the track and looked into the tunnel for the next train. He turned back to Stu and shook his head. "Stu Lapine, Jesus Christ, Stu Lapine."

Stu smiled amiably and said, "I read your name the other day."

Marty reacted with practiced humility. "Oh, yeah. In the *Times*. I talk to the guy for five seconds on the telephone and he writes half a page. It's all bull."

Lapine shook his head slowly. "No, it wasn't in the *Times*."

Rose thought for a moment. "Oh, you mean a couple of months ago, the bio in the *Journal*."

Even before the smile crept into the corners of Lapine's mouth, Marty sensed a trap. He was one of the best at avoiding traps, but this one was 20 years old. "You don't read the *Journal*," Rose said, searching. In a moment, he knew. "That's right. You don't read at all," he snapped, angry at himself for not catching it sooner.

"No, I don't read books, Rosey, I write them. In fact, I read your name in my book the other day."

Rose scowled. He had moved with the speed of light through the banking world, and he had jettisoned everything he didn't need. But there was one thing he would not leave behind, and that was his basketball reputation. It was his very first possession, and he took very good care of it. But Lapine cared, too. He cared so much he carried his book with him every day of his life in his pants pocket.

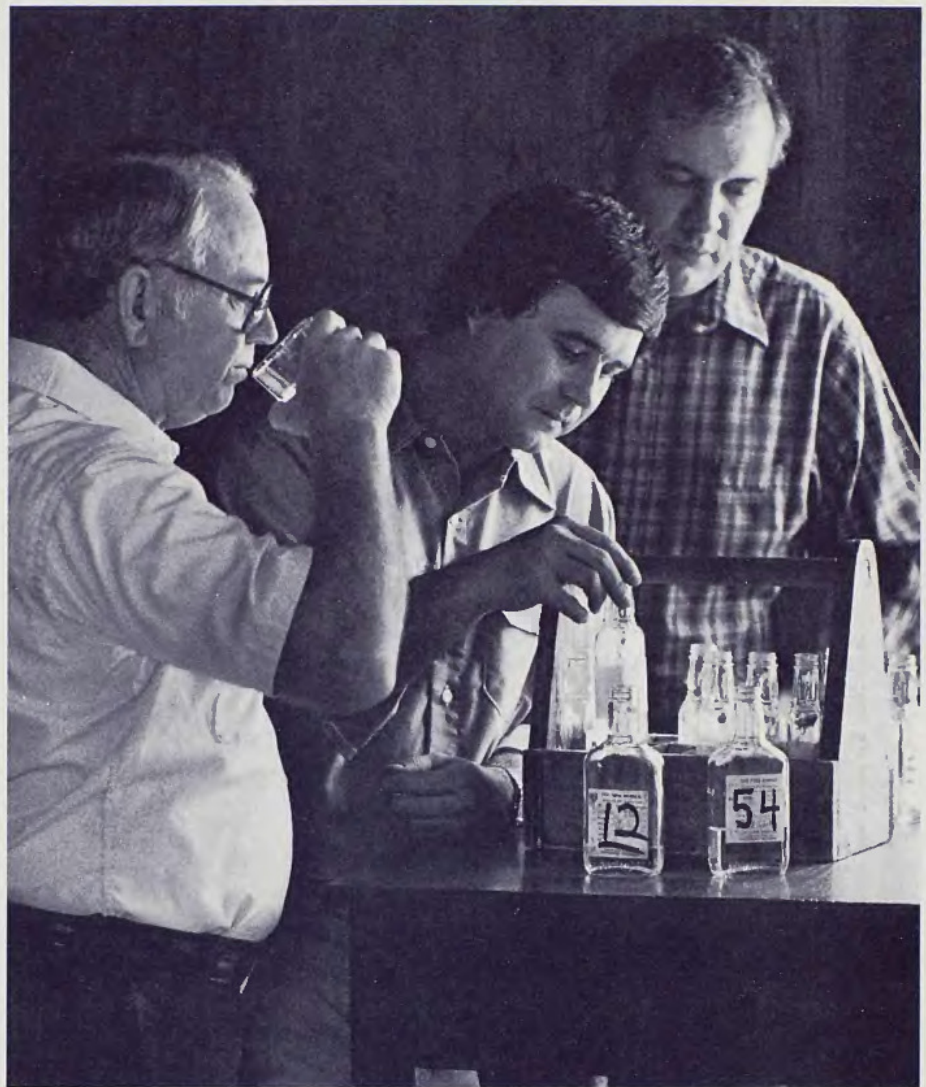
Rose looked down the track and back to Lapine. "You know I don't belong in that book. The day you put my name into it, you were dreaming. Besides, Lapine, it's ancient history. You live in the past."

"Where do you live, Rosey, in Connecticut?" Lapine laughed his easy laugh. "Don't be mad, Marty. A lot of guys got mad. But I thought you'd accept it by now. Don't be pissed. It doesn't become you." Lapine smiled serenely. "Listen, Marty, I'm gonna walk over to High Street and catch the A." He walked a few steps, stopped, turned and said one word. "Tennis?" And walked away.

Marty Rose didn't get where he was by being a nice guy. He was known as a guy who would make the tough decisions, a brush-back pitcher in a hardball league. He said to Lapine's back, "You still play ball or do you just talk?"

Lapine turned. "No, I still play almost every day. I'm still puttin' guys in my book, believe it or not. The way I look at it, it's an honor to get in my book. You're probably in better company there than you were in the Ivy League."

Rose's eyes swept Lapine quickly and held on his sneakers. Lapine stood there, a



If you'd like to know why Jack Daniel's tastes as smooth as it does, drop us a line.

IF THE SUPREME JUDGES of Jack Daniel's don't agree, the minority vote rules.

These gentlemen taste our whiskey as it comes from room-high vats of tightly packed, hard maple charcoal. And even if only one taster says the charcoal needs changing, the vat is emptied and changed. What's more, the last batch of whiskey put through is put through again. That way, we can be sure not even a minority of our friends will ever find fault with the smoothness of Jack Daniel's charcoal mellowed whiskey.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

40-year-old man with dashes of gray in his hair, wearing well-worn state-of-the-art high-top basketball shoes that cost \$100 a pair. Rose made a proposition. "Listen, I belong to the Downtown Athletic Club. They've got a gym and they're open. I'll play you one on one right now. If I win, take my name out of the book."

"You know the rules, Marty: Nobody comes out of my book. They only go in."

The big cat in Rose was up and pacing. He was past the point of return. "Let me see that book. I know you've got it with you."

The train to Manhattan streamed into the station and out as Rose examined the pocket-sized leather lockup book. It was an amazing document for its simplicity and the memories it recalled. Rose looked at each name, and then he looked at Lapine, who stood politely by. Rose read another name and looked up skeptically. "Ivan Pichinsky? You have Ivan Pichinsky in here?"

It was Lapine's turn for humility. "Yeah, Ivan the Terrible. He's six-ten, but he was so terrible I figured I'd have a shot at it and, well. . . There he is. Tallest guy in the book. You want to see your name, Rosey?"

"No, I know what you wrote." Rose handed the book back to Lapine.

Rose was humming with the urge to go back to those days, to light somebody up, blow by him to the basket. He was burning, and there was The Sheriff standing in front of him, smiling. "Lapine, one on one right now. I'll show you that book is a dream."

The sign-in book at the Downtown Athletic Club reads, MARTY ROSE—MEMBER; STU LAPINE—GUEST. TIME: 9:30 A.M. Lapine turned down the offer of gym clothes and chatted with the locker-room attendant while Rose changed. "I know the guy from the Rockaways," Lapine explained. "He used to rent beach chairs out there."

In the sun-streaked gym, Lapine threw up shots in his T-shirt and work pants while Rose did stretching exercises on the floor, clad in glowing-white tennis gear. Then Rose turned and gestured for the ball. He worked methodically, tossing up soft jump shots from around the key, following his misses with floating drives.

Lapine fed him a bounce pass. "Hey, Rosey, you can still hop."

Rose passed the ball back. "Cut the bull, Lapine. Hit or miss for the ball. Wait

a second. Let's do this right. You know I don't belong in that book. I was at that speed. Anyway, I'll bet you a thousand dollars against that book of yours."

Lapine caught the bouncing ball and held it on his hip. He didn't really dislike Marty. Of course he didn't like his tampering with the facts, but he had a soft spot in his heart for any ballplayer. Then again, Stu Lapine knew a bad deal when he heard one. "Marty, that book took a long time to put together. I don't feature it floating in the Hudson. You know what I mean? 'Cause I'm positive that's what you'd do with it if you get lucky and beat me. Besides, I know how long it takes you to make a grand. About an hour." Lapine thought for a moment and then made his own proposition. "Marty, my niece wants to go to a fancy art school in Rhode Island. She's a good kid. I'll play the book against a year's tuition. Even up."

Rose's eyes narrowed. "That's real money you're talking about."

"Well, it's a real book," Lapine countered. "Besides, I'm not a total fool, Marty; it'd be a gift. That's deductible. In your tax bracket, it'd probably only cost you a grand anyway."

Rose nodded acceptance. "Hit or miss," he said.

Lapine threw up a jump shot that rattled off the back rim. "Your ball, Marty," he said. "Everything but an air ball goes behind the foul line."

Rose took the ball and Lapine established a defensive position up under him, forcing him to turn his back to dribble the ball. Lapine shaded Rose's left, forcing him right. In his college days, Rose would have ten points before his defender started looking for his left hand. Rose went hard to his right, exposing Lapine's lack of speed. He gained half a step and pulled up for a 15-foot jumper that spun around and out. Lapine judged the angle of the rebound perfectly, gathered the ball, stepped behind the foul line and tossed up his own 15-footer before Rose was close enough to bother the shot. The high-arching shot nestled softly into the net and hung there for a moment before Rose snatched it and bounced it hard on the floor several times while he composed himself. He had already made two mistakes. First, he should have gone all the way to the basket on his drive. Second, he had relaxed on the rebound.

On offense, Lapine turned his back at the foul line. He jerked his shoulder to the left and spun to the right, tossing in a fadeaway jump shot without dribbling. The next time, he went right back to the foul line, faked to the left, faked the fadeaway spinning right and stepped under Rose's defensive lunge for a bank shot from straightaway.

Rose snorted disdainfully at the shot as he flipped the ball back to Lapine. Stu testified in his own defense. "If I'm inside the



"I can't make up my mind whether you're a womanizer or an incurable romantic."

foul line, I bank them from out front now. It's new." Lapine missed a jump shot going hard to his right, and Rose scooped up the ball at the foul line. He waited for Lapine to recover and drove right by him. Rising to the hoop, he brought the ball up away from his body to avoid Lapine's hands down low. Rose scored the next five points on drives. When Lapine backed up a step, he hit two jump shots. Then he missed. Lapine took over. He worked slowly, carefully, backing his way just inside the foul line and then either fading away or stepping by Rose. It wasn't a move for a full-court game, but half court, one on one, the rhythm was impossible to follow.

It was 15 to 15 when Rose got the ball. Lapine stayed low on defense, forcing Rose to hold the ball high over his head or turn his back. With his back turned, Rose tried to rest but couldn't. He had to pivot and move the ball constantly away from the badgering thrusts of Lapine's hands. Rose was going by Lapine every time, but, like a boxer, he was getting arm-weary.

At 18 to 18, Rose drove again. His lay-up fell short, but Lapine had touched his wrist. Rose called the foul.

"Good call," Lapine said, tossing him the ball behind the foul line.

"I know it was a good call," Rose snapped. "Don't start that sportsmanship crap with me, Lapine."

Rose beat Lapine with a change-of-pace drive to the right this time, but Lapine smacked the ball off his leg and out of bounds as Rose swept by. Lapine took the ball and went right to the foul line the way some people go to the refrigerator. He faded away for 19 to 18. Back at the foul line, he faked and stepped under. The bank shot was too hard off the glass, and Rose had his last chance.

Rose dribbled the ball low, his left hand far away from his body, and watched Lapine's hands. Lapine stabbed for the ball, from the right this time. Rose cupped the dribble, spun left and went all the way to the basket. It might have been a carry, but Lapine was silent. Nineteen to 19. Rose spun the same way. Lapine cut off his angle to the basket. Rose jammed to a stop with a screech of rubber in the empty gym. He rose for the jump shot, but Lapine's hand flashed at waist level and tipped the ball. Rose fought for the handle on the way up and pushed the shot off the palm of his hand. It went in. Point game. Rose went left. Lapine overplayed him that way, forcing him deep into the corner. Rose was tired. He turned his back and threw up a prayer. The shot dusted the top corner of the backboard and went in as Lapine angled for the rebound that didn't come.

Lapine walked straight off the court and down to the locker room. Rose sat on a chair and waited.

Downstairs, Carl, the attendant, opened the guest locker for Lapine. "Never

thought I'd see you around here, Stu," he said. "Leavin' so fast? You ought to stick around for a while. Contacts. A lot of these guys can do you some good. If I could play ball like you, I'd probably be a partner in one of these firms by now."

Lapine dried himself slowly, took the shiny green ledger from the locker and held it in his hand. Carl, happy to see someone from Brooklyn among the trim executives, hovered close by. "Stu, why don't you use the sauna? Take a swim in the pool."

"No, thanks, Carl." Lapine stood for a moment with his shirt off in front of the huge fan by the door. As he stood there thinking, he reached mechanically into his pocket for his wallet. Carl spotted the move and waved the tip away before it was offered. "Forget it." Then he leaned to Lapine's ear and whispered. "I used to do better with the beach chairs. These guys don't know how to act. Any time, Stu. Just ask for me."

Upstairs, Marty Rose waited. Lapine walked across the gym, handed the book to Rose and nodded. Rose, the most practiced of winners, took the book and nodded back. Without a word, Lapine walked out into the heat and headed for the subway to Brooklyn.

Rose showered quickly and headed for his office, a block away. At his desk, he reached for the pile of messages clipped neatly to his schedule for the day and for the week. He hesitated, reached inside his jacket and removed the book. The worn leather and the tiny print summoned a flood of images. He read, MARSHALL TOWNSHEND HOUSING PROJECT. Lapine had stopped somebody named Sonny Wright. Townshend—The Pit, they called it, because it was surrounded on three sides by towering city housing. Rose saw himself there, a 15-year-old with arms down to his knees. He went back to that sharp, gray afternoon when he first knew he could take anybody. He flew past the guards and duelled the big men around the rim. The locals hammered him on every shot and he scored the last basket of the game tumbling to the cement. On his back, he heard the curses that meant the ball had gone in and lay there smiling at the smoky fall sky.

Rose reached for his console and pushed a button. "Bonnie, I want you to get the number of a Stu Lapine, probably on Bushwick Avenue in Brooklyn. Call him and tell him to come by and pick up his book."

"His book, Mr. Rose?"

"Yes, Bonnie. I'll leave it with you. Ask him to come and get his lockup book and tell him it's unabridged. He'll understand. I want you to keep trying till you reach him. It's important."



DEAR PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Please settle something. My friends say that instead of buying PLAYBOY every month at the newsstand, I should simply become a subscriber—save money—and I would never miss an issue. Can they be right?—J.D.

Lucky is the man with wise friends. Yes, it's all true. A 12-issue subscription is just \$24, a \$19.00 saving off the annual \$43.00 newsstand price. And how easy to subscribe. Just fill out and mail this coupon—or call our toll-free number listed below anytime, day or night.

PLAYBOY

Dept. 7BG10

P.O. Box 51679

Boulder, Colorado 80322-1679

Please enter my subscription to PLAYBOY for:

12 issues \$24.
(Save \$19.00 off the \$43.00 single-copy price.)

Bill me.

Payment enclosed.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only. Canadian subscription rate: 12 issues \$35.

FOR SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS ONLY, 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK, CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-228-3700.

(Except in Nebraska, Alaska, Hawaii. In Nebraska only, call 1-800-642-8788.)

