

INTERVIEW: HOCKEY'S GREATEST—WAYNE GRETZKY

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PLAYMATE SISTERS

**A Pictorial
of Sibling
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**PLAYBOY'S
HOT NEW
ROCK VIDEO**

**INSIDE THE
CULT SEX
CLASSIC
"CAFÉ FLESH"**

**FASHION GUIDE
IN THIS ISSUE**

**MUSIC '85
(DON'T MISS THE
TINA TURNER
WORKOUT)**



A woman with blonde hair, wearing dark sunglasses and a bright pink button-down shirt, is posing with her right arm raised and holding a lit cigarette. She is also wearing an orange skirt and a dark blue belt. The background is a dark, mottled grey.

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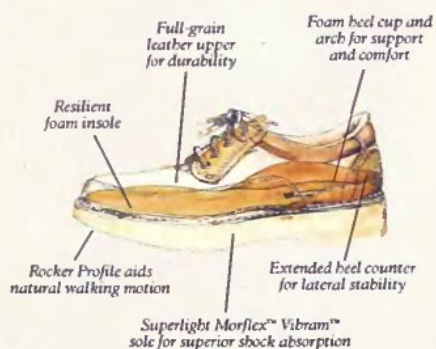
All your life,
you've been
walking around
in the wrong
shoes.



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A close-up, artistic photograph of a dark glass bottle of Heineken Special Dark Beer being poured into a glass. The bottle is tilted, and a thick, creamy head of foam is rising from the glass. The bottle is covered in condensation droplets. The main label is ornate, featuring a red star and various medals. A smaller neck label is also visible.

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

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MEDAILLE D'OR
PARIS 1875
EST 1873
BREWED IN HOLLAND
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PLAYBILL

PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT approaches to reading a magazine. Some start at the front and read straight through; some work backward; others unfold the Playmate. We'd like to suggest that this month you alter your routine and begin with a little gem called *Signals*, by **Daniel Mark Epstein** (illustrated by **Stanislaw Fernandes**). In the best tradition of man-to-man conversation, Epstein takes just a few priceless words to tell you everything you need to know about reading a woman's sexual moods. If you're a young man just starting to figure out the mysterious female psyche, save this article. It will get funnier, if not more useful, with the passage of time.

And as time goes by, it becomes increasingly clear that the Edmonton Oilers' **Wayne Gretzky** is destined to become the greatest hockey player ever seen in this corner of the universe. We sent **Scott Cohen** to Canada to hang out with the Great Gretzky before and after the Oilers won the Stanley Cup play-offs last year, and the result is this month's *Playboy Interview*. "When I learned that Wayne didn't fight, use drugs or cheat on his girlfriend, I figured I would be interviewing the dumbest jock in the world," says Cohen, "but I was wrong." If you like reading about small, non-violent guys who come out on top in a game of muscle and thugery, you'll love it.

Jerry Stahl describes what it's like to be a small, nonsleazoid guy in a game of love muscle and buggery in "*Café Flesh*" and *Me: Confessions of a Cult Sex King*, illustrated by **Ed Paschke**. Stahl, who watched his screenplay—a serious statement about what life might be like after a nuclear war—transformed into an underground porn-film classic, says life is looking up for him: "Since I penned *Flesh*, the inevitable has happened. Now, like every other 7-Eleven clerk and car-wash attendant in Los Angeles, I have a couple of screenplays 'in development.'" While we're on the subject of cult sex idols, **Morgananna**, famous for busting into ball games to buss the players, helps keep you abreast of the latest in exercise equipment in *Let 'Em Rip!* (Note the shot on the indoor home-tanning bed.)

If you're looking for a more strenuous exercise routine, check out the *Tina Turner Workout* in our all-new, all-wonderful *Playboy Music '85*, which includes the results of our Playboy Music Poll. (If you like our Music Awards' new format, send letters to Associate Editor **Kate Nolan** and Junior Art Director **Karen Gaebe**.) On the other hand, if you don't know a break from a pop, you can reminisce with **Sergio Ramirez** about the days when exercise meant building a body of steel, not rubber. In *Even Charles Atlas Dies* (illustrated by internationally renowned Mexican artist **José Luis Cuevas**), Ramirez—who was writing fiction long before he became part of the *Sandinista* revolution in Nicaragua—reminds us that the Dynamic Tension method, for us 97-pound weaklings who tried it, was more than a technique; it was a way of life and death. (Death must be on Ramirez' mind; his latest novel, published by Readers International, is titled *To Bury Our Fathers*.) For a different perspective on Central America, read *Support Our Boys in Nicaragua*, in which **John Eskow** takes a wary look at U.S. involvement there.

If you've ever wished you could get on a sailboat and cast your fate to the wind, you'll identify with *PLAYBOY's* former Travel Editor **Reg Potterton**, who gave up his cushy job for a captain's cap. He got a lot more than he bargained for, as he tells us in *What I Learned at Sea*. To round out this month's issue, we have a lively *20 Questions* with legal-services mogul **Joel Hyatt**, who is artfully cross-examined by **Bill Zehme**; a *Playboy Guide: Fashion*; a preview of *Playboy's* new video, *Girls of Rock & Roll*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Larry L. Logan**; and a spectacular pictorial on four pairs of astonishingly beautiful *Playmate Sisters*, who posed for Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus**. If that doesn't double your pleasure and double your fun, check our centerfold lady, **Cindy Brooks**. It doesn't get any better than this.



EPSTEIN



FERNANDES



COHEN



STAHL



PASCHKE



NOLAN, GAEBE



RAMÍREZ



CUEVAS



ESKOW



MARCUS



ZEHEME



POTTERTON



LOGAN

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

GARY JOBSON

HOME: Annapolis, MD.

AGE: 34

OCCUPATION: Yacht-racing tactician; author; lecturer; editor-at-large, *The Yacht*.

HOBBY: Trying to stay home for more than a week at a time.

LAST BOOK WRITTEN: *Storm Sailing*.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Tactician of a 1983 America's Cup contender; created the Liberty Cup, a new world-class yacht-racing event in New York Harbor.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you can make a living doing what you like most, you don't really have a choice."

QUOTE: "If you can't tie good knots, tie plenty of them."

PROFILE: Has a talent for being at the right place at the right time. Namely, the finish line.

HIS SCOTCH: "Dewar's 'White Label.' When the race is over, the only thing that can match the taste of victory is a Dewar's and soda."



PLAYBOY

vol. 32, no. 4—april, 1985

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Hear, Hear P. 136



COVER STORY Octuple your pleasure in *PLAYBOY* this month with double exposures of four dynamic duos. One pair adorns our April cover, shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Brunette Natalie Smith and her little sis Donna—Miss March 1985—are just two of the sensational siblings you'll see in this month's sororal pictorial *Playmate Sisters*, opening soon on a page near you.

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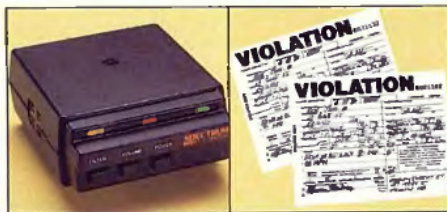
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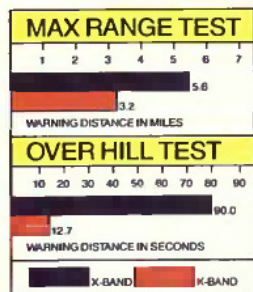


This... instead of these.

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Spectrum detects all kinds of speed radar. Stationary - moving - trigger - even pulsed radar. On the straightaway - from behind - over hills and around curves. If there's police radar in the area, Spectrum lets you know. Long before radar can lock onto you.

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*Source: Speed Limit Enforcement Certification Data, October 1, 1982 through September 30, 1983.

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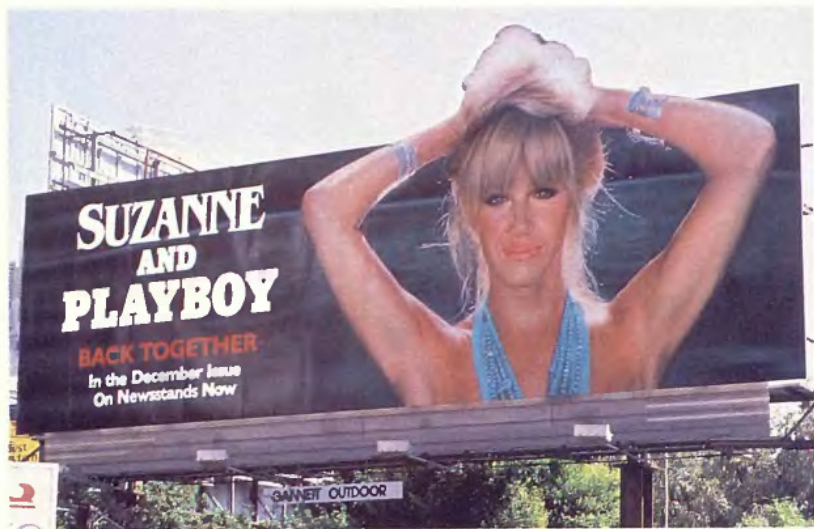
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

TWO'S COMPANY

Motoring in the 8400 block of L.A.'s Sunset Boulevard was held up for days late last year by what radio traffic watchers call a gapers' block. The eye stopper (below) was a billboard announcing the engagement of the year—our long-awaited reunion with Suzanne Somers, star of Vegas stage and TV screen.



SUZI, WHERE IS THY STING?

Here, says Miss August 1984, Suzi Schott (right), cheering on the Chicago Sting (below). Mascot Stanley Sting and players Rudy Glenn, Pato Margetic and Karl-Heinz Granitza gave Suzi that jersey.



THE BUNNIES INVADE IOWA

At a ribbon-cutting fete in December, VIPs and Bunnies welcomed Playboy to the Sheraton Inn Des Moines, where a Playboy Club enlivens life for those with the right key to the city.



NOT JUST COUCH POTATOES

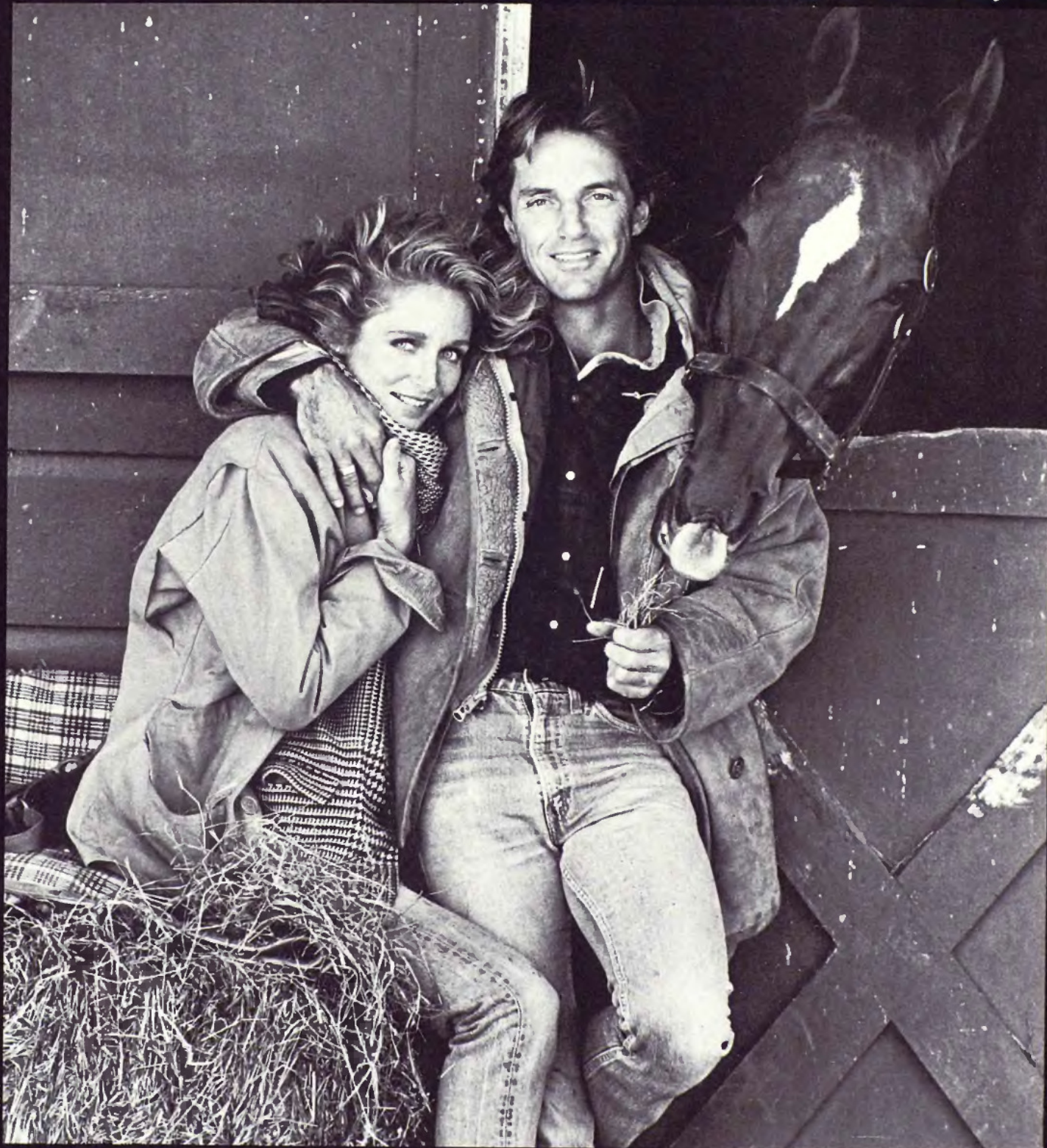
In their book *The Red Couch: a Portrait of America*, Kevin Clarke and Horst Wackerbarth couch the cream of America's crop. Hef appears in it with local fauna (above); at the Playboy Mansion West book party (inset), he greets Apollonia.



CAN WE TALK—ER, LAUGH?

The three-part 1985 *Girls of the Comedy Store* has plenty of laughs in store for viewers of The Playboy Channel. Above, Janice Hart, Melissa Harrison (left) and Shelley Werk (center) appear in a skit called "The Invasion of Joan Rivers."

The Man's Diamond.



She's always been a city girl, all high heels and low-cut gowns. Even when we bought the ranch, she kept an urbane sense of style. Like riding in a riding habit or giving me a diamond in the middle of nowhere. And that diamond looks as great in the city as it

does out here. What a gift. Bold. Handsome. Yet classic as a pinstripe suit. She has a way of making everything civilized.

The diamond ring shown above is just one of the exciting new designs in men's diamond accessories. For more men's gift ideas, send for the new 1985 booklet, "The Man's Diamond. The State of the Art," a 16-page collection of the latest in men's diamond jewelry. Just send \$1.25 to Diamond Information Center, Department DFM-C-PB, P.O. Box 1344, New York, N.Y. 10105-1344.

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GOOD AS GOLDIE

I was surprised and delighted to find Goldie Hawn gracing the cover of your January issue. Sensational! Thank you, PLAYBOY, for an absolutely winning *Interview* with the child woman I've been crazy about for 12 years now. All that glitters is Goldie.

Tom Harding
Saginaw, Michigan

Your January cover and *Interview* prove that Goldie Hawn is in a glass by herself. Cheers for a most exquisite cover shot!

Marsha Jean MacDonald
La Jolla, California

Goldie Hawn pees? What a classy lady! I'll bet William F. Buckley, Jr., doesn't. Next thing we know, you'll be telling us that Richard Nixon had a mommy.

Chuck Militello
Colorado Springs, Colorado

SESQUIPEDALIA

I suppose a 25-year-old recognizes an indisputable sign of advancing age when, after reading the intellectual offerings of William F. Buckley, Jr. (*Redefining Smart*, PLAYBOY, January)—a task that in earlier years was like chewing ground glass—he has the impulse to let his mind ride the ideas it has just perused. But because Buckley has so eloquently “redefined smart” for the PLAYBOY readership, a fraternity to which I happily belong, I found myself deliberating his subject while wandering through *Playboy's Bloopers, Boners and F**k-Ups*. As Buckley writes, “Man knows more and more while . . . individual men know less and less.” His disquieting theory would seem to foretell of future generations that—due to the effects of time's acting as a grand inhibitor against tapping into all there is to know—congregate in tribal communities. Each tribe would be identified not by ethnic heritage, religious posture or geographic location but by the specific cell of information

it has chosen to pursue and master. Intertribal relations might exist only where specific expertise in one area commingled with specific expertise in another. In more disturbing terms, it is conceivable that specialized-information tribes whose areas of expertise are opposed may be given to tremendous conflict, even war. A preposterous picture? Perhaps. But there are times when Buckley really gets one to thinking.

Byron L. de Arakal
Corona del Mar, California

When I was a youth, Buckley was a bit of a joke. People were amused to see him on talk shows, pencil in mouth, gesticulating to beat the band. All of a sudden—or maybe I'm just realizing it—he is now perceived to be one of the most intelligent people on earth. What happened? Is Buckley really more intelligent than, say, Heather Locklear? Personally, I would bet my Funk & Wagnalls that Locklear is just as intelligent as he. But why is Buckley *thought* to be so much more intelligent? One, he went to an Ivy League school; two, he's been on TV for a long time—his celebrity is unquestioned; three, he has his own TV talk show; four, he edits a magazine; five, he uses big words; and six, he dresses in a manner befitting our image of the truly intelligent—that old sloppy-preppie look that truly intelligent people affect. Now, why is Heather Locklear generally considered *not* to be among those in the higher echelon of the intellectual world? One, she's young; two, she's blonde; three, she doesn't write many magazine articles; four, she appears on a slurpy TV show; five, her name is Heather. Another factor to consider is that we *know* Buckley better. During all his decades of appearing on talk shows and writing articles, he has been visible longer. Who, however, is to say that Locklear won't be the Wilhelmina Buckley of the 2020s? Is there any substantive reason to

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believe that Buckley's I.Q. is higher than Locklear's? Has he satisfactorily redefined smart? Hey, is Homer nodding? If so, is he nodding yes, no or off?

Gary Ferguson
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

ROCK CANDY

I love rock 'n' roll, and the pictorial *The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll* (PLAYBOY, January) is a sight for sore eyes. Seeing my favorite stars as I have never seen them before is unbelievable. There's only one problem: Pamela Stonebrook is not Lita Ford.

Todd Reid
New York, New York

Terrific pictorial on *The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll*. It's about time, ladies and dudes. But you blooped; you fucked up. The girl you identify at center right on page 104 as Pamela Stonebrook is, in fact, another L.A. rocker, Lita Ford (she's the only one I know of with EAT ME on the fret board of her guitar).

Bill Fury
Pomona, California

*Right you are, Ford fans. We regret the f**k-up.*

BLOOP HIT

*Playboy's Bloopers, Boners and F**k-Ups* (January) is thoroughly enjoyable. But there's one thing about this humorous pictorial that puzzles me. How can all those Playmates purposely look fucked-up and at the same time still be the most glamorous, alluring and desirable women in existence?

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

Your January issue is devastating. Not only is it intellectually stimulating (as usual), it is something close to an erotic masterpiece. *Playboy's Bloopers . . .* proves that the Playmates are incredible to behold even when a given picture isn't the "take." And any pictorial with Patricia Farinelli in it is a true public service.

Mike Drumm
Denver, Colorado

Hallelujah! The ground hog has landed! I thought I was over the hill, around the bend, too old to cut the mustard, until I saw *Playboy's Bloopers, Boners and F**k-Ups*. I haven't felt so hot-cha-cha-doo-dah since I read your magazine underground 32 years ago (the "authorities" had determined that PLAYBOY was hazardous to my health; I ignored them). Gail Stanton's expression is so perfect, I had to kick my pickup truck and howl. Thank you *mucho*!

Bill Loren
Rockville, Maryland

JOAN'S TONE

After I had admired so many bronzed Playmates in your centerfolds, it was quite a change for me to see Miss January,

Joan Bennett, and her breath-taking peaches-and-cream complexion. Almost unnoticeable swimsuit lines, too. And wonderful photography, posing, props, make-up and hair styling. Miss Bennett owns the most perfectly proportioned figure I've seen in years.

Dale A. Wood
Little Rock, Arkansas

I can't think of a more delightful way to start a new year than with such a lovely Playmate as Joan Bennett. Thanks to Joan, PLAYBOY and photographer Richard Fegley.

Mark Jackson
Searcy, Arkansas

COED FEVER

We are Amherst College students who thoroughly enjoy your magazine. We particularly enjoyed PLAYBOY's guide to girls' schools, *Where the Girls Are Today*, in the January issue. We would, however, like to point out a couple of errors: It is easy to distinguish between Smith and Mount Holyoke women at Amherst parties. The correct saying is "Smith to bed, Holyoke to wed and Amherst to talk."

The Men of Delta Upsilon
Amherst College
Amherst, Massachusetts

It is a rare occasion, indeed, when your magazine is littered with distortions. Unfortunately, *Where the Girls Are Today* gives Wells College of Aurora, New York, a superior rating. Authors Seth Rachlin and George Van Hooissen write, "These girls don't just want you to visit, they want you to come back." One quiet Friday night, nine of us piled into a rented station wagon to attend a Wells dance party, hoping to spice up our weekend. Our evening lasted but two hours. Ivy League schools are not known for luscious coeds, but coming back to Cornell that night was like returning to paradise. What we found at Wells was a collection of obese, sickly girls and a dance floor filled with middle-aged grease monkeys. Sure, we could have gotten lucky in that good old collegiate way, but with *what*? The rating bestowed upon Wells by your review as a "place we'd like to roll up to late some Friday night" is a gross misrepresentation of a worn-out, vile school patrolled by a lone 90-year-old night watchman and attended by an assortment of hideous girls ridden with contagious social diseases.

The Men of Zoo Hall
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

We've given that night watchman your address, men. He'll be coming around one night soon, and he won't be alone.

IN MEMORIAM

Thank you for one last look at the great works of Patrick Nagel (*Patrick Nagel*, PLAYBOY, January). I'm sure Alberto Vargas would have been very flattered with the comparison that you made

between him and Nagel. I was really touched by this special gift from PLAYBOY and Pat.

Russell C. Smith
Mansfield, Texas

Pat Nagel's death marks the end of a living legend, one I had envisioned flourishing long into the 21st Century. Nagel's monthly drawings in PLAYBOY captured contemporary women in a unique, high-tech atmosphere of sensuousness. The simplicity of his lines, combined with his dramatic use of color, lent a personal quality to his paintings that was often imitated but never equaled. As a fellow PLAYBOY contributor, I was fortunate enough to meet Pat several years ago. We developed a special friendship, one that I will cherish forever. Pat's untimely death came as a terrible shock to all of his friends. He was a beautiful person, a rare human being who brought a tranquil feeling into the lives of all he knew. We will miss him forever. Pat left us with a legacy—his beautiful women, who have decorated the pages of PLAYBOY for almost a decade. Thank you for sharing his talent with the world.

Charles Martignette
Boston, Massachusetts

ART IMITATES ART

I am a native American artist/craftsman specializing in the innovative use of traditional techniques. Enclosed is an example of some of my recent work, inspired by your centerfold of Victoria Cooke in your August 1980 issue. My works are executed in traditional techniques of beadwork and, as you may have guessed, require no small expenditure of time and energy. I just wanted to thank you for the inspirational subject matter.

Marcus Amerman
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

We appreciate the time and energy, Marcus, and you were faithful to your subject

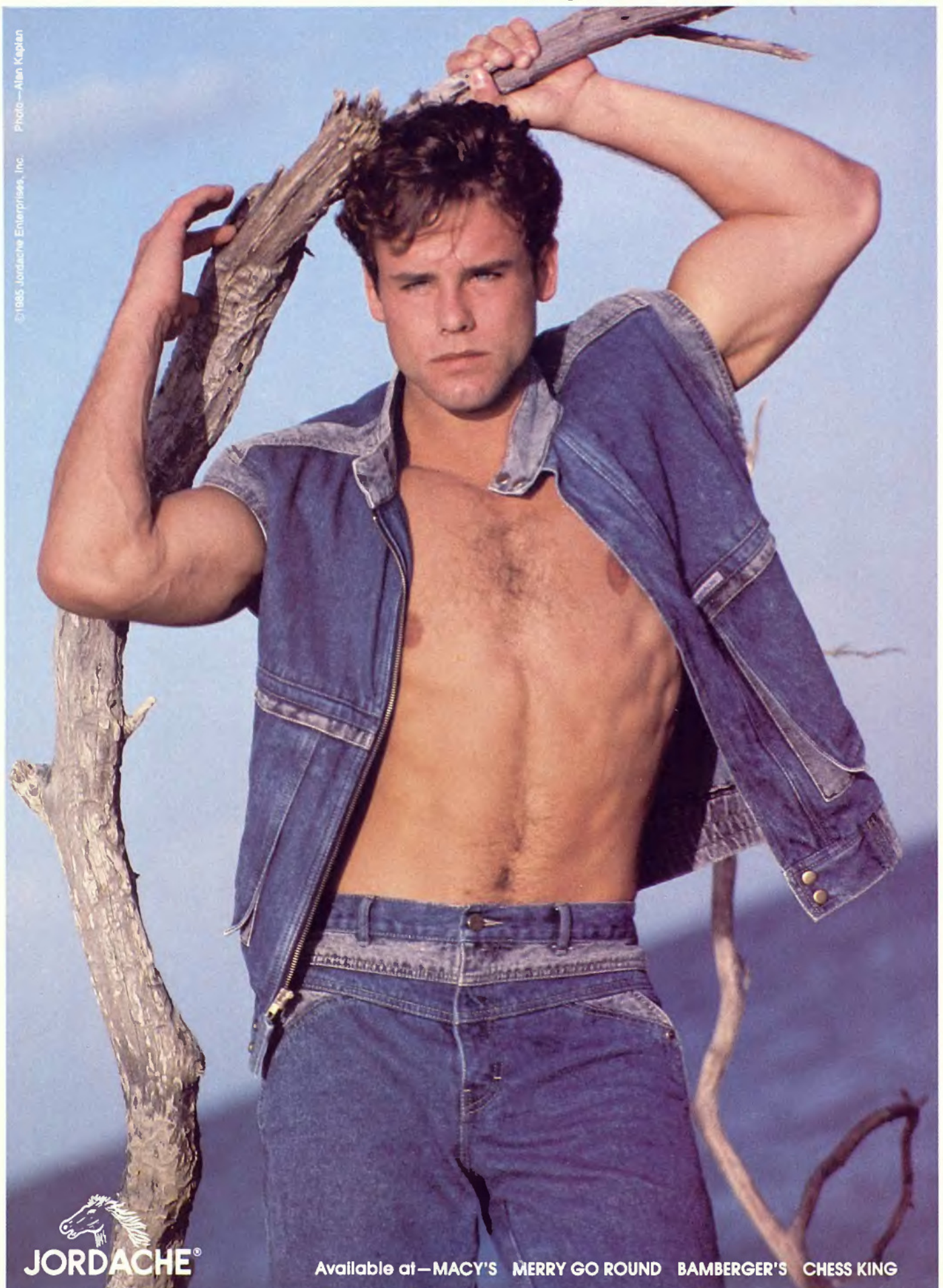


matter. It must have been a temptation to give Victoria beady little eyes.



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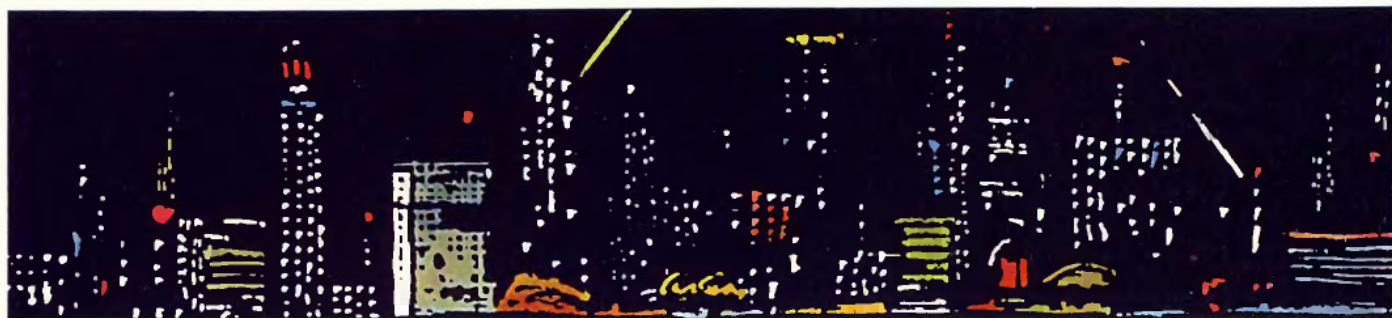
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*Share the warmth of B&B
the delicate balance of Benedictine
and fine Brandy.*



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

The Government sacrifices innocent dummies in safety crash tests, but according to *The New York Times*, the dummies get blown to smithereens in racial harmony. Remember the remote-control airplane slammed into the desert in order to test its flame-retardant fuel mixture? The one that exploded into a giant fireball? From a special to the *Times*, we learn that technicians routinely installed the first batch of dummies in the forward cabin. These dummies were all white, unlike the next batch, made by a different manufacturer, which were all black. The black dummies were strapped into the rear of the plane until someone realized that news photos of the interior during the crash might appear racially imbalanced. So the seating pattern was changed. "We switched because of a potential perception," said a Government spokesman, thereby affirming our national commitment to treating all dummies as equal, regardless of race, creed or color.

Larry Nudelman, a nuclear-power-plant electrician, thought his co-workers needed a little morale boost in the morning, so he piped the *Mister Rogers* theme song over the plant's P.A. system every day for three months. And what did he get for his troubles? Fired. Plant officials were particularly irked when he amped "It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood..." during a practice disaster drill.

South Carolina's *The State* and the *Columbia Record* let the following slip through its classified ads: "Secretary. Several positions with top co. Fuck your way to the top!"

Slow times in Maine: When a motorist complained to the Fort Fairfield police that there was a chicken in his parked car,

the police arrested it. They booked the chicken, "C. Little" of Main Street, on charges of criminal trespass, criminal mischief, public indecency, assault on an officer and littering. At the station, officers even ran a tape recording of C. Little's being read its rights.

The line forms at the rear. *The Daily of the University of Washington* at Seattle ran this special notice: "Earn \$16/hour. Healthy males needed to be demonstration patients for physician-assistant students at University of Washington learning to perform male-genitalia and rectal exams."

The N.B.A.'s seven-foot superrookie Akeem Olajuwon has a big brother named Kaka back home in Nigeria. It goes without saying that Kaka, who helps run the family's cement business, takes no shit about his name. He never became a basketball player, though, possibly because

no play-by-play man would announce, "There's Kaka on the floor tonight."

For those who can't get enough of Nigerian-name trivia, the name Olajuwon translates to "always being on top." We wonder if Susan Brownmiller follows pro basketball.

OUR KIND OF TOWN

Chicago's politics aren't different from any other city's. Just more candid. For instance, in a recent skirmish in our council wars—the epic struggle between Mayor Harold Washington and the majority bloc of aldermen over how to control the looting of the city treasury—opposition alderman Edward Burke scolded the administration for spending \$25,000 to have 60 city executives take a weekend est seminar. Burke declared the est outing "a municipal joke," because "people crawl around on the floor and growl at one another and abuse each other verbally and call each other obscene names. They could have saved the money and come to a city-council meeting."

It almost spoils the fun when we explain that the word refers to a series of miniature scenes based on the Christmas story, but the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* wrote about how "PUTZ COVERS 30 CHRISTMASSES."

Low-rider fashion from the Belmont, California, *Carlmont Enquirer-Bulletin*: An indecent-exposure suspect was described as a "white male adult with dark hair and wearing blue jeans around his ankles."

Hasbro Industries—creator of the famous G.I. Joe doll series—apparently didn't have its head on straight when it labeled its newest fighting guy, Zartan the Enemy, an "extreme paranoid schizophrenic." The Indiana Mental Health Association went crazy when it discovered





SO YOU WANT TO BE A MONK

PLAYBOY's Guide to Where the Action Isn't

If your M.B.A., J.D. or Ph.D. in computer science isn't giving you the satisfaction you thought it would, you may be ready for something completely different. Perhaps it's time to contemplate committing yourself to the monastic life. Wait. Consider the advantages: You receive guaranteed lifetime—and postlifetime—security. You enjoy the companionship of fellow men who aren't trying to date your girl. With this guide, you can make the world your cloister.

CHARTERHOUSE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION, ARLINGTON, VERMONT. Men between the ages of 21 and 45 who have liberal-arts backgrounds, a working knowledge of Latin and an ability and/or desire to sing are eligible to become Carthusians. The Charterhouse offers each choir monk a four-room duplex cell and garden for exercises both corporeal and spiritual.

IMMACULATE HEART HERMITAGE, BIG SUR, CALIFORNIA. Although ordinary postulants inhabit hexagonal cells overlooking the Pacific Ocean, Immaculate Heart offers advanced reclusion programs in which anchorites live in remote forests, see other hermits but a few times a year and speak only to their prior and confessor. Candidates need "a foundation of mental balance and reasonable maturity," and applicants with "a dislike of people, a strong fear of facing the challenges and responsibilities of life, a tendency to moodiness" haven't a prayer of getting in.

PENDLE HILL, WALLINGFORD, PENNSYLVANIA. This Quaker institution functions as a halfway house for temporary seekers of every faith. On a refurbished farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia, students experience the friendly persuasions of Quaker life—equality, simplicity, community, harmony—during sojourns of one day to 12 months.

LAMA FOUNDATION, SAN CRISTOBAL, NEW MEXICO. The Sixties survivors who constitute this coeducational, nondenominational community in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains call themselves Lama Beans and can take a joke because "humor crops up between the plants we're so seriously tending." They live in A-frames and under domes, and they earn their daily bread by silk-screening Tibetan prayer flags, publishing spiritual tomes and conducting awareness seminars.

ORDER OF SAINT PAUL THE HERMIT, CZESTOCHOWA MONASTERY, DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA. To join this Bucks County branch of a Polish mother house, you must have at least average intelligence, three endorsements of your good moral character and a copy of your parents' marriage certificate. Monks endure daily conscience examinations and several yearly "white fasts" (no meat or dairy products). The order was founded in 1215 in honor of a hermit

who had subsisted in the Egyptian desert for 90 years on palm fruit and bread morsels delivered by a friendly raven.

SIDDHA MEDITATION ASHRAM, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA. A reborn hotel in one of Oakland's more humble neighborhoods serves as the West Coast ashram for followers of the late Swami Muktananda Paramahansa, who had counseled such disparate pilgrims as Jerry Brown, John Denver, Werner Erhard, Diana Ross, Marsha Mason and Carlos Castaneda. This coed community has no dress regulations and requires no vows; most residents leave for day jobs after the morning rendition of the 182-verse *Guru Gita*.

CAMALDOLESE HERMITS OF THE CONGREGATION OF MONTE CORONA, HOLY FAMILY HERMITAGE, BLOOMINGDALE, OHIO. There is no monkey business whatsoever in this purely contemplative—no-work, all-pray—order in which monks leave their cells only for liturgy and enjoy the sort of peace, quiet and unbroken solitude that even a Garbo would envy.

DAI BOTSU ZENDO, LIVINGSTON MANOR, NEW YORK. Full-time Zen monks and weekend seekers mingle, meditate, eat vegetarian meals, take hikes, boat, swim—but do not fish—in a verdant Catskill Mountain setting undisrupted by even the sound of one hand clapping.

FÉCAMP ABBEY, FÉCAMP, FRANCE. Each day in the life of these Benedictines begins at five A.M. and includes Continental breakfast at 8:15, such white-cowl work as writing, study and administration in the morning, manual labor in the afternoon, free time after supper and lights out at 8:30. Where do they find time to make the renowned liqueur that bears their name? They don't. Although the Fécamp Benedictines invented the drink in 1500, since the mid-1800s it's been produced by a profane distiller with no connection to the righteous brothers.

ABBAYE DE BOQUEN, BRITTANY, FRANCE. Although this Cistercian order can comfortably lodge up to 120 visitors at a time, it is not proper to refer to them as Tourist Trappists. Guests who wish to sample continence on the Continent may participate in all regular monastic activities, including house cleaning, potato picking, yoga lessons, sexuality seminars and nightly postprandial sing-alongs.

—THEODORE FISCHER

the wording, claiming that it misrepresented the mentally ill. Hasbro halted production of the doll, changed the wording and will make an unspecified donation for mental-health research. We think the situation is well adjusted.

Our favorite opening gambit: *The Wall Street Journal* reports that Bobby Fischer was invited to play in the chess Olympics in Greece. Fischer demanded—and was refused—\$1000 simply to open the letter.

Is there sex in outer space? The Fort Myers, Florida, *News-Press* thinks there may be, judging from its headline about our space shuttle: "DISCOVERY CLOSES IN FOR SNATCH."

LONG LIVE THE OFFICE

Megatrendists keep telling us that the office as we know it is going to disappear when computers *really* take over, and we've been thinking about remote work stations' replacing our well-lived-in sanctuaries. The possibility doesn't sit so cheerily with us. Sure, our office isn't like most, with the hot tub in the conference room, the comings and goings of Playmates, the camaraderie of putting out the best magazine on the planet. But there are parallels between what we do here and what you do wherever your office is.

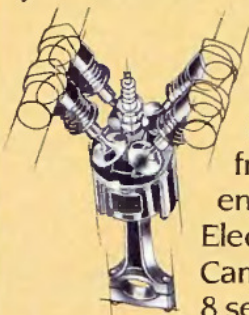
Here are a few of the advantages of having an office. One, you have someplace to go to in the morning and leave from in the evening. That's always a good thing. Next, you get to go out for lunch as you like it, whether it's saucy Italian, gourmet French or onion rings and a beer. And you get to go with a wide variety of companions—many more than you might find around your work station. On the financial side, you have a range of people from whom you can borrow—or extort—money. Even more important, offices are known to contain women—to look at, talk to, fantasize about, flirt with or start the relationship of a lifetime with. Find *that* at your computer screen.

Who's going to say you're out when you're in at your remote station? And what happens to office politics? And those delicious office rumors? What good is a power office when you can't tell what kind of desk the computer is sitting on? An office provides you with first-class mail and telephone services, and at Christmas, you can sneak an occasional tetrahedron-shaped package into the outgoing stream. Worth mentioning is the fact that you are automatically on the hotline for the office joke *du jour*. The coffee supply is endless, if not always good, and there's always someone willing to talk about outrageous ballplayer salaries on days when the work won't come. When you think about it from the right perspective, the office is one of the marvels of the postindustrial age. Let's not screw it up.

INTRODUCING THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR*

*"Playmate of the Year" used with permission of Playboy Enterprises Inc.

For the drive of your life, put a playmate in your life that's responsive and aggressive—like the all-new MR2.



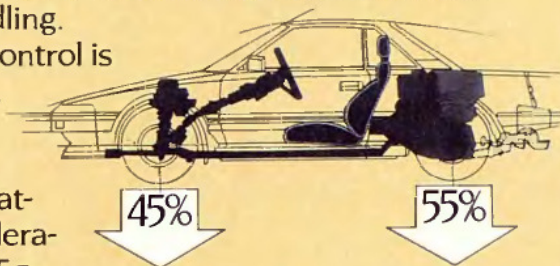
Be selfish for a change. Climb into this swift 2-seater and feel the power that surges from its racetrack-proven TC-16 engine. This 4-valve-per-cylinder Electronically Fuel Injected Twin Cam can fly you from 0-60 in 8 seconds. Flat.

Hold the leather-wrapped tilt steering wheel, find a corner, take it and discover how this low-center-of-gravity beauty holds the road. And watch the tachometer redline, *redline*, at 7,500 rpms.

The mid-engine design of the MR2 gives you excellent front/rear weight distribution (45%/55%). Its rack-and-pinion steering, four-wheel fully independent suspension with front and rear stabilizer bars and gas-filled shocks provide outstanding responsiveness and handling.

"The control is superb... a real driver's car."† Its lateral

acceleration of .85g, along with high performance 185 x 60HR14 steel belted radials on special light alloy wheels

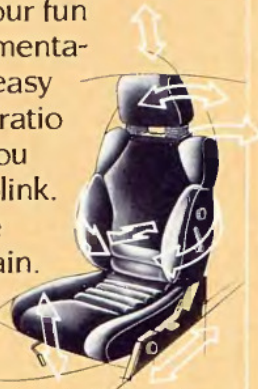


MR2

combine to deliver superb cornering. For precision stopping, MR2 is also equipped with 4-wheel disc brakes with ventilated front rotors.

Nothing gets in the way of your fun in the cockpit, either. Full instrumentation, meticulously arranged for easy reading, is coupled with a close-ratio 5-speed transmission that lets you shift about as quick as you can blink. It's all there. So you'll never have to reach or look for anything again.

Settle into the body-gripping 7-way adjustable driver's Sport Seat. Ask for the moonroof, and get a great way to watch the sky fly by. For music there's an AM/FM/MPX stereo



OH WHAT A FEELING! TOYOTA

system. When you add the electronically-tuned AM stereo/FM/MPX stereo receiver, including auto-reverse cassette with Dolby,* you get sound that's better than most home systems.

Let challenging curves come at you. Let nonstop straightaways invite you. In the all-new MR2 the fun is back—without sacrificing dependability or affordability.

You knew your turn was coming.

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

TOYOTA'S ALL-NEW
16-VALVE MID-ENGINE SPORTS CAR.
THE FUN IS BACK!



MR2

NAKED LADIES

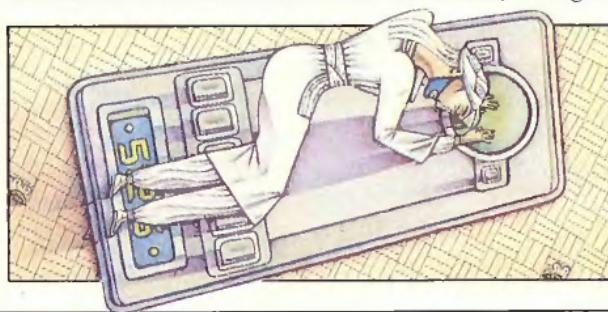
COLORING BOOK



Lynda Barry is one of those cartoonists who don't necessarily make you laugh; but sometimes, she'll make you smile. In *Naked Ladies* (The Real Camel Press), her coloring book, she draws women and also tells you what it's like to grow up and become one. Read with a crayon set.

G I Z M O

Think of it as Mohammed's microprocessor. The Prayer Times Clock looks like a calculator, and it helps devout Moslems who travel or who live in non-Moslem countries turn toward Mecca to pray at the proper times of the day. The problem had been twofold: knowing the precise hour for the prescribed five daily prayer sessions (dawn, noon, afternoon, sunset and night) as determined by the angle of the sun above and below the horizon at Mecca; and knowing just where Mecca lay in relation to home base. The device allows you to call up the right times in 200 major cities. It also has a removable compass that shows the route to Mecca from any other point. It costs \$60 and is available from Lockheed-Getex in Atlanta, Georgia.



W O R D S T A R S

We asked Randall "Tex" Cobb—boxer, actor, full-contact karate-kick boxer—to take us on a tour of the talent that has passed through the ring in recent years. Here he shares with us his highly arbitrary review:

Tommy Hearns is a good technician, works real hard, fast hands, punches well. He's got a lot of physiological features—like being tall and skinny—that help. It's like being seven feet tall in the N.B.A.

Ken Norton is a good guy. We played together. He fought a very clean fight. I enjoyed his company. And he's got the kind of body that I'd kill him for, for just dressing next to me.

Earnie Shavers. The Lord made everybody; then He said, "Now I'm gonna make Earnie Shavers. And I'm gonna put in extra punching power." He's a real class guy, which is rare in this sport. He hits harder than anyone alive. If I find someone who hits harder, I'm gonna shoot him.

Marvin Hagler is probably, pound for pound, the finest fighter ever. He has absolutely every angle covered. He's left-handed and right-handed. He works incredibly hard. Hagler makes me glad I weigh 220 instead of 160.

Leon Spinks is a purist. Without question, he is the ultimate "Fuck you" fighter. You need a whole lot of that to be effective. You've got to say "Fuck you" to pain, to being tired, to the other guy in the ring. You've got to be able to say "I don't care. Let's go at it right now." Unfortunately, that doesn't work real well in *society*. But Leon isn't a backward street kid. He's a beautiful guy, man to man. You can't find no better partier. Leon told the rest of the world, "Hey,

baby, I made it my way. I got to the championship doing what *Leon* wants. And *I* am *Leon*. So if Leon wants to get drunk and drive the wrong way down a one-way street in somebody else's car, well, fuck you. If you don't like it, then *motherfuck* you." Leon's great.

Michael Spinks has more social skills than Leon. He tries to encourage more of society's respect and admiration. Good heart. Good chin. Fast hands.

Michael Dokes is a lot of fun. His hands move at warp nine. Probably the fastest guy in the division.

Michael Weaver is one of the few honest fighters I know. He says, "I don't like to get hit. I don't like to hit nobody. I don't like to train. I like the money. I like the fame." Got to give it to Mike for honesty.

Roberto Duran is one of my all-time favorites. I can guarantee you that he is one of the most intense individuals

alive. Because he don't care. There's a certain fire in his eyes. He's one of those who will go against all odds. He took a lot of shit for quitting in the Leonard fight, but fuck all of them who say it was rigged. There is only one guy who knows what really happened: Duran. Me and everyone else is just guessing. Duran wasn't scared of Leonard.

Larry Holmes once said to me, "Six years after you started, you were going 15 rounds with me. Of all the guys who have done that, none but you was going forward." I'd love to get into the ring with him again, but Larry told me no.

Gerry Cooney is the product of an incredible marketing program. Please understand, I'm for anyone who can make \$10,000,000 and not bleed. God love him. I would give anything this side of heaven to get the boy in the ring with me.



HEAD TALK

VOLUME 1
ORAL SEX INSTRUCTION
Flash Cards Designed to Teach the Novice and Habitually Slow Learner

Head Talk is here—hot off the press! An innovative approach to oral sex instruction. The step-by-step directions are easy to understand. Technical jargon is avoided. The words are geared to a layman's understanding. The illustrations provide a necessary visual aid—designed to handle the imagination and whet the appetite!

Don't Let "Going Down" Get You Down!!! Be the first on your block to overcome women's frigidity—you may have it and not know it or have it and not know what to do about it. These days are over! Head Talk is here!!!

Use Your Head And His! Head Talk is a unique learning experience. It teaches not only the fundamentals, but also ways of avoiding the potential pitfalls that can and do arise. These cards cover a lot of territory—and you can too!

Head Talk is here—hot off the press! An innovative approach to oral sex instruction! The step-by-step directions are easy to understand.



MASTERFUL

UFF DIVING

SEX INSTRUCTION
Tips & Encouragement
Student Diver

"Place The Face" is not a game created to help you read people in your past. It's directional guidance geared to put your mouth exactly on target. An absolute must for a successful diver!

The "Oral Aerobics Program" is a practical, easy-to-master work-out regime designed to do away with limp lips, slack jaws and tired-tongues. All this and much more inside!!!



COFFEE-TABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

A lot of people talk about oral sex, but not many do anything about it. Bella Maydele (55 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California 94104) is not one of the latter group. Her two tasteful, easy-to-read guides take the worry out of being close. You may want to put your money (\$6.95 each) where your mouth has been.

B A C K T A L K

LINDA ELLERBEE ON THE SECRETS OF THE NEWSROOM

WHO ARE THE CUTE NEWSMEN?

Who are cute and who are sexy? I've never really thought of them as sexy. I can tell you the ones who are really good. All right, Irving R. Levine is cute. Irving R. Levine is *very* cute.

WE SEE YOU FROM THE WAIST UP.

WHAT GOES ON FROM THE WAIST DOWN?

Very little. I tap my foot from time to time when I'm reading. Most times, I'm wearing jeans and sneakers or cowboy boots or very warm socks. It's cold in the studio; they keep it cold for the equipment. Sometimes I wear long underwear under my jeans. No, I've never had just my underwear on from the waist down. Actually, we don't exist from the waist down. There's nothing there under the desk.

WHEN IS NEWS NO LONGER NEWS?

When it's *Entertainment Tonight*.



Finally, a use for the personal computer. To help you ease the pain of learning Lotus 1-2-3 or some maddeningly difficult word-processing program, stick FISHIES into your Apple II and turn it into an aquarium. You'll see swordtails, angelfish, goldfish, sea horses, tiger barbs and diamond fish swim past your screen. FISHIES is available through Harper & Row and costs \$15—and best of all, you'll never have to clean out the tank.

H E L P F I L E

SIMPLE STEPS FOR NOT MAKING DECISIONS

- Listen carefully to the question, proposition or list of alternatives. This is the easiest step, because you don't have to do anything except appear interested.
- Request that the question, proposition or list of alternatives be repeated. Slowly. Chances are, the questioner will have no idea what you're up to. Make sure you smile.
- Stall for time. This is an essential part of the process, one you'll want to practice. This step provides the best

- opportunity to introduce an excuse. A favorite: "I'm sorry. I didn't hear you."
- Once again, request that the question be repeated.
- Consider the question, its implications and consequences. But don't consider them *too* seriously.
- Stall for more time. You'll need a breather. Try a little bit of flattery to divert the questioner's attention, something such as, "You haven't gained as much weight as Bob said you had."

- Apologize profusely for taking so long to decide. Be humble and self-deprecating. "I'm sorry I'm taking so long to decide, but I've never been good at anything—especially anthropology, bumper pool and making decisions."
- Stall for still more time. Delaying the inevitable is crucial. Say, "I don't know . . ." and stare off into space.
- Consider regrets that followed past decisions. Tell the anecdote about how miserable you were when you decided to join the late Junior Weatherby when he went alli-

- gator hunting during tennis camp in Florida.
- Deny that you're "just being difficult." Many people equate indecisiveness with crankiness. Insist that you're not being indecisive just to be contrary.
- Smile. Widely. Promise you'll come to a decision soon. It'll help to remember that promises were made to be broken.
- If the questioning party hasn't given up all hope that you'll make a decision, proceed with the most dramatic step: Leave the room.

John Moriarty provided the above. If you have advice on other subjects, send it to Help File. If we use it, you will receive \$300 in thanks.

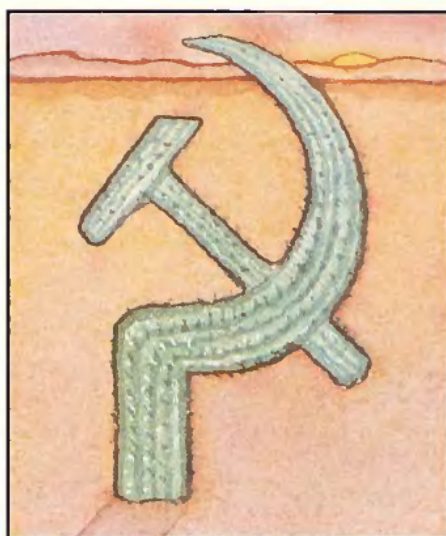
BOOKS

David Berkowitz. John Wayne Gacy. Ted Bundy. Jim Jones. Richard Speck. Famous names, famous wolves at the door. These five men have killed hundreds of innocents and, as Jack Levin and James Alan Fox's *Mass Murder: America's Growing Menace* (Plenum) makes clear in explicit detail, they have plenty of company. The rate of violent crime in the U.S. is falling, but multiple murder is on the rise. Why? Maybe there's a different set of reasons for every crazed killer out there. Levin and Fox present a well-crafted, well-written overview of a complicated subject, but no one has yet answered the most intriguing questions: Why are Americans so accomplished at lone-wolf brutality? And why do those crimes so fascinate the rest of us? Maybe it's because Americans like almost anything grand, even if it's Guignol.

You can't help liking William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, spy hero Blackford Oakes. He is so much like his creator, they must find each other great company. In *See You Later Alligator* (Doubleday), Oakes is sent by President Kennedy to work out with Ché Guevara a deal ending the U.S.' economic blockade in exchange for a promise to contain communism in the hemisphere to Cuba. But *Alligator* really doesn't have to be about anything. It is shamelessly chatty, erudite, intellectually naughty, a diverting entertainment. It is, of course, really about the way Buckley rewrites the history he has read about and witnessed. And does he have fun doing it.

It would be hard to claim John le Carré as undisputed master of the spy novel after reading Len Deighton's *Mexico Set* (Knopf). Last time we saw Deighton's beleaguered hero Bernard Samson, his wife had just defected to Moscow; it seems she'd been a K.G.B. agent throughout their marriage. In *Mexico Set*, his wife, now on the other side, is leading the charge to get him discredited. She learned from him how to be very clever about it. Samson himself is out to turn his wife's chief assistant, a hardened K.G.B. agent. The book shuttles from Mexico to Berlin to London, and Samson has to dodge his wife's persistence, London Central's political infighting and the very shifty young wife of his lifelong friend Werner. The real pleasure of *Mexico Set* is its conflicted and thoughtful hero: Samson is the kind of person who *should* be protecting our fragile freedoms.

Ed McBain usually tells stories about New York City's 87th Precinct police, but in his newest novel, *Snow White and Rose Red* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), he switches venue and goes to Florida with lawyer Matthew Hope. Hope is trying to



Mexico Set: prickly spy thriller.

Deighton's British spy copes with an ex-wife in the K.G.B.; McBain shuttles to Florida.



Snow White and Rose Red: out of the 87th.

spring his wealthy client Sarah Whittaker from a country-club mental hospital. Sarah claims that her mother stashed her away to get at the daughter's money; her mother and doctor say that Sarah is totally bonkers. Is Sarah crazy or isn't she? You'll figure it out after reading two thirds of the novel, but seeing McBain weave together all the loose ends is still fun.

Once you've read Andrew Tobias' *Money Angles* and Benjamin J. Stein's *Financial Passages*, you may think you have everything you need to make your financial bed and sleep in it, too. Wrongo,

junk-bonds breath. Chet Currier, who covers Wall Street for the Associated Press and writes that wire service's "On the Money" column, offers *The Investor's Encyclopedia* (Franklin Watts) to round out your financial library. Currier systematically reviews 77 investment possibilities from A (annuities) to Z (zero-coupon bonds), in each case providing a concise description of the vehicle, telling how to get information about it and advising on its capital-gain and income potential, risks, disadvantages, liquidity and consequent tax impact. He also includes strategic investment indexes that let you chart how your investments perform in meeting their goals.

Better yet, the *Encyclopedia* is being supplemented yearly with an *Investor's Annual*, a permanent record of market performance listing the 52 weeks' highs and lows for all stocks, bonds, Government securities and mutual funds. We've seen only the bound galleys of this book, and we hope the publishers will produce an especially sturdy hardback. Our copy is already showing considerable wear.

BOOK BAG

The Sixties Papers: Documents of a Rebellious Decade (Praeger), by Judith Clavir Albert and Stewart Edward Albert: The authors, both movement leaders in the Sixties, have assembled, for the first time under one cover, most of the important writing from the decade, with their own comments and analysis. To understand where we are now, we have to know where we were then. This is the book to get.

Beatle! The Pete Best Story (Dell), by Pete Best as told to Patrick Doncaster: Best, who was there before Ringo, got bounced out before the boys hit it big. He has a cross to bear, but a story to tell.

Doubting Thomas (Crown), by Robert Reeves: Thomas C. Theron is an English prof and a sleuth. He plays the ponies, solves a murder and lives through adventures in Boston's Combat Zone and at a free-love nudist camp. Take the ride.

Playing Hardball: The Dynamics of Baseball Folk Speech (Peter Lang), by Lawrence Frank: A dry, often naïve rendering of the intricacies of baseball talk, *Playing Hardball* gets interesting when Frank sticks to the terms themselves. The next time you see a creaky veteran strike out, remember to yell, "Get older!"

Satisfaction: The Rolling Stones 1965-1967 (St. Martin's): The photography of Gered Mankowitz, who first photographed the Stones when he was 18 and shot a couple of album covers and many wonderful candid moments. Buy it.


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You will notice another feature in this month's issue in which we suggest that Frank Sinatra is the biggest punk around. We were about to accuse him of being a heavy metalist, too, until we looked more closely and noticed that the fellow surrounded by Great White was Joe Piscopo.

DAVE TAKES A SOLO: Van Halen's lead singer, David Lee Roth, recently released a four-song EP called *Crazy After the Heat* (Warner)—the first solo effort from a member of the band. We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin to get Roth to explain what he could do alone that he couldn't do with Van Halen. Says Rensin: "We met at the group's Hollywood offices. Roth strutted in, wrapped in Ray-Bans and a high school letterman's jacket. He looked weathered, as if he had just returned from camping in the jungles of New Guinea—which, of course, he had. I let him do all the talking."

"The kind of music I'm doing on this is perfectly within the character of David Lee Roth, right up my alley in terms of my sense of humor and musical consciousness—which has never been the same as Edward's, Alex' or Michael's. Half of what's in my tape library is brass-based: Edgar Winter playing saxophones. Van Halen is sort of a generic rock unit, the purest of the pure, the most simplified of the purest. We like to create art within those parameters. I wanted to take it ten steps further and see what I could achieve with a big-band sort of sound. I also like to handicap myself a little bit so that the ultimate outcome is not quite so predictable. I know how to make a hit record, but I'd rather kind of follow my little vision here. After all, how can you achieve the impossible unless you attempt the absurd?"

"*California Girls* is certainly a national anthem and, more specifically, it's a Dave anthem. It sums up where my head has been musically and lyrically for quite some time. It's very positive and something you can take seriously as well as lightly. Also melodic. It bears a resem-

blance to the Beach Boys' version. I've always been convinced that the California sound is based on the early Beach Boys' harmonies—so I wanted to retain some of that instead of cutting it down to one synthesizer and a beat box. It's also the first single on the record and the first video—David Lee Roth and 23 of the most beautiful babes we could wrench out of Hollywood.

"Then there's the big brass sound of *Just a Gigolo*, by Louis Prima, who, to me, has always been—at least in personality and lifestyle—one of the original rock-'n'-rollers. The flip side is *Easy Street*, which is from Edgar Winter's past—another brass tune, sort of. I can imagine strippers taking to this song kindly. The last tune is *Cocoanut Grove*, the old Lovin' Spoonful thing, with the Eighties mix and the old Dave interpretation, which kind of changes the face of the song. It's not really a ballad, but I call it the first quiet song that I've ever done, the first I've ever had a feel for. There are a variety of session and studio people on it, the most flexible. No members of Toto, though. [Laughs] Of course, I've heard comments about this project, like, 'That's not terribly commercial, Dave' or 'That song's a little bit long, Dave.' But I had to do it. It's in my heart."

THE BOYS IN THE BAND: The newest British import is *Bronski Beat*, a product of the London gay-bar circuit. At the center of the two-thirds-Scottish trio is Jimmy Somerville, who claims that the singer he most wants to emulate is Connie Francis. His fellow electric funkies, Larry Steinbachek and Steve Bronski, discovered Somerville when he did an *a cappella* version of a self-penned tune, *Screaming*

(Jimmy's term for his own vocalizing), for an educational-TV show. Steinbachek and Bronski heard it, set the words to music, played it for the author, and the three agreed to collaborate further "for a laugh."

