



LAYB

WHAT DO YOU DO when your divorce becomes the topic for every major news outlet in the country? When an apocryphal story that you sleep with a trumpet becomes hot gossip? If you're Roxanne Pulitzer, you play it for laughs. In this month's Prize Pulitzer, America's most famous divorcee goes public in a lively question-and-answer session, conducted by Reg Potterton, and a very personal and hilarious perspective on those headlines as interpreted by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. We wish Roxanne better luck in her next marital mission, should she choose to accept one. She, and you, might be well advised first to read How to Live with Another Person, by our man in theoretical lifestyles, regular contributor Bruce Jay Friedman. He once wrote a book about being a lonely guy; now he's afraid that moving in with the one you love may be a violation of natural law. The illustration is by Dave Calver.

Even more daunting than the prospect of maintaining a relationship is this month's piece The Secret Life of Laurence Lorence, by Contributing Editor Laurence Gonzales, who went hunting for Big Brother in the data files of credit checkers and found tired men in bad suits who ask your neighbors personal questions about you. Your neighbors, incidentally, eagerly report that you are dying of a dread disease and that you regularly beat up on widows and orphans when you aren't busy throwing wild parties on weeknights. It's all in the file. If we were the credit guys, we'd give it all up and stick with the information in Andrew Tobios' Quarterly Reports. This month, our money ace tackles Systems such unscientific but intriguing stock indicators as hemlines, lunar cycles and the Super Bowl phenomenon. Systems eliminate the need to think, and we all know what a hangover thinking can give you. Take a look at Dr. Stuart (The Power Immune Diet) Berger's Rat-Race Diet, which tells you everything you need to know to overcome the effects of prolonged work or play. Some people who can't seem to tell work from play are those famous jocks who star in TV ads. For More Taste, Less Overacting, writer Bill Zehme and Senior Staff Writer John Rezek sat down with At the Movies hosts Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert and had the pedigreed film critics tell us whether or not the guys in the commercials, like all pros, just make hard work look easy. A master of that sort of illusion is the subject of Warren Kalbacker's 20 Questions: Tom Watson, the most consistent golf winner of the past decade. How does he do it? Well, for starters, he's had his eye on the ball for 30 years and he says he doesn't play with girls. For the goods on a true sports legend, try the Playboy Interview. We sent Ken Kelley into the majors to catch up with Spurky Anderson, the squarejawed, silver-haired manager who put Detroit's finest productthe Tigers-back on line. If Sparky's story makes you feel poetic about the boys of summer, take a look at Dun Jenkins' Sports column, in which he throws spitballs at the flowery prose his fellow sportswriters spew when they turn to writing about baseball. Jenkins, you're a hard case, but we admire the fawnlike capriciousness of your enigmatic wit.

We were talking before about relationships, which at best should be sharing affairs. Robert Silverberg's Symbiont, illustrated by Isadore Seltzer, is not about marriage or divorce, but you'll never forget the intimacy experienced by its space-age cohabitants. After Silverberg's story, you'll need a breather. Try June's exotic Playmate, Devin Reneé DeVosquez, also photographed by ubiquitous lensman Fegley, who doesn't necessarily specialize in divorce work. Neither does the happily married Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, who this month celebrates his 25-year career at PLAYBOY with a rich and rewarding retrospective of his best shots. Nice job, Pompeo. Right now, if you're moaning that some guys have all the luck, stop feeling sorry for yourself. Take a look at our tips on swimwear, suntan lotions and cameras and at Maynard F. Thomson's recommendation, Make Mine a Martini. Then go out and make yourself some luck.







FRIEDMAN











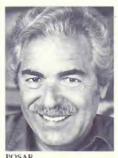






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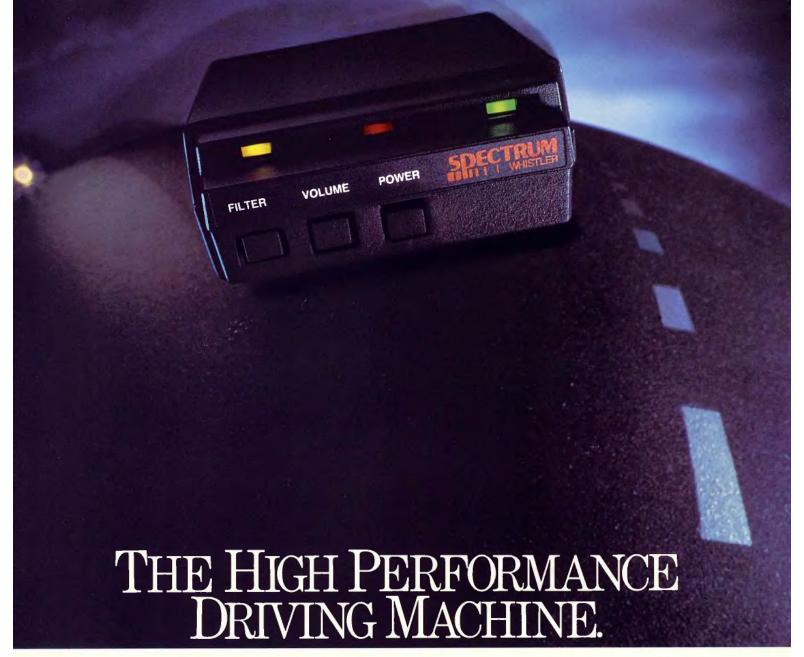
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PLAYBOY

vol. 32, no. 6-june, 1985

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	1		
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	9		
DEAR PLAYBOY	11		
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15		
SPORTS DAN JENKINS	41		
MEN	43		
AGAINST THE WIND	47		
SEX NEWS	51		
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	53		
DEAR PLAYMATES	57		
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	59		
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SPARKY ANDERSON—candid conversation	65		
THE SECRET LIFE OF LAURENCE LORENCE—article LAURENCE GONZALES	78		
PRIZE PULITZER—pictorial	82		
SYMBIONT—fiction	90		
POOL HUSTLING—fashion	92		
DEVASTATIN' DEVIN—playboy's playmate of the month			
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	112		
THE RAT-RACE DIET—article	114		
PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS & GRADS—merchandise	117		
HOW TO LIVE WITH ANOTHER PERSON—humor BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN	121		
MAKE MINE A MARTINI—drink MAYNARD F. THOMSON	124		
MORE TASTE, LESS OVERACTING GENE SISKEL and ROGER EBERT	127		
THE LENS OF LOVE—pictorial	132		
QUARTERLY REPORTS: SYSTEMS—article ANDREW TOBIAS	145		
20 QUESTIONS: TOM WATSON	148		
PLAYBOY GUIDE: ELECTRONIC ENTERTAINMENT			
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	211		



Pompeo's Portfolio

P. 132



Inside Moves

P. 90



Devinly Body

P. 98



Free-Style Fashion

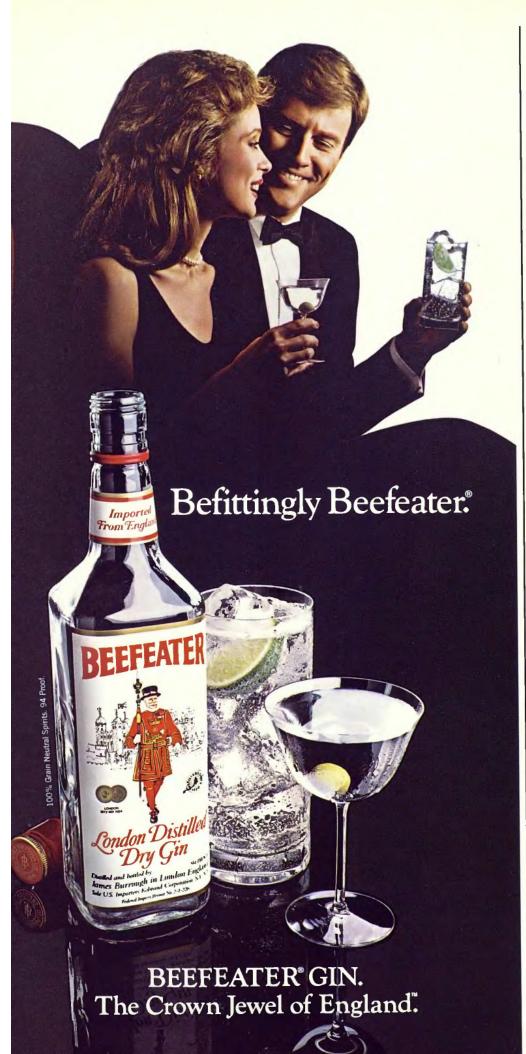
P. 92

COVER STORY

Ravishing Roxanne Pulitzer, captured for our cover by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley, played the lead in the wildest trial of recent times—her scandalous divorce from superheir Peter Pulitzer. For more on those trumpet rumors and much more of the brassy Roxanne, turn to *Prize Pulitzer*, beginning on page 82. (Sunglasses by Optica, Chicago, as they used to say on Queen for o Day, and swimsuit by Chicago's Schwartz's Intimate Apparel.)



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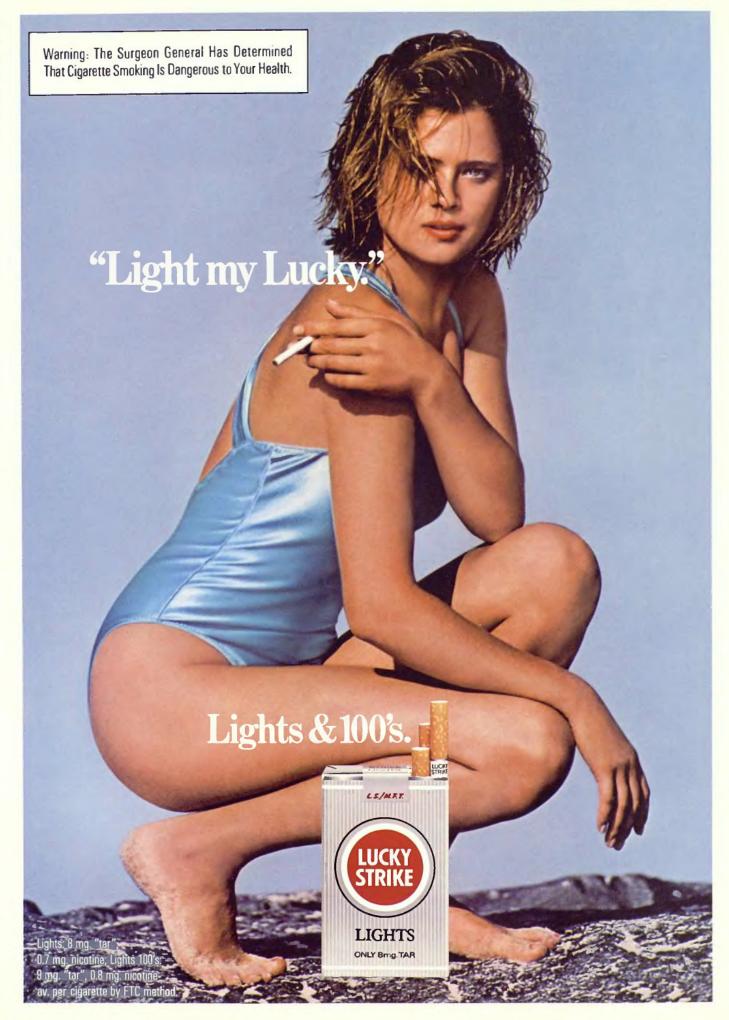
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

FOR A BOOST IN THE RATINGS, WHO YOU GONNA CALL?

A recent Cheers episode featured a Playmate softball team. Here sports fans Jeana Tomasina, John Ratzenberger, Marcy Hanson, George Wendt and Ola Ray (left to right below) cuddle at the bar. Right: Playmates Victoria Cooke, Marcy Hanson, Denise Michele Kellogg, Susie Scott and Michele Drake meet Sherman Hemsley and Franklin Cover on CBS' The Jeffersons.





CASTING FOR ALL THE RIGHT CURVES Half the fun is in getting to the finished product. Pennsylvania sculptor Jack Thompson molds his figures by getting nude girls plastered (above, it's model Sydney Coale), then adding anything from a wolf's head to an artichoke. If you watch The Playboy Channel's Playboy Video Magazine, you may see Thompson in action.

REACHING OUT TO NIGHT'S CHILDREN

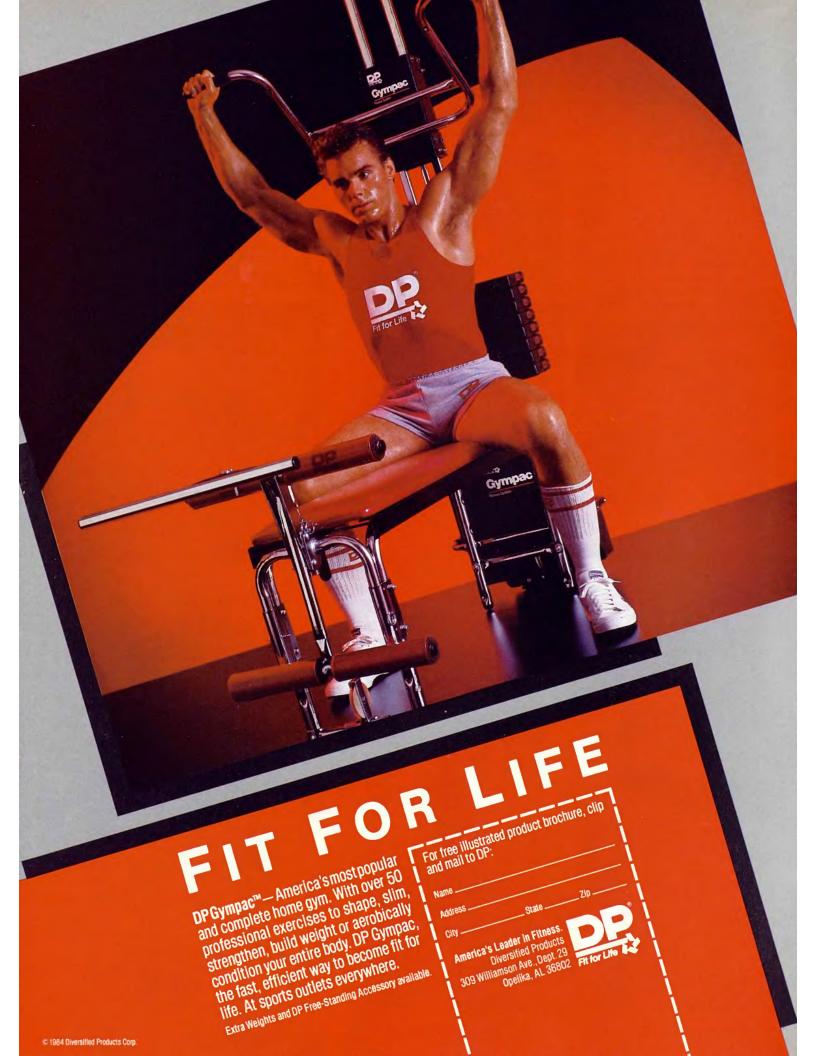
February saw a star-studded benefit, hosted by Hef at Playboy Mansion West, raise almost \$50,000 for Children of the Night. The Los Angeles-based group plans to build a shelter for hundreds of street children, most of them runaways. Putting hands together in the effort were (left to right) Dr. Lois Lee, founder of Children of the Night, Hef and Hill Street Blues' Joe Spano and Betty Thomas.



WHO YOU GONNA CALL? (PART II)

When the film Into the Night needed a world's worth of beauty, director John Landis turned to our Playmates. Men the world over dream nightly of (top row) Dona Speir as Miss Western Europe, Veronica Gamba as Miss South America, Heidi Sorenson as Miss Scandinavia and (bottom row) Lesa Ann Pedriana as Miss Asia, Susie Scott as Miss Eastern Europe and Carina Persson as Miss Australia.







DEAR PLAYBOY

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

FREE THE STRONGER SEX

When John Gordon asked What <u>Else</u> Do Women Want? (PLAYBOY, March), I fully expected reports of zealous libbers' ripping open zippers to get at the last hanging remains of our beleaguered manhood. I've felt frustrated since the Sixties, trying to figure out whether to shake it or dab it dry in the men's room. My decision was to stand up and shake it, sometimes quite robustly. Gordon has a new fan.

Gary P. Skaggs Huntsville, Alabama

After reading What Else Do Women Want?, I can only say it's about time someone spoke up. I believe that most men want women to have a fair deal. The feminist lobby has gathered an excessive amount of power, however—power that is not being used in the best interests of women or men.

Fred Gibson Indio, California

Your magazine never fails to contain thought-provoking articles, and, as a woman, I enjoy them (yes, I manage to get the magazine away from my boyfriend occasionally). But in What Else Do Women Want?, there are a couple of inaccuracies. It's the National Organization for Women, not of Women (a minor point, seemingly, but we may as well get it right). Also, the attempted ban on pornography in Indianapolis was targeted only at depictions of rape in so-called blue movies and print material, not at sex in general. PLAYBOY'S articles are frequently referred to and quoted; its reputation and standards are too high to allow for misinformation.

Kelly Church Indianapolis, Indiana

Shame on you, PLAYBOY! What <u>Else</u> Do Women Want? is not only offensive and sexist, it's inaccurate as well. I expect better from you—I read PLAYBOY because I am a feminist and a civil libertarian. First of all,

NOW-the National Organization for Women-does not advocate legal or political sexism in favor of women. We support decisions (in such cases as child custody or alimony) that are gender blind; i.e., without regard to whether litigants are female or male. Most feminists are against the draft, but if there is to be one, we believe it should apply equally to females and males. We advocate full equality for women in the military, knowing there can never be full equality in our society until all members bear equal responsibility for its defense. I could continue, but I think you get the point-take all of Gordon's descriptions of the tenets of feminism with a large grain of salt. Most feminists are fighting for equality for everyone.

> Catherine A. Fiorello Lexington, Kentucky

I could not agree more with Gordon. I noticed some time ago that the so-called weaker sex has us by the short and curlies.

John Smith Mankota, Saskatchewan

Although I don't agree with all of Gordon's ideas, his main one is much needed. Men must organize to keep the pendulum of equality from swinging too far toward women. Equality of the sexes is only right, but it must be across-the-board equality. Where can I get in touch with the Coalition of Free Men?

Michael R. Myler Collinsville, Illinois

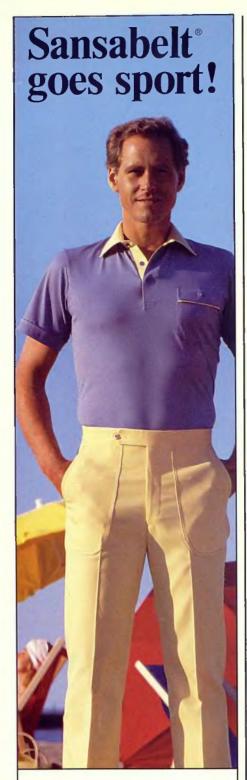
Write to the Coalition of Free Men at P.O. Box 129, Manhasset, New York 11030, or punch out your telephone to the tune of 516-482-6378.

PUBIC POLICY

I, of course, applaud Hugh Hefner's remarks (*Media*, PLAYBOY, March) on freedom of the press and the *Harper's* round table on pornography, in which I was a participant. Hefner is lucky to have a forum that accords him a well-read,

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well-circulated reply, as well as one that introduces him to countless beautiful women. The only women my newspaper introduces me to are public-health nurses. I have participated in countless "debates" on censorship and have come to the conclusion that they do not really have anything to do with freedom of the press or pornography. That issue is just a blind to dissemble the real meat of the matter: the centuries-old debate between sexual positivists and the nattering nabobs of sexual negativism. These latter may clothe themselves in the holier-than-thou vestments of family or feminism; but basically, they are people who hate sex, distrust it and repress it. We must repeat to ourselves like a mantra: Sex is good; nakedness is a joy; an erection is beautiful. Hefner is an example to everyone fighting the puritan bullies. Don't let the bastards get you limp.

Al Goldstein, Publisher Screw Magazine New York, New York

RACE RIOT

Oh, c'mon, Roy Blount Jr.! Is The Repackaging of Carl Lewis (PLAYBOY, March) an example of white humor—the racial opposite of black humor? All Lewis did was beat everybody else in the world at four Olympic events—the dream of every athlete. But Blount is pissed. Lewis doesn't fit his image of the all-American, God-fearin', apple-pie-eating (and, by implication, white) sports hero. The real problem is that Lewis can run and jump, but he hasn't learned to shuffle and show those pearly whites on command. Yassuh!

Ken Wibecan Compton, California

MARCH OR DIE?

What happened to Against the Wind in the March issue? My fellow morticians and I look forward to Craig Vetter's sardonic wit every month—bring back this working-man's daredevil.

William Svedge Chicago, Illinois

Vetter replies: I know what you guys are waiting for, but you'll have to wait a little longer for this daredevil. Ignore any reports of my demise—the March absence was just a vacation.

WE'RE NUMBER ONE

Congratulations to Anson Mount for predicting—in August 1984's Pro Football Preview—that the Miami Dolphins would play the San Francisco 49ers in Super Bowl XIX. He forecast that the 49ers would have "another Super year in San Francisco" and win "all the marbles." The team of the year went 18–1 and destroyed the Dolphins in the Super Bowl. How sweet it is!

B. W. Lee San Francisco, California

Having just recovered from a stupor caused by the 49ers' thrashing of the Miami Mahi-Mahi, I must congratulate Mount on his uncanny foresight. By the way, Anson, how would you feel about an all-expenses-paid trip to Reno? A guy like you could come in handy there. Just let me know.

Bob Ariana

Pleasant Hill, California

Not only did Mount hit exactly the right buttons in calling this year's Super Bowl, according to the annual Wyatt Survey, his "Pigskin Preview" tied with Sports Illustrated to lead the pack in college football forecasting. Pretty fierce for a guy who (sorry, Bob) never places a bet.

SEQUINED SUIT

Contrary to a statement in *The Year in Sex* (PLAYBOY, February), the suit brought by my client Scott Thorson against Walter Liberace has not been dismissed. One cause of action, a breach-of-contract count, was dismissed, but 11 others are still pending; the case still exists in the superior court of the state of California for the county of Los Angeles. As matters now stand, your readers are under the impression that Thorson has lost when, in fact, the matter has yet to go to trial. We hope you will take the time to clarify this situation so that it may be fairly tried before an unbiased tribunal.

Michael B. Rosenthal Beverly Hills, California

NAKED ALASKA

Thanks for your pictorial Ranger in Paradise (Playboy, March), with Alaska forest ranger Toni Westbrook. She is a very lovely lady. Most of all, being a tattoo artist, I admire the tattoo on her inner thigh—it is beautiful, very well done. A diamond could never be a part of Miss Westbrook, as her tattoo is. Let me congratulate you and thank her for sharing her beauty with your readers.

A. J. Arambura San Ygnacio, Texas

FACT AND FICTION

Sergio Ramírez, certainly an important political figure, is also an author of the first rank—as shown by his short story *Even Charles Atlas Dies* (PLAYBOY, April). It is a strange, fantastic tale full of sound, fury and significance. Brayo.

M. Mason Chicago, Illinois

Ramírez' story, skillfully translated for us by Paul Goepfert, is a PLAYBOY landmark our first piece of fiction by a vice-president. A subject of September 1983's "Playboy Interview" with the Sandinistas, Ramírez is vice-president of Nicaragua.

DRESS FOR DISTRESS

We are quite pleased that you selected our LT250RF Quad Racer as the lead item in *Big Wheels* (*Playboy Guide: Wheels*, March), but there are two things wrong with the way it is shown that affect not only Suzuki but all makers of all-terrain vehicles. First, they are never to be ridden by more than one person-and are equipped with warning stickers to that effect. Second, and more serious, the two riders you picture have on almost no clothing, no helmets, no gloves and no boots. This is also against the written warnings displayed on all our A.T.V.s. All-terrain vehicles are very enjoyable recreational vehicles, but they can be dangerous. People do fall off, and to imply, as you do in your photograph, that riders need not heed the specific warnings of the manufacturer is irresponsible.

> Rob Sanders U.S. Suzuki Motor Corporation Brea, California

WE LIKE IT. TOO

March Playmate Donna Smith is the most elegant and classy woman I've seen in a while; she just reaffirms my conviction that PLAYBOY has the finest taste of any men's magazine. Donna's pictorial is worth every penny of my subscription.

> Merle N. Long Harrodsburg, Kentucky

What can I say about Miss March, Donna Smith? Well, the Big Bopper said it best-"Oh, baby, that's what I like."

> Ron Lapointe Westchester, Illinois

PECS AND ASS

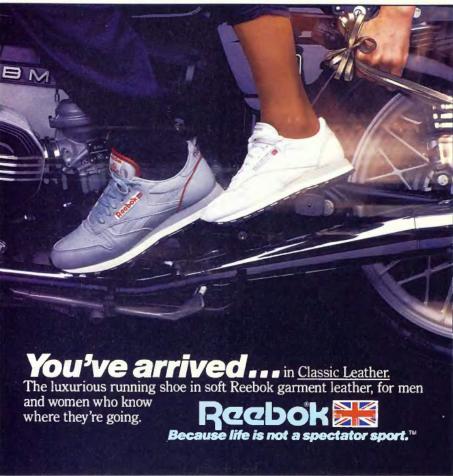
This photo was taken last Halloween. We became Bunnies as a joke but wound up winning first prize at the largest bar in the Fargo/Moorhead area. For our conquest, we won \$180 and instant recognition on the North Dakota State University campus.

> Tim Cheever, Doug Van Lerberghe, Tom Bruce, Mitch Campagna, Jeff Pflipsen and Doug Boe (left to right) Fargo, North Dakota

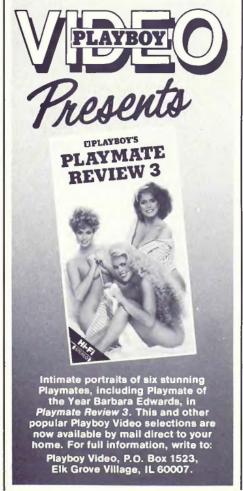
With legs like those, men, you're lucky you weren't instantly turned into stew. Your tan



lines need some work, but the real Bunnies around here think Tom may have potential.



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13

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CLASSLESS STRUGGLE

In the midst of an international relief effort to provide food for Ethiopia, the official Soviet news agency, Tass, has announced a foreign-aid program to send the famine-stricken nation aerobic-dance instructors. "In Ethiopia there are now a great many who want to practice rhythmic gymnastics," reported Tass. "Soviet specialists who have been specially invited will help set up aerobics sections in this African country."

Why Johnny can't understand: Nine students at the University of Pittsburgh received tuition refunds because they could not comprehend the English spoken by their foreign-born instructors.

Brace yourself, Maggie: Nicholas Fairbairn, former solicitor general for Scotland, told the House of Commons that Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher had rejected the sexual advances of a drunken dignitary at Holyrood Palace in Scotland. He tells the story this way: "A gentleman who for reasons of chivalry I will not mention but who occupies grand office had taken grandly of wine. Therefore, as wine does, he allowed veritas to overcome him. So he went up to the prime minister and, in words I will not use, said to her that he had always fancied her. To which the prime minister replied, 'Quite right. You have very good taste, but I just don't think you would make it at the moment." "

The letter's boring, but the "Dear Abby" headline in the Parkersburg, West Virginia, Sentinel certainly wasn't: "MOM BLOWS LUCY'S DATE."

EVERYBODY INTO THE POOL

Groucho would be proud: This may have been the ultimate game of You Bet Your Life. Accepting the jailhouse premise that death-row inmates will bet on anything, James David Autry ran a betting pool just before his execution at Huntsville prison in Texas. Inmates bought squares on a board selecting the time they thought Autry would be pronounced dead, using commissary items as wagering loot. The lucky winner scooped up winnings worth \$280. Had Autry won a stay of execution, he would have received the pot. Talk about having your bets all locked up.

As if we didn't know. The University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research, having followed 17,000 high school graduates to chart their habits, reported this sobering finding in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology*: Being married coincides with reduced drug and alcohol use, while living with a lover does not.

The Houston Post has a section it calls "The Last Word," in which Houstonians sound off on a number of topics. About one such—"the worst present you ever got"—



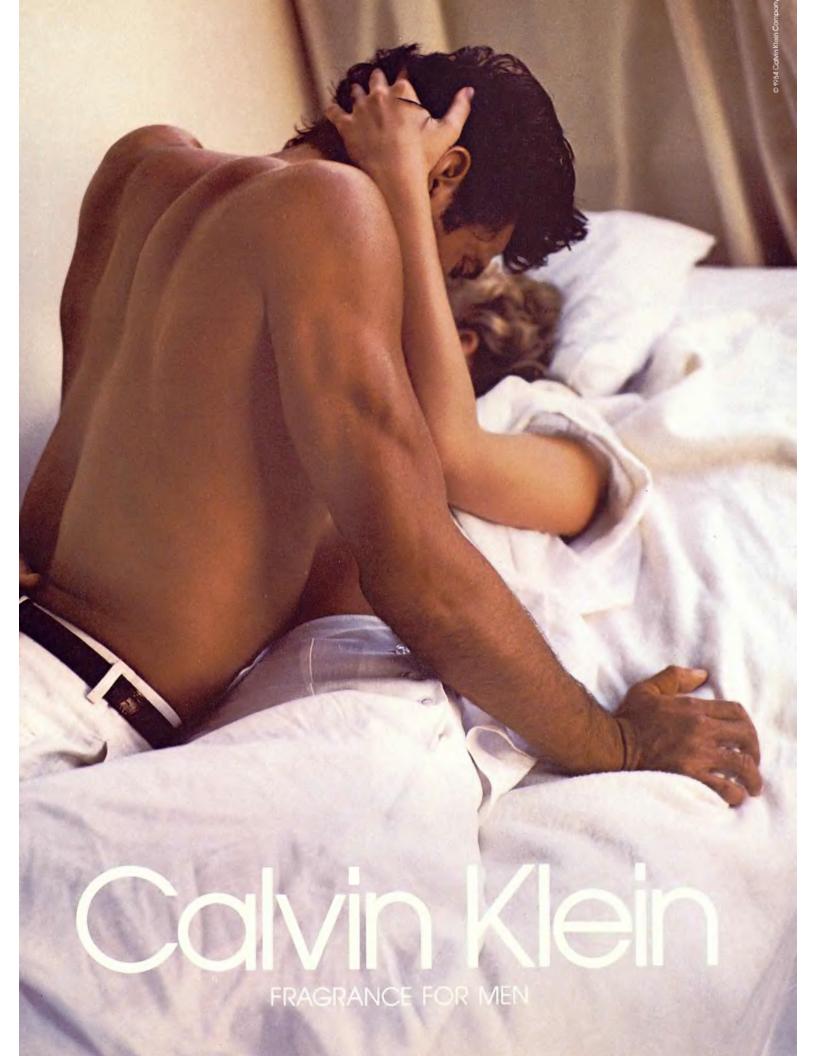
John Daugherty said, "I had a mustache at one time and I got a T-shirt that said, MUSTACHE RIDES 50 CENTS."

Frank A. Messina of Centerville, Pennsylvania, had his license suspended ten years ago, and he thinks the trauma of it ruined his life and reputation. Hence, he is suing the state transportation department for \$5,764,609,563,143,700.48. We'll just round that out to six quadrillion dollars and hope he'll remember we gave him the publicity he deserves.

Last year, Osborne Computer Company, which had been operating under the supervision of a Federal bankruptcy court, decided to charge for materials in its latest press kit. An invitation was mailed out to reporters with a price list showing fees of \$1.19 for a news release and \$1.69 for a black-and-white glossy photo. "These nominal prices do entitle one to unlimited follow-up questions," the invitation continued. Did Osborne really expect the press to buy promotional material? No, confessed Thomas Mahon, the company public-relations consultant. It was "an attempt at humor," he said, adding, "We meant the invitation to show that despite its troubles, the company hasn't lost a sense of fun." And what did Osborne learn from its experiment? "The press doesn't have much of a sense of humor."

DEAD LAST TO KNOW

A response to the telephone-company ad that asks, "It's Sunday, have you called your mother yet?" might have spared the family of 80-year-old Blanche Hansen a big surprise. Her children had been feuding with one another, and each assumed the others had kept in touch with their mother, who suffered from emotional problems and lived reclusively in a bungalow. It wasn't until the kids buried the hatchet and started to



Calvin

Release "calvin" fragrance for men... Open fold



Calvin's Getaway

A pullman size travel bag in durable khaki canvas designed with strong padded handles and a shoulder strap for carrying comfort. Stashed inside, "calvin" fragrance for him and Calvin Klein fragrance for her. Yours for only \$20.00 with any purchase in the "calvin" men's fragrance collection.

To order the "Getaway" turn to back of back.



ask one another how Mom was doing that they realized something might be wrong. When they went to her house, they discovered Mrs. Hansen in her living room, where she had been lying dead for at least a year. "It sounds dumb," conceded sonin-law Ken Evenson, "but that's what happened." Happy Mother's Day.

Consumer note: Screw, the newspaper for the raincoat set, interviewed a hooker about her job and the misconceptions that surround it. Among her comments: "There are two practices that all girls, without exception, really despise. One is a trick trying to stick his finger up a girl's ass. I've never understood that. Nobody understands it in this business; we really don't. Second, Johns who slobber all over us are annoying. We all think it's disgusting. Who wants to get licked all over her body?"

As long as they don't pass it into law: Before a new session opens, the first order of business for members of the Illinois House of Representatives is the switching of desks. It was no doubt this shuffling that prompted House Clerk John F. O'Brien to firmly but politely instruct representatives as the latest session began, "Please do not remove your drawers."

BUT IS IT ART?

It sold at auction for a measly \$50. A month later, however, the weather-beaten hunk of wood was being acclaimed as a work of art. Elaine de Kooning confirmed that the unsigned object had, indeed, been painted 30 years ago by her husband, famed artist Willem de Kooning. And de Kooning canvases, as art lovers know, fetch as much as \$2,000,000.

But this is not canvas. It's a spiffy threehole seating arrangement used in an outhouse behind a Civil War-era home on Bridgehampton, New York's, Main Street.

BUT IS IT ART? (PART TWO)

Call it a conspiracy or simply a mutualadmiration society. Two interior designers recently shelled out a record \$4835 at a Sotheby auction in New York-for wastebaskets. Each bought a dashing dustbin designed by the other.

Mario Buatta bid \$3100 for one designed by fellow designer Sister Parish. "I'm going to put it in the middle of the room and tell everyone that [she] did my house," he told The New York Times proudly.

Parish returned the compliment by purchasing a Buatta-designed trash receptacle for a mere \$1735. No word on what type of garbage she'll design to fill it.

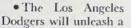
In a brochure for the seventh annual Napa Valley Marathon, registration and prerace requirements instruct prospective runners to "mail entry form with chick."

PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKES: 1985

A good way to make sports predictions is to analyze statistics. Taking a peek at the team physician's private files is even better. Being a blood relative of an aging athlete's bookie is probably the best. But the most intriguing predictions come from a clairvoyant satirist. The following are by that swami of swat, Lenny Kleinfeld.

 Shea Stadium will be the first ball park to offer seating in armed and unarmed sections.

• Following team's first post-season appearance in 39 years. Chicago Cubs season tickets will become the most volatile item traded on the commodity exchange; Federal regulators will step in when the Hunt brothers attempt to corner September box-seat futures.



rookie reliever named Ted Burgoyne, who has a 106-mph fast ball. He'll open his season with seven saves and an E.R.A. of .003; his agent will demand that his contract be renegotiated.

 New York Yankees owner George Steinbrenner will declare complete confidence in manager Yogi Berra; later that day, Steinbrenner will become the first owner to show up on the mound during a game to discuss a pitching change.

 There will not be one day all season when George Brett, Mike Schmidt. Dave Kingman and Bob Horner are all healthy enough to play.

 In order to refute charges that it's too hot to play there in the summer, Phoenix entrepreneurs eager to lure a major-league franchise will announce plans to build the first underground stadium.

 The Dodgers will give Ted Burgoyne a new 18-year contract with annual payment pegged at ten percent of that year's national debt. At a press conference, Burgoyne will boyishly duck his head and say, "I guess this means I can get the brakes on my Subaru relined."

• When Cincinnati Reds first baseman Pete Rose muffs a routine grounder, Reds manager Pete Rose will angrily pull Pete out of the game, which makes Pete so mad that he throws his glove at Pete's head, whereupon Pete, who fears none of his players, socks Pete in the jaw, causing him to take a swing at the umpire who tries to step between them.

The Dodgers will take first place in

the National League West just before the All-Star break, as Ted Burgoyne strikes out seven Giants in a row with fast balls clocked at 117 mph.

· At a game in Anaheim, California, a Dave Winfield fly ball will knock down a northbound Cessna. Although its pilot will walk away from his crash landing, he will be arrested when officials discover the plane's contents.

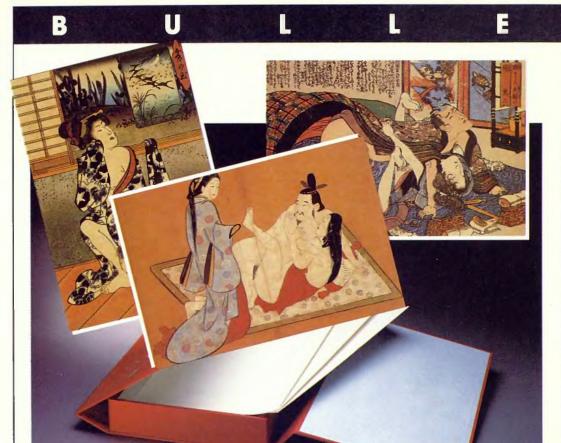
· Ted Burgoyne will set off an airport metal detector, which will lead to his arrest for possession of criminal amounts of bionic machinery in his throwing arm. A judge will offer him a choice between 15-20 in the slammer and a week in a clinic for

removal of his machinery.

• The summer's hit film will be Bad News Bears V, in which Jodie Foster pitches Yale to an Ivy League title but loses her center fielder (Rob Lowe) to her archrival, Princeton's Brooke Shields. Comic relief will be provided by Wilford Brimley as a distinctly Chaucerian coach, Timothy Hutton as a manie-depressive catcher and John Derek as a fun-loving minor-league talent scout.

· Late in September, commissioner Peter Ueberroth will order that temporary lights be installed at Wrigley Field and the Cubs will play their first home night game ever. As Ryne Sandberg steps to the plate in the bottom of the ninth with two out and the score tied. the earth will open and swallow the park, Lake Michigan will rise and flood Chicago's North Side and plagues of frogs, locusts and TV programmers will fall from the heavens.

· ABC-TV will interrupt the first game of the series for a 30-minute Up Close & Personal with Ted Burgovne. who reveals, "It was just something the guys on my high school team did for fun. First it was a prosthetic fingernail to scuff balls with; no big deal. Then an alumnus gave me a Teflon-coated magnesium rotator cuff, and the next thing I knew. . . . Hey, I was surprised as anyone to find out how much stuff I'd put in my arm over the years.'