VIVA VENEZIA (continued from page 70)

"Venice holds the greatest adventure for couples, especially those who arrive with romance in mind."

know, these two great-looking men say, "Ciao, bella. Hi, where you going?" One of the guys turned out to be the rich kid in town; the other, the son of the president of the gondoliers' union. The first had his own boat. Thirty minutes later, we were on the water." Needless to say, their entire social schedule for the rest of the week was also easily filled. And our ladyfriends are already making plans to alight in Venice again as soon as possible. Venice is truly the place where fantasies come true.

There is also much to appreciate in Venice from the male perspective. One can't help noticing the fine, strong-willed and healthy women, from the waitress in a back-alley pizzeria to the sultry stranger staring at you from the next gondola; from the efficient agent at the local American Express office to the young tourist guide leading visitors through the ancient shadows of the Basilica San Marco. Their skins are luminescent and their cheekbones go on for days. They brush full, dark hair with long, tapering fingers while smiling

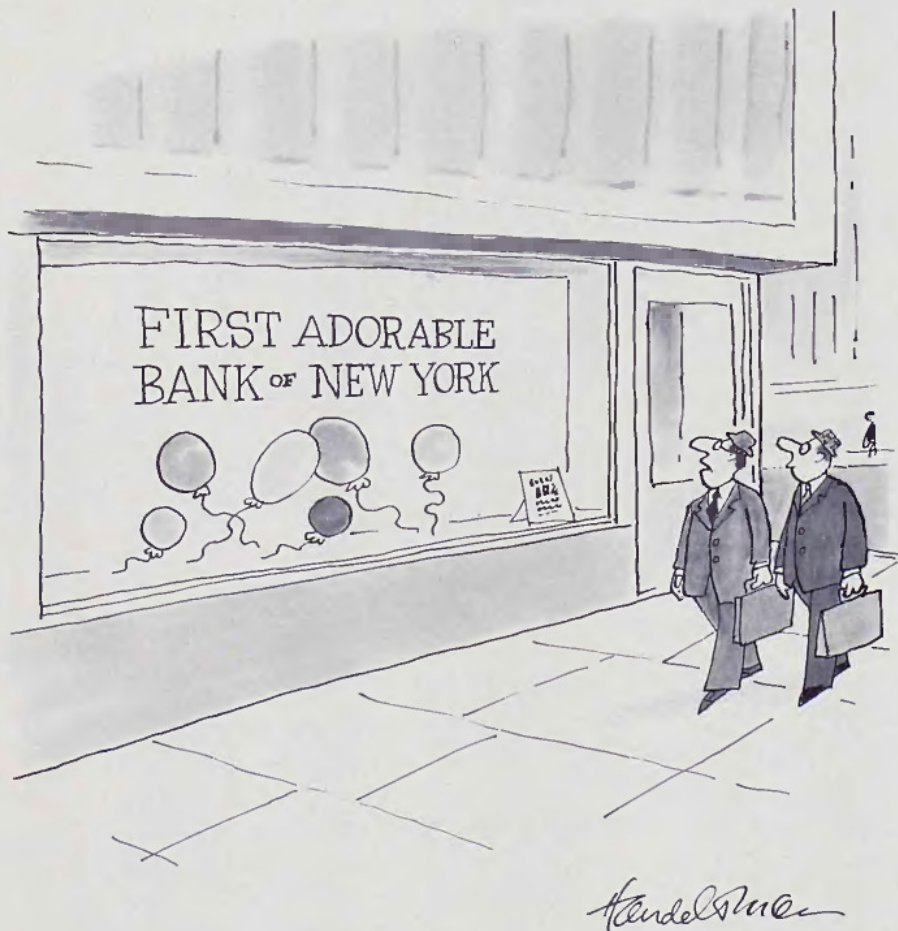
with full, red mouths and hot doe eyes.

Of one thing you can be certain: The women of Venice are never boring.

A sexual odor [rises] from the canals and rotting palaces . . . in this city where revelry and vice were once de rigueur, where a woman married at 16 and by 17 took a lover . . . in this city where gondolas plied the dark canals and love was made under the gondola's black hood on the water, or in little hideaways on canals not even other Venetians knew about; in this city where the lovely lapping of the brackish waters suggests sex even to the celibate. . . .

—ERICA JONG, "Parachutes & Kisses"

Venice holds perhaps the greatest adventure for couples, especially those who arrive with romance in mind. What one can do alone is better done together here. (Paris is not the world's only city for lovers.) A one-day scenario of *exotica à deux* could easily include the following:



"I mistrust a cute bank."

Let's assume you are staying at one of the hotels in the Campo Santa Maria del Giglio. If you're at the Ala or the Bel Sito, you wake with a view of the church after which the area is named. If you are at the opulent Gritti Palace, like former patrons Ernest Hemingway, Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, Greta Garbo, Winston Churchill, the Aga Khan and W. Somerset Maugham, your window may face the Grand Canal itself. There, about ten A.M., you begin with a Continental breakfast of espresso, rolls, *croissants*, butter and jams (in bed, if you like). You pore over the *International Herald Tribune* and the international edition of *USA Today* for news of home. Assured that no disasters have obliterated your principal residence, your stock portfolio or the exchange rate, it's off through winding passageways and narrow streets to the nearby Piazza San Marco. In the shadow of the world-famous Basilica San Marco and 20 paces from the equally renowned Caffè Florian, you can buy a bag of birdseed and feed the pigeons. These birds are used to visitors bearing gifts and will not hesitate to land in your hand or on top of your head—should a certain someone throw birdseed in your hair. At times, the burgeoning avian population can literally carpet the piazza. When there are no perches left, the unlucky pigeons must move to New York.

Next, walk through the Piazzetta San Marco, adjacent to its larger sister, past the sidewalk cafés, Biblioteca Marciana and Doges' Palace to the water's edge. There, lined with gondola and taxi stands, the Grand Canal (the city's version of the Champs Élysées) empties into the larger Bacino di San Marco. Across the water is the Lido, with its white-sand beaches and resort hotels. To the immediate left is the prison and, as you take another left turn up a small canal, the Bridge of Sighs. Farther left is the Riva degli Schiavoni, home of such hotels as the Londra Palace. To the right is one of the few public parks in town featuring trees. Trees in Venice are a rarity and are one reason dogs in Venice are kept muzzled. Having few familiar rest stops makes them a tad unruly.

After a brief stroll along the water, do an about-face, tromp through the Piazza San Marco and out the portal next to the clock tower. Follow the signs that read PER RIALTO. They are not guiding you to the local moviehouse but to the Ponte di Rialto, Venice's most famous bridge. It spans the Grand Canal about mid-point and is usually jammed with tourists. Along the route are some of the city's best shopping areas. You can buy leather at bargain prices, exotic blown-glass creations, Borsalino hats, shoes, sculpture, art ad infinitum. But if you want to avoid the crowds, it is easy to turn a corner and suddenly find yourself in a Venetian twilight zone. Empty courtyards, silent save for the heel-and-toe clicks of occasional passers-by, lurk in the most unexpected places.

They are especially picturesque and private, perfect for a stolen kiss. Then, a bit of ingenious navigation will eventually get you to the bridge just in time for lunch alongside the canal. While eating fresh fish and pasta and drinking a bottle of Bardolino, you can watch the *vaporetti* (water buses) chug by, spot cats darting across gondola tops and ponder whose idea it was to build this enduring monument to improbability in the eastern-Italian marshes, anyway.

Spend the remainder of the afternoon wandering through churches, discovering more hidden piazzas and visiting such museums as the stunning Guggenheim Collection (works by Pollock, Ernst, Picasso, Duchamp, Chagall, Mondriaan, Magritte, Miró, Giacometti and Moore) and, if you're in the mood for more art, the Gallerie dell' Accademia. As one Venice guidebook put it, "Venice is a city of art. . . . [At the Accademia] the glory that was Venice lives on in a remarkable collection of paintings spanning the 14th to 18th centuries." Among the artists: Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese and Bellini.

Make dinner reservations before the sun sets.

Is there anyone but must repress a secret thrill, on arriving in Venice for the first time—or returning thither after long absence—and stepping into a Venetian gondola?

—THOMAS MANN, "Death in Venice"

A gondola ride is mandatory and never a disappointment. Even the gondoliers themselves use this age-old conveyance to stage their own seductions (remember our previously mentioned ladyfriends?). Wait until the late afternoon and spend an hour gliding over the silvery-pink waters until you can cap your journey with a kiss at dusk under the Bridge of Sighs. If you're lucky, as you drift into the Grand Canal, observers will congratulate your sealing of romantic destiny with encouraging applause. Never mind that the "sighs" refer to the resigned exhalations of prisoners crossing the bridge from the Doges' Palace to the prison, where they would often as not die after barbarous tortures. Instead, lovers may want to imagine some delicious torments of their own in order to relate better to the bridge's true history.

Venice in sunshine is wonderful, but a raging thunderstorm witnessed from a dry hotel room while you dress for dinner is not to be missed, either. The thunder and lightning are especially intense as the sodden skies ache to merge with the rising waters. Torrents of raindrops cascade off shop awnings (stand under one if you are caught in the storm) to form little rivers overflowing the stone streets. Shopkeepers take their merchandise racks inside and furiously push back the water with large brooms. The metaphor is lost on no one. Later, when the rain has become an inter-

mittent drizzle, nothing is as romantic as a late-night promenade through the city. Since the locals stay inside, Venice is yours alone.

But even if the skies remain clear, the mist will soon settle in. Take a midnight ride on the taxi boat from the piazzetta landing to the posh Hotel Cipriani (created by and named after the late Giuseppe Cipriani, founder of the original Harry's Bar), on the Isola della Giudecca. As you look back at Venice, it could just as well be Brigadoon.

The decidedly upscale hotel grounds are usually deserted after the witching hour. Wander past the Olympic pool to the lounge, where a pianist plays and sings a wide range of favorites. Have a cognac, then ask him to warble *I Only Have Eyes for You* while you dance cheek to cheek, lost in the reverberating tones of his smooth, accented English. You won't forget it.

If you're in the mood for something guaranteed to ignite your own Latin passions more quickly, try making the moves of love on the dance floor of El Souk, one of Venice's two private discos. Then do the real thing on the arching crest of one of the city's tiny canal bridges. Or you can save it until after you both pick up the room key at the hotel desk, bid the attendant a blushing "Buona sera" and slip between the sheets.

*I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:*

*I saw from out the wave her structures
rise*

*As from the stroke of the enchanter's
wand:*

*A thousand years their cloudy wings
expand*

*Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject
land*

*Look'd to the winged Lion's marble
piles.*

*Where Venice sate in state, throned on
her hundred isles!* —LORD BYRON

Venice once had a patron saint, Theodore, a Greek. But his prestige rating was wanting, so the city fathers decided to upgrade. They smuggled the body of the disciple Saint Mark out of Alexandria in a pork barrel, entombed him in Venice and built the Basilica and the Piazza San Marco to honor him. Today, the acquisitive spirit lives on and is passed to the city's visitors. Venice resurrects dormant desires to live life to the fullest in all ways imaginable. As Lewis Mumford so aptly wrote, "For all its vanity and villainy, life touched some of its highest moments in Venice."

And it still does.



*"Don't let the competition worry
you. Remember, she takes off her panties one leg at a
time, just like you do."*

RADIO VISIONS

(continued from page 123)

"Perfect," said Lucy when we called. "I just got out of the shower and I'm nude."

tickling the eardrums of multitudes of men? To Frankie Hutchison—an audio-visual package that belongs on MTV if any ever did—"It's great, but it's strange. A lot of listeners who haven't seen me think I'm blonde. Is that a compliment?" The misconception was rectified when Kansas City's KYY5 distributed nearly 200,000 posters of Frankie, a brunette. "The posters weren't sexy, though," she says. "In my PLAYBOY picture, you can see through the top of my swimsuit. Our station is number one with men 18 to 49, and they're going to *freak out!*" An aside to Frankie's listeners: She says most of the guys who listen to KY-102 are "really nice-looking." And she doesn't have a boyfriend.

"I love being on the air," says Beverly Cleveland, who got her feet wet in Texas radio when a water moccasin came out of the staff toilet. "I feel at peace all alone in the sound studio—it's just me and the world." When she's not spinning steel-guitar sounds as Kelly Forest for Waco's KNFO—the top-rated country station in the nation—Beverly sings with a band called Uncle Dickie's Shameless Quickies,

frolics with a pit bull named Gripper, which has saved her skin three times (once from a burglar, once from a fire and once from a discriminating cottonmouth that slid into bed with her), and breeds gold-breasted African finches.

Nancy Gettle takes nighttime requests on Fort Lauderdale/Miami's WSHE ("SHE's only rock 'n' roll"). A descendant of trail blazer Meriwether Lewis, Nancy blazed a trail west of touristy Florida to "the real Florida," where she lives by a lake near the Everglades. "There's a lot going on in Florida radio," says she, peeling out in the SHE van, "and I enjoy living where I live. I get up in the morning and there's a big white bird fishing in the lake." Will SHE promote Nancy's PLAYBOY appearance as a tourist attraction? "Excessively!"

Then there's the star of our show, Lucy Johnson, Boston's noted stripper/sex advisor. As Princess Cheyenne, she does visuals during the week at The Naked i Cabaret. Sunday nights, she hosts a sex-talk show called *Ask Princess Cheyenne*, which by all accounts is far juicier than Dr. Ruth's. "Perfect," said Lucy when we

called to ask a few questions. "I just got out of the shower and I'm nude." You've seen Lucy/P.C. on *Donahue*, read about her in *People*. She's the Social-Register Stripper—born to wealth, she traded in her silver spoon for stripping, Seventies rock star Cat Stevens and sex radio. "I get mostly male callers," she says. "A lot of them have already seen me at The Naked i or make a point of coming in—they can't see me on the radio."

Poor fellows. But what's this about Cat Stevens?

"We met when I was 16 and again when I was 20," says Lucy. "He was a Moslem by then. I was obsessed with him. We became engaged and I moved to London. I stopped dancing and put on a veil, went to the mosque every day. This went on for about four months, until I realized the fantasy was over. I left—it was ironic that I ended up hurting *him* after years of being obsessed with him. He called me his hard-headed woman. I guess I was too hard-headed."

And that's only one Lucy Johnson story. Want more? You'll have to ask Princess Cheyenne—Sunday nights on the Hub's WBCN.

We've only scratched the surface—spun the dial—but we hope we've made the point that *sometimes*, the woman behind the fantasy voice on your radio is every bit as fantastic as you could have imagined.



CRUISER



Christopher Browne



© 1986 FMPM

Shown smaller than actual size. Length approximately 8 1/2"

"No one in his right mind would go through all this to make a model car."

Gordon M. Buehrig, designer of the legendary Cord 810, Duesenberg J., Auburn Speedster and, now, Director of Franklin Mint Precision Models.

The 1935 Mercedes 500K Special Roadster.

It sets a standard few, if any, die-cast models have ever approached.

A masterpiece in miniature, it is the best in Franklin Mint's extraordinary new series, The Great Classic Sports Roadsters.

A CUSTOM MODEL OF THIS QUALITY WOULD COST THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

Director Gordon Buehrig's determination to create a 1:24 scale model of unparalleled authenticity, detail and craftsmanship required dedication to excellence every step of the way.

An exhaustive search located, from the fewer than 20 originally made, the best of the 500K's still extant today.

The best had recently been voted Best in Show at Concours d'Elegance. From hundreds of photographs and precise measurements of this splendid example, a prototype was built.

From specially made tooling, 111 precision pieces were created, as opposed to the roughly 40 pieces that make up the average model.

Each piece individually inspected.

Each body piece then hand-painted with actual automotive lacquer. The precise Mercedes 500K color.

Each piece then hand-waxed to a high gloss and reinspected. Imagine hand-waxing a model car. The 111 finished pieces finally hand-assembled to form a single car.

