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THE "WALTONS" GIRL,
JUDY NORTON-TAYLOR,
IN A GROWN-UP
NUDE PICTORIAL

THE PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW
FIDEL CASTRO
ON REAGAN AND
REVOLUTION

PLUS
SEXY NEWCOMER
INGRID BOULTING
THE COMEDY OF
STEVEN WRIGHT
ROGER KAHN
CRAIG VETTER
ASA BABER
AND MUCH,
MUCH MORE

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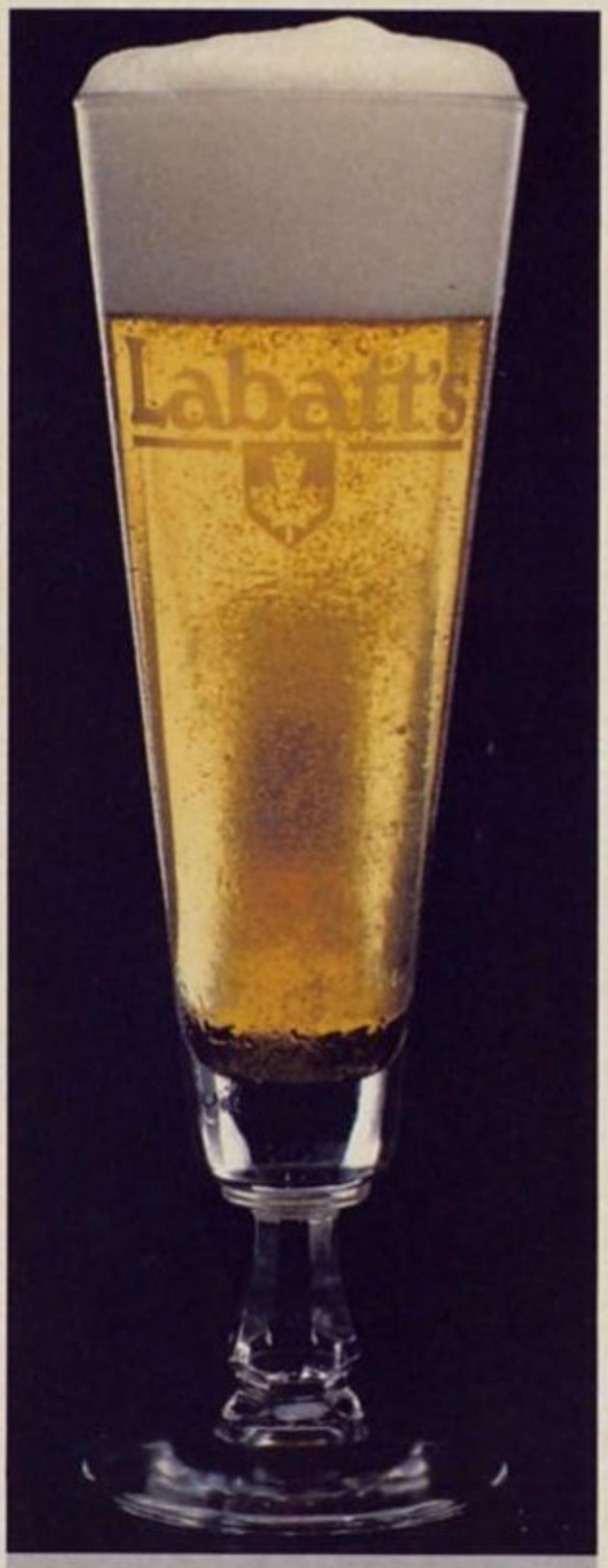


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# PLAYBILL

THE BOX of aromatic Romeo y Julieta cigars is inscribed TO **BARRY GOLSON** and complains of the "tortures" inflicted on the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview* (see photograph in the introduction). The signature is one Executive Editor Golson will treasure long after the cigars are gone: **Fidel Castro.** The Cuban premier's inscription, obviously written with tongue in cheek, contains a grain of truth nonetheless. Our distinguished team of interviewers, North Carolina Central University associate professor of political science **Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot** and California Democratic Congressman **Mervyn M. Dymally,** spent six hours each night interviewing Castro, in sessions that usually started at 11 P.M. and didn't end until four or five A.M. Yet Castro would be at his desk in the presidential palace (where he works but doesn't live) at nine A.M. each day. "While we were there," says Elliot, "he got no more than three hours of sleep a night. Yet, as the *Interview* progressed, he became stronger, more animated, more exuberant. For a man his age to have that kind of vitality after 23 years in office is extraordinary." Castro's tremendous energy and intelligence seem actually to have increased since PLAYBOY first interviewed him, 18 years ago; so has his confidence. Although in all previous interviews he had insisted that the questions be directed to Castro the revolutionary (he abhors the cult of personality), he decided, in this *Interview*, to answer Elliot and Dymally's questions about Castro the man: what motivates him, his reading tastes, his criteria for selecting friends and his recreational passions. No doubt Castro's relationship with Dymally, a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs and the president of the Caribbean-American Research Institute, contributed to the relaxed *Interview* atmosphere. The result is a conversation that Castro's admirers and detractors alike will find fascinating and revealing.

Revelation of a different sort is the topic discussed in **David Black's** article, *Hot Secrets* (illustrated by **Pater Sato**). Specifically, what do your sexual fantasies reveal about your personality? You may have dreams about getting it on in a phone booth filled with puréed bananas, but would you really do it, given the chance? If you, like us, have often asked yourself such questions, you'll find Black's article engrossing. A fantasy doesn't have to be about sex, of course. Sportswriter **Roger Kahn's** fancy, common to men and boys of all ages, was to be a member of a professional baseball team. Kahn got his wish, not as a player but as principal owner of a minor-league team, the Utica Blue Sox. In our excerpt from his forthcoming book *Good Enough to Dream* (to be published by Doubleday), Kahn describes his unforgettable summer as the George Steinbrenner of Class B baseball. **Mark English** had his good stuff when he painted the illustration. And speaking of good stuff, comedian **Steven Wright** seems to have some of the best around, funny-bone-wise, as West Coast Editor **Stephen Randall** reports in *Skating on the Other Side of the Ice.*

To round out the issue, there are *The Clowns* (illustrated by **Guy Billout**), a deliciously creepy psychological thriller by **Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann** and **Susan Casper;** a *20 Questions* interview with **Ron Howard,** by Contributing Editor **David Rensin;** and *Pop Tops*, a new concept in designing the apexes of office buildings that **Dave Calver** and Senior Staff Writer **John Rezek** hope catches on. **LeRoy Neiman's Femlin** caught on with PLAYBOY 30 years ago this month; she and her creator celebrate with a dual appearance on this issue's *Party Jokes* page. Three cheers to Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** for his pictorial hat trick, features on actresses **Ingrid Boulting** and **Judy Norton-Taylor** and on Miss August, **Cher Butler.** West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and stylist **Jennifer Smith-Ashley** collaborated on the first two. There you have it all—except, perhaps, for a good recipe for barbecued ribs. After all, a summer without ribs is hardly any summer at all. **Rich Davis** helps you out with his behind-the-grill investigation of those famous ribs they serve in Kansas City. May your August be tasty.

ELLIOT

DYMALLY

BLACK

SATO

KAHN

ENGLISH

RANDALL

CASPER, DOZOIS

DANN

BILLOUT

CALVER

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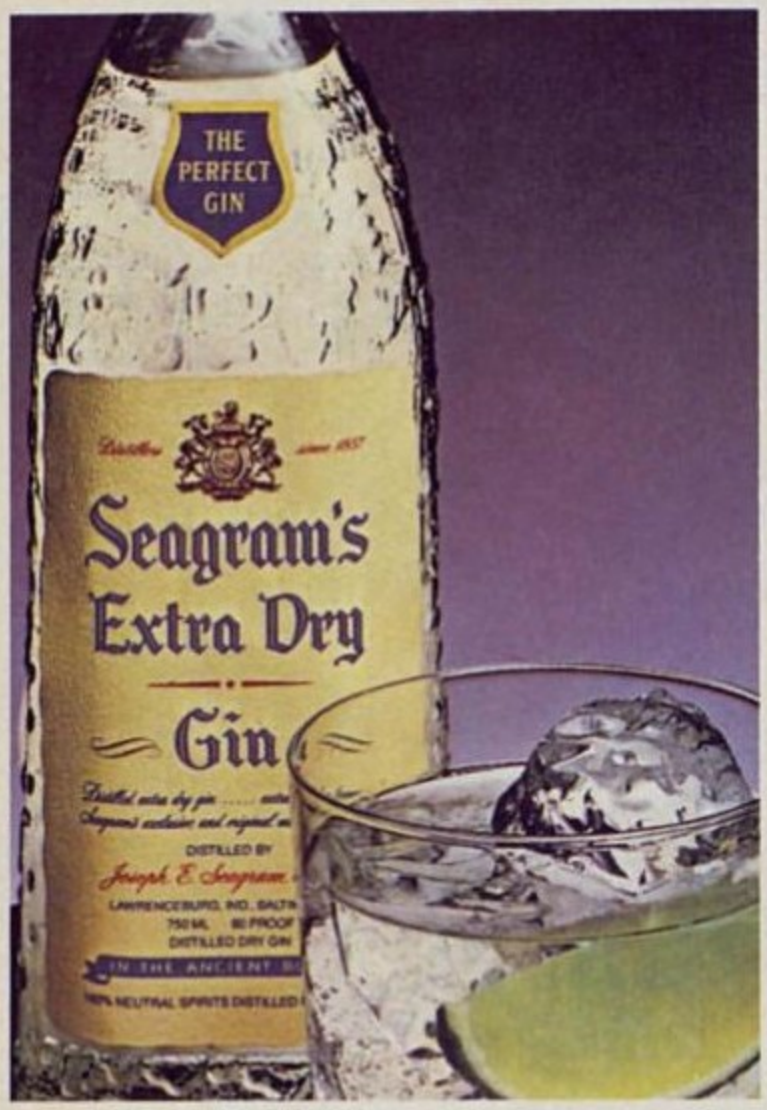


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*vol. 32, no. 8—august, 1985*

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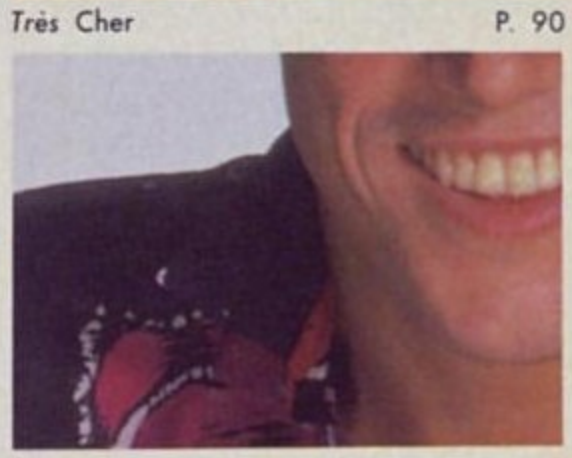

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## COVER STORY

First she appeared as our April 1984 cover girl, then Kathy Shower reigned as Miss May 1985, so this month's cover—produced by Associate Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivan and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda—makes Kathy a triple treat. Now for a shower of credits to Pat Tomlinson's make-up, John Victor's hair styling, Perry/Hollister of Chicago's body suit, Phillip Cantrell's cuff bracelet and Flashy Trash of Chicago's earrings.

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PUMA

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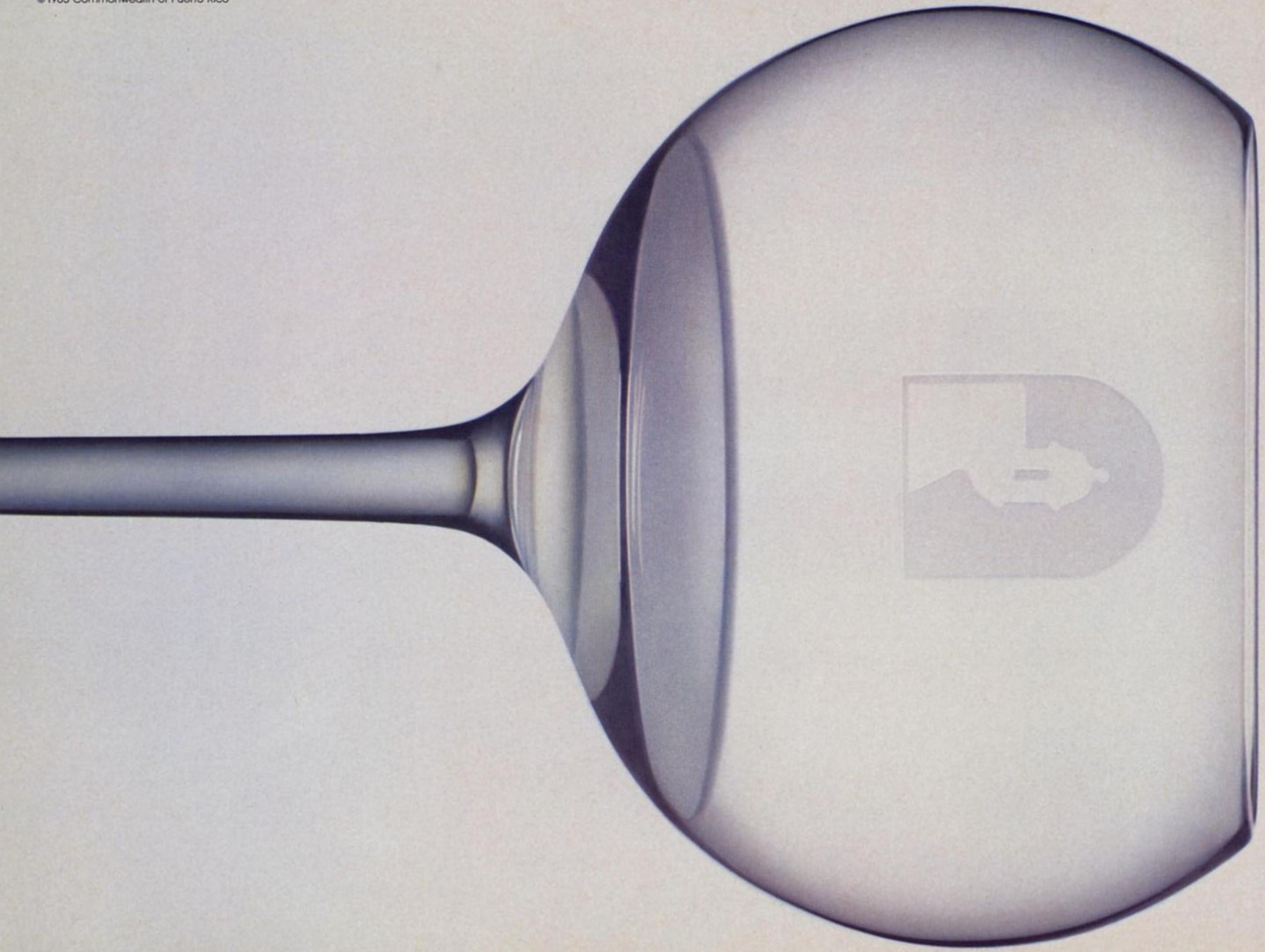

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### GORGEOUS GEORGE

Well done! May's *Playboy Interview* with Boy George is a true show of character from an individual who is a rarity in today's society of fast-paced money-hungrys and slow-paced "I want all I can get for nothings." David and Vicki Sheff have done a superb job of putting the expressive Boy George into print and presenting him in true form. Tell it like it is, George!

Judith A. Peña
New York, New York

I am a conservative father who has always encouraged his children to develop their own tastes in music. My philosophy was sorely tested when Boy George made his infamous remark about America's knowing a good "drag queen" when it sees one. Two of my children are big fans of his, and the other two also enjoy his music. I wanted to ban it from our home, but I remembered how my parents refused to ban my music—Little Richard, Elvis, Fats, Duane Eddy—and I bit my tongue. After reading your *Interview* with Boy George, I realize he is one hell of a human being—not a freak, not squirrel bait. I still don't care for his music, but it is a lot easier to tolerate now that I know what kind of man he is. Thanks for the real story of a man called Boy.

Edward E. Arnold, Sr.
Minden, Louisiana

I've never read a more boring *Interview*. Who wants to hear about a guy who wears dresses and make-up? If you want to interview a real rock star, go talk to David Lee Roth.

Neil Owens
Altoona, Pennsylvania

When I heard that PLAYBOY was interviewing Boy George, I thought, My God! Are they going to put him on the cover? I didn't think the world was quite ready for *that*. But after reading his *Playboy Interview*, I realized just how together, how self-aware this 23-year-old phenomenon is. His basic message is to *be* yourself, to be *proud* of yourself and to accept other people for what *they* are. And Jerry Falwell and other frightened people think that's subverting youth? Thanks to PLAYBOY for another great *Interview*, and thanks to you, Boy George, for being you.

David Langton
Redondo Beach, California

### AFTER THE FALL

With fond and tragic memories I read David Butler's *The Fall of Saigon* (PLAYBOY, May). Whatever the highest honor our State Department bestows, Kenneth Moorefield should be given first consideration. I spent a great deal of time with Ken in Vietnam during that period, transporting people to the staging areas for evacuation. As a former director at Father Edward Flanagan's Home for Boys (Boystown) in Nebraska, I went to Saigon in response to a request from Sister Maria Teresa of the Saigon's Children Orphanage. She was afraid that when the new Communist government took over, children fathered by Americans would be killed or, at the very least, would be left to wander and beg in the streets. Sixty-two of Sister Maria Teresa's children did make it to America as a direct result of Moorefield's unselfish efforts. Ken signed, validated and processed every affidavit I presented to him for official approval. In the streets and in makeshift processing centers, he continued to operate under heavy rocket attack. He always made sure an orphaned child went to the head of the line, where he would affix the precious and beautiful seal of the United States, along with his signature—which allowed that child to exit. I was later able to round up the refugee children after their arrival in America for placement in various homes and child-care facilities. In the ten years that have passed since then, a good number of the children Moorefield helped escape the fall of Saigon have gone on to graduate (most with honors) from such

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leading educational institutions as Notre Dame, Harvard and USC. My periodic visits to my local bank are now most gratifying to me. There, always with a smile to greet me, is a young Vietnamese woman—now the bank manager—who was 15 years old when, on April 29, 1975, Ken and I placed her aboard a helicopter in that infamous courtyard to begin her 8000-mile journey across the Pacific to the U.S. That young girl was the last living member of a family of 12 that had perished in the never-ending Vietnam wars. As Saigon fell and we fled, Moorefield emerged to prove that even when the fabric of decent, moral life is disintegrating, the real soul and spirit of America can come shining through. Those 62 children—now adults scattered throughout America—are living testament to the high ideals Kenneth Moorefield represents.

Michael J. Casey
Omaha, Nebraska

### VANITY, BETTER THAN FAIR

As an administration-of-justice student, I must say that justice was definitely served by your pictorial *Vanity Rare* (PLAYBOY, May). My compliments to photographer Daniel Poulin for those exquisite photos. After seeing Vanity in rare form, I had to run out to see her in *The Last Dragon*, and I wasn't disappointed.

John Yuen
San Jose, California

Vanity is, without a doubt, the most sensuous woman to appear in your magazine. The only problem with her layout is its length—it should be at least another 20 pages or so.

Dave Goode
Yonkers, New York

### BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

Congratulations to James R. Petersen for his great article *Campus Sex and the Playboy Advisor's Traveling Road Show* (PLAYBOY, May). Unfortunately, Petersen did not examine all facets of the college sex scene. If he had, he might have done a lot for a small science-and-engineering school, located at the base of the Rockies, where it is a dismissable offense to have sex in the dorms. Thank goodness the real world still exists outside such institutions!

Scott Van Gorden
Columbus, Mississippi

Where do I get a subscription to *Oriental Wet Snatch Quarterly*, the erotic magazine referred to in Petersen's *Campus Sex . . .* ?

M. Duncan
Los Angeles, California

*Petersen, who recently bought a house, admits that* Oriental Wet Snatch Quarterly *is imaginary. However, if you make out a check for $1000 to the Oriental Wet Snatch Quarterly Foundation for Scientific Research and Regular Mortgage Payments, he says that he will send you something four times a year. Probably postcards from Bermuda.*

### SORRY, GUV

Your May *Playboy After Hours* contains a sarcastic and derogatory statement about our former Kentucky governor John Y. Brown, Jr., that I, as a native Kentuckian, resent. You ignore the fact that Governor Brown served our commonwealth for four years very recently, in a businesslike manner that was the envy of many other executives in similar positions throughout the country. It is, indeed, unfortunate that you belittle both Governor Brown and his wife in your uncalled-for and deplorable crack about "Mr. Phyllis George."

F. S. Crawford
Ashland, Kentucky

*We apologize to Mr. George.*

### MULLIGAN STEW

I've just finished Dan Jenkins' *Sports* column ("Drives and Whispers") in the May issue. Thanks for the best belly laughs from one page of bullshit in years. For a 98-plus hacker and an Arnie fan, it really struck the old funny bone when Arn and Nicklaus "blazed in with 77s . . . and were only 22 shots off the pace." Keep up the good work, Jenkins: People who haven't duck-hooked or whiffed that damn Easter egg haven't lived.

Don Rose
Big Creek, California

### SHOWER POWER

Thank you for showering me with May Playmate Kathleen Ann Shower, who is, in my opinion, the number-one Playmate of all time. Kathy should be the unanimous choice for Playmate of the Year. Her being from Ohio says a lot of good things about our state.

Arnold Resnick
Canton, Ohio

I had heard of Frankie Goes to Hollywood, but never of Kathy—until your breath-taking shots of Miss May. Her beauty and elegance are unreal. Thanks for an unforgettable pictorial.

Robert King
Jacksonville, Arkansas

There is still hope for those of us who are pushing 40! A 33-year-old Playmate (Cindy Brooks) is followed by a 32-year-old (Kathleen Ann Shower) in May. Thank you.

Kenneth G. Schott
Metairie, Louisiana

I have never been moved to write to you before, though I've enjoyed your magazine for the greater part of my life. Your recent shift to slightly older Playmates has really perked my interest. I am only 32 years old, but I have always preferred "mature" women. Twenty-year-olds look great, but the excitement of the experienced woman moves me more. Kathy Shower is the perfect modern woman; she will be tough to surpass for Playmate of the Year. I'm a fan for life.

Anthony Taylor
Ventura, California

If the May issue doesn't mark the first time you have shown a Playmate with her children, it's the first time I've noticed. Congratulations on the logical extension of your depiction of women as real people.

John Nichols
Kansas City, Missouri

### KAREN FOR THE AILING

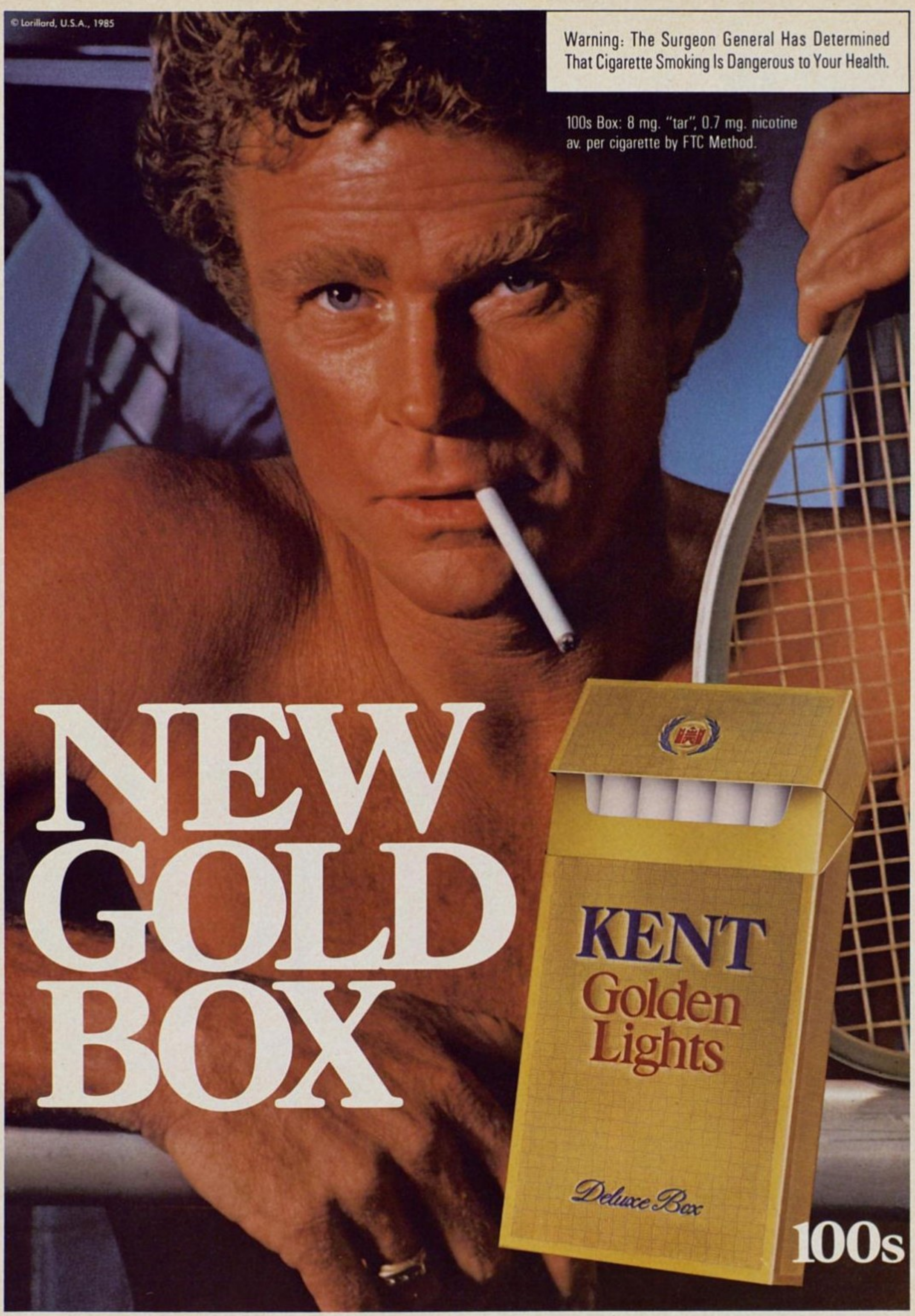
If I try to verbalize what I feel as I gaze at Playmate of the Year Karen Velez on the cover of your May issue, I'll babble on and on. So I'll borrow a phrase from a beer commercial and say simply, "It doesn't get any better than this."

Justin Tyme
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Choosing Karen Velez as Playmate of the Year is a devastatingly accurate move. That mouth, those eyes and that body have combined to make me feel struck by lightning. My pulse has risen to 200 beats per minute and my legs have become so wobbly that I must constantly lie down. Maybe I need medical attention—or maybe just another look at the ambrosial Miss Velez! Now my side is beginning to hurt and my toes are starting to curl. One more peek, please, before I crawl into a hole to die.

Richard Rebhun
North Hollywood, California

*Will you crawl back out for this encore eyeful of our Playmate of the Year? And if you do, will we have six more weeks of summer?*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# Diet Quiz #5

Which has less calories and alcohol:

1. ☐ 5 oz. white wine?
2. ☐ 5 oz. Bacardi rum and OJ?
   (1 oz. Bacardi, 4 oz. orange juice)

A 5-oz. serving of white wine contains 121 calories on average according to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data. And its alcohol content is about 12½%.

Surprise! Based on data from the same source, a drink made of 1 oz. 80-proof Bacardi rum and 4 oz. orange juice also has about 121 calories. But its alcohol content is only 8%. And its taste is sensational. So with Bacardi and OJ, you've got a winner.

BACARDI® rum.
Made in Puerto Rico.
Enjoy it
in moderation.

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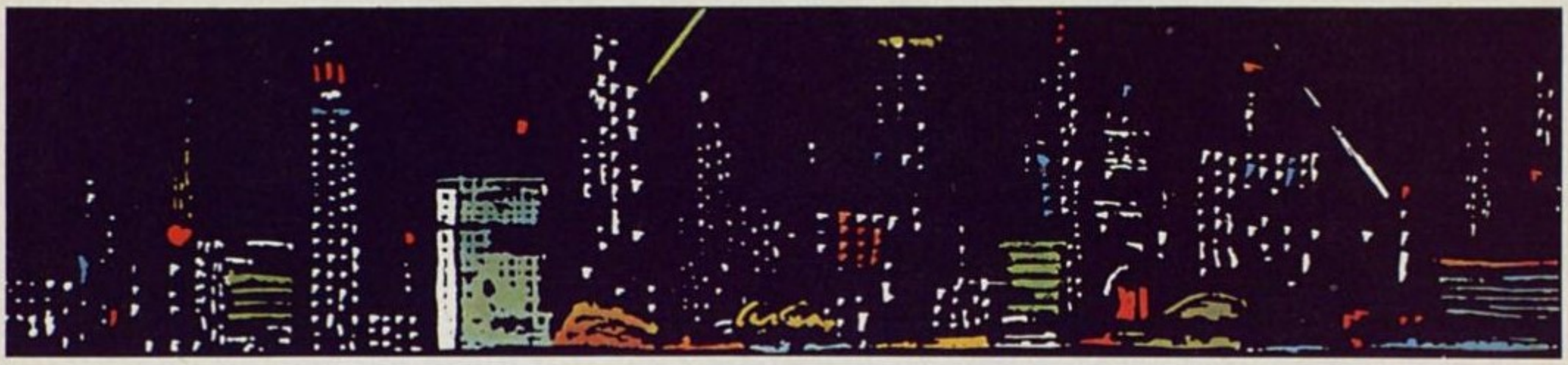
# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## SHORTS STORY

After being stopped by a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer when his car was seen weaving down the highway, an 18-year-old tried to eat his undershorts, believing that the cotton fabric would absorb the alcohol in his stomach before he had to undergo breath analysis. The plaintiff told the judge at his hearing that he had ripped the crotch out of his shorts and stuffed the fabric into his mouth. Students from a local high school, in court to view the wondrous workings of justice, were removed during the testimony when it became difficult for them to retain their composure. "People were leaving the courtroom with tears in their eyes," said R.C.M.P. constable Peter McFarlane.

•

Let's hope they bring it back to the glory it once knew. The "Neighbors" section of the *Chicago Sun-Times* headlined an article about urban development this way: "MINORITIES RESTORING CITY BLIGHT."

•

A male client at a British Columbia hair salon was taken to a hospital for treatment of head wounds after his female hairdresser whacked him with a hair drier. The hairdresser said she had become suspicious when she saw him moving his hands beneath the smock. The man had, in fact, been cleaning his glasses.

•

When the Rohm & Hass Company sent the IRS a $4,488,112.88 check for payroll taxes, the Service calculated that the payment was a dime short and tried to assess a penalty of $46,806.37. The company assigned five accountants to the case and sent representatives to the IRS center in an effort to clarify the matter. After five months, the penalty was dropped without explanation or apology.

•

We're not going to touch this one: A Milan auction house successfully auctioned off 90 works by Piero Manzoni, an artist who died in 1963. Among the works was a roll of paper in a tube, which went for $1200, and a cylinder containing a specimen of Manzoni's excrement, which went for $1400.

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Spots for tots: The Austin, Texas, *American-Statesman* included this personal: "6-year-old white male with herpes like [*sic*] to meet female with same."

•

Two boys lost in heavy fog on a ledge in Bells Canyon, southeast of Salt Lake City, followed the instructions in their survival guide but were still unable to light a signal fire. After two hours and a lot of matches, they gave up trying to light twigs and instead torched the book. The fire was spotted and the boys were rescued by helicopter.

•

In Washington, D.C., you can hear many languages. So, when two gentlemen emerging from a restaurant were asked by a panhandler for some spare change, one of them figured that the best way to handle the situation was to set up a language barrier. He responded in Spanish that he did not speak English. The moocher immediately repeated his request in Spanish. His target switched to German; so did the panhandler. The man then changed to Russian, a language the mendicant also knew. The intended victim gave up and walked away. The Berlitz beggar received nothing for his efforts.

•

On the South Side of Chicago, a counterfeit $20 bill was passed to a gas-station attendant who apparently didn't realize that the Jackson whose face should have been on the bill—Andrew—had been replaced by another: Jesse. Police later opined that the paper was also of poor quality.

•

In Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan, a 15-year-old boy pulled a .45 automatic on his orthodontist and asked, "Would this make you take my braces off?" It would, the doctor allowed, and he started to work at just that. He also alerted an assistant in the office, who notified police.

•

According to the headline in the Oconto County, Wisconsin, *Reporter*, "PANTY PESTS EASY TO CONTROL." And if you believe that, there's this bridge in Brooklyn we hear is on the market.

•

Hernandez Rodriguez, 19, a fleeing auto-burglary suspect, unwittingly broke into a North Hollywood guard-dog-training school and found himself facing the entire canine senior class. Police Sergeant David Crockett said that the lead guard dog was "the head of the class" and didn't injure Rodriguez but simply held him until police arrived.

## MOON OVER ATHENS

Three young Americans were arrested by guards at the Acropolis just as they were about to drop trou and flash moonbeams for a photograph. Charged with

# FUN FACTS FOR THE

# Trivially Pursued

*By now, everyone in the country has played some form of question-and-answer game that gauges our knowledge of the insignificant and the forgettable. And, frankly, we're all getting a little tired of it. Why bother testing one another on all this silly information? Why not just blab the information the way we used to do at cocktail parties? That's what Ed Bluestone thought, and here are some carefully selected little-known facts.*

Two percent of the United States is now quadrisexual. That means they'll do anything with anyone for a quarter.

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A popular diet in Sweden involves eating whatever you want, as long as you eat meals with naked fat people.

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John Donne said, "No man is an island, but Orson Welles comes close."

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William F. Buckley, Jr., was once operated on by a surgeon who left a tongue sandwich inside him. Ever since, Buckley's body has been attempting to reject his real tongue.

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The Mongolian blowfish will blow a human male for $11.

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French boxer Marcel Cerdan used to suck on Edith Piaf's underpants between rounds.

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Thousands of bees were disappointed and wanted refunds after seeing the movie *The Sting*.

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There was nothing the Marquis de Sade enjoyed more than feeding tough steak to an infant.

•

The Soviet government has killed thousands of woodpeckers by painting bark on cement cylinders.

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Sylvia Plath once attempted suicide by throwing herself into the window of a Hoffritz cutlery store.

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Compulsive gamblers often disrupt Las Vegas A.A. meetings to bet people that they'll start drinking again.

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The last words of Joan Crawford were "I'd like to hit the children one last time."

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Dr. Arthur Foyer of Richmond, Virginia, once treated a patient's broken neck by replacing it with a Slinky. The patient lived ten years in this condition and, according to Dr. Foyer, "only had to remember to keep his head back when he walked downstairs."

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Dr. Norbert Papp, a gynecologist in Houston, Texas, plays Gene Autry records as his patients put their feet into the stirrups.

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Noel Coward defined a truly sophisticated woman as one who drives with her legs crossed.

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According to the *Journal of Bad Etiquette*, the best way to be offensive at a funeral is to take your dog to the cemetery and have him play dead.

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The last words of William Tell's son were "I don't know, Dad; an apple was one thing, but a *grape*?"

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The reason rabbits have so many babies is that the size of their ears prevents them from giving head.

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Before the 1984 Olympics, Carl Lewis and Mary Decker raced at Aqueduct dressed as a horse. They came in third.

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Irish Jews divide their time between drinking cheerfully and feeling guilty about it.

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Forty percent of all dogs enrolled in obedience school develop masochistic streaks and later *want* to be tied up and whipped.

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The Hoover Dam was designed by a huge beaver.

•

Ever since their city banned fireworks, the citizens of Bonkersville, Utah, celebrate the Fourth of July by turning out the lights and rolling around on wool blankets.

public indecency were Californians Allen Herman and Joseph Freitas, both 21, and William Mullen, 22, of Hartford, Connecticut. Sentenced to 75 days in prison each—just for adding three temporary cracks to the ancient landmark—they were allowed to buy off the time for $480 each, a common practice in Greece for minor offenses.

Why Greeks, of all people, would get so upset over a few buns is a mystery. But as one guard said, "It was a disgusting action in such a sacred place as the Acropolis. . . . I rushed to get their camera and call the police."

Herman said he and his friends had intended to pull down their pants for a joke photo but never got their moons into daylight before being stopped. A photo was taken of the men fully clothed, but the three-judge panel that heard their case wouldn't allow it as evidence. Denied bail and held for five days before the trial, the Americans claimed that they had been "railroaded . . . and were made to look ridiculous by the Greek press."

•

The Memphis *Commercial Appeal* chose to headline a crime story out of Chicago this way: "SUSPECT FINGERS HIMSELF."

## HARD CHOICES

Uh-oh. According to *Nowydziennik*, a Polish-language paper published in New York, Poland's supply of rubber is so low that condoms are being rationed. Men between 17 and 24 are allowed eight a month; men between 25 and 59 get four; men over 60 get one. So—do you go for one big Saturday night or spread them out over the month?

## SHAPE UP, DUMBO

Indonesia plans to open two vocational schools near Lampong to rehabilitate rogue elephants that have been trampling farmers and terrorizing villages. Conservation officials say that 2000 problem pachyderms live in the shrinking Sumatran wilderness. Many of them have acquired a taste for cultivated crops and make frequent shopping trips into the neighboring farmlands.

"Elephants are very intelligent and can learn quickly," said Professor Rubini Atmawidjaja. "But it takes time. The young ones, under three years old, are the easiest to teach. The problem is how to catch them."

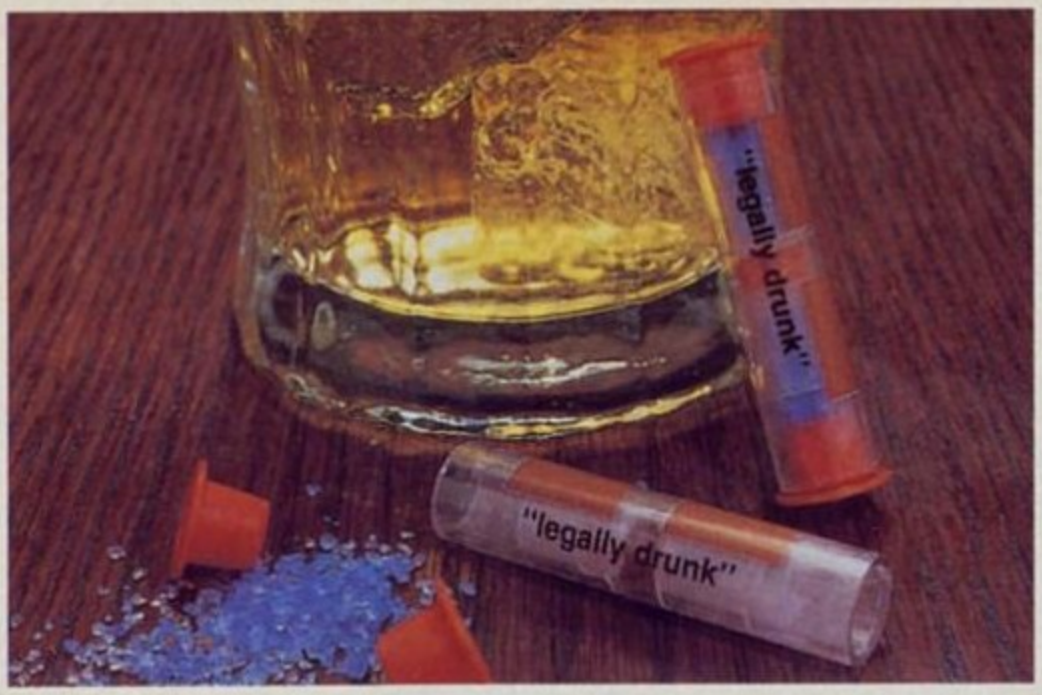
Rubini said the Indonesian parliament had appropriated $660,000 for the schools, which will have 20 experienced trainers and eight foreign elephants that would set good examples for the students. The schools will teach the elephants to haul logs for the lumber industry and to perform tricks for circuses.

•

*American Medical News* noted with alarm, "SYPHILIS OUTBREAK HITS PENAL SYSTEM."

# THE JORDACHE LOOK®

# B U L L E T I




Having such a good time that you couldn't resist showing your fellow revelers just how to do the gator? Are you beginning to think you really are the life of the party? If you plan to drive home afterward, do yourself—and everybody else—a favor. Be Sure, a 99-cent Breathalyzer test, calibrated to the Smith & Wesson one the police use, will tell you if you're legally drunk. If the granules inside the tube turn darker, have someone call you a cab. OK, so you're a cab. No, but really, don't hard-party without it.

## FUN FLORA

Not everyone can be Baron Philippe, with a cellar full of his own Château Mouton-Rothschild. But two enterprising Englishmen, Robert Taylor and Michael Turner, are hoping to quench the thirst of those who want to own a piece of a vineyard. Their plan, called Vineshares, allows anyone with $18 to own a wine-producing grapevine at the Ducado del Montesol vineyard in southern Spain. For that $18, proud owners are entitled to at least one bottle of red table wine every December for 15 years—that works out to $1.20 a bottle. Dave Rootes, one of 30 English Vineshares franchisees, assures us that "it's not plonk."

## BACK TALK

### IVAN LENDL'S TENNIS SECRETS

**YOU'RE CZECH. WHY DO YOU SPEAK POLISH WITH WOJTEK FIBAK? DO YOU EVER TELL HIM POLISH JOKES?**

I come from a city very close to the Polish border, so I heard Polish first watching Polish TV. Fibak doesn't like Polish jokes, but I tell him some anyway. But the one about the light bulb? We tell that about Czech policemen.

**HAVE YOU AND MARTINA NAVRATILOVA EVER CONSIDERED PLAYING MIXED DOUBLES TOGETHER?**

I don't know Martina that well. I met her when she was 16 and I was ball-boying for her at the Czech championships. Besides, I don't think there's much point in playing mixed doubles at all. Matter of fact, I don't think there's a point in playing *doubles*.

**YOU'RE A NATIONAL HERO IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA. HOW DID YOUR SUPERIORS TREAT YOU WHEN YOU WERE IN THE ARMY?**

I had a very nice superior, [tennis pro] Tomas Smid. He treated me pretty well. All top athletes in Czechoslovakia go into the army. First you do your army training, and then you just go and do your sport. So I wasn't really under any orders.

**WHAT PERCENT OF YOUR INCOME DO YOU HAVE TO GIVE TO THE CZECH GOVERNMENT?**

Twenty percent.

**MILLIONS OF PLAYERS FANTASIZE ABOUT PLAYING TENNIS AS WELL AS YOU DO. DO YOU HAVE ANY FANTASIES?**

Yeah. When I retire, I will play tennis like theirs and I won't care if I win or lose.

### COFFEE-TABLE BOOK OF THE MONTH

A kiss has been described as "a secret told to the mouth instead of the ear" and as "a contraction of the mouth due to an enlargement of the heart." Danny Biederman paid 13 years of lip service to this mushy subject and then cleaned out his file cabinet. Even though it smacks of overkill, he collected his research in *The Book of Kisses*—quotes, cartoons and pictures. Once you get into it, you're not going to want to come up for air.

# N B O A R D

## WHAT A CARD

During vacation season, you're likely to get all sorts of cards from strange people writing from even stranger places. Kevin Pope, an illustrator whose work you've seen in our pages, takes the vacation postcard one illogical step beyond. Even if you don't go anywhere surreal this summer, use these to catch up with friends. You may convince them that you have dropped off the face of the earth.

## G I Z M O

It holds the record for farthest heavier-than-air thrown object—1046 feet, 11 inches. The secret to the Aerobie, designed by Stanford electrical-engineering lecturer Alan Adler, is the unusual aerodynamic stability created by its outer ridge. But that's the boring part. The interesting part is that it's easier to throw than other flying discs. So much so, even girls can do it if they want to have fun.

## THRASH COLLECTOR

For those of you who still can't get your fill of thrash (nee punk) music, check out issue number three of Country Joe McDonald's monthly cassette "talking music magazine," *Tape Talk*. This edition features such hard-core bands as Social Distortion, Minor Threat, Kraut, Die Kreuzen, Dicks, MDC, Suicidal Tendencies, Black Flag, Code of Honor, Avengers—all with commentary and interviews by d.j. Joni Hollar of Berkeley's KALX. Our favorite? MDC's *John Wayne Was a Nazi* is kinda catchy.

# H E L P F I L E

## HOW TO WIN A WOMAN'S FORGIVENESS

You have done something *atrocious*. She is nursing her wounds with the psychiatric help of her five best friends, while scissoring your face out of her photographs. Companionship and sex have been abruptly cut from your life. It's time to seek forgiveness, and you must use skill.

Do not attempt an apology over the phone. See her in person and go with your hands empty. This looks sincere and will not remind her of Dagwood slinking home to Blondie with a bouquet of daisies.

Manage to appear fiery yet exhausted, as if you've spent days without sleep and have endured many forms of bodily abuse. Remain *macho* yet bruised. You are not a scared little boy running to momma.

Once inside, walk purposefully to the living room and sit down on the sofa. She will follow automatically, but once *she* sits down, get back up, stride to the window and stand with your back to her, looking out over the city. Make sure the curtains are open before you do this. Turn slowly around and say, "I hate myself for what I've done to you."

You may now return to the sofa and sit down, but only on the edge. Do not allow yourself to appear comfortable. Restlessness will indicate that your life is on hold until you have received her pardon. Say in a voice trembling with self-hatred, "I can't believe I've sunk so low." It will impress her that you have fallen from your own personal pedestal.

She may now feel an overwhelming instinct to mother and heal you. Hold her off and say, "I admire you above anyone else and you are the last person I'd ever want to hurt."

Now rise and head for the door. She'll begin to protest, suggesting that you talk and analyze the situation. State firmly that you are exhausted and need to go home and sleep. Before you go, take her face in your hands, look deep into her eyes and say, "I hope that you will learn to forgive me." Now get the hell out of there, into your car and out of the neighborhood.

Your phone will ring—quite possibly as you turn your door key.

—MARGARET MCKINNEY

# MOVIES

## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IT HAS THE SAME title as Shakespeare's classic, but ***Henry IV*** (Orion Classics) is a relatively modern drama about a madman who appears to believe he's an 11th Century German emperor. Luigi Pirandello wrote the play in 1922, and Marco Bellocchio's freely adapted film version stars Marcello Mastroianni opposite ever-exquisite Claudia Cardinale, as the aristocratic beauty he loves and loses. That may be all you need to know about the plot, a typically Pirandellian conundrum debating the nature of truth, madness, logic and reality. The consummate screen actor, Mastroianni exudes charisma even while he talks—and talks—reams of subtitled Italian. An arresting musical score by Astor Piazzolla backs up the lengthier passages of a literate, ambitious, beautifully made movie, seemingly made for movie-goers with endless patience, plus a Ph.D. in modern European drama. ¥¥

•

Watch them take the money and run with ***Rambo: First Blood Part II*** (Tri-Star), a very good bad movie aptly described as an "explosive sequel" to *First Blood*. This time, Sylvester Stallone's Rambo is off to postwar Vietnam, having been released from jail by U.S. military authorities on the pretext that they want him to locate American POWs still listed as missing in action. The mission's real aim, of course, is top-secret dirty business that Rambo won't do. "I'm supposed to leave 'em there?" he asks. Fat chance. Before he's through, the Cong and Russian body count must be in the hundreds. This is mass-destruction stuff, with Stallone's body well oiled and his muscles so toned up that he looks as if he were competing in the Mr. Universe finals. His chief ally in the field is a Viet warrior maiden (Julia Nickson); back at the base camp, Richard Crenna and Charles Napier respectively represent good and evil American values.

Although thoroughly preposterous, *Rambo* is lightning-fast, a hard-edged and handsome action drama cunningly crafted by director George P. Cosmatos. The monosyllabic screenplay is Stallone's own in collaboration with James Cameron, who also co-wrote and directed last year's mighty hit *The Terminator*. That ought to be a fair hint of the mayhem in store. ¥¥½

•

Last year's so-called *Places in the River Country* trilogy may have exhausted the subject of hardship in the hinterlands. Writer Horton Foote's earnest, wooden ***1918*** (Cinecom), based on his stage drama about life and death in a small Texas town stricken by an outbreak of influenza during World War One, looks anemic after the

Latou Chardons, Claudia Cardinale humor Marcello Mastroianni in *Henry IV*.

*Henry IV* with a difference; Sly Stallone scores again in *Rambo*.

author's own *Tender Mercies*, winner of a 1984 Oscar for Best Original Screenplay. Flaccidly directed by Ken Harrison as if the dear, dead days of yesteryear were being lived in slow motion, *1918* features Hallie Foote (the author's daughter) as the sensible married sister of young Matthew Broderick (currently Broadway's fair-haired boy in Neil Simon's *Biloxi Blues*), who's a dreamy innocent itching to get Over There and do battle with the Hun. Neither the war nor the flu epidemic touches him, finally, and by the time the movie inches along to an anticlimax, audiences are apt to feel altogether immunized. ¥¥

•

A promising premise goes wildly wrong in ***The Coca-Cola Kid*** (Cinecom), which ought to be funny but seldom clicks. Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev, ordinarily an excitingly subversive film maker, seems out of sync here with Frank Moorhouse's raffish screenplay—a tongue-in-cheek travelog about a boy genius from Coca-Cola U.S.A. whose mission is to make things go better with Coke in a remote Australian town still addicted to a native soft drink. While many of the jokes fall flat—as if someone had left a cap off—miscasting is the movie's major handicap, with Eric Roberts all ajitter in a title role made to order for Jack Lemmon in his heyday. As the ditsy girl whose dad bottles the rival soda pop, Greta Scacchi is gorgeous, period; her foolish part doesn't allow her to be much else. Unless the awesome outback scenery whets your appetite, put this *Kid* on ice. ¥

•

Made in England by singer-songwriter Ray Davies of The Kinks, ***Return to Waterloo*** (New Line) is an hourlong feature with umbilical ties to the world of music video. Davies himself appears as a busker singing the title tune, but he's mainly impressive for an unusually assured directorial debut. Both innovative and dreamlike, with virtually no spoken dialog except for scraps of conversation to cue the music, *Waterloo* follows a middle-class suburbanite identified only as The Traveler (Ken Colley) on a commuter-train journey that cuts, fades and dissolves into a free-form psychological trip. En route to his humdrum obligations in town, the repressed hero meditates about childhood, death, punk hell-raisers, incest, infidelity—all punctuated by a recurring poster image of himself as a fugitive rapist. There's nothing especially new in the notion of a social cipher on a hallucinatory high, but Davies catapults this Milquetoast through a cinematic phantasmagoria that's often riveting as well as rhythmic. ¥¥½

•

Guns loaded with paint pellets are the nondeadly weapons used by some California college boys for a war game in ***Gotcha!*** (Universal), a comedy that initially threatens to be just another story of callow male virgins on the verge. *Gotcha!*, nimbly directed by Jeff Kanew, picks up style, speed and freshness when one of the horny undergrads (Anthony Edwards), on a summer trip to Paris, meets a mysterious beauty (Linda Fiorentino) who takes him first to bed, then to East Berlin. The games with guns soon become real in a mélange of international intrigue involving

the K.G.B., the CIA and the hero's irate parents back in L.A., who are sure his tales of wild misadventure must be drug-related. Not quite first-class all the way, but nice going. ¥¥½

•

Yet another rites-of-passage movie about teenagers may not be what the world needs now, but the subject is delicately managed with intelligence and sensitivity by writer-director Zelda Barron in ***Secret Places*** (TLC), a look at angst as usual in a British girls' school during World War Two. The talents to watch are Marie-Theres Relin (daughter of actress Maria Schell) and Tara Macgowran, respectively playing a German refugee student and her very best English friend. They shine through the fog of *déjà vu* and collective anxiety about breast development, boys and bombing raids. ¥¥½

•

Director Neil Jordan's English-made ***The Company of Wolves*** (Cannon) is a wickedly witty and perverse adult fairy tale, adapted from a short story by Angela Carter. Industrious critics abroad have already found *Wolves* abristle with dark significance for the way it transmogrifies *Little Red Ridinghood* into a collage of erotic dreams by a nubile heroine named Rosaleen (Sarah Patterson), who's preoccupied with sexuality. She also has an old granny (Angela Lansbury plays the part with droll, lip-licking relish), who appears to delight in describing the awful things that may befall a girl once a lad "has had his way with you." Undeterred by Granny's admonition to make tracks "if you should meet a naked man in the woods," Rosaleen ultimately ventures into an ominous forest to encounter a lusty werewolf and other dangers she doesn't seem to mind. Although often meandering or merely arch, *Wolves* has hairy, top-notch special effects and generally looks as lush and handsome as a children's book illustrated by some depraved dropouts from Disney. Unless they're precocious as the very Devil, leave the children at home. ¥¥½

•

Margot Kidder plays a world-weary stripper who admits to having clocked "a lot of miles" before heading south of the border for a reunion with her estranged dad (Burt Lancaster). He's a dying old bank robber with bitter memories and buried loot. In Mexico, they meet a former exterminator, Ted Danson, who has given up killing bugs to eke out a livelihood showing old movies to *campesinos*. One way or another, these three eccentrics come to terms with their pasts in ***Little Treasure*** (Tri-Star), an oddly engaging romantic trifle by writer-director Alan Sharp. It's the kind of movie I find myself enjoying against all odds. Lancaster's performance is over-the-edge ham in his most

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flamboyant mode, a thespian trapeze act. Far more believable in a minor morality tale about whether or not a topless dancer should also go bottomless, Kidder is vital and arresting, as always, with Danson providing effective counterpoint as her jealous paramour. Drenched in local color down Mexico way, *Little Treasure* is idiotic but easy to take if you lie back and just let it happen. ¥¥

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Already a substantial hit in England, ***Dance with a Stranger*** (Goldwyn) is a pretty safe bet to repeat its success over here. The lurid and colorful particulars of a celebrated crime of passion are drawn from the real-life story of Ruth Ellis, the last woman to be executed for murder in Britain, back in 1955. She was a comely but slightly vulgar platinum blonde who managed a private London club where men about town could let themselves go with hard liquor and easy ladies. On screen, Ruth's downfall begins with putting pleasure before business when she meets a gentrified 24-year-old wastrel named David Blakely, the race-car driver who beds, beats and betrays her but cannot throttle down the insatiable physical attraction that finally ends in murder. The movie ends right there, without dawdling over the details of Ruth's trial and speedy conviction. Director Mike Newell handles *Stranger* like a B movie recycled for feminist-minded audiences of the Eighties. And playwright Shelagh (*A Taste of Honey*) Delaney has furnished a screenplay filled with sly cutting edges of social criticism, blades honed for such prey as finishing school girls who "learn to cook and sew and fill in divorce papers." This abrasive bundle from Britain won't broaden your horizons à la *Passage to India* or *Gandhi*, but it's a gut-level good show.

What you get is a vivid portrait of postwar London on the seedy side, with the foreground dominated throughout by the stunning big-screen debut of Miranda Richardson, an actress who somehow manages to remind me of every knock-'em-dead golden girl from Lana Turner to Marilyn Monroe to Kathleen Turner. As her weakling lover, Rupert Everett lives up to his reputation as one of England's fastest rising young stars. Together, they generate the kind of stormy sexual fight to the finish that makes movies larger than life, while Ian Holm injects some emotional balance as the stolid older man who mostly adores Ruth from ringside. ¥¥¥½

•

In Hollywood, they say, nothing succeeds like success. So why does it often happen that he who at first succeeds will try again with such dull tripe as ***Rustlers' Rhapsody*** (Paramount)? Tell you why: Writer-director Hugh Wilson went from TV's *WKRP in Cincinnati* to directing *Police Academy*, one of the mammoth box-office hits of 1984. Presumably as a reward, he was allowed to dig into his trunk, dust off and direct *Rustlers'*, a Western spoof that producers had wisely been ignoring for years. Tom Berenger stars as a vintage good guy/singing cowboy who projects no zing when he sings and raises only pale horselaughs when he tries to be funny. Everything Wilson and company try to do here, Mel Brooks did ten times better in *Blazing Saddles*. ¥

Holm, Richardson in *Stranger*.

Keep an eye on Miranda Richardson, but forget a wild Western turkey.

•

***Stick*** (Universal), directed by and starring Burt Reynolds, is a revisionist film version of Elmore Leonard's novel, reshaped to suit Burt's main-man persona. The result is that both Reynolds and the book lose something. What remains is a superstar vehicle, ego-driven for the most part, with a tendency to skid in the stretches. Candice Bergen, George Segal and Charles Durning work hard simulating a sense of fun. Unfortunately, the fun is seldom contagious. ¥¥

•

Catch Chuck Norris in ***Code of Silence*** (Orion), minimizing his mastery of martial arts as a Chicago detective named Cusack, a much nicer guy than Clint Eastwood's Dirty Harry but otherwise comparable in every way. Snappily directed by Andy Davis from a screenplay with welcome asides of sharp comic relief, *Code* has Norris involved with gang vendettas, drug deals, corrupt police and a young woman in jeopardy (Molly Hagan). As cop sagas go, this gutsy Donnybrook is up to standard and then some. Chuck's best line, to a *latino* thug: "If I want your opinion, I'll *beat* it out of ya." ¥¥¥

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***Camila*** Her illicit paramour is a priest in old Argentina. Very exotic. ¥¥½
***Cat's Eye*** Three tangled tales from King; the first is best. ¥¥½
***The Coca-Cola Kid*** (See review) Well . . . uh, make mine a Pepsi. ¥
***Code of Silence*** (See review) It's Chuck Norris, nudging Clint a little. ¥¥¥
***The Company of Wolves*** (See review) Granny gets to the nitty-gritty. ¥¥½
***Dance with a Stranger*** (See review) Crime & passion, served sizzling. ¥¥¥½
***Desperately Seeking Susan*** A hip comedy of mistaken identity. ¥¥¥½
***Fletch*** As an amusing ace reporter, Chevy joins the chase. ¥¥¥
***George Stevens: A Filmmaker's Journey*** In tribute to dad, the son also rises. ¥¥¥
***Gotcha!*** (See review) Summer session of Basic Sex and Espionage One-A. ¥¥½
***Heartbreakers*** Fresh romantic comedy about life in L.A. ¥¥¥
***Henry IV*** (See review) *Ecco* Marcello. ¥¥
***Ladyhawke*** Boy meets bird, wolf and wondrous medieval adventure. ¥¥
***The Lift*** Computerized evil spirits take an elevator in this odd Dutch treat. ¥¥
***Little Treasure*** (See review) Love walks in on a family reunion in Mexico. ¥¥
***Lost in America*** Cross-country comedy, with Albert Brooks as guide. ¥¥¥
***Malibu Express*** Mindless fun in the sun, but you may enjoy the flesh tones. ¥¥
***Marvin & Tige*** As a recluse who befriends a waif, Cassavetes gives his all. ¥¥
***My New Partner*** Philippe Noiret grandly plays a detective on the take. ¥¥
***1918*** (See review) Way back when. ¥¥
***A Private Function*** Hilarity about an English couple who kidnap a pig, with Smith and Palin. ¥¥¥½
***Pumping Iron II: The Women*** Schwarzenegger, move over. ¥¥¥
***The Purple Rose of Cairo*** Woody Allen's fable about old-time movies. ¥¥¥
***Rambo: First Blood Part II*** (See review) Is it Superman? No, it's Stallone. ¥¥½
***Return to Waterloo*** (See review) The Kinks' composer turns to kino. ¥¥½
***Rustlers' Rhapsody*** (See review) Trite and almost entirely out of tune. ¥
***Secret Admirer*** Teens reliving a romance a lot like *Cyrano de Bergerac*. ¥¥½
***Secret Places*** (See review) Schoolgirls coming of age in wartime Britain. ¥¥½
***Stick*** (See review) Reynolds rap. ¥¥
***A Test of Love*** Moving, true Australian drama about a retarded child. ¥¥½
***A View to a Kill*** Roger Moore, back as Bond to save Silicon Valley, is ably abetted by Tanya Roberts, Grace Jones and special effects galore. ¥¥¥

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

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# COMING ATTRACTIONS

## By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**Jane Seymour** proved in TV's *East of Eden* that nobody could top her sleek-slut impersonation. She's at it again in *Head Office* (above), Tri-Star's coming spoof of multinational corporate mischief, with fellow executives **Judge** (*Beverly Hills Cop*) **Reinhold** and **Ron Frazier** (right).

**IDOL GOSSIP: Nick Nolte, Bette Midler** and **Richard Dreyfuss** will star in Disney's *Jerry Saved from Drowning*, based on **Jean Renoir's** 1932 classic *Boudu Saved from Drowning*. Directed by **Paul Mazursky,** the film is about a transient (Nolte) who alters the lives of a Beverly Hills couple (Midler and Dreyfuss). . . . Director **Hugh Hudson** has chosen **Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland** and **Nastassja Kinski** to top-line his $19,000,000 Colonial epic, *Revolution 1776*. . . . **John Candy, Karen** (*Night Court*) **Austin** and **Richard Crenna** have been cast in Paramount's *Summer Rental*, a comedy in which Candy plays a harried air-traffic controller seeking peace and tranquillity but getting neither in a beach house leased for the summer. . . . **Peter Ustinov** will reprise his role as Hercule Poirot in CBS' made-for-TV adaptation of **Agatha Christie's** *13 at Dinner*. **Faye Dunaway,** playing dual roles, co-stars. . . . **Robert Altman** has been set to direct the screen version of **Ernest Hemingway's** *Across the River and into the Trees*, starring **Roy Scheider** and **Julie Christie.** . . . **Chuck Norris'** next cinematic venture will be *Invasion USA*, in which CIA agent Matt Hunter foils a terrorist attack on the United States. . . . Detective Joe Friday will return, this time to the big screen, in Universal's spoof of the old *Dragnet* series. **Dan Aykroyd** has written the script and will star as the hard-boiled cop.

•

**DYLAN THOMAS AT THE POLO LOUNGE?** How's this for a line-up—**Mel Brooks** as executive producer of a movie based on a script by **Dylan Thomas** and starring, among others, **Twiggy**? Although it's a little-known fact, Welsh poet Thomas penned a screenplay called *The Doctor and the Devils* back in 1953, and now, 32 years after the option expired, Brooks's production company, Brooksfilms (which produced *The Elephant Man*), is filming it. Billed as a "Gothic thriller," the flick is based on a true story about 19th Century grave robbers. British actor **Timothy** (*Mistral's Daughter*) **Dalton** plays Dr. Thomas Rock, an anatomist who doesn't mind bending the rules of the Victorian medical establishment. To further his research, he enlists the help of a pair of grave robbers who are more than willing to supply him with fresh corpses. As for Twiggy, she plays a prostitute who charms Dr. Rock's lab assistant. Directed by *Elephant Man* cinematographer **Freddie Francis,** the film is slated for an October release.

•

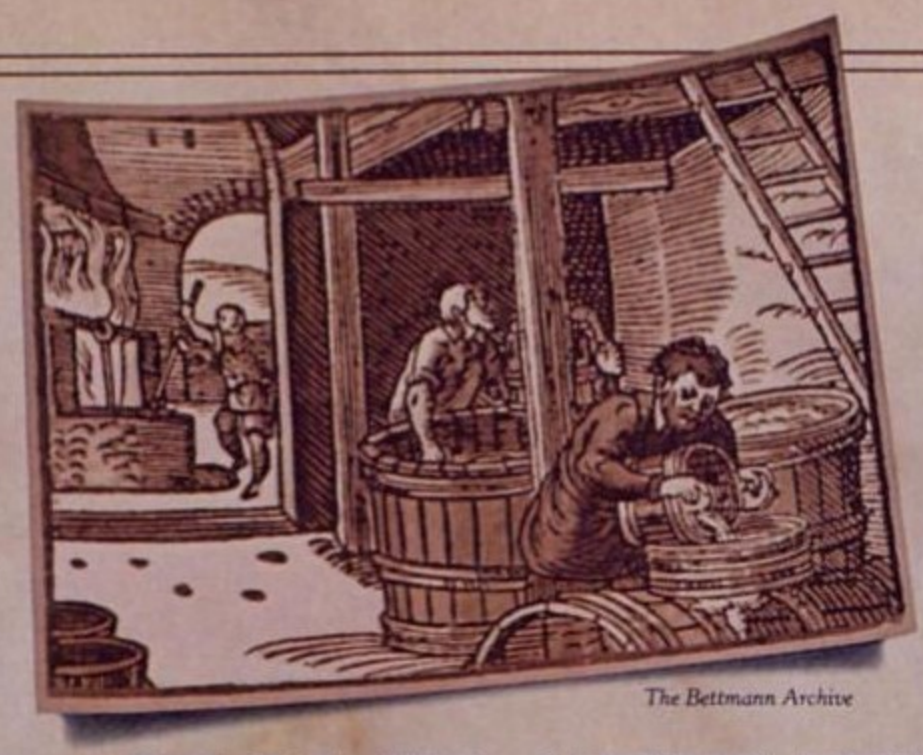
**JUNIOR GUMSHOES:** *The Breakfast Club*'s **Judd Nelson** and **Ally Sheedy** are teaming up again, this time in Paramount's *Blue City*, a contemporary drama about a couple of young kids who solve a murder. Nelson plays Billy Turner, a handsome 22-year-old who returns home after a few years' absence only to discover that his father has been murdered and that although nine months have passed, the case has not been solved. To make matters worse, his stepmother has inherited most of the estate and Pop's old business partner has moved in with her. Billy smells a rat and, with the aid of an old high school chum and his ferociously independent younger sister (Sheedy), he sets out to solve the murder and bring the killer to justice. In so doing, he uncovers layer after layer of corruption in his home town. Says director **Michelle Manning** (who coproduced *The Breakfast Club*): "*Blue City* is about the shattering of illusions. Billy left town a boy, perceiving his surroundings and the people he knew in a mythic way. When he returns, he is forced to let go of those illusions and see things very differently. In the process, he loses his naïveté, but never his passion." *Blue City* is scheduled for release in October.

•

**SPIES IN THE OINTMENT:** A father and his son become involved in international espionage in CBS Theatrical Films' *Target*. **Gene Hackman** plays Walter Lloyd, an ordinary kind of guy who manages a lumber-supply company in Dallas. **Matt Dillon** is his son, Chris, a 20-year-old who wants to be a race-car driver. Their relatively quiet world is shattered when Mom (**Gayle Hunnicutt**) is kidnaped in Paris and father and son set out for Europe to find her. A shoot-out at Charles de Gaulle Airport puts the two on a dangerous trail that leads through the streets of Paris to Hamburg, Berlin and way points in East Germany. During their quest, father and son grow closer together and Chris discovers that his parent has a mysterious past that has finally caught up with him. Directed by **Arthur** (*Bonnie and Clyde*) **Penn,** *Target* will hit theaters this fall.

•

**DESIGNER GENES:** The question is, Why has it taken Hollywood so long to come up with a disaster film revolving around the potentially calamitous effects of genetic engineering? After all, gene splicing has been around for quite a while and you'd think that, at the very least, **Irwin Allen** would have made a contribution by now. Thus, 20th Century Fox's *Warning Sign*, a horror story about biotechnology, is long overdue. **Sam Waterston** stars as the sheriff of a county in Utah where an agricultural gene-splicing plant is located; **Kathleen Quinlan** plays his wife, a security guard at the plant. The company is supposedly working on something called Blue Harvest, a project involving the growing of corn in salt water. But, of course, the scientists are really creating something a bit more sinister, though only a handful of people know what it is. One day alarm bells go off, computers flash the word BIOHAZARD and the plant is sealed, locking its employees inside and the frightened townspeople outside. As the film's producer, **Jim Bloom,** puts it, "When the Biohazard condition occurs, what happens to those inside is horrifying; and the reaction of the unafflicted and uninformed outside is violent and frightening." *Warning Sign* will be released in the fall.



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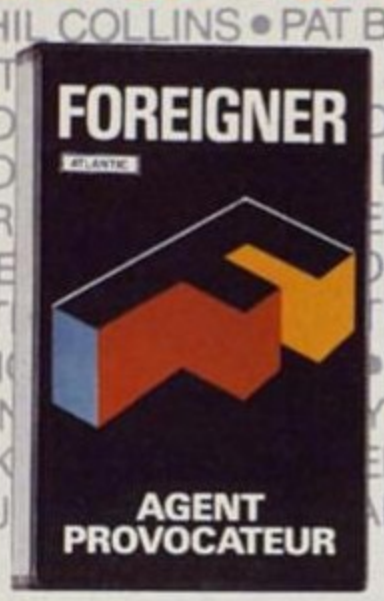


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**Yes, just take a look at the superstars and super hits.** Over 210 in all to choose from—and you may have ANY 11 for only a penny! To get *your* 11 tapes or records, simply fill in and mail the application together with your check or money order for $1.86 as payment (that's 1¢ for your first 11 selections, plus $1.85 to cover shipping and handling). And if you also fill in the Bonus Box, you'll get an extra album free. In exchange, you simply agree to buy 8 more tapes or records (at regular Club prices) in the next three years—and you may cancel membership anytime after doing so.

**How the Club operates:** every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternates from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are $7.98 to $9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan.

**10-Day Free Trial:** we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days for a full refund and you will have no further obligation. So you risk absolutely nothing by acting now!

**Special Start-Your-Membership-Now Offer:** you may *also* choose your first selection right now—and we'll give it to you for at least 60% off regular Club prices (only $2.99). Enclose payment now and you'll receive it with your 11 introductory selections. This discount purchase reduces your membership obligation immediately—you'll then be required to buy just 7 more selections (instead of 8) in the next three years. Just check the box in application and fill in number you want.

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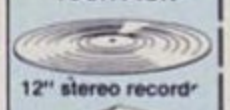

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# BOOKS

When the slings and uncertainties of trying to make a living writing begin getting to me, I start dreaming of better ways to live. And out of so many so easily named, I generally come up with a sunny used-book store in a handsome old building on the square of some forgotten small town, where, ideally, I would have *no* customers and would spend peaceful days among the books with just a fat, lazy cat as company—when I wasn't gone fishing, that is.

I know this reveals the old coot in me rattling his cane for early release, but it also says something about how much I love **Used-Book Stores**. This, I am sure, is because the used-book stores of my Cleveland youth were sort of *racy*, risqué, part of a little sin strip on East Ninth Street that has since been urban-renewed. Sure, I went downtown to those places to work on my *Galaxy*-magazine collection or to see if I could find a cheap Fredric Brown or Ray Bradbury or A. E. van Vogt paperback I hadn't read; but they also had these stacks of Swedish nudist magazines, at which I would sneak peeks, finding inside naked blonde people with smears for genitals playing volleyball. At the age of 12, I found the smears somehow all the more sinful. So for me, used-book stores have a happy lifelong association with sex; as with sex, I will atavistically seek them out, any time, anyplace, at the slightest provocation, because they are there.

I confess all this to show that my enthusiasm for *The Collector's Guide to Antiquarian Bookstores* (Macmillan) is not that of a mere dabbler. I get a nice little buzz just flipping through it.

*The Collector's Guide* lists by state and Canadian province more than 1000 of the best used-book stores and dealers in North America. The book is both thorough and, well, *readable*, containing short entries about the history of each store and its owner(s), plus detailed breakdowns of each one's strengths, specialties, number of volumes, and so on.

Some of the best of the best:

New York City—Strand Bookstore: This lower-Broadway spot is probably the best used-book store in the country, combining *lots* of books (an estimated 2,000,000 volumes) in scores of categories and at reasonable prices. Especially good for cheap reviewers' copies of current hardbacks.