BOOK OF THE MONTH

From the country that brought us sushi, shoguns and Subarus, now come shunga-highbrow erotic wood-block prints. These things have been oround for some time, the form reaching its peak during the 17th and 18th centuries. The prints depict Joponese people (courtesons and their clients and olso just ploin folks) exploring their sexuality in ways that may not hove occurred to Westerners. These ore "pictures of the tronsistory world"-os the style is described—and so it is with delicacy ond sometimes humor that the ortists take a peek at pillowing. Hond and foot gestures hove special meanings, and genitol exoggerations are all part of the fun. A collection of these prints, Ukiyoe Shunga, will be this summer—for avoiloble oround \$3000. But the price includes a nifty box to put them in.

WORDSTARS

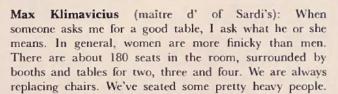
Elaine Kaufman (hostess of New York café society): You have to know how to fill up your room and make it colorful. You have no control over who shows up. You just open the door and take your chances.

The best table depends upon what you want. Woody Allen likes to sit in the back of the room. He's a people watcher.

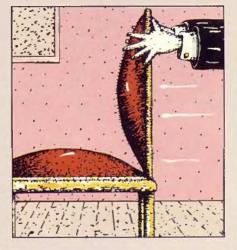
Warren Beatty usually comes in late and will sit anyplace. Warren is never a problem. He has lots of friends. I don't know if they're girlfriends. It's never a problem seating him and them, because he's always friendly. The writers like to sit at the fourth table. Norman Mailer, Bruce Jay Friedman, Jack Richardson, Gay Talese, Bob Scheer have sat there. George Plimpton sits in the back room, Bill Styron in the front.

Besides keeping people apart, I also bring them together. Dan Jenkins is crazy about Rod Steiger. They had never met, so I introduced them. I introduced Mario Puzo to Lino Ventura, the Italian actor; they're crazy about each other's work. People who are in town for the day know that if they come here, I'll take care of them.

Not everybody who comes in here is a celebrity. We get people from all walks of life. We try to seat everybody. A cardiac specialist saved a guy's life here. He arranged for a triple bypass. I'd say he's a celebrity.



Part of my job is to be up on things: what plays are showing, who's in town. If a couple breaks up and one happens to make a reservation the same night as the other, I have to make sure to say where so-and-so is sitting. Some will cancel or ask to be seated where they won't see each other. Others will ask to sit at the next table. Sometimes a customer is grateful for a table. We have a line on the check for gratuities for the waiters and captains. But I'm a maître d'. It is bad manners to hand a maître d' money in the open. Occasionally, money will end up in my pocket that has been discreetly handed to me. I never look. At the end of the night, I'm always surprised by how much money I end up with. By the way, it happens-and it's very embarrassing when it does-that someone

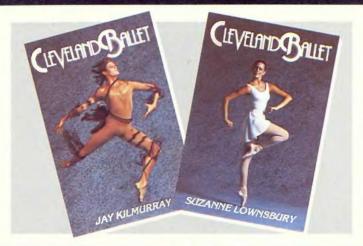


THE FINE ART OF SEATING

famous comes in and I don't recognize him; that the customer says to me, "Do you know who I am? Where in the world are you taking me?"

MAKING-ART-MORE-SIMPLE AWARD

You can't tell the players without a score card. In the performing arts, even the glossy program, with its notes and pictures, isn't enough. The folks at the Cleveland Ballet decided to put their entire 37-person roster on baseball cards, complete with full-color photos on the front and vital statistics—home



town, training and where the dancer spent his or her rookie years-on the back. The idea behind the cards is to bring dance to patrons who may be more familiar with a stadium than with a theater. "The cards offer our audiences a better chance to get to know the players," said Cleveland Ballet president Andrew Bales. The cards sell for \$5.50 a pack or 15 cents apiece. You are invited to call the Cleveland Ballet at 216-621-2260 to get your set.

BACK TALK



HANK WILLIAMS, JR., PUTS EVERYTHING IN PERSPECTIVE

WHAT'S YOUR EXPERT ADVICE FOR KIDS ABOUT SEX AND DRUGS?

Get a lot of sex, but don't get no drugs! But it's going to go in one ear and right out the other. They're going to learn on their own. They're going to get into sex, so there's no use kidding yourself. I'd worry a lot more about the drugs than I would about the sex. I don't think sex can kill them.

WHAT WILL YOU SAY TO YOUR DAUGHTER'S FIRST DATE?

"Hope you don't act like I did." But boys will be boys. That's something all daddies dread, I guess. There are worse things than getting laid in the back of a car.

YOU'RE STRANDED ON A DESERT ISLAND. WHAT THREE THINGS DO YOU WANT WITH YOU?

Some linguine and white clam sauce. A .44 Magnum. And a woman with staying power.

GIZMO

Just when we thought we knew where to get a sturdy letter drop, we came across an ad for a Nuclear Mail Box. It's probably the last one you'll ever have to buy. Galvanized steel plate, rustproof, saltproof, 20 pounds heavier than the usual onesand if a 20-megaton warhead drops in unexpectedly, it's guaranteed to "Survive a nuclear explosion or we'll refund double its cost." JS&A Group, Inc., of Northbrook, Illinois, swears it'll double your \$99 backprovided, of course, you can locate its customerservice department.



HELP FILE



SWEET REVENGE

Revenge is one of our basest emotions and, as such, should be reserved for only those occasions when it can be exercised with grace, precision and economy. We've collected some examples:

• The husband had spent 20 years painstakingly assembling one of the finest wine cellars in the Midwest. After six nasty months of divorce proceedings, the wife ended up owning the house and everything in it. But the first time she went downstairs to fetch a bottle of '59 Lafite-Rothschild, she discovered

that the labels had been soaked off every bottle, the lead foil peeled from every cork and all the bottles mixed up so that no two identical ones were in the same rack.

• A successful advertising copywriter was having an affair with a journalism grad student, who soon moved in with him. Shortly afterward, he found out from a friend in another agency that she'd been applying for copywriting jobs, using a video cassette of his commercials as samples of her own work. Her next job interview made quite an impression. Someone had erased the commercials on

her cassette and replaced them with a homemade tape of the writer and the student getting down to business.

• A California husband who had found a new sweetie instructed his wife to sell all their community property and said they'd split the total. He even agreed to let her sell the true love of his life—his wintage Porsche. He'd rather have it end up with a stranger than with his soon-to-be ex.

Later, she gave him a check for his share and an itemized receipt. She'd gotten a good price for everything—except the Porsche, which she'd sold to a migrant worker for \$75.

BOOKS

David Ritz began work on Divided Soul: The Life of Marvin Gaye (McGraw-Hill) several years before the sweet-voiced Motown star was shot by his father in April 1984. He was therefore able to lace together Gaye's own points of view, as collected in a series of interviews, with the remembrances of most of those who knew him well (a glaring exception: Motown founder Berry Gordy). Ritz tends toward psychoanalysis, but that may be the best way to create order out of Gaye's chaotic life. He was a deeply troubled man, battered as a child by his father, subject to extreme stage fright and ambivalent toward women. Much to Ritz's credit, Gave emerges here as a believable character and a profound artist who deserved the deep feelings most of us retain for him. This is a compelling book, as fine as Brother Ray, Ritz's study of Ray Charles.

In his novel The Floating Island: A Tale of Washington (Houghton Mifflin), former Washington Post Magazine writer Garrett Epps shows us what we've always suspected: that our tax dollars go to support the most screwed-up, most riotous, most self-serving, most incestuous, most useless, most unintentionally comic bureaucracy the free world has ever known. Take Clark Guppy, the pollster who argues in statistical double talk, or Gerald Nash, who used to lobby for the horse-meat industry (excuse us, The Equine Defense Fund), or Three Fingers Zardovsky, who used to play baseball but now plays grantsmanship in the endless halls of Government, or Diana Cazadora, a TV newswoman with great legs and an instinct for the story. When you read Epps, you suddenly understand that Washington is a city inhabited entirely by comedians. No wonder our taxes are so high. Comedy costs!

There's a trend in business books toward taking the mystery out of rising to the top. We used to be told how to unlock the secrets to success; but now we're told that the ingredients are nearby, perhaps buried deep in the psyche. Allan Cox, a successful head-hunter, has put together in The Making of the Achiever (Dodd, Mead) a variety of short takes-quizzes, homilies, indexes and assignments-designed to convince you that the good boss is first and foremost a good guy. He listens, touches, smiles, shows vulnerability, cares about others and, in short, doesn't hide the fact that he puts his pants on one leg at a time-just like the rest of us. It's heartening to know that business authorities are finally recognizing that nice guys not only can but should and do finish first.

Richard Schickel—the only movie critic in America, it seems, who doesn't have his



Ritz's compelling look at a Divided Soul.

A capital comedy, celebrity clichés and a tribute to a Motown legend.



Strangers not so intimate.

own regular TV slot-has gotten his revenge: Intimate Strangers: The Culture of Celebrity (Doubleday). His goal: "to write a book about the power of celebrity and how it works on those who have it, on those who want it and on a society like ours, which places a large and thoughtless value on it." One gets the impression that Schickel is a great thinker who will set us right. Instead, one discovers that he reads People magazine with a bookmark. Intimate Strangers has its amusing moments ("In the apocryphal story, the first Hollywood type proclaims the news, 'Elvis Presley is dead' and the second responds, 'Good career move' "). But overall, the book is drivel of the lowest order and not as much fun as *People*, anyway.

BOOK BAG

Mailer: His Life and Times (Simon & Schuster), by Peter Manso: Frequent PLAYBOV contributor Manso has stitched together Norman Mailer's life from personal testimony by everyone: relatives, Army buddies, wives, editors, publishers, friends and even some enemies. The results are absolutely fascinating and set Mailer where he belongs—in the first rank both of writers and of unique personalities. Get it.

Best of "The Realist" (Running Press), edited by Paul Krassner: This is a trip down memory lane, filled with chuckles and nostalgia for a time when people actually got excited about social and political issues. Some of this stuff can still annoy you, too.

Once a Champion (Dodd, Mead), by Stan Hart: With too much tedious detail and a few sublime sentences, Hart recounts his efforts to play tennis with all the greats of yesteryear, from Gussie Moran to Pancho Gonzales. His matches with Frank Parker and Bobby Riggs and a royal chewing out by Alice Marble are highlights, but Once a Champion is mainly for those who spend a lot of time covering their base lines.

To Bear Any Burden (Dutton), by Al Santoli: The author of Everything We Had conducts a series of interviews with both Americans and Southeast Asians about their experiences in Vietnam. The range of people here is exceptional, and their frank talk is revealing (Edward Lansdale skewers General Westmoreland's starchy ways; a South Vietnamese officer talks about his conflicts with American advisors; a Viet Cong agent praises psychological warfare). In all, 48 men and women bare their burdens.

Cousins to the Kudzu (Louisiana State University), by William Doxey: This strong first novel chronicles a young doctor's passage through the cultural heat and humidity of the South during the Thirties. A blend of accurate smells and quick, perceptive diagnoses, this book is good medicine.

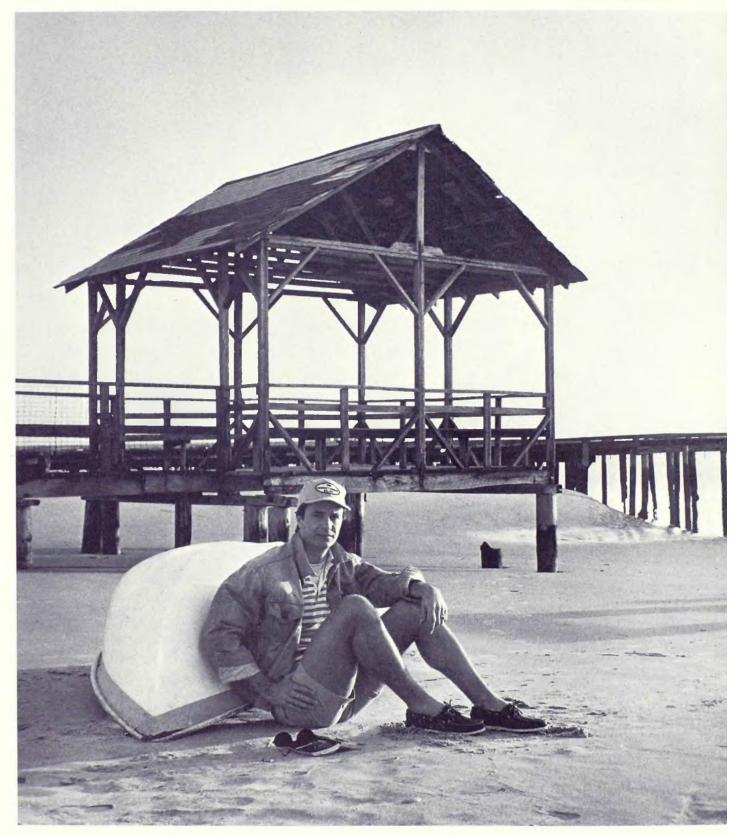
Evidence of Love (Bantam), by John Bloom and Jim Atkinson: That the story of a bizarre Texas-style ax murder can be so effectively launched with the inspired telling of a children's religious parable is a tribute to Dallas writers/reporters Bloom and Atkinson, who proceed from that lofty note to explore the private hells of two suburban middle-class housewives on a collision course with violence. Evidence of Love attracted regional attention when first published by Texas Monthly Press in 1983 and now, deservedly, will reach a national paperback audience.



"I could go for something Gordon's"

The possibilities are endless

THIS IS IS GOING



FOR EVERYONE WHOSE IDEA OF A PERFECT SUMMER HREE 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

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.

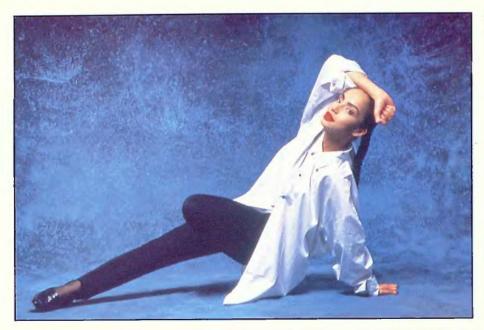
And how the genuine handsewn moccasin construction makes them comfortable instantly.

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.



MUSIC



Above: Sade Adu, vocalist of the British jazz group Sade (pronounced shar-day). Her lips are luscious and shapely and her eyes are distinctive, too, but most seductive is her smoky, crooning voice. "You could say that I'm a soul singer in approach," she told us. But not in the style of Aretha or Tina or Chaka. She's a ballad singer. For the record, she'd like to duet with Bill Withers.

TULL LATE FOR JETHRO? Jethro Tull's leader, Ian Anderson, reflects on the band's inability to draw big audiences in the United States: "We used to play to 90,000-odd people in L.A. Now we'd be hard pressed to play to 20,000. People want dance-type feels and tempos—something to lose weight to." Anderson insists that while 36 is not his age, "It is my waist size." —STEPH PAYNES

CURRENT DANCE: At the end of one interview of many in a long day, British singer/songwriter Robert Palmer bull'seyed the *raison d'être* of his current project in an uncharacteristically earthy turn of phrase: "Why does a dog lick its balls? Because it *can*. If they can play like that, then they *must*."

The dogs to which Palmer referred are the four musicians of the group Power Station, who recorded the album of the same name for Capitol. It consists of eight tracks of the best dance rock extant, even in the midst of the current dance-rock craze. The stuff on The Power Station is dangerous enough to boil your mojo, coming as it does from a line-up that can only be regarded as an odd soup: Palmer, a funkster of high reputation and low sales; Tony Thompson, drummer from Chic and perennial guest drummer for everybody cool; Bernard Edwards, Chic bassist and producer; and two members of (gasp! squeal!) Duran Duran, bassist John Taylor and guitarist Andy Taylor.

The project originated with John Taylor, who thought up the name Duran Duran in 1977 and hoped that D² would be a miracle hybrid of Chic, the Clash and the Sex Pistols. When the band actually formed and became something else altogether, Taylor filed the idea under MAYBE SOMEDAY—"I still believed it could work." After Nick Rhodes of Duran introduced his friend Palmer to Taylor, the two talked about Taylor's notions every six months or so. Meanwhile, unbeknown to Palmer, Taylor was doing some serious plotting. He had recruited Thompson, who brought along Taylor's idol, Edwards. Then Andy Taylor volunteered.

First, it was just going to be a reworking of the T. Rex chestnut Bang a Gong. Then it was just going to be an EP of other people's hits, with a rotating roster of singers. But as Palmer got pulled in and the tapes of song fragments began to travel via international mail, something started to happen. "Alchemy," Palmer calls it. Pretty soon, there were two covers and six originals co-written by everybody. Wary managers and accountants, nervous about big bills for studio time, finally heard the music—and swooned.

Will the three disparate audiences of Chic, Palmer and Duran do likewise? Palmer and Taylor have visions of more respectability for Duran, more sales for Palmer and more suburban kids rooting for Chic. But they claim they've already experienced their greatest thrill, just in Power Station's making. After all, most dogs don't care about who's watching when they hit the magic spot.

BORN-AGAIN SPEEDWAGON: If you want some marker of how musical tastes have changed in the Eighties, look at **REO Speedwagon.** In 1981, the band sold zillions of copies of *Hi Infidelity*. The similar

but less-inspired follow-up Good Trouble sold far less. Understandably, lead singer/ head writer Kevin Cronin wound up waging daily staring matches between himself and a blank sheet of paper when he tried to create material for a new album. The paper won every time, he says. Somehow, he came up with the songs on the band's 14th LP, Wheels Are Turning (Epic), another typical REO homage to its Midwestern roots-no synthesizers, no New Wave, no purple anything. Doesn't sound much like Hitsville in this brave new world of synthetic riffs, toggles and wah-wahs, but Wheels hopped onto the charts early and stayed there. Maybe the world is still happy with two-lane black-top rock. Cronin doesn't sound worried.

"If it goes up the charts too quick, it's like sex being too fast," he laughs. "Let it be slow, and it's more fun. We're playing 10,000-seaters and selling out about half the time. At first, we'd get upset on the nights when only 6000 people showed—we'd worry about the 4000 who didn't. But we're playing so well now, we forget about the 4000. They're missing out."—LAURA FISSINGER

REVIEWS

Now and then, in this age of electronic keyboards, it's nice to be reminded just how evocative the right pair of hands can be on a good old grand piano. It's the touch that catches you in the acoustic performances on Wall Matthews (Clean Cuts), and Matthews uses his to tease a full orchestral sound out of the keys in this debut solo album. He performs 11 of his own compositions, plus Lennon and McCartney's Across the Universe, and all of them are wonderfully lyrical and moody. They defy categorization, so the best way to describe these songs, and Matthews' way with them, is to say that we've listened to this album at least a dozen times and haven't begun to tire of it.

If you've wondered how the Commodores have been making out without exmember Lionel Richie, don't worry: They're doing fine. Their latest album, Nightshift (Motown), is proof that there is life after Lionel. Band members Walter

TRUST US

HOT

Joan Armatrading / Secret Secrets Restless Heart The Smiths / Meat Is Murder Art Ensemble of Chicago / The Third Decade Reggae Greats: Sly and Robbie

NOI

Loudness / Thunder in the East

"Clyde" Orange, Ronald LaPread, William "Wak" King and Milan Williams have added a new lead singer, J. D. Nicholas, to the group; he doesn't sound like Richie but still sounds pretty damn good. On Nightshift, the Commodores team up with Peter (Lights Out) Wolf, who arranged and coproduced five of the album's nine songs, including the title tune, a soulful salute to fallen R&B giants Marvin Gaye and Jackie Wilson. If the mark of a good album is that you can listen to it several times and still find something new, Nightshift is a very good album, and we pick the title track as one of the best soul songs of 1985. Check it out.

George Thorogood and the Destroyers' Moverick (EMI America) is proof if not of reincarnation then of ongoing carnation or something like it. While others wander deserts seeking the source, Thorogood is swimming in it—the same bubbling spring that poured forth the original rock 'n' roll, when he was still in diapers. Even if George's voice is sometimes as unvarying as a Kansas interstate, the music overcomes it easily. This is some of the most convincing rock we've heard in a while.

Normally, we bow to none in our fondness for rock 'n' roll from Cleveland and environs. Boredom and repression combine again and again in those parts to produce great stuff. Unfortunately, that's not the case with Donnie Iris' No Muss... No Fuss (HME). There's no inspiration, either. Some of it sounds like trial theme songs for "hip" late-night TV talk shows, some as if it had been retrieved from a Dumpster outside REO Speedwagon's recording studio. Albums such as this could give Cleveland a bad name.

Ever since folks discovered that George Benson could sing, he's been singing his muscular little heart out and getting filthy rich. Unfortunately, he doesn't play much jazz guitar anymore. If you like the old George better than the new one, you'll love the cut Stand Up on 20/20 (Warner). Benson plays and scat sings the hell out of the Neil Larsen tune. On the other hand, if you're a fan of George Benson, R&B singer, you won't be disappointed. New Day and the title track are sure shots for the soul charts.

SHORT CUTS

Songs of New York: East Side, West Side—All Around the Town (Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania): A three-record boxed set of wonderful songs about the Big Apple, from Lullaby of Broadway to Autumn in New York. What a great idea.

Teena Morie / Starchild (Epic): If L.A.'s Teena is bringing us the word from some distant high-gloss galaxy, the message is "Dance, Earthlings, dance!"

FAST TRACKS



YOU SHOW ME YOUR CLOSET, I'LL SHOW YOU MINE DEPARTMENT: L. M. Kit Carson, who worked on Paris, Texas, is writing a script for Malcolm McLaren called Fashiori Beast, an adaptation of Beauty and the Beast. What's this got to do with rock 'n' roll? you ask. Let Carson describe it: It's the story of what would happen "if Christian Dior went into his closet and found Cyndi Lauper inside, messing around." The rest of us should only be so lucky.

ET'S HEAR IT FOR THE BOY: Little Richard, whose life story will soon be on film, says that if he could choose the person to play him, he'd pick Michael Jockson. Richard says, "He's a real guy; he's a man who loves God and loves his mother. The only difference between me and Michael is that I was gay and he's not." Ah, but could Michael sing Tutti Frutti?

REELING AND ROCKING: Other movies about rockers in the works: The Jackie Wilson Story, Electric God, about Jimi Hendrix, and a TV movie, The Janis Joplin Story, based on Myra Friedman's book Buried Alive. The last is from Dick Clark Productions, which will also be doing other music-theme films, including Rollin' Stoned, about roadies, and The Bandstand Movie, about Clark's long-running TV show. . . . Bette Midler is co-starring with Nick Nolte and Richord Dreyfuss in a new Poul Mozursky film, Jerry Saved from Drowning. . . . Island Alive, the company that co-released Talking Heads' Stop Making Sense, will produce another movie about the street-music scene, known as go-go music, in Washington, D.C. . . . Laura Bronigon has a movie coming out any minute. It's Mugsy's Girls, about a sorority house. In the fall, Laura will be shooting a film in Australia with either Mel Gibson or Bryan Brown. Rough life, right?

NEWSBREAKS: Summer touring news: You can look for the following in a city near you—Ted Nugent, The Rolling Stones, The Everly Brothers and The Doobie Brothers' reunion. . . Did you know that Sting once auditioned as a bassist in Billy Oceon's band? He got the job, then turned it down to form a three-piece group and try to make it on his own. Says Ocean, "We met . . . for the

first time since he tried out for my band and we had a few chuckles about what's happened to the two of us since." . . . Look for a new Loverboy album and a Fleetwood Moc release. If Mick Fleetwood has his way, the Mac album is going to be in the more traditional Mirage vein. . . . Tribute bands are big business all over the world. They're groups who make a living playing nothing but Beatles or Rolling Stones or Hendrix songs. Our favorites come out of Australia and are known as The Joeys. They play nothing but Romones material. . . Dr. Demento (known as Barry Hansen to his mom) has been signed by Rhino Records to do a five-volume series, Dr. Demento Presents the Greatest Novelty Records of All Time. He will compile and annotate the special collection. . . . The Sex Pistols' version of Land of Hope and Glory, which was recorded in 1976, before Sid Vicious arrived on the scene, has been released in England, but for contractual reasons the band's name has been changed to The Ex-Pistols. . . . A book commissioned more than three years ago by Pete Townshend for his publishing company has finally seen the light. Monkeemania-The True Story of the Monkees, prepared with the cooperation of all four of the Monkees, was written by Glenn A. Baker. . . . Ex-Stray Cats Slim Jim Phontom and Lee Rocker are forming a new act called Phontom and Rocker. Says Rocker, "We've had it with being a concept. We just want to be musicians now." . . . Finally, when Rott toured in Japan, performances sold out two months in advance. The Japanese remain inscrutable but, according to vocalist Stephen Pearcy, Ratt went to Japan because "I needed a few kimonos." -BARBARA NELLIS

VANTAGE PERFORMANCE

Performance so good you can taste it



MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

EIGHT YEARS have passed since Pumping Iron redefined bodybuilding as a sport and moved Arnold Schwarzenegger a giant step up the ladder toward movie stardom. Now producer-director George Butler is back with Pumping Iron II: The Women (Cinecom), another razzledazzle documentary about the Caesars World Cup Championship, a competition staged especially for filming in Las Vegas in 1983. Moviewise, this quasi sequel looks a mite more rigged than the original, but there's plenty of maidenly musculature and emotional tension on display during the practice sessions, plus the pep talks and parading that take place prior to the spectacular onstage showdown. Pumping Iron II poses a question that gains considerable momentum from reel to reel: Will the judges favor the traditional standards of female bodybuilding, represented by sultry Rachel McLish and Lori Bowen and Carla Dunlap, or will they give the nod to Australian superathlete Bev Francis, whose deltoids many a male might envy? I'll confess that the sight of taut loins and straining ligaments where we're used to curvaceous softness is disconcerting at first. But all the strong-arm stuff has a sneaky kind of sex appeal after a while, and these may well be the women of the future. Get set, guys-but don't panic, for Pumping Iron II provides lively entertainment without kicking sand in your face. YYY

Czech-born director Ivan Passer has a knack for coaxing flamboyantly freespirited performances from actors. Of course, pizzazz is second nature to Peter O'Toole, who tops the bill in Creator (Universal), a thoroughly absurd-and possibly schizoid-comedy adapted by Jeremy Leven from his own off-the-wall novel. O'Toole plays a rather mad scientist whose scholarly research is mostly devoted to cloning a replica of his beloved longdeceased wife, who occasionally materializes, or seems to. Mariel Hemingway plays a self-proclaimed nymphomaniac for whom multiple orgasm is a cinch. She donates the ovum for the doctor's experiment. Vincent Spano, O'Toole's gradstudent lab assistant, is the roommate of a coed (Virginia Madsen) who suffers a seizure and is pronounced brain dead (but yes, Virginia, this is a comedy). There's also lots of conflict with an archrival in academia (played to the hilt by David Ogden Stiers) who rifles through O'Toole's household trash in search of incriminating evidence. All these characters exude peculiar charm, even when the screenplay gets so overstuffed with incident that I began to suspect that half as much movie might have been twice as



Francis (left), McLish and rivals show what they're made of in Pumping Iron II: The Women.

Pumping II proves pecs can be pretty; O'Toole wonderfully wacky in Creator.

good. When Creator is not out of control or lapsing into preciousness, you're apt to catch yourself enjoying it more than you think you should—an experience akin to cheering a jolly team that constantly fumbles.

Authentic period atmosphere-the time is 1937 in a Nova Scotia mining townseems to be the distinguishing feature of The Bay Boy (Orion), yet another comingof-age saga about a lad preoccupied with sex. What else is new? Well, writerdirector Daniel Petrie has his titular hero up against far worse difficulties than getting a girl onto a bed. Before that happy occasion, he has to care for a sickly, retarded brother, resist the advances of a troubled young priest and witness a brutal murder. Even so, Bay Boy moves rather slowly-but holds interest, because the central role is played with earnest warmth and intelligence by 17-year-old Kiefer Sutherland (son of Donald and a dead ringer for his dad). Liv Ullmann is his weatherworn, devoutly Catholic mother-the kind of good, simple soul she has played to perfection so often. I'd give a lot to see Ullmann act wild and wicked, wearing sables. **

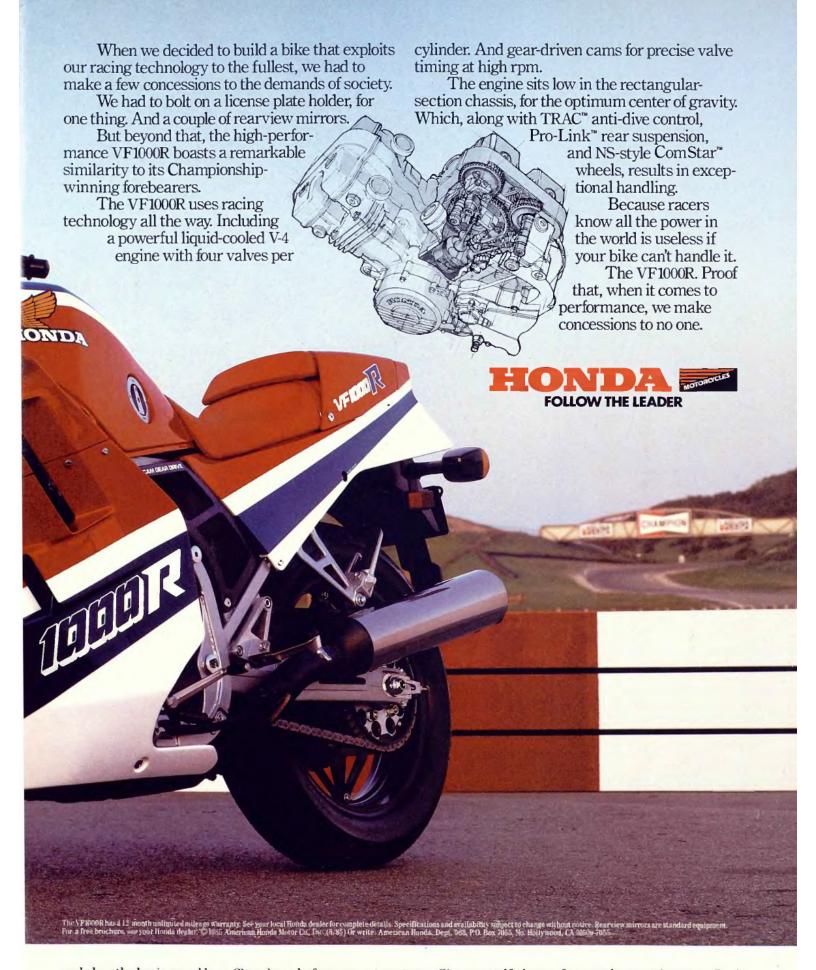
Made in Japan, MocArthur's Children (Orion Classics) is about as loosely constructed as one of those bright paper parasols that fall apart before you get them home from the Oriental-souvenir shop. The subtitled movie, directed by Masahiro Shinoda from a novel well known among his countrymen, holds up somewhat better, though it's a messy, sprawling epic very roughly equivalent to that 1946 American classic The Best Years of Our Lives. Children deals with the period of U.S. Occupation, filtered through the sensibility of a few grade school youngsters learning hard lessons about baseball, sex, pop music, war crimes and ancient traditions undergoing violent change. At worst, this is precisely the kind of home-front hearth warmer Hollywood churned out 40 years ago, right up to a cornball climax that takes a maimed veteran to a flowery hilltop overlooking his native island village. Flagrantly sentimental but seldom foolish, MacArthur's Children is humane, touching, funny and a fascinating slice of sociology about post-Hiroshima psychological fallout. ¥¥1/2

The offbeat appeal of Heartbreakers (Orion) is apt to befuddle moviegoers who have trouble connecting with its casual California views of life, art, love and relationships. Above all, writer-director Bobby Roth has designed Heartbreakers as a "buddy" movie about two male friends in L.A., one (Peter Coyote) an erotic artist on the verge of major success, the other (Nick Mancuso) a moody womanizer who inherits his father's clothing business and wishes his life were more meaningful. They muck around a lot, each wanting what the other's got, trading insults and women until, by the end, they seem destined either to grow up or to wind up as a twosome. Make of that what you will, because Roth doesn't explain a hell of a lot. He does mount some arresting encounters, though, with two first-rate





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actors vis-à-vis Kathryn Harrold, Jamie Rose, Carole Laure and the late Carol Wayne as the women they habitually mishandle. Sadly, Wayne's performance as a busty, easily had artist's model (the movie makes use of photos borrowed from PLAYBOY, which featured Carol in a February 1984 pictorial) is her best ever, a memorable swan song. Roth's look at the L.A. scene is idiosyncratic, but amusingly kinky if you're willing to hang in with him on his own terms. ***

The eye-popping visual splendor of Ladyhawke (Warner) suggests that cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, tops in his trade, understood better than anyone else concerned how to capture the tone and texture of a medieval romantic fantasy. Rutger Hauer is stalwart and Michelle Pfeiffer is smashingly photogenic as the star-crossed lovers put under a spell by a vengeful bishop (John Wood). Hauer's curse is to be transformed into a black wolf every night, Pfeiffer's to be a hawk all day, and ne'er the twain shall meet in human form. Their go-between is a teenaged thief, played by Matthew Broderick as if he'd gone riding back into history on a tenspeed bike. Director Richard Donner and the three authors of Ladyhawke's screenplay seem unable to get a handle on either the period or the spine of their story. But what pretty pictures. **

Even two such take-charge actors as Maggie Smith and Christopher Plummer can do little to conceal the signs of rot in an old chestnut like Lily in Love (New Line). She's a famous playwright, he her celebrated actor husband who adopts a disguise as a much younger, blond Italian matinee idol in order to land a top role in milady's new screenplay. The actor, at last on location in Budapest, tries to seduce his wife incognito and becomes wildly jealous of himself when she begins to seem responsive. Plummer looks more mummified than glamorized when he dons his new wig, nose and chin-and if you believe a single moment of this sadly dated nonsense, send in those box tops for your Magic Decoder Rings real soon. ¥

Movie newcomer Nicollette Sheridan has the minor but significant title role in Rob Reiner's The Sure Thing (Embassy), playing a California golden girl who's guaranteed to put out. Getting to his dream date is more than half the fun for an Eastern college freshman (John Cusack) on a cross-country trek with a cool classmate (Daphne Zuniga) who's bound for the Coast to see an old beau over the Christmas holidays. Guess what happens. They scrap, they separate, they wind up sharing motel rooms. Sure Thing at its sharpest is a kind of young-in-heart rehash of It Happened One Night, familiar fun with a winning pair of protagonists, though scarcely equal to Capra's landmark screwball comedy. Matter of fact,

not even equal to This Is Spinal Tap, Reiner's 1984 satire of the music world. For an encore, he's stuck with a screenplay of limited wattage. But whenever the power surges, Reiner and company make Sure Thing crackle. ¥¥1/2

Neil Simon's The Slugger's Wife (Columbia) concerns a home-run hitter who cannot score unless the woman he loves is right there rooting for him. But she's a rock singer with career drives of her own, so thereby hangs a tale of boy loses girl, boy loses games. Which remains interesting for about 20 minutes, but Slugger's Wife has many more innings to go. Michael O'Keefe, who plays the hero, is a generally fine young actor, but he is also the proud possessor of an ingratiating grin, and director Hal Ashby keeps him warming it up in the bull pen to cover every contingency. Ashby has known better days (Coming Home and Being There, for example). Rebecca De Mornay manages her soppy title role passably, but author Simon apparently started out to write a nice romantic comedy-O'Keefe wooing his gal with an imitation of Gene Kelly in Singin' in the Rain is a sprightly touch-then settled into the rut of predictable, moist domestic drama. Take a rain check. ¥

France's Philippe Noiret commands the screen, as always, as a shambling, casually corrupt plainclothes cop in My New Partner (Orion Classics). Handsome, blue-eved Thierry Lhermitte plays the idealistic young side-kick who has to learn how to make policework pay. He learns quickly in writer-director Claude Zidi's blithely amoral French comedy, which leaves nary a scruple intact and involves night-club doyenne Régine and Grace de Capitani as a couple of scheming ladies snuggled in the arms of the law. If he had to, Noiret could probably make first-degree murder seem amusing. ¥¥

Having dropped out of society with a nest egg of well over \$100,000, a successful L.A. couple take to the open road in their deluxe motor home, "just like Easy Rider." That's the appealingly cockeyed premise of Lost in America (Warner), the latest but not the least addition to the collected works of co-author, director and star Albert Brooks. He has Julie (Airplane!) Hagerty along as his zany wife on a crosscountry odyssey slowed down by bad luck in the general vicinity of Las Vegas. Lost also has roughly half a hundred brash Brooksian gags and off-the-wall observations that I'd walk a mile not to miss. ***

The erratic release pattern of Songwriter (Tri-Star), directed by Alan Rudolph from Bud Shrake's lively, loose-ended screenplay, suggests a now-you-see-it-now-youdon't box-office disaster predestined to be D.O.A. Too bad, because the movie deserves better. In fact, Songwriter may

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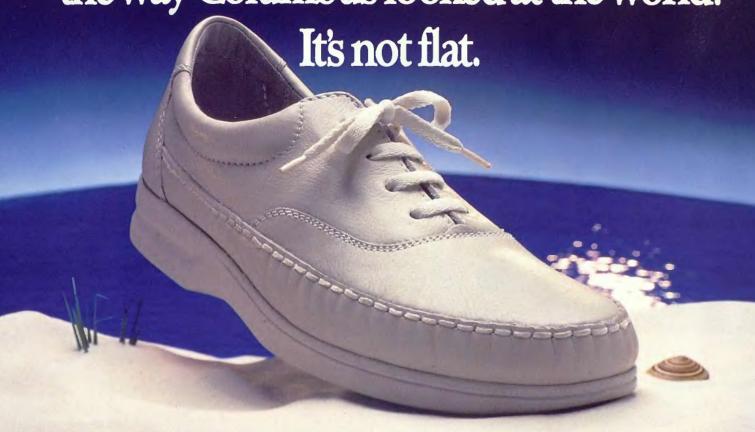
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sound slightly better than it looks, since the score consists largely of original numbers composed by co-stars Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson. They portray a musical duo whose onstage appearances are patched together by a sloppy but agreeable tale about two good ol' country boys on the go. In general, the going is easy, with several knockout backup performances by Melinda Dillon, Rip Torn and Lesley Ann Warren as charter members of the stars' entourage. I'd recommend Songwriter if only as a curious case of deliberate negligence, since much duller movies have often been touted to the skies. ¥¥

Some film folk aspiring to produce the ultimate romantic classic, "a kind of Grapes of Wrath about love," are blandly spoofed in Movers and Shakers (MGM/ UA). Charles Grodin, who wrote the screenplay, also portrays the writer hired to do the screenplay (are you with me?) for two obtuse moguls (Walter Matthau and Vincent Gardenia) who yearn "to make somethin' that's about somethin'." Director William Asher sometimes displays a curious lack of comic rhythm, but Movers does move, with an outrageous cameo by Steve Martin as an antiquated matinee idol and some broad clowning by Bill Macy as the crass director-to-be of the unfinished epic, to be titled Love in Sex. That movie never gets off the ground, but neither, alas, does this one. **

Rat, Tiny and Dewayne are three of the nine young people, aged 13 to 19, caught by the camera for a remarkable series of close encounters called Streetwise (Angelika Films). Among this year's Oscar nominees as best documentary feature, the movie had its genesis in a 1983 Life magazine article about runaway kids in Seattle, by staff writer Cheryl McCall and photographer Mary Ellen Mark. Director-photographer Martin (Mark's husband) brings it brimming to new life as a gritty, uninhibited group portrait of young castaways who spill out with stunning candor and spontaneity everything they know about drugs, prostitution, disease, pipe dreams, lesbianism and broken homes. Their main concern is survival, and there's so little self-pity in them that their plight becomes all the more affecting. Entertainment it's not, but Streetwise is trenchant and timelyeloquent without preachment, compassionate without a trace of condescension. ¥¥¥

Characters suffering from unseemly social diseases are unlikely to figure in a mainstream American comedy. They seem to get closer to the bone down under in Australia, where The Clinic (Satori) was directed by David Stevens, director of the Emmy-winning TV series A Town like Alice and co-author of the screenplay for



Gilda Radner, Martin yuk it up in Movers.