Dedication had become compulsion.

ITS OPERATIONAL FEATURES AND INTRICATE DETAILING ARE REMARKABLE.

There is remarkable duplication of the original's extraordinary amount of gleaming chrome trimwork, precisely placed, down to the tiny tips on either of the fender-tred rublines.

Hood, doors and trunk that open and close.

A boot that snaps off.

A convertible top that snaps on.

Full dashboard instrumentation.

Scale-exact tire tread. A "knock-off" hub that covers both spares.

Seats into which just the right amount of "give" has been built.

Engine detailing that includes a Roots-type blower, carburetor and ignition system.

Running gear and suspension on the undercarriage.

Compulsion had become obsession.

And finally, the result is here.

THE MAGNIFICENT MERCEDES IS AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH THE FRANKLIN MINT.

Crafted and imported exclusively by Franklin Mint Precision Models, the 500K is being offered at the remarkably low price of \$90. Upon receiving the order form at right, payment will be billed to you in 3 installments of \$30 each.

"We were determined to make the ultimate in die-cast models," said Mr. Buehrig. "We succeeded!"

-ORDER FORM-

The Mercedes 500 K Special Roadster

Please mail by March 31, 1986

Franklin Mint Precision Models
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for The Mercedes 500K Special Roadster, crafted in die-cast metal, to be sent to me fully assembled and ready for display.

I need send no money now. I will be billed for my model in three monthly installments of \$30* each, beginning just before the car is ready for shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and a total of \$3. for shipping and handling.*

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip _____

51

FRANKLIN MINT  PRECISION MODELS

PLAYING FOR MONEY (continued from page 119)

"I take Ray Mancini, add 24 inches to his reach and watch him knock the crap out of Joe Frazier."

the first line of personal computers IBM has ever named after me, which puts my computing capacity on a par with that of the entire nation of Albania; and a PCjr, because it would give my mother a way to run a program I'd had a hand in designing. Every time she tries to stick an audio cassette into the disk drive, I am reminded that computers are not for everyone, talented and sophisticated though they may be.

Then there is the second Apple III, bought more or less by accident, because at \$800 with a monitor and 256K, brand-new, I lost my head; and a MacIntosh on which even I can now draw a straight line. I use it to compose form letters to my fos-

ter children. I have several of them (you should, too: Foster Parents Plan, 155 Plan Way, Warwick, Rhode Island 02887, \$22 per month per kid), and when they send me crayon drawings of the family cow, I send them personalized, happy-face stock and bond certificates.

With my Mac, I can also play *Championship Boxing*, by Dave and Barry Murray. A far less violent variant of the real thing, it allows me to pair any of 57 real-life fighters (or create one of my own), vary their weights, heights, knockout records, training schedules and fighting styles, and then watch them have at it. Knowing nothing about boxing, I take Ray "Boom-Boom" Mancini, add 24 inches to his

reach and watch him knock the crap out of Joe Frazier. Reason enough to own a personal computer.

But enough kid's stuff. Bring on the financial simulations. If pilots can learn their moves in computerized capsules on the ground, surely we can sharpen our trading skills with play money.

• *Wizard of Wall Street*, by Synapse Software (\$44.95), features a bunch of made-up stocks—"Federated Titanium"—that tick across a tape at the top of the screen. There is a scoreboard of your current positions and gain or loss; news reports flash every few seconds (although they do begin to repeat after a while); you can purchase research reports on each stock at \$100 each; you can sell short, buy options, buy on margin, avail yourself of colorful graphs—you get the picture. Start yourself off with \$50,000 and plunge right in.

The game's research reports are out of date and unreliable, its earnings estimates are all but worthless. Even where the analyses do prove reasonably accurate, it's all but impossible to gauge whether their predictions have already been discounted by the market and, thus, whether the stocks in question will go up, down or sideways. The game is, in other words, remarkably true to life. I had fun playing it.

• *Wall Street*, from OCO Software at \$69.95, goes a step further. It uses real stocks (20 from the New York Stock Exchange, ten from the American), half a year's real price fluctuations and news headlines, impressive color graphics and the chance to learn the mechanics of the market and to double your fictional dollars. Its big plus, though, is that for every \$5000 in profits you amass, you get to kill off one of the specialists on the floor of the exchange.

• If you'd prefer to learn about the futures markets and kill off pit brokers instead, try *Speculator*, at the same price and quality level, from the same publisher. The game's big drawback is that you might like it enough, and become familiar enough with futures trading, to want to play for real. This would be a mistake.

• *Manipulation* is less ambitious. The idea, simply, is to buy and sell another group of made-up stocks, but with the advantage of inside information. That could be pretty fascinating if you had to judge whether or not the inside information were accurate and whether, if accurate, it had already been discounted by the market and, if not, which way it would drive prices when revealed. These are the three challenges, other than avoiding jail, of profiting from inside information. The game could have come loaded with nuggets like "Your brother-in-law, who is a renowned flake but who does share a cab to work each day with a paralegal from one of the biggest mergers-and-acquisitions law firms, swears the paralegal, who'd had only two hours' sleep the night



Mike Williams

"Oh, damn! It's another bloody penguin!"

before, a sure sign of an impending tender, nodded off in the cab this morning and kept mumbling 'Federated Department Stores' in his sleep."

Your job would then be to decide how much, if anything, to bet on Federated Department Stores; whether to bet it would go up or down (if it were acquiring somebody else, it could well go down); how much you could safely buy without attracting the attention of the Securities and Exchange Commission in case Federated actually did shoot up 30 points seconds after you bought it; and how likely it would be, if you attracted SEC attention, that you would be deemed an "insider" by virtue of your wife's brother's cabmate's sleep talking.

You could have a variety of trading accounts, each harder to trace than the last, but with the hardest to trace, like a Swiss account owned by one of your Bahamian corporations, being the most expensive to trade through. And since the name of the game is *Manipulation*, you could do a lot of buying and selling of the same security among your various accounts to create the impression of great activity—a classic manipulator's ploy—in hope of drawing other players into the game and selling out to them at a profit.

It could, in other words, be a harmless but intriguing outlet for the white-collar criminal in all of us.

But no. At \$29.95 a copy, *Manipulation* simply tells you during each round of trading where each of its fictional stocks will be during the next round. That's all there is to it. The "challenge," if you will, comes in remembering the current prices ("just as a professional stock trader must remember the last traded price of a stock," the package explains), so you know whether a stock headed for 62% will have gone up or down. Please.

• One game that puts this all together, albeit with certain rigid assumptions (eight percent inflation), is Blue Chip's *Squire, the Financial Planning Simulation* (\$49.95). You tell it your assets, goals and monthly income available for investment; it leads you through 20 years of living in a couple of hours, allowing you any sorts of half-baked investments you like (porcelain? cattle-feeding schemes?) and throwing a humorous curve or two along the way. Whether this sort of thing really compares with a hot game of Monopoly or the 20 video tapes you could rent for the same money is a question only you, Mr. Consumer himself, can answer.

We could go on. Blue Chip also publishes games called *Baron*, for the budding real-estate mogul, *Millionaire* (stocks) and *Tycoon* (commodities). You could quickly rack up quite a bill buying all these—and I'm certainly not recommending that you do. On the other hand, to the extent that you do, it will be the most modest loss you're ever likely to take fooling around

Sensual Aids:

How to order them
without embarrassment.

How to use them
without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sensual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction — or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sensual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0386
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Please let us know! Notify us at least 8 weeks before you move to your new address, so you won't miss any copies on your PLAYBOY subscription. Here's how:

1. Attach your mailing label from a recent issue in the space provided. Or print your name and address exactly as it appears on your label.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

2. Print your new address here:

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

3. Mail this form to: **PLAYBOY**

P.O. Box 55230
Boulder, Colorado 80323-5230

with stocks, commodities or real estate.

• If you want to lay out some real bucks, try \$600 for *Interest Rate Clairvoyance*, released in late 1985 by Strategic Economic Decisions of Menlo Park, California. For this you get two disks that attempt to make you expert at understanding current interest rates and glimpsing their future. As interest rates underlie all movements in the stock and bond markets—when rates go up, stocks and bonds go down, and vice versa—the ability to predict them with any consistency could, with appropriate leverage, make you rich beyond imagining. Fast!

It is not the claim of the designers of *Clairvoyance* that you will be able to do this. Indeed, they are not, at this stage, anyway, and at this price, even trying to sell it to you. They're shooting for the pension-fund managers, corporate treasurers and other multimemamillion-dollar players for whom (A) \$600 is nothing and (B) a tiny improvement in performance—sensing a trend a day or a week earlier than they otherwise might have—could pay for the program 1000 or even 10,000 times over. So this package is not a game at all.

The first disk is an "interactive tutorial" on the subject of interest rates. Interactive

tutorial means it's like a lengthy textbook chapter, only you have to press a key to summon every few paragraphs, are called upon to answer an occasional true-or-false or multiple-choice question and, where there are graphs, get to see the lines on the graph move. The net result of all this is a way to help you better understand that there is a single global market (new in the past few years, as international capital flows have become constant, computerized affairs) and that the price of credit—interest rates—depends on supply and demand.

Every new factor—an increase in the deficit, for example—should be analyzed in terms of its impact on the supply of credit (high deficits scare off lenders, so supply shrinks) and the demand for credit (to fund the deficit, the Government borrows, so demand rises). When the supply of lendable funds shrinks and the demand for loans rises, credit becomes more expensive. Interest rates rise until enough potential lenders are enticed to lend and enough potential borrowers decide, "Screw it, it's just too expensive." At that magic interest rate, supply and demand cross like lovers on a double bed, and the market "clears." It can get a lot steamier than this simple example, because at least ten factors are

interwoven in their impact on the supply of and the demand for credit. What's more, these factors must be accorded various weights. But that's where the second disk comes in.

The second disk allows you to vary as many as five of the ten factors—the deficit, the strength of the dollar, G.N.P., et al.—and almost instantly see the effect on interest rates for six months into the future. Not only will you see the little supply and demand lines move on the graph, intersecting at some new orgasmic interest rate, you will be given some explanation as to why the rate has changed as it has.

That this is pretty nifty, at least for the econ grad students and bank chairmen in the crowd, it is hard to deny. A very real question, though, is whether use of *Clairvoyance* will improve its users' performance even a tiny bit. One of the reasons to think it conceivably might—although there's also reason to think that *no* manner of analysis can predict the course of interest rates with above-average consistency—is the academic credentials of its creator, Horace "Woody" Brock. Brock holds five degrees from Harvard and Princeton. He has lectured at Harvard, Princeton and Stanford, has been a senior member of the Stanford Research Institute and has for the past half decade consulted with IBM, Morgan Stanley and the United Nations, among others, on the direction of interest rates.

My own guess is that he's just as likely to be wrong in his predictions as you or me, only, as they say, for far more sophisticated reasons. But maybe not. This past November, I caught him at a pay phone, waiting for his plane from the Federal Reserve, in Washington, to the Fidelity and Putnam groups of funds, in Boston. I asked him where the prime rate, then nine and a half percent, would be March first and November first, 1986. (By the time you read this, you'll be able to judge at least one of his answers.)

"What is it now?" he asked. (The real interest-rate players pay little heed to the prime. It's the Treasury-bill rate and LIBOR and all those more sensitive things that matter in the money markets.)

"Nine and a half percent," I reminded him.

"Well, then," he said, "the most likely scenario might put the prime at nine percent in March and nine and a half percent—I'm almost tempted to say nine—in November." Conditions will be different from what they were in November 1985, he says, but the supply/demand credit tug of war he sees still pretty much stalemated.

From my own greatly less sophisticated reading of the markets—which is to say, in my case, *The Wall Street Journal*—I'd guess he's about right. In the meantime, I'd rather be playing Scrabble.



"Now here's a little song I wrote after catching my girlfriend, Alice Marie, in bed with my wife."



IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1985



COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon 

"You kill a man and make a big show out of it, all you done is kill a hog."

watched as a death-squad member fixed the electrode skullcap onto Evans' head and covered his face with the black mask.

White left the death chamber and went to the electrical switch. At Smith's direction, the remaining man inside the room with Evans held the READY sign up to the window and the warden threw the switch.

Smith watched Evans stiffen his wrists and arch his body into the restraining straps when he was hit with the charge of 1900 volts. When the current ended, Evans' body quivered and fell back into the chair. Sparks and flames crackled around his head and left leg, and white smoke curled from beneath the mask.

When the two doctors from the witness room went to examine Evans, they found a heartbeat. Smith directed the warden to throw the switch a second time. Again, sparks and flames shot out from Evans' head. The doctors examined him once more, and this time couldn't agree on whether or not there was a heartbeat.

Evans' attorney in the witness room shouted, "Commissioner, I ask for clemency. You'll be charged with cruel and unusual punishment!"

Smith relayed the clemency appeal to the governor's mansion. Then a third charge of 1900 volts was administered. After that, the doctors pronounced Evans dead. Smith stood in the witness room, facing the electric chair. He was only three feet from the dead man.

Suddenly, Smith's nostrils were filled with the stench of burned flesh. All his careful planning, his determined efforts

not to repeat the ugly excesses of the past, had ended with the sparks and flames that shot from John Evans' head and leg.

"It's one thing to see a dead person," Smith says later, sitting in his Montgomery office, "to walk up on a car accident or something. But to see somebody go from life to death . . ." he says, and pauses and glances at the tabletop in front of him. "You could hear the transformer, the electrical current. You could smell the flesh burning. See the smoke from the head area. From one of the legs. There was stench. You're always gonna have that.

"But pain? Suffering?" he says, looking up again. "You're gone *immediately*. There's not even a split second of recognition of anything happening to you." He speaks firmly, as if required to convince yet another skeptic that John Louis Evans III died without suffering.

With the initial surge of 1900 volts, Smith had thought Evans was dead. "There was no life going on as I could see," he says. "The doctors heard a heartbeat. I related this to the governor. The same procedure was repeated. A former warden at Kilby remembered a case when they had had to do it ten times."

Smith leans back in his chair and stares straight ahead, as if remembering the execution, the aftermath and the grilling he took when the media accused him of having fried Evans to death. "The whole state is behind you," he says quietly. "The whole state was asking, 'When you gonna kill him?' You carried out the execution by the letter of the law. Then people start say-

ing, 'Smith burned a man to death last night.' And, 'We didn't know y'all were gonna do it that way.' The press is all over you for days, and after the execution, you walk in and it's like, 'God, get back, he really did it.' Like I still reeked of flesh burning. Nobody ever said, 'Hey, you did the right thing.' But how do you thank somebody for doing that?"

On the front porch of his frame house near Holman Prison, Murray Daniels, 72, rocks back in a chair, props his feet on the porch railing and talks with disgust about the execution of John Evans.

Daniels retired from the Alabama prison system in 1977, after 33 years. He is a veteran of several executions at Kilby Prison, where he electrocuted, by his own count, five or six men. He lives practically within sight of Holman, and his son works in the prison as a chaplain.

"It ain't no joy to kill nobody," Daniels says. "We didn't want to do it. But it's our job. We signed up to do it. That was our living. Had to do what the bossman said. I'm not proud of it. It was bread to me. If I couldn'ta done what the bossman wanted, he'd get somebody else. It ain't no show to kill a man. You kill a man and make a big show out of it, all you done is kill a hog."

To Daniels, the large crowds that descended on Holman for Evans' execution were an unnecessary spectacle. The fact that as an experienced executioner he was never sought out and consulted continues to rankle.