Nobody's laughing now, 18 months after their first exposure to the public at the Bell, a notorious gay bar in King's Cross. The Bronskis have beaten their way up the English charts by combining Somerville's high, piercing rock-'n'-roll tenor with hard-edged lyrics and the kind of driving disco wallpaper Giorgio Moroder would be proud to produce (he didn't; Mike Thorne did).

We won't promise you'll love it, but their first U.S. LP, *Age of Consent* (MCA), bears listening for, if nothing else, its oddness.

—BARBARA PEPE

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REPLACEMENTS: OK, guys, this is your last chance. We hoped after your first album, *Hootenanny*, that you'd soon develop a consistent style, because at your best you reminded us of the early Beatles. But after hearing your second album, *Let It Be* (Twin/Tone), on which your best song, *I Will Dare*, also sounds wonderfully Beatlesque, we've decided that you write too many songs that make our teeth hurt. Ain't nobody in your group got no *taste*? Musically speaking, boys, it's time to *grow up or die*. Maybe you should switch to light beer.

REVIEWS

Nik Kershaw's *The Riddle* (MCA) is rock disguised as *reggae*, and Kershaw's funny, down-to-earth lyrics are a surprise in such a setting. How can you dislike a guy who asks Don Quixote for advice or who says of his own status as a newborn rock-'n'-roll star, "He got no sense but he got money"? Kershaw sticks his head in the clouds long enough to make a plea to *Save the Whales*, and the title track is a whimsically enchanting march that makes no actual sense. But it also makes no sense that America hasn't yet discovered Kershaw.

Are we crazy to follow Malcolm McLaren everywhere he leads us? First The Sex Pistols, then Bow Wow Wow, later *Buffalo Gals* and now *Fans* (Island). In his own words, he is "marrying R&B and Puccini" here, and we like it. These outrageous reinterpretations of parts of *Madame Butterfly* and *Carmen* and other operas are breath-taking. McLaren's liner notes suggest that "the real business of fans is to attract attention." *Fans* has done that and more.

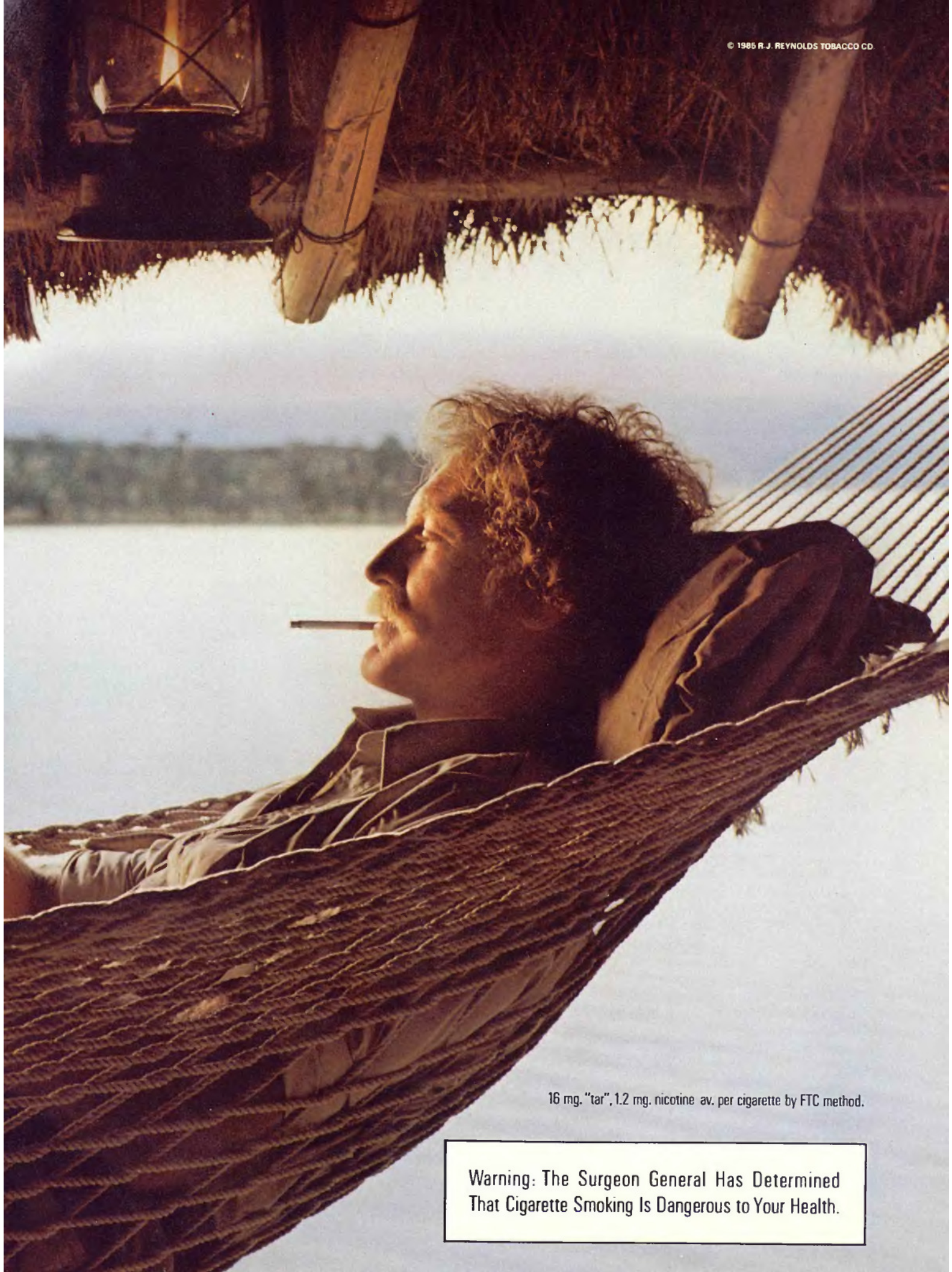
On their third album, *Hard Line* (Slash/Warner), The Blasters have again created some good old rock 'n' roll. The songs are new, but the style bears echoes of Chuck

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FAST TRACKS



TELL LAURA (OR ANYONE ELSE) YOU LOVE HER DEPARTMENT: Got any spare change? You'll need it for this one: Sakowitz, a Houston-based company, is offering a song, an album and a music video tailored to *you*. For \$7500, songwriter Jeff Barry will compose a tune for you; \$75,000 will get you a whole album; and if you've got an extra \$100,000, you'll get the video to go with it. Barry, who co-wrote such notable ditties as *Chapel of Love* and *Leader of the Pack*, will obviously consult with you for details before beginning the job. What a deal!

ROCK AND WRESTLING: Cyndi Lauper has another award to add to her growing collection: The World Wrestling Federation has honored her contributions to the sport, especially to women's wrestling. Her manager calls it "a very unique situation." We call it cute. She-bop!

REELING AND ROCKING: Plans are in the works to make a movie about the life of Otis Redding. Malcolm Leo, who did *This Is Elvis*, is set to produce it. . . . Morris Day is now under contract to 20th Century-Fox for three films. . . . Dolly Parton has written a movie, *Brass Angels*, which she'd like to make with old friends Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin. Parton has also expressed interest in starring in a TV movie based on the life of cosmetics mogul Mary Kay Ash. . . . Scandal, The Electric Light Orchestra, The Polecats and The Ramones are among the musicians contributing songs to a new rock movie called *Joey*, about a young rock singer's relationship with his father, a singer in a famous group from the Fifties. Onscreen performers include Screamin' Jay Hawkins, The Elegants and The Limelights. . . . Look for DeBarge in the Motown movie *The Last Dragon*, also starring Vanity.

NEWSBREAKS: The San Francisco Ballet's production of *King Lear*, with music composed by Stewart Copeland of The Police, has been set for April 16-21, if you happen to be in the City by the Bay. . . . Bill Wyman's autobiography, based on diaries kept for the past 23 years, will be ready to show publishers early in 1986. If you're looking for definitive info on The Stones, this will

probably be it. We know Mick can't bring himself to tell it like it was. . . . Other Wyman-related news: Willie and the Poor Boys, a.k.a. Wyman, Charlie Watts, Kenny Jones, Andy Fairweather Low et al., will be touring if their prior commitments allow. In any case, they plan to donate 25 percent of the world-wide profits from their album, *Up in Arms*, to Ronnie Lane's Multiple Sclerosis Research Organization. . . . Monument Records, former label of Kris Kristofferson, Roy Orbison and Dolly Parton, went belly up. Dolly's interested in buying the bankrupt company, but so are MTM Productions' music division and an Oregon investment group. . . . Remember we told you about Iron Maiden's trip behind the Iron Curtain? The entire tour was filmed and will be available for TV this year. . . . Madonna has planned her first tour, scheduled to begin about now in the Northeast, to coincide with the release of her movie we've been telling you about, *Desperately Seeking Susan*. . . . Nina Hagen plans to play Poland and Hungary, but East German officials have refused to allow her to return to her homeland. Hagen says, "Authorities are afraid people will talk to me, ask for my autograph and make a big commotion. They like peace and quiet, very boring peace and quiet." . . . Culture Club will be back in the States this month to tour cities west of the Mississippi. . . . Yes will have a one-hour video out this spring, produced by Charlex, the special-effects company that brought us that wonderful *Cars* video *You Might Think*.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Berry and Duane Eddy, with a country overlay that will remind you of Marty Robbins. The instrumental range of the band includes everything from concertinas to mandolins, and on three cuts, the background vocals are by the Jordanares, who make anything they touch worth the price of admission. Our favorite cut: *Hey Girl*.

With exceptions, country singers are a pretty fickle bunch who can't be trusted from one album to the next. One of those exceptions is Reba McEntire. *My Kind of Country* (MCA) is true to its title and to her Oklahoma background and can transform a Porsche into a pickup—musically speaking—for anyone genetically predisposed to enjoy an honest country voice and relatively traditional instrumentation. She's the mistress of melancholy performing on a small stage in a rural night club on the wet side of the county line, where you can buy 3.2 beer or bring your own bottle.

No, Sade is not the latest bondage-and-leather crunch bunch from Canada. It's pronounced *Shar-day*, and it's the Christian name of this English quartet's lead singer, Sade Adu. This Anglo-Nigerian's smooth and sensuous voice combines well with her songwriting partner Stuart Matthewman's caressing sax and guitar. *Diamond Life* (Portrait), Sade's first album, slithers permanently into the unconscious with such jazzy melodies as *Your Love Is King*, *Hang On to Your Love* and *Frankie's First Affair*. Choosing a favorite is hard, but we suspect that with a record like this, the answer to Sade's musical question *When Am I Going to Make a Living?* is "Now."

It's an old Nashville trick, but it works nearly every time: Team one old or new singer with one or more old or new singers and call it a historical musical event that justifies an album. With George Jones doing a collection of duets with Barbara Mandrell, Loretta Lynn, Brenda Lee, Janie Fricke, Leona Williams, Lacy J. Dalton, Deborah Allen, Terri Gibbs and a prepop Emmylou Harris (for old times' sake, presumably), how could it fail? In *Ladies' Choice* (Epic), any fan of traditional country gets the full spectrum of the best, old and new, with ol' George calling the tunes. The fact that he talked some of these ladies into doing classic Jones-style tavern songs must mean the girls really love him, just like everybody says.

John Conlee has a country voice distinctive enough that he ought to do more with it. *Blue Highway* (MCA) doesn't transport one to the American truck stop or roadside tavern or rural dance hall where musical simplicity can be enjoyed by local kickers and visiting slickers alike but more to the tacky night club on the edge of town where

low rollers wear plaid suits and try to get their ladies drunk. "Blue" mainly in the schmaltzy sense.

Clarinet Summit (India Navigation) indicates that the once primary jazz instrument could make a strong comeback. Covering the spectrum of styles—from traditional to swing to modern and avant-garde—this live concert recording by Alvin Batiste, John Carter, former Ellington stalwart Jimmy Hamilton and David Murray proves that the instrument, in the right hands, can cover a lot of ground and can swing impressively.

Danny Elfman's **So-Lo** (MCA) bears listening. He's new to us and has a cranky sense of melody that lies somewhere between accordion music and Brian Eno's ambient sound. His lyrics are a little hard-edged: A song called *Tough as Nails* takes a fellow to task for loving cars and women and violence and drinking. Sounds like Super Bowl Sunday.

By far the oddest record we've heard lately is **Alaska Hit Singles** (\$10, Box 707, Juneau, Alaska 99801). It's a collection of singles from Alaskan bands and an interesting curiosity. Plenty of homage is paid to the mush-mush motif, with such titles as *Get Up, Dogs*, *Polar Bear Stomp* and *Moonlight, Yukon and You*.

Another batch of Original Jazz Classics albums has been reissued, and the hot one this time is **Songs I Like to Sing** (Contemporary/Fantasy), featuring Helen Humes, who was popular in the late Thirties and made a comeback in the early Sixties. This LP was cut at that time and finds Humes in her finest hour, with awfully good material: *My Old Flame*, *Love Me or Leave Me* and *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*. We hope she knows we're still talking about her.

SHORT CUTS

The Android Sisters / Songs of Electronic Despair (Vanguard): The sisters are the invention of Tom Lopez, a synth wizard. The songs are satirical and goofy and succeed on as many levels as they fail.

Duran Duran / Arena (Capitol): Yes, we know you bought it for Christmas, but it's time to point out that the wild boys are always getting better. Good sampler for late-comers.

Tom T. Hall / Natural Dreams (PolyGram): Balladeering carried to its usual narrative extreme. Fun if you don't know him or aren't tired of the routine.

Lillo Thomas / All of You (Capitol): If you've met a new lady you'd like to invite to your apartment for dinner and dancing, put this album into the mix. About the time Lillo sings *I Like Your Style*, you could get lucky.



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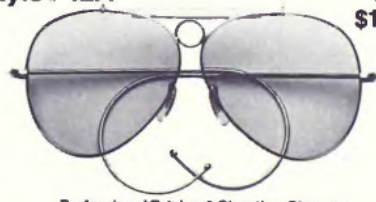
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By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DIANE KEATON channels her flakiness into a subtle, first-class performance as *Mrs. Soffel* (MGM/UA), which also marks a quiet triumph for Australian director Gillian Armstrong, proving here that her fine feminist saga, *My Brilliant Career* (1978), was no flash-in-the-pan success. The true story of a prison warden's wife who scandalized turn-of-the-century Pittsburgh when she left her husband and children and ran off with two condemned killers after helping them escape, *Mrs. Soffel* is a headlong romance that would be ridiculous if it were mere fiction. But you *will* believe, the way Keaton plays it, that a proper, deeply religious matron finds the gypsy in her soul awakened by a prisoner on death row. The way Mel Gibson plays the doomed Ed Biddle, with more appealing vulnerability than he's shown in any previous role, you'll also believe he is a celebrity jailbird who has lovelorn women lined up in the street to protest his innocence. Matthew Modine, as Biddle's brother, and Edward Herrmann, as the stolid Mr. Soffel, are equally fine, though the movie's major plus is the Keaton-Gibson chemistry—some sorely needed sizzle for a dark and downbeat tale of passion behind bars. **★★★**

Movie fanatics and incurable Woody Allen buffs are far likelier than anyone else to derive maximum enjoyment from Allen's weird, whimsical new comedy, *Purple Rose of Cairo* (Orion). The title comes from a movie within the movie, a typical Thirties romp in high society, all about witty rich people who explore Egyptian tombs and go to art-deco night clubs. And that is what's playing at the local Bijou in a dreary American town back in the great Depression. Just the ticket to trigger the fantasies of Cecilia (Mia Farrow), a drab young woman who's married to a womanizing lout (Danny Aiello), can't seem to handle her job as a waitress in a diner but finds glamor at the movies—like you, me, Woody and millions of others. What happens to Cecilia, though, is that one day the handsome hero of *Purple Rose* stops the action onscreen, steps out of the world of illusion and tells Cecilia that he's crazy about her. Which creates chaos at the box office as well as panic in the movie industry and raises the question "What is reality?" Soon a lantern-jawed matinee idol (a dual role drolly played, onscreen and off-, by Jeff Daniels, the diffident son-in-law of *Terms of Endearment*) comes to town. Like his stalwart screen persona, the star also falls head over heels in love with Cecilia, who's considerably perplexed by now, as a decent married woman already involved



Diane Keaton memorable in *Mrs. Soffel*, with Matthew Modine (left) and Mel Gibson.

Diane Keaton, Mel Gibson
heat up the screen;
don't sit *Dancing* out.

with a wonderful guy who's completely fictional. However, she notes, "You can't have everything."

With Allen in charge, *Purple Rose* has flashes of brilliance, plus ace performances by Farrow and Daniels—abetted by John Wood, Van Johnson and Edward Herrmann as several of the bitchy film actors stranded in mid-screen and steaming because they have to improvise their own dialog. Woody's problem, which eventually becomes an irritating one for the audience, is that this elaborate conceit is like a parlor trick by a man with virtually nothing to say. So Woody starts pulling rabbits out of a hat by making a movie about movies and moviegoers in movies and so on ad infinitum. Although the material has to be stretched pretty thin overall, I'd call *Purple Rose* a trivial pursuit brightened up nicely by inside jokes, savory showbiz clichés and other small surprises. **★★**

The actors are roughly twice as amusing as the gags they are given in *Johnny Dang-gerously* (Fox), a passable but sometimes flaccid send-up of Thirties gangster movies. Michael Keaton, in the title role, and Joe Piscopo as his nemesis—a rival crook named Vermin—appear to have a good time spitballing through a screenplay that four writers could not quite get together. Director Amy (Fast Times at Ridgemont

High) Heckerling shows some flair for satire, though, and *Johnny* is recommendable if only for Maureen Stapleton's sure-fire act as a movie mom who loves her son the hoodlum no less than she loves her son the prosecuting attorney. **★★½**

To put it simply, every running, twirling, toe-tapping foot of *That's Dancing!* (MGM) is pure delight. Well, let me qualify that. If you thrill to Fred and Ginger, Busby Berkeley's musical fantasies, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson teamed with tiny Shirley Temple, or any terpsichorean showstopper from Cyd Charisse to Zorina, from John Travolta to Michael Jackson, this short, snappy history of dance in cinema should prove to be one of 1985's most irresistible pleasures. There are lapses in the narrative flow, as well as several glaring omissions (where's Betty Grable?). But don't fight it. Gene Kelly, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Liza Minnelli are among the genial hosts recruited to lead the way down memory lane, pointing out any gems of musical nostalgia not previously dusted off for *That's Entertainment!* and its sequel. Trust me, one priceless bit of the Nicholas Brothers at their peak in *Down Argentine Way* (1940) makes Francis Coppola's costly *Cotton Club* look like unclaimed goods. **★★★★**

Page after page of earnest voice-over narration may clear up bits and pieces of *Dune* (Universal), an almost incomprehensible movie based on Frank Herbert's science-fiction classic set in the far-distant future. When the fancily costumed characters *do* speak, it's often in the hushed, reverent tones of travelers touring a great cathedral. Yet *Dune* is awesome mostly as a monument to conspicuous waste—a few

minutes of Sting in a heavily promoted minor role, plus a huge cast and so-called state-of-the-art special effects, some of which appear a shade less sophisticated than TV's vintage *Star Trek* wizardry. All ye faithful readers in a frenzy to see what director David Lynch hath wrought are apt to discover that he has used the spongy morass of his own *Eraserhead* to redevelop *Dune*. Go if you must. ♫

The big year is behind us, but 1984 (Atlantic) has arrived in a handsome, starkly beautiful British-made movie version of George Orwell's landmark satire. In his last major film, Richard Burton uses his sonorous vocal cords to stunning advantage as O'Brien, Big Brother's ruthless mind bender, who breaks the wills of the hero (John Hurt) and his girl, Julia (Suzanna Hamilton)—a couple with the temerity to write and think and have unauthorized sexual intercourse in a totalitarian state. Writer-director Michael Radford's hard-edged treatment makes 1984 harrowing, indeed, with an appropriately surreal musical score by the Eurythmics (the nearest thing to a take-home tune is *Sexcrime nineteen eighty-four*). Not quite the ticket for seekers of Saturday-night escapism, yet Orwell still packs a wallop. Brace yourself when Burton brings in the rats. ♫

Try this for screen chemistry: Katharine Hepburn and Nick Nolte. Cool your jets, because *The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley* (Cannon) is not a love story, at least not the kind we're used to. Hepburn plays a doddering old darling who feels she's had it with the lonely life in a low-rent Manhattan tenement. Nolte is the professional hit man whom she decides to hire as her own right-to-die prerogative—by taking out a contract on herself. Of course, the guy-and-grande-dame business between these two troupers works like a charm, and director Anthony Harvey (who steered Kate the Great toward her third Oscar for *The Lion in Winter*) whips it up until you may well feel you've got charm up to here. Do I need to tell you that Grace discovers new lust for life by helping other poor old wretches shuffle off this mortal coil? The moral implications of *Grace Quigley* may set Right-to-Life zealots back on their heels, yet who among them would dare to argue geriatrics with Hepburn? Too precious for my taste, but probably catnip for connoisseurs of May-December human comedy liberally laced with schmaltz. ♫

Capraesque is the word for *Protocol* (Warner), starring Goldie Hawn as a cocktail waitress who could be a direct descendant of James Stewart in Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*. Goldie, though, portrays a wide-eyed innocent who prevents a political assassination, becomes a



Hurt marks time à la Orwell.

John Hurt, the late Richard Burton and the Eurythmics team in a chilling 1984.

national media heroine, then finds some top-level Government bureaucrats pimping for the Middle Eastern emir whose life she has saved—if she'll become one of his wives, he'll permit a U.S. military base in his country. It's a nasty business but played for chuckles from a fitfully funny screenplay by Buck Henry, directed by Herbert Ross. Until the *Mr. Smith* speech that wraps everything up at the finale—flags waving and “we, the people” praised *ad nauseam*—Goldie wades through most of it with unstoppable *élan*. *Protocol* ultimately needs every ounce of *élan* she's got. ♫½

Any enlightened liberal already committed to the cause of gay liberation is sure to approve of *The Times of Harvey Milk* (Teleculture), a vivid and moving documentary directed by Robert Epstein and Richard Schmiechen. Milk, lest we forget, was the professed homosexual who won election to San Francisco's board of supervisors and was subsequently gunned down, along with Mayor George Moscone, by Dan White—a former cop, fireman and colleague on the board. Film clips and interviews with Milk's associates are shaped into an eloquent collage that is, alas, unlikely to be seen or appreciated by the people who need to learn that the late Harvey Milk was, first, a warm and funny and normal human being and, second, a passionate, effective politician who also

happened to be homosexual. Some of us hardly knew ye, Harvey. But it's high time we did. ♫

In *Maria's Lovers* (Cannon), Nastassja Kinski earns another service stripe as the most promising actress stalled in the least promising vehicles. John Savage, Robert Mitchum, Vincent Spano and Keith Carradine show up among her admirers under the direction of Andrei (Siberiade) Konchalovsky, who came from Russia with love to win the hearts of Hollywood. Konchalovsky still has a long way to go, on the dreary evidence here. *Maria's Lovers* dawdles over the plight of a World War Two veteran (Savage) who comes home to marry the girl of his dreams, then can't get it up because he loves her too much. Huh? You heard me. ♫

Out of Bondage to Ian Fleming for the nonce, Roger Moore is caught up in Sidney Sheldon's gilded trash, *The Naked Face* (Cannon). Adapter-director Bryan Forbes shot it in Chicago and probably should have left it for dead or for late-night television. Among the injured luminaries at hand for an altogether implausible Sheldon yarn about a shrink marked for murder are Rod Steiger, Anne Archer, Art Carney and Elliott Gould. ♫

The Middle East crisis is worsened by a well-meaning U.S. Ambassador to Israel (Robert Mitchum) in *Target Zone* (Cannon). As his restless wife, Ellen Burstyn is photographed nude abed with her handsome lover from the P.L.O. (Fabio Testi). As the Ambassador's chief security officer, Rock Hudson has his hands full. ♫

Heads roll and faint hearts tremble in *Zombie Island Massacre* (Troma), an unabashedly lurid little shocker about a busload of tourists being picked off, one by one, after a voodoo ceremony somewhere in the Caribbean. *Zombie Island's* featured attraction (with producer and co-star David Broadnax) is none other than Rita Jenrette, the sexy swashbuckler known for kicking up her heels in the Washington, D.C., follies (and in two apolitical PLAYBOY pictorials). Clearly a born survivor, Rita's among the last victims here, so her movie debut gives her time to establish an amiable, attractive screen presence that can hold attention without the fillip of headlined notoriety. Otherwise, ho-hum. ♫

Horror-film freaks could do worse than *A Nightmare on Elm Street* (New Line), a sort of Gidget movie recycled with buckets of gore and some spectacular, albeit sickening, special effects. Writer-director Wes Craven, already a cult favorite, offers outrageous superschlock that's Grand Guignol, guaranteed to make audiences stay awake. ♫

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Amadeus Madness set to music in Milos Forman's grand Mozart bio. **YYYY**

Beverly Hills Cop With Eddie Murphy, who never misses a beat. **YYY**

Birdy Up and away, then . . . oops. **YYY**

Blood Simple Less gory than it sounds but compelling from first to last. **YYYY½**

City Heat Clint and Burt as a crime-busting odd couple. **YYY**

The Cotton Club Coppola goes to Harlem, but who let in the weevils? **YY**

Dune (See review) Vast waste. **Y**

The Falcon and the Snowman American boys join Soviet spy ring. **YYYY½**

Fear City Psycho stalks strippers. Keep an eye peeled for Melanie Griffith. **YYY½**

The Flamingo Kid In the title role, Matt Dillon earns star billing. **YYY**

Johnny Dangerously (See review) Gang-war games with Piscopo, Keaton. **YYY½**

Maria's Lovers (See review) Alas, Nastassja. **YY**

Mrs. Soffel (See review) Jailbird woos the warden's wife. **YYY**

The Naked Face (See review) Roger Moore flails gamely through a flop. **Y**

A Nightmare on Elm Street (See review) Teens having demonic dreams. **YY**

Night of the Comet L.A. chicks face apocalypse tongue in cheek. **YYY**

1984 (See review) Orwell's year that was, with Hurt, Burton. **YYY**

A Passage to India From E. M. Forster's classic about an Englishwoman's unsettling experience. **YYYY½**

Protocol (See review) Pure Goldie. **YYY½**

Purple Rose of Cairo (See review) A blooming hybrid from Woody. **YYY**

The River More country matters, this time with Mel and Sissy. **YYY**

Secret Honor A satirical roast with Richard M. Nixon on the griddle. **YYY**

Starman It's Jeff Bridges as an E.T. discovering earthly passion. **YYY**

A Sunday in the Country Gallic, bucolic and poignant human comedy. **YYYY½**

Target Zone (See review) Middling Middle East drama. **YY**

That's Dancing! (See review) It'd be crazy to sit this one out. **YYYY**

The Times of Harvey Milk (See review) San Francisco's gay political martyr in memoriam. **YYY**

2010 After Kubrick and still way behind 2001. But not bad. **YYY½**

The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigley (See review) Hit me—Kate. **YY**

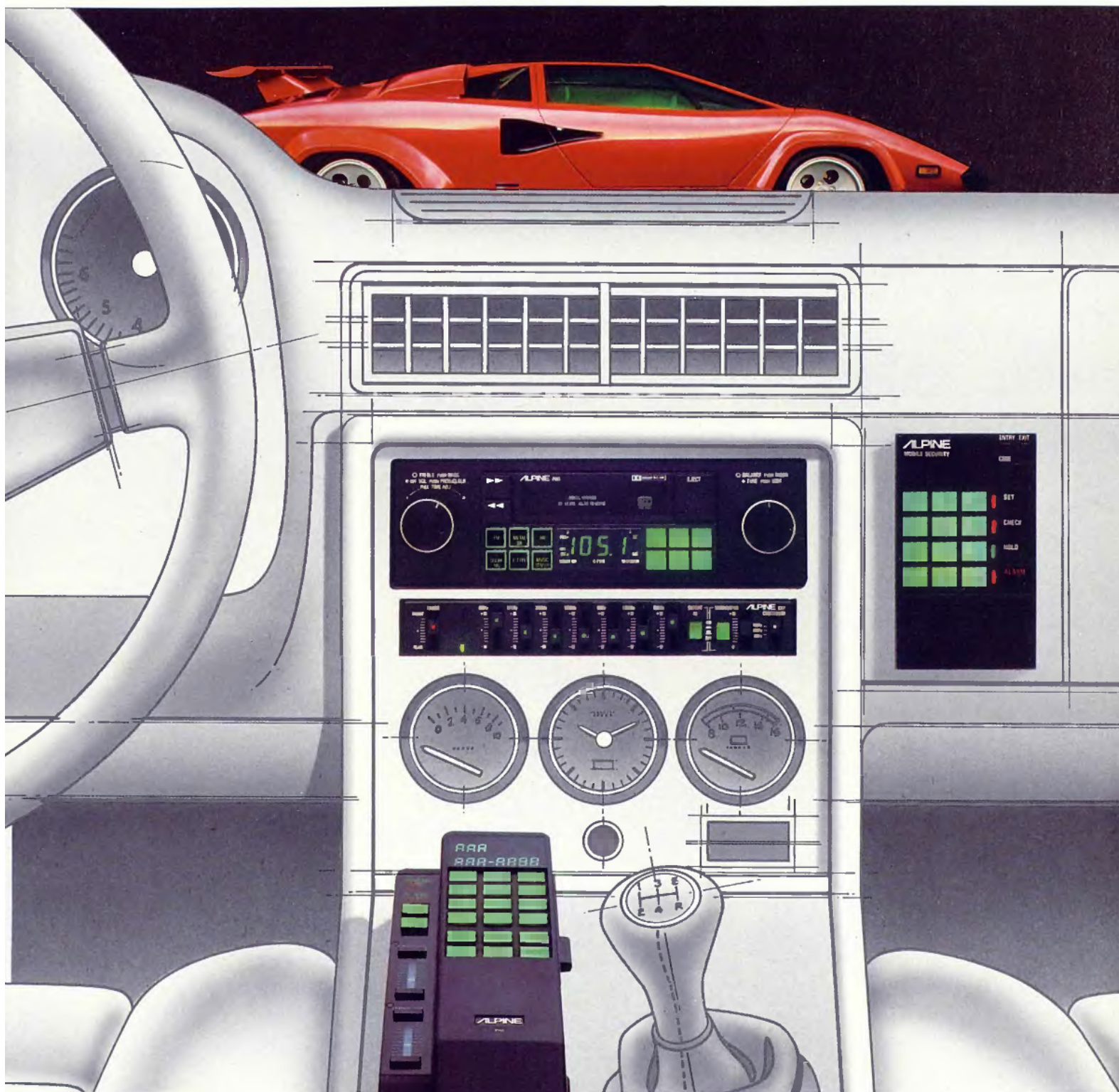
The Wild Duck Ullmann and Irons help Ibsen take wing. **YYY**

Zombie Island Massacre (See review) Jenrette in jeopardy; that's all. **Y**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

You hear a lot about mambas, hippos, rhinos, even terrorists and Commies, but I say Africa takes a bad rap. Africa gives you tall people. And in basketball, you can't win without that guy who can wheel and deal in the paint, work on top of the iron, fill it with baby hooks. When I can't find a good prospect in Africa, I look in Yugoslavia, Sweden, Germany, maybe Russia. The Dominican Republic comes through now and then. A scout never knows where he'll have to be. But I always start in Africa. They're taller. The kid in Belgrade who's 7'2" comes in at 7'6" in Ubangi. All I do is find 'em and place 'em. It's the coaches who have to teach 'em how to piss indoors.

You'll see me at the Final Four every year. I go to all the parties, hang out with the coaches, the SIDs, the media. The Final Four is where I write up my orders for the coming season. Everybody wants a big guy, naturally, an intimidator, that thing Al McGuire calls an aircraft carrier. Today, the kid who can wham, jam, work the back door, that ain't enough. He's got to be able to intimidate.

Some coaches are hard to please. I was trying to peddle this Dominican last year. Good-looking kid, 7'2", looked like he could cover the paint, which is what we call the keyhole now. I offered him to a four-corner coach in the A.C.C.

"Latins don't rebound," the coach said. "Get me one of them dissidents."

"A defector, you mean?"

"Yeah, one of them guys who parts his hair on the iron. A poet."

"How 'bout an East German?" I said.

"He's six-ten, two hyphens."

"Not tall enough."

"Seven-foot spies are expensive," I said. He shrugged.

So I sold him a Czech. Kid named Skobia, 7'4". He'll be OK as soon as he learns to walk. Good student, though. I heard he came up with a 92 on his first term paper: "An Introduction to Recreational Drugs in America."

Occasionally, I'm asked to find a short guy, the kid who can serve you ice cream, chocolate éclairs. Teams need that one little guy, the player who can see the court, spread the floor, bury the Js—the jump shots. I know where to find that kind of athlete.

Italy.

That's where I found Gozzi, Tonani, Gabetti, all those guys who could fill it in the Pac 10. I got real lucky with Ugo Gozzi. I



TIPS FROM AN ALL-WORLD SCOUT

heard about this kid on the Adriatic coast, and I happened to be close. I could get there in no time from the Nubian Desert. Ugo was 4.3 seconds in the air on his flying lay-up. Of course, he didn't develop his triple-pump reverse backdoor letter drop until he went hardship at USC and signed with the Rockets.

If you follow pro basketball, forget the all-American team this year. It's a pastry shop. I've got five franchises—big guys, intimidators—who'll go in the first round of the N.B.A. draft. Want a sneak preview? Here are the kids who're gonna dominate the pros.

Ernst Helmut Dorfner, Indiana Institute of Liberal Arts & Grain:

He's 7'4" and a natural. I found him in a pickup game on an outdoor court in Dachau, a little town near Munich. His dad used to work in some kind of plant around there. His friends call him the Fourth Reich. I don't get it, but what do I know? All I see is an instinctive shot blocker. The other team fires one, his coach hollers, "Sieg Heil!"—something weird like that—and Helmut's right arm shoots straight up. The guy's murder on defense. I like this kid a lot.

Kust Thorfelt, Loyola of Wichita Falls:

OK, the guy's 36 years old and he's had only one year of college ball, but he played on four Olympic teams for Finland and nobody laughs off a kid who's 7'5".

His dad won the Nobel Prize for Thrift. They say he can't move. They say he talks to seals, walks like a penguin. So he can't move, no big deal. I say he's white and that makes up for it. He'll go high, don't worry.

Gatooma Metbu Gwanda, Northern California Community College of Environmental Worship and Total Sharing (Mill Valley):

I disagreed bitterly with Notre Dame, Houston, UCLA, all the others. I say if a kid's 7'8", he can take his pet cow to school with him. Well, they blew it, so he wound up at a small college. Can you believe Houston passing on this guy? Now they know better. For 56 points a game, you let a guy play naked and eat raw dog. The Knicks say he'll grow out of it. He's young.

Mohammed Khadr Ahmed El Mesba, Kentucky AM&T (Agricultural, Mobile Homes & Trucking):

I first knew him as Bobby Simpson. Just an awkward kid of 7'9", but he could slam-dunk a concrete block into the rear end of a G.M.C. pickup. Then he developed an arc, and I knew I had something. He comes from this rural town in Tennessee, one of them places where they brush their teeth with grits, and it was tough to communicate with him, take my word. Porsche, Jaguar—those were the only words he could chew. I've tried to tell him he'll get more money in the pros if he plays on both ends of the court. "Ain't no points down there" is all he says about it. Stubborn kid.

Chen "Slant Dunk" Hu-ching, Older Dominion:

I guess I don't need to tell anybody that Manchuria's no country club. How many fish heads can you eat? But I'd go back if I thought I'd find me another Chen Hu-ching. At 8'3", she's the tallest player I ever recruited. And now that she's had the sex-change operation, she'll be the tallest player in the N.B.A. He, I mean. Want to talk match-ups? The thing I want to see is Mohammed Khadr Ahmed El Mesba try to deal in the paint against *her*. Him, I mean.

So that's it for now. I got a plane to catch. There's this kid in Tanganyika. He's 8'4," has six fingers on each hand. You hear he's got a bone in his nose. So what? I say tell me you don't like him after he puts you in the N.B.A. play-offs.

Which I hope to get back for this year. They're not over till sometime in August, right?





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The reward.

By ASA BABER

So what should I do?" Jennifer asked. "I think I love them both. I'm orgasmic with each of them. They're wonderful lovers. I've never had it so good. I'm just afraid they'll drop me at the same time. What will that leave me with? My vibrator? Listen, I've got nothing against vibrators, but I hate loneliness."

We were eating in a Mexican restaurant, and Jennifer's voice bounced off the tiles. It was a fairly crowded room, but she didn't seem to care. She talked on, listing details—size, heft, endurance, technique; nothing was unmentionable—while I stirred the *guacamole* with my chips.

"George is into a lot of oral sex, OK? Hey, as long as it's fifty-fifty, I don't care. Ken has satyriasis. He can do it for hours. Literally hours. Am I happy? You bet. I don't want to give either one of them up."

"What happened to Andy?" I asked.

"Oh, he's still around, but he's boring. Missionary position all the way for old Andy. No imagination."

As Jennifer launched into a description of Andy's sexual defects, I sat there like a dunce and wondered why I was feeling so uncomplimented, so stressful, so *muscle*. There was something uneven about the situation, but I could not immediately define it. Jennifer, with her red hair and keen eyes and tough voice, was on a roll, and it would not have surprised me had she stood on her chair and read a list of her fondest perversions to the crowd. Why did that threaten me?

"What's the matter, Ace," she asked me, "cat got your tongue?"

"That's it!" I yelled.

"Easy, man," she said, laughing.

"The cat's got my tongue!" I said.

"What are you saying?"

"What were you talking about just now?" I asked her. "Your lovers, right?"

"Right."

"George and Ken and Andy and a supporting cast, right?"

"Yes."

"Don't you get it?" I said. "That was like male locker-room conversation—or what used to be male locker-room conversation."

"I talk like that because I enjoy it," Jennifer said. "I have nothing to hide. I'm not ashamed of my sexuality."

"I know you talk like that," I said, "but I don't talk like that anymore. And I don't know many guys who do. We just shut up. We don't talk about anything."

"What? You guys can't talk openly?"



SEXIST WITCH-HUNT

What are you, prudes? What do guys talk about in the locker room? Football?"

"Yeah," I said. "You got it: football, business, weather; sometimes politics, but only if we really trust one another. Otherwise, the cat has our tongues."

Jennifer smirked. "You keep saying that, but it doesn't mean anything."

"Oh, yes, it does," I said. "Men aren't talking anymore—not to one another. Not to women, either, a lot of the time. Men are walking on eggshells. And I've just figured out why."

"From something I said?"

"No," I said, "from the things I haven't said. From the way I've shut up and let you ramble and had nothing to contribute. Guess what, Jennifer? The cat had my tongue. I was afraid to say anything. There you were, sexist to the gills, turning men into meat, laughing at their sexuality, taking over the role of the locker-room clown, and I said not a word."

"So you're chickenshit," Jennifer smiled without meaning it.

"Absolutely," I said. "I live in the middle of a revolution. I'm trying to stay alive. I remember how it was in the Fifties. People were terrified of being labeled Communist. In the Eighties, men are afraid of being labeled sexist. That's death for men today. That truly cuts our water off."

"And well it should."

"We're scared into silence," I said.

"Women can talk about anything, right? In your locker room at the club, I'll bet there are some pretty grubby conversations, right?"

"We get down to basics in there," she said, laughing. "As a matter of fact, when it comes to locker-room gossip, we could curdle your cream."

"I'm sure you could," I said. "But we men are so afraid of being called sexist that we don't really talk like that anymore, not even with one another. It's like the McCarthy era. We're waiting for the House Unfeminist Activities Committee to subpoena us. 'Are you now or have you ever been a sexist?' they will ask. 'Have you ever known a sexist?' That's why it's so quiet in our locker room."

"You know what's more fun than dating?" Jennifer asked. "Talking about it later with my girlfriends."

"You talk about everything, don't you?" I asked. "His breath, his skin, the lines he used to get you in the sack, how fast he came—the whole schmeer, right?"

"Right. Sometimes we all date the same guy and compare notes. It's such a scream!"

"It's a scream for you; it's a reign of terror for us," I said. "It's the time of the sexist witch-hunt."

"The sexist werewolf-hunt, you mean, don't you?"

"Absolutely," I said. "It's exclusively a hunt for sexism in males. You women can be sexist as hell and then chalk it off as merely amusing. But if we men show even a trace of sexism, it's all over for us. We're charged, tried and convicted in about ten seconds."

"Couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of guys," Jennifer laughed.

"See, you get to swagger because I have to retreat," I said. "Any aggression on my part, any even trading, and you'll say I'm a sexist pig. And if I become known as a sexist pig, my life will get very lonely. That's the blackmail of the Eighties."

"And you're mad as hell and you're not going to take it anymore?" Jennifer asked with an arched eyebrow.

"No, I'll take it some more," I said. "I love women. I need them in my life. But I sure as hell feel as if I'm fighting with both hands tied behind my back."

"That's OK," she said. "You've got a cute butt. You look nice that way."

"I like your breasts, Jennifer," I said. "I never met a breast I didn't like."

"You pig," Jennifer said.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I like a cosmic joke as much as the next girl, but there are times when I wish the gods would refrain from practical jokes of the whoopee-cushion variety.

I can just see them up there in the godlands on that fatal day when all the female gods were off somewhere organizing day-care policies.

"I have an adorable idea," a real comedian god probably said. "You know how all the broads on earth have got uppity? Let's see them squirm! Let's take all the good men away!" Naturally, there was instant hilarity, with the gods slapping their thighs and giggling until tears came.

Yet—I don't know—I don't think the current male shortage is amusing. Call me a bad sport.

The statistics alone are bloodcurdling. I read somewhere that things are good for women in San Diego, since there are 75 men to every 100 women. I feel that this sucks. In Manhattan, where I live, there are two men for every 100 women, once you subtract gay men, married men, men with prominent running sores and men who turn up the collars of their sports jackets and pretend to be sculptors.

Here's what happens to a woman who lives in Manhattan:

If she has a boyfriend or a husband, she lives in fear. He goes out for a pack of cigarettes, and after 20 minutes she has the grisly fantasy that he has been surrounded by a horde of hungry airline stewardesses and dragged off to a den full of drugs and strawberry-scented massage oil. This woman's friends come under the intensest of scrutinies. If one of them so much as *pats* the boyfriend's hand in a warmish way, she is ostracized, humiliated, and no one will go shopping with her for a month.

But the picture is far, far grimmer for a woman without a fellow. Hope can spring eternal for only so long. After months and months, often stretching into years and years, a woman tends to forget statistics. She starts taking her loverless status personally and becomes convinced that she is in some very subtle yet basic way completely unappealing. Too fat, too thin, too strident, too tedious. Every day, in every way, her self-esteem is eroded. Some women eventually refuse to get out of bed. Others take up religion.

Maybe, possibly, someday this woman may find herself a guy. Then come the fun days of living in fear and casting fishy glances at all her girlfriends.

Sometimes a woman finds a guy and he



A GOOD MAN IS HARDER TO FIND

turns out to be a dud. Keeps excusing himself at restaurants when the check comes, has a secret cache of photos of naked boys—that kind of guy.

Normally, the time between her finding the photos of naked boys and the end of the relationship would be measured in minutes. But the specter of lonely Saturday nights with only a vibrator for company can make a girl hesitate. So she frets and rationalizes. Maybe the photos were a psychology research project. Possibly the refusal to pay restaurant checks is a silly quirk. She hangs in there, knowing she's a fool.

Politically, the situation is unfortunate, since scarcity and conservatism are oft intertwined. The male shortage divides the women from the girls. The women pull up their socks, grit their teeth and decide that even if they never get laid again, they're not giving up. The girls bite their lips and wonder if it's such a terrible thing to pretend to be fascinated with carburetors.

The situation isn't so great for you guys, either. I will wait a moment until the laughter subsides and say it again: The situation isn't so great for you guys, either.

It's true that it's easy to get dates, that you just have to phone any female friend and ask, "Know anybody?" to have a parade of women presented for your delectation. But there is also a severe danger: that of becoming arrogant.

Don't say "So what?" or you'll break

my heart. Arrogance is a major sin, even worse than coveting thy neighbor's wife.

Here are some members of the Arrogance Hall of Fame: Adolf Hitler. Richard Nixon. Jimmy Hoffa. Genghis Khan.

Arrogance leads a man to believe that he is God's gift. An arrogant man will take a woman to dinner, treat her to two hours of explaining how clever he is at his market-research job and then launch into a few digressions about his shining college career, the terrific mileage he gets on his car and how his last girlfriend just didn't, well, *grow* with him. An arrogant man is sleek and shining with the glow of his own self-worth. An arrogant man assumes a woman will listen to any drivel he cares to spew. An arrogant man is just a toad by another name. (So is an arrogant woman; don't get me wrong.)

I went to a party the other night with my mother. Typical New York party—champagne bottles in the bathtub, loud music, the odd potato chip. Mom, who has been divorced and living semireclusively for eight years, couldn't get over the men.

"Look at that one over there in the red shirt," she pointed. "He thinks he is the *living end*. He is thrilled to death with himself. And that one over there in the fuzzy sweater. Look at the way he stands there, like a member of royalty. All the men here look as if they wouldn't be surprised if we walked up and put a picture frame around them."

"Ha-ha," said Marta, who broke up with her husband this year because he had two other girlfriends.

"Hee-hee," said Cleo, who finally refused to let her boyfriend sponge off her anymore, so he left her.

"Ho-ho," said Rita, whose date was the man in the red shirt.

Guys, I sympathize. No, really; it's not your fault there are fewer of you than there are of us. You can't help it if every time you turn around, someone's flashing some cleavage and offering you a nice tuna casserole. It's bound to go to your head.

It's true that there is power in numbers, but it is a crass, boorish power. With men and women, the operative numbers are one on one. If you decide to take advantage of the numbers, it will be impossible for you to be open and loving with *anyone*, and you are bound to become arrogant. If that happens, you will have only your own picture frame for company, since no woman, however desperate, will put up with an arrogant fool.



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ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA



MINOLTA

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

About a year ago, I had the awful luck to fall into a sort of speed trap for those who have been running too long in the fast lane. Before it was over, I'd been held incommunicado for 30 hours, badly misdiagnosed, well frightened, drugged and charged \$1112. It was a lesson I'm not likely to forget; and forced to put it into a simple sentence, this is what I get: There is more than one reason they put snakes on the symbol for the medical profession.

I'd been in New York for about a week, going too hard, the way you're supposed to in Manhattan—except that day by day, I was feeling lousier and lousier: weak, rummy, always thirsty. I had to have my bags carried when I checked out of my hotel, and halfway to the airport, my chest got tight. When I couldn't stretch it out, my adrenaline came up and I asked the cabdriver to find me the nearest emergency room. He got off the expressway and within a block found the rear entrance of a seedy little brick hospital that I will always and forever think of as Saint Offramp of the Vipers.

A nurse in the emergency room hooked me to the machine that reads your heart. While it ran, a gruff doctor with a heavy accent asked me questions I couldn't understand, then left with the paper read-out. As soon as he was gone, the nurse leaned over and whispered, "Don't be upset if they want to keep you." It seemed a strange thing to say without a diagnosis and strange that she whispered it.

Ten minutes later, I had relaxed and so had my chest. Another doctor arrived, this one tanned and groomed and smooth. I told him I felt much better and that I'd like to try to get back to Chicago. Much too dangerous, he said. My E.K.G. *seemed* normal, but there were some small glitches that could mean I'd had a heart attack. He needed blood studies to be sure, and that would take a day. He said also that the airlines didn't have the right equipment and that if I had an episode in the air, I would probably die. I asked him to give me a few minutes to think about it.

Another nurse pushed through my curtain. "Going or staying?" she asked.

"Thinking about it," I told her.

"Don't take too long," she said.

That pissed me off just enough that I decided to get the hell out. I had my shirt about halfway buttoned when both nurses, then both doctors, showed up, and this time I really got the stupid-boy speech: You're nuts, they said . . . chances are,



SAINT OFFRAMP OF THE VIPERS

you've had a serious infarction . . . we can't *make* you stay, but if you leave, it will be against our best medical advice . . . a bad gamble.

I sat there trying to decide whether or not the fear I was feeling was worth giving in to. I felt pretty good, but I was sitting there alone in my underwear and the four of them were standing in their white coats, shaking their stethoscopes and their best judgment at me. It's not exactly against my religion to take a risk, but there has to be a payoff; and at that moment, getting back to Chicago didn't seem enough. "All right," I told them. "I'll stay."

They congratulated me, asked about insurance, took my valuables and let me make one phone call. I asked Dr. Smooth to test my blood sugar, because my mother is a diabetic and the galloping thirst I'd been walking around with is one of the symptoms. He said he'd check it; then they wheeled me to the cardiac ward, stuck an I.V. into my hand, glued suction cups to my chest so my heartbeat would register on a monitor, took my blood and left.

For the next several hours, I lay there watching the tracings of my heart on the monitor. This is exactly the TV show no man over 40 ever wants to see, I thought. All of us have known otherwise strong, healthy men who dropped dead on their water skis or in a handball court, and after a certain number of those stories, you

can't help thinking of your heart as a lump of unstable plastic explosive that may be set off by no more than a good laugh. My tracings looked steady, but that didn't make me feel any better. If my heart had seized up on me, even momentarily, God knows I'd earned it, drinking and doping and smoking and worrying the way I do.

The doctor came by that evening and said the blood studies showed no evidence of an attack but that I'd have to stay five days for him to be sure. I wondered how it had jumped from overnight to five days, but I didn't want the you-gonna-die lecture again, so I let it go and asked about the blood sugar. A little high, he said, but he wasn't going to worry about that till he was positive about the heart. I pushed him to give me the odds that I'd had an attack. He danced around the question, and when I got petulant with him about it and about the fact that I needed to get word to my friends that I was alive, he ended our talk and sent the nurse in with ten milligrams of Valium, a dose that was delivered from then on every four hours, whether I was asleep or awake.

When the doctor came in the next morning, I went after him like an aquarium shark that isn't being properly fed. I told him that I wanted facts, that I wanted to be in touch with friends, that he *had* to quit being coy with me.

"What's five days up against your life?" he said. "You *must* learn to relax." Then he suggested that one way to do that was to develop a personal relationship with Jesus, and that's pretty much the moment at which I snapped. I got up quietly, pulled the needle out of my hand, tore the suction cups off my chest and started dressing. Nurses flew in from everywhere; the doctor told me he wouldn't be responsible; then he said, "This is your *life* you're risking." I told him I'd rather die in the parking lot than spend another ten minutes in his care.

The cold, sunny air in front of the hospital went up my nose and into my spirits like cocaine. I sat on my suitcase to wait for a cab and smoked a cigarette. Then I tested my heart with a big, stupid laugh.

The next day, in Chicago, the doctors ran all the tests I'd had in New York and confirmed what I already knew: heart like a new Timex. The real problem was the blood sugar—adult-onset diabetes. And I suppose if I owe anything to the folks at Saint Offramp, it's that the truth, hard as it was, came as a great relief.

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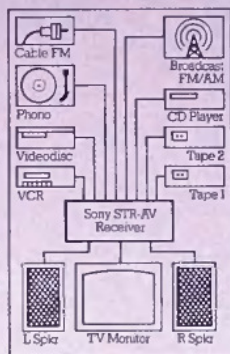
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The letter from M. R. (*The Playboy Advisor*, December) concerning stimulation of the male nipples is of great interest to me. While still in my early teens, I discovered that I could attain an immediate erection by pinching and fondling my nipples. I doubt that many men can achieve orgasm from such stimulation alone, but it is a fantastic form of foreplay. I have never been embarrassed to ask my sex partners to massage, lick and suck my breasts. All of them have granted my requests, and they seemed to enjoy the experience. My favorite ritual leading to intercourse involves my wife's performing fellatio on me while I work on my nipples. Rather than sending conflicting signals to my nervous system, this simultaneous stimulation increases the sensation in my cock and my breasts. Several minutes of dual action leaves me in a state of absolute ecstasy, and my arousal level is at a peak. I am happy to see that PLAYBOY endorses breast action for men as well as for women. If every unwilling male puts aside any *macho* hang-up he has about this unmanly approach to sex, he will discover a wonderful erogenous zone above his belt.—T. T., Dallas, Texas.

Thanks for the tips.

My girlfriend and I are tennis nuts, and I'm trying to think of something really special to get her for her birthday. I figure a surprise trip to Wimbledon this summer wouldn't be too shabby, and I'd like to know if it's possible to just show up in London and get seats on the spot, or do I have to make plans months in advance?—T. M., Boston, Massachusetts.

Tickets for Wimbledon, scheduled this year for June 24 to July 7, are distributed by the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, which runs the tournament. Most of the reserved seats are allocated by random drawings, for which you can write for an application to the club at 19 Church Road, Wimbledon, London SW19. The ballot (as they call the drawing) is held every March, which means you're too late to apply this year, but don't despair. Keith Prowse and Co., Ltd., an outfit best known as a seller of London theater tickets, is also the official overseas tour operator for the Wimbledon fortnight. Prices range from \$369 per person for the first week of matches to \$1899 for a tour that takes in the men's quarter finals, men's finals and ladies' semifinals. (Prices do not include air fare.) For more information, contact Prowse at 234 West 44th Street, New York, New York 10036 (800-223-4446 or 212-398-1430), but we'd suggest you do so pronto, since Centre Court ducats go quickly. If you just want tickets (without the land package), contact Abbey Box Office, 1775



Broadway, Suite 530, New York, New York 10019 (212-265-7800). Prices are steep (they'll probably set you back \$72 to \$450 per), but at least your girlfriend will know it's not a backhanded compliment.

We are writing this letter to you in the hope that you will publish it in your magazine. We believe that your readers will enjoy it and may even get some good ideas from it. It all happened when our class had an orgy after a school party. We must say that it was probably the most successful orgy ever, and we know that everyone had fun. Here are some of the most interesting and erotic things that happened: (1) The first thing we did was to gather everybody (about 28 people) into the smallest room in the house. (2) For the first half hour or so, we let people do whatever they wanted, wherever they wanted to; and by the time everyone had arrived, everything was going as planned. Let the games begin! (3) When everybody had arrived, we announced that we would start the contest. Each team consisted of two people (male and female, of course) and was given a container of yogurt. Then one of the partners spread yogurt all over the other person. At the sound of the signal, the partner licked all the yogurt off. The first team to finish won a box of condoms and the second a bottle of Spanish-fly drops. All in all, the night went very well, and nobody left alone.—J. W. M., O. A. S., F. O., B. K., J. E. H., V. B. O., G. S. B., P. E. S., M. O., V. K., R. K. O., O. K. A., R. T., H. M. O., K. J. K., G. J., Oslo, Norway.

Why do we hear about these parties after

they happen? Come on, guys. We like yogurt, too.

I'm not a card-carrying car enthusiast, but I do like to read magazine articles (especially yours) and auto ads to keep up on what's new and interesting on the market. I consider myself fairly knowledgeable technically, but I'm a little confused on car handling and the related terminology. What, exactly, is handling, and what do auto writers mean by oversteer, understeer, neutral handling, etc.?—F. H., Topeka, Kansas.

The word handling, as used by (ahem) knowledgeable auto writers and drivers, essentially refers to how a vehicle responds to its driver's input and what it does when pushed to its limit of control. It includes a number of intangibles: how it feels at speed and in fast corners, how stable and forgiving it is at or near its limit and how well it communicates to the driver (through the seat and steering wheel) what it's doing. It also takes into consideration such measurable things as skid-pad performance (sustained speed around a given circle), speed through a specific back-and-forth "slalom" maneuver, lane-change exercises and more. Essentially, it's a function of tires, suspension, steering, weight distribution and other design factors. Handling is definitely not, as some believe, how easy a vehicle is to drive or to park. An oversteering vehicle has lost traction at its rear tires, and the resulting skid causes it to turn more than you want it to. Conversely, an understeering vehicle turns less than you intend, because its front tires have lost traction. Most cars are designed to understeer at the limit of control, because untrained drivers can deal with that better. A neutral-handling vehicle tends to lose traction at both ends simultaneously and slide perfectly sideways at its cornering limit, a condition that many skilled drivers consider ideal.

For some time, my girlfriend and I have been pursuing a solution to our problem without any success, and since we didn't feel that "Dear Abby" would be too receptive, we decided to write to you in hopes of some legitimate help with an honest problem. We have been going together for quite some time and enjoy a very active sex life—not only physically but verbally. Over the years, describing our fantasies has played an enjoyable part in our love-making. After much discussion, we have agreed that the pre-eminent fantasy is of adding another woman to our lovemaking. However, we are at a loss as to how to accomplish our goal. We considered answering ads in so-called swingers' magazines, but we have quite a few doubts

about them. Our work does not permit us to cruise the bars trying to pick somebody up—certainly a risky thing to do—nor do we care to approach a professional. And we certainly don't want to approach any of our friends or co-workers. We have considered renting an apartment in an adult complex and using it for socializing with the single ladies of the complex. However, we consider this risky, as we would be leasing a residence that we would use infrequently at best; and, of course, as with anything else, there is no guarantee of success. So we are at a dead end and need some help. If you have any suggestions, we would certainly appreciate your guidance.—J. W., Los Angeles, California.

How to manage a ménage? Maybe we should write a best seller called "The One-Minute Ménager." Most of the triangles we've heard about involve two women who are already friends. Many women are curious about other women; bringing up the subject over drinks at lunch won't offend anyone. Even in the Eighties, it's all right to publicly acknowledge participation in sex, even kinky sex. Another strategy is for you to pick up a girl, take her home and have your girlfriend pop out of the closet halfway through the first act. Not as sophisticated (your new date, after all, won't have consented to a package deal)—but it's been known to work. You may want to date another woman first, then introduce the idea: Your place or ours? Think how much fun the recruiting campaign could be.

Is there any point in installing a subwoofer in my car (a medium-size sedan)? I love full-range sound, but is the interior of my car too small for handling the long wave lengths of true, full bass tones?—M. C., Albany, New York.

There's an old canard in audio lore that says you cannot get real bass tones in a space that is smaller than the low-frequency wave lengths of those bass tones. Not so. The easiest proof that bass can be produced in an "impossibly small" space is the existence of headphones. The important thing in bass production is to get a diaphragm to vibrate at the required frequencies and then to couple those vibrations with your ears. With headphones, the coupling is direct. With speakers in rooms or cars, the coupling occurs via the prevailing acoustics of the space involved. That factor can either help or hinder the perception of whatever bass is being pumped out by the speaker system. In any event, the better bass you start with, the better you are likely to hear it in any environment. A subwoofer, correctly installed and adequately powered, can help the stereo in a car. If it sounds rough or overpowering, you can simply turn down the bass-tone control or—better yet—patch in an equalizer, which can really bring things to a fine tonal balance.