Here's variety for you: a movie spoof, real runaways and a comedy about V.D.

Breaker Morant. There's an odd mix of bawdy humor and human tragedy at work in a V.D.-treatment center where a young doctor (Chris Haywood) who's gay and glad of it introduces an uptight medical student (Simon Burke) to the groin-deep facts of life. Author Greg Millin worked in just such an institution for several years before he wrote The Clinic, and his experience has obviously paid off by lending warmth and believability to a movie that might otherwise be too coarse for comfort. Taboos are bent if not broken by blunt language, male frontal nudity and Stevens' nervy way of looking at human sexuality-gay, straight or what have you-with a wry, tolerant shrug. **

Three of Australia's 1984 Film Institute Awards-for best actor, best director and best screenplay-were picked up by writer-director Paul Cox's My First Wife (Spectrafilm). John Hargreaves delivers the prize-winning performance as a tortured young classical-music d.j. who turns suicidal when his wife of ten years (Wendy Hughes) confesses that she's been fooling around because she simply doesn't love him anymore. Wife is a beautifully played but inconclusive drama, marred by far too many chaotic optical effects meant to indicate the cuckolded husband's state of mind. The tricks simply confuse Cox's study of a marriage on the rocks. **

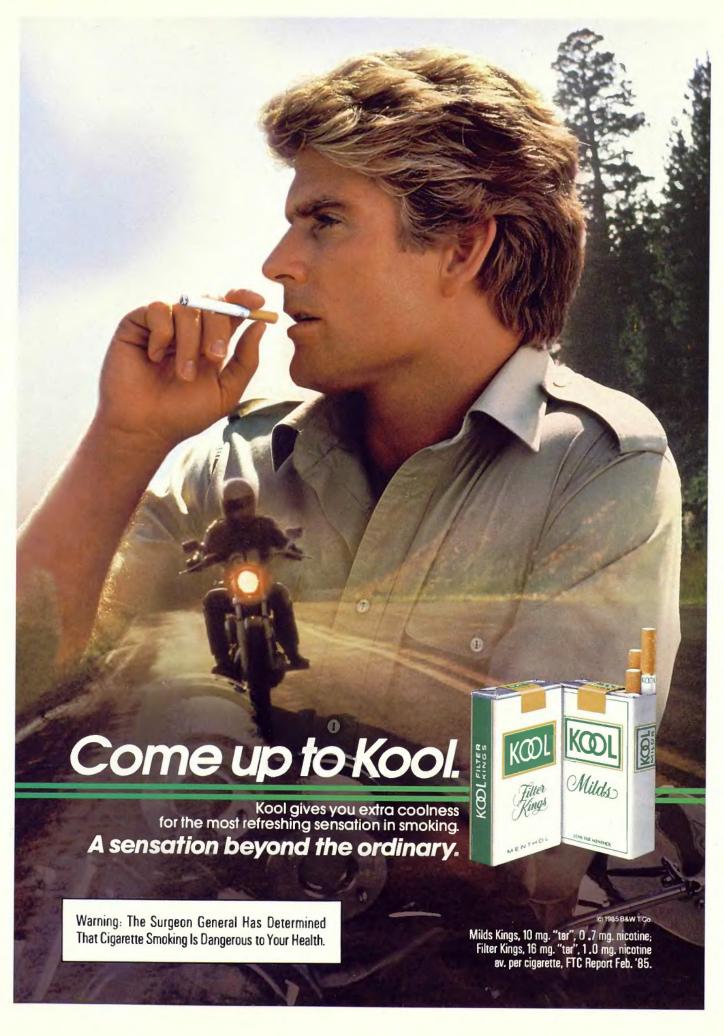
MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

Alamo Bay Shrimp wars between native fishermen and Asian immigrants. Amadeus Mozart's life set to Mozart's music, mostly magnificent. The Boy Boy (See review) Growing up in Nova Scotia, but rather slowly. Blood Simple A wickedly funny shocker, so far the best this year. ***1/2 The Clinic (See review) V.D. played largely for laughs down under. Creator (See review) O'Toole as mad scientist, making a test-tube wife. ** 1/2 Desperately Seeking Susan Arquette appealing, Madonna magnetic in an improbably romantic adventure. *** The Falcon & the Snowman Rover Boys as Soviet spies. True adventure. 8881/2 Heartbreakers (See review) What say, let's be buddies, L.A. style. Into the Night Sprightly caper with Jeff Goldblum, Michelle Pfeiffer. Ladyhawke (See review) Pfeiffer again, sharing a curse with Rutger Hauer. ** Lily in Love (See review) Filmflam. Lost in America (See review) A comic essay by Albert Brooks. XXX Lust in the Dust Divine pursues buried treasure through 1001 clichés. ¥¥1/2 MacArthur's Children (See review) After Hiroshima, Japan goes G.I. Mask Touching true story of a handicapped boy (Eric Stoltz) and his madcap motorcycle momma (Cher). ***/2 Movers and Shakers (Scc review) Grodin, Matthau and inside movie jokes. My First Wife (Scc review) Aussie avowal that breaking up is hard to do. My New Partner (See review) A corrupt French cop and his apprentice. A Passage to India David Lean's puzzling, splendiferous retelling of E. M. Forster's classic novel. 888 N A Private Function A flatulent pig, of all things, nearly upstages prime hams ¥¥¥1/2 Smith and Palin. Pumping Iron II: The Women (See review) Dames with deltoids and more. The Purple Rose of Coiro Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels in a comic valentine to old movies, signed Woody Allen. *** The Return of the Soldier Stunning performances by Alan Bates, Glenda, AAA Julie, Ann-Margret. The Slugger's Wife (See review) Neil Simon in a pretty bad slump. Songwriter (Sec review) Easy goin' with 88 Willie and Kris. Streetwise (See review) Poignant documentary on Seattle runaways. *** The Sure Thing (See review) Love on the ¥¥1/2 road, done to a turn. Witness Unholy excitement among the *** Amish, triggered by Ford.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Word has it that Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd will team up to save the world from nuclear destruction in a spoof called Spies Like Us, to be directed by John Landis. . . . Director Trevor (Cats) Nunn has been tagged by Paramount to helm Lady Jane, a period film based on the life of Lady Jane Grey, who reigned for nine days as queen of England in the mid-16th Century. Helena Bonham Carter, an 18-year-old English actress relatively unknown to American audiences, will play the title role. The rest of the cast will be composed largely of English actors, including Mothew Guinness, son of Sir Alec. . . . Glenn Close, Jeff Bridges and Peter Coyote have been set to star in Columbia's Jagged Edge, a courtroom suspense drama. Close will play a lawyer defending a newspaper publisher (Bridges) accused of murdering his wife. Richard (Return of the Jedi) Marquand will direct from a script by Joe (Flashdance) Eszterhas. . . . Sally Field will coproduce and star in Murphy's Romance, a love story about a single mother and her romance with a grav-haired drugstore owner. James Garner will play her paramour and Martin Ritt will direct. . . . Steven Spielberg will be co-executive producer of Paramount's Young Sherlock Holmes, a romance-mystery in which the vouthful English shamus begins his lifelong friendship with Dr. Watson, falls in love and solves a mystery involving the supernatural. Barry (Diner) Levinson will direct.

TEEN ANGEL: Orion's The Heavenly Kid is a "high-concept" film-just imagine Fonzie replacing Warren Beatty in Heaven Can Wait and you'll get the picture immediately. Lewis (Buckaroo Banzai) Smith plays Bobby Fontana, the titular kid, a Jomes Dean-like character who dies in a drag race in the early Sixties. When he tries to pass through the gates of heaven, a senior angel (Richard Mulligan) tells him he must first pay his dues by returning to earth (in the Eighties) to help a nebbishy high school kid get adjusted to society. The plot is further complicated by the fact that the nebbish is Bobby's ex-girlfriend's son. The Heavenly Kid is due for a July release.

DOCTOR, THERE'S A FLY IN MY I.V.: One phenomenon that came to light as a result of the invasion of Grenada was the recent boom in second-rate south-of-the-border medical schools. St. Elsewhere picked up on the idea briefly, Doonesbury has devoted a series of strips to the concept, and now Hollywood is about to offer its two cents' worth with Fox's Bad Medicine, a comedy about a wayward Latin-American institution, the Madera University of Medicine.

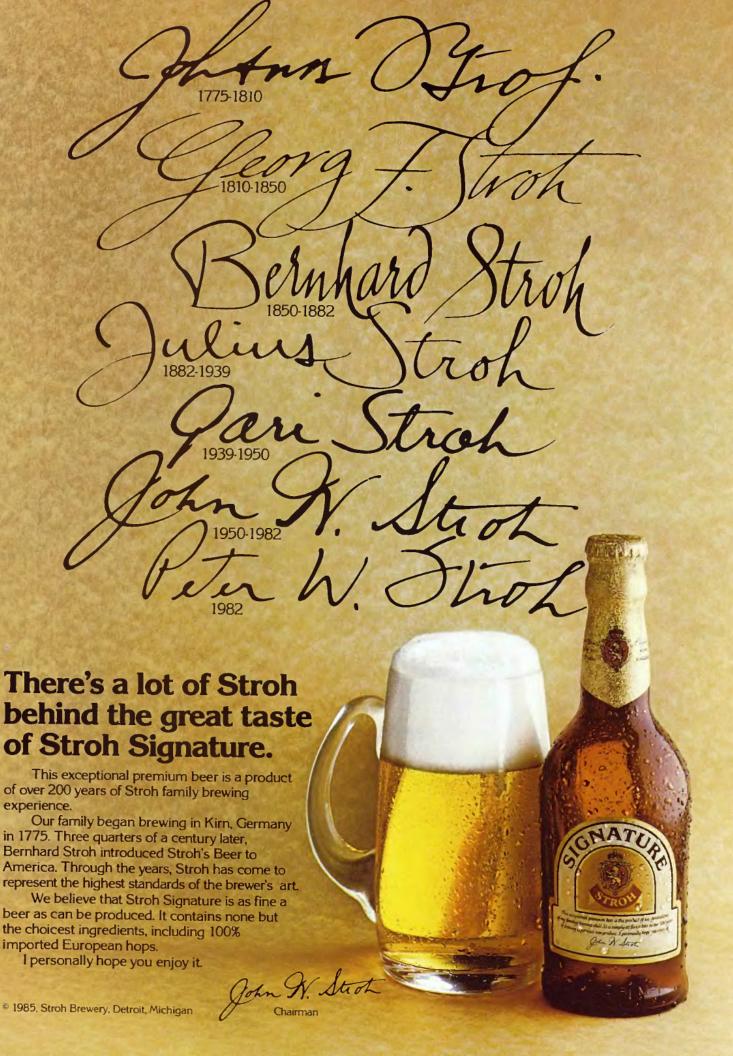


In the upcoming *The Bride*, **Jennifer Beals** plays the beautiful creation of Dr. Frankenstein, portrayed by Police's **Sting**. Although **Elsa Lanchester** and **Colin Clive** did something quite similar back in 1935, Columbia insists that this is not merely a *Bride* of *Frankenstein* remake.

Steve Guttenberg stars as Jeff Marx, a college kid whose entire family tree is populated by doctors. Unfortunately, his grade-point average isn't high enough to earn him acceptance by an American medical school, so he's off to Madera. There he meets the school's founder, Dr. Ramon Madera (Alon Arkin), a debonair Latin desperately seeking female companionship. He also falls in love with one of the coeds (Airplane!'s Julie Hagerty). Comical highjinks abound, most of them revolving around the oddball characters who populate the college. In other words, what we have here is Police Academy Goes to the Lab. Bill Macy, Taylor (Easy Money) Negron and Rhoda's Julie Kovner co-star.

TV FARE: CBS-TV has a crop of intriguing projects scheduled to air later in the season. Currently shooting in Los Angeles is Boom Boom Mancini, a biopic based on the life of the former World Boxing Association lightweight champ, with Doug McKeon as Boom Boom and Robert Blake as the boxer's father, Lenny. Executive producer Sylvester Stallone will choreograph the fight sequences. Next on the agenda is a fourhour miniseries of Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, a musical featuring 29 original songs by comedian/songwriter Steve Allen. At presstime, the role of Alice had not yet been filled, but the impressive supporting cast will include Red Buttons as the White Rabbit, Corol Channing as the White Queen, Ann Jillion as the Red Queen, Joyne Meadows as the Queen of Hearts, Anthony Newley as the Mad Hatter, Imogene Coco as the Cook, Robert Morley as the King of Hearts and Mortho Roye as the Duchess. Last but not least, Peter Strouss and Som (Reilly: Ace of Spies) Neill will top-line Kane & Abel, a six-hour miniseries based on Jeffrey Archer's best seller about a pair of powerful tycoons who set out to destroy each other. Strauss will play Abel, the impoverished Polish immigrant who becomes a hotel magnate. Neill will portray Kane, a Boston Brahmin influential in the banking business.

BUTTERFINGERS: Attention, football fans! This fall, Universal Pictures will try to pull you out of your armchairs and into your local Bijou to see The Best of Times, one of the first football films to hit the gridiron in years. Starring Robin Williams and Kurt Russell, the flick begins in 1972 with undefeated Taft High going into its annual game with archrival Bakersfield. With the contest scoreless in its final seconds, Taft quarterback Reno Hightower (Russell) passes long and high to receiver Jack Dundee (Williams) for a touchdown. It's a perfect throw and Dundee is wideopen. Every eye in the stands is focused on the receiver as the ball lands in his hands and then . . . slips out of them. Taft's big moment fades into disappointment. Thirteen years later, Dundee, now vicepresident of a local bank, is still haunted by his fumble. And the town won't let him forget it. Finally, to vindicate himself, he persuades all his former teammates to challenge Bakersfield to a rematch. Six points behind in the second half, Taft is on the offense. Reno hurls a 60-yard pass to Dundee. The ball sails gently toward Jack's outstretched arms. Will he catch it? Will Taft reclaim its sullied honor? Will football flicks make a comeback? Will Robin Williams run for President?







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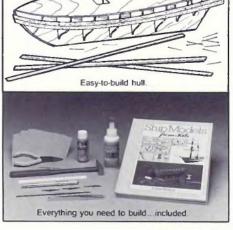
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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

onsidering that most sportswriters I know are drunks, speed freaks, adulterers, hopeless chain smokers or bad harmonizers (often all five if it's somebody I really want to hang out with), I find it amusing every spring when many of them turn lyrical as they sit down at their typing machines. Baseball does it. Along comes baseball season and guys who later in the summer will be writing their normal hardhitting, two-sentence paragraphs-"Fastballer Jesus Marquez likes to throw at white people. His father was a doorman"-suddenly begin to use words like ephemeral and catharsis. As it happens, ephemeral and catharsis were never a problem in the home where I grew up. My grandmother's mustard plaster usually cured them in no time at all.

But each spring, I look forward to ephemeral (the streak) and catharsis (the slump) creeping into the literature of the press box. I also know I'll be reminded that the diamond is an emerald chessboard, that scrappy infielders are playing the game with a perspiring earnestness, that a slugger's timing can hinge on the imperceptible fractions of an instant, that the ball itself is an imminent white speck, a handful of physics, a geometric force, and that the true charm of the so-called national pastime lies in the unwound tensions and eloquent silences that I'm supposed to behold as the sun shines down on the converging mathematics of an infield pop-up. And yet the lyrical writers insist that something is happening down there on the chessboard to call back the tranquil, rustic tempo of an earlier time in our lives. All this about a sport in which, as far as I can tell, the athletes mostly like to stand around, chew things, spit and scratch their nuts.

There are, I think, two basic causes for these lyrical outbursts by my sportswriting brethren. In order of influence, I blame (1) daddies, (2) book critics.

Chances are, unless he was an interior designer, Daddy was probably the first person to hand us a ball and a bat. He then took us out into the yard and hit fly balls to us in the early evening of a lazy summer. We all remember it as great fun, even when we backpedaled into thorn-covered bushes, even when we dashed into the street, eyes upward, and almost got run over and killed by a speeding Ford roadster, even when the exercise extended into suppertime, which invariably prompted our mother to do her famous



CATHARSIS ON AN EMERALD DIAMOND

impression of Joan Crawford on Benzedrine.

Some of us got over it and some didn't, and it occurs to me that those who didn't have forgotten something. Daddies taught us baseball first in those days because they were aware that we couldn't get our little hands around a football. These writers also disregard the fact that it was always Daddy who got to hit on those lazy summer evenings. How many daddies ever chased a fly ball into the street? None, that's how many—unless Daddy wanted to get a glimpse of Lisa Ann Tarlton, the divorcee, who might be watering the flower bed in her swimsuit and high heels.

My own daddy, by the way, rarely indulged in this activity—for two reasons. Either he could never quite get home from the golf course until dark or he would be on his way to California again, making another clean getaway from my mother's screaming mother.

Certain lyrical-bent sportswriters have argued that my daddy's selfish absence is the obvious reason that I've never preferred baseball to, say, root canals. They're wrong, of course. There were granddaddies, uncles and older cousins galore who hit fly balls to me and who regularly carted me off to a klieg-lighted stadium, where, in fact, I once saw the Fort Worth Cats, our class-AA team, defeat the New York Yankees in an exhibition game.

It may be true that I would have embraced baseball more fondly if the Fort Worth Cats had ever been able to outscore the Beaumont Exporters. As it was, I found baseball only mildly interesting—for a sport in which nobody side-stepped tacklers or threw bullet passes.

Which brings up the influence of the book critic on many sportswriters. A lot of sportswriters yearn to write novels but keep reading book critics who say you can't write a good, "literary" sports novel unless you write about baseball, which happens to be the only sport the book critics think they understand. They're sure they understand it because, like girls, piano teachers, cellists, even they played baseball, in some form, at some point in their lives. Book critics like baseball because they relish the game's pauses. It gives them a chance to think about Milan Kundera. And book critics further like baseball because they can see baseball players, as opposed to football players, whose faces are hidden by helmets and wire cages and whose bodies are bundled up in baroque padding. Moreover, I suspect that there are scads of book critics who haven't forgiven football for the T formation. For them, the T formation not only eliminated the "Hup it to me" of their youth, it obscured the hand-off forever and introduced an obscene, almost pornographic element to the game, which is that moment when the quarterback hunches over the center's ass to receive the snap.

Maybe there's no sight on the emerald chessboard as unliterary as the quarter-back's hunch, but there is something the more naïve book critics ought to understand about baseball: When the lyrical writer says a hitter is digging in, hoping to deflect the pitcher's tiny, onrushing dot, perhaps even to relaunch it in the opposite direction with an inexplicable response of eye and body, what the hitter's really saying to the pitcher is "Show me that slider again, you spick cocksucker, and it's comin' back at your cunt!"

But I have to confess that even I like baseball on those occasions when a hitter connects and sends a shot into an undense region of the outfield. This always gives me an opportunity to mutter some immortal words to myself: "Willie Mays's glove is where triples go to die."

Whoever said it—Fresco Thompson, Jim Murray; probably Jim Murray—that's baseball poetry at its best. And it don't even rhyme.

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MEN

By ASA BABER

wrote an article several years ago about the hazards of being male in divorce court (Who Gets Screwed in a Divorce? I Do!, PLAYBOY, December 1978).

"If you are an American male, and if you get married," I began, "the chances are approximately one out of two that you will eventually get divorced." I went on to outline the typical male's experience in divorce at that time: If he sued for custody of his children, 96 percent of the time he would lose; he could count on paying his ex-wife's court costs and at least some of her attorney's fees; he'd probably lose his home, as well as his kids, and if debts had to be settled, he'd get the larger share of them; both alimony and child support could cut into his earnings to the point where financial reversals were inevitable.

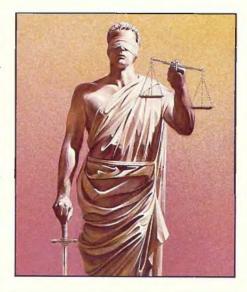
Life after divorce wasn't exactly a ball for men, either, I reported. Rarely would anything happen to a woman who refused to grant her ex-husband visitation rights with their children, but should he withhold alimony or child-support payments in retaliation, the chances were high that he would be prosecuted and possibly sent to jail.

Those tough facts established, I went on to describe the ways men could learn to cope with divorce: how to choose a lawyer, the value of men's-rights groups, what various experts recommended for male survival, a manual of dos and don'ts for men (don't move out of your home unless ordered to by the court; do close joint checking accounts and cancel credit cards, etc.).

One of my best sources at the time was Judge Charles J. Fleck, Jr. A man who heard hundreds of divorce cases a year, Judge Fleck gave me a great quote: "I guess I'd have to admit, when it comes right down to it, that the male may be equal under the dry rubric of the law, but he probably isn't always equal in the way the divorce law is administered. Men who complain about unfair treatment frequently have legitimate complaints."

Soon after Fleck made that statement, he was appointed presiding judge for the Domestic Relations Division of the Cook County Court system. He was 38 years old then and had a reputation as a fair and imaginative magistrate.

I had lunch with him recently to ask him if that quotation still held. Charley Fleck is an attorney in private practice in Chicago now, having left the bench to make a living.



DIVORCE: A JUDGE TALKS

He doesn't look like a former judge. He's thin, youthful, quick in thought—the kind of guy you'd expect to see in front of the bench arguing, perhaps, but not sitting behind it. Somehow, the image doesn't fit, particularly in Chicago. He's 45, has a two-year-old daughter and a good marriage. "My family life is the most important thing to me now," he says. And as for the fate of men in divorce court?

"No matter what the law says, change comes very slowly," Fleck says. "To my mind, the courts follow society, they don't lead it. Judges don't necessarily know they have social prejudices, but they do, and there is still a strong tendency by the courts to protect women in divorce actions. They assume the male is the stronger of the two sexes and that he will survive.

"I guess I'd say that the courts may not protect women to the extent that they used to, maybe. But the tendency is still there.

"One of the reasons change comes so slowly is that unless a judge is a strong and courageous individual, it's simply easier to follow the crowd. Judges are human beings, they're often afraid of criticism by lawyers or by the bar and, like all of us, they can be afraid of offending the norm.

"The prejudice and discrimination against men are subtle and hard to prove;

but they're there.

"One thing that is changing is that younger women today who are secure in their abilities in a corporate society won't ask for maintenance. They consider it an insult to do so."

I asked Fleck what advice he could offer the 30-year-old male who's considering marriage.

"I'd say this: You can't guarantee a good marriage, but there are some things you can do to protect yourself. One, make sure you're comfortable with your prospective wife's personality. Comfortable with every bit of it. Two, write up a prenuptial agreement. Make a complete disclosure of what you own and how you'll split it if the marriage falls apart. I'd even advise you to video-tape the procedure or have a court reporter there at the signing. When I was on the bench, the argument was always made that the partners didn't know what they were signing. Get the evidence that they do. And don't fudge when you list your assets, or the agreement can be thrown out later."

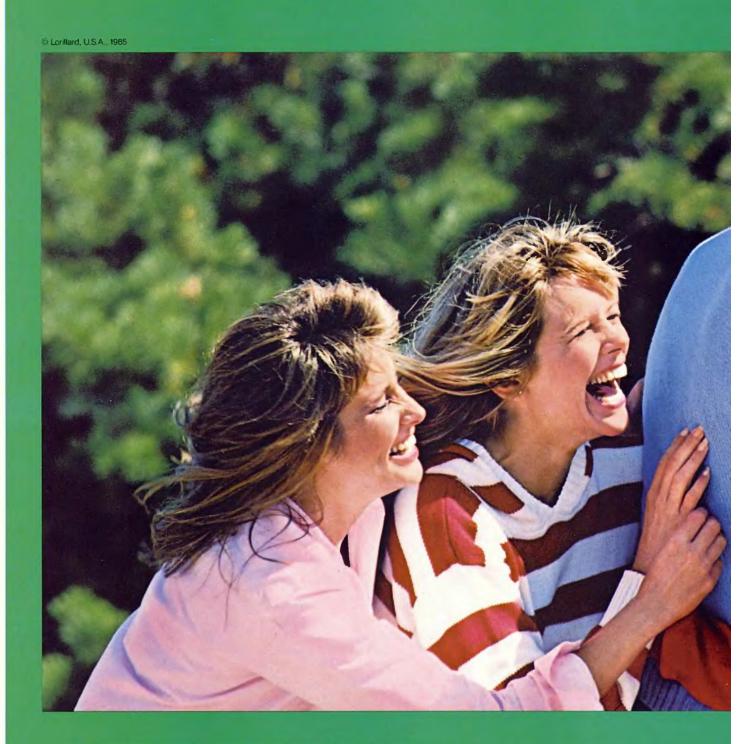
What about men's rights in general?

"Men aren't organized and don't have the voice that women do. Women have been active for the past 15 years, but there's no male equivalent in power and stature to NOW. The men trying to draw attention to these problems are voices in the wilderness. Men should organize, if that's possible.

"In child-custody cases, which were always the toughest cases for me, you see how slowly men's rights have moved. Women are getting it both ways today. They have new rights and opportunities in society, but they're not sharing those responsibly in divorce court. There's an invidious discrimination against men, a subtle presumption that the woman will get the children.

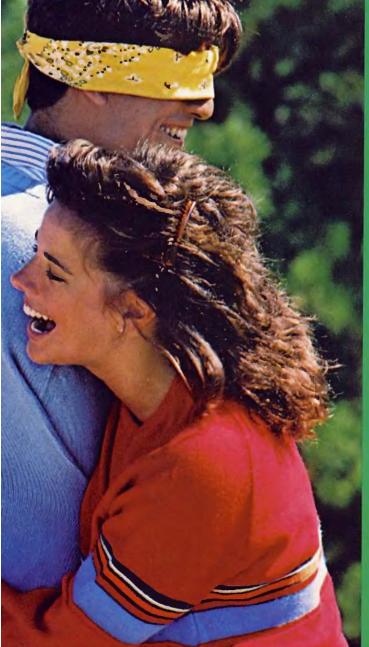
"But the best thing we could do would be to change the system. Put funds into establishing mediation as the way divorces are settled. License mediators, use experienced personnel to talk with both parties—and, face it, both husband and wife are often out of control in a divorce—take the time to really understand the issues and the people. Arbitration, mediation, that's the way to go. That would be a more just system. And men really need that."

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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

remember your dad," said one of the survivors of the U.S.S. Longshaw, introducing himself, pumping my arm. We were at a hotel outside Philadelphia along with 20 or so of his shipmates and their wives, who had gathered after almost 40 years for a first reunion since their destroyer had been blown from under them and sunk off the coast of Okinawa Jima in May 1945. These were the lucky boys. There had been a crew of about 275 aboard the Longshaw that day, and 86 of them were killed, including my father, a 28-year-old lieutenant from Scattle, the executive officer of the ship. I was three when it happened and never knew him, so when this former enlisted man, now in his 60s, stepped up with what seemed like it was going to be a particular memory, I got very damned excited.

"Sure I remember him," he said. "He recommended me for a court-martial."

Then he laughed.

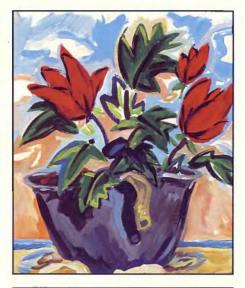
Oh, Jesus, I thought. Here we go. You came to hear stories and there's no guarantee they're all going to be good.

"I deserved it," he said when he saw the look on my face. "He didn't really have any choice." Then he told me the story, and when he finished, he added that my dad had seemed like a good guy, though he hadn't known him well.

As it turned out, none of the men at the reunion had known Lieutenant Simmons very well. They were all enlisted mengunner's mates, deck hands, engine mates—and they hadn't spent much time on the bridge, where my father worked. As exec, he was second in command, which meant his duties were administrative and disciplinary; and, as one of the crew told me, "We tried not to go up there too often, because when we did, it usually meant we were in trouble."

Most of the old sailors apologized to me that they didn't remember more about my dad and, in fact, they joked with one another about how much they'd forgotten about this most vivid experience of their lives. Now and then, someone would trigger a recollection and great whoops of laughter would go up; then a name would be mentioned, one of the dead, and an excruciating silence would fall and linger.

"Remember that kid, hillbilly kid, never smoked in his life, gets blown over the side in the first explosion, landing craft picks him out of the water, he's fine but so shook up he has to have a cigarette—and



WAR STORIES

when he's done, he pitches the butt into a can full of powder rings, they blow, kill him."

Then someone would undo the pall with one of the absurd touches that were with them all the time. "They used to censor the mail, remember; they'd actually cut words out of the paper, anything they thought might give information if captured, and there was that guy who had a girlfriend named Pearl, and she'd get these letters that were full of holes where her name should have been, I mean just slashed to ribbons." Then the laughing would take up again, big, hard laughter that had gone unshared all those years.

After lunch, they stood one at a time around their tables and told what they'd done since the war. They introduced their wives, numbered their children and grandchildren, and one of them said he'd had mixed feelings about coming to relive those moments, but he wanted to thank the man who had saved his life, which he did. He was the only one who admitted out loud to conflicting emotions, but I'd sensed them all day as I listened to the bizarre counterpoint of horror and fun that is the mark of all true war stories.

I was having my own mixed emotions. These men and their stories kept pulling me into the swamp of feelings that has always surrounded my dead hero father for me. That he was gone was the essential

first fact of my life; and until I was in my mid-20s, I accepted it without struggle or even question. Then, for some reason, it started to haunt me. I began to have dreams like the one in which Navy officers put me on a train that would take me to see my father, they said. It was a long train, full of other sons like me, and at stop after stop they were taken off a few at a time, loaded into gray Navy cars and driven away. Until there was nobody on the train except me and no more stops to make.

About the same time, Lyndon Johnson signed a bill that said the sole surviving sons of men killed in action were exempt from the draft, which meant that my father had literally ransomed me out of my war, Vietnam, by dying in his. I had a son of my own by then, so my confused feelings were reaching in both directions, as was a vague sort of guilt. What do you owe the man who buys you that sort of exemption at that price? And if you do owe him something, how do you pay it?

As a writer, I decided the thing to do was to gather up his story, then write a book, a book that would put some flesh to the ghost and in the process take its place in the long train of books that render the lunacy of war. I tried for two years and never got past the third chapter. It was the sort of failure that undoes you for a long time, and I didn't let go of it till a friend made an offhand remark one day. "Most of us live our whole lives trying to prove something to somebody," he said. "Usually somebody dead." Somehow, that turned things for me, and I realized that I didn't owe my father anything more than love, and that I had nothing to prove to him or to myself.

So by the time I joined the men of the Longshaw for their reunion, I'd regained most of my original childhood acceptance of the story. But only most of it, not all. I mean, I know that war is inevitable, that it kills some of us and wounds the rest, and that the survivors get on with their lives, and that if you don't somehow come to grips with that, you'll go mad. But the other week, I talked with my son and all my demons got loose on me again. He called from California to say that he was still working, feeling good. Then he told me he'd just gone down to the post office to register for the draft and that he'd been struck by how simple the whole thing was.

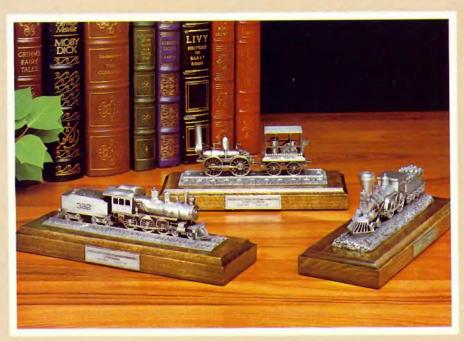
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Shown smaller than actual size.



Shown above are three of the steam locomotives in one of the many ways you might display them in your home or office.

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In the golden age of steam locomotives, bustling railroad yards teemed with passengers who were to make, in mere days, trips that had once required months. Looming over the passengers were the giant engines themselves, towering "iron horses" that propelled America into a new age. Now the Danbury Mint invites you to come "all aboard" with twelve beautiful pewter replicas honoring America's greatest steam locomotives!

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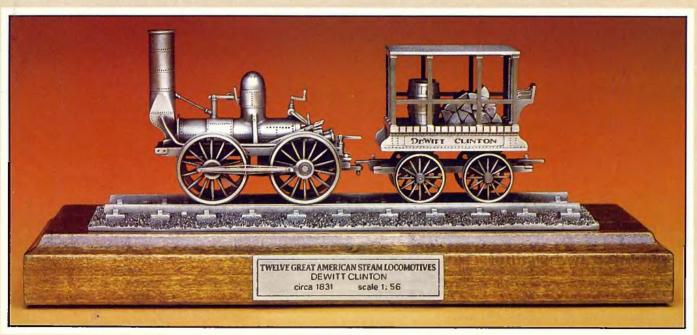
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SEX NEWS

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

Alexandra Penney, the author of *How to Make Love to a Man* and *How to Make Love to Each Other*, has written a new book titled simply *Great Sex* (Putnam's), placing it, at least in Penney's opinion, a cut above Dr. Ruth Westheimer's (merely) *Good Sex*. We think it might more aptly be titled *So-So Sex*.

The intention of the book is to deliver sexual how-to data and, at the same time, arouse the reader. In order to do that, Penney has written a short story and then larded it with pages and pages of sex advice. So just as the characters in her story are discovering and enjoying the wonders of, say, masturbation, the text suddenly reads, "to be continued. . . . You turn the page and the chapter heading reads, "Hands On." Surely, the author never realized the immediacy of that informational chapter's first line: "For many people, masturbation is an uncomfortable subject." Penney's innovation produces the same sensation as going to see Star Wars with someone who insists on explaining how every special effect was accomplished. Illusion interruptus.

The how-to chapters are problemoriented, and that often puts certain pressures on the story's long-suffering star couple, Michael and Diana, who experience everything from jealousy to performance anxiety. While the reader may take some comfort in the depths of their problems, he may also at times become as frustrated as the characters. In chapter 13, Michael and Diana have been communicating feverish excitement for several paragraphs when—well, read it for yourself:

"She knew he would be hard now. She reached down and, with fingers slithery from her own wetness, searched for his erection. Something was terribly wrong." That's what we said. The next chapter, incidentally, is titled "Erection Wreckers."

It's an engaging idea, but Penney's experiment just doesn't seem to work. The most successful mating of instruction and eroticism seems to be in the so-called adult-film genre, where no one ever has to insert the phrase "to be continued." Penney should keep that in mind, and you should keep your \$16.95 in your pocket.

SPERM COUNTDOWN

After a doctor casually mentioned to us that practically anything that's bad for a man's general health is particularly bad for his sperm, we checked and came up with an impressive list of things that affect it.

Large doses of caffeine make for sluggish sperm. Heavy marijuana smoking decreases motility, lowers sperm count and increases the percentage of abnormal



Sony's Body Music video (\$19.95) utilizes synthesizers for the sound track and computer graphics to enhance Brian Aris' still photos of beautiful women. We first saw it on The Playboy Channel and it remains quite an eye workout. You'll have to get your aerobics in later.

sperm. Common antibiotics, such as penicillin and tetracycline, can suppress sperm production, while, in large amounts, alcohol and tobacco may damage sperm. The more toxic the chemical is to the body in general, the more damaging it is to the sperm.

> "First she gets a little bit pregnant; then she gets a whole lot pregnant."

Hazardous environmental and industrial chemicals inevitably find their way to the male reproductive tract, an apparatus one reproductive physiologist compared to a garbage-disposal system. Male workers formulating the pesticide D.B.C.P. have become infertile. Dioxin, found in Agent Orange, may cause defective sperm. The flame-retardant substance tris can damage genetic material. There is an increased number of stillbirths among the wives of dentists who use nitrous oxide. For the record, though, we highly deplore ingestion of toxins as a form of birth control.

IT ISN'T OVER TILL IT'S OVER

The American Psychiatric Association has clarified its previous rulings against psychiatrists who have sex with their patients. The rule now suggests, "Once a patient, always a patient." That means that doctors may be subject to expulsion if they have sex with a patient even after therapy has ended. Ended permanently, that is—not, Hey, it's eight P.M., therapy's over; your couch or mine? Sex with a former patient was always thought to be outside the canons of shrinkdom. Now it is seen by the association as exploitative. So if you want to go out with a shrink, you may have to get a referral and date someone else's.

MOMMAS, DON'T LET YOUR BABIES MAKE YOU STAY CELIBATE

A study by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development reports that it's probably all right to have sex during pregnancy. The study polled women for information on 56,000 pregnancies between 1959 and 1966 and found no correlation between amount of sex and infant mortality or premature birth, the dangers most often associated with sex during pregnancy.

The study also found, as one might anticipate, that sexual frequency decreased as the length of the pregnancy increased. When those earlier figures on sexual frequency were compared with similar figures for women who were pregnant during the Seventies, there was no appreciable difference, proving that the ritual is still the same: First she gets a little bit pregnant; then she gets a whole lot pregnant.

Midori Sweepstakes



by mail, fill out this form and mail it with the UPC label from the back of the 750 ml size and cash register receipt with price clearly marked. Offer available only to residents of AK, AZ, CO, CT, DC, DE, FL, GA, IL, LA, MA, MD, MN, NH, NM, NV, NY, VT, WA, WI.

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Midori: The Original Melon Liqueur.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am in charge of pledge week at my fraternity. Originally, we were a liberal fraternity that did not believe in hazing, but we discovered that without some rite of passage, no one wanted to join. It was my job to terrorize the new pledge class. First I told them that on initiation night, they would have to have sex with a sheep, in front of the brothers. They believed me, since they knew I had connections in farm country. The next day, I told them that the sheep had died-one of the brothers had gotten carried away. However, the event was still on-they would simply have to have sex with a dead sheep. The next day, I told them that the plan had been changed: The brothers had hired a hooker, and the pledges would have sex with her on initiation night. The fraternity didn't have a lot of money to spend; but even if she was cheap, she wasn't badlooking. The next day, I told them that we had found out why the hooker was cheap: She was a he. The event was still on, though the roles were reversed. The hooker had just returned from a vacation in Haiti, and since the brothers really did have the pledges' best interest at heart, it had been decided that they could take along condoms for the hooker to use; they didn't want to catch AIDS, right? I took the pledges, in the back of a U-Haul van, out into the country, where in the course of the evening they were forced to do something that soiled their clothes somewhat. That made them brothers, and we got drunk. The next morning, I was cleaning the U-Haul, saw all their clothes and decided to be a nice guy. I took the mess to the local laundromat and did a load of wash. I was pulling all the clothes out of the dryer when my hand encountered a gloppy mess. I pulled out a couple of condoms. The guy at the washer next to me looked up and said, incredulously, "You wash your rubbers?" So now the guys at the fraternity want to know, is it safe to wash rubbers?-R. B., Tampa, Florida.