Manchester, Vermont—Johnny Appleseed Bookshop: The postcard New England–village setting and 19th Century building don't hurt, and there are still 25-cent bargains to be found there. The rest of the prices are also more humane than most these days. The emphasis is on sporting books.

Austin, Texas—The Jenkins Company: Another browser's dream, 20,000 square feet of books, especially strong on Americana (and Texana, in particular), as well as on books by and about women.

Prizes in pre-owned pages.

Some guys from whom you *would* buy used books; McMurtry's new Western.

Bury me not in Lonesome Dove.

Jackson, Mississippi—Nouveau Rare Books: This is the one for 20th Century first editions, whether signed, limited or regular trade. Not only does it have Jim Harrison and Tom McGuane on its shelves, it counts both authors as mail-order customers.

Tucson, Arizona—Book Stop: It's all nooks and crannies, the way a proper used-book store should be, and it gets an A for attitude—the prices are good, the books are kept in spiffy shape and order (even the dread science-fiction paperbacks are alphabetized and treated with respect) and browsing with an ice-cream cone from the shop next door is permitted.

The only one of my favorite used-book stores that's missing from *The Collector's Guide* is Hollywood Book City in Hollywood, occupying three large storefronts on Hollywood Boulevard, with new, used and rare books—and with Two Guys from Italy just down the street for a pizza slice afterward.

Where the book finally falls down is in the areas of science fiction and comic books, revealing the usual prejudice against my kind of trash. The excellent small Science Fiction Shop in Greenwich Village is there, as is Toronto's Bakka, a visually exciting shop with both vintage material and nearly everything on the current market. But many others are missing—among them, Clint's Books in Kansas City, a one-stop fantasy store; Fantastic Worlds, a chain of four specialty shops in the Fort Worth/Dallas area; and for comics, such dusty gems as Larry's Comic Book Store in Chicago, strongest on comics from 1960 on but with stock going all the way back to the Thirties, a shop described by a devoted customer as "looking like that closet you throw all your favorite old shit into, somewhere between your attic and a slum." What higher praise?

—DAVID STANDISH

•

Do yourself a favor. Take a tour of America, circa 1800, with Uncle William, an expert botanist, and his young, naïve nephew Sammy. These two innocents, the stars of James Howard Kunstler's energetic novel ***An Embarrassment of Riches*** (Dial), are commissioned by President Thomas Jefferson to find the North American giant ground sloth. Their eventful quest takes them into the wilds of America, where they encounter charlatans, thieves, savages and pirates. Their story is a grand adventure and a wonderful comedy. Don't miss it.

•

Lonesome Dove, a pale little excuse for a town in south Texas chaparral flats, is home to rattlers, horned toads and a couple of old Texas Rangers named Augustus McRae and W. F. Call—hard men in a rapidly softening 19th Century America. It is also the starting point for a cattle drive from the Rio Grande all the way to Canada and for Larry McMurtry's epic novel of the dying West, ***Lonesome Dove*** (Simon & Schuster). McMurtry's cowboys, Indians and womenfolk live close to the land but even closer to death, a patient adversary that tracks the trackers from Texas to Montana, from cradle to unmarked grave. McMurtry is a crack shot with dialog, a superb campfire yarn spinner, but it is the way his tight-lipped

men and women push on in death's shadow that makes *Lonesome Dove* something close to a great novel.

•

If you want to understand how the opposite sex got to be that way, pick up ***Female Difficulties*** (Bantam), by E. Jean Carroll. She is one of our favorite writers, a Contributing Editor to PLAYBOY and a one-time Miss Cheerleader U.S.A. This is a collection of pieces about sorority sisters, rodeo queens, frigid women, smut stars and other modern girls. The reader gets to go camping with Fran Lebowitz, eat raspberries with Dr. Ruth Westheimer and attend a meeting of The Good-Looking People Network, an organization for those who have problems because they are too attractive. When E. Jean listens, people talk—often to their own regret.

•

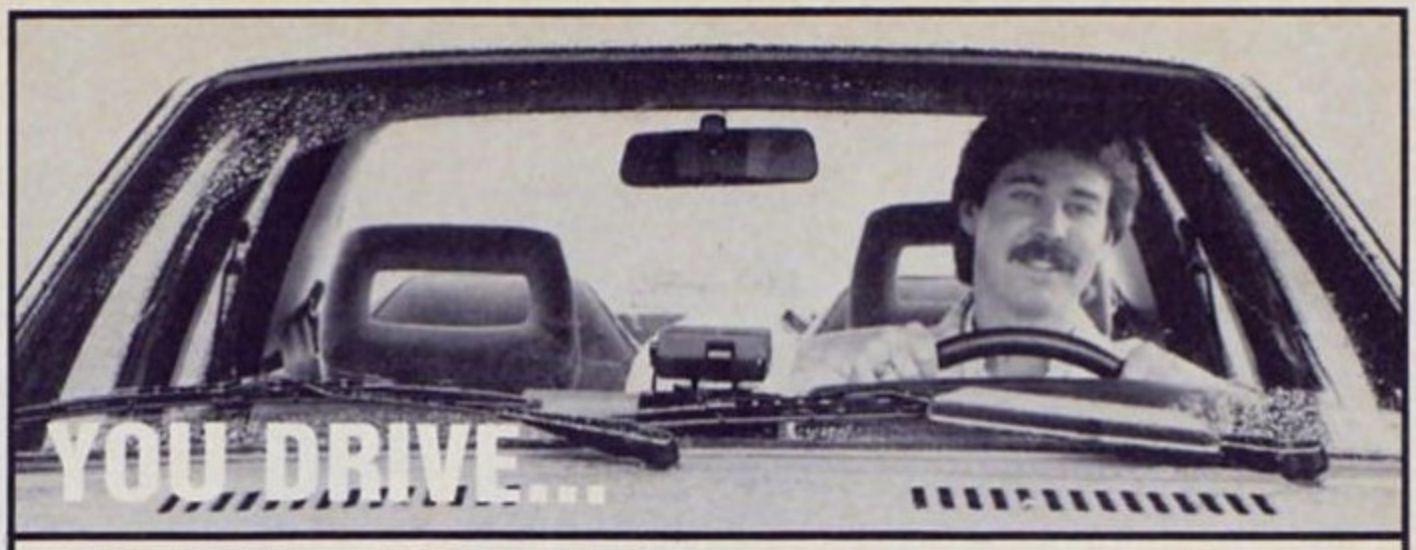
Mike Halsey gets into a fray at the local deli, feels frustrated, so, of course, heads for Japan. Guys are permitted to act this way in Bruce Jay Friedman's head. His new novel, ***Tokyo Woes*** (Donald I. Fine), follows Mike as he meets new pals: Bill Atenabe (his host in Japan, whom he meets on the plane going over), Poppa Kobe (Bill's father) and "Happy" Mirimoto, a failed kamikaze pilot. Mike gets a job, visits Bill's club and meets women of the Pleasure Quarter. He even goes on birthday boy Poppa Kobe's Peeping Tom tour. Friedman is in fine, subdued fettle as his Lonely Guy explores the land of the shoguns. You'll laugh until you spit up rice cakes.

### BOOK BAG

***All Fall Down*** (Random House), by Gary Sick: President Jimmy Carter did not question the State Department's sanguine views about the shah's stability until it was too late; Ambassador William H. Sullivan "was not faithfully representing U.S. policy"; our intelligence people had few contacts at the grass-roots level of the country; and Iran fell down, taking American hostages along for the ride. The best book to date about the Iranian crisis, written by the man who was the principal White House aide at the time.

***The Leather Throne*** (Dream Garden Press, 1199 Iola Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104), by Owen Ulph: This novel captures the poetry of the modern cowboy so well that its author may be on his way to re-establishing the Western as a respected form. Reading *The Leather Throne* is like feeling genuine cowhide in a vinyl world.

***War Cries over Avenue C*** (Donald I. Fine), by Jerome Charyn: We've followed Charyn's wildly imaginative novels for years; now it's your turn. *War Cries* takes you to Manhattan's Lower East Side, where Saigon Sarah, the tiger lady of Avenue C, operates out of a Talmud Torah turned fortress. You won't forget her any time soon.


# WE'LL WATCH

***Whether you're driving alone, or carrying a crowd, you have to keep your eyes on the road! At any speed. So the one passenger you always ought to have along for the ride is Spectrum, the world's most advanced speed radar detector. It sits up there on the dash and spots trouble miles ahead—so you can slow down. In time.***

## Test Drive A Spectrum At Our Risk

Maybe you've never given a thought to having a radar detector in your car. Maybe you think they're illegal, or slightly unsportsmanlike. Or maybe you think that modern police radar is so far ahead of anything you could buy to protect yourself that it's just not worth the effort or money. But a couple of speeding tickets and some insurance points added to your dossier and you've blown away more money than a top-of-the-line system would have cost you!

Then again, maybe you've been scared off by fancy engineering terms and claims—superheterodyne, horn antennas, diodes, GHz, etc. *Don't be.* A radar detector is too useful a "copilot" to let terminology get in the way of your decision. There's a world of technology *inside* every Spectrum—the best way to discover *how much* and *what it does* for you is to test drive a Spectrum in your own car.

## Send For Spectrum's Color Booklet About Radar—And About Spectrum's 30-Day Trial Offer

Mail us the coupon today for *Spectrum's Test-Drive Kit*—how detectors really work, how police radar works, and why you have to have both "Sensitivity" (range) and "Selectivity" (no false alarms). Find out, too, how you can drive Spectrum for a 30-Day Trial and get a 100% refund if you don't want it!

Send for the facts about Spectrum's state-of-the-art engineering and its all-around performance. See why *Road & Track*, just this April, says that *Spectrum* Whistler "must have an antenna 10 miles wide, it picks up virtually everywhere."

## Two Models To Choose From

Spectrum comes in *two models— both* are made to the same exacting standards, *both* can pick up a police signal 3, 4, even 5 miles ahead (and far enough for a "well-in-time" warning around corners, over a hill, coming up from the rear). There's the Dash/Visor model if you want to switch it around to other cars. It clips to the visor, perches on the dash, plugs into your car's cigarette lighter socket, and fits in your glove compartment. The "Under-the-Hood" Remote model is mounted permanently up-front, behind the grille, while its tiny console fits *under* your dashboard.

Both models cut down on *false alarms* from non-police signals with two special features: *Filter Mode* and *Signal Screen*. When Spectrum flashes and sounds off, *you know it's for real!*

Best of all, Spectrum sounds the alarm with two flashing light signals that you can spot out of the corner of your eye. You don't have to peer at dials. You get the message with the *amber* or *red* signals *and* the *pace of the beeps.* That's why we can say, "You stick to the driving...we'll do the watching."

## The Experts Pick Spectrum

*Car and Driver* rates Spectrum *first* for catching radar signals coming up from the rear. *Motor Trend* calls Spectrum "a world-class radar detector." *Auto Week* writes that "the Spectrum is the most sensitive radar detector *Auto Week* has ever seen."

## The Test That Counts Most Is Yours

Only *you* can see whether you need and want a detector—and whether Spectrum's the one you need. *Try it, at our risk, in your own car.* Write today for details of our Special Trial Offer, our 100% Money-Back Guarantee and our Bonus Gift.

**SUMMER BONUS: A Black & Decker Road Emergency Floodlight/Flasher (a $20 value).**

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☐ Please rush full information about the Spectrum Radar Detector 30-day FREE trial and BONUS emergency light.

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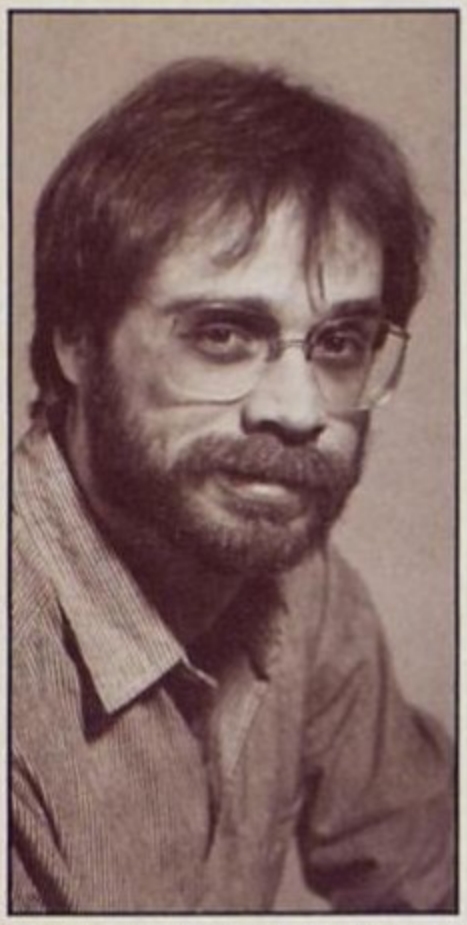

Opinionated (clockwise from left): Young, George, Marsh, Garbarini, Christgau.

**The Butthole Surfers / . . . *Another Man's Sac*** (Touch and Go): Like Vladimir Horowitz, The Butthole Surfers are virtuosos. Unlike Horowitz, they specialize in the domain of cheap special effects, free-associating over lots of drone and throb punctuated by strange noises. It used to be that you could understand a lot of what lyricist Gibby Haynes was free-associating, and that was the band's main appeal, because the most amazing stuff falls out of that boy's mouth. Now recording technique has improved to the point where you can't understand him most of the time—dementia unsullied by verbalization—and guitarist Paul Leary has developed a highly original style mingling psychedelic groove and feedback with a dash of thrash. The drum section, King and his sister Teresa (no last name), consists of floor toms and cymbals and is guaranteed to induce undulations in your orgones. In concert, the Buttholes have always delivered on their name, and now they're preserved for the ages.

**Venom / *Possessed*** (Combat): I saw these metalists play recently, and singer Cronos kept saying stuff like "Here's a cut from our first album." Afterward, a fan asked, "Where was Satan?" If you wanted your soul repossessed, it was a real bring-down. Cronos must have figured that since all the lyrics concerned his serving Satan ("I drink the vomit of the priests"), he needed balance.

The point of metal is, of course, not balance or even saying anything new. It is to touch archetypes. The astute listener will ask himself, "Do I feel like a manly man after listening to this?" Or, in the case of *Possessed*, "Do I feel like hell?" (Yes.) Every cut sounds like a failed (from God's point of view) exorcism at the Indianapolis 500. Not for those who find evil depressing, but the fair-minded will credit Venom for executing a dive of its own selection.

**Howard Jones / *Dream into Action*** (Elektra): Whether his songs are told in the first, second or third person, Jones writes in aphorisms, little rules of life that he keeps tuning up in hope of finding something that works. You get the impression that if he had no talent (which he does) for programing pop melodies into his synthesizers, he'd be Dr. Joyce Brothers, writing books titled *How to Get Everything You Want out of Life*. Inane generalities can help one through difficult times, and when they are sung sweetly over danceable and unthreatening arrangements, they have a particular appeal for teenaged girls afraid of their own individuality. But for aphorisms to work as lyrics, they must have an original twist and/or be strongly grounded in character. Jones has no gift for epigram at this stage of his life, and the only strong character on the record is his mother, whom he loves but wishes would stop laying aphorisms on him. Next time you have this problem, Howard, take my advice: Before turning to Leo Buscaglia, drink vomit with Venom.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

•

**Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers / *Southern Accents*** (MCA): Five years ago, when Petty's mainstream rock was flanked by fading singer-songwriters and insurgent New Wave fluff, *Damn the Torpedoes* seemed bolder and tougher than it had a mind to be. Today, in a scene dominated by mainstream American rockers of a similar stripe, Petty's limitations are inescapable. He remains a shallow songwriter: *Southern Accents* wants to say something about displaced Rebel rockers, but what? If anything bails him out, it's the Heartbreakers, at least when the band is used right. But while guitarist Mike Campbell was off with Don Henley writing a great song, *The Boys of Summer*, Petty was concocting mock psychedelia and soft soul with Dave Stewart of the Eurythmics. The result is music that collapses against its own lack of a center.

**Run-D.M.C. / *King of Rock*** (Profile): Rap stripped dance music down to its skeleton—boastful voices over nothing but the beat. A good gimmick but in the long run a dead end unless the music could be reinflated, which has been the task of every rap hit since grand master Melle Mel's *White Lines (Don't) Don't Do It*. Run-D.M.C.'s answer is a merger with the most elemental white rock style, heavy metal, adding simple, muscularly distorted guitar to the blend. The immediate result was *Rock Box*, last year's most convulsive single. *King of Rock* dabbles with *reggae* and some ferocious scratching, but mostly it picks up where *Rock Box* left off. These songs are scathingly angry and waspishly funny (particularly the complaints about "stardom") and, as a result, *King of Rock* sustains its themes better than any other album of early 1985. Bridging the gap between Iron Maiden and Kurtis Blow is like trying to jump-start a car across the Grand Canyon, which only makes pulling off the feat that much more impressive.

***Greatest Beats*** (Tommy Boy): Looking for a way to get into the new electronic dance music (hip-hop, to initiates)? Help is at hand. This two-disc sampler isn't quite definitive, but it does contain the most inventive hits the genre has produced, *Planet Rock* and *Looking for the Perfect Beat*, both by Afrika Bambaataa and Soulsonic Force. Any form that encompasses both the Smurfs and Malcolm X

*This month we bring you our expanded record buyer's guide, starring a newly assembled team of acclaimed critics. Here's the line-up.*

**Robert Christgau** has been grading pop music—for *Esquire*, *Newsday*, *Creem* and *The Village Voice* (where he is a senior editor)—since 1974.

**Vic Garbarini,** the former editor of *Musician*, won a Grammy nomination for his recorded interview with Paul McCartney in 1981.

**Nelson George** has just completed a history of Motown Records due out next year and writes for several publications.

**Dave Marsh** has written several critically acclaimed books on pop music, including *Fortunate Son*, an anthology of his magazine writing from 1969 to 1984.

**Charles M. Young** is currently recovering from researching his book on American punk, which is due out next spring.

(who, I trust, would have loved Keith LeBlanc's presentation of him in *No Sell Out*) has got to be reckoned with. There are no deeper grooves on this planet, so if you can't work up a sweat with this album, better have somebody check your pulse.

—DAVE MARSH

•

**Hüsker Dü / *New Day Rising*** (SST): Although only neophytes dare try to distinguish one brutally fast hard-core song from the next, the tracks that rise from the rush are enough to make normal fans hold on to their hopes for second-generation punk. After a debut album aptly titled *Land Speed Record*, Hüsker Dü's *Metal Circus* and *Zen Arcade* proved Bob Mould to be not only a world-class noise guitarist but a sporadically melodic songwriter who thinks for himself as well. The band's latest is hard-core that any old Clash (and maybe Byrds) fan can hum. Such Mould songs as *I Apologize* and *Celebrated Summer* reject adolescent rage without settling for cheap acceptance, and drummer Grant Hart pays tuneful tribute to two identifiably human women. Yet if you turn the album up loud enough to clear the dust balls out of the anti-audiophile mix, you'll still be accused of violating your lease. Otherwise, what would be the point?

***Katrina and the Waves*** (Capitol): Nobody who had heard 1983's *Walking on Sunshine* or 1984's *2*—import albums, check 'em out—could understand why no U.S. label was backing Katrina and the Waves head to head against the Pretenders. Songwriter-guitarist Kimberley Rew has an unerring knack for up-to-the-minute Sixties-style hooks and writes rock-outsider lyrics that never get obtrusively specific; singer-guitarist Katrina Leskanich has a voice so big and enthusiastic she could make Barry Manilow's songs sound like Holland-Dozier-Holland. Commercially speaking, what more could you want? So now, Capitol has boosted the sound (drum tracks, especially) on ten of the Waves' songs, which I suppose will help sales, but the songs don't need it. Just deciding which ten to redo must have driven everybody crazy—but it's about time somebody did.

***Duke Ellington and His Orchestra Featuring Paul Gonsalves*** (Fantasy): As part of rock 'n' roll's first generation, I've never been comfortable with the big bands my favorite music displaced. Duke Ellington is America's greatest composer, but I don't listen much more to him than to Beethoven. Because I treasure spontaneity, my tastes in jazz run to bebop—and to albums like this one. Cut in one four-hour 1962 session that caught the leader without any new material and went unreleased until now, these eight Ellington standards—including at least two (*Caravan* and *Take the "A" Train*) almost any American adult will recognize—showcase the work of tenor saxophonist Gonsalves. It goes without saying that Gonsalves shows more sonic and harmonic imagination than such R&B contemporaries (and heroes of my youth) as Lee Allen and Sam "The Man" Taylor. The beauty is that he's not above outhonking them as well.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

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**Luther Vandross / *The Night I Fell in Love*** (Epic): What Sam Cooke was to the early Sixties and Al Green to the early Seventies, Luther Vandross is to right now. He is simply the pre-eminent male vocalist of his era. When Daryl Hall claimed to be the best singer around today, he obviously hadn't yet heard Vandross work through the swirling melodies of Stevie Wonder's *Creepin'* or caress the words of Brenda Russell's classic love song *If Only for One Night* or, finally, glide over the Marvin Gaye–inspired groove of the title cut.

In fact, all four songs on side one communicate a cool passion, a quiet yearning, that make them superb make-out music. Vandross' previous three platinum albums were marred by lapses in song selection and an air of self-conscious virtuosity, with Vandross using long, meandering songs to show off his instrument. On *Night*, he shows fidelity to the melody, pouring his energy into conveying the emotion of the music and not into flashing his technique. The result is a romantic masterpiece on a par with Gaye's *Let's Get It On* and Smokey Robinson's *A Quiet Storm*.

***Alexander O'Neal*** (Tabu): O'Neal, to his chagrin, has played a pivotal role in the recent history of pop music. In 1981, he left a little-known Minneapolis band, Flyte Tyme (later to become Prince's The Time), and the drummer was made front man. Four years and three hit albums later, The Time has disbanded and that drummer, a humorous fellow named Morris Day, is a minor folk hero. O'Neal? Well, after licking his wounds around the Twin Cities, he has finally gotten a shot at the big time, thanks to the hot production team of ex–Time members Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, who are also Prince renegades.

Predictably, much of the album is in the slick funk style Jam and Lewis have successfully used for Thelma Houston, Cheryl Lynn and others. The surprise here is how well O'Neal sings such mellow, mid-tempo tunes as *A Broken Heart Can Mend* and *If You Were Here Tonight*. Like George Benson and Shalamar's Howard Hewett, O'Neal possesses a flexible, upscale sound. Prince may not have liked his chops, but chances are, you will.

**Lee Morgan / *The Rajah*** (Blue Note): The late Lee Morgan was a strong, soulful trumpeter best known for *The Sidewinder*, a funky, muscular instrumental that in 1964 enjoyed a long run on the pop chart. Like those of his contemporaries Kenny Dorham (of the original Jazz Messengers) and Donald Byrd, Morgan's style mixed the harmonic innovations of bebop with a grittier feeling that in the late Fifties was labeled hard pop. This unreleased 1966 session, issued as part of Manhattan


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# FAST TRACKS

**CHOPSTICKS AND HOT LICKS DEPARTMENT:** We hear that The Rolling Stones are working with a Chinese official who is arranging for them to become the second Western rock group to play the People's Republic of China. The Chinese are probably impressed with such Stones songs as *Beast of Burden* and *You Can't Always Get What You Want*. The unnamed official was quoted as saying that even though China doesn't always agree with or admire Western customs, groups can play there if they're "healthy." Hear that, Keith?

**HOW FAR IS FAR ENOUGH? NRBQ,** a band known for its—well—satiric look at the culture, is doing it again: It's exploding Cabbage Patch dolls in concert. When asked what happens to all the destroyed dolls, guitarist **Al Anderson** said, "These are the first Cabbage Patch dolls to receive death certificates. We're opening a cemetery for them. If anyone has a dead Cabbage Patch doll (accidental or not), send it, along with $15, to Box 311, Saugerties, New York 12477. We'll issue a death certificate and give it a decent burial, complete with headstone." And you thought things were weird already.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** The story of the Brill Building in New York, where such Sixties songwriters as **Carole King** and **Neil Diamond** first turned out hits, is being made into a movie. . . . **Ray Manzarek** says he has signed an agreement with concert promoter **Bill Graham,** among others, to bring the life of **Jim Morrison** to the screen at last. "It will be a dramatic re-creation of the life and times of **The Doors,**" says Manzarek, adding, "**John Travolta** is a good guy but not right to play Jim Morrison." . . . **Huey Lewis and the News** are writing and recording two songs for the new **Steven Spielberg** film, *Back to the Future*. . . . **The Eurogliders** have provided the music for the Australian movie *Fast Talking*, which deals with a 15-year-old delinquent who insists that the world conform to his standards. . . . **Talking Heads** are recording the sound track to their next film, *True Stories*, which **David Byrne** will direct.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Other Talking Heads news: **Chris Frantz** and **Tina Weymouth** are working on a third **Tom Tom Club** album. . . . **Elton John** and **Bernie Taupin** are in London collaborating on a musical. . . . **Dave Marsh's** rag, *Rock & Roll Confidential*, recommends **Danny Fields's** *Rock Video* as the best rock magazine on the newsstands today. When one respected rock writer has good words about another, we feel safe in passing the info along to you. If you can't find *Rock Video* at your local 7-Eleven, try going direct: Comics World Corporation, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016. . . . **Hear 'N Aid,** the coalition of heavy-metal groups working to aid African famine relief, will coordinate its effort through **U.S.A. for Africa. Ronnie Dio** wrote the lyrics for and arranged the Hear 'N Aid song, *Stars*, and will produce and record it along with members of **Quiet Riot, Judas Priest, Scorpions, Iron Maiden, Night Ranger, Black Sabbath** and **Spinal Tap,** among others. The B side will be the instrumental version of the song, so that fans can guess who's playing guitar solos. . . . **Diana Ross** has asked **John Taylor** of **Duran Duran** to write some songs for her. . . . If you're in Toronto this summer and want to make a video, there's a company called Create A Video that will let you do it for $35. For that price, you get a recording with instrumental backing and a video cassette of yourself doing the song. . . . Finally, since we always like to leave you with a fast chuckle, here it is: **Teena Marie** says she has written a song inspired by **Janis Joplin** called *I Just Made Love to 25,000 People and I'm Going Home Alone*. Our question is, How will she keep the beat? Well, it's only rock 'n' roll, right?

—BARBARA NELLIS

Records' revival of the legendary jazz label Blue Note, showcases his warm tone. Morgan strolls casually through such compositions as *Davisamba* and *Is That So* with the relaxed support of saxophonist Hank Mobley, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Billy Higgins. The lengthy *A Pilgrim's Funny Farm* gives Morgan plenty of room to interact with Higgins' and Chambers' rhythms. But the real beauty is the ballad *What Now My Love*, as Morgan, with the tenderness of a great singer, fondles this lovely melody. —NELSON GEORGE

## SHORT CUTS

**Cosmetic Featuring Jamaaladeen Tacuma / *So Tranquilizin'*** (Gramavision): Tacuma, an Ornette Coleman protégé, deserves his reputation as the Jimi Hendrix of electric bassists, but here his prodigious talents are wasted. You don't need a Ph.D. in funk to play dance music.

**L. Shankar / *Song for Everyone*** (ECM): Shankar, a classical Indian musician, deserves his reputation as the Jimi Hendrix of electric violinists, but here his prodigious talents are wasted. You don't need a Ph.D. in south Indian music to play pseudo jazz.

**Nina Hagen / *In Ekstasy*** (Columbia): Maybe, just maybe, if somebody held down all the members of Missing Persons and Berlin and fed them some very bad drugs, we just might be lucky enough to get another album as energetically loony as this. Hagen's exuberant synth and guitar rock simultaneously celebrates and sends up her own German heritage, religion, communism, rock trendies, whatever. OK, she often takes the self-parody shtick too far. But, hell, at least you can dance to it.

**Graham Parker and the Shot / *Steady Nerves*** (Elektra): This restores much of the edge missing in Parker's recent work. Still, I'm uneasy. Intensity he's got; but all this squeezing doesn't produce many sparks.

***Suzanne Vega*** (A&M): Got an urban contemporary folkie here who says her music is more "confrontational than escapist." We're talkin' Joni Mitchell by way of Lou Reed; middlebrow Laurie Anderson. Fine. So why'd she hire a bunch of ersatz mystics from Windham Hill to douse her flame in some aural hot tub? Yuppies and angst don't mix.

**The Hooters / *Nervous Night*** (Columbia): This Philly bar band gravitates to the pop end of the Springsteen/Petty axis. (Its members helped Cyndi Lauper write *Time After Time*.) The result is some sparkling Lite rock that's heavy on hooks if not terribly profound.

**Paul Young / *The Secret of Association*** (Columbia): The Brits tout this young fella as the trendiest of their new crop of soul stylists. Problem is, soul ain't about style—it's about character and feeling. Young's beauty seems only skin-deep.

—VIC GARBARINI

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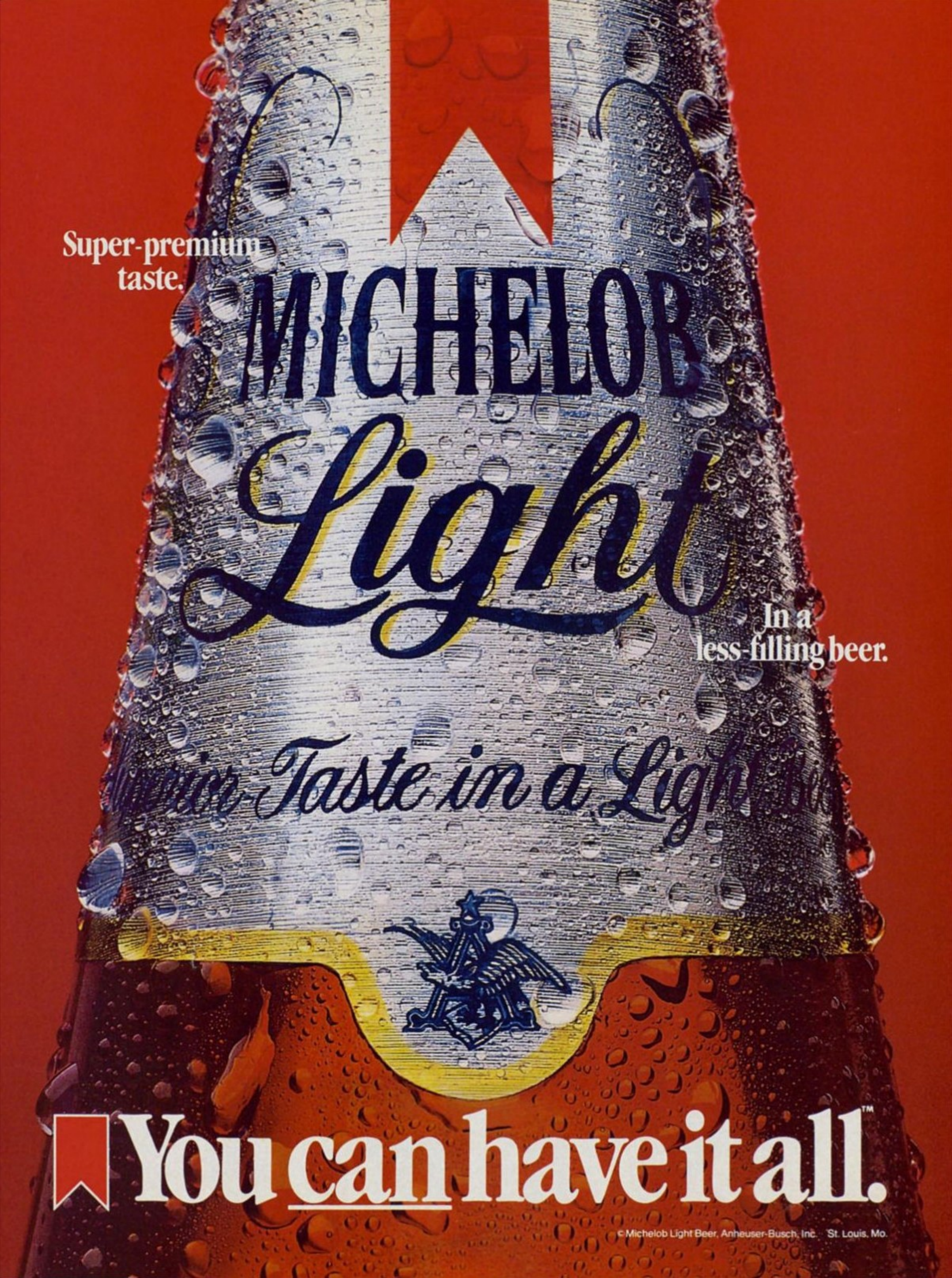
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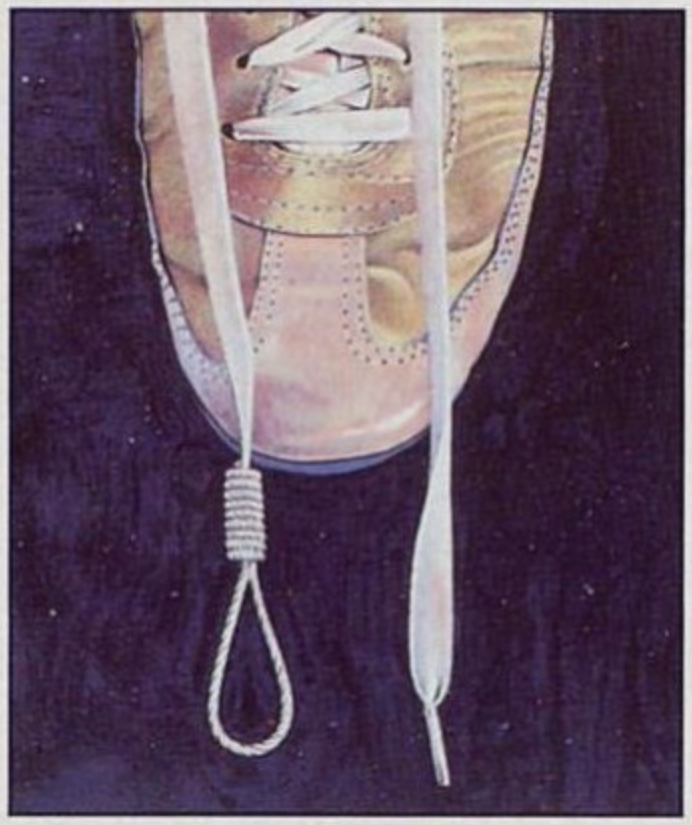
# SPORTS

## By DAN JENKINS



## RUNNING COMMENTARY

It hasn't made much difference—the streets are still swarming with joggers, as far as I can determine—but August fifth marks the one-year anniversary of my favorite incident in all of sports: that moment when Gabriela Andersen-Scheiss, the lady marathoner, stumbled into the Los Angeles Coliseum at the Olympics and did her imitation of every dopehead I ever knew in Austin, Texas, when Austin made Berkeley look like *Swan Lake*.

I'll always be grateful to television for letting me watch her take that lap, wobbling, creeping, staggering, hips out of joint, a finger occasionally pointing at her nose ("Where's my vial?") and then at her head ("Where's my brain?") and just in general making it look like aimless running through the neighborhoods and streets of our nation is the most wonderful experience you can have.

As a devout antijogger, I chuckled quietly as I sat comfortably at home, smoking, drinking, overeating.

My wife came into the room and said, "What are you laughing at?"

"Look," I said, pointing to the television set.

"My God!" she said, horrified. "What is it?"

"A loon trying to finish the women's marathon."

"She's going to die."

"Yes!" I cackled.

My wife stared at Gabriela on TV, then back at me. "You're sick," she said.

"No, *she* is," I said.

I lit a cigarette between bites of a triple-decker meat-loaf sandwich. Light bread, heavy mayo, plenty of salt and pepper.

"This is great," I said as Gabriela hobbled onward. "I hope every jogger in America is watching. By the time she gets to the backstretch, fitness jerks of all ages will be burning their sneakers. The streets will belong to the people again."

"This is terrible," my wife said. "Why is ABC showing this?"

"Public service," I said. "Have we got any ice cream?"

A couple of times, it looked as if Gabriela wouldn't make it.

"Not yet!" I hollered at the TV. "Throw up first, *then* fall!"

But Gabriela Andersen-Scheiss trudged forward—a dead-game kid, as they say. At that point, I called a friend in Austin.

"Are you watching?" I said when he answered.

"I think I was with her last night," he laughed. "How'd she get to L.A.?"

We were both taping it. For this, I would have erased *Casablanca*.

"It looks like she's going to make it to the finish," I commented.

"Yeah, you know why?" said my friend. "The bartender promised her Louie would be there with some really good shit."

We hung up and my wife said she couldn't understand anyone laughing so hard at this spectacle, especially someone whose waist was starting to look like a bean receiving station.

"You don't understand," I said. "You'll be able to get a taxi without having to watch out for thundering herds. You can shop without getting trampled by stockbrokers in warm-ups and earphones."

Gabriela Andersen-Scheiss finished the race and was stretchered away. Announcers spoke of courage, bravery, the sporting heart, the competitive instinct.

"Talk about the news!" I shouted. "Eight million people just threw their jogging shorts into the wastebasket."

But I was wrong. Nut fucks still run and jog, cluttering up the landscape. You can't play golf, tennis or bowl down Fifth Avenue, but you can jog. You can't smoke in most seats on airplanes, but you can put on shorts and a headband and sling body odor on anybody you want to, all in the name of fitness.

Joggers need their own stadium. Somewhere where they can be out of the sight of smokers and drinkers, who also have rights. A place where they can be together, tromping and gasping in their pointless journeys and celebrating their agonizing achievements by eating crisp vegetables and sipping their tasty club sodas and limes. Somewhere in the Australian outback would be my ideal choice, but failing that, I suggest Eugene, Oregon, the running capital of the world. All Eugene needs is a dome and they could sell tickets. You could sit there in comfort, lighting up, and watch nonsmoking vegetarians drop like flies from heart failure.

Of course, Gabriela wasn't the only lady worth remembering from last summer's games. It was an Olympiad that encouraged millions of people to go out and get a household pet, a Mary Lou Retton. Overnight, people traded in their Labrador retrievers for teenaged gymnasts. People who didn't have daughters adopted them. I think for a time Bloomingdale's might have even been selling them.

"I'm sorry, sir, we're all out of Mary Lous, but there's a cute little Commie you might enjoy."

"Does the balance beam come with it?"

"No, I'm afraid that's extra."

"Sounds too expensive. Tell you what, just sell me a pair of tights and I'll go home and hop around on my carpet."

To be honest, I became a big fan of Mary Lou Retton's. She could do everything my Siamese cat could do, and today, as I speak, I hope Mary Lou is making millions endorsing Kitty Litter.

Unhappily, there was a sad moment for all of Mary Lou's admirers when she blew the gold medal in the vault, her best event, on August fifth, only hours after Gabriela came listing into the Coliseum.

I have a journalist friend, Mike Lupica, who was on the scene and may have taken it harder than anyone. Earlier, he had written so many columns about Mary Lou that one more rave would have gotten him arrested for child molesting.

Mary Lou had won the all-round gold and had become America's darling before she was outscored in the vault. I was still watching it on TV when the tragedy occurred, and less than ten minutes later, my phone rang. Lupica was calling from the Pauley Pavilion.

"Here's my lead," Mike said.

"She Gabrielaed," I dictated.

"No," he said. " 'Charming coquette becomes choking midget!' "

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# MEN

## By ASA BABER

You're in your 30s, a professional man with an accelerating career. You're married. You have a couple of young children and a life that appears to be successful. You own your own home—well, the bank owns it, but your name is on the door—and the patterns of your daily life are meaningful to you. On weekends, you barbecue in the back yard, talk with your neighbors, watch baseball on TV, take the kids to the park, trim the hedge and cut the lawn. Home is often where your heart is.

That is especially true when you think about your children. You love them without reservation. You know that love had never been defined in your life until your kids came along. They upped life's ante.

But deep in your heart, you know there is a fault line down the center of your being. You dress well, you behave maturely at work, you put on a good pose, but you know you're flawed. Your restlessness goads you. "Is this all there is to life?" you ask yourself. "Am I stuck in this rut forever?" You feel guilty that you can ask such a question. "Be happy, you dumb bastard," you scold yourself, "or you'll ruin more lives than your own."

You hate to admit it, but you and your wife have grown bored with each other. The fault line trembles, the earthquake occurs. Maybe you crack first, maybe she does, but whatever it is—infidelity, emotional cruelty, financial madness—the marriage falls apart like a doll left out in the rain. You are thrown onto a roller coaster of emotions, and as the depositions and court calls and lawyers' fees sweep over you, there are moments you'd rather be dead than put your children through the pain of divorce. I can't live with my wife and I can't live without my kids, you think. The double bind tears at you.

One of your biggest decisions will be whether or not to conduct an all-out custody fight. This much you should know: If your children are young and if your wife wants them, the odds are heavily in her favor that she will get them. How heavily? We're talking something like 95 times out of 100. The courts are reluctant to take young children away from their mothers. It's called the tender-years doctrine. Most divorced fathers have heard of it.

Like a wounded bear, you sit in court and watch the judge award custody of the children to your ex-wife. You get visitation rights: a weekend or two a month, a few weeks in the summer, special holidays

## CUSTODY IS A STATE OF MIND

sometimes. "Visitation rights?" you ask yourself. "These are my kids, too. How can I be told I'm just a visitor?" But a visitor is what you are under the law, and a *paying* visitor at that. Child support has been demanded of you, possibly alimony, certainly a change in financial status.

Most men who've been through it will tell you that nothing hurts like the loss of child custody. The state steps in and takes your children away from you. It is, somehow, a very totalitarian moment.

What follows is some advice about how to handle that situation. Believe it or not, there's life after custody loss. With planning and effort, you can stay in touch with your children. Custody, you will learn, is much more a state of mind than a condition of the law. Your kids intuitively know that. They are waiting to see whether or not you know it, too.

Five rules for the divorced father:

1. *Always pay child support.* It is not easy to send money to an ex-wife who just got the gold mine when you got the shaft. But both legally and psychologically, it is self-defeating to skip out on your child-support payments. Skipping out deprives your children of certain necessities. It tarnishes your case in future custody action. Worst of all, it hurts you in your own eyes.

2. *Fulfill visitation rights.* If your ex-wife is vengeful, this will be a difficult chore. She will do her best to make visitation appear to be a toy that can be played with. Dates will be changed, appointments broken, last-minute crises invented. Put up with as much as you can and, if necessary, go back to court to settle her hash and reclaim your rights. But don't give up and don't avoid seeing your children. Even with the most cooperative ex-wife in the world, visitation will still be a chore. Your children will be adjusting to their new lives, and it's probable that they'll test your patience. What they are really testing is whether or not you still love them. You prove that by being with them whenever you can. It's as simple as that.

3. *Don't talk about the divorce.* During visitation, as you and your children try to get to know one another again, it will be tempting to focus on the divorce as the favorite topic of conversation. Don't do it—not even when the kids ask about it. The question "Why did you and Mommy get divorced?" is answered by "There were a lot of reasons, but they don't affect you and me. I never divorced you guys and I never will." That's what your children really want to know. If your ex-wife has filled them with her side of the story, your children will sometimes sound like Munchkins for the Prosecution, but it's your job *not* to go into a detailed defense.

4. *Don't overindulge your children.* This means that when your three-year-old points at a red Mercedes and says, "Daddy, me want!" you don't buy it. Not even if the kid cries. Not even if his mother bought a blue one as she cleaned out your joint checking account. Kids have a wonderful and greedy sense of the world, and they will prod you for all they can get. But secretly, they want you to have limits. Because that's how they learn limits.

5. *Like it or not, you're a role model, so try to be a good one.* Imitation is more than flattery—it's the essence of learning. Your actions and lifestyle and values will be observed and absorbed by your children, so it's your job to set the example. Kick yourself in the butt and clean up your life and stand tall for your kids as a man who has lived through divorce and come out in good shape. Who knows? Your kids may even come back to live with you one day. Mine did. A solid remarriage helped. So did the understanding that no judge, court, ex-wife or force could separate me from my two sons. I never gave up custody in my head. And my reward for that was total.

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

# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I keep looking at him, at the elegant curve of his jaw, the luxurious curling of his black lashes framing sea-foam eyes, the sensuous yet chiseled mouth, the perfect teeth, the flawless cheekbones, the long, lean body. And it keeps occurring to me that I am a nitwit. Any girl who could even consider giving up this man has to be a fool.

"Honey," said my friend Loretta, looking at his picture, "this is not a man who should be cast into the cold without a lot of major forethought."

Makes you think about beauty. I don't, normally. The man I was in love with before Mr. Stunning bore a close resemblance to a poached egg. My husband had a nose like a banana. My son only accidentally happens to resemble a Greek god.

When Mr. Adorable moved in with me two years ago, I was fairly innocent.

"He's really quite cute," I said to my friends. "In fact, my first thought upon seeing him was, Fuck off, you arrogant asshole; you're probably gay anyway, and even if you're not gay, you've got to be conceited and spoiled, being so handsome. Naturally, I didn't voice that sentiment aloud."

"Naturally not," all my friends said. "When can we get a look at this Adonis?"

They looked. They touched. Some of them said, "Oh, my God, let me know if you ever get sick of him!"

Others said, "Are you sure he's not gay?" One actually went so far as to make a pass at him and is, needless to say, no longer my friend.

I was living, I discovered, with a sex object. People started treating me differently with my delicious bauble of a man hanging from my arm. Headwaiters snapped to attention. The dry cleaner started remembering me. Acquaintances had a new, wary gleam in their eyes—a gleam that, if it could speak, would say, "We respect you more now, but don't begin to think we like you any better."

Having Mr. Magnificent at my side, I came to notice, was better than wearing a $150,000 lynx cape. It was as if I owned the Hope diamond.

Mr. Alluring, however, was not having such a good time. Somehow, it rankled when co-workers sidled up and asked, *sotto voce*, "Where did you find him?" Sometimes they even called him "it," as in "It's very beautiful; how big is its dick?"

"How can they talk about me that way? Makes me feel like a prize show dog,"

## LOOKING AT MR. GOODFACE

Mr. Pretty would grumble—though there were also times when I would watch him become plantlike, soaking up attention as if it were life-giving moisture, his leaves turning sleek and green and his blossoms just dying to be cross-fertilized. He basked, he preened, he glowed. These were the moments when I ached to stick my fingers into his eyes—even though, if I were he, I would have done the same.

Beauty is a brilliant attention getter, but it is also a notorious scam.

I'm kind of cute myself. Awful thighs, teeth you could drive a Harley-Davidson through, but not unpleasant. Not in Mr. Captivating's class, of course, but on a good day I can look rather fetching.

To achieve "rather fetching," I really have to work. I must blow-dry my hair (red-tinted to enhance my complexion) with my head hanging upside down. I must pluck each stray eyebrow hair. I must encase my legs in shiny, black, ankle-enhancing stockings. I must choose my clothes with the cunning of a military strategist to avoid appearing top-heavy, bottom-heavy or pinheaded.

Sometimes I rebel and let my eyebrows grow bushy and wear the same pair of baggy jeans and the same frayed sweat shirt for two weeks running, until I resemble nothing so much as a middle-aged Scottish woman who breeds Pekingese dogs. But I always snap back eventually. The need to become a sex object overtakes me.

I want men to notice me. I want them to admire my chic appearance. I want them to desire me. My feeling has always been that men are singularly attracted by physical appearance, that an ugly but interesting man will do far better than an ugly but interesting woman. Because men have hair-trigger eyes. They can be aroused by the purely visual. They can bring themselves to orgasm by simply looking at a photograph of a naked girl (see centerfold). Women, trust me, can't do this. The most blatant, in my experience, are gay men. Here is a sample conversation between me and my friend Harry, who's looking for a new fellow:

ME: Why don't you call Dave for a date?

HARRY: Dave's a brunet! I like blonds.

ME: How about Stuart?

HARRY: Stuart's old! He must be 35. And he's taller than I am.

ME: But so are you 35. And so what if he's taller?

HARRY: I need someone small and soft and cute and young. Someone bunnylike.

ME: Why, that's . . . that's . . . sexist!

HARRY: No, it's not; it's *lookist*. I'm a confirmed lookist.

ME: But you're being so objectifying! You're the predator, the subject, and for sex you want a . . . a *thing*. You haven't once mentioned personality.

HARRY: That's the way men are.

Yes, that's the way men are, but my experience with Mr. Exquisite is evidence that that's also the way women are. Everything is wrong, we haven't been getting along for months, but I am loath to let Mr. Beautiful out of my sight.

Which leads me to the conclusion, as almost everything does these days, that civilization is wending its way inexorably toward disaster. We are living in a cynical time, without values, without hope. We worship form without content; Victoria Principal means a lot to us; Jane Fonda tells us to go for the burn.

It's not that we are a civilization of morons but that we are all feeling progressively more helpless and insecure. Something attractive by our sides or in our beds makes us feel worth while, almost as if we had money in the bank.

This whole train of thought has made me despondent. I think I'll leave this empty, glittering life of mine behind. Maybe move to Scotland. Breed dogs or something.

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# AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

There's a sort of low moan that goes up periodically from the English departments at colleges and universities across the country over the fact that most students, even the good ones, can't write a lick—not a love letter or a suicide note, much less an essay or a term paper. It's nothing new, but according to the teachers who have to read this crap for a living, the further we get into the computer era the worse it's becoming. So at places like Harvard and Yale and Brown, they're holding faculty conferences to hash the problem through; they're designing bonehead writing courses and setting up special peer-group tutoring programs in an all-out, last-ditch effort to ensure that their graduates will at least be able to fill out applications for day labor without embarrassing themselves.

They haven't gone so far as to suggest that a student be required to write, say, one short coherent paragraph in order to graduate, but there are signs that they're getting a little desperate. For one thing, they're hiring more and more writers, and I don't mean just the cocktail-party lions of big fiction, either. They're actually cleaning out the mop closets to make office space for journalists and other freelance grubs who have spent most of their careers below decks, sweating and wiping the greasy pipes in the engine room of the profession.

Somehow, I haven't been asked. I am qualified, though: at it almost 20 years with nothing to show except a world-class alcohol/tobacco habit, debt that follows me like a huge pet rat and a small, used Olivetti with a leatherette case. Credentials, in other words. And I know some things about writing that others are not likely to tell you; ugly things. I think I could cram most of them into the first lecture, which, given the size of the problem, would probably have to be held in a fairly large room. If I did it right, though—if I were honest with my students—I think we could most likely hold the second class in a Datsun and get everybody in comfortably.

So picture me now, walking across the quad in my uniform—torn bathrobe, bolo tie, blown-out L. L. Bean boating mocs—smelling like a ripe field of Cannabis, making little Italian hand signals to the Jordache and Calvin coeds, then gripping the lectern and looking out into the small

## BONEHEAD WRITING

bay of faces that are waiting for me to teach them about writing.

"Good morning, children, and brace yourselves. This is Writing One-A. I wanted to subtitle it 'Writing for those who still sign their name with an X,' but the administration said, 'No, these kids aren't stupid or uneducated, just writing-impaired.' I love that. Makes you sound like Helen Keller at the pump, waiting for a miracle. It's not entirely your fault, though; I know that. There isn't one in a thousand teachers who knows the first damn thing about writing. All your lives, they've been reducing it to widgets and screws, clauses and semicolons for you, till what you think you're working with is a dainty sort of parlor art, something like embroidery.

"The truth is that writing is a blood sport, a walk in the garden of agony every time out, which is why those who are any good at it look older than their contemporaries, snap at children on the street, live alone. Like me.

"So you can pretty much forget the polite approach to writing in here. What I'm going to show you this semester is that you don't have what it takes to write well. You never did and you never will. In fact, you probably ought to think of this class as one of those wilderness-survival courses that are popular these days. Except that instead of taking you out in a happy little group and encouraging you to face trouble and danger as a team, I want you to imagine that you're going to be hustled into deep woods at midnight, trussed up, beaten senseless and left to die. If you do make it back to camp, we'll give you a nice T-shirt that says, I SURVIVED THE DOWNWARD BOUND SCHOOL OF WRITING, you'll be rebeaten, then dragged to a less benign part of the forest.

"And if you think that metaphor exaggerates what's ahead of you, take a look at this. Don't turn away, you wormy little cowards. This is your enemy: a perfectly empty sheet of paper. *Nothing* will ever happen here except what you make happen. If you are stupid, what happens will be like a signed confession of that fact. If you are unfunny, a humorless patch of words will grow here. If you lack imagination, your reader will know you immediately and forever as the slug you are. Or let me put it to you this way—and you may want to tattoo this somewhere on your bodies—BLANK PAPER IS GOD'S WAY OF TELLING US THAT IT'S NOT SO EASY TO BE GOD.

"But I'm not here to give you just the good news this morning, so let's get right to the ugliest of today's ironies. I'm stealing your money. I couldn't teach you how to write if I wanted to, if *you* wanted me to. Everybody who ever learned this wretched craft taught himself, and he did it despite the lettered fools who got into the process here and there, because writing is not, first, the gathering up and stringing together of words. Writing is *thinking*, which means that every time you sit down to it, you get another chance to find out just how perceptive you *aren't*. To come up with one simple, interesting or funny thought on anything is the hardest, dirtiest shoveling any of us ever has to do, and no one can teach you how to do it.

"There is one trick I can give you, however; a way for you to seem smarter and more clever than you really are. All you have to do is spend 40 or 50 hours working up an idea, a sentence, that looks when you've written it as if it took 90 seconds to make. You don't have to tell anyone how long you were alone in your own weak mind, floundering and whining—that it took you eight full days to write a dopey little 900-word column.

"But—and this is what I'd like you to ask yourselves before our next meeting—why in hell would anybody want to learn to do that?"

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I are working on our third year of a beautiful marriage. There's only one problem: She does not give me head unless I ask her to, and then sometimes she refuses. Before we were married, she initiated oral sex as if it were something she craved, but now it's a forgotten urge, no matter how desirable I make my body smell, taste and feel. I've asked her several times if it's just me, or did she not like to give head to her previous lovers? She told me that she usually gave head the first few times to impress her lovers but soon quit on them, too. How do I get her to *really* like it? Half of the turn-on is having your lover do her thing of her own volition.—C. D., Seattle, Washington.

*You've got to put an idea into her head. Tell her what you told us: that enthusiasm and spontaneity are incredible turn-ons. When she does perform head, be vocal in your appreciation. Thrash about. Pull the hair from your head. Maybe she will get excited by a sense of power. Tell her what works, when it works. Maybe she will get turned on by her own expertise. Tell her that the process of impressing a partner doesn't end with reciting the wedding vows. The purpose of making love is to give each other pleasure. It makes sense to give each other the form of pleasure each enjoys.*

Within the next few months, I'm going to have to break down and buy a new car, but I dread the thought of trudging around looking and fending off avaricious salesmen. Any tips on streamlining the process?—G. N., Washington, D.C.

*Would you cut corners shopping for a house? Think about it. A new car is the second biggest investment most people make, and making payments on an expensive mistake for several years is not our idea of fun. Car shopping can be fun, however, if you approach it with the right attitude and method. First, leave yourself plenty of time; don't put it off until your old sled dies and leaves you desperate. Second, do your homework: Buy some magazines and buyers' guides, clip ads and articles on cars that interest you, read up, take notes. Seek advice from knowledgeable friends and relatives. Decide what kind of car you want. (Don't laugh. A lot of people walk in thinking sports car and drive home in a wagon.) Think about the accessories you want on it and how much you're willing to spend. Make a list of likely makes and dealers who sell them, plus several copies of a check list of options and features. Nothing settles down a pushy salesperson faster than a prospect who's prepared. Third, set aside a few hours and go shopping. Take a good look at each potential candidate, inside and out. Ask questions. Collect information, prices and literature. Make it clear that you're a serious buyer but not buying today. Don't bother test-driving on the first visit, and don't take your checkbook. That way, you'll be less likely to make an impulse buy. Fourth, go home and digest what you've learned. Eliminate models that don't have the features you want, don't fit your needs, image or lifestyle or are out of your financial reach. Fifth, armed with your shortened list and check lists, go back for test drives—which should be conducted as you normally drive and on the types of roads you normally travel. (If a test-drive request is refused, take your business elsewhere. No drive, no sale.) Adjust the seat and steering, put on the seat belt, check out the features, try all the controls. Make sure your stuff will fit in the trunk and your likely passengers in the back seat. Sixth, go home, go over your notes, check lists and literature and think on it again. Seventh, hurry back and buy the one you can't resist. And rest assured that you've made the right choice.*

I am 49 years old and average in about every way. My wife and I had a fairly good sex life until about four years ago. I loved to perform cunnilingus and other special things on her, though she would never do the same to me. Then she lost all interest in sex. If I grabbed a breast, it hurt; if I touched her anywhere else, she was sore. Finally, I gave up. About two years ago, while I was having a drink in a club, a fairly good-looking lady came in and sat next to me. I had noticed her around town before but had never spoken with her. We had a few drinks and were carrying on small talk when she began to tell me how sexually frustrated she was. After many drinks and a long talk, we agreed to a meeting at a motel in a town some miles away. Before we went to our room, she told me she had had only one climax in her life. After she and I engaged in extensive foreplay, I performed cunnilingus on her. She had one of the most shattering climaxes I had ever witnessed. Her first words were, "All these years, I have been missing this!" That day, we had four straight hours of the most stimulating sex either of us had ever had. She sucked and stimulated my nipples so that it felt almost as good as a climax. She performed fellatio on me several times. We both had so many climaxes we were exhausted. We have been meeting at least twice a month since then. Now she wants to meet weekly and to have her tubes tied, as she had to have an abortion her husband does not know about. She thinks that I can pose as her husband to sign the papers to have this done. I say no. Impossible. What do you say?—K. D., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*We say no. Impossible. If she wants the operation, she will find a doctor who will perform it without involving another person. Consciously or not, she may be asking you for more of a commitment than you may be prepared to make.*

I live in the Dayton, Ohio, area, where there is a bar/restaurant called T.G.I.F., or Fridays, that serves an ice-cream drink called Strawberry Shortcake. I have also had this drink at the Brown Derby in Dayton and in Columbus. I would like to know how to make it and whether or not the ingredients are readily available.—L. R. F., New Carlisle, Ohio.

*A representative of the Fridays restaurant in Dayton was gracious enough to supply us with the ingredients of its Strawberry Shortcake drink. However, you will have to experiment to find the proportions that most closely approximate your taste experience. In a blender, combine vanilla extract, vanilla ice cream, amaretto, frozen strawberries and crushed ice.* Bon appétit!

Both my wife and I are 36 years old and surgically sterile. (We already have two children.) For the past three or four years, we'd been having group sex with a couple we know, who are in their early 40s, and I loved it. By group sex, I mean that the four of us would swap partners for oral and sexual intercourse. Sometimes the ladies would get each other off while we watched. But for the past six months or so, there's been nothing happening. I talked with the wives about it, and it seems they both suddenly got religiously moral. I'm sure I can change my wife's morals. Recently, we met a younger couple (25 to 30 years old). The man is about my build, but his wife is something else: a real beauty,

approximately five feet tall, long dark hair, excellent figure, though somewhat small in the breasts. The first time I saw her, I wanted to screw her. We plan to invite them over for supper sometime in the near future. How would you suggest I tell them I'd like to have a get-together with them—a sexual one? I was thinking about asking the husband privately if he'd be interested and have him check with his wife and then get back to me. What do you think? Should I tell him we're both sterile so there's no need to worry about accidents? We'll be waiting for your reply.—R. Z., Hamilton, Michigan.

*Since you've successfully established these relationships in the past, why don't you repeat whatever worked for you before? Wasn't there a clue from the earlier couple that helped things along? Inviting your new acquaintances over for dinner and drinks would be a reasonable place to start, but you may want to spend several evenings getting to know one another better before making inquiries. By then, you may have gained insight into their levels of interest. While you're at it, you might inquire further as to your wife's true feelings about swinging.*

I am thinking of adding something to my stereo system to get a little more performance from it. Everyone I ask, though, tells me to add something different: a graphic equalizer, a dynamic-range expander, an image enhancer, a time-delay ambience device and who knows what else. I am not about to convert my living room into a recording studio, and I have neither the budget nor the inclination to get involved with so many different kinds of accessories. Of the various devices available, which one will most improve my stereo sound?—P. N., Oakland, California.

*The graphic equalizer. The other units can titillate your stereo perception in varying degrees and for limited periods of time, and their effectiveness varies with the program material. A graphic equalizer can introduce into a stereo system a lasting and meaningful improvement that will prove effective on all program material. It is, to begin with, the only sure way to match your speakers to your listening room. It does so by tailoring the response by individual bands of frequencies that you can adjust upward or downward to account for such acoustic anomalies as standing waves, hot spots, dead spots, and so on. It can correct discrepancies in source material, pickups and amplifiers. It also allows you to sharpen the aural focus, when desired, on specific tonal elements of a musical program. Conventional tone controls cannot come near to performing those chores.*

*There's one hitch, however. Because of its enormous capability, an equalizer can easily be misadjusted so that it ends up being a costly toy rather than a useful audio tool. No one denies your right to play with an adult toy, but to get the most benefit acoustically from an equalizer, you should set its numerous controls by some yardstick. The best at this state of the art is a real-time analyzer (R.T.A.) used in conjunction with a pink-noise generator. The R.T.A. shows at a glance the complete system response; the pink-noise generator provides accurate test tones for making the measurements. Still accurate but less handy than the R.T.A. would be a sound-level meter; least accurate in this regard is your own hearing. As for test tones, you can get them from a test record, but the generator is more reliable.*

*Combination units that provide the equalizer with the R.T.A. and the pink-noise generator in one handy format are beginning to come onto the market—prices hover near the $1000 mark. Lower-priced equalizers also can be bought, of course, but you then have to obtain the measuring and signal-test devices separately.*

I have some questions that have been perplexing me for quite some time. Why is it that whenever I watch a simulated rape take place on television or in a movie, I get an erection? Does this reaction indicate that I am a potential rapist and should have my head examined, or does it occur in every normal and healthy male? (Am I, indeed, normal?) Similarly, I would also like to know if women experience some form of excitement while watching a man get sexually molested by women or other men.—M. D., Newark, New Jersey.

*Many people are aroused by things they see or fantasize about, but that does not mean they wish to live out or experience those fantasies. (See "Hot Secrets" on page 72.) A recent study suggests that a sizable minority of men are aroused by images of forcible sex. Perhaps the concept of female submission appeals to you. Many women are turned on by the rape scenes in romantic fiction. They can identify with the image of helplessness or the notion that the heroine is so attractive that she drives a man to break the law in order to satisfy his lust. Whatever, we are dealing with fantasy, not behavior. Power is one element of sex. There are others. Unless this is the only way you are aroused, you don't have a problem. Rape fantasies are normal for both sexes. The reality is something different. It is an act of violence, not sex.*

I am 30 years old, and for the past three years, I have been dating a woman who is 39. Prior to the start of our relationship, she was married to a man who for years abused her emotionally as well as physically. Having repeatedly been told by her former husband that she was sexually inadequate, she was extremely unsure of her ability to please a man, especially in the bedroom. My impression of her has been just the opposite: Sexually, she is very loving and enthusiastic. I have reassured her in every way I can just how great sex is with her, and slowly she has regained much of her confidence. Twice in the past year, during oral sex, I have failed to reach orgasm after more than 30 to 40 minutes of stimulation, though I have maintained an erection. On both occasions, I had had at least two orgasms in the previous hour. Nevertheless, she has become very upset and feels that perhaps her ex-husband was right. I have patiently tried to explain that my penis is less sensitive after a couple of orgasms and that this in no way indicates that she is at fault. I have also stressed that most men require varying amounts of stimulation at different times, and most (myself included) worry more about coming too quickly. In spite of my assurances, she has at times felt like a failure. I am at a loss as to how to convince this woman that these incidents are in no way indicative of any inadequacy on her part, and I would appreciate any advice you could give me.—S. T., Dallas, Texas.

*We think you've taken the right track. A man doesn't have to reach orgasm every time he has an erection. Turning sex into a test will quickly take the fun out of it. Be patient, and hand out a lot of hugs. Affection is as good a cure for insecurity as incredible sex.*

Here are some questions of interest to millions of young men. Is masturbation dangerous for the human body? Can it damage the brain or heart? Can I masturbate daily or weekly? What is your opinion about masturbation for boys aged 15 to 18 and men aged 25 to 45?—G. P., New York, New York.

*Masturbation is a perfectly normal function at all ages. It is nature's way of teaching eye-hand coordination. No accurate statistics are available, of course, but it's been estimated that 90 to 95 percent of all men and perhaps 85 percent or more of all women masturbate or have done so. There is no evidence that masturbation is dangerous to a normal and healthy person. As for frequency, that depends on the individual. For many men, daily—or twice daily—masturbation puts no real strain on the body, while others may feel far less need or desire. As long as you don't experience discomfort and your normal sexual functioning with a partner doesn't suffer, chances are your rate isn't excessive. If there is a danger to masturbation, it's that it tends to condition a man to ejaculate quickly, which can cause problems when he's with a woman and wants to prolong her pleasure. Otherwise, most taboos and fears about the subject simply aren't valid.*

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

# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

**Under what circumstances would you be receptive to a stranger's pass?**

I need to be introduced. I'm not old enough to go into bars and there aren't that many bars where I'd be interested in meeting anyone. Everyone would come up and try to get lucky. Working with someone would be a good way to meet. But the best way is to have a friend who knows me say, "I have this great person for you to meet. You'll like him." Then we'll go to dinner or out dancing in a group. Sometimes I meet guys at the grocery store. I collect their phone numbers. I don't give mine out. My favorite section of the market is where they sell the yogurt-covered almonds. In the back, by the fruits and nuts—really!

Penny Baker

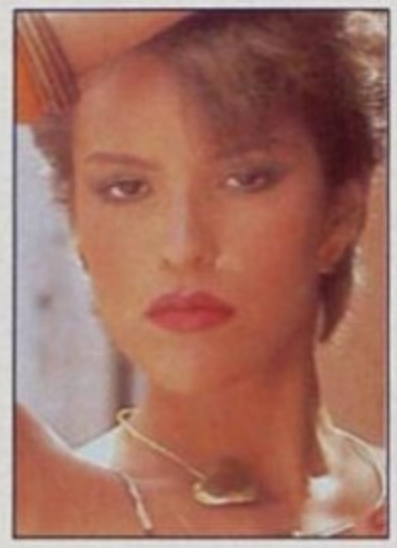
PENNY BAKER
JANUARY 1984

I don't hang out in bars, but I do get approached a lot in the grocery store. Strangers will come up to me, start talking, want to know my name and stalk me patiently for a couple of aisles. Usually, they go for the kill in the vegetable section. The market is an erotic stomping ground. I can go in looking like I died or looking like a million and I get hit on just the same. Sometimes I'm even recognized—once by a really well-known photographer who walked up to me and said, "Aren't you Lorraine Michaels?" I got a photo session out of that encounter.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I feel most comfortable when a stranger approaches me when I'm out with my girlfriends. Safety in numbers, you know. If I'm out with my friends, I'm usually having a great time and I'm in a good mood, so I'm open to people just walking up to me. I don't really like being approached when I'm by myself, shopping or walking along the street. That makes me feel apprehensive. My favorite approach is the one I least expect, like standing in line for popcorn at the movies. I'll take a man's phone number, but I'll never give him mine until I've had a chance to get to know him. I learned this through experience. Especially since becoming a Playmate, I have to be a lot more private about my number so I won't be sorry.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

Probably in a restaurant. After I've sat there for an hour or so and have had a drink, I've had enough time to look at a guy across the room and make eye contact. That is probably the easiest and most comfortable way for a guy to come up and introduce himself to me. Bars are out, and so are supermarkets. *Sushi* bars are good; they're very friendly and I like to feed everyone. You know how it goes: "Here, have you tried this?" or "Have a piece of mine." I once met a gorgeous young ballet dancer in a restaurant. We're still friends. Another good time to meet men is when I'm working out. There are always cute guys with great bodies in my ballet classes.

Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

Don't come on to me in a bar or a night club. In those places, I'm usually with my girlfriends or a date, and I'm not interested in the meat-market atmosphere, anyway. I like the unexpected meeting, at the market or shopping. It takes a lot of courage for a man to approach a woman he doesn't know, and I give men a lot of credit for doing that in a nice way. I met a really nice guy at the market once. We bumped into each other over the corn flakes. He didn't try to look down my blouse when he said hello. He was just friendly. I could tell he wasn't the type to try to jump me in the parking lot.

Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

Don't bother me in a restaurant when I'm with my friends and I have a mouthful of food. I hate that. A club is all right, because it has a built-in social atmosphere and I'm not feeling any pressure there. If someone comes up to me in a club and I don't want to talk to him, I can get lost in the crowd. Or I can say, "Thanks but no thanks," and drift off. If I do want to talk, I can stop for a while. The grocery store's no good. Usually I've got my sweats on and have pulled my hair back in a ponytail. Nobody would want to talk to me when I looked like that.

Kimberly McArthur

KIMBERLY MCARTHUR
JANUARY 1982

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

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

**MOTHER WATCHERS**

Although Timothy R. Higgins has some good ideas ("Mandatory Motherhood," *The Playboy Forum*, May), I don't think he goes far enough.

If the U.S. were to make it a law that every female should have intercourse with as many males as possible to ensure that every possible child be born, the U.S. should also pass a law protecting those children. So I propose a second law to go along with the one that he proposes: Require every female to go in for monthly pregnancy tests. That way, if one does become pregnant, it will be in the record and any attempt to stop that child from being born would then be murder. In fact, a lawyer should be assigned to the unborn infant the minute it is discovered, to protect its rights—and a second person to watch the mother's diet, making sure she stays away from junk food and doesn't smoke, drink or use drugs.

Such laws would have many side benefits. Imagine all the jobs that would be created by monthly testing, not to mention all the lawyers and mother watchers who would be required. That should drop the unemployment rate and decrease welfare, which would go a long way (along with increased revenue) to decreasing the national deficit. Then President Reagan can cut our taxes even more.

Anthony Caggiano
Rochester, New York

An excellent letter, Higgins, but for prolifers to really move forward with a loud bang-bang, their noise should be heard in Africa and China. I submit the following addition to the subject.

In Africa, they have the right idea, and we should follow their example of freedom of life in bed, or on the couch, or in the kitchen. The natives now know that when they get too carried away, pro-lifers will set up more relief organizations, thus putting thousands of unemployed adults to work producing computerized letters and licking stamps. However, they should consider a United Way type of fund just for Africa. This way, all begs could be put in one ask it.

The smart politicians in China should consult Jerry Falwell at once about their population-control program. He'll smile and tell them that pro-lifers in the U.S. are making rules for all nations of the world now and that a control program is illegal. He will also explain that his way is not only best but a whole lot more fun, and when food/clothing/shelter become a problem, not to worry, because U.S. prolifers will simply start lots of urgent fund drives, with national TV spots.

Citizens of China and Africa should recognize the rights of human sperm and eggs by showing proper concern and respect.

Dallas Croom
Asheboro, North Carolina

*We must report a generally negative reader response to Higgins' proposal that women be compelled by law to have sexual intercourse constantly on the ground that failure to do so would be denying life to the unborn.*

*"The natives now know that when they get too carried away, pro-lifers will set up more relief organizations."*

**DADDY TAX**

As you may know, one of the 1984 tax-reform changes takes effect in 1985.