I have been living with my girlfriend for about three years now. We are both 36 and divorced. Our sex life was once a man's dream. She used to drop everything just to

be with me. We would make love any time or place we pleased. It was as if she couldn't get enough of me. It was great. Last year, she started going to nursing school, and things changed. My sex drive is just as strong as before, if not stronger. (She puts most of your centerfold girls to shame.) She says I smother her now. She doesn't enjoy sex as much as before. She doesn't want any other man, just me, but looks at sex as something she has to do. She claims she must be going through her change of life. She smokes heavily and drinks moderately. Could any of those factors have an effect on her sex drive? Can I buy any drugs to curb my sex drive, so as to make our sex lives more compatible? I don't want to lose my sex drive altogether, just slow it down a little. I don't want any other woman, just her. What can I do?—M. B., Detroit, Michigan.

We wonder if her heavy-smoking-and-drinking pattern is symptomatic of a deeper problem or frustration. If she is under a lot of pressure with her school schedule or is feeling anxious, this could be a causal factor in her lack of interest in sex. There aren't any over-the-counter drugs you can take to suppress your sex drive, and we think it would be more constructive for both of you to discuss your feelings about this matter. Try to be as supportive as you can, and see if you can't negotiate this impasse to your mutual satisfaction. You might try a vacation. Take her away from the pressure for a few days. If the spark doesn't return, it may be time for both of you to move on.

By what physiological process do the genital organs of a man and woman engaged in intercourse seem occasionally to undergo a marked increase in temperature? This has happened to me on an irregular basis and has always been a mutual experience—my partner has invariably mentioned it to me each time. The sensation is pronounced. It does not seem to affect the temperature of the rest of our bodies. It is unmistakable when it does happen. I know it must happen to others but suspect that it does not happen to everyone. Reference to heat is a part of our sex language (hot date, hot pants, etc.). Two of my partners used the term "hot poker." I have never seen this mentioned in print.—W. M. F., Fort Worth, Texas.

The perceived rise in body heat is most likely due to increased blood circulation. After all, it is blood flow to the penis that causes an erection, so you are not alone in feeling hot. Blood also collects in the female pelvic area. Combine that with a little friction and you have the makings of a fire.

My husband and I are in our 20s and have an active sex life—that is, if I choose it. Over the past several months, the only time we have made love has been when I initiated it. My husband turns me on greatly. Sometimes it takes all I've got to keep from tearing all his clothes off and devouring him; such is the feeling of lust. I

have sexy lingerie, X-rated movies, books and other sex aids, such as a vibrator and equipment and handcuffs. I have used all of these at various times to excite and please him. I have tried everything from loving, caring, passionate sex to wild, uninhibited, painless bondage. He claims I am a nymphomaniac because I want to have sex more than he does and complains that all we do is make love and that he never gets any relief. But whenever our lovemaking session begins, he will always lie back and revel in the fellatio I love to give. So even though he complains that I always want too much sex, he masturbates daily to dirty movies, books, etc., and loves for me to do all the work during sex. He does not "perform" except for intercourse. The problem is, that is *all* he does. He performs no cunnilingus, no special treats or favors, no attempts to satisfy me. He has assured me that neither I nor my body turns him off. The rare times he does take the initiative are when he handcuffs me to the bed and we become involved in a painless but definitely dominant/submissive session of sex. I am getting very frustrated. I am tempted to turn to another man for the attention and satisfaction I deserve. What is to be said about a man who claims his wife does not turn him off yet complains that she wants too much sex, who masturbates daily but is too tired (or whatever) to make love? I would appreciate your expert opinion on this.—Mrs. C. K., Raleigh, North Carolina.

We'd say that there's a distinct difference in sexual appetites in your marriage, and that is going to lead to further problems as time goes on. Of course, all we have is your version of the situation; but if it's accurate, it does appear that your husband isn't really making an effort to please you. He does have an appetite for masturbation and the occasional chain job. Maybe you should try mutual masturbation. Ask him what he fantasizes about when he's alone. There may be a role for you. It seems to us that counseling could be of benefit to both of you. If your husband won't accompany you, go alone. We think you need to discuss your frustrations with a trained professional before deciding on your course of action. A good place to start in your search for answers is the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, 11 Dupont Circle N.W., Suite 220, Washington, D.C. 20036. Write to them for the name of a qualified counselor in your area.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

Have you sometimes said yes to sex when you really meant no?

It has to do with timing, and I think we've all sometimes said yes when we meant no. How about the times you've said yes when you weren't in the mood? But you go ahead with sex anyway and it turns out fine, because you get in the mood and enjoy yourself after all. I think we all have to use mental stimulation when we're having sex and more so on those occasions when you start out not in the mood.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

Never, because to me, sex is still sacred. It's still the ultimate expression of love. I'm a very sexual person, and I like to show my emotions and feelings. I've never had sex with anyone I didn't love, and because of that, it's always been easy for me to say yes. I've never had sex with a stranger, so I've never been in a situation where I've said yes when I really meant no.



Kim McArthur

KIM MCARTHUR
JANUARY 1982

Sometimes I have. I guess I always think that somewhere inside every person is something nice to learn more about. I think there are some people who can get to know you only through sex. So sometimes I give a man a chance that way. And to tell you the truth, you can find out a lot about someone sexually, and it's a smaller price to pay than investing time and emotion in a guy who turns out to be a jerk. Of course, you have to have a basic attraction to him to begin with, or you wouldn't be out with him in the first place. Right?



Penny Baker

PENNY BAKER
JANUARY 1984

I think everyone has said yes sometimes when she meant no. I have. You get yourself into these situations where you really like a guy and want to be friends but he wants more, so sometimes I just go ahead and have sex. It removes a lot of pressure. I would never go to bed with a guy I had no feelings for or a guy I found repulsive. I would go to bed with someone I wanted to be close to but maybe his timing was different from mine. So what I've really done is given in on how soon I might have made the decision for myself.



Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

When I was younger, I used to say yes and mean no. It seemed as if you couldn't get a man to talk to you until you went to bed with him. He just couldn't get past the fact that he was trying to get you in bed, so it was just easier to go ahead and do it so you could have a conversation. But as I got older, I discovered that it was very unfulfilling. Now I also know that no can mean not right now but maybe later. Or in a few minutes. Or maybe after some heavy petting.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

No, never. Sex is a really personal thing, and I have to be very turned on. I can usually tell at the beginning of an evening if there is going to be any chance that a sexual situation might develop. If there isn't any chance for that, then it's just going to be a date and good night. I don't see sex as a chore. I see it as a treat, and if I'm not turned on and I have no sexual feeling for the guy, then I just don't do it.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

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

THE SILENT GENERATION RETURNS

I attend a large Southern university that has a good football team, lots of healthy young women eagerly pursued by equally healthy young men, a well-manicured campus and a forbidden intellectual zone (F.I.Z.) about three light-years in diameter. Sometimes, when I'm sober, it depresses me. Recently, for example, while a liberal-arts class (remember them?) was discussing the press platoon that Emperor Reagan will henceforth "allow" to accompany surprise invasions of banana republics, we got into an argument over the scope of reportorial freedom. The Reagan youth contingent, dutifully clad in khaki trousers and navy polos, felt that, as one business major said, "there are times when we shouldn't know everything about what the Government does."

From that followed corollary arguments that "Knowing too much can be bad for you" and "I get sick of all the bad news anyway." In short, the hot topic post-1984 is the right *not* to know. Although this is just a legal variant of the ancient wisdom that ignorance is bliss, the so-called information age may have finally reversed itself. Perhaps with the current Administration, heroic defense of willful stupidity is appropriate; but I wonder: Is this a national phenomenon (60 percent of 18-to-25-year-olds support Reagan) or are we just lucky down here?

Kellam Burch
Mobile, Alabama

BODY SNATCHING

As the debate continues on the abortion question, I have failed to find discussion of what to my mind is a central issue. There is a growing belief in past lives and reincarnation in this country and considerable evidence to back it up. The assumed rights of the unborn seem to be defended by the Right-to-Lifers from the preposterous viewpoint that there is only one life for each soul. If that were true, then the Right-to-Life coalition would have a dramatic cause, indeed. From the view of many lifetimes for a soul, it is the pro-abortion side that wins the argument—a body is a vehicle that can be selected or replaced. The child's soul can just go out and find another body and perhaps be born into better circumstances.

A child has two expectations: to have a body and to have a good life. Pro-abortion advocates say quality of life is foremost, while anti-abortion advocates say any body and any quality will do. From the viewpoint of an unborn soul, does the

prospect of being abandoned, unloved, unwanted and poorly endowed balance out with the difficulty of obtaining another body? Can a lawyer expect to represent the true interests of an unborn child in the face of monumental ignorance of the child's motivations or desires? Does this particular soul require suffering in Hell's Kitchen for its cosmic development? It is just as incredible an argument to presume that a fetus has a right to life, as if ghosts have rights senior to those of human beings. A thousand erudite questions can

*"There are times
when we shouldn't know
everything about what
the Government does."*

be asked in this vein. Personally, I would like to repossess the property that I have accumulated in this lifetime when I come around again. Do I have that right? I am a corporeal being, yet can I exert my supposed right to life upon some woman to bear me and sustain me in a new life? Does my right overwhelm hers? I think not. Why, then, should an unborn baby be seen to have senior rights?

With rights come responsibilities, and the responsibilities are those of the mother. She has the burden, along with her husband, of sacrificing for and raising

that child. When the Right-to-Life people can demonstrate that a soul has only one time around on this earth, that is the day I will go anti-abortion. In the meantime, a platform of ignorance is, as always, a grand place from which to rage.

Leon Lundquist
Los Angeles, California

WELFARE ABORTIONS

It was insane enough to make me think about changing my citizenship when I read that the New Right had successfully prohibited Medicare from paying for abortions, but when I read in a newspaper that a favorite Republican budget-cutting target is the Women, Infant and Children's Feeding Program, it really made my head spin. The article quoted Massachusetts Representative Barney Frank as having said that the conservatives believe that life begins at conception and ends at birth, and that about wraps it up.

What is wrong with these people? On the one hand, they insist that every welfare pregnancy be brought to term, and on the other, they try to make sure that the lives of those children will be as miserable as possible. It's enough to make a person turn socialist. These conservative politicians might change their views if they attempted to espouse their positions while tied naked to a lamppost in a typical inner-city neighborhood.

Donna Williams
New York, New York

LOGICAL EXTREMES

In discussing the abortion issue, my wife and I decided that Right-to-Life proponents don't really mean that all fetuses, like human beings, have a right to life. If that were true, then everyone would ultimately have his rights violated once. No, they must mean that no human being has a right to deprive another human being or a fetus of life. Or, if they are also pro capital punishment, perhaps they mean that no human being has a right to deprive another human being (or a fetus) of life unless 12 other human beings (or fetuses), chosen at random, say so.

In any event, my wife and I decided that the Right-to-Life proponents have a point. Therefore, we are now concerned about the more serious question of what other legal rights and responsibilities a fetus, like any other human being, has. For example:

1. If a woman conceives on December 31 of any given year, can she take an IRS exemption for that year? And if she can,



and she is not married, does she take it as a single person or as an unmarried head of household?

2. How many exemptions does she take? If only one, can she go back and amend her tax form if it turns out to be two? How many does she get if one is stillborn?

3. Who gets the exemptions if she is not married?

4. If she has sexual intercourse two days after conception, is her mate guilty of child molestation?

5. If she is negligently involved in an accident, killing the fetus, is she guilty of negligent homicide?

6. Do the rest of us have to add nine months to our age? And if so, does the Government have to rebate nine months' worth of payments to people on Social Security?

7. If a pregnant woman is jailed, can the fetus sue for false imprisonment?

8. If the queen of England has twins, for the purpose of succession to the throne, which one is considered to have been conceived first?

Those are but a few of the thorny questions that we believe this nation should immediately begin addressing. Let's quit all this nitpicking and get on with it.

This is a very small town, so please. . . .

(Name withheld by request)
Mesquite, Texas

MAPLE-LEAF BLUES

I've come across a local case that makes must reading for *Forum* readers, though whether for your Dumb Cop of the Year award or for the *Police Paranoia Inhibits Civil Liberties Department*, I don't know.

It seems that a couple of overzealous police officers came onto a man's private property and stripped reddish-purple leaves from a suspicious plant they found there. These public protectors identified the plant as marijuana and sent the leaves to the state crime laboratory, which, according to one of the officers, confirmed the suspicion.

The officers returned with a warrant, confiscated more leaves and confronted the plants' owner—who, in turn, confronted them with the truth: that the plants were, in fact, dwarf Japanese red maples. The man has sued the officers for disturbing his peace of mind.

As a biologist and state of Maine chemist, I can attest that the miniature species *Acer palmatum* has characteristic leaves that do not resemble Cannabis but, in fact, look like, uh, maple leaves.

Gregan Wortman
Greenville, Maine

SUPERMARKET CENSORSHIP

I thought I might bring to your attention a local group that is waging a campaign to improve our local "decency" by picketing stores that sell PLAYBOY and other adult magazines. This self-appointed com-

mittee to "cleanse" our society has pressured several supermarket chains and some smaller stores to remove PLAYBOY.

Its clear message is truly an unfortunate sign of our times: There will be no more tolerance in our society for alternative opinions. If we don't like what you do, say or publish, we will threaten, intimidate or do violence against you until you either conform or cease to exist.

If a vegetarian group picketed their stores demanding that meat be removed from the shelves as a threat to America's digestive tract, would these companies cave in so quickly? And if stores can be bullied into removing PLAYBOY, how long will it be until we can read only the bland and noncontroversial magazines these self-selected guardians of decency would have us read?

Whatever happened to freedom of choice? If you believe that PLAYBOY or adult magazines or Charmin toilet-paper ads are evil, then fine; don't buy those products. I'd defend with my life your right to think, say or believe anything you please, but please don't try to force your beliefs on me. Tolerance has been and must remain

*"Tolerance must remain
a bench mark of America if
we are to thrive as a
creative democracy."*

a bench mark of America if we are to thrive as a creative democracy.

I'm sure you must be used by now to defending yourself against stores that remove PLAYBOY after threat of picketing. I only hope your readers will have the courage to write to store owners to protest such sniveling cowardice on a corporate level, or we're all in trouble.

Paul L. Levy
Seattle, Washington

We hope so, too. It may please you to know that these kinds of boycotts across the country have flopped faster than you can say "Holier than thou." As for the best way to make these far-righteous types go away, do what we do: If we can't find a magazine we're looking for, we complain to the management.

RELIGIOUS IMPERIALISM

I have a friend at school who recently immigrated from Denmark. Her intelligence is illustrated by her appreciation of your magazine. Her youthful naïveté is shown by her surprise after reading the *Playboy Editorial* "The Indecent Crusade" (October). So I referred her to the 30th Anniversary Issue and *The Idea Killers* (January), by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

She was even more surprised to hear about my own high school, where the head of the English department walked out in

1972 in the middle of the school year. He had submitted the curriculum for graduating seniors, which included *A Tale of Two Cities*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *Johnny Got His Gun*. The curriculum was refused by the "elected" school board. Those books were removed from the school library because they allegedly introduced our children to extramarital sex, premarital sex and unnatural sex acts. When the school board threatened to officially censure the teacher, he quit, and he's now the successful editor of a local newspaper.

My wife told our Danish friend about incidents around the country in which self-righteous individuals have gathered together in churchyards and parking lots and burned those books that offended them.

Our friend was appalled! Here she is, an immigrant from a country that faces the Iron Curtain, learning about the always vehement and sometimes violent repression of ideas in the "land of the free." You see, in Europe, children are taught the horrors of fascism, and they know of the oppression under which others are forced to live in a controlled society. They are taught that democracy is our insurance against enforcing the ideas of a few on the majority.

Religious imperialism is an aptly coined phrase. However, the perpetrators of any restriction of free thought are not necessarily religious by nature. Self-righteous, indignant, obstinate, obnoxious and usually hypocritical, to be sure; but religious convictions are not prerequisite.

I'm soon to be a parent myself, and the issue of education and educating children is very much on my mind. My own parents have given me good examples—such as defending my right to submit a sixth-grade book report on an Ian Fleming novel. Still, no matter what has been done, or what will be done, my children will make up their own minds. They will exercise their own free will as God intended. My duty as a parent is to ensure that they have a will to exercise and the freedom to do so as individuals.

Steven C. White
Atascadero, California

PRAYERS AND PAGANS

I salute *The Playboy Forum* for its intelligent, tasteful and open discussion of "Prayer in Schools" in your January issue. Our Constitution gives us the right to freedom of religion. This means not only freedom to believe and practice our faiths as we see fit but freedom to do so unhindered, unmolested and unpersecuted. As most of us who have children or have thought of having them can attest, we would not lightly give up the right to rear them as we choose.

Yet the present Administration seems about to sanction the violation of one of our primary constitutional rights if it persists in allowing or encouraging prayer in public schools. I don't intend this letter to

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PRICE OF PRURIENCE

CARSON CITY—The Nevada Public Service Commission has ordered the telephone company in that state to refund money to customers who didn't realize that they were incurring an extra charge by calling a sexually explicit "dial-a-porn" number. Some 150,000 calls were made to the number during its first month of operation, and the commission said that



Nevada Bell had failed to conduct an effective advertising campaign advising that calls to certain recorded-message services, including those with pornographic messages, were billed to the caller at costs ranging from 20 cents to ten dollars.

PILL POWER

CLAYTON, MISSOURI—A St. Louis County judge has ruled that excessive use of over-the-counter diet pills rendered a man not responsible for his actions in repeatedly stabbing three people with a screwdriver. In a nonjury trial, three psychiatrists testified that the 26-year-old defendant apparently had become psychotic after taking "heavy and sustained" doses of the pills for about 30 days before the attacks, which were not fatal. The man was ordered to undergo treatment at a state mental hospital.

COKE DECLARED ADDICTIVE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Under a modified definition of addiction, cocaine has been declared one of the most "powerfully addictive" substances known, according to the National Institute of Drug Abuse. The traditional definition focused on the physical dependency and withdrawal symptoms associated mainly with the opiates and a few other drugs. The new definition recognizes other nervous-system responses,

including what a NIDA report called "compulsive self-administration." In addition, one NIDA official said that about 6000 coke-related emergency-room admissions had occurred nationwide during the first nine months of 1984, exceeding the total number reported during the previous year. This was believed to reflect not only more cocaine use but more frequent use in combination with other drugs and more free-basing—inhalating fumes from burning a distilled form of the drug.

GOD SQUAD

BEAUMONT, TEXAS—A state trooper who allegedly forced a 17-year-old to sign a statement confessing his sins and dedicating his life to God is being sued by the teenager for \$750,000. The officer, who arrived after the youth had crashed his vehicle into a utility pole, reportedly preached to him for two hours and then cosigned the "confession" with the name Jesus. According to the suit, the list of sins included "sassing back Mom," "stealing candy" and "cheating on tests."

TISSUE ISSUE

SACRAMENTO—The California Supreme Court has rejected the request of the Catholic League for Civil and Religious Rights to be allowed to bury ceremonially some 16,500 aborted fetuses that were found preserved in a storage container after an incineration firm went bankrupt. The Los Angeles district attorney's office has had custody of the remains since 1982, when groups on both sides of the abortion issue started wrangling over whether the remains should be treated as human tissue or as human beings. The attorney for the clinic that had performed the abortions complimented the California court for respecting the separation of church and state, but the attorney for the Catholic group said the decision might be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

PORN AND PREJUDICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A controversial Federal study of possible links between pornography and youth violence has been scaled back to half its original \$798,000 budget after widespread criticism that it was a waste of money. The dean of American University's school of education, which was overseeing the research, resigned during the dispute over the qualifications of the research director and the manner in which the contract was let. Some critics argued that the study would reflect only preconceived positions of the Reagan Administration.

WOMEN DO IT, MEN DO IT

SALT LAKE COUNTY, UTAH—When sex is for sale, men and women are now treated equally under the law. Counsel for a woman charged with prostitution argued that the wording of the local ordinance discriminated against his client. The court found the woman guilty; however, local officials agreed that a change was needed and have amended the wording to person instead of female.

SUCH A DEAL

WOLCOTT, NEW YORK—The historic 173-year-old Wolcott Hotel, midway between Syracuse and Rochester, which had been doing less than land-office business, has been playing to a full house every weekend since its proprietor hit on a "booze and bed and breakfast" plan to lure customers. Serious patrons of the hotel bar can sign up to spend the night, receive a free bottle of champagne delivered in an ice bucket and be greeted in the morning with a Continental breakfast. The proprietor, Earl Hoskins, said the arrangement not only is good for business but helps keep drinking drivers off the road.

HAPPY HOOKERS

SAN CARLOS, CALIFORNIA—A survey of 100 San Francisco-area hookers by a private detective who runs a criminology consulting firm has found responses that tend to contradict some of the conventional wisdom about prostitution. Eighty-two of the women described themselves as



self-employed, 71 said that they enjoyed their work and some said they earned as much as \$74,000 a year. More than half said they wanted to stay in the business.

criticize any Judaeo-Christian beliefs; however, I must say that I consider any display of public proselytizing not only objectionably pompous but arrogant, assuming and, in a word, invasive.

For the record, I am pagan and practice a way of life that I believe to be reverent and responsible toward nature. I will bring up my offspring in that way of life until they are old enough to choose their own way without my interference. In the meantime, I will not have them pressured into any creed to which my household does not adhere.

Just how would the Christians feel if the situation were reversed? "Today, children, we're going to enact a rite to the Mother Goddess. Oh, yes, Johnny and Sally are Christian . . . well, you two may just sit at the back of the room, quietly, and watch the rest of the class. Now, of course, you may participate if you want to."

Since when have we had a state religion in this country? It seems to me that we'd all be better off if the Christians kept their sins and their Devil to themselves, let their Christ shine forth in their lives instead of their tongues and let my children go. Let's keep it the land of the free, shall we?

(Name withheld by request)
Arcata, California

Amen.

LADIES FIRST

Women's initiating sexual relationships is argued about as though it were a new phenomenon. Some of the writers obviously have not read their Old Testament.

Since the age of 18, I can modestly state, I have had women initiate sexual relationships with me. They have used flattery, eye signals and body language. I've had no trouble getting their messages. Those

invitations have been aimed at various degrees of intimacy, a lesson I eventually learned.

I am now 67. The incidence of approaches has sadly diminished, but I still get them occasionally.

Never have I resented, nor insulted, a woman's approach, unless it became evident that she had no interest in me and was only satisfying her own ego. *That* is the true problem, for both sexes.

My wife insists that she never looks at PLAYBOY, so you may publish my name.

Frank Hammer
Groveland, California

PRESSURE TO PERFORM

The enclosed clipping is the sort of item you should be publishing in your *Forum Newsfront* section. It's from *USA Today*, and the headline says, "RUNNING FOR LONG DISTANCES MAY REDUCE MALE SEX DRIVE." It reports on a Canadian study that found that 31 men who ran 40 or more miles each week had up to 30 percent lower levels of testosterone and prolactin than 18 sedentary men.

You should be running such stories to comfort people like me, who cannot currently accommodate the insatiable sexual demands of girlfriends—for whom running seems to increase their horniness manifold—and who think they could do better if they got off their sedentary butts and started pounding the ground. If it were understood that running could *reduce* their performance from the barely acceptable—to the negative range . . . !

Gerry MacDonald
Detroit, Michigan

BUCKING THE DIVINE WIND

By Michael Delp

Such a poetic tribute to ovulation and ejaculation is rare in these (and, probably, other) pages but is no less than we might expect from the new director of creative writing at the Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan.

Once a month, one egg drops into place and, on the average, per ejaculation, 200,000,000 to 300,000,000 sperm get a chance to be the first one in. Sperm are the metaphorical equivalent of the Marines hitting a beachhead. They have done this for millennia, and they do it well. It is a part of them. They are raised and groomed with the express purpose of being the kamikazes of the body: of rushing in, without regard for their own lives, to die so that others may live and flourish. Evolution teaches us, among other things, that old patterns, the maps of behavior, are imprinted deep inside us. As sentient creatures, we are gifted with the ability to somehow control a good deal of those evolutionary urges; i.e., most of us would not jump Farrah Fawcett on the street. Rather, we will settle back in our beds and pull, so to speak, the fantasy toward our dreams. But the imprinting of that desire to somehow be raised for the perfect strike is something so deep, so overwhelming, that we cannot totally negate it.

It is no accident that the old imprint of this mindless sperm struggling to get to the single waiting egg has mushroomed into our consciousness as men. We are ponderously and hopelessly the victims of this old and ancient pathway. We stalk and kowtow, drool and bait. We plunge into a void of female

innuendo and glances fraught with sexual lightning and, for the most part, come out in the dark.

How else can we explain our patient waiting, the way our forefingers itch to get beyond the edge of control, to feel that old thrust and buck when the huge sperm of the mind is thrashing its flagellum in a frenzy known only to the most fundamental worshipers? We destroy ourselves in each union, knowing there are millions more ready in the body, stupidly lined up to oblige the call. Yet, for all our weaknesses, we can find comfort in the idea that we are programmed, plotted like so many word processors to edit, to find the right pathway, the right DOS command to get on, leaping, into the breach.

The sad part is that our minds are really clouded with sperm mentality. We do wait too much. We do hawk women when they lift a skirt just enough to reveal a bit of tanned leg, or we find ourselves in a three-A.M. frenzy remembering the exact angle of a lip, the way a button works against a blouse. We dash ourselves against them again and again, surely conscious that once a single sperm enters the egg, a wall is formed around the ovum and the rest of the boys must stand and die at a locked gate.

It is all too much. And on those long nights when my wife rides the white torso of the perfect dream lover, his entire body one huge sperm, a flagellum three feet long and invincible, I think of myself awash in the imperfection of the hunt, the chase and the inevitable kill, then roll toward her, panting at the gate.

ROADSIDE PROHIBITION

I don't go out nights or weekends anymore. I don't visit my friends, go to the movies or out to dinner or attend sports events. Why? Because I am afraid. Because my state, in its infinite wisdom, has seen fit to install a series of roadblocks, so it can stop every car and check for proper registration, for valid licenses and, most of all, for signs of intoxication. One such recent operation stopped more than 1000 cars; it netted ten D.W.I.s, three expired registrations and one expired license.

I believe that because of massive media exposure, drunk driving has been exaggerated out of proportion. Since it looks good in the papers for the police to say "We caught so-and-so-many D.W.I.s," they are using measures that I believe are unconstitutional.

It seems we are headed for a second Prohibition. Movements are afoot to ban happy hours, all-you-can-drink promotions and similar devices. How many times must the lawmakers be shown that legislating morality just doesn't work? Evidently, the reason for all of this is to get drunks off the road. Whether or not it works remains to be seen, but these

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overzealous methods have turned me into one scared citizen.

Michael Durell
Milford, Connecticut

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

It seems to me that while PLAYBOY has, over the years, maintained reasonable positions on most pressing social issues, your discussion of drunk driving has been conspicuous only by its absence. I would hate to think that the reason you have neglected discussing the perils of drunk driving is that liquor, beer and spirits ads are featured so prominently in your pages.

Laura Penington
Montpelier, Vermont

As our mail shows, not everybody agrees on the best answer to the drunk-driving problem. But we've always worked on the assumption that our readers have enough good sense not to drive while under the influence—and that it's not in our interest, nor in the liquor industry's, to suggest otherwise. The liquor industry is concerned enough to have formed its own task force on the problem, in which PLAYBOY participates. Our own campaign

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DRIVING DRUNK
END
THE GOOD LIFE.**



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As part of PLAYBOY's ongoing commitment to our readers and the beverage industry, we have developed a dramatic new anti-driving drunk program. Working through industry retailers and in cooperation with federal, state and local government and FBI efforts, this vital program communicates the clear and thought-provoking message: "Don't Let Driving Drunk End the Good Life." To heighten awareness of the dangers of driving drunk, the program will feature a modified version of our universally recognized corporate symbol, the Rabbit Head—depicted shaking a tear—on a variety of support materials, including wall posters, drink coasters, automobile bumper stickers and in-store displays.

For further information, contact Chuck Neri, 100 Madison Avenue, 10th floor, New York, NY 10017, or Jay Remer, PLAYBOY National Sales and Advertising Manager, at 212 696-5030.

to combat drunk driving has been used by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration and several states. The kudos are nice, but the main point is that driving drunk is not part of the good life we believe in.

THE WORM TURNED

I read with some amusement the item in the December *Forum Newsfront* about the English community where some residents are upset about "worm torture," which apparently involves luring the poor, unsuspecting worms from the ground to be measured. If they think that is torture, what must they think of the barbaric sport of fishing, in which some of those worms are impaled on a (gasp!) steel shaft for the

purpose of luring an equally unsuspecting fish to his (or her) doom? *There's torture!*

I'm as much against cruelty as the next man, but somehow, I just can't get too worked up over worm measuring. But then, I'm not English, either.

Ronald K. Koons
Hanover Park, Illinois

Makes sense to us. But then again, we're not worms, either.

OFF OUR BACKS

In the November elections, the conservatives were once again proclaiming that they wanted to get Government "off the backs of the people." Compared with their archenemies, the liberals, how sincere are they in this claim? To find out, I listed some contemporary issues and asked, "Who would want more, or less, Government control?"

	LIB.	CON.
Handguns	more	less
Abortion	less	more
National health insurance	more	less
Prostitution	less	more
Consumer protection	more	less
Marijuana	less	more
Environmental protection	more	less
Censorship of foreign films	less	more
Redistribution of income	more	less
Adult entertainment	less	more

I submit that the conservatives make a preposterous claim. But more important, it should be observed that all of the above issues must be deliberated on their own merits. Only a simpleton or a libertarian would guide himself on the general principle of keeping Government uninvolved.

George Maeda
Holmdel, New Jersey

FLAMING YOUTH

As we all know, the youth of America are morally depraved and fiscally irresponsible and well on their way to perdition. The good news is that we've always been like that, evidently, and still seem to make it. I concluded that after finding a booklet titled *The Younger Generation and Its Attitude Toward Life*, whose first page includes the following statement:

We know all about the corruption of modern youth, how the evils of jazz, gin and sex—the Unholy Three—are leading the youngsters to perdition. We know that there have never been so many criminals (and first-class criminals at that!) among our boys and girls. We know that they are more or less "a godless bunch," that they do not honor their fathers and mothers, that they are burning themselves out in an endless orgy of sensual pleasures instead of equip-

ping themselves for the task of propagating the race and making way for a better civilization. . . .

The booklet was published in 1927, meaning that those hell-bent teenagers are now parents and grandparents and doing *their* thing, which is to worry about pot and rock instead of gin and jazz.

Robert Evans
Boston, Massachusetts

BACK TO LOREN

More research may be needed on the flabbergasm, a rare, near-psychotic rapture experienced after a string of unexpected megaorgasms. Symptoms include stark, staring eyes and a comalike relaxation of orificial musculature, rendering the unfortunate subject more prone to invasion from unexpected quarters. Astrin-gents do little or nothing to relieve this condition, against which the sole defense seems to be a blind faith in the future.

Bill Loren
Rockville, Maryland

WHINING WOMEN

It seems as if every time I flip on the TV, pick up a magazine or go out to see a movie, my consciousness is assaulted by images of women as stupid, whining, helpless and dependent creatures whose mental energies are consumed by trivialities ranging from existential dread of yellowing linoleum kitchen floors to metaphysical considerations of panty hose. To me, this continuous mass-media torrent of negative female images is infinitely more demeaning to women than even violent pornography, simply because it is so universally accepted and so blandly pervasive. Which brings me to PLAYBOY. I have read feminist tracts that attack your magazine. I think that the women who spend their time criticizing PLAYBOY are misdirecting their energies. Unlike the sleazy publications that portray women only as sex objects, you do not mingle nudity with either violence or stupidity. Unlike Madison Avenue and Hollywood, your magazine does not portray women as emotional wrecks whose lives can be shattered by a broken fingernail as easily as by a broken date. Your women are merely naked.

Iris Kwapinski
Annapolis, Maryland

Our women, madam, are not "merely naked." In addition, they are beautiful, trim and healthy—in compliance with an agreement we signed many years ago with the National Fitness Lobby.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WAYNE GRETZKY

a candid conversation about life on and off the ice with the young hockey superstar considered by many to be the world's best athlete

In keeping with the PLAYBOY tradition of interviewing heads of state, we bring you Wayne Douglas Gretzky of Canada. For those who don't follow the puck, he is Jim Thorpe on skates, Jesse Owens with a stick, Babe Ruth in hockey shorts. Going by statistics alone, Wayne Gretzky is the greatest athlete of the 20th Century. Going by the polls, he is more famous than everyone else in Canada combined.

Gretzky doesn't have the flash of Bobby Hull or Bobby Orr; he can't skate like Gilbert Perreault or Guy Lafleur; he can't muscle like Phil Esposito or Bryan Trottier; he's not a pure shooter, like Mike Bossy. Still, barring injury, Gretzky will score more goals than anyone else who has ever played hockey. Gordie Howe holds the all-time scoring record, with 1850 points. It took him 26 years to score them. Gretzky has earned more than 1000 points in fewer than six full seasons. If he keeps up his present pace, he'll pass Howe in ten years. At the age of 24, he already holds more records in hockey than any other athlete in any sport, period.

What the Great Gretzky has is a sixth sense—an ice sense, like Larry Bird's or Magic Johnson's court sense. He knows where everybody on the ice is, and he

knows where the puck is going. He generally gets there first.

When a hockey player scores, which isn't often (hockey scores read like baseball scores), the last player to touch the puck gets credit for the goal. Usually, the two players on his team who touch it before him each receive assists. Goals and assists are worth a point apiece in a player's stats. The reason they have equal value is that the players who passed the puck are often as important to the goal as the scorer, if not more so.

Until recently, 50 goals was a magic number in hockey. Any 50-goal scorer was an instant superstar. With expansion and longer schedules, 100 points (goals and assists, remember) became the household-name plateau. At first, only Esposito and Orr were doing it. Then a few more—Marcel Dionne, Lafleur, Bossy and Trottier—joined them at the summit. Now there are a number of 100-point men. And then there's Gretzky, who year after year finishes 40, 50, even 60 points ahead of everyone else. According to his stats, Gretzky is 33 1/3 percent better than the second-best player in hockey. It's unlikely that anyone else in any sport is, or has ever been, that much better than his "peers."

Wayne Douglas Gretzky was born in Brantford, Ontario, on January 26, 1961.

He's been famous ever since. His father, Walter, taught him to skate when he was two years old. By the time Wayne was five, he was playing on an all-star team with 10- and 11-year-olds. At the age of ten, he was averaging six goals a game. At 14, he left home to play Junior "B" hockey in Toronto, against 19- and 20-year-olds. Three years later, he was a pro, starring for the Indianapolis Racers of the old World Hockey Association. After only eight games, he was sold to the Edmonton Oilers. The Indianapolis Racers promptly folded. Wayne signed a 21-year personal-service contract with Oilers owner Peter Pocklington, making him—at 17—the highest-paid player in hockey.

That summer of 1979, four teams from the W.H.A., including Edmonton, merged with the National Hockey League. The scouting report on Gretzky was that at 5'11" and 170 pounds, he was too small and slow to compete in the bruiser-dominated N.H.L. All he did was tie for the 1979–1980 scoring title with 137 points. The next year, he totaled 164, breaking a decade-old N.H.L. record by 12 points.

Gretzky's third season was astonishing. He had 92 goals (the previous record was 76). With 212 total points, he broke his own scoring record by 48. Mike Bossy of the New York



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE BUSTON

"Although I didn't move away because of hockey, I regret not growing up with my family. I missed a lot of years. That's why I feel so bitter when people tell me they want to send their kid away from home at the age of 12."

"My feeling is, Let the puck do all the work. People think that to be a good hockey player you have to pick the puck up, deke around everybody and take a shot. But nobody can skate as fast as that little black thing."

"When a fight breaks out, I always look for all the little guys I can grab. We talk about whether or not we're going to each other's charity golf tournament, how's business, how's the wife and family."

Islanders had a great season, scoring 147 points—only 65 fewer than Gretzky.

Last season, Gretzky led the league with 87 goals and 205 points. Double-teamed at every turn, he still led the Oilers into the Stanley Cup finals against the Islanders, winners of four straight Stanley Cups. Gretzky and company won. The aurora borealis came out over Alberta.

As his sixth season began last fall, Gretzky held or shared at least 34 N.H.L. records. He has the longest scoring streak in history—51 consecutive games (in one of them, his only point, a goal, came with two seconds left in the game). He has set the standards for most goals and most total points in a season. He has even shattered hockey's most sacred record—tantamount to a baseball player's breaking Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak: Maurice "Rocket" Richard once scored 50 goals in the first 50 games of a season; Gretzky broke that one in 39 games.

He makes about \$1,000,000 a year playing hockey, plus \$2,000,000 or so for endorsements. In Canada, he is as popular as the maple leaf; and thanks to his squeaky-clean image, he's a marketer's dream. There are a Gretzky doll, a breakfast cereal, a watch, a lunch box, a bedspread, wallpaper and TV commercials. How many jocks have their own wallpaper? The hockey stick he endorses went from 12th place to first in sales in 18 months. In addition to the penthouse in which he lives, he owns interests in office buildings and shopping centers in Edmonton and a high-rise in Calgary and hefty amounts of gold bullion and securities. He and his managers run the Gretzky empire from lavish offices, appointed in oak, marble and brass, in two landmark buildings in Edmonton. Their empire is multinational: The 3000 letters Gretzky receives each month come from everywhere, some of them simply addressed WAYNE GRETZKY, CANADA.

To find out what makes the Great One so great, we sent free-lance writer Scott Cohen to Edmonton to speak with him before and after the Oilers' Stanley Cup victory last season. Cohen's report:

"Wayne Gretzky is unspectacular off the ice. He looks more like a surfer than a hockey player. The attribute that stands out most is his genuineness—fame hasn't gone to his head. He doesn't wear his money; he wears a sweat shirt and jeans. He owns a sports car but doesn't speed. He is loyal to his family and calls home three times a week. When he's not playing or doing endorsements, he's appearing at a banquet or a benefit or hosting a golf or tennis tournament on behalf of one of his many charities. Any girl in the country would be glad to break the ice with him; he has one girlfriend. His modesty is exasperating at times. I had thought I might be interviewing the most boring person on earth, but I, like a lot of people, had underestimated his intelligence and clarity of purpose.

"Gretzky's penthouse is tasteful, comfortable, low key. The decor is modern and masculine. His only possession that even hints at hype is a portrait of himself by Andy Warhol. The 'Interview,' which took place in Wayne's

living room and at a restaurant over lunch, began with the topic of his pervasive presence in Canada."

PLAYBOY: Your face is on billboards, posters, cereal boxes, dolls and magazine covers all over Canada. Outside Canada, you're fast becoming a household word. You hear your name a thousand times a day. You sign hundreds of autographs. Don't you get tired of being Wayne Gretzky?

GRETZKY: No. I drive to the rink, see a billboard, look at it—and I can stand it. [Grins] You hear Michael Jackson everywhere, too, but he's still great to dance to.

PLAYBOY: Don't you get tired of signing all those autographs, or do you accept that as part of the job?

GRETZKY: It really isn't part of the job. You don't have to sign autographs. Nobody is going to throw you in jail for not signing. I believe it goes with being a professional athlete.

PLAYBOY: At what point would fame become a liability?

GRETZKY: I don't think it will ever become a liability. How can I ever become more

*"I got a head start
by playing at the
age of two. By the
time I was five, I
was playing against
11-year-olds."*

famous than Reggie Jackson? It's impossible, just because of numbers. There are almost as many people living in New York State as there are in all of Canada. If I ever became too well known, I could move to Houston, where nobody would know me. I don't think you can become too famous as a hockey player.

PLAYBOY: Your fame is based, of course, on your being considered by many the most talented athlete in the world. How do you account for your gift?

GRETZKY: I think the success I have comes from believing in myself as a person and as a hockey player, utilizing all my teammates properly and having respect for the other player, that he's as good as I am. Those are the three major reasons.

PLAYBOY: That's a little vague. Any good player could say that.

GRETZKY: Well, I also got a head start by playing at the age of two. By the time I was five, I was playing against 11-year-olds.

PLAYBOY: Still, you must have had something special, something you were born with, to be able to play with kids twice your age.

GRETZKY: I had natural ability—plus,

there was no other league for me to play in at that time. Either I played with older kids or I didn't play. At that time, kids didn't learn to play hockey until they were six or seven. I had been skating as long as most ten-year-olds.

You know, when I was two years old, I was doing the drills—taught to me by my father—that I saw eight years later, in 1972, when the Russians came over. People were saying, "Look at those drills; look at what they're doing," but I had been doing those things for eight or nine years, and they were nothing to me. My father is a very intelligent man, and to him, everything in life is fundamentals and basics.

PLAYBOY: You were pushed to work pretty hard at it, weren't you?

GRETZKY: I worked hard, but there are a lot of others who worked hard at a young age, too. A lot of it has to do with being gifted. But there are a lot of people who are gifted. Whether it's in business, schooling or sports, you have to utilize your gifts. I also believe there are players who aren't doing as well as I am who are more talented than I.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is the best player?

GRETZKY: I don't know who the best is, but I can tell you whom I respect most: Denis Potvin, Mike Bossy and Bryan Trottier.

PLAYBOY: Who else would be on your all-star team?

GRETZKY: Gilbert Perreault and Paul Coffey. The goal tender has to be Billy Smith. He's won four Stanley Cups.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned from those players?

GRETZKY: I can't do what other players do, so I really haven't learned much. I can't hit people like Trottier can. I can't shoot as quickly as Bossy. I can't deke like Guy Lafleur. I'm not strong, like Potvin. I have to be Wayne Gretzky.

PLAYBOY: Yet each year, you outscore those players by a very wide margin. Let's see if we can't pin down the way you assess your abilities, starting with the most obvious—passing and scoring.

GRETZKY: My feeling is, Let the puck do all the work. That's why Bossy and Trottier and Jari Kurri and I have success. People think that to be a good hockey player you have to pick the puck up, deke around everybody and take a shot, which is not true. Nobody can skate as fast as that little black thing. We move the puck, give and get it back, give and get it back.

PLAYBOY: What about your shooting?

GRETZKY: You don't have to have a hard shot. You just have to be quick and bang it in there as fast as possible. Bossy can shoot that puck quicker than anyone else. Bang, it's in the net. As simple as that. Then there are guys with a hard shot, but I can't do that.

PLAYBOY: One reason you do score as much as you do is your knack of being in the right place at the right time. How do you explain your ability to anticipate plays?

GRETZKY: I developed that just by being a

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HONDA

FOLLOW THE LEADER

and obey the basic speed law. Slow down before you enter a turn. Give yourself plenty of room when passing cars. Don't make any unsafe modifications. If you're riding a new or unfamiliar machine, take it extra easy. And be nice enough to acknowledge when you are given the right-of-way. Pros know that doing the right things makes riding a lot safer. And more fun.

smaller hockey player than everyone else. I had to be ahead of everybody else or I wouldn't have survived. If I weren't thinking, I could have been seriously injured. My dad always argues that instinct can be taught. Some guys are smart enough to learn it, but there are other guys in the league who are not smart enough and can't learn.

PLAYBOY: How about your stamina? You play longer and harder than most players in the league, and you seem to be strongest at the end of the game, when others are the most tired.

GRETZKY: I used to do track and field as a kid. I was in a track club when I was six and seven, and I used to run three-, four-mile races. As I got older, the races got longer. The fact that I grew up running built up my endurance to a high level.

PLAYBOY: Have you been tested by medical experts to see if there is something special about you?

GRETZKY: Yes. Our team doctors tested my endurance, strength, reflexes and flexibility with machines, bicycles and drills. They tested every guy on the team and I did *bad* in all the tests—except endurance.

PLAYBOY: What do you think that demonstrated?

GRETZKY: You can't measure a guy's enthusiasm or intensity by having him sit on a bike or push on a machine. If you test a dull guy, you're going to get an accurate reading; but if you test an emotional guy, you won't.

PLAYBOY: Sportswriters have said you seem to be able to see everything that's going on on the ice. Do you have exceptional peripheral vision?

GRETZKY: They call it peripheral vision; I call it fear. *You* would be able to get out of the way, too, if Potvin were going to hit you. He's a big, strong boy. And, again, growing up, I was always the small guy. When I was five and playing against 11-year-olds, who were bigger, stronger, faster, I just had to figure out a way to play with them. When I was 14, I played against 20-year-olds, and when I was 17, I played with men. Basically, I had to play the same style all the way through. I couldn't beat people with my strength; I don't have a hard shot; I'm not the quickest skater in the league, though at times I can be as fast as anybody. My eyes and my mind have to do most of the work.

PLAYBOY: But are you able to see the entire game in a way others can't?

GRETZKY: I try to but, of course, I can't see everybody on the ice. I try my best to know where everybody is. So do all the good players in the league. I think that when I'm on the ice and teams see I have the puck, they send two or three players at me. That leaves openings for other players. I think that's why I get a lot of assists.

PLAYBOY: Do you see other players or do you *sense* them?

GRETZKY: I sense them more than I actually see them. I get a *feeling* about where a teammate is going to be. A lot of times, I

can turn and pass without even looking. Somebody will say, "Gosh, he didn't look but knew exactly where Jari Kurri was." True but not true. We've worked together for four years and have been to countless practices, and he knows I'm going to throw the puck there and I know he's going to be there. That's why it's important to know the other players and play together.

PLAYBOY: When you're skating up ice with the puck, are you aware of who the defense man is on that side of the ice?

GRETZKY: All the time. When I'm on the ice, I know who else is on the ice, and when I go into our zone, I can even tell when somebody new has come onto the ice. A perfect example is when I play against the Rangers. It's no secret that if Barry Beck hit me, he would kill me. It's not as if he would intentionally hurt me. He's a big, strong man, and if I got myself into a position where I got hit by him, forget it. He could seriously hurt me. So when I'm on the ice, I try to go to the side opposite from where he is. The same with Potvin. I don't think there's any question that Potvin is the best defense man in the

*"It's no secret that if
Barry Beck hit me, he
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I got hit by him, forget it."*

league. I think he's one of the reasons the Islanders won four Stanley Cups in a row.

PLAYBOY: How would *you* stop Wayne Gretzky?

GRETZKY: I can't tell you that. If I tell you, then I'm in trouble. I know the best way to *defend* against Wayne Gretzky, the way that bothers him the most. Obviously, the Islanders know. They're killing me. Steve Kasper of Boston knows.

PLAYBOY: What do they do that other teams don't?

GRETZKY: They play a lot more intelligently. First of all, they have more talent than other teams. Obviously, that's going to make it harder right off the bat. And then, if I'm fortunate enough to get by their players, both teams have great goal tenders.

PLAYBOY: If a guy covers you too closely and keeps getting in your way, will you pretend you were tripped or hooked to draw a penalty?

GRETZKY: Would I take a dive? Sure I would. I'll tell you why. A lot of times, when you're hooked, the penalty isn't called, which is fine; but if fighters—not necessarily Kasper—know they can

get away with hooking players, they will do it all night. But if you start diving when a guy's hooking you and he gets a penalty here and there, he's going to give you room. He's going to think that if he does that again, he'll get a penalty. That's the only reason I dive. If a guy is really sticking close to me throughout the hockey game, again, I can't knock him over, I can't stop and drill him in a fight, so I have to figure out ways to shake him.

PLAYBOY: Is it getting more difficult now for you to avoid drawing penalties?

GRETZKY: I think more people are trying to check me now than ever before, and I have to take a stand at some point. My stand may not be very forceful, but I have to let them know they can't just elbow, slash or push me around and expect me to take it with a smile. But looking back on my penalties, I see that most have been for tripping, all accidental. Bossy gets four, five penalties a year, and three of them are for accidental tripping. I'm amazed that some guys go an entire year without a penalty. How do they do that? A lot of times, you get a tripping penalty because you're tired at the end of a shift or you're lazy on a play. It depends on how disciplined you are.

PLAYBOY: In the past, the N.H.L. placed a lot of emphasis on physical strength. Given your size and build, do you think you would have been the player you are today?

GRETZKY: I might never have played 20 years ago. There's no question that I might not have made it. I remember people saying to me ten years ago that I might not make it, because I was too small. No, 20 years ago, I definitely would not have been able to play in the N.H.L.

PLAYBOY: Even though there were a lot of small players who made it?

GRETZKY: But those guys had something special. They were fabulous skaters. Maurice Richard, Yvan Cournoyer—they were flamboyant skaters. I was never a smooth skater. The game in the Sixties was a lot rougher and a lot more defensive-minded. Today it's a lot quicker, the puck is moved more, the training is better, the travel is better, there are more players from the U.S., Europe and maybe Russia, there is more technique. I just can't imagine that every professional group in the world—from writers to doctors to lawyers to football players—has improved and hockey is the only one that has gotten worse. I don't buy that.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the most prominent topic in the game: Is violence necessary in hockey?

GRETZKY: First of all, I don't think there's any question that hockey was violent back in the late Sixties, early Seventies, with bench-clearing brawls and that type of thing; but since then, the league has done a tremendous job of cleaning up the violence. That's evident by the fact that a person of my size, 5'11", 170 pounds, can play the game without being seriously injured. I think the European influence is

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also a big factor in changing the emphasis of the game from being able to fight to being able to skate.

PLAYBOY: Don't fans *want* to see violence?

GRETZKY: Teams used to think that violence brought people into the building. Sure it does, but we have to appeal to a bigger market than just the 15,000 people it may bring to a particular rink. The N.H.L. realized that and cleaned it up.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, don't players fight because fans want them to, even if they may not feel like it themselves?

GRETZKY: No. Rod Gilbert said it best: "People used to ask me if fights in hockey were fixed. If they were, I would have been in more of them." They're real. You don't fight just to please the fans. You fight for reasons of temper, frustration. I don't think you take a punch in the face for the fans.

PLAYBOY: You say the N.H.L. has cleaned up its act, but you can't deny that hockey still seems more violent than other sports.

GRETZKY: That's only because there is fighting. In other sports, I believe, if you fight, you're automatically ejected from the game. In hockey, you're not, the reason being that you're carrying around a hockey stick, which is a lethal weapon. I'd rather take a punch in the face than a stick over the head. That's why refs let the fighting go on for a long time. If the referees break up a fight that has just started, chances are, those guys are going to fight their next time on the ice anyway. If it's an even fight, the referees let the players fight, and if it's unfair, they break it up.

But I don't think hockey is any more violent than other sports. I'd be more scared standing in front of the plate with the pitcher throwing a ball 100 mph at my head. Nobody's ever been really hurt in hockey fights. The worst that can happen is a guy breaks a nose, I guess, but there are only a few guys in the league who fight, anyway—12 out of 20 guys on a team don't fight. You don't see a fighter fighting a nonfighter. That's just the way it is. It's an unwritten rule that fighters fight and guys who don't want to fight don't. A fighter knows that if he drops his gloves off with me, I'm not going to fight, so he doesn't waste his time.

PLAYBOY: Who are regarded as the best fighters in the N.H.L.?

GRETZKY: I guess Dave Semenko, Clark Gillies, Behn Wilson and Barry Beck. Those four are the guys I would name, anyway. I don't think I've forgotten anybody. I hope I haven't. I don't want anybody to be upset with me.

PLAYBOY: When a fight breaks out on the ice and players from opposing teams pair off, whom do you look for as an opponent?

GRETZKY: I always look for Pierre Larouche, Thomas Gradin, Neal Broten—all the *little* guys I can grab [laughs].

PLAYBOY: What do you talk about while you're grabbing each other?

GRETZKY: Well, the guys who don't want to fight might talk about whether or not

we're going to each other's charity golf tournament, how's business, how's the wife and family. You meet a lot of people around the league and you become friends.

PLAYBOY: What *would* provoke you to fight?

GRETZKY: Frustration, temper, like anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Would you throw the first punch?

GRETZKY: Yeah. I was in a fight where I threw the first punch. A player did something I thought wasn't called for. He slashed me pretty hard a couple of times, and I felt I was being taken advantage of. It was silly and stupid of me to fight. I mean, I'm not going to hurt anyone. Fortunately for me, he was a good enough guy, because he could have grabbed me and broken me in half. Instead, he held on to me.

PLAYBOY: Will an opposing player try to draw you into a fight so that you get a penalty and have to sit out part of the game?

GRETZKY: That happens a lot, but that's where it comes back to common sense and brains. A player having a good game must realize that getting into a fight does neither him nor the team any good. That's why

*"It's tough, but no
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and stepping on guys'
fingers. It's all
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people on a hockey team have different roles, and without naming names or pointing a finger at a guy, people on our team know when to step in and fight another player.

PLAYBOY: Every team has its fighters. On your team, isn't it Semenko's job to protect you?

GRETZKY: I would be wrong to say that it wasn't, but he's a policeman for the entire team, not just for Wayne Gretzky. He knows his responsibilities. He's not there to just take care of me. Coach Glen Sather doesn't say, "David, go out on the ice and get that guy." But situations on the ice do occur, and if David doesn't do his job, he's spoken to. You get into a physical game and that's where guys on the team like David and Mark Messier come through.

PLAYBOY: You say no one has really gotten hurt from fights. But what about such tactics as elbowing and high sticking?

GRETZKY: I guess those are the things most players get injured from. It's tough, but it's no different from a football game when players are kicking other players and stepping on guys' fingers. It's all part of winning. You can't blame a person for doing

what he can to win a hockey game.

PLAYBOY: Who are the dirtiest players in hockey?

GRETZKY: I'd rather not say. There are some guys I would say I purposely stay away from because I don't trust them, but you'll find them in every sport. The toughest guys in the league, not necessarily the dirtiest, without doubt, are Beck, the Sutter brothers—all of them—Rob Ramage of St. Louis, Glen Cochrane of Philadelphia; and, when he wants to be, I think Potvin is the toughest.

PLAYBOY: How have you avoided getting hurt? You've been injured only twice.

GRETZKY: I've been lucky, I guess. The style that I play makes for few chances of injury. If you're moving around and see what's coming, you have a better chance.

PLAYBOY: Some say the reason you don't get hit hard is that you don't go into the corners, where most of the hard hits—elbows and high sticks—occur.

GRETZKY: No. That's where I get the most points, from the corners. The real reason I don't get hit so much is that I played lacrosse. In lacrosse, there's always cross-checking. You learn to roll with the checks and never get hit straight on. I don't put myself in a position where anyone can hit me straight on. That's the biggest thing. I learned when I was a kid that it's tougher to hit a moving target than a target that's standing still.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a bit about the way you prepare for a game. What is the day of a game like for a professional hockey player?

GRETZKY: The night before a game, I'm always in bed before 10:30, 11 o'clock, religiously. I'm up around 8:30 in the morning, have a cup of tea and something light to eat, like a piece of toast, and read the newspaper. I'll go to the rink where we'll practice at 10:30, and after practice, at about 12:30, I eat. Then I spend the rest of the afternoon watching the soap operas. I go down to the rink at about four or five. When I get to the rink, I'll play ping-pong with a couple of the guys. Most of the guys show up about 5:30, except for about six of us. Ping-pong loosens me up, relaxes me and takes my mind off what's going to happen.

PLAYBOY: When do you start thinking about the game itself?

GRETZKY: I don't actually sit down and think about what I will have to do in a game. I know whom I'm playing against. In the back of my mind, I know that I'm playing, say, the New York Islanders. I worry about getting myself ready, thinking about the way I'm feeling that day, if I'm feeling more energetic than the previous day or, if I have a nagging injury that day, wondering if it's going to bother me. Basically, I worry about myself and don't think about the other team.

PLAYBOY: Are you as superstitious as most hockey players?

GRETZKY: Oh, yeah, about my sweater's always being tucked into my pants. I'm



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superstitious in that I follow the same routines: how I get dressed, being the first on the ice at the start of the game and each period.

PLAYBOY: Every team in the N.H.L. has at least one player who is superstitious about being the first on the ice. What happens when two of you have that superstition?

GRETZKY: It goes by seniority. I've been here for six years, and it would be pretty tough to knock me out of that spot. The other players may not admit to it, but it's even part of their superstition that I go out first. I don't know how that came about. I started doing it in the other league and kept doing it.

PLAYBOY: Where did the superstition about tucking your sweater into your pants come from?

GRETZKY: From the fact that I was five years old and playing with ten-year-olds; the team bought sweaters for ten-year-old kids and mine came down to my knees, so my dad tucked it in for me. I kept doing it.

PLAYBOY: Are you superstitious about your number—99?

GRETZKY: Yes. That came about because I had worn number nine as a kid, and when I got drafted in Junior "A," there was already somebody with a number nine, so the coach said I should wear two nines. When I went to Edmonton, Bill Goldsworthy wore nine, so I kept 99. One night, my sweater was stolen—I think it was in

Pittsburgh—and the trainer was wondering what I was going to wear. He was ready to get on the telephone and have my dad fly down with a sweater from a previous year, because I wouldn't wear another number. But they found it.

PLAYBOY: What about black tape on the blade of your hockey stick? Is that because it makes it harder for the goalie to see the black puck or is it another superstition?

GRETZKY: Any goalie who can't see the puck because of black tape is in the wrong sport. Gordie Howe scored a lot of his 800 goals using white tape. I use black tape that has white baby powder on it. I find that when the puck is spinning, the black tape seems to catch it and stop it from spinning. As far as the baby powder goes, I use it because the stick will collect snow along the bottom and the baby powder stops it from sticking. I use it for that reason [*smiles*]*—*and also because it's a superstition.

PLAYBOY: You're the guy goalies fear most, but which goalies do *you* respect most?

GRETZKY: I respect the goalies on the bad teams, because they handle more shots. Who do I think is the best? Well, I guess the guy who's had the most success against us is Billy Smith of the Islanders. He's had a lot of success against other teams, too. There's no question that he's the best money goalie; but then again, he has a very good team in front of him. He

won't get shots that other goalies will, because his defense men are better and smarter than those on a lot of other teams.

PLAYBOY: Great scorers have often claimed that they shoot without aiming. Do you aim or just shoot?

GRETZKY: Most shots I aim. *Most* shots. There are a lot of shots that you're basically hoping will go in. The thing that I remember is that 100 percent of the shots you *don't* take *don't* go in. A lot of times, you are in situations where you can aim the shot. I mean, you can put it in a general direction: top left corner, between the goalie's pads.

PLAYBOY: Is it more satisfying to put it between the goalie's legs?

GRETZKY: Nope. They don't ask you how at the end of the year; they ask how many.

PLAYBOY: How many of your hundreds of N.H.L. goals do you remember?

GRETZKY: Pretty much all of them. I can tell you almost everything that happened in my most recent hockey game.

PLAYBOY: Can most players do that?

GRETZKY: A lot of the guys can. My father can tell you what happened from the first minute to the last. I'm not kidding. He has a photographic memory.

PLAYBOY: Could your father have been a professional hockey player?

GRETZKY: He was an average hockey player. He was too small to be a professional, but he understood the mechanics.

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PLAYBOY: Could he have been a professional coach?