Yes. It's ironing them that's the big problem. And there is still some debate as to whether you should use softener or starch. Nice try, guys.

About a year and a half ago, I bought a TV set that was advertised as "stereo ready." Now I am told that this set cannot receive as is the forthcoming stereo TV broadcasts. What gives?—K. J., Dayton, Ohio.

"Stereo ready" formerly referred to TV sets that had a second amplifier and speaker system built into them for handling an external sound source such as a video-tape or video-disc player, which itself furnishes stereo sound with the picture. The stereo-ready TV feature can also be used to enhance the monophonic sound that accompanies most tele-



vision broadcasts, though that would not be real stereo. Of course, the age of real stereo-TV sound is now here, what with last year's FCC go-ahead to the Zenith-dbx system for transmitting stereo sound along with the picture on the same TV channel. To receive this new form of stereo sound, existing TV setsincluding those listed as stereo ready-will require the addition of a new kind of adapter that will receive the encoded stereo sound and decode it into two separate audio channels. (The new TV sound system can actually transmit three sound channels-one, presumably, for foreign-language-speaking viewers.) The decoded stereo sound then can be fed to any normal stereo amplifier-andspeaker setup, including existing separate stereo component systems as well as the twin amplifier/speaker systems in stereo-ready TV sets. But the critical element is that new adapter, which is being offered in two basic configurations. The first is an adapter wired to an existing set, and the second is a decoder already built into a new set. Such sets are already being sold in areas of the country where stereo broadcasts are, or will soon be, heard.

Recently, several of my friends and I were discussing the possibility of increasing the size of the adult penis. Can you please settle this matter for us? Is there any successful method or any method that should work in theory, whether it be manual exercise, any type of drug or hormone therapy (prescription or otherwise) or a combination of the two? It seems to me that some increase in size is possible.—
I. D., Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Sorry, but what you see is what you get. Hope springs eternal, but there is no safe, effective method for increasing the size of the penis. Trust us—if a successful technique were to become available, we would unselfishly share it with our readers. We wouldn't even increase our cover price.

recently had dinner at a ladyfriend's house, and she served a bottle of white zinfandel as an aperitif. I was puzzled. To my knowledge, zinfandel is always a red wine, never a white. Was I the victim of a hoax? Did she pour a white wine into an older bottle of zinfandel? Please resolve my confusion.—J. R., San Francisco, California.

First the good news: There are white zinfandels. Now the bad news: Your date was actually a transsexual. Just kidding! To make a white wine out of a red, vintners simply separate the juice from the skins and the pips. The results vary, but quite often, they end up with a wine of a different color and taste. Some of the famous French reds, such as Château Margaux and Château Haut-Brion, have produced white versions of their wines. We didn't believe a white Beaujolais was possible until we tasted a Beaujolais blanc that was as delightful as its colorful cousins. There are white Côte du Rhônes, white Pinot Noirs-all worth the adventure of a taste testing. If you're still confused, simply eat your meals in subdued light.

My problem seems to be the opposite of other women's. I really dislike receiving oral sex. When I'm in bed with a guy and he starts getting into a 69 position, my heart sinks. It makes me feel as though somebody's dog is trying to sniff my crotch, and my reaction is to give the intruder a shove. Alas, I'm a romantic; I want to cuddle my face into a man's neck, not his ass. I don't think I hate my body. I love being touched by someone I'm attracted to, and I really enjoy being fingered. I have a rather high sex drivewould like to make love almost every day. If I wait until my truelove comes along, I'll die of horniness, so I keep trying. I put up with oral sex because men seem to want and expect it. I don't mind doing some fellatio if a man really likes it, but I could happily dispense with cunnilingus. How do I handle this situation—just come out and say, "Stop that; I don't like it"? Somehow, that seems too stark. I usually try to move back into the good old missionary position, which gives me great pleasure-I'm orgasmic more than half the time that way, even more often if I'm with someone I'm crazy about. Part of the problem may be that direct stimulation is too much-it is almost always uncomfortable; I never use it on myself (lots of solitary sex these days). But I can't seem to convince the guys of that-they've all read that damn Shere Hite book, I guess. (I wish they would read Cynthia Heimel instead.) I'll tell someone that I just don't care for cunnilingus; but next time we're in bed, guess what he'll do? Is it just force of habit? The question is, Why do I have to do these things? Isn't good old fucking enough? I enjoy different positions, but why do everything the first week? Why not save something for later? I guess all this puts me in the boring category, a distinct disadvantage for a woman in her 30s looking for love. I'm average-looking, have dated four guys, none of them onenighters, this past year. I didn't seem to have these problems in my youth or during the seven years I spent with a compatible man. I'm tempted to give up, buy a dildo and lead a fantasy life. What do you think? Aren't there any men who feel as I do? Does their age matter? Is it the area I live in? (I'm not a native of Portland.) And most of all, how do I tell a man how I feel without creating a scene in bed, coming on like a talk show or giving him a presex rundown on what I do and don't like?-Miss A. B., Portland, Oregon.

It's not the area you live in-it's the century. We're not sure where you got your notions about oral sex or why you cling to them, but they are out of date. For most of us, romance and oral sex are not mutually exclusive. Studies show that the majority of people today enjoy both giving and receiving head, and when we are attracted to someone, we expect to do both as frequently as possible. Part of attraction is the expectation of sexual freedom, of there being no limits or lectures in bed. As we see it, you really have two choices: Work to change your attitude or hunt for a man who shares it. We suggest looking toward the Supreme Court or, perhaps, the audience of the Phil Donahue show.

was girlfriend and I are looking for a vacation for this summer that combines romance and the great outdoors. Although we're in reasonably good condition, most trekking and rafting trips strike us as a bit too much like roughrider duty. We're enough into luxury and gorgeous scenery to rule that out, but we don't want to hop onto a tour bus filled with the blue-hairrinse set. Can you steer us in the right direction?—T. P., New York, New York.

Your attitude reminds us of that of a friend who likes his outdoor adventures with a side order of the good life—his idea of roughing it on vacation is being stuck in the woods more than a mile from the nearest hot tub. If that's the way you feel, you might consider bicycle touring, an increasingly popular pastime in which pedal pushers ride anywhere from 20 to 40 miles a day through highly scenic (and reasonably flat) countryside, then bed down in cozy country inns or small hotels. This

year, for example, you can choose trips through the wine country of Northern California, complete with visits to wineries; innto-inn jaunts in Vermont's Green Mountains; rides from Lake Louise to Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies; or tours practically anywhere in America, from the Deep South to deepest Colorado. If you'd like to roam a bit farther, there are European jaunts along the Rhine Valley, through Holland at tulip time (say it with flowers) and many more. For something a bit more, ah, sporting, there are bicycle trips through China, Tasmania and even Africa's Great Rift Valley. Good tour operators usually provide experienced guides and a so-called sag-wagon van that provides repairs or a lift to the leg-weary. The better outfits also rent high-quality touring bicycles and safety helmets. To track them down, check Bicycling magazine or the "Expedition Services Directory" in Outside magazine or consult your travel agent.

While watching a film one night, a male friend and I got into an argument. He insists that all women really enjoy being roughed up while being made love to and that being raped is our number-one wish. I, being a semisensible 34-year-old woman, feel that he has gotten this strange idea either from slime magazines or from God only knows where. For more than 11 years, this man has been a kind, gentle and considerate companion and lover; but all of a sudden, he believes that I will be more aroused if he slings me around and causes me a lot of physical pain. Wrong! I know the difference, without actually experiencing it, between having a lover pin your arms to the bed firmly while he licks your neck and breasts and having him handcuff your arms to a bed while he shoves a dildo up your ass. I do have fantasies about having him be assertive, but there is a great difference to me between wanting that and wanting to be raped. God, but men must think we are the dumbest things on this earth if they believe what they see in sick magazines and smut films. I feel that if you have a satisfactory sex life while being gentle and loving, you shouldn't spoil it by trying to push someone into a situation that is not appealing or satisfying to her. Everyone is an individual and has his or her own needs and desires, but please make it known that not all the same things work for all the people all the time. - Miss M. G., San Diego, California.

Tell your boyfriend what you've told us. Ask him where he got this notion. If he doesn't understand your point, find a new boyfriend.

aybe you can help me. I am a graduating senior faced with *two* appealing job offers. The first is close to home, but the money isn't great. The second would involve major moving expenses, but the sal-

ary is better. Any recommendations?— B. C., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

You don't give us much to go on, but we'll give it a shot. Our advice: Take the second job. What your new employer won't subsidize, the IRS will. Keep careful records of all the trips you make for house hunting, as well as any moving expenses (including shipping stuff later on). Keep a record of what it costs you to travel to the new job location as well. The reason we suggest making the move is simple—it will show your new employer that you are willing to go where the action is. In many companies, advancement hinges on mobility—training means working in several places over several years. Good luck.

I've seen ads for the new contraceptive sponge. I'm wondering if it might be as good an idea (if not a better one) to keep them handy as it is to keep a supply of condoms around. Spontaneity does have its down side: Diaphragms do get left behind, but would a lady be uncomfortable if a gentleman offered her a sponge for protection? Also, how effective is the sponge? Are there side effects we should know about?—P. H., Chicago, Illinois.

In theory, we see nothing wrong with keeping contraceptive sponges on hand for spontaneous lovemaking sessions—but you should do this (if you do it at all) in addition to, and not in place of, having condoms or another means of birth control available. Offering a woman a contraceptive sponge does seem to put the onus of birth control on her-which really isn't fair, since this responsibility should be shared. After all is said and done, a great deal depends on how well you know the lady before this question of sexual etiquette can be answered. Early statistics we've seen on the effectiveness of this device indicate that the sponge is about 85 percent effective. Among its advantages are the facts that it works for 24 hours, no application of spermicide is necessary and no prescription or fitting is required. Among the disadvantages are the fact that the sponge must stay in place at least six hours after intercourse and the price (sponges average about four dollars for a box of three and can be used only once). As for side effects, rashes and allergic reactions have been reported in just under two percent of the women who were tested. The risk of toxic shock is also negligible, and the product does have FDA approval.

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.

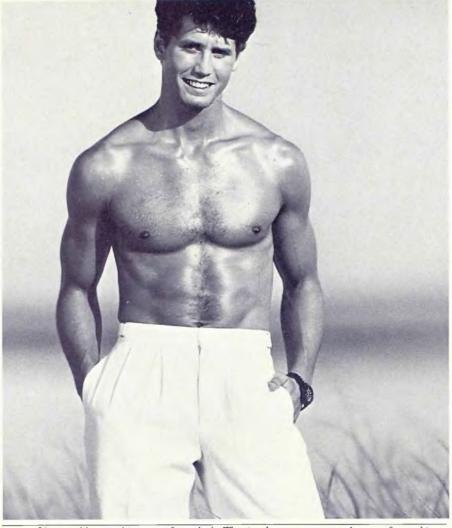
CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



You spend hours taking care of your body. The time has now come to take care of your skin.

SKIN MAINTENANCE FOR MEN FROM PACO RABANNE.

Now you can take care of perhaps the most vital part of your body—your skin. Now there is a new line of technically advanced products, just for men, that clean, protect, and enhance your skin. From Paco Rabanne.

Developed in European labora-

tories, the Paco Rabanne skin

maintenance products help stave

off premature aging of the skin.

There has long been a misconception that men—unlike women—do not need

to take care of their skin, that it is all somehow a frivolous waste of time.

"Rubbish!" says Dr. Fernando Aleu of Paco Rabanne. "Where is it written that a man's

skin should make him look older than he really is?"

ne really is:

Here, then, are Paco Rabanne's three
steps that help a man look cleaner

steps that help a man look cleaner, healthier, younger looking. They should take you about five minutes a day.

 CLEAN YOUR SKIN. "If you saw your skin under a microscope," says Dr. Aleu, "you'd have a fit. It's all coated with dead surface cells, oil, and tiny particles of pollutants. This plugs your pores and forms blackheads."

Paco Rabanne Facial Scrub cleanses the skin, removes the dead surface cells, absorbs excess oil.

<u>Paco Rabanne Facial Toner</u> then refreshes and tones the skin after you have cleansed it.

2. PROTECT YOUR SKIN. "We men can be stubborn fools," says Dr. Aleu. "We scrape our faces raw with sharp razor blades... and then we pour alcohol after-shaves on the wounds. Oh, the premature wrinkling from all that dryness!"

<u>Paco Rabanne Maintaining After</u> <u>Shave Soother</u> is the new way to coddle your face after shaving. It soothes the skin. Helps restore the normal moisture balance.

Paco Rabanne Maintaining Moisture Conditioner. Here is an absolute must if you wish to stave off looking old before your time. It helps minimize existing wrinkles. Helps slow down premature aging of the skin.

3. ENHANCE YOUR SKIN. "A little sun is good for you," says Dr. Aleu. "But a lot of sun can eventually cause solar fibroelastosis — i.e., turn you into an old leather bag."

Paco Rabanne Auto Bronzing Emulsion. The look of an absolutely natural tan for those of us who must linger mostly in the shade.

Paco Rabanne Maintaining Color Tone. For a healthy, natural outdoor color without exposure to the sun. Deep moisture penetration helps improve skin texture and elasticity.

Note: All Paco Rabanne protectors and enhancers contain a No. 5 sun screen to help prevent the ultraviolet A and B rays from damaging your skins inner layers.

For more information, please write: Fernando Aleu, M.D., Paco Rabanne Parfums, 660 Madison Avenue, Suite 2210, New York, N.Y. 10021.

The products are available at selected stores like the one named below.



skin maintenance for men paco rabanne/paris

Available at Bloomingdale's

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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

Have you ever seen an X-rated movie and, if so, did you find it arousing?

Yes, I've seen X-rated movies and I do find them arousing. These are other peo-

ple's fantasies that you see on the screen. Often they are very different from your own fantasies. They show you things you've never even thought of doing, but they're interesting. And it's exciting to



see someone else doing things that I wouldn't dare do myself. I watch them at home. I'd rather have the privacy. To be honest, my roommate keeps a whole bookshelf of them, so I don't have to rent them.

SUSIE SCOTT

've occasionally seen X-rated movies and I find them arousing up to a point. What point? Well, not the gross ones.

Want an example? Behind the Green Door was not a turn-on. It was unbelievable what that woman did. Erotic to me is more one-one, a couple-type thing. That's more of a turn-on for me than group-



sex scenes or one girl with a bunch of guys. I had a boyfriend and we used to go to Le Hot Tub Club with a bottle of champagne, rent a movie, get in the bath and watch it. That's a lot of fun. We'd just let the cassette run and run.

Liz Stewart

saw one once and I didn't find it arousing. I admit I was curious, so a group of friends got together and went to a theater.

It took only about 15 minutes to disgust me. I didn't find it beautiful or sexy. I got up and left. I think that showing everything takes away from what is arousing. I have seen other movies



that showed very little that were sexy and turned me on a lot; just a simple touch or the camera angle can do it for me. Let me be perfectly honest here; being in an atmosphere where there were a lot of men off in corners in their raincoats didn't do it for me at all. No way.

Roberta Varguey

ROBERTA VASQUEZ NOVEMBER 1984

Of course I've seen X-rated movies, and my reaction really depends on how they go about it. I like those that are done in a

classy way and express real sexual attitudes. Fantasy is nice. There is a difference between screwing and making love. I like to do both, but it depends on my mood. There are times when passion is



right and should be expressed. But if I'm feeling romantic, I want my X film to be sexy and sensuous and soft. Not brash, and certainly not ugly or mean. And I find them arousing if I happen to be in the right mood. But it's like anything else. I mean, David Letterman can be arousing if you're in the right mood.

Kimbuly Mc Ather

KIMBERLY MC ARTHUR JANUARY 1982 I've seen them and I find them arousing, if they're visually pretty. Of course, there's a lot of porn stuff that isn't very attractive.

If it's pretty, it's kind of like sense memory. It stirs up certain feelings whether because you've had similar experiences or because you've had a fantasy about what you are seeing. You become part of



it. The more you watch, the more into it you can get, and that can be very stimulating. I couldn't watch them alone, though. That would be mental masturbation, you know, leading to masturbation!

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

Depending on the movie, I'd have to say yes, I think X-rated movies can be very arousing. I think you have to take them

into your own fantasies and through your own context for them to work. A lot of X-rated movies might seem gross or too explicit unless you imagined what it would be like if it were you and someone



you really cared about doing those things. You have to put yourself into the movie for it to work. Then it could be enjoyable. Do I leave them on or turn them off? It depends on who I'm with, of course!

Lanaine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS APRIL 1981

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.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SEXUAL ABUSE

A threat to parents, families and especially men is growing in our countryfalse charges of sexual abuse. Recent events in Jordan, Minnesota, were so clearly a perversion of the system that they received national media coverage. Robert and Lois Bentz were falsely accused of sexually abusing their own and other children in a "sex ring" that supposedly included 24 adults and 40 children. They were acquitted of every charge in a jury trial; but four months later, the children were still not back in legal custody to their parents. Nor is this an isolated case; much the same thing is happening all over. Since we were expert witnesses and consultants for families in Jordan, we have received calls from 45 states from people with similar stories.

We are psychologists in private practice. We have spent years dealing with sexual abuse and are aware that abuse can and does occur-far too often. But any American can be accused by anyone of sexually abusing a child. The accusation is believed because "children never lie about sexual abuse." Until recently, we were the only ones in our area willing to say that it is not true that children never lie. Whatever the situation, the person falsely accused is destroyed. Children can be put into foster homes; parents can have their visitation rights stopped or criminal charges filed against them. If you're accused, friends and neighbors believe you're guilty. You may lose your job. You may not see your children for months or even years. You may bankrupt yourself with legal fees. You can be sentenced to a long prison term. Even if you are finally acquitted of criminal charges, you may still have to fight in family court to see your children.

Fathers in custody disputes involving young children are particularly vulnerable. If your wife accuses you of sexually abusing your child, she may immediately get custody. You may be prevented from seeing your children until the matter is "resolved" in family court. In the meantime, you continue to pay child support whether or not you have contact with your children. Even if you are cleared, your relationship with your child is permanently damaged.

The exploding number of allegations and the procedures followed by child-protection teams, police and prosecutors match the Salem witch-hunts and the McCarthy anti-Communist hearings. It is becoming clear that questionable tactics by mental-health professionals, police and

prosecutors are common. Victims of this modern-day witch-hunt can be subjected to inadequate or nonexistent investigation, brainwashing of their children by investigators and therapists, cover-ups and conspiracies by law-enforcement officials and family courts that destroy families rather than protect them.

As it stands, any family in this country is subject to a knock on the door from

"Any family in this country is subject to a knock on the door."

social workers or police who will take away the children and destroy the family. The only hope to stop this cruel folly is public awareness. Politicians, prosecutors, mental-health professionals and the media are riding a surge of hysteria about sexual abuse of children. We believe the truth will eventually be known. But in the meantime, thousands of Americans will have their lives shattered by their government.

Ralph C. Underwager, Ph.D. Hollida Wakefield, M.A. Minneapolis, Minnesota

It is as naïve to imagine that children never lie about sexual abuse as it is to assume that adults always tell the truth. Clearly, strong public concern is well intentioned and



appropriate to stop the exploitative, damaging and often violent acts that have as their basis an unequal balance of power between adult and child. But, as Dr. Underwager indicates, this is one matter in which our law enforcers cannot err in either direction without causing serious harm.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Once again, Chief Justice Warren Burger has called for a special high-level judicial panel to help with the "avalanche of cases coming to the Supreme Court." Perhaps the Chief Justice should call for a judicial panel to study the standards used for punishing crimes and honoring criminals. Of the 20-some men who served prison terms for their Watergate crimes, only five were sentenced to a year or longer. One of those five was former Attorney General John Mitchell. I understand that a portrait of Mitchell is going to be hung in the Justice Department, and I don't think it's a copy of his WANTED poster.

Frank Wills also served a year in jail. Wills was the night security guard who discovered the Watergate break-in and alerted the police. In February 1983, the unemployed Wills received the maximum jail sentence, 12 months, for stealing a \$12 pair of sneakers—a gift for his son. Twelve months for stealing a pair of shoes and the same for using the highest lawenforcement office in the country to break laws that safeguard fundamental American concepts of freedom and justice. Has the legal system become screwed up?

If today's Justice Department can honor Mitchell with a portrait, I suggest that a life-size statue of Frank Wills be placed at the building's entrance.

> Lee Haywood Boyce Washington, D.C.

Let's try to be a little more charitable than that and ask, "How many past Attorneys General can you name?" The Department of Justice has finally done for one of its own what it did for John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson and other memorable villains.

AMEN

An open prayer:

"Sweet Jesus, I beseech you, in the name of all that is rational, please make your Pope stay home so that less of the nightly news is devoted to his world travels. If he must travel, please send him to Ethiopia with truckloads of food and contraceptives."

Brian Cawley Viets Roanoke, Virginia

MAN'S TOWN

Houston to San Francisco: Drop dead. Or, East is East, West is West and Texas still is Texas.

I thought your readers would like to know that Houston, the town that brought you Gilley's, the Oilers, the Astros and higher gasoline prices, has added yet another feather to its cap. It has made its streets, sidewalks and neighborhoods (none of which are zoned) safe from the greatest menace this side of the Texas cockroach—namely, Texas gays.

Last January, about 30 percent of the voters (three times more than usual) turned out for a local referendum and walloped a proposal that would have prevented the city government from discriminating on the basis of "sexual orientation," just as with race, sex, creed or national origin. The city council had earlier passed such a resolution, then repealed it in the face of hysteria from the local preachers, right-wingers (including the Klan) and habitual zealots. By the time the referendum, which presented the issue directly to the voters, was held, the city was ringing with the kind of antigay diatribes we had not been privileged to hear since the golden days of Anita Bryant.

The vote went 82 percent in favor of sexual discrimination and 18 percent against it. The mayor, Kathy Whitmire, a Tootsie look-alike, says gays will still be protected as long as she's in office. She can't say what'll happen if she gets ousted, but we can guess, judging from the comments of some members of the antigay coalition. For example, that of the Baptist Reverend C. Anderson Davis that it is "an abomination to God for [the council] to try to promote homosexuality." Or from attorney Richard Barrett, who campaigned against the referendum: "I hope [the vote] encourages [gays] to get back into the closet, where they belong. Maybe it will encourage them to change their lifestyle. Maybe it will halt the spread of AIDS."

Why Houston, one of the great bastions of machismo in the United States, has homophobia doesn't exactly make sense to me. Maybe it's a way to divert people's attention from the traffic jams and the busted-up roadways and the end of the boom days in Bayou City. Hell, Houston is a city where there are more good-looking and goodhearted women per square mile than anywhere else in the world. What do we care if a few good ol' boys turn sweet? My way of looking at it is, the more gays, the better the ratio of straight men to women.

"Billy Bob" Garroway Houston, Texas

THE REALLY PERSONAL COMPUTER

I have figured out a way for your readers to deduct their purchase of personal computers from their taxes.

There is an instrument manufactured that measures the strength of muscle contractions in a woman's vagina as she does her Kegel exercises. If that gadget could be connected to a computer and the appropriate software written, it would be ever so marketable. Just think of the bar graphs, circle charts and wonderfully helpful print-outs showing percent of increase, percent of goal, increase by week and many other exciting progress reports.

The marketing of such a product would be fantastic fun. If any of your sharp readers were to run with the idea, I hope I would be put down in history as the man who truly made the computer "personal."

> Ellis N. Campbell San Carlos, California

As a new application for computers, your idea is a real hundinger, but the tax angle somehow escapes us.

STAR WARS

The more I hear about Reagan's Star Wars program, the more questions I have. Perhaps you can give me answers on a few

"Is it even remotely possible for Reagan's Star Wars concept to be 100 percent effective at any future date?"

points: First, is it even remotely possible for Reagan's Star Wars concept to be 100 percent effective at any future date? Second, if it is 100 percent or even 50 percent effective, what happens to the destroyed ICBMs? Do they fall harmlessly to the ground? Do they explode in mid-air and release nuclear radiation? If so, where does this radiation go? Will it then circle the world and destroy us? If so, of what use are Star Wars weapons?

I would like an immediate reply so I can spend my money on either a vacation or a bomb shelter.

> Morton Weiss Wantagh, New York

The answer to all the above questions is, Not to worry, because long before anything remotely resembling a celestial defense system is in place, the Russians will have seen that bet and raised, then it's back to us a few times, until the national economy runs out of chips and folds. Since a bomb shelter won't save you either way, do the vacation.

SEX VS. TENDERNESS?

I was fascinated by a recent survey made by Ann Landers in which she asked women, "Would you be content to be held close and treated tenderly and forget about 'the act'?" Of 90,000 responses, some 64,000 said, with alarming vehemence, "Yes." That seems like asking, "Would you rather breathe or eat?" My grandmother once advised me to be

sure to marry a man who understood and respected the fact that women don't enjoy sex. She and my grandfather were deeply in love and she considered herself supremely fortunate to have found such a mate. He was thoughtful and loving and he didn't require sex. If I understood the response to Landers' survey right, Granddaddy was the perfect male for the Eighties.

In a modern corollary to Grandma's observations, my husband advises me that all men are constantly plotting to obtain their next sex act. He estimates that 94 percent of all decisions made by all men are based on whether they will advance or reduce their chances of sex.

Given my husband's theory of male sexual behavior, many could assume that I fall into the category Landers would term "Likes sex too much to trade." On the contrary, I have never had to trade. The possibility that my husband's profound understanding and fulfillment of my need for tenderness is simply the easiest and most politic way to get me to drop my laundry has certainly occurred to me, but I choose not to explore the question.

The fact is, there's no reason to trade. Rather, I volunteer the ideal alternative: Find a man sensitive (or devious) enough to provide both tenderness and sexual fulfillment. Then watch out!

> Lauren O'Malley Berkeley, California

Several weeks ago, when my boyfriend and I made love, he had his orgasm before I'd had one, then he snuggled up to me and started snoring. When I suggested gently that the curtain hadn't yet dropped on the sexual act, he snuggled a little closer, nuzzled my neck and said, "Come on. You women don't care about orgasms. All you care about is snuggling. Ann Landers said so"—proving the adage "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Landers asked her female readers recently whether they'd prefer tenderness and cuddles to "the act," and almost three fourths of the 90,000 respondents voted for cuddles. But it seems to me that her question was unfair and the answers were skewed.

Experience—my own and that of my friends—has convinced me that women are more apt than men to associate sex with tenderness. Landers' mistake was to suggest that the two are mutually exclusive, either/or activities.

As for the respondents: Who writes to advice columnists? Happy people? Hardly. People write to them when they're upset. I didn't bother to answer Landers' survey, because I like sex and would rather be enjoying it than wasting my time writing to her.

Still, the fact that more than 60,000 women are so turned off to sex that they'd write to Landers signals a real problem. Maybe those women have never had the good fortune of being with a man who tended to their sexual needs. They don't ask for what

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BUZZARD BAIT

A new jogging hazard, documented by physicians in Switzerland and reported in The New England Journal of Medicine, is bird attacks. Doctors at Kantonsspital Liestal in the Swiss city of Liestal say that since 1982, they have had to patch up the



heads of 12 male joggers attacked by large birds, believed to be buzzards, that swooped down from behind and left them with cuts up to six inches long.

NO ZONE

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON—Inspired by a stunt that made Whatcom County a "nuclear-free" zone, anti-abortionists are pushing for a voter initiative that would make the county an "abortion-free" zone. The initiative not only would ban abortions within the county but would permit both the pregnant woman and the doctor performing the operation to be charged with first-degree murder.

Meanwhile, the Right-to-Life League of Southern California is the target of a class-action suit that asks no monetary damages but would force the group to disclose that its pregnancy counseling was, in fact, anti-abortion counseling intended to "intimidate, shock, horrify and frighten women into avoiding abortion."

PREVENTION BY LAW

STOCKHOLM—Sweden's National Public Safety Board has recommended changes in the law to permit prison sentences of up to two years for AIDS carriers who knowingly have sex with persons who do not have the disease. The proposal follows the discovery of a relatively small but increasing number of AIDS victims, eight of whom have died. The law would not prohibit AIDS sufferers from having sexual relations with one another.

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA-The Berkeley city council has voted eight to zero to approve a "live-in lovers" law that extends certain health and welfare benefits to the domestic partners of unmarried city employees. "We've approached it as a civil right," explained councilwoman Ann Chandler. "[This is] a time when the family structure and definition of family has changed, and we have to recognize the rights of people who live together without benefit of marriage." To qualify, couples, heterosexual or homosexual, must sign an affidavit stating that they have lived together for at least six months, are each other's "sole domestic partners and they are responsible for their common welfare.' A similar law was passed in San Francisco in 1982 but was vetoed by Mayor Dianne Feinstein.

COST RECOVERY

SACRAMENTO—While skirting the issue of future earnings, the California Supreme Court has ruled that a wife who supports her husband through professional school has a right to recover the expense of his education if the marriage ends in divorce. In effect, the court deferred to a new state law that permits divorce judges to treat a professional education as community property worth at least the cost of obtaining it.

PREGNANCY VS. PRINCIPLE

PROVIDENCE. RHODE ISLAND—Officials of Saint Joseph Hospital have advised that they will not violate Roman Catholic doctrine by offering rape victims the so-called morning-after pill that can prevent pregnancy if a ten-day treatment program is started within 72 hours after sexual intercourse. Although the hospital's emergency room is commonly used by police and rescue services, the Church considers the pill, which prevents implantation of a fertilized egg, a form of abortion.

BACK TO COURT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to review a case from Hyattsville, Maryland, that may decide whether police have the power to determine what is obscene in closing adult bookstores and making arrests or whether they must first take the materials before a judge, who will make the initial determination and issue arrest warrants. A Maryland appeals court threw out the case for lack of a warrant, but the state attorney general is arguing that police can act on their own when they have reason to believe a crime is being committed in their presence.

SPOUSAL RAPE

ALBANY, NEW YORK—In a six-to-zero decision that effectively revises state sex laws, the New York Court of Appeals has ruled that men can be prosecuted for raping their wives. It further held that sex laws should be "gender neutral" and that women can be prosecuted for raping or sodomizing their husbands.

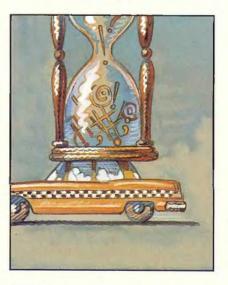
By legislation instead of court decision, Pennsylvania also has made spousal rape a criminal offense, though a lesser crime than other types of rape.

ANTIPOVERTY OR ANTI-ABORTION?

washington, d.c.—Federal officials who are supposed to manage funds for the poor gave nearly \$100,000 to an antiabortion group called Birthright, Inc., and a Reagan Administration official then tipped off that group by letter on how to seek \$15,000,000 worth of grants, which would virtually exhaust the budget for VISTA, the Government's antipoverty program. The author of the letter was told to repay the cost of the mailing, but his superior said, "I'm not going to fire a guy for making one mistake."

CRANKY CABDRIVER

annapolis, maryland—A Baltimore cabdriver has come out of court with a \$500 fine and three years' probation for locking a woman passenger in his vehicle for almost half an hour over a four-cent fare dispute. The problem arose when the woman could pay only \$2.46 toward the



\$2.50 on the meter and the 54-year-old driver refused to change her ten-dollar bill, in accordance with a posted notice. By the time the woman obtained change from a passer-by and was let out, the waiting time had increased the fare to \$5.20.

they want because they're afraid to "inconvenience" their partner or embarrass themselves. In their silence, there festers resentment—toward sex and their sex partner. But if those women don't like sex, it's like deciding they don't like cheese because all they've ever had is limburger.

What worries me is that Landers' survey might delude a lot of men into thinking that all women dislike sex and that because they do, men needn't bother trying to please them.

(Name withheld by request) Orlando, Florida

Consider what a "No" answer to Ann's craftily worded question would have implied: that you would be content just to fuck and <u>not</u> be held close or treated tenderly.

WHORELESS HOUSE

Ely, Nevada, is a small mining community whose oldest working brothel dates back to the early 1900s. Although hundreds of bachelor diggers once hacked a living from the copper pits on the edge of a city of 9000, the copper is long gone and the population has shrunk to about half that.

The economic outlook for Ely is not unrelievedly bleak, however. A few miners still extract gold and silver from nearby mineral seams, and then there is The Horizontal Bore & Drilling

Company, Inc., the hottest growth industry in the area. The H.B. & D.C. is a fully licensed, completely legal but unstaffed whorehouse chartered by California entrepreneur Susan Gottlieb, 44, solely for the pur-

pose of pushing framed, numbered and registered certificates of stock. Her selling proposition is "Own a piece of the world's oldest profession."

Before going into the whoreless-house business, Gottlieb talked with lawyers and with state and Federal officials to make sure her scheme was not a scam in the eyes of the law. A couple of people in the Nevada state government were "sort of goosy" about it, she recalls, and the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission politely declined to let her sell shares through registered brokers. So what she ended up with was a legitimate cross between a Pet Rock and a club membership.

Each floridly engraved certificate comes with a cunningly crafted prospectus explaining that the usual investor privileges, such as voting rights and profit participation, are not extended to H.B. & D.C. stockholders. In an

analysis of the company's financial condition, assets are described as "well rounded and firm," and the independent accountants boldly forecast "a beautiful bottom line." An estimate of total corporate equity is hampered by the fact that "hard assets are temporary in nature." Included with a certificate is an application form that must be completed by stockholders who wish to avail themselves of a wide range of hypothetically available brothel services.

While there are no immeplans diate to staff the house, "owners" are welcome to visit their property and inspect the physical plant-a twostory Victorian façade trimmed with pink gingerbread and fronting a 40-

foot-long trailer lavishly decorated in a style Gottlieb ascribes to wild West bordellos.

Ely mayor Barlow N. White, a self-described "very conservative Republican," welcomed Gottlieb's operation to his community, as he would any other business. White says that the city council didn't want Ely to become known as "the whorehouse capital of the world, but we seem to have that reputation anyway, and this was a little different." A dividend of his open-mindedness is a pledge from Gottlieb to donate ten percent of her revenues to the city of Ely.

"Madam" Gottlieb has already made herself a bundle. Initial capitalization amounted to \$27.32 for a brothel license, plus trailer and decoration costs. The stock-ownership kits go for \$11.95 and profits in one quarter have calculated out at more than 200 percent. The Fortune 500 should do so well.

—LAURIE KALMANSON



FAIR FATHERING

Fredric Hayward's letter in the February Playboy Forum appalled me. His thesis "that if abortion is legal, then paternity suits are not" is totally irrational. In an abortion situation, the woman decides whether or not to become a parent, thereby fully assuming the responsibilities for the child. In a paternity action, the sole decision is whether or not a man will contribute to the support of a child, assuming it is proved that he is the father. A paternity action requires no more parental responsibility than signing and mailing a check.

It seems to me that the defendant in such an action abrogated the decision to become a parent when he failed to take the necessary precautions to prevent conception. (No, I do not think the responsibility belongs solely to one side or the other.)

As one can see from the recent crackdown on nonsupporting fathers, some men, for whatever reason, do not pay child support even when they are under a court order to do so. How many men would volunteer to be responsible for the support of a child without the impetus of a paternity action?

> Coleen Hall Dailey, J.D. East Liverpool, Ohio

LOOK AGAIN

I am not pleased. After returning home from a fairly tough day at work, I popped open a beer, lighted a cigarette, sat back and opened the March issue of PLAYBOY for a little R&R. After scanning the pictorials, reading Roy Blount Jr., Dan Jenkins, Asa Baber, Cynthia Heimel and the rest of the guys who always brighten up my day, I began reading The Playboy Forum.

It almost slipped by me, but there on page 46, staring up at me like day-old vomit, was a word in a letter from Tony Edward Brown of St. Louis: Reagansteinomics. Oh, fuck. Here we go again.

To the best of my knowledge, there are no Jews (I assume that was your implication, Brown, rather than an earthenware beer mug) in either Ronnie's or Nancy's family tree—or Stockman's or Kemp's. But for some reason, Brown chose to throw Stein into the middle of Reaganomics. How very clever. How very subtle.

Brown, what you lack in originality you make up for in ignorance. Perhaps you think bigotry is all the rage in your community. Or maybe you feel very bold in taking on a community that makes up a very small percentage of the American populace. Very bold, indeed, Brown. You puke.

All bigots are pukes. Human vomit. Spewers of hatred and fear. Black ones qualify just as well as white ones.

I don't care who your boss is, who owns your building, which of Nixon's men you thought was a Jew. To turn an entire nation or people into one word—Stein, Hymie, nigger, redskin or spick—is an act of criminal ignorance.

I find this sense of the ironic truly inspiring. Brown drops his Reagansteinomics into a letter that I assume is supposed to convince me that blacks are discriminated against and oppressed by white bigots, and this is bad. And then he finishes with a flourish: "Not that any-body's listening."

You're barking up the wrong tree, fella. You're also very, very bad at persuasive writing. That one word you just had to throw in there blew your shit wide open. If there's a case to be made in your letter, I'll never see it. Your credibility went out the window with your sensibility.

Now I'm left to put together the rest of my evening and rid myself of this rage at another crusading human-rights bigot. Maybe if I read Jenkins again, I'll cool off. Which will put me one up on one Tony Edward Brown. Tomorrow I'll be cool and, Tony, you'll still be you.

> Tom Dekel Jerusalem, Israel

Reread Brown's letter, which deplores Reagan's "sacking of affirmative action, voting-rights enforcement and social relief programs," and see if you don't agree that "Reaganstein" is merely a play on Frankenstein. Which, now that we think about it, does sound kind of Jewish.

ACADEMIC OVERKILL

The truth has finally come out about academic recruiting practices at some universities in our area, and what a sorry story it is. Completely overstepping their bounds, local college deans have fanned out to neighboring states and have virtually camped on the doorsteps of blue-chip students from high schools with championship number-sense teams or award-winning literary magazines. Around here, it's common practice for a dean to take along scantily clad, provocative coeds to entice National Honor Society students to attend his college.

Well-to-do alums help out, too, and it is not at all unusual to see National Merit Scholars driving around some area college campuses in Firebirds, Camaros and other flashy "muscle" cars that everyone knows were not bought with income from summer jobs.

Now, I'm not saying there's anything wrong with trying to recruit blue-chip students, but what about the other kids—the ones who have struggled for years out on the football fields of countless high schools to prepare themselves for the greater game of life? These hard-working students are completely ignored in the aggressive, no-holds-barred, go-for-it strategy that has become a way of life at some big-name colleges that sacrifice athletics for strictly academic glory.

And what about the students who are recruited? Sure, the glory is great for a while. But many are put in grueling math, science and philosophy courses that require so many hours of work that they never see a playing field. Of course, some

are given special physical-education tutors, but what kind of P.E. is that? How are they going to cope physically when they leave the cloistered academic life? How many of them will know how to run an under-ten-second 100-yard dash when they graduate? Will any of them appreciate the importance of bench-pressing 300 pounds?

In a time when scholarship has become big business, no one cares about the individual, and colleges aren't the only guilty parties. Large corporations are enticing promising college students to leave their

THE BATTLE OF THE ROGUE

In the war between good and evil that has marked the Eighties, the skirmish that occurred in Wheeler, Texas, should not go unrecorded. Maybe future historians will be able to determine which side won.