Beginning in 1985, the income-tax exemption for a child of divorced parents will automatically go to the *custodial* parent. The only exceptions occur if either the exemption was specifically given to a noncustodial parent in a court order effective *prior* to December 31, 1984, or the custodial parent signs a waiver for the exemption.

There has been very little publicity regarding this change and its ramifications. No one knows what attitude insurance companies will take regarding medical coverage for these children, who will no longer be dependents of the noncustodial parent. If affected people don't learn about this law until tax time *next* year, they may wind up owing the Government quite a bit of money.

I feel that this law is very unjust and am trying, through Fathers for Equal Rights, to see it overturned.

I hope you inform your readers about this change. The more publicity it receives, the more likely it is that something can be done to correct the inequities of the law.

Bill Coleman
Westland, Michigan

**LIBERAL BIAS**

In reading a recent *Playboy Forum*, I became more convinced than ever of the truth of the aphorism "Freedom of the press belongs to him who owns one." Does PLAYBOY have an editorial policy favoring liberal letters, vaguely balanced by a few semicoherent letters from Neanderthal conservatives?

The First Amendment provides for freedom of speech in clear and unequivocal language—the freer, the better. While you are under no equal-time requirements, a journal purporting to present political and social analysis does itself harm to the extent it precludes, a priori, entire segments of opinions. This is not true, of course, if you are a journal of propaganda and not of rational debate.

Ralph W. Anderson
Seattle, Washington

*Why is it that when we do get a thoughtful, articulate, well-written letter of disagreement, it has to weigh in at more than 800 words? Here we can excerpt Anderson's comments on one issue that bothers us, too, and can respond only that the preponderance of "liberal" letters in "The Playboy Forum" probably reflects the fact that our readers tend to be liberal on social issues. Sometimes we even hold a letter that supports our editorial position on some subject in the hope that we will receive others disputing it. Be assured that we consider letters from dissenters, when we hear from them (and when they are not too long-winded), the best way to keep the "Forum" interesting.*

**MORE OR LESS**

In his letter in the April *Playboy Forum* attempting to show that conservatives seek

more rather than less Government regulation, George Maeda proceeds from false assumptions. Even if we accept his agenda (one selected to prove his point), his proposition fails; Maeda confuses regulation with prohibitions. Conservatives don't want abortion, prostitution and marijuana regulated; they want them outlawed. Would he say that the state "regulates" armed robbery?

Maeda also contends that conservatives seek more regulation of adult entertainment, while liberals seek less. Here his lack of precision renders this view almost meaningless. I have no objection to men's magazines, but Jerry Falwell and many members of some feminist organizations may. Which is the conservative and which is the liberal?

Contrary to Maeda's concluding statement, one need not be a simpleton nor a libertarian to adhere to a general principle of Government noninvolvement; one need only hold the well-founded and abundantly proved view that Government regulation more often than not results in expensive mismanagement and waste.

Clayton Le Sage
New Berlin, Wisconsin

**BELTS OR BAGS**

I see that the safety Nazis' latest ploy to save us all is laws requiring the use of seat belts in cars. Even as a regular belt user, I resent this sort of creeping Big Brotherism. If I want to take my chances, that should be my right.

Ham Mederer
Carbondale, Illinois

New Jersey was the second state in the nation to pass a mandatory-seat-belt-use law, which took effect on March first, and Illinois is wrestling with one now. As a writer to the trade, who therefore must remain anonymous, I suggest that your readers inform themselves on the politics of this issue, which are not what they seem.

New Jersey's legislators went out of their way to make that state's law weak and essentially unenforceable. They limited the fine to $20 (below the $25 minimum specified by the U.S. Department of Transportation) and added that motorists could not be stopped for noncompliance. The only way you can be ticketed for not using belts is by being pulled over for some other offense.

The legislators purposely weakened this law, I understand, at the urging of lobbyists from certain insurance companies and safety organizations. Why? Because they didn't want to let auto makers weasel out of the Federal passive-restraint rule requiring air bags or automatic belts in all cars by 1989.

Apparently, these insurance companies and safety advocates are so concerned about the public's safety that they're willing to sacrifice thousands of citizens (whom a stronger belt law might save) in the short term in order to prove that belt laws won't work. That way, they figure, they'll get mandatory air bags in the long run.

As a former auto engineer, I know for a fact that air bags are not the simple, inexpensive, foolproof safety panacea that their champions would have us believe they are. Without buckled belts, in fact, they're not very effective in the most dangerous types of accidents.

It should be understood that the optional air bag (like those offered by Mercedes-Benz) would provide additional protection over and above that afforded by standard three-point belts. But we are currently witnessing a conspiracy to trade the very effective and well-proved belts for a complex, expensive and probably less effective system that will be mandated on the failure of belt-use laws.

I suggest that PLAYBOY readers find out where their insurance companies stand on air bags and how much of their premium money is being spent for lobbying to defeat effective belt laws. Then let them place their future policies accordingly.

(Name withheld by request)
Belle Mead, New Jersey

## BUCKLING UNDER

*Three of the letters on this page raise interesting points concerning seat belts and air bags, but anything mandatory, like anything forbidden, always gives us pause. Seat-belt-use laws are no exception. Certainly, the use of belts would save thousands of lives and prevent thousands of serious injuries, but whether or not the government should require them as a matter of law is a question that poses problems for a magazine that espouses libertarian principles. You can bet that we took this problem straight to Doctor Naismith, our consulting philosopher, who writes as follows:*

If your reader is correct and the mandatory-seat-belt laws are, in fact, calculated to fail so that we end up with mandatory air bags anyhow, we have governmental coercion either way you look at it. This lets us invoke what I call the Doctrine of Lesser Evils, meaning we go with the seat-belt laws and just make sure they're enforceable.

If you think about it, air bags are bullshit: They afford only an instant's protection in only a front-end collision—and one that may go on happening long after the air bag has sagged like an old man's scrotum. They could turn little rear-enders into big stack-ups, as any freeway driver might guess; and they would reduce seat-belt use even more.

Those safety boys probably wouldn't have come up with air bags in the first place if brick-wall crashes hadn't been so easy to photograph and do calculations on. Tell 'em to use some common sense and come back when their bags can protect people in tail-gaters, side-ons, roll-overs and the combinations of those that make up most bad wrecks.

As I'm sure many PLAYBOY readers have noticed, the personal rights of freethinking, self-determining individuals have been under increasing assault by the Reverend Ronald Reagan and his omniscient supporters. It's wonderful how they're getting Big Government off the people's backs. One recent case in point is their call—blackmail—for mandatory state seat-belt laws. As they so righteously point out, if you, in a burst of negligent hedonism, fail to buckle up before smashing into something, it is society that subsidizes your needless and excessive medical expenses by way of the miracle of insurance.

This rationale lends itself handily to a variety of related social issues. For instance, why does the government let citizens build houses on fragile coastal sites when the inlanders will be paying for the reconstruction after mother nature inevitably wipes them out? Why let consenting adults consume alcohol and Federally subsidized tobacco when medical science tells us they are health- and life-threatening toxins? How many needless medical bills can be linked to their use? And mandatory motorcycle helmets? Irrelevant: The mere act of riding a motorcycle substantially increases one's risk of injury. For society's sake, take the motorcycles off the road! Mandatory helmets in automobiles would probably save even more insurance dollars.

Statistics also indicate that obesity impairs health and reduces our life span. When will Congress wake up and legislate diets for the portly so the thin are not financially penalized? Food confiscated from the overweight could be sent abroad to prolong lives instead of shortening them. And what about sun tanning? Solar radiation causes irreversible, carcinogenic damage to the skin. Why should the pale help pay down the road so sun worshipers can look healthy now? I could go on, but it's high time these critical issues were summarily regulated by our duly elected pseudo representatives. We armchair philosophers have plenty of other matters to worry about.

Steven Cothrel
Wooster, Ohio

*At the same time, we hate to see people put through the inconvenience of a windshield. Check out the box at left.*

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY**

In response to the letter "Nukes on Wheels" (*The Playboy Forum*, March), I have to ask the author: How many potential terrorists are driving those same highways with you? If these trucks are marked

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### YOUNG LOVE

MIAMI BEACH—*Local police and state prosecutors are blaming one another for overreacting in the arrests of a 12-year-old boy and his ten-year-old girlfriend for going home after school and having sex with each other. The flap started when the*

*girl confessed to her interrogative mother that the hickey on her neck had been incurred during lovemaking at the boy's home. He was picked up and charged with sexual battery and she with lewd and lascivious behavior. That consensual sex between the two grade-schoolers would result in serious criminal charges threw the community into an uproar and eventually led to dismissal of the cases.*

### NOT HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

BALLINGER, TEXAS—*A state district judge has denied a prisoner's request for a court order forbidding the man's wife to have sex with anyone else, especially his brother, while he serves his seven-year term for burglary. Explaining that the legislature had not given him a large enough staff to police the behavior of the wife and the brother, who the inmate claimed were living together, the judge said such an order would be unenforceable.*

### DAMAGED GOODS

BRADENTON, FLORIDA—*Lawyers for both sides have settled for an undisclosed amount in a suit alleging that the plaintiff's girlfriend bit off part of his tongue, chewed it, "laughed at him and said that no other woman would now want him but the defendant." Court records quote her as saying that she and her boyfriend, a 38-year-old building contractor, were "engaged in mutual combat with respect to our tongues" and that he had "purposefully placed his tongue" in her mouth and therefore "assumed risk," a legal point that now remains undecided in the absence of a trial.*

### LOCKED IN THE CLOSET

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*By a vote of six to two, the U.S. Supreme Court has rejected the appeal of a Yellow Springs, Ohio, high school vocational-guidance counselor who was fired after revealing to colleagues that she was bisexual. The decision let stand an appellate ruling that acknowledgment of an unpopular sexual preference can be used as basis for dismissal without violating a person's constitutional rights to equal protection and free speech.*

### TENDER TRAP

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY—*The Fayette County prosecutor has refused to press charges against Lexington police for the dubious tactic of using a 14-year-old boy as a decoy in a crackdown on street prostitution. Investigators reportedly listened as the youngster performed oral sex on an attorney and later used the tapes to convict the man of sodomy and of having "unlawful transactions" with a minor. Responding to criticism of the police, the prosecutor insisted that undercover officers had committed no crime and that "as far as I'm concerned, the matter is closed."*

### PROBATION VIOLATION

DADE CITY, FLORIDA—*A 22-year-old woman has been sentenced to three years in prison for defying a circuit-court judge's order not to have any more children for 15 years after her son died of neglect. She had received probation after pleading guilty to murder and child abuse in that case in 1982 and was found to have violated the terms of her probation by moving out of state to bear another child in 1983.*

### NEW RAPE TEST

*Three medical researchers at the University of California report the development of a new and more accurate test to verify the presence of semen and therefore the occurrence of sexual intercourse in cases where rape is alleged. Writing in* The New England Journal of Medicine, *Dr. Howard Graves of the university's School of Public Health says that he and two colleagues have found a protein called p30 that is unique to semen and therefore reduces the number of false-negative or inconclusive results that occur with present testing methods.*

### SEX IN THE DARK

*American teenagers become pregnant, give birth and have abortions much more often than do adolescents in other industrialized countries, according to a study released by The Alan Guttmacher Institute and reported in its journal,* Family Planning Perspectives. *The authors of the study found that the lowest rates of teenage pregnancy were in countries that had liberal attitudes toward sex but easily accessible contraceptive services and comprehensive programs in sex education.*

### DELAYED REACTION

MIAMI—*Police are looking for a woman who shot her husband in 1959, causing him to die 26 years later. At the time of the shooting, the man underwent surgery that saved his life, and he declined to press charges against his wife, from whom he was later divorced. Now the Dade County chief deputy medical examiner has declared that his death, in 1985, was caused by scar tissue from the operation and that "this type of complication is a reasonable and foreseeable consequence of gunshot wounds in the abdomen." Authorities said that prosecution of the woman was not likely at this late date but that the case could not be closed without their going through a few formalities.*

### SHE WHO LAUGHS LAST

ALTON, ILLINOIS—*A woman who died in 1983 bequeathed her dresses and accessories, but nothing else from her $82,000 estate, to her transvestite ex-husband. The*



*woman's attorney said that the rest of the estate went to her children and grandchildren and that the clothing bequest was her "last laugh."*

to show that they contain radioactive material, what's to stop some crazy bastards from using the helpful information from Nukewatch to organize an ambush on an overpass and blow the hell out of one of them?

I agree that this is a very delicate situation, but let's face reality: This is the nuclear age, and this material will be shipped. Is it not safer to have these vehicles unmarked than to put a bull's-eye on them?

Considering the amount being shipped, I believe the Department of Energy has done everything possible to eliminate human error. I-85 is still intact, even though a couple of shipments passed over it just last year.

If you or Nukewatch has a better way to get this material from here to there, I'm sure the Department of Energy would be happy to listen.

Supply new ideas, not nightmares.

Jim Perkins
Charlotte, North Carolina

**PRAYER IN SCHOOL**

I was surprised and delighted to see a letter ("Prayers and Pagans") in the April *Forum* addressing not only mandatory school prayer but also paganism.

I am both the father of a beautiful four-year-old daughter and a pagan priest. As a priest, I have studied the medieval witch-hunts, and it is scary to see how much they resemble the tactics of the New Right. The issue of mandatory school prayer in a country whose Constitution guarantees freedom of religion must be very much like what our pagan forebears faced as the gentry to whom they had sworn their fealty insisted that they accept Christianity, eventually killing those who would not comply, all in Christ's name.

My one consolation is that it's not just us this time, or even the Buddhists, Hindus and other religious people who aren't thrilled with the idea of their children's being forced to pray to a God they don't believe in. I read recently that a Moral Majority leader, the Reverend Dr. Bailey Smith, stated, "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew." A mighty man, the Reverend Smith, to know what God Almighty hears.

That the Moral Majority is neither, and that we of the nonmoral rest of the world might have effectively opposed such issues as mandatory school prayer, may someday become as moot a point as religious freedom was for the 9,000,000 who died at the hands of Christ's medieval representatives.

(Name withheld by request)
Staten Island, New York

I became appalled after reading "Prayers and Pagans" in the April *Playboy Forum*. The letter writer is an ideal example of a double-minded person, at one point disclaiming any intention of criticizing the Christian faith, yet by the end of the letter condemning the faith by suggesting that Christians keep to themselves.

One of the foremost reasons behind the Administration's pushing for prayer in school is to prevent alienation from our Creator's Word. Alienation from God inevitably will lead to more shallow-minded, selfish attitudes such as those presented to us by the pagan. We definitely need prayers back in the classroom!

Markus D'Angelo
Sacramento, California

*Or, judging by your letter, Logic 101 in our churches.*

**AIDS AND JUSTICE**

On a recent telecast of *The 700 Club*, Pat Robertson gleefully announced that 100 percent of all male homosexuals in America will have contracted AIDS by 1987 and will be dead by 1990. Also on the show was a phony psychologist who denounced male homosexuals as evil, bad and nasty perverts; he went on to state that any male homosexual who contracts AIDS must be made to feel a terrible amount of fear, guilt and shame.

Out of what filthy hole do these bigots crawl? A few years ago, a handful of rich, white heterosexuals contracted a mysterious disease and died at a hotel in

# THE BLACK WALL

**By Michael Delp**

I have not been to the Black Wall in Washington, but I am told, by articles and photographs, that there are sizable contingents of men who lurk and literally live there at the monument. I have seen pictures of them in worn fatigues, touching the wall, leaning into it as though somewhere in their fingers they might bring the life back to a name blasted into the rock. Apparently, there are flowers left continuously, men sitting under the stars, through wind and rain, seemingly lost in the silence created by this black V in the earth.

For some unknown but compelling reason, the V sticks in my mind like an arrow. I am drawn to it and repelled at the same time. I remember in the Fifties, I stood at the Marine Corps War Memorial, even had a large postcard of it in my room. I thought then that the country meant what I saw in the muscles of those men trying to shove the colors into the sky.

Tonight, at the V, I am certain men sit or mill around. Some touch the wall, speaking in low tones, and if the strength of pure emotion could bring men back from the dead, they soon would all be standing there, by the thousands, funneling into the wide mouth of the V at the first light of morning.

But all that is a dream. Men don't come back from the dead. I know there are names on the wall I would recognize—boys who were late for class or who carried frogs to school, football players, poor kids who didn't have the money to slip into college, boys who made a choice for their country. No, I am not moved by guilt but by the wish, though that is not a strong enough word, that all of us might carry the image of the wall in our heads and do honor to the dead each day by seeking out the very peace that rests in each one of us. What the dark V must remind us of each day is that the posturings of Presidents can swing the national fist into the belly of virtually any small country—inviting one more Black Wall.

I am reminded now that they fought for peace and that Benjamin Franklin once wrote that "there never was a good war or a bad peace" and that right now, we are sending arms and men all over the world in the name of peace and that our President wants to move war into the heavens and it all is moving closer. So I sense the feeling of a man who sits alone at night, huddled into the intersection of two long black pieces of stone, and how he must dream to the roar of some 50,000 men speaking from the grave, each voice distinct, a brother, son, father.

And I am reminded that the V moves down into the earth or rises from it, depending on how you look at it.

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*Michael Delp is director of creative writing at the Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan. The illustration is a poster designed by Sidney Smith and available from The Idea Factory, Alexandria, Virginia 22305.*

Philadelphia. Immediately, a crash program was begun, giving top priority to finding the cause of, and the cure for, Legionnaires' disease within a very short time.

But AIDS, first detected in 1978, has killed thousands of men, women and children. Yet, because it was first noticed in gay males, this mysterious disease has been ignored. Sure, a few drug companies are looking at it, but there is no real effort—most certainly not the kind of crash program, given top priority, that we need—to find the cause or the cure. So thousands of men, women and children—regardless of their sexual orientation—continue to contract AIDS and continue to die. Don't they deserve our help, rather than shame and guilt?

Henry H. Smith
Mexico, Missouri

*We've never thought that guilt and shame were good prescriptions for any disease, be it AIDS, herpes or the common cold. But don't be too hard on those preachers who confuse medicine and moralizing—after all, they're not well people.*

### SMART IS DUMB?

As the controversy continues over whether or not to ban beer and wine commercials from radio and TV, it seems to me that this is one of the rare circumstances where liberals and conservatives agree: A merchant selling a legal product should have the right to advertise that product. Both sides disagree with SMART (Stop Marketing Alcohol on Radio and Television), which favors a ban of all such commercials.

But if we ban alcohol advertisements, why not ban commercials for cars? After all, when driven recklessly, they are a menace to society. If we lay the blame on the alcohol industry, why not also lay it at the doorstep of the people who manufacture and advertise automobiles?

Not only is such an idea unfair, it won't work. The fact is that sales of cigarettes, cocaine and marijuana flourish in this country even though those substances are not advertised on radio and TV.

I'm glad that both sides agree that taking any commercials off the air threatens our basic freedoms, freedoms that built this country.

Wilma Jean Goettel
Las Vegas, Nevada

Part of the new *ad hoc* Prohibition, which often goes under the guise of anti-drunk-driving campaigns, is to restrict not the sale of alcohol but the merchandising of it, as befits the age of advertising. In Texas, as in some other states, it is now illegal for bars to sell two-for-one drinks during happy hour or any other hour. The theory is that getting two drinks for the price of a single encourages people to sit around and get drunk before the ice melts.

Maybe, but bars are still free to mix doubles (and, presumably, triples) for the price of singles or to get around the Unhappy Hour Rule in various other ways. People don't drink because they get cheaper drinks; they drink because they want to, and they pay whatever it costs. Banning two-for-ones just passes along higher costs to the consumer, who is already paying a 100–300 percent markup. If the ban reduces highway carnage later and can be proved to do so, I'll eat a jar of pickled onions. Two jars.

Hud Whittenberg
Dallas, Texas

*Bars are also free to serve half-price drinks, if that's what it takes to draw customers. We've always thought that the two-for-one policy took unfair advantage of the American bar patron's reluctance to waste liquor when there are millions of people in the world sober.*

## PAY AS YOU PLAY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—April 1, 1987—In an early-morning Rose Garden news conference, President Reagan and Defense Secretary Caspar W. Weinberger today announced the sale to Home Box Office, Inc., of all present and future rights to broadcast footage of the so-called Star Wars space-based defense systems.

The contract grants HBO exclusive permission to broadcast missile-killer-test footage and, in the event of war, actual combat footage relayed from the front lines by noncombatant TV satellites. In return, HBO will contribute to the Defense Department 49 percent of all Star Wars subscriber revenue, which Pentagon officials estimate could run as high as $87 billion the first year. "At last we have an opportunity to implement a completely self-financing military program, and have a little fun while we're at it," rejoiced a high-ranking member of the Reagan Administration.

As he signed the historic document, President Reagan said, "This union of a strong American defense with the entrepreneurial spirit of the private sector represents the fulfillment of our free-market principles. What's good for HBO is good for America."

Defense Secretary Weinberger added, "We need bigger weapons, better weapons and more weapons to fuel the economy and eliminate the national debt."

HBO released a statement saying, "The mock battles the Pentagon plans to test the satellite-killing lasers are really the ultimate video game, and we are investigating the possibilities of using 1-900 numbers to let viewers participate from the comfort of their own living rooms." —LAURIE KALMANSON

### GIVE THE BOY AN A

As a second-year law student at Boston College, I have taken a class in communications law. The task of writing a major thesis exploring the subjects of obscenity and sexism fell to me in the early days of this semester. A copy of that essay is enclosed for several reasons, upon which I will elucidate at this time.

1. I *know* that you will enjoy the work so much that you will want to commence serialization and publication immediately upon issuing a sizable check to the humble author. To that end, I have already shopped around for a suitable bike on which to further demonstrate sheer confidence by pulling wheelies at 85 mph inside video arcades (see Gary A. Taubes' *The Fine Art of Cocksurety*, PLAYBOY, February).

2. I must orally present this material in class, and I am *confident* that you will want to respond to it in print or by mail.

3. I defended, justified and quoted from PLAYBOY and included three PLAYBOY articles in an appendix (my gratitude for the benefit of your wisdom may be assumed).

4. I *boldly* intimated that Hugh Hefner may actually be furthering the continued existence of our species through the dedicated publication of his magazine and other works, and I *know* he will want to avail himself of the infallible logic upon which that conclusion is based (see my interpretation of Desmond Morris' views as espoused in *The Naked Ape*).

5. PLAYBOY's Legal Department will likely want to use several of the original insights and interpretations developed in the essay.

At the very least, I feel *sure* that you will find a few chuckles and te-hees and at least one guffaw amid the otherwise serious legal analysis and will want to demonstrate your appreciation in the form of a complimentary renewal of my subscription, which recently lapsed owing to the severe financial burdens of a legal education compounded by an inability to solicit adequate funds from various financial-aid sources or to attain gainful employment (read: broke and lazy).

Kerry Barnsley
Boston, Massachusetts

*We probably will not commence serialization immediately, so you'd better hold off on the bike; and while we can't give you a free subscription without setting a troublesome precedent, we can certainly give you an A for content, style and research. Maybe it will be reward enough that you are the first scholar/writer to have his covering letter published and his fine paper regrettably rejected (for length and the usual complicated editorial reasons) in "The Playboy Forum."*

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

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FIDEL CASTRO

## *a candid conversation about reagan, revolution, dictators, drugs, debt and personal life with cuba's communist leader—and washington's nemesis*

*Few world leaders, living or dead, have occupied history's center stage as long as Fidel Castro, the Cuban* caudillo, *whose words and deeds have irritated or enraged seven American Presidents and whose Revolution, in 1959, electrified the world. The political history of the years since is well known, so we thought we'd use this space to tell you just how this extraordinary "Interview" came about.*

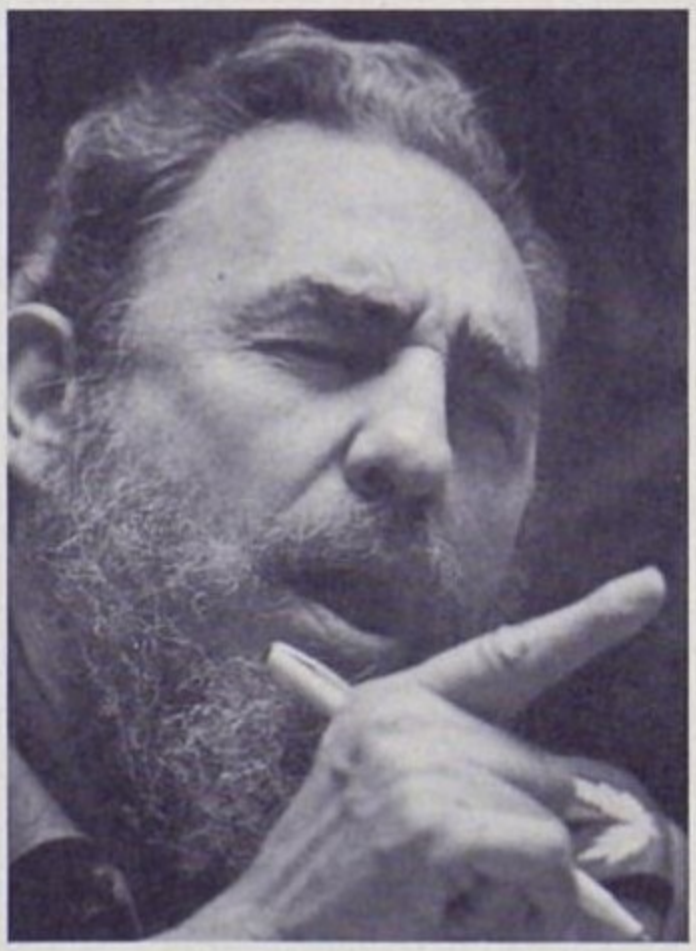
*For the past two decades, with rare exceptions, the 58-year-old Castro has kept the press at arm's length. (One exception was* PLAYBOY*'s own first "Interview" with him, in 1967, in which he discussed the early days of the Revolution and the 1962 missile crisis.) But times change, and Castro clearly believes that the time has come to launch a new dialog with the American public. And herein lies the rub: Although Castro's talkativeness is legendary, after sifting through the transcripts of the most extensive interview Castro has granted, it is difficult to imagine anyone engaging in a true back-and-forth dialog with him. It isn't that he doesn't listen to other viewpoints—he does and, though dogmatic about his political beliefs, he seems genuinely curious about everything—but that his answers are long and repetitive, complicating the usual process of editing the spoken word for the printed page. Those film clips of his five-hour speeches to stadiums full of people are not exaggerated: Even in a less formal interview setting, answers are ten, 15, 20 minutes long, and follow-ups become academic. He waves away interruptions as his answers pile on one another. So we want to let our readers know that even though this "Interview" with Castro may well be the most faithfully rendered ever, it has undergone extensive cutting as well as interruptions to break up the text.*

*The questioners themselves are an unusual team, since the interviews were conducted by free-lance writer and political-science professor* **Dr. Jeffrey M. Elliot** *and U.S. Representative* **Mervyn M. Dymally** *(who also holds a Ph.D.), a member of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs and the president of the Caribbean-American Research Institute. Because of these credentials, and because of the tradition of* PLAYBOY*'s "Interviews," Castro sat for what he called the longest and most far-reaching interview ever with a North American journalist. Ten days after Elliot and Dymally returned, Kirby Jones, an expert on Cuba and a co-author of a 1975 book on Castro published by Playboy Press, raised several additional topics with the Cuban leader that were incorporated into the "Interview." Jones was in Havana to assist with the filming of a documentary for Public Broadcasting Corporation/WNET, produced by Carol Polakoff and Suzanne Bauman and directed by Jim Burroughs, to be aired on PBS this fall.*

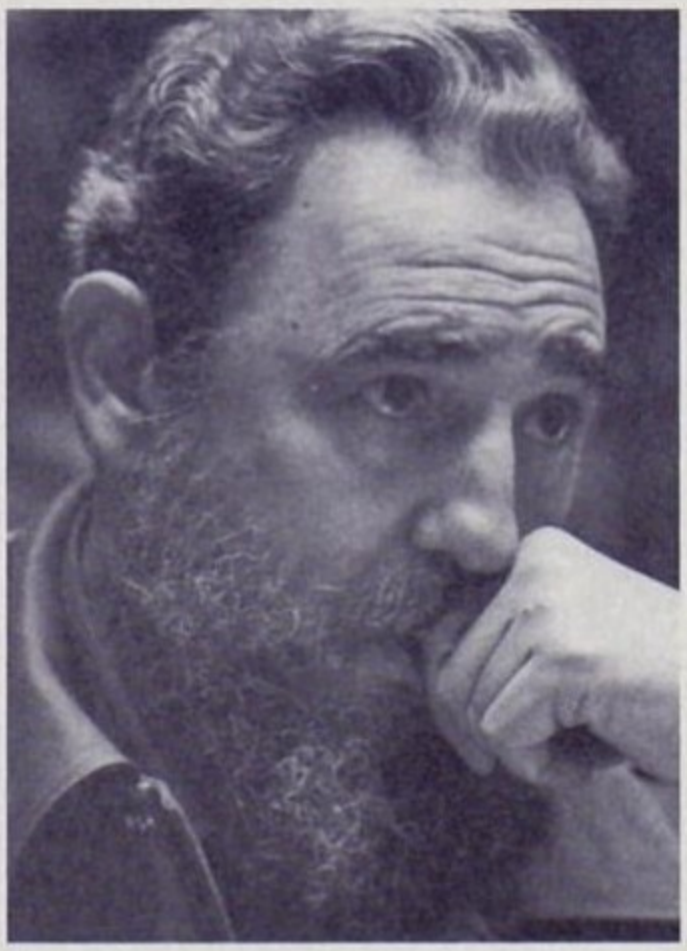
*The intense interest that Castro took in the* PLAYBOY *project may be unusual in scope, but reporters agree that he is no less committed when he engages in other enterprises, bringing his considerable charm and energy to bear on anything he gets caught up in. This is part of the enigma of the man, of course: The leader who can passionately talk about his Marxist beliefs, scathingly criticize U.S. society and rationalize away Soviet aggression can also admit, as he does in this "Interview," that he missed the funeral of Soviet leader Chernenko because—in so many words—he had pulled two all-nighters in a row.*

*All-night sessions were also on the minds of Dr. Elliot and Representative Dymally upon their return to the U.S., when they filed this report:*

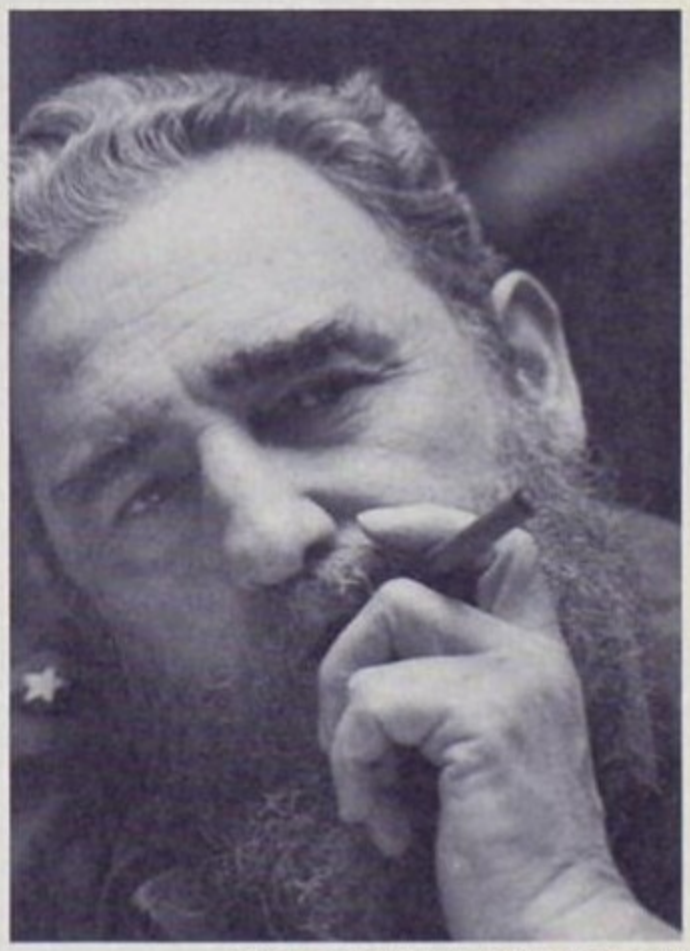
*"Few interviews could have been as bumpy in the making as our eight-day marathon with Fidel Castro. It's no wonder that a Sixties documentary about a film crew's frustration over a promised-but-not-delivered interview with him was titled 'Waiting for Fidel.' Castro's acquiescence to our request for an interview was preceded by two earlier meetings with Dymally. In June 1984, Dymally accompanied*



*"Twenty years ago, the worst things were said in the U.S. about China. Now even Reagan has visited the Great Wall. Why? Now there are two types of Communists—the good and the bad. We are the bad Communists."*



*"When Cortes and Pizarro and the conquistadors reached this continent, they treated the Indians in the same manner that the U.S. treats Latin America—including bartering trinkets for gold. I notice it, I feel it."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GIANFRANCO GORGONI

*"The Reagan Administration wants to exterminate every last revolutionary. It's as if they want to teach an unforgettable lesson so that no one else in Central or Latin America will ever again think of rebelling."*

*the Reverend Jesse Jackson—then a presidential candidate—to Cuba. As a result of his meeting with them, Castro offered to release 27 Cuban political prisoners and 22 Americans who had been arrested for illegally crossing into Cuban waters or for engaging in drug trafficking. In December 1984, Dymally again traveled to Cuba, that time on a humanitarian mission on behalf of two constituents in order to help reunite their families. It was on that trip that Dymally proposed an in-depth interview, to which Castro agreed. Dymally then proposed a March 21 date, to which Castro also agreed.*

*"That was the last simple thing that happened. On the appointed day, Elliot, Dymally, technician Kenneth Orduna (the Congressman's chief of staff) and photographer Gianfranco Gorgoni met in Miami and flew to Havana in a twin-engine Cessna.*

*"Upon landing, we were met by two guards, protocol officer Armando Amieba and Alfredo Ramírez, the minister of exterior relations. We were offered lime daiquiris while our papers were processed. We had been instructed by Cuban officials not to arrive prior to 10:30 A.M. After that, we assumed that we would go directly to the Presidential Palace for the interview. Our plan was to spend three days in Cuba.*

*"Upon arriving at the hotel, we were told to wait in our suite and that we would receive a call when the president was ready. We assumed, with wondrous optimism, that we would receive an early call and then begin the interview. Ten hours later, sitting in our hotel rooms, we had yet to receive the call. We finally were told that the interview would begin the next day. Here is a kind of journal of what happened next:*

*"Saturday. We awaken at seven A.M., expecting an early call. After all, we're scheduled to leave Havana on Sunday evening. We hover again by the telephone, waiting anxiously for the call. Afraid to leave the hotel, for fear we'll miss the call. At 11 A.M., Amieba informs us that the session will not begin until after one P.M. and that they have scheduled a tour of old Havana. After sightseeing in the company of Havana mayor Oscar Fernandez Mell—a comrade and close friend of Ché Guevara's—we eagerly return to the hotel in anticipation of the call. Again, we wait. At seven P.M., Ramírez appears. He informs us that the president will see us later that evening but not for the interview: It will be a get-acquainted session. Ramírez says a driver will come for us at eight P.M. We're skeptical and start a betting pool as to what hour the driver will actually arrive. The telephone rings at 11 P.M. Castro is ready!*

*"We are sped to the Presidential Palace. As we enter, we are met by an armed guard. He stops us and clears us for entry. The door opens and there is Fidel Castro.*

*"He is a tall man, lean and fit, dressed in his usual military garb, boots highly polished. His eyes are piercing. He greets us warmly and asks us to be seated. Through an interpreter (this session and the entire 'Interview' are conducted in Spanish), he raises a series of questions about the project. We respond. He listens attentively. Following our presentation, Castro rises, then sits and proceeds to lecture us for nearly an hour on the shortcomings of the media, chiding U.S. journalists by name for their lack of knowledge and integrity. Calming down, he asks us to explain the project again. We do. Half an hour later, Castro rises, waves his hands and tells us that he will do the interview—but on Sunday, the next day. We leave the Presidential Palace at four A.M., buoyant and confident.*

*"Sunday. After a few hours' sleep, we arise, eat breakfast and are met by Amieba. We are informed that the interview will not begin until late afternoon; would we like to explore Havana a bit more? Yes. An hour later, we are driven back to the hotel. We are told that Ramírez would like us to meet him by the pool. We arrive shortly before he does. Ramírez then tells us that the president has been up most of the night, that he is extremely tired but that he hopes to see us late in the afternoon or the early evening. We politely stress the time pressures weighing on us: For one thing, Dymally must be in Washington on Tuesday to vote on the MX missile. We return to our suite and begin yet another wait. The betting pool grows larger. Hours pass—and no call. We begin to worry. Dymally has to fly out on Tuesday morning.*

After exhaustive conversations, Fidel Castro took a box of cigars (above) from his desk and inscribed it to PLAYBOY. The message reads, "To [Executive Editor] Barry Golson with thanks in advance for the publication of the interview. I declare amnesty for [interviewers] Dymally and Elliot after the pressures, tortures and abuses they have submitted me to these days. I wish success to all of you—and for myself, a little peace. Fidel Castro, Havana, Cuba."

*"Monday. We eat breakfast early. The food is becoming monotonous—we dine every day in one of two hotel restaurants, so we won't be far from our phones. We are anxious and nervous. We stay that way all day. This is the low point of the trip. At seven P.M., Dr. José Miyar (referred to as Chomy), Castro's closest advisor, arrives. He is accompanied by Ramírez and interpreter Juanita Ortega. They offer their apologies on behalf of the president, informing us that he has been extremely busy—that he worked through the morning. However, they assure us that he will see us later that evening—but only for a photo session. He is too tired to do the interview. Finally, the call comes at 11 P.M. and we are sped to the Presidential Palace.*

*"We are escorted into Castro's office. He is talkative and begins yet another long discourse, which meanders to the origin of his beard. He tells us that while they were in the Sierra Maestra Mountains, he and his comrades took to growing beards because there was little need or time to shave, then kept them as practical symbols: If Batista's forces had tried to infiltrate, they would not have had time to grow beards and would have been spotted. Castro then calculates, to the minute—with pen and paper—how much time was saved by their not shaving.*

*"The formal 'Interview' begins and our spirits are high. But after that first session, Dymally makes his plane trip to Washington and gets to cast his vote just in time—against the MX—and returns the next day to more delays. By now, the pool of one-dollar bets has grown to a size that would probably get us expelled from Cuba.*

*"Thursday. The 'Interview' resumes, and this time we keep our momentum. One night, we tape from ten P.M. until four A.M., with a tired Castro reviving as the hours pass. Armed with his favorite Cuban cigar, a Cohiba, and a glass of Chivas Regal, he speaks in a precise, didactic manner, treating each question as if it were the only one. He struggles not to be misunderstood and builds his responses brick by brick by brick. When the session ends, Castro is exhausted—and so are we.*

*"Friday. We sleep until ten A.M. Although we have made Herculean progress, we're not finished. Castro wants to get to all our questions, regardless of the time it takes. It has been eight days. We wait for the call. Just 11 hours later, the phone rings. Castro is attentive, effervescent. We tape until four A.M.—another seven hours. At last, we are finished. Twenty-five hours on tape. We express our appreciation; he expresses his. As we depart, he extends his hand, withdraws it and tells us that he has thought of one additional point he wishes to make—so it's back to the table, where Castro adds an afterthought to an earlier answer. Despite the hour, he appears energized and poised. We are wrecks. Our charter flight is scheduled to leave within the hour. This time, we say farewell—for real—and return to our separate worlds."*

**PLAYBOY:** People know Fidel Castro the public figure, but few know the man. We'll be taking up many issues, but let's begin, Mr. President, with some personal questions. After 26 years at the center of controversy and history, what still motivates Fidel Castro?

**CASTRO:** That's a very difficult question. Let me start by stating the things that do *not* motivate me: Money does not motivate me; material goods do not motivate me. Likewise, the lust for glory, fame and prestige does not motivate me. I really think that ideas motivate me. Ideas, convictions

are what spur a man to struggle in the first place. When you are truly devoted to an idea, you feel more convinced and more committed with each passing year. I think that personal selflessness grows; the spirit of sacrifice grows; you gradually relinquish personal pride, vanity . . . all those elements that in one way or another exist in all men.

If you do not guard against those vanities, if you let yourself become conceited or think that you are irreplaceable or indispensable, you can become infatuated with all of that—the riches, the glory. I've been on guard against those things; maybe I have developed a philosophy on man's relative importance, on the relative value of individuals, the conviction that it is not the individual but the people who make history, the idea that I can't lay claim to the merits of an entire people. A phrase by José Martí left in me a deep and unforgettable impression: "All the glory of the world fits into a kernel of corn."

**PLAYBOY:** Then you don't think certain men are destined for personal greatness? It's a matter of time and circumstance?

**CASTRO:** Yes. Very much so. Let me give you some examples. If Lincoln had lived today, he might be a simple farmer in the United States, and nobody would have heard of him. It was the times in which he lived, the society in which he lived, that made a Lincoln possible. If George Washington had been born 50 years after independence, he might have been unknown, and the same holds true if he had lived 50 years earlier. Lenin, with all his extraordinary abilities, might have been an unknown, too, if he had been born at another time.

Take my case, for example. If I hadn't been able to learn how to read and write, what role would I have played in the history of my country, in the Revolution? Where I was born, out of hundreds of kids, my brothers and sisters and I were the only ones who had a chance to study beyond the first few grades. How many more people were there, among those hundreds of kids, with the same or better qualities for doing what I did if they'd been given the opportunity to study?

One of the 100 best poems in the Spanish language tells of how often genius lies dormant in one's innermost soul, awaiting a voice that will call out, "Arise and walk!" This is true; I believe this deeply. This is why I believe that the qualities required for being a leader aren't exceptional; they are to be found among the people.

Why am I saying this? Because I've noticed, especially in the West, a great tendency to associate historical events with individuals; it's the old theory that men make history. There is also a tendency in the West to see the leader of any Third World country as a chieftain; there's a certain stereotype: Leader equals chieftain. From that, there is a tendency to magnify the role of the individual. I can see it myself in what you say about us: Castro's Cuba, Castro did this, Castro undid that. Almost everything in this country is attributed to Castro, Castro's goings, Castro's perversities. That type of mentality abounds in the West; unfortunately, it's quite widespread. It seems to me to be an erroneous approach to historical and political events.

**PLAYBOY:** You may feel that the West magnifies the role of the individual, but aren't you under intense scrutiny here in Cuba? Don't you live in something of a fish bowl?

**CASTRO:** Actually, I'm never even aware of it. There may be something that explains this: My activities are almost never reported in the press. I may be doing a lot of things for 15 days, yet none of it comes out in the papers. You may have noted that by and large, all countries have what's called a press office. Everything a leader does throughout the day is published in the papers and reported on television and radio. In a sense, ivory towers and fish bowls are built around these people. I *haven't* created a fish bowl for myself. I go out and visit factories, schools and the various provinces and towns. It's true that I visited them more often in the past, because I had more time then. But there's never been any protocol or welcoming ceremonies for me, as is customary for leaders in many other countries.

Yet crowds gather where I go. How long is it since I last went to a restaurant? Why? A new Chinese restaurant has just been opened in old Havana, which is being restored. It's small and cozy, in an old building. For some time now, I've wanted to go there; but if I do, it will mean eating while people wait to see me in the street. Well, these are the minor inconveniences of my job. I have ways of getting around them. If I want a rest, if I want to relax, I go to the sea. I go to a small cay out there to scuba dive. There are some marvelous bottoms, fish and coral reefs, and I've grown accustomed to those places. When I was a student, nobody ever thought of scuba diving in the ocean as a sport. There were all those stories about sharks. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Considering all the traveling you have done around Cuba, how would you describe the relationship between the people and Fidel Castro?

**CASTRO:** I think that the people's feeling is one of familiarity, confidence and respect; it's a very close relationship. I think it's a family relationship. The people look on me as a neighbor, as one more person. They aren't overpowered by positions, by public figures. No one ever calls me Castro, only Fidel. I believe that that familiarity is based, among other things, on the fact that we've never lied to the people. Ours has been an honest Revolution. The people know we keep our word—and not only Cubans *in* Cuba but also those in Miami; that is, people who don't have any feelings of affection but trust our word. They have known ever since the Revolution that there will be no tricks, no betrayals or entrapments: When we told them they could leave from Mariel, they could—even if they are our worst enemies, even if they're terrorists. We are like the Arab of the desert who welcomes his enemy in his tent and doesn't even look to see which direction he takes when he leaves. Of course, this is based on the fact that the Revolution never lied. Never! This is a tradition that dates back to the war. Throughout the entire war, all the information we released on the fighting, the number of casualties, the munitions captured, was strictly accurate. We didn't add one single bullet or rifle. Not even war justifies a lie or the exaggeration of a victory. This has been an important element in our Revolution.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have many close friends? *Can* a man in your position have friends?

**CASTRO:** Well, I have many friends who are not Cubans, whom I've met through different activities—some of them outstanding personalities: for example, doctors, writers, film makers, scientists, friends from abroad. But my friends in the Revolution are all my revolutionary comrades, all those who work with me, all those who hold important responsibilities in the state. We have a friendly relationship.

I don't really have what you might call a circle of friends, because for me a circle of friends is a very broad concept. I don't have the habit of meeting always with the same group of eight or ten friends. I visit one friend one day, another another day; with some I talk more because of work relations—that's logical. However, I've tried to avoid—because it's not good practice, from the viewpoint of my responsibility—cultivating just one group of friends I see every Sunday.

**PLAYBOY:** What we were getting at is whether or not people feel intimidated, whether or not they can argue with you.

**CASTRO:** As a rule, any of the comrades who work with me in the state or party can come to me in total familiarity and state any concern or problem he may have. In general, my relations with comrades are excellent. But since you've asked me, there are two or three people with whom I work closely who would tell you I'm a big headache to them. Comrade Chomy, who is sitting here with us, is the prime example. He has the unrewarding task of showing me the list of people I must see, who ask for meetings. . . . He is the one I can grumble and complain to.

[*Castro and Chomy laugh. Moments later, Chomy leaves the room and as Castro is making a point, the tape recorder Castro's aides are using for their own verification clicks to a stop. In exasperation, Castro shouts for Chomy, who rushes back in.*]

As a rule, I do not let myself get agitated or obsessed by problems. If I didn't have a sense of humor, if I couldn't joke with others and even with myself, if I weren't able to let go, I wouldn't be able to handle the job. Because I also ask myself the same questions others do: How's my

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blood pressure? How's my heart doing? How have I been able to stand it for so many years?

I meet people who I immediately know are going to die young. I see them all worked up, bitter, tense, but that's not my case. Exercise and moderate eating habits have helped. And why not? Nature and luck have also helped.

**PLAYBOY:** Unlike most political leaders, you do much of your important work late at night—often into the early hours of the morning. Why the odd hours?

**CASTRO:** On a day like today, with conversations that go on this long, the schedule goes out the window, gets out of control, and this is frequently the case. A lot of visitors come to Cuba: ministers of foreign affairs, party representatives, a great many people. If I were to set an exact date and hour for each one of the visitors asking for an interview through Comrade Chomy, through the party, through the ministry of foreign affairs, through the executive committee, through all channels, I'd be tied up all the time. I dislike purely protocol meetings; they're a waste of time. I prefer to talk about interesting things with visitors, and I dislike keeping an eye on the clock. As a rule, I tell the people who have arranged someone's visit here, "Make up the schedule; I only want to know where he is and when he's free." This has, of course, its inconveniences. Many times they tell me, "Minister so-and-so is leaving tomorrow," and then I'm forced to meet him at night, very late.

On the other hand, *nobody* upsets my life as much as interviewers and journalists.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever given any thought to marriage, a family, settling down and retirement?

**CASTRO:** I've always been allergic to gossip-column publicity about the private life of public men. I believe that's part of the few intimacies that one has. That's why I maintain discretion—until one day. Someday, the things you're asking about will be known, but not with my cooperation. I can tell you that everything's perfectly well with my private life—no problems. [*Grins*]

**PLAYBOY:** One more question in the personal vein: You are one of the last of the great orators, with your booming speeches to stadiums full of people; you are known as an effective communicator. Is there any difference between that public figure and the private man?

**CASTRO:** [*Laughs*] I have a great rival as a communicator—and that is Reagan. But let me tell you something that people may not believe: I have stage fright. Whenever I'm about to speak in public, I go through a moment of tension. I don't actually like making speeches. I take it more as a responsibility, a delicate task, a goal to be met. The huge rallies are difficult. I may have the basic ideas—you might call it a mental script of the essential ideas—and more or less the order in which I'm going to present them. But I work out and develop the ideas—the words, phrases and forms of expression—during the speech itself. People prefer that to a written speech. It seems to me that they like to see a man's struggle, his efforts to elaborate ideas.

**PLAYBOY:** This year, you have granted several interviews besides this long conversation. Why? And why now?

**CASTRO:** It's true that I've granted several interviews in the past few months. I thought it would be useful to do this now. I'm not trying to launch a publicity campaign, much less improve my image. I'm not running for office in the United States. Rather, I'm doing this because this is a special time in the international field.

For instance, there has been tension in Central America, and I believe that there's a really critical situation in Latin America, both economically and socially. There is great international concern over the problems related to the arms race, the danger of a war; at the same time, there are conflicts in southern Africa. If these problems are better understood, some contribution may be made to solving them.

**PLAYBOY:** You've had a chance to see the results of your earlier interviews; what do you think of your press so far?

**CASTRO:** I believe that the PBS interview was a serious one, on interesting, complex topics. After PBS, there was an interview with Dan Rather of CBS. I don't think very important problems were discussed in that interview. It was more anecdotal, containing personal views about Reagan and other topics. But television's possibilities for spreading information are, by definition, very limited. Rather wanted to know why I hadn't attended Chernenko's funeral. Sometimes you make a great effort and put a lot of time into something, and then reporters take up anecdotal rather than essential matters. That's why, as I said to you before we began, if you want to express your point of view in depth, you have to have the space to develop it.

**PLAYBOY:** You may consider it anecdotal, but we saw the Rather interview and, like him, wondered about the Chernenko funeral. Why *did* you skip it? You didn't really answer Rather.

**CASTRO:** Look, I was present at Brezhnev's funeral; I was present at Andropov's funeral; I've attended the two most recent Soviet Party Congresses, that is, almost all the most important occasions of that type that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. One must bear in mind that the distance between Cuba and the Soviet Union is great; the other socialist countries are two hours away from Moscow, sometimes less.

Now, the death of Chernenko—a man whom I held in great esteem, whom I'd known for some time and who was very friendly toward Cuba—occurred at a time when I had an enormous amount of work. On the day of his death, we had just concluded a women's congress to which I had devoted several days' intense work.

I'm going to tell you something else, since you force me to. Between the end of the Federation Congress, where I delivered the closing address—that was Friday evening—and eight o'clock Sunday morning, I worked for 42 consecutive hours. No rest or sleep. Since I had other visitors in town in the following days and I was worried about keeping them waiting—and you are exceptional witness to the fact that I don't begrudge time or energy in attending to visitors, regardless of their political rank—I decided to ask my brother Raul to represent me at the funeral.

Fulfilling a formal obligation isn't the only way to show affection, appreciation and respect for a friend. I can tell you in all frankness, our relations with the Soviet Union are excellent, better than ever; and precisely because of the confidence they have in us and the confidence we have in them, I knew they'd understand.

**PLAYBOY:** What the Soviets feel for you is one thing, but it's no secret that attitudes in Washington have hardened in recent years. President Reagan has characterized you as a ruthless military dictator, one who rules Cuba with an iron hand. There are many Americans who agree with him. How do you respond?

**CASTRO:** Let's think about your question. A dictator is someone who makes arbitrary decisions on his own, one who is above all institutions, above the law, and is subject to no other control than his own will or whims. If being a dictator means governing by decree, then you might use that argument to accuse the Pope of being a dictator. His broad prerogatives for governing the Vatican and the Catholic Church are well known. I don't have those prerogatives. Yet no one would think of saying that the Pope is a dictator.

President Reagan can make terrible decisions without consulting anyone! Sometimes he may have to go through the purely formal motions of securing the Senate's approval when he appoints an Ambassador, but Reagan *can* order an invasion, such as the one against Grenada, or a dirty war, such as the one against Nicaragua. He can even use the codes in that briefcase he always carries around with him to unleash a thermonuclear war that could mean the end of the human race. If not, why does he have the briefcase? Why does he have the codes? And why does he have an aide with the briefcase? It's to be supposed that Reagan would make the decision to unleash a thermonuclear war without consulting the Senate or the House of Representatives, without consulting the Cabinet. And that's something that could spell the end of the human race. Not even the Roman emperors had that kind of power.

**PLAYBOY:** But, Mr. President, don't you, in fact, rule by personal decree? Don't you make all important decisions of state?

**CASTRO:** No. I don't make decisions totally on my own. I play my role as a leader within a team. In our country, we don't

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have any institution similar to the Presidency of the United States. Here, all basic decisions—all the important decisions—are analyzed, discussed and adopted collectively. I don't appoint ministers or ambassadors; I don't appoint even the lowliest public servant in the country, because there exists a system for selecting, analyzing, nominating and appointing those officials. I do, in fact, have some authority; I have influence. But my only real prerogative is to speak before the Central Committee, before the National Assembly, before public opinion. That's the main power I have, and I don't aspire to any other. I don't want or need any other.

Those are the conditions in which a political leader in our country must work. I don't think any of these mesh with the idea of a dictator, which comes from the verb *to dictate*—one who is always dictating orders of all kinds. I don't act that way, nor am I empowered to. I don't give orders; I reason. I don't govern by decree, nor can I.

During the war, I led an army; in a war, it has to be that way. There has to be that kind of responsibility—during World War Two, Eisenhower had the responsibility and the power to make decisions—but, as soon as our movement was organized, long before the attack on the Moncada Garrison on July 26, 1953, we had collective leadership; throughout the war, our movement had collective leadership, and when the war was over, we immediately organized collective leadership for the country. These principles have remained unaltered throughout the years.

I honestly believe that the President of the United States has much greater power and more capability of giving direct, unilateral orders. If his power includes something as monstrously undemocratic as the ability to order a thermonuclear war, I ask you who, then, is more of a dictator: the President of the United States or I?

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, what Americans see is that there is a marked difference between the personal freedoms in a Western country and those allowed in Cuba.

**CASTRO:** I think U.S. and Cuban conceptions of liberty are very different. For example, there are more than 1,000,000 children who have disappeared in the U.S. Next to your millionaires, you have beggars. We have neither abandoned children nor beggars without homes.

You always speak of freedoms. Since your Declaration of Independence, you have spoken of freedoms. We, too, consider it self-evident that all men are born equal. But when George Washington and the others created U.S. independence, they did not free the slaves; not long ago, a U.S. black athlete could not play baseball in the major leagues. And yet you called yours the freest country in the world.

The freest country in the world also exterminated the Indians. You killed more Indians than Buffalo Bill killed buffaloes. Since then, you have made allies of the worst tyrants in Argentina and Chile, you have protected South Africa, you have used the worst murderers in the world to organize the *contra* revolution—and yours is the country of freedom? What is the banner of liberty the U.S. is really defending?

OK, if you are a Communist in the U.S., where are your freedoms? Can you work in the State Department, in any form of Government employment? Can you speak openly on TV? In what papers can you write? We may be criticized in Cuba, but at least we are cleaner than you. Our system is cleaner, because we're not pretending to be the best of liberty.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, a Communist can speak openly in the U.S. In the U.S., people have the freedom to say whatever they like.

**CASTRO:** You can say what you want, but you have no place to say it—unless you can afford it. If you do not own a paper or a media empire, you are ignored. I have read how a right-wing Senator has tried to buy CBS to kick out Dan Rather—and Rather is not a Communist. But they want to shut his mouth. I admit that there are some brilliant writers and journalists who write both for and against capitalism and can speak on TV, but a Communist who wants to preach communism, who wants to change your system, does not appear in any big papers or on large TV stations.

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**PLAYBOY:** What about in Cuba? Could someone write against your system in your newspapers?

**CASTRO:** No, a counterrevolutionary cannot write in our newspapers. Against our system, he cannot write. But that is exactly the same thing that happens in the U.S.—only we are honest; we say so. You say you are the best model of freedom that ever existed. When I see a Communist writing in *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post*, or speaking on CBS, I promise you I will open the doors so all the counterrevolutionaries will be able to write in our newspapers! But you set the example first.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, you know there are Communist political candidates in the U.S. who speak freely.

**CASTRO:** Yes, they are allowed to hand out their pamphlets and make speeches. But they are not covered by the press, they are not allowed to participate in the debates, the text of their speeches is not published.

**PLAYBOY:** Could we go out right now to the main park in Havana and speak critically about Cuba?

**CASTRO:** Cuba is one of the places where people are *most* critical. Anyone who visits here knows that Cubans speak openly. From morning until night, they criticize everything. No one is arrested here for speaking out. If they were, everyone would be arrested! Things are not the way you imagine. Besides, people do not want another party. This country has had a political education, a revolutionary education. People can speak their mind, but not if they start conspiring or organizing terrorist plans——

**PLAYBOY:** So if we went outside and began speaking against the party——

**CASTRO:** Go ahead, try it, test it. You could get in trouble! [*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** The history of relations between Cuba and the U.S. is quite bad; how much worse have they become since Reagan took office?

**CASTRO:** Considerably. He has, of course, tightened the blockade against us. Then he put an end to private citizens' traveling to Cuba—something that had been reestablished for some years. He also applied an incessant, tenacious practice of placing obstacles in the way of *all* of our country's economic and trade operations. I don't know how many people in the United States are engaged in compiling information on all of our economic and trade operations with the Western world to try to keep us from selling our products, to block Cuba's nickel sales to any Western country and to try to block credits to Cuba and even the rescheduling of the debt. Every time we reschedule the debt with various bankers, the United States draws up documents and sends them to all the governments and banks.

The United States does not limit its blockade to trade between the United States and Cuba—it even bans trade in medicine, a shameful thing. Not even an aspirin can come from the United States—it is legally forbidden; pharmaceuticals that may save a life are forbidden; no medical equipment can be exported from the United States to Cuba; and trade is prohibited in both directions. The U.S. also expands the blockade throughout the world as part of its policy of unceasing, shameful and infamous harassment of all of Cuba's economic operations. The only reason it doesn't interfere in our trade with the other socialist countries is that it can't. That's the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** To ease these tensions, would you be willing to meet with President Reagan, without a prearranged agenda?

**CASTRO:** [*Very carefully, after several false starts*] In the first place, you should ask the President of the United States. I don't want it to be said that I'm proposing a meeting with Reagan. However, if you want to know my opinion, I don't think it's very probable; but if the United States Government were to propose a meeting of that nature, a contact of that type, we wouldn't raise any obstacles.

**PLAYBOY:** What if an invitation were extended by the United States Congress or, specifically, by the Congressional Black Caucus? Would you accept such an invitation?

**CASTRO:** Well, I have very good relations with the Black Caucus. I know many of its members, and any invitation from them or

any opportunity to meet with them, in Cuba or in the United States, would be an honor for me. In any case, I'd first have to know the position of the United States Government, because a visit to the United States requires a visa from the U.S. Government. If that were possible, indeed, if that could lead to a broader meeting with U.S. legislators, I think I have the arguments with which to talk, discuss things and debate with a group or with all U.S. Congressmen at once. That is, I think so; I think I could go. There are many things to talk about that it would be useful for the members of the U.S. Congress to hear, and I could answer all of their questions. But all this is on a speculative, hypothetical plane; I don't think it can be done unless the President of the United States agrees.

**PLAYBOY:** And that seems hardly likely, with what current Administration officials are saying about you. One particularly negative charge was by Secretary of State George Shultz, who claims there is evidence of a Cuban-Colombian drug connection. How did you react to that?

**CASTRO:** One of the Ten Commandments says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." The Reagan Administration should be constantly reminded of that. Besides, I believe that the United States Congress and the American people deserve more respect.

It's absolutely *impossible* for the United States and the State Department to have a single shred of evidence of this kind! [*Stands up, paces angrily*] I believe that these are, in fact, dirty, *infamous* accusations, a dishonest way of conducting foreign policy! During the past 26 years, Cuba's record in this regard has been *spotless*, because the first thing the Revolution did in our country, where drugs were once freely used, sold and produced, was to eradicate that problem. Strict measures were taken to destroy marijuana plantations and to strongly punish all forms of drug production and trafficking. Since the victory of the Revolution, for 26 years, no drugs have been brought into our country, nor has any money been made from the drugs coming from anywhere else.

During the 26 years of the Revolution, I haven't heard of a single case of any official's ever having been involved in the drug business—not one. I ask if the same could be said in the United States or if that could be said in any other Latin-American or Caribbean country or in the rest of the Western world.

**PLAYBOY:** Secretary Shultz has said that Cuba tacitly goes along with the drug trade by allowing overflights of smugglers in light planes.

**CASTRO:** Look, our country is the place drug smugglers fear the *most*. They all try to avoid landing in Cuba or making any sort of stop on our coasts, because they have a lot of experience with the consequences and the strict measures taken in our country. Our island has an east-west axis in the Caribbean and is more than 1000 kilometers long but only 50 kilometers wide in some places. It's easy to cross it in a matter of minutes and be under international jurisdiction again. Radar very often detects airborne targets approaching or leaving our territory. United States spy planes do this almost every day, even without entering our national airspace; every so often, they do it with sophisticated aircraft that fly at an altitude of 30 kilometers at 3000 kilometers per hour. I imagine that *those* planes aren't carrying drugs.

Small civilian aircraft penetrate our airspace rather frequently, and they don't pay our interceptors the slightest attention. Having to decide whether or not to fire on an unarmed civilian aircraft is a serious, tragic question. There's no way you can be sure who's in it. An aircraft in the air isn't like an automobile on a road that can be stopped, identified and searched. The occupants may be drug smugglers, but they may also be off course

*"It is impossible not to sense the contempt toward Latin-American peoples—this strange mixture of proud Spaniards, black Africans and backward Indians."*

or trying to save fuel by taking a shorter route. They may be families, journalists, businessmen or adventurers—of whom there are many in the United States—who are afraid to land and be arrested in Cuba.

Even though it is blockáded by the United States and doesn't have any obligation to cooperate with the United States on this or any other problem, Cuba has stood sentinel against drug trafficking in the Caribbean—as a matter of self-respect, a simple question of prestige and moral rectitude. Is it right that the treatment we receive in exchange is the infamous accusation that Cuba is involved in drug trafficking?

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think there have been such harsh charges over the years? Why do you think American leaders—and, to some extent, the American public—have had such a relentlessly negative view of Cuba and of you?

**CASTRO:** In the first place, basically, it is not a negative attitude against Cuba and against Castro; it is fundamentally an antisocialist, antirevolutionary and anti-Communist attitude. The fact is that for the past 100 years in the United States, Europe and elsewhere in the world, this anti-Communist feeling has been drilled into the masses by all possible means; the anti-Communist indoctrination begins practically when a child is born. The same thing used to happen in our country: A permanent campaign in all the newspapers, magazines, books, films, television, radio, even children's cartoons, was aimed in the same direction—toward creating the most hostile ideas and prejudices against socialism. I'm referring, of course, to a socialist revolution, not to the much used and abused word socialism, which so many bourgeois parties have taken up as something elegant in an attempt to dress old-fashioned capitalism in new clothes.

**PLAYBOY:** Critics in the Reagan Administration would argue that you need to employ cruel, punitive measures in imposing *your* kind of socialist system in Cuba.

**CASTRO:** As regards the charge of cruelty, I think the cruelest people on earth are the ones who are indifferent to social injustice, discrimination, inequality, the exploitation of others—people who don't react when they see a child with no shoes, a beggar in the streets or millions of hungry people. I really think that people who have spent all their lives struggling against injustice and oppression, serving others, fighting for others and practicing and preaching solidarity cannot possibly be cruel. I'd say that what is really cruel is a society—a capitalist one, for instance—that not only is cruel in itself but forces man to be cruel.

Socialism is just the opposite. By definition, it expresses confidence and faith in man, in solidarity among men and in the brotherhood of man—not selfishness, ambition, competition or struggle. I believe that cruelty is born of selfishness, ambition, inequality, injustice, competition and struggle among men.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting back to the way the U.S. has portrayed Cuba specifically——

**CASTRO:** Really, a study could be made of how much space, how much paper, how many media have been used against Cuba. But despite their huge technological resources and mass media—and I say this with sorrow—Americans are one of the least politically educated and worst-informed peoples on the realities of the Third World, Asia, Africa and Latin America. All this is actually at the root of those anti-Cuba, anti-Castro feelings—the anti-Castro part.

Now, I'd also like to say that, in turn, there is a broad minority of people in the United States who think, who have a high cultural and political level, who do know what's happening in the world, but they aren't representative of the average citizen. Furthermore, I know for a fact that there are many U.S. citizens who are not taken in by this phobia, by those prejudices and by those anti-Cuba feelings. On the other hand, I want to remind you of the following: Twenty years ago, the worst things, terrible things, were said about China,

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about Mao Tse-tung, about Chinese communism, about the Red threat and all the most inconceivable threats that China posed. The press used to say the worst things about China every day. However, that is no longer the case. The press is no longer full of insults against the Chinese government and the People's Republic of China. Quite the opposite, there are excellent diplomatic relations, investments and increasing trade. And yet that process did not start with today's China but with the China of Mao Tse-tung, at the time of the Cultural Revolution, at a time when an extreme form of communism was preached and applied in China. Now even Reagan has visited the Great Wall, and just look how everything has changed.

And why? Could you tell me why? Now there are even two types of Communists: a bad Communist and a good Communist. Unquestionably, we've been classified among the bad Communists, and I am the prototype. Well, Mao Tse-tung had also been included in that category for a long time.

**PLAYBOY:** What would it take to change your image from that of a bad Communist to a good Communist?

**CASTRO:** Unfortunately, if changing that concept of a bad Communist to that of a good Communist implies that we stop denouncing the things we deem incorrect, that we stop assisting the causes we deem just, that we break our ties of friendship with the Soviets, that we become anti-Soviet in order to be good Communists, acceptable to and applauded by the United States, then that will never happen. If one day the United States changes its image of Cuba and public opinion has the chance to learn the truth, it will have to be on the basis of its ability to realize that neither Castro nor the Cuban people are opportunistic, turncoats, people who can be bought.

**PLAYBOY:** And you feel that the U.S. treats the rest of Latin America as if it can be bought?

**CASTRO:** I'm convinced that this U.S. policy toward Latin America, the idea of acting as the proprietor of the peoples of this hemisphere, in contempt of the peoples of this hemisphere, is evident everywhere—in the simple things, in speeches, anecdotes and stories, in the toasts that are made, in contacts with Latin-American leaders. I have the impression that when Columbus, Cortes, Pizarro and the European conquistadors reached this continent, they treated the Indians in almost the same manner and with the same philosophy—which included bartering mirrors and other trinkets for gold. I think that is the American attitude.

I notice it, I feel it. Not when they talk with me, because with me, none of those visitors can talk like that—besides, the visitors I receive are usually a different type of person, right? But when I look at the Presidents of the United States in their relations with Latin America, it is impossible not to sense their contempt, their underestimation of these Latin-American peoples—this strange mixture of proud Spaniards, black Africans and backward Indians; an uncommon and strange mixture of people who deserve no consideration or respect whatsoever.

I think that someday, that policy—the policy of intervening in all countries of Latin America, setting guidelines, saying what type of government should be elected, the social changes that can or cannot be performed—will give out and result in a crisis, and I really believe that that moment is drawing nearer.

The United States has been lucky in that up to now, these problems have come up in small, isolated countries like Cuba or Grenada or Nicaragua, in Central America; it can still afford to speak of invasions, acts of intervention and solutions based on force, as had already been the practice in 1965 against another small Caribbean country, the Dominican Republic. But when it is faced with these problems everywhere in the Southern Hemisphere, in any one of the large or medium-sized countries

*"I'm sure that every day, United States citizens see things in their country that simply can't happen here, acts of violence against people."*

in South America, it won't be able to solve them through intervention, dirty wars or invasions; that would be catastrophic.

Since I can picture very clearly what will happen, I have been raising these problems, insisting on discussing them with all American people I meet, and maybe my effort will be useful to some extent and make at least some American people reason things out.

Maybe if, when the United States was about to embark upon the Vietnam war—as it enthusiastically did—someone had persuaded the people of what was to happen there, he might have done a great service to the American people. For instance, it is said that if *The New York Times* had published the story it had concerning the Playa Girón [Bay of Pigs] invasion, it would have done Kennedy a great service and would have prevented that mistake. We are now doing exactly that with respect to Central America: As we watch the United States—or the U.S. Government; I can't say the U.S. people, because 72 percent of them are against intervention in Central America—move with similar enthusiasm toward intervention in Central America, we are not doing the people of the United States a disservice when we insist on warning them of the consequences to them, to all of us.

**PLAYBOY:** There is obviously support for that position, as evidenced by the votes in Congress blocking Reagan's proposals to support the *Sandinista*'s adversaries. But that is hardly a ringing endorsement of either the *Sandinista* or the Cuban regime. In fact, there is a general feeling that when a Marxist government takes over, the inevitable result is repression, curtailment of human rights, imprisonment of political dissidents.

**CASTRO:** The idea that anyone is in prison in Cuba, no matter what you have heard, for holding ideas that differ from those of the Revolution is simply nonsensical! [*Stands again, begins pacing*] No one in our country has *ever* been punished because he was a dissident or held views that differed from those of the Revolution. The acts for which a citizen may be punished are defined with precision in our penal code. Many of those laws were adopted prior to the triumph of the Revolution, in the liberated territory of the Sierra Maestra Mountains, and were applied to punish torturers and other criminals.

We have defended ourselves and will continue to do so. I don't expect that the counterrevolutionaries will put up a statue for me or that our enemies will honor me. But I've followed a line of conduct in the Revolution—and throughout my life, in fact—of absolute respect for an individual's physical integrity. If we had to mete out punishment—even drastic punishment—we meted it out. But no matter what our enemies may say, no matter how much they may lie and slander us, the history of the Revolution contains *no* cases of physical abuse or torture! All the citizens in this country, without exception, know this.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a sweeping denial, Mr. President. Does that mean that any story told about unfair imprisonment or torture in Cuba through the years has been a lie?

**CASTRO:** Yes. We've never had to resort to anything illegal—to force, torture or crime. Throughout the entire history of the Revolution, no one can point to a *single* case of torture, murder or disappearance—things that are common, everyday happenings in the rest of Latin America. Another thing: Never has a demonstration been broken up by the police in Cuba. Never in 26 years has a policeman used tear gas, beaten a citizen during a demonstration or used trained dogs against the people. Never has a demonstration here been broken up by the army or the police—something that happens every day everywhere else, in Latin America and the United States itself.

**PLAYBOY:** As well as in the Soviet Union and in the Eastern Bloc. But why is it you claim that Cuba is the exception?

**CASTRO:** Because the people support their government, the people defend it. The true

repression I speak of occurs in countries whose governments are against the people, whose governments have to defend themselves against the people: in Argentina, with the military dictatorship; in Chile, El Salvador and elsewhere, with repressive forces and death squads trained by the United States. When the people themselves are the Revolution, you may rest assured that there is no need for violence or injustice to defend it. Ours is the only government in this hemisphere—and I can state this proudly—that has never inflicted any bodily harm on an individual or committed any political assassinations or abductions.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you claiming that the way you deal with political dissidents actually results in greater freedoms than Americans have?