GRETZKY: First of all, I think you have to aspire to be one, and he never did. I believe he could have been a good hockey coach, but he would have been a better teacher for kids. We forget to teach the kids step one before we teach them step two. An example is coaches' teaching ten-year-olds how to slap the puck when they should be teaching them how to wrist the puck. It's senseless. You never see a ten-year-old Russian slap the puck. For years, I played minor hockey, and the coaches used to holler, "Dump it in, dump it in!" What is that going to teach kids? Let them carry the puck and pass it around, then go in and score. That's a game. It's fun for kids. There's no money involved. Sure, I like to win, but you also have to do it properly. Ten-year-olds' dumping it in will do nothing for them when they're 16. In order for us to be the best, we have to come together as a united country. We need a system that teaches everybody the same thing: how to stick-handle, how to shoot, the proper way to skate. Forget hitting and everything. When I was ten, the coach used to yell, "Take his head off!" But no one was going to hit me at that age. Other kids couldn't skate as well as I could.

PLAYBOY: Do you think two-year-olds should go to hockey school, as you did?

GRETZKY: I wouldn't want to send my two-year-old son to hockey school. But when I

skated seven hours a day, I never considered it practice. It was fun. I never once said, "I'm going to skate for seven hours and practice as hard as I can." I guess that's why I have been successful. When I was four, five, six, I used to skate for seven hours or eight hours a day, easily. I used to be out there sometimes from eight in the morning until lunch hour, sleep for a couple of hours, then skate from four to six and then go back with my dad after dinner for a couple more hours. That's what I enjoyed doing. I had no desire to go to the movies or watch TV. Even when I got older and other things came along, like dating, nothing except hockey ever entered my mind.

PLAYBOY: Did you practice in your back yard?

GRETZKY: Yeah. My dad would flood it with a garden hose, make a rink with two-by-fours along the sides and put up boards at the ends so when I shot the puck, it wouldn't go into the neighbor's yard. There were two nets and two night lights, one at each end.

PLAYBOY: What did you have in your back yard during the summer?

GRETZKY: A pitcher's mound. We lived about five houses from the corner, and when I was nine years old, there was a lot of dirt down there, and I would take a wheelbarrow, fill it up with dirt and build a pitcher's mound.

PLAYBOY: Whom did you pitch to?

GRETZKY: My father.

PLAYBOY: Your father spent a lot of time with you on athletics; didn't he have to work?

GRETZKY: Oh, yeah. He worked for the telephone company from eight to five Monday through Friday. But he didn't do anything else; he was devoted to his children. At that time, there were only my sister and myself. My little brother had just been born.

PLAYBOY: How did your dad devote himself to your sister?

GRETZKY: My sister was quite athletic, too, and that made it a lot easier for my father. There could have been a lot of problems between my sister and myself and my father and my mother. But she was involved in figure skating and track and field, so it worked out very well. I moved away from home when I was 14 and my brother Keith was seven years old, so my father had plenty of time for him. Now he's working with my youngest brother, who's 12.

PLAYBOY: How talented are your brothers?

GRETZKY: I have three brothers and, quite honestly, I think two of them will be professional hockey players.

PLAYBOY: Are they as good as you were at their ages?

GRETZKY: One is, the youngest.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's hard to be a sibling of Wayne Gretzky's?

GRETZKY: Very hard, but as hard as it is, it

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still has some fringe benefits. I'd like to be a 16-year-old and have a brother who wins a car and gives it to me. I'm sure Keith is going through a lot of pressure being my brother as far as hockey goes for being compared with me; but then again, he may get that extra chance because he is my brother.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to the pitcher's mound, could you have been a major-league pitcher?

GRETZKY: I don't think so; but then again, I always had confidence that if I pursued it properly, I would have had a chance. I did well where I did play—in Ontario, which has the top leagues in Canada—but it's so hard to compare Canadian talent with American. I was offered a tryout by the Toronto Blue Jays when I was 17, but I didn't take it. I was playing what they call Junior Ball, which is what you play from the age of 16 to 20, and I'm glad I decided not to go.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever doubt that you would become a professional hockey player?

GRETZKY: Until the day I signed, I doubted I would be one. I was in high school, plugging away, getting my education. I was in the 11th grade when I was offered a contract with the Birmingham Bulls in the W.H.A. I was 17; that was the first contract offer I had had. Then the New England Whalers offered me a contract. But when the Whalers found out that they had a chance of getting into the N.H.L., they phoned and said they couldn't sign me, because I was underage and it would ruin their chances. So Nelson Skalbania, who owned the Indianapolis Racers, signed me. After eight games, he sold me, Eddie Mio and Peter Driscoll for about \$350,000, plus another \$500,000... oh, I can't remember. I do remember getting on an airplane and not knowing whether we were going to Edmonton or Winnipeg. The three of us were taking off in a private jet. We got into the air and somebody said, "The deal is done; we're going to Edmonton." But somebody hadn't paid the bill for the flight, and we were told that if it weren't paid, we wouldn't land. So Mio pulled out his VISA card and paid for the flight. He had a \$600 limit and the guy took it.

PLAYBOY: What would you be doing now if you hadn't been signed?

GRETZKY: I have no idea. I was hoping to go to the university. That was my only goal.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

GRETZKY: I had acceptable grades. I wasn't a brilliant student. I missed a lot of school because of hockey, but I still got by.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever fantasize about playing hockey in the Olympics?

GRETZKY: I think the Olympics are great and they're a good learning experience for some people and they promote peace in the world—but they're not the biggest thing in the world. More emphasis is put

on the Olympics in the U.S. than in Canada. Americans are brought up believing that if you win a gold medal in the Olympics, you'll be a national hero. In Canada, if you win an Olympic gold, it's nice, but you still have to raise your own money and pay for your travel and training. You're not going to make \$200,000 to \$300,000 a year, the way a guy from the U.S. who wins a gold medal will.

PLAYBOY: You were locally famous by the time you were 11. How did that affect you at school?

GRETZKY: I would get embarrassed. When I was 11 and 12, there would be a picture of me in a magazine and the teacher would hang it on the wall.

PLAYBOY: Were you very popular?

GRETZKY: No. I had friends, though. I knew all the girls, but I didn't socialize except on the athletic teams.

PLAYBOY: You said you moved away from home when you were 14. Are you sorry you left home when you were so young?

GRETZKY: It's the only thing I do regret. I would have loved to grow up with my family and my brothers. I missed a lot of years. That's why I feel so bitter when people tell me they want to send *their* kid

*"I make tremendous money.
I guess you don't know
how much you make unless
you spend the time
counting it. Basically,
it goes into the bank."*

away from home at the age of 12. Parents are thinking of themselves and not their kid. In my case, I didn't move away because of hockey. Everyone thought that's why I moved. Sure, I was going to play against tougher competition, but the reason I moved was so I could be just another person in a big city, where nobody would know who I was. I wanted to get away from the pressure of having to perform at a certain level every day. My parents felt that the pressure might get to me. As it turned out, it was the best thing that could have happened to my career.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents want you to finish high school and go on to college?

GRETZKY: When I turned pro at 17, they had to sign a contract to make it legal, and they made me promise that I'd live with a family and go to high school. I did that until I was sold to Edmonton.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever finish school?

GRETZKY: Four years ago, I would have said yeah. Now I don't think I need it. The only reason for me to go back to school

would be to be able to say that I'd gotten my diploma.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you like to take some business courses?

GRETZKY: I would like to know more about business, but I feel I'm learning about it firsthand. In the past, the majority of players had to work at jobs in the off season. Now they're making big money and they have to take care of their finances. That is your job in the summer. Players now have to take the time to learn about business. The category "dumb jock" has been tossed out the window. Some guys, as in every profession, are more intelligent than others. Randy Gregg, on our team, is a doctor. I don't know if he's the most intelligent player in hockey, but he's doing well apart from hockey. I don't know a whole lot about business and I'll never say I am a businessman, but I am studying hard. I have some of my own stocks now that I follow.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with the money that you don't invest? Is it available to your family?

GRETZKY: All of it is. If my brothers want to go to college, I'd love to pay for them. I have X amount of dollars in the bank, and if my family asked for it, I'd give it to them.

PLAYBOY: Have they asked?

GRETZKY: No. I bought them a few acres of land two miles from where they live to build a house. They said they'd build one, but when I went away on a holiday and came back, they had already started building an addition to *their* house. I knew then that they would never build. Maybe I'll build a house there someday.

PLAYBOY: If you're in a waiting room and there's a choice between *Sports Illustrated* and *Business Week*—

GRETZKY: I'll pick up *Business Week*. I won't hesitate to do that. The biggest change in my life is my interest in business.

PLAYBOY: By the time you were 18, you were a millionaire. How were you prepared to deal with it?

GRETZKY: I guess the big thing, whether or not you have money when you're growing up, is to have to answer to only one person, yourself. As far as the money goes, I make tremendous money. I guess you don't know how much you make unless you spend the time counting it. Basically, it goes into the bank. I live not on a budget by any means but with guidelines. I'm fortunate in the sense that I have a nice car, a beautiful place, I can travel; but if I stop doing my job, I'll lose it all.

PLAYBOY: How much money per month do you live on?

GRETZKY: I live on about \$1500 to \$2000 pocket money, not counting bills. My condominium is paid off; I bought it for cash. Now, if I want to go out and buy a leather coat, I can do it. The great thing about the money that I have is that I've earned it myself; it's mine. I get advice from everybody, parents included, but there are

times when I say, "Hey, I earned this money."

PLAYBOY: When you received your first big pay check, what was the most expensive thing you bought?

GRETZKY: A 1979 silver Trans Am with a T roof, C.B., stereo. I bought it in the States when I was with Indianapolis, and when I got sold to Edmonton, I sold it, because I couldn't take it across the border.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you have in your pocket right now?

GRETZKY: I don't have a cent. I carry one credit card. I never carry cash. I just hate going to the bank. I hate lines and waiting. I'm patient in a lot of ways, but I'm impatient in a lot of other ways, such as standing around in airports, standing in line at the bank.

PLAYBOY: There are many people who work at harder, more meaningful jobs than playing hockey. Do you feel guilty because they earn a fraction of what you do?

GRETZKY: I think the greatest thing about living in North America is our freedom to do what we want to, and we all grow up having the same choices. What these people do is tremendous work. It's not rewarded the same way that ours is rewarded, yet their work is more important than our work. The only difference is that they don't get 18,000 people paying \$20 a head to see them work.

I do my job to the best of my ability. I'm making good money and I'm entertaining. Then I look at somebody making \$40,000,000 a year singing and entertaining people. How do you justify making that much? It's unfortunate that those people doing something more beneficial aren't making more money than entertainers. To the hockey players, it's work, a job and a responsibility to win the Stanley Cup, but to the fan watching the game, it's entertainment. People in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, don't care who wins the Stanley Cup as long as they're watching good hockey.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've paid your dues?

GRETZKY: Not like a lot of other people. There are a lot of players who work harder than Wayne Gretzky, who may be more dedicated than Gretzky, who haven't made it, who may still be on two-way contracts. But that doesn't mean that I didn't work hard and that I'm not dedicated. I've just been a little more fortunate. I feel I made pro on my own, all by myself, and I worked to get there.

PLAYBOY: Do athletes pay dues at all in the larger sense?

GRETZKY: Looking at it realistically, you play hockey from the age of 20 to 28, and that's it. The average hockey player today plays five years. Let's say you play eight. Let's say you make \$100,000 a year. After eight years, you've made \$800,000. Out of that, you pay your agent five percent, the government 40 to 50 percent, so over eight years, you've made only about \$350,000.

People say, "How can you not have any money left?" You've got to live. You have to have a car. You may have a family to support; you may have to buy a house. You've got to work after you retire from hockey. What is a hockey player going to do? A lot of guys have nothing to fall back on.

PLAYBOY: The classic example of that is Derek Sanderson, who during the late Sixties, early Seventies had the potential to be a huge hockey superstar but ended up blowing \$2,000,000, alcoholic and with the aid of crutches, hardly able to work. Do you keep him in mind to keep yourself honest?

GRETZKY: He's been through a lot of bad times, and we don't like to use him as an example. We don't like to keep bringing his name up publicly. I'm sure he's depressed enough over what has happened. Sanderson is used as an example by every hockey coach. I've never been around other hockey teams or their dressing rooms, but I'll bet he is used all the time by other managers: "Don't do drugs! You'll end up like Derek Sanderson!" I feel sorry for Sanderson, but I don't feel sorry

*"I don't think there's any
hockey player doing drugs
while he plays. I can't
imagine how a guy
could skate when he's
doing drugs."*

for him. There are more than enough people who went out of their way to help him—teammates, coaches, friends. I know a lot of the people who tried to help.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that you couldn't blame a player for doing what he had to do to win a game. What if a player took an undetectable drug that helped him play better?

GRETZKY: That could be the best question I've ever been asked. [Pause] I think that in the long run, it's not going to help the team. The proven history of drugs is that they affect you in a way that is negative, not positive. . . .

PLAYBOY: That's over the long run. What about the short run—one game?

GRETZKY: I don't know. It's a tough question. The individual will be hurt in the long run. Personally, I would be opposed to it, but what are you going to say to a guy who does a drug and scores two goals? The big thing, I guess, is that drugs are illegal.

PLAYBOY: Do fans offer you drugs?

GRETZKY: Not fans but people. "Hey, Gretzky, you want to buy drugs?" I've heard that since I was 12. It's everywhere,

not just in sports. One good thing about hockey is that they've cracked the whip on it. But I don't think there's any hockey player doing drugs while he plays. One thing we have that no other sport has is the art of skating. I have a hard enough time skating. I can't imagine how a guy could skate when he's doing drugs.

PLAYBOY: You've been exposed to a lot of temptations since you were a kid; have you ever wished you could be less disciplined, live a more carefree life?

GRETZKY: Not at all. I don't stop doing the things I want to do because I'm in the public eye. I'm Wayne Gretzky, the individual, the one person I have to answer to when I get up in the morning, when I go to practice, go to dinner. The question is whether or not I did the right thing, and all I have to say to myself is yes.

PLAYBOY: How does your image of yourself differ from the media's?

GRETZKY: I don't think there's much difference. The biggest problem was last season, after we beat New Jersey 13 to 4 and I said that thing about New Jersey's being a Mickey Mouse operation. That was a mistake, to criticize another organization. There's a difference between what Wayne Gretzky thinks and what he says. Ordinarily, I would have said what I did only to friends. Two years ago, I wouldn't have said it to the media; last year, I did.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to bust loose?

GRETZKY: I go to Las Vegas for a couple of days. I'm not a big gambler, but I go down once a year with a thousand dollars and say, "If I lose it, I lose it." I've been lucky. The most I've ever won is \$1000. It's nice for me to sit at the table, which I do from eight at night to four or five in the morning. Then I go to sleep, get up, lie by the pool, eat and do the same thing, and I love it. It's one of the few places you can go and nobody cares. The dealer may know who you are, but everybody else is gambling.

PLAYBOY: We know what you can do. What can't you do?

GRETZKY: I can't sing and I can't dance. I am the worst dancer you'll ever meet. I have no musical intelligence, no feel for it.

PLAYBOY: What was the last record you bought?

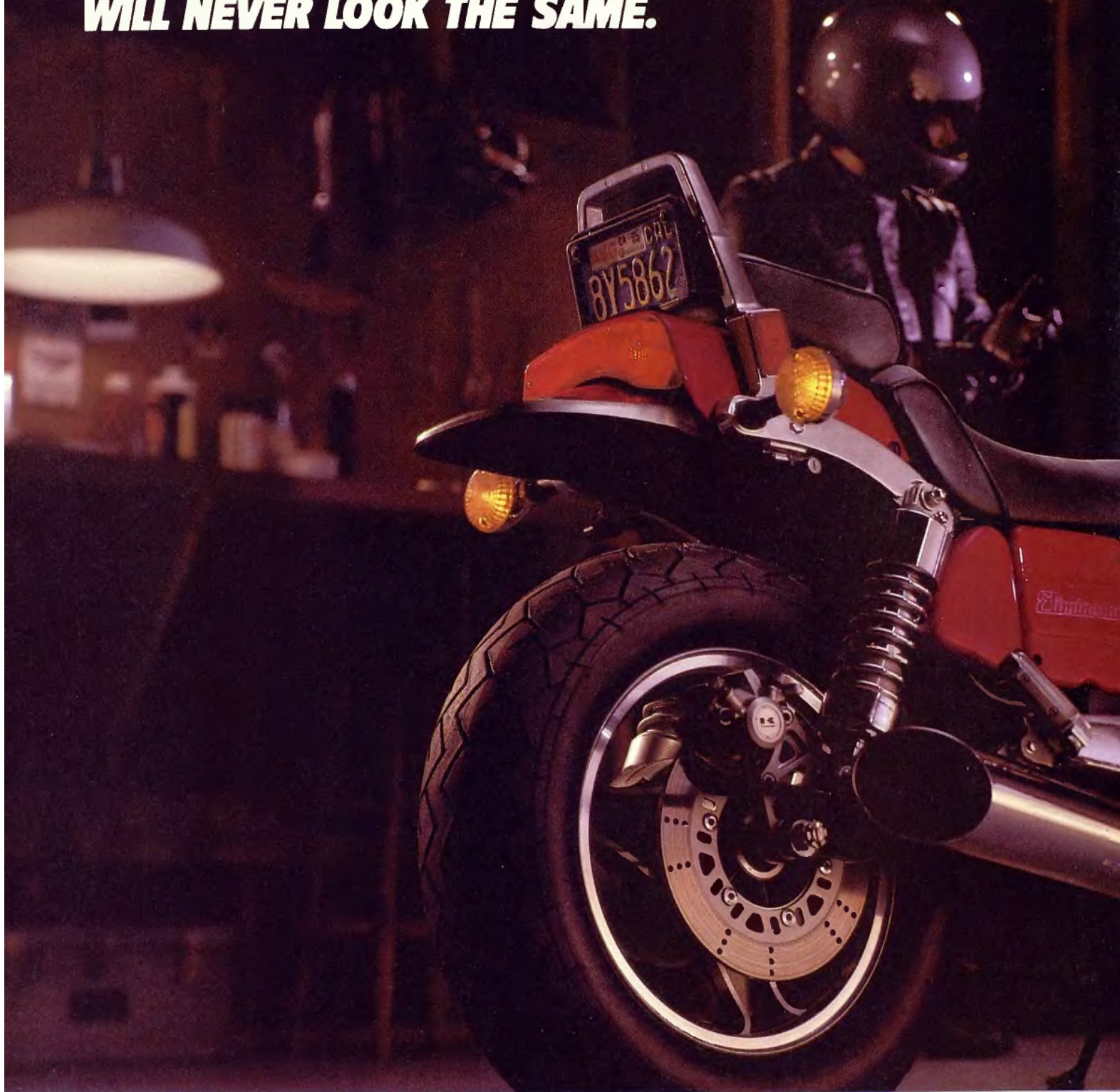
GRETZKY: The last record I bought, which must have been three years ago, was by Jack Green, on the suggestion of a friend. I also bought a Cliff Richard record. But I really can't spend a lot of time listening to music.

PLAYBOY: What else can't you do?

GRETZKY: Fly; I'm not comfortable in planes. A couple of years ago, I went to a hypnotist. It worked for five or six months, and then I started getting progressively worse. I guess my big fear is of putting my entire life in the hands of pilots. I like to be in control all the time.

Speed also bothers me. I've owned a Ferrari for four years, and I've never had a speeding ticket in my life. Everyone I lend the car to gets a speeding ticket. People get

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the feeling that they have to go fast in this car. I keep it in second gear and chug along. I have to lend it to friends to have them clean the carbon out.

PLAYBOY: Don't you have any vices?

GRETZKY: Oh, yeah, I'm human. I do have a bad habit of swearing on the ice. I forget that there are people around the rink. It's a problem. I hope I'm heading in a direction where I can correct it, but I don't know if I will be able to.

PLAYBOY: Who are you cursing out—yourself? The refs?

GRETZKY: Everybody. Everybody but my teammates.

PLAYBOY: Since all you've ever done in life is play hockey, do you wish you were more well rounded?

GRETZKY: I think I've learned a lot of things through hockey—about the people I've met and the different fields they're in, the places I've been, the cities I've seen, the parties I've been to. I think I am a more well-rounded person because of hockey.

PLAYBOY: You said you watch soap operas to relax before a game. Do you know what's going on in all the soap operas to date?

GRETZKY: Oh, yeah. I watch *All My Children*, *One Life to Live*, *General Hospital*, *The Young and the Restless*. I can tell you what's going on in all of them.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you appeared on *The*

Young and the Restless?

GRETZKY: Yes. I was in Las Vegas last summer at an awards ceremony, and a lady there who was part of the ceremony asked me if I would like to be on and I said, "Sure." I played a bad guy.

PLAYBOY: How did you prepare for your role?

GRETZKY: I talked with Ed Marinaro [of *Hill Street Blues*]. I had only five lines. I had no problem remembering them, but it was a difficult experience for me. I was shaken, to be honest. It was the first time I had ever acted. I just knew that people's expectations would be so high and that whether I did a good job or a bad one, I was going to be criticized. But I also knew that if I had read the papers, they would have said that I would never be a pro hockey player, that I was too small. I knew I would be criticized, but you can't believe everything you read.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to act seriously?

GRETZKY: No. I have a curiosity about acting, you might say, but I don't lie in bed at night thinking that I will be an actor or that I want to be an actor. On the other hand, it would be nice if there were something for me to step into when I was done with hockey.

PLAYBOY: You say you know what's going on in the soaps; do you know what's going on in Beirut?

GRETZKY: Yep.

PLAYBOY: Nicaragua?

GRETZKY: No, not so much Central America. I know that the stock market's falling out. I know exactly where we're at on nuclear power, and that scares me. I watch the news every night that I can. I know what's going on in Poland, of course.

PLAYBOY: Your ancestry is Polish; how Polish do you feel?

GRETZKY: Very. I understand Polish. My grandmother has relatives who are still there.

PLAYBOY: Do you follow fashion?

GRETZKY: Yes. I love clothes. I read the fashion sections in *PLAYBOY*; all the guys do. That's basic reading around here.

PLAYBOY: What kind of clothes do you like?

GRETZKY: I'm flexible. If something looks nice, I'll wear it, whether it's jeans or leather pants, sweaters or sweat shirts.

PLAYBOY: Do you like loose- or tight-fitting clothes?

GRETZKY: Very loose stuff. When I travel, I like to feel comfortable.

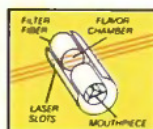
PLAYBOY: Do you notice what other guys wear?

GRETZKY: Oh, yeah. I used to watch Tony Geary in *General Hospital*. He's the same height and has the same kind of build and has blond hair, like me. I had never worn green before I watched that show. I used to hate green.

PLAYBOY: Since we're talking about light topics, here's a light exercise: How do you

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40 oz. or more, put:

1. 2/3 cup or more of Sauza Tequila.

2. 1/3 cup of Triple Sec.

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Add 1-4 tablespoons super-fine or confectioners sugar. Add 1/3 cup water.)

4. Enough ice to bring liquid to approximately 40-oz. level. Blend at full speed until ice is finely crushed. Taste and adjust as desired. Serve in glasses with salt or sugar on the rims.

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think your hockey skills would translate to other fields? With your skills, what sort of statesman—or soldier or lover—do you think Wayne Gretzky would make?

GRETZKY: I think that as a statesman, I'd be offensive. As a soldier, I'd be more defensive; I'd be worried about my life and I'd be watching every minute. And as a lover . . . I'd probably be defensive. I'm a very defensive person as far as letting people into my life.

PLAYBOY: Are the women who are able to break through your defenses the ones you end up with?

GRETZKY: No, definitely not. I like to be the one who opens the conversation. I'm defensive when girls come up and get too pushy with me.

PLAYBOY: Is that what happens when you go to parties?

GRETZKY: One of the things that enable me to live the way that I have is that I'm not a very private person. Privacy is not a big thing on my list. If I went to a party with 40 people and I knew ten or 12 people there, I'd get right into the middle. The only time I like to be alone is in the afternoon before a game. That's when I watch the soaps.

PLAYBOY: So no ambitions toward being a sex symbol in the Joe Namath tradition?

GRETZKY: That's not a void I need to fill. There are a lot of guys around who would

do better at being a sex symbol than Wayne Gretzky.

PLAYBOY: How many women have been in your life?

GRETZKY: Vickie Moss was my first girlfriend. I never dated anyone else.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet?

GRETZKY: [Teammate] Kevin Lowe and I were at a night club in Edmonton, and she was singing. I was 18 years old. A friend of mine whom she knew introduced us between one of her sets. I asked her if she'd like to have a drink. She sat down and hasn't left since. The thing about her that clicked in my mind was that she knew *nothing* about hockey. My defenses went right down. She does, however, have nine brothers who are big sports fans. She told them she was dating some hockey player. Then, one day, I showed up on their doorstep and they all panicked. [Laughs] So we weren't exactly high school sweethearts but the closest thing to it.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be difficult being Mrs. Wayne Gretzky?

GRETZKY: It would be harder than being Wayne Gretzky. It's tougher for her to get her own identity. She does have her own identity with the people who know her, but most people are asking her, "How's Wayne's shoulder?" "Isn't it great that he set a record?" "That was a great goal he got last night!" Being Mrs. Wayne Gretzky is a lot tougher.

PLAYBOY: Will you be getting married?

GRETZKY: I don't know. I've thought about it. If I get married, I'm going to start a family. She's just starting her career, traveling down South and going to Japan to cut an album, and I wouldn't want to interfere.

PLAYBOY: Do you live together?

GRETZKY: No. She does a lot of traveling in her career, and I'm gone an awful lot, so we don't. We do manage to see a lot of each other. She gives me room for my career and I give her room for her career, and that's why we have a great relationship. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: All right, out there on the ice: Besides career goals and assists, what records are left for you to break that aren't your own?

GRETZKY: Mike Bossy can say, "This year I want to get 50 goals in 50 games"—and do it. I can't. I have doubts about myself, and if I don't accomplish the feat I set for myself, it might really disappoint me. Bossy is a strong enough person that he said it and did it and that was it. I admire him for that. I admire guys like Trotter, Potvin, Bossy, guys who've played six, seven years and maintain the same level each year. That's the only goal I set for myself, to be a *consistent* athlete. That separates the superstars from the stars.





"CAFÉ FLESH" AND ME **CONFESSIONS** **OF A CULT SEX KING**

*if you're going to dabble in
postnuclear porn, you'd
better be ready for the fallout*

article **By JERRY STAHL**

OK, HOW MANY pornographers do you know?

Huh? I'm not counting Uncle Buddy, who made a bundle after the war peddling snapshots of wayward Stuttgart gals he lured off the streets with the promise of nylons and hot *Sauerbraten* if they'd pose with Himmler, the barracks schnauzer.

No, sir. We're talking contempo twitch and wriggle here. The loops you used to have to slide a quarter in the slot for have spawned an industry only slightly less legit than the one that



cranks out wholesome fodder of the *Gandhi II* and *Gidget Gets a Heat Rash* variety. But because they don't know any, scads of citizens never realize that most of today's thriving smutmeisters lead lives of no greater raciness than 20-year men from Mutual of Omaha.

Drab but true. Porno's ho-hum reality remains a peculiar and little-known secret to the world at large. Nobody assumes that insurance guys gambol about their pads on weekends, engaging in all sorts of insurancy, actuary-packed shenanigans. But if you've ever dabbled in dirt for hire—if you happen to have “done poundcake,” as insiders like to say—then your status as sex-flick vet will likely give folks the notion that your entire waking life is spent in nonstop pornlike thought and endeavor. It's not.

My own foray into X land, as a cocreator of the strangely acclaimed postnuke scorcher *Café Flesh*, left me stamped with the sort of shady notoriety shared by spouses of mass murderers and Senate pages who tell all. Worse (or better) yet, I've been accosted by morons, befriended by unsavory strangers, set upon by a menagerie of Midwest swells and slavering innocents too numerous to cram into one lonely article. The best thing, maybe, is not even to think of this as an article: Think of it as sort of a strange-o review in which you, lucky reader, will get to meet some of the just plain folks who saw our special movie and decided that, more than anything, they wanted to step out of their own lives and get their feet wet in erotica. With mixed results.

But to fully appreciate the colossal weirdness that followed *Flesh's* ascension into cult-hit heaven, it helps for the reader to have a peek at the Gehenna it popped out of. Which means—*hand me those Valiums, dear*—recalling how it all began, risking a little visit back to the Days of Slime and Bozos.

You'll have to wait for the PBS docudrama to get the whole story, but here's the gist. Way back in 1981, director Rinse Dream and I cooked up a screenplay about what life would be like in the postnuclear future. (Rinse Dream, of course, is not the name his mom and dad gave him. But having opted to escape the skin trade in order to try to crack the lucrative *Afterschool Special* market, he decided it might be best to let the whole C.F. episode remain something only his best friends know. My own movie moniker, Herbert W. Day, was based on a little-league coach who used to swat me about the coccyx for dropping flies.) Our goal, in that apple-cheeked era, was to perpetrate a World War Three musical. We had in mind a kind of high-rad *Cabaret* in which trendy mutants and atomic mobsters held sway over survivors bombed beyond all normal pleasures. Lots of people made movies about the end of the

world, but how many showed what the *night life* would be like?

Back then, Dream and I reasoned, New Wave loomed as the Next Big Thing. And the Next Thing After That was sure to be Nuclear Obsession (soon to set off a battery of Big Blast weepers from *Testament* to *The Day After*). The point is, none of this had happened yet. This was, for you youngsters, pre-*Road Warrior* and *Liquid Sky*, a season or two before *Flashdance* and MTV made quick-cut, steamy visuals as wholesome as Sheriff Andy's sinking his choppers into Aunt Bee's cobbler. We *knew* we were on to something. Only—go figure!—none of the right-thinking agents and studio execs we'd begun to badger could recognize our prescience. We weren't just turned down, we were scorned, driven off like pinheads trying to crash a Mensa dinner dance.

The horror! For half a year, Dream and I made like duck-tailed pundits, foisting our forecasts of postnuke greenbacks on sniffy producers who plainly couldn't wait to pry us off their sling chairs and spray the room with Glade. “Now, *Halloween*,” they'd declaim, “that's a movie the kids'll lick up! That's an *up*!” But some film about a gaggle of shell-shocked skeeks stranded on the planet after they bounce the Big One . . . well, that was a “downer.” Even if it did sport lots of girls in leopardskin doing the dirty hula.

Finally—into the polyester inferno—we got wind of a few “adult” financiers with a hundred thou in quarters they wanted to unload. These gentlemen made nice money churning out low-grade tush 'n' bush, but now they had an itch to add “something a little classy” to their line. (We had our first hint of what their idea of class was when we saw their headquarters: a three-room closet one flight up from a 16mm “art house” that offered round-the-clock one-handers.) *Café Flesh*, as it happened, caught the pornsters' fancy. It was the “poifect vehicle”—with certain key additions. All we had to do was work in some poochy, so the raincoat crowd wouldn't give us a bad review. Otherwise, it was smooth sailing.

So it was that our initial romp through the holocaust, hardly PG-13 to begin with, made its first, fatal stagger down the path to flat-out obscenity. To make the backers happy—and snag that ever-elusive budget—we swore on our kneecaps to stick in half a dozen squirting-kielbasa scenes. But to nurse our integrity, we crammed in all the disturbo words and visuals we could. That way, see, it was still “creative.” It was still “cool.” It was still, if you sort of squinted, “our film.”

Etc., etc. The entire epic was shot in ten days, on a single set, in a studio the size of a Dunkin' Donuts—for less than it costs to shoot two and a half days of most normal movies. But *Café Flesh*, for better or worse, was never in real danger of ending up a

normal movie.

The new plot, retooled for “wet shots,” hinged on the notion that after the apocalypse, 99 percent of those who survived would wake up D.O.A. between the legs. These were the Sex Negatives. Unable to relieve their lust—they got nauseated when they tried—the Negs nevertheless craved the sight of others who could still pull off the act. These others, the functioning one percent, were called Sex Positives. By rigidly enforced edict, Pozzies were required to perform for Neggies. And the “in” spot where all the lame and denatured went to slaver? Café Flesh, postnuke Copacabana.

Some fun! To keep things hopping between cinema-gyno shots, we concocted a little backstage romance. The hero was Negative, the heroine a smoldering Positive: *Dick and Jane Get Radiation*. Toss in a sicko lounge comic, a queen-of-the-roller-derby hostess, a frantic synthesizer sound track and the tragically hip bon ton of Hollywood Boulevard as extras, and what else do you need for a cult sensation?

If it wasn't exactly the stuff of Gilbert and Sullivan, it wasn't quite *Debbie Does Decatur*, either. The best part of the setup was that most of the Chucks and Suzies who had to lock femurs onscreen never had to utter a word—a definite plus. Your solid porn pro, as gifted as he may be at expressive rooting, generally lacks dramatic verve when it comes to mouthing dialog. But the way *Flesh* was remolded, just about all the snappy patter could be handled by “real” actors (out-of-work Strasberg grads and sitcom hopefuls). And the sex, pesky business, ended up in a series of choreographed side shows—stagy diversions, I like to think, in the gala tradition of the June Taylor dance segments on the old *Jackie Gleason Show*.

Imagine! By accident or by cosmic design, a new genre had been created: postatomic erotica. *Apocalypse Wow!* Even more ludicrous, this mutant genesis established a pair of fledgling film pups as the Woodward and Bernstein of big-screen bush. Lucky us.

But not to rush. Right out of the chute, *Flesh* ran into static in the smut parlors. Understandably, fellows who slipped into Babs's House o' Peeps for an evening of *Teeny Buns* saw red when a batch of scab-and-Mohawk types hit the screen instead. They wanted those teenies! Rumor had it that a battalion of Portland hard-core fans had slashed some seats, and—this I witnessed—at least six rows of Japanese businessmen filed out to commit ritual bus boarding halfway through a sneak preview at Hollywood's famed Pussycat Theatre.

It wasn't pretty. A hot item in the doors-barred, blinds-drawn home-video market, *Café* quickly belly-upped in the Adult *Bund*. In some places, it closed in a day. And whole chains, such as the New

(continued on page 118)



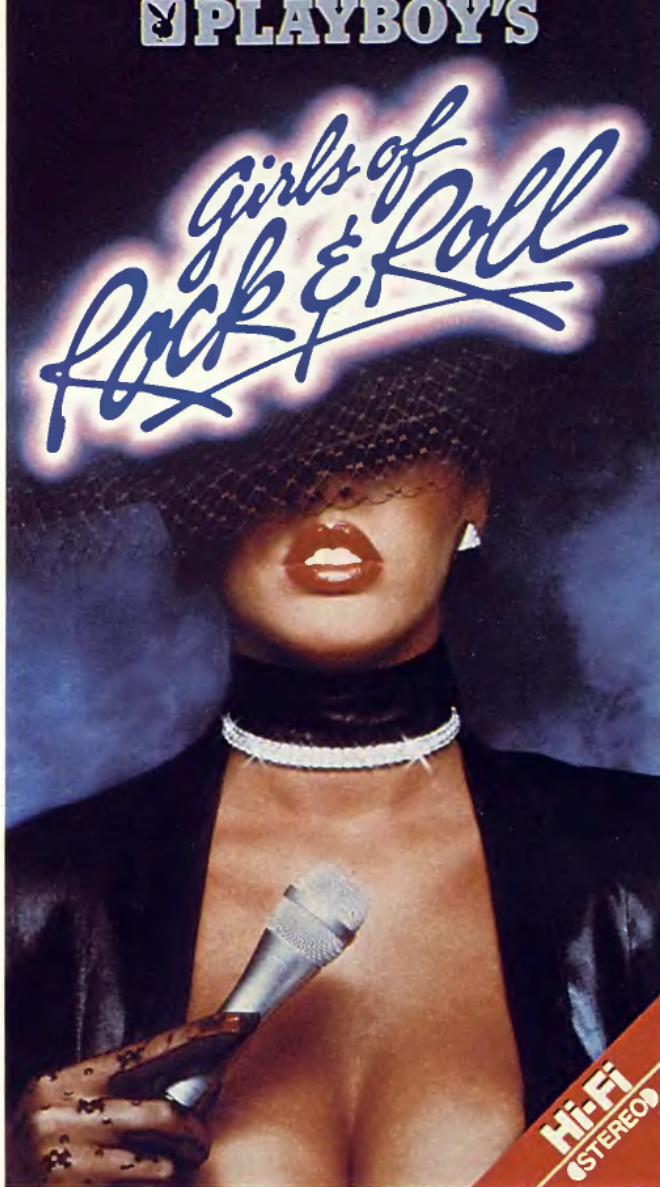
"What is it? What's wrong?"



PLAYBOY'S

Girls of Rock & Roll

EVEN WITH MTV's tireless titillation and Prince's purple bump and grind, there's been something missing from video music. Call it heat for heat's sake. Hot women, hot music, hot film—a synergy for eye and ear. Now it's here. *Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll*, produced by Carol Rosenstein and directed by David Winters, is at your video store. "It's going to be very successful," says multiple Emmy nominee Winters. "It's music, film, nudity in extremely good taste, humor and incredible production values." Unique in that it spotlights stars a-borning—these videos don't promo old records but new talent—*Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll* is being distributed by CBS-Fox. "These girls are a break away from stardom," Winters says. "They are terrific." And you can say you saw them here first—all of them.



The tape (left) began as a question: Why not hatch PLAYBOY's January pictorial *The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll* into a full-fledged audio-visual thang? Coupled with a pile of dollars and an army of talented auteurs, the girls—including a few new discoveries—stepped off the page and into the vanguard of video music. Australia's leonine Cheryl Rixon (lounging below left, roaring on the facing page) writhes to a gender-bending beat in *Secret Love*, a song that may be the Eighties equivalent of *Both Sides Now*. Director David Winters' video *Europopper* is the well-connected Dagmar Peterson. Once one of Europe's leading fashion models, Swedish-born Dagmar has swapped magazine covers for *Girls of Rock & Roll's* bed sheets. Her husband, Tom (below right, with Dagmor), a founder of the super-group Cheap Trick, appears with her to add his own sax symbolism to her vocals in *Lose Your Mind*.

ROCK VIDEO GETS HOT

you've never been moved like this before

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN





The music of Notorlie Poca (left and far left), like Natalie herself, can be described as modern psychedelic. "I saw her at Madame Wong's," says director David Winters. "She was enthralling. Sometimes I chose the girls with particular sequences in mind. This was one of those. Natalie's so cute onstage—we tried to capture that." One clip that resulted is *Machine World*, loosely based on Natalie's real-life experiences as a computer operator. After stints with *Communique* and *No Prisoners*, Notorlie's now a solo sensation. Above left, she switches on.



"Very, very professional," says Winters of San Diego jazz/fusion artist Debra Raye (left). Her ballad *Nobody* tells the story of a singer and her lighting technician (played by husband Scott Gorham of the group Ipso Fecto), a man whose style (see the shower scene with Debra, above left) is as gripping as his lady's soulful voice. Above and right: Brenda Holliday's sterling *I'm the Other Woman*, in which she creates a sensation among a roving brigade of lady cops. Remember the girl in *Goldfinger*? She kicked the gold bucket. Silver girl Brenda's much tougher.





Once linked romantically with David Bowie, for whom she sang backup, former Chicago Bunny Ava Cherry (above) has made it on her own with records here and abroad. Her *Love to Be Touched* brings Groce Jones ferocity and Ava femininity to *Girls of Rock & Roll*. Actress/songstress Celene Allen (left and below), a.k.a. Dilithium Cristil of The Split-ers, brings loco auto motion to *My Ford*, while Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur (right), makes a pretty picture crooning *Maybe Tonight*. And the lady can sing. Finally, in what Winters calls "an Indiana Jones meets *Dune*" bit of spoofery, Michelle Rohl (opposite) in the creepy-crawly *No Hongin' On*.







José Luis
Mera
27. oct. 1984

EVEN CHARLES ATLAS DIES

fiction

By **SERGIO
RAMÍREZ**

*i was transformed from
a 97-pound weakling into a
perfectly developed man. mr. atlas,
if i could only repay you*

HOW WELL I REMEMBER Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., the day he came down to the dock at Bluefields on the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua to see me off on the steamer to New York. He offered me his final words of advice and pressed on me his cashmere English overcoat—because it would be cold up there, he said. He walked with me down the gangplank and then clasped my hand in a long, firm handshake as I was about to step into the launch. As we motored out to meet the steamer on the high seas, I saw him for the last time, his figure slender and arched in his fatigues and campaign boots, waving goodbye with his cloth cap. I say for the last time because three days later, he was shot in a *Sandinista* assault on the Puerto Cabezas garrison, where he was the commander.

Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., was a great friend. He taught me English with his Cortina Method records, which he played for me every night on the windup Victrola there in the barracks of San Fernando. It was through him that I came to know American cigarettes. But above all else, I remember him for one thing: He enrolled me in the Charles Atlas correspondence course and sent me to New York to meet Charles Atlas in person.

I first met Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., in the town of San Fernando, in the northern mountains of Nueva Segovia, where I was the telegraph operator. He arrived at the head of the first column of U.S. Marines who were charged with forcing General Sandino and his (continued on page 146)



WHITE MAGIC THE GRAND ILLUSION

*99 artful tricks
with vodka*

drink By EMANUEL GREENBERG

ALMOST ANY ILLUSIONIST will admit that his bag of magic tricks rests on a few simple principles, even if he won't tell what they are. Vodka buffs, on the other hand, are less secretive. They cheerfully reveal that their uncanny ability to make one drink after another materialize flows from the fact that almost any vodka creation inevitably suggests a companion. That is eminently logical when you consider that a major characteristic of the clean, virtually flavorless spirit is its engaging versatility—its ability to smoothly complement a vast range of mixers.

During the past 30 years, as vodka has risen from odd-ball specialty to America's leading spirit, hundreds of drinks and other applications have been concocted by imaginative practitioners, both professional and amateur. The following 99 examples of white magic are a modest indication of the mother lode of vodka tricks. Watch the prestidigitator carefully and see how the game is played.

Let's start the countdown with 12 drinks: the classic screwdriver—vodka and orange juice—and 11 variations on the theme. For some of the alternatives, it's simply a matter of switching from o.j. to another juice. For example, adam's apple (apple juice, plus an apple slice),

cape codder (cranberry-juice cocktail), diamond head (pineapple juice), grape-shot (grape juice with a lemon wedge), greyhound (grapefruit juice), mandarin (tangerine juice), redhead (equal parts apple and cranberry juices) and yellow fever (lemonade). But that's only the beginning! Spike a traditional screwdriver with a nip of Galliano and you have a harvey wallbanger; add some Cointreau for *le screwdriver* or Sambuca Romana for a screwy sam.

Moving right along, it's a short step to more cunning vodka-juice combos. The seven that follow make ideal summer coolers for beach, boat, pool or patio frolics: hawaiian gold (1½ ozs. vodka, 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice in highball glass; fill with tonic); minted cooler (1 oz. vodka, ½ oz. green crème de menthe, 4 ozs. grapefruit juice, ½ teaspoon sugar; shake with ice, pour unstrained into tall glass, splash in club soda); sunrise rickey (1¼ ozs. vodka, juice ½ lime, 1 teaspoon grenadine over ice in tall glass; add club soda); moon glow (1¼ ozs. vodka, ¾ oz. Benedictine, 3 ozs. grapefruit juice over ice in tall glass); catamaran (1 oz. vodka, ½ oz. curaçao, 2 ozs. each pineapple juice and guava nectar over ice in 8-oz. highball glass; splash in tonic); berry frost (1½ ozs. vodka, 3 ozs. apricot nectar, 5 fresh strawberries, cut up, 1 teaspoon each grenadine and lemon juice, ¼ cup crushed ice; blend until just smooth) and nantucket (1½ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. triple sec, 4 ozs. cranberry-juice cocktail, squeeze of lime over ice).

Here are seven more vodka coolers; only in these, the juice is an accent rather than the main mixer: parasol (2 ozs. each vodka and orange juice, ½ oz. lime juice; shake with ice, pour unstrained into tall glass, add bitter-lemon soda); double lime (1½ ozs. vodka, 1 oz. lime juice, 2 teaspoons sweetened lime juice over ice in highball glass; add club soda); vodka daisy (1½ ozs. vodka, 1 oz. lemon juice, ½ oz. raspberry syrup, 1 teaspoon sugar; shake with cracked ice, pour unstrained into tall glass, splash in club soda); valhalla (1½ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. coconut liqueur, 2 ozs. orange juice, ½ oz. lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar; shake with ice, strain over fresh ice into tall glass, add Seven-Up); vodka sling (1½ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. cherry liqueur, ½ oz. Benedictine, juice ½ lemon, dash biters; shake with ice, strain over fresh ice into highball glass, add club soda); goldie (1½ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. apricot-flavored brandy, juice ½ lemon, ½ oz. grenadine over ice; add club soda) and quencher (1½ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. crème de cassis, ½ oz. triple sec, ½ oz. lime juice; shake with ice, strain over fresh ice into 8-oz. glass, add club soda).

Backing up a little, let's explore other vodka originals and the offspring they've spawned. Score 11 more in this group. Bloody mary—vodka, tomato juice, seasonings—becomes a bloodhound when

you substitute ½ oz. dry sherry for the seasonings or a clam digger when made with clam-tomato cocktail instead of tomato juice. Moscow mule—vodka, ginger beer, juice and rind of ½ lime—converts to an Irish mule with Guinness stout instead of ginger beer; made with regular beer, it's a dog's nose. Bullshot—vodka, bouillon, dash Worcestershire and pepper—evolves into a bloody bull when built with half bouillon, half tomato juice. Black russian—equal parts vodka and Kahlúa—gives rise to a white russian—a black russian, plus 1 part milk or cream—or to a pola bear—a black russian briefly blended with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Vodka's adaptability inspires yet another direction; it's now often called for in drinks originally launched with other spirits—as in these nine: as a replacement for gin in a martini, gimlet, collins or tonic; as a change from whiskey in a sour or highball; as an alternate to white rum in a colada or daiquiri; instead of brandy in a stinger, to make it a spider.

Despite the wealth of past experimentation, the fascination with vodka drinks is not slowing down. Quite the contrary. Here are three recipes from—of all places—London. British quaffers have been rediscovering the cocktail, and the happy hour is now a ritual in the livelier bars. The current enthusiasm surfaced in London's hard-rock spots but has proved to be upwardly mobile. London's Savoy Hotel presents the vodka angel (½ oz. vodka, ¼ oz. Fraise de Bordeaux and ¼ oz. cream; shake with ice, strain into cocktail glass), while the bar at the London Ritz offers serenity, a secret medley of vodka, blue curaçao, Galliano, dry vermouth and orange juice. A moving force in England's cocktail renaissance, Bas Basian, favors chop nut (1½ ozs. vodka, ¾ oz. each coconut liqueur and crème de banana, 1 oz. each orange juice and cream; shake with ice, strain into glass).

While overseas, scoot across to Paris for two more vodka offerings. Stop at Harry's New York Bar for a blue lagoon (equal parts vodka, blue curaçao, lemon juice; shake with ice, strain into saucer champagne over crushed ice) or at the Ritz bar for a don giovanni (1¼ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. Campari, 1½ ozs. grapefruit juice; shake with ice, strain into sour glass).

American bartenders are certainly no less inventive; witness these eight house vodka specials from domestic bars: mudslide, Le St. Germain restaurant, Los Angeles (for two—1 oz. vodka, 2 ozs. Myers's Original Rum Cream, scoop rocky-road ice cream, ¼ cup crushed ice; blend thoroughly); calgary red, Washington Square Bar & Grill, San Francisco (1¼ ozs. vodka, 5 ozs. beer, 2 ozs. tomato juice, squeeze of lime, grind of pepper;

combine in beer glass); sea breeze, Miguel's, Los Angeles (over ice in 13-oz. glass: 2 ozs. Smirnoff vodka; fill glass ¾ full with cranberry-juice cocktail, float on splash each orange juice, pineapple juice, club soda); Roxanne's heat wave, Roxanne's, New York City (1½ ozs. vodka, 1 teaspoon fresh lime juice over ice in wineglass; fill with chilled fresh watermelon juice); boston bracer, Jimmy's Harborside Restaurant, Boston (1½ ozs. each vodka and grapefruit juice over ice; fill with Schweppes tonic water, garnish with lime wedge); vodka bellini, Tony's, Houston (1½ ozs. vodka over ice in highball glass; fill with fresh peach or nectarine juice); autumn cocktail, The Four Seasons, New York City (2 ozs. vodka, ¾ oz. dry vermouth, ½ oz. Tuaca liqueur; stir with ice, strain into cocktail glass, garnish with orange peel); colorado bulldog, Windows on the World, New York City (equal parts vodka, coffee liqueur, cream; shake with ice, pour unstrained into highball glass, fill with chilled cola).

The current appeal of drinks made with milk, cream or ice cream is documented by these seven vodka smoothies: alexis (1¼ ozs. vodka, ¾ oz. chocolate-mint liqueur, 1 oz. cream; shake with ice, strain into glass); coco shake (1 oz. each vodka and crème de cacao, small scoop chocolate ice cream, 2 ozs. milk; blend, pour into glass, top with club soda); green cow (1½ ozs. vodka, ½ oz. each green crème de menthe and white crème de cacao, 3 ozs. milk over ice); jungle jim (equal parts vodka, crème de banana, milk over ice); new yorker (1½ ozs. each vodka and crème de cacao, 3 ozs. milk over ice in tall glass; fill with club soda); snow snake (1 oz. vodka, ¾ oz. white crème de cacao, ½ oz. tequila, 2 ozs. milk; shake with ice, pour unstrained into glass, squirt on whipped topping); vodka silk (1½ ozs. vodka, 3 ozs. peach nectar, 1½ ozs. cream, 1 tablespoon maraschino-cherry juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 3 ozs. crushed ice; blend until almost smooth; pour into collins glass).

From dairy-based drinks, it seems a natural transition to vodka in food. Here are seven ways to provide a piquant culinary accent with vodka:

A splash of ice-cold vodka adds zing to citrus sherbets or ripe melon.

James Beard, dean of the American food establishment, suggests dipping raw finger vegetables into chilled vodka, then into coarse salt, as a nippy low-calorie nibble.

A light drizzle of vodka over oysters and clams sharpens the briny mollusks.

An ounce of vodka does the same for a bowl of *gazpacho*.

To draw more intense aroma and flavor from dried herbs, seeds or spices, steep them in a small amount of vodka for an hour or so; then strain off the liquid and

(concluded on page 194)



"You're so inventive!"

SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN NICARAGUA

*sure, vietnam taught us not to get
mired in an unpopular war. so how do
we make this war popular?*

satire **By JOHN ESKOW**

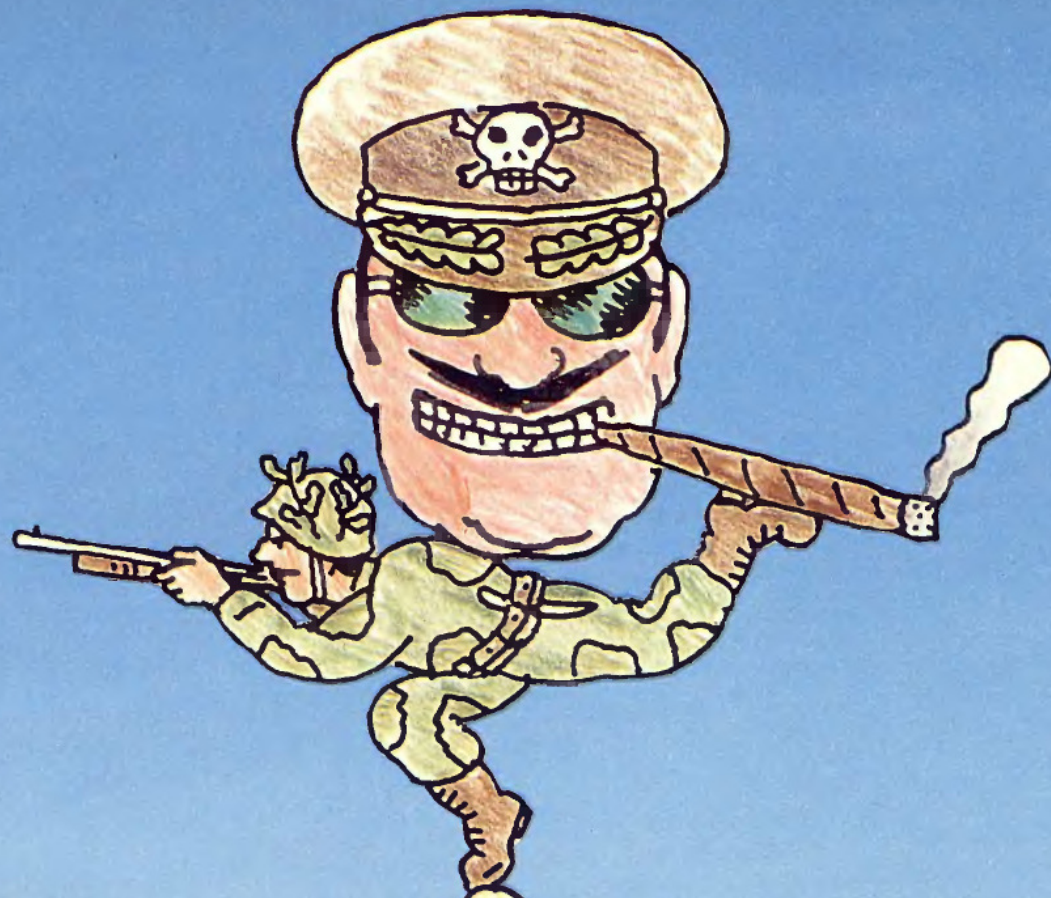
M

... Sweet, quiet Jeffrey Coates? Attack Desi Arnaz with a rolled-up copy of Soldier of Fortune magazine? Man, I was the last guy in the world that you'd figure for that kind of psycho scene—before I went to Nick, that is. Hey, pre-Nick, I used to watch "I Love Lucy" all the time. Ricky Ricardo was my hero. But after I came home from my tour of Nick, my whole take on Desi started changing. One afternoon, for absolutely no reason, I set fire to my bongos. . . . Every time I heard a mambo, I'd break out in a cold sweat. I didn't realize in my, like, conscious mind how much Desi reminded me of that 'raguan lieutenant that captured me. . . . But then, one night, I'm walking down 57th Street in N.Y.C., right, givin' all the rich folks my jungle-warfare stare, and suddenly I'm eye-locked with old Desi himself. But, like, he wasn't Desi anymore—he was that Sandy lieutenant crouchin' down in the brambles! And I just went into total Nick flashback. . . . It's been a tough recovery. Both Desi and Lucy have come to visit me in the rehab center—separately, natch—and that's a class move on their part. But what about my buddies out there on the street? They're walking time bombs, man! They could freak any time and start dynamiting Mexican restaurants or whatever. . . . And what about the boys who'll be shipped down there by the boatload? What about the ones who won't come back?"

—JEFFREY LEE COATES,
Nicaragua vet

Those are poignant questions that Jeff Coates asks from his cot in the CIA compound in Langley, Virginia. (Since the American presence in Nicaragua is still a covert one, we can't yet treat its veterans in V.A. hospitals.) The war in Vietnam ended 12 years ago, and we waited far too long to start helping those soldiers recover from their ordeal. Fortunately, word has come down from the President himself: Let's not make that same tragic mistake again. This time, let's not wait until thousands of (continued on page 196)







OUR MISS BROOKS

*better bone up on your history
if you want to make the grade with cindy*

CINDY BROOKS makes you want to watch your language. She bombards you with her squeaky-clean vibes and, if you're not careful, you find yourself saying such things as "Golly, Cindy, that's keen!"

Consider her background:

"I grew up in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. My father was one of the first people, along with Walt Disney, to build a story-book park. It was called Fantasyland, and I grew up with that as my back yard. I worked there even through college. I was

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA



Sixscore and two years later, the battlefield at Gettysburg makes a pleasant picnic ground for Cindy and (from left) her brother-in-law John, sister Jackie and father and mother. Not far away was the park Fantasyland, owned by her father, where Cindy played and worked during her school days.



At left, Cindy shows the proper form for a downfield shot on the polo field in Santa Barbara, California. Later (above), members of the Santa Barbara Polo and Racquet Club gather for a postmatch portrait. Word to the wise: You'll need about four of those agile and expensive polo ponies to get started in this game.

Little Bopeep and Little Red Ridinghood, and I sold cotton candy and snow cones. I lived in this fantasy world. I don't think I've grown up yet."

You'd think growing up in Fantasyland would leave one lacking in sophistication. But Cindy knows her way around and has accomplished a lot in her 33 years. For instance, she put down her shepherdess' staff long enough to go to High Point College and earn a degree in history.

"Living in Gettysburg, having so much history around me, probably influenced my decision to choose a history major. You could stand where Pickett's charge was and see the entrance to Fantasyland. But it wasn't until I got into college and had some good history teachers that it became interesting to me. They were smart enough to get away from wars and what years they happened and who was President at the time—all the boring things. The result is that I am so much more interested in politics now. I'm interested in world history; I love watching the news and reading the newspaper. I try to keep up on



The 15th reunion of the Gettysburg Area Senior High School class of 1969 brought together old classmates (from left) Randy Phiel, Wes Ayre, Jim Kunkel, Bob Hoylman and Paul Witt, not to mention Miss April 1985, who received far more attention than she ever did as a student there.



On a bike ride in Gettysburg, Cindy stops to soak up a little motherly wisdom before heading back to Los Angeles and work. Although she concentrates on modeling, Cindy has extensive credits in community theater and college musical productions. With a little Hollywood luck, more acting is a possibility.





"What makes a good relationship for me? Anything I say will sound trite. One of the words that come to mind to describe the perfect man for me is comforting. Not just someone who will put his arms around me and hug me, though I think a lot of that, but I mean comforting in a lot of ways. I'm a baby, so to speak. I want someone stronger to protect me and watch out for me." Cindy, you're beginning to sound like the kind of good old-fashioned girl that married dear old Dad.



what's going on in the world. I think it makes me an interesting person. I'm taking care of my own investments and trying to really understand IRAs and money markets. I don't go too much into the stock market, but I'll listen when someone has something to say about it. I just want to be aware, cognizant of what's going on around me that can help me."

While we can understand the practical applications, history still seems pretty dry fare, an idea that Cindy is quick to refute. "Oh, a lot goes on. That's why history is so interesting. You know, kings and queens fooling around on each other, and separate entrances so that when the king comes home, he won't know she's had someone up (text continued on page 104)









in the bedroom. Unbelievable! Juicy! Documented!"

Cindy *would* have a thoroughly modern outlook on history. She has come of age in a liberated era. And she's thankful for the changes—but not particularly eager to take advantage of them.

"Women in the Eighties are able to go for what they want, have interests, get out of the home. Yet they can stay there if they want, and it's OK. In the Seventies, the women who wanted to stay home were ridiculed. People would say, 'What's the matter with you? Why don't you want to get out and have this wonderful career?' Well, maybe they don't want to, and I think that's terrific, too.