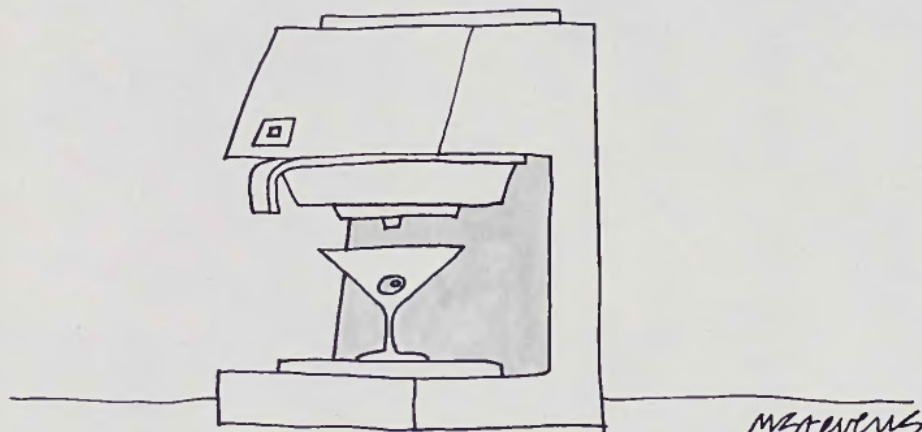
Had he been asked, Daniels could have warned the death squad that in the old days at Kilby, his team often had only 30 minutes in which to shave a criminal's head, feed him and electrocute him. Once, he had to wake a prisoner for execution.

"There was this old nigger over here from Wilcox County," Daniels says. "He was the humblest nigger I ever saw. I had a feeling for the nigger. But there wasn't nothing I could do. Last electrocution I made there. He'd gone to sleep. Had to go down and wake him up. Shave his head and feed him. He didn't say much."

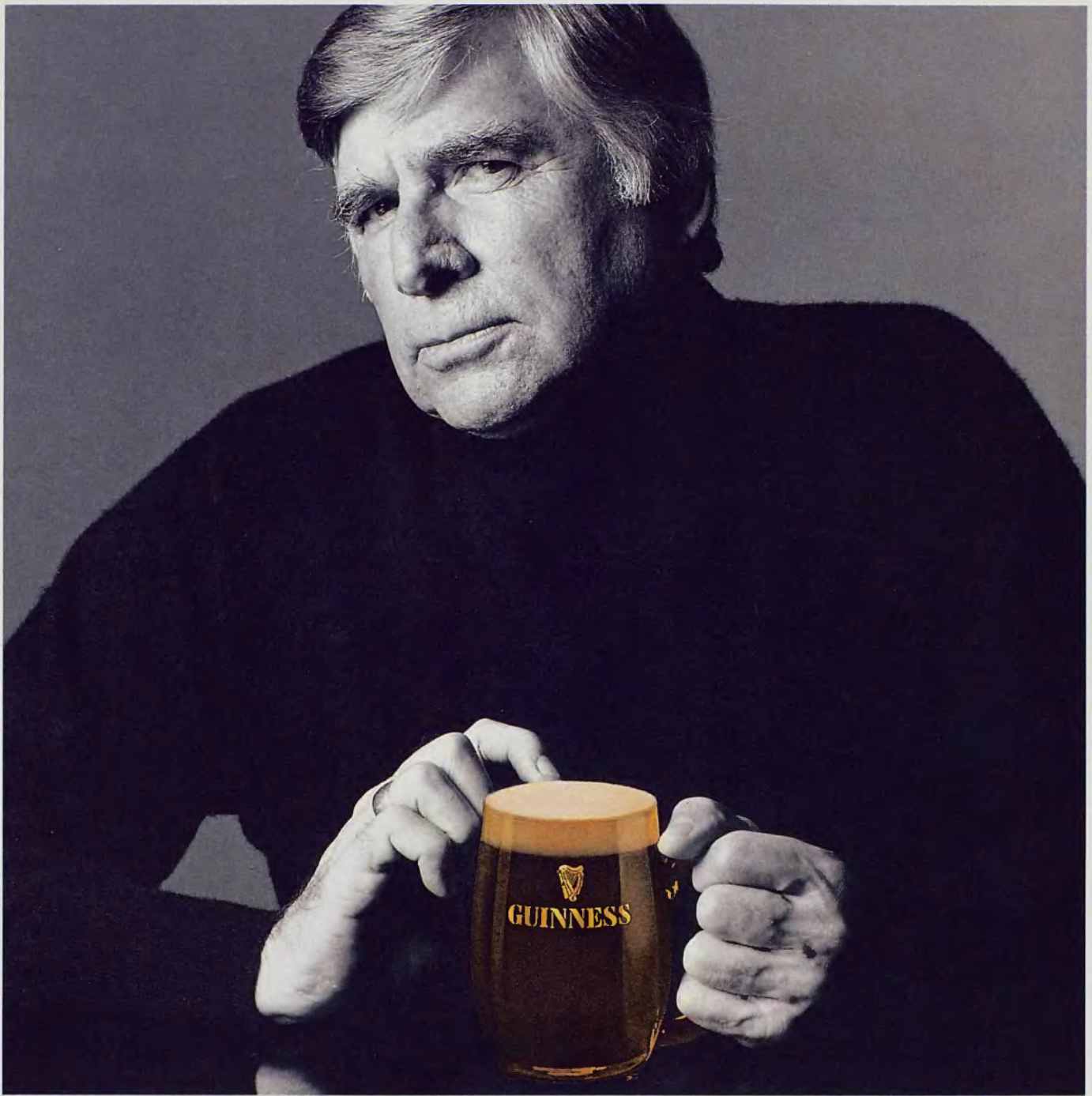
Daniels remembers that more than one surge of electricity was frequently required before a man's heart stopped beating.

Today, says Daniels, "You keep a man up there on death row and fatten him up for two years. He's not a puny little thing that would do it. They made a big to-do over two charges. Lots of times you had to give two charges. Second shots. I would have been glad to go down and help 'em. But they wanted to make a big show. It made me plumb sick. No time to have a show when you're killing a man."

Sitting on his porch, Daniels evokes a sort of halcyon, sordid golden era of executions before the Federal Courts got involved and suggested that even condemned men and women have basic constitutional guarantees. In the old days at Kilby; he and his cohorts worked almost as if in a vacuum. The media weren't



MR. MARTINI



Gene Roddenberry has a deep, dark secret.

GUINNESS

A secret shared and enjoyed since 1759.

Imported by Guinness Import Company, Stamford, CT 06901 ©1985



around. The prisoners were there to be killed, not to wait out appeals.

"I picked out four or five good guards to strap him in the chair," Daniels remembers. "The chaplain stayed with him until we went to electrocute him. You pull the shoes off of 'em. Don't electrocute with the shoes on. A black mask you pull over his face. Soaked that cap a couple of days in brine. Can't get a man in that seat and it ain't ready. There are general principles.

The cap's gotta be damp. Sit it in brine. Put a band on the left leg. Cap's got the juice in it. Grounded out of his leg. The first shot. That addles him. He's just a vegetable then. We never had no trouble. The chaplain stayed with him. They was all 'saved.'"

Daniels' prison system and the society reflected by that system were entirely different from today's. Ironically, even though Daniels was never consulted in the

Evans execution, most of the general principles he had casually carried out years before were formalized and updated in Smith's procedures manual.

But if he *had* been consulted, Daniels would have told Smith that "the longer it takes, the worsen it is for you. Ten minutes is long enough to get shed of one. Two takes longer. Twenty minutes for two."

Daniels also would have warned Smith that there "ain't no kinda scent like human flesh."

When prisoners were killed at Kilby, fans were left on all night to draw out the scent. And most of the executions were scheduled for Fridays, to give the death squads the weekend to get over them.

THE FREE-LANGER

he has a part-time job many people would kill for

For the Louisiana state executioner, there are no ambiguities or second thoughts about his free-lance job. He pushes buttons. A **START** button and a **STOP** button. The buttons control electrical surges to the electric chair at Louisiana's Angola Prison. In a matter of minutes, he leaves the prison, the task he has just completed a thing of the past.

"I never did dwell on things, I can just block things out," he says, and asks that he be called Sam, "Sam Jones."

That is not his real name. As the state's anonymous executioner, he refuses to divulge his real identity. But for someone who might be concerned with compromising his anonymity, Sam appears nervously eager to talk matter-of-factly about his part-time work.

He sits smoking a cigarette in the office of an Angola deputy warden and admits that in his home life, where none of his friends know about his work at Angola, he is a television addict and a stamp collector. He is also, of course, a certified electrician—his free-lance job requires it. He doesn't drink and he knows that as Louisiana's executioner, he lives out the fantasies of countless would-be executioners each time he pushes the buttons for the electric chair. He was, in fact, a volunteer, applying for the job even before reinstatement of the death penalty.

"I just read in the papers that the executioner had died and I went and applied for the job," he says. "That was about ten years ago. It's something I believe in very strong and somebody had to do it. It wasn't something done at the spur of the moment. I talked to some officials. They asked me if I was capable of doing it. I said, 'Without any second thoughts.' If I had any thoughts against it, I wouldn't be doing it. Once I leave here, it's like I never was here. I don't keep track of the dates or the times."

Sam is paid \$400 in cash for each

execution. All of his agreements with the warden are oral. The warden calls, tells him he's needed and Sam shows up at the prison. He already knows, generally from newspapers, who will be sitting in the chair.

"You can't worry about innocence or guilt or dwell on things like that," he says. "I got a job to do and I got one minute to do it in. So I carry the procedure out. I'm too busy to know what's going on anywhere else. We hit 'em for one minute. They pronounce them dead and it's over with. I step back and wait till the coroner pronounces him dead, and then I leave. I can't see no sense in dwelling on anything."

In his life apart from Angola, Sam says he makes between \$38,000 and \$40,000 a year. The \$400 he is paid by the warden comes in handy, he says, and he reports it on his income tax. He does not wear a hood or rubber boots but would gladly wear both if asked. As he describes how he pushes buttons, it is almost as if he is describing a job done by someone else.

Carrying out that job behind a partition in Louisiana's death house, Sam is divorced from the turmoil that grips his counterparts elsewhere, such as Fred Smith. Unlike prison wardens, who are required to see to the needs of death-row inmates and who unavoidably get to know them, Sam does not have to take a person from a cell and one day kill him. He carefully follows the procedures laid out for him by the state of Louisiana. Because he can ignore the fact that he is killing people, he can sum up his job strictly as that of an electrician.

"I've been shocked before," he says, "but I didn't feel any pain. Been hit with 480 and I didn't feel anything. I never experienced no pain getting shocked. Neither do they. It goes in the top of the head and out the left leg. There're two phases. It comes in through the head and out the leg, just like an element in a toaster." —J.G.

For nights after Evans' execution, Fred Smith awoke in the middle of the night to pace the floors and recount each detail of the event and then the public aftermath, when he had been portrayed as someone who had intentionally burned Evans to death. Critics had argued hotly that Smith had been too young and inexperienced to supervise the execution.

"How do you get experience in that field, unless you're a traveling executioner?" he asks, and shakes his head as if bewildered, betrayed. "I became engrossed again in the procedures, the letter of the law," he says, explaining how he handled the sleepless nights following the execution. "That's where my strength came from when I'd get up and walk around at three o'clock in the morning. The procedures. I'd say to myself, 'Let's see now, the first step.'"

Since Evans died, 41 men and one woman have been put to death in the South's execution chambers. States across the region have executions scheduled almost monthly. No death warrants were issued in Alabama in the immediate aftermath of Evans' execution, but the state recently issued warrants for the deaths of Willie Clisby, a black male, Michael Lindsay, a white male, and Wallace Norrell Thomas, a black male.

The governor of Alabama and the state's attorney general sanctioned the Evans execution, as they do all state killings. But neither man is required to attend or witness the execution. And not long after Evans was put to death, Fred Smith got the chance to remind the attorney general of what it can mean to be involved in the actual execution process.

Smith returned home one day and found his young son sitting in a replica of Old Yellow. Someone at the state trade school near Holman had made the scale-model electric chair for the commissioner, for his children to play with. It had been dropped off while Smith was at work.

Smith crated the chair up that very afternoon and sent it to the attorney general. He does not know what happened to the chair after that.





"Perhaps next time, Commander, you'll stop and think before taking off a girl's gravity boots."

"If you gave the waitress a thirty-dollar tip," says the Moss Man, 'she'd be running all over town.'"

few thousand dollars. A guy named Philo, who is going into international finance, comes and stands beside us, with a beer on the back of his head, and bends at the waist and bobs up and down with a happy expression.

"Do you know any managing directors of large investment banks?" says the Moss Man to me.

God bless them! I think, these boys are a different sex, entirely.

"No," I say.

The Moss Man is surprised but suave.

"I don't know *any* bankers," I say.

"Really?" says the Moss Man, downcast but smiling with the strictest gallantry. "That's too bad."

Investment-banking companies come up to Dartmouth, says a Psi U., and you can get a job without ever leaving campus. "You just put on your nice little two-piece suit," says the Psi U., "your Air Mays tie, your—"

"Your what?" I say.

"Air Mays," says the Psi U.

"Hair maze? What's that?" I say.

"Air Mays," says the Psi U. "It's a French—"

"Air Mays ties?" I say.

"H-E-R-M-É-S," says the Psi U.

"Oh! OK. OK. All right. [Laughing] Judas!"

"Her Meez," says the Psi U. through

his nose. "They have the bags, the scarves, the ties and all that."

The guys want to go to 5 Olde Nugget Alley for dinner, but some girls from the sorority house across the street come down to the basement, and Ned runs over to the cutest one, slumps against the wall and, holding his hands in his armpits, looks down with a frightened stare into her face.

"Are they in another fight?" says Todd.

"Is this a fight?" says Philo.

"Are they fighting?" repeats Todd.

"Is this a fight?" says the Moss Man when Ned comes back.

"No, it is not a *fight*," says Ned.

After the girls leave, we go over to 5 Olde and get a table for 11. We order a round of iced teas and the guys pass the tape recorder back and forth and interview one another, and then they take out my notebook and write down the definitions of crack ("huge bitch") and grimbo ("very ugly girl; syn: crack—usually *fat*"). I say those are nice, and then one of the guys says they should do a definition for spank. "No!" shouts Robbie D. He dives across an empty chair. "Don't fucking put that!" He grabs the edge of the notebook and rips out a page, but it is blank.

"What's a spanking?" I say.

"Well, God!" says Robbie D. He pulls off his ski hat and throws it onto the table.

His hair pops up, blond and very curly.

"She's a journalist," says Alex to Robbie D., nodding in my direction. "She knows about shit." Robbie D. glances around, his hair springing in all directions. "So what the *hell*," says Alex, lowering his voice, "is spanking to her?"

"Yes. What is spanking?" I say.

My companions have conferred on the definition and pass me the notebook.

"How is *that* going to faze her?" says Alex.

I look down and read, SPANK: TO WANK THE BOLOGNA.

Robbie D. shrugs sternly.

"Now she thinks we're a bunch of wankers," he says.

The iced teas have gin, vodka, tequila, rum, triple sec, sour mix and Coca-Cola in them, and we have another round. The waitress is a short, robust girl who laughs and says I had better watch out when she hears the check is on me. The Psi U.s have a round or two more of dessert iced teas, and in between, we have dinner. When the bill comes, the Moss Man socks himself on the forehead. "Oh, my God!" he shouts. He gazes at the ceiling and hands it to me. "We took up your entire meal money." He whacks the table. "I'll talk to PLAYBOY," he shouts, "and get this shit *squared away*!"

"No, no," I say, laughing.

"We can take care of it," says Ned.

"One hundred and seventy dollars!" cries the Moss Man.

"Is the tip included?" I ask.

"They *always* put the tip on," says the Moss Man.

"Fifty times over," says Tristram.

I count the money in my purse and examine the bill. The tip is not included.

"I have only one hundred and eighty-five dollars," I say, embarrassed. I put the money on the table.

"One hundred and eighty-five," says Tristram. "Perfect."

"It's not enough," I say. "We need a thirty-five-dollar tip."

"It's perfect. Believe me," says Tristram, leaning forward on his elbows. He is a tall, thin young fellow with a flowerlike complexion. "See, most of it is alcohol."