**CASTRO:** I'm sure that every day, United States citizens see things in their country that are never seen here, things that simply can't happen here, acts of violence against people. Here, nobody has ever seen—nor will they—the murder of a champion of civil rights, such as Martin Luther King, Jr. Actions such as this have never occurred here, yet we don't go around bragging about the Revolution's humanitarian spirit and respect for human rights.

**PLAYBOY:** You yourself were in prison before the Revolution. How do you remember it?

**CASTRO:** I was in isolation for a very long time. Batista's men didn't want me to go to trial, because I had been so vocal; I had denounced all the crimes that were being committed, so it was clearly political. And even in prison, I was able to organize such political activities as a school, with courses in history, philosophy, politics.

I was sent to the Isle of Pines—we now call it the Isle of Youth—and we organized while we were there. Once, I remember hearing that Batista himself was visiting the island to inaugurate a small power plant. The moment he was set to leave, we in the prison began to sing our anthem based on our uprising of the 26th of July. Batista thought he was hearing a song in his honor—he may have thought it was the *Angels' Chorale* or something. But once he heard some of our lyrics—"insatiable tyrants," and so forth—the policemen came into the prison and took harsh, repressive measures. One comrade was beaten—he was a black man and the author of our anthem. Others were put into isolation. I was in solitary detention for more than a year; they even shut off our electricity during the day.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it always so harsh?

**CASTRO:** I could say a few good things about prison. We took advantage of the time; we read a lot—14, 15 hours a day. I studied a lot of Marxist works. They even let us receive *Das Kapital*.

**PLAYBOY:** There has been speculation over the years as to when you became a Marxist. Some have said it was only after you took power and were pushed to embrace communism because of Washington's hostility. But it sounds as if you left prison a committed Communist.

**CASTRO:** No, I was a Marxist *before* I entered prison. Before our defeat at Moncada, which sent me to prison, I already had the deepest convictions. I had acquired them earlier, upon reading books about socialism. I was already a Utopian Communist. I became convinced of the irrationality, the madness of capitalism just by studying its economics. I was in my second year in law school when I felt inclined toward Marx's theories. I did not have the knowledge I have today, but if I hadn't had a Marxist orientation, I would not have conceived of the struggle against Batista.

**PLAYBOY:** It has recently been reported that Cuba has dramatically expanded its own defenses. After all these years, do you still fear an attack or an invasion by the United States? Do you think of it as a real possibility?

**CASTRO:** [*Very intensely*] It's no secret that we have increased our defense capability considerably in the past four years. Not just that, we've actually revolutionized the way we think about defense. Over these past four years, we have incorporated more than 1,500,000 men and women into the country's defenses, besides the army and its reserves; we have trained tens of thousands of cadres; we have prepared for all possible scenarios of aggression against Cuba, even in the most adverse circumstances; the population is organized, even in the remotest corners of Cuba, to fight under all circumstances, even under occupation.

Why have we done this? Obviously, not as a sport; not for fun or for the love of arms. I'd rather have said, like Hemingway, "Farewell to arms." It has been in response to an open, declared policy of force and threats against Cuba implemented by the U.S. Government.

**PLAYBOY:** You say this has happened in the past four years, so it's obviously the Reagan Administration's policies you feel threatened by.

**CASTRO:** We launched this effort even prior to the present Administration, when we realized that the wave of conservatism and great economic difficulties might turn the U.S. constituency in favor of a chauvinist policy, when we saw there was a possibility that the Republican Party could win the elections. We were familiar with its program, ideas and philosophy concerning all Caribbean and Latin-American issues; the Republican Party didn't hide them. Indeed, it openly proclaimed them in its platform. We perceived a strong ideological component in this Administration: With the ideas and mentality of crusaders, they virtually proclaimed their objective of sweeping socialism off the face of the earth. In other times, there were people who had the same goal, and we know what happened then. Our effort was intensified after the U.S. invasion of Grenada. What we've done is perfectly logical. We couldn't wait until the U.S. Administration decided to invade Cuba to start making ready. That's a mistake we could not afford to make; those who made it didn't survive.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the United States will intervene militarily in Nicaragua?

**CASTRO:** I do not rule out military intervention. It is obvious that the Reagan Administration is obsessive about Nicaragua. To be more precise, the President of the United States has an obsessive attitude and a very high degree of personal commitment on this issue, which could lead—at a certain moment—to direct intervention. It is quite evident that the Administration has been preparing to that end; it has built new airstrips in Honduras and has rebuilt and expanded three old ones; it has set up land and sea military installations, training centers and numerous troops; the military exercises and maneuvers are all obviously aimed at creating the conditions for an invasion of Nicaragua, if that decision is ever made. Now it is possible: Tanks, armored vehicles and other military equipment—all the military conditions are in place.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that the Reagan Administration does not really want a peaceful solution in Nicaragua?

**CASTRO:** The objective of the Reagan Administration regarding Nicaragua is to crush the *Sandinista* Revolution; regarding El Salvador, to exterminate every last revolutionary; more generally, to destroy once and for all the spirit of rebellion in this Central American people. It's as if the Reagan Administration wants to teach an unforgettable lesson so that no one else in Central America or in Latin America will ever again think of rebelling against the tyrannies serving U.S. interests, against hunger and exploitation—so that no one will ever again fight for independence and social justice.

**PLAYBOY:** Washington would argue that it is not how Cubans or Nicaraguans run their own countries that is a threat but your policy of spreading revolution to other countries.

**CASTRO:** I once said that Cuba does not have nuclear rockets but it does have moral rockets. If the U.S. feels threatened by the altruism and sacrifice of Cuban teachers and doctors in other countries, perhaps they are right to feel threatened—because those workers are expressing a morality that is superior. If they want to fear our ideas, then I will say yes, they are right to fear the ideas—that is why so many lies have to be invented. But to say that we represent a physical danger to the U.S.—that's absurd!

How can Cubans or Nicaraguans be a threat to a country that has 16 or 17 aircraft carriers, 300 bases throughout the world, thousands of nuclear weapons? How can a Third World nation that does not produce any airplanes be a threat to a country thinking about *Star Wars*

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defenses? It's ridiculous; it's brainwash.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's discuss El Salvador. Your critics claim that Cuba is working to overthrow the newly elected government of President José Napoleón Duarte in El Salvador by supplying military arms to the rebels. Is that true?

**CASTRO:** I don't know where this notion of the legality of that government comes from. Everyone knows that there was a civil war there; everyone knows that over the past six years, more than 50,000 people have been murdered there by the death squads and by the Salvadoran army itself; everyone knows that true genocide has been going on there and that Duarte has contributed to that genocide. He has actually been a coconspirator and an accessory to those crimes, and he cannot shirk his responsibility for what has been taking place in El Salvador for the past five years.

**PLAYBOY:** But isn't it true that Duarte was elected president by the people of El Salvador in an open and free election?

**CASTRO:** No! [*Pounds table*] Everyone knows under what conditions the elections took place: amid the most ferocious repression, terror and war; everyone knows that the electoral campaign was planned by the United States, that the political parties were manipulated by the United States and that the electoral campaigns were funded by the CIA. The present government and all other allegedly legal bodies are the result of all that manipulation and all those maneuvers by the United States. Augusto Pinochet of Chile could also say that his government was legal after the fascist constitution was imposed upon the people in an alleged plebiscite in which no one but he and his constitution took part. Actually, one can't help wondering why the United States considers the El Salvador elections to be legal and, in turn, considers the Nicaragua elections illegal. In spite of the fact that the elections in Nicaragua were sabotaged by the United States, the people turned out to vote with enthusiasm, granting the *Sandinistas* and the left more than 70 percent of the vote. This was witnessed by more than 1000 people from all over the world: representatives of governments, political organizations and parties and journalists from everywhere.

**PLAYBOY:** As you say, it can be argued both ways. The question remains, Isn't it true that Cuba has worked, and is actively working, to overthrow the government of President Duarte? If so, what right does Cuba have to intervene in the internal affairs of another country?

**CASTRO:** I'm not concerned in the least about charges against Cuba in relation to our solidarity with El Salvador. We have stated that the United States knows perfectly well that sending weapons to the Salvadoran revolutionaries is very difficult, in practice almost impossible; but I have no interest whatever in clarifying anything on this subject, because I consider that morally, it is absolutely fair to help the Salvadoran revolutionaries. They are fighting for their country; it's not a war from abroad, like the dirty war the CIA carries out in Nicaragua; it's a war born inside the country that has been going on for many years.

What I can assure you is that, in fact, the main supplier of the Salvadoran revolutionaries is the Pentagon, through the weapons given to the Salvadoran army. That also happened in Vietnam; the revolutionaries there seized huge amounts of weapons delivered by the United States to the puppet army. I really don't know who could feel morally entitled to criticize Cuba for allegedly supplying weapons to the Salvadorans when the United States admits to supplying weapons to the Somoza mercenaries to overthrow the government of Nicaragua.

**PLAYBOY:** What evidence do you have that the CIA manipulated the presidential elections in El Salvador? Didn't they have the same kind of scrutiny as Nicaragua's elections, which you claim were fair?

**CASTRO:** The information was published in the United States—and the CIA admitted it publicly. It gave money not only to the Christian Democrats but also to all the other parties and covered the expenses of the election campaign. Proof is not necessary in the face of a confession.

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned Grenada. How do you explain the failure of the socialist revolution in that country?

**CASTRO:** The invasion of Grenada by the United States was, in my view, one of the most inglorious and infamous deeds that a powerful country like the United States could ever commit against a small country. What was occurring there had nothing to do with the failure of socialism. What had been taking place in Grenada was a process of social change, not a socialist revolution. I believe that what opened the doors for invading that country, what gave the United States a pretext on a silver platter, were the activities of an ambitious and extremist sectarian group. I believe that the main responsibility for the domestic situation created there lies with Bernard Coard, an alleged theoretician of the revolution, who was really advancing his own ambitions to conspire against the popular leader, Maurice Bishop.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that the United States would have intervened in Grenada had Bishop still been in power?

**CASTRO:** No. If Bishop had been alive and leading the people, it would have been very difficult for the United States to orchestrate the political aspects of its intervention and to bring together that group of Caribbean stooges in a so-called policing coalition that didn't include a single policeman from the Caribbean—it was exclusively U.S. soldiers.

**PLAYBOY:** You say the U.S. invaded on a pretext. But President Reagan argued that the United States had no choice but to intervene in Grenada, because Cuba was building an airport and stockpiling weapons with which to export revolution—and, of course, because the American medical students studying in Grenada were in mortal danger. Why didn't the U.S. have a right to protect its citizens and prevent the spread of revolution?

**CASTRO:** The U.S. invasion was accompanied by unscrupulous lies, because for one thing, U.S. students on the island never ran any risk. The first thing the coup group did was to give assurances of safety to everyone, particularly the medical students. The safest people in Grenada were the U.S. students. As to the airport, Washington claimed a thousand times that was a military airport, but not a single brick that went into that airport was military. It was built with the participation of the European Economic Council and England, Canada and other United States allies.

**PLAYBOY:** What explains the fact that the Grenadian people cheered the United States intervention and rallied behind its goals and objectives?

**CASTRO:** I doubt very much that that support is as deep and widespread as you suggest. Bishop was a man greatly loved by the people. He was the leader of the Grenadian people. He had the real, sincere and enthusiastic support of the people. The group involved in the coup plotted against Bishop, arrested him, fired on the people when they revolted and, furthermore, assassinated Bishop and other leaders. Naturally, this caused great outrage and confusion among the masses. The United States intervened, stating its sole purpose as the noble aim of liberating the country from those people and that it would punish Bishop's murderers and those who had fired on the people. It was logical for a large number of people in that country, even most of the population, to be susceptible to accepting invasion as desirable.

**PLAYBOY:** What about public support in the U.S.? The overwhelming majority of the American people rallied behind President Reagan's decision.

**CASTRO:** Public opinion in the United States was manipulated by a pack of lies told over and over again. Melodramatic elements were brought into play: the students kissing U.S. soil on their arrival; the bitterness and frustration resulting from the Vietnam adventure and its humiliating defeat; the problem of the Marines killed in Lebanon and the memory of the Iran hostages; all these elements, latent in the spirit of the U.S. people, were manipulated in a cold, calculated manner. People can be manipulated; they can even applaud crimes. When the Nazis annexed Austria, the German people applauded; when they occupied Warsaw, the vast majority of Germans applauded. Some Americans applauded at the start of the invasion of Vietnam; later we saw the consequences. I believe future generations of U.S. citizens will be ashamed of the way their people were manipulated.

**PLAYBOY:** You compare the "shameful"

*(continued on page 174)*

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2. The answer to "How many cans are in the Canada Dry Ginger Ale CanVan?" can be found on the displays at participating retailers, on specially marked cans and bottles of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, or by writing to: Canada Dry Ginger Ale CanVan Answer, P.O. Box 3094, Syosset, NY 11775. Requests for answer must be received by September 15, 1985.
**3. Winner will be selected in a random drawing from among all qualified entries received. Drawing will be conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. In the event the entry selected for Grand Prize does not have the correct answer, the Grand Prize will still be awarded. Winner will be notified by mail. Prize is nontransferable and no substitution is allowed. Taxes and licensing fees, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winner. In the event the Grand Prize is won by a minor, it will be awarded in the name of a parent or legal guardian. Winner may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.**
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., except employees and their families of CANADA DRY, its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, Alley Marketing, and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. This offer is void wherever prohibited, and subject to all federal, state and local laws.
**5. For Grand Prize Winner's name, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: CANVAN WINNER, P.O. Box 3151, Syosset, New York 11775.**

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*down deep where nobody sees, our sexual fantasies play their erotic games. are these devils really us?*

# Hot Secrets

*article* By DAVID BLACK

SOME YEARS AGO, I was on an uptown Madison Avenue bus, reading a newspaper account of an English lord who had paddled his child's nanny—the nanny's fanny—when the elegant woman reading over my shoulder asked me, "Would you like to spank me?"

The bus was packed. Even though none of the other passengers was paying us obvious attention, there was a subtle shift in the crowd. Conversations stopped. Eyes snaked to the side to check us out. The elegant stranger, in her Audrey Hepburn A-line dress, looked like a slumming countess in a Fifties movie, the kind of film that has Gregory Peck as a newspaperman on the skids caught up in intrigue and romance against his will and better judgment. Her perfume had the bittersweet smell of crushed orange peel. She stared straight into my eyes as she waited for my answer.

Peck would have parried the question with a witticism. I blushed—for the first time since I was 15 and Andrea Friedman's mother caught me staring at Andrea's breasts, trying to imagine what they looked like naked. To the slumming countess, I mumbled something inarticulate. At the next stop, I bolted.

I had never before thought about erotic spanking. If I had, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have thought it arousing. But from the moment I hit the pavement and the bus pulled away, I started fantasizing about what would have happened if I had taken the slumming countess up on her offer. Twelve years later, I still fantasize about it, sometimes so intensely that I smell the crushed orange peel of her perfume.

The countess had joined the repertory company of my imagination, the dream theater that has been playing for a standing-room-only audience of one ever since I became conscious. The plays vary from one-acts of revenge (in which I pull out a .44

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

Magnum and blamelessly blast the tires of the guy in the classic T-bird who cut me off on the highway) to marathon five-act spectaculars featuring mansions, formal gardens with paths that wind under grape arbors, Scrooge McDuck swimming pools filled with cash and a chorus of popping bottles of vintage champagne.

But my favorite performance, the longest-running mental hit, is a burlesque show. Women who stride past me on Fifth Avenue do a slow striptease in my imagination. Rachel Ward—or her dream double—inexplicably appears at my apartment door, dressed in a trench coat and nothing else. In one of the star turns of this erotic variety show, a female friend I've known for more than a decade as a chaste pal, someone at whom I would never make a pass, throws off her blouse and pulls me down to the sofa. A girl I dated in tenth grade rushes up from the dressing rooms in the backstage of my unconscious to make out with me, *this* time letting me fumble under her skirt, in the balcony of a remembered movie theater—just the balcony. The stage manager of my fantasies is efficient, using just enough scenery and props to tempt me into a willing suspension of disbelief.

Like dreams, sexual fantasies are played out on an internal stage; unlike dreams, they tend to involve the real world in a direct way—as though the mental burlesque show were being performed by members of The Living Theater. The fantasies may be compelling shadows, but what thrills us is what is casting those shadows, the exotic who bumps and grinds around the corner of the imagination in the light of reality—the phantom Juliet who discovers in us her flesh-and-blood Romeo.

Such a fantasy woman, part succubus and part anima, mysteriously satisfies our deepest longings. In her many guises—blonde with pubic hair shaved off, brunette flaunting a peekaboo bra, redhead in sheer panty hose—she stirs up in us not merely lust but a kind of nostalgia. Thinking of her affects us like Proust's *madeleine*, the little cake whose taste unlocked a world of sensuous memory—as if the sex she offered were a place from which we had been exiled a long time ago.

Sexual fantasies can be set off by the slightest stimulus. You don't need to catch a glimpse of a breast through a sheer blouse or a stretch of thigh when a woman sitting next to you at a bar crosses her legs. You can be plunged into a sexual reverie by something as simple as the feel of a breeze on the back of your neck. And these fantasies are not evoked only when you are in a romantic situation; they intrude at odd moments—when you're rattling a grocery cart down the aisle of the supermarket, when you're discussing business, when you're all alone in an elevator.

"Ever since third grade, I've fantasized about my teachers," says a man I will call Larry Calso (names of nonscientists have been changed to protect their privacy). Calso hasn't been in third grade for 30 years. He is a businessman with a reputation for being tough. Nothing about his presence—the expensive, conservative suits, the handmade shirts, the shoes I've never seen scuffed, the military posture, the typically challenging expression—hints at any kind of childlike vulnerability. Yet, in his fantasies, he is a child and he is vulnerable.

"The situation is usually a variation on a single theme," he says, his voice sounding as professional, as matter-of-fact as if he were discussing a real-estate deal. "I have to stay after school. The room is overheated, the way my classrooms often were. I even hear the hiss of the steam from the radiators. The only other person in the room is the teacher. She is sitting on the edge of her desk. She's wearing a tight skirt that rides up her thighs, so I can see her underwear, which is surprisingly frilly and sexy. I put my hand in my pocket and start to masturbate secretly. At some point, I realize that the teacher knows what I'm doing and is sitting so I can get an even better view of her crotch. Neither of us acknowledges what is happening. And there's something about that—the fact that we're sharing an unspoken secret—that makes the fantasy especially arousing."

During his description of the fantasy, Calso catches the waitress' eye and orders another drink without losing a beat. I am astounded by how casually he is able to reveal something so intimate. Most people are not so ready to open up.

"I've found that most men I go out with tend to be—not passive but fairly traditional in their lovemaking," says Robin Thouey. She interrupts herself to ask, "You sure you want to hear this?" Of course I want to hear it. What she means is, "Am I sure I want to tell it?" She later admits that although she'd been fantasizing like crazy ever since I'd arranged to interview her, the moment we got together, she went blank. "I had to put myself into a sort of trance to tell you. I mean, it was fun—fun only after I got started. Before that, I was terrified. But I don't know of what.

"Anyway," she says, "my favorite fantasy, current favorite, one I'd like to act out with someone but no one is willing to do it, is, I'm in bed. Somehow, a guy has gotten the key to my apartment. He lets himself in. I wake up and realize that this guy, this stranger, is tying me down. He whips me—not really hard but not gently, either. I mean, somehow, I know everything is safe. It's not a fantasy about brutality. But he is very forceful. He masturbates me; he makes love to me violently. I get off on his forcefulness."

Robin is an active feminist. It obviously costs her a lot to admit to such a sexist fantasy. But the fantasy exists; it would have cost her more to deny it.

"Which fantasy should I tell?" says Richard Dietrich, a commercial artist who is working on his fifth shot of whiskey before he can approach the subject. He's spent more than an hour and a half asking questions about what I've learned in my research and seems ready to reveal his fantasies only after I've told him about a man who has a recurrent fantasy of watching his girlfriend make love to a dog.

"Would he really want her to do that?" Dietrich asks.

"It's just his fantasy," I explain.

"A big dog or a small dog?" he asks.

"Big," I say.

"Yeah, a Chihuahua wouldn't be that sexy," he says. "What was it that turned him on?"

"Her wanting to do it," I say.

"Does his girlfriend really want to do it?" he asks.

"She likes imagining it," I tell him. "I don't think she'd like doing it."

"A dog!" Dietrich says. "My fantasy isn't *that* bad."

His fantasy involves watching his girlfriend make love to another man. "We're in a taxi, see," he says, "and we're making out. She's got her blouse open and her skirt around her waist. The driver is watching us through the rearview mirror. I tell her that, and she gets hot. She asks the driver if she can sit up front with him. He parks on a side street and, half-naked, she gets into the front seat. I'm in the back, separated from them by a Plexiglas window. I can't even see what they're doing most of the time. But I can hear her. Oh, boy, can I hear her. It's hearing her come that turns me on. Would I ever do it? I don't know. I think if I got to the point where I could tell her the fantasy, I'd want to try. But I don't know if I could ever get to that point. I'm afraid she'd be outraged."

"Is that all that's stopping you?" I ask. "Fear of her reaction?"

He stares blankly past my shoulder, obviously still in the back seat of the imaginary taxi.

"Yeah," he says. "Yeah."

At some point, all the people I interviewed wondered if their fantasies made them freaks. They wanted to know if everyone fantasized, if other people's fantasies were as odd as they thought theirs were.

And all of them described their fantasies in the present tense, as if the imagined events existed on a parallel track with reality—the hot third rail of consciousness that brings us power. In fact, sexual fantasies are always with us, flickering on and off as we go through our daily routine. They are our secret sharers, an entire *commedia dell' arte* cast waiting in the wings for the chance to flash, leap, tumble, fly, hop,

*"I love performing under the stars."*

juggle, clown, slink, twirl and cartwheel into awareness.

Why does our unconscious cook up scenarios that our conscious mind may reject? Where do such dreams come from? While they are often entertaining, sometimes they are also unsettling. What function do they serve? What, in fact, *is* a fantasy? Is it a sexual dream? A fleeting sexy thought? An elaborate erotic script?

In the past few years, these questions have become popular research topics among psychologists and sexologists. For the first time, sexual fantasies are being studied in depth. Instead of merely cataloging anecdotes, scientists are developing a statistical base for their theories. They are beginning to make cross-generational and cross-cultural analyses of fantasies. And, most important, instead of concentrating on pathology, they are examining the function of fantasies in normal people. This new emphasis may be partly due to the social climate. In their lovemaking, couples are using erotic movies and books—fantasy-oriented material—more frequently than they have in the past.

But the surge in fantasy research may go even deeper—to a realization that sexual behavior cannot be fully understood without a look at fantasies. In fact, it may be that sexual behavior is merely an artifact of the erotic stories we tell ourselves.

•

Fantasies are one of the last taboo subjects in our society. Long after people have lost any shame about discussing sex, they still can be embarrassed about admitting to fantasies—if you know what someone dreams, you know who he is. Traditionally, the *macho* stud chewing on his date's nipple as if it were a plug of Red Dog tobacco couldn't bear it if she knew he was imagining himself a sweetly suckling baby. The demure wife who during sex artlessly lets her arms fall to the sides in a dying-swan gesture would never want her husband to know she was pretending to be shackled, spread-eagled, to a rock with waves crashing about her, waiting for a sea snake ten feet long and as thick as a fireplug to butt between her legs.

But as our culture becomes more exhibitionistic, this psychological self-protection seems less of a factor. After the Sensitive Seventies, with its self-help fads, some people think nothing of betraying their most intimate secrets. Recently, I was at a dinner with a couple I hardly knew, and the woman casually mentioned over dessert that ever since her husband had given up a two-pack-a-day cigarette habit, he'd lost interest in sex.

"He can't get it up even when I stick my finger up his ass," she said, smiling indulgently across the peach compote at her husband, who beamed modestly, as though his wife were describing some anonymous act of charity in which he'd indulged.

No, it's not the sexuality that embarrasses people, it's the fantasy. After all, fantasies are make-believe, play acting for kids. Adults are supposed to be reality oriented. As a result, for years, the study of sexual fantasies has been the Cinderella of sexology, a stepchild that was ignored or reviled most of the time, even though in practice it always ended up being the belle of the erotic ball.

Pierre Janet, the French psychologist and precursor of Freud, who used hypnosis to treat hysteria and neurosis, explained a case of "demonic possession" as being a severe attack of fantasies, which he called *rêveries subconscients*—an obsessive circling of a fixed sexual idea, an experience many people have had at least once in their lives.

"I was so loaded, I couldn't perform with this woman I'd picked up at the Odeon," says a friend who for the past half year has been in the grip of an obsessive fantasy. "No hand-eye coordination. I was like the drunk who can't fit his key into his lock. Finally, I figured, What the hell, and rolled off her, just hoping the room would stop spinning long enough to let me catch my breath. But she was so hot that she started to masturbate herself, her hand going *whap whap whap* like she was beating eggs. I was transfixed. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen. For months afterward, I couldn't shake the picture of her on the bed, back arched and fingers going a mile a minute. Every day, all day long, it haunted me. It was like wandering around your apartment with the TV going full blast—except this TV was inside my head. Finally, I hired a whore to reconstruct the scene; it wasn't the same. It was like watching Gilda Radner play a Katharine Hepburn role."

In *Psychopathia Sexualis*, the pioneering 1886 work on sexuality—and a great read-aloud book filled with entertaining vignettes—Richard von Krafft-Ebing recognized that "reading and the experiences of everyday life . . . convert [sexual] notions into clear ideas, which are accentuated by organic sensations of a pleasurable character." These erotic ideas—fantasies—were proof of "a mutual dependence between the cerebral cortex (as the place of origin of sensations and ideas) and the reproductive organs," which "give rise to sexual ideas, images and impulses."

About the same time, Havelock Ellis, the civilized and sane British psychologist, wrote in his *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* that daydreaming "is a very common and important form of autoeroticism" that has "attracted little attention." He defined a daydream as "an imagined narrative, more or less peculiar to the individual, by whom it is cherished with fondness."

"The starting point," Ellis wrote, "is an incident from a book or, more usually, some actual experience. . . . The growth of the story is favored by solitude, and lying in bed before going to sleep is the time specially sacred to its cultivation. . . . It may involve an element of perversity, even though that element finds no expression in real life."

Freud believed that fantasies were wish fulfillments, products of frustration and desire. If you were sexually active, Freud thought, you'd have fewer fantasies—a theory that research has not borne out.

Alfred Kinsey was one of the first of the modern sexologists to report that sexual fantasizing was not abnormal. Eighty-four percent of the men and 69 percent of the women he studied admitted to fantasizing about the opposite sex. The lower figure for women may have been due to their embarrassment at revealing their fantasies or their difficulty in getting pornography, which could give them ideas and images, a verbal and pictorial language to shape inchoate sexual yearnings. Or maybe they didn't realize they were fantasizing.

"Many women have been taught many negatives related to sexuality," says Dr. Mark Schwartz, a sexologist from New Orleans affiliated with the Masters and Johnson Institute, who is one of the leaders in the new field of sexual-fantasy research. "So if you say to a woman, 'Do you use any fantasies?' she may say, 'No.' But if you say, 'Have you ever thought about a movie star and felt lubrication?' she may say, 'Oh, yeah, I've felt that.' The problem is labeling."

Much of the current sexual-fantasy research has been devoted to this problem of labeling. Like Adam in the Garden of Eden, sexologists have spent a great deal of time and effort on giving names to amorphous things—sensations, experiences, fantasies. This work is necessary, because until such things are properly named, it is impossible to take a sexual census, to find out what is real and what is myth.

In fact, the preliminary results of this work have already destroyed quite a few myths. For example, not only do women fantasize but their top five fantasies are (1) replacing their usual partner with another man, (2) having a forced sexual encounter with a man, (3) watching others involved in sex, (4) having idyllic sexual encounters with strange men and (5) having lesbian encounters.

The top five fantasies for men are (1) replacing their usual partner with another woman, (2) having a forced sexual encounter with a woman, (3) watching others involved in sex, (4) having homosexual encounters and (5) having group sex.

Obviously, the difference between men's and women's fantasies is not as great as some have believed.

Environment and culture may play a greater part than gender in determining what people fantasize. For people in a

*(continued on page 186)*

# THE PUNCH IN JUDY

*miss norton-taylor says, "good night, mary ellen"*

THE PROBLEM with growing up on TV is that the person you grow up as is not necessarily who you are. Judy Norton-Taylor, for instance, grew up as Mary Ellen Walton on the long-running television series *The Waltons*. Mary Ellen was one of the sweetest, humblest and noblest people you'd ever hope to meet. Judy, on the other hand, is a lot more fun.

It's not that she doesn't share many of the qualities of her former television character; she does. But there's an edge to Judy that Mary Ellen couldn't even imagine. While her TV character may have been content to sit and knead bread for most of the day, such a waste of good daylight would drive Judy out of her mind.

"That wasn't an image I was too comfortable with. It was

The clan from Walton's Mountain (left) makes a small hill itself when assembled. That's Judy as Mary Ellen at seven o'clock. Below, several years and some judicious growing later, the real Judy Norton-Taylor emerges.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

too . . . boring. It wasn't what my life was, and it wasn't what I wanted it to be. But I resent that character only when it limits people's assessment of me. Even when it was the main thing in my life, it still wasn't the *only* thing. There was another whole person who went home between shots."

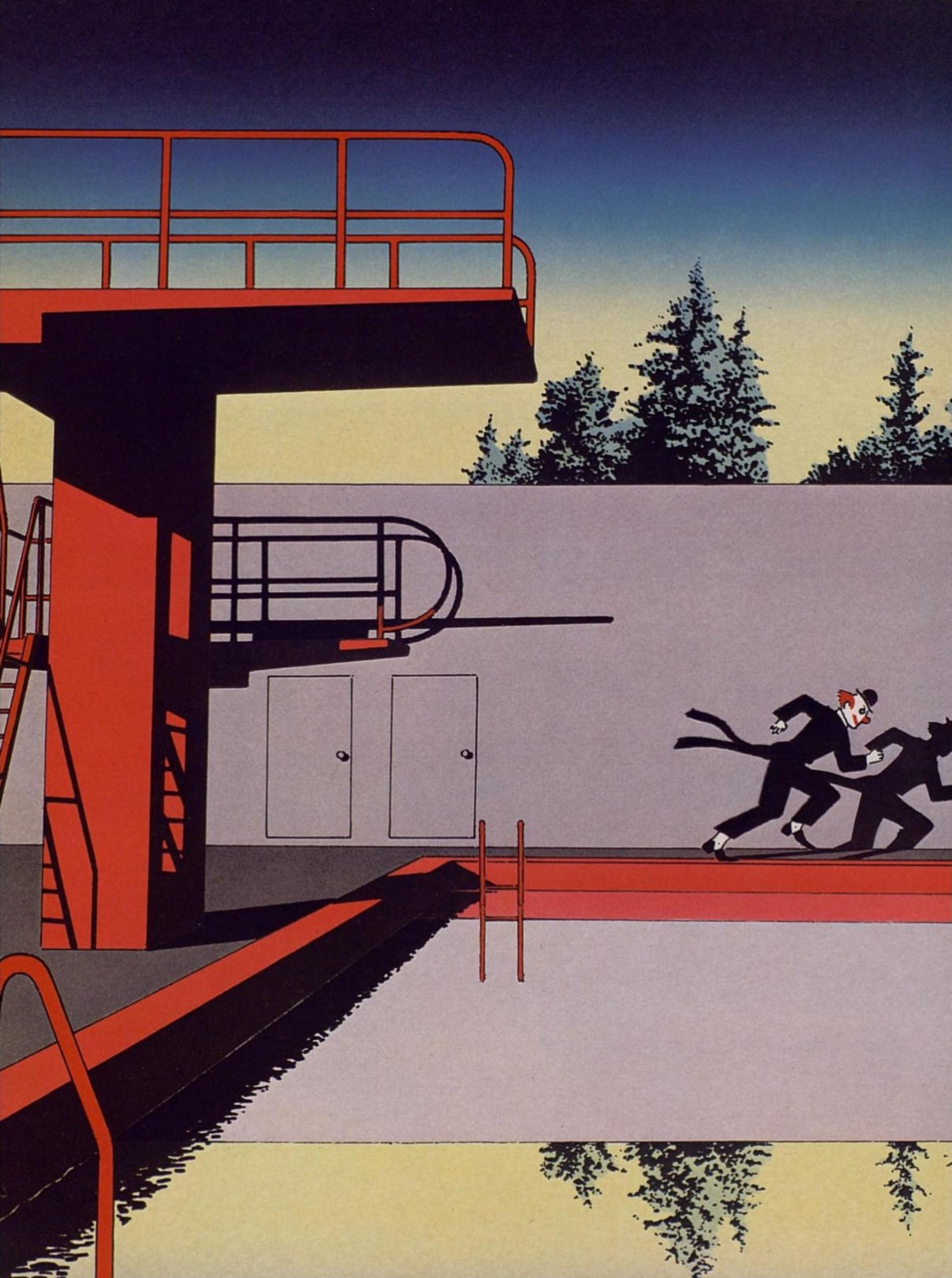
Understandably, the development of that other person in the shadow of the overwhelming TV image wasn't easy, but Judy is a child-star survivor. She's tough, bright and intense. When she's interested in something, her entire being is focused on it; when she's bored, she makes a quick exit.

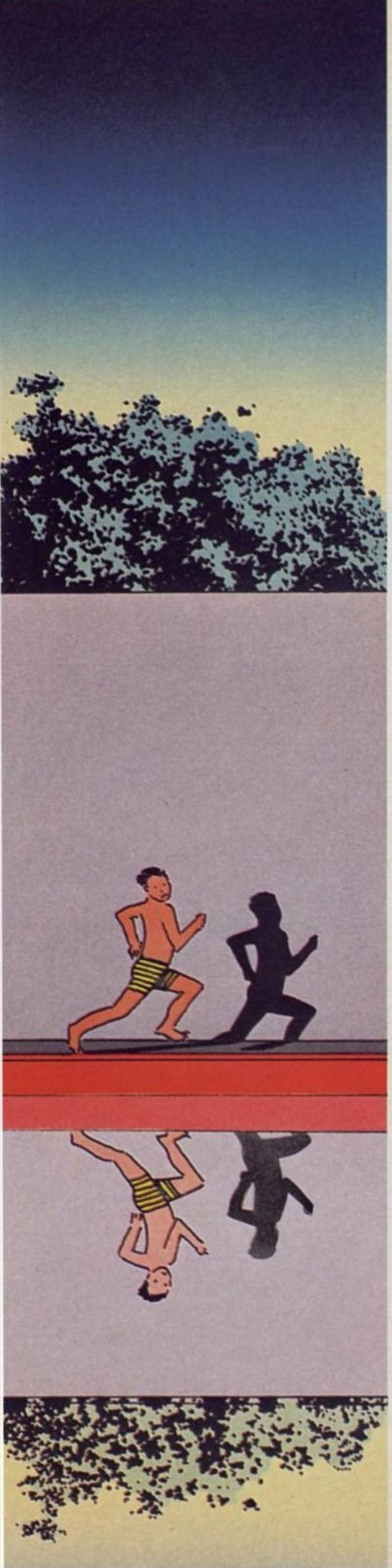
Seven years of ballet training have given Judy a powerful grace that she uses in her pursuit of sports and the adrenaline rush they provide. She's given to such knife-edge pastimes as equestrian jumping, trapeze acrobatics, skiing and sky diving. When you consider that most of these are not sports you try out but sports you do—or get killed doing—you get some idea of her mind-set.

"I've done a lot of things that would probably be considered dangerous. But I go about them very slowly and carefully. I didn't go out there and do trapeze stunts without a belt on. I stayed in the belt until everybody agreed I was ready. In the same way, I wouldn't jump a fence that I didn't think I, or my horse, was ready for.

"It's the challenge that I like. Of course, there is that element of fear in most of what I do, too. Despite the *(text concluded on page 172)*

"To me, life is like a game, and my whole attitude is geared to what I enjoy—because if I'm not going to enjoy being here and living this life, then what's the point? If there's no excitement, nothing to look forward to, nothing to achieve, then I don't want to be here."





# THE CLOWNS

*these performers were knocking their audience dead—literally*

*fiction*

**By GARDNER DOZOIS, JACK DANN and SUSAN CASPER**

THE C. FRED JOHNSON Municipal Pool was packed with swimmers, more in spite of the blazing sun and wet, muggy heat than because of them.

It was the dead middle of August, stiflingly hot, and it would have made more sense to stay inside—or, at the very least, in the shade—than to splash around in the murky, tepid water. Nevertheless, the pool was crowded almost shoulder to shoulder, especially with kids—there were children everywhere, the younger ones splashing and shouting in the shallow end, the older kids and the teenagers jumping off the high dive or playing water polo in the deep end. Mothers sat in groups and chatted, their skins glistening with suntan oil and sweat. The temperature was well above 90, and the air seemed to shimmer with the heat, like automobile exhaust in a traffic jam.

David Shore twisted his wet bath towel and snapped it at his friend Sammy, hitting him on the sun-reddened backs of his thighs.

"Ow!" Sammy screamed. "You dork! Cut it out!" David grinned and snapped the towel at Sammy again, hitting only air this time but producing a satisfyingly loud *crack*. Sammy jumped back, shouting, "Cut it out! I'll tell! I'll *tell*! I mean it."

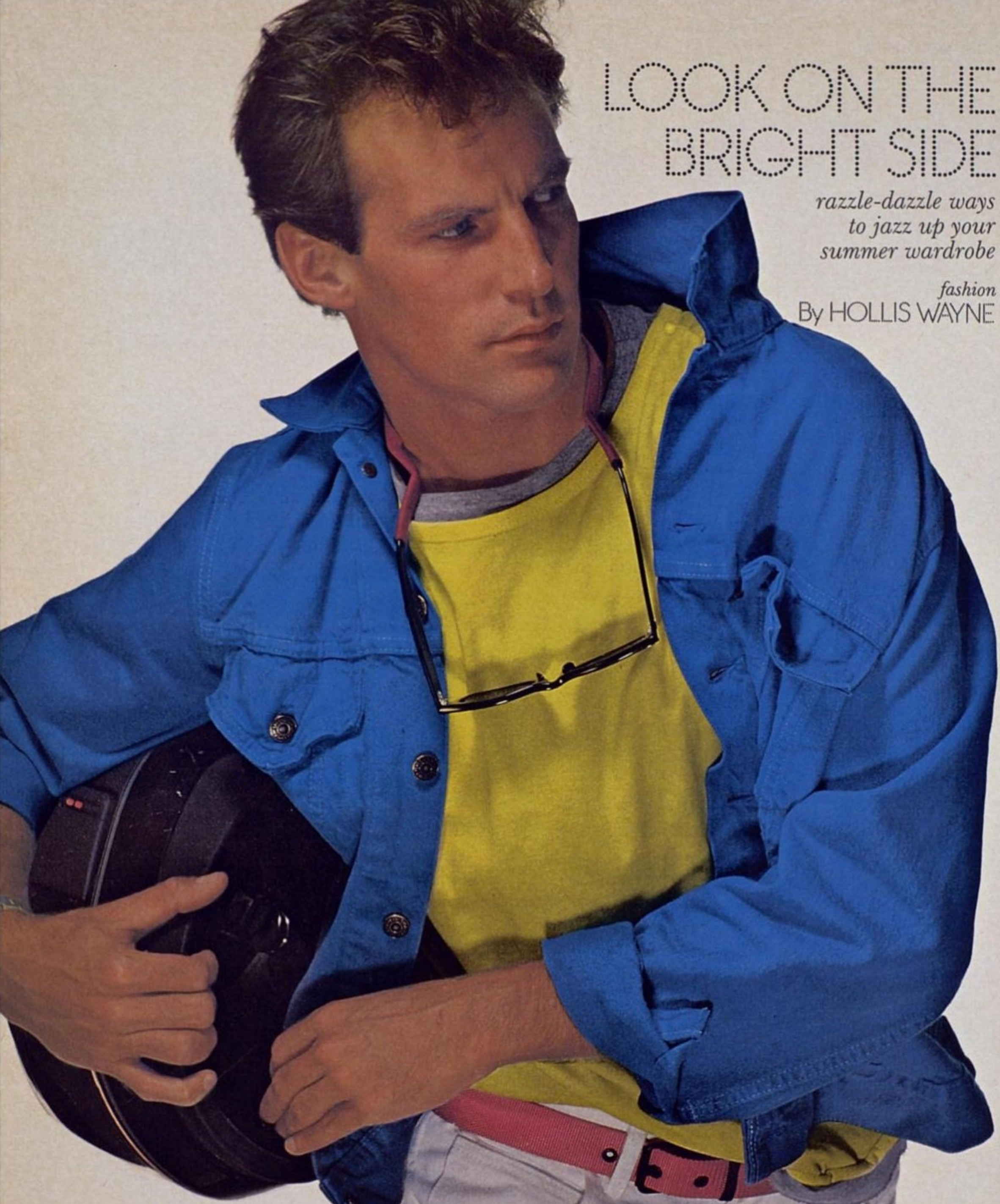
Sammy's voice was whining and petulant, and David felt a spasm of annoyance. Sammy was his friend, and he didn't have so many friends that he wasn't grateful for that, but Sammy was *always* whining. What a baby! That's what he got for hanging out with little kids—Sammy was eight, two years younger than David—but since the trouble he'd had last fall, with his parents almost breaking up and he himself having to go for counseling, he'd been ostracized by many of the kids his own age. David's face *(continued on page 130)*

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

# LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

*razzle-dazzle ways to jazz up your summer wardrobe*

*fashion*
By HOLLIS WAYNE



Above: His jeans jacket, by Levi's, about $50, oversize T-shirt, by The Saturdays Group, $11, and gray T-shirt, by Perry Ellis America, $30, contrast with white Calvin Klein Jeans, about $34.

MANKIND'S age-old response to hot weather has been light-colored clothing: White, beige and tan are the most common summer hues. So you, like every other guy on your block, probably have a bland summer wardrobe that a Good Humor man would sell his soul to own. Put that stuff on ice or, better yet, combine neutral pairs of pants and shorts with the latest pop tops—shirts, T-shirts, pullovers and jackets in brilliant tropical shades. Some examples are on these pages. Just add a great tan.

Right: This black pop top with a floral print, by Hannes B, $130, colorfully counterpoints his cotton knit tank top, by Calvin Klein Underwear, about $9, and cotton slacks with elasticized self-belted waistband, by Cadre, $45.

Right: There's nothing shady about this character's shirt—it's a box plaid, $30, worn over a colorful tank top, $15, both by Tony Lambert, and cotton poplin double-pleated walk shorts, by Boston Traders, $40. His sunglasses—appropriately enough—are by Shady Character, $35.

Left: More bright ideas—including a cotton crew-neck, by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh for Basco, $60, worn knotted over a knit pullover, by Merona, $40, and a knit shirt, by Saratoga, $40, plus shorts, by Gianfranco Ruffini, $40, and leather aerobic shoes, by Reebok, $43.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY E. J. CAMP

*personality* By STEPHEN RANDALL

*for comedian steven wright, weird is normal*

# SKATING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ICE

AFTER EMMANUEL LEWIS, TV's *other* diminutive child star, has reported in about being at Ronald Reagan's Inauguration, and after George Hamilton has bragged for a while about his tan, Joan Rivers, guest hosting for you know who on *The Tonight Show*, introduces her next guest: "He's funny, he's terrific. . . ." As he has done seven times before, 29-year-old Steven Wright walks through the parted curtains. He is wearing a red-and-black plaid flannel shirt, black Levi's cords and work boots. His brown hair, receding in front, is long and curly everywhere else. Wright looks as though he is due back in the dorm immediately after the show.

"Thanks," he says, eying the applauding audience suspiciously; but he says it in such a deadpan way, so devoid of emotion or energy, that it gets a sizable laugh. He edges cautiously into his first joke.

"I just got out of the hospital," he tells the audience. "I was in a speed-reading accident." Pause. "I hit a bookmark."

The audience laughs tentatively, partly at the joke and partly at the morose, almost spacy delivery.

Wright continues, "Last summer, I drove cross-country with a friend. We split the driving. We switched every half mile." Wright walks back and forth as the punch line, such as it is, sinks in. "The whole way across, we had only one cassette tape to listen to." He rubs his head thoughtfully. "I can't remember what it was.

"I was traveling with my friend George. Some people think George is weird 'cause he has sideburns behind his ears. I think he's weird 'cause he has false teeth but he has braces on them."

Wright paces nervously, as if he were in a psychiatrist's office trying to come up with even *more* reasons he should be committed without a hearing.

"My friend George is a radio announcer," he says. "And when he walks under a bridge, you can't hear him talk." By now the audience is catching on, laughing harder with each line and with each odd movement and strained expression.

"The thoughts Steven comes out with are totally original," says Peter Lasally, producer of *The Tonight Show* and the man who discovered Wright working in an obscure Boston club. "They're not jokes, they're fresh, original thoughts that are just so wonderful and so off the wall that you say, 'My God, how could anyone think of things like that?' He's brilliant. I've never seen anything like him."

In Los Angeles, if you meet someone Wright's age, you can safely assume he's one of three things: an aspiring actor, an aspiring screenwriter or an aspiring comedian. Sometimes it seems as if there are comedy clubs every few inches and that people are falling in and out of improv troupes as often as they fall in and out of love. Wright's act is unusual enough that within a few days of his hitting town, he was sought after by virtually every major agency and producer with an interest in comedy. Now, three years later, he has an album that will be released shortly by Warner Bros., a special in the works for HBO, a movie deal in development with Orion Pictures and several New York publishers courting him to do books. He turns down more TV work than most people are ever offered, and one can often hear him compared with Woody Allen—the reigning pinnacle of comedic achievement—as a likely candidate to cross over successfully from clubs to films.

Comparisons with Allen are frequent in Wright's life. For one thing, that's the standard showbiz way of complimenting a comedian, of telling him that he has potential. And for another, Allen is one of Wright's idols—when he was younger, Wright listened over and over again to Allen's albums, analyzing the way each joke was structured and delivered. But beyond that, the comparisons are limited. Allen's humor is observational, drawn from the regular world that most of us inhabit. At least part of his appeal comes from the fact that the audience can recognize itself in his jokes and movies.

Wright's jokes, on the other hand, seem as if they've been beamed down from a distant galaxy. Few people—at least, few people outside of mental hospitals—readily identify with Wright's unique, twisted view of the world. As he tells his audiences, "I like to skate on the other side of the ice." Instead of striking a familiar chord, Wright surprises his audiences with wordplay and unusual images, dragging them onto an unlikely, surrealistic planet where people make synthetic hair balls for ceramic cats and live in houses that run on static electricity. In a modest way, his act is a reinvention of the wheel, taking a hackneyed form—stand-up comedy—and doing something new and fresh.

"When I was little, in our back yard we had a quicksand box," Wright is saying. "I was an only child . . . eventually.

"Last time I tried to commit suicide was about an hour ago. I was down the street on the roof of this very tall building. I ran, I leaped off the edge and accidentally did a triple back flip, landed standing on my feet. Nobody saw this but two little kittens, and one of them said to the other one, 'See, *that*'s how you do that.'" The *Tonight Show* audience gives him an enthusiastic final round of applause.

When Wright joins the other guests, sitting between George Hamilton's old-world elegance and Joan Rivers' borrowed Perry Ellis original, he seems even more out of place than he had been on stage. And Rivers is uncharacteristically tongue-tied. In a world that *(continued on page 165)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKO

# F·A·I·R C·H·E·R

*this butler did it—for us*

CHER BUTLER's eyes change color from green to blue, depending on her mood. She was in a good mood the day she visited us in Chicago: One eye was green, one blue. She spoke in a tiny voice that seemed to fit perfectly the miniature tape recorder on our desk. "I've wanted to be a Playmate ever since high school, but I never told anyone about it. I was afraid that if I failed, I would disappoint people. I saw it as a lot of attention. I wanted the attention. I was kind of an ugly duckling in high school, a string bean, without much self-confidence."

We found it hard to believe that this poised young woman had ever had a crisis of confidence. So we offered her some second-rate editorial coffee in our TRUST YOUR LUST mug. She laughed. "Were you saving this for me?" We wondered if her self-assurance had come from a life on the

*"I dream of faraway places. My lover and I are alone. The stars hang in the night sky. It is quiet. I dream these dreams in color. They're better that way."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

road. A lot of Playmates have been Army brats, raised around a succession of strangers. We were close. "I come from a family of gypsies," she said. "We moved every few years to keep the boredom threshold low." Cher was born in Texas but made stops in Nevada, British Columbia and New Mexico (where she finished high school) before settling into her current address in Washington, D.C. She got off the bus just about the time her family finished building theirs. Her mom and dad took Cher's younger sister and hit the road in the Candy Ark, a rolling home built by

*At the top of the page, we catch Cher in a quiet moment with her morning coffee, the newspapers and her ever-present notebooks. There's no telling what she'll write; her journals hold her most private thoughts. Above and left, we get to see why cleanliness is next to godliness as washing the car quickly turns into a soapy free-for-all. At right, Cher's at work as a veterinary assistant. "You should see how some people treat their pets," she told us. "It's enough to make you sick. I've always loved dogs. Great companions, but right now I'm too rootless to have one."*

her dad. "Sometimes I don't even know where they are for months at a time, but then a postcard arrives." We asked if there were any plan to these travels. Cher told us her mother reads tarot cards and consults astrology charts. Had Cher inherited a reliance on things astral? "Well," she replied with a smile, "don't even talk to me during a full moon. I warn everyone to lock me in a closet. It's a very emotional time." What Cher does with all that extra emotion is turn to her journals. These aren't diaries. She doesn't write every day. Instead, the journals are an interior conversation. "Writing keeps my life in perspective. I only write about conversations that really strike me or my impressions of things. I'm essentially an observer. Maybe it comes from all that moving around. I kind of envy people who can just dive in. I can't do that. I have to sit back."

You're probably wondering what kind of guy can make Cher Butler sit forward. We were. He's not what you'd expect. "I can't explain why I'm attracted to feminine men. No one can *(text continued on page 98)*

*"I wouldn't mind being rich, as long as it didn't turn me into a bore. I wouldn't mind being famous, either, if the right opportunity came my way. I'm in the new Don Henley video. Maybe it's the start of something."*

*"I keep hoping that one day I'll find one man who has all the qualities I'm looking for. Right now, I have one man to play with, one to enjoy quiet time with, one to talk with and one to make love with. But I'm young. I don't have to find Mr. Right in the next hour, do I?"*

explain physical attraction. I like sensitive men; they're more attuned to music, writing and the emotions of women. I relate to them better. I don't like tough guys. They're hiding a bunch of things inside. I value dialog." Does she often run into this sensitive guy among the men in her generation? She gave this some thought before she replied, "I find that the men in my generation are full of questions but not answers. *(text concluded on page 174)*

TELEPHONE

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Cher Butler

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cher Butler

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 123

MEASUREMENTS: 37½ - 24 - 35

BIRTH DATE: 3-6-64 BIRTHPLACE: Garland, Tex.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A PLAYMATE? As a present to my lovers' egos and because I used to think I was funny-looking.

WHAT TURNS YOU ON? Dark-green plastic plates, empty old houses, experimental music and left-handed men.

WHO'S YOUR IDEAL MAN? One who doesn't deny his own feminine qualities.

WHAT'S YOUR SECRET FANTASY? To make love in the grasslands of Africa with a herd of gazelles jumping over us in a frenzy.

CHOOSE ONE PLACE YOU'D LIKE TO VISIT AND TELL US WHY: It would be very isolated from the Western world and have no modern technology. I'd like to see how I'd survive with just the basics.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES? Keeping a journal; collecting Marilyn Monroe photos.

WHO IN THE ENTIRE WORLD WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? I would have liked to have known Henry Miller. His novels are so blunt and gutsy and truthful that sometimes I have to close the books and gather my own thoughts together.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD MORE TIME? Work on my karma.

Age 8

Boy were becoming interesting!

Age 16

Too much Cheesecake!!

Age 17

Homecoming "Blues."

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During half time, the furious football coach entered the subdued locker room carrying a live alligator. Glaring at his bumbling players, he dropped his pants, whereupon the reptile clamped its jaws onto his penis. Finally, after enduring several moments in its grip, the coach poked the beast in the eye and it dropped off and scuttled under a locker.

"Any of you wimps man enough to do that?" he bellowed.

After a moment, a blond young man stepped forward. "I am, Coach," he volunteered. "Only *pleeease* don't poke me in the eye."

The Washington Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as a trilateral commission.

Look at this ad for VCRs," the man called out to his wife. "Let's get one while they're on sale."

"Forget it," she answered. "I already have a fourteen-day, one-event player in the bedroom."

The Loser's Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as a lonely guy and two hand puppets.

I disagree," the young stockbroker told the bartender. "President Reagan has done *a lot* for the little guy."

"You've got to be kidding," countered the bartender. "Give me one example."

"Well, using his economic policies as my guide, I don't think of myself as cheating the IRS anymore," the stockbroker said. "I think of myself as a deficit taxpayer."

I don't want to say that Walter Mondale has dropped out of sight," remarks comedian Mike Ostrowski, "but the other day I saw his picture on a milk carton."

The Lancelot and Guinevere Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as two characters in search of an Arthur.

The vice-president of a small company had two loyal employees, Mary and Jack. One day his boss told him that he'd have to lay one of them off. "But how?" protested the V.P. "Mary's terrific; she's been here for ten years. And Jack's a great worker with a family to support. How can I choose between them?"

"Make it easy on yourself," said the boss. "Whoever arrives first tomorrow morning—that's the one who gets fired."

Dreading what he had to do, the V.P. spent a sleepless night. At 8:55 the next morning, Mary walked into the office. "Mary," he stammered, "I have some very difficult news. I . . . I've worried all night about it, but . . . I . . . well, I have to lay you or Jack off."

"Ah, jack off," she said. "I've got a headache!"

The Los Angeles Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as two nostrils and a $100 bill.

After losing his penis in a horrible industrial accident, the desperate worker visited doctor after doctor, seeking a remedy. Finally, a creative plastic surgeon agreed to substitute a baby elephant's trunk for the missing member.

Thus equipped, the elated worker headed for home, deciding to break the news to his wife over dinner.

Before he had found a way to explain his new appendage, however, the trunk swept up onto the table, grabbed a dinner roll and shot back beneath the table.

The man's startled wife demanded an immediate explanation. Upon learning of the operation, she became visibly excited and pressed her husband for details.

"Tell me," she eagerly inquired, "can you do that again?"

"I think so," he replied. "But, to be honest, I don't know if I can handle another bun up my ass."

*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.*

*"Hi! My name is Rick—I'll be your executioner today!"*

GOOD ENOUGH TO DREAM

*this time the writer was the owner*
*and they were his boys of*
*summer—his team,*
*his problems, his pride*

THE FIRST DREAM, full of innocence and sunlight, is to play the game. The dream shines, with that same eerie, morning light of promise, at Renton, Washington, along Spring Garden Road in Lincroft, New Jersey, and on West Arthur Street in Chicago. To play the game. To play the game superbly. To play with such a brilliant, sunlit, morning grace that the dream itself leaves you, at length, like Caliban, able to speak only fragments: "The clouds . . . would open and show riches, ready to drop upon me. . . . "

I remember versions of my small baseball fantasy from loving and faraway days when ballplayers wore uniforms of hot, baggy flannel and television existed only in the laboratories and fantasies of electrical engineers.

You could pitch, like Christy Mathewson, Van Lingle Mungo or John Whitlow Wyatt, and then the batters, aggressive, mean-spirited men—none seemed to have shaved that morning—quailed before your fast ball and your swift, snapping curve. Or you could hit, and now the pitcher became a foul, murderous brute who stared out of a storm-cloud visage. He knocked you down and cursed you with what people in baggy-flannel days described, in studied loathing, as "foul epithets." You stood against his fast ball, his swift, snapping curve, and drove a long, high drive that climbed the sky.

After that long-sounding thwack and a blur of base runners, you were borne shoulder-high by exulting teammates. In the crowd beyond, your father cheered and your mother brought both hands to

*memoir*

By ROGER KAHN

her face, her cheeks glistening with pride. Somewhere else in the careful tapestry of the imagined throng sulked a regretful baby-doll face. It was the girl who had let you get away.

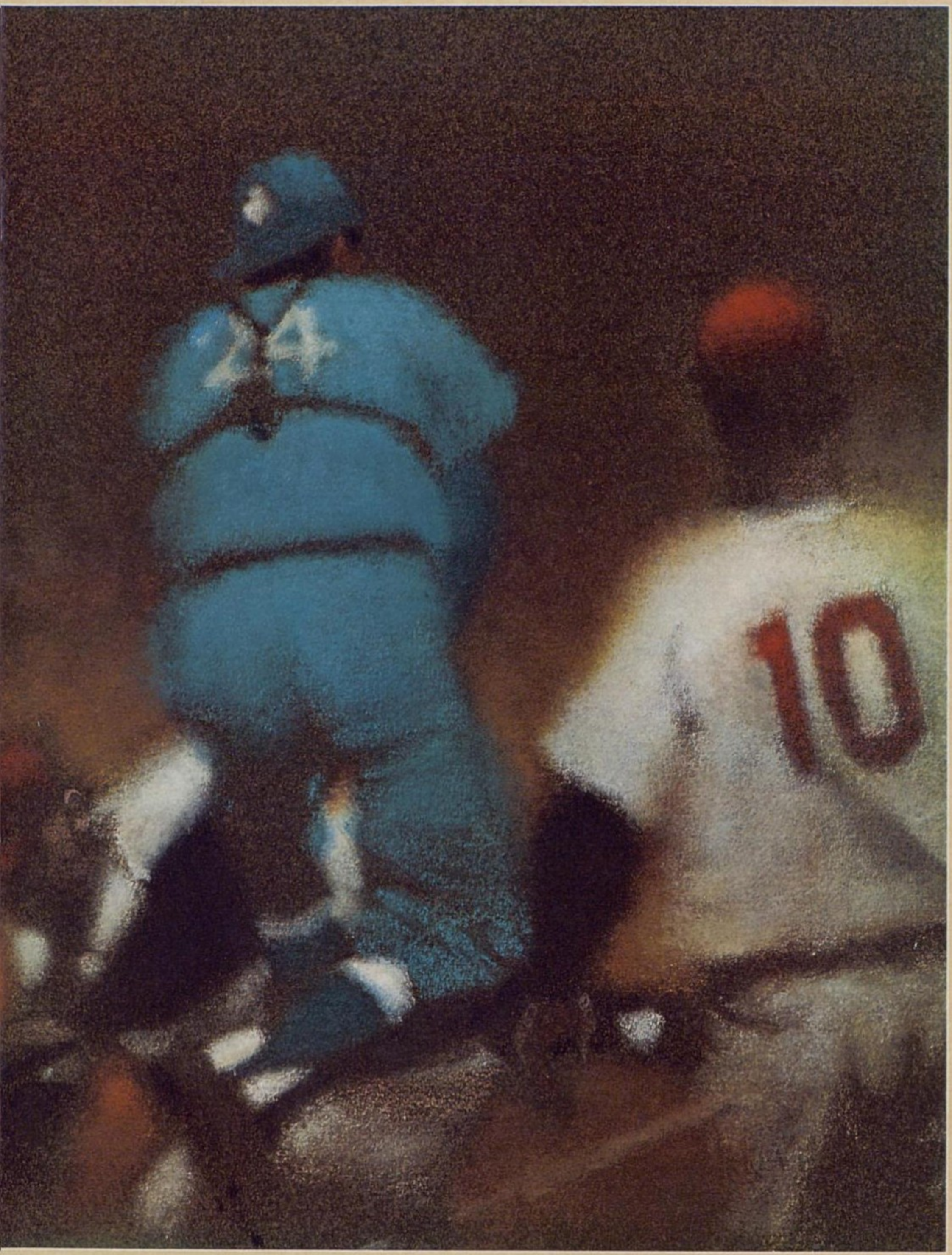
Out of the roughly 1,500,000 young men who graduate from American high schools every year, no more than 500 are signed to professional baseball contracts. The chances against your getting any contract at all, on the very lowest level, anywhere in organized baseball run about 3000 to one. The death of the baseball dream, with all its innocence and sunlight, comes early to most. You have to be very, very good to play professionally, even at a rudimentary stage, and few young ballplayers are that—very, very good.

For myself, I guarded dreams carefully. My father, Gordon, a teacher, editor and polymath, knew baseball, played baseball and coached baseball. Dad mentioned that he had played third base for the City College of New York in the season of 1923, and years later, when I had the means to check old City College box scores, I decided not to verify what he said. He wanted me to believe that he had played college ball, and I wanted to believe that he told the facts. Who needed truth, with all her tedious footnotes, breaking in on admiration and love?

I wanted above all things to play professional baseball, but there were insistent early hints that Joe DiMaggio and I were made of different stuff. For one thing, I was always small for my age. For another, my throwing arm was suspect. Although in later years I reached a respectable level of competence in softball, we are talking hardball here. *Major-league* hardball. I never came close.

My father developed a fine and rather relaxed friendship with me around the centerpiece of *(continued on page 137)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK ENGLISH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# K.C. AT THE BAT

*take it from george brett—the hot corner for barbecue is his own home town*

*food* By RICH DAVIS

IN THIS HIGH-TECH, fast-food world, it's reassuring to know that at least one primitive, slow-paced human passion continues to grow in popularity—and I'm not talking about baseball. The centuries-old lust is for native, smoky, American barbecue. Barbecue Texas style, Memphis style, Carolina style and Kansas City style—each has its merits. Charcoal *grilling* of fish, fowl and meats is also growing in popularity; note the current hysteria over mesquite-grilled foods. Many an outdoor chef turns out great steaks, burgers and grilled fish, but grilling ain't genuine American barbecue.

Traditional barbecue is the combination of slow cooking and continuous wood smoking of various meats over low heat to a crusty well-doneness. And in my opinion, the best of all barbecue breeds is Kansas City style. "Smoke it slow and cook it low" is the K.C. rib watchword to the wise. And when it's time for the sauce (at the end of the barbecue process, not the beginning), there are about 25 Kansas City–style sauces, from Bobby Bell's to Zarda, on the market.

### WOODS AND SMOKE

Mesquite charcoal is excellent for grilling because of its high burning temperature (nearly twice that of most charcoal briquettes). But I prefer hickory charcoal or wood (hickory or pecan) logs for traditional barbecuing, because you want to maintain a 200-degree smoky-coal cooking environment, without flames. Soak the logs or chunks several hours or overnight in water, so that they won't flare up. And resist the temptation to peek into your closed cooker; every time you do, you lose the accumulated smoke and cause a fire flare-up by letting in fresh air. The result is a hotter, less smoky atmosphere that doesn't do the ribs or your taste buds any good. *(concluded on page 184)*

 PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY

KC

# POP TOPS

*because a skyline is a terrible thing to waste*

BUILDINGS USED TO BE DESIGNED from the ground up, which made not only excellent engineering sense but aesthetic sense as well—after all, architects wanted their buildings to be appreciated by pedestrians passing by on the sidewalks. Sure, there were edifices. Sure, there were flourishes of cornice and column. But the *real* art was at street level. These days, architects seem to think about the tops of their buildings more than anything else. Philip Johnson had no *pressing* reason to make the AT&T building into a 647-foot Chippendale dresser. But that didn't stop him. Well, we're not going to let other pressing reasons stop us, either. If we're going to be stuck high up in our fast-sprouting urban landscapes, looking at the skyline—as more and more of us seem to be—the *least* we can ask is that the buildings wear distinctive hats. Here's to making our skyline fun.