"I have definite feelings about women's lib. I think the main idea is terrific. I think they've gotten carried away with it. I don't want to say that women shouldn't be equal to men, but let's not lose our sensitivity and our femininity. One of our greatest joys is doing something for a man who appreciates it. I can't help thinking that all those women who don't want to do things for men have men around who don't appreciate them.

"If you cook for a man and when he's finished eating, he says, 'Baby, come here, I want to tell you something. That was terrific!'—well, you can't tell me (text concluded on page 204)

"When my boyfriend comes home, I really like to make a big deal of it: 'Oh, baby, thanks for coming home!' That's a very special moment, because he did come home to me. Men in the work force are surrounded by attractive women all day."







MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cindy Brooks

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 114

BIRTH DATE: 11/5/51 BIRTHPLACE: Gettysburg, Pa.

AMBITIONS: To find a man who can share all the love I have to give in a world that is free and at peace.

TURN-ONS: Having breakfast in a beautiful setting

TURN-OFFS: sitting in traffic, insincerity, deception, freezing temperatures

FAVORITE BOOKS: All Quiet on the Western Front, Inside the Third Reich, Gone with the Wind

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Richard Chamberlain, Jessica Lange, Derek Jacobi, Meryl Streep, Vivien Leigh

FAVORITE SPORTS: Polo!!

IDEAL MAN: ambitious, intelligent, well-built body, a ready smile, attentiveness, loving and fun.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Amadeus, Tootsie, Taming of the Shrew, Streetcar named Desire



Look out, I'm at the wheel!

my 16th birthday bash!

Oook, sexy!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Marcel, the famous chef, said he'd tickle my palate if I had dinner at his apartment on his free night," the girl confided to a confidante, "but can you guess what he wanted to tickle it with?"

Sign on door of bondage-and-domination club: WIPE KNEES BEFORE ENTERING.

The girls who staff a popular massage parlor recently treated a group of their faithful clients to a midnight cruise. The vessel they chartered was, naturally enough, a tugboat.



Three Vanessa Williams jokes we hope we never hear again:

Democratic Party strategists, agonizing over the results of the election, are said to be bewailing the fact that Vanessa Williams wasn't chosen as Mondale's running mate. Their thinking is that she certainly could have licked Bush.

It's being rumored that Vanessa Williams will be honored with a novel commemorative postage stamp. The novelty is that it can be licked on both sides.

A tasteless porno promoter is sponsoring a Vanessa Williams lick-alike contest.

If the IRS begins specifically demanding a share of my take as a part of tax reform," the callgirl complained bitterly, "I'll be getting doubly screwed!"

Said a writer of porn who'd been stricken
By a lovely who made his pulse quicken:
"Just the thought of your twat
Has suggested a plot—
And, my dear, it's beginning to thicken!"

"I've heard," the man told a fellow club member, "that a mad scientist somewhere has managed to develop a beautiful, lifelike female android endowed with incomparable sexual skills."

"That certainly gives a new meaning," commented his listener, "to the old saying 'She fucks like a robot.'"

As the result of answering a personals ad for a male's female traveling companion," said the girl, "I went on a South Seas cruise, during which we crossed both the Tropic of Capricorn and the Tropic of Cancer."

"That sounds romantic and maybe astrologically significant!" gushed her listener.

"Romantic, not really—but astrologically significant," she said. "The guy I went with was an old goat! And the bastard gave me a case of the crabs!"

Medical report: A plastic surgeon's development of a replacement hymen has caused quite a flap.

There's an N.F.L. groupie who's cracking,
"I provide what at home may be lacking:
Since I lure them to bed
With the promise of head,
I'm an expert at quarterback sacking."

Graffiti on washroom wall next to prophylactic-dispensing machine: BUY TWO AND BE ONE JUMP AHEAD.

And then there was the fellow whose tongue was so long that when he stuck it out for the doctor, it was the nurse who went, "Aaaaah!"



If your organization ever happens to go to Nevada for its convention," the woman remarked to the business-association official she was seated next to on the plane, "I think its members might enjoy visiting my place."

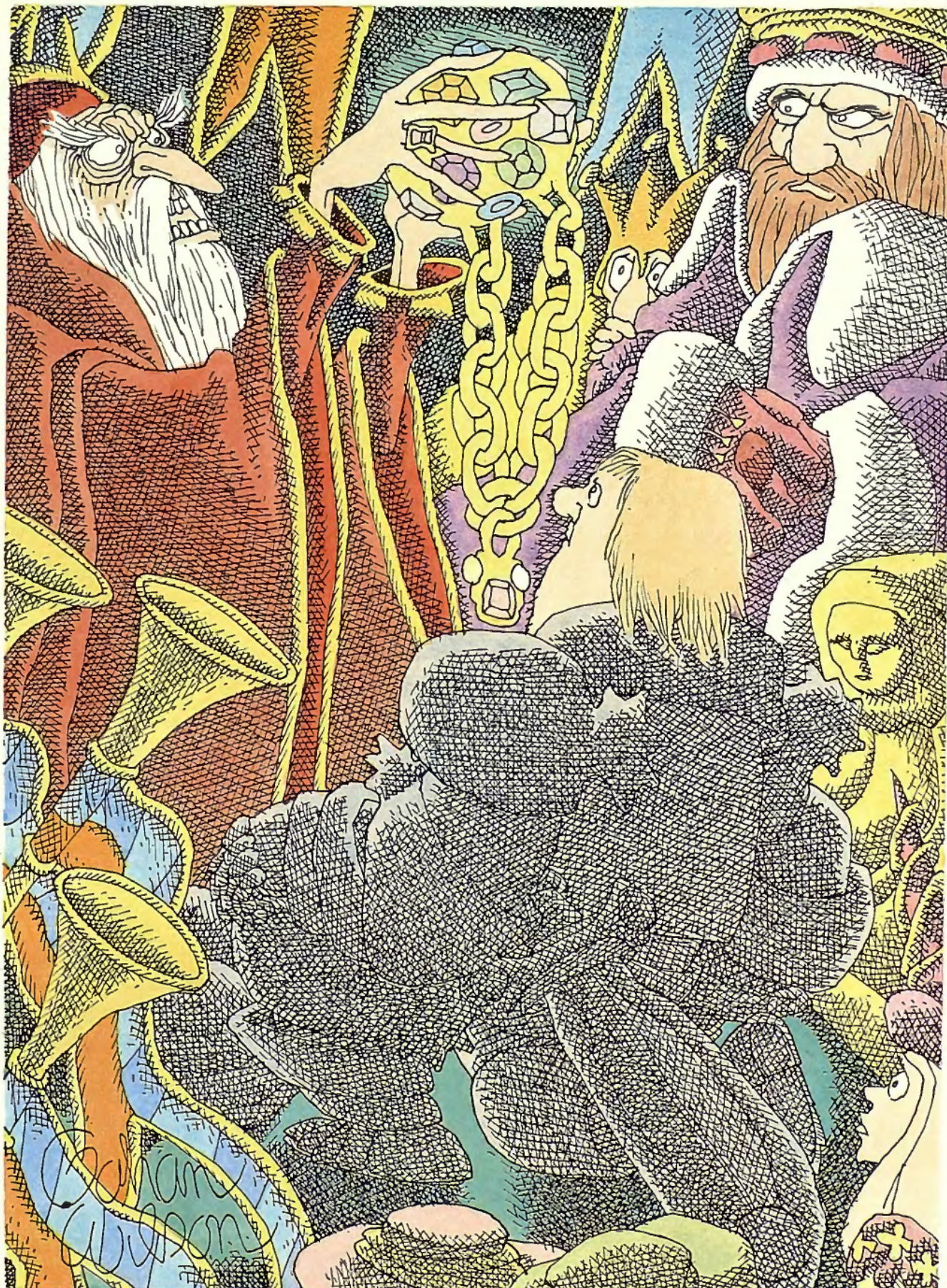
"What does it offer?" asked the man.

"Services," the woman replied. "Of both the bookie and the nookie variety."

"That sounds quite interesting," said her fellow traveler. "Tell me, what's the name of this—this dual-service establishment of yours?"

"The Odds and Ends Ranch."

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.



*"With the wearing of this mystic talisman,
you will never be plagued by any of the minor ailments
usually handled by over-the-counter drugs!"*



WHEN THEY DON'T WANT to make love, they talk about their lovers and husbands.

When they don't want to make love, they pay extraordinary attention to their cats and dogs, or horses if you are riding on a clear day in autumn, when trees and clouds are full of sexual innuendoes. They smoke cigarettes and chew gum so you can't kiss them.

Sometimes they send you on long errands when they don't want you, in search of improbable brand names, pills and salves, elixirs. Sometimes they tell you that you are too big and other times that you are too small. They say you are so handsome they are afraid they might fall in love with you or so ugly they could not possibly fall in love with you. Who knows which is worse?

They may say they have just broken up with their lover and are too sad or bitter to make love. They say their fathers hated them or that their fathers loved them too much. They may say they are queer or have some social disease. They say their mothers frightened them or gave them too much encouragement, expecting the daughter to want to make love as much as the mother wanted to make it. And so you ask to meet the mother, and they say you are rude. How could they ever make love

with somebody so rude?

When they want to make love, sometimes they will tell you they don't want to make love, and the no means yes. But usually not, so you have to be careful. No is a rare way for a woman to say yes, and a common vanity is to think they would lie to confuse us. When they want to make love, they never talk about it. I say this with total confidence based on too many conversations that have led to my sleeping alone. Maybe there are some who want to make love and discuss it first, but I have never known any, and I suspect this is a sexual perversion, though nothing human disgusts me.

You must look for other signs. Sometimes heavy breathing, but that might be altitude or terror, or you could even be imagining it. Clothing is helpful. You would think that women in bathing suits want to make love, but that has not been my experience. Maybe the sun and sea make our desires seem even more ridiculous than they really are.

When they want to make love, they wear these full white blouses cut low across the breasts, so that leaning toward you over the table, they shine naked. Or they wear light cotton skirts with slits and stand rounded, with a leg peeking, bright as a knife. When they want to make love,

they wear dresses that come loose with the single pull of a string and zip off with a shrug and underwear, if any, that presents the least resistance to eye and hand. I appreciate that.

But clothes do not make the woman any more than clothes make the man. And besides, she might have dressed for someone else when you came upon her by surprise or just after she had been in bed for hours with someone new.

Do not pay too much attention to women's clothing. Look deeply into their eyes as if they were naked or as if they had on the most outlandish apparel of feathers and patchwork silks and flowing ribbons and none of it mattered to you in the least.

I used to think you could tell when a woman wanted to make love, because suddenly it wouldn't matter so much. But experience has made me wiser. I tried not caring, nonchalance, thinking about other things: baseball, the stock market, razors, other women, pretending sex was the farthest thing from my mind. But all the women I met in this frame of mind seemed wonderfully satisfied to go on not making love for hours, days and even years, as if this were the happiest game of all, not making love, as if nothing could be more agreeable than desire conquered.

I once knew a woman I thought wanted to make love. I could tell from clothing, silence and the absence of pets. After a dinner of the best *filet mignon*, champagne and strawberries, she told me she had to go and do her laundry. She threw the bag over her shoulder and went out. I waited for hours. I never saw her again.

When they are plump, they eat a great deal at dinner, and when they are thin, they sigh and pick at their food. When they want to make love, they are not interested in gifts or praise. They do not care about age or I.Q. or fortune. Sometimes you may notice a luxurious drowsiness toward midnight, a stretching languor, low voice; and maybe a hand caresses your cheek and the hem sneaks up around her thighs as she lies carelessly on the couch or carpet. Or the blouse comes loose from the skirt, revealing her skin there. And the wineglass has only a sip left for the two of you. . . .

But never be too sure of anything.

Do not take her hand until there is shy confusion about who is reaching and whose bedroom is waiting there at the end of the hall.

In short, there is no end of false signs, no end of beginnings. And the single end that is shared must be unforeseen.

Sometimes when they don't want to make love, they talk about God instead, and sometimes they talk about God when they do. But always when making love they are talking about God: Oh, God, God, good God, oh, God, good God!

SIGNALS

*does no mean yes?
does yes mean maybe?
can a man ever tell?*

essay

By DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN



LET 'EM RIP!

*our bosom buddy
morganna's
guide to spring-
training gear*



Left: Yee-hah! Everybody's favorite bombshell, Morganna, is off and bucking aboard the rugged Workhorse, Huffy Sporting Goods' aerobics and muscle-toning machine that employs a cam-driven resistance system for upper- and lower-body exercise, plus cardiovascular aid, about \$250.



Above: Morganna has stepped aboard Sunbeam's Motivator, the first in-home scale that provides a voice feedback of current weight, history, target weight and a vocabulary of 144 sentences and 150 instructional messages designed to encourage behavior modification, about \$250.



IT'S TIME for spring training with Morganna, baseball's buxom (60-24-39) Kissing Bandit. Sprinting onto the playing field to smooch big stars and small, from Pete Rose to Otto Valez, Morganna is anathema to security guards but the next best thing to the national anthem for the players. Last year, in fact, she expanded her already prodigious horizons and added basketball's Kelly Tripucka to her list of big-time athletes lucky enough to catch a wayward buss. But a girl has to do *something* during the off season to keep in shape for surprise Monday-night boob-tube baseball appearances,

Below: For those surprise sprints onto the ball field, Morganna keeps in shape on the Tredex Model 2924, a monitored revolving track with controls that allow you to vary its speed from zero to eight miles per hour, by Universal Gym Equipment, \$2995.



and that's what she's up to here. All the equipment shown—from the Huffy Workhorse to the home tanning bed for getting an early start on beach and bleacher rays—will give you a leg up on your fellow jocks come summer. And just to make certain you don't break training, we've included the Sunbeam Motivator, an electronic coach/scale with a 235-word vocabulary. We've worked up a sweat just looking at Morganna.



Above: The Huffy Triathlon workout bike is about as close as you can get to the real thing; features include an Avocet racing seat, racing pedals with toe clips, a heavy-duty steel frame, a chrome-cast-metal flywheel, a speedometer/odometer, padded racing handle bars and a belt system that evenly distributes tension, \$250. Morganna generates about all the tension we can handle.



Left: The big pull in exercise equipment is still to rowing machines. Morganna is giving the heave ho to AMF's electromagnetic Benchmark model, which produces a motion similar to a real scull's and has an LED readout that displays calories consumed, \$695.



Above: Next to a nude beach in Negril, we'll take indoor tanning with Morganna on Wolff System's Model WSS/20 tanning bed any time. Twenty Bellarium "S" Superlamps give an even glow (the unit is safer than old Sol), and four fans, plus head and foot cushions ensure comfort. Because UV-B rays are so low, you don't even need to use a suntan lotion, \$3995.

"CAFÉ FLESH"

(continued from page 80)

"I had a premonition that 'Flesh's' exposure in the heartland would generate some grotesque fallout."

England Motion Picture web, refused to book it at all. Tough sledding! The original backers, swilling their Bromos, panicked and sold the pic for a song. And then—I still have to pinch myself—more than a year after dying as a dirty movie, *Café Flesh* was born again . . . as an art film, hailed as a bona fide bit of midnight cult cinema: "The Rocky Horror Picture Show of the Eighties."

Mirabile dictu! This unheard-of phenomenon kicked off in ever-hep Los Angeles, where the trendy Nuart Theater plopped us into the Friday slot then occupied by *Pink Flamingos*. *Flamingos* had also premiered there, ten years before, and my only fear was that one night, a tizzed-off Divine would burst through my French doors, wielding a bullwhip and a tub of Happy Boy margarine, bent on revenge. Success, as I soon learned, always packs a hidden risk.

Meanwhile, word of our cult coronation had brought us a spate of cryptic and unsavory acclaim. *The Hollywood Reporter* dubbed the film "Brechtian." *The Village Voice* warned that it was "only for the truly alienated." L.A.'s *Herald Examiner* labeled it "one of the strangest movies ever presented to an unwary public." And in no time, the unwary could get strange at scads of perfectly respectable venues. *Café Flesh* ran in New York, Boston, D.C.—all the places you'd expect. But reports also filtered back from such lonely outposts as the El Paseo in Santa Fe, Greensboro's Janus, even the Kalamazoo Campus, where puzzled distribution vets declared that it had outgrossed a week of *Rumble Fish* in two midnight showings.

"CAFÉ FLESH! SWEEPS KALAMAZOO!" We'd done the undoable! And yet—awful truth—I had begun to suffer recurring nightmares about dumping that twisted thing in all these normal little towns.

Sure, they called me paranoid. But I had a premonition that *Flesh's* exposure in the heartland would generate some grotesque fallout. Unless we pulled all the prints and dashed them with battery acid, like, right away, it could be Uh-Oh City.

I was right. Weeks after we broke into the White Bread Belt, the first blown-out devotee tracked me down, railing from the depths of the Midwest that *Flesh* had inspired him to drop everything and take his own stab at porno glory. My worst nightmare: *He knew I was just the man to make his dream come true!*

Seymour, it turned out, was a convenience-mart mogul from Indianapolis. He

called up—no word on how he had gotten the number—to let yours truly know he had "a wad of cabbage thick as whale dong" if I wanted to work up this wild idea he had for a movie.

"Do any bun whackin'?" he asked, having waked me out of a deep, troubled sleep at nine A.M.

"Excuse me?" I mumbled.

"Bun whackin'," Seymour repeated, shouting this time and making a thwacking noise with his cheek. "I was wonderin' if you got into much of that out there on the Coast. Here in Indy, it's just catchin' on, so I figured you people out there were beyond that into somethin' else."

I gave a little grunt, which the Mart King somehow took for an affirmative. "I thought so," he said. "I bet you guys get to try all kinds of kooky stuff. That's how I know you're gonna love *Hamper*."

Too groggy to protest, I plumped the pillow and listened with grim fascination as he described *Hamper Girls*, a brain storm inspired by a roguish vending-machine repairman he paid to keep things up to snuff at his Piggly Wigglys or whatever they were. "My guy moonlights on dollar-bill changers, and he tells me these little launderettes are so full of quiff, you gotta slap it off. I'm not kiddin'," he chuckled, as chummy as a lodge brother. "The way I figure, we go in and shoot some nice poochy pokin' out of a top loader. Real cute stuff. What say I whip you guys out the treatment and we slide right into development. . . ."

At what point, I wondered, did people in Indianapolis start talking "treatments" and "development deals"? Does anybody know the exact date? Seymour seemed to have a firmer grasp on the lingo than my own agent, who boasted a background in Renaissance lit. He went prattling on about "gross points" and "a rich back end" until he wound himself down, then suggested he scoot something out by Purolator so we could get the ball rolling.

I confess that for one foggy minute, I considered telling him that *Hamper* was the best thing I'd ever heard, maybe asking him to send off a little start-up check of, say, 90 Gs, then just cashing in and going nameless in Tijuana for a season in case he got antsy and dispatched some strapping Indiana lad to drag me back and make me work off every penny stocking shelves at a Terre Haute all-nighter. But it was too big a decision to make before noon.

"Mr. Seymour," I whispered, cupping the receiver so none of my immediate

neighbors would hear. (These condo walls are so thin, and some people still didn't know.) "Mr. Seymour, it's not like you think. . . . I'm not really a porno guy."

"Whaddaya talkin'? You made the son of a bitch, didn't you?"

"A one-shot," I said, still sotto voce. "I start dental school in the fall."

"Is this some kind of stunt?" he hollered. The man had cut his teeth in the dog-eat-dog world of Hoosier mart management, and he wasn't used to hearing no for an answer. "If it's price you're worried about, forget it. Say the word and you can make yourself a sweet wad of cabbage."

I swore it wasn't the cabbage, but the denial only brought on more wheedling. "C'mon, guy, level with your uncle Sy. Am I getting bullshit or am I getting fruit salad?"

"What?"

Call me a softy, but I just can't hang up on people. I couldn't even hang up on Uncle Sy.

Finally, dusting off a few old Dale Carnegie techniques, I told him that if I were going to tackle a *Hamper*-size deal, I'd want to give it 110 percent; but right now, I was just swamped with other projects. (I didn't tell him the big one was delivering circulars for Goodwill, but I didn't think Dale would want me to.) For a dizzy month or so, there had actually been talk of a *Café Flesh* cable series; and before that fizzled, there were hints of a French financier dying to spring for a reshoot R version of the movie. This being Hollywood and all, it turned out that both parties wanted to pay in Monopoly money. Still, for a while there, I was a guy with projects.

"Okeydoke, business over," Seymour snapped, suddenly shifting gears and getting reverential. "Can I be personal now, kiddo? I just wanna tell you I think *Café Flesh* is the greatest flick this country's seen since *The Stepford Wives*. And I mean that. I wouldn't say it if it wasn't true."

It took a minute for this to sink in, during which Seymour asked quickly if I'd mind showing him and a buddy around if they ever happened to drop into Tinseltown. "A guy like you must know all the hot spots, huh?"

"You bet," I said. It was the only way to get him off the phone before *Meet the Press*.

Two weeks later—"Surprise!"—Sy called to say that he was at the Hollywood Holiday Inn with a lodge brother named Babe and they were dying to catch some hotcha-hotcha. "So where's the action?" he wanted to know. "What's on the agenda?"

Well, what the hell. An artist owes something to his fans. That's just as true for a giant like Julio Iglesias as it is for you and me. Just having any fans at all was a new experience, and I was sort of curious to see what an out-of-stater was like. And

(continued on page 199)

TWO INTERESTING LIES

Once there was a minister who delighted in clever lies, and he announced that any man who could tell him two truly interesting lies could marry his beautiful daughter. So it was that all the best liars came to his house with their tales. But he was never satisfied with both lies, and his daughter remained unwon and unwed.

One day, a young man from the north came to the house and tried his luck. "You should go out and dig a huge pit under the main street of Seoul," he said. "When the hot weather comes, I predict that you will be able to sell the cool, damp pit and grow rich."

"That's wonderful," said the minister as usual. "And the second?"

"Before your father died," the young man said, "he borrowed one hundred thousand *yang* from me. I now ask for the payment."

The minister was in a dilemma: "If I say it is a lie, I must give the young man my daughter. If I say it is the truth, I must pay him my fortune."

"This strikes me as the most interesting lie I have ever heard," he said at last, whereat his lovely daughter sighed with pleasure.

THE FOOLISH BRIDES

Once there were three sisters whose mother had died when they were young. When it came time for them to be married, they had no one to give them advice about the ways of men.

On her wedding night, the first sister was frightened when at last alone with the bridegroom, and she modestly refused to undress. Insulted, the young man went away and never returned.

The second sister took note of this, and on her wedding night, she took off her clothes outside the bridal chamber and walked boldly to her husband quite naked. He was astounded. It seemed to him that only a very experienced woman would be so immodest. He, too, left the house, never to return.

The third sister was terribly worried, so on the night of her marriage, she stood outside the room and called, "Shall I come in dressed or naked?"

The husband was dumfounded. It seemed incredible that she should have to ask, and so he, as well, got up and left the house forever.

THE UNMARKED GRAVE

One day, a young traveler on his way to the city stopped and urinated on a

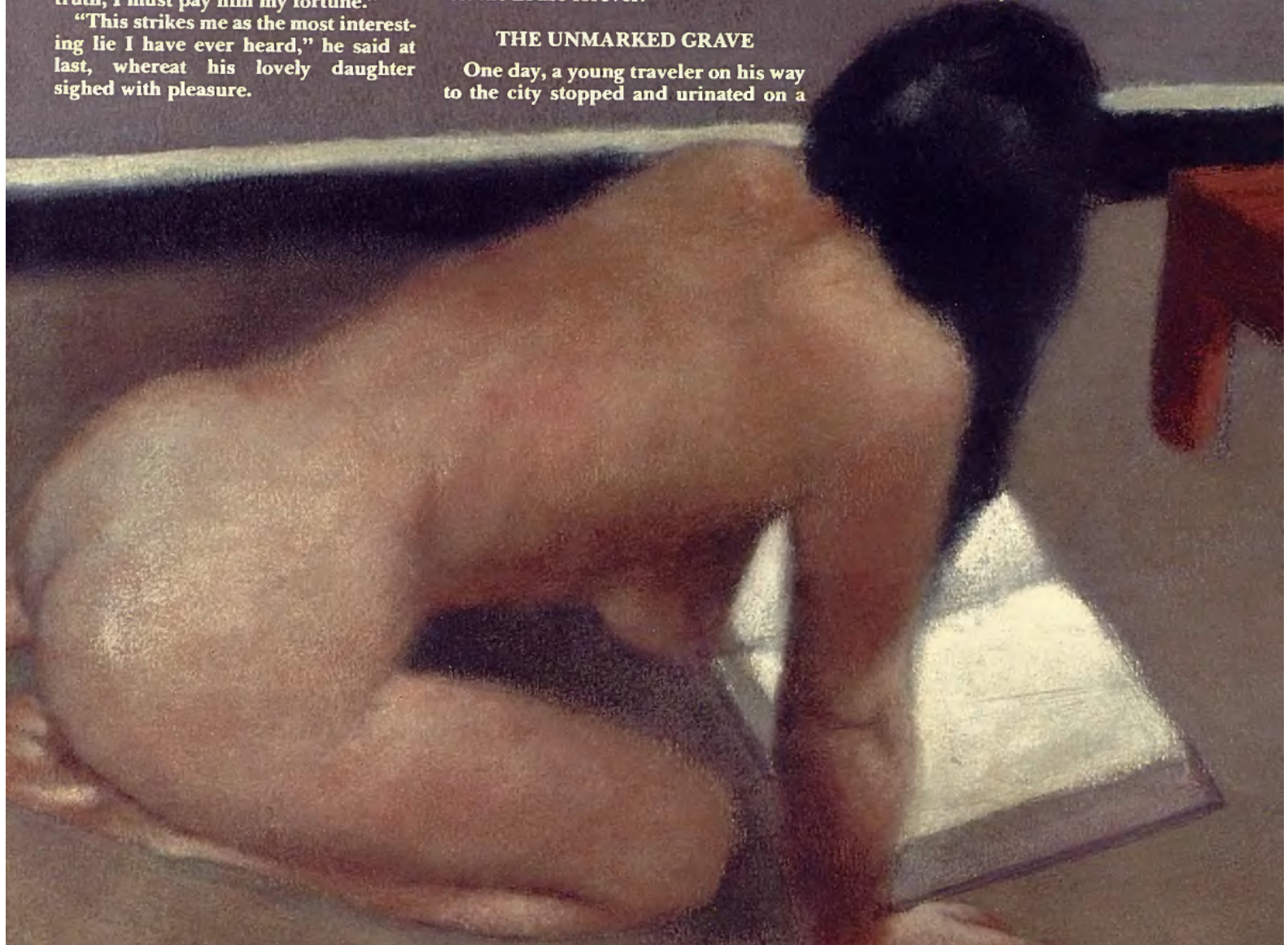
flat place by the roadside. He could not know it, but that place was the unmarked grave of a young woman.

That night, he dreamed that a beautiful girl appeared to him and said, "Traveler, my greatest thanks for lifting the curse on me. Today you showed me your lovely pink member. Never in my lifetime did any man so favor me, and so I was full of bitterness and was condemned to walk the earth as a ghost. Now you have freed me to go to another world. I shall repay you."

The young man went on to the city, and it so happened that, while he was there, he met the beautiful daughter of a magistrate, fell in love and married her. On his wedding night, he suddenly felt a ghostly touch on his member and heard the voice of the girl in his dream say, "I have repaid the debt. Farewell!"

From that time on in Korea, a virgin who dies is buried not under a circular mound, like other dead, but beneath flat ground.

—Retold by Charles Chandu





20 QUESTIONS: JOEL HYATT

the king of storefront law grills the legal profession, recalls some corpus delicti and tells us about his briefs

Joel Hyatt, at 34, is the Ray Kroc of law. Despite widespread criticism from his professional contemporaries, his low-cost Hyatt Legal Services chain (at the moment with 155 offices in 20 states) threatens not only to become the largest law firm of any kind in the world but to change America's ambivalent opinion of lawyers. His method: a slick national-television ad campaign (starring Joel Hyatt), storefront offices located in shopping centers with evening and weekend hours and extremely cheap rates. Bill Zehme caught up with Hyatt in Kansas City, Missouri, the firm's headquarters, and reports: "Hyatt is every bit as earnest as he seems in those commercials. He could probably be Wally and Beaver's other brother. In his office, visitors are greeted by a huge Andy Warhol lithograph of Justice Louis Brandeis, from the series 'Ten Great Jews of the 20th Century.' Hyatt swears that he often looks up from his desk and catches the legendary jurist winking at him."

1.

PLAYBOY: Chief Justice Warren Burger believes that lawyers enjoy such low public esteem that they are near "the bottom of the barrel" because some advertise like used-car salesmen. How do you plead?

HYATT: Not guilty. He doesn't condemn lawyer advertising; he complains about lawyers who engage in advertising not up to the standards we, as a profession, should set. I don't know what Burger's standards are, but I doubt they're any higher than mine. My ads have been acclaimed even by staunch opponents of lawyer advertising, precisely because they dignify the profession, not demean it.

Lawyers have been held in very low regard for a long time in this country—indeed, for far longer than we've had the right to advertise. It's very important to point out that, while the Chief Justice has made it clear how essential it is for the profession to make legal services more widely available at a lower cost, he has ignored the critical link between having the ability to advertise and reaching that goal. Advertising creates competition and competition reduces the cost to consumers. Hyatt Legal Services is dramatic evidence of how to do that best, because we're doing it for more people than any other law firm in the country. And we couldn't do it without advertising.

2.

PLAYBOY: Why are most Americans leery of lawyers?

HYATT: It didn't help when our country went through a period during which the President of the United States, the Attorney General and the special counsel to the President—all lawyers—were indicted and all but Nixon were convicted of violating laws. Lawyers have been perceived as protecting and enforcing the rights of the rich and powerful and as simply being unavailable and inapplicable to the rights and needs of middle-income people. Indeed, professional attempts to limit competition and oppose lawyer advertising are viewed by the public as being exactly what they are—cynical and greedy efforts to protect lawyers' turf rather than serve the people.

3.

PLAYBOY: Give us your word on this: Would you trust a lawyer if your life depended on it?

HYATT: Yes. There are many honest, committed and talented lawyers whom I would trust if I were in serious trouble. That's not to say there aren't many lawyers whose talent and integrity don't inspire my confidence. The profession has never properly addressed its responsibility for self-regulation.

4.

PLAYBOY: What really slows down justice?

HYATT: Several things. Until the advent of lower-cost delivery of legal services, obtaining a lawyer was prohibitively expensive for most people. That meant that a person could not protect or enforce his rights. That's changing, but there's a lot more change necessary. First, we need to develop ways of resolving disputes without the legal system. There are many things—divorce, for one—that might be better done outside a courthouse.

5.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you hired John Houseman to do your ads?

HYATT: I don't think he'd do as good a job as I do. Actually, we couldn't afford John Houseman. Also, many states prohibit the use of actors in legal ads. In Ohio, where we started, for example, the law requires that only a lawyer in full-time practice with the firm appear as the spokesperson. I was the only one of the three cofounders of Hyatt Legal Services who could practice law in Ohio. So, by default, I became the spokesperson. Most people thought that it was because of my large ego, but, in fact, it was legally mandated. Now that my wife, Suzi, has become a full partner, people

keep suggesting that she do the ads. She would do a great job. But I'm not sure that my ego could withstand the increase in business that would result.

6.

PLAYBOY: Here's a literary question. Give Shakespeare an assist: What would be the most efficient way to "kill all the lawyers"?

HYATT: Require them to keep silent for a week.

7.

PLAYBOY: You're the pre-eminent attorney of the TV age; what's your assessment: Did Perry Mason ever have competition?

HYATT: No. Perry Mason will always stand alone. I loved that show. Then, unfortunately, I went to law school and learned that everything in Perry Mason's courtroom is unrealistic. He asks witnesses questions that are totally improper and would never be permitted in any court. He always solves the case by capturing the person who really committed the crime—who just so happens to be sitting in the courtroom. It's a wonderful show that, if anything, exacerbates the lack of information people have about our legal system.

The recent Paul Newman film *The Verdict* was actually more relevant to important issues facing the legal profession: the need for quality standards, the role that powerful institutions can play, the incompetence of some judges. But the movie went to extremes. For example, it wasn't necessary to have Newman be a lawyer with only one client to prove he was struggling. There are, unfortunately, many struggling lawyers who make the kind of improper ethical judgments he made. But there are very few lawyers who are as sad and pathetic as he was, and by carrying the characterization too far, the movie lost credibility.

8.

PLAYBOY: Lawyers are always tossing around Latin terms. Do you guys really know what that stuff means? That is, when is a corpus delicti?

HYATT: I used to refer to the women I wanted to date in college as corpus delicti. In truth, I don't know what many of those terms and phrases mean. The arcane and unique language that lawyers insist upon using is an attempt to keep themselves on a pedestal. They try to enshroud the law in a big mystery so that the public feels that it needs lawyers to explain what seems to be so (continued on page 184)

WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA

the author chucked a great job to become a ship's skipper—so what if he didn't know how to sail?

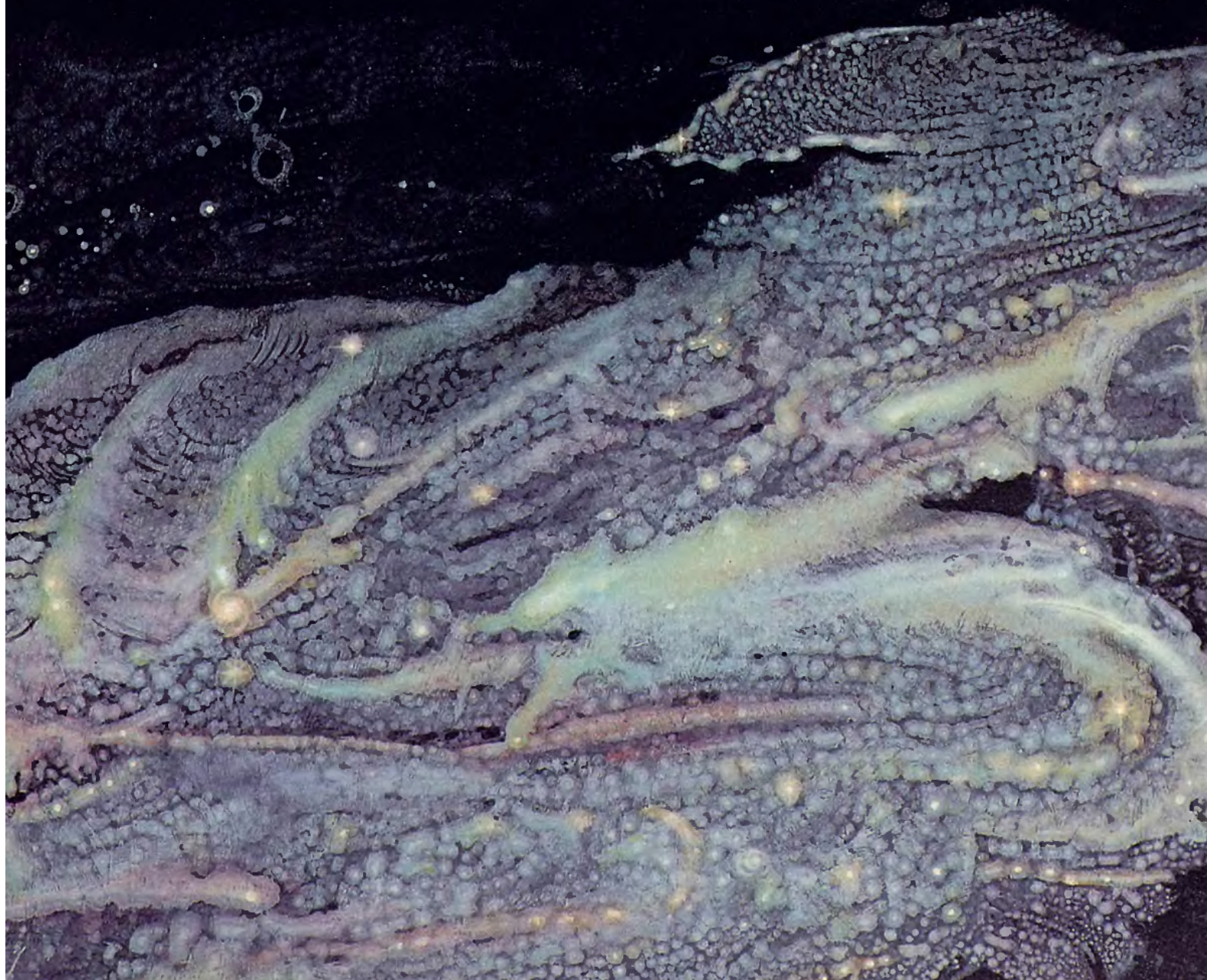
memoir

By **REG POTTERTON**

I HAVE NO satisfactory explanation for this, but for almost ten years, I was employed by **PLAYBOY** magazine in a position that many people described (somewhat carelessly, I often thought) as the greatest job in the world. For an aspiring young writer who'd spent years daydreaming about exotic lands, it probably seemed as close to perfection as any job could be. The work consisted of foreign travel, with an open expense account and a walletful of company credit cards,

and taking notes. It was the kind of job that allowed me to go where I wanted when I wanted, and I did. Someone had to do it, and for reasons best known to those who made the choice, I was chosen.

Perhaps nobody at the Chicago head office fully understood why this privilege had come my way. Certainly, none of us ever knew exactly what the job was, for the issue was confused by the fact that my title on the masthead changed every year or so. It was assumed



that I was a kind of travel editor, and for a time I think I was, though at least one editor remained convinced that I was employed by a foreign intelligence service.

There was only one formal definition of my function in the **PLAYBOY** empire, and that came on the first assignment, a tour of hotels, restaurants and places of amusement in nine European countries, the first of which was Portugal. In Lisbon, I checked into a suite at the Ritz, took a bath in a

room that appeared to have been carved from a quarry of pink marble and went out into the city to begin eating and drinking my way into the resort suburbs of Estoril and Cascais. Within a week, I'd collected so many receipts that I had to buy a new bag to hold them and had to invent a new category—nightlife research—for the company expense-account forms. Alarmed by the extravagant costs of the expedition, I phoned Chicago from Lisbon to suggest

that we drop the remaining eight countries from the itinerary. Over the crackle of the transatlantic line, I heard the Managing Editor's kindly, confident chuckle: "Don't you worry about that, my boy. You just stay on the road and spend the money. That's your job."

I followed those orders faithfully. Other men might have behaved otherwise in the circumstances, but to me it was work that called for systematic and fairly relentless self-gratification, and through the full, rich years from 1966 to 1975, I applied myself to the task with energy and dedication on a global scale.

Throughout most of that time, I lived in England and went to the office only for the occasional meeting and to collect money for the next journey. When a Senior Editor asked me why, as a staff member of a company based in Chicago, I lived in another country, I could only say that it was more convenient.

It is difficult to convey the enormous sense of well-being that comes to those who travel the world on other people's money; and in my case, perhaps it was inevitable that the money would sometimes be used to gratify powerful cravings. For several weeks of a three-month canoe and river-boat journey across the Amazon Basin in the rainy season, my guide was a man who claimed a deep and almost mystical intimacy with Amazon geography, which he first demonstrated when we became hopelessly lost within a mile of his native village. It took us more than a week to get out and another two weeks before we reached the city of Manaus.

Throughout that period, my guide had only one subject on his mind, and he talked about it with an enthusiasm that never waned during those endless days of rain and epic discomfort: He had a passion for the German city of Frankfurt; it was his lifelong ambition to go there.

This soon became a difficult and intensely boring subject to sustain, since neither of us had been to Frankfurt or knew anything about the place, but my guide adopted the playful attitude that because I had traveled widely, I must also have been to Frankfurt and would one day break down and tell him everything I knew if he kept on about it long enough.

In Manaus, in exchange for his services on the river and in part payment for the occasion when he had led me to a swimming hole infested with piranhas, I helped my guide obtain a passport and gave him a one-way ticket to the jungle to his city of dreams. He went, but he never wrote.

As the years rolled splendidly by, there were warning tremors offstage, the rumbling sound of things breaking up in the background. Marriage. Family. Home. In Hong Kong in 1972 I met an American woman who came back to my hotel room and waited until we were in bed before

reminding me that we'd been there once before, in Morocco in 1969. She verified this with a summary of incidents from our first encounter: swimming at night in the surf at Agadir, the broken shower in her room, the workmen and their drills outside her window at daybreak. I remembered that, I remembered a woman, but I didn't remember her. I said:

"You've changed your hair; that's what fooled me."

"No, it's the same."

"And you're still singing with that band?"

"No, I'm still a lawyer."

Another wobble came a year later in a movie theater in Tokyo, when I sat in the darkness, sober and wide-awake, timing myself for more than a minute while I tried to remember the answers to these questions: What country am I in? Why am I here?

To coincide with my 39th birthday, in April 1975, and with the intention of writing about charter yachting in the West Indies, I arranged for the magazine to charter a 72-foot schooner and a 60-foot ketch for a two-week cruise in the eastern Caribbean. My fellow passengers were a photographer, his assistants, a stylist, a hairdresser and five models.

"What we're looking for," the photographer said as we set off from Martinique, "are pictures of mature young adults doing mature-young-adult things with each other."

In the Caribbean, I made myself obnoxious among my colleagues by brooding loudly and often about a theme that had developed into a monotonous diatribe—filled with whining and self-pity, no doubt—the gist being that while I'd been everywhere and done practically everything I wanted, I couldn't actually *do* anything that was of any real value to anyone, and it seemed to me that I didn't know anything of lasting value to myself.

As we sailed from island to island, I couldn't help comparing my way of life with that of the crews of our two chartered yachts and with that of the other sailors we met during the charter. There was a humor and a practical wisdom about them that struck a chord; I admired them for what they could do, for their skills, their knowledge of tools and materials; I envied them for the simplicity of their existence, which seemed to me to combine the greatest freedom with the greatest responsibility. Unlike many of the people I knew, they didn't spend their time in neurotic contemplation of men, women, issues and events that were far removed from them and over which they had no control and that rarely mattered anyway. They were unconcerned about the latest fads or obsessions, the newest celebrities, current movies, books or diets or cults. More important, there was a refreshing and unself-conscious sense of friendship among

them, a mutual dependency and trust that took no account of nationality, age or sex. It occurred to me that for the first time in my life, I was among a group of people who did what they did for the love of it, and that what they did was worth doing.

From this it was a short step to the conclusion that I wanted to know what they knew, to be like them, to be one of them; and at dinner on the boat one night, after yet another day of watching naked young models diving from the boat and running along the beach, I said so. One of the models said, "Do you know that nine out of ten people think you're an asshole?"

"That's all right," said Mike Perkins, our skipper. "Nine out of ten assholes think he's OK."

I didn't write the story about the charter-yacht business. In Antigua, where our charter ended, there was an old wooden ketch called *Fortuna* that was leaving the next week for the south of France. I got a place on the boat as a deckhand and flew back to Chicago to hand in the world's greatest job and the company credit cards; there was a brief interview with Arthur Kretchmer, the Editorial Director.

"You must be out of your fucking mind," he said.

I didn't think so. All I knew was that I wanted to pump out the contents of my mind and fill it up with everything it knew nothing about—the sea, boats, weather, navigation, engines, electronics. I wanted to learn how to use tools and to make broken things work again. I wanted to learn enough so that I could take a boat anywhere a boat could go; I wanted to be an ocean sailor.

The drawback to this new passion was a lifelong aversion to the sea; in my experience, the ocean had been mostly a cold and miserable setting for unpleasant memories. Some years before the *PLAYBOY* charter, I had joined my then-father-in-law, the major, and three of his friends when they sailed his boat from England to Portugal. This was probably nothing more than an attempt to smarm myself into the good books of the old man, a stiff and bristly ex-British-army officer whose sailing philosophy derived from the belief that a clean ship is a happy ship. Ours was neither; for the week or so that the nightmare lasted, I threw up on him, his friends, their bunks, in the galley, over the engine and everywhere on the boat except over the side. When we flew back to London, he sat at the opposite end of the plane from me. We've never spoken since. His daughter, my wife, later sealed the disgrace by drumming me out of the family regiment.

But as I flew from Chicago to Antigua to join the crew of *Fortuna*, I don't remember being worried by those memories. A new life was starting. I would sail to the

(continued on page 134)



a breath-taking look at togetherness

PLAYMATE SISTERS

"THERE IS NO friend like a sister," a lady poet once wrote. We'll buy that—some of our best friends are sisters. Indeed, the genetic mysteries that have produced our Playmates have often been similarly at work among their siblings. And to celebrate that fact we've produced the family portraits on these pages, starring Toni St. George and her August 1982 Playmate sister Cathy (above left); Gail Chin and January 1983's Lonny (above right); last month's Playmate, Donna Smith, and Natalie (below left); and Leilani and March 1983's Alana Soares (below right). Bear this thought in mind while viewing this portfolio: Nobody can giggle, fight or sing close harmony the way sisters can.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS





LONNY AND GAIL CHIN: Take two sisters who are close in age and you'll be amazed at how many lifetime firsts they've experienced together. It is a commonly unremarked-upon fact that girls prepare for life's major moments together. Especially during adolescence, sisters experience a sort of extended boot camp of life together. Therefore, many sisters have exchanged their first tender embraces, their first mushy kisses and life's dearest secrets. Historically, that kinda makes sis the first date. And, as you might well expect, the biggest disagreements are often over who gets to play the girl. Sisters learn to dance together. Have you ever noticed how they dance? Like Astaire and Rogers, right? That's because they start rehearsals around the age of nine. By the time they get to high school, they move like Michael Jackson. And they expect you to cut in on that? Here are some major (admit it) moments in the lives of the Chins, who grew up together in Calgary, Alberta. That's Lonny at bottom left, Gail at left and both sisters enjoying breakfast in bed below. In both of the shots at right, Lonny's on the left. Whew!







CATHY AND TONI ST. GEORGE: Once upon a time in America, there was a phenomenon known as the Gabor sisters—Zsa Zsa and Eva. They were very pretty and dressed and talked alike and, in fact, very few people, except for Merv Griffin, could tell them apart—and that's why they weren't as stupefyingly seductive as the St. Georges. If we're not mistaken, sisters are at their sexiest when their differences are allowed to interact with their similarities. A kind of tease takes place when you peer into the eyes of one woman and fleetingly see the other one. Or, if sisters don't look alike, sometimes they speak and—zing!—the sameness of their voices will startle you. If you're not careful, you'll fall in love every time your girlfriend's little sister answers the phone. The St. Georges, as a collective experience, offer that kind of thrill. Cathy, the blande New Yorker, may be 5'4" to Toni's 5'7" and may consider herself reserved when compared with talkative Toni, but whom do you see when you look into one set of eyes?







ALANA AND LEILANI SOARES: The fact that the Soares sisters have been neatly benched by three interested gentlemen (top) raises a somewhat untidy but admittedly interesting topic—no, not that other untidy but interesting topic—we mean sibling rivalry. (Attention, psychology majors.) There are many varieties of sibling rivalry: “Mom always liked you best,” “I hate you because you’re skinny,” “Make a move on him and you die, sucker.” What do two beautiful sisters who are both enrolled at major universities—Alana at USC and Leilani at UCLA—think of rivalry? Well, it seems they’re too absorbed in sparts to compete with each other. They’re both mad for skiing and tennis, and Alana wants to wind up owning an N.F.L. franchise—probably because she found out that’s where lettermen go when they grow up. Above: Alana and Leilani show some up-front determination while studying. At right: Reprising a childhood memory in a leisurely bath together.







DONNA AND NATALIE SMITH: Holly Near sings a song about her older sister called *You've Got Me Flying*. It illustrates the simple truth that sometimes an older sister works as a pretty good launching pad. She can do the exploring, make all the mistakes for the younger one. She can go on dates, kiss real boys and learn how to end-run around Mom and Dad. Some may say older sisters have all the fun. Hair styling, make-up, how to apply for a job, where to go to college—those are all areas in which the experienced sibling can be called upon for invaluable assistance. (But we must remember her contribution to the wardrobe: hand-me-downs. Younger sisters don't, as a rule, mind getting them; but one of the younger sisters here, who shall remain anonymous, said, "I'll accept all hand-me-downs—except for brasieres and men.") In the case of the Smiths, dark-haired Natalie is two years the senior of Donna. Therefore, it is her duty to introduce little sister to new friends, at left. At right: The sisters exchange services. Guys, you probably never realized just how awkward painting your own toenails can be, but you know a back rub's best from one you love.





AT SEA

(continued from page 124)

"Tools lost their mystery, while fingers and other parts of the body lost their feeling."

Mediterranean, learn what I could on Fortuna and then buy a boat of my own in Europe. It would have to be small, because I didn't have the money for anything large, and it would probably be old and made of wood. I'd learn to navigate and sail back to the West Indies before winter.

On the plane, I carried a box of 48 sea books and a short length of line with which I practiced tying knots. By the time we landed, I could almost do the bowline.

In Antigua, I found that Fortuna's mast had snapped off during my absence and the owner had put the boat up for sale. The Atlantic crossing was off. There would be no dolphins, no dicing with death, no spray in the rigging or rousing chanteys with the lads in the fo'c'sle. Instead, I was 39, unemployed and stuck in the West Indies with 48 sea books and Arthur Kretchmer's parting words echoing in my ears.

I bought a sailor's knife—a knife in a holster, with a pair of pliers in a pouch and an instrument called a marlinespike in another pouch. This accessory had a commanding, nautical appearance, and I wore it daily as I made my way around the dockyard at English Harbour, looking for a place on a boat bound for Europe. I didn't know what a marlinespike did or why pliers would be more useful to a sailor than, say, a hammer, but I felt that by wearing them on my belt, I'd stand a better chance of being taken on, that a captain would say, "You're just the man we're looking for; you've got your own knife and pliers."

Unfortunately, with the hurricane season about to start, most boats had already left the Caribbean, and the few that were still in port were fully crewed or were staying in the islands. There was only one exception, and that was a large schooner that I will call Diamond (for reasons that will soon become obvious, many names in this journal have been changed).

Diamond was going to Gibraltar as soon as she could be made ready. I knew the boat—she had been tied up stern to at the dock when I arrived in Antigua—and she was so beautiful that I hadn't dared ask the skipper if he needed crew. She had elegance and power in every detail: two towering masts, a broad sweep of scrubbed teak deck, highly polished varnish on the deckhouse and hatches and an open cockpit with a large spoked wheel. A classic yacht.

But her captain was not a deeply beloved man; taken as a whole, the summary of dockyard intelligence on Diamond's skipper described a man who

combined the social graces of Himmler and Torquemada. The kindest thing said of him was that he was a maniac. Sailors I met around the dockyard talked about the boat in terms of rape, overwork, bad food, random violence, imprisonment and mental cruelty of various kinds. "Captain Demento, psycho of the seven seas," was how one ex-crew member described him. I decided that such talk could only be gossip and rumor and wasted no further time in presenting myself at Diamond's gangway, wearing my knife and pliers. The skipper was a small, stocky man with a lopsided grin and bright-blue, lively eyes; he was polite, affable and to the point.

"What can you do?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"When do you want to move aboard?"

We stayed in Antigua for more than a month, working every day of the week from first light to late at night. Much of the work required moving heavy things from one inaccessible place to another. It took six of us to carry the mainsail ashore to be sewed. Tons of lead had to be removed, collected and taken off the stern gangway in a wheelbarrow. We sanded, scraped, varnished, painted, scrubbed, built a new freezer, installed wiring, fitted new rigging, mended sails and awnings. Tools lost their mystery, while fingers and other parts of the body lost their feeling. On Diamond, I began to understand why sailors described themselves as boat niggers.

We took turns being janitor of the day, a form of penal servitude under Bertha, the 18-year-old cook, a large, fierce girl from Los Angeles. One of her recurring specialties was half-frozen chicken on a bed of charred vegetables, spattered with sauce clots and liberally dusted with gravy powder. Some of us called it chicken outrage, though not when Bertha was around; levity wasn't her strongest point.

The first mate was called Two-Six; he was Bertha's boyfriend, a Nebraskan who had once made a living by grappling with powerful animals on the rodeo circuit. Two-six was the timing phrase he used when we pulled on lines against a load. The other deckhand was Zack, a tall and Biblical New Yorker who performed ritual calisthenics on deck in homage to a religion that combined cosmic overdrive and gravity fields. There was very little communication among any of us except when work was concerned. The crew ate up forward; the captain and his wife dined alone in the main saloon.

Our captain had a skin disease on both

arms that made him scratch with two hands at once, which sometimes gave the impression that he was plucking an invisible stringed instrument. As he scratched, showers of dust and flakes dropped to the deck; when he was angry, his fingers picked at double speed and his quick blue eyes jiggled in their sockets like steel balls in a child's puzzle.

About an hour before we were due to pick up the anchor and sail, Zack decided to quit. It was a question of bad karma in the force field and planetary death pragmatics, he explained. Two-Six took him ashore in the dinghy and returned half an hour later with a young French couple and their duffel bags.

"Isn't that nice?" the captain said as we watched the girl, a fresh-faced, pretty blonde in a bikini and sarong, lift her leg over the rail.

It took us 31 days to reach Gibraltar. I was seasick once, the first day, and for the last time since. Between watches, we kept on working, scraping, sanding and varnishing; the captain sat in the cockpit, watching us with his bright eyes, scratching energetically at his arms. Except for the first few days, when we ran into one violent squall after another, the Atlantic proved to be an anticlimax; it just lay there and heaved gently, one long, hot and windless day after another.

But two weeks after we had left Antigua, the French couple were prisoners in the fo'c'sle, forbidden to go on deck except for an hour in the morning and restricted to bread and water. The captain said it was because they had complained about the food. Another version of the truth was revealed in a trial—if it can be called that—held in the main saloon. The captain sat at a large gimbaled table while the rest of us—the accused, Two-Six and myself—stood around the table, bracing ourselves against the occasional swell. The French couple spoke no English; I'd been called in as interpreter. For the sound track, we had Wagner at high volume on the saloon stereo.

"Tell these slimy frogs I've had it up to here with their fucking whining about the food," the captain said, using the conversational tone a man might take when asking his gardener to trim the lawn. "Tell them all frogs are slimy; tell them I shit on their flag."

I explained that the captain understood they were unhappy about Bertha's cooking. The girl burst into tears and said that wasn't the problem; everyone complained about the pig swill that Bertha called food; the problem was that she had refused to sleep with the captain and his wife. *Cet homme dégoûtant*, she said, had come on deck at night while she was at the wheel and had chased her from one end of the boat to the other, naked and waving

(continued on page 150)



"Last night, she blew ten thousand and the dealer with the red tie."

PLAYBOY

music

the message this year was: she bop till you drop

Cyndi Lauper may be a flash-in-the-pan popster, but as a philosopher, she has already proved herself to be a straight thinker and a woman of unerring intuition. She has come up with a *Gestalt* for the Eighties: *fun*. Having some expertise in this area, we can only say that this woman sees things our way. We may not dye our hair orange, dress up in rhinestones and fast-dance on the sidewalk, but we appreciate a smart and funny woman who does.

And we were ready for Lauper's music. Recently, *Billboard* reprinted the top hits for each year since it started keeping track. Interesting reading—until we got to the late Seventies. Gosh, we'll probably never repay our debt to the Bee Gees, because it would be so difficult to give them what they really deserve.

Fortunately, a musical miracle has been evolving in post-Bee Gees America. A few years ago, there was a vague sense of certain fringes: punk, *reggae*, jazz, funk and (gasp!) synthesizer music. The Police and

Earth, Wind & Fire can be credited with successfully blending these elements and with training our ears for what was to come. This year—bingo!—the musicians were ready and we were ready.

So what does this have to do with fun? Well, now you can dance to the music without feeling stupid—because the music isn't stupid. The regimental "everybody loves a march" disco beat has given way to more playful stuff. Now we're perfectly willing to dance all night, just as Wang Chung instructs.

But certain traditions persist. The long and winding guitar solo, once the mainstay of live shows, still exists, but usually in the hands of only the deserving few: Eddie Van Halen, Prince, Hall and Oates's G. E. Smith and a few more. As for the treasured inscrutable lyric, Billy Idol is taking care of business. Meanwhile, Tina Turner is keeping screaming alive. And Sheila E. has brought new and profound variations to the obligatory drum solo—variations such as the net body

stocking. Eat your heart out, Max Weinberg!

Even heavy metal was rechromed with hits by a more innovative Van Halen, plus Ratt and Sammy Hagar. And if parody equals flattery, the beast rockers should be proud of the inspired heavy-metal send-up *This Is Spinal Tap*.

A few final words about some of the holes in this year's music wrap-up. First, country. Nashville and Bakersfield didn't have a bumper year. We really don't know why. There is a back-to-the-barrooms movement in country today that has produced some of the best work in years.

And jazz. Every year about this time, someone mentions "the jazz comeback." Last year, the comeback was Wynton Marsalis, and the year before, it was Miles Davis. After a few years, it's not hard to see that jazz has never gone away. But just between you and us, this year the jazz comeback will be Sting. Uh-huh, the one with the gilt jockstrap. And don't forget, you read it here first.

We've seen and heard a lot of Michael Jackson in the past few years—enough, some might say, to last a lifetime. In the two and a half years since *Thriller* first thrilled us, Michael the megastar has authored more fashion and dance trends than Madison Avenue and 42nd Street put together. He's a record-selling titleholder of Guinness proportions; a crossover artist in its broadest definition, counting his fans among every race and generation. When you're as good as Michael is at nearly everything, we wonder where you find a challenge.

Michael's recent rash of successes has naturally led to review and scrutiny; thus, we've seen clips of the petite moppet who franted the Jackson 5 at an age when most kids are reading *Dick and Jane*; we've learned of his love for Disney and his disdain for the press; we know that he's a Jehovah's Witness, that he's had a nose job, that he squires Brooke Shields to awards shows.

HALL OF FAME: MICHAEL JACKSON



Yet for all his exposure, Michael Jackson remains a mystery. Why is his voice so high? His love life nil? When is he going to grow up? And why, with all of his well-documented talents, is he reported to be painfully shy?

We saw him last summer in the now-famous Jacksons' Victory tour and were frankly amazed that anything as heavily hyped could be such a pleasurable bash. Much of that success had to do with Michael's rare talents, but much of it had to do with his ability to back off and be an ensemble player when the need arose. It also had to do with some pretty neat special effects.

We salute Michael for the countless special effects of his 20-year career—for the magic, as he likes to call it, that he works with music. And we look forward to hearing from the man this magical boy will one day become. We wish him a lifetime of wizardry.





READERS'

85

choices

*here are the lucky stars
of our music poll*

Every November, when we publish the Playboy Music Poll ballot, we're charmed that, unlike other polls, ours is fun, though it's not much fun to tabulate the results. Here's the fun part: the winners according to your ballots. For complete results, turn to page 144.