The fight centered on Wheeler's little Rogue Theater, whose owner, Ed Nall, tried in 1981 to cut his box-office losses by showing such racy PG- and R-rated films as Stripes, Blue Lagoon and The World According to Garp. This outraged some members of the Wheeler Christian Church and its Reverend Ricky Pfeil, who began buying newspaper ads and writing columns ("Do We Have Pornography in Our Town?") in The Wheeler Times. Meanwhile, church members started picketing the offending movies, except on Sundays and Wednesdays, when services were being held. "I object to all R-rated and most PG-rated movies," the Reverend Mr. Pfeil declared.

After nearly a year of protests, theater owner Nall filed a \$500,000 lawsuit against Pfeil and the church, charging that he was being libeled and harassed out of business. Lawyers thought the case raised some mighty interesting issues of freedom of religion and First Amendment rights. But as the trial date approached, the owner and the reverend were having thoughts of their own—about how to pay the lawyers in a case that could go into years of appeals and financially break the forces of good and evil alike.

A compromise was finally hammered out: The forces of good would buy out the forces of evil for \$50,000 and dismissal of the suit and then figure out what to do with a money-losing moviehouse in a town of 1500, whose citizens now will have to drive 45 miles to another Texas Panhandle town, Pampa, population 21,000, where the action is.

—BILL HELMER

studies before they graduate. Sometimes the big salaries and bonuses are just too much for a young ghetto-bred theoretical mathematician or phenomenologist to resist. And can you blame him?

I'd like to know what others think about this rising tide of scholastic commercialism and the shameful lack of emphasis on physical education.

> Hoot Gruben Dallas, Texass

BREAKING THE BANK

The legal system in this country has had a couple of hundred years to deal with the results of the messy, old-fashioned way of making babies, but artificial insemination, embryo transplants and private contracts renting out surrogate wombs have left the courts way behind. The current confusion caused by the new conception technologies demonstrates what can happen when technological advances outpace the law. I have faith that the courts will eventually figure out what to do about such issues as the inheritance rights of orphaned frozen embryos and whether or not the frozen sperm-bank deposits of a dead man are part of his estate. The same human ingenuity that brought us these advances will, sooner or later, learn how to deal with their ramifications.

One ramification could be a San Francisco gang of machine-gun-toting radical lesbian feminists staging armed robberies of their local sperm banks. Is anybody ready for that?

M. Fuller Baton Rouge, Louisiana

MENTAL-PLAQUE BUILD-UP

It occurs to me that I may actually be able to provide some relief to the fuzzyheaded people whose letters you publish. Confusion, anxiety and a host of negative mental reactions to everyday life are often precipitated by a build-up of what I and my scientific-research team call mental plaque. Yes. If you go around talking with idiots all day, you are bound to get some mental-plaque build-up between the ears. I have invented a product that can cure this condition. Mental floss, inserted in one ear and pulled out the other, can remove mental-plaque build-up when used as part of a regular program of mental hygiene. I recommend it to your readers. And remember: Floss at least twice a day, and always floss between meetings.

> Susan Riesman Chicago, Illinois

Would you be referring to letters such as the two preceding ones?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SPARKY ANDERSON

a candid conversation with the casey stengel of the eighties about hittin', winnin' and spittin'—and really <u>lovin'</u> the game of baseball

With all due respect to Lee Iacocca, Sparky Anderson must be the best thing to hit the beleaguered city of Detroit in a long time. When he was hired to take over as manager of the Detroit Tigers three months into the 1979 season, the team was in a nose dive almost as deep as the auto industry's. Cars weren't selling; the Tigers sure weren't winning. So on his first day on the job, Sparky announced that within five years-by 1984-the Tigers would win it all, would become the world champions of baseball. Baseball writers scoffed-"SPARKY ANNOUNCES A FIVE-YEAR PLAN," one headline sneered. After all, hadn't he been fired the previous year by the Cincinnati Reds? Despite a reputation for canniness with the press (and for cheerfully mangling the English language), wasn't it likely that of Sparky had seen his best days?

Last year, Sparky proved that his best days were still ahead of him. He shaped a world-champion team out of a collection of players many sportswriters had written off. And he did it right on schedule. The Detroit Tigers not only won the world series, they set a lot of records along the way. The team's 35 wins and five losses during the first two months set a major-league record for the best start in baseball history. The Tigers remained in first

place from opening day to the final day of the season; the last club to do that had been the legendary 1927 New York Yankees with Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. While winning more games than any previous Tigers team, they drew 2,704,794 fans—the highest home attendance in team history, just shy of the American League's all-time attendance mark. The Tigers finished an astonishing 15 games ahead of their nearest rival in baseball's toughest division, the American League East, before they went on to sweep Kansas City in the American League play-offs and then beat the San Diego Padres four games to one in the world series. In short, the Tigers had a monster year.

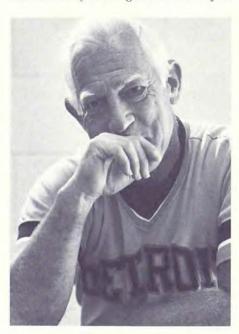
Those are the team statistics. Sparky's personal statistics as a manager in 1984 put him on a pedestal loftier than that of any other manager in baseball history: He became the first manager to win a world series in both leagues; the first to win 100 games or more in both leagues; the first to win the Manager of the Year award in both leagues. He now holds the record for the most play-off games won by any manager—17. All of which makes him today, by percentages, the winningest active manager in the game.

"He's not the smartest strategist in the world," says Joe Morgan, Sparky's star sec-

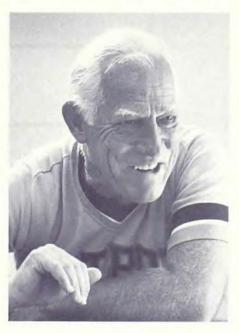
ond baseman at Cincinnati, "[but] the most overrated idea in baseball is that a manager wins and loses games with strategic moves on the field. Sparky is smart enough to know that if he can get the players to perform on the field the way they are capable, he doesn't have to make those strategic moves."

Adds the Tigers' Hall of Fame radio announcer, Ernie Harwell: "I've been in baseball almost 50 years and I don't recall ever seeing a manager use all the players he has available so well. Everybody gets a chance to play, sooner or later—Sparky's the master of platooning. Also the master of the sneak attack—doing the unexpected. He doesn't believe in computer readouts of player statistics, like so many managers do these days—he plays his hunches and, more often than not, his hunches pay off for him. I think maybe he does have a genius, and that's not believing he's a genius, the way a lot of managers believe they are."

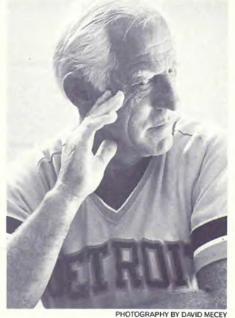
Genius or not, he's certainly the most famous fellow ever to hail from Bridgewater, South Dakota. His father moved the family to Los Angeles when Sparky was eight; Sparky started hanging around the University of Southern California baseball practices, eventually becoming the bat boy. He fell "totally in love" with the game and became a good



"Losin' is lousy. It really affects me. It affects my family, too. Even if it's just a minor slump, the way my mind works, I think I'll never win again. I should know better, but I got this disease called baseball."



"So many players credit God with their swing after hitting a home run. You hear that a lot these days. I look at it this way: If God let you hit a home run last time up, then who struck you out next time at bat?"



"Bein' the first manager to win it all in both leagues didn't make me no prettier, did it? Didn't make me no more handsome. Didn't reduce my blood pressure, didn't take away my baseball ulcer."

enough high school player to catch the eye of a Brooklyn Dodgers scout, a family friend who signed him up after graduation for a small bonus-enough to buy a wedding ring for his high school sweetheart, who has been his wife ever since-and off he went into the low minor leagues, class C of the California league. He knew his only way to make it to the major leagues was through sheer fierceness on the field; since he didn't have the natural athlete's ability, he had to be a scrapper. As he moved his way up through the minor leagues in the Fifties, he became famous for his determination, sometimes even kneeling in front of second base and daring the opposing runner to reach the bag by running over him. He was not fond of umpires who disagreed with his opinions, and at one of his minor-league pit stops, the local radio announcer would describe his flare-ups with umpires as "the sparks; there go the sparks at second base again." George Anderson, the name on the birth certificate, went into limbo that year, and Sparky was born—a name that has stuck throughout his life in baseball. His dream of being a major-leaguer came true briefly in 1959, when he landed a utility-infielder job with the Philadelphia Phillies. But the next year, he was shipped down again, and he figured that the only way to stay in the game he loved so much was to manage.

After a series of minor-league managing posts during the Sixties, Sparky re-entered the major leagues as a coach in 1969 with a brand-new team, the San Diego Padres. The next year, a man he had known throughout his minor-league experience was hired as the general manager of the Cincinnati Reds, who were looking for a new manager. Sparky got the job. Eight years later, having won five division titles, four pennants and two world series and having finished lower than second only once, the most celebrated National League manager of the Seventies was told he was out of a job by the new general manager.

Although the Detroit Tigers improved under Sparky's management, they continued to finish out of the money. But Sparky didn't. A smart CBS vice-president hired him to do "color work" on the network's worldseries radio broadcasts. He proved to be colorful, indeed-he gained a national reputation for describing the finer points of the game with down-home humor, an occasional malapropism and such Dizzy Deanlike enthusiasm that millions of television viewers turned off the sound, watched the game and listened to Sparky's radio commentary. With his reputation as a latter-day Casey Stengel still on the rise, PLAYBOY sent free-lance writer Ken Kelley to follow him around during the off season in Puerto Rico, Detroit and Southern California, Kelley's report:

"The first thing that hits you when you meet Sparky is how much the game can age a guy who has spent all his life in it and is so devoted to it. He's just 51 years old, but his hair is pure white and his face is a road map of every stretch of minor-league highway he

ever traveled. I knew his age, of course, but I think sometimes his looks made me forget; when we talked baseball history, I'd ask him what it was like to see such and such an old-timer play. 'Ken,' he'd admonish with a chuckle, 'you're forgettin' I don't go back that far. I just look old. I feel young.'

"The second thing you notice is how thoughtful he is before he answers a question. He tamps down the tobacco in his pipe, slowly stokes it—and then he's off and running: He answers the question, expands on it, raises new questions and then expands some more.

"When I approached him to do the Interview,' he suggested we meet in San Juan-he was going there for a week of scouting some Tigers prospects playing in the winter league, and he thought it might be a relaxing time to get in some good conversation. Nothing could have been further from the truth in terms of relaxation; but as it turned out, the experience of being with him there proved over and over again that he was telling the truth when he said he felt young. We spent almost one week doing three-hour sessions, and I'd always come away exhausted from the heat, the jet lag and the intensity of the conversation. But afterward, Sparky would go out and do the job he'd gone down to do-often spending hours traveling to a remote town on

"I don't have no school smarts, but I do understand guys. I don't think I've been tricked by too many guys."

the island, hours watching the game and talking with the players, hours coming back, only to have to meet me again the next day. One day, he even played second base for three innings in an old-timers game; he didn't get a hit, but he was all over his territory, making some great catches and throws. All this in addition to the effort he made with the fans—not just to all the Puerto Rican fans, to whom he was the great Schor Sparky, but to the American tourists as well.

"During our final session at his home in Thousand Oaks, California, things were much more relaxed and private, though when I arrived, he was grimacing over the latest stack of fan mail that had turned the diningroom table into a small-scale Mount Fuji. We sat on his patio, the sun shone bright and he talked a bit about the difference between Sparky Anderson—the showbiz guy, the doyour-job guy—and George Anderson, the guy who, as he puts it, keeps him honest when he's being Sparky. I came away knowing I had met them both, and both were a pleasure."

PLAYBOY: We want to start with the serious baseball questions first—like, when did you start chewing bubble gum?

ANDERSON: Well, I started chewing it

about 30 years ago, and then I started wrappin' it around tobacco—I don't like the taste of chewin' tobacco, so I chew the bubble gum and then wrap it around the wad of tobacco.

PLAYBOY: Sounds delicious.

ANDERSON: Well, it don't taste so good, but it don't taste so bad once you get used to it. Sort of a neuter taste—ain't that the word?—something to chew on and spit out, for the nerves. Why the heck are you askin', anyway? I thought you said serious. PLAYBOY: Because during the world series last year, every other TV shot seemed to show you blowing a big pink bubble.

ANDERSON: If you're askin' if I'm worried about my image that way, the answer is no—I never think about that kind of thing. A lot of players these days chew the gum, but they don't wrap it around tobacco or blow any bubbles. A lot of other players just chaw on a plug of tobacco, like players did in the old days, because they think it's part of the tradition, I guess. Not as *much* as they used to in the old days, though, I don't think. It's funny to me when I see sports reporters make a big deal out of why players spit so much—
PLAYBOY: Why do they spit so much?

ANDERSON: Again, it's just a nervous habit. Maybe it ain't the greatest thing to look at on television, but the cameras could focus on other things, like the game goin' on. The point is, when you gotta spit, you gotta spit, and it ain't the ballplayers' fault that it shows up on television. They're just playin' the game, doin' their job.

PLAYBOY: You had quite a bit of media exposure when you managed Cincinnati's Big Red Machine in the Seventies; but last year, with the Tigers' success, it seemed as if every ten minutes there was another picture of you in the papers atop your latest colorful quote.

ANDERSON: I'll tell ya, it was the longest year I ever had. Startin' off like we did, it created a time bomb. When you start out with a 35–5 record, there's so much attention. Everybody wanted to have a piece of me. It was curious to me, though, because even up to the end, many of the stories were sayin', "Who are these guys? When's this whole thing gonna collapse?" Like, nobody can be this good; it's just a fluke, and pretty soon the Orioles will get their rear in gear and overtake us.

PLAYBOY: Did the team's spectacular start lead to overconfidence?

ANDERSON: Not for me. I've been in the game long enough to know that you can hit a losing streak so fast, where you just can't win—same way as when you're on a winning streak, you just can't lose. I've always been a pessimist that way—I always think a losing streak is just around the corner. It's a matter of you're gonna win only so many games, I don't care who you are or how you start out.

PLAYBOY: You played in the major leagues for one season and obviously didn't overwhelm the world with your ability as a player.

ANDERSON: I think it's fair to say that I was an extremely mediocre player.

PLAYBOY: Why is it that so many mediocre players turn out to be great managers and so many great players turn out to be lousy managers? Ty Cobb and Ted Williams, for instance, were poor managers.

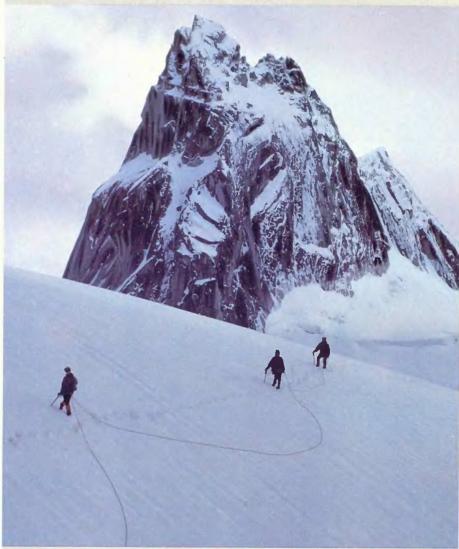
ANDERSON: Well, when you're a mediocre player, you need to talk to so many different people that you learn how to communicate with players, because so many people have tried to help you. And you have a great chance to learn more about the game because you're warmin' your butt on the bench. I also think it's unfair to lay the blame on, say, a Ted Williams for his managing record, because you have to look at the club he had to deal with. I think good clubs make good managers, not the other way around.

Pete Rose was hired as the player-manager of the Reds last year, and I think he's gonna be the first great player who becomes a great manager, for the simple reason that he gives so much; that's the way he is. I think that came across in the *Playboy Interview* I read back in the late Seventies [September 1979].

PLAYBOY: Backing up a bit, what got you into baseball? In both of the books you've written—The Main Spark, when you were in Cincinnati, and Bless You Boys, in Detroit—you give a lot of credit to your father for your baseball career. Did he fill you with dreams of big-league glory?

ANDERSON: I'll tell ya somethin'-when I was a kid, I never thought about the big leagues or nothin', because I didn't know about them. Until I was eight years old, my family was in South Dakota and I was playing pickup games my daddy would organize, but nobody knew anything about the major leagues. It was real remote out there. Then, when my family moved to Los Angeles, the big deal was the Pacific Coast League-technically, I guess, it was minor-league ball, but it was the biggest deal on the West Coast. My dad moved us out there because he got a job in a defense plant, in a Navy shipyard, painting ships. But I was real fortunate, because the University of Southern California, which had the greatest baseball coach in history, Rod Dedeaux-he's still the coach there-was only about two blocks away, and I got to become bat boy and baseball became my life. I went there every day, every day, and I just loved to play. I'd get up at eight o'clock in the morning in the summer and run down there, because there was a game of "over the line"-if you hit the ball over the outfielder's head, it was a single-the Los Angeles version of sand-lot baseball, I guess. And we'd play it all summer. I look back and try to think, When did I really want to be a baseball player? And I don't think there's an answer; one thing just led to another-I just fell in love with baseball, and I don't know why. I really don't. I'm glad I did, though. I can say that out

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loud, because I tried basketball and football when I was in high school, and they didn't do for me what baseball did. There's just a special magic to the game of baseball.

PLAYBOY: That raises an interesting point. Until the late Sixties, baseball was always the national pastime, almost more American than apple pie. Then football became the passion. Baseball attendance declined; it became a recurrent theme in the press to denounce baseball as boring. Now it's the reverse—interest in football is down, as are its TV ratings, while baseball attendance is at an all-time high and the latest broadcasting rights to the game almost quadrupled the previous contract. Why?

ANDERSON: I think one of the reasons is that in baseball, size has nothin' to do with performance, really. You could be a midget and make it, if you were quick enough, in baseball. It ain't a contact sport, like football. It's a matter of skill, and I think the American public appreciates skill—what a little guy can do when he does it right. There's no room on a football team for a shortstop. Even though he don't weigh too much, his agility is essential to winning games. We have the best in the business in shortstops with Alan Trammell, as far as I'm concerned. I still love watching football, I gotta say that.

PLAYBOY: Many sportswriters mention the fact that you delegate authority in the same way football coaches do—you give your management team power to decide things in a way unusual in baseball, where managers usually play God.

ANDERSON: Let's leave God out of it for the time being—that's a whole different thing we can get into later—but I know what you're sayin'. I just feel that when I hire a coach, I hire him because he's very knowledgeable. Just because he ain't the manager don't mean he's got no brains. My pitching coach I rely on a lot; he runs everything with the pitchers until game time. When game time comes, I make every decision. For this reason: My coach is not being paid to take the burden of winning the game—that's my job, and I want to know what he thinks about the situation, but I'm the guy who wins or loses.

PLAYBOY: Many managers "call" the pitches from the dugout. Do you do that? ANDERSON: Once in a while, when we have a particular strategy in mind; but we have such a great catcher in Lance Parrish now that we don't do it very much. I trust his judgment. That's a luxury a lot of managers don't have.

PLAYBOY: You've often said you had the luxury of having the greatest catcher in history—Johnny Bench at Cincinnati.

ANDERSON: Yeah, and I'm not puttin' down Lance when I say that. Those Cincinnati years were just a manager's dream. How often do you get a Johnny Bench, a Pete Rose, a Joe Morgan, a Tony Perez—a Hall of Fame dream team at its peak that you sort of inherit your first year as a major-league manager? I was real lucky.

PLAYBOY: So far, you make it seem as if being a great manager is a matter of being the right guy in line at the supermarket. But it's certainly more than that, isn't it?

ANDERSON: Yeah, you're right, and I guess the most important quality of leadership is honesty. The player has to know when he's talkin' to you that you're bein' honest with him. That's a must. But I really don't know the answer to your question, because-and I'm treatin' you like a player now, bein' honest-I honestly don't know what makes a great manager, and anybody who says he knows don't know. There's no guidelines. To judge it that way, every manager who won would have to have the same team and have that same team have the same type of year in the same situation over and over-then we'd be able to tell.

PLAYBOY: Casey Stengel? His Yankees during the Fifties were pretty consistent winners, wouldn't you say?

ANDERSON: He was great, no question. He also had tremendous teams. Some people say you'd have to be a complete idiot not to win with the talent he had, but the point is, he won. And we'll never know whether, if someone else had managed the Yankees then, he would have won. I just think it's hogwash for a manager to sit down with a team owner and say, "Well, I can do this and I can do that"—it's so unpredictable. PLAYBOY: Hold it, Sparky. Didn't you predict that the Tigers would be world champions by 1984?

ANDERSON: Was I right? Did I do it?

PLAYBOY: Sure you were, but you've just contradicted yourself.

ANDERSON: Well, maybe you're right. You want to know the reason I said I'd take the team downtown within five years—win it all? I had a brand-new five-year contract. What was I supposed to say at all the press conferences—"I promise we'll finish fourth after five years"? I just figured it was my job to win and say so—that's why my hoss pays me money.

And you wouldn't be talkin' to me if I didn't deliver—I know that. I mean, bein' the first manager to win it all in both leagues didn't really make me no prettier, did it? Didn't make me no more handsome. Didn't reduce my blood pressure, didn't take away my baseball ulcer.

PLAYBOY: When the Tigers hired you, did you become the highest-paid manager in the history of the game?

ANDERSON: Jeez, I really don't know. I really don't like to talk about money. Why are you askin' this?

PLAYBOY: Well, for one thing, in his July 1983 Playboy Interview, Earl Weaver claims that he agreed to sign on for his final season with Baltimore only if he'd be the highest-paid manager in baseball history. He says that you were the highest-paid manager then and that he—

ANDERSON: Wanted to one-up me? I see what you're gettin' at. I agreed to let the Tigers let Baltimore know what I was makin'. It was OK with me. But I'll tell

you what—I let the Tigers tell the Orioles about my salary, since Earl felt it was so important, but what was not mentioned to Earl was that I got a yearly cost-of-living increase. He didn't know about that.

PLAYBOY: So you're still the highest paid, then? You have a gleam in your eyes.

ANDERSON: The way I look at it, a good manager never compares what he's makin' against what another guy's makin'.

PLAYBOY: You just signed a new two-year contract with the Tigers. Did you first try to find out what your peers were worth?

ANDERSON: Peers-ain't that guys together in the bathroom? [Laughs] Nah. I really mean this: I make enough. I make enough to support my wife and kids and do what I want to do. I'm sure Tommy Lasorda [manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers] makes a lot more money than me. Probably Billy Martin makes more money than me by not managing the Yankees. I'm just perfectly happy with the situation I've got. I like my job. Still, you never know in the business from one day to the next. I'd won the pennant four times in Cincinnati. When I was fired in 1978, the team finished second but a good secondyou know what I mean? We weren't that many games out of first. I'd given the organization everything I had, and I got fired over breakfast after the Cincinnati general manager, Dick Wagner, flew out to talk to me about the rebuilding of the team. He just said, "Our plans don't include you anymore"-something like

PLAYBOY: How did you feel about that?

ANDERSON: Well, of course I was shocked. Wagner at least had the guts to fly out to the West Coast and tell me in person. I give him that. That was decent. But I gotta tell you and you gotta print this—after I was fired, it put a fire in my belly that burned until I proved 'em wrong. Ever since the day they fired me, I wanted to prove 'em wrong, and I did, finally. It took a while, but I did it.

PLAYBOY: Was it a matter of revenge?

ANDERSON: I've asked myself that a lot. I don't think so, because I'm not revenge-ful—is that a word?

PLAYBOY: It is now. Did you feel bitter? That's what we're asking.

ANDERSON: Of course I did. But it really boiled down to provin' again that I know how to do my job. I was pretty happy when I proved my point last year.

PLAYBOY: Back to the money aspect for a moment. On most teams these days, managers don't make as much money as their biggest star or, in many cases, even their bench warmers—the average major-league-baseball salary is \$329,000 a year. Sports is the only business where the worker can make more than the boss. How does that affect the boss?

ANDERSON: I'll tell ya how it affects this boss. I don't care how much a guy makes, if he don't perform the way I think he should, he's gonna hear about it from me. His salary is none of my business; his

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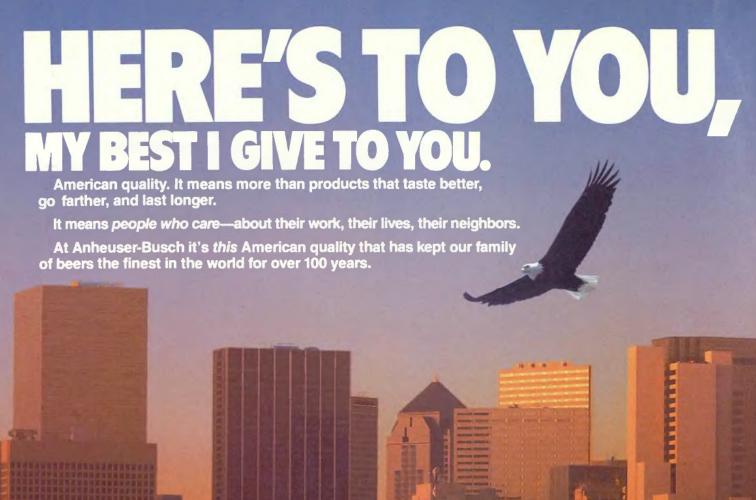
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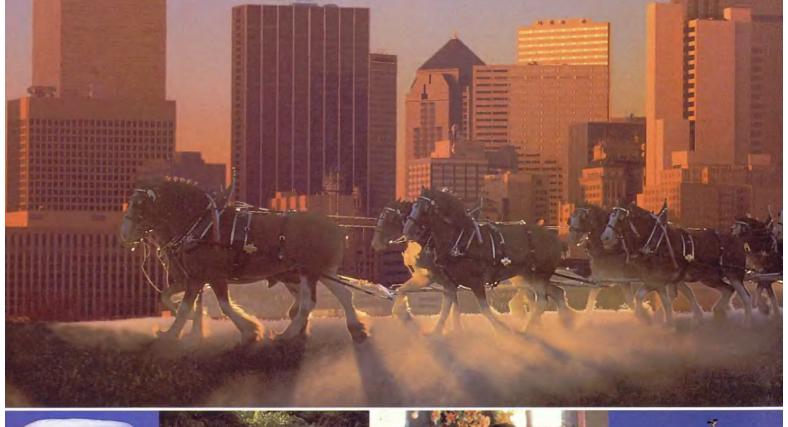
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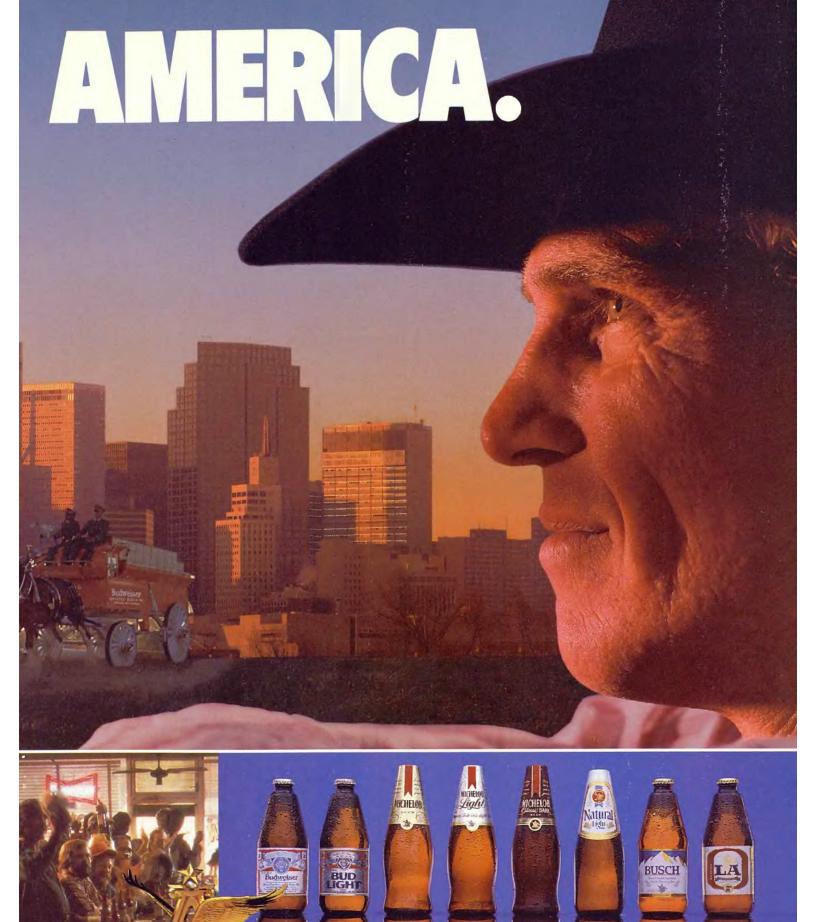


Beyond the Ordinary.











performance is. I really don't pay attention to any of the stuff about a guy making a million a year or a billion a year—I just think about what my job is, and my job is to put the best team on the field I can, every day. If a player's agent can prove to the team owner that he's worth a million, that's fine by me. But when he puts on that uniform, he has to prove to me that he can play the game. That's all. I don't get no pressure from my boss to play a guy just because he's makin' a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: Whereas the Yankees' George Steinbrenner has been known to call down to the dugout and say, "Put this millionaire in the game, now!"

ANDERSON: Yeah, I've read about that in the papers. I'd quit in a minute if that ever happened to me. It never would happen to me with the Tigers. I wasn't hired to be the team's accountant.

PLAYBOY: The Tigers were sold in 1983 to Tom Monaghan, the founder of the Domino's Pizza operation, for \$55,000,000—the highest price ever paid for any sports franchise. In an unprecedented move, Monaghan offered to let you buy some stock in the team, which makes you the first manager since Connie Mack, the legendary owner-manager of the old Philadelphia A's, to have a piece of the rock.

ANDERSON: Rock? [Laughs] Rocks break down into sand, right? What I own is a pocketful of sand. But I do got some sand

and a pocket to put it in. It was a great expression of the organization's faith in me when Tom Monaghan let me buy in, and no owner ever did that before. That feels pretty good to an old South Dakota boy who spent so much of his baseball life cramped on a team bus by day and sharin' a crummy motel room at night with the world's loudest-snorin' third baseman. PLAYBOY: You're referring to the time you spent in the minor leagues.

ANDERSON: Yeah—minor towns, minor food, minor bus drivers, minor everything. Room service was the peanut-butter sandwich your wife packed up for you the night before you went on a two-weck road trip to Montana. I ain't bitchin' about it, you gotta understand—really, I hope it don't sound that way. It's just that most base-ball fans don't understand how hard it was in the old days—once you made the major leagues, your meal allowance let you move up from peanut butter to hamburgers, maybe a steak once in a while.

PLAYBOY: You've been married to your high school sweetheart, Carol, since you started out in baseball as a teenager, and you've brought up three kids together. Isn't baseball rough on the family?

ANDERSON: You sure are right, and that's somethin' that never gets talked about. You know, I look back on it and I really don't know how we did it. I sure don't know how Carol did it. I'm a real lucky man—it's unbelievable. I have a wife who is just unreal. You know, all the press this

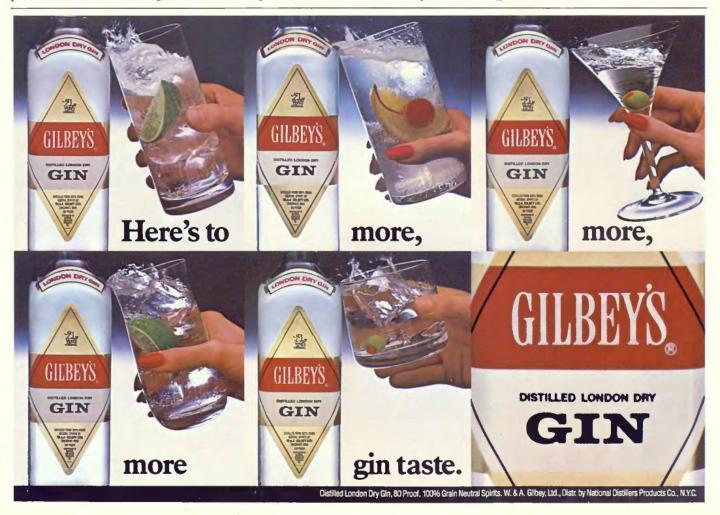
year about me—first manager to win it all in both leagues, first manager to win 100 games in both leagues. I'll say this, the main reason I'm lucky is that Carol put up with me and baseball life. She basically had to raise the children by herself and yet still be there with me when I'm cryin'. I don't care who we are, we have our ups and downs. When you have a woman who, when you're down, she's right there to listen—well, I'll just say that my best friend is my wife. I know that whatever happens, she won't run south on me. Hell or high water, she's gonna be there.

So many baseball people have their marriages break up—two, three, four times. I truly believe that if a man and a woman aren't the best of friends first, then there ain't much chance.

PLAYBOY: Shaky moments?

ANDERSON: We got married in 1953, when we were both 19 years old. That first year, we'd go through weeks when we hardly spoke to each other because of my schedule. When I look back and try to put everything together, I get scared. I never dreamed after I was in high school that I wouldn't play baseball—never even dreamed about it. Education, to be honest with ya, wasn't my cup of tea. I'm just not an educated person. Not book educated. I've never read a book, for instance.

PLAYBOY: Not even the two you wrote with sportswriters, both of which became huge regional best sellers?



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ANDERSON: I read 'em before they came out, but they weren't books then. I'm just sayin' that so often, not being a bookeducated person is real hard on ya. Especially when you're younger-don't think it's not. Like, when I was in a room with lawyers or doctors, I knew they have to have eight to 12 years of education. I'll tell ya this, when I first got into higher baseball-in lower baseball it really didn't matter-I would sit and watch at a lunch or dinner or somethin' and try to figure out which fork and knife you used first; hell, I didn't know what to do, except to look at what everybody else did. When you're raised the way I was-I'm not cryin' poverty, but you just sit down at the table and aim for the platter. The first gets what he's gonna get.

I'll never forget the time I was hired in Cincinnati and I was supposed to give a speech, and I'd never given a speech in my life—this was in '70, before I'd ever managed a major-league game in my life, and this will sound crazy to you, but the m.c. got up at the microphone and said, "I want to introduce everyone on the dais," and I said to myself, "Dais? I thought this was the head table." Same way with spelling—I still can't spell for nothin', although I've got a little better over the years. I still feel bad about it; but as you get older, you learn that all the lawyers and doctors and writers—well, you can't do what they can do, but they can't do

what you can do.

I'll tell va, I sure don't know what else I would have done. Only thing I can think of is, I would have worked in the factory or become a house painter, like my daddy. So when people ask me why I got into baseball-well, my God, baseball gave me everything. Everything. I don't know if baseball decided me or if I decided baseball. I wonder all the time, How did it happen? I just never dreamed that I wouldn't always have baseball, startin' out in 1953, my first year, when I was with Santa Barbara in the California State League. I'd signed with the Brooklyn Dodgers. When I look back, I just think for some reason, you're picked out. I don't know why. Like I don't know why I was the first manager to win in both leagues, not just the pennant but the world series. PLAYBOY: As you put it before, you inher-

PLAYBOY: As you put it before, you inherited winners with the Reds. With the Tigers, you had to *build* a team. Did you get pretty much free rein to do that?

ANDERSON: I wouldn't go that far, but the Tigers pretty much never hardly said no to me. But I'm one of those guys who can never get enough—when I get somethin', I want somethin' more. Keep in mind that I also inherited a lot of talent when I took over the Tigers—guys who were babies then but guys who had tons of potential. Lou Whitaker is the best second baseman in baseball now. Lance Parrish is the best catcher; Tranmell. . . .

PLAYBOY: Those are the "babies" you inherited, and under you the babies became stars. But you also inherited a team stacked with a lot of deadwood. Since the advent of free agency, the Tigers have had a notoriously stingy attitude about dipping into the free-agent draft. Did that bother you when you signed?

ANDERSON: Not at all, because I've always felt the key to a winning club was a successful farm system, and I knew the Tigers have always put a lot of emphasis on their farm system. I don't think the kind of quick-fix approach is a real way to build a team. Look at Gene Autry and all the money he's spent on the Angels by goin' into the free-agent draft so heavy. It hasn't really paid off for him, has it? All the millions he's spent got him one division title a couple of years back. I never thought the Tigers were stingy about free agency, just smart. The club spent a lot of money last year to sign Darrel Evans when he became a free agent from the San Francisco Giants. And the chemistry was right.

Sec, I'm a little different, I think, in my belief from most managers. Most managers think winning creates chemistry. I think chemistry creates winning—that the way the guys you have work together makes you, as a manager, a winner—

PLAYBOY: Leo Durocher's famous quote is "Nice guys finish last"—

ANDERSON: And he's right, if all they are is nice guys. But if they have real talent and

they get along together, they will win. That's the chemistry I'm talkin' about the gettin' along together.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

ANDERSON: They don't go and hide from each other when things get goin' tough. They'll win together and they'll lose together, but they'll stay together.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a fairy-tale concept these days? The great teams of the past would stay together for years because the players were at the mercy of the owners. Isn't it tougher when your star center fielder can become a free agent and leave you for greener pastures?

ANDERSON: There's no doubt about it, the game has changed forever in that respect. The players have so much more control than when I grew up in baseball.

PLAYBOY: Is that bad?

ANDERSON: Certainly not from the standpoint of a player. You'd have to be stupid not to get everything you could get, and free agency left the barn door wide-open. I'm lookin' at it from the standpoint of a manager-it's hard enough to put together a team of winners, and you have a lot less control now. And you're right-it makes it a lot harder to keep up a team spirit once you got a player leavin'. I'll tell ya what keeps up my spirit, though-the fans. We had great fans in Cincinnati, but I've never seen fans like we got in Detroit. Sure, they get rowdy at times and overdo it, but Detroit fans just love baseball so much. When I first went there, in June of '79, I couldn't believe it. The Tigers were in fifth place at the time, and I couldn't believe how much daily attention they were getting. I'd just come from a place where I got fired for finishing second. One of the first things I told my team was, "Man, do you know how lucky you are? Where I come from, they lynch fifth-place teams!" Another thing about Detroit-the fans never boo their players. They do boo their managers, though, somethin' I learned right away. My first couple of years, I used to take my hat off, put it above the dugout and just test the temperature out there before I decided if I could go to the mound to change pitchers. The natives were pretty restless.

PLAYBOY: Was it hard to take that heat?
ANDERSON: Not really. I've always looked at it this way: As the manager, you represent to the fans the essence of the team. If you win, they love you, and if you lose, it ain't a question of they hate you—they don't even know you—but you represent what they don't like: a loser. I'm real popular after last year, but I know this—by the time this Interview comes out, if the Tigers ain't doin' as well as we were doin' last year, I'm gonna be the biggest bum in town. The fans'll be on me. But that's the way they are. And it's part of the job. At least I feel pretty secure in my job with Detroit.

PLAYBOY: Your boss, Jim Campbell, would probably agree. By the way, he told us that it's not uncommon for you to charge up to

his office when you're on a losing streak and propose dozens of ideas about trades that could turn everything around; he said he puts them into his "walking-eagle file." What is a walking eagle?