**THE U.S. POST OFFICE BUILDING**

**TOASTMASTER TOWERS**

**RAID CORPORATION BUILDING**
**(with repellent beacon)**

**THE HARPER & ROW BINDERY BUILDING**

**THE BLACK & DECKER TOWER**

**WALT DISNEY WORLD HEADQUARTERS**

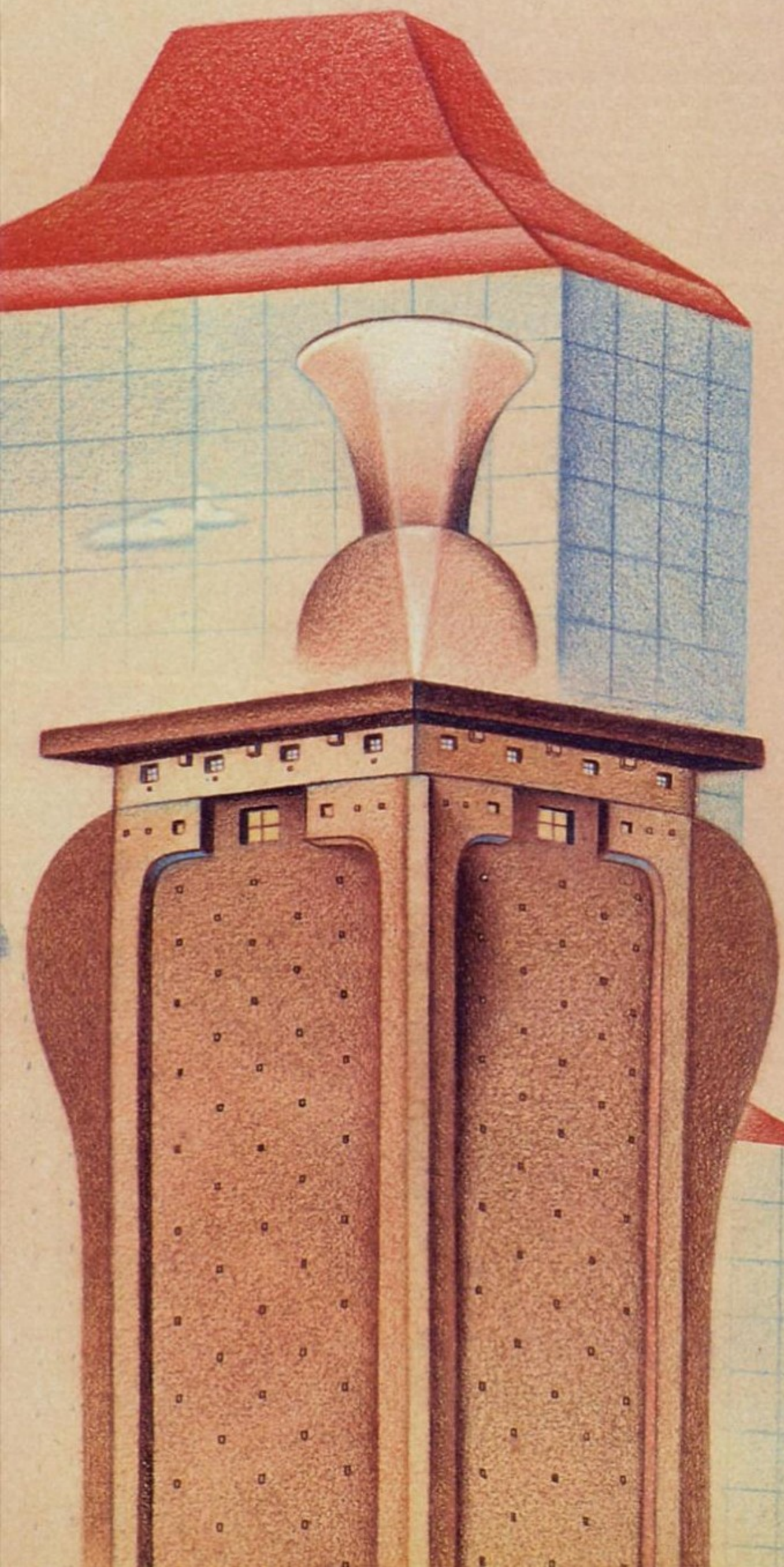
ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

**ONE PIZZA HUT PLAZA**

**THE ETHAN ALLEN FURNITURE MART**

**THE POLAROID CAMERA COMPANY**

**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**



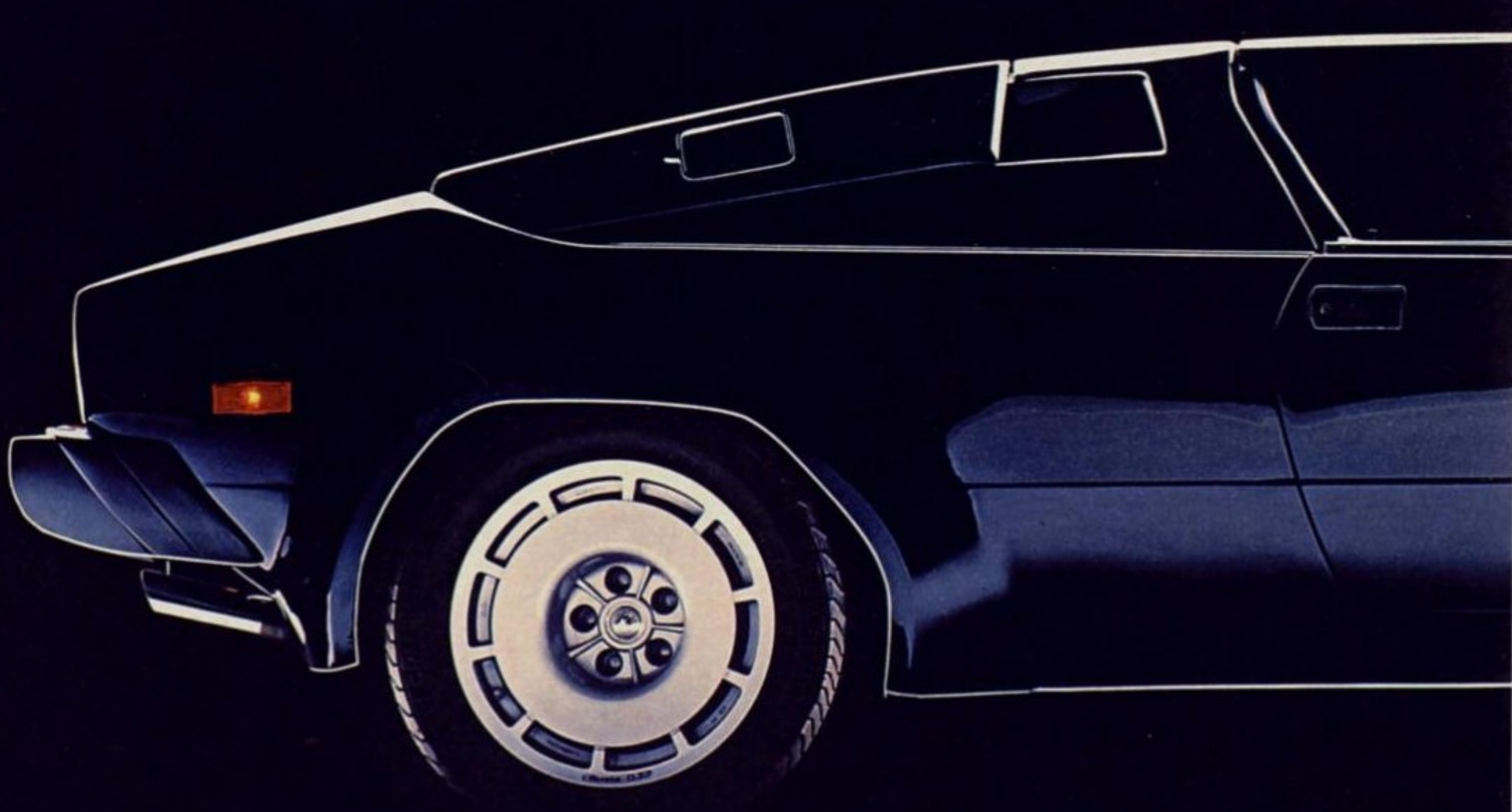
# TWO BY FOUR

*articles*

**By WILLIAM JEANES, BROCK YATES, BILL NEELY and GARY WITZENBURG**

*a quartet of eminent automotive journalists road-tests four of the latest two-seaters*

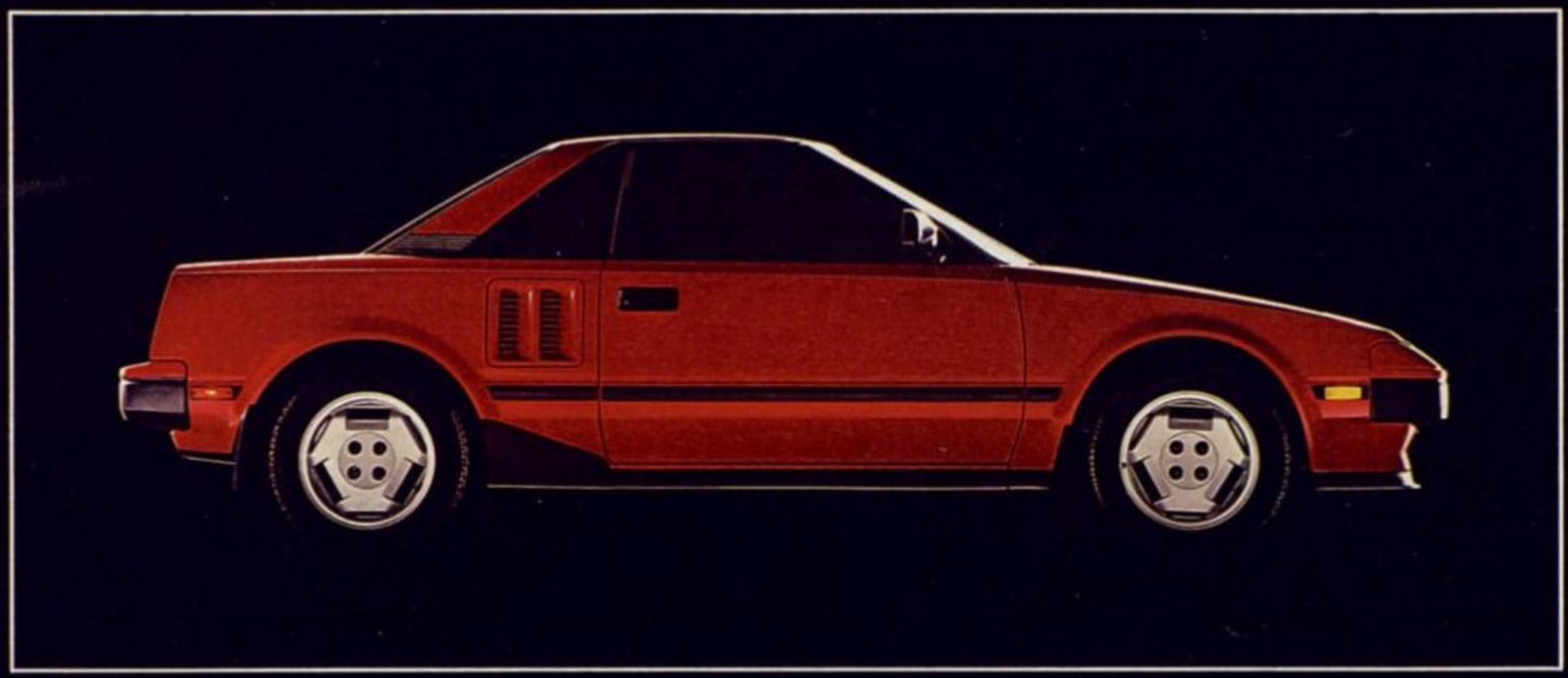
EVER SINCE homeward-bound GIs started packing spindly MGs into their steamer trunks following World War Two, America has been in love with sports cars—MGAs, Austin Healeys, Jaguars and Triumphs; Alfas, Fiats and Ferraris; Porsches and Mercedeses; Corvettes and Ford's two-seat T-bird. But postwar America was too busy making babies to consume many two-seaters. The American dream may have included them, but suburban driveways were lined with sedans and wood-sided wagons instead. The T-bird grew to a 2+2, with room in back for kids. So did many others. The Japanese won some two-seater hearts in the Seventies with Datsun Zs and Mazda RX-7s, but a lot of the Europeans folded their tents and fled as U.S. safety, emissions



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE AYRES

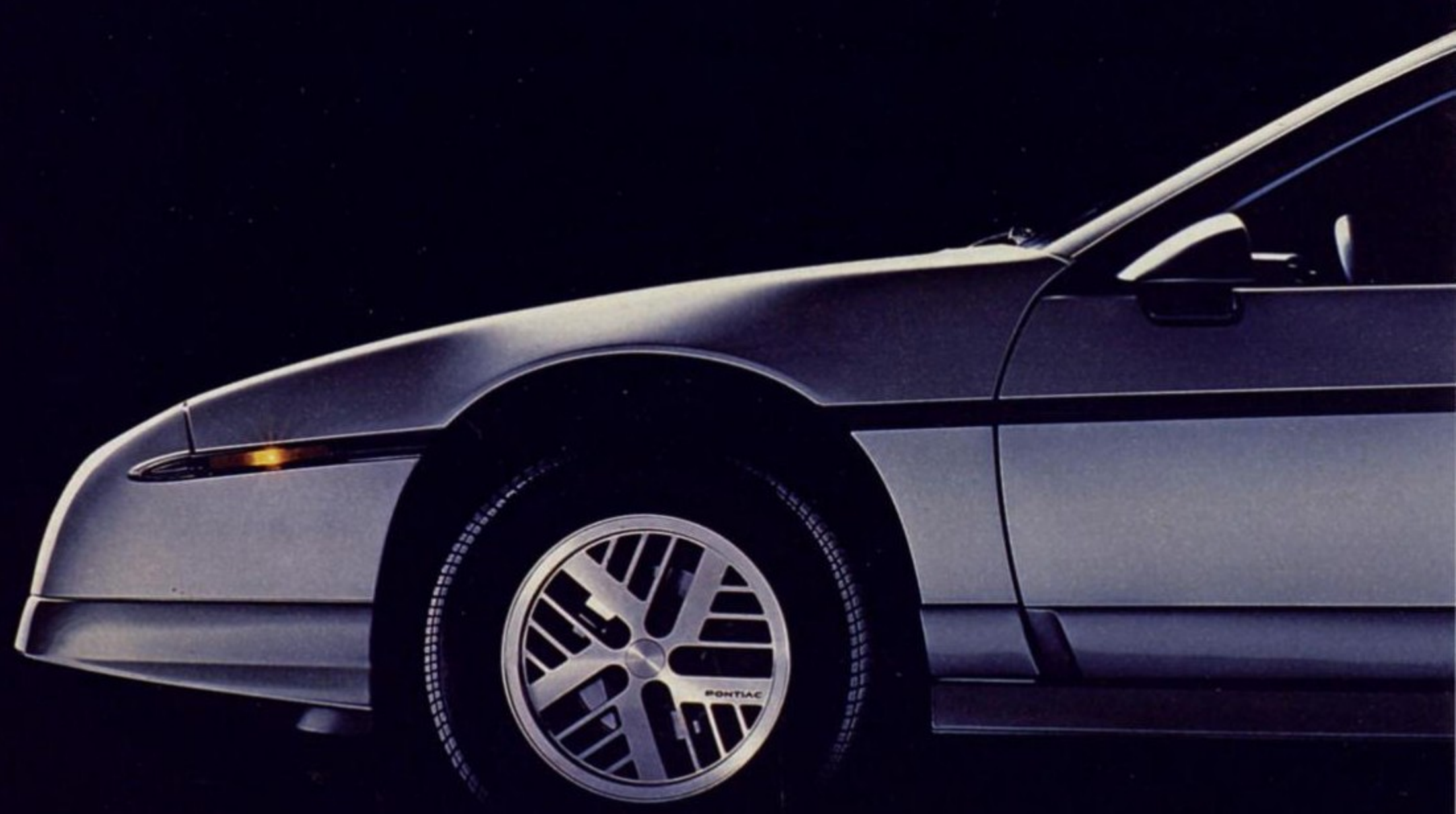
Above: Cross your fingers; it's not here yet—but come mid-1986, the gorgeous Renault Alpine (with bumpers slightly amended from the European version pictured here) should roll off the boat to burn up our highways and byways. The price? About $30,000. Get in line, fella.

Below: Automobili Ferruccio Lamborghini's asphalt-eating mid-engined Jalpa is loose; and if you're man enough to drive it, you're in for one fine motoring expe-rience. Zero to 60 in less than seven seconds, and the speedometer reads 180 mph. Yours for $53,000.



**Above: Four-wheel disc brakes, a five-speed gearbox as smooth as a hot knife in butter and a 112-hp, 16-valve engine with a zero to 60 of just about eight seconds—Toyota's MR2 is a delightful funmobile that's almost too good to be true. A $13,500 winner fully loaded.**

**Below: Pontiac's new GT Fiero has gotten its automotive act together, with a 2.8-liter V6 engine instead of the original 92-hp four-banger. Add a sexy interior, zero to 60 in less than nine seconds and a top end upward of 125 mph and who could turn it down? All for about $14,000.**

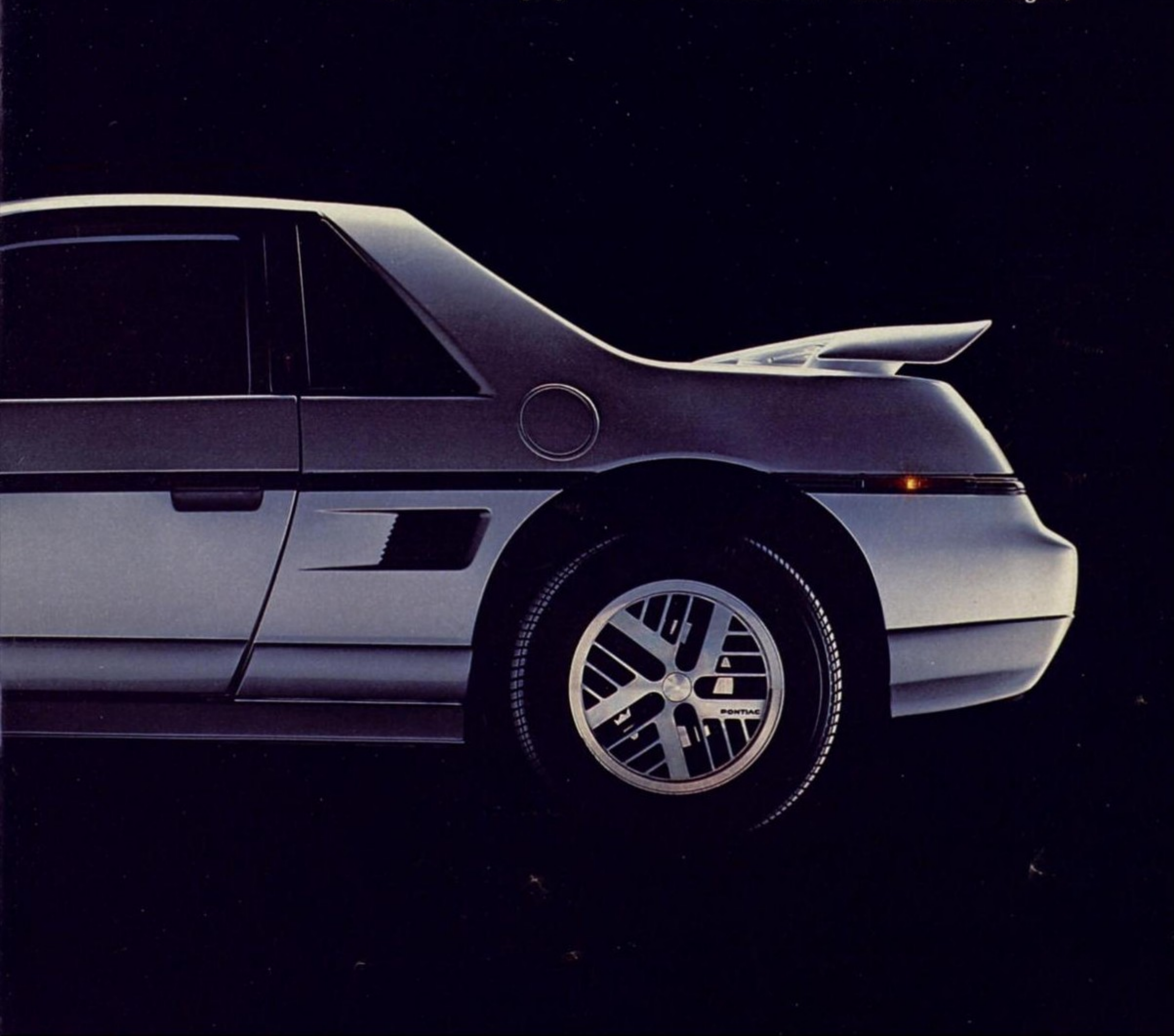


and bumper standards made the small-volume-car business increasingly tough. Suddenly, last year, Pontiac sold 100,000 Fieros. The new Corvette is a hit, as is Honda's tiny two-passenger CRX. Toyota has its first mid-engine sportster, the MR2. Ferrari recently launched its 12-cylinder Testarossa and Porsche its 944 Turbo. Mazda's new RX-7 is due this fall. Renault's turbo-V6 Alpine (like modern Porsches, not a true two-seater but very much a sports car) hits the road next year.

Almost everyone is working on new two-seaters for the late Eighties: Chrysler (with Maserati), Cadillac (with Pininfarina), Ford and Buick. Lotus' wedge-shaped Etna is years away. Lamborghini is revamping its awesome V12 Countach, and Aston Martin is collaborating with Zagato on a 185-plus-mph super GT.

Why the boom? More and more Americans are single and/or childless. The decade of dullness has left us hungry for auto excitement, and the car-as-status syndrome encourages automotive show-offmanship.

Somebody once defined a sports car as a car with everything unnecessary removed. Purists insisted that it have a ragtop, competition capability and no more than two seats. Today's best definition is simply that it's designed for fun and, primarily, for two people. It's small in size, striking in looks, exciting in performance, agile in response, delightfully sexy and impractical and intended for warm summer nights,



scenic mountain roads and cuddly company.

From Toyota's twin-cam, 16-valve four-cylinder MR2 to Lamborghini's thundering V8-powered Jalpa, here's a pulse-quickening cross section.

TOYOTA MR2

Sports-car lovers have greeted Toyota's MR2 with an enthusiasm usually associated with Super Bowl victories or large inheritances. They are overjoyed. And they have every reason to be. To drive Toyota's new two-seater, the MR2, is to rediscover the lost world of the sports car. It has a high-revving engine that's a marvel, room for only you and your companion, a shifter that's so smooth it's scary and the ability to go around corners at speed without losing control—or causing you to.

Furthermore, for those who remember the questionable joys of having snow blow through the side curtains of an MGA and who understand the humor of a T-shirt that says, THE ENGLISH DRINK WARM BEER BECAUSE THEY HAVE LUCAS REFRIGERATORS, the MR2 offers the added advantage of being a civilized automobile.

Toyota's TC-16, an engine of leading-edge sophistication, powers the MR2, doing its precision work from just behind the driver's right shoulder. The 16-valve twin-overhead-cam engine reaches its horsepower peak at 6600 rpm, an engine speed that just a few years ago could be found only on race tracks. The 112-horsepower four-cylinder displaces only 97 cubic inches (1587 c.c.), yet gets you from zero to 60 in just over eight seconds.

When you're under way in the MR2, tucked snugly into its low-slung and firmly supportive driver's seat, you will notice ordinary responsiveness—*until* the engine reaches 4350 rpm. At that point, electronic witchcraft opens the intake portion of the fuel-injection system and you get a swift kick in the acceleration curve. With surprising smoothness and rapidity, you'll find yourself streaming happily along far above the 55-mph level.

You control the five-speed gearbox with as little effort as you will ever expend in the cause of changing gears. The shifter might operate more smoothly on the moon, where gravity isn't a factor, but I doubt it.

Under pressure, when you have to stop for something or escape from a curve that you've entered too fast, the MR2 shows true grace. Its four-wheel disc brakes stop you with a commendable absence of commotion, and its cornering qualities will comfort any driver who's not certifiably inept.

The MR2's suspension system, an unremarkable four MacPherson struts with low-pressure gas struts and front and rear stabilizer bars, delivers confidence-inspiring neutrality—with just enough of the dreaded trailing-throttle oversteer to remind you that you're in a sports car.

(Trailing-throttle oversteer is car-nut talk for what happens when the back end breaks loose and your own rear license plate passes you after you've lifted your foot off the accelerator. This heart-wrenching phenomenon overtook me on a snow-covered interstate, but, thanks to the MR2's predictability, I survived with a minimum of corrective steering action.)

Inside, the MR2 is cozy, as sports cars should be, but offers enough leg room for drivers well over six feet tall. You also sit in a straight line, which means that you don't have to drive with your feet aimed at the front license plate and your shoulders twisted. The instruments and the controls are ergonometrically correct and simple to use, and the over-all finish is in keeping with a car that would cost a lot more than the MR2's base price of $10,999.

Is there nothing wrong with this car? Of course there is; it wouldn't be a sports car otherwise. When you're tooling along at 70, the engine's noise makes things a bit buzzy—which means that you don't hear the standard stereo all that well. Which is OK, because it doesn't sound all that wonderful. The exterior looks as if ten inches or so had been lopped off either end, but beauty has never been a prerequisite for sports cars. Remember the bugeye Sprite? A better left armrest would make long-distance driving a little easier—but remember the MGA? It didn't *have* armrests.

Other than those minor quibbles, I had too much fun driving the MR2 to waste time finding fault. The only genuinely serious problem with it is availability; the annual U.S. allotment—dictated by manufacturing capacity, not quotas—has been set at 36,000. *That*'s bad news.

—WILLIAM JEANES

FIERO GT

The Pontiac Fiero hit the streets in 1983 as a flashy two-seater that had all the makings of a solid, relatively cheap sportster. Some of the car had been scavenged from the old parts bin (modified Chevette front suspension, for instance), but the basic chassis was strictly high-tech. The Fiero broke new ground with a stiff space frame to which cheap, easily replaced and repaired composite-plastic body panels could be attached. In a styling sense, it was a knockout. But beneath its sexy exterior wheezed an antiquated four-banger engine with all the power and charisma of a cast-iron antique salvaged from an early Sixties economy-model Chevrolet—which is exactly what it was. Someone with an arch sense of humor dubbed it the Iron Duke, but this heavy, feeble (92 hp) old plug was dirt-ball proletarian to the bottom of its crankcase, and the performance it offered the Fiero turned the appealing little machine into a sheep in wolf's clothing.

But G.M.'s penchant for improvising along the way kicked in and, sure enough, the Fiero GT is a vast improvement. The GT now packs a neatly conceived 2.8-liter V6 (also courtesy of Chevrolet) that develops 140 hp. The engine features such contemporary amenities as Bosch-type port fuel injection, with a classy cast-aluminum intake manifold and a stainless-steel exhaust manifold. With all that fresh power, torque and flexibility comes legitimate performance: zero to 60 in less than 8.5 seconds and a top speed approaching 125 mph. Add to that a real man's growl from the exhaust and you've got a Fiero that packs sufficient punch to legitimize its racy looks.

Moreover, the GT has been restyled to produce even zoomier lines than the original. Its soft polyurethane nose, which first appeared on the 1984 Fiero Indy pace car, coupled with rocker-panel skirts and a rear-deck spoiler, not only enhances the aesthetics but drops the coefficient of drag to a rather slippery 0.350. Overall, the Fiero GT is a splendid-looking package, with sufficiently sensuous lines to make its archrival, the Toyota MR2, look like a four-wheeled box kite.

This is not to say that the little Pontiac is ready to challenge Porsche or Ferrari as a road machine with impeccable breeding. Pontiac still has a few bugs to work out before that happens. One is the manual gearbox, which is presently limited to the old X-car four-speed. An Isuzu-built five-speed is available on the low-line Iron Duke version, but it lacks the beef to handle the V6's added torque. The steering remains quirky, feeding the driver unpleasant twitches on lumpy pavements and offering limited directional stability. One assumes that the evolutionary development policies in force at Pontiac will soon result in a five-speed transmission for the V6, but bad G.M. memories of the litigation surrounding such rear-engine cars as the Corvair may prevent such a beast from ever reaching the showrooms.

The interior is appealing, with efficient control ergonomics and instrumentation devoid of corn-ball video games. The pedal location makes heel-and-toe braking and downshifting a breeze, and the seats offer good lateral support. Of course, one of the evils of a mid-engine configuration is the loss of foot and luggage room, and the Fiero is no exception. Long trips can make passengers feel as if their legs were wrapped in a mailing tube. The tiny trunk offers room for toothbrushes and extra skivvies but little else. However, when one recalls that Pontiac began planning the Fiero as a short-haul commuter vehicle in the fuel-crazed Seventies, its lack of freight-hauling capacity becomes more understandable. Yet, in keeping with its new "grand touring" designation, Pontiac

*(continued on page 172)*

*"He's an undocumented worker. He does all the jobs around the house I don't want to do."*

# TO BED A THIEF

*actress ingrid boulting shows just how much fun a game of cops and robbers can be*

INGRID BOULTING likes to be different. That's why she had one restriction when she agreed to pose for PLAYBOY: It couldn't be an ordinary pictorial. It had to have humor and tell a story, so that she would get to act, not merely pose. And Ingrid wanted to play a far different character from the one most often associated with her, that of Kathleen Moore, the ethereal beauty who haunts Robert De Niro in *The Last Tycoon*. "I'm tired of being typecast as an untouchable Madonna," she says. Ingrid is a woman who knows her own mind. She knows movies, too: Her father, Roy, is one of Britain's famed Boulting twins, producer/directors of such classics as *Lucky Jim*, *I'm All Right, Jack* and *Seven Days to Noon*. So we were interested in her opinion of her own latest movie vehicle, *Deadly Passion*. "It's a low-budget quickie," she said. "It's supposed to be *The Maltese Falcon Meets Body Heat*, but I refuse to see it. At least it gave me a chance to visit some family while I was on location in Africa." In *Deadly Passion*, Ingrid played a villainess. In our pictorial, she gets to play a detective, which she sees as a nice departure, though she's ambivalent about nudity. "To me," she says, "what is sexy is suggestive. But then, I'm not a man, am I?"

Before you begin reading this pictorial story, concocted especially for Ingrid, the star herself has a helpful suggestion: "I think the background music to this should be Tina Turner's *What's Love Got to Do with It?*" Those of you without stereos handy can hum along as Ingrid plays a daring detective getting ready to stalk a famous jewel thief (he's the one reflected in her glasses, left, and featured in the dossier above).



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

You can't catch your prey without bait, right? That's why Ingrid, at left, is sparing no expense—new clothes, expensive diamonds, strategically placed gun—in her quest to snare Nick the Thief. "Remember," she cautions, "my character is a cop, but she's greedy and ruthless." She takes a cab (below) to the seedy Gardenia Club (right), a.k.a The Rotten Club, Nick's favorite hangout. There she tries to win his attention with a suggestive dance. (That's Nick sipping his drink at a ringside table.) What she doesn't realize is that she's already gotten his attention. Tipped off by accomplices with access to police files, Nick has been following her since she first put together her thief-catching wardrobe—and has plans of his own to turn the tables on her.

Here's where the story gets complicated, if not downright implausible. Let's start with the top picture, far left. While Ingrid temporarily loses herself in a sensuous reverie on the dance floor, Nick sneaks up behind her and, true to his calling, snatches her jewels, which is an embarrassing development for any detective. She gives chase outside the club but to no avail (middle, far left). Not even yelling "Stop, thief!" at the top of her lungs seems to help. But Ingrid still has a few tricks secreted in her garter belt, and she makes haste for Nick's hotel room, where she resourcefully picks the lock (bottom, far left). When Nick comes back (left), Ingrid is ready to turn the tables on *him*. She whips out her gun (above right), which, fortunately for Nick, fires only blanks. Crafty Ingrid is using the gun as an invitation to a private party that has a guest list of two. Lowering his guard while lowering Ingrid's slip (right), Nick R.S.V.P.s that he will, indeed, be attending. And when it comes to parties, Ingrid shows that she's a very special hostess (see overleaf), displaying, as good hostesses do, all the tricks she learned before graduating at the top of her class at the police academy, including how to apply a tourniquet and some of the subtler techniques of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. True, these aren't the methods favored by Cagney and Lacey, but in the world of professional law enforcement, a good cop knows when to improvise. Even a jaded jewel thief like Nick is moved, and as for our detective, she, too, is caught up in the passion of the moment. As we shall soon see, however, the result of intense fun and games can muddy a person's sense of his or her professional responsibilities.

This is obviously the problem with sex on the job. Ingrid looks happy, right? That's because she's gotten her jewels back and her rocks off (left and below). Remember, as the song says, girls just want to have fun. But what about her professional deportment? Why isn't Nick in handcuffs, on his way to the station to be fingerprinted, booked and sent up the proverbial river? Before you jump to any sexist conclusions that Nick has won a major victory, ask yourself why he's leaving with no more jewelry than his own cuff links (right). What's the point of being a jewel thief if you don't get the jewels? The answer is clear. When it comes right down to it, boys just want to have fun, too. We like this ending because it leaves room for a sequel. If Nick isn't up for a rematch, we're certain there'll be no shortage of volunteers. Just don't call us; our switchboard is already overloaded.

# THE CLOWNS

(continued from page 83)

*"There was a clown sitting in the chair, sitting and rocking, watching the kids in the swimming pool."*

darkened for a moment, but then he sighed and shook his head. Sammy was all right, really. A good kid. He really shouldn't tease him so much, play so many jokes on him. David smiled wryly. Maybe he did it just to hear him *whine*——

"Don't be such a baby," David said tiredly, wrapping the towel around his hand. "It's only a *towel*, dickface. It's not gonna kill you if——" Then David stopped abruptly, staring blankly off beyond Sammy, toward the bathhouse.

"It *hurt*," Sammy whined. "You're a real dork, you know that, Davie? How come you have to——" And then Sammy paused, too, aware that David wasn't paying any attention to him anymore. "Davie?" he said. "What's the matter?"

"Look at *that*," David said in an awed whisper.

Sammy turned around. After a moment, confused, he asked, "Look at what?"

"There!" David said, pointing toward a sun-bleached wooden rocking chair.

"*Oh*, no, you're not going to get *me* again with *that* old line," Sammy said disgustedly. His face twisted, and this time he looked as if he were really getting mad. "The wind's making that chair rock. It can rock for hours if the wind's right. You can't scare me that easy! I'm not a *baby*, you know!"

David was puzzled. Couldn't Sammy *see*? What was he—blind? It was as plain as anything. . . .

There was a clown sitting in the chair, sitting and rocking, watching the kids in the swimming pool.

The clown's face was caked with thick white paint. He had a bulb nose that was painted blood red, the same color as his broad, painted-on smile. His eyes were like chips of blue ice. He sat very still, except for the slight movement of his legs needed to rock the beat-up old chair, and his eyes never left the darting figures in the water.

David had seen clowns before, of course; he'd seen plenty of them at the Veterans' Arena in Binghamton when the Barnum & Bailey Circus came to town. Sammy's father was a barber and always got good tickets to everything, and Sammy always took David with him. But this clown was *different*, somehow. For one thing, instead of performing, instead of dancing around or cakewalking or somersaulting or squirting people with a Seltzer bottle, this clown was just sitting quietly by the pool, as if it were the most normal thing in the world for him to be there. And there was something else, too, he realized. *This* clown was all in black. Even his big polka-dotted bow tie was black, shiny black dots against a lighter gray-black. Only his gloves were white, and they were a pure, eye-dazzling white. The contrast was startling.

"Sammy?" David said quietly. "Listen, this is important. You *really* think that chair is empty?"

"Jeez, grow *up*, will ya?" Sammy snarled. "What a dork!" He turned his back disgustedly on David and dived into the pool.

David stared thoughtfully at the clown. Was Sammy trying to kid him? Turn the tables on him, get back at him for some of *his* old jokes? But David was sure that Sammy wasn't smart enough to pull it off. Sammy *always* gave himself away, usually by giggling.

Odd as it seemed, Sammy really *didn't* see the clown.

David looked around to see who else he could ask. Certainly not Mr. Kreiger, who had a big potbelly and wore his round wire-rimmed glasses even in the water and who would stand for hours in the shallow end of the pool and splash himself with one arm, like an old bull elephant splashing water over itself with its trunk. No. Who else? Bobby Little, Jimmy Seikes and Andy Freeman were taking turns diving and cannon-balling from the low board, but David didn't want to ask *them* anything. That left only Jas Ritter, the pool lifeguard, or the stuck-up Weaver sisters.

But David was beginning to realize that he didn't really *have* to ask anybody. Freddy Schumaker and Jane Gelbert had just walked right by the old rocking chair, without looking at the clown, without even glancing at him. Bill Dwyer was muscling himself over the edge of the pool within inches of the clown's floppy oblong shoes, and he wasn't paying any attention to him, either. That just wasn't possible. No matter how supercool they liked to pretend they were, there was no *way* that kids were going to walk past a clown without even *glancing* at him.

With a sudden thrill, David took the next logical step. Nobody could see the clown except *him*. Maybe he was the only one in the world who could see him!

It was an exhilarating thought. David stared at the clown in awe. Nobody else could see him! Maybe he was a *ghost*, the ghost of an old circus clown, doomed to roam the earth forever, seeking out kids like the ones he'd performed for when he was alive, sitting in the sun and watching them play, thinking about the happy days when the circus had played this town.

That was a *wonderful* idea, a lush and romantic idea, and David shivered and hugged himself, feeling goose flesh sweep across his skin. He could see a *ghost*! It was wonderful! It was magic! Private, secret magic, his alone. It meant that he was *special*. It gave him a strange, secret kind of power. Maybe nobody else in the *universe* could see him——

It was at this point that Sammy slammed into him, laughing and shouting, "I'll learn *you*, sucker!" and knocked him into the pool.

By the time David broke the surface, sputtering and shaking water out of his eyes, the clown was gone and the old rocker was rocking by itself, in the wind and the thin, empty sunshine.

•

After leaving the pool, David and Sammy walked over the viaduct—there was no sign of any freight trains on the weed-overgrown tracks below—and took back-alley short cuts to Curtmeister's barbershop.

"Hang on a minute," Sammy said and ducked into the shop. Ordinarily, David would have followed, as Sammy's father kept gum and salt-water taffy in a basket on top of the magazine rack, but today he leaned back against the plate-glass window, thinking about the ghost he'd seen that morning, *his* ghost, watching as the red and blue stripes ran eternally up and around the barber pole. How fascinated he'd been by that pole a few years ago, and how simple it seemed to him now.

A clown turned the corner from Avenue B, jaywalking casually across Main Street.

David started and pushed himself upright. The ghost again! Or was it? Surely, *this* clown was shorter and squatter than the one he'd seen at the pool, though it was wearing the same kind of black costume, the same kind of white gloves. Could this be *another* ghost? Maybe there was a whole *circus*ful of clown ghosts wandering around the city.

"David!" a voice called, and he jumped. It was old Mrs. Zabriski, carrying two bulging brown-paper grocery bags, working her way ponderously down the sidewalk toward him, puffing and wheezing, like some old, slow tugboat doggedly chugging toward its berth. "Want to earn a buck, David?" she called.

The clown had stopped right in the middle of Main Street, standing nonchalantly astride the double white divider line. David watched him in fascination.

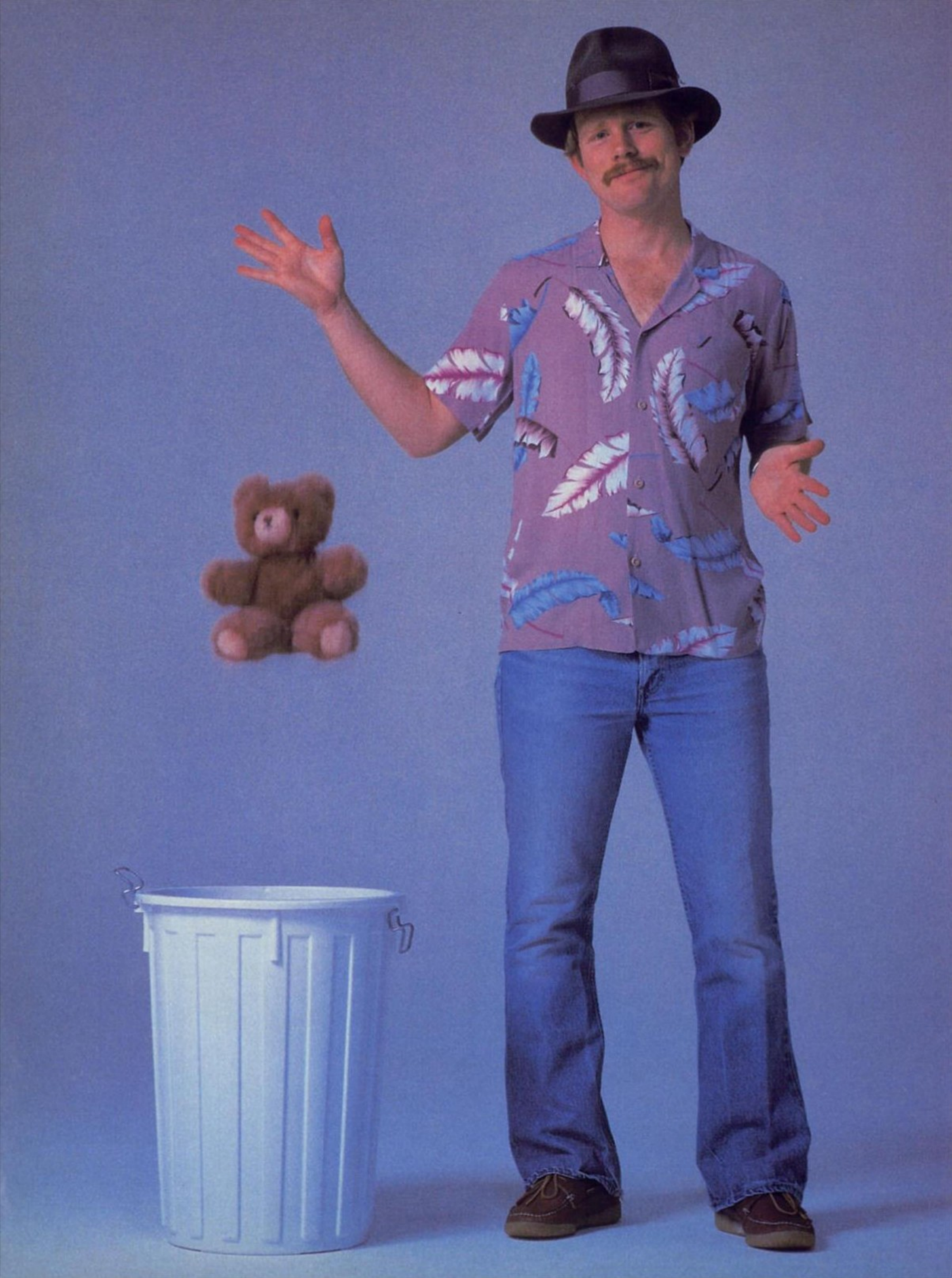
"David?" Mrs. Zabriski said impatiently.

Reluctantly, David turned his attention back to Mrs. Zabriski. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Z.," he said. A buck would be nice, but it was more important to keep an eye on the clown. "I—ah, I promised Sammy that I'd wait out here for him."

Mrs. Zabriski sighed. "OK, David," she

(continued on page 154)

*"They were pleasant enough at the beginning."*



# 20 QUESTIONS: **RON HOWARD**

## *from perpetual kid to bankable director, his entire career has been a magnum opie*

*Little Opie has grown up and become a hot-shot film director. Apparently, goin' fishin' with Andy and hanging out with the Fonz paid off. Not to mention an assortment of serious TV-film roles, a lead in "American Graffiti" and an apprenticeship ("Grand Theft Auto") in the Roger Corman school for budding directors. To Ron Howard's recent big-screen credit are "Night Shift" and "Splash." We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Howard in Hollywood as he was putting the finishing touches on "Cocoon," just released. Says Rensin, "Ron Howard does not look dumb in a mustache. Aunt Bee would be mighty proud."*

**1.**

PLAYBOY: Could you, as a director, have improved *Happy Days?*

HOWARD: I never thought I could make the show better. But to tell you the truth, I never *understood* the show or why people liked it so much. We were doing good work, but I figured out early on that it was a genre I didn't relate to very well. I only knew that it was working. People would come up and say, "That scene when you two dressed up as girls was so funny!" But the whole time I was dressed up, I was thinking, Boy, this is really lame. I eventually came to understand it as a fantasy of home life in the Fifties. Fonzie was a fantasy hood. I was a fantasy nice guy. Howard and Marion were fantasy parents.

**2.**

PLAYBOY: Ever get any good advice from your fantasy parents?

HOWARD: Tom Bosley is a good businessman. He told us all to buy houses, and he was right. He told us all to incorporate, and he was right again. During the first few years, we were all bombarded with investment representatives. We didn't know how to handle that. My real parents knew show business well but were unsophisticated about investments. So Tom would sit with us and explain why we needed life insurance even though we were only 22 years old and how to be responsible with our money.

**3.**

PLAYBOY: What was Opie short for?

HOWARD: Nothing. It was the name of a bandleader famous during Andy Griffith's childhood—he visited different towns and played in the gazebo on Sunday afternoons. Andy thought he was the greatest. So when they developed the show, he suggested the name and I got stuck with it.

When you're a kid, Opie is not such a great name. I've had people with red hair and freckles come up to me and say, "All my life, people have called me Opie." I always say, "Isn't that horrible when you're not making any money off it?" Besides, Opie rhymes with a lot of things. They don't sound bad now—dopey, soapy—but when you're nine. . . . Later, when drugs became important, it was "Hey, Opium." I took quite a razzing.

**4.**

PLAYBOY: Any physical abuse?

HOWARD: Used to be. All through elementary school, there used to be at least two weeks of fights when the year started. But I was a pretty good fighter. My dad and I used to watch wrestling on TV. We'd even wrestle a bit ourselves. He'd be the Destroyer and I would be Freddie Blassie or Cowboy Bob Ellis. So I could get guys in scissors locks and half nelsons. But one day, when a kid was giving me trouble, I realized there was more to fighting. He gave me three jabs and knocked me down. I couldn't get up for my flying drop kick. It was a whole new thing.

But the fighting stopped—except on my first day in high school. I was scrambling around, trying to find my classes, and in the middle of zipping one way and zipping another, I stepped on this short Mexican's white shoes. Everything stopped. He said, "Clean them off, fucker." I looked around. There was a whole group of kids around me. It was like my first test. I said, "I'm sorry I stepped on your shoes, but I'm not going to clean them off." But he just said, "Clean them off, fucker!" I didn't know what to do. He had a bunch of pals and mine were nowhere around. So I said no and took a half-baked swing at him. He took a jab at me and missed. Then the bell rang and we were standing there staring at each other. People started drifting away and we used it as an excuse, too.

**5.**

PLAYBOY: To what do you attribute Don Knotts's enduring popularity?

HOWARD: [*Long laugh*] He's *so* sensitive. He's the most vulnerable person you've ever seen on TV—but you like it. Of course, he's actually more self-assured, because he's been a star for a long time. But I think the character was born out of all that is really Don Knotts. When he's doing that character, the poor guy could disintegrate before your very eyes, and you don't want to see that happen. And he does it better than anyone else.

However, I think that at any moment, he will pop up in some interesting movie as a completely different, serious character and just blow everyone away.

**6.**

PLAYBOY: What should someone your age already know about life? And when did you learn it?

HOWARD: [*Quickly*] First, you have to realize that life isn't fair. But you *can* manipulate it. You sure as heck can't wait for anybody. You just can't. However, it's not the easiest thing to do. A lot of anxiety comes with taking control. Not everyone can like you. That doesn't mean you have to go around screwing people like a son of a bitch. But you've got to know you can't always say yes. You've got to know that everyone who comes up with an idea may not have the right idea for *you*—even if it's your wife, your best friend or someone you're trying to please. Learning to seize control of my own life is the most important thing I've picked up. I didn't know it until I was about 21. One more thing I've learned, especially where directing is concerned, is that the adage "The more you know, the less you know" is true. It's scary to realize you're just out here, floating.

**7.**

PLAYBOY: Since you mention floating, how much fun was it casting the mermaid in *Splash?* Did you sit in front of a big tank? And why were you so demure about nudity? One critic complained that Daryl Hannah's hair never moved.

HOWARD: We got very lucky with Daryl Hannah, because we didn't interview people on the basis of their swimming ability. We were looking for an actress and figured we'd use a double for the mermaid stuff. We settled on Daryl after a long, painful search. Then I asked her to go along when we looked for doubles so we could compare shapes. But she said she was a good swimmer and had wanted to be a mermaid since she was little. It was kind of like the actor up for a part in a Western who always answers the question "Can you ride?" with "Like the wind." Then he falls off. But Daryl jumped into the pool and swam with these aqua ballerinas and she was just so beautiful, arresting. I met her on the surface and told her to do herself a favor and get into the best shape possible so she could do her own swimming.

I expected more nudity. But when

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PENNY WOLIN

Daryl took the role, she surprised us by saying she wouldn't do nudity; that she hated it; that she'd had enough of it in her previous films. Her nudity in *Summer Lovers* was like non-nudity, but apparently it wasn't filmed that way. But I felt there were a few places in *Splash* where I had to establish that this woman didn't care whether or not she was naked; that she was topless under the water; that she had arrived naked at the Statue of Liberty. I kept running around, saying that we couldn't let the film become a Doris Day Fifties mermaid movie—especially because Disney was releasing it. We designed all sorts of mermaid tails. Some covered the breasts, but they made Daryl look like Esther Williams—hokey. We were always going to have her covered by the hair, but we found we could cover more. In fact, once we'd established our style, people thought it was neat that they weren't seeing too much. It was sexier. In fact, we actually edited out some of the underwater stuff and kept her covered up.

**8.**

PLAYBOY: Which other actresses would you like to direct in a nude scene?

HOWARD: God, can I name them all? Phoebe Cates. I think she has a great body. I've interviewed her a few times and she can act. Elizabeth McGovern. Her nude scenes in *Ragtime* were great, because she was sexy but had no idea she was—which meant that she had to know in order to do the scene. For *Night Shift*, we auditioned lots of girls topless—just taking off their clothes and running around. It was sort of disappointing. I guess I figured I'd get excited by the whole thing, maybe get an erection. But it was just uncomfortable. I felt bad for the women and they felt kind of awkward. So I'm probably more interested in what a girl can bring to the scene besides just a great body.

There's one other woman I'd like to direct, and she's going to kill me for saying this—but it's Penny Marshall. It would be hysterical. I've never seen her nude, but she actually has a pretty good body. What she would say and what she would go through would be hysterical. In fact, I'd like to direct Penny Marshall in those scenes from *Ragtime*.

**9.**

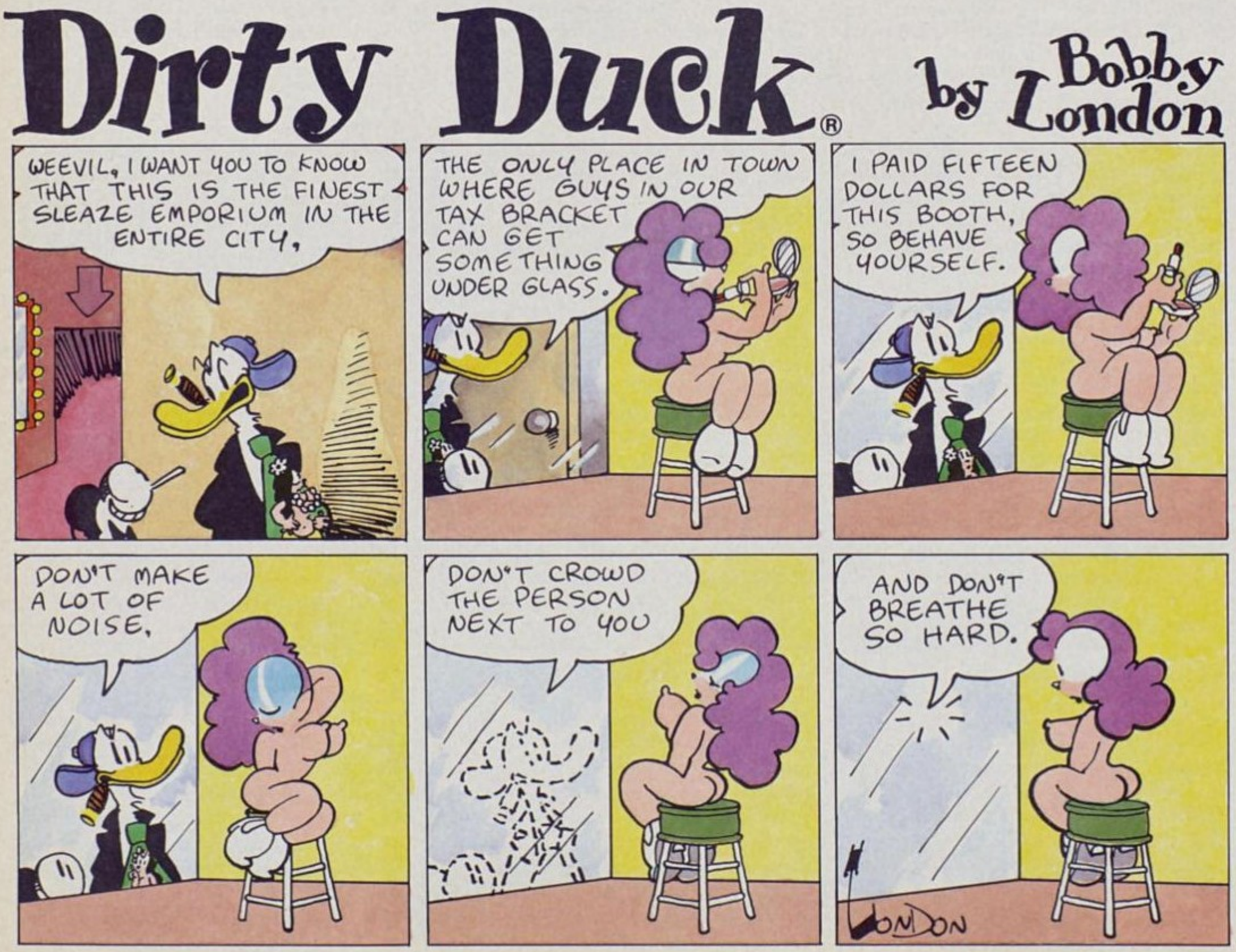
PLAYBOY: Every director leaves great scenes on the cutting-room floor. What wonderful moment from *Cocoon* won't we ever see?

HOWARD: The best was when we were filming in the Coliseum Ballroom in St. Petersburg. It was built in the Twenties and is just like a giant Quonset hut. People still gather there two nights a week to dance, and one dance is everyone's favorite: the chicken. As soon as the bandleader says, "OK. I haven't forgotten. Now it's time for the chicken," all these 75- and 80-year-old people start flapping their arms and poking around like chickens. I managed to get all of our actors doing this—except Wilford Brimley. But to get all this into the film would have been about a six-minute investment. If I had been Michael Cimino filming *The Deer Hunter*, I might have stayed with it, but I decided instead to move the story along.

**10.**

PLAYBOY: What are three secrets to keeping a marriage together in show business?

HOWARD: First, you've got to keep sexuality in perspective. Stay virtuous. It's not the easiest town in which to stay that way, because there are so many beautiful and exciting people running around. And when you're working on a film on which money is being spent so fast and people



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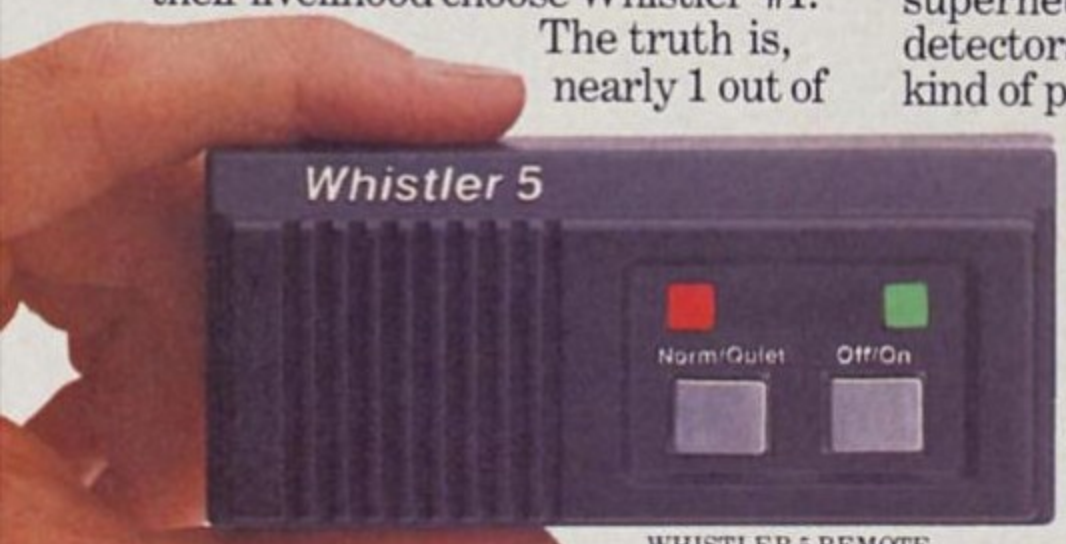

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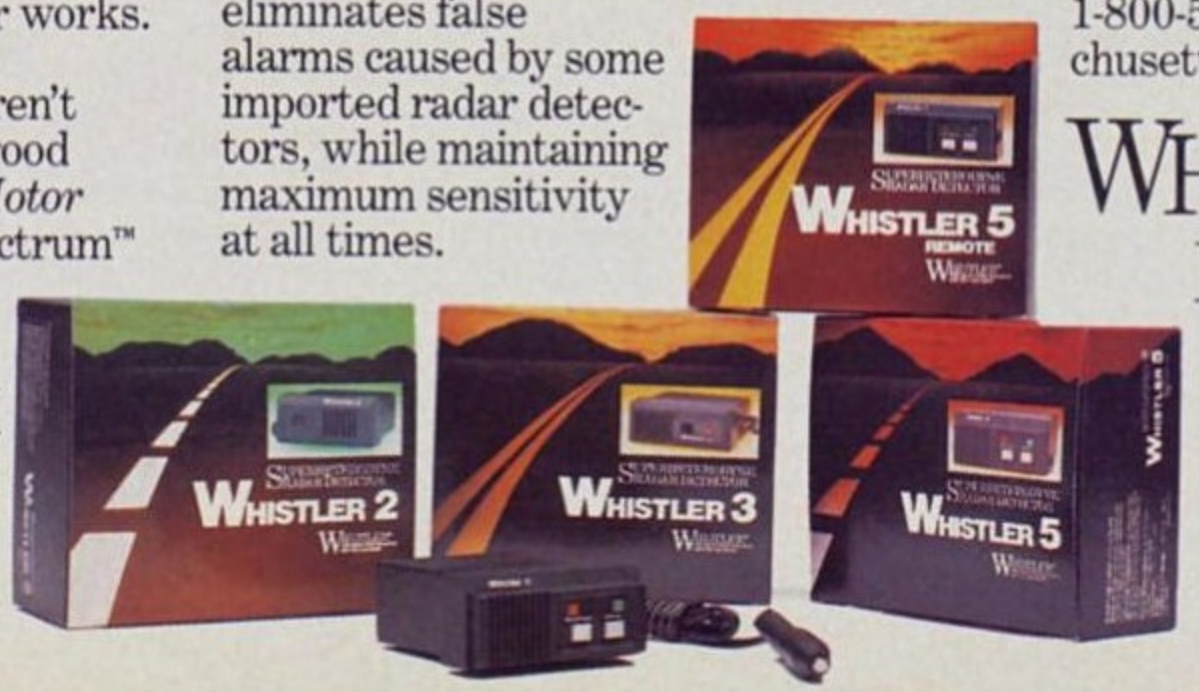


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are thrown together, pooling all their resources and sometimes going to strange places to do it, suddenly total strangers can become best friends. And sometimes, although you know there's nothing more there, you almost feel compelled to consummate a relationship.

Second, you have to avoid being seduced by the business to the point where it takes over everything in your life. It's very demanding. There's always someone with a great deal, or someone who's dying to invest $25,000,000 in pictures. There's always an actor or a writer you can meet, a party or a screening you can go to. If you wanted to, you could do the business from a seven-A.M. breakfast at the Polo Lounge until two in the morning—every day! And all of a sudden, you realize you're not married.

Third, never work with your wife. My wife has become a writer. We actually tried to do a script together. It was a bad idea. You don't get good vibes from people. They feel it's nepotism. Even more, it means you can't go home and escape the business. You don't have someone to give you real perspective on what you do. Movies become so important that if your partner, who happens to be your wife or husband, is screwing up a deal, you could go so crazy that it would endanger or end the marriage because—at the moment—the *deal* seems more important.

**11.**

PLAYBOY: How do you beat stress?
HOWARD: I don't. I'm a very unhealthy guy. This is a serious question. I've got to work on it. I spend so much time being conscientious in work that I don't play tennis twice a week or play baseball or jog. I get up before my wife and daughter and read a script. I have breakfast and then work all day long. Afterward, I go home and play with my daughter and play with my wife and go to sleep. That's my life. I think I've got to get on the stick here. On *Splash*, when we were doing all the diving, I was eating like a horse, was getting great exercise and was in great shape. But I found out I couldn't keep eating like that when I was sitting in front of a Movieola. So I ballooned in postproduction. *I* couldn't do a nude scene. My butt is too lumpy.

**12.**

PLAYBOY: What's the best rumor you've ever heard about yourself?
HOWARD: That I was the largest dope dealer on the USC campus, a major connection, making millions of dollars a year doing dope while I was acting in *American Graffiti*. And people really *believed* it. And I kept hearing it even after I left USC. Marion Ross has a son five years younger than I am. One day she came to me and said he was shattered. At his high school, they were talking about drugs, and she said, "He heard you were the biggest drug dealer at USC." I couldn't believe it! Even producer Brian Grazer, who went to USC, told me he'd heard it.

Of course, no one ever came up to me at school and tried to buy anything. But I never denied it too much, either. I got too big a kick out of it.

**13.**

PLAYBOY: Who can still call you Ronnie?
HOWARD: My wife. Henry Winkler, sometimes. Brian Grazer can get away with it some of the time. Nobody has to call me Mr. Howard, though. I cringe at that.

**14.**

PLAYBOY: How long have you had your mustache and how long did it take to grow?
HOWARD: It's about three and a half years old. There was at least a year of penciling it in when I went on talk shows. I grew it to look older. I keep wanting to shave it off, but my wife says not to. Maybe one day I'll need to look younger and it will go.

**15.**

PLAYBOY: Was it tough for you to be taken seriously as a director in Hollywood because of your history?
HOWARD: Tough. Everyone took a fairly patronizing attitude with me, a very safe one, in retrospect. They said that if I wanted to be a director, they were sure that one day I could. "You can do it, Ronnie. Why not? Maybe when you're 30, 35." But no one was *really* being encouraging. It bothered me, because my goal had been to direct a feature when I was still in my teens. My looking so young was also a drawback at the time, but finally Roger Corman gave me my first break and people began coming around.

**16.**

PLAYBOY: What does Roger Corman—who has given many of today's well-known actors and directors their first chance—know that he could bottle and sell?
HOWARD: He knows that above all, concept is the important thing. High concept. He knows that coming-attraction trailers are crucial. He figures that if he has a good trailer and a good concept, he doesn't have to spend very much money or even have particularly experienced people doing the job. But if they can just execute the material to a quasi-acceptable degree, he can get a good trailer out of the material and get people to show up at a picture that didn't really cost anything. That doesn't apply to most other producers, who want people to see the film more than once. Roger doesn't care about that.

**17.**

PLAYBOY: Defend Robby Benson.
HOWARD: Oh, no! Well—Robby is a good, solid, thoughtful actor. But he's at an awkward time right now. A few years ago, people thought he was great because he was this kid and he was funny. His problem now is that you know he's not a kid, but he still doesn't look like a man. His voice still seems a little funny, even though he's maybe 27, 28. He's just got to get older. Then he has a strong career ahead.

That also happened to me, but I bailed out and became a director. I'd made the transition from kid to juvenile to young adult. But I wasn't sure I could make it to adult, even though I had done a few TV movies and had played adults. I think that if I had stayed with *Happy Days* and had taken all that money I was offered, I would be very frustrated right now.

**18.**

PLAYBOY: What do you know about Henry Winkler that no one has ever asked you and you've been dying to tell?
HOWARD: People think of him as so cool because of the Fonz, the way he handles himself on talk shows, in public. He's always got an answer. He's bright. But no one ever asked what he was like when he got hurt. Henry really wants to be liked all the time by everyone. It makes him a wonderful guy on one hand. But he sort of can't accept it if someone doesn't return the affection. I've seen him almost break down in tears when he felt he was being mistreated—especially when he was learning how to deal with Fonzie mania. His vulnerability is an endearing quality, but no one ever thinks of him as vulnerable.

**19.**

PLAYBOY: What's Richie Cunningham's biggest secret?
HOWARD: That he actually had sex with Shirley after that *Laverne & Shirley* spin-off where Fonzie gets Richie a date with a loose woman. It didn't work out that night, but I just know that Richie wandered over there one night and scored—because he was such a nice guy.

**20.**

PLAYBOY: Which parent told you about sex?
HOWARD: My dad. It was memorable. I was five years old and we were living in a small apartment in Burbank. My parents said they were getting ready to have a baby. I asked how that worked. I remember my dad sort of looking down at me and rubbing his eyes with his hands and sighing and saying, "All right, come on in here." He started drawing these pictures. First a woman—he couldn't draw very well, but he gave her pubic hair and a couple of breasts. Then a man, with a penis. Then an erection. And he gave me the whole thing, saying, "Well, the penis goes in here, into the woman, and then the man plants a seed." It was great. When I got to the eighth grade, which is when they explain all that stuff in school, I remember thinking how cool my dad had been about all that stuff. He was incredibly open about it. [*Long pause and growing smile*] And I can anticipate your next question. Yes, I did. Oh, my God! It's absolutely true. The first time I had sex, I thought of the pictures!

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 *(continued from page 108)*

*"Poor, unpampered, they were professional ballplayers, the job description that covered Mickey Mantle."*

baseball. Whatever my father's great concerns—high tariffs *vs.* free trade, his own career, angina pectoris, Stalin's megalomania or the rise of Hitler—he did not discuss such things with me. My father and I played catch and went to ball games. I listened to his baseball lore with full measures of affection and concentration. He knew the game. He could hit a ball 400 feet. And if he used the Socratic method, with the persistence of a youthful law professor, no one else has ever spoken to me with such kindness, concern, enthusiasm and love, all at the same time. When Gordon and I, father and son, walked in our baseball moments, Caliban's gorgeous cloud rode lordly above us, opening and showing riches ready to drop as softly as the leaves. . . . "That, when I waked, I cried to dream again."

•

The ballplayers were seated along wooden benches anchored to the floor, beneath two rows of orange lockers inside a stout blockhouse of a building. Forty years earlier, WPA workers had laid and cemented every brick. Only four of the players had so much as heard of the Works Progress Administration. "I either read it in history," said a catcher named Mark Krynitsky, "or my dad, or *his* dad, worked for the WPA. I don't know."

Light entered through two opaque windows backed by metal grilles, and fluorescent tubes glared overhead. The name of this team assembled in the weathered brick clubhouse was the Blue Sox and they played their home games in the historic community of Utica, New York. Historic but in a baseball sense obscure. Those sunlit boyhood dreams project you far beyond a drab clubhouse in Utica; you see yourself moving on winged spikes through carpeted—indeed, hallowed—dressing rooms in Los Angeles or New York City.

Still, the Blue Sox were professionals. Their abilities resembled the skills of major-leaguers far more than the enthusiastic fumblings you see among high school athletes. Professionals in a WPA clubhouse.

Most would be earning $500 a month. Out of that they had to pay taxes, rent, living expenses and meals when the Blue Sox played at home. The cars they drove were small or old or both. But the good athletes, the ones who would turn out to be good, felt pride in their professionalism. Poor, unpampered, they *were* professional ballplayers, the job description that covered Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays and Steve Garvey.

I was sitting in the clubhouse not as a journalist granted a privileged pass from the manager, as it were, in exchange for the promise of a favorable story. I was sitting there, bless my wallet, as principal stockholder and president of the team.

Since running a successful election campaign in the subsenior bunk at Camp Robinson Crusoe 45 years earlier, I had not been president of anything. I took my motto from William Tecumseh Sherman: "If nominated, I will not run; if elected, I will not serve." Aside from that, I don't recall ever being offered any kind of nomination for any kind of office across all those decades.

Now, in the clubhouse in the warm June of 1983, I viewed my new-won presidency with resolute optimism punctuated by spasms—cellos playing in a minor key—of undressed and unarmored alarm. Those friends of mine who knew the least about baseball suggested that being president of a low minor-league club would provide me with an ultimate toy, far better than my latest stereo set, more fun even than the black Mercedes sports car that an entrancing lady had once offered up as an adjunct to a romance.

Other friends, who knew somewhat more about baseball—say, for example, that minor-league teams can go bankrupt—put forth temperate forecasts. "Best way to look at it," said one of those, possessed of a dogged literary manner, "is that you're taking over the Pequod. Now, maybe you're going to find that old white whale. But maybe you're not."

My cherished Brooklyn Dodger friend Carl Furillo, a veteran of 20 years of glorious professional ball playing, took a colder view. "You're taking over a minor-league club? In Utica? You're president? You'll be lucky if you don't have two ulcers by

*"Would you like to take advantage of our July white sale?"*

Labor Day."

What did a president *do*? I had been whipping myself with that question across most of the eight months it had taken me to find a ball club I wanted to rescue and run. I had known four outstanding baseball presidents, but they all seemed to do different things in different ways.

Distinct similarities link them—Branch Rickey, Bill Veeck, George Steinbrenner and Walter O'Malley. Energy. Intelligence. A feel for finance. A sense of adventure. A willingness to risk. Long hours. Hard work. Ego. But for each similarity you can find differences, sweeping all the way from individual character to style. O'Malley and Rickey were patient. Veeck and Steinbrenner are not. Veeck and O'Malley appeared to enjoy the cut and thrust of dialogs with the press. Rickey and Steinbrenner, in the same circumstances, preferred monologs. Veeck is a warm and compassionate man. The others had strong tendencies to bully.

Only Steinbrenner could succeed as dictator of El Salvador. Only Rickey could have substituted for Billy Graham as public-address announcer for God. Only O'Malley could have thrived as the political boss of a moderately corrupt metropolis. Only Veeck could run a circus, an art gallery, a bookstore or an opera company.

But Utica. . . . *I* was in Utica, with a ragtag ball club, a shaky front office and a cash flow that would have made O'Malley weep.

"You knew all these executives?" my manager, Jim Gattis, said in my small rear office in the trailer that was the Blue Sox front office. "You actually knew them?"

"I had drinks with all of them except Rickey, who was dry."

Gattis smiled his strong-jawed smile. "Well, before this summer ends," he said, "you're gonna ask yourself what the hell you're doing in Utica. I guarantee it." Then he was gone to run a Blue Sox practice and, falling to earth, I went to work.

Beyond the prayers that the president of the New York–Penn League said he had offered in my behalf, I needed a crash course in the realities of minor-league baseball. As recently as the Thirties, minor-league teams were predominantly independent local operations. Businessmen in, say, Olean, New York, rounded up the best talent in the Olean area, bought franchise rights for perhaps $1000 and joined a league. They then had to purchase uniforms, balls and bats, find a manager and rent the local ball park, which was typically owned by the city recreation department.

For revenue, the operators drew largely from three sources—attendance, concessions and the sale of contracts of the better ballplayers to teams in higher-classification leagues. These are the minor leagues of myth and memory: The best from our town takes on the best from your town while we drink beer and watch with pleasure on a Sunday summer afternoon.

Today, most minor-league clubs are farm teams for the majors, and they generally exist as a three-way partnership. The major-league team, of course, supplies players, coaches, manager and a trainer. The owner-president provides the budget for the operating costs (bus, hotel rooms, balls, bats and telephone bills), sometimes with additional help from the parent club. The community supplies the permanent facilities, such as the ball park, the clubhouse and the lights, for a modest rental fee. Before you move into a town, you had better have in place all the facilities that you hope to get. Once a minor-league club is actually functioning, playing its games, the politicians figure that they have you and your money, so why invest another dime of city funds? In minor-league baseball, as in romance, the courtship phase is when you can best demand gifts.

As their price for player-development contracts—for meeting the minor-league team's baseball payroll—the major-league clubs impose certain conditions on their farm teams. In essence, they insist that minor-league baseball imitate major-league baseball in significant ways. They like ball parks with major-league dimensions. They love large crowds, not so purely to keep the minor-league team solvent as to acclimate athletes to the sounds of hoots and cheers.

And here is where the major-league replication ends. Major-league ball is a sport played to win. Minor-league ball is a sport played to develop major-leaguers. In essence, the farm club exists to ripen talent. If it wins games in the process, so much the better. The minor-league game may be thrilling, but the thrills are a by-product of research and development. The 1983 Blue Sox, nobody's farm team, were unique. We played primarily, overwhelmingly, to win.

The Utica Ragtags, as I thought of them at first, had not become independent on ideological or practical grounds, like the 13 colonies 200 years before. They were independent because no major-league organization wanted to claim them. At the time, even the Falkland Islands were being claimed. But nobody wanted the Utica Blue Sox—until I showed up at Murnane Field, their home, in the spring of 1983.

There is no visually attractive approach to Murnane Field. It is set on a naked flat in a corner of southwestern Utica, without so much as a single tree to grace the scene. From one angle, you first see Murnane across a high school football field, observing the back side of the metal outfield wall, which cries for shrubbery and paint. From another side, Rose Place, you see slabs of plywood fixed to a wire fence, screening the playing area from those who have not bought tickets. Approaching the main entrance, you enter a dirty and rutted asphalt parking lot. The sentry box, where the ticket takers work, is faded blue.

I walked in on a chilly late-May morning and tramped across the infield to deep shortstop. The infield dirt was dark, rutted clay. Every ground ball would be an adventure. There were no covered stands, only steep, naked bleachers behind first base, and *no* seats on the left-field side. Weeds were growing tall beyond third base. I remembered a manicured California college field I had seen recently and the calm, beckoning ocean beyond it. At Murnane, I felt a sense of an ill-kept diamond set in the middle of an abandoned junkyard.

"We'll have everything fixed up in a few days," my general manager, Joanne Gerace, promised. "It'll look real nice."

So this was my ball park. After all the joyous times at Ebbets Field and Fenway Park and Yankee Stadium, I was assigning myself to work in an elephant graveyard.

"A little paint and some weeding," Joanne continued.

She stopped. "Bad, isn't it?"

I attempted to cheer myself by closing my thoughts to the drying mud and shaggy weeds. I imagined athletes performing on this wasteland.

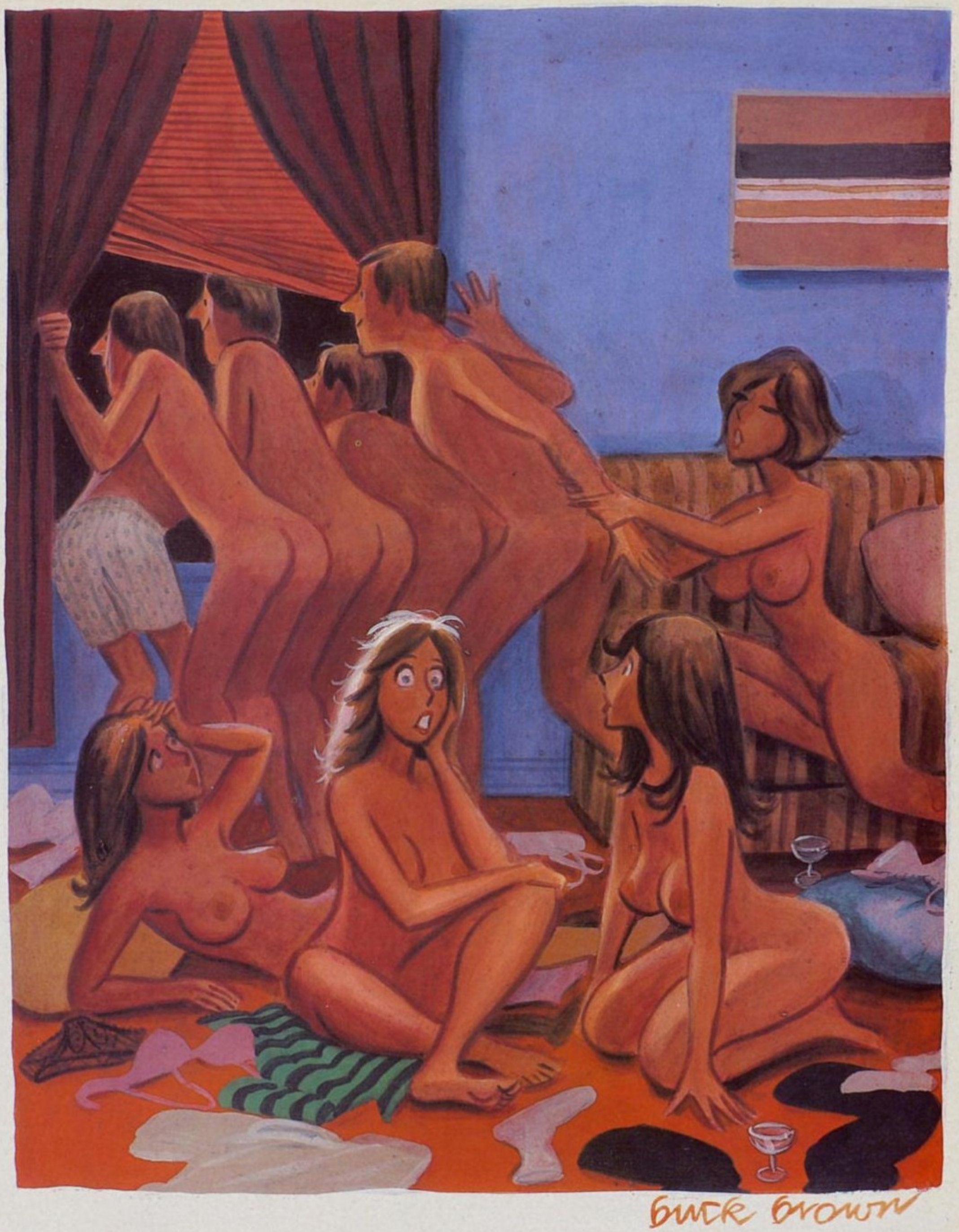
"Those fellows I hear are coming back," I said, rattling off names I knew from my roster. "Jacoby. Moretti. Coyle. Are they really major-league prospects? How good are they?"