"OK. Now, who can help me with the tip here?" I say, going through my jacket pockets. I do not have any credit cards.

"If you gave the waitress a thirty-dollar tip," says the Moss Man, lighting up a cigarette, "she'd be running all over town."

"She'd quit her job," says Robbie D. His hair is in such a fizz it cannot control itself. He puts his ski hat back on.

"See, most of it is alcohol," says Tristram. "That's the thing."

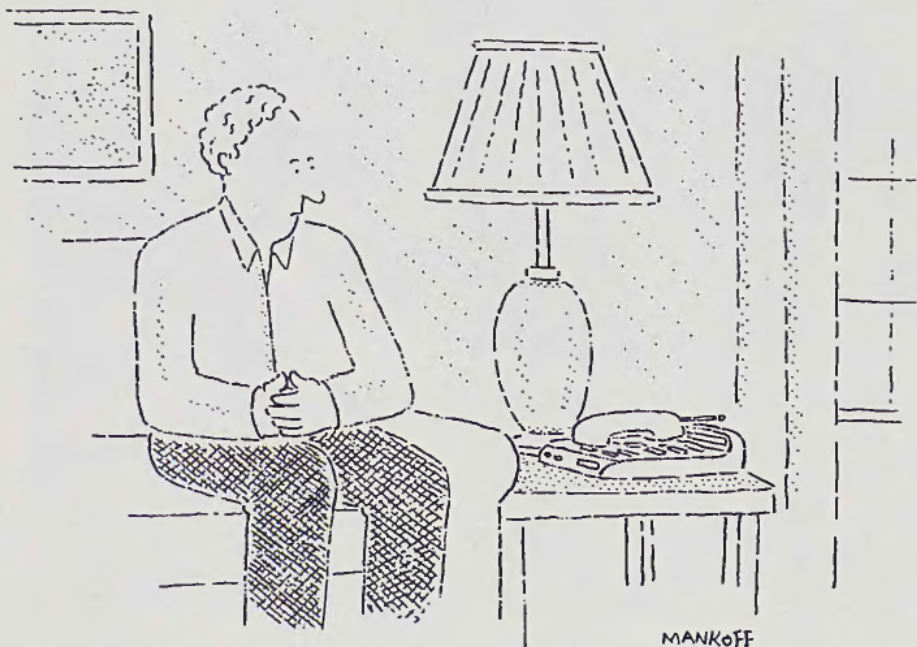
I poke in my jeans.

"Just have her give you a receipt," says the Moss Man, pushing back his chair so he can stick out his legs.

"Get the receipt and you're all set," says Tristram.

The Moss Man puffs on the cigarette and lolls back his head. "Tax purposes," he says.

"Yeah," says Tristram. His eyebrows lift



"All alone by the [cordless, customized, multifunction, dial-a-matic] telephone."

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



Winston America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

his whole snow-white forehead. "If you don't get the receipt, *you pay the bill.*"

The guys say dinner was great, but now they have to go hit a couple of parties. I say, well, I guess I'll go catch up on some reading. Robbie D. sits back down. "What was the last book you read?" he says.

"*The Decameron*," I say, surprised.

"Really? It's good you're interested in the classics," says Robbie D. "It shows your mind is not in the gutter."

"What?" I say.

"Shows your mind is not in the gutter," says Robbie D.

I look around at the Psi U.s to see if he is serious. "Because a lot of people might think it is," says Robbie D.

I glance at him and start to smile. "Because I write for PLAYBOY?" I say.

"Maybe. I mean, *not me*," says Robbie D. He puckers his golden brows. "But I know *a lot* of people would."

"Jean Carroll. . . Are you related to the Carrolls of Maryland?" says a Psi U.

"The Charles Carrolls, signers of the Declaration of Independence?" I say.

"Yes!" he says.

"No," I say.

On Saturday, the Psi U.s are upstairs getting ready for their formal and Brades wants to have a little talk with me. Brades

is president of the house and grips his tuxedo shirt at the spot over his heart and looks straight into my face.

"What's the matter?" I say, faintly.

He at once becomes frightened and lowers his eyes.

"Tell me," I say.

He looks at the carpet and says he loves Psi U.

"Ah!" I say.

He is a personable young man, slightly on the tubby side.

What else? I say. A sweat breaks out on his upper lip. He mentions a certain vice. Huh! I say. He hastens to add that none of the Psi U.s have the vice, but a couple of guys now and then get hold of some of the vice and the college is going to rag all over him if an article comes along blowing the vice out of proportion. A long silence ensues. OK, I say, I won't talk about the vice if the guys don't flaunt the vice under my nose. This calms him. I light up a cigarette. Look around for an ashtray.

"An ashtray!" He is amazed. "An *ashtray!*" he says, retreating with raised arms. He backs into the coatroom and starts ransacking behind the toboggans. "An ashtray!" he cries. "*Nobody* here smokes!"

A tall man with glasses, who turns out to be the dean of the college, shows up at the formal and puts a damper on things by drinking at the bar, stuffing his scarf into his pocket and dancing with the Psi U.s'

dates. I am fondly remembering Mike Troy and me at the Pi Beta Phi pledge dance, but the sudden sight of a middle-aged man gives me a nasty shock and I have to sit down by the hors-d'oeuvre table. Solomon Hapte-Selassie, a junior Psi U. and a member of the Ethiopian royal family, brings me an orange juice. Todd, a natty-looking guy in a pink tie and slicked-back hair, sits down beside me. "There's no frat as good and tight as the Psi U.s!" he says. "We have what it *takes!* That's our house! I might get shelled in investment banking, but I'll make it!"

"Where's your date, Todd?" I say.

"She got drunk and passed out."

Formal rush takes place during the first week of the spring term at Dartmouth College, which has 17 fraternities, eight sororities and four coed fraternities. Sixty percent of the male students pledge—one of the highest percentages in the U.S.

"Who gets in?" I ask the brothers. Mack, Clem, Rick, Brades, Brook and Grus are sitting around the chapter room, a heavy, dark, wood-paneled den in the Psi U. house on Sunday afternoon after the formal. "How should the rushees act?" I say. "What should they wear?"

"You wear a navy blazer," says Rick.

"Not a navy blazer," says Mack, "'cause everybody wears a navy blazer."

"You can wear a Harris tweed," says Rick.



"Right," says Brades.

"But don't wear brand-new shoes," says Mack, who is captain of the squash team.

"Be yourself," says Brades.

"Don't wear a neck brace," says Mack.

"Be conservative," says Clem. "Play it safe. You can do the wild stuff as soon as you're in the house." I look around at the Psi U.s and wonder what the wild stuff could possibly be, and ask if anybody has a bag of pretzels.

"I mean, we let this one guy in the house——" says Clem.

One of the brothers goes upstairs to look for his Ritz crackers.

"And the *next* day," says Clem, "he shows up in all these really *bright* colors. And we were kinda bummed at first."

Clem wears an ivy-green crew-neck, green-and-white buttondown, khakis and has a glamorous face with dark, thick blond eyebrows and a scab on the bridge of his nose. "You know," he says—he speaks with a hollow sound on his Ls and Rs—"if he had worn that stuff during *rush*, he wouldn't have gotten *in*."

"He was coached," says Rick.

"He was *definitely* coached," says Clem. "He started off—listen, he came here in the fall, and he was turning people off left and right. Well, someone gave him that feedback. So, like, the winter term, all of a *sudden* he was low-key. The guy *totally* changed his dress. And then we went into spring and the beginning of *rush* and he

stayed like that. And people started forgetting how he was and they let him in. But the day after he got his bid——"

"He puts on his *Vuarnets*," says Rick—Rick is wearing a wine sweater and khakis—"and his, like, sailor pants with bright yellow sailboats on them——"

"A *pink* shirt . . . with the collar up!" cries Clem.

"Awful!" I say. "Terrible!"

"Yeah," says Clem. He throws his leg over the back of the couch. "The really *bright* preppie. The *obnoxious* preppie!"

Well-known Company
Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Psi U. Senior
7 West Wheelock
Hanover, New Hampshire

~~Thank you~~
~~Thank you~~ for taking the time to
~~meet with~~ me while I was at Dartmouth last week. While I would like to be more encouraging, I'm afraid I'm not able to invite you to New York for further interviews at this time, ~~or any other time in the foreseeable millennium.~~

To say that this decision was extremely difficult would be an ~~outrageous lie.~~
~~statement.~~ I can only tell you it is more a consequence of our ~~deep and very lim-~~

~~personal loathing of you~~ ~~your lack of~~ ~~ited needs rather than a reflection of~~
~~personal hygiene and vulgar stench.~~
~~your fine qualifications.~~

~~shame on you~~
Again, ~~thank you~~ for your interest in investigating a career with us and best wishes for ~~personal success in~~ ~~ever blue-collar position your dad gets for you.~~ ~~whatever path you choose.~~

—DOCTORED DING LETTER, THE DING STRING,
SECOND-FLOOR HALL, PSI UPSILON HOUSE


The Gym, a four-man suite on the second floor of the Psi U. house, down the hall from the Zebra and the God's Single, features a sitting room, a computer room, two bedrooms, a fireplace, a couch with brown-and-gold flowers, a stop light, a Budweiser blackboard, a barometer, a shelf of books, boots, saucepans, Dynafits, Rossignol ST Competitions, K2 Comp 710s, Micron hockey skates, hockey sticks, squash rackets, records, record cleaner, lacrosse sticks, tapes, earphones, amplifiers, speakers, turntables, tape decks, tennis rackets, a climbing helmet, golf clubs, hockey pads, hiking boots, lacrosse gloves, a remote phone—— "Tris! You don't have anything in here."

I am looking in Tristram's closet.

"'Cause it's all on the floor," says Tristram, laughing.

"What kind of sweaters are those?" I say.

He climbs onto a chair and looks at the



MARTINI & ROSSI. IN A GLASS BY ITSELF.
It's the light, sophisticated, deliciously different drink that stands alone.

LEISURE EMPORIUM[©]

To order... Mail directly to the name and address of Advertiser Below.



THE TWO MOST FAMOUS ADULT MOVIES IN HISTORY.

The original, uncensored full length classics.

NOW AVAILABLE ON ONE VIDEO CASSETTE

VHS OR BETA **\$99.69** Plus 9⁰⁰ discreet shipping

MC **1-800-458-3000** VISA

GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. VIDEOCLUB IS THE OLDEST ADULT VIDEO MAIL ORDER COMPANY IN THE WORLD. **FOR CATALOG AND FREE GIFT CERTIFICATE SEND \$3.00 TO: VIDEO CLUB 220 SHREWSBURY AVENUE, RED BANK, N.J. 07701.**



Michael Salem Ent., Inc. Offers A Fine Line Of Stockings, Garterbelts, Wigs, Shoes, Cinchers, Etc. In All Sizes! From Petite to Super Large & Tall We Are Now Offering The Following Items At Special Prices! *New #903 Longest Showgirl Wig-Fits Large Heads. Choose Your Color-\$59.99. *#9121 Black 6" Patent Spike Shoes. Szs 5-13 1/2 \$200-#122 Seamed Stockings-\$6.99 pr 2 pr \$10-Szs 8 1/2-13-Blk Or Beige. Red Garter Belt #110B \$6.99 One Size-Block Fishnet Stockings #110C \$6.99 pr \$10 For the Set! New Full Color Marital Aids Catalog \$19.75 To Order Send Check Or M.O. To: **Michael Salem Ent., Inc. P.O. Box 1781 Dept. B-386, FDR Sta. N.Y. N.Y. 10150.** Phone Orders Call 212-986-1777 or 212-371-6877. Please send \$5 for Postage & Handling - N.Y. Res. Add Appl. Sales Tax.

YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!

Our Catalogs Feature Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets, Wigs, Shilleto Heeled Shoes, Cosmetics, Stockings & Bras in Various Materials. Sizes Petite To Super Large & Tall (All Mail Sent Discreetly-Our Name Does Not Appear On Return Address.) To Order Send \$6 For Our New Exciting Unisex Boutique Subscription. Send \$19.75 For Full Color Lingerie, Hosiery & Corsets Catalog. Sizes Petite To Super Large. Send Cash, Check Or M.O. To: **Michael Salem Ent., Inc., Dept. B-386, P.O. Box 1781, FDR Sta., N.Y. N.Y. 10150.** Phone For Credit Card Orders, Retail Purchases, Or Information, Call **212-986-1777** or **212-371-6877**. Above Catalogs Are Deductible From 1st Mdse. Order-NY Res. Add Appl. Sales Tax.



FREE!! POWERFUL MUSCLES FAST

Fantastic New Discoveries in the science of bodybuilding. Add inches of powerful muscles to arms, chest, shoulders and legs. Secrets on trimming the waist with ultra-modern methods fast!

Free reports & brochures. Universal-S, Box 6694, Detroit, MI 48240.

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER!

ELEVATORS*-Height increasing shoes. Over 50 men's styles. Exceptionally comfortable. Hidden height increasing feature. Moneyback guarantee. Call or write for your FREE color catalog

ELEVATORS* P.O. BOX 3566 DEPT. PB5D, FREDERICK, MD 21701,

TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810

\$15 Videos



Beautiful starlets with handsome stars in 2 featurettes. 30 Min. ea. \$19.95 (\$15 ea. when you buy 5) Shauna Grant (pictured above), Tope #XG-701, Vanessa Del Rio (#XG-710), Traci Lords (#XG-723), Mai Lin (#XG-724), Seko (#XH-401), Ginger Lynn (#XG-720), More Shauna Grant (#XG-718). Specify VHS or Beta, add \$3.50/lope up to \$12.00. sign over-21 statement, send to **PRIVATE SHOWCASE VIDEO, DEPT. XMK607, P.O. BOX 4357, Springdale, CT 06907.**



ADULT ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE

Featuring Beautiful Lingerie, 8mm Films & Sensuous Products Also Features Videos Of The Most Beautiful Of The Centerfold Girls & The Most Handsome Hunks-All Top Stars! Order Free Guide Or Send **\$15 & \$3 P&H** For 5 Full Length 60 Min. Videos. Spec. VHS or Beta-Send To: **VIDEO SHOWCASE, DEPT. N36 P.O. BOX M-827, GARY, IN 46401.** You Must Be 19 Or Over To Order.



Birth control products, marital aids and more! Beautifully pictured in exciting, new catalog. Join our more than 1 million satisfied customers. Full money back guarantee. Send \$1.00 for catalog and receive discount coupon good for first order. **STAMFORD HYGENIC CORP, DEPT. PL-01, P.O. BOX 932, STAMFORD, CT 06904**



Enhance your sex life with exciting products from the Adam & Eve mail order catalog-the ultimate sexual adventure. Each colorful page is pocked with adult books, videos and games, luscious lingerie and more-everything you'll ever need to add more intimate zest and pleasure to your relationship. Send \$1 to: **ADAM & EVE, DEPT. PB-6, BOX 900, CARRBORO, NC 27510.**

Satin Sheets



\$29.95
twin set

BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER. Sensuously soft, no-snap finish satin sheets. Machine wash & dry, no ironing, seamless, in 10 colors. Set includes: flat sheet, fitted sheet & 2 matching pillow cases. Also Available: Matching comforter, dust ruffle, and pillow sham.

CALL NOW (Orders Only)
TOLL FREE 1-800-428-7825 ext. 15
IN CA 1-800-428-7824 ext. 15
24 hours/day 7 days/week

Visa, Mastercard, or American Express
number and expiration date, or . . .