ANDERSON: A bird so full of shit he can't fly. Sometimes I get so frustrated when I'm losin' that I want to change things tomorrow; and by the time tomorrow comes, I've got another whole new idea. And then, if we lose again, tomorrow I got another new idea. Just my way of spoutin' off, I guess, because I hate to lose so much. PLAYBOY: Once you've won it all in one year, is there even more pressure the following year?

ANDERSON: Oh, man, you gotta work so much harder after you win—I try to look at our success from the viewpoint of all the teams we beat, because I got plenty of experience being a loser, and when you're in the losin' dugout and watch the team enjoy the whole year the way the Tigers did this year, watchin' everything go wonderful for the other side—hey, you're not too happy about it. And I know that unhappiness kinda simmers in the off season. Plus, a manager has the problem of dealin' with players who're satisfied to only win once—they got their world-series ring, they proved something.

PLAYBOY: How do you help the players deal with that kind of pressure?

ANDERSON: I know how tough it is to go out and compete every day. And I feel so much for my players and I hate to see any player go through a rough time-and I try to tell him when he is goin' through a rough time, "Nobody's gonna shoot you. All they can do is boo at you and yell at you." I was talkin' about it before-fans don't realize that when you have to perform in 162 games a year, with the travelin' and all the things you have to do, it's just the toughest sport there is. You don't have the hitting you have in football, you don't have the physical contact you have in basketball or hockey; what you have is a mental thing that involves more traveling than any other sport, more games by far than any other sport. Including spring training, you're gonna play almost 200 ball games. People just have no idea how hard it is. It's hard enough when you're winning; when you're 15 games below .500, man, it's murder. Even when you're winning as good as we did this year, you're always gonna have a couple of guys with a burr up their ass.

PLAYBOY: That happened to you last year, when your star starting pitcher, Jack Morris, after pitching a no-hitter in April and by May seeming so unbeatable that all the writers were predicting he'd win 30 games, went into a prolonged tail spin and got pouty with the press, as if the writers were making him lose. He wouldn't give interviews after the games he pitched and—ANDERSON: Well, we've all done it.

PLAYBOY: You? The guy who's never at a loss for words for the press?

ANDERSON: Yeah, even me. I swore once

I'd never talk to you guys again, too. Lasted over a day. [Laughs] Players express their frustrations in different ways. Some guys show their emotions different than other guys. I remember when I was managin' the Reds, I was in my office and—I won't name the two players, but a guy came runnin' in and told me, "They're at it."

PLAYBOY: It's all over now—who are we talking about?

ANDERSON: All I'm gonna say is that one was a starting pitcher, one a guy who played every day. I ran out and they were swinging at each other, havin' a fisticus.

PLAYBOY: You stopped it?

ANDERSON: I had to. I separated 'em, sent one into the trainer's room and cooled 'em down so's I could talk to 'em and find out what was goin' on. It got settled. Again, what you gotta understand about team sports, there's no way for people to live together as long as you do when you're playin' the game and not have some flareups, even between guys who like each other. PLAYBOY: Unlike many managers, you're not a believer in team meetings, are you? ANDERSON: Very few, very rarely. Every now and then, you have to. I do it when things are gettin' a little nonchalant, when there's not enough intensity. You have to remind 'em that they can't just throw their glove out on the field and expect to win, that you gotta go out there and go after people. I usually make it very quick and just say it ain't gonna go on and let's end it immediately or I'll do such and such.

PLAYBOY: What kind of such and such?
ANDERSON: Dollars. Fines. I'm not a big one for rules no more, but you still have to lay the law down sometimes. If one guy can be late for practice, it means the 24 other guys can be late. If that happens, you ain't a team no more. But please print this—the 1984 Tigers were a team in the truest sense of the word.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of fines, isn't it meaningless to fine a player \$1000 when he's making 500 times that much?

ANDERSON: Again, I don't care what his pay check is. It may not hurt him in the wallet the way it used to, but he's hearin' from me that he ain't performing the way I expect him to. I think it still sinks in the way it used to. Players never wanna be in the manager's doghouse. Gould mean they don't get played. That could hurt their wallet in next year's negotiations.

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you mentioned how upset you get when you've lost a few games. Why does it get to you so much? ANDERSON: Losin' is lousy. It really affects me. It affects my family, too. Even if it's just a minor slump—two or three losing games in a row—the way my mind works, I just think I'll never win another game. I know I should know better, but I got this disease called baseball and that's all I ever think about, except for my family. It's war, it really is, and my job is to win the war. When my kids lived at home, there'd be

(continued on page 126)

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article **By LAURENCE GONZALES**

when you least expect it, you may find that you have an electronic alter ego with better—or worse credit than your own

ET'S SAY you go to the doctor one day complaining of the sniffles and he gives you a pill. Let's say it's

the wrong pill-there's been some mistake-and it doesn't cure you at all. Let's say it's an experimental pill and it makes you extremely paranoid instead. Let's say you work for Bank One in Columbus, Ohio, part of a regional banking conglomerate that issues MasterCards throughout the United States, and that the first effect of your paranoia is this: You become convinced that a member of the executive board of directors of Bank One, Mr. John R. Parsons, does not exist.

You've never seen him, so how do you know he exists? True, you've seen his correspondence, but perhaps there are little mechanical people with feelers who actually write his letters.

And while you're busy having paranoid delusions, let's say you get the idea that your MasterCard is the key to opening up vast stores of intimate information about you and that you can't hide even by paying cash. Not only that but you've become convinced that people are asking your neighbors questions about you, filing reports on your personal habits and storing them in warehouses around the country. To top it off, let's say you also imagine that your medical records are being passed around without your knowledge.

As you walk down the street, you become convinced that someone is following you, someone who looks just like you but has no face, a distorted version of yourself, stalking you like a shadow every

step you take from birth to death. And that's only the first day.

The alarming thing about this experimental drug is that, in all likelihood, it would not make you paranoid enough for your own good. To illustrate, let me tell you about an experience I had recently: A letter arrived at my house from Bank One in Columbus, Ohio. It was addressed to Laurence Lorence, someone who does not exist, and signed JOHN R. PARSONS, BANK CARD DIVISION MANAGER.

"I'm inviting you," Mr. Parsons wrote, "to . . . enjoy the credit card for a new age in shopping: the MasterCard INSIDERS' CARD. . . . Not long ago . . . I decided I was through with waiting in lines. . . . As a banker, I'd learned enough about computers to know that if a computer link were between the consumer the wholesaler directly, shopping could be quicker, easier and much less expensive.' Mr. Parsons' offer joined MasterCard with Comp-U-Card for instant electronic shopping, as well as the usual line of MasterCard credit.

I called Bank One and asked to speak with John R. Parsons. A customer-service representative said, "He's a member of our executive staff. He doesn't take calls."

I pressed the matter. My representative put her supervisor on the line. He said, "I'm sorry. Mr. Parsons is on our executive board, and he doesn't take calls."

I left my name and number. I wanted to talk computers with Mr. Parsons, seeing as how he knew so much about them. He was, after all, proposing to link me via his computer to Comp-U-Card.

A little while later, a Bank One executive named Mike Van Buskirk called back. He was very polite, very low-key.

"Who's John R. Parsons?" I asked. "Uh, mm, he's a, um. . . ."

I was beginning to feel as though I were trapped inside a rerun of Three Days of the Condor.

"Is there a real Mr. Parsons?" I asked.

"Uh, actually, no, there's not."

"He's a fiction, in other words."

"Well, he's a name generic to the

We had a nice chat, Van Buskirk and I. He explained to me that there was enough credit information on Laurence Lorence for Bank One to feel secure in granting him the \$1000-credit-limit MasterCard without checking any further than to verify the fact that the address was correct.

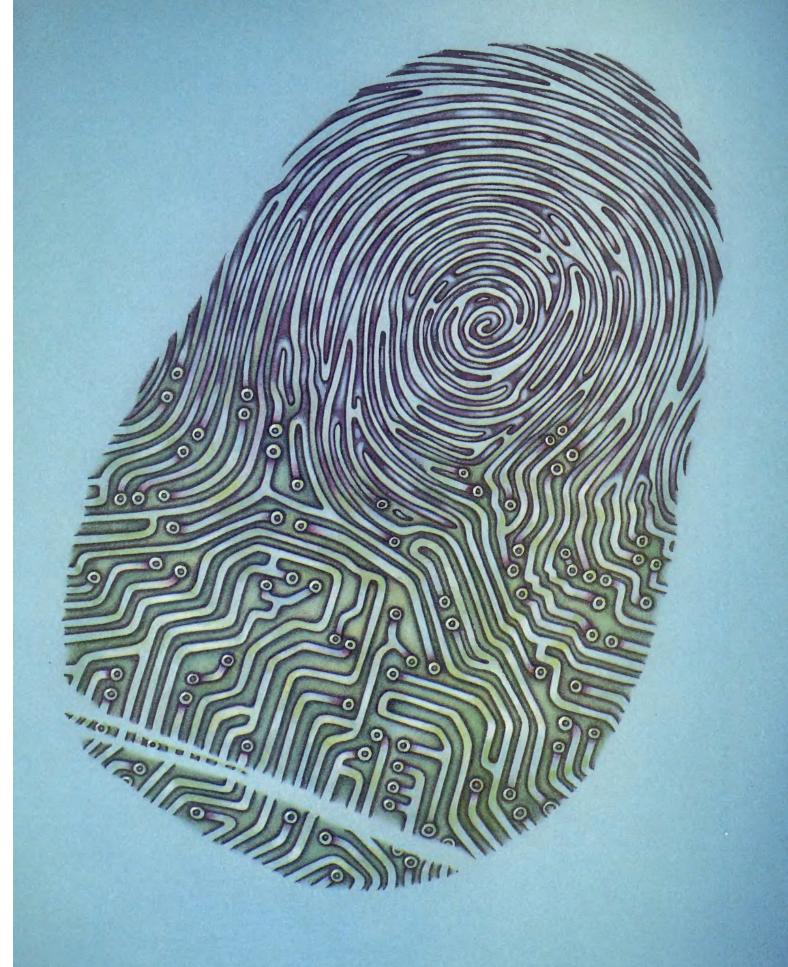
When we hung up, I immediately called the Bank One customer-service number to ask for Mr. Parsons again. I knew I needed two sources. I didn't want Mr. Parsons to sue me for saying he didn't exist. And if he did not exist, then I felt it would only be fair if I opened a MasterCard account at Bank One in the name of Laurence Lorence and started dining out pronto. For how could someone who did not exist defraud someone else who did not exist? (Of course, Laurence Lorence would not take phone calls when the bills came. How could he? He doesn't exist.)

"Toni speaking; may I have your account number?"

"I'd just like to speak with John R. Parsons," I said.

"He's just a member of our executive

The Secret Life of Laurence Lorence



board here, and he's not available to be spoken with now."

"So Mr. Parsons is a member of your executive board?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, I haven't seen him," the Bank One representative said.

"Then how do you know who he is?"

"We do get correspondence from him on a fairly regular basis."

"Do you really believe he's a real person?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do your superiors tell you he's a real person?"

"No, they don't tell us he's a real person; I just *know* he's a real person. I get correspondence from him all the time."

John H. Fullmer is senior vice-president of marketing for Comp-U-Card. I called him the next day. "Who's John R. Parsons?" I asked.

Fullmer stammered for a moment before his voice got in gear. "The position," he said, "is that one of us. . . ." He paused, then began again. "I'm a little reluctant to, ah . . . many things we do, uh . . . this is a very proprietary thing, and many people compete with us, and a lot of that is privileged information."

I read him excerpts from Mr. Parsons' letter. "Is he a computer expert?" I asked. "He is a banker, isn't he? It says here he's a banker."

"I'm a little reluctant to comment. I don't think we need to get into individuals. I really would rather not comment on John R. Parsons."

"Does Mr. Parsons exist?" I asked.

Fullmer cut me off and a woman came on the line. "John just got an overseas call," she said.

I said I could hold. I could hold for a very long time if necessary. Months.

Fullmer sounded different when he came back on the line.

"Did a specific person write that letter?" I asked.

"No," he said. He had become low-key. "John R. Parsons is a name that is used in our mailing that represents our bank. John R. Parsons is not a person." In defending the practice, he asked, "Who the hell is Betty Crocker? She never existed."

Does John R. Parsons make cakes? No, but he does pry into your financial affairs without asking permission.

I told Fullmer that Toni had said that Mr. Parsons—this computer expert/banker who knows so much about Laurence Lorence—was a member of the executive board of Bank One.

Fullmer seemed surprised. "You know," he said, "maybe he does exist. I'd better call you back, because, you know, when we came up with that name . . . I mean, I don't know that he doesn't exist. I'll have to call you back. I'm going to find out if he does exist or not."

I never heard from Fullmer again.

That experience raises a number of intriguing questions. For example, just what are we supposed to believe from these companies that would fudge on a matter so fundamental as to who does and does not exist? And where did Bank One get so much information on Laurence Lorence it was willing to grant him \$1000 credit? Mr. Parsons wrote to Laurence Lorence, "Because of your excellent credit rating, you start with an instant credit line already reserved in your name."

Here's how it works. Bank One wants to get a high rate of return on the solicitations it mails, so it goes to a credit-reporting company. A credit-reporting company keeps records on money you borrow, where you use credit cards, what you buy and how promptly you pay your bills. That record may also show transactions that never took place, accounts that don't exist (or people who don't exist), or it may omit important information that could help you get the credit you need. I tried to borrow money from a bank a few years ago and was told that my credit rating was bad because of a delinquent Diners Club account. I found that curious, because I hadn't had a Diners Club card for a number of years. On the other hand, my file failed to point out that I'd been paying (promptly) on my home mortgage for almost half the life of the loan. The quality of information stored on me is fairly typical: about half baked. Privacy Journal in Washington, D.C., offers a reward to anyone who finds his own credit-bureau file to be 100 percent error-free. As of this writing, no one has collected.

Nevertheless, Bank One told Trans Union Credit of Chicago that it wanted a list of people whose credit files showed them to have the qualities usually associated with paying their bills, people likely to stand good for a kilobuck of credit. Trans Union screened all its files, and in the wink of an eye, enough names popped out to choke a triceratops. That's how Bank One came up with Laurence Lorence. Although Lorence happens to be my wife's last name, Trans Union was unable to explain how the computer had put it together with my first name.

Question: Is that the only mistake Trans Union ever made?

Question: Do other credit-reporting companies make mistakes, too?

Take TRW Information Systems, a giant conglomerate that has the nation's largest credit-reporting computer system. Apart from the Census Bureau's and the National Security Agency's, TRW's information bank is reputed to be the largest in the world.

TRW—in addition to Trans Union and others—supplies mailing labels to Bank One of Columbus, Ohio, and every other bank that solicits membership for VISA

and MasterCard with a preapproved credit limit.

You may remember seeing a newspaper item last summer about computer hobby-ists who cracked TRW's codes, gaining access to vast stores of confidential files, yours and mine and John R. Parsons'. TRW insists that its files are about as likely to be stolen as the Tower of London. The company called the theft of its password "a minor problem, comparable to having someone steal the keys to your car but not your car itself."

On the other hand, even if no unauthorized passwords are floating around, there are still 24,000 retailers that can get any of TRW's 90,000,000 files almost instantaneously. The reason for all this interest in your whereabouts, of course, is not so that little mechanical people with feelers can watch you. The store simply wants your name because you have purchasing power. You're a valuable addition to a mailing list. Hardware stores, ice-cream parlors, beauty salons, book and record storesthere's hardly a retailer today that hasn't some sort of mailing list. In fact, you may remember seeing another little news item last summer. This one was about an icecream-parlor chain that offered free ice cream to kids on their birthdays. All the kids had to do was fill out a form-name, address, date of birth. It seems that this list was eventually sold to an East Coast list broker who, in turn, sold it to the Selective Service, which wrote to the kids when they turned 18, asking, "Have you registered for the draft lately?"

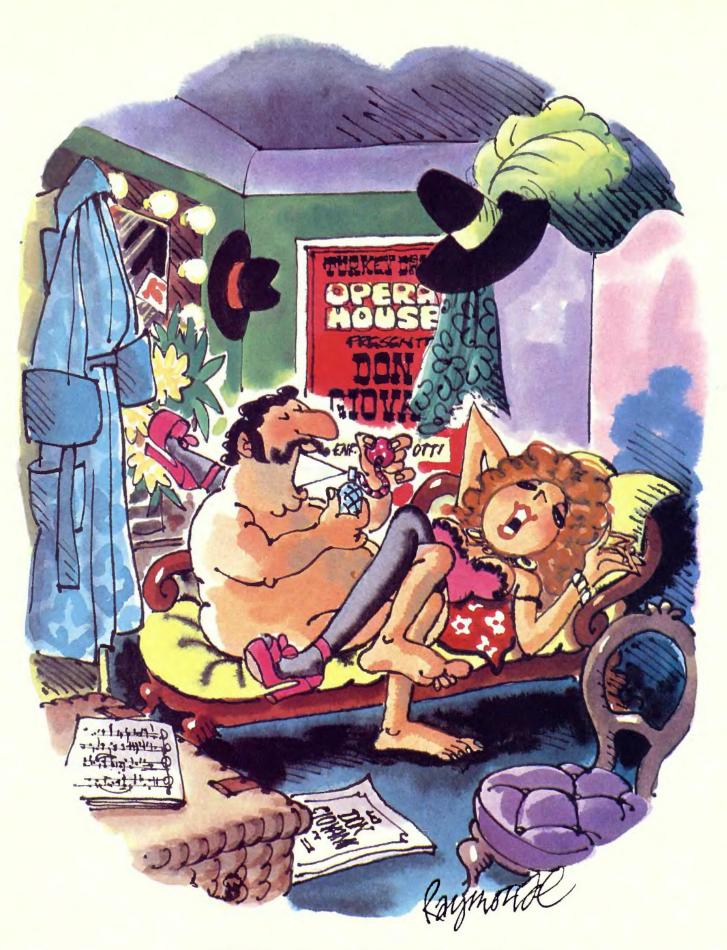
How did the kids find out where the Selective Service got the list?

They had used fake names.

Those kids had something on the ball: If you want to keep track of yourself as your life history goes zinging merrily through the computers of this world, always use a different middle initial when you fill out forms. It's not illegal. (So, OK, use your real name when you sign a binding contract.) Then, when you get junk mail or when your life insurance is suddenly canceled, you'll have a better idea of where the trouble began.

And if you are like most of us, the trouble began a long time ago. For the fact is, someone has been following you all your life-a phantom version of yourself, represented by the trail of files you leave behind as you go through the documentation processes associated with being born, going to school, getting a driver's license or a job or buying almost anything. There are an average of 18 government files on every man, woman and child in the United States, and that doesn't include private files, such as the ones that provide a steady stream of junk mail to a fellow I know who doesn't exist. Yes, there is a phantom self following you, and there's no way to shake him. He's there for life, And beyond. I

(continued on page 120)



"You're one of the world's great vibratos, Enrico!"

PRIZE PULITZER

palm beach was never—well, hardly ever—like this, but the accusations in roxanne pulitzer's sensational divorce made it sound that way. the lady in the case shows us why

HE divorce trial was lurid, and when it was over in November 1982, the greatest name in American journalism—Pulitzer—had been publicly defamed in a welter of allegations that ran from incest and homosexuality to adultery, black magic, drug smuggling, drug abuse and threats of murder.

At issue was the inherited fortune of 52year-old Herbert "Pete" Pulitzer of Palm Beach and the custody of five-year-old twin boys from his marriage to Roxanne, a 31-year-old former cheerleader from a small town in New York State.

Judgment came a month after the trial at the Palm Beach County Courthouse. Roxanne had asked for custody of the twins, alimony and child support in excess of \$12,000 a month but the December 1982 judgment awarded primary custody to the father and gave Roxanne \$2000 a month alimony for two years, plus the Porsche she had received from Herbert in 1978 and a jewelry collection valued around \$60,000.

In dismissing her claims, which he described as exorbitant, the judge said that Roxanne was a young and attractive woman who should build a new life. He said her demands reminded him of the country-music lyric "She got the gold mine, I got the shaft."

In October 1984, Roxanne's request for extended alimony was rejected by the Florida Supreme Court, and her last hopes vanished when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case. Several months earlier, she had decided to pose for PLAYBOV and to tell her side of the story. At her final interview with our reporter, Reg Potterton, she was still fighting for more frequent visitation with the twins, Mac and Zac; the Florida court had limited her to approximately four days a month.

Although Roxanne remains free-spirited in both her pictorial (she loved the idea of lampooning the more scandalous headlines of the trial) and her interview, readers will have to ponder for themselves the two lingering questions about the Pulitzer



trial: Who really got the shaft and why?

The trial ended two years ago. Why did you wait so long to tell your side of the story?

Apart from legal considerations-gag orders and so forth-I knew I was too close to the case to be objective about it in public. I was very angry and confused-I couldn't understand why people had lied on the stand, as so many of them had, why old friends had testified against me and why matters that should have been private between Herbert and me had been twisted and used against me. Now I can understand why people behaved the way they did-they had marriages to protect, children and careers to think about. And I was no bed of roses. You at PLAYBOY published an article that was funny [The Pulitzers of Palm Beach, June 1983], but even you pointed out that the public saw me as "a combination of nympho dyke, cocaine slut and black-magic voodoo queen."

We also said that those allegations turned out to be unproved, like most of the others in the trial—headlines without stories. Which is exactly what they were. Complete bullshit from start to finish. Herbert wanted the divorce, and he wanted to win. For him, it was a war, and you know what they say about warfare: Truth is always the first casualty.

Could you give an example?

Herbert and I had dinner after the trial—a long time after—and I tried to get him to answer the one question about my alleged lesbianism that had most clearly hurt my case. A former employee of his testified that he saw me in a negligee on a bed in our house in the middle of the day with my closest friend, Jackie Kimberly. He said Jackie was naked, lying down. I was dving to get an answer about this from Herbert, and at dinner I couldn't let go of the question. Did the man make that statement because I'd once reported him for questionable activities in the Bahamas? Had someone gotten to him? Why did he say that? I mean, God, it just about finished me off in court. And Herbert just looked me right in the eve and said, "This is where you're hurting yourself, Rox. The trial's over, the trial was a war, and you lost." And I said that wasn't fair-the accusation was an outright lie and he knew it-and he said, "War isn't fair. When I go to war I go to win, and I do whatever I have to do to make sure I win."

We're surprised to hear that you had dinner with him after everything you threw at each other in court.

Why not? We were sleeping together before and after we went to trial. We were going to bed up until last summer. We probably still would be if I hadn't filed an appeal for an extension of alimony and more frequent visitation. As soon as I did that, he yanked the kids and got hostile. A cynic might think he'd resumed our sexual relationship to keep me from filing, but I'll

Is that the brass section of the New Yark Philharmonic? Or the Palm Beach Girl Scout Marching Band? Why am I holding a clarinet? Is it because they said at the trial I slept with a trumpet? Well, they said a lat of things. But what do they know? Let them eat crackers.



reserve judgment.

Did the lawyers know you were seeing each other?

They probably guessed. They were always ringing him up and warning him to keep away from me, but we'd leap into bed anyway. It was like old times. We had this running joke between us. He'd ask me, "What do you say to a little fuck?" and I'd say, "Hi, little fuck," and off we'd troop to the bedroom.

What about the cocaine abuse—was that bullshit, too?

Not entirely, but it was never on the scale that was suggested. At the peak of our use—and the peak lasted about two weeks—he and I did it maybe three times a week, maybe four. I don't believe that made me an addict, though the lawyers suggested I couldn't get enough of the damned stuff.



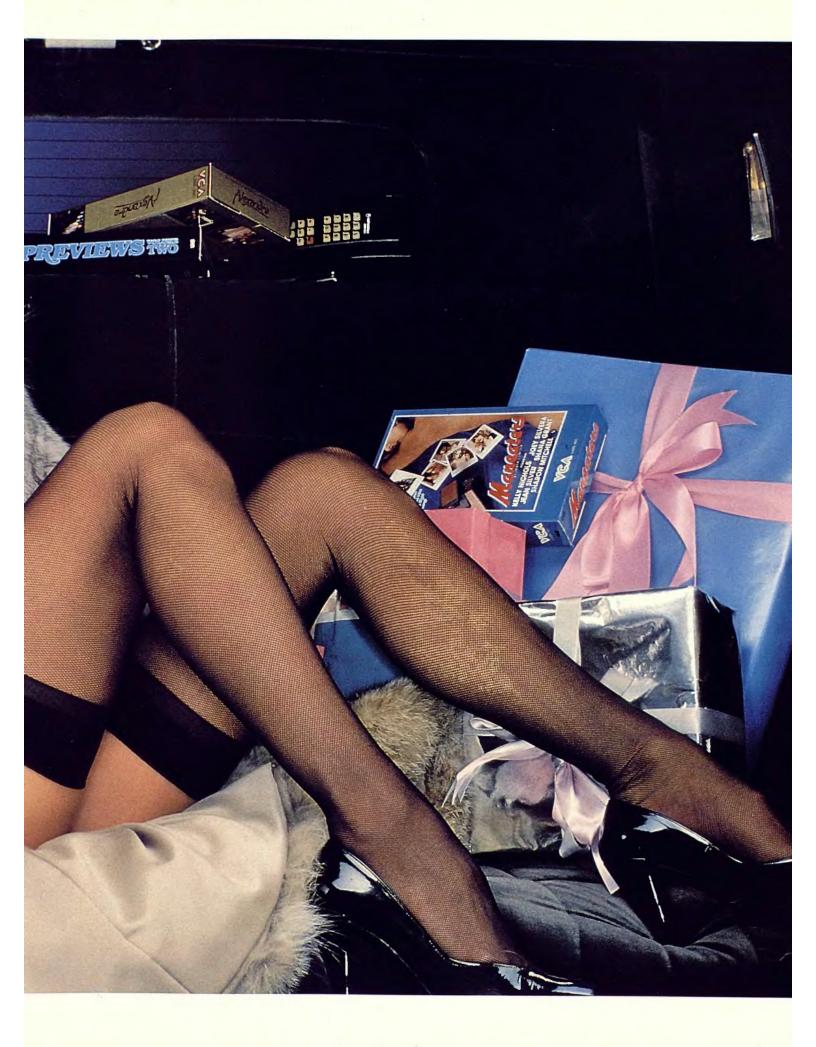
Anyone who thinks I'm advocating cocoine needs his sense of humor examined. This is a plug for a fine outamobile, and here we are inside, hurrying home to Polm Beach and Herbert with a limolood of some of our favorite things. This is how I usually dress while shopping or riding around town. Doesn't everybody?

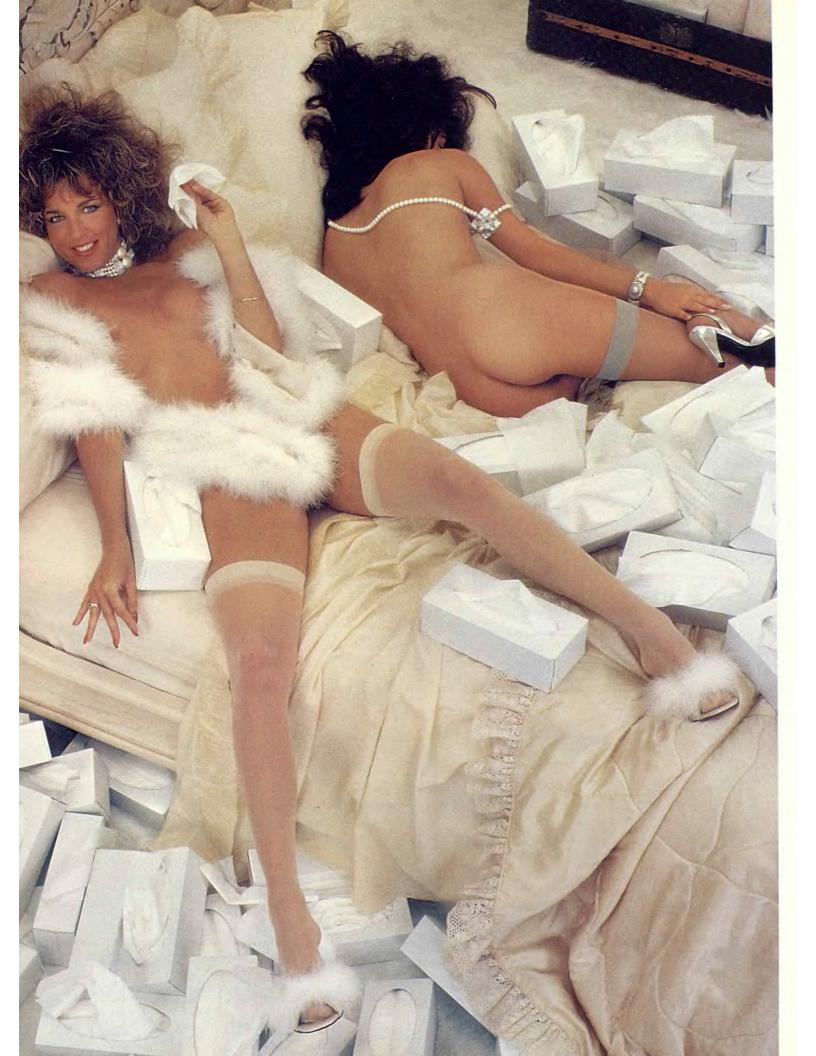
Damned?

Cursed, I should say. It's a truly terrible drug. At the time, you think it's wonderful; it gives you such confidence, such strength. But it's just a delusion. Cocaine was the catalyst for us; it made us do and say things we'd never have contemplated otherwise. Very scary. I think, My God, look at all the destruction it caused; look at what it did to us. But it was almost impossible to avoid cocaine in Palm Beach; it was everywhere-in clubs, restaurants, people's homes. People used it openly; there was no secret about it. You'd see them chopping up their lines and spooning it out of bottles. You felt ostracized if you didn't join in.

Palm Beach panicked when the case started. (text continued on page 144)

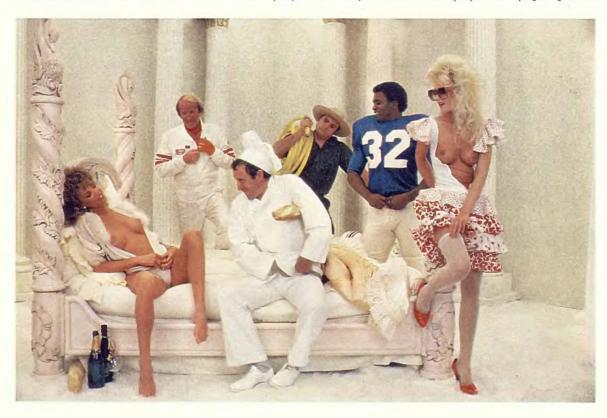






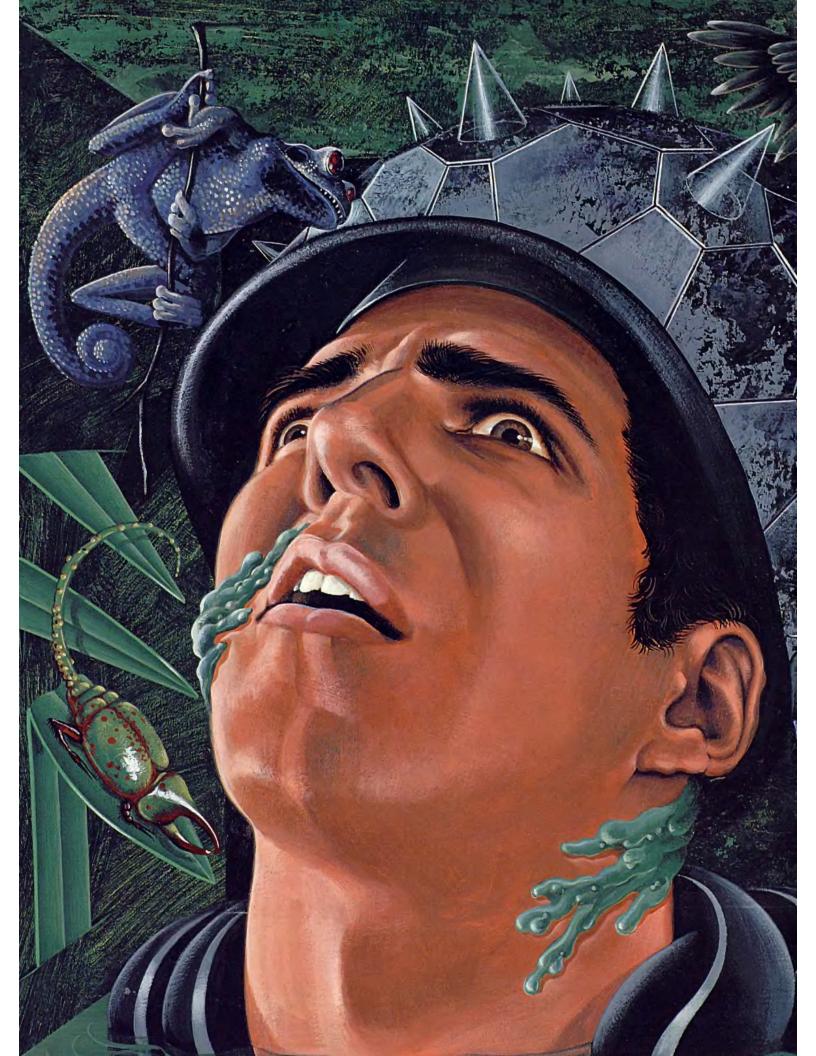


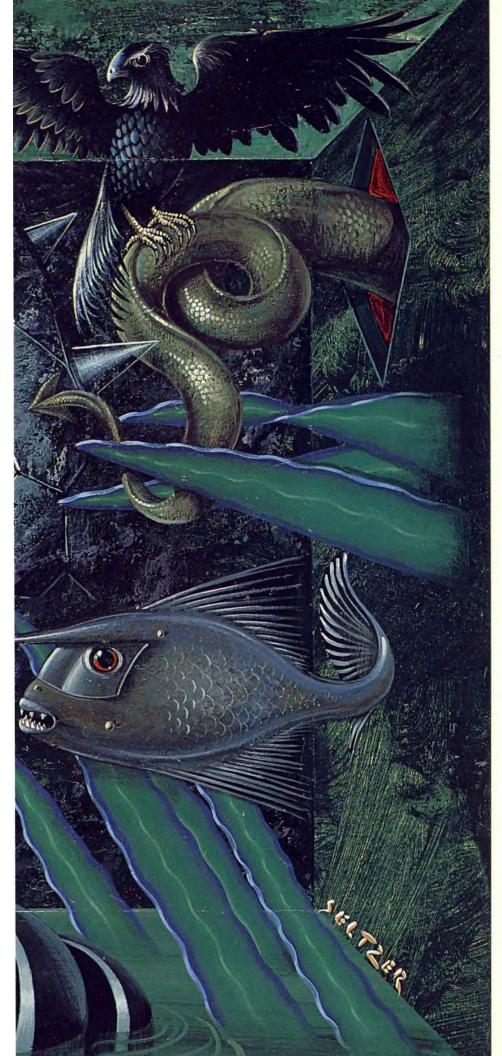
Hi, there! You're probably wondering about the Kleenex at left. It's a private jake—about a friend af Herbert's wha is married to a good friend of mine. You'll meet them in the accompanying text. You say there's a waman in my bed? Oh, that waman. Above: Yes, well, it sometimes got a bit baring at those stuffy Palm Beach dinners. Below: French baker, racing driver, OK; but who are all these ather people—and why don't we have proper champagne glasses?











SYMBIONT

"i hate you, chollie. you didn't come through and now i'll pay forever"

TEN YEARS LATER, when I was long out of the Service and working the turnaround wheel at Betelgeuse Station, Fazio still haunted me. Not that he was dead. Other people get haunted by dead men; I was haunted by a live one. It would have been a lot better for both of us if he had been dead; but as far as I knew, Fazio was still alive.

He'd been haunting me a long while. Three or four times a year, his little dry, thin voice would come out of nowhere and I'd hear him telling me again, "Before we go into that jungle, we got to come to an understanding. If a synsym nails me, Chollie, you kill me right away, hear? None of this shit of calling in the paramedics to clean me out. You just kill me right away. And I'll do the same for you. Is that a deal?"

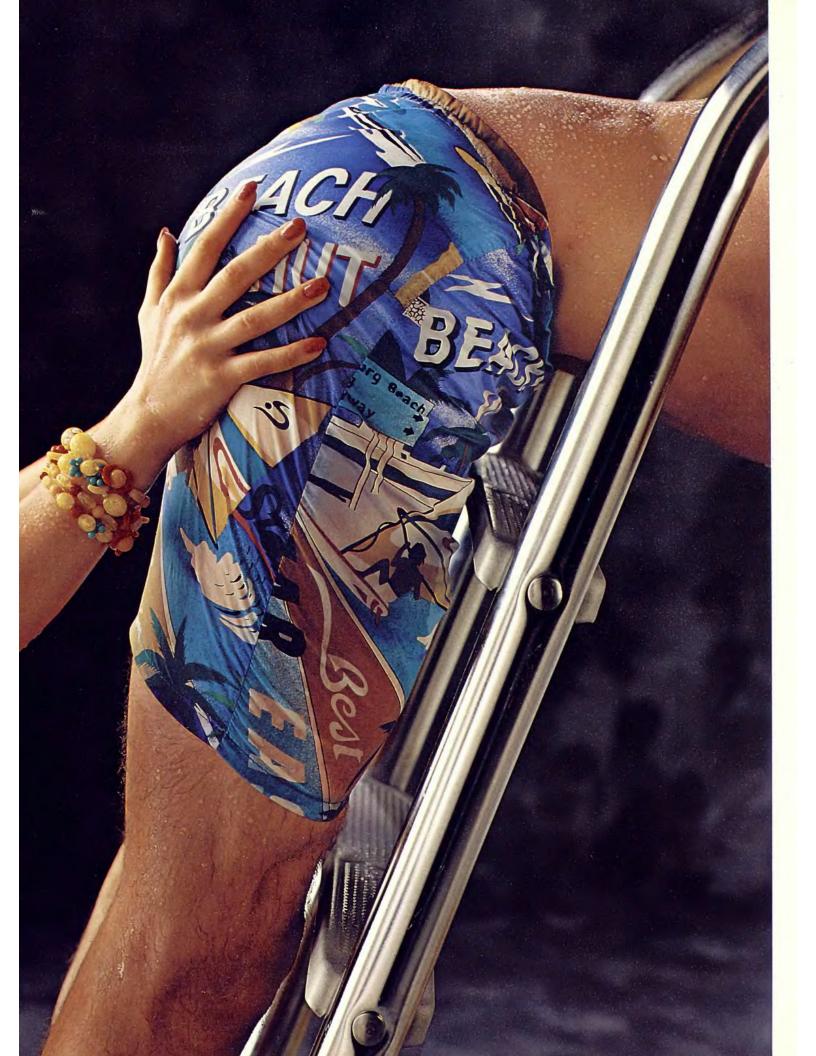
This was on a planet called Weinstein in the Servadac system, late in the Second Ovoid War. We were 20 years old and we were volunteers: two dumb kids playing hero. "You bet your ass" is what I told him, not hesitating a second. "Deal. Absolutely." Then I gave him a big grin and a hand clasp and we headed off together on spore-spreading duty.

At the time, I really thought I meant it. Sometimes I still believe that I did.