Joanne stood on her high heels in the infield and thought for a while. Then she said, "They're good enough to dream."

•

We would open on Sunday, June 19, playing an afternoon game against the Watertown Pirates at a new ball park set in an old fairgrounds 83 miles north of Murnane Field. From that day in June until September second, the New York–Penn League schedule did not offer a single day off. Not one. The players were supposed to play every day (or mostly every night), and I would have to work at my modest presidency every day and every night. There are no banker's hours in the minor leagues.

"You had better like writing if you intend to be a writer," Harold Rosenthal told me years before, when we both worked for the *New York Herald Tribune*, "because you're going to spend an awful lot of time at a typewriter." You had better like playing baseball if you're going to become a professional ballplayer, because you will play and practice, practice and play, until the game becomes a job and, after that, the job becomes the touchstone of your life. Nothing in my previous experience had prepared me for the way a single baseball season, lived from within rather than observed from without, takes possession of your spirit. Beyond reason, the team becomes an extension of your essence, your values, your competence, your very manhood, so that, also beyond all reason, certain victories become more than victories and make you feel that for all your faults, you are a profoundly good and formidable man. Conversely, certain losses would throw almost all of us into silent wells of despair. We had not simply




*"What the hell is it about fire engines?"*

lost a game; we had failed. White-faced and grim, each man felt isolated and even worthless simply because another ball club had scored more runs.

A baseball team, like any other group pressed into daily intimacy, develops a collective personality as it coalesces. This is, to be sure, the sum of the individual ballplayers, the solid citizens, the drinkers, the chasers, the loud and the silent, but it is more than that, as well. The character of a team also proceeds from interaction between the various athletes and the cliques that inevitably form. Finally, the team's personality is further shaped by the manager and the coaches and the response of ballplayers to authority.

There is generally no simple, satisfactory answer to the fan who asks, in ingenuous curiosity, what a certain team is *really* like. A team is happy and sad, bristling and fearful, open and secretive. In short, a baseball team is variable, affected by victories and losses, wives and girlfriends, hangovers, the schedule, the press, the management and the weather.

In the first month of the season, the Utica Blue Sox went 26–6, a phenomenal and unsustainable early pace. And as the team hurried up the mountain to first place, individual characters and the character of the team came into gradual delineation. Jim Gattis, the manager, had an obsessive need to control. He demonstrated this by holding meetings every day, which became occasions for assertive speeches. He seemed partial to a patterned kind of meeting in which he first praised the players for winning and then, anger growing, picked apart flaws in the previous night's effort. As Gattis complained, the players sat on the benches below the orange lockers and looked at their spikes.

This bothered him. "I wish there was somebody who'd lash back," Gattis told me. "I worry about this team. We've got too many easygoing guys."

"You can't expect them to be angry when they're playing .800 ball," I said.

"Maybe," Gattis said, "and maybe not. But what's their character going to be when they lose a few? I wonder how this team will react the first time they lose three in a row."

I thought we had enough good pitching to make extended losing streaks unlikely, but Gattis' question was a good one, and it stayed with him. He never became manic during the winning spurt, because he would not stop worrying about how everyone would behave when times grew tougher, which, he assured me, they definitely would.

"I'll tell you something," he said, as we ate a late breakfast at Pete's Parkway Diner ("Eat at Pete's, where the Blue Sox eat"). "Maybe you get tired of hearing my speeches. Maybe *they* get tired of them. I don't care. You're my boss and I appreciate that you got a lot to do, but I see a big part of my job as making sure we play with a surplus of intensity. I want them ready to play, not thinking about some movie or some girl, when it comes game time, and you don't have to tell me that it's hard to come up with maximum effort, game after game, night after night, when there's no day off, because I know that. Maximum effort. Intensity."

Gattis himself, it was plain to see, was burning with intensity.

Bob Veale, the pitching coach and a veteran of ten big-league seasons, was more aloof and more contained. He indulged in a little basso chuckle after victories and a small scowl following defeats, but in the manner of a former major-leaguer and a man who was within a few months of his 50th birthday, he knew how to drop his intensity when he left the ball park. "This game can give you a heart attack," he said, "and a heart attack is not what I'm looking to get. I can relax. That's how it is when you're black. Most black people are *born* relaxed."

Barry Moss, the player/coach who served as the Blue Sox' designated hitter, found himself in a perplexing role. Gattis wanted to show the other players that he indulged no favorites. Even though Moss had grown up with Gattis and even though he was his confidant and coach, Moss, the player, was a favorite target. Sometimes, during one of Gattis' daily sermons, he paused, turned to Moss and said, "Barry, in the fourth inning, you looked real horseshit chasing that low inside pitch." Pause. Inhale. "*Real* horseshit."

Barry batted .400 for the first month, so he did not look bad often at the plate. "Jim gets me a little confused," Moss said. "I know what he's trying to do. He likes pressure within the team, so that the players keep driving one another. He tries to get that by setting up different groups—sort of the hard workers and the fuck-ups. The names change. You can move from one group to the other. But right now I'm having a hard time deciding whether I'm one of the coaches or one of the fuck-ups."

"And if you had to make the choice?" I said.

"Oh, no contest," Barry said. "I'd be one of the fuck-ups. I may go on and coach or manage for years. But this can be my last season as a player. I want to remember it that way, as a ballplayer."

"The fuck-up .400 hitter," I said.

Moss laughed. He was pleased to be playing well.

The other athletes emerged a little more slowly but not, given time, any less vividly. Mark Krynitsky, our best catcher, had a Slavic face that I associate with actors who played American coal miners fighting to organize a union in long-ago movies that were heavy with social significance and now appear on television in stark black and white in the hour just before dawn.

Krynitsky, who was trying to complete work toward a college degree, came from Fairfax, Virginia. His family had labored in coal mines to the north during rugged times, he said. He was a slab-muscled 200-pounder, recessive off the field but a driving leader during games.

Ed Wolfe, our first baseman, a strong, quiet 23-year-old from Arizona, was deeply, profoundly, endlessly committed to rock music. He traveled nowhere without his glove and his ghetto blaster. The harsh sounds of rock worked as a tranquilizer. "It's tough," he told me one day, "being in a pennant race, and Gattis doesn't make it any easier."

We were canoeing on Hinckley Lake, 15 miles north of Murnane Field, after a noontime softball game against learning-disabled children at Camp Northwood. It was a gloriously warm July afternoon. At the edges of the lake, cedar and maple and white birch and wildflowers proclaimed Adirondack summer.

"You know I played for Gattis last year," Wolfe said. "I've played for a lot of

*"Would you like to see it again?"*

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managers and coaches, ever since little league. But I never met anyone who liked to rip like Gattis."

I wanted to let Wolfe speak his piece, since he spoke seldom and I could hear him now. The ghetto blaster lay on the shore. But I did not want to encourage ballplayers to complain to me about the manager unless they presented a specific problem I could remedy or a serious crisis arose.

"Jim does a lot of things well," I said. "If you think he rips, you ought to hear Billy Martin."

"Look," said Wolfe, who was working hard at first and hitting .330 at the time, "Gattis is the best technical batting coach I've ever known. Get into a little slump and he's right there. But the ripping every day. I mean, it's like he's good at baseball but he isn't any good at people."

I was left puzzled. It was possible that the diet of approbation Wolfe craved might have produced a smiling, relaxed first baseman and might even have snapped his dependency on hard rock. *That* first baseman, however, might have gone cheerfully about his summer trade, hitting .150.

"It's not a gentle game, Eddie," I told him, "when you're a pro."

Don Jacoby, our high-energy, hard-hitting third baseman, became the subject of an ethnic incident that amused me. Sandy Schlesinger, a New York lawyer who had bought stock in our team, called one day to announce that he was voyaging from Madison Avenue to Utica and that he looked forward to watching our fine Jewish third baseman.

"He's not Jewish, Sandy," I said.

"What? That's ridiculous. How can you not be Jewish if your name's Jacoby?"

"If your name was originally something else."

I wanted a Jewish ballplayer as badly as I wanted a Utica local to make the team. The better the mix, the better the gate. But neither want was satisfied. I had to tell Schlesinger that the closest we came to a Jewish ballplayer in Utica was Sandy Koufax, whose likeness was displayed at the Hall of Fame in nearby Cooperstown.

Jacoby was a patient batter—which is to say that he waited well, taking strikes that caught the black rims of home plate, hoping to see a better pitch to hit. His swing was compact and smooth, and that combination, the patience and the swing, made him one of the league's best hitters.

His natural defensive position was second base, but we had a second baseman who surpassed him. This led Gattis to position Jacoby at third. There Don suffered and did not improve. Since Gattis had been a third baseman himself, he brought personal passion to Jacoby's daily instructions.

They began easily enough. "Now, Donny, third base is basically a reflex position. You've got to react on reflex; there's no time to do anything else. It isn't like second. Are you with me?"

"Yeah, Skip," Jacoby said.

"But you have to think. The hitter. The pitch. The game situation. You should be moving, away from the line or toward it, and getting set even before the batter swings."

Jacoby nodded vaguely.

"I was a good third baseman," Gattis said, "and I'm slow, probably because I've got a big ass."

"You sure do," said Jacoby. "You got a *huge* ass."

The men were standing on the grassy knoll outside the clubhouse, where groupies were beginning to gather after our games. "Whore Hill" some of the ballplayers called the knoll. But in the Murnane infield, with its rippling base paths, things were not pleasant for Jacoby. Third base requires before anything else a kamikaze distance as short as 90 feet. Hard ground balls are even more trying. And the Murnane Field ground ball was a particularly dangerous breed.

But Gattis would make Jacoby a third baseman. He *insisted* that he would. Afternoons, at two o'clock, Gattis took a batting-practice bat, a taped-together batting-practice bat, and skimmed hard ground balls toward Jacoby. Then he shouted, "Down! Keep your head down! Keep your goddamned head down! Oh, Christ, Jacoby, will you look that fucking ball into your glove!"

Jacoby tried. But he could not do what Cox and Brooks Robinson and Graig Nettles did every afternoon of summer. He could not keep his head down and look the hopping baseball into his glove.

Gattis became frustrated and angry. One afternoon, while hitting grounders, he shouted at Jacoby, "Coward!"

Absurdly harsh, I thought. Abuse is not a teaching tool. After a bit, Gattis and I sat in the dugout.

"The lights are not great in the New

*"We don't expect this to turn into an actual big war. We view it as a 'combat opportunity.'"*

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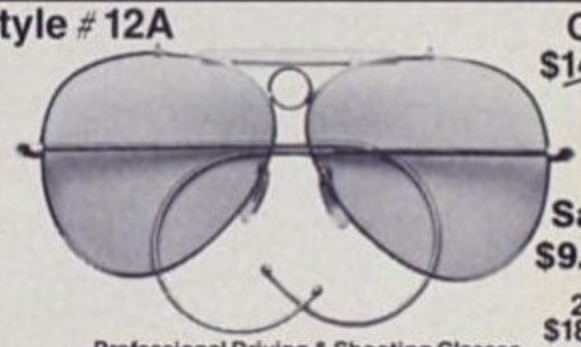

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York–Penn League, Jim, right?"

Gattis became watchful. "What are you getting at?"

"You've got a ballplayer, Jacoby, who stands in against 90-mile-an-hour fast balls in bad light. He's hitting .397. When pitchers throw at his chin, he won't back off an inch. The guy can't make it at third base. So you shout at this ballplayer, who'll hit the roughest fast balls, you shout, 'Coward.' And maybe ten of his teammates hear what you shout."

"It's a complex fucking game," Gattis said. "You can be brave in one area and afraid somewhere else. You remind me of my brothers. They think they know the game. *I* know the game. That's why I'm managing. And I say Jacoby is a coward at third."

"So switch him and Eddie Wolfe," I said. "Wolfe plays better third than Jacoby and Donny's OK at first base."

"No," Gattis said. "I'm gonna make Jacoby a third baseman."

He stood up. In a minute, he was hitting more ground balls to third and repeating the word coward in a low, angry way.

*I'm gonna make Jacoby a third baseman.*

My ballplayers were in Class A because they had not developed major-league skills. In time they might. They had not yet.

Neither, I suppose, had my manager.

•

For a time, our starting shortstop was a solemn, stringy young Californian named Shawn Barton, who talked to himself in intricate ways. Waiting on deck to hit, Barton muttered, "You're gonna get your pitch. Nah, that curve was nowhere. Your pitch is coming. Here it comes. Give it a ride." He'd be kneeling as he spoke, very softly, so that from a distance you saw his lips move but heard no sound. Shawn sprinted on and off the field and, between innings, fielded imaginary grounders to his right or left. He was solitary, courteous and a curiosity to the other ballplayers. They were sufficiently puzzled by his behavior to spare him needling for a while.

"This is how I always play," Barton told me. "I keep myself, you know, pumped up." He did not look you in the eyes when he spoke. "Little things, you know, and I don't bother anybody with what I do. Like, after an inning, I run in hard, because I like to be the first player to get to the dugout." It was a race he ran with swift determination against no rivals.

Gattis and I puzzled over Barton without solving him, this being Class A baseball first and group analysis only coincidentally. "But you got to wonder," Gattis said. "All that funny muttering. Do you think, maybe, if it wasn't for baseball, Shawnie might be holding up banks?"

Whatever, Barton was a loner who never seemed lonely.

He always had himself to talk to.

Larry Lee, the second baseman, was nicknamed Francis, because of his vague resemblance to an erratic character in the Bill Murray movie *Stripes*. (Murray was the most famous of the minority shareholders in the Blue Sox, and the ballplayers wondered whether or not he would travel from Hollywood to watch them and his modest investment. He never did.)

Actually, Lee was the quiet, occasionally droll son of a college teacher in San Luis Obispo, California. Larry wore his black hair in the manner of Prince Valiant and had a look suggesting both intelligence and softness. Curiously, he made a few mental errors at unfortunate times, but when Gattis berated him, he showed no softness. Attacked, our resident pageboy struck back like a Dead-End Kid.

Our starting outfield—one of our starting outfields—was the shortest you could find anywhere in professional baseball. Daryl Pitts, Ralph Sheffield and Rocky Coyle each claimed to stand 5′7″. Their real height was closer to 5′5″. They were all good ballplayers, but one reason we had them proceeded from an obvious rule of major-league scouting. Scouts look for size.

Pitts was the one Blue Sox who was always broke. "That alimony, man, it eats you up," he said one day after borrowing lunch money from me in the men's room of a dreary roadside diner.

"How much alimony are you paying, Daryl?" I said.

"Eighteen hundred a month."

"I've paid alimony, Daryl. Gattis has paid alimony. How the hell can you pay $1800 a month alimony when your salary is $500 a month?"

"You beginning to see the problem, man," Pitts said. "Got stuck bad when I had a job as a truck loader. I was making more. We got a team lawyer can maybe go to the judge for me and explain."

"Where's the judge?"

"Los Angeles."

"Our team lawyer is in New York."

"You see," Pitts said. "Everything's a problem."

Sheffield was a smiling, stylish center fielder who had minored in drama at Pepperdine and promised that he would give the team "my famous Richard Pryor imitation" when enough players pleaded to hear it. Sheffield worked that particular game—"I really want to be wanted"—so hard that when he finally began a Pryor act on a bus, the others shouted him down.

Sheff had small, even features, a glistening style and, as Barry Moss reported to me after a long conversation, a sense that he was the second coming of Willie Mays. He was always running out from under his cap and snaring line drives with graceful dives. At this point, at least, he was a pearl of undiluted charm.

Rocky Coyle, the third of our short, gifted outfielders, was an Arizona native who suffered from (or thrived on) extremely intense religiosity. He was married and a father and had somehow found the means to bring his wife, Debbie, and his son, Joshua, to Utica. Coyle traveled with a Bible. I had a faint concern that he might reveal, with preaching, lamentation and exhortation, that he was an evangelical zealot. He was not. Rocky read *Matthew* and *Mark* and the *Psalms* without enlisting the rest of us to do the same.

But Gattis said excessively religious ballplayers bothered him. "I'll put it to you brief," he said. "They lose. Then they say God meant for this to be."

Probably the most assertive player around the free-beer bar we set up for the Blue Sox was Willie Finnegan, the fastest, wildest pitcher on the club. In our early rush, John Seitz, Mike Zamba and a rather solemn right-hander from Tucson named Dan Roma established themselves as reliable starting pitchers. Jim Tompkins was a gritty middle relief man. Roy Moretti was supreme at the end game. We had other pitchers, of course, and wild Willie Finnegan ranked near the bottom. Veale, who had been wild in his youth, viewed him as a reclamation project. I recalled pitchers who had spent a decade mastering control. And while we marveled at Willie's speed, we didn't pitch him.

Since he wasn't allowed to pitch, Finnegan had to find a compensatory factor. It was his tongue.

"When I get in there," Willie would say over a Matt's (the local brew), "anybody leans in on me, you better keep those doctors ready at Faxton Hospital. I'll break his jaw."

Or "I got a heater"—fast ball—"and under these lights, they ain't gonna see it. They'll be lucky if they hear it."

His voice was pure New York, or the part of New York that used to be called Hell's Kitchen. He enjoyed talking tough, and his take-no-prisoners chatter, night after night, might have unnerved Muammar el-Qaddafi. As the season developed, you could recognize it for what it was: bravado. The tougher he talked, Finnegan reasoned, the more likely he was to be told to start a game.

We were tied with the Little Falls Mets for first place on July second, when Veale and Gattis, in cabal, decided to start Finnegan against the Mets in Utica.

"You pick the pitchers," I said to the manager, "but if I were doing it, I'd use somebody else. Save Finny for a weaker team. Watertown."

Gattis looked distressed. "This can work," he said. "Anyway, Veale thinks it's a good idea."

Finnegan stood 6′2″ and weighed about 185, but three hours before game time, the toughness slipped away. He was smoking cigarettes at an emphysematous pace.

Barry Moss said, "Finny's worrying me a little. A pitcher shouldn't go out on the mound as if he were a boxer going into the ring. Control. Calm."

At 7:15, Finnegan began to warm up with one of our reserve catchers, Steve Sproesser. He threw harder and harder, and the ball popped so loudly into

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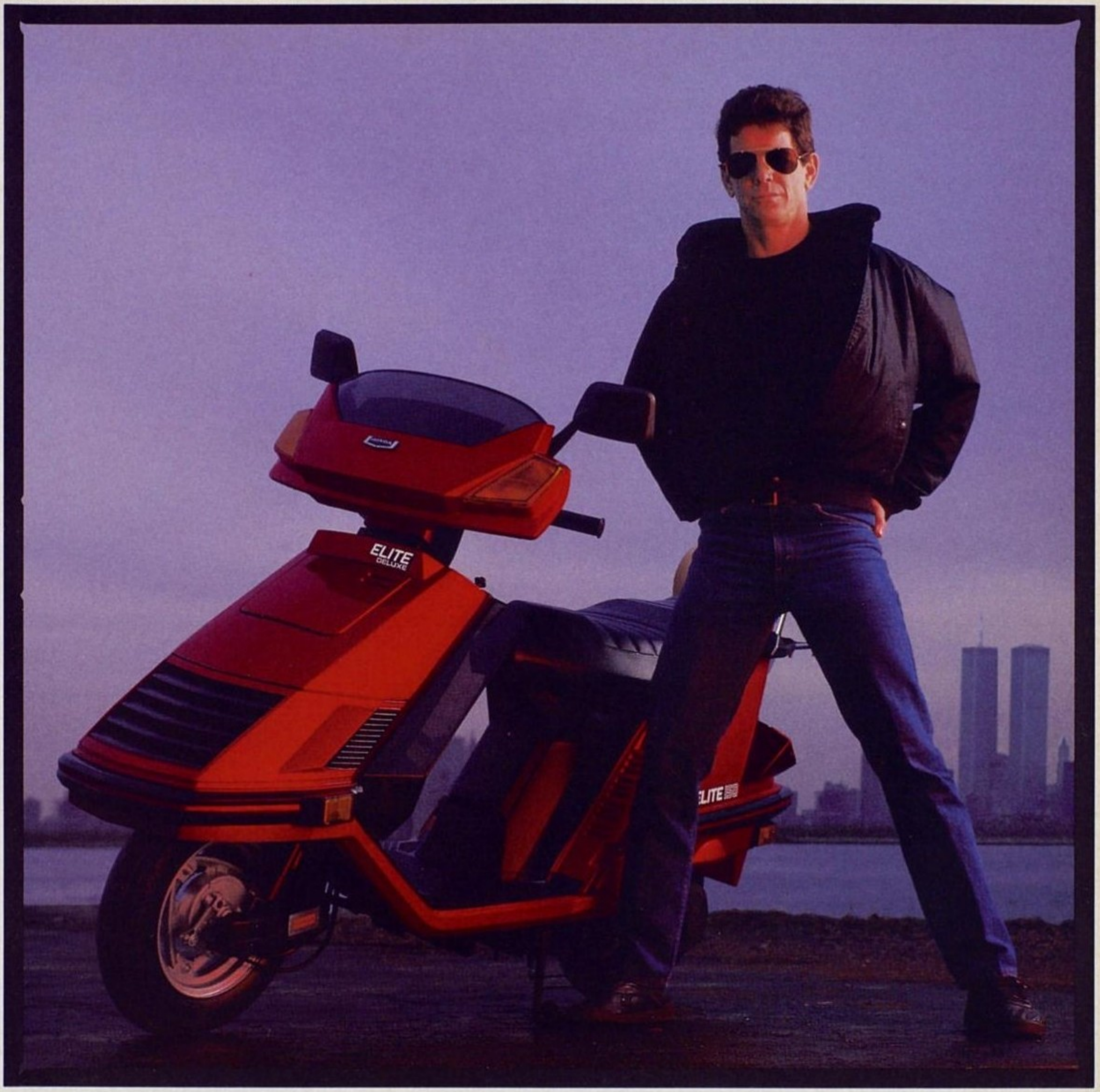



Lou Reed. New York City. 1985

Don't settle for walking.

HONDA SCOOTERS

Sproesser's mitt that fans wandered toward the bull pen to see the fast balls.

Exertion reddened Finnegan's Irish face. "Hold it," Veale said in his drill-instructor tone.

"Just two more pitches," Finnegan said.

"Hold it," Veale said, half an octave deeper.

"OK." Finnegan put on his jacket and started toward the dugout. The beer-bar jawbreaker was now going to have to dance a two-step with real life.

He walked the first batter, Stanley Jefferson, a prime Mets prospect. Jefferson stole second. Finnegan filled the empty space by walking the second batter. By the time the half-inning ended, we were two runs behind. By the end of the second, we were down five. The Mets would win it, 8–2.

Gone by the third inning, Willie marched to the clubhouse and his cigarettes. "Friggin' Gattis," he said. "He made me throw pitchouts. I got trouble with control and he's making me pitch out." (It was, of course, friggin' Gattis who had given him his start.)

"And my girlfriend came up. She's a great girl and all, but that pisses me off. When I'm in the heat of battle, stay away."

He continued to mutter and rant. "I just wanted to beat those suckers for first place, but until I throw my breaking stuff for strikes, they're going to do what they did tonight. Damn. I stunk out the yard."

He took his uniform off slowly, so slowly that he was able to finish two cigarettes while he undressed. At the end of the game, he reappeared at the beer bar. "He won't start again," Gattis was saying.

"If you don't start Finny again," Jimmy Tompkins said, "you're messing with his *life*. I'm glad I don't have to make that decision."

"We can spot him somewhere," Veale said.

The losing pitcher sipped beside his girl, and beer restored bravado. I heard him say, "Nobody can stop the Finny Express."

But, to be sure, the next morning would come and, with it, a slight headache for the Finny Express. Thinking of Willie, who was young but not so young as before this failure, I mused that baseball in Utica, summer of 1983, had found a way to pose a frightening question: How can you get older without getting more scared?

•

Rocky Coyle took to calling out the stars of each game and demanding applause. Rocky would order a golf clap (quiet), a tennis clap (louder) or a concert clap (rhythmic, in the manner of European audiences urging an encore).

Gattis had a parlor trick that he played on many bus-ride nights. Place six beer cups on the floor—the manager had to look away during this process—invert them and conceal a coin under one. Gattis would then turn, kneel, work his right hand back and forth over the inverted cups and, invariably, select the one hiding the coin. We suspected Moss of flashing a signal, but we never caught the sign. And Gattis never missed.

Moss organized the most elaborate instance of our bus-ride merriment. Following Finnegan's Wake on July second, the Sox worked their way back into first place and made the first extended trip, to Jamestown and Batavia, in the western part of the state. When we swept Jamestown, a Montreal farm, we moved a game ahead of Little Falls. The trip to Batavia next day turned into a kangaroo court.

Bailiff Rocky Coyle stood up as the bus rode north on Route 60, past summer-green farms and hills, and spoke into the driver's microphone.

"The Utica Blue Sox' first kangaroo court"—there never was another—"will come to order. No talking. Judge Daniel Gazzilli presiding. All rise, please."

Everybody stood and then sat down.

"The prosecuting attorney will now read the cases. Anyone accused must stand trial. He will be granted five minutes for himself or his defense counsel."

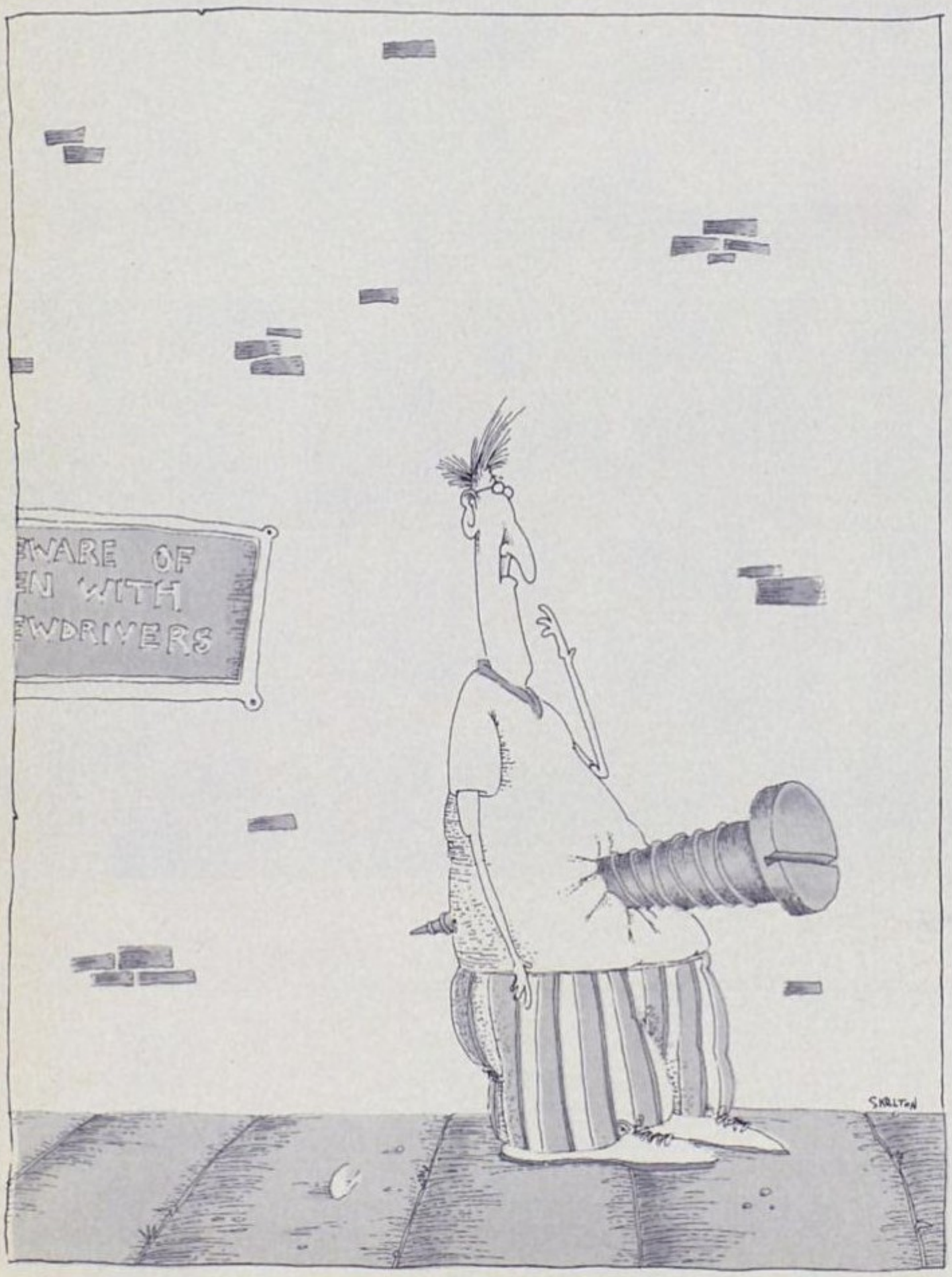
Moss rose. The bus rolled smoothly. It was not hard to keep your footing. He spoke in carefully austere tones.

"Case number one. The Blue Sox versus Shawn Barton for wearing his stirrups as high as his knees and for continually talking to himself in a psychopathic manner."

Laughter. Barton grinned and blushed.

"Case number two. The Blue Sox versus Daryl Pitts and Larry Lee for wearing kneepads at their ankles during batting practice.

"Case number three. The Blue Sox versus Ralph Sheffield for continually throwing equipment, notably after striking out,




The Disbelievers

and for swearing at children alongside the first-base dugout.

"Case number four. The Blue Sox versus the pitchers for not carrying the trainer's gear.

"Case number five is the Blue Sox versus Michael Zalewski for not abiding by his contract with the court. The court has determined that to be employed as traveling secretary and statistician, your physical body must be maintained within 20 years of your chronological age. The prosecution further charges, Mike, that your body is that of a 65-year-old woman. It also alleges that your body is hazardous to your health."

Defense attorneys could be selected by defendants from the balance of the team. Or one could elect to defend himself—as many players did. These deliberations came alive with pleasure. The players could mock one another harmlessly and get back at their stern and volatile manager and his front-office cronies.

The bus pressed northward toward Batavia, site of a factory that manufactured a cloth guaranteed to clean your automobile as thoroughly as a car wash. Advertisements for this product began, "Does your car get *shameful* dirty?" That would be Batavia (and two more early victories for the Blue Sox), but amid the laughter and the fellowship, we might as well have been rolling east toward Eden.

We did not lose many games we should have won on that road trip. Over the next few weeks, we seldom lost at all. On July 21, squarely in first place, we started Mike Zamba against the second-place Little Falls Mets. Mike's arm was not as "live" as some. His forte was intelligent pitching. He knew how to move the ball from spot to spot, how to change speeds, how to keep a hitter from swinging in a groove and how to disrupt the hitter's timing. If Mike had Wild Willie Finnegan's fast ball, he would be working in the major leagues today.

We scored a run first, but it was a grinding kind of game, close and tense most of the way. When Zamba tired, we went to Roy Moretti, our bull-pen ace, in the last half of the eighth inning. Roy got the last four outs in overpowering fashion. A pop fly. A tap to the mound. Two swinging strike-outs, including a formidable Mets prospect named Ed Williams.

Both teams had played splendid baseball; there was a major-league feel to this particular game. When the Blue Sox won it, 7–4, our lead over Little Falls reached an even seven games. Our winning percentage, .813, was the highest to be found anywhere in organized baseball.

As we rode the bus back to Utica and Rocky Coyle called for various shadings of applause, we drank beer, joked and smirked. Jim Tompkins broke out his guitar and began to sing a country song. The scene about me was young, beautiful, alive. Hearts and voices moved to the joy and tuneful singing.

Whatever Thomas Wolfe declaimed—and Dylan Thomas set down in his glorious tale of a Swansea park—I *was* going home again, to my own boyhood. In the dark bus, happiness filled my eyes with unseen tears.

Tompkins, the cowboy pitcher, crooned the words:

*"Goin' home,*
*Goin' home*
*To the place where I was born."*

But time, which takes survey of all the world, can never stop.

The next day, we collided with reality.

•

No one can really explain what happened next, but, quite simply, fortune turned. We had been both good and lucky in playing .800 baseball, and now the team lost some of its competitive edge and some of its good luck all at once.

In a style of writing that was popular 50 years ago, one blamed such change of circumstance on angered gods. Whatever the metaphysics of the Blue Sox' situation, I can only report that a skilled and rugged Class A ball club, out front by seven games, proceeded to come unraveled.

Casey Stengel offered a characteristically cogent description of a slump. "It's when the hitters ain't hittin'," he said, "and the pitchers ain't pitchin' and the fielders ain't catchin' the ball." Always self-protective, Stengel did not add, "And when the manager ain't managin' great, neither."

We did not collapse like a game animal felled by an elephant gun, but little things and then larger things began to go wrong. Larry Lee neglected to dive for a grounder back of second base, and the ball carried through and cost us an important run. Gattis tried Moss at first base and he made two errors in one game. Tompkins temporarily lost mastery of his best pitch, the knuckle curve. Our hitters cooled in clutch situations. The horrible hops of Murnane Field began to bounce against us. Frustration gripped Gattis, and after a while frustration gave way to simmering anger. Each loss seemed to make his personality more contentious, and we would lose a lot of games.

By all the history and logic of baseball, we were too hot not to cool down. Teams simply do not play .800 ball across a season. The 1927 Yankees, with Gehrig and Ruth in their primes, played at a .714 pace. The 1953 Dodgers, who had a pennant secured soon after Labor Day, played .682. The 1954 Cleveland Indians, who won 111 games, played .721. Nobody maintains .800. But we were an emotional bunch in Utica, and neither history nor logic tranquilized us when we were beaten.

The pressure Gattis felt was increasing the way the pain of a toothache increases, simply by persisting day after day. The amiable character Gentleman Jim faded in the summer heat. Now the season without a day off gripped him and the games night

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after night scraped his nerve ends raw.

After the two annoying losses to the Oneonta Yankees, we fell into a .500 pattern, mixing defeats and victories about equally. For most of us, a sense of fun persisted, even though we were losing the sort of games we had earlier rallied to win. We still had the lead. It was up to Little Falls to catch us. But our bad games tore at Gattis and our good games never seemed quite good enough. He ripped the players night after night, creating a jagged breach between the team and the manager. A few devised a nickname for him. It was one word, derisively spoken: Dad.

It became more and more difficult for me to reach Dad Gattis. He saw himself as the captain of a dissolute crew, and he didn't want any coaching from the commodore. It was *his* crew. The nature of my conversations with him altered. They became rather like Gattis lectures instead of discussions.

Curiously, this was the season when George Bamberger resigned as manager of the last-place New York Mets, telling reporters, "I probably suffered enough."

Someone in Utica asked me if I thought that comment, coming from a professional baseball person, was unmanly. I didn't. I thought that it was frank. Each day, I watched our manager, who had a good grip on first place, suffer intensely. I imagine he dreamed of horrifying abysses into which he saw the Blue Sox falling, dragging him into purgatory with them.

We swept two games from Geneva, a last-place club, but Little Falls kept winning and our lead did not grow. Then we lost two straight games to the Newark Orioles at Colburn Field. Newark was developing into the strongest team in the western division of the league. (At the end, they won their division by ten games.) Gattis told the players furiously that they had to beat good teams as well as bad ones if they expected to finish first, and then he shouted at them in general frustration. Little Falls kept winning. When we left Newark on August fifth, our lead, with a month to go, was down to a mere three and a half—no longer large enough to make anybody truly comfortable.

The times were tense, but I had organized a promotion that could briefly relieve stress. On August sixth, before a home game against Little Falls, five young women, wearing white bathing suits, high heels and brightly colored capes, gathered at home plate for the finals of the Miss Utica Blue Sox contest. After Fred Snyder announced the names, each girl spoke briefly on why she wanted to be Miss Utica Blue Sox and told a little about herself. Then she dropped the cape and walked to first base in skimpy bathing suit and skin past whistling fans and smiling "judges"—Tompkins, Jacoby, Gattis and myself. Gattis insisted on being a judge. So did I.

The contest beautified barren Murnane; but when it was over, Little Falls pounded us, 10–3. Our lead shrank to two and a half games. Neither player meetings nor fierce speeches from the manager seemed able to stop our steady, infuriating slide toward second place. We had now lost another three in a row and nine of our previous 16 games. The mood within the team was grim and prickly. Gattis fumed alternately at the players and the front office. The extended Blue Sox family was squabbling in whiny ways. The team had lost its winning touch. And now our bullpen stopper, Moretti, began to talk about packing up and going home.

•

Like the existence of many other wanderers, a minor-league ballplayer's life is touched with schizophrenia. He leaves his home environment, his family, his friends and sets forth to play baseball with strangers. He can win fame and glory (though not much money) far from home, but when he returns, no one knows what he has done. Where the high deeds of major-leaguers sound and resound in the press and on television, a minor-leaguer's triumphs and disasters usually draw local attention but no more. After an exhilarating pennant race, full of crackling ball games and ovations, minor-leaguers go home to an empty greeting: "Say, where have you been for the past few months?"

Back in Victoria, British Columbia, Roy


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Moretti was, he said, a sales manager in a Chevrolet agency. He was obscure but made a comfortable living. Here in Utica, he was a superb right-handed pitcher, nicknamed the Canadian Goose, idolized, famous and underpaid. When Roy was right, which was most of the time, we needed only to carry a lead into the eighth inning. Then he'd come in and save the game. He was the linchpin of the pitching staff, confident, always ready to work, uncomplaining and proud without being haughty. He was a good pitcher who knew that he was good. But he was also a husband in a troubled marriage.

He'd been playing baseball for a long time. In fact, when he was small, Moretti told me, he had cracked the little league at seven, by lying about his age. Now, 20 years later, he was wondering if his life in baseball would lead him anywhere but to divorce court. His wife, Heather, was a registered nurse, with a good job and a wide circle of friends. "They ask her what she's doing with a man who leaves a good job in the summer to play a kid's game in a town they don't know for a team they never heard of and for $500 a month." Utica heroics meant little, if anything, in the Canadian West. Our greatest games, Roy's greatest games, were festive occasions in Utica but were generally unnoticed by the national media. Roy had reached an age where a man is expected to get serious, and Heather Moretti and her friends, 3000 miles away, hardly regarded pitching for the Blue Sox as a serious endeavor.

"We can win the pennant, Roy," I said. "You want to be with a pennant winner, don't you?"

He nodded but said, "I kind of get the feeling my marriage ought to come first."

"Has she said, 'Come home or we're through'?"

"Not in those words. She's very lonely. She hasn't used those words yet."

"The team can give you a hand flying her into Utica."

"She can't get away from her work as a nurse."

"You love Heather?" I asked.

"A lot," Moretti said.

Then I didn't know what to do. Could I argue that he should stay and risk divorce, with all its torments, self-doubt, loneliness and lawyers? Not very convincingly. Should I tell him that he had already done a great deal for the Blue Sox and that he should fly to Heather without guilt, without worrying about his teammates and with my blessing? I didn't want to say that, either.

I said, "The whole team looks up to you, Roy."

"I know that. I appreciate that."

"I want this pennant badly, just as badly as Gattis," I said, "but I can't tell you to stay and lose your marriage. I can't say that."

Roy nodded and tapped me on the shoulder in a gentle gesture of affection. We exchanged troubled looks and, in Robert Frost's phrase, we were men together.

On August eighth, Roy saved a victory over Watertown, keeping our lead at two and a half games, stayed up most of the night making farewells to other players and, on August ninth, flew home to Victoria.

I thought, in a spasm, There goes the pennant. And after all the work that all of us had done. But part of my job as president was to absorb pain silently and to keep my doubts and anxieties to myself.

"Come on, Jimmy," I said to Gattis. "We're gonna make it without him."

"Bet your butt we are," Gattis said.

Our eyes met, full of apprehension.

Without Moretti, the relief burden switched to Tompkins and several others, who performed well. We hit hard and we played hard and we did not collapse. Instead, we played .500 ball. So, fortunately for our side, did Little Falls. We held our narrow lead. Nobody talked about Moretti. Like combat pilots, the players did not dwell on those who were missing. That would have depressed us all. On August 16, we defeated Elmira, 23–4, establishing our lead at an even three games. Early that evening, my telephone rang. Moretti was calling from Victoria. "It's OK now with me and Heather," he

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smoke

*please try Carlton.*

said. "I can come back, if you want me."

He would return on August 18. When he left, our lead had been two and a half games. By the time he rejoined us, the lead was two. The Blue Sox had survived his absence. His marriage, Moretti reported cheerfully, was surviving the season.

•

The Blue Sox knew how to play baseball and how to think. Gattis' speeches, whether mild or diatribes, reminded the Sox to play intelligent and intense baseball. It was important, even essential, to keep reminding them. Minds can wander amazing distances over a game and over a season. But because the Blue Sox were a year or two older than any other team, the players already knew better than most what they had to do. That knowledge, that experience, as much as our four hitters at the ready on deck, grinding their teeth and pumping their bats impatiently, was why we reached the middle of August in first place. After a stretch of .500 ball, though, we split the last of three double-headers, falling a full game behind Little Falls as we did. Afterward, we boarded the bus for a long and rather difficult trip home.

I sent someone to fetch a small bottle of Scotch—for staff morale, I said—and to buy cases of beer for the players. Gattis and I worked on the Scotch until it seemed that we had won three double-headers, not split them; until it seemed that we still owned first place. This was a night when a few athletes smoked pot, while others urgently told them to open some windows so that management—Gattis, Moss, myself—did not catch a whiff of the stuff in our seats up front. We never noticed.

This night, on this long bus ride, the players' anger at the way Gattis had treated them erupted in a song composed and sung by Jimmy Tompkins, the bard of Austin. Tompkins called it *Ode to Jim Gattis* and based the words and melody on Bob Dylan's *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right.*

Gattis was sleepy with Scotch as the bus rolled along the New York Thruway, but I could hear Tompkins' lyrics clearly.

*There ain't no use in screamin' on the bus, Jim,*
*When we lose another game.*
*No, there ain't no use in screamin' on the bus, Jim,*
*'Cause we can't hear what you say.*
*You are a psycho and no friend of Larry Lee.*
*You have no class, no originality.*
*One more week, this will all be history.*
*But don't think twice, it's all right.*

Jimmy Don Tompkins was somewhat angrier (and certainly more eloquent) than most of the Blue Sox. He had come from poor beginnings and had fought his way into the University of Texas on good intelligence and a fast ball swift enough to win him an athletic scholarship. His father ran a gasoline station in Austin. Jimmy wanted to pitch in the major leagues.

He was having a decent year at Utica, but he was also 24 years old. A decent year, as opposed to a great year, in the New York–Penn League portends journey's end for a 24-year-old ballplayer.

Tompkins' *Ode to Jim Gattis* contained more than his personal dismay. It represented the thinking of a substantial number of Blue Sox who believed, right or wrong, that Gattis' abuse was muddying their outlook, spoiling their prospects, dirtying their dreams.

The bus continued to journey along the Thruway. The pot smoking subsided. Almost everyone went to sleep. I remembered the poignant joy of the earlier night when Tompkins had sung after we had beaten Little Falls and our spirits had soared into flight. I could hear Bill Veeck's strong voice reminding me, "The game is supposed to be fun."

It was less fun now than it had been. Some nights were hard and stony grinds. Oh, the magic was still there. But stress—the unrelenting stress of a close pennant and the bumpy stress of egos in collision—was crowding fun out of the game. The stresses worked on Gattis and the players in different ways, so we had silly jokes and somber songs. Some players, like Tompkins, had bet their futures and their most desperate dreams on 12 baseball weeks in Utica. Not every dream was coming to a happy pass.

Rolling somewhere east of Rochester and west of Syracuse at three A.M., I concluded that the game was supposed to be fun *for the fans.*

Seen from within, lived from within a pennant race that slashes about you like the boiling, misty river under Niagara Falls, baseball, where everyone wants to win and only a few can be winners, is something else.

For all its glories, baseball is a brutal business.

•

The Blue Sox' obsession that we *had* to win infected me as surely as it dominated Jim Gattis. With the season's end fast approaching, I noted that a Korean passenger plane, flight 007, had been shot down over Russian airspace, killing everyone aboard. I thought, One more move in the nuclear chess game that the U.S. and the Soviet Union play each day. That stress would pass. The *real* game was here at Murnane Field, which had become the center of my world. The *great* issue was whether the Blue Sox won or lost. If that makes little sense in retrospect, it still was so for most of us during the final week of the season. We didn't want World War Three to break out just then, because it would have disrupted the pennant race.

For the rest of the season, the five nights from August 29 through September second, we would play all our games against the Watertown Pirates. The Pirates were a young team and they had started abysmally, but by this point, they were learning how to win. Twenty-one-year-old ballplayers, if they are any good at all, can improve quickly. By the end of August, Watertown had become tougher, sounder, more aggressive.

At long last, we had come to the part of the season in which, Gattis said, the ballplayers could be left alone to motivate themselves. Under the master plan that Jim tried to follow—and did when he could keep his emotions in check—the daily routine would now be free of harangues. "If the ballplayers can't get themselves up and do it every night," he said, "with a possible pennant less than a week away, then they aren't real ballplayers. I guarantee it."

Indeed, our manager became more quiet and less visible, except for one afternoon when he suddenly began to throw handfuls of Murnane Field rocks toward an umpire.

After we beat Watertown in the series opener, the Pirates played hard and skillfully the next night, and we went into the ninth inning with some problems. Little Falls had already won its game, defeating Batavia, and Watertown was beating us, 5–2. Another damnable fall from first place loomed, with subsequent disorder, recrimination and sorrow. But desire, in powder-blue uniforms, had never burned more brightly under the Murnane lights than in the ninth inning that evening.

We came back to tie the game in the bottom of the ninth, as much by will as by skill. Our players' drive to win, their stout refusal to be defeated, was almost tangible. You could feel it rising from the field into the steep, bare bleachers. We were, and would remain, essentially in a half-game situation. For most of the four remaining days, we would either lead by a half—an extra game that Little Falls had played and lost—or trail by a half. That is about as close as both the mathematics and the climate of a pennant race ever get.

As it began to drizzle in the bottom of the tenth, we pressed our attack and loaded the bases with two out. Ed Wolfe walked toward the batter's box. The skies opened. Deluge. The umpires met in the downpour and called time. Despite Gattis' conviction that New York–Penn League umpires were storm troopers in blue, he didn't argue. It was raining that hard.

We sat in the clubhouse, abusing the cumulo-nimbus clouds. They lingered heedless overhead. No one said much to Ed Wolfe. He walked about in nervousness for a few minutes and then, clutching his portable radio, escaped as best he could into the cacophony. The downpour never let up, and the chief umpire informed me that he was suspending the game and that we'd have to resume it from the precise point where rain had stopped us, as part of a semi–double-header tomorrow. We ended the evening essentially tied for first.

Bad as another double-header might be

*"Remember those carefree days when we used to whistle and sing on the way to work?"*

for our tired pitching staff, we ended up with something even worse and almost without precedent: Rained out again, we had no game the next night and a semi–triple-header at Watertown on September first.

•

We had first-line, if somewhat arm-weary, pitching ready for the triple-header. We would use Moretti to finish the suspended game, then start John Seitz and Mike Zamba in the two others. Little Falls would be playing the Oneonta Incompetents, so to be practical, we felt we had to sweep the triple-header. As I told Gattis, "The way things are going, we better just take it three games at a time."

In Watertown, Wolfe, who'd been on deck when the rain halted the game, told me that he had been unable to sleep the night before. "Coming into that bases-loaded situation," he said, "it all depends on me. I never been through anything like this before. I want a hit. I want to get it over. A single up the middle on the first pitch. Wouldn't that be nice? But I'll take anything: wild pitch. Passed ball. Please, just not an out."

The bases were refilled, the game resumed and the entire team stood up and cheered when Wolfe walked in, with two outs, to hit. His face was pale. He fouled out to the right fielder.

Moretti—implacable, unflappable Mighty Mo—struck out two Pirates in each of his first two innings. Then, in the 12th, Brian Robinson walked, Sheffield scratched a single and Moss walked, loading the bases again. Who was the hitter? Eddie "Bases Loaded" Wolfe. By this time, color had returned to his face. He hit a sacrifice fly and we won the first of three, 6–5, working Moretti for two innings—longer than we wanted.

Although Roy insisted that he was ready to start the second game, we elected to send him to the bull pen. We would save him for another short burst of power pitching should a suitable situation develop. It never did.

Watertown took a quick 3–0 lead and we never caught up. The Pirates beat us, 4–3. We had fallen a full game behind. If we were defeated in the third installment of the triple-header, the pennant race would end right here.

With our defeat, we had lost what someone called "control of our own destiny." Even if we won game three and won again the following night, we would finish second unless Oneonta found a way to defeat Little Falls.

Gattis had nothing to say during the second intermission. The players were quiet, disappointed. If we were going to fold, this seemed to be the time and this slightly misshapen country ball park, Alex Duffy Fairgrounds, seemed to be the place.

But Zamba pitched beautifully, keeping his slider low and away and curbing the Pirates' enthusiasm to lean into it with good inside fast balls. In the fourth inning of game three, we scored seven runs and we won the ball game, 8–4. Taking two thirds of the triple-header, we stayed half a game behind the Little Falls Mets.

•

At one P.M. the next day, I found Gattis, dead-voiced and grim, trying to pencil a line-up. He sat alone at a table in the motel dining room. "It's not coming out right," he said as I joined him.

"Moretti pitches," I said.

"That's the easy part."

"Little Falls has to lose," I said.

"I got an intuition that they just might do that," Gattis said. "Hey, we're not the only guys who're feeling pressure."

We sat silently. In essence, Gattis was trying to create a flawless line-up out of a Class Single A roster. But every Class A roster is inherently flawed. The player you want the most always seems to have moved up to Double A. Strain twisted at Gattis' strong-featured face.

Moss took a seat opposite us, felt the tension and had the good sense to say nothing. At length, Moretti appeared. "Hiya, fellers." He looked calm and enthusiastic. He tried twice to start conversations, and when his efforts failed, he picked up a Watertown newspaper and began to read the major-league results.

It was a long wait until game time.

The early-evening air was cool and clear. It would get cold. I wrapped myself in my Blue Sox jacket and took a seat just off the playing area, near the dugout.

Rocky Coyle led off a line single to center. He stole second. Gattis was batting in the second spot. He made a lunging swing and hit a bounder to the second baseman. Despite fading reflexes, Jim knew how to hit. By going to the right side, he advanced the runner. But Ed Wolfe tapped back to the pitcher. Two out and a man on third. Then Barry cracked an outside breaking ball sharply down the third-base line. We had a run.

Moretti struck out two Pirates in the first and another in the second, when he gave up a pop-fly single to left. He was commanding on the mound, working quickly in the urgent chill, as though he were impatient to dispose of this hitter and start devastating the next victim. By the end of the fourth, we had a 2–0 lead.

It is customary in the New York–Penn League (and all professional baseball) to announce or display the scores of other games. But when Steve Sayers, the bearded, lethargic general manager of the Pirates, heard that Oneonta had opened a lead over Little Falls, he forbade his public-address man to announce the score. "It could encourage the Blue Sox," he said, "and make them play harder."

I commissioned Mike Zalewski as our communicator. "Open a telephone line to Oneonta," I told him in the press box. "Keep it open all game long."

We dispatched a bat boy to hurry from the dugout to the rooftop press box, like an Olympic torch bearer, and bring us back the news from Oneonta. Amazingly, the Yankees moved ahead of Little Falls, 6–1, after four innings. All these days, these weeks, these months, had come down to the fractions of two games.

Moretti was performing magnificently. Two more strike-outs in the fifth. Struck out the side in the sixth. Two more strike-outs in the eighth. Going into the ninth, Roy had himself a two-hit shutout and our 2–0 lead looked lovelier than spring.

Then Ron DeLucchi whipped his bat into a high fast ball and slammed it 400 feet over the center-field wall. There was a moment of shock. Our impervious pitcher had been scratched. Hercules was human. "Forget it, Roy," I bellowed. "All you gotta do is get the next man." That was roughly akin to reciting the alphabet to an English scholar. Moretti took three deep breaths, recovering. He got the final out on a grounder to Brian Robinson.

We had won another ball game that we could not afford to lose. Under pressure that would have flattened lesser teams, we had won five of our past six, including two out of three in that wretched triple-header. But we had not won the divisional championship. Zalewski bellowed that Little Falls was coming back at Oneonta. I considered planting a spear in his foot.

Still in his spikes, Gattis clattered to the press box and began to call the Little Falls game, batter by batter, down to the rest of us on the field. The clubhouse man dragged out cases of champagne. We stood in the Jefferson County cold, listening to Gattis' shouts and watching his hand signals.

"Nobody touch that champagne," I ordered, "until Oneonta gets the final out. Anybody who jinxes us gets dismembered."

Oneonta had scored again, 7–1, but Little Falls came blazing back with four in the eighth. Our players were tramping in jittery circles. The Watertown g.m. kept the public-address system alive and insisted on announcing inconsequential awards to his last-place ballplayers. *Mozart.* I was trying to hear Mozart. And this man kept playing Spike Jones.

With two men on base for Little Falls in the eighth inning, Stanley Jefferson, the all-star center fielder, pulled a 390-foot drive that carried over the left-field fence, foul by a yard. I was thankful that I was not there to see it. Then Jefferson popped out and Oneonta hung. The Yankees won the game, 7–5. Up in the press box, Gattis threw his hands into the air in exultation.

Players erupted on the field. Champagne erupted on the field. Moss and Mark Krynitsky hoisted me to their shoulders. The players formed a circle and chanted my name. Even Bob Veale joined them. They chanted my name over and over and over.

I looked at the faces of my smiling, roaring summer friends.

I have known worse moments.

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# THE CLOWNS

(continued from page 130)

*"David could see Mr. Thorne jerk in surprise as he felt the white-gloved hands close over him."*

said. "Another time, then." She looked across the street to see what he was staring at, looked back puzzledly. "Are you all right, David?"

"Yeah. Honest, Mrs. Z.," he said, without looking around. "Really. I'm fine."

She sighed again with doughy fatalism. And then she started across the street, headed directly for the clown.

It was obvious to David that *she* didn't see him. He was standing right in front of her, grimacing and waving his arms and making faces at her, but she didn't even slow down—she would have walked right into him if he hadn't ducked out of the way at the last moment. After she passed, the clown minced along behind her for a few steps, doing a cruel but funny imitation of her ponderous, waddling walk, pretending to spank her on her big, fat rump.

David stifled a laugh. This was better than the circus! But now the clown seemed to have grown bored with mocking Mrs. Zabriski and began drifting slowly away toward the far side of Main Street.

David wanted to follow, but he suddenly realized, with a funny little chill, that he didn't want to do it alone. Even if it was the ghost of a clown, a funny and entertaining ghost, it was still a *ghost*, after all. Somehow, he'd have to get Sammy to come with him. But how could he explain to Sammy what they were doing? Not that it would matter if Sammy didn't come out of the shop soon—the clown was already a block away.

Anxiously, he peered in through the window until he managed to catch Sammy's attention, then waved to him urgently. Sammy held up his index finger and continued his conversation with his father. "Hurry up, dummy," David muttered under his breath. The clown was getting farther and farther away, almost out of sight now. Hurry up. David danced impatiently from one foot to the other. Hurry *up*.

But when Sammy finally came running out of the barbershop with the news that he'd talked his father into treating them both to a movie, the clown was gone.

•

By the time they got to the movie theater, David had pretty much gotten over the disappointment of losing the clown. At least it was a pretty good show—cartoons and a space-monster movie. There was a long line in front of the ticket window, a big crowd of kids—and even a few adults—waiting to get into the movie.

They were waiting in the tail of the line when the clown—or *a* clown—appeared again across the street.

"Hey, Davie!" Sammy said abruptly. "Do you see what *I* see?" And Sammy waved to the clown.

David was startled—and somewhat dismayed—by the strength of the surge of disappointment and jealousy that shot through him. If *Sammy* could see them, too, then David wasn't *special* anymore. The whole thing was ruined.

Then David realized that it wasn't the clown that Sammy was waving to.

He was waving to the old man who was waiting to cross the street, standing just in *front* of the clown. Old Mr. Thorne. He was at least a million years old, David knew. He'd played for the Boston Braves back before they'd even had *television*, for cripes' sake. But he loved children and treated them with uncondescending courtesy and in turn was one of the few adults who were really respected by the kids. He was in charge of the yo-yo contests held in the park every summer, and he could make a yo-yo sleep or do around the world or over the falls or walking the dog better than anyone David had ever seen, including the guy who sold the golden yo-yos for the Duncan company.

Relieved, David joined Sammy in waving to his old friend, almost—but not quite—forgetting the clown for a moment. Mr. Thorne waved back but motioned for them to wait where they were. It was exciting to see the old man again. It would be worth missing the movie if Mr. Thorne was in the mood to buy them chocolate malteds and reminisce about the days when he'd hit a home run off the immortal Grover Cleveland Alexander.

Just as the traffic light turned yellow, an old flat-bed truck with a dented fender came careening through the intersection.

David felt his heart lurch with sudden fear—— But it was all right. Mr. Thorne saw the truck coming, he was still on the curb, he was safe. But then the clown stepped up close behind him. He grabbed Mr. Thorne by the shoulders. David could see Mr. Thorne jerk in surprise as he felt the white-gloved hands close over him. Mr. Thorne's mouth opened in surprise, his hands came fluttering weakly up, like startled birds. David could see the clown's painted face grinning over the top of Mr. Thorne's head. That wide, unchanging, painted-on smile.

Then the clown threw Mr. Thorne in front of the truck.

There was a sickening wet *thud*, a sound like that of a sledge hammer hitting a side of beef. The shriek of brakes, the squeal of flaying tires. A brief, unnatural silence. Then a man said, "Jesus Christ!" in a soft, reverent whisper. A heartbeat later, a woman started to scream.

Then everyone was shouting, screaming, babbling in a dozen confused voices, running forward. The truck driver was climbing down from the cab, his face stricken; his mouth worked in a way that might have been funny in other circumstances, opening and closing, opening and closing—then he began to cry.

All you could see of Mr. Thorne was one arm sticking out from under the truck's rear wheels at an odd angle, like the arm of a broken doll.

A crowd was gathering now, and between loud exclamations of horror, everyone was already theorizing about what had happened: Maybe the old man had had a heart attack; maybe he'd just slipped and fallen; maybe he'd tripped over something. A man had thrown his arm around the shoulders of the bitterly sobbing truck driver; people were kneeling and peering gingerly under the truck; women were crying; little kids were shrieking and running frenziedly in all directions. Next to David, Sammy was crying and cursing at the same time, in a high and hysterical voice.

Only David was not moving.

He stood as if frozen in ice, staring at the clown.

All unnoticed, standing alone behind the ever-growing crowd, the clown was laughing.

Laughing silently, in unheard spasms that shook his shoulders and made his bulb nose jiggle. Laughing without sound, with his mouth wide-open, bending forward to slap his knees in glee, tears of pleasure running down his painted cheeks.

Laughing.

David felt his face flame. Contradictory emotions whipped through him: fear, dismay, rage, horror, disbelief, guilt. Guilt. . . .

The fucking clown was *laughing*——

All at once, David began to run, motionless one moment and running flat-out the next, as if suddenly propelled from a sling. He could taste the salty wetness of his own tears. He tried to fight his way through the thickening crowd, to get by them and *at* the clown. He kept bumping into people, spinning away, sobbing and cursing, then slamming into someone *else*. Someone cursed him. Someone else grabbed him and held him, making sympathetic, soothing noises—it was Mr. Gratini, the music teacher, thinking that David was trying to reach Mr. Thorne's body.

Meanwhile, the clown had stopped laughing. As if suddenly remembering another appointment, he turned brusquely and strode away.

"David, wait, there's nothing you can do. . . ." Mr. Gratini was saying, but David squirmed wildly, tore himself free, ran on.

By the time David had fought his way through the rest of the crowd, the clown was already a good distance down Willow Street, past the bakery and the engraving

company with the silver sign in its second-story window.

The clown was walking faster now, was almost out of sight. Panting and sobbing, David ran after him.

He followed the clown through the alleys behind the shoe factories, over the hump of railroad tracks, under the arch of the cement viaduct that was covered with spray-painted graffiti. The viaduct was dark, its pavement strewn with candy wrappers and used condoms and cigarette butts. It was cool inside and smelled of dampness and cinders.

But on the other side of the viaduct, he realized that he'd lost the clown again. Perhaps he had crossed the field . . . though, surely, David would have seen him do that. He could be anywhere; this was an old section of town and streets and avenues branched off in all directions.

David kept searching, but he was getting tired. He was breathing funny, sort of like having the hiccups. He felt sweaty and dirty and exhausted. He wanted to go home.

What would he have done if he'd *caught* the clown?

All at once, he felt cold.

There was nobody around, seemingly for miles—the streets were as deserted as those of a ghost town. Nobody around, no one to help him if he were attacked, no one to hear him if he cried for help.

The silence was thick and dusty and smothering. Scraps of paper blew by with the wind. The sun shimmered from the empty sidewalks.

David's mouth went dry. The hair rose bristlingly on his arms and legs.

The clown suddenly rounded the corner just ahead, coming swiftly toward him with a strange, duck-walking gait.

David screamed and took a quick step backward. He stumbled and lost his balance. For what seemed like an eternity, he teetered precariously, windmilling his arms. Then he crashed to the ground.

The fall hurt and knocked the breath out of him, but David almost didn't notice the pain. From the instant he'd hit the pavement, the one thought in his head had been, *Had he given himself away?* Did the clown now *realize* that David could *see* him?

Quickly, he sat up, clutching his hands around his knee and rocking back and forth as if absorbed in pain. He found that he had no difficulty making himself cry, and cry loudly, though he didn't feel the tears the way he had before. He carefully did not turn his head to look at the clown, though he did sneak a sidelong peek out of the corner of his eye.

The clown had stopped a few yards away and was watching him—standing motionlessly and *staring* at him, fixedly, unblinkingly, with total concentration, like some great, black, sullen bird of prey.

David hugged his skinned knee and made himself cry louder. There was a possibility that he hadn't given himself away—that the clown would think he'd yelled like that *because* he'd tripped and fallen down and not because he'd seen him come dancing around the corner. The two things had happened closely enough together that the clown *might* think that. Please, God, let him think that. Let him believe it.

The clown was still watching him.

Stiffly, David got up. Still not looking at the clown, he made himself lean over and brush off his pants. Although his mouth was still as dry as dust, he moistened his lips and forced himself to swear, swear out loud, blistering the air with every curse word he could think of, as though he were upset about the ragged hole torn in his new blue jeans and the blood on his knee.

He kept slapping at his pants a moment longer, still bent over, wondering if he should suddenly break and run now that he was on his feet again, make a flat-out dash for freedom. But the clowns were so *fast*. And even if he *did* escape, then they would *know* that he could see them.

Compressing his lips into a hard, thin line, David straightened up and began to walk directly toward the clown.

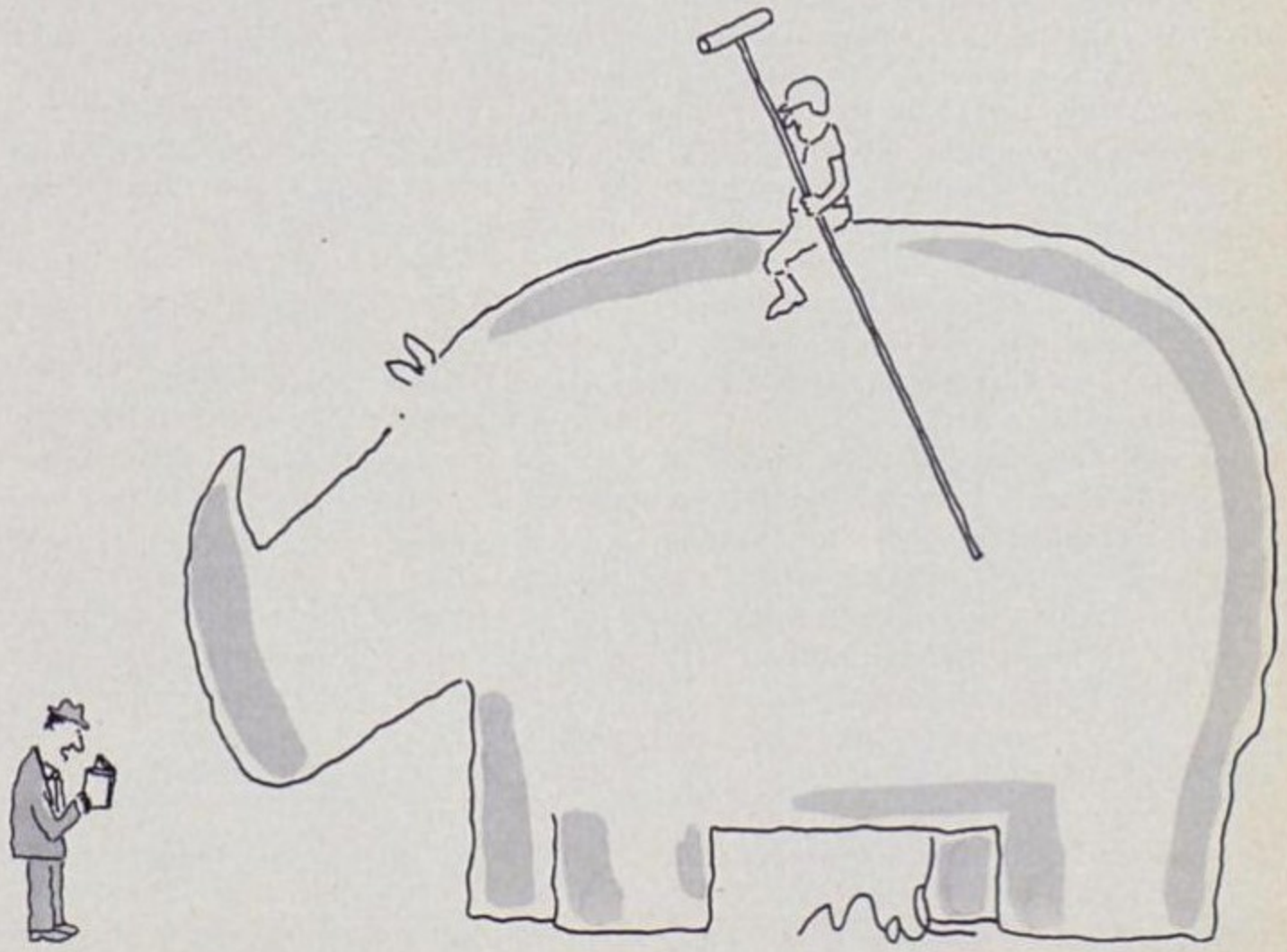
Closer and closer. He could sense the clown looming enormously in front of him, the cold blue eyes still staring suspiciously at him. Don't look at the clown! Keep walking casually and *don't look at him*. David's spine was as stiff as if it were made of metal, and his head ached with the effort of not looking. He picked a spot on the sidewalk and stared at it, thrust his hands into his pockets with elaborate casualness and somehow forced his legs to keep walking. Closer. Now he was close enough to be grabbed, if the clown wanted to grab him. He was right next to him, barely an arm's length away. He could *smell* the clown now—a strong smell of greasepaint, underlaid with a strange, musty, earthen smell, like old wet leaves, like damp old wallpaper. He was suddenly *cold*, as cold as ice; it was all he could do to keep from shaking with the cold. Keep going. Take one more step. Then one more. . . .

As he passed the clown, he caught sight of an abrupt motion out of the corner of his eye. With all the will he could summon, he forced himself not to flinch or look back. He kept walking, feeling a cold spot in the middle of his back, *knowing* somehow that the clown was still staring at him, staring after him. *Don't* speed up. Just keep walking. Papers rustled in the gutter behind him. Was there a clown walking through them? Coming up behind him? About to *grab* him? He kept walking, all the while waiting for the clown to *get* him, for those strong cold hands to close over his shoulders, the way they had closed over the shoulders of old Mr. Thorne.

He walked all the way home without once looking up or looking around him, and it wasn't until he had gotten inside, with the door locked firmly behind him, that he began to tremble.

•

David had gone upstairs without eating dinner. His father had started to yell about that—he was strict about meals—but his mother had intervened, taking his father aside to whisper something about "trauma" to him—both of them inadvertently shooting him that uneasy walleyed look they sometimes gave him now, as if they weren't sure he mightn't suddenly



*"I'll check the rulebook, but I'm sure you have to play on a pony!"*

start drooling and gibbering if they said the wrong thing to him, as if he had something they might *catch*—and his father had subsided, grumbling.

Upstairs, he sat quietly for a long time, thinking hard.

The clowns. Had they just come to town, or had they always been there and he just hadn't been able to *see* them before? He remembered when Mikey had broken his collarbone two summers ago, and when Sarah's brother had been killed in the motorcycle accident, and when that railroad yardman had been hit by the freight train. Were the clowns responsible for those accidents, too?

He didn't know. There was one thing he *did* know, though:

Something had to be done about the clowns.

*He* was the only one who could see them.

Therefore, *he* had to do something about them.

He was the only one who could see them, the only one who could *warn* people. If he didn't do anything and the clowns hurt somebody else, then *he*'d be to blame. Somehow, he *had* to stop them.

How?

David sagged in his chair, overwhelmed by the immensity of the problem. *How?*

The doorbell rang.

David could hear an indistinct voice downstairs, mumbling something, and then hear his mother's voice, clearer, saying, "I don't know if Davie really feels very much like having company right now, Sammy."

*Sammy*——

David scooted halfway down the stairs and yelled, "Ma! No, Ma, it's OK! Send him up!" He went on down to the second-floor landing, saw Sammy's face peeking tentatively up the stairs and motioned for Sammy to follow him up to his room.

David's room was at the top of the tall, narrow old house, right next to the small room that his father sometimes used as an office. There were old magic posters on the walls—Thurston, Houdini, Blackstone: King of Magicians—a Duran Duran poster behind the bed and a skeleton mobile of a Tyrannosaurus hanging from the overhead lamp. He ushered Sammy in wordlessly, then flopped down on top of the *Star Wars* spread that he'd finally persuaded his mother to buy for him. Sammy pulled out the chair to David's desk and began to fiddle abstractedly with the pieces of David's half-assembled Bell X 15 model kit. There were new dark hollows under Sammy's eyes and his face looked strained. Neither boy spoke.

"Mommy didn't want to let me out," Sammy said after a while, sweeping the model pieces aside with his hand. "I told her I'd feel better if I could come over and talk to you. It's really weird about Mr. Thorne, isn't it? I can't believe it, the way that truck *smushed* him, like a tube of tooth paste or something." Sammy grimaced and put his arms around his legs, clasping his hands together tightly, rocking back and forth nervously. "I just can't believe he's gone."

David felt the tears start and blinked them back. Crying wouldn't help. He looked speculatively at Sammy. He certainly couldn't tell his *parents* about the clowns. Since his "nervous collapse" last fall, they were already afraid that he was a nut.

"Sammy," he said. "I have to tell you something. Something important. But first you have to *promise* not to tell anybody. No matter what, no matter how crazy it sounds, you've got to promise!"

"Yeah?" Sammy said tentatively.

"No—first you've got to promise."

"OK, I *promise*," Sammy said, a trace of anger creeping into his voice.