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

KARESS

18653 VENTURA BLVD., SUITE 325
TARZANA, CA 91356

- | Size | — Sheets — | Colors |
|---|------------|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Twin Set \$29.95 | | <input type="checkbox"/> Black |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Full Set \$43.95 | | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Queen Set \$53.95 | | <input type="checkbox"/> Burgundy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> King Set \$63.95 | | <input type="checkbox"/> Champagne |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Waterbed Set \$69.95
(specify size) | | <input type="checkbox"/> Red |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Letter Monogram
on 2 cases \$5.00 | | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Blue |
| initials _____ | | <input type="checkbox"/> Royal Blue |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Lavender |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Rose Pink |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Silver |
- Add \$3.00 S&H each set

- Matching Comforter** (\$6 S&H each)
- Twin \$54.95 Full or Queen \$59.95
- King \$69.95 Color _____

- Dust Ruffle** (\$3 S&H each)
- Twin \$27.95 Color _____
- Full \$29.95 Color _____
- Queen \$34.95 Color _____
- King \$39.95 Color _____

- Pillow Sham** (Set of two) (\$2 S&H each)
- Standard Size \$21.95 Color _____
- King Size \$27.95 Color _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.

Amer. Express Visa MasterCard

Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Karess Inc., 6117 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA 91335
30 Day Money Back Guarantee

"there's more to do and more parties."

"You can tell a *lot* about a guy by what fraternity he's in," says Lisa.

"Definitely," says Diane. "There's your football fraternities, there's your premed fraternities. . . ."

Betsy comes whizzing in.

"God!" she says. She is a little blonde with a wonderful build and dark-blue eyes with long eyelashes. She has been running and is breathing heavily and her complexion is brilliant.

"Betsy dates Ned," says one of the girls.

"I know," I say. "Are they the cutest couple?"

Betsy laughs softly and sits down.

"Perfect," says Lisa.

"They are cute," says Diane.

Betsy laughs and drops her forehead on her knees and embraces her calves.

"Oh, you guys!" she shouts affectionately.

The girls say that when you get to be a senior, you start thinking about what you want in a husband. I ask them what some of the qualities are.

Betsy raises her head.

"Money," she whispers.

The girls laugh.

"No," says Betsy, pulling up her socks. "I'm just kidding."

"No, no," I say. "I think you're telling the truth."

"Well," she says, straightening her back, "I want a *very* ambitious husband, though. Very ambitious."

"See," says Lisa. "We *all* want that."

"I want one who is not afraid that I am going to be ambitious, too," says Betsy.

"Right," says Lisa.

"I want us both to be very ambitious," says Betsy, raising her hair off the back of her neck, "and very competitive in what we do. And"—she takes the bandanna from around her head—"I want him to be athletic. And he's got to be good-looking and ski and play tennis."

Diane claps her hands together, lifts them to her bust and holds them there.

"You didn't say sexy," I say.

"I said *athletic!*" says Betsy. She glances over at Lisa, and Lisa takes the gold chain out of her mouth and gives Betsy an energetic round of clicks.

The Moss Man is looking forward to having a family but says he does not think it is very suitable to have his wife working after they have kids.

"At that point," says the Moss Man, "she's just going to have to give up whatever she's doing."

"And then what?" I say.

"And then," says the Moss Man, "then she'll be there all day, you know . . . while I'm out."

The Psi U.s have to host their divisional conference "for the visiting lunch meat from other chapters," explains Brades, and the guys throw a party on Friday

night. I am watching a carload of Smith girls arrive, when a young man comes rushing up to me from the basement. He is a tall fellow with a thick waist, a long nose, narrow shoulders and a pointed head.

"I *just* have to see if you're the person I heard about," he says. "I am from the Psi U. national office."

"Oh! How do you do?" I say.

"Mark Bauer," he says. "I'm *more* than amazed that you're doing an article. And I just want to say, I am glad to say that I have met you. And when I am asked for a report at our next board of directors' meeting, I can say that at least I met you and you do not look like a horrible person."

He gazes at me, fretting gently.

"I do have a serious question to ask you, though," he says. He clears his throat and frowns.

"What?"

"And I would be totally derelict in my responsibilities . . . I don't feel exactly great asking this question"—he waves his hands as if he has slammed his fingers in a door—"but I would feel derelict in my responsibilities if I did not. Is there any chance that before the article is published—"

I start shaking my head.

"That we could get a look— OK! I *just* felt I had to ask! You understand that I would be derelict in my duties. I wish you good luck—"

"Good night, Mark!" shouts Ned.

"And I look forward to reading—"

I reach out to shake his hand, but Ned and Brades swoop up from behind and grab him around the neck.

"I didn't do anything bad!" cries the young man from the national office.

"Good night, Mark," says Brades.

"I just talked to her!" cries Mark.

"Good night, Mark!" says Ned.

"No, he was very nice," I say.

"They didn't want me to talk to you!" he yells. He tries to pull his head from under Ned's arm, but the brothers fall upon him and drag him off.

My last night at Dartmouth, the Psi U.s take me out to dinner, toward which I have to contribute only a \$20 bill, and after we eat, I wait outside the inn with my bags for Dave to drive me to the train. It is raining and the snow is melting, and a lone figure comes dashing through the fog. It is Solomon Hapte-Selassie.

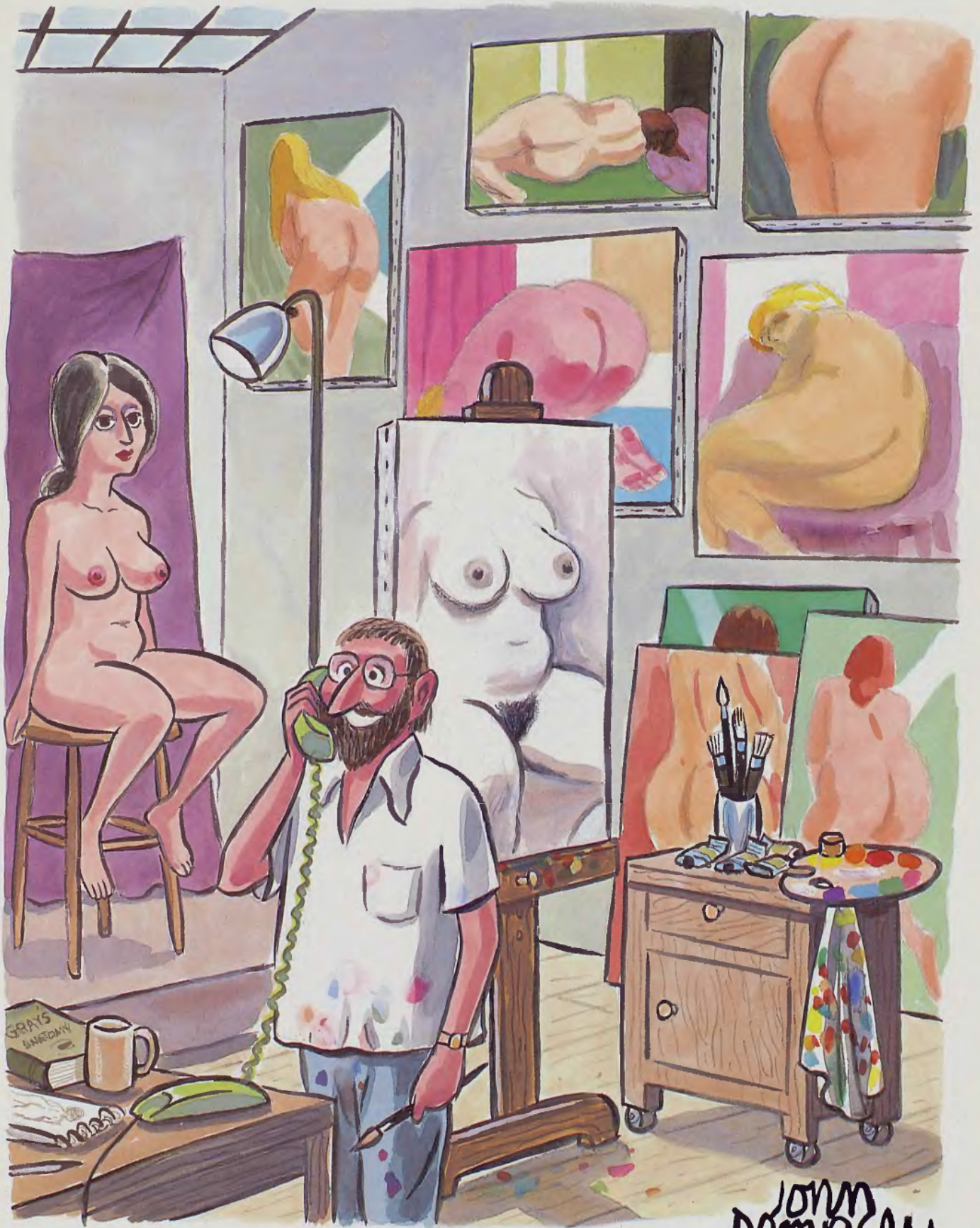
"Solomon!" I say.

"I can't stay!" he says excitedly, brushing the raindrops off his forehead. "But I'll see you in New York."

"New York!" I cry.

"I'm just finishing my résumé," says the 235th direct descendant of King Solomon and the queen of Sheba, great-nephew of Emperor Haile Selassie, worshiped as a god in some nations and Caribbean islands. "Robbie D. got me a job this summer at Chase Manhattan bank!"





"Doctor, your therapy is working!"

JOCK FOR PRESIDENT?

(continued from page 74)

"Pressure is something an athlete learns not merely to live with but to use to advantage."

ever for writing the whole thing off as just another Big Game."

Implicit in all this is a long-standing intellectual bias. When you say that someone is just an athlete, the implication is "dumb jock," which is one of our last socially permissible prejudicial stereotypes. You cannot say "shiftless black" or "homosexual hairdresser" or "emotional woman" anymore. You cannot even imply it. But you can say "dumb jock" in the best faculty clubs in the country and get away with it.

This feeling that a previous career in sports is at worst a liability or at best an embarrassment to the man with political ambitions is strong enough that both Kemp and Bradley have tried to play down their past glories. (Sometimes, however, the temptation to capitalize on the previous identity is irresistible. During his first campaign, there was a 30-second spot that showed Bradley balling up an unwanted piece of paper and tossing it effortlessly into the wastebasket. Kemp still wears his two championship rings. They are so big that you don't have to be very close to notice them.) Both men work hard to convince the voters and the press that they are not "just athletes." With Bradley, this sense of a separate identity is

almost obsessive. "I loved my game," he said before his first campaign, "and I'm proud of what I did in it. But I've wanted people to vote for my presence, my touch, my positions. I've wanted them to see that I'm new and controlled by nobody and have a chance to do things because of that. I don't want votes because people used to catch me on TV a couple of nights a week."

Bradley can afford to be arch about his career in basketball. He was an outstanding student at an Ivy League school, went on to become a Rhodes scholar and has even written a tolerably good book. Kemp, who went to Occidental as a phys-ed major and did not begin his political education until he was well established as a pro football player, is less vigorous about downplaying his background. But he, too, works at it. He often says that "it wasn't until fairly late that I discovered that there is more, you know, to life than just pro football."

So even the Presidential jocks themselves seem a little ambivalent about this blurring of athletic and political glories, or feel that they ought to pretend they are, anyway. So, too, do some of their most ardent supporters. "Jack is no dumb jock," Irving Kristol, the most influential of the

neoconservative intellectuals, once hastened to tell a writer who asked about his candidate and sometime protégé. "He's very smart and a very quick study. There's a lot more than a football player there."

Perhaps Kristol and even Kemp and Bradley themselves protest too much. Perhaps, given the political and cultural realities of our times, a career in sports is a first-rate way to prepare for the Presidency—especially when you think about what kind of job being President really is.

As Abraham Lincoln once said, "The President doesn't have time to shit or shave." Nobody has had a tougher time of it than Lincoln—enemy troops across the river—but the job hasn't gotten easier, either. The pressure of that office is tremendous and unceasing, and it takes a strong man to stand up to it.

But pressure is something an athlete, especially a professional, learns not merely to live with but to use to advantage. In sports, the man who can perform in the clutch is more highly regarded, in a way, than the man with great physical gifts who nevertheless chokes in the big game. Many athletes, particularly the old pros who have been around long enough to have lost track of entire seasons, need the pressure to play up to their ability.

"If you can't stand the heat," Harry Truman said, driving home the lesson for all time, "get the hell out of the kitchen." The best Presidents have taken a kind of fierce joy in political combat. One thinks of Franklin Roosevelt and his cousin Teddy. Or of John Kennedy, with his Irish zest for the battle.

But after Kennedy, we ran into an almost unbroken string of Presidents who did not like political combat, who were too insecure to make the distinction between political and personal enemies. And since they were also unable to make the distinction between themselves and the state, they considered opposition to them and their policies something close to treason.

Ballplayers, on the other hand, learn early how to compete and keep their heads about it. They know that hate is not productive, that it gets in the way. Intensity, however, is desirable, and athletes learn how to turn that on and off. Notice the way the football players mingle on the field after the game, when the clock and the intensity have finally wound down.

Kemp thinks this is one of the most valuable lessons he brought out of sports. "I learned a competitive attitude in football, and I still have it. But I also learned to tolerate opposition. And I think that is very important when you are competing in the realm of ideas. I can argue tax policy with somebody without hating him or taking it personally. It's easy for me, because I come from a job where every Sunday, some of my best friends were trying to knock my head off."

Of course, for Presidents these days, it isn't just political opposition that must be



"Eye irritation and coughing? You call that toxic?"



Break away to refreshing taste.

COME UP TO KOOL

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Milds Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

reckoned with; it is also the press. No recent President has been prepared for the constant scrutiny and second-guessing of the media.

If anything could prepare you for that, it might be playing quarterback on a cold, windy day in Buffalo, with your throwing hand numb because some 300-pound tackle has just stepped on it with his cleats. You call a short-pass pattern, miss a crucial first down by inches and then read, the next day, that some guy who writes a column for a living says you should have gone long, because *he* saw an open man down-field.

Athletes must learn very early how to deal with the press, and most develop a healthy cynicism about it. As one of Bradley's former teammates on the New York Knicks said, "You know, people who are in sports, we don't look at it as being something real special, the way the fans and the reporters do. I mean, it's what we're doing. A job. We try to do our best because we have to or we don't keep it."

Which is to say, athletes don't take the press as seriously as the press takes itself—an attitude that would make life easier for any President.

A final asset that a ballplayer brings to politics is an appreciation for the intricate chemistry of teamwork. This is especially true of athletes who have belonged to teams like the Knicks Bradley played for and the Bills Kemp quarterbacked—teams that won by successfully blending the available talent and not simply by having the best players at every position. Bradley was a dedicated member of a

team that won without superstars, that is still widely considered the best *team* in the history of the game.

Dave DeBusschere, the other forward on that club and Bradley's roommate, remembers him this way: "Bradley was not a player of overwhelming strength, overwhelming speed or versatility. Nor was he a player of physical stature, a great one-on-one player or a tremendous rebounder. Yet his presence on the basketball court had an overwhelming influence on the outcome of the game.

"Besides being the finest open shooter I've ever seen in my 12 pro seasons, his ability to complement each member of the team was incredible. Not only was he totally aware of the game plan but he had the tremendous knack of exploiting opponents' weaknesses and his teammates' strengths. He was the ultimate, consummate team player."

A man with that kind of experience might even know how to get his Secretary of State and Secretary of Defense to agree in public.

Kemp was a player of a different sort, according to his old teammates; he was the kind of quarterback who called his own plays. "You didn't talk in his huddle," one of them remembers, "you *listened*." Somehow, that has a reassuring ring after all we have heard about some of our Presidents' being manipulated and pushed around by their advisors.

If, as the saying goes, a man is part of all he has been, then it is important that we know how a would-be President has spent the rest of his life. In his youth, was he a

man who hustled for votes, learned the devices of the law, soldiered in pointless wars or played games for glory?

Bradley and Kemp, in their 20s, were not hustling votes. They were playing games. But, oddly, playing games has made them better vote getters and potential leaders than early years spent running for the state legislature and then the state senate and then the House of Representatives, perhaps, accumulating the usual political baggage along the way.