POP/ROCK

1. Male Vocalist and Composer/Songwriter:
Bruce Springsteen
Group: **Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band**
2. Female Vocalist: **Cyndi Lauper**
3. Guitar: **Edward Van Halen**
4. Keyboards: **Billy Joel**
5. Drums: **Phil Collins**
6. Bass: **Paul McCartney**

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

7. Male Vocalist: **Prince**
Group: **Prince and the Revolution**
8. Female Vocalist: **Madonna**
9. Composer/Songwriter: **Lionel Richie**

JAZZ

10. Male Vocalist: **Al Jarreau**
11. Female Vocalist: **Ella Fitzgerald**
12. Brass: **Chuck Mangione**
13. Keyboards: **Herbie Hancock**
Group: **Herbie Hancock**
14. Vibes: **Lionel Hampton**
15. Guitar: **George Benson**
16. Woodwinds: **Grover Washington, Jr.**
17. Bass: **Stanley Clarke**
18. Percussion: **Buddy Rich**
19. Composer/Songwriter: **Quincy Jones**

COUNTRY

20. Male Vocalist and Composer/Songwriter:
Willie Nelson
21. Female Vocalist: **Crystal Gayle**
22. String Instrumentalist: **Roy Clark**
23. Group: **Alabama**

THE YEAR IN 85 music

*in which we seek to clarify,
edify and sometimes magnify
current musical events*



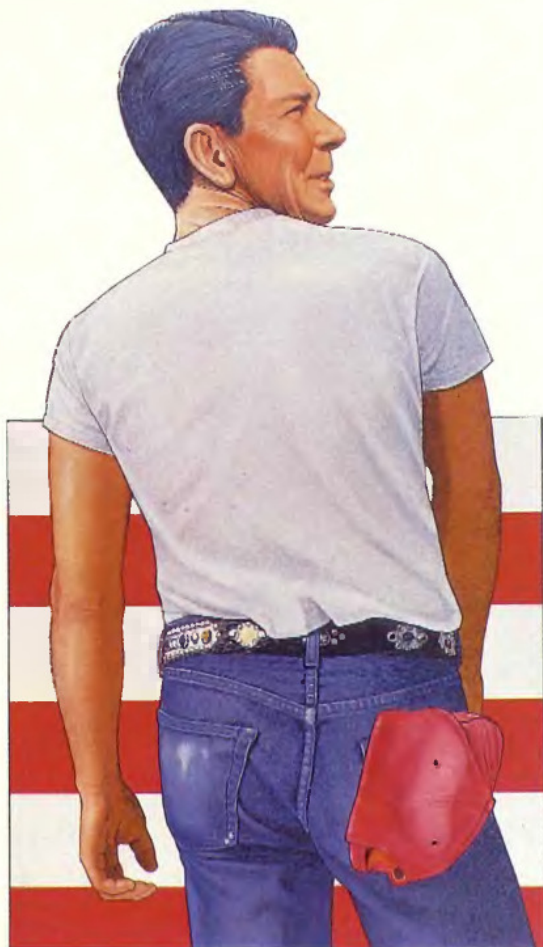
CAN YOU SPOT THE PUNK ON THIS PAGE?

Which of the gentlemen above is the punk? Is it **Frank "Frank" Sinatra**, pride of Hoboken, Palm Springs and the National Republican Committee? Or is it **Billy Idol**, the bottle blond with the Mad Max look and the Presley snarl? We caught each of their acts during recent tours, and we took notes. Below, we submit our observations; you be the judge.

In *his* concert, Frank told his accompanist, "I'm ready. Do ya want me to beat ya with a stick?" When an admirer placed flowers at his feet onstage, he asked, "Can we dry this up and smoke it?" When he forgot a band member's name, he deadpanned to the audience, "How the hell do I know his first name?"

During *his* show, Billy apologized for the ticket price and asked, "But did I give something back?" When he was asked if his song *White Wedding* was about drugs, Billy replied, "It's about my *sister*!" And here's how Billy describes his relationship with his band: "There's a sense of being, belonging with them and finding out about them as people."

Draw your own conclusions, but we think Frank makes Jello Biafra look like instant pudding.



STARS 'N' BARS & ROCK 'N' ROLL

*the wave was big this year—
the flag wave*



Huey Lewis and the News gave us the year's best *Star-Spangled Banner* at the All-Star Game. **Lionel Richie** led the collective orgy that concluded the 23rd Olympiad. **Michael Jackson** picked up his Lifetime Achievement Award at the White House. But, while the **Reagan** re-election team prodded, most rockers wouldn't help win one for the Gipper. **Billy Joel** declined a White House invitation. And **John Cougar Mellencamp** turned down Reagan's request to use the *Pink Houses* song and video, saying, "I didn't know whether to be more embarrassed for me or the President—obviously, he doesn't understand the song." Meanwhile, the Republicans saturated MTV with ads. The flap of the year hit when the rockin' Republicans discovered **Bruce Springsteen**. Drummer **Max Weinberg** invited **George Will** to a show, which resulted in a rave for the Boss in Will's column. Then Reagan praised Springsteen for his "message of hope," claiming to be a fan. At a later concert, Springsteen wondered aloud whether Reagan had listened to his song *Johnny 99*, which is about an unemployed auto worker who shoots his wife. Maybe **Fritz Mondale** said it best: "Bruce may have been born to run, but he wasn't born yesterday." Personally, we were encouraged when we spotted **Boy George's** campaign button.

TALK SHOW

the year in quotes

"The music business is full of sharks, barracudas and piranhas. These people scare me sometimes. They make the boxing world look like a Sunday-school class." —DON KING

"There's a lot of negative things that I could say, but I don't want to see these things in print." —MORRIS DAY

"You don't have to be a surrealist to think the world is strange."

—LAURIE ANDERSON

"I always wanted to be a black New Yorker."

—CHARLIE WATTS



"Life is not a popularity contest. . . . You make a few good friends, you burn a trail across the world, leaving a permanent shadow of groupies and rubble . . . and one day, it's Miller Time." —DAVID LEE ROTH

"A lot of Michael's success is due to timing and luck. It could just as easily have been me." —JERMAINE JACKSON

"Insanity is a relative term. Behavior that might be acceptable in a rock band might get you committed if you work in a bank."

—LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM



HEAD-BASH

REPORT: Heavy metal came back, with its armies of leather-and-spike fanatics. So, in honor of Ratt, Van Halen and Iron Maiden, here are our heavy metalists of the year—Chicago fans (clockwise from left): Hippy Jim, Shackly, Spike, Whitey and Rat. Can you guess which one is the art student?



THE TINA TURNER WORKOUT

Do you find it hard to believe that this woman is 45? Do you wish other 45-year-old women looked like this?

In an effort to beautify America (and strengthen its thighs), we present the Tina Turner Workout.

1. Buy a sturdy pair of five-inch spikes, fish-net stockings and a leather mini.
2. Get a job as a singer in an R&B band.
3. Book two shows a night, five nights a week; dance your guts out



onstage nonstop.

After 25 or 30 years of this regimen, even if you can't sing a lick, you'll be ready to pose for a knockout album cover. If you happen to be Tina Turner, you will find that not only are you singing better than ever but everybody in the music world wants to sing a duet with you. Not a bad way to score a knockout. We can't wait for Tina's live-concert video. It'll put all other workout videos to shame.

EDITORS' 85 choices

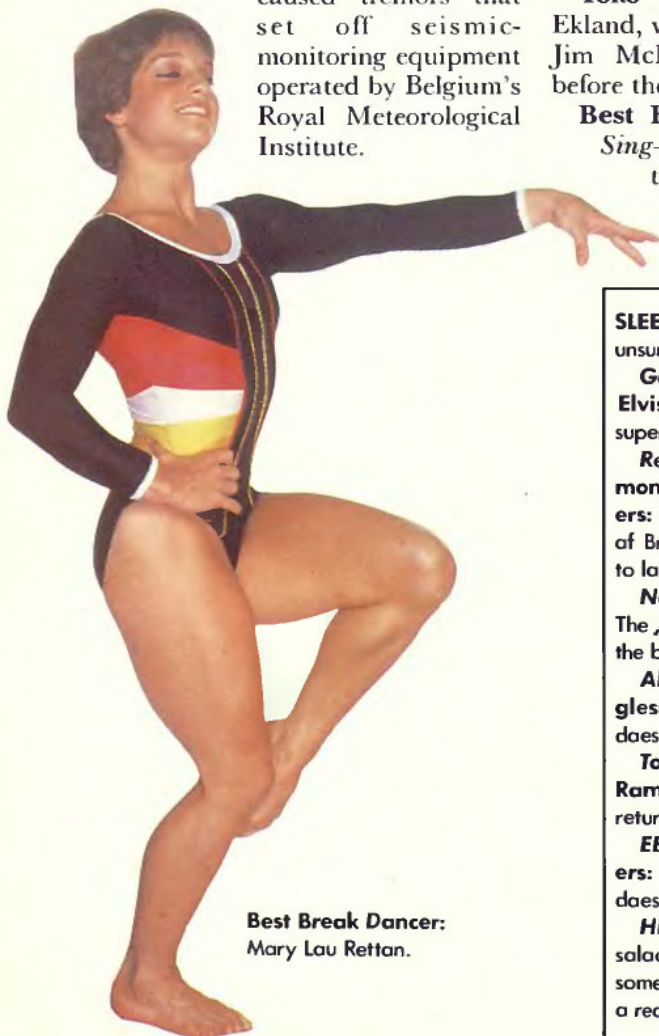
*some have left marks of
distinction; some have been
marked for extinction*

The You Know Who You Are Award: To all the girls Julio Iglesias and Willie Nelson have loved.

Producers of the Year: Joe and Katherine Jackson.

Best Rock Film: *Stop Making Sense*.

Big Bam Boom Award: To U2, whose Brussels show caused tremors that set off seismic-monitoring equipment operated by Belgium's Royal Meteorological Institute.



Best Break Dancer:
Mary Lau Rettan.

EYES-AND-EARS AWARDS: Big budgets, big-time Hollywood directors and big stars produce big video bombs. Cars, women, s-f. Enough, already. But don't turn that dial; a few videos kept our eyes open. Our choices:

Best White Feet: Daryl Hall and John Oates. And they never once hired a choreographer.

The Leave 'Em Panting Award: To Prince and Madonna for never making us ask, "Was it good for you, too?"

Best Stunt Driving: To Chicago for *Stay the Night*.

Most Abused Authority Figure: Actor Mark Metcalf, star of not one but two Twisted Sister clips.

Deed to Boardwalk: To MTV, which responded to its first serious competition, from Ted Turner's Cable Music Channel, by acquiring CMC's assets after the demise of the fledgling service on its 34th day of operation.

Welcome Back Award: To performance videos. If God had meant for rock-'n'-rollers to act, He'd have sent them Lee Strasberg, not Elvis Presley.

Campus Drinking Song of the Year: *We're Not Gonna Take It* by Twisted Sister.

Yoko Ono Award: To Britt Ekland, who married The Stray Cats' Jim McDonnell about six months before the Cats broke up.

Best Book: *The TV Theme Song Sing-Along Song Book* (St. Martin's Press).

SLEEPERS: We salute the year's unsung (unsold) heroes.

Goodbye Cruel World/Elvis Costello: He deserves the superlatives heaped on him.

Rescue/Clarence Clemmons and the Red Bank Rackers: In the darkness at the edge of Bruce's shadow, who can see to look?

New Sensations/Lou Reed: The older and sabbier he gets, the better he sounds.

All over the Place/Bangles: At last! A girl group that does not trade on cuteness.

Too Tough to Die/The Ramones: The true dads of punk return to the assault they started.

EB '84/The Everly Brothers: Rock harmony singing doesn't get any better than this.

Hi-Res/Joe Ely: A veteran saloon bad boy gets cozy with some computers and has himself a real hat Saturday night.



Medical Story of the Year: Break-Dance Back Syndrome, the term coined by two Boston doctors who studied the growing number of young, gifted and broken breakers.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT RISKÓ



Most Valuable Beards: ZZ Top, natch. When Gillette offered the bearded two thirds of ZZ an opportunity to endorse its blades, the boys nixed it. We still don't know if the price wasn't high enough or they just don't like to shave.

MOST ROYALTIES: In 1984, the movie *Purple Rain* yielded \$70,000,000 in ticket sales; 10,000,000 sound-track records and 768,000 concert tickets were sold. Good for Prince? Yes, but also for Apollonia, Sheila E. and Morris Day, whose careers are cruising. And Prince donated an unspecified portion of his tour profits to the Marva Collins Westside Preparatory School National Teacher Training Institute in Chicago. Note to Prince and company: Let a smile be your umbrella.

ILLUSTRATION BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ



*when
it rains
it pours*

PUNCHNETS
ELECTRONICS

PLAYBOY MUSIC '85

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP / ROCK LP

1. *Born in the U.S.A.* / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
2. *Sports* / Huey Lewis and the News (Chrysalis)
3. *Purple Rain* / Prince and the Revolution (Warner Bros.)
4. *1984* / Van Halen (Warner Bros.)
5. *Heartbeat City* / The Cars (Elektra)
6. *She's So Unusual* / Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
7. *An Innocent Man* / Billy Joel (Columbia)
8. *Learning to Crawl* / The Pretenders (Sire)
9. *90125* / Yes (ATCO)
10. *Rebel Yell* / Billy Idol (Chrysalis)

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. *Purple Rain* / Prince and the Revolution (Warner Bros.)
2. *Can't Slow Down* / Lionel Richie (Motown)
3. *Madonna* (Sire)

(continued from page 139)

4. *Private Dancer* / Tina Turner (Capitol)
5. *Victory* / Jacksons (Epic)
6. *Couldn't Stand the Weather* / Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble (Epic)
7. *Break Out* / Pointer Sisters (Planet)
8. *Future Shock* / Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
9. *The Woman in Red* sound track / Stevie Wonder (Motown)
10. *It's Your Night* / James Ingram (Qwest)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. *Future Shock* / Herbie Hancock (Columbia)
2. *Backstreet* / David Sanborn (Warner Bros.)
3. *L.A. Is My Lady* / Frank Sinatra (Qwest)
4. *Decoy* / Miles Davis (Columbia)
5. *Access All Areas* / Spyro Gyra (MCA)
6. *Wishful Thinking* / Earl Klugh (Capitol)
7. *First Circle* / Pat Metheny Group (ECM)
8. *Hot House Flowers* / Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)
9. *December* / George Winston (Windham Hill)

10. *Individual Choice* / Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)

BEST COUNTRY LP

1. *Roll On / Alabama* (RCA)
2. *Major Moves* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Warner/Curb)
3. *City of New Orleans* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
4. *Don't Cheat in Our Hometown* / Ricky Skaggs (Epic)
5. *My Heart's in Alabama* / Alabama (RCA)
6. *Man of Steel* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Warner/Curb)
7. *A Little Good News* / Anne Murray (Capitol)
8. *Cage the Songbird* / Crystal Gayle (Warner Bros.)
9. *Does Fort Worth Ever Cross Your Mind* / George Strait (MCA)
10. *Kentucky Hearts* / Exile (Epic)

HALL OF FAME

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Michael Jackson | 6. Stevie Nicks |
| 2. Billy Joel | 7. Robert Plant |
| 3. Prince | 8. Lionel Richie |
| 4. Bob Seger | 9. Sting |
| 5. Jimmy Page | 10. Chuck Berry |

BEST MUSICIANS

POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

1. Bruce Springsteen
2. Huey Lewis
3. Billy Joel
4. Prince
5. Michael Jackson
6. David Bowie
7. Steve Perry
8. Billy Idol
9. Sting
10. Paul McCartney

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Cyndi Lauper
2. Tina Turner
3. Stevie Nicks
4. Chrissie Hynde
5. Pat Benatar
6. Laura Branigan
7. Linda Ronstadt
8. Ann Lennox
9. Olivia Newton-John
10. Rickie Lee Jones

GUITAR

1. Edward Van Halen
2. Eric Clapton
3. Carlos Santana
4. Peter Dinklage
5. Jimmy Page
6. Mark Knopfler
7. Keith Richards
8. Glenn Frey
9. Ted Nugent
10. Joe Walsh

KEYBOARDS

1. Billy Joel
2. Joe Jackson
3. Roy Bittan
4. Jackson Browne
5. Jerry Lee Lewis
6. Neil Young
7. Todd Rundgren
8. Brian Eno
9. Nicky Hopkins
10. Bill Payne

DRUMS

1. Phil Collins
2. Mick Fleetwood
3. Stewart Copeland
4. Charlie Watts
5. Max Weinberg
6. Neil Peart
7. Russ Kunkel

MALE VOCALIST

8. Carmine Appice
9. Joe Vitale
10. Bill Kreutzmann

BASS

1. Paul McCartney
2. Stanley Clarke
3. John Entwistle
4. Bill Wyman
5. John Paul Jones
6. Greg Lake
7. Tina Weymouth
8. Garry Tallent
9. Donald "Duck" Dunn
10. John McVie

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Bruce Springsteen
2. Lionel Richie
3. Billy Joel
4. Paul McCartney
5. Daryl Hall & John Oates
6. Stevie Wonder
7. David Bowie
8. Michael Jackson
9. Rickie Lee Jones
10. Stevie Nicks

GROUP

1. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
2. Huey Lewis & the News
3. ZZ Top
4. Van Halen
5. Police
6. Cars
7. Rolling Stones
8. Daryl Hall & John Oates
9. Pink Floyd
10. Fleetwood Mac

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

1. Prince
2. Stevie Wonder
3. Michael Jackson
4. George Benson
5. Ray Charles
6. Eddy Grant
7. James Ingram
8. James Brown
9. Smokey Robinson
10. Peabo Bryson

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Madonna
2. Diana Ross
3. Deniece Williams
4. Aretha Franklin
5. Roberta Flack
6. Chaka Khan
7. Gladys Knight
8. Tina Turner
9. Patrice Rushen
10. Nona Hendryx

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Lionel Richie
2. Prince
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Ray Parker, Jr.
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Michael Jackson
7. Smokey Robinson
8. James Brown
9. Nickolas Ashford—Valerie Simpson
10. Norman Whitfield

GROUP

1. Prince & the Revolution
2. Pointer Sisters
3. Jacksons
4. Earth, Wind & Fire
5. Kool & the Gang
6. Temptations
7. Gladys Knight & the Pips
8. Gap Band
9. Black Uhuru
10. DeBarge
11. The Time

JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

1. Al Jarreau
2. George Benson
3. Ray Charles
4. Frank Sinatra
5. Lou Rawls
6. Mel Tormé
7. Michael Franks
8. Gil Scott-Heron
9. Joe Williams
10. Tony Bennett

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Ella Fitzgerald
2. Patti Austin
3. Nancy Wilson
4. Lena Horne
5. Sarah Vaughan
6. Angela Bofill
7. Cleo Laine

8. Della Reese
9. Tania Maria
10. Carmen McRae

BRASS

1. Chuck Mangione
2. Herb Alpert
3. Wynton Marsalis
4. Doc Severinsen
5. Miles Davis
6. Dizzy Gillespie
7. Maynard Ferguson
8. Randy Brecker
9. Donald Byrd
10. J. J. Johnson

WOODWINDS

1. Grover Washington, Jr.
2. Benny Goodman
3. David Sanborn
4. Woody Herman
5. Sonny Rollins
6. John Klemmer
7. Ronnie Laws
8. Phil Woods
9. Zoot Sims
10. Gerry Mulligan

KEYBOARDS

1. Herbie Hancock
2. Chick Corea
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Bob James
5. Ramsey Lewis
6. Oscar Peterson
7. Keith Jarrett
8. Joe Sample
9. George Winston
10. George Duke

VIBES

1. Lionel Hampton
2. Terry Gibbs
3. Roy Ayers
4. Milt Jackson
5. Keith Underwood
6. Gary Burton
7. Mike Mainieri
8. Tommy Vig
9. Victor Feldman
10. Bobby Hutcherson

GUITAR

1. George Benson
2. Pat Metheny
3. Al DiMeola
4. Lee Ritenour
5. Earl Klugh
6. John McLaughlin

7. Charlie Byrd
8. John Abercrombie
9. Jim Hall
10. Joe Pass

BASS

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Ray Brown
3. Bob Cranshaw
4. Jaco Pastorius
5. Ron Carter
6. Rufus Reid
7. Monk Montgomery
8. Art Davis
9. Joe Byrd
10. Percy Heath

PERCUSSION

1. Buddy Rich
2. Steve Gadd
3. Billy Cobham
4. Stix Hooper
5. Ralph MacDonald
6. Willie Bobo
7. Lenny White
8. Art Blakey
9. Mongo Santamaria
10. Elvin Jones

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Quincy Jones
2. Herbie Hancock
3. Chuck Mangione
4. Grover Washington, Jr.
5. Miles Davis
6. Dave Brubeck
7. Bob James
8. Chick Corea
9. Gil Scott-Heron
10. Stanley Clarke

COUNTRY

MALE VOCALIST

1. Willie Nelson
2. Kenny Rogers
3. Hank Williams, Jr.
4. Charlie Daniels

5. Ronnie Milsap
6. Eddie Rabbitt
7. Ricky Skaggs
8. Johnny Cash
9. Waylon Jennings
10. Merle Haggard

FEMALE VOCALIST

1. Crystal Gayle
2. Barbara Mandrell
3. Dolly Parton
4. Emmylou Harris
5. Rita Coolidge
6. Sylvia
7. Charly McClain
8. Rosanne Cash
9. Janie Fricke
10. Loretta Lynn

STRING INSTRUMENTALIST

1. Roy Clark
2. Ricky Skaggs
3. Jerry Reed
4. Chet Atkins
5. Ry Cooder
6. Earl Scruggs
7. Doc Watson
8. John Hartford
9. David Grisman
10. Sonny Jones

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER

1. Willie Nelson
2. Dolly Parton
3. Hank Williams, Jr.
4. Waylon Jennings
5. Merle Haggard
6. Don Williams
7. Tom T. Hall
8. Rodney Crowell
9. Mel Tillis
10. Shel Silverstein

GROUP

1. Alabama
2. Charlie Daniels Band
3. Oak Ridge Boys
4. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band
5. Dirt Band
6. Asleep at the Wheel
7. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
8. Statler Brothers
9. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
10. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band

Diet Quiz#1

Which has less calories and alcohol:

1. ☐ 5 oz. white wine?
2. ☐ 5 oz. Bacardi® rum and diet Coke®?
(1 oz. Bacardi, 4 oz. diet Coke)



According to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data, a 5-oz. serving of white wine contains 121 calories. It has an alcohol content of about 12½%.

Based on data from the same source, a drink made of 1 oz. 80-proof Bacardi and 4 oz. diet Coke has only 66 calories. And its alcohol content is just 8%. So if you chose Bacardi and diet Coke, you're a winner.

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

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CHARLES ATLAS

(continued from page 89)

"Four short years after that bully had kicked sand in my eyes, I was already a different man."

troops down from the heights of Chipote, where they had taken refuge. It was I who transmitted his messages to Sandino and received Sandino's replies in return. But I think our intimate relationship really began the day that he presented me with a list of people in San Fernando and I checked off each one I thought might be a collaborator with the insurgents or had relatives in the mountains with Sandino or in any other way seemed suspicious. The following day, he took every last one of them prisoner and marched them off, tied two by two, to the American barracks in Ocotol. That night, to show his gratitude, he gave me a whole pack of Camel cigarettes and a magazine with photos of nude women. In this magazine, I first saw the advertisement that changed my life and transformed me from a 97-pound weakling into a new man.

THE 97-POUND WEAKLING
WHO TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO THE
WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN

Ever since I was a little kid, I suffered the fate of a weak and sickly child. I remember one time I was passing the plaza of San Fernando with my girlfriend Ethel after Mass—I was 15—when two big guys passed us and gave me a scornful look; then one of them spun around and kicked sand in my eyes. Ethel asked me, "Why did you let them get away with that?"

I feebly responded, "In the first place, couldn't you see that I had sand in my eyes? And in the second place, he was a big mother."

I asked Captain Hatfield's assistance in answering the advertisement, since I still knew very little English, and on my behalf he wrote to Charles Atlas, Ltd., requesting the illustrated brochure advertised in the magazine.

About a year later—San Fernando being in the middle of the mountains, where the worst fighting of the war was going on—I received the manila envelope containing several color folders and a letter signed by Charles Atlas himself. "The Complete Course of Dynamic Tension, the marvel of all physical-exercise programs. Just tell me where you want muscles of steel. Are you overweight and listless? Skinny and weak? Do you tire easily and lack energy? Are you left behind while others make off with the most beautiful girls, the best jobs, etc.? Give me only seven days and I'll prove to you that you, too, can be a real man, healthy and full of confidence in yourself and your own strength."

Mr. Atlas also announced in his letter that the course would cost \$30, a sum that

I not only didn't have but could amass only after years of scrimping and saving. Thus, once again, I sought the aid of Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., who in turn presented me with another list of my neighbors. I checked off almost every name, and soon the money was on its way to New York. In about another year, The Complete Course of Dynamic Tension arrived, with all 13 lessons and 90 exercises, and Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., began to give me personal instruction and advice.

"The exercises take only 15 minutes a day. The Dynamic Tension System is completely natural. It doesn't require any mechanical devices that might damage the heart or other vital organs. One needs no pills, special diets or equipment. Just a few minutes a day of your spare time are sufficient, and it will really be a pleasurable diversion."

But since I had more spare time than I knew what to do with, I dedicated myself with perseverance and enthusiasm to the exercises not just for 15 minutes but for three hours a day. At night, I studied English with Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C. At the end of the month, my progress was astonishing. My shoulders had widened, my waist had slimmed down and my thighs had firmed up. Four short years after that bully had kicked sand in my eyes, I was already a different man. One day, Ethel showed me a picture in a magazine of the god Atlas. "Look," she said, "he looks just like you." Then I knew that I was on the right track and that one day, I would achieve my dreams.

Four months later, I had mastered English well enough to write a letter to Mr. Atlas myself to say, "Thanks, everything's OK!" I was a new man, with biceps of steel, capable of the feat that I performed in Managua the day that Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., took me to the capital to demonstrate my strength. I pulled a freight car of The Great Pacific Railroad for more than 200 yards with a cargo of chorus girls clad only in tigerskin briefs and halter tops. There to witness the event were President Moncada himself, the American Ambassador, Mr. Hanna, and the commander of the U.S. Marines in Nicaragua, Colonel Friedmann, U.S.M.C.

This feat, which was reported in all the papers, assured that Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., would be successful in negotiating the request that I had presented to him before we left San Fernando: a trip to the United States to meet Charles Atlas in person. His superiors in Managua made the formal application to Washington, and although it took about a year, it was

finally approved. In the newspapers of the time, specifically in *La Noticia* of September 18, I appeared with the cultural attaché of the American Embassy, a certain Mr. Fox. I believe that this was the first of many cultural-exchange programs between the United States and Nicaragua that would follow. Below the photo, it said, ABOUT TO DEPART FOR TOUR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE CENTERS IN THE UNITED STATES AND TO MEET WITH RENOWNED FIGURES FROM THE WORLD OF ATHLETICS.

Thus it was that after a tranquil voyage, with a short stay in the port of Veracruz, we arrived in New York on the 23rd of November. I must confess that when the ship was approaching the dock, I felt at a loss despite all that Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., had said to prepare me. From his lectures, books, photographs and maps, I had in my mind the image of New York—perfect, even down to small details, but completely static. It was the frantic sensation of movement, affecting animate and inanimate things alike, that whirled me out of my own reality into a never-ending phantasm, an impossible and lacerating world of invisible trains, a sky blackened with an infinity of skyscrapers, an atmosphere of coal smoke and sewage, distant and dolorous sirens in the dense fog and the interminable rumblings deep within the earth.

I was met by an official of the Department of State who whisked me through immigration and took me directly to my hotel—the Hotel Lexington, to be exact—an enormous brick building on 48th Street. The official informed me that my visit with Charles Atlas had been arranged for the following morning and that a driver would call for me at the hotel to take me to the offices of Charles Atlas, Ltd., where everything would be explained to me. Then, as he was to return to Washington that same evening, he bade me farewell.

It was quite cold in New York, and I retired early, filled with an indescribable emotion—my journey had ended and soon my wishes were to be fulfilled. I gazed out at the infinity of lights sparkling in the mist, the lighted windows of the skyscrapers. I said to myself, "Behind one of these windows is Charles Atlas. Perhaps he is reading a book or having dinner or chatting with someone or sleeping. Maybe, in fact, he is doing his nightly exercises, number 23 and number 24 of the manual—flexion of the wrist and neck. Perhaps he is even smiling—his temples gray but his face fresh and joyful. Or maybe he is answering the thousands of letters he receives a day and is filling the yellow envelopes with the three-color folders."

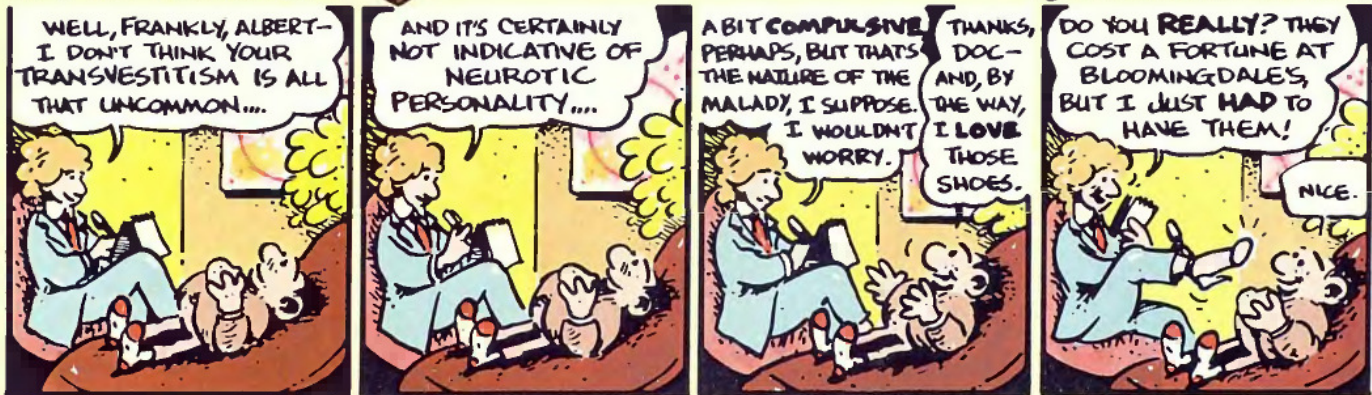
But suddenly I realized something: I couldn't imagine Charles Atlas with his clothes on. In my imagination, he was always in his swimming trunks, with his body in rigid tension. It was impossible to picture him in a three-piece suit, with a fedora on his head. I rummaged

(continued on page 188)



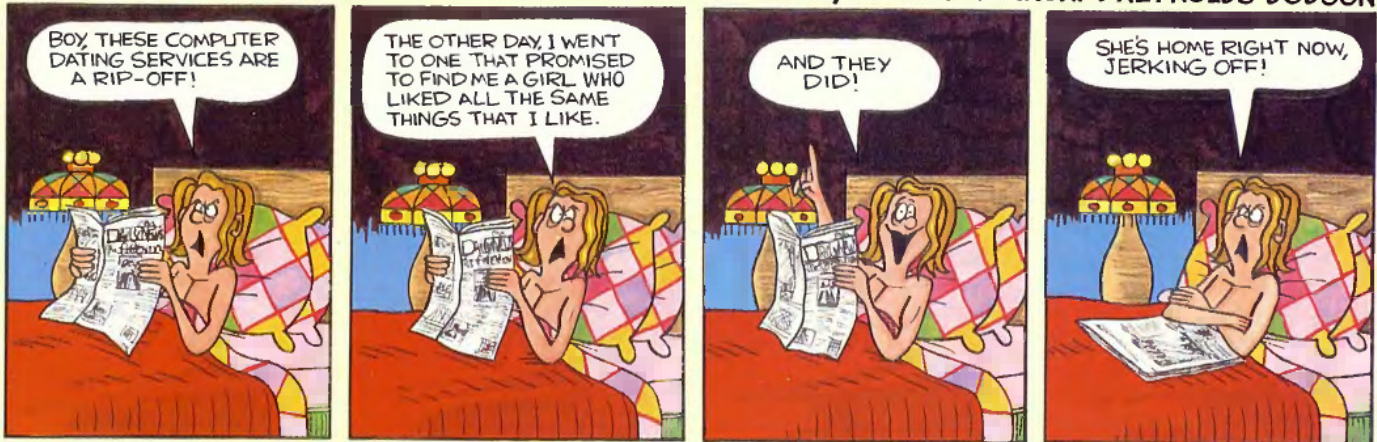
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



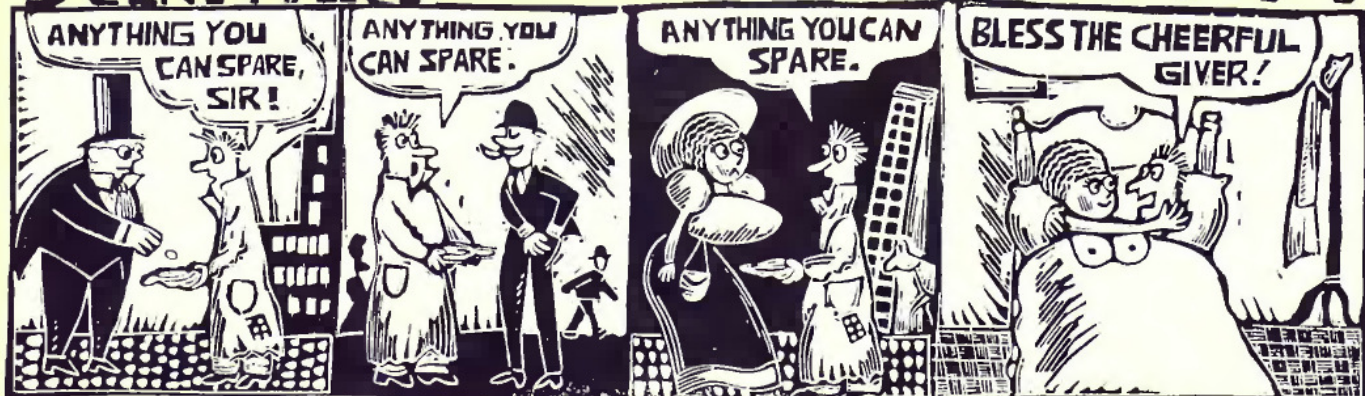
THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



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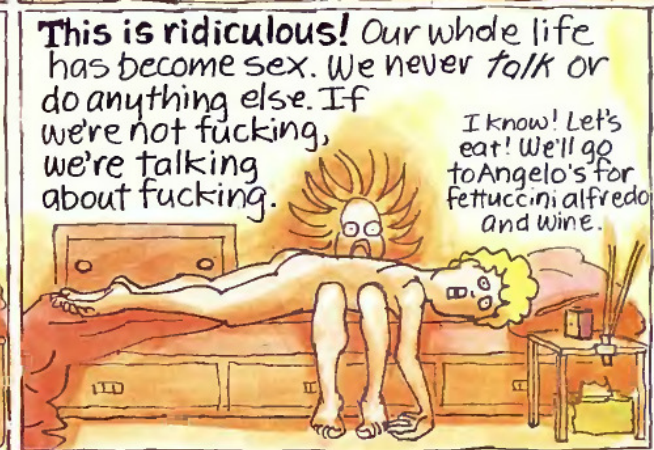
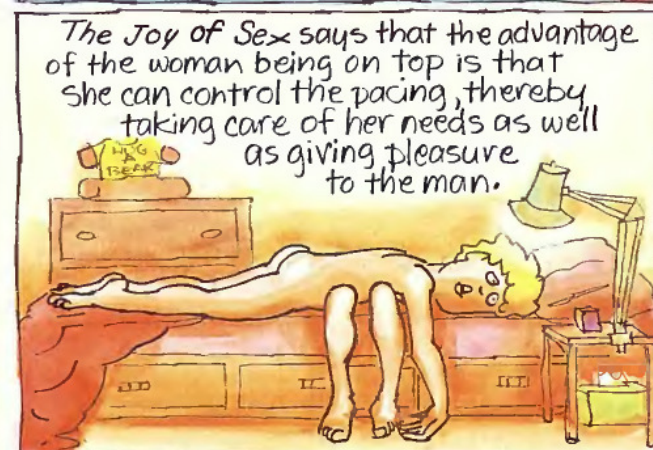
BY E N O S





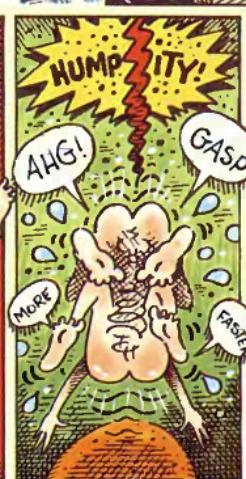
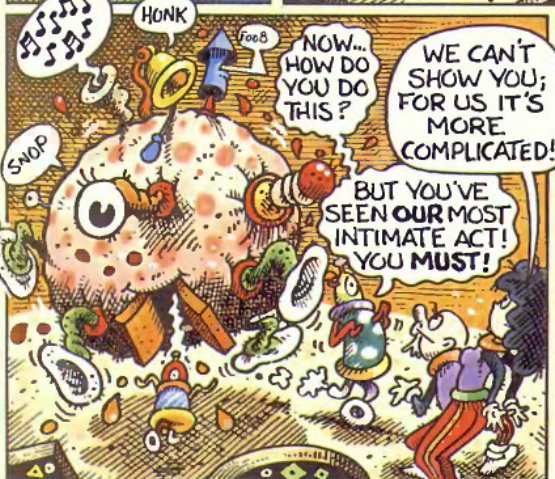
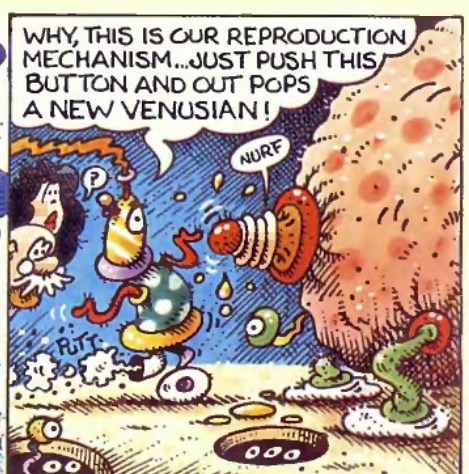
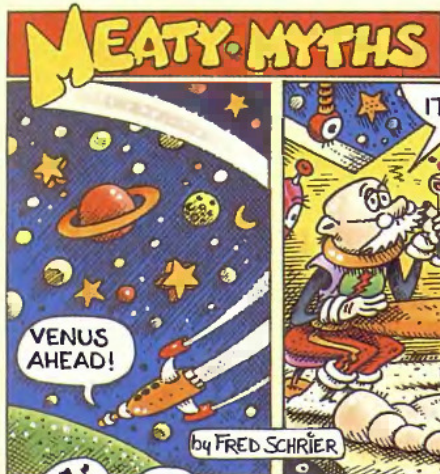
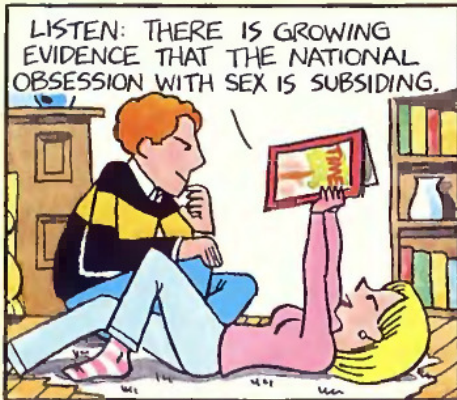
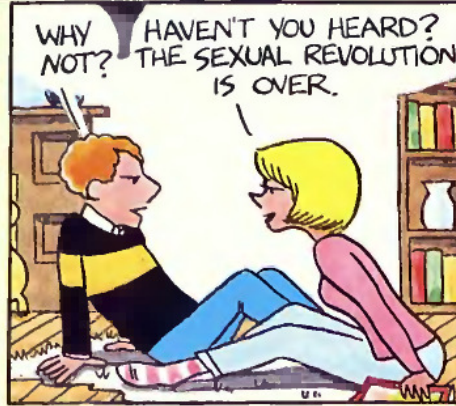
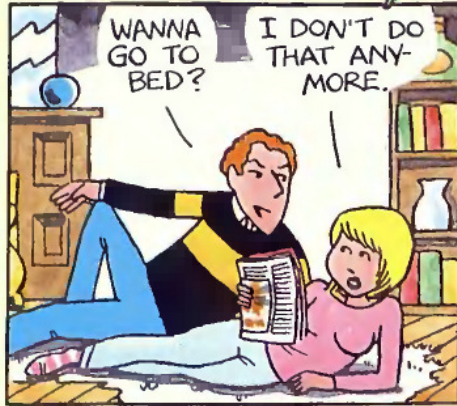
The article also said that since most women don't reach orgasms through intercourse alone, the man should learn to stimulate her clitoris—

Did you know that women often assume the penis is insensitive when erect and needs heavy-handed stimulation—



Saturday Nite Live

BY BILL JOHNSON



AT SEA

(continued from page 134)

"One of them said, 'So you're crossing the Atlantic, laddie. Is that this year or next?'"

his thing at her.

"Bullshit," the captain responded; they were slimy frogs, whiny, wimpy frogs who deserved everything they had coming to them. They could stay in the fo'c'sle and eat bread and water, and if they tried to come on deck without permission, Two-Six would kick them back down the hatch.

I passed along the gist of this to the Frenchman, a slight, popeyed young man with a wisp of a mustache, who wisely took no part in the proceedings except to put his arm around his girl's shoulders and give her an occasional cautionary squeeze.

The captain brought this melodrama to an end with a brief tirade against France (Napoleon was a jerk and a faggot, De Gaulle was a transvestite with smelly armpits, etc.); then he told the mate to escort the prisoners forward and lock them up. I was left alone with him. His hands scratched furiously at both arms so that a little sunlit shower of skin dust floated above the table, and his eyes rested on mine for a moment before jittering off on their hoppy little dance.

"You wanna sleep with my wife? Eh? Keep her happy when I'm on watch?"

My trial took place a few days later, after the French couple had been released. They showed a remarkable change of attitude toward the captain and his wife, as if they had all become better friends. Unfortunately, I'd been given a few pages of bad script in the show in which I'd refused the captain's offer of his wife, had argued with him about the punishment of the French couple and had taken the dramatic step of living on bread and water until he set them free.

At my trial (the main saloon and Wagner again), the captain talked about England, my place of birth, and its well-known and degenerate hopelessness in all fields of human activity. For an hour, he talked about British traffic lights and road signs. He didn't like them. He didn't like British astronomers, jockeys or musicians, and the subject of cloud formations over the British Isles brought him to his feet in trembling rage. He hated British clouds.

I was an ingrate and a scheming troublemaker. Who did I think I was, waking up our French friend the previous night just because he was a little late relieving me on watch? (Our French friend had, in fact, been more than half an hour late, and I'd waked him twice.) As punishment, I was to stay below for three days and take my orders from Bertha, the teenaged tyrant.

"But I'm 39 years old," I said.

"Tough titty," the captain said. "You

just fuck off—and don't let's hear any more of the old crapola about your fucking furlongs and your imperial gallons. Teach you bastards."

The rest of the passage passed without incident. A week or so later we were all friends, after a fashion, and as we sailed through the Strait of Gibraltar, the captain served cakes and champagne in the cockpit.

Diamond was going on to the Riviera coasts and Sardinia, but not with me, though I was almost tempted to stay, having grown unaccountably fond of Bertha and Two-Six. But it was already July; I wanted to be back in the West Indies by winter, which meant finding a boat and learning everything I needed to know to make the crossing. On Diamond, I'd learned very little apart from routine deckwork and steering a course; and because the weather had been so bland most of the time, I'd had no rough-passage experience. Celestial navigation, engines and electronics were as much of a mystery when I left the boat in Gibraltar as they had been when I joined in Antigua.

In England six weeks later, I got a letter from Two-Six. He and Bertha had quit the boat. Our old captain had been arrested in Sardinia and jailed on a charge of murdering the occupants of a fishing boat run down by Diamond the previous year in the Strait of Messina.

It took me two months to find a boat I could afford. She was a 35-foot wooden sloop, built in 1947, with a 20-horsepower diesel and bunks for five; her name was Khariessa, and she lay at a mooring on the west coast of Scotland. The day after I signed the check, I drove a motorcycle into an oncoming car that was being driven on the wrong side of the road by an American tourist. Although the police measured a 40-foot flight path from the point of impact to the gutter where I landed, there were no serious injuries; but the bandages around my arms, legs and face and the stiffness from numerous cuts and bruises made it almost impossible for me to work on the boat, and I couldn't pay anyone else to do the work. All of this was depressing beyond belief, as the boat had been hauled out of the water for survey in a local shipyard and the diligent surveyor had torn out much of the interior to examine the frames and planks. The debris lay scattered around the rocky, slimy floor of a large shed. I had neither the strength nor the competence to put it back together.

To reach the West Indies by winter, I had to get out of Scotland immediately and down the Irish Sea to Falmouth, on

the west coast of England, where I'd planned to look for crew for the crossing; and if I were to avoid the North Atlantic winter storms, I would need to leave Falmouth by early October at the latest. It was impossible. I still knew nothing about celestial navigation—I hadn't even been out in the boat yet; in fact, I knew nothing except that I had dreamed myself into a deep and troubling hole, one that I would have given much to escape.

To make matters worse, the surveyor had dashed any hopes of an honorable retreat by turning in a report of nearly 30 pages, favorable in all respects. "She's strong; she'll go anywhere," he said. This had been great news when I first heard it, but after the accident—as I pondered my situation during those weeks in that dismal shed, while it rained without ceasing and the days grew shorter, darker and colder—it acquired a hollow tone.

On Diamond, I'd made baggywrinkle, which is strands of old rope that you weave into fluffy, sausage-shaped objects and wrap around wire rigging to prevent the sails from chafing against the metal. In the shed, with the rain beating against the corrugated-iron roof, I made enough baggywrinkle for a tea clipper. The stuff was soft and soothing to the touch and reminded me of small, furry, friendly animals.

The yard workers used to watch me. One of them said, "So you're crossing the Atlantic, laddie. Is that this year or next?"

Crawford McInnes, Khariessa's former owner, began visiting the yard. He'd owned the boat 12 years and had kept her in immaculate condition; I'd been to his house several times for advice on various bits of equipment. Only Crawford, his family, possibly a few of his friends and the entire labor force at the shipyard realized that I was an incompetent pretender.

"Aye, what a passage to make," Crawford said one day when he found me hobbling around in the shed, picking things up and wandering around with them before putting them down somewhere else. "All the way from Scotland to the Caribbean with Khariessa. But do you no' think it's getting a wee bit late?"

With Crawford's help and the help of an electrician who was so drunk that he was immune to the pain of constant electric shock, the boat went back into the water at the end of September. The two McInnes children joined us for a trial sail, my first, and we cast off the lines on a day when there was a good stiff breeze on Holy Loch and the local yacht club was holding a dinghy race.

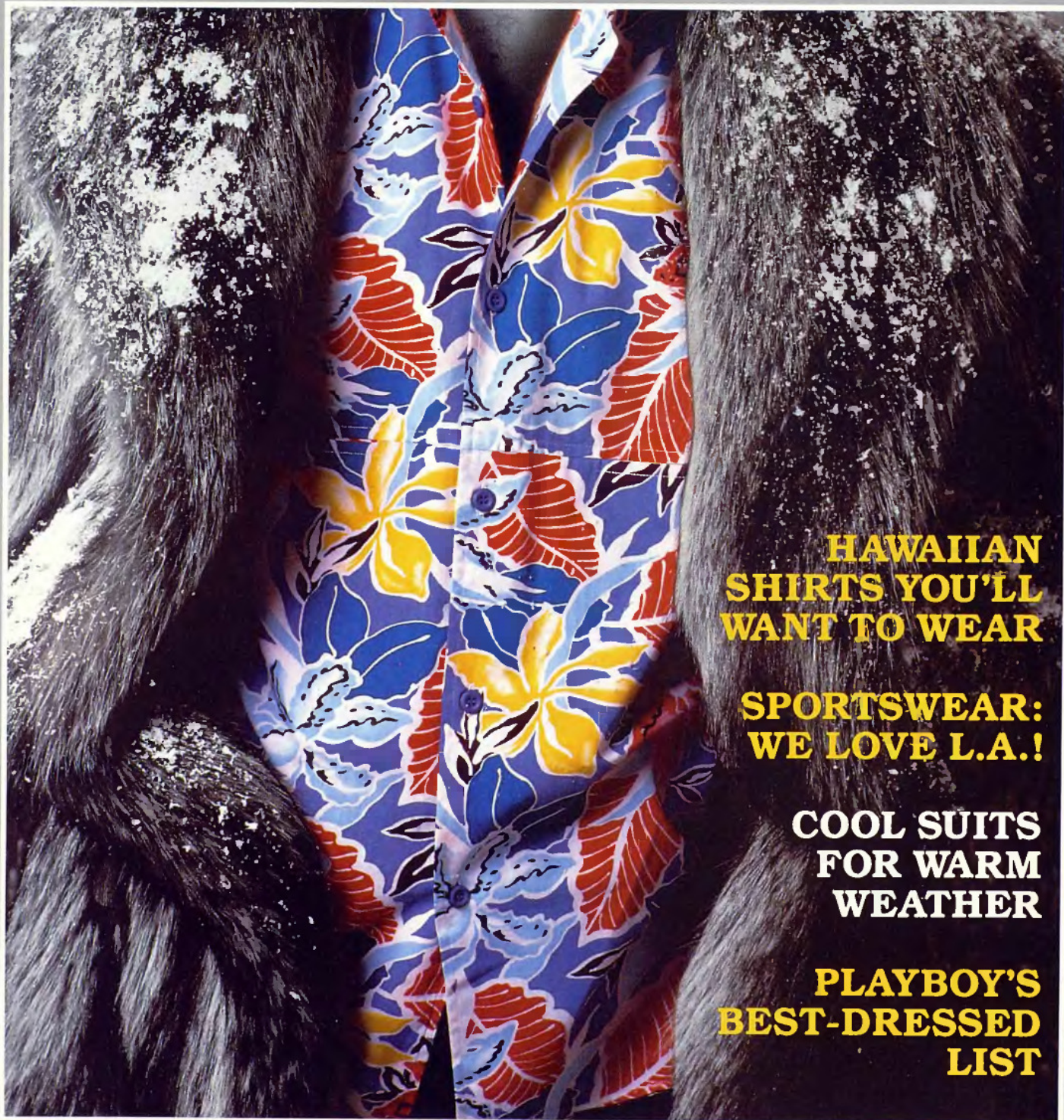
I was at the wheel when we headed out across the loch toward the nuclear-submarine base. We put up the sails and I pushed the engine throttle to full ahead so that Khariessa went ramming through the water, through the dinghy fleet, 12 tons of wood surging along in one big lump at full

(continued on page 174)

PLAYBOY GUIDE

FASHION

THE HOT LOOKS!



**HAWAIIAN
SHIRTS YOU'LL
WANT TO WEAR**

**SPORTSWEAR:
WE LOVE L.A.!**

**COOL SUITS
FOR WARM
WEATHER**

**PLAYBOY'S
BEST-DRESSED
LIST**

**THIS IS
IS GOING**



FOR EVERYONE WHOSE IDEA OF A PERFECT SUMMER THREE MONTHS WITHOUT WEARING A JACKET AND TIE.



This is about perfect summers.

Summers filled with short days in the office and long weekends at the beach.

And it's about the clothes you love to wear during those long weekends.

The old shorts, and T-shirts, and sweatshirts that you live in all day long.

And the faded jeans, and polo shirts, and crew necks that you change into when you feel like getting dressed up at night.

And it's about the shoes that go perfectly with those clothes.

A pair of Timberland® handsewns. Why Timberlands?

Well, we could tell you how the leathers, like any fine leathers, get even softer and more supple the longer you wear them.

And how the genuine handsewn moccasin construction makes them comfortable instantly.

But the real reason is something you'll discover for yourself. And that's how Timberlands become a part of your wardrobe, like your favorite shorts and jeans, that you hold onto and enjoy for years to come.

Long enough, perhaps, for that day when you get really lucky. And your idea of a perfect summer becomes a reality.

Timberland® 

The Timberland Company, P.O. Box 7005, Portsmouth, New Hampshire 03801



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Available at Aspen Leaf, Barneys New York, Boyd's, Davidson's, Daytons, Eddie Bauer, Goldwaters, Hahnes, The Hub, Jack Henry, I. Magnin,
Jordan Marsh, New England Trading, Lord & Taylor, Macy's, Wallachs, ZCMI and other fine stores.

PREVIEW

A FEW WORDS here on how a great monthly organ is put out. To get a focus on fashion, a small crew of us is dispatched to shows and showrooms across the country. We see what the manufacturers are making; we see what the retailers are going to be selling. And then we try to make some sense out of it all. That's the hardest part. Sometimes, this is a very strange business. If there's one direction that has come out of our market shopping this time, it's a trend toward very bright colors and very bold prints. And if there's one item of clothing that has come out of that shopping, it's the Hawaiian shirt.

Hawaiian shirts, of course, have their place in pop culture. Harry Truman wore one on the cover of *Life* magazine in 1951. Montgomery Clift wore one in *From Here to Eternity* in 1954. And my uncle Abe wore one to a barbecue at our house in 1958, along with a pair of white-plastic shoes and black-nylon knee socks.

Of late, Ed Begley, Jr., wears Hawaiian shirts on *St. Elsewhere* and Tom Selleck wears them on *Magnum, P.I.* And there's the rub. Some of the folks in the fashion business would have you believe that wearing a Hawaiian shirt will make you look like Tom Selleck. Right. This is to report that I, an average guy and the proud owner of a drawerful of button-downs, have tried on some Hawaiian shirts. We're talkin' Ed Begley here.

But there's a lesson in all this. You should approach fashion as you do covert activity in Central America. You should be an open-minded skeptic. You should look at what the fashion industry is pushing; you should look at what we're featuring; and then you should look at yourself. The third step is the most important. It often

leads to compromise (I ended up buying a Hawaiian buttondown from Kenneth Gordon New Orleans). Best of all, though, it leads to perspective. Fashion, as you may have noticed, is not life and death. Fashion is fun. Fashion is funky. Fashion is a David Bowie song.

All you need to remember is that bold is back. Why? Simple. The fashion industry has gone as far as it can go with muted tones. You probably own all the brown or gray sweaters you'll need for a while. So men's fashion has taken a quick cue from women's fashion: bright colors, large graphics (not all Hawaiian) and strong tropical colors.

You'll see some neons featured as accents. You'll see casualwear getting even more casual. If you live in Los Angeles, though, this will come as no great scoop. A lot of the looks featured in our spring-and-summer *Guide* had their roots in L.A., where men aren't as uptight about fashion and experimentation as some of the rest of us. That's why we went West to shoot most of the sportswear you'll find on these pages. The clothes, like the city, are looser, a lot more livable and a lot less structured.

You'll see a similar influence in tailored clothing this season. The look is more

casual, the fit more ample. Styling touches include ventless backs, broader shoulders and pleated trousers (industry sources tell us that close to 40 percent of all tailored pants now sold are pleated). The fashion stress is no stress—comfortable, carefree clothes that don't scream of obvious detail. No zippers for the sake of zippers this time. While colors have gone bolder, styling has become much more subtle. And for us, style is always much more important than fashion.

You'll see that attitude reflected in our annual selection of the best-dressed men in America. We haven't just chosen the guys with the big bucks—the ones who can walk into the fancy-dancy places on Rodeo Drive, lay down a bundle of bucks and say, "Make me look great." That's the thing about fashion: Anybody with enough money can buy it. But only those with a special sense of style can wear it well. We think you'll find our picks refreshing. And listen, don't feel bad if you didn't make the list. Neither did Ed Begley.

Murray Z Levy

Editor, *Playboy Guides* 155



Professional/Fisherman



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Who says you can't have it all?

Not Jere O'Brien, who devotes long hours to his job as a real estate developer, yet still finds time to indulge his passion for fishing on his lunch hour.

"On the weekends I try to get out on the bay for some serious fishing, but during the week this really helps keep me sane."

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NO SHIRT IS AN ISLAND

but a few stand alone

ONCE AGAIN, fashion returns to the missionary position. The men who took the fear of God to the wild Hawaiians started by insisting on clothing the natives' nakedness. From basic work shirts, patterns soon developed to mark important times—birth, death, marriage, the tourist season. Now the prints cause a revolution. And with our help, everybody's wearing them.

"Why, yes, Charles, the shirt is terribly smashing, but I think an A-line skirt would have worked better." His Highness wears a Mickey Mouse print, by Michel Bachoz, about \$50.

In a White House ceremony, President Reagan honors the winner of the Dan Ha look-alike contest. The lucky camrade is wearing a rayon shirt with a New York motif, by Papaya, \$23.50.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

Refusing comment on the Cuban royon crisis, Prime Minister Fidel Castro today unveiled his new secret weapon to keep the boot people at home. The turquoise water-sport print with pojomo collar, by Robert Stock, \$42.



"Can you hand me another piña colodo?" Forgoing his traditional Bush jacket, the Vice-President shows off his 'BB campaign style. Fons eye his royon vintage tropical shirt, from Civilian Clothing Company, \$50.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

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EASY DOES IT

fashion goes to hollywood

FASHION EDITOR: HOLLIS WAYNE

IN THE NOW-FAMOUS WORDS of an old friend of ours, "We love it!" Los Angeles has long been the sportswear capital of the universe, the place where no one serious owned serious shoes, the place where ties were just a nasty rumor. Non-Angelenos called it laid-back. True L.A. lovers called it the only way to live. Now that special style is about to have a very important influence on sportswear everywhere. The keynotes are a free-and-easy fit and a predominance of natural fibers. Hold the papaya juice.

Below, the return of the cardigan adds sparty elegance to a crisp camp shirt and near-classic white-linen trousers. The sweater, a Swiss-linen open weave, is by Roger Baugh, \$225. The natural-handkerchief-linen short-sleeved shirt is by Christian Kenth, \$125. The pleated pants, by Zanella, \$135; web-and-leather belt, by Nancy Knox, \$18. At right, high tech meets high fashion. The baseball jacket is designed by computer. The computer's name is Phil. The jacket is a hand-woven cotton parquet with leather sleeves, from Bianculi, \$500, worn with a cotton rib-knit sweat shirt, by Bell's, \$110, and five-pocket button-fly jeans, by Liberta, \$55. The ribbed-leather belt is from Just Jamie, \$55. To unload the Nash in Venice (far right), prints are principal. Driver's side, the cotton cardigan vest, by Matinique, \$70, is worn with a pajama-collar cotton shirt, by Sahara Club, \$22, and cotton-twill pleated Bermuda shorts, by Roger Baugh, \$85. The primitive-pattern cotton shirt is by Hang Ten, \$28, with cotton-twill pleated walk shorts, by Ruff-Hewn, \$40. (Sunglasses from Flash Fashion, by Opti-Ray.)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

WOMEN'S FASHION FROM MAXFIELD, LOS ANGELES, CA



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PLAYBOY GUIDE



Left, to shield him from the
sond of Muscle Beach, a versa-
tile cotton-canvas duster with
rogion sleeves and bellows
pockets, by Sahara Club, \$85.
It's worn over a cotton crew-
neck pullover with groffiti
motif, by Joseph Rokacz
Knitwear, \$70, a cotton
Henley sport shirt, by Cadre
Sportswear, \$25, and pleated
cotton trousers, by Daniel
Hechter, \$50. His calendar
quartz watch is by Accusplit,
\$40. Below, o hand-woven cot-
ton crew-neck with diagonal-
stitch pottern, \$175, is worn
with linen pleated ponts, \$115,
both from Calvin Klein. His shirt,
a cotton minipaisley button-
down, is by Hang Ten, \$42.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

Out there having fun in the warm California sun, he's wearing a cotton knit cardigan with rib-knit trim and knit-in pockets, \$120, and a cotton rib-knit short-sleeved shirt, \$55, both by Andrew Fezza. Elastic-waist cotton knit pants with drop belt loops and on-seam pockets, by Matinique, \$70, add the finishing element.