"Remember this afternoon at the swimming pool, when I pointed at that rocking chair, and you thought I was pulling a joke on you? Well, I *wasn't*. I did see somebody sitting there. I saw a clown."

Sammy looked disgusted. "I see a clown right now," he grated.

"Honest, Sammy, I *did* see a clown. A clown, all made up and in costume, just like at the circus. And it was a clown—the same one, I think—who pushed Mr. Thorne in front of that truck."

Sammy just looked down at his knees. His face reddened.

"I'm not lying about this, I swear. I'm telling the truth this time; honest, Sammy, I really am——"

Sammy made a strange noise, and David suddenly realized that he was *crying*.

David started to ask him what the matter was, but before he could speak, Sammy had rounded fiercely on him, blazing. "You're nuts! You *are* a loony, just like everybody says! No wonder nobody will play with you. Loony! Fucking *loony*!"

Sammy was screaming now, the muscles in his neck cording. David shrank away from him, his face going ashen.

They stared at each other. Sammy was panting like a dog, and tears were running down his cheeks.

"Everything's . . . some kind of . . . *joke* to you, isn't it?" Sammy panted. "Mr. Thorne was my *friend*. But you . . . you don't care about *anybody*!" He was screaming again on the last word. Then he whirled and ran out of the room.

David followed him, but by the time he was halfway down the stairs, Sammy was already out the front door, slamming it shut behind him.

"What was *that* all about?" David's mother asked.

"Nothing," David said dully. He was staring through the screened-in door, watching Sammy run down the sidewalk. Should he chase him? But all at once it seemed as if he were too tired to move; he leaned listlessly against the doorjamb and watched Sammy disappear from sight. Sammy had left the gate of their white picket fence unlatched, and it swung back and forth in the wind, making a hollow slamming sound.

How could he make anyone else believe him if he couldn't even convince *Sammy*? There was nobody left to tell.

David had a sudden, bitter vision of just how lonely the rest of the summer was going to be without even Sammy to play with. Just him, all by himself, all summer long.

Just him . . . and the clowns.

•

David heard his parents talking as he made his way down to breakfast the next morning and paused just outside the kitchen archway to listen.

"Was the strangest thing," his mother was saying.

"What was?" David's father grumbled. He was hunched over his morning coffee, glowering at it, as if daring it to cool off before he got around to drinking it. Mr. Shore was often grouchy in the morning, though things weren't as bad anymore as they'd been last fall, when his parents had often screamed obscenities at each other across the breakfast table—not as bad as that one terrible morning, the morning David didn't even want to think about, when his father had punched his mother in the face and knocked two of her teeth out, because the eggs were runny. David's mother kept telling him that his father was under a lot of "stress" because of his new job—he used to sell computers, but now he was a stockbroker trainee. "What was?" David's father repeated irritably, having gotten no reply.

"Oh, I don't know," David's mother said. "It's just that I was thinking about that poor old woman all night. I just can't get her out of my mind. You know, she kept swearing somebody pushed her."

"For Christ's sake!" David's father snapped. "Nobody *pushed* her. She's just getting senile. She had heavy bags to carry and all those stairs to climb, that's all." He broke off, having spotted David in the archway. "David, don't *skulk* like that. You know I hate a sneak. In or out!"

David came slowly forward. His mouth had gone dry again and he had to moisten his lips to be able to speak. "What—what were you talking about? Did something happen? Who got hurt?"

"Marty!" David's mother said sharply, glancing quickly and significantly at David, frowning, shaking her head.

"Damn it, Anna," David's father grumbled. "Do you really think that the kid's gonna curl up and die if he finds out that Mrs. Zabriski fell down a flight of stairs? What the hell does he care?"

"*Marty!*"

"He doesn't even know her, except to say hello to, for Christ's sake! Accidents happen all the time; he might just as well get used to that——"

David was staring at them. His face had

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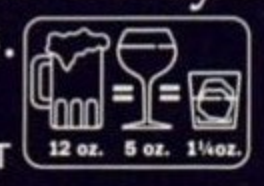


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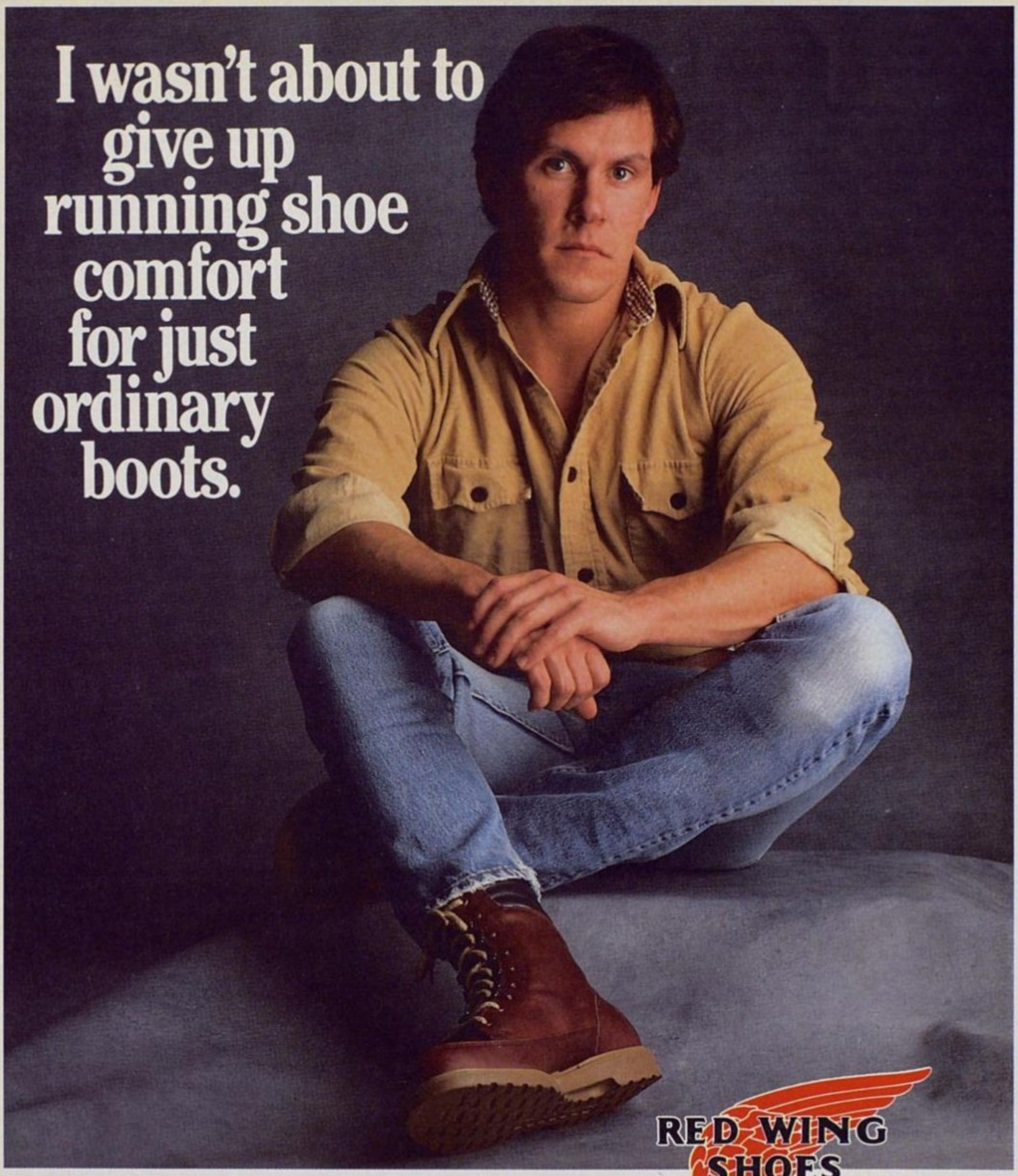


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gone white. "Mrs. Zabriski?" he whispered. "Is—is she *dead*?"

His mother gave her husband a now-look-what-you've-done glare and moved quickly to put an arm around David's shoulder. "No, honey," she said soothingly, in that nervous, almost *too* sympathetic voice she used on him now whenever she thought he was under stress. "She's going to be OK. Just a broken leg and a few bruises. She fell down the stairs yesterday on her way back from the grocery store. Those stairs are awfully steep for a woman her age. She tripped, that's all."

David bit his lip. Somehow, he managed to blink back sudden bitter tears. *His* fault! If he'd carried her bags for her, like she'd wanted him to, like she'd *asked* him to, then she'd have been all right; the clown wouldn't have gotten her.

For Mrs. Zabriski hadn't tripped. He knew that.

She'd been *pushed*.

•

By the time David got to Sammy's house, there was no one home. Too late! His father had reluctantly let David off the hook about eating breakfast—the very thought of eating made him ill—but had insisted in his I'm-going-to-brook-no-more-nonsense voice, the one he used just before he started hitting, that David wash the breakfast dishes, and that had slowed him up just enough. He'd hoped to catch Sammy before he left for the pool, try to talk to him again, try to get him to at least agree to keep quiet about the clowns.

He made one stop, in the Religious Book Store and Reading Room on Main Street, and bought something with some of the money from his allowance. Then, slowly and reluctantly, trying to ignore the fear that was building inside him, he walked to the swimming pool.

Sammy was already in the water when David arrived.

The pool was crowded, as usual. David waved halfheartedly to Jas, who was sitting in the high-legged lifeguard's chair. Jas waved back uninterestedly; he was surveying his domain through aluminum sunglasses, his nose smeared with zinc oxide to keep it from burning.

And—yes—the clown was there! Way in the back, near the refreshment stand. Lounging quietly against a wall and watching the people in the pool.

David felt his heart start hammering. Moving slowly and—he hoped—inconspicuously, he began to edge through the crowd toward Sammy. The clown was still looking the other way. If only——

But then Sammy saw David. "Well, well, *well*," Sammy yelled, "if it isn't David Shore!" His voice was harsh and ugly, his face flushed and twisted. David had never seen him so bitter and upset. "Seen any more *clowns* lately, Davie?" There was real hatred in his voice. "Seen any more killer invisible clowns, Davie? You loony! You fucking *loony*!"

David flinched, then tried to shush him. People were looking around, attracted by the shrillness of Sammy's voice.

The clown was looking, too. David saw him look at Sammy, who was still waving his arms and shouting, and then slowly raise his head, trying to spot who Sammy was yelling at.

David ducked aside into the crowd, half squatting down, dodging behind a couple of bigger kids. He could *feel* the clown's gaze pass overhead, like a scythe made of ice and darkness. Shut up, Sammy, he thought desperately. Shut up. He squirmed behind another group of kids, bumping into somebody, heard someone swear at him.

"Da—vie!" Sammy was shouting in bitter mockery. "Where are all the clowns, Davie? You seen any clowning around here *today*, Davie? Huh, Davie?"

The clown was walking toward Sammy now, still scanning the crowd, his gaze relentless and bright.

Slowly, David pushed his way through the crowd, moving away from Sammy. Bobby and Andy were standing in line at the other end of the pool, waiting to jump off the board. David stepped up behind Andy, pretending to be waiting in line, even though he hated diving. Should he leave the pool? Run? That would only make it easier for the clown to spot him. But if he left, maybe Sammy would shut *up*.

"You're crazy, David Shore!" Sammy was yelling. He seemed on the verge of tears—he had been very close to Mr. Thorne. "You know that? You're fucking *crazy. Bats in the belfry*, Davie——"

The clown was standing on the edge of the pool, right above Sammy, staring down at him thoughtfully.

Then Sammy spotted David. His face went blank, as though with amazement, and he pointed his finger at him. "David! *There's a clown behind you!*"

Instinctively, knowing that it was a mistake even as his muscles moved but unable to stop himself, David whipped his head around and looked behind him. Nothing was there.

When he turned back, the clown was staring at him.

Their eyes met, and David felt a chill go through him, as if he had been pierced with ice.

Sammy was breaking up, hugging himself in glee and laughing, shrill, cawing laughter with a trace of hysteria in it. "Jeez-*us*, Davie!" he yelled. "You're just not playing with a full deck, are you, Davie? You're——"

The clown knelt by the side of the pool. Moving with studied deliberation, never taking his eyes off David, the clown reached out, seized Sammy by the shoulders—Sammy jerked in surprise, his mouth opening wide—and slowly and relentlessly forced him under the water.

"Sammy!" David screamed.

The clown was leaning out over the pool, eyes still on David, one arm thrust almost shoulder-deep into the water, holding Sammy under. The water thrashed and boiled around the clown's outthrust arm, but *Sammy wasn't coming back up*——

"Jason!" David shrieked, waving his arms to attract the lifeguard's attention and then pointing toward the churning patch of water. "Ja-*son*! Help! Help! Somebody's *drowning*!" Jason looked in the direction David was pointing, sat up with a start, began to scramble to his feet——

David didn't wait to see any more. He hit the water in a clumsy dive, almost a belly whopper, and began thrashing across the pool toward Sammy, swimming

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as strongly as he could. Half blinded by spray and by the wet hair in his eyes, half dazed by the sudden shock of cold water on his sun-baked body, he almost rammed his head into the far side of the pool, banging it with a wildly flailing hand instead. He recoiled, gasping. The clown was right above him now, only a few feet away. The clown turned his head to look at him, still holding Sammy under, and once again David found himself shaking with that deathly arctic cold. He kicked at the side wall of the pool, thrusting himself backward. Then he took a deep breath and went under.

The water was murky, but he was close enough to see Sammy. The clown's white-gloved hand was planted firmly on top of Sammy's head, holding him under. Sammy's eyes were open, strained wide, bulging almost out of his head. Dreadfully, they seemed to see David, recognize him, appeal mutely to him. Sammy's hands were pawing futilely at the clown's arm, more and more weakly, slowing, running down like an unwound clock. Even as David reached him, Sammy's mouth opened and there was a silvery explosion of bubbles.

David grabbed the clown's arm. A shock went through him at the contact, and his hands went cold, the bitter cold spreading rapidly up his arms, as if he were grasping something that avidly sucked the heat from anything that touched it. David yanked at the clown's arm with his numbing, clumsy hands, trying to break his grip, but it was like yanking on a steel girder.

A big white shape barreled by him like a porpoise, knocking him aside. Jas.

David floundered, kicked, broke the surface of the water. He shot up into the air like a Polaris missile, fell back, took a great racking breath, another. Sunlight on water dazzled his eyes, and everything was noise and confusion in the open air, baffling after the muffled underwater silence. He kicked his feet weakly, just enough to keep him afloat, and looked around.

Jas was hauling Sammy out of the pool. Sammy's eyes were still open, but now they looked like glass, like the blank, staring eyes of a stuffed animal; a stream of dirty water ran out of his slack mouth, down over his chin. Jas laid Sammy out by the pool edge, bent hurriedly over him, began to blow into his mouth and press on his chest. A crowd was gathering, calling out questions and advice, making little wordless noises of dismay.

The clown had retreated from the edge of the pool. He was standing some yards away now, watching Jas labor over Sammy.

Slowly, he turned his head and looked at David.

Their eyes met again, once again with that shock of terrible cold, and this time the full emotional impact of what that look implied struck home as well.

The clowns *knew* that he could see them.

The clowns knew who he *was*.

The clowns would be after *him* now.

Slowly, the clown began to walk toward David, his icy-blue eyes fixed on him.

Terror squeezed David like a giant's fist. For a second, everything went dark. He couldn't remember swimming back across to the other side of the pool, but the next thing he knew, there he was, hauling himself up the ladder, panting and dripping. A couple of kids were looking at him funny; no doubt he'd shot across the pool like a torpedo.

The clown was coming around the far end of the pool, not running but walking fast, still staring at David.

There were still crowds of people on this side of the pool, too, some of them paying no attention to the grisly tableau on the far side, most of them pressed together near the pool's edge, standing on tiptoe and craning their necks to get a better look.

David pushed his way through the crowd, worming and dodging and shoving, and the clown followed him, moving faster now. The clown seemed to flow like smoke around people without touching them, never stumbling or bumping into anyone even in the most densely packed part of the crowd, and he was catching up. David kept looking back, and each time he did, the widely smiling painted face was closer behind him, momentarily bobbing up over the sunburned shoulders of the crowd, weaving in and out. Coming relentlessly on, pressing *closer*, all the while never taking his eyes off him.

The crowd was thinning out. He'd never make it back around the end of the pool before the clown caught up with him. Could he possibly outrun the clown in the open? Panting, he tried to work his hand into the pocket of his sopping-wet jeans as he stumbled along. The wet cloth resisted, resisted, and then his hand was inside the pocket, his fingers touching metal, closing over the thing he'd bought at the store on his way over.

Much too afraid to feel silly or self-conscious, he whirled around and held up the crucifix, extended it at arm's length toward the clown.

The clown stopped.

They stared at each other for a long, long moment, long enough for the muscles in David's arm to start to tremble.

Then, silently, mouth open, the clown started to laugh.

*It wasn't going to work——*

The clown sprang at David, spreading his arms wide as he came.

It was like a wave of fire-shot darkness hurtling toward him, getting bigger and bigger, blotting out the world——

David screamed and threw himself aside.

The clown's hand swiped at him, hooked fingers grazing his chest like stone talons, tearing free. For a moment, David was enveloped in arctic cold and that

*"This is the crazy, redheaded nymphomaniac's husband. Can I help you?"*

strong musty smell of dead leaves, and then he was rolling free, scrambling to his feet, *running*——

He tripped across a bicycle lying on the grass, scooped it up and jumped aboard it all in one motion, began to pedal furiously. Those icy hands clutched at him again from just a step behind. He felt his shirt rip; the bicycle skidded and fishtailed in the dirt for a second; and then the wheels bit the ground and he was away and picking up speed.

When he dared to risk a look back, the clown was staring after him, a look thoughtful, slow and icily intent.

•

David left the bicycle in a doorway a block from home and ran the rest of the way, trying to look in all directions at once. He trudged wearily up the front steps of his house and let himself in.

His parents were in the front room. They had been quarreling but broke off as David came into the house and stared at him. David's mother rose rapidly to her feet, saying, "David! Where *were* you? We were so worried! Jason told us what happened at the pool."

David stared back at them. "Sammy?" he heard himself saying, knowing it was stupid to ask even as he spoke the words but unable to keep himself from feeling a faint stab of hope. "Is Sammy gonna be all right?"

His parents exchanged looks.

David's mother opened her mouth and closed it again, hesitantly, but his father waved a hand at her, sat up straighter in his chair and said flatly, "Sammy's dead, David. They think he had some sort of seizure and drowned before they could pull him out. I'm sorry. But that's the way it is."

"Marty!" David's mother protested.

"It's part of life, Anna," his father said. "He's got to learn to face it. You can't keep him wrapped up in cotton wool, for Christ's sake!"

"It's all right," David said quietly. "I knew he *had* to be. I just thought maybe . . . somehow. . . ."

There was a silence, and they looked at each other through it. "At any rate," his father finally said, "we're proud of you, David. The lifeguard told us you tried to save Sammy. You did the best you could, did it like a man, and you should be proud of that." His voice was heavy and solemn. "You're going to be upset for a while, sure—that's only normal—but someday that fact's going to make you feel a lot better about all this, believe me."

David could feel his lips trembling, but he was determined not to cry. Summoning all his will to keep his voice steady, he said, "Mom . . . Dad . . . if I . . . *told* you something—something that was really *weird*—would you believe me and not think I was going nuts again?"

His parents gave him that uneasy, wall-eyed look again. His mother wet her lips, hesitantly began to speak, but his father cut her off. "Tell your tall tales later," he said harshly. "It's time for supper."

David sagged back against the door panels. They *did* think he was going nuts again, had probably been afraid of that ever since they heard he had run wildly away from the pool after Sammy drowned. He could *smell* the fear on them, a sudden bitter burnt reek, like scorched onions. His mother was still staring at him uneasily, her face pale, but his father was grating, "Come on, now, wash up for supper. Make it snappy!" He wasn't going to *let* David be nuts, David realized; he was going to *force* everything to be "normal," by the sheer power of his anger.

"I'm not hungry," David said hollowly. "I'd rather just lie down." He walked quickly by his parents, hearing his father start to yell, hearing his mother intervene, hearing them start to quarrel again behind him. He didn't seem to care anymore. He kept going, pulling himself upstairs, leaning his weight on the wrought-iron banister. He was bone-tired and his head throbbed.

In his room, he listlessly peeled off his sweat-stiff clothes. His head was swimming with the need to sleep, but he paused before turning down the bedspread, grimaced and shot an uneasy glance at the window. Slowly, he crossed the room. Moving in jerks and starts, as though against his will, he lifted the edge of the curtain and looked out.

There was a clown in the street below, standing with that terrible motionless patience in front of the house, staring up at David's window.

David was not even surprised. Of *course* the clowns would be there. They'd heard Sammy call his name. They'd found him. They knew where he lived now.

What was he going to *do*? He couldn't stay inside all summer. Sooner or later, his parents would *make* him go out.

And then the clowns would *get* him.

•

David woke up with a start, his heart thudding.

He pushed himself up on one elbow, blinking in the darkness, still foggy and confused with sleep. What had happened? What had wakened him?

He glanced at the fold-up travel clock that used to be his dad's; it sat on the desk, its numbers glowing. Almost midnight.

Had there been a noise? There *had* been a noise, hadn't there? He could almost remember it.

He sat alone in the darkened room, still only half-awake, listening to the silence.

Everything was silent. Unnaturally silent. He listened for familiar sounds: the air conditioner swooshing on, the hot-water tank rumbling, the refrigerator humming, the cuckoo clock chiming in the living room. Sometimes he could hear those sounds when he awakened in the middle of the night. But he couldn't hear them now. The crickets weren't even chirruping outside, nor was there any sound of passing traffic. There was only the sound of David's own breathing, harsh and loud in his ears, as though he were underwater and breathing through scuba gear. Without knowing why, he felt the hair begin to rise on the back of his neck.

*The clowns were in the house.*

That hit him suddenly, with a rush of adrenaline, waking him all the way up in an eyeblink.

He didn't know how he knew, but he *knew*. Somehow, he had thought that houses were *safe*, that the clowns could only be outside. But they were here. They were in the house. Perhaps they were here in the *room*, right now. Two of them, eight, a dozen. Forming a circle around the bed, staring at him in the darkness with their opaque and malevolent eyes.

He burst from the bed and ran for the light switch, careening blindly through blackness, waiting for clutching hands to grab him in the dark. His foot struck something—a toy, a shoe—and sent it clattering away, the noise making him gasp and flinch. A misty ghost shape seemed to move before him, making vague, windy gestures, more sensed than seen. He ducked away, dodging blindly. Then his hand was on the light switch.

The light came on like a bomb exploding, sudden and harsh and overwhelmingly bright. Black spots flashed before his eyes. As his vision readjusted, he jumped to see a face only inches from his own—stifling a scream when he realized that it was only his reflection in the dresser mirror. That had also been the moving, half-seen shape.

There was no one in the room.

Panting with fear, he slumped against the dresser. He'd instinctively thought that the light would help, but somehow it only made things worse. It picked out the eyes and the teeth of the demons in the magic posters on the walls, making them gleam sinisterly, and threw slowly moving monster shadows across the room from the dangling Tyrannosaurus mobile. The light was harsh and spiky, seeming to bounce and ricochet from every flat surface, hurting his eyes. The light wouldn't save him from the clowns, wouldn't keep them away, wouldn't banish them to unreality, like bad-dream bogeymen—it would only help them *find* him.

He was making a dry little gasping noise, like a cornered animal. He found himself across the room, crouching with his back to the wall. Almost without thinking, he had snatched up the silver letter-opener knife from his desk. Knife in hand, lips skinned back over his teeth in an animal snarl, he crouched against the wall and listened to the terrible silence that seemed to press in against his eardrums.

*They were coming for him.*

He imagined them moving with slow deliberation through the darkened living room downstairs, their eyes and their dead-white faces gleaming in the shadows, pausing at the foot of the stairs to look up

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W O N D E R

toward his room and then, slowly, slowly—each movement as intense and stylized as the movements of a dance—beginning to climb . . . the stairs creaking under their weight . . . coming *closer*. . . .

David was crying now, almost without realizing that he was. His heart was thudding as if it would tear itself out of his chest, beating faster and faster as the pressure of fear built up inside him, shaking him, chuffing out, "*Run, run, run!* Don't let them trap you in here! *Run!*"

Before he had realized what he was doing, he had pulled open the door to his room and was in the long corridor outside.

Away from the patch of light from his doorway, the corridor was deadly black and seemed to stretch endlessly away into distance. Slowly, step by step, he forced himself into the darkness, one hand on the corridor wall, one hand clutching the silver knife. Although he was certain that every shadow that loomed up before him would turn out to be a silently waiting clown, he didn't even consider switching on the hallway light. Instinctively, he knew that the darkness would hide him. Make no noise, stay close to the wall. They might miss you in the dark. Knife in hand, he walked on down the hall, feeling his finger tips rasp along over wood and tile and wallpaper, his eyes strained wide. Into the darkness.

His body knew where he was going before he did. His parents' room. He wasn't sure if he wanted his parents to protect him or if he wanted to protect *them* from a menace they didn't even know existed and couldn't see, but through his haze of terror, all he could think of was getting to his parents' room. If he could beat the clowns to the second floor, hide in his parents' room, maybe they'd miss him; maybe they wouldn't look for him there. Maybe he'd be safe there . . . safe . . . the way he used to feel when a thunderstorm would wake him and he'd run sobbing down the hall in the darkness to his parents' room and his mother would take him in her arms.

The staircase, opening up in a well of space and darkness, was more felt than seen. Shoulder against the wall, he felt his way down the stairs, lowering one foot at a time, like a man backing down a ladder. The well of darkness rose up around him and slowly swallowed him. Between floors, away from the weak, pearly light let in by the upstairs-landing window, the darkness was deep and smothering, the air full of suspended dust and the musty smell of old carpeting. Every time the stairs creaked under his feet, he froze, heart thumping, certain that a clown was about to loom up out of the inky blackness, as pale and terrible as a shark rising up through black midnight water.

He imagined the clowns moving all around him in the darkness, swirling silently around him in some ghostly and enigmatic dance, unseen, their fingers not quite touching him as they brushed by like moth wings in the dark . . . the bushy fright wigs puffed out around their heads like sinister nimbi . . . the ghostly white faces, the dead-black costumes, the gleaming-white gloves reaching out through the darkness.

He forced himself to keep going, fumbling his way down one more step, then another. He was clutching the silver knife so hard that his hand hurt, holding it up high near his chest, ready to strike out with it.

The darkness seemed to open up before him. The second-floor landing. He felt his way out onto it, sliding his feet flat along the floor, like an ice skater. His parents' room was only a few steps away now. Was that a noise from the floor below, the faintest of sounds, as if someone or something were slowly climbing up the stairs?

His fingers touched wood. The door to his parents' room. Trying not to make even the slightest sound, he opened the door, eased inside, closed the door behind him and slowly threw the bolt.

He turned around. The room was dark, except for the hazy moonlight coming in the window through the half-opened curtains; but after the deeper darkness of the hall outside, that was light enough for him to be able to see. He could make out bulky shapes under the night-gray sheets, and, as he watched, one of the shapes moved slightly, changing positions.

They were there! He felt hope open hot and molten inside him, and he choked back a sob. He would crawl into bed between them as he had when he was a very little boy, awakened by nightmares . . . he would nestle warmly between them . . . he would be *safe*.

"Mom?" he said softly. "Dad?" He crossed the room to stand beside the bed. "Mom?" he whispered. Silence. He reached out hesitantly, feeling a flicker of dread even as he moved, and slowly pulled the sheet down on one side——

And there was the clown, staring up at him with those terrible, opaque, expressionless blue eyes, smiling his unchanging painted smile.

David plunged the knife down, feeling it bite into the spongy resistance of muscle and flesh.

*"As we complete our descent, ladies and gentlemen, with the usual ritual thanks for flying with us, we wish to apologize for the cramped conditions, the mediocre food and the insensitivity of some of our staff."*

 *(continued from page 88)*

*"Wright is left alone in the classroom with the tub of beer and his Sony Walkman. . . ."*

operates on the decimal system, Steven Wright often seems to be talking in binary. He has a loyal following, but there are also those who don't get the joke.

As Wright sits in his chair, Rivers cheerfully observes, "You're just as vivacious in real life as you are on stage."

They spend some time chatting, but most of the time it appears that Rivers is simply looking at Wright or he is looking at her. There are long silences during which you can't be sure exactly which of them is the one *not* talking. Finally, Wright says slowly, "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure, take your time," says Rivers.

"No," he answers, with a bewildered expression on his face. "I thought you were somebody else."

•

Steven Wright is winding his way through a mammoth kitchen somewhere on the campus of the State University of New York at Albany. Even though it's a Thursday night, more than 100 people are milling about outside in the 16-degree weather hoping to get a seat for his performance. They won't make it. There are 850 other students already inside the Campus Center Ballroom, and Tom Mottolese, one of the show's promoters, is grousing about how much money he could have made if only the university had let him put on a second show.

A kitchen worker with an apparently razor-sharp memory for two-week old *Tonight Show*s points to Wright and says, "Can I ask you something? . . . No, I thought you were somebody else." His delivery is all wrong, of course, which proves that comedy, like medicine, was never meant to be practiced by the general public.

The kitchen, which has more twists and turns than an Elmore Leonard novel, leads to a series of back stairs and catacombs that go up and down so often that I can't tell whether we're on the third floor or in the basement. We're searching for Wright's "dressing room," but when Mottolese finds what he thinks is it, it turns out to be a classroom full of students. Another door opens to a closet. Finally, we come upon the real dressing room—which is another classroom but without the class.

Mottolese is used to promoting rock shows and big names, so he had assumed that Wright would like something special in his dressing room, such as fresh kiwi fruit or champagne or Godiva chocolates. When asked, Wright's booking agent didn't know but volunteered to track the star down and find out. "Sometimes I like to have a beer before the show to relax," Wright offered. "They could get me a six-pack of Budweiser if they want."

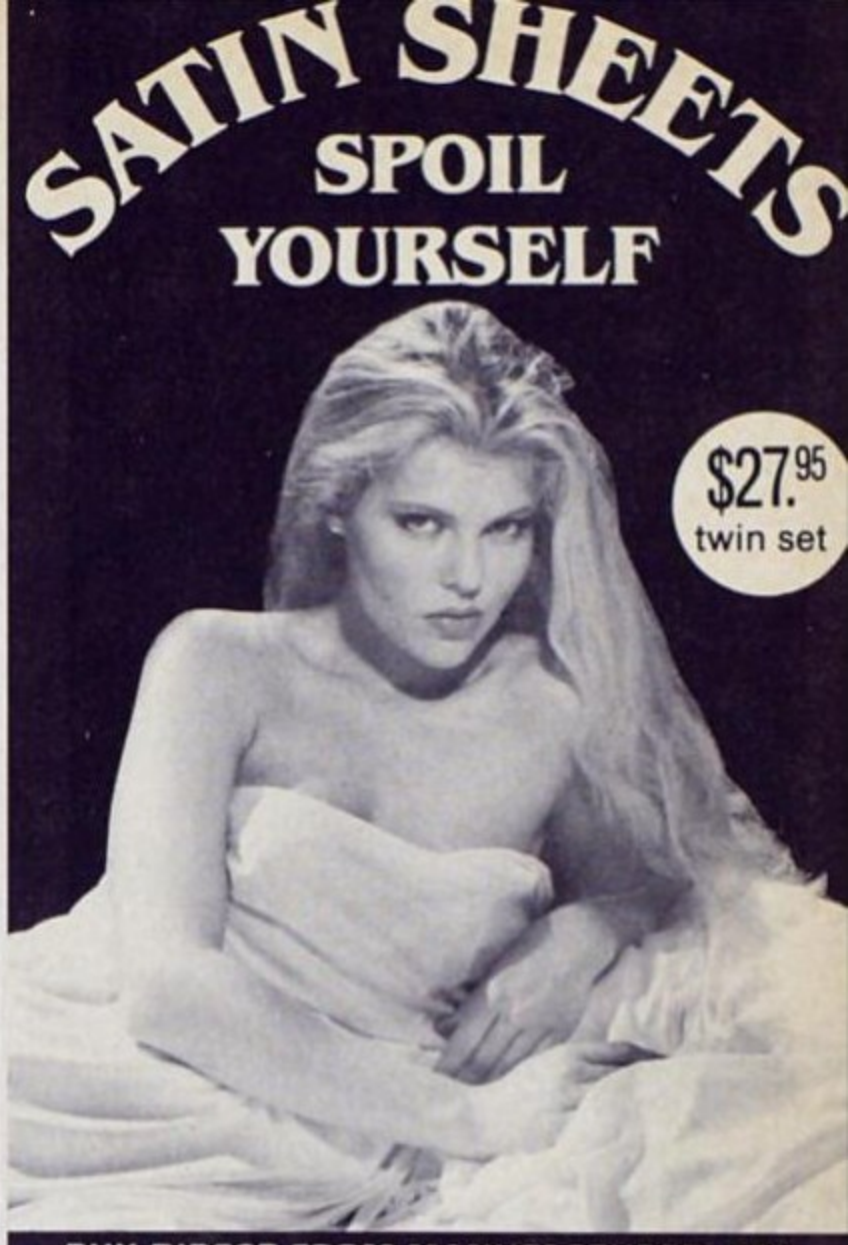
A tub of ice with cans of Bud is dragged into the room, and with it come much commotion, dozens of people in and out and endless confusion about the appropriate introduction, where the bathrooms are or aren't and, of course, just what is the quickest way to get to the stage. The opening act—a local acoustic-guitar duo—is already performing, and Wright has yet to prepare for his show. He never does the same set twice; he has a vast store of material, some of which logically goes toward the beginning of his act, some toward the end, but he puts it together on stage, fitting the pieces to match the audience and the situation. It requires enormous concentration.

"I think I'm going to take some time to prepare now," he says very quietly. Wright sometimes speaks so softly that it jolts people. He calls it reverse yelling, and he accidentally discovered it as a useful way of getting attention. In the early days of his night-club career, he found that the more he lowered his voice, the quieter the audience became. Even with an unruly crowd, he discovered if he almost whispered, they'd snap to and pay attention.

Wright is left alone in the classroom with the tub of beer and his Sony Walkman with a broken plastic cover. He changes from one very casual, beat-up green pullover shirt to an equally casual striped one, puts on his earphones, turns out the lights and listens to Van Morrison's *Beautiful Vision*.

As showtime approaches, Mottolese and his partner are pacing gingerly outside the darkened classroom, debating the proper way to rouse the star. Knocking doesn't seem to work, thanks to the combined efforts of Sony and Van Morrison. Finally—and reluctantly—they walk in. Headphones still on his head, Wright is led through another series of dark passages and stair wells to the stage. It's a large stage, big enough for a game of volleyball, and it's flanked by towering speakers. When the first few rows of the audience get a glimpse of Wright, they start stomping their feet. In that weird way that mass psychology works, soon the rest of the crowd is thundering in anticipation, as if the Stones were about to jump on stage. It's a high-energy response for a low-energy comedian.

"I got a new shadow," he tells the appreciative audience. "I had to get rid of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the other one. It wasn't doing what I was doing.

"Once I was walking through the woods and saw a rabbit standing in front of a candle making shadows of people on a tree." He pauses. "I said, 'Don't be so *sarcastic*.'

"Today I saw a subliminal advertising executive . . . but just for a second.

"I went to a place to eat. The menu said, BREAKFAST ANY TIME, so I ordered French toast during the Renaissance."

His 45-minute set is an obvious hit, with an almost electric response. All things considered, a college audience, even a conservative one, is tailor-made for Wright's cerebral brand of weirdness. It's an audience whose members were weaned on the old *Saturday Night Live*, and they expect humor to go beyond the usual boundaries. And Wright is young enough to be plugged into their concerns, mentioning SAT scores and telling them, "I went to Harvard . . . for carpentry. I build cabinets that cost $58,000." The crowd loves it, but later, Wright will rate the show a mere six on a one-to-ten scale.

"The audience would be surprised to hear that," I say.

"They have only one show to compare it with," he says. "I have 3000."

Back in the classroom dressing room, the parade of well-wishers begins—students with their Kodak Instamatics and flash cubes, fledgling journalists asking strange, unanswerable questions; there's even a familiar face from Wright's Boston days, a portly comedian who proudly announces, "I'm getting a chance at all the roles John Candy turns down."

Wright is good-natured about all the attention, though he appears slightly detached, as if his mind were off wandering in another dimension. He poses for pictures, answers questions, reminisces with the comic—in all, he's being perfectly polite, and yet he's still very much the character they watched on stage. Suddenly, a female student appears at the door and brazenly takes over the room.

"I'm not with any of these other people," she announces. "I just came by because you never smile and I want to see you smile."

Without so much as a second's hesitation, Wright breaks into a gigantic, cheesy, showbiz grin.

"Thanks," she says and walks out the door.

•

There's nothing contrived about Wright's smile—more accurately, the lack of it—or the bizarre nature of his act. He is simply unleashing the unusual thoughts that have always seemed to lurk in his head. Nor is his stage persona contrived to match his material. To a great extent, Steven Wright is just being himself when he's on stage. He's odd, very odd, and that's the way he's always been, as even his mother admits.

"Steven was the laziest of my four children," explains Dolly Wright. "As an infant, he'd fall asleep when I breast-fed him. So I called the pediatrician and he said, 'Well, snap the bottoms of his feet.' I did that, but it didn't work. I called the pediatrician again and he said, 'Put him on a hard table'—now, believe me, it's very hard to nurse a baby on a table. The others would be up and Steven would be falling asleep. And it's followed him throughout his life. When he was three, I couldn't find him, so I called the police. He'd fallen asleep downstairs in the middle of the afternoon. He just dozed off and I didn't know it."

"I was one mellow kid," says Wright. He remembers being dragged off, with some regularity, for blood tests to see whether or not anything was wrong. He was normal—at least physically—but the symptoms never went away.

"He's still like that," complains his mother. "He came home for a week recently and slept the whole time. I hardly saw him."

Wright was so painfully shy and introverted that it was sometimes difficult to tell when he was awake. He spent most of his few waking hours playing alone in the quiet Boston suburb of Burlington, where he grew up. To members of his family and a couple of friends, he would occasionally show flashes of his otherworldly humor, though neither Wright nor the jokes seemed like the type you might someday find on TV. Almost unnoticed, he was developing a passion for comedy, getting up early on Saturday mornings—which was, of course, no small accomplishment—to watch The Three Stooges and, when he was older, listening to Woody Allen's albums and attending Marx Brothers films. To his family, he was a budding artist: By fourth grade, he was drawing outlines of The Flintstones for his classmates to color, and by high school, he had discovered surrealism and abstract painting. Everyone figured he'd go to art school.

Meanwhile, Wright was wondering if his twisted vision of the world—the joke about George with the sideburns behind his ears came to him in junior high school—would actually play on stage. But since he was paralyzed at the thought of giving an oral report in class, it seemed silly to mention it. Nor, for that matter, did he have many people to whom he *could* mention it.

"I kind of missed everything," he says now of his precollege days. "I didn't go to any football games. I didn't go to any proms. I was too shy to ask a girl out until I was 18. There were two or three guys I'd hang out with and I was funny with them, but if you weren't close to me, I'd be nervous and wouldn't say anything."

He surprised everyone by not going to art school—"I thought if I tried to make a job of it, it would ruin the enthusiasm I had"—and instead enrolled at Emerson College in Boston. Emerson had a well-regarded radio department, and Wright was leaning toward becoming a disc jockey as a steppingstone to comedy. The other schools in the area were breeding grounds for preppies, but Emerson seemed comfortably lodged in the Sixties, with more than its share of eccentrics, free spirits and just plain weirdos. Wright began allowing the weirdness that had always existed inside him to emerge.

One of his best friends, Michael Armstrong, remembers those days: "He was a strange and bizarre character, sort of aloof. We didn't become friends until later on, when I hired him to work on a paint crew at school. I remember his turning up every day in a pair of shorts, with no shirt and no shoes, with no paintbrush or anything. And he was probably one of the worst painters I've ever met, but he was the most fun to work with."

So introverted was Wright that even as he came out of his shell, he was still largely unnoticed. "During graduation, people usually applaud their friends or people they know," says Armstrong. "But when he came across the stage, there were about three people applauding in the crowd. It was almost a deathly silence. He just didn't know anybody."

Lacking any real desire to become a disc jockey, Wright took his degree and got a variety of odd jobs, such as parking cars and working in a warehouse, and then spent five months traveling across the country. When he returned to Boston, he discovered that a comedy club had opened and that it held open-mike auditions on Tuesdays. He decided to do it.

"I didn't want to be 40 years old, selling insurance in Iowa, wondering what would have happened if I had tried to be a comedian," Wright says. "The audience laughed at half of my stuff and didn't laugh at the other half. I felt very disappointed because they hadn't laughed at everything, but when I was walking back to my apartment I thought, Wait a minute, they *did* laugh at some things. And that was an incredible rush, because I had been fantasizing about it for so long."

Wright tried again and was quickly offered a regular slot at the Ding Ho, a Chinese restaurant that also featured local comics. For three years, he was one of a small clique of Boston comics, making $300 a week under the table and occasionally working other New England clubs. "I felt like I had beaten the system, like I was a millionaire," he says. "I was getting paid for telling jokes." He had no agent, no plans to get one and only the vaguest notion of what direction his career should take. "We didn't know the business side of things," he says of the group at the Ding Ho. "We were just trying to be funny. It was like Woodstock, it was pure."

It was like Woodstock when it came to

# SOUTHERN COMFORT

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"My Plantation consists of exactly six tomato plants out behind the garage. But with a cool evening breeze rustling through the leaves and a couple of O J Comforts up here on the deck, I know what good old Southern Hospitality is all about. That's Comfort."

fashion, too—at least for Wright. Dressed in old sandals and older clothes and frequently sporting an eight-day growth of beard, he quietly performed his act while leaning against a wall. "It was almost as if I wanted to be on stage without being noticed."

One day, the Ding Ho got a phone call from Peter Lasally. Even Woodstock-pure comedians in Boston know who he is. And *The Tonight Show* is still the one show on TV that can take an unkempt, underfed and unknown comic and, overnight, turn him into a card-carrying member of the Hollywood establishment. Lasally was going to be in Boston scouting colleges with his kids, and as long as he was in the area, he thought he'd spend an evening checking out the local talent.

The local talent quickly struck a deal. Usually, four comics would do 20 minutes each. In honor of their special guest, everyone agreed to cut down his act to ten minutes, so they all could have a shot.

"It was a Thursday and it was a noisy audience," says Wright. "Usually, I can quiet them down, but I couldn't this night. So I did my ten minutes and got off."

"How did you do?" I ask.

"A six. Just like Albany. I have a closetful of sixes. I was disappointed, but, surprisingly, I didn't think it was the end of the world. I thought, Maybe next time I'll do better, and then I'll get on."

Lasally remembers the evening differently. "I saw 12 to 15 comedians that night, and the one who stood out over everything I'd seen over the years was Steven. I couldn't believe what I saw—it was that different, that fresh and that exciting. All these comics came to see me as I was in the parking lot, saying, 'How did I do?' The one guy who didn't show up was Steven." Lasally laughs at the memory. "Steven just went home."

Home, at that time, was a sparsely furnished apartment Wright shared with a fellow comedian. It had a kitchen table and chairs, a couch and a TV set on a tree stump. One afternoon three weeks after Lasally's visit, Wright was home alone watching cartoons when the phone rang.

On the other end was a talent coordinator asking, rather matter-of-factly, if Wright would like to guest on *The Tonight Show* or write for it, or both.

"The phone is on the floor; there's not even a table to put it on," says Wright. "There's almost no furniture and there are cartoons on the stump. I said, 'Wait a minute, you mean from seeing me for ten minutes three weeks ago, that's it? No more auditioning, nothing?' And he said, 'Yeah, just mail us a tape so we can go over it again, but other than that, you can go on if you want.' We talked another 15 minutes, and then I hung up the phone and called all my friends and family and *no one was home*."

Wright decided to pass on the offer to be a *Tonight Show* staff writer, but he did send in a video tape immediately. "It was the only one I had, 20 minutes of me on stage. I had half a beard, sandals and a flannel shirt hanging out."

*The Tonight Show* still liked what it saw, but when the talent coordinator called back to set a date, he had a suggestion. "Don't wear sandals," he said. "Dress as if you were going to a nice place."

Leaving his cartoons behind on the stump, Wright flew first-class to L.A. and was picked up by a limousine, and he and his girlfriend were given a room at the Sheraton Universal Hotel. Two other friends, including Michael Armstrong, showed up to provide moral support. Armstrong also provided a shirt, pants and a belt. Wright could contribute only underwear and shoes to the proceedings.

"They put make-up on me, which I never had—eyelashes, eyebrows; they even did my hands—and then I suddenly realized that I was really pissed off at women, because I looked 180 times better than when I'd walked in. The difference was unbelievable. It was like they had tricked us all these years. I'm talking to Peter while the guy is putting on my make-up and I feel someone standing beside me. Johnny was standing right there. He said, 'Peter has told me a lot about you. Welcome to the show and I hope you have a good time out there.' And I said, 'Thank you very much.' He could have said, 'I'm going to kill you and your entire family and bury them at sea in less than an hour,' and I would have said, 'Thank you, thank you very much,' because I was in shock."

That was August 6, 1982. "He created an enormous stir," says Lasally. "Word gets around very quickly when something as exciting as this happens."

In fact, Wright got work immediately on a syndicated TV show called *An Evening at the Improv* and stuck around to tape that show. When he was done, Lasally had an unusual proposition for him. How would he like to do *The Tonight Show* again? The next night, in fact. His first show had been on a Friday. His second was less than a week later, on Thursday. It had been ten years since a comic was brought back that quickly.

"Usually, we would have waited a couple of months before we booked him again," says Lasally. "But Johnny was *very* impressed."

Fortunately for Wright, Michael Armstrong had brought a second shirt.

•

A mere 12 hours after walking off stage in Albany, Steven Wright is checking into a Holiday Inn in Philadelphia for a two-

*"Well, if you're not a proctologist, why have you got your hand up my ass?"*

night stint as the headliner at a club called The Comedy Works. To the clerk behind the desk, he's apparently just another tourist in town to check out the Liberty Bell.

"Can I help you, sir?" she asks perkily.

"I'd like one room on the top floor with a window that opens," he answers. "Could I have that for almost one night?"

The clerk smiles wanly. She thinks this may be a joke, but given Wright's deadpan delivery, she's not exactly sure. She gamely has us fill out the appropriate forms and starts handing out keys.

"We'll need 11 keys to each room," Wright tells her solemnly. "But I can't tell you why until Monday."

The clerk ignores him and gives us each one key—keys, as it turns out, to rooms on the top floor with windows that open. In fact, if you open one and lean out, you can see a gigantic bust of Benjamin Franklin made out of 80,000 pennies, all donated by school children. Wright eyes it suspiciously. "I didn't know he was that big," he says.

It's one of the few sights he will see. In all, he'll be in Philadelphia less than 48 hours, which is about three times as long as he was in Albany. The day before that, he played an 85-seat club in Northampton, Massachusetts. He's on the road a lot—about half the time since he hit it big on *The Tonight Show* and moved to Los Angeles in 1982—and he doesn't much like it. He travels alone, often crisscrossing time zones insanely, is picked up at the airport by a stranger from the club or school he's playing and stays anywhere from half a day to a week. Sometimes, he'll make friends with the other acts or the staff of the club. Other times, he's pretty much on his own. Either way, he's uprooted the minute it's over and the whole process starts all over again in another strange city.

Of course, his life is not significantly saner when he's at home—at least not at the moment. "I'm moving out of my apartment tomorrow and I'm going on the road," he told Joan Rivers on *The Tonight Show*. "I'm going to have no place to live." Rivers and the audience laughed—there's something about his delivery that guaranteed that—but the statement was true. "I have no address" is how he explained it to me. As it turns out, that's not all he doesn't have. He doesn't have a car, a stereo, a VCR, a phone, furniture, many clothes or much of anything. In the age of the Yuppie, Wright is a comedic monk.

"He's a complete innocent," maintains Lasally. "I've never seen it to this extent before. He remains the way he was when he started. He doesn't have a place of his own or a car; but knowing Steve, you come to expect that. He barely copes with life."

Michael Armstrong is still lending him clothes. "Every time he comes around, he's in need of a shirt," says Armstrong, who now lives in Aspen. "I don't understand it, but I keep on growing out of my clothes and yet they always seem to fit him perfectly. Right now, I'm unemployed, and he's got thousands in the bank, and I'm always giving this guy clothes.

"He doesn't seem to want or need anything," Armstrong says. Several years ago, when the pair was just out of college, Wright found them a place to share in Boston—a Beacon Hill condominium that was up for sale and available for rent on a week-to-week basis. "So we took it," Armstrong recalls. "There were several large rooms with nothing in them but one bed and one mattress on the floor. I hated it, but he was so happy. I wanted to sit down on a couch, to turn on a radio or make a cup of coffee, but Steve would just lie there on that mattress with a glass of water beside him and his notebook—which was a few pieces of paper with jokes written on them—and say, 'This is all that I want.'"

Friends such as Armstrong are constantly urging Wright to rent an apartment or buy a car, but he can't even decide which city he wants to live in, let alone find an apartment. "I've ruled out Boston," he announced two months after leaving his L.A. apartment. The fact that the choice was now down to L.A. or New York struck him as considerable progress. Meanwhile, he lives with friends or checks into a hotel and rents a car. His money—by now a substantial sum—is hidden away in a Los Angeles bank, where he can safely ignore it.

Wright's first show at The Comedy Works brings out a rowdy table from the University of Pennsylvania. It isn't really enough to harm the show—after six years in clubs, Wright has honed some deft putdowns—but he is still mad afterward, complaining as we walk back to the Holiday Inn, where, he promises, he will introduce me to the best bartender in Philadelphia.

The closest thing Wright has to a hobby is his never-ending search for interesting bars and good laundromats. He spends a considerable amount of time in one or the other, which means, among other things, that while he doesn't own many clothes, the ones he does own are always clean.

"People never understand why I don't have my clothes done," he says. "I like the machines, that *hmmmmm* noise. I even like the smell of the driers. It's as if I go into meditation and space out."

Bars serve much the same purpose. "I get relaxed there," he explains. "It's like a little rest station on the outside of society."

The Wings Lounge is just such a place. It's stamped out of the mold that's used for all Holiday Inn lounges—a padded bar, tables, a stage for the obligatory lounge act and lots of mirrors. Tending the bar is Red, who I'd take to be nearing if not past retirement age, with thinning red


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hair and a nicely sarcastic sense of humor.

"Do you remember me?" asks Wright.

Red feigns boredom. "Yeah, sure. You were here about a year ago and sat right there and drank beer, and you were here about a year before that with a girlfriend and you sat down there and drank tequila." Red tosses a cocktail napkin in front of each of us. "And I remember you're a slow-talking son of a bitch."

Wright laughs. The difference between Steven Wright on stage and Steven Wright off stage is not great, with one noticeable exception. "The important thing you need to know about Steven," his agent, Marty Klein, once told me, "is that he likes to laugh." On stage, he's a bizarre, twisted guy who never smiles. Off stage, he's a bizarre, twisted guy who not only smiles but laughs a lot and who appears, in his own odd, morose way, to be enjoying life immensely.

Red is buying the drinks and Wright is talking about a variety of subjects, ranging from Woody Allen and Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. ("I read his stuff and I feel boring, like an accountant"), to David Bowie. Bowie had seen Wright's act and was impressed enough to invite him to the 1983 US Festival, where Wright, still something of an unknown, found himself in a trailer backstage, sitting on a couch between Bowie and Bianca Jagger, making small talk with Bette Midler, who sat across from him. Later, Bowie invited him to a party in L.A., where Wright, Bowie and a small group discussed movies for nearly three hours. "He rarely talked about music," says Wright. "It was like music was something he did on the side."

There's a general commotion by the stage in the Wings Lounge as the musicians are taking their places. There'd be a buzz of anticipation in the audience, too, except that there's not much of an audience to buzz. The lounge, which is a fraction of the size of The Comedy Works, is half empty. Right before the show begins, I count 17 heads—and a couple of them later turn out to be part of the act.

The headliner at Wings Lounge is Sonny Averona, a middle-aged auto wrecker who sounds enough like Frank Sinatra to have launched a minor career as a singer. Red beckons him to join us at the bar.

Wright, of course, is wearing his standard avant-hippie uniform—a faded shirt, black cords and work boots. Sonny is stretching a large, expensive tuxedo to its limits. He's not wearing a tie, but he has enough gold jewelry on to match one of Wright's bank accounts.

"This is Steve," says Red. "He's been on *The Tonight Show*."

Sonny doesn't quite hear him correctly. "You're gonna do a *Tonight Show*?" he asks. "Good luck. I just did a *Remington Steele* myself."

Red makes an attempt to set the record straight, but Sonny is distracted. Wright is just a scruffy kid to him, but since they are fellow show-business professionals, Sonny is willing to be benevolent.

"Red, write this kid's name down on a piece of paper, and we'll introduce him from the stage."

He writes it down. "Jesus, Red, whattaya giving me such a big piece of paper for?" Sonny complains, ripping the edges off to make it a more manageable size. He punches Wright on the shoulder. "Don't worry, kid, we'll give you a plug."

Red buys another round of drinks and Sonny, after the m.c. introduces him as "one of the most exciting voices to ever appear at the Holiday Inn," takes the stage, backed by a seven-piece orchestra and accompanied by the lovely Charlotte Duber, a tall blonde singer decked out in sequins and a long white feather boa.

"It's funny," says Wright, scanning the meager audience. "I get pissed off because a tableful of people are talking during my show, yet he's really into it. If I walked into this room, I'd blow my brains out."

Meanwhile, Sonny is working the lounge as if it actually had people in it. It's a polished show—Sonny reportedly has a loyal following in Atlantic City, where he often plays—but it's the type of entertainment you most often see on a Jerry Lewis telethon, full of the bogus clichés that Bill Murray used to parody on *Saturday Night Live*.

"You know," muses Wright, "he and I are in the same business."

While Sonny throws himself into his show, I mention to Wright that some of the people around him seem concerned by his lackadaisical attitude toward his future. Marty Klein claims that *he* is often the one with his foot on the accelerator; and while other clients call him frequently to goad him into more action, Wright hardly calls at all. "I think success frightens him a bit," says Klein.

Lasally echoes the same theme. "Steven is at the point in his career where concepts for specials and screenplays are going to overpower him. You have to be very disciplined and savvy to deal with that. He has to make the next step beyond just coming up with enough jokes to do in a club."

Wright has heard it all before. "My ambition without drive," he jokingly calls it. "I'm more of a dreamer," he admits. "I'm not one of those people who are going to be doing eight things at once. Right now, I feel like I have my hands full. That's why I don't push."

From the stage, you can sense that that logical break is coming, that lull when a performer like Sonny introduces some of his celebrity friends who might have dropped by. Wright, who has been squirming uncomfortably just thinking about this, decides that now is a good time to duck out and change for his second show.

He's too late. Sonny has begun his speech. "You know, I'm lucky to have such great friends in show business, and I'm particularly thrilled that one of the best has come by to see me tonight." There's a look of amused horror in Wright's eyes. "Ladies and gentlemen . . . Joey Reynolds."

As Joey Reynolds, a local disc jockey who not only just happened to drop by but also just happens to be wearing a tuxedo, bounces on stage, Wright slips out, already late for his own second show. He's due on stage at midnight, but he's still in a cab inching through late-night Philadelphia traffic when the sound of church bells chiming 12 can be heard in the background. The club's m.c. is vamping for time when Wright finally takes his place backstage to listen for his introduction.

Unlike his performance the night before in Albany, when the backstage distractions were so numerous that he escaped between headphones to prepare, this time he walks straight out on stage without time to catch his breath or get his customary glass of water. Something about the Wings Lounge has charged him, and it's as if he hits the ground running. The audience, a fun-loving, heavy-drinking Friday crowd, is equally charged and, though smaller, is as responsive as the SUNY students 24 hours earlier.

"I'm doing a lot of painting," he says, pacing the length of the small stage. "Abstract painting . . . *extremely* abstract—no brush and no canvas. I just think about it.

"It's a small world," he tells the crowd. "But I wouldn't want to paint it.

"My house is made out of balsa wood. When no one's home across the street except for little kids, I come out and I lift my house up over my head. I tell them to stay out of my yard or I'll throw it at them.

"I have a three-year-old dog. I named him Stay. It was a lot of fun when he was a puppy, because I would call him and I'd say, 'Come here, Stay. Come here, Stay.' It's different now, though. Now when I call him, he just ignores me and keeps on typing.

"I didn't have much money, so I bought an irregular phone. It had no five on it. I was walking down the street and I bumped into a friend of mine who said, 'How come you don't call me anymore?' I said, 'I can't. My phone has no five on it.' He said, 'That's really weird. How long have you had it?' I said, 'I don't know. My calendar has no sevens.'"

As the sold-out crowd roars its approval, Wright pauses, scratches his day's growth of beard and ponders a rhetorical question, one that is probably on the minds of many in the audience.

"Can you imagine thinking like this *all* the time?"

*"Mozart was precocious, Mendelssohn was precocious. . . ."*

## JUDY NORTON-TAYLOR

*(continued from page 79)*

fact that I feel confident—well, pretty confident—about what I'm doing, there's still a chance that something could go wrong. And then there's always that urge to push it a little bit more. Like, with skiing. As I get better, I try harder hills or skiing a little faster.

"I'm sort of a dilettante, playing at everything. I like to be busy, but I hate being mediocre at anything, so I've got to choose: Either I'm going to be lousy at everything or I've got to give up some things and concentrate on what I really want to do."

Unfortunately, what Judy really wants to do is everything. She's constantly hunting for new experiences, new people, new roles to play. Somewhere behind her are two marriages. Adventure doesn't come cheap, but you do learn a lot about yourself along the way.

"I need a constant challenge. One of the problems that I run into in a relationship is mental parity. I want someone who's active, because I'm so active; I want someone I can go out and do things with—someone who's creative.

"But there's also the personal side. You can't rub each other the wrong way too often. Everyone has pet peeves. But my theory is that in a working relationship, the flaws one person has can't be those that drive the other person crazy.

"Men have told me that they find me very intimidating. I've had guys say, 'I don't think I could deal with your lifestyle; I don't think I could keep up with you.' I think that in order for a man to deal with me, he's got to be very secure."

Acting remains the central love of Judy's life, but in the four years since she left *The Waltons*, she has put it on the back burner in favor of sports, taking only selected roles, mostly in the theater.

"For me, acting is an opportunity to live other lives. For instance, in my personal life, I'm very even-tempered; I never blow, no matter how angry I get. I always think in terms of compromise and diplomacy. When I'm acting, I can be a real bitch or very sarcastic . . . that sort of thing. It's fun to allow those sides of you, those emotions, out while you're creating a fantasy.

"If I did that in real life, it wouldn't even be satisfying, because I'd just have to pay the price—go back and clean up, repair the damage. So acting, in effect, lets me play."

Playing on the stage is a new experience for Judy, who's flexing different creative muscles from those she used on television. She's also discovering the magic of live performance.

"One reason I enjoy theater more, in a way, than television is the audience. There's that feeling of creating something that holds the attention of people. It's a form of control, a form of power, because you are, for that given amount of time, taking these people on a little trip with you. And if you're good, you hold their interest; you make them believe and care and laugh and cry with you. Then, if it all works, there's a great sense of accomplishment. You did it!"

*"My wife and I are slowly drifting apart; I want you to speed it up."*

## TWO BY FOUR

*(continued from page 118)*

should attend to the minimal-luggage-space problem while also adding some size to the puny 10.2-gallon fuel tank, which cuts cruising range to about 220 miles.

No matter; the Fiero has come a long way during its short life. It is a massive success in the market place, with more than 100,000 cars sold in its first year, despite their availability in only four basic colors: black, red, white and silver. For less than $14,000, a fully equipped Fiero is an automotive bargain of the first magnitude—and one, by the way, that confirms the belief that, with creative engineering, Detroit can compete head to head with anybody anywhere but in the low-ball econobox field. Yes, Pontiac is getting it right with the Fiero. In a big way.

—BROCK YATES

RENAULT ALPINE

Even in Europe, where sports-car sophistication has traditionally run a couple of light-years ahead of that in America, Renault Alpine is not exactly a household word. Unless, of course, you happen to be a devotee of the Monte Carlo rally or the 24 Heures du Mans; then you know that for three decades, Alpines have been racing through the snow-packed mountain passes and down Mulsanne Straights like the hammers of hell. And winning. The rest of the time, they have been seen looking, well, smugly pretty on the Champs Elysées or the Rue de Rivoli. Those have been their habitats—the Monte Carlo, Le Mans and the boulevards of Paris.

All of that may change.

By mid-1986, American Motors Corporation and its French partner, Renault, plan to invade the American sports-car scene with a brand-spanking-new version of the Alpine. And they're going straight for the jugular vein—the Corvette/Porsche 944 Turbo market.

Is the Renault Alpine good enough to carve out a place in the land of the 'Vette and the 944? Well, I got my hands on one before it crossed the big pond, and I can tell you, the answer is yes.

The test began on the Normandy coast, at the tiny plant where 25 Alpines a day are hand-crafted by a cadre of dedicated Renault workers. Their attention to detail is reflected in the flawless workmanship and the tight fit of everything from the supersmooth laminated-polyester body to the buttery-leather Recaro-type seats.

The Renault Alpine is a world-class sports car in looks and value. That's provided that you're browsing in the $30,000 market place. For one thing, it is a bright *new* face on the sports-car horizon and not a made-over copy from some Modena or Stuttgart drawing board. It is low and agile-looking, with an incredibly low 0.30 drag factor, and if it weren't for the hide-away headlights on the American model, which make it appear sort of faceless, it

would epitomize free-flowing grace. Personally, I would have kept the wide-eyed, alert look of the European version, with Cibies out there for God and everybody to see.

The interior is functional and attractive, with everything within easy reach. There's so little leg room in the back seat, however, that the designers would have done better to replace it with more luggage space.

For three days, I put this rear-engine, rear-drive rocket through its paces through ever-blurring Norman landscapes, winding up on the racecourse at Le Mans. Keep in mind, this is my *job*. Here's how it went:

For openers, the Alpine simply doesn't feel like a rear-engine car; the first high-speed turn brought me to that realization. It was one of those panic situations that come up so often with quick highway driving. I was hammering along just outside Pont-de-l'Arche on Route A15 toward Rouen at about 250 kilometers per hour (150 mph) when I saw the first hard left-hander coming up. I tried to do all the things they'd taught me at the Bondurant School, and I must have gotten at least half of them right, because the Alpine slid right through the corner.

After my first day of hard driving, I discovered three interesting facts. Fact one: The Alpine has very little oversteer for a rear-engine car. It is forgiving—thanks, in part, to the four-wheel independent suspension. Fact two: There is also very little turbo lag, which could make the car dangerously quick for the inexperienced. Fact three: The Alpine feels like a 911. Unless a turn is supertight, you can power right on through it.

At Le Mans, the Alpine proved to be very stable—nearly neutral, in fact. The Renault engineers say that this is because of the attitude of the front suspension, combined with a wider front than rear track and considerably wider rear than front tires. Whatever the reason, it wasn't long before I felt comfortable making high, if not record, speeds.

The four-wheel ventilated disc brakes haul the Alpine down well, but for a car with a near-155-mph top end and a zero-to-60 time of 6.6 seconds, they could be a tad better.

The 200-kilometer trip back to Paris on the autoroute was mostly at 200 kph, and I can tell you one thing: This car *is* a great highway cruiser, unbelievably smooth and quiet enough to let you enjoy American rock on the outstanding sound system.

In terms of appeal, where the Corvette shines, and sophistication, where Porsche seems to have an edge, the Alpine should fit nicely in between, provided the marketing guys get the word out. It should have particular appeal to Lotus/Jaguar XJS fans, who seem to desire sophistication blended with a certain amount of "What's that?" curiosity from those who view their cars.

Or, as the guys say at the corner of Boulevard Haussmann and Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?*"

—BILL NEELY

LAMBORGHINI JALPA

Lamborghini markets two cars in America: the one whose name no one can pronounce and the one no one knows about. The first is the V12-powered Countach (*coon*-tach), a rolling Darth Vader–ish space capsule of a car, so fast and evil-looking that owners routinely get stopped on suspicion of doing something illegal. The other is the Jalpa (*hal*-pa), introduced in Europe in 1982 as successor to the open-topped Silhouette, which was itself descended from the handsome Uracco coupe of 1971. Fewer than 20 Jalpas have rolled off the boats onto American soil as this is written, and few Americans have seen or heard of one.

The key to understanding any Lamborghini is understanding the man whose name it bears. Ferruccio Lamborghini (now retired) was a hard-driving entrepreneur who started with nothing after World War Two and built it into a fortune in the tractor, oil-burner and air-conditioning businesses. His zodiacal sign is Taurus, the bull, and his nature is a mix of Italian *machismo* and intense competitive one-upmanship.

If the $99,500 Countach is for blowing off 12-cylinder Ferraris, the $53,000 Jalpa's mission is to give Ferrari's 308 its share of headaches. Although it's not as beautifully proportioned as the 308, its shape is virile and aggressive, and there's more than a little family resemblance to the Countach. People may not know what the Jalpa is, but they know that it's worthy of respect.

Sliding inside (watch out for the protruding window frame), you notice a lovely and complete set of gauges. The 8000-rpm tach is red-lined at 7500, and the speedometer stretches to a heady 180. The seats are low and well contoured, while the three-spoke wheel sits high for instrument visibility. A removable roof panel opens the interior to sun and fresh air, and electronically adjustable side mirrors nearly compensate for the gun-slit back window and the solid rear quarters.

One thing for which the Jalpa is not intended is rush-hour gridlock, which I encountered the day I picked it up. It's definitely a man's car—high clutch, brake, shifter and steering efforts make it a mobile Nautilus machine at creep-along speeds, and it's impatient in traffic, longing to run free. Switch on the auxiliary cooling fan, watch the temperature gauges and you should be all right.

But turn off the freeway onto some suitable open road, and you'll find that the Jalpa can devour asphalt at a startling rate. It leaps from zero to 60 mph in less than seven seconds, stretching its legs to nearly 155 flat-out. The song of its four-cam, four-carb, 3.5-liter V8 behind your head is mechanical Mozart. The suspension is tight but supple, the midship engine placement makes for agile, balanced handling and the huge Pirelli P7 tires grip like glue through the twisty bits.

Like its wilder, costlier cousin the Countach, Lamborghini's mid-engine Jalpa is not for everyone. It's half race car, half moon rocket and requires some compromises in comfort and convenience—not to mention sufficient strength and skill to operate it properly. But if all your neighbors own Ferraris and Porsches, and you're into exclusivity and automotive one-upmanship, it may be the answer. Just as *Signor* Lamborghini intended.

—GARY WITZENBURG

*"Do you deny ever having said, 'Ethics, shmethics'?"*

## CHER BUTLER

*(continued from page 98)*

Some of them want to be rich, some want to be famous and some just want to express themselves without being criticized. Mostly, they want to be loved."

Lest you think Cher is all introspection and not really of this world, let us set you straight. When she comes home from her job at an animal hospital, Cher has been known to scour the town for a competitive game of handball, to search out really experimental rock music (and drop the band cold if it gets too mainstream) and to check out antiques stores in the hope of adding to her green-plastic-plate collection. But if you want to catch her, you'd better hurry. The wanderlust is still upon her. She dreams constantly of travel and opportunity. Right now, she's thinking about a move to California. She's not looking for a career so much as hoping to fall into one. She believes totally in serendipity, in the thing just around the corner that *may* happen if she's open to new experiences. What's next? "Australia and Africa are on my mind. Places with no technology and not too many people. I'll go with my lover and we'll make love with just the animals for company." How can she do that and fulfill her Playmate obligations? Easy. "I want this experience to take me somewhere, but I don't know where yet." We don't mind being left in her dust.

*"Poor Luigi's so unhappy . . . still waiting to kidnap Miss Right."*

## FIDEL CASTRO

*(continued from page 70)*

Grenada invasion to actions by Nazi Germany; some would say that the actions of Soviet troops in Afghanistan are a more appropriate comparison. How can the bloodshed caused by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan be anything but a shame and an embarrassment to socialist countries?

**CASTRO:** Afghanistan is one of the most backward countries in the world, where a feudal regime had existed until April 1978. It had an illiteracy rate of 90 percent and an infant mortality rate of 235 for every 1000 live births—one of the highest in the world. Two thousand families owned 70 percent of the land, and the population consisted of around 1500 tribes. I believe that Afghanistan was one of the places in the world where a revolution was becoming more and more indispensable. As soon as that revolution took place—as it inevitably had to—the CIA began its subversive activities, exactly like the ones being carried out in Nicaragua. The United States has invested one billion dollars in helping the counterrevolutionary gangs since the beginning of that Revolution.

The Afghan Revolution led to a series of tensions in the region. Cuba was involved in trying to find solutions, including hosting the sixth summit meeting of the nonaligned countries in Havana, in 1979. There I met President Taraki of Afghanistan. I had also met the man who was to overthrow him and cause him to be murdered—Amin. He was a man who came to resemble Pol Pot, the genocidal leader of Cambodia. You can't imagine what a pleasant man he was! You know, I've had the rare privilege of meeting some figures whom you would find courteous, well educated, who have studied in Europe or the United States, and later on you find out that they've done horrible things. It's as if at some moment, people go mad. It seems that there are people whose brain neurons aren't adapted to the complexities of revolutionary political problems, so they do crazy things that are really amazing.

In any case, everyone had a hand in that situation until the events that took place in Afghanistan in later 1979. The Soviets were helping the Afghans—that is true—because Taraki originally requested their help. Amin also asked the Soviets for help later, and a lot of Soviets were there, assisting in a wide range of fields—military, economic, technical, all kinds—up until Soviet troops were sent into the country on a massive scale.

**PLAYBOY:** That is, when they invaded. You say that was based on what provocation?

**CASTRO:** Essentially, counterrevolutionary actions fostered from abroad. Revolutions always entail more than a few complications and headaches. No revolution has ever avoided that; not the French Revolution of 1789, the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Chinese Revolution, the Vietnamese Revolution, the Cuban Revolution or the Nicaraguan Revolution. There are

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no exceptions, and all the problems arise from the invariable attempts made from abroad to overthrow the revolution. This is also what happened with the revolution in Afghanistan.

**PLAYBOY:** You blame the invasion on the CIA, then?

**CASTRO:** The CIA was doing, and continues to do, everything in its power to create problems for the government of Afghanistan and for the Soviets. It's pouring enormous numbers of weapons and amounts of money into Afghanistan, using the *émigrés*, playing on the political backwardness of a part of the Afghan people, using religion—it's making use of every tool it can to create difficulties for the Afghan revolutionaries and for the Soviets. I don't think the CIA is particularly interested in promoting peace in the country.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet there was a bloody invasion. How can you defend the Soviet action, and at the same time preach the philosophy of revolution and liberation?

**CASTRO:** I sincerely believe that the Afghan Revolution was just and necessary, and we could support nothing that would jeopardize it. We sympathize with and support the Afghan Revolution; I say this frankly. But I think Afghanistan could be a nonaligned country—but one in which the revolutionary regime was maintained. If a solution is sought that is based on the idea that Afghanistan should go back to the old regime and sacrifice the Revolution, then, unfortunately, I don't think there will be peace there for a long time. I think it's in the interest of all the neighboring countries, including the Soviet Union, to find a solution. And I believe that the observance of the principle of respect for Afghanistan's sovereignty and for its right to make social changes, build the political system it deems best and correct and have a nonaligned government—as a Third World country—should serve as the basis of a solution for the problems there.