More than 20 years ago, in the same week, Kemp and Bradley were both making headlines. The news was in the sports pages, not the front pages, but the experience must have deeply influenced and molded both of them.

Bradley was still an amateur then, playing for a mediocre Princeton team that had ridden his remarkable skills to glory and was playing against Michigan, the nation's top-ranked team, in Madison Square Garden. No serious observer gave Princeton a chance. Still, the press had hyped the game mercilessly, and everyone was wondering about Bradley. He was coming from the Ivy League, after all, where the competition was not first water. How would he fare in the big time?

Less than a minute into the game, Bradley hit a jump shot and he *knew* it could happen. When he fouled out, with only about five minutes to play, Princeton was up by 12. He had scored 41 points, and the Garden fans gave him a three-minute ovation for what many considered the finest individual performance ever seen in that arena. Bradley sat down and Princeton went on to lose by a single heartbreaking basket at the buzzer.

Four days earlier, up in Buffalo, the Bills had beaten the San Diego Chargers in one of those brutal, unspectacular games that so often seem to occur when the two best teams face off at the end of a football season. It was 20-7 and, by most accounts, it wasn't that close. Cookie Gilchrist, the huge Buffalo fullback, ground out the yardage, and Kemp threw conservatively—no interceptions in his 20 attempts, ten for completions. One of them went more than 50 yards, to Glenn Bass, in the fourth quarter. On first and goal, Kemp, who was small even for a quarterback, was stopped when he tried a sneak. On the second try, he put it in. That iced the game.

That was in the last week of 1964. Both men went on to other athletic glories. Kemp led the Bills to another championship the next year. Bradley returned from Oxford to play ten seasons for the Knicks, two when they were N.B.A. champions. But the satisfactions of that one week must be with them still. Kemp had been playing professional ball for almost eight years. He had been cut by three teams in the N.F.L., had played briefly in Canada and, despite



"Why can't you just shit in the woods like every other bear?"



Friends are worth Smirnoff
Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff®Vodka.

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of Smirnoff anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call 1-800-238-4373.
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1985 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT — "Made in U.S.A."

a successful season with the San Diego Chargers, had been sent to Buffalo on waivers, for \$100. The week before the championship game, he had been on the bench. But he had his vindication in front of more than 40,000 fans.

Bradley had something more subtle (he is in every way a more subtle man than Kemp) to prove. He was an Ivy Leaguer, a brainy white kid with great numbers, but the competition was suspect. And Bradley wanted to prove—to himself as much as anyone—that he could play at the highest levels, first at the Garden and then when he turned pro.

It is here, I think, that we come up against the best argument not that athletes can play politics successfully—they already do—but that it might actually be a good thing.

Voters need something to work with, and it is clear, more and more, that issues alone won't do. By Election Day, any two political opponents will be saying pretty much the same thing. And even if a candidate makes a specific, unambiguous promise (Reagan's pledge to end deficit spending, for instance), he probably won't make good on it, for one reason or another. Voters correctly perceive that Presidents deliver only rarely. (According to Jeff Fishel, author of *Presidents and Promises*, they *never* do.) And they seem increasingly inclined to understand that and forgive, as long as the President behaves Presidentially. Both Franklin Roosevelt and Ronald Reagan promised to balance the budget, and though neither came close, voters passed up opportunities to throw them out of office—most likely because

they liked the way those Presidents handled themselves.

But voters need a *reason* to choose one candidate instead of another. Democracy hangs on the willing, eager exercise of that franchise. And in this age of nonbinding party loyalty and campaigns as extended TV drama, voters seldom base their choices on issues or principles; voters vote for the man. It is a truth that civics teachers would prefer to deny. But the qualities of a good candidate these days are not often found in the realm of ideas or even in politics. They are charismatic.

And if it's true that we choose our leaders on the basis of our perceptions of their character, then more than ever, we need a way to get some reliable sense of the man. Image makers and emotional manipulators will attempt to fill that need with 30- and 60-second TV spots showing candidates walking along deserted beaches, thinking about the words of Tennyson or Thucydides, presumably. We will see them with tousled hair, playing with children and worrying about the threat of nuclear war. We will see them wearing hard-hats and looking with concerned faces at a bunch of old tires and rusting drums in toxic-waste dumps. We will see them with their wives and families, their mothers and fathers, their faithful dogs.

Napoleon said that he wanted first to know if a general had luck. If you want to know the same of a candidate—and more—then his days in sports would be a good place to look. Better to look at old game films than at slick TV ads to see how

your man handled pressure. Catch a glimpse of the style that showed then, when advisors and speechwriters couldn't help him. You might learn something important about a candidate who once went out in front of a crowd of strangers and, as they say, put it all on the line. You could see something real there.

If Kemp were to run against Bradley in 1988, voters could rely on something better than TV spots and campaign promises and make a real choice. Although on many issues the two are not far apart, there are vital differences in their characters, styles and personalities; we know that from the way each man approached his game.

Kemp was physical, combative, inspirational, hot. As one teammate recalls, "Jack didn't run out of bounds to keep from getting hit. He'd lower a shoulder and put one on you, even when he was giving away 50 or 60 pounds."

Bradley was methodical, mentally tough, intelligent, disciplined and cool. He never lost his composure. He shot when he was open and passed when he saw the open man. He never beat himself. "The greatest thing about Bill," one of his teammates remembers, "was his dependability. He was money in the bank."

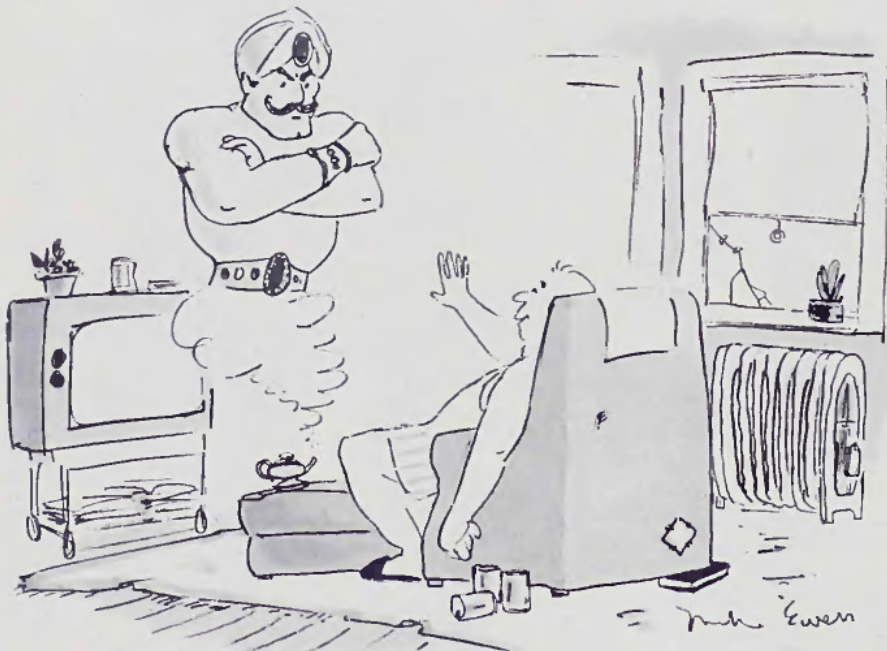
The athletic careers of those candidates—those two big games in the same week, all those years ago—give a voter more to work with than all the televised ads and campaign literature in the world.

We are going to have more and more celebrities in politics. That is a fact, a piece of the way we live. Actors and jocks and TV preachers—take your pick, make the best choice you can. And as you do, consider that a successful athlete has at least earned his celebrity by sweat and, in some cases, pain. He did not get where he is because he picked the right script or had a nice voice or a pleasant face.

Consider, too, that pro athletes have already experienced fame, felt the heat of the limelight and presumably know how to handle the part of public life that calls for a star.

Kemp and Bradley and other political jocks have lived close to the center of American myth. They wrote their own scripts and they paid their own way in the currency of hard work and discipline. They played games, to be sure, but games can reflect life—better, certainly, than any \$1000-a-plate dinner. And, if you believe in luck, in the special grace that comes unaccountably to a few people for reasons that can never be fathomed—and how can any American not believe in *that*?—then a winning athlete will look to you like someone who has that thing, whatever it is.

And, finally, think about it this way: It might make sense to have for President someone who has already *been* a hero.



"I wish that all the nations of the world could learn to live in peace together. No, hold it, hold it—I'm just kidding. . . ."



**WOW! Pick One
GREAT MOVIE
or MUSIC VIDEO**

\$4.95
ONLY
with Club membership plus shipping & handling



INSTANT BONUS! No waiting like some other Clubs. You don't have to buy two or three videocassettes to enjoy 1/2 price bonus savings. Your savings start right away.

Values up to **\$79.95!**
Yours for just \$4.95

Save up to \$75 on your introductory movie or music video when you join the RCA Video Club. Yours for only \$4.95 plus shipping and handling when you agree to buy as few as two more videocassettes in your video category during the next year at regular Club prices... usually \$16.95-\$29.95 for music videos, \$39.95-\$79.95 for movies.

As a member, you'll receive the Club's illustrated magazine every four weeks (13 times a year). Each issue will describe the featured video in your video category, plus many alternates. If you want the featured video you need do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want other videocassettes, or none, just return the card always provided, by the date specified. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide, but if you don't, you may return your featured video at our expense for full credit.

50% off savings bonus! Effective with your very first regular-priced selection, you can order an equivalently priced video at 1/2 price for every one you buy.

Free 10-day, no-risk trial. If not satisfied with your introductory videocassette, just return it at the end of ten days with no further obligation!

RCA Video Club
6550 E. 30th Street Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194

TITLE	NUMBER	TITLE	NUMBER	TITLE	NUMBER
LJONEL RICHE: ALL NIGHT LONG	110001	ROCKY	110021	KING'S ROW (R. Reagan)	110040
GOLDFINGER	110002	THE MALTESE FALCON	110022	SOUTH PACIFIC	110041
SOME LIKE IT HOT	110003	TINA TURNER: PRIVATE DANCER "LIVE"	110023	ON GOLDEN POND	110042
SOPHIE'S CHOICE	110004	FUNNY GIRL	110024	ANNIE HALL	110043
TOOTSIE	110005	CARRIE	110025	OKLAHOMA	110044
HALL & DATES: 7 BIG ONES	110006	BEATLES LIVE—READY, STEADY, GO	110026	STOP MAKING SENSE (Talking Heads)	110045
AGAINST ALL ODDS	110007	THE NATURAL	110027	YANKEE DOODLE DANDY	110046
DAVID BOWIE: CHINA GIRL	110008	A VIEW TO KILL	110028	BLUE THUNDER	110047
ODDY DOUBLE	110009	HE-MAN AND THE MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE, V. 1	110029	GHOSTBUSTERS	110048
PORKY'S	110010	IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT	110030	ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD	110049
A SOLDIER'S STORY	110011	CULTURE CLUB: A KISS ACROSS THE OCEAN	110031	TO RUSSIA WITH ELTON JOHN	110050
IRON MAIDEN: BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN	110012	THE OMEN	110032	SCORPIONS: WORLDWIDE LIVE	110113
THE WAY WE WERE	110013	STRIPES	110033	KRAMER VS KRAMER	110052
EDUCATING RITA	110014	PHIL COLLINS: IN THE AIR TONIGHT	110034	CARMEN	110053
TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE	110015	ANNIE	110035	THE SEA HAWK	110054
SOUNDS OF MOTOWN	110016	THE OIG CHILL	110036	BILLY JOEL LIVE	110055
THE KARATE KID	110017	THE BLACK STALLION	110037	A PASSAGE TO INDIA	110056
CASADLANCA	110018	DURAN DURAN: GIRLS ON FILM	110036	A SENSE OF MALICE	110057
STARMAN	110019	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (Special Edition)	110039	3 STOGES, Vol. 1	110058
THE AFRICAN QUEEN	110020			STIR CRAZY	110059
				THE CHINA SYNDROME	110060



FOR FASTEST SERVICE CALL FREE! 1-800-428-1928

In Indiana phone 1-317-542-6307

MAIL TO: RCA Video Club • P.O. Box 91506 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

Please accept my membership in the RCA Video Club and send me the selection indicated here for just \$4.95 under the terms outlined in this offer. I agree to buy just 2 more selections in my video category at regular Club prices during the next year, after which I may cancel my membership, or continue and keep on getting 1/2 off savings. (Shipping/handling added to each shipment.)

1 My introductory video choice is (please indicate by number):

2 Send my video on (check one only):
 VHS BETA

3 I am always free to choose from either category but I am most interested in (check one only):
 MOVIES MUSIC VIDEOS

4 Please check payment method desired:
 Bill me.

Charge my introductory video and future purchases to:
 Visa MasterCard American Express

Your card number / Expire date

Cardholder's signature

5 Mr. Miss Mrs. First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS APT.

CITY STATE ZIP

TELEPHONE ()

Limited to new members, continental USA only; one membership per family. RCA Video Club reserves the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

VBX72

AL

DAVID BYRNE (continued from page 99)

"It's fascinating to explore society's aberrations. I read a series of interviews with hijackers."

later on, "Hey, what was that song about?" They might see the irony in it or whatever. Or they might not, which is all right, too.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's the history of *Psycho Killer*?

BYRNE: It was the first song I ever wrote. I had been listening to some Alice Cooper songs at the time—years ago—and I liked some of them. I wondered if you took those overly dramatic subjects and, in a sensitive way, wrote from inside the person's mind, would it work? It became a rock song, though it was intended as a ballad. It's fascinating to explore society's aberrations. Those things are in everybody; they just have gotten out of proportion for some people. I read a series of interviews with hijackers. That helped a lot, because some of them seemed to be doing it on a whim and others seemed to have a mission.

11.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things are in your library?

BYRNE: Gosh. It changes a lot. Right now, it's all kinds of research. There's a book on film making. There's *The Sanctified Church*, by Zora Neale Hurston, a black writer. Part of it is about black spiritualists in the early part of the century—healers and witch doctors. Also photo books. Books about architecture. A couple of books by Gertrude Stein.

12.

PLAYBOY: What do you watch on TV? Would you describe yourself as a consumer of pop culture? And what do you do for fun?

BYRNE: I hardly watch TV at all. I've been watching those documentaries on China. I listen to music, though I have to turn it off before I can start working, because it's distracting. The other day, I bought a couple of records: some African pop records, a George Jones record and one tango record. It's a real mishmash of stuff. I got a Gospel record—the Golden Gate Quartet, one of the original Gospel vocal groups from the late Thirties. Great stuff. As far as going out to relax, I went to a museum in Pasadena the other day and went to a Mexican restaurant for lunch and had some beer and then went to see *Prizzi's Honor*, which I liked a lot.

13.

PLAYBOY: Can you turn the muse on or does it come on its own?

BYRNE: It can definitely be turned off, but I don't know if it can be turned on. I try to

turn it on by reading a page or two of Gertrude Stein, for instance, which puts me in a trancelike state. I get to the typewriter and start writing. Sometimes that opens up my subconscious. That's a nice feeling when it happens.

14.

PLAYBOY: If you were to plan an ideal dinner party, whom would you invite?

BYRNE: That's a great question. Hmm. I'd want to invite people who might disagree; people who might never come in contact with one another, but once they meet, might really like one another.

15.

PLAYBOY: Your songs are different in how unlike each other they are—*Creatures of Love* is a slightly twisted country-and-western song; *And She Was* is a tuneful little number about levitation; *Girlfriend Is Better* has the line in it, "I got a girlfriend with bows in her hair; and nothing is better than that." Care to defend your sarcasm?