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BOLD STROKES

*bright colors are the key
to sporty accessories*

O.K., GUYS, it's time to lighten up. The idea, in case it hasn't struck you by now, is that fashion is something you should have fun with. And while you're lightening up, try brightening up. Go for it, as the tourists say in L.A. Try a yellow-banded watch. It's fine. Trust us. Sporty accessories this season take their cue from the hot-flash colors of activewear.

Clockwise from top, yellow-cotton sport socks, by Henry Grethel for Camp, \$5.50; melon cotton-ribbed socks, by [IXI:Z], \$6; New Balance 1300 running shoes, made of nylon mesh and leather, \$130, appear even flashier with royal-blue laces; New Wave, splashy tricolor boat shoe with ribbed-rubber soles, by Zodiac, USA, \$69; yellow-cotton/linen socks with graphic detail, from Monde, \$14; yellow-nylon wristband with black quartz sport watch and zipper pocket, from I. E. Sport, \$5.95; aviator sunglasses, \$115, now with interchangeable yellow lenses, \$18, by Porsche Design; blue ribbed-lambskin belt with black buckle, by Just Jamie, \$50; handmade electric-blue-flecked sunglasses, \$14, from Flash Fashion, with mirrored clip-on lenses, \$10, from Coppertone Sun Protectors, both by Opti-Ray. To keep up with changing times, interchangeable watches: yellow-rubber band with red bezel and blue face, \$189, blue band with yellow face and "roll bar," \$193, black band with yellow bezel and compass attachment, \$202, all from [IXI:Z]. Stash your cash in yellow-and-red-nylon sport trifolds with Velcro closure, by [IXI:Z], \$14 each; turquoise nylon-web belt with square double-ring buckle, by Billy Belts, \$6.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAEANNE GIOVANNI



WELL SUITED

*dressy clothes are
lighter and livelier*

THE EASE and comfort seen in this season's sportswear carry right over into suits and sports jackets. Tailoring is easy and ample, and fabrics add a more elegant touch. There's a lot of silk, blended with linen and wool. Texture is more subtle, too, with soft patterns of color predominating. You'll even see a soft sheen to some fabrics. Here are some shining examples.

Our spring line-up begins, from left, with the relaxed silhouette of a deep-gorge wide-lapel sports jacket. The cut alone puts more distance between this season's easy fashion feel and your traditional business suit. The silk/wool single-button jacket, \$525, is worn over a cotton-Jacquard shirt, \$115, with a silk-Jacquard tie, \$42.50. Pleated linen trousers, \$160, are the finishing touch. All from Alexander Julian. When a suit is in order, our choice is this light-linen mini-herringbone weave, \$345. A cotton striped shirt, \$31.50, and a silk patterned tie, \$21.50, add the right polish to an already distinguished look. All from Colvin Klein. For a more fashion-forward step, there's a six-button double-breasted linen glen-plaid suit, by Gorrick Anderson, \$800. Note the pointed-peaked lapels, a definite European influence on a still-important and elegant cut. The crisp look of a white shirt is back big this spring, along with wider ties and even wider lapels. We've added a white-cotton tone-on-tone dress shirt, from Ike Behar, \$92.50, a silk-Jacquard four-inch tie, from Guy Loroche, \$22.50, and a collar bar, from J. P. Graytok, \$8. Last, we've coordinated a colorfully flecked linen/silk/wool tweed sports jacket, by Wolter Holmes for Society Brand (Hortmarx), \$320, with worsted-wool pants, by Chester Borrie (Hortmarx), \$150. The cotton-broadcloth tone-on-tone striped shirt, from Gant, \$30, and the silk-Jacquard tie, by Italo Piccolo Neckwear, \$27.50, provide some interesting injections of color.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM COUPON





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FLASH

IF THE MEDIUM IS THE MESSAGE, HOW COME THE T-SHIRTS ARE EXTRA-LARGE?

You history buffs in the crowd may remember the original message T-shirts of the late Sixties and early Seventies: MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR, SAVE THE WHALES—weighty stuff. Now the message T returns even bigger—oversized shirts with oversized type. And the messages? They range from the cosmic SAVE THE WORLD to the ever-insightful FRANKIE COMES FROM HOBOKEN. The ones shown here are from New York's Flip and the T-Shirt Gallery. The hats are from Ace Hy Sales in Chatsworth, California. One message fits all.



DAVID MEECEY

WE CAN WORK IT OUT

So you bought the running shoes and the tennis shoes and the racquetball shoes, and now these guys are trying to sell you aerobics shoes for working out. Is it science or is it scam? We conducted an in-depth investigation. A few of us wore the shoes shown here (from New Balance, Reebok, Nike, Adidas and Avia) to the gym one day. And they worked. The outsoles seemed to provide more stability and lateral support than those of our old running shoes. That should help avoid ankle

and calf injuries. The mid-soles offered good shock absorption and gave the Achilles' tendon a lift. The heel and toe wraps provided increased stability in lateral movements. The leather uppers helped cushion the blow when we dropped the dumbbells on our toes. So there is something to these shoes. If you're in the market, you may want to try a pair. Or you may want to wait for the next development—specially coated leather for those nasty spills at the juice bar.



CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN BUT NOT NECESSARILY THE NIELSENS

A lot of people who don't watch MTV are loudly declaring *Miami Vice* a new art form. No. *Hill Street Blues* and *St. Elsewhere* are art forms. *Miami Vice* is a hot cop show with style, flash and fashion. Its stars, Philip Michael Thomas and Don Johnson, are becoming TV's biggest fashion plates. Move over, Mr. Rogers. Their wardrobes, from the likes of Versace, Kenzo and Kansai, are what give the show much of its tone—bold colors, shimmering pastels. The clothes bill came to \$70,000 for the pilot alone. And you thought everybody in Miami wore sponge-rubber leisure suits.

JIM IMBROGNO



PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL BEST-DRESSED LIST

NO FASHION MODELS here. This isn't your basic best-dressed list. We leave that to Mr. Blackwell, whoever the hell he is. What we're talking about here is the difference between fashion and style. Our criterion, then, is simply stated: It ain't the meat, it's the motion. In previous years, we've cited the likes of Cary Grant, Dustin Hoffman, Bill Cosby, John Irving, Prince Andrew and Bryant Gumbel. Among those listed last year were Peter Jennings, Louis Rukeyser, Dave Winfield, Michael Jackson and John Glenn. Say, whatever happened to Michael Jackson? Oh, well; here, in the name of science, are this year's choices.



Jimmy Stewart. The man is pure class. He's one of our favorite actors ever, and dressing well comes naturally to him. Who else could wear a pinstripe suit with a bomber jacket?



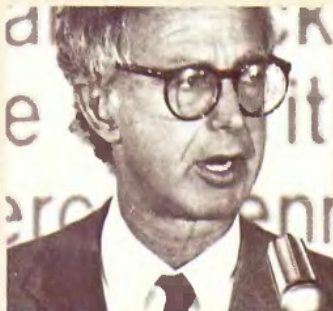
Wynton Marsalis. His look is very much in sync with his music—he knows how to add just the right jazz to pure classics. We add our sartorial salute to those Grammys.



Ed Bradley. The *60 Minutes* star gives poorly dressed reporters a bad name. He handles a sharp suit just as easily as he does a truly tough story.



Peter Ueberroth. He made the Olympics turn a profit, he whipped baseball into shape and he knows how to dress. This guy is too good to be true.



Arthur Levitt, Jr. He heads the American Stock Exchange but dresses well beyond banker's blue. Buy flannel futures.



Sam Shepard. Playwright, actor, sensitive man, friend of Jessica Lange; here's a man who is comfortable with himself and knows the lay of the land.



Bruce Springsteen. Don't you wish you could look like this for a year? How about a night? The Boss wears jeans better than anyone else we know. Watch the bandanna become a major fashion accessory.



Carl Lewis. The Grace Jones hair. The supershades. The man is cool. But come on, Carl, please make the last jump.



Henry Cisneros. The natty mayor of San Antonio could be one of the brightest stars on the political scene. If dressing for success counts, he's made it.



Dan Marino. So a sophomore becomes the best quarterback in football. The scary thing is that this baby face knows how to carry himself. Miami nice.

AND OUR WORST-DRESSED LIST

Some guys have all the luck and some just can't get it together, no matter how hard they try. Here, then, the bottom of the barrel:

Prince. Never mind the music; please let the purple reign end.

Phil Donahue. He just works too hard at not caring.

Richard Dawson. Good answer, good answer. Bad dresser, bad dresser.

Donald Trump. Money buys a lot of things, but style's not one of them.

Sylvester Stallone. He's actually taking himself seriously

now. Will somebody remind him he's from Philly?

Mr. T. Jive turkey.

Nick Nolte. True *macho*? No, true sloppo.

Steven Spielberg. Looks as if the gremlins got to his closet first.

Billy Joel. Uptown girl, downtown clothes.

Billy Idol. This is punk? Time for a new wave. Goodbye.



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AT SEA

(continued from page 150)

speed, with a frozen dummy at the helm. My fingers gripped the wheel as if they'd been welded to it; I couldn't think, I could only stare rigidly ahead at an onrushing submarine that was, in fact, a mile away, anchored. Racing dinghies capsized; I didn't see them, but I heard angry shouts on the wind. The two McInnes children clung to the steeply slanting roof of the cabin; one of them shouted, "You never did it like this, Daddy!"

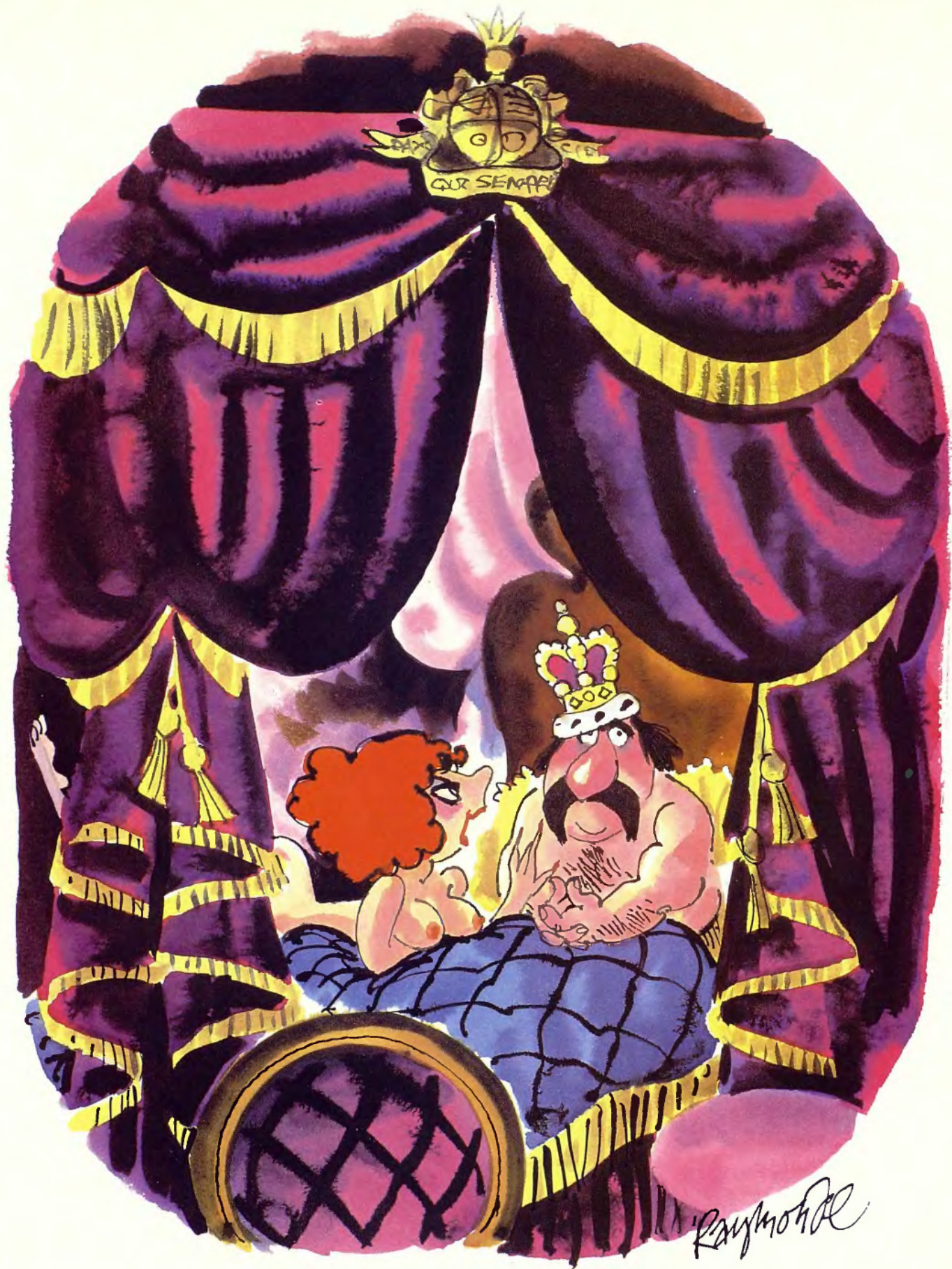
Crawford discreetly prized my fingers from the wheel and took over. He pulled back the throttle and turned the boat into the wind, bringing her to a stop. Then he told me to try again but to take my time and to maintain contact between the hands and the brain, which I did, successfully. "You have to lose control sometimes before you can learn how to get it back," Crawford said.

Over the next couple of weeks, he led me through everything on the boat. Much of this wisdom went straight into the mental void; there wasn't the time for a prolonged or detailed education, but he showed me how to raise and drop the anchor, stop and start the engine and move the boat around under sail and power, and that would have to do. For the passage from Scotland to Falmouth, I would have to get someone with oceangoing experience, a professional who would teach me how to use a sextant.

The man I found was recommended as a widely experienced seaman and a qualified navigator. "The name's Pete, but my friends call me Rhino, because I'm always charging into things," was the way he introduced himself. He was a chunky Irishman with no teeth and a face like a clenched fist, hard and knotted, and he said at our first meeting that he was in a good mood because General Franco ("my idol") had just ordered the execution of eight Basque terrorists.

The other crew members, Barry and Richard—who lived in my home county of Suffolk and had never been to sea—were already on the boat the day Rhino joined. He came out to the mooring in a dinghy rowed by one of the shipyard men, and he was dressed in a naval uniform of his own design, with an officer's peaked hat and brass-buttoned jacket. Rhino flung his bag over the rail and climbed aboard just as a small launch passed with a couple of people I knew aboard. They waved pleasantly, and my hired professional shouted, "What are you staring at, you slack-jawed bunch of cunts? Get away from here with that poxy boat before we get the flares out." Then he unzipped his trousers, pissed liberally over the side and gave me a terrible wink, saying, "How do you like it so far?"

Within 24 hours of leaving Holy Loch and motoring down the Clyde and out into



"Come on, one more try! You don't want it to get around the kingdom that you're omnipotent, do you?"

the Irish Sea, I'd learned everything I needed to learn about sailing in heavy weather. I learned that the most important thing to know about heavy weather is to try not to be there when it's happening.

We had motored into Loch Ryan, a dead-end finger of the Irish Sea that pokes into the Scottish coast in a southeasterly direction, and had tied up the boat for a few minutes while we went into a pub near the dock at the head of the loch. The weather changed the moment we stepped back aboard, and within seconds the quiet evening breeze had turned into a screaming gale that blew directly from the northwest, our only way out, and straight along the unprotected shores of Loch Ryan. If you filled a shallow basin with water and then agitated it violently with your hand, the surface of the water would look very much like Loch Ryan looked that night, and if you placed a small toy boat in the basin, it would behave in much the same way Khariessa did.

There was no possibility of escaping from the loch, nor could we stay at the pub dock, because the wind was blowing us against it and we would have been smashed if we'd stayed.

We spent the night in the deepest water we could find, holding the bow into the wind with the engine and praying that the fuel would outlast the storm. Rhino and I stayed in the cockpit and took turns driving. I don't know what happened to Barry except that he was somewhere below, and Richard wedged himself into a space between the table and the saloon bunk, unable to move. Rhino greeted each vicious smash of sea with his three favorite phrases, "And now for something completely different," "How do you like it so far?" and "It's no good, Captain, I can't 'old 'er."

It cleared before daybreak and we tied up at the town dock and slept. There was a note from Barry when I woke. He had called home and had been told that his son had an infected toe; he was sorry, but he had to leave. He left his love on the note and a jar of organic spices in the galley.

But there was no damage to the boat, and that was reassuring. We spent a couple of days cleaning up in Loch Ryan and then put back to sea. The clutch shaft snapped a day later, and we drifted for two days in a dead calm, moving steadily toward the Irish coast with the tide. A fishing boat eventually towed us into Dun Laoghaire on Dublin Bay, and Rhino jumped ashore before we tied up. I found him in a pub three days later; he was in one of his difficult phases. When asked if and when he was coming back to the boat, he said, "How would you like it, you needle-nosed weasel, if I tore off one of your arms and beat you to death with it?"

He came back the next day, sober and contrite, and he brought a new crew member, a man called Danny, a grinning, shambling Irishman with a cleft palate

who snarled and hing-honged incomprehensibly but who seemed to have a rapport with Rhino that I thought might make our shipmate an easier man to live with. By way of an apology, Rhino said, "It's the pills I have to take for the pains I get in my head. They make me go mad when I do the drinking, and if I don't do the drinking, I go crazy. You understand, don't you?"

In Falmouth, which we reached without unpleasantness, a new and alarming problem developed: I'd paid Rhino—paid him more than we'd originally agreed—but he refused to leave the boat. At first, he said it was because he wanted to help me get Khariessa ready for the crossing; then, when it became clear that he had no such intention, he said he was staying because he wanted to, whether I liked it or not. For about a week, there were just the two of us aboard. At night, I lay in my bunk and cowered like a terrified rabbit while Rhino rampaged around the saloon and the fo'c'sle, kicking the bulkheads, smashing empty bottles and shouting curses. I thought about getting the police but realized that this would only delay my departure even further, and it was already late October. I considered clubbing him with an oar, throwing him into a dinghy with his bag and taking him ashore, but the thought of what could happen if I killed him by accident or if he woke before I got him ashore was even more terrifying than his awful presence.

Finally, I told him I'd decided not to take the boat anywhere, that there had been a death in my family, that I was locking up and leaving. It wasn't hard to fake the sorrow, but it didn't fool Rhino for a minute; he derided the entire story as a pack of lies. But it worked; he packed and left. My last sight of him was on the wind-lashed rainy streets of Falmouth, striding along the middle of the road in his naval uniform and bare feet.

Rhino dropped out of my life without teaching me the first thing about celestial navigation. He said I didn't deserve to learn it and he had no intention of teaching me. But I couldn't hold that against him. During our stormy passage down the Irish Sea, he'd taught me something more valuable: He'd handled the boat beautifully under power and sail, his seamanship was superb and he made you do things his way, fast and properly. He'd kept us alive. Watching him provided many clues to the central question about handling a boat and sailing: "How do you do it?"

Khariessa left Falmouth on November 19, 1975. Aboard were Brian, whom I'd met in a Falmouth pub and who'd done some day sailing, and Mike Stratton, a professional yacht-delivery skipper and licensed navigator. Stratton would go with the boat to the Canary Islands and teach me how to use the sextant; Brian would go all the way to the West Indies.

The dreaded winter storms in the North

Atlantic failed to materialize; in fact, the winds were so light that we motored most of the way from England to Portugal, across the Bay of Biscay and down to Lisbon, where we stopped to refuel before carrying on to the Canary Islands. Stratton patiently led me through the intricate mysteries of celestial navigation, which proved to be neither intricate nor mysterious. The sextant measures an angle between the object—sun, moon, star or planet—and the horizon; the observer writes down the angle and the exact time of the observation; then, after consulting a couple of reference tables, does some simple addition and subtraction to determine the boat's position, which he marks on the chart. On the way to the Canaries, I did it dozens of times and felt fully confident when Stratton left us and flew back to England.

We picked up three more crew: Les, a Canadian who had been swimming around in the harbor looking for a ride, and Sue and Elaine, who were camping on Gran Canaria. None of them had ever sailed before, which was probably just as well, because the day after we raised the anchor and left the Canaries for Barbados, our next port, some 2700 miles to the southwest, my first sextant sight showed that we were in the Moroccan desert, in the foothills of the Atlas Mountains. The next day's sight was slightly better: It placed us south of Marrakesh. I thought it only fair to tell the crew that something seemed to have gone wrong, but none of them seemed worried. "Perhaps it's unusually high tides," said Sue. If I'd felt more confident about being able to find the Canaries, I would have turned back and taken a quick refresher course in navigation.

On the third day, the sextant calculations miraculously sorted themselves out and showed that we were roughly where we should have been, about 400 miles southwest of Gran Canaria. Reassured by this, I drew a straight line on the chart from that point to Barbados and instructed everyone to enter in the log every two hours the course sailed and the distance traveled. Perhaps I thought that at the end of a given time, Barbados would suddenly jump out in front of us and we'd have to slow down to avoid hitting it.

We rode the northeast trades for two weeks on long, high ridges of sea that marched across the ocean like ranks of pyramids, building and falling and building again, sweeping everything before them to the west and carrying us with them on the long run downhill.

The steering gave way at the start of the third week. It happened after we'd changed course to investigate red distress flares; we found nothing after a search of several hours, and when we turned to resume our course, the rudder wouldn't respond. Khariessa had a hydraulic steering system, which meant that liquid was stored in a reservoir and was pumped

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under pressure through pipes and into a cylindrical ram connected to the rudder; Crawford McInnes had explained it in Scotland, but the wisdom had failed to take. I no longer remembered how the system worked or what the word hydraulic meant. But I knew we had a length of steel pipe that could be used as an emergency tiller, so we bolted that onto the rudder while we got the hammers out and tried to beat some sense into the broken steering. A few days later, we'd fixed it by taking the system apart and finding out how it worked.

We were now lost. There hadn't been time to take sights for many days, and even if there had been, the weather was unsuitable: too much cloud and only a rare glimpse of the sun or the moon. A more experienced navigator would have been able to use the stars; I tried a couple of times, but the damned things wouldn't cooperate, producing results that staggered across the chart. I blamed my sextant, which was a cheap plastic instrument that looked like a gift in a box of corn flakes, but then I discovered a new branch of the science of navigating, and our problems were over.

It was called creative navigation, and it was based on the theory that when you're lost, you put a mark on the chart at the place you think you ought to be and may be, if you're lucky. This assumed position can be used as the basis for the next position, and so on. After you've done that for several days, you forget that you invented the original position, and the conviction gradually grows that you were right in the first place. We swept onward to the west, happy in our ignorance.

I was knocked overboard by the boom one night when Elaine was steering and everyone else was below, asleep. Elaine turned around to speak, and in that split second of inattention, she forgot where the wind was coming from, the sail filled from the other side and the boom, with me leaning on it, banged across on the opposite tack. We jibed several times in quick succession, with Elaine screaming while I shot across the boat, clinging to the boom, a human yo-yo waiting for the string to break. I was shaken off on the last pass and went overboard backward, headfirst, catching one leg on the upper lifeline that ran around the deck, so that my head smashed against the hull. I had only one

hand free; the other held the radio direction finder, which I'd been using in a vain attempt to pick up a land station. I was probably in the water no more than ten minutes, wondering whether the lifeline or the leg would break first or whether the boat, which seemed to be out of control and either pulled away from me or pushed me under, would perhaps roll over and remove all further worries. Then I saw Brian's hairy, grinning face peering down over the side, and he and Les lifted me back aboard. "Looks like you lost your water skis," Brian said.

On our 31st night out of the Canaries, Sue called me up on deck to look at some lights. They didn't move; they weren't on ships. Everyone came on deck and looked through the binoculars. Then we all jumped up and down, broke out the bottle of beer we'd been saving for the occasion and hugged one another with tears running down our faces.

To have found the little island of Barbados after our difficulties was a miracle, a triumph. When I checked the chart and discovered that what we were looking at *wasn't* Barbados, I thought it best to keep this from the crew and hope that it might turn into Barbados in the morning.

The land, or what we could see of it in the darkness, was irritatingly mountainous. Barbados is flat. There were yellow moving lights on shore. Cars. French cars have yellow headlights. We were looking at a French island, one with a big rock next to it, a rock that, for a while, looked very much like the rock we'd sailed 5000 miles to hit. It was the rock at the north end of Martinique.

Most of the crew left after a week or so; Les had to go back to work in Canada, Brian to his wife in Cornwall, and the girls took jobs on a charter boat. The five of us have never met since. A waitress, a bank teller, a factory worker, a builder and a writer—five ninnies on the ocean, strangers for a lifetime and bound forever by the split second we shared when we found the land.

By the middle of April, I'd sailed down to Trinidad for Carnival and was back in Bequia, the old whaling station in the Grenadines, to get ready for the last leg of the journey. I was in a hurry to get north to New York, where the Tall Ships Race fleet would collect for the '76 Bicentennial. New York City had been my home town for ten years, and I had no intention of missing that party. Nick, an English lad, went with me when I left Bequia. He was eager to get to New York to meet his brother, who was sailing in one of the tall-ship entries.

We sailed directly from Bequia to St. Lucia, arriving on a fine, warm morning that we celebrated with a Martinique *ponche*, white rum with a couple of limes squeezed into it. An hour later, we were in jail, in a cell that measured eight feet by five and was already occupied by five West



"If you knew what I really took in last year—I'm talking net, not gross—you'd show me a lot more respect; I can tell you!"

Indians. From the cell window we could see Khariessa's mast, a couple of hundred yards along the dock.

"What exactly did you say to the guy at customs?" asked Nick.

A number of things. When a boat clears customs, the skipper usually goes ashore with a crew list, passports and ship's papers. In St. Lucia that day, there was a cruise ship tied up at the main port of Castries, and when I went ashore to clear, the customs officer was giving his full, flattering attention to an officer from the ship. They finished their business and I handed the customs man my papers. He looked at the crew list and tossed it across the desk onto the floor at my feet. "That piece of paper too small, man. Get a bigger piece; don't bother me with that kind of thing."

Something snapped. Words were exchanged; there was a laying on of hands; the customs officer was on the floor. Two others came in the side door and grabbed me by the neck. There was a quick flurry, a few slippery punches, and then I was on the floor under a customs man and a policeman.

They frog-marched me along the dock to where Nick lay on the cabin roof, enjoying the morning sun. Several other men had joined our group. They jumped aboard and began to tear Khariessa's interior apart. In a jacket pocket, they found a marijuana seed. In a small tobacco tin, they found three fragments of stalk and nine seeds.

"You're drug smugglers," a police officer said. "You're both under arrest."

From the jail I got a message to the British consulate to ask if they could either get us out or into a bigger cell. The reply came in the form of a badly smudged Xeroxed list of local lawyers. It was confiscated by the police, who told us that we were allowed no paper in the cell, no books, no cigarettes, no writing materials, nothing except our pants.

Three times a day, we each received a small loaf of bread and shared a tin mug,

taking water from a bottle whose contents a policeman poured between the bars of the cell door. Apart from the door and a small window, there was nothing in the cell except bare boards on the floor and four walls, all of which had been clotted with smears and dollops of shit all the way to the ceiling. We slept as we could, fitting together and around like loose cutlery dropped into a drawer.

I asked an officer if we could be given something to clean off the walls and scrub the floors. It was the thought of exercise, as much as hygiene, that prompted this. The only lavatory, at the end of the passage outside, had overflowed, creating a pool of wet stench that ebbed and flowed

another scraping. The word honkie gave him much satisfaction; he repeated it several times, while I lay back on my elbows, waiting for him to get bored and let go. "That boat of yours, honkie, that's my boat," the sergeant said.

In the morning, I got permission to speak with a police superintendent. I told him that if we weren't allowed out to pump Khariessa's bilges, she would sink at the dock. She was old, she was made of wood, she leaked. If she sank, the port might be inconvenienced, and none of us wanted that.

From then on, Nick and I took turns as pumper of the day, escorted to the boat by a policeman and a customs officer. The

customs man cut the seal that he'd locked the main hatch with the previous day, then joined the policeman on the dock while the pumper, left alone on the boat, stuffed himself with fruit, smoked cigarettes, read a book and stowed a few treats in the rolled-up cuffs of his jeans to take back to the cell. Occasionally, he would shout, "Jesus wept, look at the water!" or "We got here just in time today!"

The policeman stayed on the dock, because it was his job to tell the pumper when the water stopped coming out of the hole at the back of the boat. The hole was the exhaust from Khariessa's engine.

A marine diesel, unless it's air-cooled, is cooled by water that's

sucked through an inlet in the hull, pumped around the engine and squirted out through the exhaust. Our engine was water-cooled. The pumper's first job was to run the engine; we had already told the police that the engine was essential to operate the pump. There was no leak in Khariessa—she was as tight as the proverbial drum—but as soon as the engine was turned on, the water started squirting out of the hole at the back; and for as long as the engine continued to run, the water squirted with it.

"You gotta lotta water today, man," the policeman would say; and half an hour

across the floor outside our cell. Rats rarely came into the cell, because there was no way out apart from the door, but they ran up and down through the night, splashing around in the sewage. The guards gave us brooms and buckets. The other inmates refused to have anything to do with the business and asked to be taken out until we'd finished.

That night, it was my turn to sleep with my feet resting on the horizontal bar of the cell door. Someone grabbed my bare toes and rubbed my instep against the steel bars. It was a police sergeant. "You like that, you honkie?" and he gave them

later, "Water still coming out. You gotta big leak in that boat."

I celebrated my 40th birthday in jail the day before we were refused bail at a hearing before a judge. The police told the judge that we were notorious smugglers, dangerous men and vagrant sailors, and it would be only a matter of time before their inquiries to Interpol, Scotland Yard and the FBI started to produce results.

After a week, we were handcuffed and loaded onto a truck to be taken for trial. In court, all charges against Nick, whatever they were—they were never specified—were dropped. I had hired a local lawyer for our defense. He knew exactly how much money I had left, including a loan from a friend in the States, because he'd handled that transaction. It came to \$1150 in local currency.

In court, the tobacco tin with the three stalks and the nine seeds had sprouted into a fair-sized bush in a cardboard box.

"You could go to prison for four months," the judge said and called my lawyer to the bench for a brief consultation. "You could go to prison, but we shall be lenient. We fine you \$1150. Next!"

We sailed out of Castries the next day, penniless and close to ecstasy, singing the song we'd made up in the cell:

*"Oh, Castries, what you done to me
Threw me in your jail under lock and
key*

*Took all the money, tried to break us,
too*

That's Castries, St. Loo."

That was the refrain; the eight verses were even worse.

We stayed another six weeks in the Caribbean, living on fish and the occasional food handout from charter-boat crews we'd met down island. Further support came from one of my more villainous cousins, who showed up unexpectedly in Guadeloupe, where he'd been paid off as a deckhand on a yacht chartered by an elderly Swiss for a parrot-smuggling run from South America to the West Indies. From Guadeloupe, the birds—all 29 of them—were supposed to be flown to Europe; they had been sedated for that purpose, but they escaped on the dock and attracted considerable attention. The smuggler's claim that the birds were, in fact, not parrots but a common breed of South American duck was ignored by the customs officers, and everyone on the boat except for the skipper and the old Swiss—who were sent back to sea with their raucous cargo—had been obliged to leave in haste. Probably only a sailor will fully appreciate what it must have been like on the passage from Colombia to Guadeloupe, beating into the northeast trades for three weeks on a 35-foot ketch full of unsedated parrots. I would like to be able to report that my cousin listened when I said that parrot

smuggling was an unworthy crime, but the fact is that the money he'd earned helped keep us in food, as he pointed out whenever the subject came up.

We spent most of the remaining time in the islands anchored in the mangroves in English Harbour, Antigua, where we arrived just before Race Week. This is the biggest annual sailing party in the West Indies, and hundreds of boats of all flags and sizes meet there in the last weeks of April, before the hurricane season starts. For destitute yachtsmen, Antigua is the logical place to be at that time of year, because that's when boats clean out their stores and pass the windfalls to those in greater need.

We painted the boat, sawed off the deck-house, mended sails and took a few days off to go racing as crew on larger boats. Two friends flew in, one from London, another from Utah, and between them provided enough cash to cover fuel costs, dock dues and other expenses on the journey north. If I had found one, I'd have bought a New York-harbor chart, but none was available. All we had was the North Atlantic chart, and on that, Manhattan is a microdot and Long Island about half an inch long. I could only hope that creative navigation would get us through. And to those who recoil with contempt at such seamanlike methods, I'll quote the sailor's oldest proverb: You do what you've got to do with the things that you've got.

The exploits and misadventures of Khariessa's crew had attracted an unexpected notoriety over the previous few months, and while this had ceased to be a novelty by the time we left Antigua, the send-off we got when we sailed out of English Harbour made even the worst moments seem worth while. We had a new crew member on board—Yochi, an Israeli trumpeter—and while we tacked out through the Race Week fleet, Yochi sat on the stern rail playing *Summertime*, every last beautiful note echoing across the water. It was one of those quiet West Indian evenings, just before sunset, with the lightest of breezes barely filling the sails, and as we glided across the anchorage, people began to line the rails of the assembled boats. Someone blew an air horn, whistles and sirens sounded, a cannon fired and the flares arced into the darkening sky over the high ground around Freeman's Bay. We could still hear the noise reverberating in the hills when we sailed out through the entrance and picked up the first gust from the northeast trades.

A week later, we were off Bermuda, sailing among the tall ships that had gathered for the last leg of the Bicentennial race. Here again, creative navigation saved the day: We found Bermuda by pointing a transistor radio in the direction of the strongest signal from Bermuda radio stations and steering an appropriate course. The horizon was a mass of square-rigged



*"Getting the ideas is easy . . . the hard part
is hitting one key at a time."*

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sails—brigantines, barkentines, big schooners and sailing craft of all types and origins, all tacking for position at the starting line. One of the ships, the 3500-ton Khrushchenstern, a Russian, thundered past us in 25 knots of wind, leaving Khariessa's 12 tons wallowing in a wake that might have been left by a destroyer. We passed her under engine two days later, totally becalmed, with a U.S. Coast Guard helicopter hovering just off her stern, while a row of nonchalant Russian cadets pissed over the side and threw us cigarettes and fresh fruit.

The tall ships were making for Newport, but I wanted to get to Manhattan early, so that I could sneak into a berth before they left Newport for New York. As we sailed from Bermuda toward America, however, the summer haze thickened, and our lack of a radio made it impossible for us to ask passing ships to verify our position. We crept slowly westward, all ears strained for the horrible sound of engines, surf or traffic, but the visibility grew steadily worse and my imagination conjured up one catastrophe after another as we groped through the mist. Somewhere out there, I thought, was the ship I'd been dreading, the 200,000-ton tanker surging my way at 15 knots—one of those fully automated beasts you read about, with a crew stupefied by drugs and a stateless skipper whose only credentials were the Panamanian master's papers he'd bought in a Tangier disco. I thought about the story of the ship

that had entered Yokohama with a tangle of yacht rigging and shreds of sails hanging from one of the bow anchors. An accompanying tug radioed the ship to ask about the accident. "What accident?" the ship replied.

For a few years in the late Sixties, my ex-wife and I had owned a house in Ocean Bay Park on Fire Island, the barrier island that runs along the Atlantic coast of Long Island for some 30 miles. Our place was about 100 yards inland from a small and prominent house that had been built by a friend, Harold Krieger. I hadn't seen Harold or the house in six years, and as we felt our way through the mist, it is certain that of the numerous things on my mind, neither Harold nor his house was among them. One morning, however, the mist evaporated—not all of it, just a large ragged patch, and in it, perfectly framed, was the unmistakable outline of Harold Krieger's house, revealed for less than a minute before the fog swallowed it up again.

I swung the wheel hard over and turned the boat around. In another ten minutes, we would have been running up the beach. We heard the engine of a small boat and sounded the air horn. The other vessel answered, and then we saw it, a small yacht chugging along in the opposite direction. I shouted across the gap between us to ask if they had a spare chart of the New York entrance. The other boat passed us and came back around our

stern, and from out of the mist sailed a rolled-up chart that landed in the cockpit. New York, New York.

We yelled a chorus of thanks and I heard a man shout back, "You're welcome!" He sounded uncannily like Mel Brooks.

We tied up at a Hudson River pier in Greenwich Village on July 1, 1976. On that date the previous year, I had been sitting on Diamond's bowsprit, watching the sun-speckled mass of Gibraltar take shape in the Mediterranean haze. In just over a year, I'd covered 10,000 miles of ocean, crossed the Atlantic twice, sailed from Scotland down the west coast of Europe, over to the Caribbean and north to a Manhattan pier only a few blocks from my old apartment. Nobody knew better than I the debts I owed to blind luck and good friends.

•

Almost nine years and another 60,000 miles of ocean have slipped by since we tied up at that New York pier. Khariessa was sold at the end of 1976; that winter, I delivered a new boat from Florida down to St. Vincent and worked in the islands as a charter skipper for the first and last time. Janitors in shorts, we called ourselves in the fleet where I worked, and janitors who could never escape from the clamorous demands of their tenants.

The money from Khariessa went into a partnership in another old wooden boat, a 50-foot teak ketch that was lying in Majorca. Four of us sailed her from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean and spent an icebound winter in Annapolis, supporting ourselves with the occasional delivery down to the islands. After the ketch was sold, I rebuilt and refitted boats in Europe, made deliveries, went ocean racing for a few seasons, sailed a Hobie Cat from Florida to the Bahamas and back and worked as chief engineer on a 200-ton vessel. In short, the past nine years have been full of boats.

In 1975, I wanted to learn how to sail a boat anywhere a boat could go, and if I haven't accomplished that large and pretentious objective, I've been lucky enough to get my boats to their destinations without loss or injury. I used to think that anyone who sailed an ocean a few times would know everything there was to know about the sea, sailing, weather and boats, but these are inexhaustible subjects, with layer upon layer of knowledge and experience. You could devote a lifetime to the sea and barely scratch the surface of the first layer. Perhaps that's why you never meet an ocean sailor who says he knows it all; only a liar would claim he did, and only a fool would believe him.

On Diamond, where I learned that the land has no monopoly on loonies and tyrants, I found that my illusions about the sailing life were nothing more than that, and that the only way to be rid



"Murray—are you worrying about business again?"

of them was to accept and deal with the realities. My old shipmate Rhino, the swine, showed me that a man can be a bully and half-crazy, yet still command respect for his competence. He gave me priceless insights into the business of seamanship and the art of keeping a boat going in heavy weather, when the temptation to let go and wait for nature to take its course is sometimes stronger than the will to survive. From Rhino and from many others later on, I learned that all storms pass. *All storms.*

As a rule, sailors—those who make a living at sea—are not boastful about their work or achievements, and this is probably because the sailing world is so unlike that of any other society or community. It has no cliques or special-interest groups, no minorities or outcasts. There are no leaders or followers, no fans or celebrities, no government, no police, press or church, and the only two authorities—wind and sea—are impartial. To my mind, at least, that's an ideal definition of democracy.

If you learn anything at sea, you learn about the things that count and the things that don't, and if that statement sounds too dreamy to be true for these cynical times, it must be seen in the context of taking a boat on a long ocean passage. There, everybody aboard shares a common purpose—to get to the destination quickly and safely, each crew member making the fullest possible contribution to that objective. Sailors rarely talk about humor, endurance, dedication or commitment, but these are the human qualities most essential on an ocean-going boat.

Finally, of all the rewards to be gained by sailing, there is the euphoria of that unique and perfect experience, an ocean passage under sail. On a cloudless night in the Atlantic, with the rest of the crew asleep, you have another half hour at the wheel before the next watch comes on deck. A dim light in the compass and a black sky brilliant with stars and planets. A gleam of the rising moon along the rail and the steady whoosh and hiss of breaking foam as you ride the westbound seas, with the trades filling the sails and the creak and stretch of lines and rigging when they take the load. A mug of coffee, a cigarette, Bob Marley honking away on the deck speakers. A falling star and the first pale crack of dawn over your shoulder.

The other night, you saw an ocean liner slide across the horizon in a streaming blaze of lights, and as these dwindled and vanished, you thought about the ship's passengers, dressing in their cabins, dancing, laughing at a mirrored bar; you heard music from a band on the afterdeck, a faint throb of bass and a rising note on a trumpet. You won't forget that moment, that sound, and the conflicting impressions it left of happiness and loneliness, of being

remote from the world and part of it, of longing and belonging.

After you came off watch, you put on the headphones and listened to the short wave before turning in. Someone was in trouble off the Cuban coast, a leaking boat with broken pumps and water up to the saloon floor; three adults on board, one with a fractured arm. A man's voice, calm and deliberate, spoke to the Coast Guard station: Yes, Coast Guard, this is a mayday, you could say that. Roger your mayday, sir; state your vessel's present longitude and latitude. Then the transmission faded and you spun the dial through a babble of static and propaganda, chanting Arabs and a BBC lady disc jockey playing Stan Getz for a Mr. Bungi in Nigeria.

On the U.S. Armed Forces Network, a dark and menacing piano theme, stark and urgent, like the music from *Mission Impossible*, with a tough male voice-over: "Espionage is a jigsaw puzzle—don't let them have your piece of the puzzle. There is somebody out there and he doesn't like us, not one little bit."

And there was Radio Moscow, a smooth American accent, as usual, explaining that if a Korean airliner had been shot down over Soviet territory by Soviet fighters, the culprits could be found in Washington.

Ho hum, and a pox on all politics.

You turn off the radio and climb into the bunk, falling asleep to the sound of the boat working and the seas bubbling and sliding along the hull. In a few hours, you'll make the bread and take the first sights of the day while the dough rises. You should be seeing land in a couple of weeks, provided the wind stays where it is. There'll be old friends there, people you haven't seen in months or years. Maybe some mail. If you've got the time, you may cruise down to Trinidad for Carnival or drop the hook for a week on one of those perfect crystal bays in the Grenadines.

Escapism? Probably, but so what? If it is an escape, it's the kind everyone could use a bit more of. Maybe you could, too. There's only one way to find out.



"Let's just get one thing straight, Vic. You can be my best friend, or you can be my severest critic. Being both is out of the question."

"There are too many lawyers in government. But you've got to be careful in indicting them."

inexplicable. Lawyers maintain the mystery in order to keep their very special place in society and keep their fees high.

A lot of law language is nonsense. I have seen legal documents that have provoked me—as a lawyer—to challenge the author to explain. Often, the author cannot explain the meaning except to say, "Well, that paragraph's always in the document." What a lousy reason. Our firm is demystifying the law and trying to use

understandable, everyday language.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's most lacking in a lawyer's education?

HYATT: Anything to do with the practice of law. Law schools teach *the law*. You learn nothing about how to build a law practice or how to deal with clients, and those are the two critical elements in delivering legal services. Law schools are unwilling to

BUREAU MISSING PERSONS



"I guess I should have suspected something was wrong. It was the first time he'd ever gone jogging with two suitcases."

involve themselves in those issues, because they are not viewed as scholarly matters.

10.

PLAYBOY: You were an undergrad at Dartmouth, which is famous for its wild weekends. How indefensible was your behavior during all that revelry?

HYATT: I am pleased to tell you that almost every weekend at Dartmouth is a wild one. There are many institutionalized blow-outs, such as Winter Carnival and Green Key Weekend, but those are simply formalized justifications for typical weekends. As for my behavior, I plead the Fifth Amendment: Answering might incriminate me.

11.

PLAYBOY: Many attorneys marry their jobs; you married your partner. Do you recommend the strategy?

HYATT: Well, first, let me point out that I married Suzi before she was my partner, so to speak. But we have worked together for a long time. Her father is Democratic U.S. Senator Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio. When I graduated from Yale Law School, I came home to Cleveland and was campaign director for his successful bid for the Senate. Suzi and I ran that campaign together. So, while I don't make lifestyle recommendations to others, working together has been extremely rewarding for us.

12.

PLAYBOY: It's no secret to those around you that you harbor political aspirations. Dare we elect one more lawyer to public office?

HYATT: An interesting question. There *are* too many lawyers in government. But you've got to be careful in indicting them. Some of the great contributions made in government have been made by lawyers. It's very natural for lawyers to become involved in public service at some point in their careers, and I do hope one day to add a public-service component to mine. It's important, however, that we have in government people whose previous experience is wide-ranging and certainly not limited to the practice of law. And were I to enter government, I would be bringing a lot more to it than just my being a lawyer.

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe your briefs.

HYATT: My professional briefs are characterized by being stark, with very clear, concise and erudite black stenciling. My personal briefs are, by virtue of their being personal, known only to those who enter my private life.

14.

PLAYBOY: This is no reflection on your last response, but why aren't lawyers funnier?

HYATT: That is a reflection on my last response. Unfortunately, a lawyer's training places a very low premium on humor



In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay \$714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

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Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." We think that's quite an endorsement.

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One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

"Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth \$714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "The real thing is here!" and warned against imitations.



This 1/2 page ad was a total surprise.

Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "bootlegged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

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Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call us toll-free or write us at the address below. The price is the same as it's been for the last five years: \$245. Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

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Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

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and a very high premium on stuffiness. Lawyers are trained to be cautious, conservative and concerned about decorum at all times. Having said that, I think it's a bad rap. There are lots of lawyers who are lots of fun. Gee, I hope you don't run those two questions in a row.

15.

PLAYBOY: We wouldn't think of it. What are the things most Americans don't know about the law?

HYATT: The list would be so long. You can start with the most basic example: Most Americans die without a will. They do so despite the very tragic consequences that can befall their loved ones. In most states, there's a statute that determines exactly how your property must be divided when you die without a will. A person can obtain a will at a very low cost, at very little inconvenience, yet most Americans don't. They do not have very basic information about areas of the law that exist only to serve them.

16.

PLAYBOY: Why do judges still have those little hammers?

HYATT: A lot of what goes on in their courtrooms is very boring, and once in a while a judge bangs that thing to wake himself up. It's a tradition worth continuing. I see nothing pernicious about the hammers.

17.

PLAYBOY: Does anyone actually get away with murder?

HYATT: Yes. No lawyer would argue that all people who are guilty of crimes are convicted. There are sometimes very important constitutional reasons that people who are guilty are not convicted; and sometimes, there are people who benefit from excellent lawyering. Protections exist to benefit the innocent. When someone who's guilty of a crime is prosecuted by virtue of evidence obtained illegally, our societal concern is really not with that individual. The point is to protect the guarantees of the system that apply to all of us. Democracy is a very fragile form of government.

18.

PLAYBOY: Your cheapest divorce rate is \$275. What kind of deal could Johnny Carson get for that?

HYATT: First of all, I'd rather represent his wife, because she would be willing to pay the fees out of her settlement. But for \$275, we wouldn't even represent Mrs. Carson. They did not have a no-fault divorce, for which that fee is applicable. There's what's more commonly referred to as a humongous battle.

19.

PLAYBOY: You were born Joel Hyatt Zylberberg. What's the real reason you

dropped the last part—fear of anti-Semitism?

HYATT: It wasn't pronounceable—because it was spelled Z-Y-L. When I got out of law school, I just thought it would be more useful to have a name that was phonetic and pronounceable. At the time, I didn't have the slightest inkling about Hyatt Legal Services. Marketing strategy had nothing to do with it. It was my father, who is one of the very few members of his family to have survived the holocaust, who suggested I pick up my middle name. People who don't know me could surmise some reason relating to my religion that caused me to change my last name, but anyone who took a careful look at my commitment to Jewish issues and charitable involvements would know better.

20.

PLAYBOY: Know any good lawyer jokes?

HYATT: I know many good lawyer jokes. Have you heard the one about the dying old man who decided that he could contradict the adage that you can't take it with you? He liquidated all of his assets and got \$1,500,000 in cash. He called to his hospital bed his minister, his doctor and his lawyer. He told them, "I'm taking it with me. I worked hard for this, and I want to be buried with my cash. You're the three people closest to me; our relationships are based on trust. Here's what I'm asking you to do: I'm giving each of you \$500,000 in cash. When I die, I want you to put the money into my casket just before they seal it up."

Well, he died shortly thereafter; and following the funeral, the minister, the doctor and the lawyer got together at a neighborhood bar for a couple of drinks. "I have to confess something," said the minister. "Our church has long needed renovation and a new residence for the minister and his family. I just knew our friend would understand this and would want to make a contribution, so I put \$400,000 of the cash into the casket."

The doctor said, "Well, I'm really glad you had the courage to make that confession, because I must tell you that I've worked hard all my life, curing and healing people, but I haven't made the kind of money that I thought I would. I've wanted a vacation home and a motorboat for so long, and I knew our friend would not begrudge me those things. So I put \$300,000 of the cash into the casket."

Well, it was the lawyer's turn, so he said to the minister and the doctor, "Gentlemen, I am appalled at your lack of integrity. I put my personal check for the entire \$500,000 into the casket."

I'm sure the check was good; aren't you?





Small Wonder

At last, *pocket-size* radar protection.
New PASSPORT can go with you anywhere.

Quite simply, PASSPORT is the smallest superheterodyne radar detector ever made—only $\frac{3}{4}$ " tall, $2\frac{3}{4}$ " wide, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ " long. It fits your pocket as easily as a cassette tape.

SMD Technology

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. In fact, PASSPORT is so new the magazine testers haven't even had a chance to select their superlatives.

Press Release

When the magazines do catch up, they'll report excellent performance. More than early warning, PASSPORT also provides a precise measure of radar range. Simply turn PASSPORT on and set the volume level. At radar contact, the alert lamp lights and the variable-pulse audio begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of

Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows signal strength. A photocell even adjusts the alert brightness to the light level in your car.



PASSPORT comes with a fitted leather case.

Behind the Wheel

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. And if you should want to defeat the audio warning during a long radar encounter, a special "mute" switch allows you to defeat the audio, yet leave PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. You get the complete radar picture.

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Wrap Up



Casual Comfort from Playboy.

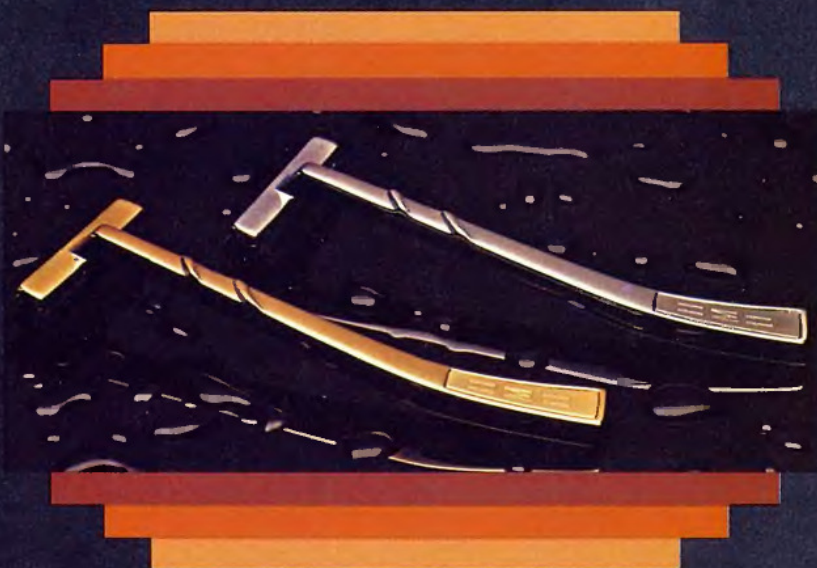
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CHARLES ATLAS

(continued from page 146)

through my bag to find the 8 x 10 glossy photo that he had signed and sent to me at the end of the course. There he was, hands behind his head, body slightly arched, pectoral muscles swelling effortlessly, legs together, one shoulder slightly higher than the other. Who could clothe such a body? I fell asleep with that thought drifting through my mind.

By five in the morning, I was already wide-awake. While I was doing exercises one and two (it was so moving to practice them for the first time in New York), I imagined that at that very moment, Charles Atlas was doing his exercises as well. After my workout, I slowly showered and dressed, trying to kill time; at seven, I went down to the lobby to await the driver. Although Charles Atlas advocated a nutritious breakfast, I was not accustomed to eating in the morning.

At nine o'clock sharp, the representative of Charles Atlas, Ltd., presented himself. Outside, awaiting us, was a black limousine with gold trim on the windows and gray-velvet curtains. The representative of Charles Atlas, Ltd., uttered not a single word during our drive, nor did the chauffeur so much as glance in my direction. During the half-hour drive, we passed an endless succession of identical brick buildings with walls of glass in an opaque design that suggested rain. When the car finally came to a halt in front of the long-awaited address, it was on a sad-looking street of old warehouses and wholesale storage lofts. Across the street from Charles Atlas, Ltd., I remember an umbrella factory and a little park of dusty, withered trees. Instead of glass in the windows of the building, there were boards nailed across the frames.

To reach the main entrance of Charles Atlas, Ltd., we climbed a stone staircase that ended on a tiny mezzanine where a life-sized statue of the god Atlas was sustaining the world on his shoulders. The inscription chiseled into the stone base read, *MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO*. We passed through a squeaky revolving door of polished glass set in black-enamel frames. In the vestibule, the walls were covered with gigantic reproductions of all the photos of Charles Atlas that I had ever seen. What a pleasure to recognize one familiar pose after another. And there, right in the middle, the one I loved more than all the rest—Charles Atlas with a harness around his neck, pulling a string of ten automobiles while a shower of confetti fell all around him. Magnificent!

I was directed into the offices of William Rideout, Jr., general manager of Charles Atlas, Ltd. Shortly I found myself facing a middle-aged man with bony features and deep-set eyes in dark sockets. He extended me his pallid hand, covered with a web of blue veins, and took his seat behind a small, square, unadorned desk. He twisted



"No, what I said was, this is a one-whore town."

to turn on the shaded lamp behind him despite the flood of light already entering through the window.

The offices were rather shabby, and on the desk, hundreds of envelopes—exactly like the one I had received—were piled up. The wall behind the desk was dominated by a huge photo (one I had never seen before) of Charles Atlas proudly displaying his pectoral muscles. Mr. Rideout, Jr., asked me to be seated and began to speak without looking at me. His eyes were fixed on a paperweight on his desk, and his hands were tightly folded in front of him. The stress that showed on his face indicated that it was a great effort for him to speak. I was listening so intently to his words, delivered in a slow monotone, that it wasn't until he paused for a moment to pull out his handkerchief and wipe the saliva from his lips that I noticed what my nervousness had earlier obscured: The strain of his clenched hands and the position of his head could be nothing else but exercise 18 of The Dynamic Tension System. I must admit that a flood of emotion nearly brought tears to my eyes.

"I most cordially welcome you," said Mr. Rideout, Jr., "and I hope that you will have a most enjoyable stay in New York. I am sorry that I am unable to express myself correctly in Spanish, as would have been my wish, but I speak only *un poquito*." (Those last words were measured out with a minimal gesture of the thumb and index finger of his right hand as he laughed for the first and only time—as if he had said something terribly funny.)

Mr. Rideout, Jr., then smiled at me with beatific condescension while he straightened the knot of his tie.

"I am the general manager of Charles Atlas, Ltd., and it is a great pleasure for

my firm to receive you in your special status as an official guest of the Department of State of the United States of America. We will do everything possible to make your visit with us a most pleasant one."

Mr. Rideout, Jr., again applied his handkerchief to his lips before he continued with his speech, affording me the opportunity to notice his aged secretary turning down the Venetian blinds at the window that gave onto the street. The pure, clear tone of the sunlight changed to ochre; and for an instant, the appearance of the room seemed to shift, offering a completely new array of objects—as if in the photos displayed on the walls, Charles Atlas were changing poses.

"I, of course, appreciate that you have come such a great distance to meet Charles Atlas, though I must confess this is the first case of its type that has presented itself in the entire history of the firm," continued Mr. Rideout, Jr. "Like all commercial enterprises, we reserve the right to keep private certain facts that, if publicly disclosed, would damage our interests. Therefore, with this in mind, I must request your solemn oath of silence concerning what I am about to tell you."

Mr. Rideout, Jr., speaking dispassionately and without the slightest tension, reiterated the warning several times. I could only swallow hard and nod my head.

"Swear out loud," he demanded.

"Yes, I swear," I answered finally.

Although we were alone in the room with only the whistle of a radiator, Mr. Rideout, Jr., glanced around on all sides before he spoke.

"Charles Atlas doesn't exist," he whispered finally, leaning toward me over the desk. When he settled back down, he fixed his eyes upon me with a solemn look.

"I know that this comes as a great shock to you, but it's the truth. We invented this product years ago, and Charles Atlas is a company trademark, like any other—like the codfisher on the box of Scott's Emulsion or the clean-shaven face on the Gillette razor-blades package. It's what we sell; that's all."

During our long talks after the English classes back in San Fernando, Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., had warned me repeatedly about just this kind of situation: Never let them catch you with your guard down. Be like a boxer—don't let them surprise you. Demand your rights. Don't let them pull the wool over your eyes.

"Very well," I said, getting to my feet suddenly, "I'll have to inform Washington about this."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Rideout, Jr., jumping to his feet as well.

"Yes, that's right. Inform Washington of this misfortune." (Washington, Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., had taught me, is a magical word. Use it if you're in a jam; and if that doesn't work, try the unfailing Department of State.)

"I beg you to believe me. I'm telling you the truth," Mr. Rideout, Jr., implored, but already his tone of conviction had wavered.

"I wish to send a telegram to the Department of State."

"I'm not lying to you," he continued as he backed away from me toward the narrow door, which he opened without turning and through which he suddenly disappeared, closing it behind him.

I was left standing alone in the now-darkening room. According to what Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., had told me, the trembling that I felt beneath my feet was caused by the subterranean trains.

It was late in the afternoon by the time Mr. Rideout, Jr., returned. Hammer away, keep hammering at them—I could hear Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., repeat it in my head.

"I will never believe that Charles Atlas doesn't exist," I started in immediately, without allowing him a moment to speak. He dropped into his chair like a beaten man.

"All right, all right," he repeated, waving a deprecatory hand in my direction. "The firm has consented to allow you to meet Mr. Atlas."

I smiled and thanked him with a deferential nod of the head. Be friendly and courteous when you know you have won, Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., had always told me.