Ten years. I could still see the two of us back there on Weinstein, going out to distribute latchenango spores in the enemyheld zone. The planet had been grabbed by the Ovoids early in the war, but we were starting to drive them back from that whole system. Fazio and I were the entire patrol: You get spread pretty thin in galactic warfare. But (continued on page 96)

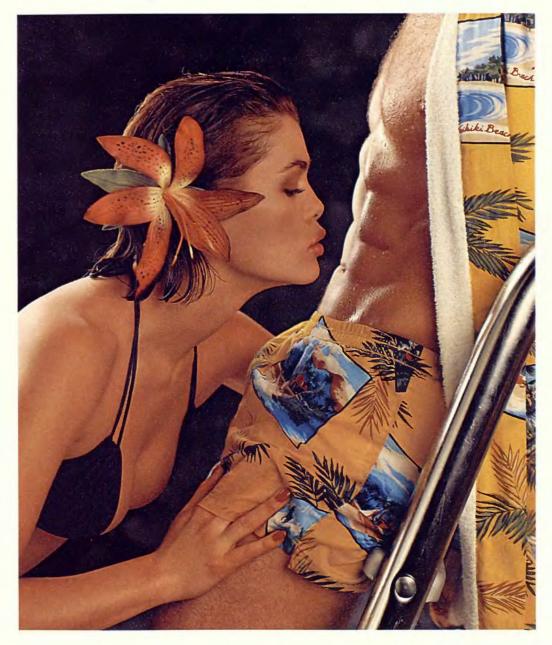
fiction

By ROBERT SILVERBERG



POOL HUSTLING

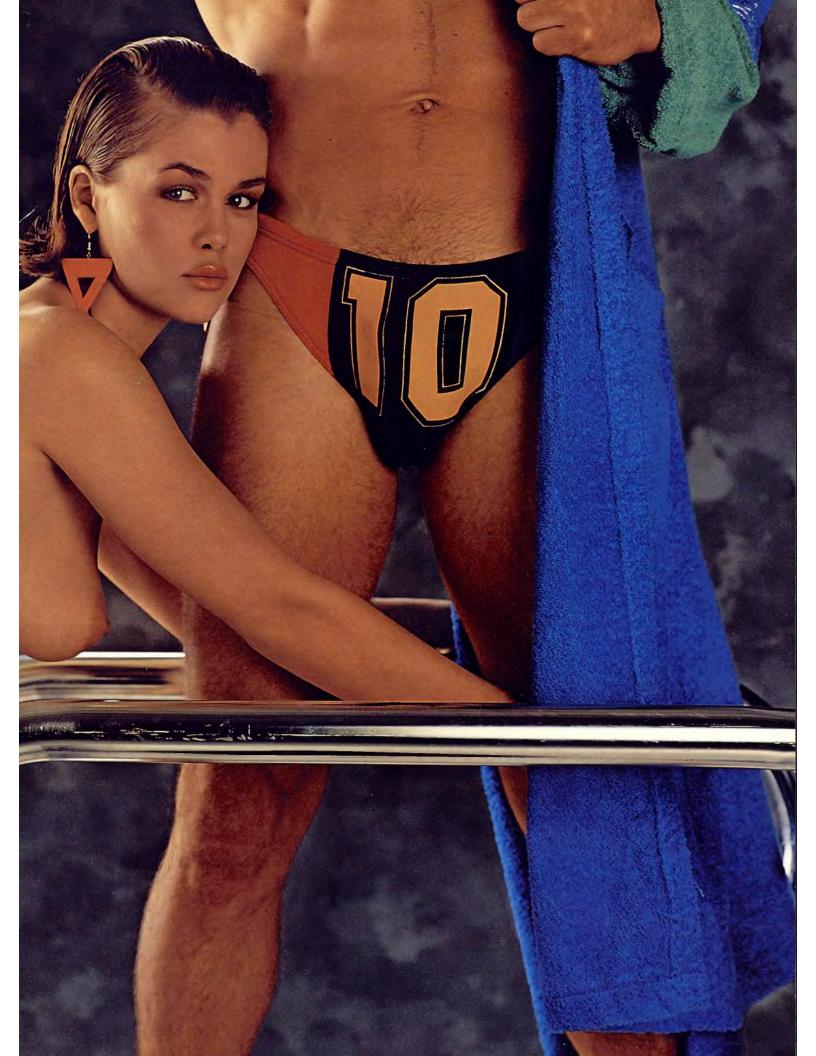
bikinis, jams and trunks in which you can take the plunge fashion BY HOLLIS WAYNE



FYOU. LIKE US, do a little extra in the spring to get the abdominals ready for public display in the summer, then you certainly don't want to put your hard-won muscles into a funky, faded pair of swim trunks. Wise up. Better packaging produces better sales. Why should something soft and slinky at the pool talk with a guy whose swim trunks look like Munster, Indiana, when she can talk with a guy who's wearing the entire state of Hawaii on his tush? This summer, prints are happening. There are knee-top jams and boxers, too. Bikinis abound. The water's fine. Go for it, sport!

Men's swimwear styles this summer are up for grabs, with laaks ranging from bikinis to bold and baggy jams. At left is the latter—a pair of beach-hut-print all-catton jams, \$37, worn over (you'll have to take our word for it) a matching nylan/Lycra bikini, \$19, both by Gattex Mens. Above: The kiss of the islands—catton postcard-print swim trunks, \$35, and a matching terry-lined kimano, \$115, both by Palo/Ralph Lauren.





SYMBIONT (continued from page 91)

"When they got into you, they stayed there, sharing your body with you indefinitely."

there was plenty of support force behind us in the hills.

Weinstein was strategically important; God only knows why. Two small continents-both tropical, mostly thick jungle, air like green soup-surrounded by an enormous turbulent ocean: never colonized by Earth and of no use that anyone had ever successfully explained to me. But the place had once been ours and they had taken it away, and we wanted it back.

The way you got a planet back was by catching a dozen or so Ovoids, filling them full of latchenango spores and letting them return to their base. There is no life form a latchenango likes better as its host than an Ovoid. The Ovoids, being Ovoids, would usually conceal what had happened to them from their pals, who would kill them instantly if they knew they were carrying deadly parasites. Of course, the carriers were going to die anyway-latchenango infestation is invariably fatal to Ovoidsbut by the time they did, in about six standard weeks, the latchenangos had gone through three or four reproductive cycles and the entire army would be infested. All we needed to do was wait until all the Ovoids were dead and then go in, clean the place up and raise the flag again. The latchenangos were generally dead, too, by then, since they rarely could find other suitable hosts. But even if they weren't, we didn't worry about it. Latchenangos don't cause any serious problems for humans. About the worst of it is that you usually inhale some spores while you're handling them, and it irritates your lungs for a couple of weeks, so you do some pretty ugly coughing until you're desporified.

In return for our latchenangos, the Ovoids gave us synsyms.

Synsyms were the first things you heard about when you arrived in the war zone, and what you heard was horrendous. You didn't know how much of it was myth and how much was mere bullshit and how much was truth; but even if you discounted 75 percent of it, the rest was scary enough. "If you get hit by one," the old hands advised us, "kill yourself fast, while you have the chance." Roving synsym vectors cruised the perimeter of every Ovoid camp, sniffing for humans. They were not parasites but synthetic symbionts: When they got into you, they staved there, sharing your body with you indefinitely.

In school, they teach you that symbiosis is a mutually beneficial state. Maybe so. But the word that passed through the ranks in the war zone was that it definitely did not improve the quality of your life to take a synsym into your body. And although the Service medics would spare no effort to see that you survived a synsym attack-they aren't allowed to perform mercy killings, and wouldn't anywayeverything we heard indicated that you didn't really want to survive one.

The day Fazio and I entered the jungle was like all the others on Weinstein: dank, humid, rainy. We strapped on our spore tanks and started out, using hand-held heat piles to burn our way through the curtains of tangled vines. The wet, spongy soil had a purplish tinge, and the lakes were iridescent green from lightning algae.

"Here's where we'll put the hotel landing strip," Fazio said lightly. "Over here, the pool and cabanas. The gravity-tennis courts here, and on the far side of

"Watch it," I said and skewered a lowflying wingfinger with a beam of hot purple light. It fell in ashes at our feet. Another one came by, the mate, traveling at eve level, with its razor-sharp beak aimed at my throat, but Fazio took it out just as neatly. We thanked each other. Wingfingers are elegant things, all trajectory and hardly any body mass, with scaly, silvery skins that shine like the finest grade of moonlight, and it is their habit to go straight for the jugular in the most literal sense. We killed 12 that day, and I hope it is my quota for this lifetime. As we advanced into the heart of the jungle, we dealt just as efficiently with assorted hostile coilworms, eveflies, dingleberries, leper bats and other disagreeable local specialties. We were a great team: quick, smart, good at protecting each other.

We were admiring a giant carnivorous fungus a klick and a half deep in the woods when we came upon our first Ovoid. The fungus was a fleshy, phallic red tower three meters high with orange gills, equipped with a dozen dangling whiplike arms that had green adhesive knobs at the tips. At the ends of most of the arms hung small forest creatures in various stages of digestion. As we watched, an unoccupied arm rose and shot forth, extended itself to three times its resting length and by some neat homing tropism slapped its adhesive knob against a passing many-legger about the size of a cat. The beast had no chance to struggle; a network of wiry structures sprouted at once from the killer arm and slipped into the victim's flesh, and that was that. We almost applauded.

"Let's plant three of them in the hotel garden," I said, "and post a schedule of feeding times. It'll be a great show for the guests.

"Shh," Fazio said. He pointed.

Maybe 50 meters away, a solitary Ovoid was gliding serenely along a forest path, obviously unaware of us. I caught my breath. Everyone knows what Ovoids look like, but this was the first time I had seen a live one. I was surprised at how beautiful it was, a tapering cone of firm jelly, pale blue streaked with red and gold. Triple rows of short-stalked eyes along its sides like brass buttons. Clusters of delicate tendrils sprouting like epaulets around the eating orifice at the top of its head. Turquoise ribbons of neural conduit winding round and round its equator, surrounding the dark, heart-shaped brain faintly visible within the cloudy depths. The enemy. I was conditioned to hate it, and I did; yet I couldn't deny its strange beauty.

Fazio smiled and took aim and put a numb-needle through the Ovoid's middle. It froze instantly in mid-glide; its color deepened to a dusky flush; the tiny mouth tendrils fluttered wildly, but there was no other motion. We jogged up to it and I slipped the tip of my spore distributor about five centimeters into its meaty middle. "Let him have it!" Fazio yelled. I pumped a couple of c.c.s of latchenango spores into the paralyzed alien. Its soft, quivering flesh turned blue black with fear and rage and God knows what other emotions that were strictly Ovoid. We nodded to each other and moved along. Already the latchenangos were spawning within their host; in half an hour the Ovoid, able once more to move, would limp off toward its camp to start infecting its comrades. It

is a funny way to wage war.

The second Ovoid, an hour later, was trickier. It knew we had spotted it and took evasive action, zigzagging through a zone of streams and slender trees in a weird, dignified way, like someone trying to move very fast without having his hat blow off. Ovoids are not designed for quick movements, but this one was agile and determined, ducking behind this rock and that. More than once, we lost sight of it altogether and were afraid it might double back and come down on us while we stood gaping and blinking.

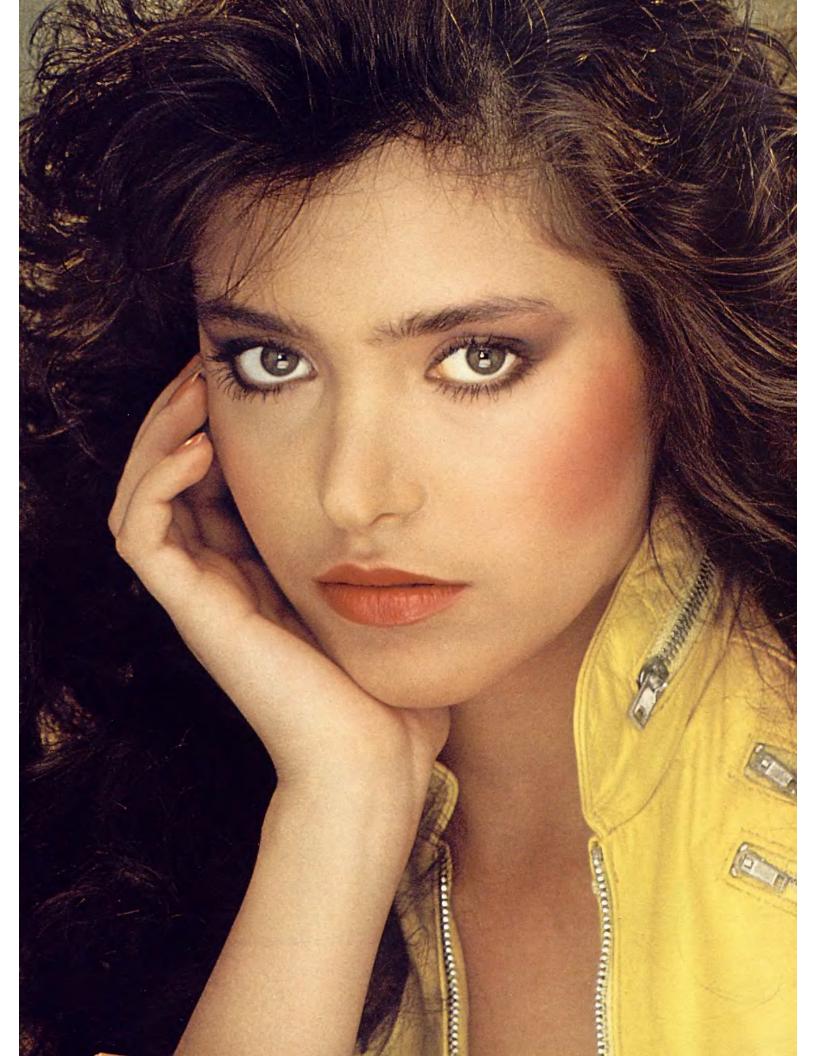
Eventually, we bottled it up between two swift little streams and closed in on it from both sides. I raised my needler and Fazio got ready with his spore distributor, and just then something gray and slippershaped and about 15 centimeters long came leaping up out of the left-hand stream and plastered itself over Fazio's mouth and throat.

Down he went, snuffling and gurgling, trying desperately to peel it away. I thought it was some kind of killer fish. Pausing only long enough to shoot a needle through the Ovoid, I dropped my gear

(continued on page 165)



"It's raining out here, Marquis de la Roux."



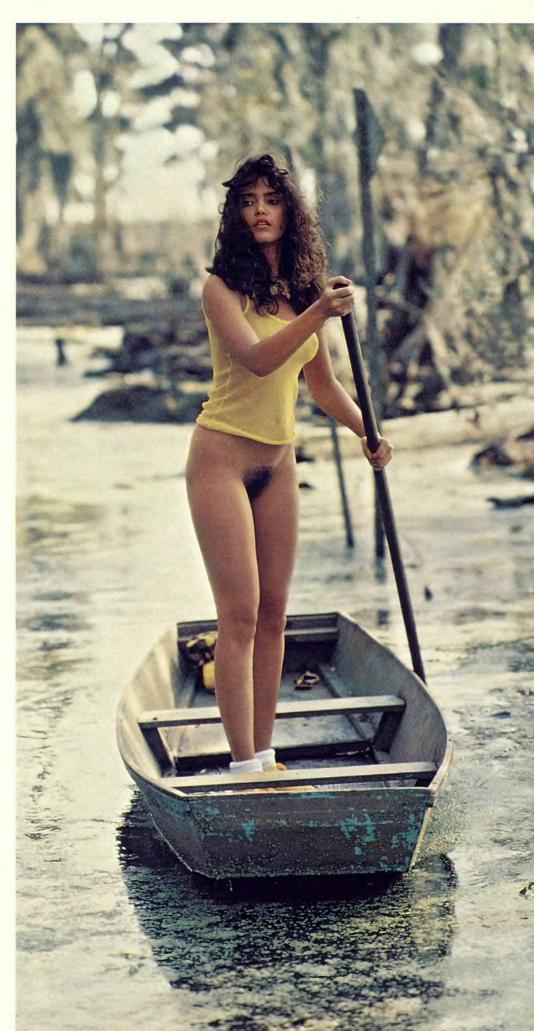








for my freshman speech class. It was at 7:30 A.M.; I woke a lot of people up with that speech. Basically, I view beauty as a gift, like having a good singing voice or the ability to dance. When I tried out, I had never even seen PLAYBOY, but I knew what it was. A friend and I just wanted to see who else was trying out. The next thing I knew, I was in the magazine." The rest is the kind of history that happens only down South. One of the other girls who posedfully clothed-was kicked out of her sorority; another was evicted from her building. As for Devin: "I lost a student job with the state revenue department. I asked the person who fired me, 'What does this have to do with my job?' What hypocrites! How can they buy the magazine, then have the nerve to criticize?" Devin, of course, landed on her feet. After all, she'd been living on her own since she turned 16. "I never wanted to be taken care of. I have my own American Express card. I'm a grown-up person." After the Girls of the S.E.C. pictorial, Devin reviewed her priorities. "I realized I was trying to do too much. I had been holding down two jobs and going to school. I'd come home from work exhausted, and I was neglecting my studies. So I decided to go out and make



On the opposite page, Miss June struts her stuff with Dejan's Olympia Brass Band in New Orleans (top). The chef of the Olde N'awlins Cookery gives Devin some pointers on Cajun cuisine (near left) and The Wizard of the Well, a local street character (far left), offers to grant her a wish (to meet a handsome prince). At right: Son of a gun, we'll have some fun on the bayou.

enough money to finish college without having to worry about the rent." She began modeling, appearing in local TV commercials in Baton Rouge and in showrooms for Danskin in Dallas. In the fall of 1982, she landed a nonspeaking extra's role in *Dixie: Changing Habits*, a made-for-TV movie starring Suzanne Pleshette and Cloris Leachman. One day, she decided to visit Chicago, to see if the big city offered more opportunity. She called David Chan, packed her bags and arrived with \$50 in her pocket. "When I showed up, I was paralyzed with a sort of shyness. If people





"Even though I've moved North, I like being a Southern girl. I think the South has a nice approach to life. I wanted my pictorial to be hot and lazy. Not 'Here I am, come and get me' but rather soft, sexy. I'll always be a sweet little girl. Every woman should have a bit of the little girl in her. I like men who have a bit of the little boy in them, too. I like just talking about sex. It is stimulating—not doing anything but building up to it. Feeling the other person out, talking, being held are all important. The slow unfolding of sex is the fun part."

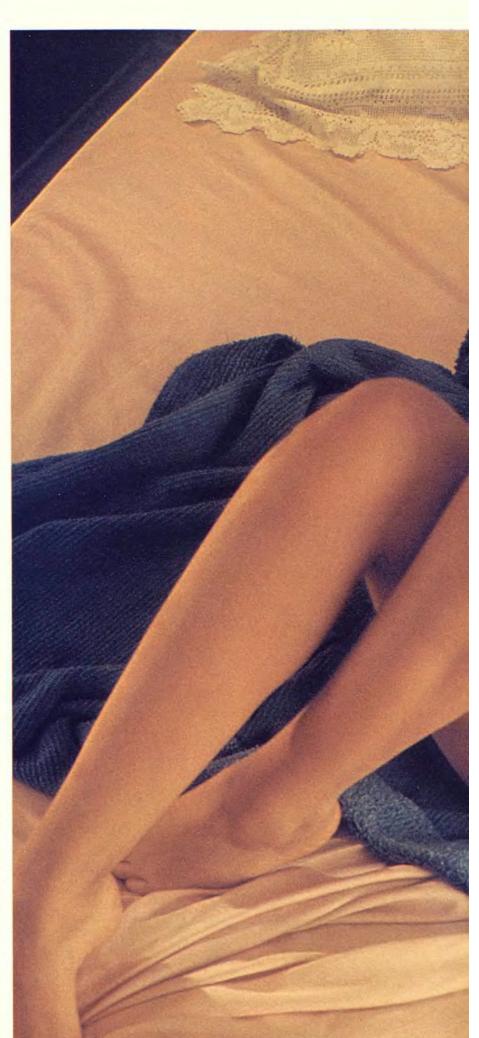


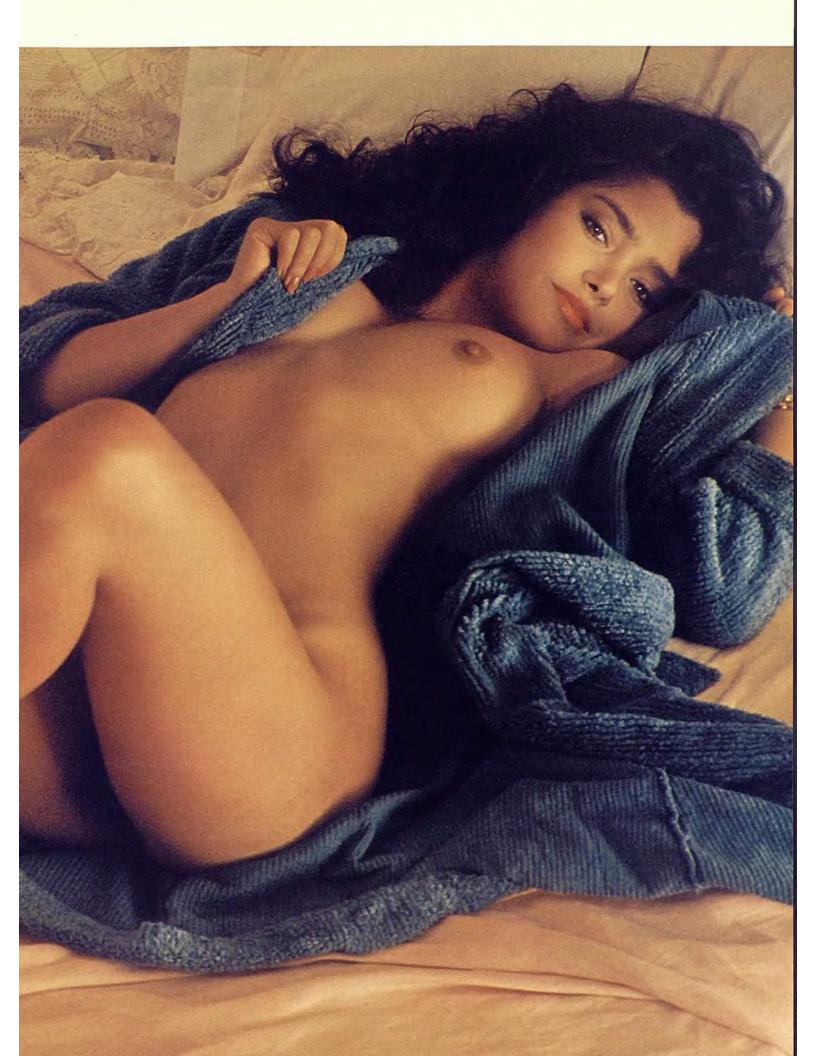


stared at me, I wouldn't take it as a compliment. I would wonder if I had food hanging from my mouth." The people, of course, were staring for a more obvious reason. Devin's exotic blend of Spanish and Cajun tends to hook people by the eyeballs. (Her smile, however, is all-American. "People don't ask me if I speak English," she laughs.) "The attention was kind of disconcerting. People kept asking me if I was Jenny on All My Children. Others thought I looked like Jennifer Beals or a dark Farrah Fawcett. Guys kept coming up to me and saying, 'You look just like Apollonia.' These days, I just want someone to come up to me and say, 'You look like Devin DeVasquez.' " Nowadays, Devin exudes confidence and poise. She is working for Elite, one of the top agencies in the world. "I know what I want out of life," she says. "You can put me into any situation and I'll adjust. I've discovered that what you give out is what you get back. I've been striving to be a better model, a better friend, a better



The press release for 1984's Chicago International Film Festival poster (above) asked: "What's black, white, gray and really steamy? It's Ken, Devin and Brian bathed in nothing but mystery," photographed by Skrebneski. The poster's aptly called "Triumph."







"The hardest part about being a Playmate is keeping things in perspective. I'm 21. I want to keep growing, to learn more about myself, my sexuality. I don't want someone to put me on a pedestal. I don't want to cut myself off from people who could be friends."



lover, and the results are starting to come back to me." She tells of a current relationship. He and she show up at parties together and exchange looks but not words, leaving other people to wonder what's passing between them. Sometimes she wears his clothes. They save their talking for late hours, over the phone, from two to four in the morning, from points across the country. The rest of the day, she is strictly business. She rises around 8:30, exercises and showers, then calls the modeling agency to check in. She spends the day visiting photographers or working on assignments. When she goes home, she cooks, reads, watches TV, exercises and writes poetry. Most of her poems are about love. "I'm a romantic," Devin admits. "I love to be loved and I'm very loyal, both in friendship and in romance." She also has a sense of humor. On a photo session in the bayou country, a seminude Devin was poling a small boat through what she desperately feared were alligatorinfested waters ("I can't swim!") when she rounded a bend and came upon about 30 good ol' boys in a duckhunting camp. "Two of the guys were asleep when I floated by and I just want to let them know that it really happened-a crew from PLAYBOY was photographing a girl without clothes on, and they missed it." What are her plans for the future? Travel, for one thing. "I never knew my real father. My mother and stepfather moved around the country a lot-from California to Detroit. I struck out on my own at 16. Now I'd like to visit Madrid-my father's birthplaceand discover something about my roots." Other plans? "I would like to treat myself to a real vacation. Maybe Venice." She and her American Express card are ready to go, so get the name right, hotel clerks and maître d's: It's Devin Reneé DeVasquez. You'll be seeing a lot of her.





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET __HIPS:_ HEIGHT: WEIGHT:___ FAVORITE PERFORMERS 345. 5413. 16 419. finished at Having fun at my Bishday Party

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You should know," the businessman told the secretary he had just hired, "that it's a man's world. And that this," he added, tapping his crotch, "is the ultimate authority."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Miller," the girl came back with the sweetest of smiles, "and do you some-times abuse your authority?"

Note to the boys in blue: The X-rated material confiscated in vice-squad busts is creating a brisk trade among local constabularies. Those in the know refer to it as hot bartered cop porn.



As three young men lounged on the beach rating girls, an average-looking brunette walked by.

"She's a five," said the first. "A six," countered the second.

"No, she's a one," said the third. Soon a good-looking redhead sauntered by.

"She's an eight," said the first.

"A seven," said the second.
"No, she's a three," said the third.
Finally, a gorgeous blonde strutted past.

"That's a ten, for sure!" exclaimed the first.

"An eleven, at least," insisted the second.
"No, she's a six," proclaimed the third.
"How did you come up with six?" the two astonished men asked.

"Well, I use the Budweiser scale," the third lad replied. "That's how many Clydesdales it would take to drag her off my face."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines DEA agent as a dust buster.

My boyfriend gets a thick hard-on," the girl

confided, "a really thick one!"

"In that case," giggled her horny friend, "he must be a barrel of fun!"

Sports tip: From now on, boxing matches in San Francisco will reportedly be conducted under the Queen of Marquisberry rules.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines Scandinavian stud as a Nordick.

Maybe you've heard about the mysterious chap who would lure prostitutes down alleys in Victorian London . . . and then drop his pants and masturbate. He came to be known as Jack the Whipper.

The little boy knelt by his bed and prayed, "Jesus, I need a bike." Jumping up, he ran to the window and saw that the driveway was empty.

"Jesus," he prayed again, "I really need a bike." Seeing that the driveway was still empty, the boy ran to the living room and removed a statue of the Virgin Mary. In his room, he carefully wrapped it in heavy paper, masking tape and a ball of twine, slipped it into a shoe box and hid it in the back of his closet.

"OK, Jesus," the boy said, kneeling by his bed once more, "if you ever want to see your mother

again. . . .

t was lune, and Miss Toon, in a swoon, Met her man by the light of the moon; And all night, as they played, Lovely music was made, For the chap kept his organ in Toon.

Male line overheard in a singles bar: "If you assure me that you're wearing an I.U.D., I'll spring for the drinks."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines underhung theater reviewer as a critic at small.

There's an automobile dealer who is desperately trying to persuade his in-laws to recall his frigid bride. He claims that there's something seriously wrong with her ignition.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines contraband as a group of Nicaraguan musicians.

While they attended the funeral of a mutual friend who had been married eight times, one woman turned to the other and sighed, "They're together at last.

Her friend quietly inquired, "Which husband

do you mean?" "Husband?" the first replied. "I'm talking about her legs!"

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.



"Can't we go home now? This is the longest honeymoon I've ever been on."

and you're eager to get back to work. Your doctor, though, is about to launch into his yearly speech about your lifestyle—how you work too hard, don't eat sensibly enough, worry too much, overindulge. You also know what he'll suggest: a diet regimen that will probably read like something the ayatollah cooked up.

Wouldn't it be nice, you think, if some good doctor somewhere came up with a nutritional plan that acknowledged that most of us live in the *real* world?

Voilà! I offer you the Rat-Race Diet, based on the principle that you shouldn't have to feel bad just because you're living well. Yes, it still makes sense to moderate your indulgences and reduce your stresses—but since we live in an imperfect world and no doctor's prescription is going to change that fact, it does make sense to adapt the diet to the person, rather than the other way around. After all, unless you're seriously ill, you shouldn't have to ransom your entire lifestyle to feel healthy.

But first, some background. Whenever you rev up your body's engines to perform heroically—in times of high pressure, low sleep, prolonged work or play—you burn up the ration of vitamins and nutrients the body needs to work efficiently. It's also just at those pressure points that you may rely on various substances to help you make it through. Unfortunately, those substances—alcohol, caffeine, nicotine,

forget moderation.
screw the straight and narrow.
here's how to live the way
you want to—and survive

THE RAT-RACE DIET

article
By STUART M. BERGER, M.D.





marijuana, tranquilizers, narcotics, amphetamines, even antihistamines—make major withdrawals from your vitamin stores. Those depletions, significant in the best of times, make for a double whammy when you're under a lot of tension. When stress is burning up your reserves, you've got to make sure you take enough extra on board to compensate.

Stress depletes an alphabet of vitamins-A, B, C, D and E-but the main problems come with the B-complex and C vitamins. Those are particularly depleted by a stressful lifestyle. When we're in balance, they work like additives in a finely tuned engine. The B vitamins help keep nerves running in smooth synchrony. Without enough of them, we get anxious, depressed, irritable, fatigued and sometimes suffer memory lapses-the classic symptoms of stress burnout. And-let's face it-the human organism hasn't spent three billion years evolving from swamp ooze in order to be depressed, grouchy and tired all the time. Vitamin C also helps us deal with stress by strengthening the body's immune system, as well as by destroying toxins produced in the body.

If you're burning it at both ends, chances are you're also reducing your mineral stores. Studies show that a person under stress burns up far greater amounts of zinc, calcium, iron, magnesium, molybdenum, potassium and sulphur than his nonstressed counterpart.

With that in mind, then, I've designed the following series of meals and snacks to help keep you running at your best under the demands of the real world.

Suppose it's salary-review time again and you've got the big meeting with the top brass this afternoon. You want to be alert but calm, clearheaded and steady. Lost your copy of *Eat to Win?* Don't worry—try the

SALARY-REVIEW SALAD

You'll probably find this under the name of chef's salad at your local restaurant, but it should include

Lettuce greens

Egg (protein gives sustained energy release)

Turkey (high in the amino acid tryptophan)

Tomatoes, green peppers or broccoli (high in vitamin C)

Cheese (protein, for sustained energy release; calcium)

Yellow vegetables (good source of vitamin A)

The Salary Review Salad, eaten about an hour before the big meeting, will give you maximum levels of energy and alertness for several hours. The principle here is "Less is more": Your faculties will be sharpest if your body doesn't have to work overtime to digest a heavy starch meal. Likewise, avoid refined sugars, the junk food that sends your blood sugar soaring and then crashing with a thud.

If there's a longer, sustained period of grueling work ahead, the same principle applies: When you need the most out of your engine, run it clean. You need more than one recipe, so try the more general

DOWN-TO-THE-DEADLINE PLAN

Go for high proteins and low fats here: lean meats, chicken and fish. Don't overcook the meats-when you're under stress, that's just when you need every microgram of vitamin and mineral content. Supplement these high-protein foods with moderate amounts of vegetables and a lesser amount of fruits. Until you meet that important deadline, try to avoid sugar, caffeine and simple carbohydrates-cakes, cookies, candy-which create energy peaks and valleys, the last things you need when you're under creative pressure. The high protein and low fat of the Down-to-the-Deadline Plan have a natural time-release effect that keeps your energy level continuously high until you finish the job.

Once the work's done, you know (don't you?) that you should go home and get some sleep. But where's the fun in that? It feels more natural to go out and celebrate. Suppose, though (for the sake of this article), that you had dutifully gone home to sleep. You knew you needed some Zs, but your body wasn't cooperating. Sleep problems may be one of the first signs that you've gotten yourself into a high-tension cycle. Since insomnia is often caused by tension, the nutrients mentioned earlier to give energy also help restore the balance the body needs for a sound, restful sleep. On the theory that one of the least interesting things to do in a bed is to lie awake all night in it alone, here's my

GUARANTEED CRASH-OUT COCKTAIL

One hour before bed, mix 1 cup fresh pineapple 1 cup yogurt (room temperature) 500 mg. of the B vitamin inositol

Yogurt is very high in tryptophan—an amino acid that helps induce sleep. (Tryptophan, which is present in all dairy products, is the reason warm milk helps some people sleep.) The yogurt is also high in calcium, conducive to good sleep. My practice has shown inositol to be a natural, safe sleeping aid. It's a good idea to take 500 mg. of it sometime during the day, as well as the 500 in this recipe.

Don't eat a lot before bedtime. When your system is busy digesting, it keeps you from falling asleep easily and makes it hard to bound out of bed in the morning.

It's no secret that many of the things that we enjoy most take a toll on our bodies' reserves. Take alcohol, for instance:

Years of arduous medical research have shown that whenever the human animal gets into a serious wrestling match with alcohol, alcohol wins. However, the human animal tends to forget that between times, which is why we occasionally end up needing a little help the morning after. The good news here is that reasonable attention to vitamins and minerals can take the sting out of the morning after. But first, the short course I call Hangover 101.

When your body metabolizes alcohol, your kidneys sluice a tremendous volume of water through themselves to flush out the alcohol from the blood—the familiar "straightened pipes" we all know so well. This dehydration is why your morning mouth tastes as if a gopher slept in it and why drinking a pitcher of water before you hit the sack will reduce hangover.

But with the water go both the water-soluble vitamins—B1, B6 and B12, folic acid and vitamin C—and minerals. Those elements are vital to nervous-system functioning, and their depletion can contribute to a hangover. That's why heavy drinkers can be susceptible to anxiety, fatigue, insomnia, low energy, irritability, depression and mental confusion. Vitamin loss also lowers the drinker's resistance to colds, flu and other infections making the rounds.

You don't have to drink to great excess to feel those effects—three predinner cocktails can leave you feeling tired and ill the next day. But they don't have to. Moderate drinking is fine if you're careful to replace those lost vitamins and minerals, which is the idea behind the

"I CAN'T BELIEVE I DRANK THE WHOLE THING" HANGOVER BREAKFAST

Totter to the kitchen-quietly. Blend

1 egg

4 ozs. orange juice

8 ozs. yogurt

1 banana

Handful of almonds or sesame seeds

2 tablespoons wheat germ

100 mg. vitamin B1

3 grams vitamin C

The depletions caused by alcohol can also be caused by the caffeine contained in coffee, tea and chocolate. Caffeine acts as a diuretic and may cause the kidneys to flush vitamin and mineral reserves.

That loss, in addition to the stimulation of caffeine itself, accounts for a wide range of bad effects on the nervous system, including "coffee nerves," inability to concentrate and sleep problems. But you can undo a lot of the damage. Whether you're a two-cups-before-you-open-youreyes kind of coffee drinker or you just down a cup or two at work, you can use a

(continued on page 195)

PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR

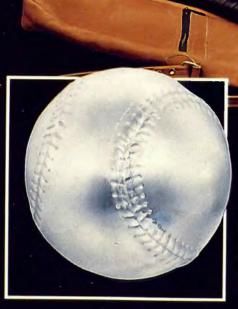
DADS&CRADS

Right: The drinks are on Bar-Too, a remote-controlled, rechargeable party robot that serves cocktails and canapés on a circular tray and also stores bottles and ice in its 36"-tall body, by Digi-Tech, Inc., Metuchen, New Jersey, \$2495.

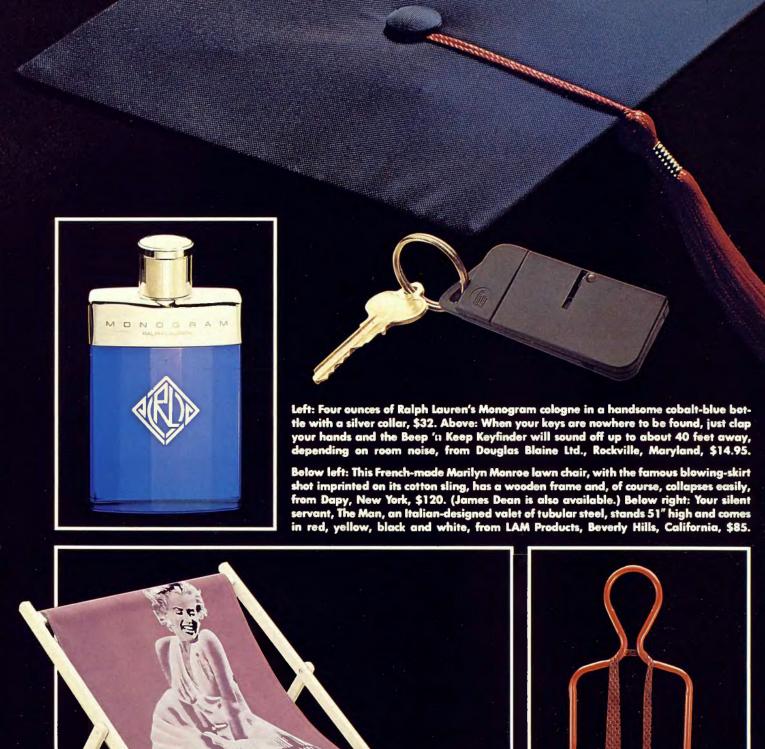
Far right: If Bar-Too doesn't leave you well lit, there are these hand-blown Frenchglass multicolor cocktail lamps that come with removable lemon slices and swizzle sticks, from Lightning Bug Ltd., Hazel Crest, Illinois, \$60 each, without bulbs.