**PLAYBOY:** You repeatedly describe the United States as the source of many of the world's problems while either praising or avoiding criticism of the Soviet Union. Yet many see Soviet foreign policy as warmongering and expansionist. The invasion of Afghanistan and the crushing of Solidarity would seem to fit that category.

**CASTRO:** You can't ask the Soviet Union to remain impassive if it actually feels threatened. I believe that these accusations of warmongering have no historical foundation whatsoever. Let's go back for a moment. Any scholar who knows the history of the Soviet Revolution can't ignore the fact that while Lenin's first decree was a proclamation of peace—immediately, 24 hours after the victory of the 1917 Revolution—the first step the Western countries took was to invade Russia. It was Lenin who first stated the principle that the nations that had made up the czarist empire had a right to independence.

**PLAYBOY:** Pardon us, but——

**CASTRO:** [*Waving away the interruption*] I would cite the example of Finland, which was part of that empire and became an independent nation. Yes, everyone who has studied history knows that Lenin waged a great battle for the enforcement of that principle. It can't be ignored that as this was happening, there were armed actions against the Soviet people from all over the West: from the Germans, who attacked and penetrated the Ukraine to Kiev; from the French in the south; from the English in the Murmansk region in the north; from Japan and from the United States in the eastern territory. *Everyone* joined in. World War One had already ended, but intervention in the Soviet Union went on for several more years.

What happened in later years is well known: Even Finland itself was used by Fascist Germany to attack the Soviet Union. The country was invaded, and I believe that contemporary history doesn't know of any other example of such massive destruction and death as was caused by fascism there.

After World War Two, the Soviet Union was surrounded by dozens and dozens of nuclear bases—in Europe, the Middle East, Turkey, which lies on the Soviet border, the Indian Ocean, Japan and other Oriental countries—and by military fleets near its coasts in the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific Ocean. No one can deny these facts. It was surrounded by nuclear bombers, nuclear submarines, military bases, spy bases, electronic installations—a country totally surrounded. How can the Soviet Union be accused of warmongering and aggressive attitudes in the face of these historical realities? How can we not explain the Soviet Union's highly sensitive reactions regarding anything that occurs near its territory? Who is historically responsible for this lack of trust on the part of the Soviets? How can international politics be explained so simplistically?

**PLAYBOY:** Many people believe that the next full-scale war will break out in South Africa. As an opponent of apartheid, what do you think can be done there?

**CASTRO:** [*In the most impassioned tone of the entire interview*] Apartheid is the most shameful, traumatizing and inconceivable crime that exists in the contemporary world. I don't know of anything else as serious—from the moral and human standpoint—as apartheid. Particularly after the struggle against Nazi fascism, after the independence of all the former colonies, the survival of apartheid is a disgrace for humanity. The major industrialized countries, however—the United States included—have made heavy investments in and have collaborated economically, technologically and through the supply of weapons with the apartheid regime. In fact, South Africa is an ally of the West's, and it is the West that has actually made it possible for that system to endure. The United States has systematically opposed all sanctions against the South African regime.

**PLAYBOY:** What international measures would you propose to force South Africa to abandon its policy of apartheid?

**CASTRO:** As long as South Africa continues to receive technological assistance, economic assistance and assistance in the form of weapons, it will remain unaltered and will continue in its blackmailing position. South Africa, like Pinochet, the West's other fascist ally, parades itself before the West as the great standard-bearer of anticommunism and other social changes.

I wonder: Is there any fascist regime in the past 40 years that has not been an ally of the United States'? In Spain, the Franco regime; in Portugal, the Salazar regime; in South Korea, the fascist military; in Central America, Somoza, the military dictatorships in Guatemala and El Salvador; and Stroessner, the military dictatorships in Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, as well as the Duvalier regime. I don't know of any reactionary, fascist state that has not been a close ally of the United States'.

Yes, the West is responsible for the survival of apartheid. How can you justify the aggressive, subversive measures against Nicaragua, the economic blockade of Cuba—which has already lasted 26 years—and then talk about constructive relations with the apartheid regime? If South Africa were effectively isolated, economic measures were implemented against it and everyone were to support them, the apartheid system would come to an end. The measures the United States take against socialist countries are not taken against apartheid! Nothing about apartheid has produced sufficient revulsion in leaders of Western countries, just a few embarrassing situations that they try to explain with hypocritical statements.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you favor, then, an international war against South Africa?

**CASTRO:** No. I'm not saying that violent measures should be taken. They're not needed. What is called for is simply international political, moral, technological and economic pressures. This will not in the least harm the vast majority of South Africa's population, who live in the ghettos and who are being massacred and assassinated every day. Not a month goes by without a slaughter of greater or lesser magnitude.

**PLAYBOY:** You are passionate about South Africa, yet Cuba has been widely condemned for its extensive military involvement in Africa. How do you justify sending Cuban troops to such countries as Ethiopia and Angola?

**CASTRO:** We sent troops for the first time outside our country in 1975, precisely when South Africa invaded Angola, at the moment of its independence. We are the only country that has actually fought the South African racists and fascists, the only country in the world—in addition to Angola, of course, which was under

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Patient (left) before I.C.L. Process; center, the patient, Juan Andujar undergoes the procedure at International Cosmetic Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick and a female assistant.

# BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

***We've all seen the ads on tv, a man with a billiard ball for a head suddenly has a head full of thick wavy hair. He's swimming & playing tennis. Beautiful ladies mesmerized by his now wavy mane, and no matter how hard a disembodied hand yanks, it can't upset a hair on his head, or his rosy disposition.***

As a man who has tried everything on my own thinning locks except the sweat of a moose, I was always skeptical of all hair replacement ads, as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited International Cosmetic Labs, 209 Professional Building, Rt. 130, Cinnaminson, N.J. 08077, after calling (609) 829-4300 which has performed thousands of medical procedures during it's long existence.

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"This is not the same thing as a hair transplant or a hair piece, or medical implants", explained a medical assistant. "It is designed for people who still have some hair. We take a hair sample from the customer and then make the new preparation to blend perfectly with it. The new preparation is made of a combination of human and synthetic hair."

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the International waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

## A RECENT EXAMPLE

"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Jack Rydell, a 25-year-old chiropractor from central Jersey who showed himself (before the procedure) with a balding pate.

"I started losing my hair when I was 19. Some men don't care about this, but I do. I looked into hair transplants, but they're too messy, and they cannot thicken hair which I wanted to do. They can never give you a natural look. Now my hair looks just like it did when I was 18.

Dr. Rydell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair", which may cost anywhere from $1200 to $3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

## SEVERAL RETAINERS

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28-year-old hairdresser from New Jersey who was largely bald on top, underwent the I.C.L. Process. Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of International Cosmetic Labs applied fine hairlike retainers throughout Andujar's dome. Technicians then started attaching hair filaments, creating a full head of hair. A hair stylist then styled it, the whole process taking about 3 hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

Dr. Max Mollick is a radiologist who has performed thousands of surgical procedures. When asked about the possibilities of infection, "We've seen cases of minor infections but they've been very rare, certainly no greater than in any other type of surgery. There is also a lifetime warranty with this procedure. Also, the I.C.L. Process is totally reversable for those who worry about that sort of thing.

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attack. You can be sure that all the African countries have always admired and been thankful for this action by Cuba. The troops are still there, to defend Angola against another operation by the South Africans. It was simply that, an unexpected situation in which somebody had to fight against the racists, and not part of some larger plan by the Soviet Union, as the United States has claimed.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Ethiopia? There was no South African invasion there.

**CASTRO:** Until very recently, Ethiopia had lived under a feudal regime. Before the Revolution, there was even slavery in Ethiopia. We appreciate the importance of the Revolution in Ethiopia, one of the largest African countries, with the longest tradition of independence, but a very poor country, one of the poorest in Africa. Right after the Revolution, contacts were established between the new Ethiopian leaders and ourselves. We supported their socialist experiment and also sent them doctors, instructors and weapons.

Then came an invasion to seize some oil-rich land, this one from Somalia, in the south, while the separatist movement in the north was being fanned with the aid of such American allies as the Sudan and Saudi Arabia. It was a difficult moment for Ethiopia. The Revolution could have collapsed; the Ethiopian people needed our help and we sent it. No one could help them when they were invaded by Mussolini's troops, but this time they received support from tiny Cuba.

**PLAYBOY:** In one case you intervened in what would be called a civil war, and in both cases you have troops in African countries well after the crisis has passed. Do you really claim that Cuban troops are still there in a just cause?

**CASTRO:** Only a few well-equipped units with combat capabilities remain in Ethiopia, as a symbol of solidarity. They will remain there as long as the Ethiopian government deems it convenient. That is not the situation in Angola, a nation with a smaller population and less experience and one faced with South Africa's military might. There, too, the dirty war was organized by the South Africans, who did just what the United States is doing in Nicaragua. I consider what the Cuban troops are doing a truly honorable cause, among the most honorable in the history of Africa. I think that nothing can stop the course of history. Nothing shall prevent the tens of millions of Africans living in ghettos and *bantustans* in their own homeland from someday becoming the masters of their own destiny. The concentration camps of Dachau and Auschwitz also came to an end.

**PLAYBOY:** You've talked bitterly in the past about the 26-year trade blockade by the U.S. Because of its effect—and your own domestic problems—haven't you had to reduce many needed programs and services that your revolution promised in its early days?

**CASTRO:** No, not at all. We already know what we are going to do during the next 15 years in all fields of economic and social development—in the industrial, agricultural, housing, educational, cultural, sports and medical programs. And despite the blockade, there are some areas, such as public health and education, in which we expect to be ahead of the United States in the not-too-distant future. That is, we use our resources rationally to achieve sustained economic development in the interests of the people. We certainly won't adopt any such measures as cutting aid to the elderly, reducing old-age pensions, cutting medicines for the sick, reducing hospital and school appropriations. We don't sacrifice social programs, as they do in the United States, for the sake of building aircraft carriers, MX missiles and other engines of war that the world abhors.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mean to suggest that Cuba can boast a stronger record of accomplishment in the social realm than the United States?

**CASTRO:** What I'm suggesting is this: While the United States has recently adopted a policy of cutting or freezing its social-assistance programs, in our country these are top-priority items. Rather than being cut, as has been suggested in the United States, they are increasing every year, as our economic performance improves.

**PLAYBOY:** You're also saying that, despite the problems you mentioned earlier, Cuba is not really facing an economic crisis, as other Third World countries are.

**CASTRO:** Precisely. Due to the factors mentioned, we are the only Latin-American or Caribbean country that hasn't suffered from the present economic crisis. We haven't been exposed to the crisis, except as it affects the 15 percent of our trade that is carried out with Western countries—which, of course, charge high prices for their products, pay low prices for ours and force us to pay high interest rates on our foreign debt.

**PLAYBOY:** And, of course, your economy is tied to that of the Soviet bloc.

**CASTRO:** Eighty-five percent of our trade is within the socialist community, and this is what gives us a solid foundation for the sustained growth of our economy. That is why we are morally entitled to speak about the economic crisis and Latin America's debt; we don't have to keep silent. That is precisely why we are energetically denouncing it. But we can feel secure, because, fortunately, we depend very little on the Western world, and we don't depend at all on economic relations with the United States. I wonder how many other countries can say the same.

**PLAYBOY:** Some would say you have merely traded a former dependency on the United States for another dependency—on the Soviet Union.

**CASTRO:** That question is older than the rain. Actually, we consider ourselves the most privileged nation of all, because in a world where everyone depends on the United States, there is one country—Cuba—that does not. It is a unique privilege.

**PLAYBOY:** But you have paid a price for that support—some of your independence.

**CASTRO:** The Soviets have given us their support with no conditions; they do not say what Cuba can or cannot do. In 26 years, I cannot remember a single time when the Soviets have attempted to tell us what to do in our foreign or domestic policy. And criticizing us for our dependency on the Soviets is like telling us, "Look, we sank the ship—and you used a lifesaver!"

No country in the world can be an economic island. You in the United States depend on Saudi Arabia, on Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf states for your oil. We depend on others, too, to a greater or lesser degree.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's speculate: What would happen if the United States were to resume trade relations with Cuba?

**CASTRO:** Frankly, the United States has fewer and fewer things to offer Cuba. If we were able to export our products to the United States, we would have to start making plans for new lines of production to be exported to the United States, because everything we are producing now and everything we are going to produce in the next five years has already been sold to other markets. We would have to take them away from the other socialist countries in order to sell them to the United States, and the socialist countries pay us much better prices and have much better relations with us than does the United States. There's a folk saying that goes, "Don't swap a cow for a goat!"

**PLAYBOY:** Talking about economics for a wide audience can be cumbersome, but one thing everyone has heard about is the staggering debt Latin-American countries owe to Western countries, particularly the U.S. You have recently spoken out against attempts to pressure these countries to repay that debt. Don't you think they have a moral responsibility to pay their creditors?

**CASTRO:** Some 20 or 25 years ago, Latin America had practically no debt; now it amounts to 360 billion dollars. What did that money go for? Part of it was spent on weapons. In Argentina, for example, tens of billions of dollars went for military expenditures, and the same was true of Chile and other countries. Another part of that money was embezzled, was stolen and wound up in banks in Switzerland and in the United States. Another part was returned to the United States and Europe as a flight of capital. Whenever there was talk of devaluation, the more affluent people, out of mistrust, would change their money for dollars and deposit it in U.S. banks. Another part of that money was squandered. Another part was used by some countries to pay the high prices of fuel. And, finally, another part was spent on various economic programs.

**PLAYBOY:** But, with respect, you're avoiding

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the question. Don't these nations have a moral responsibility to repay the debt?

**CASTRO:** You say that they have a moral responsibility. When you talk about nations, you're talking about the people, the workers, the farmers, the students, the middle class—the doctors, the engineers, the teachers, the other professionals—and the other social sectors. What did the people get out of the billions that were spent on weapons, deposited in U.S. banks, misspent or embezzled? What did the people get out of the overvaluation of the dollar or out of the interest spread? They got absolutely nothing. And who has to pay for that debt? The people: the workers, the professionals and the farmers; everybody has to make do with reduced wages and reduced income and make huge sacrifices. What is the morality of imposing measures that result in a blood bath in an effort to make the people pay the debt, as was the case in the Dominican Republic, where the International Monetary Fund's measures resulted in dozens of people's being killed and hundreds more shot? The people have to protest, because they are being forced to pay a debt that they didn't contract and that brought them practically no benefits.

**PLAYBOY:** Mr. President, are you saying that Third World countries should simply cancel their debts?

**CASTRO:** Even if they wanted to repay them, it would be an economic impossibility, a political impossibility, a moral impossibility. You would practically have to kill the people to force them to make the sacrifices required to pay that debt. Any democratic process that tries to impose those restrictions and sacrifices by force will be ruined. The debt simply cannot be paid. "Give me liberty or give me death." The choice for those governing Latin America now is between the cancellation of the debt and political death.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you honestly feel that any of this is realistic—that creditors should simply swallow the losses from the canceled debt?

**CASTRO:** I'm not suggesting that the banks lose their money or that the taxpayers pay more taxes. I am suggesting something very simple: using a small percent of military expenditures—which wouldn't be more than 12 percent—so the governments of the creditor nations can assume the debts from their own banks. That way, neither the banks nor the depositors would lose; to the contrary, the banks would have that money guaranteed. Who could guarantee this better than the rich and powerful industrial states of which the Western nations are so proud? They consider themselves capable of dreaming up and waging "star wars" while giving barely a thought to the risks involved in a thermonuclear conflict that would in the first minute destroy a hundred times more than what is due their banks. In short, if the idea of universal suicide doesn't scare them, why should they be afraid of something as simple as the cancellation of the Third World's debt? It's a simple accounting operation. It's not going to close a single factory; it's not going to stop a single ship along its route; it's not going to interfere with a single sales contract on the market. To the contrary, employment, trade, industrial and agricultural output and profits would be increased everywhere. It isn't going to hurt anybody. The only adverse effects would be on arms and military spending.

**PLAYBOY:** What effect do you think a change in U.S. military spending would have?

**CASTRO:** The avoidance of financial catastrophe for all of us. What will be the consequences for the future U.S. economy of spending two trillion dollars in only eight years for military purposes, instead of investing it in industry, technology and economic development? The only significant development has been registered by the arms industry, but weapons aren't goods that the population can consume. Rifles, bullets, bombs, bombers, battleships and aircraft carriers increase neither the wealth nor the productive capacity of a country; they can't meet any of man's material or spiritual needs. You can't even fish with those boats; you can't do anything with them that's useful for human life, health or the struggle against cancer and other diseases that kill so many U.S. citizens every year.

**PLAYBOY:** Again, you focus on the dire economic consequences of military spending by the U.S., even though the Soviet Union—a socialist state—is engaged in the very same arms race.

**CASTRO:** A socialist can better understand—is better prepared to understand, from a theoretical point of view—the folly of spending on weapons the resources needed to meet the pressing needs and problems of any human society. The socialist states know what can be done with those resources both at home and abroad. A glance shows the poverty and disasters that plague our planet. The arms race is a crime against mankind. Why not opt for a sincere effort to seek peace and cooperation among all countries, based on full respect for the sovereignty and the social system that each people has chosen for itself? As for the Soviets, they are not to blame for the arms race. Their response reflects decisions made in Washington—the desire to protect themselves against possible U.S. aggression. But they are not the culprits. They are not to blame for the arms race.

**PLAYBOY:** What will happen, in your opinion, if the industrialized world refuses to cancel the debt?

**CASTRO:** If a negotiated solution cannot be found, the Third World will impose a solution—unilateral cancellation. Industrialized nations will not have any actions open: economic blockades, invasion of Third World countries, repartitioning of the world's territories and resources, as in past centuries, are simply impossible today. Any rational person can understand this. They couldn't invade ten countries, blockade 100 countries.

**PLAYBOY:** Since it's not likely that the industrialized world will follow the course you're recommending, what do you see as the final outcome?

**CASTRO:** If we want to be madmen, if we want to continue the arms race and keep this unfair economic order, we will continue along the path leading to large-scale famines, great social conflicts and—what is even worse and probable—a large nuclear conflict, until all people, both sane and insane, are wiped off the face of the earth. By the way, it may also be said that not all madmen are in government, and not all who govern are mad.

**PLAYBOY:** You have made several literary references during this *Interview*. To shift again, as we near the end, to a personal topic, are you still an avid reader? Do you still find time to read?

**CASTRO:** Yes, though my tastes have varied with time. Of course, when I was younger, literary works and novels, for example, interested me more than they do now. Obviously, a good novel is pleasant reading, really recreational reading, so I read many novels. I remember perfectly that during the 22 months I spent in prison, there weren't enough books there for the 15 or 16 hours a day that I read. I read literary, economic, historical and political works, but throughout my life I have usually preferred history books, biographies, books about nature, narratives.

I've read many memoirs, from Churchill's—which is quite unwieldy but interesting, with a lot of historical data—to DeGaulle's. I've also read numerous books on the World Wars and the main events that took place then. I've read most of the books dealing with the actions carried out by both the Western powers and the Soviets. I've read practically all those books—memoirs, narratives, particularly about the military actions. I've always been interested in that kind of literature.

Once in a while, I delve into the roots of the language and reread Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, one of the most splendid works ever written. If it weren't for the long narrative passages it contains, which make it somewhat boring at times, I would read some excerpt from it every day.

I've also read all of Hemingway's works, some more than once. I'm really sorry he didn't write more. I've also read most of García Márquez' novels, stories, historical works and newspaper articles. Since we are friends, I'll dispense with the praise.

It is amazing, isn't it, to think of the enormous number of quality publications that are printed every year and the tension between the desire to read all of them and the real possibility of reading very few?

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned *Don Quixote*. Is

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there anything about Don Quixote, the character, with which you specifically identify?

**CASTRO:** Well, I think that a revolutionary is what Don Quixote resembles the most, particularly in his desire for justice, in that spirit of the knight-errant, of righting wrongs everywhere, of fighting against giants. It has been said that *Don Quixote* was written to ridicule the romances of chivalry. I believe it was written very ingeniously. In fact, I think that it is one of the most marvelous exaltations of man's dreams and idealism and, above all, it's very interesting. We have the two characters: Sancho, with his feet on the ground, looking at all the problems and giving advice, a model of caution who remembers all the details; and the other, who's always dreaming about a cause to defend. Don Quixote's madness and the madness of the revolutionaries are similar; the spirit is similar. I like that character very much. I'm sure Don Quixote wouldn't have hesitated to face the giant of the North.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had any self-doubt?

**CASTRO:** Let me state, in all frankness, that I have never harbored personal doubts or a lack of confidence. That may be good or it may be bad. But if you see your actions as objectively correct, then not having doubts is good. I must admit that pride may have influenced my attitudes from time to time. But once I came to a conclusion as to what was right, I had great personal confidence in those ideas. This doesn't mean that I am not self-critical. Quite the contrary: I constantly question the rightness of my beliefs and actions. In that sense, I'm quite hard on myself. I've never fallen victim to the trap of complacency. But I have always persevered.

**PLAYBOY:** Clearly, you cannot live forever. What plans, if any, do you have for the succession of power? Is there an heir apparent?

**CASTRO:** Well, of course I don't have any plans for dying. I'll tell you this: Since the beginning of the Revolution, since the very first year, and particularly when we started realizing that the CIA had plans to shorten my life, we suggested the prior nomination of another comrade, Raul Castro—today second secretary of the party—who would immediately assume leadership. In my opinion, the comrade chosen is the most capable, not exactly because he's my brother but due to his experience and revolutionary merits.

**PLAYBOY:** If you were to step down tomorrow, what would happen in Cuba?

**CASTRO:** In this question, I am not yet dead, correct? [*Laughs*] Let me tell you one thing. If tomorrow I were to resign all my functions, first, there'd have to be a truly convincing reason for the population to understand it—it would have to be logical, natural and justifiable. I couldn't just say, "I'm going to drop these activities because I'm bored or because I want to lead a private life." It would be difficult to explain and difficult for the people to understand. The people have also been instilled with the idea that one must do everything possible, that one must give top priority to all revolutionary obligations.

I haven't the slightest doubt that although I can still be useful and make further contributions to the Revolution—there are still some things that need a little time to mature—I believe that the opinion and the recognition of the people with respect to the role I've played and my efforts in the Revolution would be truly high if I were to quit tomorrow. This in no way means that everything has been perfect, free of errors or anything of the sort. But I'm quite sure that there'd be a high opinion of my services. I haven't the slightest doubt.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's end on a note of imagination. Here is something truly wonderful from your point of view: Suppose the U.S. canceled Latin America's foreign debt, as you propose, and offered substantial aid to boot—in other words, offered to treat the hemisphere with the fairness you think it deserves. What would you do then? Reassess your views?

**CASTRO:** If the United States were to spontaneously do what you say—if such an inherently selfish, neocolonialist system were capable of that generosity—a real miracle would have taken place, and I would have to start meditating on that phenomenon. I might even have to consult some theologians and revise some of my opinions in *that* field. If that were to happen, *I* might even enter a monastery.

**PLAYBOY:** We asked you toward the beginning of this *Interview* whether or not you considered yourself a dictator. Do you again deny the charge?

**CASTRO:** I would say that I am a *sui generis* type of dictator, one who has been subjected here to the oppression, torture, demands and impositions of a journalist and a legislator from the United States and who has shown his willingness to discuss any topic openly, frankly and seriously.

*"Give me tens, twenties and any literature you have on estate planning."*

# K.C. AT THE BAT

(continued from page 110)

*"When you go to the meat market, ask the butcher for either loin back or two-and-down rib cuts."*

BARBECUE SAUCES

Everybody has a secret recipe for a down-home barbecue sauce originally perfected by an ancestor around the time of the Civil War. To my way of thinking, store-bought Kansas City–style barbecue sauces sold in the area—and on a limited basis nationwide—are about as good as you can get. And they save you a lot of time messing around in the kitchen when you'd rather be out by the pool while the ribs do their own slow cooking.

When you select a barbecue sauce, always look at the color, smell for richness, check to see whether or not the sauce is thick enough to coat a piece of meat thoroughly and, most important, read the ingredients label. Sauces made with gums and food starch may be thick, but I prefer to invest my barbecue money in sauces that are loaded with pure tomato concentrate (instead of catsup) and heavy corn and molasses syrup. Chemicals, artificial colors, flavors or thickeners are taboo.

In the Kansas City area, Arthur Bryant's famous rib sauce is available only at his restaurant. Gates & Sons' sauce is available at restaurants and in area supermarkets. Gates's brand is produced in a mild and a regular version. K.C. Masterpiece, an area favorite that's also sold nationally, is available in five flavors: original, Southern style, hickory, mesquite and a no-salt-added variety.

Kansas City barbecue sauces are generally tomato-based and are flavored with vinegar and mild to hot peppery spices. They include sweeteners and Liquid Smoke in some cases. A hint of chili powder often comes across. Those Kansas City sauces available by mail order are listed in my book *Bar B.Q.: Kansas City Style* (Barbacoa Press), which also includes many prize-winning recipes, along with the history of barbecue.

RIBS

Now a few words about deciphering rib talk. From experience, I've learned that most people don't know a spareribs from a country-style back rib or a three and under from an entire slab. So that you'll get what you want when you stop by the butchershop, here's a straight-to-the-point primer.

There are three basic cuts of pork ribs: country-style back ribs (ribs that have lots of meat but are cut short because they include some of the spinal bone); loin back ribs (the meatiest, most expensive ribs, which need little trimming); and—from lower on the side and the underside of the hog—spareribs (the least expensive ribs you can buy). If the spareribs are trimmed of gristle, you have a St. Louis or a Kelso-cut rib. Naturally, St. Louis ribs are more expensive than plain spareribs.

Next to the specific cut of the rib, the weight of the whole slab determines the meatiness—and the price. The smaller the rib, the meatier it is. Hence, whole slabs of ribs weighing two pounds and under ("two and under" or "two and down" in butcher talk) are the meatiest and most expensive. They are also called baby back or Danish ribs. Three and under, three to five pounds and five and over are the three other categories of whole slabs of pork ribs. So when you go to the meat market, ask the butcher for either loin back or two-and-down rib cuts.

One last point before I get to the recipes. When you prepare Kansas City–style ribs over a barbecue fire, don't trim off the fat until the ribs are done. Cooking the ribs fat side up will baste the meat naturally and will help produce the masterly, crusty exterior that protects a juicy interior.

Recipe number one is the simplest, least expensive version of traditional Kansas City–style barbecued ribs. (You can't go wrong with it when the talk turns to ribs.) Recipe number two is a spicier one that calls for Kansas City–style barbecue sauce as an option. (The soy sauce, honey and mustard add a distinctive culinary touch.) Recipe number three is for apartment and condo dwellers who don't have an outdoor barbecue. And remember, ribs are meant to be eaten with your *fingers*. Hold the knife and fork, please.

RECIPE NUMBER ONE
(*For four rib lovers*)

- 2 whole slabs (each 3 lbs. and under) spareribs
- 2 ozs. each black pepper and paprika and 4 ozs. granular brown sugar, all mixed with 1 teaspoon garlic powder and 1 teaspoon allspice
- Kansas City–style barbecue sauce—mesquite or hickory flavor
- Salt

Sprinkle ribs on all sides generously with spice mixture. Place in barbecue cooker, fat side up. Build small (10–15 briquettes) charcoal fire to one side of where ribs will smoke (no direct heat). Light fire and, after briquettes are reddish-white, add premoistened chunks of hickory or other hardwood. Place ribs away from fire and close smoker. Open only to add small amounts of charcoal and wet wood to maintain a smoky 200° heat. Barbecue 4 to 6 hours. During last 30 minutes, place ribs meat side up and salt, then pour barbecue sauce generously over ribs. Serve as soon as cool enough to handle.

RECIPE NUMBER TWO

- 2 whole slabs two-and-under loin back ribs
- 1 cup honey
- ½ cup soy sauce
- ½ cup sweet, spicy mustard
- ½ cup lime juice
- Kansas City–style barbecue sauce, optional

The day before, mix honey, soy sauce, mustard and lime juice. Place ribs in long, shallow marinating dish. Pour mixture over ribs, coating on all sides. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate (at least 4½ hours). Day of barbecue, prepare fire as in recipe number one. When fire is ready, uncover ribs and place in barbecue unit. Check occasionally, since honey tends to burn. Baste every 30 minutes with any remaining marinade. Barbecue at 200° for 4 to 6 hours. These ribs may be eaten without sauce, but if you prefer, coat with barbecue sauce for last 30 minutes of cooking.

RECIPE NUMBER THREE
(*For indoor, year-round enjoyment*)

- 2 whole slabs three-and-under loin-back ribs
- 2 cups apple juice
- Kansas City–style sauce—mesquite flavor
- 2 ozs. Liquid Smoke
- Mixture of spices as in recipe number one

Place ribs in roasting pan. Mix apple juice, 1 cup barbecue sauce and Liquid Smoke, and pour over ribs. Cover roasting pan with lid or heavy-duty aluminum wrap. Bake in preheated 400° oven for 1 hour. Use a ventilator fan, since Liquid Smoke produces a delicious but penetrating smell of barbecue. Remove ribs, pat dry and sprinkle seasoning generously on both sides. Place ribs meat side up on rack over pan or foil. Broil 3–5 minutes to brown. Lower ribs away from broiler unit and reduce oven temperature to 300°. Pour additional barbecue sauce to thoroughly coat ribs and bake uncovered ½ hour. Remove; cool to serve.

These indoor-barbecued ribs are a surprisingly delicious, simple version with an outdoor flavor.

And when you're in Kansas City, don't forget that there are more than 60 barbecue restaurants in the area—just in case you're tired of your own home cooking. Who knows? You just might sit down at a table next to George Brett.

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# Hot Secrets

*(continued from page 76)*

culture that has a taboo against showing a breast, breasts will become objects of fantasy. For people in a culture that has a taboo against showing the face, faces will become objects of fantasy.

Even within a culture, different regions may put their stamp on the kinds of fantasies people have. In San Francisco, a city with a large and active gay population, there is a lot of gay pornography, which, according to store owners, is not bought only by gays. In Los Angeles, the center of human display, porn stores have what seems an inordinately large collection of magazines and films devoted to voyeurism and exhibitionism. And in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a farming community, the porn stores, appropriately enough, have lots of material about bestiality (such as *Puppy Lovers*, *Craving for Canines* and—a title that deserves a prize either for outrageousness or for humor—*Oral Doggie*).

But the content of sexual fantasies is in some ways less significant a puzzle than a simple definition of the beast itself: What is a fantasy? This is a question about which no one seems able to agree.

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Dr. Schwartz describes a sexual fantasy as "any thought that enables someone to feel sexual arousal or elicits sexual response." Typically, this thought is of the kind that Schwartz calls "the sneaky Pete"—something naughty. "The quality of being illicit is important for sexual fantasies," he says.

Most fantasies are accompanied by a physiological response—vasocongestion, deep breathing, increased heart rate and increased muscle tension, according to Dr. David H. Barlow, a clinical psychologist and professor at the State University of New York at Albany.

Dr. Barlow distinguishes sexual *fantasies*—which occur in the absence of any immediate stimulus and can last for some time—from sexual *urges*, which are brief responses to someone or something sexy. Someone who typically may have around seven sexual fantasies a day can have 50 to 60 or even continuous sexual urges.

Dirk Zimmer of the Psychological Institute at the University of Tübingen in Germany separates sexual fantasies into three groups, focusing not on the function of the fantasies but on the activity going on during them: sexual daydreaming, masturbatory fantasies and coital fantasies.

Dr. Kenneth S. Pope, a psychologist in private practice and on the clinical faculty at the University of California in Los Angeles who serves as chairman of the California State Psychological Association Ethics Committee, categorizes fantasies in other ways: the ones people have during sex, which may or may not have sexual content ("The kids will be home from school any minute, and we forgot to lock the bedroom door" or "If this woman squeals any louder, the neighbors will call the police!"); the sexual ones that people have even if they are not engaged in sexual activity; and the ones that may not have explicit sexual content but put people in a sexy or romantic mood (such as those prompted by a song, a shaft of sunlight or the memory of a present given by a lover).

"People tend to fantasize most in their teens and 20s," Dr. Pope says, "and sexual fantasies tend to decrease as one gets older." Decrease but not go away. "Fantasizing," Pope says, "is reported as normal into the 90s."

And, like good wines, some fantasies improve with age.

"When I was in college, I had a girlfriend on the East Coast and another on the West Coast," says a nationally syndicated columnist. "Once, both were at my school at the same time. One was in the cafeteria, the other upstairs in my room. I ran from one to the other. The girlfriend waiting in the cafeteria knew I was upstairs fucking my other girlfriend—and she wasn't upset. In fact, years later, she told me she thought I was going to invite her up to join us! And she said she would have done it. Ever since then, I've gone over and over that possibility, refining it, experiencing in my imagination something I was too young and too scared to do in reality."

But old or young, male or female, gay or straight, "virtually everyone," Pope says, "will fantasize at one time or another"—at an average of seven to 12 times a day. "And the more sexually active you are, the more you are likely to fantasize and the richer and more varied your fantasy life will be."

The deed follows the thought. Pope explains, "Research shows that women who have masturbatory fantasies that include intercourse—that is, while they're masturbating, they're thinking of having intercourse—tend to be more orgasmic than women who do not have such fantasies, who fantasize about other things, things that do not include intercourse."

The orgasmic group can also fantasize about oral sex or using roller skates in some ingenious way, but their fantasies must include intercourse as well.

"My husband has no clue to my fantasy life," says Linda Pabst, a photo researcher. "Partly because I like the idea of having a special, secret place I can go off to in my head by myself. Sometimes after he's asleep, I'll start working up a fantasy as I'm lying next to him. It may come from a picture I've seen during the day—such as a still from a movie involving someone like Richard Gere. I'll start by putting myself in the place of the woman in the picture. Like, in this Richard Gere picture, I'll become Diane Lane, all dressed up in a silky Twenties sheath dress. These details, the costumes, are important. I like to imagine the feel of textures—silk, satin or

sometimes something rough. Burlap—I like to imagine making love on burlap bags. Then, slowly, Diane Lane—or whoever the woman is—becomes me, and it's me with Richard Gere. Lately, I've been fantasizing that he—whoever he is—bends me over a coffee table and makes love to me from behind. I'll start to masturbate quietly, so I won't wake my husband—although that's another fantasy, one that really gets me off. I sometimes think he's really awake and just pretending to be asleep."

A 1983 study found that women who fantasize have a more positive outlook on sex than women who don't. And Canadian, French and Swiss psychologists have found that women fantasize as much as men do; other studies indicate that women may fantasize even more often than men. Your girlfriend's smug smile as she sits peacefully turning the pages of Heidegger may be due to an obscene dream—such as one a woman described to me in which a lion licked her to orgasm.

Researchers in Germany, Indiana and Kansas have found that women get just as aroused by pornography as men do, but their erotic images may contain different key elements. As a rule, women seem to be more passive than men in their fantasies, according to Dr. David E. Nutter and Mary Kearns Condron, sexologists in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Women like scenes of people caressing each other or involved in heavy petting more than scenes of penetration and come shots. And they enjoy romantic written pornography more than explicit pictures.

Men, on the other hand, tend to have specifically sexual fantasies that are also more visual, more correlated to left-brain activity—which makes sense, since fantasies incorporate a lot of disparate material simultaneously and so demand the kind of analytical, logical reasoning that seems to be the function of the left brain.

Jerome L. Singer, a professor at Yale University and one of the key figures in the resurgence of cognitive psychology, has found that personalities—male, female, urban, rural, those who imagine caresses and those who imagine donkeys—can be grouped into three categories: the positive-adaptive, the anxious-distracted and the guilty-dysphoric.

The positive-adaptive personality uses fantasies to plan, rehearse and entertain. The anxious-distracted personality is keyed up and has difficulty in concentrating ("Got to shop for groceries. Do I have condoms if she doesn't have her diaphragm? What would she do if I pulled out the dildo? Does the dildo have fresh batteries?"). An anxious-distracted is tense and sees sex as a test he is going to fail. The guilty-dysphoric personality is depressed and slow-moving ("I'm not in the mood. It's not a good time. I'm unhappy now; I'll be unhappy forever. She was right to leave the bed. I'd kill myself, but the razor


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blades are in the other room").

But the watershed study in sexual fantasizing was published last year in *The American Journal of Psychiatry* by America's most eminent sexologist, Dr. William Masters, who legitimized the subject by lending it his prestige. The study—which produced the earlier-mentioned list of the most common sexual fantasies—was sponsored by the Masters and Johnson Institute and was co-authored by Mark Schwartz. It explored the fantasies of 120 men and women, half of them homosexual and half heterosexual. It found that sexual orientation had little effect on fantasies. In their imagination, gay men make love to women, gay women make love to men, straight men make love to other men and straight women make love to other women.

Dr. Masters believes that fantasies can be categorized as "the three Es: eliciting, enhancing and enabling fantasies." Eliciting fantasies are something we use to tease ourselves, he says. "You walk down the street and see an attractive gal ahead and say, 'Gee, I'd like to. . . .'" He waves his hand in a wizard's gesture, as if to spread out on the table between us a whole banquet of erotic possibilities. "That doesn't say you're going to do anything about it. You're thinking about it."

The second kind of fantasy, enhancing fantasies, is "usually a bed-partner type of thing," says Masters, "when you're involved but not involved enough. You use an enhancing fantasy to get an erection and an enabling fantasy to get an orgasm."

Those enabling fantasies, finally, which are likely to be established before puberty, are usually all from the same limited repertoire. Something in our past was associated with sexual arousal, and this thing is hard-wired into our consciousness. While the connection between event or image and arousal may be elaborated in many ways and disguised in many forms, our enabling fantasies are not likely to change much through a lifetime.

"When I was six, my sister, a friend and I would close the bedroom door, strip to our underpants and play The Girl in the Glass House," says a history professor I will call Rebecca Tydings. ("If you give my real name," she says, "I'll probably lose my job"—as if admitting to a sexual fantasy were somehow treason against civilization.) "We used to take turns being the girl, who would have to lie very still with her arms by her sides while the two others humped her. Whenever I have a sexual fantasy now, very often it is in one way or another a variation on that. I'll be doing something completely unconnected with sex, chairing a meeting or eating lunch, and suddenly I'll realize I'm aroused. I'll realize that, while I haven't been paying attention, part of my mind has been churning up this really hot scenario, a bondage fantasy or a fantasy involving two other women. And I'll think, Whoa, wait a minute. Where did this come from?"

The enabling fantasies are what Masters refers to as "the old friends," like my slumming-countess fantasy, fantasies we can rely on to arouse us no matter what. Often, there may be an element of the perverse in them, some scenario involving sex and power, possibly because they were formed when we were children and feeling relatively powerless.

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When I fantasized about spanking the slumming countess, was I preparing myself to accept her invitation the next time she sat beside me on a Madison Avenue bus? Or was I indulging in a waking dream that could never be anything more than a fantasy?

"Everyone says a fantasy is a dry run for reality," says Masters, "but there's no real evidence to support that contention. I don't think we are necessarily what our fantasies suggest at all. I'm not sold on the fact that if one has homosexual fantasies, one is a latent homosexual. Homosexuals have a lot of heterosexual fantasies, and no one calls them latent heterosexuals."

Schwartz, while mostly agreeing with Masters that fantasy can be "totally separate" from action, allows that fantasy can be a bridge. "If I'm not thinking about bondage, it would be very unlikely that if I met a woman who was into bondage, I could get off on it. But if I've been fantasizing about bondage and I met some woman and she said, 'Please tie me up,' I might be more likely to do it."

Pope feels that the connection between fantasy and reality can be even stronger. "For many people, fantasies *are* dry runs for reality. People use them to research or explore behavior. Fantasies enable you to have rehearsals that cost nothing. You can anticipate many kinds of sexual activity with a partner and have them be risk-free."

"Acting out a fantasy is dysfunctional only if it produces a dysfunction or involves someone's getting hurt," says Dr. Michael Perelman, a clinical assistant professor of psychiatry at Cornell Medical Center in New York, who specializes in sex therapy. "A couple may share fantasies with each other and discover that what one of them thought was a wild-and-crazy thing, the other thinks is intriguing." It can be something as simple as oral sex or as silly as dressing up in lingerie—though there are natural limits, he believes. "Instead of making love on the Staten Island Ferry," he says, "it's better to pretend to do so at home—just for safety and comfort."

"The ultimate exhibitionistic fantasy would be making love on the catwalk between the two walls of glass way up in Grand Central Station," says a woman who used to explore that catwalk with a male friend.

Would it be practical? Probably not.

Would it be arousing? The idea certainly is.

The problem with it—as with many fantasies—is logistics. And how much is lost or gained in making the transition from dream to reality?

But even if Pope believes that fantasies can, in certain situations, productively lead to experience, he, like Masters and Schwartz, thinks that fantasy doesn't necessarily *demand* follow-through in action—which, according to Pope, "dispels another myth. People often love fantasizing, getting aroused by activities they would hate to undergo in real life"—which helps explain why so many people in Schwartz and Masters' study like rape fantasies. A fantasy is not necessarily a repressed wish; and a kinky, bizarre or unconventional sexual activity that is fantasized about or even acted out by a couple is not necessarily the expression of a disturbed sexual relationship or an unhappy marriage.

Unlike the others I interviewed, Dr. Wendy Stock, an assistant professor of psychology at Texas A & M University, believes that the relationship between fantasy and action, though not directly causal, is strong enough to require the limitation of some materials that may give people ideas for certain fantasies.

"During the entire time I was working on my dissertation," she says, "I adamantly opposed any kind of legislative procedure [against pornography] and believed educational intervention was the best approach; but the more violent sexual pornography I saw, the more I became convinced it might be worth it to give people the right to take those things to court."

She—like many women involved in sex research, particularly those sympathetic to the Women Against Pornography movement—has used recent research on sexual fantasies (such as Edward Donnerstein's studies associating violent pornography with aggression) to support antipornography laws like the one written by Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon and passed in Indianapolis. This law is based on the assertion that pornography ("the graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women") violates women's civil rights.

"There is some risk that right-wing groups might attempt to use the law to ban *Our Bodies, Ourselves* or sex-educational material," Dr. Stock admits. But she doesn't feel that, given the definition in the ordinance, the law could be used against classic works such as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Stock is not against erotica that would be "consensual, nondemeaning . . . depicting affectionate, mutual and egalitarian sexual expression"—a demand as realistic as my aunt's request after reading my first novel that I stick to writing about "nice" subjects. The whole point of fantasies is that they are not under the control of the conscious mind. They exist in a world that, yes, includes meadows with butterflies

*"Just relax, ma'am—let the stage do the work."*

casting flickering shadows on the naked entwined bodies of men and women engaged in "affectionate, mutual and egalitarian sexual expression"; but that world also includes dark Dostoievskyan garrets and Dickensian alleyways, nightmares out of Céline and grotesques out of Gogol. You can't prevent the bubbling up of dark fantasies, even if you establish a fantasy police. All you'll do is create a black market in which such fantasies become overvalued.

In her research, Stock has even found that sexual fantasies are important. Ninety percent of the women who reported a "high frequency of sexual fantasy during masturbation," she writes, "were most able to generate sexual arousal in a laboratory situation, in the absence of external erotic stimuli." That suggests to Stock that "sexual fantasy is a cognitive skill which would enable women to have control over their own sexual arousal . . . rather than depending solely on their partners."

But what about all the women who—for example—reported rape fantasies in Schwartz and Masters' study? Is Stock willing to deprive them of their chance "to have control over their own sexual arousal"?

The most obvious argument against the discouragement of fantasies and the censorship of fantasy-related material—and the argument that makes the least headway against those who support Women Against Pornography and are convinced that they have a strangle hold on the truth—is that *one person's pornography is another person's erotica*. Different people interpret the same image differently.

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The only point on which almost all the fantasy researchers seem to agree is that fantasies are OK if they work and bad if they don't—work being defined as arousing someone in such a way that he is brought into a more intense relationship to reality (without, of course, harming himself or anyone else).

The key, according to Schwartz, is whether a fantasy brings two people closer together or keeps them apart. If I am able to make love to my wife only while imagining a detailed—and ritualized—seduction scene involving Kathleen Turner, a seesaw and a gallon of hot fudge, if I can't perform unless I am imagining that and if that fantasy obliterates the reality of the situation, prevents me from noticing the seesaw and hot fudge I'm actually using—then the fantasy is unhealthy. Or, to use a sexologist's frame of reference, is not practical.

If the fantasy somehow turns up the erotic volume of the moment, makes me pay even closer attention to what I am really doing, then the fantasy is practical.

If it is a compulsion, the necessary prerequisite for sex, it is not practical.

If it is the counterpoint to sex that is already satisfying, it is practical.

If it focuses too closely on a particular thing—a shoe, panties made from a particular fabric with a particular design, the diameter of a nipple—it is not practical.

If it focuses closely enough on something—the same shoe, panties or nipple—so we experience it in its vivid reality, it is practical.

It's not even how obsessive we get about our fantasies that is the issue. After all, Freud made a career out of internal obsession, as do most artists.

It's when the obsession begins feeding itself rather than nourishing the person doing the obsessing that it becomes dysfunctional.

"He felt at times that he lived in an opium dream, for nothing was very real to him except to wait for night, when easily, led by each new wish, waiting for the pleasure itself, they would come together, they would explore a little further, he would come back with more," wrote Norman Mailer in *The Deer Park* about a couple in lust. "Over and over he would remind himself that nothing lasted forever, and the tenderness he enjoyed so much might not be equally attractive to her . . . but Elena had a spectrum of fancies as complex as his own, and so he had the faith these days that they would continue to change together."

For Mailer's couple, shared fantasy became an experience that bound them together as intimately as telepathy, putting them into each other's dreams. Years ago, I had a girlfriend whose favorite quote was from Bob Dylan: "I'll let you in my dream, if you let me in yours." I used to dismiss that as sentimental. Only now can I see that it was exactly the opposite, a fierce and forgiving intrusion of one personality into another.

The cost could be huge, of course. You could overwhelm each other, scare each other away by the intensity of the fantasies. But what may be gained is valuable: a consensus reality that gives you a common reference point in the unconscious.

"The change in fantasy is an artifact of evolution of the person," says Dr. Loretta Haroian of The Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. "So your fantasies evolve with you, mature with you. Sometimes fantasies lose charge, and so you have to embellish them, extend them. But overall, it's amazing how durable fantasies are. I've often said that a masturbation fantasy is like a mantra. It's amazing that it continues to work: the same fantasy in the same old way—and the body responds to it for years and years."

•

Every time the Madison Avenue bus stops, I scan the people getting on for my slumming countess in her Audrey Hepburn dress.

How often do I ride this route? Two or three times a week. Sometimes, I'm actually going somewhere—to shop or on business. Sometimes, I'll ride the bus when I'm stuck in my work and just want to take a break.

But whenever I do it, there comes a point when the countess steps into my imagination and in my imagination sits down beside me. I have the same newspaper from years before—or maybe a new edition with a similar story. English lords are always paddling nannies' fannies. She reads over my shoulder. My heartbeat speeds up. My blood pressure rises. She asks the question she's been asking me for more than a decade: "Would you like to spank me?"

And this time, staring her straight in the eye, I say, "Why not?"

*"Serfs up!"*

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '84.

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

# VANTAGE PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

*Performance so good you can taste it in a low tar.*

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The Audi 4000S Quattro is so logical.

It uses all four wheels all of the time for the good reason that permanent all-wheel drive maximizes traction efficiency by equally distributing the engine's power to all four wheels.

And when each wheel is then supported with independent suspension and disc brakes, the result is an enhanced feeling of driver control. All of the time. In any weather. In the city or on the highway.

And all achieved with no loss of fuel efficiency, unlike other four wheel drive systems.*

Permanent all wheel drive significantly improves directional control, cornering capabilities and stopping power.

The power source for all four wheels is a 5-cylinder, 2.2 litre engine that accelerates smartly from 0 to 50 in 6.9 seconds.

Feel what it's like to have all four wheels working for you. Test drive the 4000S Quattro. Call 1-(800)-FOR-AUDI for the dealer nearest you. Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the 4000S Quattro is $17,450. (Title, taxes, transportation, registration, dealer delivery charges additional.)

With this car, Audi engineers have taken the simple fact that a car has four wheels to a particularly effective conclusion.

*18 EPA EST. MPG; 22 EST. HWY. Compare these estimates to the EST. MPG of other cars. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will probably be less.

Audi

The art of engineering.

# Every car has four wheels. Only Quattro uses them all.

# PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

## THE SALTON OF SWEAT

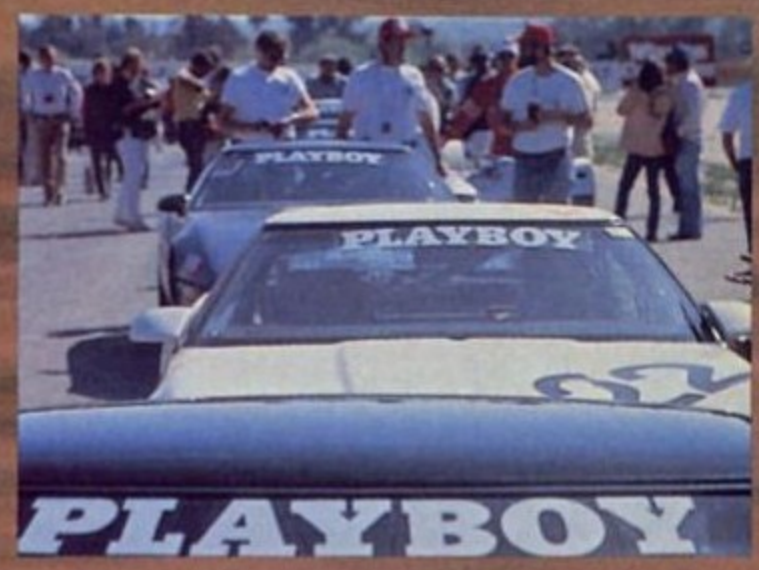
As you prepare to hit the beach this summer, take stock of the essentials: trim swim trunks, a sensible T-shirt, self-basting suntan oil and, most crucial of all, the beach radio. Our pick is the Beachcomber beach radio/cassette player Model BC-1C from Salton. Its three-function LCD-readout TanTimer shows you hours and seconds and—for those who have already spent too much time in the sun—what day it is. It also has a storage compartment for personal possessions—including a secret compartment that's so secret we won't tell where it is. The Beachcomber is sand- and water-resistant, so it won't mind if some bully kicks sand in its face. Turn on, tune in, drop trou.

STEVE NOZICKA

**Sixty-five dollars is a small price to pay for a lot of great sound down beside the seaside or the poolside, but that's all Salton's asking for its BC-1C Beachcomber AM/FM radio/cassette player. It's easy to carry, virtually indestructible and loaded with compartments. We like.**

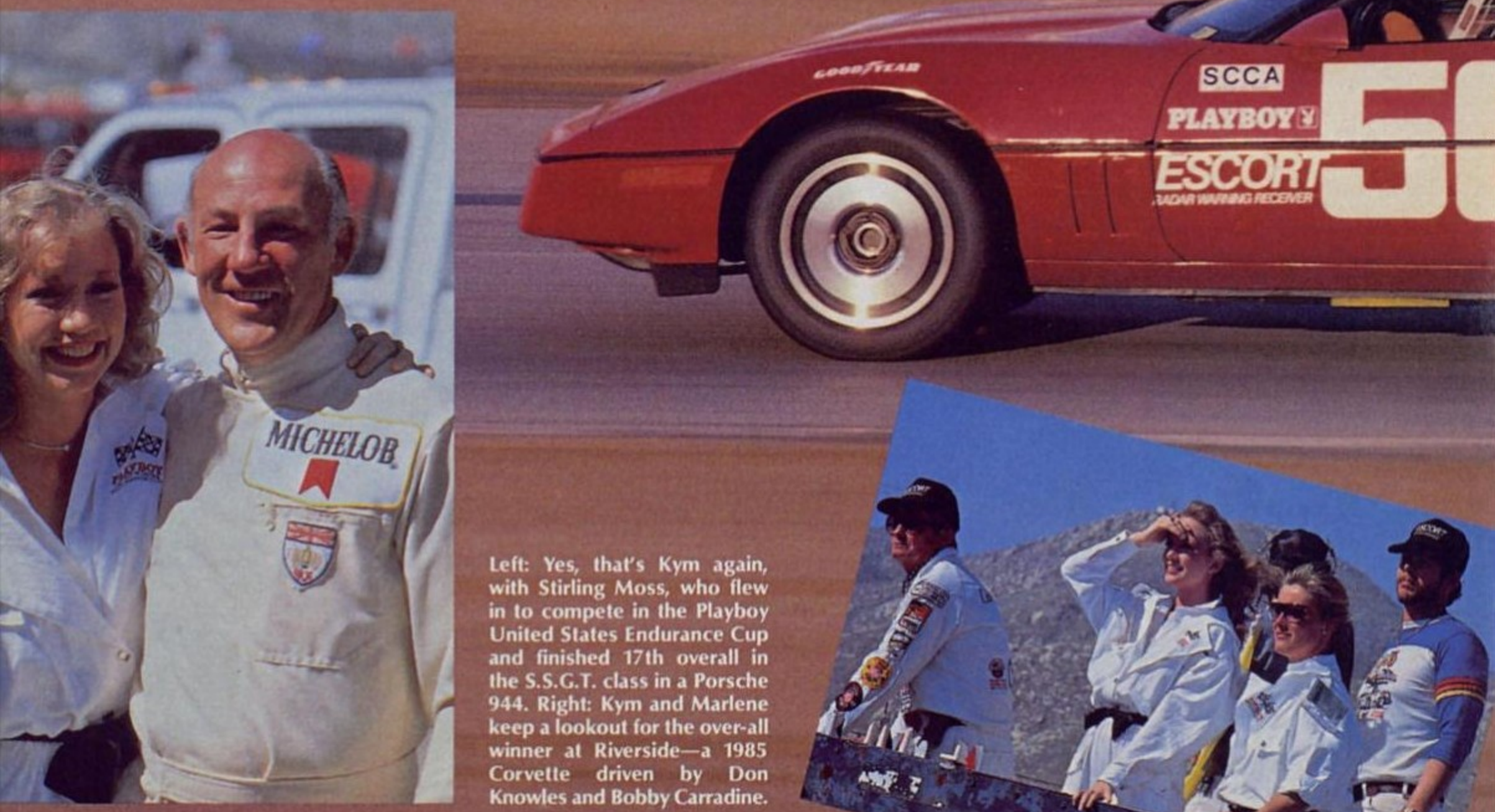
# PLAYBOY GOES RACING

The sport is road racing, in which every hairpin turn is a heartbeat skipped. The cars are Sports Car Club of America showroom stock, essentially unchanged since they rolled off the assembly line. The series of six races being run from March 30 to September 29 at six tracks across the country is the Playboy United States Endurance Cup, with $800,000 in prize money at stake. Pictured here is the March 30 opening race, at Riverside Raceway, near Los Angeles. All makes of cars can compete, from Porsches to Escorts. Drivers will race in four classes, with equal payoffs for each class, and the winners stand to be kissed by co-host Playmates Marlene Janssen and Kym Malin. Playboy U.S. Endurance Cup promoter/organizer/competitor Gary Mathewson promises full fields, celebrity drivers and surprises at every event. "If you're thinking performance," he says, "this is the kind of racing you should be watching." Why do drivers do such things? For the money. For the glory. And for the sheer crazy fun of it. Let's go racing.




Playmate co-hosts Kym Malin (left) and Marlene Janssen honed their driving skills at the Jim Russell School of Racing. Kym's lap time was second best in her class. Above: Playboy goes racing.



Left: Yes, that's Kym again, with Stirling Moss, who flew in to compete in the Playboy United States Endurance Cup and finished 17th overall in the S.S.G.T. class in a Porsche 944. Right: Kym and Marlene keep a lookout for the over-all winner at Riverside—a 1985 Corvette driven by Don Knowles and Bobby Carradine.

KERRY MORRIS

PLAYBOY
UNITED STATES
ENDURANCE CUP

Above left: Our other Playmate co-host, Marlene Janssen, proved to be a delightful trackside diversion. Above right: With prize money of $20,000 per race, plus a $40,000 championship fund from Escort Radar Detectors, the action was predictably aggressive.

Left: The six-hour Riverside race continued into the night, with track competition as hot as the pit lights. Right: A gorgeous send-off to a great racing series. The last two events will be a six-hour race at Lime Rock, Connecticut, on August 31 and a 24-hour race at Mid-Ohio on September 28–29. Our crash helmets are packed.

## HEATING UP THE LONG, HOT SUMMER

The next best thing to three gorgeous naked ladies is three gorgeous ladies almost naked in three of the sexiest swimsuits we've seen this side of St.-Tropez. And who gives such great swimwear? Ujena, a mail-order company at P.O. Box 7211, 1400 Stierlin Road, Mountain View, California 94039-7003, that sells swimwear all year round. The one at top left, modeled by Playboy model Carmen Monique, is opaque when dry but *transparent* when wet. Oh, yaaaas—and it's only $36. The yellow twist bikini that March 1981 Playmate Kym Herrin has slipped into is $47. And the little red bikini that July 1984 Playmate Liz Stewart likes is a scant $29. Ujena has an 88-page catalog for $2.95. Go for it!

## OFF TO THE RACES

Pimlico, Portland Meadows, Marquis Downs and The Meadowlands: *Ryan's Guide to North American Thoroughbred Racing* covers them all, listing every fact you need to know, from racing dates and minimum purses to the previous years' leading jockeys. And the price isn't much more than a $2 wager: just $5.35 sent to *Ryan's Guide*, P.O. Box 412, Glenview, Illinois 60025. A smart bet.

## NET GAINS—WITH A CATCH

Duffers have been driving balls into nets for years. But now there's a catch. A unique product, the Catcher Sport Net, that's handmade knotted and braided nylon netting, measuring 6′10″ high and 6′10″ wide, holds the ball in the netting (the net is actually *two* nets, one superimposed over the other and the two woven together by hand) wherever you hit it, thus giving you a better fix on how to correct hooks and slices, as well as helping you connect properly with the sweet spot. Better yet, the Catcher, which hangs on a self-supporting, freestanding frame, is light, portable, can be used indoors or out and doesn't cost a bundle: $159, postpaid, sent to Catcher Sport Net Company, P.O. Box 742, Lewiston, New York 14092. Set it up in front of your TV and play the U.S. Open with Nicklaus, Watson and Zoeller.

## DETAIL CONSCIOUS

Anybody can take his cherished chariot to a car wash. But owners of *serious* machines in the Manhattan area are making fast treads to Steve's Detailing, an auto-cleaning service that began in Beverly Hills eight years ago and has just gone East. Steve's is at 265 11th Avenue, near 28th Street, and for $145 you get eight to ten hours of squeaky cleaning that even includes a toothbrush scrubdown of the engine. Yuppie heaven!

## POSTER PURRFECT

Last November, we showcased six of Olivia De Berardinis' lingerie designs in *Roving Eye*. Olivia has returned to the drawing board and has produced a series of six posters—including *La Femme & Feline*, pictured at left—that are about as lusciously erotic as your jaded orbs can stand. A collection of the posters is available as lithographs in a signed edition of 325, with prices ranging from $375 to $500; printed posters are $35, unsigned. For a catalog, send $5 to Robert Bane Publishing, 9255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 716, Los Angeles 90069.

## FIRE AND ICE

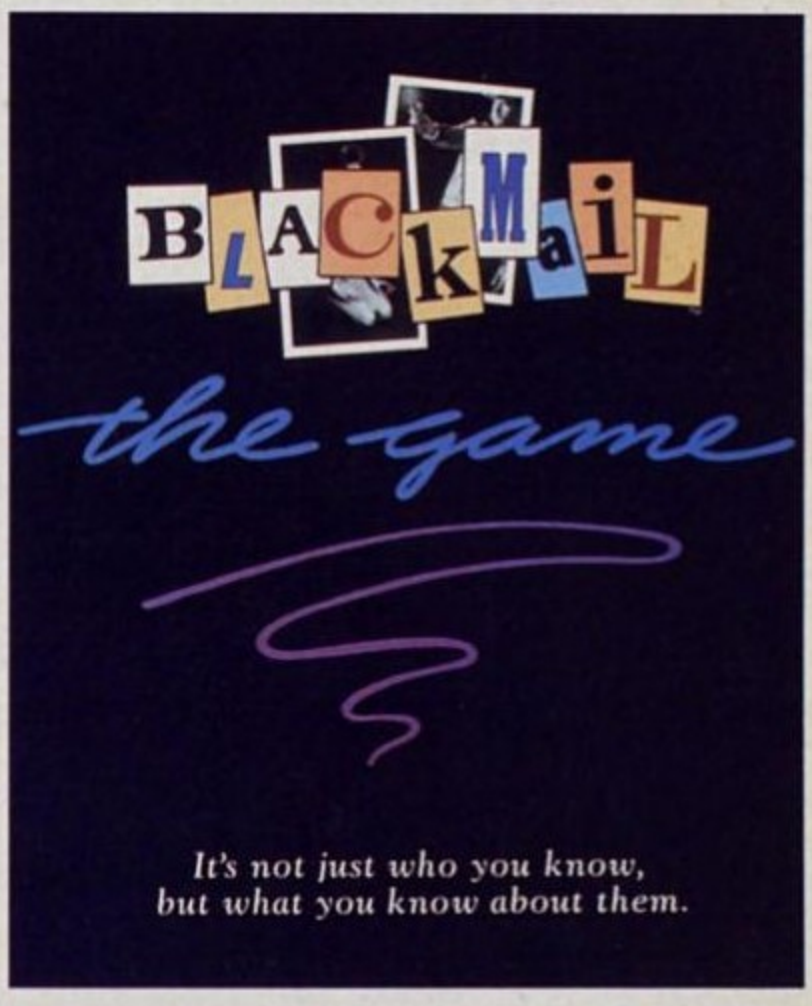
There is a fire down South Carolina way, and it's burning inside the bottles of ginger ale that Blenheim Bottling Company, the nation's oldest independent bottler, sells to customers who have asbestos esophagi. Blenheim's Extra Pale brand is hot, but its Old #3 will bring tears even to the Devil's eyes. A mixed case of 24 ten-ounce bottles costs $20 sent to Blenheim Bottling, P.O. Box 62, Mineral Spring Road, Blenheim, South Carolina 29516. Both kinds have a mineral-water base, which means you stay healthy while your throat goes up in flames.

## IT'S IN THE CARDS

It's no secret at Hofstra University that Drs. Richard Block and Harold E. Yuker are playing with a full deck. The deck, in fact, is an outgrowth of Dr. Block's passion for collecting unique playing cards and visual images and Dr. Yuker's interest in people's attitudes and perceptions. Their Can You Believe Your Eyes? deck of regulation playing cards contains 52 optical illusions—all for a price that's no eye popper: $7.50 sent to the Hofstra University Bookstore, Hempstead, New York 11550. Nice!

## WE'VE GOT A SECRET

All those dirty bits of trivia you've gleaned from reading the *National Enquirer* have finally come home to roost in Blackmail, a game from Action Games, Woodland Hills, California, that makes you a winner if you're ruthless enough to take advantage of other players' weaknesses. The first step is to identify a famous person pictured on a card. The second step is to show just how much you know about him—all for $29.95. Then the game *really* gets nasty. Have a nice day—quick!




## THE BIRDMAN OF SPRINGFIELD

Some architects design great houses; Craig Yerkes designs great bird cages. A graduate of Pratt Institute, Yerkes flew the coop several years ago and opened Hamilton Studios at 27 Lyman Street, Suite 606, Springfield, Massachusetts 01103. His specialty is flights of fancy for favorite fowl. The 28"-high Sheldon's Tavern cage, below, costs $750—and he'll even do custom cagework at prices that aren't chicken feed.

## We've Just Met a Girl Named Maria

For all those hot days and cool nights, actress MARIA MICHAELS brings you *our* summer fashion statement. You've seen Maria on *Night Court* and *T. J. Hooker*, or maybe at the movies in *The Boys Next Door* and *Summer Jobs*. We like her sense of style.

## Racy & Lacy

We're going to brag, OK? We published a photo of gorgeous APOLLONIA back in 1983, when she was just plain Patty Kotero. We thought she was hot stuff even before the whole *Purple Rain* business became a downpour. But *who* picks her outfits?

## Another Lennon Marshals the Masses

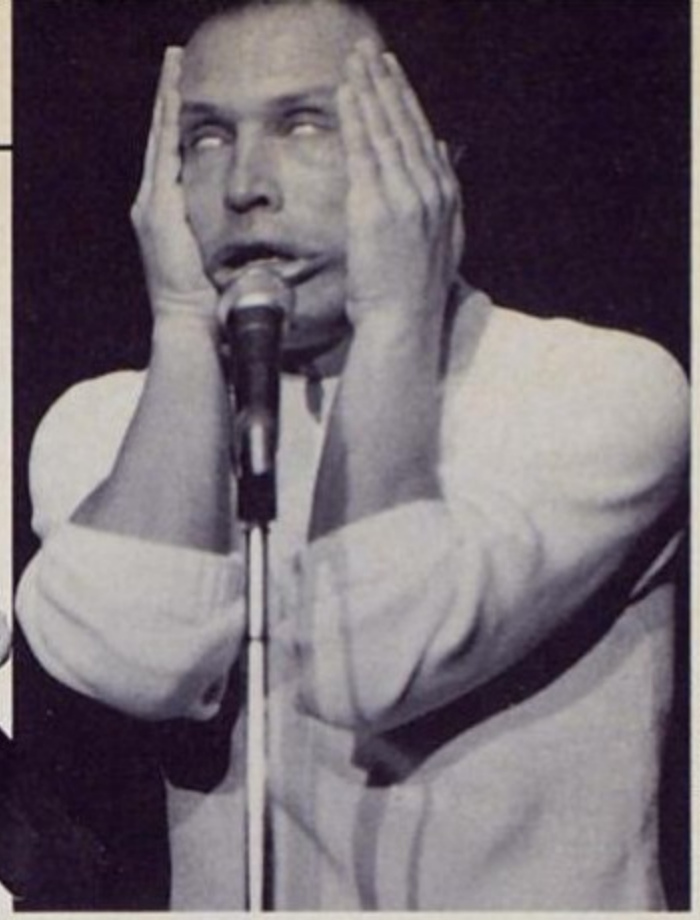
JULIAN LENNON can relax now. He's proved he's his own man. *Valotte*, his debut album, went platinum, and the single *Too Late for Goodbyes* hit the top ten. He toured last spring to sold-out halls. Here, with guitarist JUSTIN CLAYTON, he explains why he's doing it on the road.

## Airport Motel

Singer MARTHA DAVIS of The Motels is feeling good. She's exercising and has cut down on junk food. She's cleaned up her act. The Motels' long-overdue album will be in your hands very soon. But what's a year among friends? Martha can come fly with us any time.

## Gimme an F!

These guys don't look too weird. They're called METALLICA. They live in the Bay Area and disturb the peace. They hang out with Ednas (their word for groupies). They play heavy metal. Loud. They're currently writing songs for a new opus. The old one, *Ride the Lightning*, was on the charts for a long time. You can see that success has given them a new appreciation for art. They're keeping it simple. And they're smiling.



## Fine Crystal

BILLY CRYSTAL is so hot he's burning up. He's waited a long time for this and deserves the acclaim. He can do Sammy Davis Jr. better than Sammy can, and the whole world is talking like Fernando Lamas. Even Sammy.

## Royal Cheek

These past few months, we've been bombarded with the front of this dazzling lady. PRINCESS STEPHANIE's face has stared out at us from countless magazines. No question, it's some face. How could the daughter of Princess Grace be any less than beautiful? Still, we're public-service-minded. It's our duty as responsible journalists to bring up the rear. Mission accomplished.

# NEXT MONTH

RATING NIELSEN

MENSA MISSES

MBO THEATER

SCIENTIFIC SNAFU

**"COPS"**—THE WRITER OF THE BEST-SELLING *'NAM* TOOK TO THE STREETS TO INTERVIEW MORE THAN 100 OF OUR BOYS IN (AND OUT OF) BLUE. THE RESULT: GRITTY, TOUCHING, HILARIOUS FIRST-PERSON ACCOUNTS BY GUYS WHO SEE THEMSELVES AS NATURE'S GARBAGE MEN. DON'T MISS THE PADDY-WAGON CHASE, THE KENTUCKY FRIED STAKE-OUT OR THE ASSAULT OF THE GYPSY MOTHER'S MILK—BY **MARK BAKER**

**"THE MENSA GIRLS"**—THEY COULD BE SMARTER THAN YOU ARE, BUT THAT DOESN'T KEEP THEM FROM BEING KNOCKOUTS. AN A-PLUS PICTORIAL FEATURE

**"I'M DICK FELDER"**—THIS SHOPPING-MALL DENTIST HAS PROBLEMS: HIS WIFE MAY BE PLAYING AROUND AND HIS KID WANTS TO CHANGE HIS NAME. PIECE OF CAKE COMPARED WITH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE HITCHES A RIDE ON THE NEW WAVE—BY **JERRY STAHL**

**"MBO THEATER; FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE NEWSROOM"**—FACED WITH A MISGUIDED MANAGEMENT, A REPORTER FINDS AN UNUSUALLY CREATIVE WAY TO PROVE HE, TOO, CAN PULL STRINGS. A TRUE AND TERRIFIC PHILADELPHIA STORY—BY **PETE DEXTER**

**"MEN, WOMEN AND MORALITY"**—DO MEN REALLY ASPIRE TO HIGHER ETHICAL PRINCIPLES? OR ARE FEMALE BEHAVIORAL STANDARDS SUPERIOR? SEPARATE BUT EQUAL? REPORTAGE FROM THE LATEST SEXUAL BATTLEFIELD—BY **ANTHONY BRANDT**

**BILLY CRYSTAL** TALKS ABOUT **FERNANDO LAMAS,** DESIGNATED HITTERS, ASTROTURF AND THE SEX ADVICE HE'D GIVE HIS DAUGHTER IN A SURPRISINGLY REFLECTIVE **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"POINT OF VIEW"**—REMEMBER *PLAYBOY*'S SCIENCE-FICTION CLASSIC *THE FLY*? WAIT TILL YOU READ THIS TALE OF RESEARCH GONE AWRY—BY **DAMON KNIGHT**

**"BONKERS OVER BRIGITTE"**—IT'S NOT **BARDOT** THIS TIME BUT A DANISH BEAUTY NAMED **NIELSEN.** SHE'S ON SCREEN IN *RED SONJA*, WITH **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER,** BUT YOU'LL SEE MORE OF HER HERE

**PLUS:** A **QUARTERLY REPORT** ON HOW INVESTMENT SYSTEMS REALLY PERFORM, BY **ANDREW TOBIAS; "PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST,"** BY OUR OWN **ANSON MOUNT; "PLAYBOY GUIDE: BACK TO CAMPUS";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

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SOFT PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
BOX, MENTHOL BOX: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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# NEW REGULAR SIZE SOFT PACK.

Not available in all areas.

Also available in regular
and menthol longer-length box.

# REACH FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL STERLING