"You must promise to follow strictly the conditions I exact. I have consulted with the State Department, and they have approved the documents you are about to sign. You must promise to leave the country after seeing Mr. Atlas, and to that effect I have booked you passage on the



*"I'd like fame, fortune, love and understanding;
I'll have a tuna on rye with lettuce and mayonnaise,
a side of potato salad and tea with milk."*

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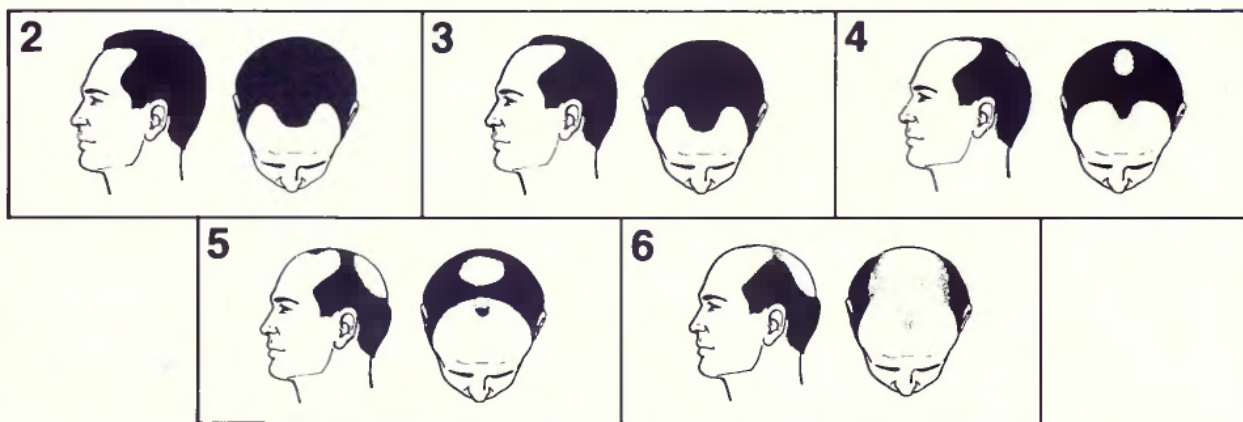
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S.S. Vermont, which sails at midnight tonight. You must furthermore refrain from commenting in public or private about your visit and from referring to anyone at all about the circumstances of same or your personal impressions thereof. It is only under these terms that the company's board of directors has granted its authorization."

The old woman once again entered and handed a sheet of paper to Mr. Rideout, Jr. He placed it in front of me.

"Well, then, sign here," he said authoritatively.

Without replying, I signed on the dotted line, where his finger was tapping. When you've got what you want, sign anything except your own death sentence: Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C.

Mr. Rideout, Jr., took the document and, folding it with care, placed it in the middle drawer of the desk. Even before he had finished, I was seized from behind by the arms; turning my head, I found myself in the grip of two gigantic, muscle-bound characters dressed in black, with identical shaved heads and lugubrious scowls. I hadn't the slightest doubt that their bodies had been formed through the discipline of The Dynamic Tension System.

"They will accompany you. Follow your instructions to the letter." And Mr. Rideout, Jr., disappeared once again through the narrow doorway, without so much as a handshake or a goodbye.

The two men, without once loosening their grip, led me down a long hallway to an unlit stair well and directed me down into the darkness. Halted at the bottom, I could feel a muscular body brush past me in the dark to knock at a door that suddenly opened to reveal a small concrete dock wrapped in dense fog. I couldn't see much, but we must have been along the river front, because they quickly rushed me aboard a waiting tugboat. The tug, towing a garbage scow behind, immediately set off but at such an astonishingly slow pace that the fetid odor was blowing past us on the forward prow.

It was night by the time we disembarked from the tugboat into an alleyway heaped up with towering crates of empty bottles. We pushed our way through circles of black children playing marbles beneath the halos of yellow gas lamps and came out onto a park of dried-up weeds, slicked over by the packed, sooty ice of a recent snowfall. The hum of distant traffic and the wail of trains, miles away, drifted on the breeze through the smoke-filled night.

Ahead of us loomed a block of darkened buildings, crisscrossed by a skeletal maze of fire escapes. In the middle of the block was a strange black edifice that, as we approached, I realized was a church. Entering the courtyard, I could smell the stale, humid pungency of the moldy stone statuary of seraphim and saints entwined

along the massive walls in bas-relief trelises of flowers and vines. One of my companions lighted a match to find the door knocker, and I could make out on a bronze plaque the name THE ABYSSINIAN BAPTIST CHURCH. Even before the echo of the metallic knocker had faded, the door swung open on a monstrosity tall albino woman in the stiffly starched white uniform of a nurse. She bowed, revealing a pink scalp beneath her thin white hair, and smiled invitingly, showing her perfect horse teeth. The two men released me finally and took up sentry posts on either side of the entrance.

"You have exactly one half hour," one of them told me.

As I was led across the central nave of the church and through a side door, I felt uncertain of my fate. Sad and exhausted, I regretted having insisted. But once again, the voice of Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., buoyed me up: Once under way, my dear boy, never turn back.

The nurse walked ahead of me down a hallway painted pure, absolute white. The ceiling, the walls, the doorways, even the floor tiles were white, and the fluorescent lamps radiated a cool, shadowless light.

With painfully measured steps, the old nurse approached a double door at the end of the corridor. One of the panels was open, but the view into the room was blocked by a white-linen screen. The woman indicated with a trembling gesture that I should enter, but I stood frozen in the white light, with the bitter taste of anxiety filling my throat. Wishing that I could abandon the entire venture, I hesitantly raised my hand to knock on the white panel, but the old woman, baring her horse teeth again, stopped me.

"Go in," she said. "Mr. Atlas is waiting for you."

Inside was the same whiteness, washed over by a diaphanous light as if with infinitely fine particles of white dust. All the objects in the room were also white: chairs, bedpans, a hospital cart with cotton balls, gauze, flasks, catheters and nickel-plated surgical instruments.

At the back of the room was a high, jointed bed with an intricate system of levers, pulleys and springs mounted on a platform. I approached slowly and respectfully, and when I stopped midway, nearly overcome with the fumes of disinfectant, and would have retreated to one of the nearby chairs, the nurse, who had already reached the bedside, motioned me forward with a gesture of invitation and yet another horse-toothed smile.

On the bed reposed the static apparition of a gigantic, muscular body, its head completely obscured in a pile of pillows. When the woman leaned over and whispered something, the body made a painful, lurching motion and sat up slightly.

"Welcome," said a voice that resonated as if through an ancient loud-speaker.

I couldn't swallow the lump in my throat, and at that moment I wished with all my heart that I had not insisted.

"Thank you, thank you very much for your visit," the voice spoke again. "I appreciate it a great deal, believe me." The voice resonated and gurgled as though drowning in a sea of saliva, and then it fell silent again, the huge body dropping back once more into the heap of pillows.

My grief was indescribable. I would have preferred a thousand times to have believed that Charles Atlas was a fantasy, that he had never existed, rather than confront the reality that this was Charles Atlas. He spoke to me from behind a mask of gauze, but I could see



"I find your deductions amazing, Holmes."

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that beneath—where the jawbone should have been—there was a metallic apparatus screwed into the skull.

"Cancer of the mandible," he said, "extending now to all the vital organs. My health was like iron until my ninety-fifth year. Now that I'm past a hundred, this isn't so bad—cancer. I never smoked or drank, except maybe a sip of champagne at Christmas or New Year's. I never had a sickness more serious than the common cold. The doctor just recently told me that I could still have children if I wanted. When I won the title of America's Most Perfectly Developed Man . . . in Madison Square Garden . . . I remember . . ." but his voice degenerated into a succession of pitiful whistles, and for a long time he remained silent.

"It's so many years now since I discovered The Dynamic Tension System and started the correspondence courses, thanks to the suggestion of the sculptress Miss Ethel Whitney, who used me as a model."

Charles Atlas lifted his enormous arms from under the sheets, flexing the biceps while he brought his clenched hands behind his head. The covers slipped off and I could see his torso—still the same as in the photos, except for the white fuzz on the chest. But the effort must have cost him dearly, because he let out a long, deep moan, and the nurse rushed to his side, covering him again with the sheets and tightening the bolts into his skull.

"When I left Italy with my mother," he began again, "I was only ten years old. I never could have imagined that one day I would make a fortune with my courses. I was born in Calabria. My name was Angelo Siciliano. My father had come to New York the year before, and we followed. One day, when I was at Coney Island with my new American girlfriend, a big bully kicked sand in my face, and I . . ."

"The same thing happened to me," I tried to add, but he went on speaking without taking any notice of me.

"I began to do my exercises, and my body began to develop magnificently. One day, my girlfriend pointed out a statue of the god Atlas on the top of a hotel and said to me, 'Look, that statue looks just like you.'"

"Listen," I tried to interrupt, "about that statue; I . . ." but it was useless; the thick voice just rolled on.

"I looked at that statue and thought, Well, a name like mine isn't too popular over here. There's a lot of prejudice. Why don't I call myself Atlas? And then I changed my first name from Angelo to Charles. All the glory came afterward. I remember the day I hauled that railroad car filled with chorus girls for two hundred yards."

"Good heavens," I exclaimed, "just like me . . ." but the voice, metallic and eternal, went on.

"Have you seen the statue of Alexander

Hamilton in Washington? Well, that's me!" And again he lifted his arms in a gesture of hauling some great weight, such as a freight car full of chorus girls, but the pain struck him again, and he let out another long moan and collapsed on the bed without moving for some time.

In those seemingly endless moments before he began again, I could only think of how to get out of there.

"I remember Calabria," he said finally and shifted painfully from side to side in the bed sheets. The nurse tried to calm him and then went to the medical cart for a sedative.

"Calabria and Mother, with her face aglow from the flames of the oven, singing. . . ." Then his voice crackled one octave higher in a language I couldn't understand, and the sound seemed to multiply in the empty room into a series of agonized echoes.

I had lost all track of what was happening when suddenly the incessant sound of a buzzer brought me back to myself beside the bed. It resounded through the corridors of the entire building and rebounded back to its point of origin in the room, where I saw the nurse pumping the bell cord above the bed and Charles Atlas sprawled on his back on the floor, naked and drenched in blood, the dislodged apparatus dangling from what had once been his jaw.

Immediately the room filled with footsteps, voices, shadows. I was suddenly lifted from the chair by the same powerful arms that had brought me to this place. As I was carried out through the whirl of images and the din of voices, I could hear the nurse wail, "It was too much for him. My God, he couldn't resist one last pose."

Now, even in my old age, writing these lines, I still find it hard to believe that Charles Atlas isn't alive. And I know that I could never disillusion the thousands of young men who are still writing to him every day to solicit information about his courses, attracted by his colossal figure, his smiling, confident face, holding in his hands a trophy or pulling a railroad car filled with chorus girls—100 jam-packed but happy young ladies in flowered bonnets waving from the windows and, among the astonished crowd witnessing the spectacle, a single hand doffing a straw hat above the multitude.

I left New York that very same night, filled with sadness and remorse, feeling guilty for having witnessed such a tragedy. By the time I returned to Nicaragua, the war was over and Captain Hatfield, U.S.M.C., was dead, and I dedicated myself to various pursuits. I was a circus performer for a while, then a weight lifter and, finally, a bodyguard. My body is not what it used to be, but thanks to The Dynamic Tension System, I could still have children. If I wanted to.



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WHITE MAGIC

(continued from page 92)

"Vodka was born in northern climates, which reminds us how comforting it can be in chill chasers."

use as seasoning.

To give roasted poultry both dramatic presentation and extra crispness, serve flambé: Warm 2 ozs. 100-proof vodka in a large ladle, ignite and pour, flaming, over the freshly roasted bird.

Cream sauce for pasta gets a sprightly lift from a couple of jolts of vodka that's been flavored with red-pepper flakes.

It's not difficult to make your own flavored vodkas at home. We offer seven for your pleasure, plus six ways to enjoy them. For hot-red-pepper vodka, add ½ teaspoon red-pepper flakes to a bottle of vodka; let stand two to three days, then strain. Serve icy cold from the freezer or, for a change of pace, use in a martini or a bullshot. For cucumber vodka, another

winner, remove the peel of a scrubbed, preferably unwaxed cucumber in lengthwise strips and drop into a bottle of vodka. Let stand about four days, then, if you like, remove the peel. This one is great with lemonade. For lemon vodka, remove the rind of a well-washed lemon in a continuous spiral; carefully insert into a bottle of vodka. Let stand a couple of days before using. Same procedure for orange, grapefruit, lime or tangerine vodka. Pour them neat, over ice, or mixed with tonic or a compatible fruit juice.

A great variety of flavored vodkas are produced commercially in Eastern Europe, where they're popular. Regrettably, only a few come into the States and seldom on a regular basis. Here are three, along with three interesting suggestions for their consumption. Pertsovka is pepper-flavored, with a sharp bite. Its American importers tout it in what they call "the ultimate bloody mary" (1½ ozs. Pertsovka, 6 ozs. tomato juice, ¼ teaspoon horseradish). Okhotnichya, or "hunter's vodka," is slightly sweetened, flavored with an assortment of spices and herbs. A tot in honey-laced hot tea will allay winter's miseries. Zubrowka, one of the most appealing, is flavored with fragrant buffalo grass, and each bottle contains a blade of the green. This item is very hard to find, but if you do, try it on the rocks with a citrus-peel twist.

Continentalists often take their vodka neat and icy. The following imports are likely candidates for this stimulating exercise: Stolichnaya (U.S.S.R.), Finlandia (Finland), Absolut (Sweden), Seagram's (Canada), Burrough's (England) and Wyborowa (Poland).

Vodka was born in northern climates, which reminds us how comforting it can be in hot cups such as these six steamy chill chasers. Brawny broth (1¼ ozs. vodka, 4 ozs. hot beef bouillon, dash lemon-pepper seasoning, lemon slice); T-bar (1¼ ozs. vodka, 4 ozs. hot tea, sugar to taste, lemon wedge); slalom (1¼ ozs. vodka, orange-peel twist, 4 ozs. hot chocolate); blackberry toddy (½ oz. vodka, 1 oz. blackberry cordial, 3 ozs. boiling water, half orange slice); banana cow (1¼ ozs. vodka, 3 ozs. hot milk, 2 teaspoons honey, ½ ripe banana, mashed; blend in pre-warmed blender container until smooth, pour into warmed mug, sprinkle with nutmeg); ski slope (1¼ ozs. vodka, ¾ teaspoon instant-coffee crystals, 4 ozs. hot chocolate; stir).

And as a precaution, after going through 99 ways with vodka, you just may want to know about this morning-after settler. To the inoculated, it's known as old reliable: 1 oz. vodka, 1 teaspoon Fernet Branca, 1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice, ½ teaspoon superfine sugar; shake well with ice. Down quickly.





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NICARAGUA

(continued from page 94)

"See, last time, those soldiers suffered because Vietnam was an unpopular war."

our young men have suffered and died in vain before we pay tribute to their courage. Let's pay tribute *before* they suffer and die in vain—and, most important, *while* they're suffering and dying in vain.

So far, our casualties in Central America have been small—a few CIA operatives and some hard-core mercenaries, the guys whose T-shirts say KILL 'EM ALL—LET GOD SORT 'EM OUT. And some observers feel that the Reagan Administration could never "sell" America on the idea of send-

ing in ground troops. These skeptics point out that Americans disapprove of such action by more than three to one, according to the latest polls. But PLAYBOY has obtained copies of a brilliant top-secret plan—code-named Operation Love Boat—for waging what Reagan media experts call "an upbeat war" in Central America. Operation Love Boat, according to this document, is a quasi-official project of the U.S. Government, and it's supposed to include Caspar Weinberger, several hun-

dred students, Phyllis Diller, an anonymous California millionaire and a bunch of weary comedy writers. Sound complicated? It's just war politics, 1985 style.

Ever since Congress cut off some of the funding for the covert war in Nicaragua, members of the private sector have cheerfully taken up the slack. I was able to interview the anonymous California millionaire who is coordinating Operation Love Boat at his seaside ranch, and when I relayed Jeffrey Coates's questions to him, he halted his magnificent palomino for a moment and looked me straight in the eye.

"Everything we're *doing* is for the soldiers' benefit. We've *learned* from Vietnam." Breaking into a canter again—I rode along beside him—he shouted, "Op Love has three simple phases. Step one: Get the soldiers into Central America. Step two: Keep 'em smiling while they're down there. And step three: Bring 'em home just as happy as they can be. Support 'em every step of the way."

Later, over brunch, the tanned millionaire explained the Love Boat rationale. "See, last time, those soldiers suffered because Vietnam was an *unpopular* war." It's strange to call wars popular or unpopular, as if they were seniors at a ritzy high school. But in that context, the millionaire was right—Vietnam was the biggest pimple-face in class. Still, it's starting to look like a blond stud quarterback compared with Nicaragua. Even the millionaire admitted that "right now, folks just don't see why we ought to fight there." At that point, he offered me some *foie gras* and smiled. "Fortunately, work is already under way to popularize this war. And I like to think I helped out a little . . . to the tune of several million bucks!"

After careful study of the Grenada invasion, this civic-minded millionaire—teaming up with TV experts and Government agencies—has taken step one of Operation Love Boat. Working in secret and using only *contra* labor, he has built an American medical college in the jungles of Nicaragua! Once the last piece of equipment—an electrocardiograph machine—is carted through the dense foliage, the Anastasio Somoza School of Medicine will be open for business. Positions are now available for the class of 1988. I asked the tanned benefactor what kind of student would risk going to college in the middle of a civil war.

"Rich kids who can't get into med school in America or Mexico or even Grenada," he said. "These med school kids will be our finest and bravest—but they may not be our smartest. Honor 'em and respect 'em," he said tearfully—adding, with a chuckle, "but don't let 'em operate on your spleen!"

Students will be airlifted directly to their dorms. Once enrolled, they will be placed in some kind of vague jeopardy from their Nicaraguan neighbors, but their brief sacrifice will be repaid hand-



"It seems his horse stumbled and he was thrown against the pommel of his saddle."

somely: After the Armed Forces of America rescue them from menacing *Sandinistas*, both the students and the soldiers will be flown straight to the White House for an emotional chicken dinner. And then, according to the plan, the war's popularity will skyrocket—so that its veterans won't have to walk the streets of America feeling like they're wearing Argyle socks and Bermuda shorts. Jeff Coates and his buddies will be cool guys. From a cool war. Popular.

OK, I said—assuming for the moment that public opinion can be manipulated that easily, how will the Government support its soldiers while they're down there fighting a guerrilla war?

"Step two," the millionaire said, teeing off on his private nine-hole golf course. "Once our boys are down in Nick, you don't think ol' Ski-Nose will be too far behind, do ya?"

I'd thought Bob Hope was too old for another war, but I was proved wrong. In fact, one clear sign of stepped-up military planning came earlier this year, when Hope put his gag writers on round-the-clock shifts. Yes, it seems that America's favorite war-zone comic is gearing up for his final campaign, and I was allowed to read some top-secret comedy patter from an upcoming special, *Bob Hope: On the Road to Managua*, which co-stars Brooke Shields, Phyllis Diller, a bevy of Playmates and the great Jerry Colonna. According to the script, at one point, Hope gives the soldiers news of home: "*Health clubs* are big now. And you men thought *Nautilus* was just the name of a nuclear sub! But seriously. . . . I hear that you enlisted men have your own way of keeping slim down here—you drink the water! Speaking of being in good shape, how about that Brooke Shields, huh? Isn't she something? And speaking of . . . *something*, how about that Phyllis Diller? Isn't she a gutsy dame? She offered to get secrets out of a *Sandinista* general by seducing him—but our top brass turned down the idea. They said it might be considered a war crime! But seriously. . . ."

Seeing the wan smile on my face as I scanned the pages, the millionaire snatched the script from my hand. "Well, of course, you have to *hear* Bob say those lines—it's all in his *timing*. . . ."

I tried to assure him that I fully appreciated the slow takes and sly pauses of ol' Ski-Nose, but I also pointed out that Hope's visits in and of themselves didn't keep our Vietnam vets from being traumatized. By this time, the millionaire was stalking away from me, moving quickly across the well-barbered lawn of his huge croquet field. I ran after him, but I could see that he was angry. "You know your problem?" he said. "You see only the *negatives*."

Now I was getting a little heated myself. "Wait a second!" I shouted as we crossed a Japanese footbridge, with the evening sun going down over the nearby San

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Rafael mountains. "War is famous for its negatives! What about the legacy of Vietnam—the battle fatigue, the drug abuse?"

The millionaire stopped and gazed into the distance, in the general direction of the Reagan ranch. "You're living in the past, my friend. Tell me something *new*. Tell me about a problem *specific* to this war, and maybe Op Love can *solve* it."

"Fine. How about Jeff Coates's going crazy and jumping Desi Arnaz? How about the soldiers who'll come back from the war with a deep hostility toward all Latin Americans?"

To my surprise, the millionaire squinted thoughtfully and nodded. "You know—you're *right*. I certainly hope that *every* veteran doesn't go around beating up aging handleaders! Xavier Cugat is frail enough to begin with; he must *not* be made into a punching bag—a scapegoat for global conflicts!

"Make a note," he commanded, suddenly turning me into his assistant. "Arrange for a special concert at the White House—where Marine and grunt can mingle with Arnaz and Cugat; where a single cha-cha can heal the wounds of generations, and——"

"I think you're missing the point!" I shouted, and by the time my voice echoed back to me from the distant San Rafael mountains, I felt sure that our interview was over. But the tanned and white-haired gentleman just leaned close to me and whispered, "*The point is whatever we choose to make it. The point is what people see on TV. Once you understand that, everything will start to become clear.*"

Unfortunately, it all stayed murky, but dinner was amazing. Over canapés, I asked him a long-shot question: What if American ground troops are *not* committed in Central America? What if we just keep on fighting the war through surrogates? Will that spell the end of Operation Love Boat?

"No way," he said. "With so much American cash flowing into local wars, we can *truly* say . . . *todos somos contras*." (Actually, the way he said it, with three bourbons in him, it sounded like "Todd is an accountant"—but I knew what he meant.) "We're all in this war together. Some of us may not come back; but the ones who *do*—brother, watch *out*! That's step three of the operation. When those boys get off the plane and set foot back on U.S. soil, it's gonna be hats-and-horns-and-party-favors time!" He was rubbing his palms together in giddy anticipation, but then he went melancholy for a moment. "See, that's the one thing I hate about a CIA war," he said. "Where do you send the musicians?"

"Musicians?"

"Yeah. You know how the Vietnam vets were always bitter because when they came home from the war, there weren't any brass bands to greet them at the airport? Well, a bunch of CIA operatives flew

back from 'ragua last week, and I *sent* a brass band to meet them—but nobody would tell those poor damn tuba players which plane to greet. So they just wandered around with their instruments from runway to runway, playing *Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree* to all these confused businessmen. God bless that brass band, they went from tarmac to tarmac, looking for battle scars, hollow eyes—you know, some clue as to who the CIA men might be. But no luck. So I can't wait until it's official and we can play that heavy Sousa stuff to men in *uniform*. And the music is only the beginning."

I had to admire his generosity once he started describing the gifts that he and his fellow millionaires were going to lavish on Nicaragua veterans. "Remember what happened when the hostages came back from Iran? Merchants gave them free VCRs and complimentary hams and season tickets and what not? Well, we're gonna make the hostages' gifts look like *chickenshit*, and you can *quote* me!" He went on to catalog, in a rush of bourbon enthusiasm, all the presents he would offer the vets—appliances and clothes and health-club memberships, with bonuses according to the degree of their injuries. But the last gift he mentioned was the most generous—so generous that it should be given only to the generals and policy makers, the ones who really *believe* in this war: lifetime passes to Walt Disney World.

The brandy was so heady, the desserts so rich and silken, that I almost hesitated to ask my last question. What about the boys who don't come back, who'll never enjoy the year's free Jazzercise classes or the journey to Frontierland? What are you planning to do for *them*?

"Not enough," he said, lapsing into one last moment of sad reflection. "You can *never* do enough for them, can you? But I can tell you this. We've *already* started planning the war memorial. We're not gonna wait all those years, like they did after Vietnam—that was very bad. We've got to avoid that unseemly lag time between the deaths and the dedication ceremony." He looked me over carefully, as if seeing me for the first time, and apparently decided that I was trustworthy. "Come on. I want to show you something."

We entered a richly appointed library. A sheet of white Irish linen was draped over a billiards table, with some unrecognizable form lurking under it. With a gleam in his eye, the well-fed man squeezed every bit of drama from the moment. Finally, he gripped the edge of the linen sheet and said, "You want to see a memorial that's gonna knock your *eyes* out?" And with that, he pulled back the sheet to reveal a scale model of the sculpture—an enormous banana peel of polished bronze.

"Once the mourners take a good look at this," the millionaire promised, "they'll be glad we planned ahead."



"CAFÉ FLESH"

(continued from page 118)

"He hooted, slapping both hands on his ample breadbasket. 'Gladda see ya, you old porn dog!'"

so, abandoning friends and family, an hour later, I found myself with a case of the willics in the Holiday Inn corridor. The door I knocked on was opened by a dead ringer for Mr. Mooney, the banker on the old *Lucy Show*, and behind him, in a pair of Army-issue boxers, was Seymour the Mart King.

Seymour, happily, was every bit as short, bald and paunchy as I'd imagined. He looked like a miniature Jack E. Leonard, as though the bulky insult comic had been shipped off to a Korean toy factory, where he'd been measured and made into a handy mold so they could stamp out tiny, convenience-size versions after the jumbo original passed on. I noticed he wore a pinkie ring the size of a Chicklet, but Seymour seemed to think I was staring at his gut. "Nothin' but corn-fed pork," he hooted, slapping both hands on his ample breadbasket. "Gladda see ya, you old porn dog!"

Brother Babe was a slow dresser. He fussed over the flyaway collar of his plaid shirt jac, sneaking glances at the mirror to adjust his toupee, while Sy took two sec-

onds to slip into his snug double knits. The sporty flares made up the bottom half of a baby-blue leisure suit. "The missus never lets me dress this way," he chuckled, stretching out on an unmade twin and crossing his plump arms behind his head. "She don't know about a lot of things, huh, Babe?"

Babe just snickered and patted down his Mr. Mooney hairpiece, which I discovered was about all you could expect of him.

More than once, as the evening progressed, I had the uncanny sense of having been astrally projected onto a cocktail napkin. It was *that* kind of fun. After a little powwow in Seymour's suite (why would a mogul check into a place like this? "So's he can *stay* one, Buster!"), we decided on a topless spot around the corner. I'd been there twice, with my accountant, who had sort of made it his unofficial H.Q. since his wife left him with three kids to run off with a pro wrestler. I only hoped we wouldn't bump into him. I didn't want the boys to have to hear how he came home from a loophole conference to find his Prissie pinned to the mattress in

a half nelson by a 300-pounder in satin trunks.

Luckily, the C.P.A. never showed. Minutes after his third boilermaker, Sy was throwing crumpled 20s at anything without an Adam's apple, while Babe, his toupee askew, had begun shouting to the bus drivers and merchant seamen at other tables that "they didn't have stuff like this back in Indianapolis." When he saw me squirm, Sy told his pal to can it. Then he leaned close, his florid baby cheeks just inches from my own, and confided that he'd really made this jaunt West for two reasons. One was to check on a spot in Forest Lawn for his mother-in-law (big snicker and wig pat from Babe); the other, as I'd already guessed, to try yet again to persuade me to toss my hat in the ring with *Hamper*.

The man wouldn't quit! When I thanked him and said that I was flattered but the answer was still "N-O!" he threw himself back into his chair and slammed his hands down on the flimsy cocktail table. The impact upset Babe's Schlitz into his lap. Babe leaped to his feet and the bottle somehow shattered. When enough lounge lizards had turned our way to make it an occasion, Sy slipped his stubby arm over my shoulders, broke into a big Jack E. Leonard grin and boomed in a voice loud enough for customers in adjacent autoparts stores to hear: "You see this little guy? This little guy writes the best dirty

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movie in the business. Any son of a bitch here thinks different, they gotta talk to Seymour!"

Luckily, no one from Vice was there to take down my name and prints. But the episode lingers as one of the great post-*Flesh* mortifying moments. The gala evening ended up at the Ivar, a superannuated strip joint north of Sunset Boulevard, where we scrutinized half a dozen lovelies before Seymour tried to pick up a sturdy blonde who looked as if she might hold down a day job in meat packing. "Check out the hoot owls on that one!" he cackled, digging his elbow into my windpipe. "Seymour likes!"

I still don't know whether or not the Mart King hit pay dirt. Right then, poor Babe took sick on his shirt jac—it hardly showed in that plaid—and had to be helped off to the little boys' room, where he rested his head on the bowl and fanned himself with his toupee. When we made it back to our seats, Uncle Sy was gone.

As I recall, the last words I heard him utter were that the hearty blonde was "just right for the lead in *Hamper-Scamper*." (He'd announced the title change only hours before, explaining that just being in L.A. gave him the idea of sticking in some kinky, Manson-style "commune action" to spice up the laundromat stuff.) But that was it. Until, about a month or so later, I stumbled home one night to hear that Midwestern rasp on my machine, thanking me for a swell time and proclaiming that Uncle Sy had decided to "deep-six the pornski" and branch out into home dry cleaning instead. He said he had some little German units that were "real beauties." They were going like hot cakes at eight and a half; but if I was interested, there was one with my name on it for three seventy-five.

Needless to say, I'm still saving up.

The oddest thing about the Uncle Seymour saga is that it proved not to be that odd at all. All sorts of benevolent swells sailed forth in that twisted era, each with his or her own fix on the *Flesh* biz. The peculiar nature of our achievement evoked equally peculiar reactions. Just admitting that you had seen the movie, in some circles, could be construed as a dicey personal confession, something sure to crop up in a negative ad blitz if it fell into the wrong hands during a no-holds-barred gubernatorial bid.

Schizy stuff. If it remained semishameful to have slid into porn, it was absurdly enviable to have had a hand in a genuine "cult sensation." The cult status induced certain people to seek you out. But the porn part, for some reason, gave them the green light to launch into their own erotic bents two seconds after you'd been introduced. Which isn't as titillating as it may sound.

At the height of *Café* madness, on a cross-country flight to attend a relative's funeral, I was feeling drunk and contrite

enough to loose my lips and blab about having written you know what. Within minutes, my seatmate, a former Marine captain turned Ohio homicide dick, had snapped open his leather-look attaché case, fished under a stock of manuals on police neck restraints and plucked out a copy of "a little something" he'd been fiddling with between cases.

It was called—nobody ever believes this—*Buns 'n' Ammo*, authentic memoirs of a crime-fighting stud in "a certain scum basin back East that isn't Philadelphia and isn't Newark, New Jersey." Whatever that means. Oddest of all was that every word was written in a neat-as-a-pin, girlish backhand on loose-leaf note paper. (I had this image of Detective Buzz slapping on his .38 and popping into a Thrifty Drugs at three A.M. to get more paper, then stopping off at his diner for a cruller and Java while he banged out more two-fisted schoolgirl sentences.)

Although I felt a little silly giving him advice, the investigator provided a retreat from reality on an otherwise morbid trek. For some reason, he was dying to be "an adult-screenplay author." And since just about all the screen offerings he'd ever seen had had "Teenage," "Wet" or "Kitten" in their titles, he was eager to get a *Wet Teenage Kitten* script under his belt as soon as possible.

Buzz kept in touch for a while, occasionally shipping out a few sizzling, action-packed pages stocked with "Mafia playthings" named Bunny or Chita who "laid down and made like Oklahoma while I fingered my Mauser"—that sort of thing, all in the prissy, labored hand of a conscientious 12-year-old.

Who knows? I wish now that I'd saved some of the officer's tonier prose. At the time, though, I had this irrational fear of being found keeled over my Smith-Corona, with nothing to explain my untimely demise but a couple of empty Mickey's big mouths and a copy of Detective Buzz's *Broad with a Badge* stuffed into my top drawer. In his last missive, I forgot to mention, the scrappy law-and-order scribe confided that he was shifting the P.O.V. in *Buns*. The new version featured Captain Poodle, "a buxom ex-prosty who liked her men hot and her lead even hotter."

The dick's late-inning switch may or may not explain that Suzy Penmanship backhand. (Just kidding, Buzz. . . . Don't shoot!) Either way, I didn't want my loved ones scratching their heads over it when I wasn't around to explain. "It all started with that creepy movie," they'd say. "He was almost OK before that. . . ." So one day, I just tossed the collected X-rated *Ammo* epistles into the bin with the weekly dunning notices. If it turns out that Buzz is the Hemingway of his generation, the joke's on me.

It makes sense, I suppose, that weirdness should be as contagious as hepatitis

or ringworm. And for a while there, I admit, nothing could kill that odd psychic rash that *Café Flesh* had engendered. One *mondo-repulsio* incident seemed to bleed right into another. But it was more than a parade of porn-crazed normals and businessmen. I was receiving even gamier entreaties: photo proposals from good folks who'd seen *Flesh* and had a little somebody special they wanted me to check out for the sequel. "I think Tammi would be just right for a classy erotic cult product like your own."

Uh-huh! Most of the smudgy Polaroids slipped my way packed the same slightly earnest sinfulness as the hopefuls in *Hustler Beaver Hunts*. Busloads of near-miss homecoming queens tricked out in Frederick's of Hollywood motelwear. Some aspirants scribbled little captions on the snapshot margins for extra impact: HERE'S MEG BEING NAUGHTY! But the most arresting eight-by-ten glossy I ever got proffered a mother-daughter team, whimsically buns up, grinning side by side on a pair of velvet throw pillows for the lucky shutterbug (Dad, I suppose, or a favorite uncle). One or two guys also sent in pix of themselves, though I don't know whether their partners made them or if they just got the urge to pose for a few wind-swept candid shots amid the driftwood all on their own.

In the classic Meshulam Riklis mode, there was even one gentleman who offered through intermediaries to pay for a movie if we'd just agree to put "his Sheilah" in the starring role. According to the spokesman, a smooth talker from Queens, the girl had come in first in a Charo look-alike contest. I'd have loved to get in touch, if only to find out if Xavier Cugat himself had been there doing any judging. But Sheilah's four-color PR pack made this doubtful, unless her sugar daddy had somehow managed to buy off the famous bandleader. But could the once great Cugie be so hard up for cash that he'd pawn off a Charo crown for a few measly dollars?

I didn't want to believe it. There was, in one or two shots, a kind of wide-angle brassiness to Sheilah's features—the young Kate Smith feel. Still, if Meshulam baby could scoop up that plum *Butterfly* script for his li'l Pia, how much hassle would our man have snapping up the discount notoriety of porn stardom? If that's what he wanted. The only genuine sex queens I ever met were both hitched to mild-mannered, Tony Dow kind of guys, towheads who sat on the side lines boning up for their state contractor's exams while their lifemates took simultaneous dog and whistle from fellows hung like Forties hood ornaments. Since he didn't have to live off his sweetheart's labors, though, it's tough to say just what kick Sheilah's backer got out of her.

But, hey, no hard feelings! Ultimately, one likes to think that all these worthy supplicants got what they wanted. I have yet

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to see *Inside Sheilah* blasting from the marquee of my local theater, but maybe she had to change her name for tax purposes.

Lest it sound as if my entire post-X existence consisted of fending off unsavory requests from aspiring pornophiles, I hasten to add that there were other unsavory requests, as well. Some of them quite inviting. Because of its ground-breaking (at the time) synthesis of punk fashion and Fifties dialog, *Flesh* boasted a particular appeal to youthful art victims. In Los Angeles, at least, part of what fueled its 18-month run was that half the town's underground avant actually appeared in the movie. This bestowed on us a built-in cachet among local *nuevo-ettes*, a breed of heavily mascaraed existential gals who smoked Gitanes and kept tattered copies of *Naked Lunch* in the glove compartments of their Karmann-Ghias. For those rarefied few, *Café* really said something. They mentioned it in their poetry and told their therapists about it.

Pre-*Café*, my groupie experience was negligible to nil. Before I wrangled my meager cult status, any female who gave me the time of day did so because she got some strange kick out of it—not because of the imagined glamor attached to my dubious achievement. That's just the kind of guy I am.

Anyhow, you couldn't honestly call it a *bevy*, but in the wake of *Café Flesh*, a trickle of interesting vixens did make themselves known. Their motivation, as near as I could gather, hinged on the ill-conceived prestige they attached to my having written the movie's one-liners. Not a good sign. Anyone who wanted to sleep with me as a career move was either insane or willing to settle for minimal advancement. One notably alarming offer came from a doe-eyed Loretta Young-on-Quaaludes type who sidled up to me at a barbecue and announced that she wanted to get into the movies more than anything else in the world. "Like the kind you made," she slurred.

"The kind I made is not the kind you think I made," I replied, a tad hysterically. Lately, I'd found myself repeating that Zenlike snippet, often with no provocation, to cashiers at *burrito* stands, priests in elevators—anyone at all, really, who would listen for a minute while I tried to explain the truth about what I had done.

But a little bout of compulso babble made no dif to Doc-eyes, who blew a strand of hair off her face and announced blandly, "Ace can pull the van around the side of the house when you're ready."

"Ace?"

"He's my boyfriend, but it's cool," she insisted, "he's also kind of my manager. He'll wait in the front seat till we're done."

Can this, I wondered, be all there is to know about Hollywood?

For sheer cosmic unlikeliness, however,

the offscreen encounter with a concerned Valley girl whose church group was discussing the Nightmare of Nuclear Madness pretty much steals the show. (I've been saving this one for Merv, but what the hell; his people haven't returned a single call.) "Misty"—let's not shame her congregation—called out of the proverbial blue one day to announce that she'd heard about the intense anti-atomic sentiment to be found in *Flesh*. "We need more of that," she sighed, voice aquiver with righteous fervor, "people willing to look at the situation the way it really is, people like Helen Caldicott, you know, and film makers like you and your partner Rinse. . . ."

Hard to believe she could have heard about *Flesh* without also hearing about its dirty little secret. But the concerned young Val gave no sign that she had. It seemed dangerous and giddy to be discussing nuke stuff like a guy who'd gone to the wall for world disarmament, especially when the truth was that the antinuke chunks of the story had to compete for space with the frontal slap and tickle. Still, on the phone, Misty sounded sort of like Jeane Kirkpatrick, always a turn-on, so I decided there was no harm in hooking up. (I could always explain later about the meat and potatoes, if it came to that.)

Young Misty and I took a lunch in Burbank. She turned out to be one of those golden, beach-loving beauties I'd always thought only lifeguards named Lance or Skip could ever hope to get next to. As it happened, I was pretty much right. But it was all I could do not to choke on my endives when the sun-tanned lovely explained, in that Kirkpatrick voice of hers, the reason she'd wanted to meet me: to see if I'd pop in to her Wednesday-night church group and give a "teensy talk."

"But, Misty," I sputtered, "a church group. . . . I mean, don't you think—"

"Silly," she interrupted, patting her golden fingers atop mine on the tablecloth. "It's OK if you're Jewish. We've all seen *Jews* before!"

After much imploring, I put the prayer issue on hold and agreed to accompany the clean-living California beauty to that week's midnight show. Three minutes into things, when the first throbbing gristle hit the screen in the infamous rat-in-the-milkman-suit sequence, I half expected my date to let out a tortured shriek and lash me with her pocket Bible. Instead, weirder still, she nuzzled closer and whispered that she had had no idea the film would be so . . . colorful.

The fact is, nothing could have induced me to show up at a church group, even if I weren't a quasi pornstar fearful of instant shipment to Pitchfork City on general principle. That ours was not a match made in heaven merely lessened the odds. Before the night was up, Misty was on the phone to Lance. And I never got the chance to hear any dulcet ambassadorial

sighs and whimpers. Kirkpatrick *interruptus*. It was all over when the voice of God told her that my happy log was the Devil's tool. Just because I'd penned some silly film.

Still, I can't complain. Provided you get vaccinated against dreaded gold-chain disease, porn itself stands out as such weird turf that it's worth a visit for the pure anthropological kick. (These days, who can afford a trip to the Trobriand Islands?) In the same way that Las Vegas, while maintaining its status as the sin capital, stands out as the squarest town on the map, Adult Filmland is equally L-Seven, a kind of D version of the "real" movie industry. The only spooky part is the number of snuggle kings who believe their product *matters*. As if all over the free world, people walk the streets racked with anticipation over the release of *Key Punch Girls in Bondage*. Then again, after what I've seen, it wouldn't surprise me if a few did.

To this day, director Rinse Dream and I are periodically tagged by one X syndicate or another to see if we want to "come back to the fold." And when we break out in hives, they always seem confused. (One enterprising team even put out a sort of *ur-Flesh*, called *Smoker*, promoted as picking up where our little effort had left off—as if that were something to be proud of.)

Or does all this sound like carping? In its way, just to be fair, popular pornography may not be such a bad career—especially if you make enough on your first film to pay for a lobotomy before you tackle your second, third, fourth and 27th.

Weirdly enough, a handful of legitimate

worthies have ventured forth with projects. Jerry Casale, of Devo, has a colorfully deranged, Orwellian concept he'd like scripted for himself and the band. He wants to direct. Likewise, Larry Bishop, veteran film actor and son of Joey, has expressed a serious affection for *Flesh* and has approached those responsible about expanding a certain little property he owns to a few-million-dollar film. And so on.

Terrific options, far and wide; and if dime one ever rolls out of escrow, we'll be in business. Until then, yours truly can hang on for the odd royalty and stay underground long enough to write a *real* movie. In fact, I have this great idea about a couple of arty young thugs who stumble into porn when the rent's due and they can't land any other deal, about how they accidentally make a smash that snags them all sorts of strange attention and how, after that—but don't get me going.

Maybe I could talk Uncle Sy into forking over a few Gs for foreign rights. Promise him another night at the Ivar. If we can scarf up some development money, we could be shooting in a month. Or better yet, maybe 20th will scoop up the film rights. I mean, *right off*, I see Chris Reeve as the plucky hero, and Pia's a natural as the sensitive Vassar grad who has a love affair with the movies only to find herself head over Heidegger in a World of Lust and Terror.

Of course, the majors always change your plot around, which is A-OK, as long as they hire some other simp to write the sex scenes. A guy can't be too careful with his reputation.



"Oh, and now the obligatory hump, I assume?"

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OUR MISS BROOKS

(continued from page 104)

any woman wouldn't want to cook or do something else for him the next day.

"But I also think it's terrific when men cook, too, and give the women a break. Boy, is that nice! Good for them, I say. And you know, it certainly doesn't take anything away from their masculinity."

There may, however, be a shortage of all-round men—supportive but secure in their maleness—out there. "As a model, I am very much aware of competition, especially these days, when women will come on to men. I was having a drink at a bar with a polo player who was very good-looking, and other women were actually buying him drinks!"

Since leaving college, Cindy has called a lot of places home.

"I lived in Hawaii for two years, San Francisco for a year and a half, Atlanta for one year and Savannah for three; I went to school in North Carolina, and now I'm living in Los Angeles. Can you believe this? I'm not moving anymore for a long time!"

"I guess I have an adventuresome heart or something, but I like to have the opportunities that a new city seems to bring me. Evidently, I am the type of person who enjoys innocence, not knowing exactly where I'm going. I'm excited by meeting new people, putting myself in different situations and having to cope with them."

Cindy obviously copes well. She worked as a model in Hawaii and San Francisco, and while she gets established in Los Angeles, she is working as a Bunny at The Playboy Club. None of which leaves much time for her major passion, which is riding horses. A champion horsewoman for much of her life, she recently discovered polo.

"It's one of the fastest and most dangerous games there is. I'll describe it this way: You're on a horse and you have a golf club and you have to hit this little ball with the club, but you also have to be going full speed, say 40 miles an hour when you're flat-out. Plus, people are trying to ride you out or make you miss the shot; in addition, you have to steer the horse and work with your teammates. It's a difficult game. It's not dull. You don't get bored."

Ennui is not one of Cindy's problems, anyway. She seems to be constantly on her way somewhere else. But she does keep thoughts of settling down.

"It's great to have a career. And if you can do something really important, say find a cure for cancer, then you're helping generations after you. But how many people are fortunate enough to invent or discover something wonderful? So when you get down to basics, such as what we're all here for, for most of us, it's to find someone you love and have children and be happy while we're on this earth."

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STYLE

NIGHT MOVES

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If you're into scuba diving but find the idea of wearing a wet suit or a bathing suit about as appealing as sitting on a sea urchin, we've got the perfect club for you—the Watersports SCUBA Group, an organization for scuba divers of both sexes who prefer to dive in the buff. Twelve dollars sent to P.O. Box 6812, Stockton, California 95206, gets you a bi-monthly newsletter that keeps you abreast of the best places to buff-dive, plus info on group trips to such places as Baskin-in-the-Sun, Haiti, a classy resort. Sorry, nondivers, the *Buff Diver's Bulletin* doesn't publish pictures.



YOUR DEAL, SAMURAI

First, there was James Clavell's blockbuster novel *Shōgun*, which chronicled the power struggles, treachery and turmoil of samurai Japan. Then came the exotic 12-hour NBC miniseries of the same name, starring Richard Chamberlain and Toshiro Mifune. Now, for all you dedicated game players who have always wanted to kill with karma while warding off spies, geisha girls and assassins, there's—you guessed it, round eyes—a *Shōgun* game, for three to eight players, that will have you looking over your shoulder for deadly knife-wielding *ninjas* at every turn of a card. Shipps, Ltd., P.O. Box 2279, Lincoln, Nebraska 68502, *Shōgun*'s creator, sells the game for \$14.95, postpaid. (Shipps tells us that no previous knowledge of the story is needed to play.) And when you've really got your warrior act together, you can move up to advanced *Shōgun*. It's a real scream. Hiyaaaaaah!

SUCH BRASS

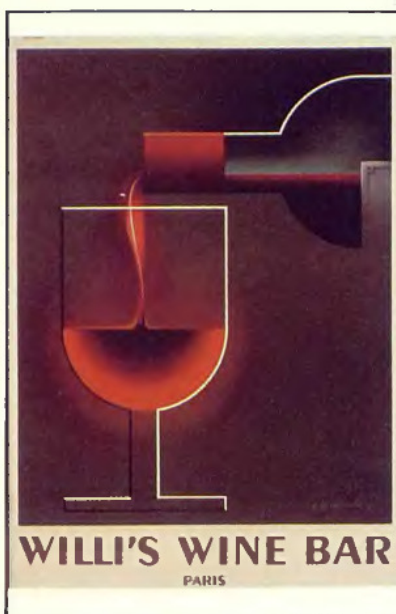
A solid-brass business-card case with an unremovable reproduction of your own card right on the cover? That should definitely dazzle them at the next meeting of the Young Vice-Presidents of America. The price is also an eye catcher: \$12 sent to Derfrm Inc., 310 South Main Street, New City, New York 10956. Derfrm says it prefers to work with nonembossed cards with dark lettering. Who doesn't?



LET'S HEAR IT FOR MUSICAL CARDS

"The best greeting cards you've ever heard" is how Roca/Jon Productions of Denver merchandises a product called RPM's, musical greeting cards containing small stereo records of Elvis, Dylan and Cash sound-alikes singing *Happy Birthday*, a loud-and-lavish "Thank you" or a Bogart impersonator à la *Casablanca*, asking someone for a date. RPM's are available in card shops for \$4 each. Hallmark must be spinning in its groove.





GIVE US THE WILLI'S

It's been stated that when the famed French art-deco artist A. M. Cassandre (Adolphe Jean-Marie Mouron) put his brush to canvas, "advertising [approached] poetry." We'll drink to that—especially after viewing a recently discovered Cassandre poster for Willi's Wine Bar, Paris, 1935, that Wine Posters Publishing, 1701a Octavia Street, San Francisco 94109, is selling in a limited edition for \$47.50, postpaid. Measuring 33" x 26", excluding the border, the poster is a grabber done on fine stock and hand-pulled from zinc plates. Go for it.

RING IN THE OLD

Edwardian undergarments, pure sorghum, Bag Balm (a lanolin-based salve for cows' udders) or a reproduction of a Gatling gun that can fire 200 rounds per minute—if it's a product of yesteryear you seek, we've got a contemporary source. *The American Historical Supply Catalogue: A Nineteenth-Century Sourcebook* has just been published in softcover by Schocken Books of New York; and for \$16.95, you get a where-to-buy reference to newly manufactured items from the past. The author's name is Alan Wellikoff, not Rip van Winkle.



LOOK! UP ON THE CEILING!

Remember the smell of banana oil when you made a balsa-wood plane that you later took outside and *flew*? Executive Hobbies, a company at P.O. Box 34, Livingston, New Jersey 07039, that sells kit reproductions of legends of land, sea and air, has just launched a new model, the Supermarine Spitfire airplane, in balsa wood; and when you're done, you'll have a thing of beauty with a 27" wingspan for just \$29, postpaid, including paints, knife, etc. Say, honey, let's drop by my place and see how my balsa Spitfire is hanging.



TAKE THE STAIRS

Thorn EMI Video has brought the civilized goings on of the Bellamy family back to the small screen with a 14-volume video-cassette series, *The Best of Upstairs, Downstairs*, in both VHS and Beta. Upstairs is Lord Bellamy, head of the aristocratic family; downstairs are Hudson and Mrs. Bridges, the rulers of the servants quarters. It's a great place to visit for only \$29.95 per episode, and we wouldn't mind living there.



WE LOVE PARIS

Maybe 50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong, but *you* can be as you tackle Paris and the French countryside without a savvy side-kick who knows the terrain. Well, lucky you, Pierre, because *La Belle France*, a monthly "sophisticated guide to France" in the form of a newsletter, has just rolled off the press; and for \$39 sent to it at 1835 University Circle, Charlottesville, Virginia 22903, you'll receive inside info on hotels, shops, cafés and more. *Vive la différence!*





DE GUNTE GARELLA LTD

Beware: Soft Shoulders

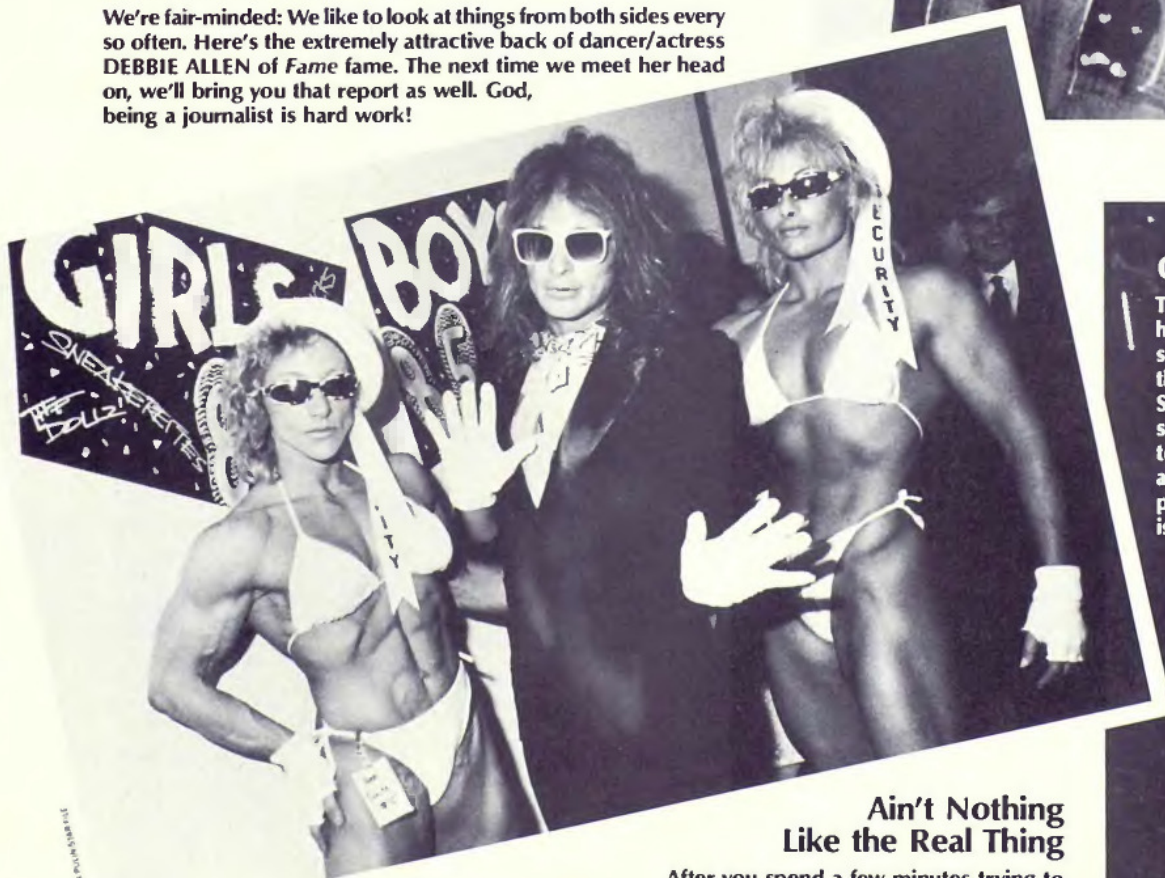
We're fair-minded: We like to look at things from both sides every so often. Here's the extremely attractive back of dancer/actress DEBBIE ALLEN of *Fame* fame. The next time we meet her head on, we'll bring you that report as well. God, being a journalist is hard work!

Teasing

Singer PATTY SMYTH of Scandal has arrived. Scandal's album *Warrior* has gone gold. She's writing songs for the next one and observing good grooming habits at the same time. And you thought the rock-'n'-roll life was just a round of parties!



© 1984 ROSS WARRING



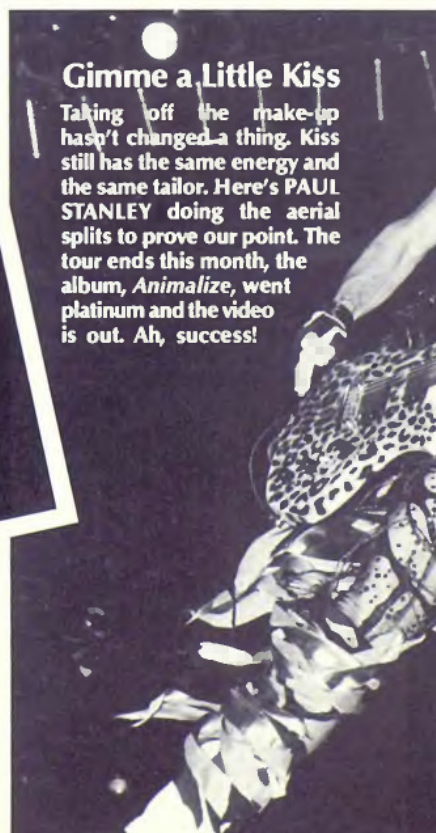
© 1984 CHUCKA PHOTOGRAPHY

Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing

After you spend a few minutes trying to figure out the sex of DAVID LEE ROTH's two security guards, turn to *After Hours* for a mini interview with the flamboyant front man from Van Halen and find out what makes him jump.

Gimme a Little Kiss

Taking off the make-up hasn't changed a thing. Kiss still has the same energy and the same tailor. Here's PAUL STANLEY doing the aerial splits to prove our point. The tour ends this month, the album, *Animalize*, went platinum and the video is out. Ah, success!





Bragadocio

Last October, actress SONIA BRAGA had a starring role in our feature *The Girls from Brazil*; any minute, you can see her on the big screen, with Raul Julia and William Hurt, in a starring role in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. Outspoken as well as gorgeous, Braga says, "Look at me. I have energy. I speak, I dance, I get high on life." We're looking.



Silly Billy

We know BILLY SQUIER's album *Signs of Life* has gone platinum and he completed a tour. He's probably tired. But somebody should tell him that the only guy who successfully played the guitar upside down was Jimi Hendrix, and he died.



NEXT MONTH



TOP PLAYMATE



DISSIPATION DIET



HOODLUM HIT



MOVIE MADNESS

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—SURPRISE! WE'RE INTRODUCING OUR NUMBER-ONE GATEFOLD GIRL ONE MONTH EARLIER THAN WE USED TO. WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE HINT: YOU'RE GONNA LOVE HER

"THE RAT-RACE DIET: NUTRITION FOR AN IMPERFECT WORLD"—IF YOU'RE LIKE US, YOU'RE GETTING SICK OF ADVICE ON EATING SENSIBLY AND GETTING ENOUGH SLEEP. HERE ARE TIPS FROM ONE DOCTOR WHO TELLS YOU HOW TO KEEP YOUR ENGINE RUNNING EVEN THOUGH IT'S ON THE FAST TRACK—BY **STUART BERGER, M.D.**

"SCORING"—IF HE CAN JUST FAKE A MOBSTER'S KIDNAPING, VALENTINE MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE THE BIG KILL. A FUNNY TALE BY **JAY CRONLEY**

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"—OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF CINEMA'S GOOD, BAD AND UGLY: HEROES, VILLAINS, MONSTERS! AND **BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S** HIT LIST

"THE FALL OF SAIGON"—A DECADE LATER, ONE OF THE MEN ON THE EMBASSY ROOF, A FORMER

PLAYBOY EDITOR, TELLS THE POIGNANT INSIDE STORY OF THE PULL-OUT—BY **DAVID BUTLER**

"CAMPUS SEX AND THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR'S TRAVELING ROAD SHOW"—ON THE COLLEGE LECTURE CIRCUIT, YOU LEARN A LOT ABOUT YOUR AUDIENCE. MUCH OF THE LEARNING TAKES PLACE AFTER THE TALK IS OVER—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

"MORE TASTE, LESS OVERACTING: RATING THE JOCK COMMERCIALS"—WHO'S THE CHAMP AND WHO'S THE CHUMP? CRITICS' CHOICES FROM *AT THE MOVIES* **ROGER EBERT** AND **GENE SISKEL**

PLUS: A HARD-HITTING **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH THE HOTTEST BOXERS IN THE RING, **MARVIN HAGLER** AND **THOMAS HEARNS**; **"PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE,"** BY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**; A SURPRISING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** WITH **BOY GEORGE**; **"MORE THAN THE SUM OF HIS PARTS,"** A FICTIONAL SAGA OF BIONIC EXPERIMENTATION, BY **JOE HALDEMAN**; **"PLAYBOY FUNNIES";** **DAN JENKINS** ON SPORTS; **CRAIG VETTER** GOING **"AGAINST THE WIND";** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

The Spirit of America



Mabry Mill, Virginia by Clyde H. Smith

Where the woodland farmer flourished, the miller was not far behind. Independent and enterprising, he signalled the coming of trade and prosperity. And looking to the future, he relaxed at day's end with America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon.

Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

For a 19" x 26" print of Mabry Mill, send a check or money order for \$4.95 to Spirit of America offer, P.O. Box 183V, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601 © 1984 National Distillers



Marlboro

A close-up portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a white cowboy hat and a dark blue shirt. He is holding a lit cigarette in his mouth. The background is a solid tan color. The word "Marlboro" is written in large, bold, red letters across the top of the image.

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

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84