BYRNE: Oh, there might have been a little bit of sarcasm in the verses of that last song you mentioned, but not in the choruses. I meant it to be genuinely enthusiastic. With *Little Creatures*, I wanted to write stuff that gave you the feeling that you had heard the song before. Also, I've seen a lot of kids lately. They're everywhere. I played with [Talking Heads] Tina [Weymouth] and Chris [Frantz]'s kid, Robin, when we were on tour. I'm proud of that song, because it's goofy and creepy but sentimental at the same time. *And She Was* is just about a girl who discovered she could float and have a really good time doing it. I've heard people can do it. But I'm afraid if I were ever really successful in getting across exactly what was intended, my songs would be really boring and nobody would be interested anymore. Maybe the fact that I fail in my intentions keeps things moving on.

16.

PLAYBOY: Some rock musicians—John Lennon and David Bowie, to name two—attended art school. So did you. Why?

BYRNE: It's different in England, because the schools are free, so you could go to art school and loaf. I just knew that I was interested in doing something creative. In art school, you don't have to go through four years of training before you get to the good stuff. I was wrong a bit, but to some extent, it was cool.

17.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents nervous about your going to art school—did they try to

steer you into accounting or law? Are they proud of you now?

BYRNE: They were very tolerant. More than anything else, they weren't discouraging. Once, they told me that the competition might be stiff, but that's all. It never came up again. Are they proud of me? We haven't talked about it, but I think so.

18.

PLAYBOY: Describe your early artwork.

BYRNE: Oh, there were all kinds of things: questionnaires, lists, Polaroids of flying saucers. One list was a quiz with multiple-choice questions. I remember one question about television programs: The best television programs are: (A) 30 seconds long, (B) five hours long. Those were the only choices. But that said something about the meaning of television: either short bursts of information or treating television as a surveillance medium—like the moon shots, where it's on constantly.

19.

PLAYBOY: Which contemporary artists interest you? What's on your walls at home?

BYRNE: I have things, but I don't put them on the walls. I sometimes lean them *against* the wall, and then I stack them away and pull a few out every once in a while. If you stick them on the walls, you wear them out; you suck the inspiration out of them. The artists I have are mostly unknown: They're considered "outsider artists," people who are schizophrenics, some of them are hospitalized, some are people who produce work on their own with total disregard for the art market. The guy who did our record cover, the Reverend Howard Finster, is one. I have a couple of small paintings by him. I'm not saying he's crazy. These are honest visions that people have, and that's what attracted me to them—their honesty. My tastes have changed, because when I thought that my ambitions were to be an artist, then I became real vicious about what I liked and what I didn't. I was in competition with all these people. I still produce visual art on my own, but I'm not in competition, so I can enjoy much more than I used to.

20.

PLAYBOY: You were raised in Baltimore. What does someone who comes from there call himself?

BYRNE: A Baltimorean. Really. My parents live in the suburbs now. They're retired and are having a great time. I'm jealous. I was apprehensive that they'd retire and have nothing to do, go nuts, immediately turn senile and watch soap operas. They're not. I visit twice a year.





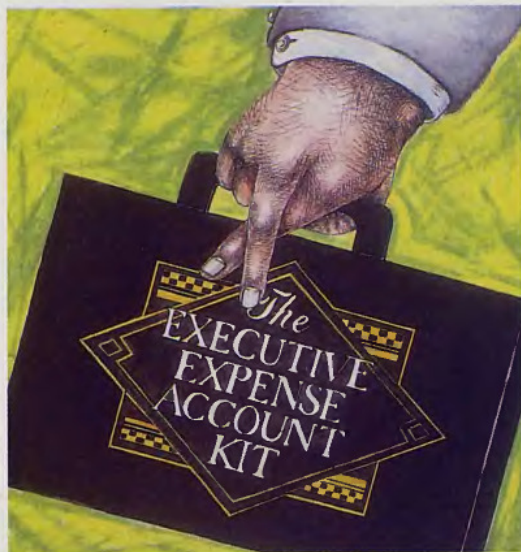
"Hi, I'm your Death-O-Gram."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

SPARE NO EXPENSE

Getting caught fudging on your expense account is anything but a laugh, so that's why ad exec Marc Juris created the Executive Expense Account Kit—a briefcase-shaped box containing mock receipts from restaurants such as Lou Tess, a pen with different colored inks, plus a how-to booklet that those with larceny in their hearts will wish to memorize. All for \$10, postpaid, sent to Laugh, Inc., P.O. Box 5240, F.D.R. Station, New York 10150. Have it mailed to your home.



THE LAUGH'S ON YOU

Elmore Leonard's *Glitz*, Mickey Spillane's *I, the Jury* and some *Truly Tasteless Jokes*—you can catch up on your reading and chuckle your head off, too, with Warner Audio Publishing's latest series of cassettes. A letter to Warner at P.O. Box 211, 70 Greenwich Avenue, New York 10011, gets you a complete list of titles. B. Dalton, Waldenbooks and other neighborhood bookstores stock the tapes at prices from \$5.95 to \$14.95. No, Henny Youngman doesn't tell the jokes.



AH, SO SEXY

Leave it to the Japanese to come up with a new slant on jogging shorts. Named Silvy Funta Shorts, the all-cotton styles are as colorful as a sunrise over Mount Fuji, with comic characters, Polynesian maidens, weird birds, inscrutable symbols and other exotic images as part of the designs. You can take potluck and order a pair (small, medium or large) for \$17, postpaid, from Mikuni Company, U.S.A., 245 East Sixth Street, Suite 450, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101, or send \$1 for an illustrated catalog. Being flyless yet full cut, Silvy Funtas can double as boxer shorts.



DINNER WITH THE LADY

As one of the sponsors of the Statue of Liberty—Ellis Island restoration now in progress, Château Ste. Michelle, the pioneer vintner of Washington State super-premium wines, has originated a tasty way to raise money for this worthy project. It has published *Tastes of Liberty—A Celebration of Our Great Ethnic Cooking*, a 256-page collection of information, photographs and ethnic recipes dedicated to the immigrants' cultural and culinary legacy in America. Not sold in bookstores, the volume is available to anyone who contributes a minimum of \$20 to the Liberty Centennial Fund, P.O. Box 4115, New York 10163. Let's all do it for the lady.

EGGSPO '86

This Easter, if Peter Cottontail comes hopping down the bunny trail with a Raffaello egg, he's going to need a chiropractor. Raffaellos are 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ "-tall plastic reproductions of Fabergé Easter eggs, and each is hinged to open, revealing ten ounces of delicious Italian Perugina chocolate. Raffaellos are available from the Perugina Shop at 636 Lexington Avenue, New York 10022, for \$46.50 each, postpaid. Eat up!



SHE'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Some people are born in the wrong century, and we suspect that if former PLAYBOY Photo Stylist Freya Lambides could be granted one wish, she'd be whisked back to the age of King Arthur. As an alternative way to scratch her knightly itch, Freya publishes *Avalon to Camelot*, a magazine devoted to the ancient lore and lure of the once-and-future king. A year's subscription (four issues) is a peasantly sum: \$15 sent to *Avalon to Camelot*, P.O. Box 6236, Evanston, Illinois 60204. Recent features include "The Arthurian Legend in the Comics" and "About Arms and Armor in the Age of Arthur."



POOLING YOUR INTEREST

Walk into your neighborhood pool hall with a Power-Q under your arm, and we guarantee that the joint will clear out faster than you can say Fast Eddie. The Power-Q is the brain child of Bob and Anthony Martellacci, and they've created an adjustable spring-loaded mechanism that eliminates the stroke, thus improving your aim. A Power-Q sells for \$200 sent to the Martellaccis at P.O. Box 684, Duncansville, Pennsylvania 16635, but you might write first for additional info, Fats.



BMW GOES TO THE BARBER

As if driving a BMW weren't fun enough, now that company has teamed up with the Skip Barber Organization to offer one- and two-day Advanced Driving Courses at five race tracks across the country, including Sebring. Behind the wheel of a 325e or a 535i, you'll receive instruction in real situations, such as driving on wet pavement and skid control. The cost: \$400 and \$700. BMW dealers can tell you more, or contact Skip Barber at Route 7, Canaan, Connecticut 07018.



SOUNDS LIKE "DUCK"

For all you oversexed party creatures who have tired of playing strip musical chairs and kinky rounds of quoits, there's Raunchy Charades, a game that answers the question "Can two to eight people have a meaningful evening while watching a date act out *The Joy of Sex*?" For \$11, you get 252 individual charades categorized into books, movies, songs, quotes and fetishes. K.W. Incorporated, P.O. Box 5, Rockford, Illinois 61105, is the place to write to. When you get around to acting out "365 Ways to Seduce Your Very Own Husband" or the Jean Harlow quote "I can't breathe when I'm wearing a brassiere," give us a call, please.



K.C. History

Careful readers will remember that we ran a photo of K. C. WINKLER last fall in *Grapevine*. But this is a *much* better shot. Would we deprive you? No way. K.C. got her picture taken at a celebrity sports competition called *Star Games*. You've seen her recently on the tube in *Growing Pains*. K.C. has outgrown hers.



© 1985 JOEL RIEMAN



© 1985 PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Low and Behold

ROB LOWE has been seen around the Windy City, filming the movie version of David Mamet's play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. He'd like to give you some juicy details, but, as you can see, he can't talk right now.



WARING ABBOTT

LAUMAN ABBOTT

Dee, Dems, Dose

We think Twisted Sister DEE SNIDER is a funny guy. He handled himself with surprising élan at last year's Senate hearings—which explains his great taste in comics.



© 1985 ROSS MARINO



The World According to Bobby
Ratt drummer BOBBY BLOTZER marches to his own beat while the band tours in support of its 1,000,000-seller LP, *Invasion of Your Privacy*. This is Bobby's version of pick-up sticks. And you thought heavy-metal guys spent time in the basement pulling the wings off flies. Hey, they're just down there looking for laughs. Like us.

© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN / SHOOTING STAR



One for the Money
We've always liked pearls with basic black. Now that you've seen LESLIE ANN HEATHCOTE modeling them, we know you understand why. Leslie Ann has graced the large screen and the small one. But not the way she's gracing this page.



These Skirts Are The Flirts

These three women think nothing of stepping all over photographer WARING ABBOTT on their way to the top of the dance-club charts. Check out their first album, *Blondes, Brunettes & Redheads*, and flirt!

NEXT MONTH



SEXY SELLERS



TELLTALE HEART



MIDDLE MAN



MERRY MORTICIAN

"THE HEART OF ROBERT JARVIK"—WHAT SORT OF MAN MANUFACTURES HEARTS? OUR REPORTER PROBED THE HEART OF THE FATHER OF THE CONTROVERSIAL JARVIK-7 AND FOUND A KIND OF ARTIST LURKING INSIDE—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"THE BIGGEST TONGUE IN TUNISIA"—KLIBAN FANS, TAKE NOTE: A FEATURE BY YOUR FAVE

JEFFREY MACDONALD, WHOSE CONVICTION FOR HIS FAMILY'S MURDER WAS DOCUMENTED IN THE BOOK AND TV MOVIE *FATAL VISION*, BRINGS FORTH NEW EVIDENCE HE FEELS SUPPORTS HIS INNOCENCE IN A TOUGH **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"THE HERO AS PHILOSOPHER: STALLONE VS. SPRINGSTEEN"—AN INCISIVE ESSAY ABOUT TWO FOLK IDOLS BY **JACK NEWFIELD**

"AND SO IT GOES: ME AND TELEVISION"—EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE TV ICONOCLAST TELLS THE STORIES BEHIND HER CAREER UPS AND DOWNS, AMONG THEM HOW *NOT* TO USE A WORD PROCESSOR ON THE JOB—BY **LINDA ELLERBEE**

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '86"—A REPRIS OF THE YEAR'S HITS, HYPES AND HEAVIES. SEE **DAVID LEE ROTH** FACE OFF AGAINST **SAMMY HAGAR**; SEE THE UNCENSORED **FRANK ZAPPA**; MUSIC POLL WINNERS; AND MORE GOOD STUFF LIKE THAT

"THE MIDDLE MAN"—A TALE OF REVOLUTION, CORRUPTION AND LUST IN A FICTIONAL CENTRAL AMERICAN HIDEAWAY—BY **BHARATI MUKHERJEE**

VICTORIA SELLERS, OFFSPRING OF **PETER SELLERS** AND **BRITT EKLAND**, FOLLOWS IN HER LATE DAD'S FOOTSTEPS (AND THEN SOME) WITH A MOVIE-LOVER PICTORIAL SPOOF

PLUS: **"THE MERRY MORTICIAN,"** A SURPRISING PICTORIAL VIEW OF A WOMAN IN AN UNUSUAL LINE OF WORK; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH ONE OF OUR FAVORITE ACTRESSES, **KIM BASINGER**; **HERBERT B. LIVESEY'S** LOW-DOWN ON TODAY'S HOTTEST FOOD TREND, **"PASTA"**; TEST RIDES ON **DRAGSTER MOTORCYCLES**; AND **"PLAYBOY GUIDE: FASHION"**

Introducing two radar detectors that really mean business.

In the race for excellence, the new Cobra Trapshooter radar detectors leave the competition behind in a cloud of dust. With maximum response to true signals and the least response to out-of-band "noise," you won't hear an alert—until true police radar frequencies are present.

Our side-by-side tests prove Cobra Trapshooter is #1.

New Cobra Trapshooter models incorporate innovative circuitry improvements that reduce false alerts and sharpen sensitivity. The results are unbeatable. Controlled laboratory tests prove that our new models far outperform competitive units.

Hit the road with confidence.

With Cobra Trapshooter, you're getting all the quality and dependability that you've come to expect from the Cobra name.

Just look at the new line-up.

The New Cobra Trapshooter Pro II: America's most advanced radar detector.

Advanced anti-falsing circuits allow Cobra Trapshooter Pro II to sniff through signal clutter to alert you to police radar—with maximum efficiency. Here's how:

■ **Lockout**—Many false alerts are caused by out-of-band signals (microwaves, satellite links, etc.). LOCKOUT combats this type of "falsing" in both City and Highway modes by examining a signal's characteristics and sounding an alarm *only* if police radar frequencies are found.

■ **Signal Sensor™**—Our exclusive SIGNAL SENSOR allows the Cobra Trapshooter Pro II to discriminate against low level intrusion signals (security systems, electric door openers, etc., operating at police radar frequencies) *without* sacrificing sensitivity. Some competitive units with similar features *decrease* sensitivity in this city mode, causing them to ignore true police radar. Not Trapshooter Pro II. With its

ability to maintain maximum sensitivity, true police radar is never ignored.

■ **No-False**—Strong radiating signals from poorly designed radar detectors can cause false alerts in other units. Trapshooter Pro II NO-FALSE circuitry eliminates such "dirty radar" alerts. Other Cobra Trapshooter Pro II features include: increased sensitivity in both the X and K bands, positive or negative grounding for use in any vehicle, and an extended one-year limited warranty from your date of purchase. Suggested retail—\$199.95.

The New Cobra Trapshooter: Maximum performance in a compact size.

The new Trapshooter may be small (4 1/8" D x 3 1/8" W x 1 3/16" H), but it's packed with big features. Included are LOCKOUT and a unique anti-annoyance circuit to virtually eliminate false alerts, improved sensitivity in the K band, and a high-frequency audio alert. Plus, it's also backed by an extended one-year limited warranty. The most advanced radar detector in its price range, the new Trapshooter is perfect for travellers and salespersons who drive frequently. Suggested retail—\$159.95.

Make Cobra your call today.

Whichever Cobra Trapshooter you choose, you'll be assured of buying a state-of-the-art radar detector that outperforms any competitive unit on the market today. For the Cobra dealer nearest you, call TOLL FREE: 1-800-COBRA 22.

Cobra Trapshooters dust the competition.




Cobra®

... or something less. It's your call.

DYNASCAN CORPORATION
Cobra Consumer Electronics Group,
6500 W. Cortland, Chicago, IL 60635.



CANADIAN MIST

CANADA AT ITS BEST.®



IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD. LOUISVILLE, KY.
CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF © 1984

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GARIBALDI LAKE, CANADA

LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.