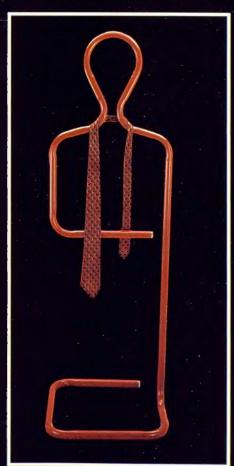


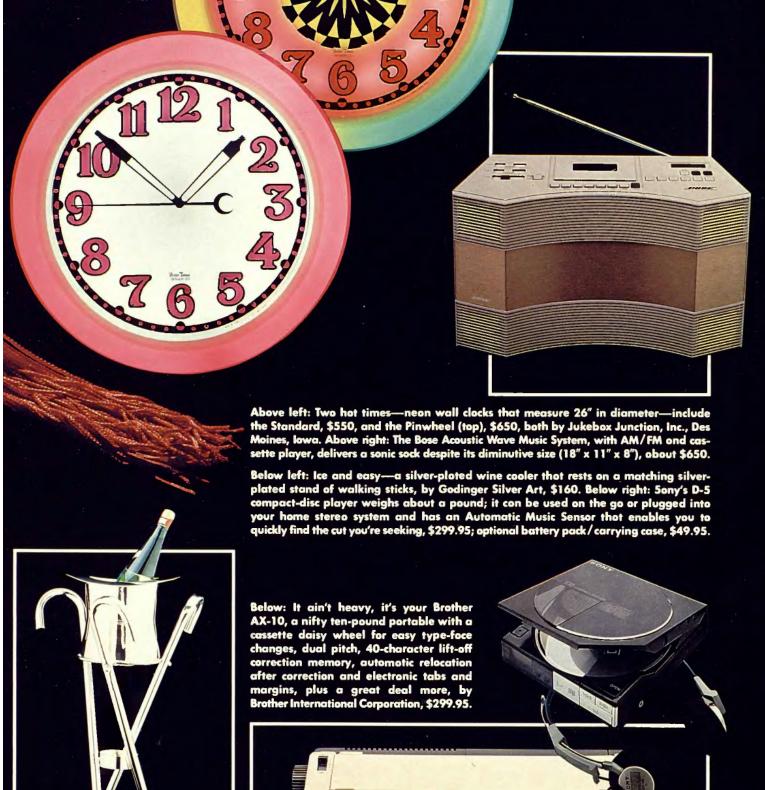


Left: Tiffany has served up one hell of a hardball in the form of a sterling-silver baseball paperweight that's ideal for holding down your pitching contract, \$775. Above: For the guy who takes his softball seriously, a mirror-finish aluminum bat with a knurled-surface sweet spot and leather grip, by Dudley Sports Company, Dublin, Pennsylvania, about \$125, including a leather carrying case, plus a polishing cloth and brush.











"Who gets to look at the stored records? Little mechanical people with feelers, of course."

know one fellow who's been dead five years and still gets his junk mail.

Do you think it's completely confidential when you tell your psychiatrist that you believe an executive member of your board of directors doesn't exist? The Medical Information Bureau (M.I.B.) is a giant information bank in Boston that is so secret and secretive that Senator William Proxmire calls it "the medical CIA." Through M.I.B., medical information is routinely passed around-sold, in factto people who wish to make decisions about you, such as insurance companies and employers. Your complete medical file is available for a nominal fee.

You probably never stopped to think about it when you filled out insurance applications. At the bottom is a form you sign that gives anyone who has the form (or a photocopy of it) permission to get medical information about you forever afterward. (Don't you read what you sign? You see: You're not paranoid enough for

your own good.)

Your bank's records are a different story, however. You don't have to sign anything. Banks routinely pass around information about customers. And they are required by law to photograph every transaction of more than \$100 that passes through your checking account and to store those photographs for five years. (Most banks find it simpler to photograph everything than to spend the time necessary to separate transactions over \$100.) The bank must also photograph and store every deposit or loan-payment slip and every debit notice and must keep copies of all correspondence concerning your account. Who gets to look at the stored records? Little mechanical people with feelers, of course. And anybody who waves a badge in the face of a bank officer. (As Robert Ellis Smith, the publisher of Privacy Journal, puts it, "After all, if they don't cooperate, whom will they call for help when their bank gets held up-a U.S. Senator?") In a wonderfully Orwellian turn of phrase, the law governing these records is called the Bank Secrecy Act.

Is this situation merely amusing? Or is it dangerous?

It's a little like exposure to radiation: You have to wait a long time to see who's going to get sick. It may have no effect on you at all, or it may trap you in a nightmare from which there is no escape. One Government study cited "the danger of permanent, inescapable stigmatization."

Arthur R. Miller, a Harvard law professor and a widely recognized authority on privacy, writes:

Concern over privacy is hardly irrational. In our increasingly computerized life, whenever a citizen files a tax return, applies for life insurance or a credit card, seeks Government benefits or interviews for a job, a dossier is opened on him and his informational profile is sketched. It now has reached the point at which whenever we fly on a commercial airline, stay at one of the national hotel chains or rent a car, we are likely to leave distinctive electronic tracks in the memory of a computer that can reveal much about our activities, habits and associations.

Distinctive electronic tracks. Is your paranoia exaggerated? Miller says:

The same electronic sensors that can warn us of an impending heart attack might be used to locate us, track our movements and measure our emotions and thoughts. . . . Some criminologists already have suggested that a prisoner be subjected to sensor implantation as a condition of parole. Law-enforcement people then could monitor his activities and take him into custody should his aggression level become too high.

The italics are his. He's talking about control of the individual, one of the most fundamental and most sensitive subjects of debate within a democratic society. The questions have always been, How far can society go in protecting itself against the individual? How do we balance the rights of the individual with the needs of the society and still retain freedom?

Similarly, where does information gathering leave off and control begin?

A friend of mine, a journalist and college professor, spent part of 1984 in Yugoslavia on a Fulbright teaching fellowship. He had an apartment in Skoplje, where he and his wife would sit in the evenings and have their meals and talk. One day, they commented on the plaster falling down in the bathroom. The next day, a repairman showed up at the door asking where they wanted the plaster repaired. "It was kind of nice," my friend said, "except you knew they were always listening." One day, they said something about being tired of waiting in long lines to buy meat or bread, and the secret police showed up the next day to ask if they were still happy in Yugoslavia.

Where does information gathering leave off and control begin? My friends stopped talking in their apartment.

Do you have any qualms about giving out your Social Security number? Isn't it, after all, a universal identifier? That bastion of liberal paranoia, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, concluded "that excessive use of the Social Security number should be curtailed," according to the Senate Judiciary Committee, and that "citizens be informed as to the nature of information concerning them in Government files and be given meaningful rights to access and control and correct such data." That recommendation was made more than ten years ago, but nothing has been done. In fact, Mr. Parsons' letter asked for a Social Security number. I asked Mike Van Buskirk, my Bank One spokesman, what he was going to do with it. "I don't know," he said. "It's just considered a commonly acceptable identifier."

Although Federal law requires Government agencies to tell you how and by what authority they plan to use your SS number when asking for it, there are no laws governing private uses, such as the one Van Buskirk doesn't know about.

If Van Buskirk cannot say how your Social Security number might be used, Privacy Journal's Robert Ellis Smith can. "One great fear we have," he says, "is of computers pooling resources." An entire lifetime of data about us would then become available to those who would make decisions about us without our knowledge. That was precisely how Mr. Parsons made the decision to grant Laurence Lorence credit. Two computers got together and decided. At the same time, someone else was denied credit.

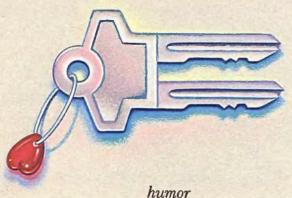
When I called Trans Union Credit in Chicago to try to find out how Laurence Lorence was created, the spokesman said, "Give me your Social Security number and I'll see what I can find out."

Smith again: "Each of [these computers] has our name and our facts. And most of them have our number-our Social Security number. The number is the one means that makes it easier for all of these disparate computer systems to link information about a particular individual. If we deny our Social Security number to a particular data gatherer, this will make it a little more difficult for that data gatherer to share our information with another system that has information about us."

And what about the investigating agency asking your neighbors questions and filing vivid descriptive reports on you? Surely, that's simple paranoia, a grand delusion. While still a Congressman, Mayor Edward I. Koch of New York City spoke before Congress on the subject of (continued on page 179)

How to Live With Another Person

after years of tinkering, a once-lonely guy works out a formula for domestic success



By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

IVING WITH another person. Can it be done? You bet. And it is being done, in villages and municipalities all over the country, with results ranging from good all the way up to swell.

Married folks do it. Unmarried folks do it. What are your chances of pulling it off? Not too bad if you realize this simple truth: The Other Person is not you. That may seem apparent, but it's actually one of life's trickier concepts. Some people go right through to the end of the trail and never quite get the hang of it.

For example, the O.P. may get a head-ache when you feel fine. Or, even more maddeningly, may feel fine when you have a headache. That same individual may not share certain pleasures of yours, such as Nazi marching music or lying around for hours, figuring out how to get even with people. It doesn't mean you're dealing with a bad person; but what you do have on your hands is an entirely different person, a separate entity, like Soweto, to be dealt with in a dignified manner and not necessarily dumped on.

WHO TO PICK

Can any two folks live together? Obviously not, at least without killing and maiming each other. Great care should be taken in the selection of that certain someone. You don't just rush down and ask the doorman to move in. But without getting into a whole thing about where to find such a person—we all know the list: supermarkets, "Bush in '88" cocktail parties-the good news in that department is that nine times out of ten, the O.P. will pick you. Especially if you've been out there vegetating long enough. Someone is finally going to come along and decide that you are not all that big a dirt bag. This does not mean that you have to trot right along when you're tapped on the shoulder. It's not like being arrested. You have every right to mumble something under your breath and get out of town. A lot of people don't realize that and wind up needlessly blowing 20 or 30 years.

A word of caution: Make sure the person who selects you isn't hooked up to some kind of apparatus. (This is a harsh consideration, but you'll receive backing from most Americans, as evidenced by the rejection of the Bleeding Heart Position in the last election.) There are too many other things to worry about-drawer space, division of responsibilities-and you are just not going to make it with a new person and a machine. Well, maybe a small machine, but certainly not the kind that has to be wheeled around by attendants. Then you have to worry about accommodations for the attendants. You can see what a mess you're getting into. If the O.P. requires some kind of apparatus later on, you can sit down and discuss it. But not at the early delicate stage.

For those who insist on having a say on who they get to live with, what's a good kind of person to pick? Say you're fair-skinned. Even an albino. Should you shoot for Madam Swarthy? What if you're a slim-bones? Would you be happy with a heavy-hipped chunker? Probably not. Opposites do attract, but that's not to say they won't kick out at each other in close quarters. On the other hand, people who

resemble each other tend to get along nicely. Ever notice how happy couples start to look alike? Being with someone who looks, feels and smells like you lowers your risk. So why fool around—especially when it's your first time in the batter's box? For coziness, security and a sense of well-being, get yourself another you.

Still, if you're a Keeper, it's best to find yourself a Thrower-Outer. Keepers can't bear to part with so much as an old gum wrapper. Thrower-Outers love to get rid of stuff so they can make room for the new models. Two Keepers in the household will eventually be discovered by police beneath a mound of possessions they can't bear to part with. Keepers and Thrower-Outers match up nicely.

WHERE TO DO THIS

Your place or the O.P.'s? One solution is to stay right where you are, since you're there already and all you have to do is provide a little extra space. On the other hand, the O.P. may have a place that's more comfortable than yours, something that was part of a settlement. Moving into the O.P.'s apartment will demonstrate that you've got the guts and the selfconfidence to accept stuff from other people without feeling like a welfare cheat. It's not a bad reputation to have. Once it's established that you have the capacity to receive, there's no end to the things that will pour in, all of it to be laid aside for the future.

Keep in mind, however, that if you're the one who moves in, you're also the one who gets thrown out should that time roll around—which it invariably does, according to statistics compiled by the U.S. Department of Commerce. So if you do move into the O.P.'s apartment, make sure you're willing to spend time in a men's shelter at some future date.

WHO GETS TO DO WHAT

Who gets to clean the ketchup bottles? Who floats the eggs? (An important new freshness test: If they float, they've had it.) You can keep these things loose, of course, and just let them happen. Whoever is driven crazier by noise down the hall is the one who gets to charge down there and tell them where to get off. But it's best to have a general sense of who does what. A good move, early in the game, is selflessly to declare full responsibility for the garbage. The O.P. will be touched and overwhelmed and may well insist on doing everything else. And garbage isn't all that bad. Ever meet (concluded on page 178)





make mine a m o r t i n i

hi-yo, silver bullet! the legendary three-to-one rides again

drink By MAYNARD F. THOMSON

BOLT THAT DOOR! Of course, the burglar chain, too. You're in the bigs now, guy: They come through the walls with jackhammers. Bolt it? Christ, weld it shut. Hey, come on. If easy were all you wanted, you would have stayed in Des Moines, right? You got through the day, didn't you? That's more than a lot of people in this town can say—probably more than a lot of people in this town want to say.

Relax a little. Take off that wet coat; paw through the mail for a minute. Bills. Bills and special offers from a computer that spelled your name wrong. A postcard from Mom: Why don't you ever write? The home is lonely. Your brother's practice is doing wonderfully. Yech!

Now, hold on; take a deep breath. Frankly, I'm worried about you. You let *them* know it's getting to you like that, they'll go into a feeding frenzy and *you*'ll be dinner. Let's face it—you need help. The way you are now, you might as well chew ground glass or pop some slop into a microwave. Ulcer City. You need surcease; you need nurturing.

You need a martini.

Oh, sure, I know what you're thinking: a martini. That's what advertising executives in cocktail lounges clutch in one hand while they wedge popcorn in their faces with the other and try clumsy come-ons with a bored waitress named Rita. Forget that sour memory. You've never had a martini. I'm not talking a cup of cheap gin splashed over an ice cube. I'm talking satin, fire and ice; Fred Astaire in a glass; surgical cleanliness; insight and comfort; redemption and absolution. I'm talking a martini.

Enough talk. Let's get going. Come on, follow me. No

mysteries, just simple attention to detail.

First, ice—lots of ice. Fresh ice. Hard ice. Crack a bunch of it, I said; this is no (concluded on page 208)



"You're dealin' with athletes who are in the prime of their life, and life on the road makes 'em restless."

times after I lost a game when I'd just be starin' at the wall, wonderin' what I could have done better, and meanwhile my kids were watchin' television and tryin' to get my attention-"Hey, Daddy, guess what I did in school today" or "Hey, Daddy, look what's on television." And my wife would come over and try to talk me back into reality, and I'd still be in the baseball game in my mind, starin' at the wall, not even hearin'. I know it sounds ridiculous, but it just gets to me so much that I'm really convinced that I'll never win another ball game. Never! I really regret that I got baseball in my blood so much in terms of my family-I should have been a better father to my kids when they were growin' up, and I know I'm a lousy husband. I'm so, just so blessed that the woman I've always been in love with has staved in love with me.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the topic of women, there was the case of a female reporter last year who was verbally abused by a couple of your players when she entered the clubroom to interview them. What's your reaction to such incidents?

ANDERSON: I think that the players ain't used to a woman being in the clubhousethey get nervous. I know any time I see a woman in the clubhouse after the game, I make sure I'm properly dressed. There ain't that many anyhow, and it's so recent that they are around at all, players can't get used to it. It's a shame that they treat 'em wrong. They're just doin' a job, too. I remember talking to one of my coaches about it, and he told me that he thinks most players ain't worried about the women looking at their "attributes" but their lack of attributes. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: The larger question, though, is about players and women. In the old days, there were curfews and bed checks-

ANDERSON: Yeah, I remember the old days-makes me feel old when you put it that way, 'cause it wasn't that long ago to me-but I remember when the manager or the coach would come into your room at night and actually touch the beds to make sure you were there and not some pillow arrangement to fake him out. Those days are over. I ain't a cop, that's not my job. I do have a curfew-on the road, players should be in their room by ten o'clock.

PLAYBOY: How do you enforce it?

ANDERSON: I don't do bed checks, that's for sure, but I just make 'em aware that I expect them to follow the rules. I'm not being paid to be a baby sitter, but they all know that I expect them to be honorable.

PLAYBOY: The honor system-

ANDERSON: Yeah, I just figure that these guys are professionals, they've made it to the major leagues, they're bein' paid a lot, and if they want to stick around for a while, they should follow my rules. As far as women they might get together with-PLAYBOY: You know even the married players go out on the town when they're on the

ANDERSON: Sure I do, but I'm also not a marriage counselor. I just think it's none of my business what a player does on his own time, unless I think there's somethin' goin' on that interferes with his performance on the field. See, I have to deal with 25 human beings every day, and I'm not about to judge what they do after the ball game is over. I'm so satisfied with my married life that I never get tempted to look at another woman-I'm kind of a square guy that way, I guess. But, man, you're dealin' with athletes who are in the prime of their life, and life on the road makes 'em-restless, I guess that's the word, no matter if they're married or unmarried or never been married or never could get married because they're so ugly. A lot of ugly guys can hit a baseball and catch it. Look at me-PLAYBOY: Do you think you're ugly?

ANDERSON: I ain't no Clark Gable, that's for sure. I'm 51 years old and all my hair is white, but you watched me play a couple of innings in Puerto Rico at the old-timers' game. Was I a cat? Was I a cat? [Laughs] I handled second base pretty well, don't you think? Don't even answer that-I don't think I'm ugly, but I look so much older than I am. I feel young, but I know I look

PLAYBOY: Job stress?

ANDERSON: I really don't know-I know that I started gettin' white hair when I was about 25. For a while, I tried that Grecian Formula thing, and I just decided, "Hey, forget it, don't worry about it." And I don't-I look in the mirror and shave every day and it ain't that bad. I know the press thought I got a lot prettier last year. PLAYBOY: Winning will do that.

ANDERSON: Yeah, I understand the ground rules of this thing-the winners win and the losers get nothin'. Like a poker game. PLAYBOY: You're a poker player?

ANDERSON: Not no more-I'm strictly baseball these days. But it's the same deal. The winners laugh and tell jokes, and the losers cry. And I know what it means to cry. I told you before about how I don't usually like to call a team meetin'. But I did call one last year, when we were goin' so good and I felt the team was gettin' a little overconfident and losin' sight of real life. I said, "When you drive out of the ball park"-Tiger Stadium ain't in such a good part of town-"take a drive around for two blocks. And see the people on the streets, how bad off they are-if you gave any one of 'em \$50, they'd think you gave them \$1,000,000. They have nothin'. And maybe if you look at that, you'll stop your bitchin' and moanin'."

PLAYBOY: Did they get the message? ANDERSON: I was satisfied with the results.

PLAYBOY: That may be one of the shortest answers anyone ever got from Sparky Anderson. What with all the quotes you've given the press and some of the color commentary vou've done on radio, you have the reputation of being the Casey Stengel of the Eighties. Are you aware of that?

ANDERSON: Well, I talk a lot, and I enjoy it. I enjoy kibitzin' with the writers. And I have very poor English, and there's no use trvin' to hide it. I don't make up any of my English, if you could call it that; it's natural and I wish I could say that I make it up. And I wish I could say that the words I use are made up, but that's just the way I talk. I've seen writers knock me because they say the way I talk is bad for kids to hear, but I don't agree. I think the way you speak, as long as you speak from your heart-I just don't know another way to deal with things, and a lot of times I get in a lot of trouble because I do that, but that's the only way I know to talk. It's not somethin' phony or made up.

PLAYBOY: What kind of trouble?

ANDERSON: Well, I tend to overly brag on a young player, and when he don't do it the way you said he would, it's gonna be your hide. I just get myself in more trouble with my big mouth than anybody else gets me in. I just get so enthusiastic, and I know I've gotta calm it down, but when I try to calm it down, I'm just not me. So which is better? I don't know. I just think I have to be me. It's scary-when I read myself praisin' a player in the papers, I think, Oh, my God, how did I ever say that?

But about people comparing me with Casey Stengel, you know, I got to see him a bit at ceremonial dinners and stuff in his later years, but there was one I'll never forget. It was at a New York sportswriters' dinner-it was so great. He was gonna present Don Larsen with some kind of award for being the only guy in history to pitch a "perfect game" in the world series. It's a big dinner, and lots of people are there to honor Larsen for one of the greatest feats ever done. So the trophy is up there, Stengel goes up to the stage, he spots Billy Martin and Frankie Frisch-PLAYBOY: The famous Fordham Flash from the Thirties-

ANDERSON: Yeah, and I was sittin' next to Casey at the dinner, and Casey spots Billy in front-he always loved Billy-anyway, Casey just started yappin' away about this (continued on page 130)

who're the best jocks turned to pitchmen?
our expert line judges
make the tough calls



bom ing sell from size

s we are increasingly bombarded by hulking athletes trying to sell us everything from beer to varioussized trucks, we

couldn't resist asking our premier film critics to assess the jocks' performances. We persuaded Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert to take a break from "At the Movies." Then we locked them in a darkened room in our Chicago headquarters and forced them to watch more commercials than humans should be allowed to view at one sitting. Miraculously, they agreed on the best and the worst of the bunch. They also pretty much agreed on which ones were worthy of praise and which were sins against mankind. We've highlighted those at right. But there's more than the very good and the very badthere's also the very in-between. Here's their report:

EBERT: Why do we like having sports heroes sell us shaving cream and beer? One reason, I think, is that we're flattered to have our idols slide off their pedestals and take the bar stool next to us. Call it demystification. Twenty years ago, we deified our sports stars. Take Johnny Unitas. You would never have expected him to hang out in a bar with you. He might have owned the bar; he might have driven past it in his chauffeured limousine. But that's as close as he'd get to us. Today, the great athletes are being presented as just regular Joes. When they're not making \$1,000,000 a year to play football on Sunday afternoons, they're rolling up their sleeves and quaffing a few Lite ones. It's all very reassuring.

SISKEL: The appeal is intrinsic. I look at it this way: Who would you rather have endorse your product-a famous lawyer or a politician? Everybody knows he's for hire. But athletes are not for hire. I mean, I genuinely admire these people. They may not be curing cancer, but what they do they do exceedingly well and in the purest sense. On some level, these people are very smart, and I would want to know what they know. Think about it: Commercials tend to be filled with phony kitchens and phony showers, where plastic people have empty heads. Then you look at that bar in the Miller Lite commercials. Who wouldn't want to hang out in that world?

BEST



FIRST ALL-STAR CAMPING TRIP FOR LITE BEER FROM MILLER

EBERT: This is fun. It's kind of an all-star commercial based on our familiarity with everybody who's appeared in the Miller Lite series. Frankly, it doesn't make me think about beer as much as it makes me recall that great line of commercials and how much I've admired them. It's a funny spot, loaded with wit and imagination. It makes me laugh out loud.

SISKEL: You couldn't improve this commercial if you tried. I wish the person who made this were working in the movies with the same kind of ensemble cast. The director has not given these amateurs any rope to hang themselves. And the commercial creates such a wonderful environment. It seemingly obliterates any competing light beer with its good fellowship.

THUMBS UP



JOHN MCENROE FOR BIC DISPOSABLE SHAVERS

EBERT: Who was that guy? This is a cute commercial, except I'm always sure there isn't a real blade in the razor. The fun thing here is that I liked this commercial—to be absolutely honest—without realizing that was John McEnroc up there. I assumed he was a tennis player, because he was talking about matches, which was quick thinking on my part.

SISKEL: I'm glad that you didn't think he was an arsonist. John McEnroe, one of the best-known celebrities in the world of sports, ahem, is simply a terrific actor. He's fully aware of how he is coming across: impish and rascally. There is sheer joy here.



ALEX KARRAS FOR LA-Z-BOY CHAIRS

EBERT: This is terrific. It has an almost voluptuous sensuality—the way he's snoring while stretched out, full-length, in his chair, crossing his Argyle socks in front of the flickering fire. When his wife calls him her very own La-Z-Boy and he says, "That's cute, Susan," that's all terrific. SISKEL: Here you have the perfect fit. Alex Karras is a guy who has the balls to have a La-Z-Boy Chair, which looks—in this high-tech world—like hell but is the most comfortable thing in the world. I wish I were secure enough to have a La-Z-Boy right in the middle of my living room. He looks like he's in heaven.

WORST



BILLY MARTIN (WITH LOIS CHILES) FOR ENKALON NYLON CARPETS

SISKEL: Horrendous—from beginning to end. Lois Chiles is a very classy actress. Why would she want to be anywhere near Billy Martin? Nothing is said about carpets. Everyone remembers the elbow in the soup. Maybe his elbow could magically get cleaned.

EBERT: It would be a much better commercial for a dry cleaner: Billy Martin for - life. I like to have a good rug!"

One-Hour Martinizing. Lois could play his wife and tell him she's going to have to send him to the cleaners again. He could say, "But you've already taken me to the cleaners!" I don't know why they don't hire me to make these commercials. This is just awful. Martin's should say, "Look, I wake up on the floor every morning of my life. I like to have a good rug!"

THUMBS DOWN



LARRY BIRD FOR CANON CAMERAS

SISKEL: "Watch the bird" is a dumb line that I wouldn't wish on any athlete. So, Larry, don't get discouraged—you were set up. Outside the world of basketball, Bird doesn't have a lot of pizzazz. Ironically, the spot is a bad shot.

EBERT: A great commercial would be Bird's telling us, "It always amazes me when I see my picture in the papers. I think, Boy, I wish I could take pictures like that!" But Bird isn't going to make me want to buy a camera. I would rather know how this camera could be used in my life. I don't think I'm going to put in a lot of time on the side lines at pro basketball games.



ARNOLD PALMER AND O. J. SIMPSON (WITH BUTKUS AND SMITH) FOR HERTZ

EBERT: Trying to generate phony hostility between the two primary spokesmen seems contrived and unconvincing. I don't buy it. Not even Bubba Smith and Dick Butkus can pull this out of the fire.

SISKEL: Roger is right. The argument is phony. Arnold Palmer is pure class: He has done nothing to bring anything less than honor to his life. Similarly, O.J. has been used by Hertz in a much more respectable, albeit physical, way. You remember—he was running through the airport terminal to beat the rush to the car-rental counter. Now he's matured. He deserves a classier format.

LARRY HOLMES AND SUGAR RAY LEONARD FOR FORD TRUCKS

SISKEL: Larry Holmes is going to kill me, but Sugar Ray Leonard makes this commercial work. The two of them are pointing out the sizes of Ford trucks available and, because they are different sizes themselves, it's a perfect fit. But Holmes, who opens the spot alone, is very difficult to understand. Sugar Ray comes in with a lot of charm, and the two of them have a funny mock argument over whose truck is better. Holmes alone would not work as wellunless he tried to pick up the truck. EBERT: I like it better before Sugar Ray comes in. With Holmes, you get the unadulterated feeling of an authentic guy speaking in his own tongue. Dat truck, dis truck. You feel an absolute authenticity in the endorsement. Sugar Ray, on the other hand, is a more polished performer. By the end of the commercial, you're merely getting shtick between two athletes-nothing more-whereas at the beginning, Holmes is telling you, in his own inimitable way, that this truck is a heavy motherfucker.

DOROTHY HAMILL FOR FORD TEMPO

EBERT: Totally phony. There is virtually no connection between ice skating and cars. In the Holmes-Leonard ad, you have a big, heavy guy who is advertising a big, heavy truck. That connection is obvious. But making the point that the Ford Tempo handles well and so does Dorothy Hamill would make more sense if we had Hamill's boyfriend endorsing the car. I would enjoy it better if she jumped over several beer barrels and landed in the seat of the car.

SISKEL: This is not a good product fit: We see a very successful athlete spinning around and endorsing a low-end, low-priced car. I do not believe that Hamill would drive a Ford Tempo, even though she may have gotten a free one for doing the commercial. Another problem is, you have this great athlete skating around but doing nothing an average skater couldn't do, which seems like a waste. It's a frivolous, giggly performance. She must be smarter than that giggle.

WAYNE GRETZKY FOR CANON CAMERAS

EBERT: The commercial does one thing I appreciate—it shows me something about the camera's special (continued on page 176)

SPARKY ANDERSON

(continued from page 126)

"If I ever find a pitcher who has heat, a good curve and a slider, I might consider marryin' him."

young whippersnapper Billy Martin and goin' on about the days he played with Frankie Frisch and on and on, and the crowd is breakin' up. Larsen is standin' there, waiting to be introduced, and Casey just keeps talkin'. He stops talkin', he goes and sits down. He has not even mentioned Larsen, who is standin' behind him; he hasn't given Larsen nothin'. The m.c., he didn't know what to do. He waited a few seconds, jumped up and got the trophy and handed it to Larsen, and the house just came down.

That night, Casey really taught me somethin'. The kids there just *lined* up to get his autograph. What he does is sign the autographs and says to each of 'em, "OK, all you kiddies, go back to your table; ol' Casey is gonna have a salad, and when you see him finish his salad, you can come back." They all came back, and he says, "OK, all you kids go sit down again, because ol' Casey is gonna have some dinner, and when you see him get done with the dinner, you come back." They came back—he said, "OK, when you see ol' Case finish with his dessert, then you come back."

PLAYBOY: What did that teach you?

ANDERSON: This man was at least 80 years old, and he handled those kids like a dream, and every one of those kids will remember that night for the rest of their lives, until they get to be 80 years old. I guarantee that. That was so important-it taught me that those kids felt that way about meeting a baseball hero, and since I've been a major-league manager, I've always tried to make myself available to kids, because it means so much to them. A manager always has to do lots of off-season promotion for the team, and after all the demands of last year, I'm definitely gonna cut down that way-but I'll always do stuff to help kids. I see stuff in the papers from time to time-"What's so important about baseball, anyway?"-

PLAYBOY: What is?

ANDERSON: Really, it is the kids. They teach ya in school that America is the only country in the world where any kid, no matter what his background, can grow up to be President of the United States. And that's true—but there's only one President for every four years, and there's room for 25 people on every major-league club, every year. I guess it's the idea of hope. You may not become President, but if you work hard enough, maybe you can play major-league baseball. Maybe you can be a star. At least you can try. Baseball gives you a chance to start.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk a bit about the changes in the modern game—baseball in the Eighties. For instance, the spitball has been banned for a long time, but in recent years certain pitchers have become famous for throwing a pretty moist ball.

ANDERSON: I know that.

PLAYBOY: We know you know that. Your pitching coach for the past five years, Roger Craig, managed the San Diego Padres when the king of the spitball, Gaylord Perry, was his lead pitcher. What we're asking is, Why try to hide it when so many pitchers throw it today? Should it become legal again after all these years?

ANDERSON: I don't think there's anything wrong with the spitball. To me, it's no different than if a guy has a good fast ball or a good curve ball or a good slider. I just don't think many guys throw it anymore. I think the biggest danger is not to the batter but the pitcher—I'll tell you why. You're so susceptible to hurting your elbow and shoulder, because the ball is slippery and the way you have to hold on to it, you run into a lot of risk of hurting your arm. I'm not sayin' that guys don't throw it today, but I don't agree that it's come back all that much. I think we're at the lowest point in history for the spitter.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever manage pitchers who threw the spitter?

ANDERSON: A couple, but I ain't about to tell you who. I'm just not the kiss-and-tell type. They didn't stay with it very long—I don't think many guys do. Don Drysdale, for instance, could throw one pretty good. PLAYBOY: In some circles, he was known as Wetsdale. But you're really not going to tell us where Perry hid the grease that helped him win 300 games?

ANDERSON: Let's just say that that's his business and none of mine and none of yours. Besides, you couldn't get it out of me if you tried. It ain't important, anyway—I think things go in fads, and sometimes they work. Split-fingered fast ball is the latest fad for pitchers.

PLAYBOY: It sure was a good fad for your pitchers last year. They used it a lot, with great success.

ANDERSON: Yeah, but for quite a while there was the knuckle-ball fad. The Niekro brothers are about the only ones around who use it. Me, myself, I always love to see a guy who throws hard. I've always been a great believer in firepower. I've also always been a great fan of a curve ball, a pitch that seems to be goin' out of business. PLAYBOY: Wasn't the ability to hit a curve ball always the test of a major-league batter? The reason he even entered the major

leagues-he could hit a curve ball?

ANDERSON: Absolutely. But things have changed. Pitchers realize these days that it takes a big bite out of their arm-and their arm is where the money is-to have to twist the arm and the body so much to throw a curve ball. Not too many pitchers get a good break on a real good curve ball anymore-it's a lot easier to get a break out of a slider, a lot less strain on the arm. But you're right-a curve ball used to be meat and potatoes for a successful pitcher. If I ever find a pitcher who has heat, a good curve and a slider, I might seriously consider marryin' him-or at least proposin'. [Laughs] Please don't tell my wife, though.

PLAYBOY: Can't the art of throwing a curve ball still be taught?

ANDERSON: Well, I think it can still be taught. You gotta get on top of it, but it's easier for the pitchers to control the slider. Ted Williams, just about the best guy with the bat who ever played the game, says that when the slider came into the game, it was the toughest pitch he ever had to swing at. A slider, when it works, is wonderful, but pitchers sure hang a lot of 'em. The ball becomes a sittin' duck for a good hitter—boom, the ball is gone.

PLAYBOY: Back when players and managers had to take off-season jobs to pay the rent, you worked as a car salesman. How did you do?

ANDERSON: Well, I worked for a bunch of dealerships in Southern California for seven years, but [long pause] I really couldn't sell cars. I tried to, but I wasn't what they call a "closer." The closer's the guy who wants to get ya in there and close the deal, and I was never good at that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ANDERSON: Well, I'd have a guy come in to fill out the papers to finance the purchase, and when I could tell he didn't make enough money to handle the payments—I'd tell him. I'd tell him, "You can't handle this." That ain't a good way to sell cars. I didn't really have my heart in it, anyway—it was just a winter job. Maybe if I had to do it for a living, I would have got more enthusiastic about it.

PLAYBOY: Did that experience teach you anything about dealing with baseball and baseball players?

ANDERSON: Well, I know one thing: They always talk about the car dealers' bein' a little shady. I found the people who came through the door were the shadiest—all the gimmicks they had! You learn the different molds people come in, baseball players included. Players might have different faces, but you'll always have four or five guys who are exactly the same in one personality. Another four or five who are the same in another personality. I think you always end up with four or five different personality types on the team.

PLAYBOY: Describe them.

(continued on page 198)



"I knew this would be a fun party when the invitation came in a plain brown envelope."

THE LENS OF LOVE

"Always I have admired the female body. When I was a boy of 13 or 14 in Trieste, there was a beautiful piazza in the center of town where I would go for walks with friends, and on one side of the piazza there were two statues of naked women. Even so young, I always stared at them when we passed."

--- POMPEO POSAR

IN ITALY and Yugoslavia, at the time Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar was growing up there, a boy with an artist's eye didn't have many opportunities to view the nude female form. It was the late Thirties, early Forties, and there were no men's magazines, no nude bars and certainly no adult cable channel. There were, however, museums.

"I loved going to the museums in Europe," says Posar. "I'd stand for hours in front of pictures by Rubens, Titian and Raphael. I would lose all track of time,

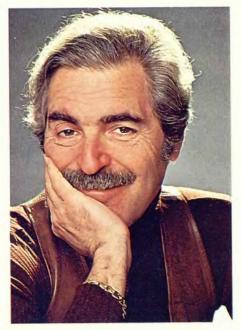
just drinking in the beauty."

It was a thirst that, fortunately for us and our readers, has never been quenched. For 25 years, we've dispatched Pompeo and his camera all over the world, trusting that wherever he went, he would return with striking pictures of the most beautiful women to be found. We haven't been disappointed.

Although his photographic talents are virtually unlimited—he has photographed 40 of our covers, to cite one example—Pompeo's specialty is the centerfold. He has photographed 60 Playmates—54 for PLAYBOY and six for our foreign editions—since he joined the magazine's staff in 1960; and in the process, he has created a style that is still a textbook for aspiring photographers. His many awards for photographic excellence attest to his stature in the profession.

Besides carning a reputation for PLAYBOY as one of the most photographically lush publications in the world, Posar has been a suave and capable spokesman for the magazine. Journalists who have interviewed him over the years have described him as "dashing," "Continental," "reassuring." All are astounded by his near-legendary success in getting his photographic subjects to shed their inhibitions, along with their clothes, for the camera.

In the cover story for the April 1985 issue of American Photographer magazine,





David Roberts describes the process by which a nervous Playmate prospect visibly relaxed during a few hours of working with Pompeo. At first she was shy about revealing her body, Roberts reports, but "by noon it had become routine for her to loiter at Posar's side, an open robe barely perched on her shoulders, as she scrutinized her nude Polaroid self along with the experts. I pondered this transformation and deduced that it was due entirely to what might be called Posar's 'bedside manner.'"

"I think," says PLAYBOY Associate Photography Editor Janice Moses, "that he makes the women relax because they know very well that he *likes* them and he appreciates their beauty, and he's very sensitive

to their shyness."

One young woman who had posed for him told us, "I don't know what I expected a photographer for a men's magazine to be like, but I guess I expected something, well, creepy, you know? But Pompeo is such a nice man, he was a complete surprise. He got me to do things that I had never thought I'd do. There isn't a creepy bone in his body."

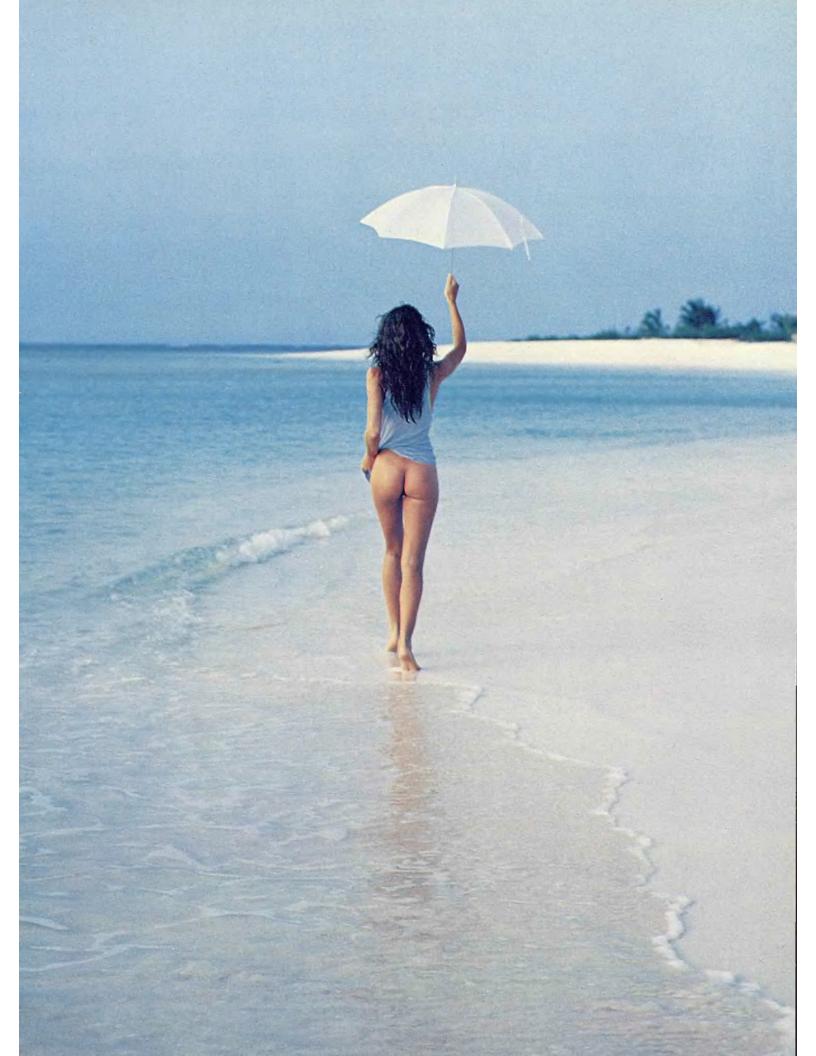
"I never want a girl to feel intimidated by my looking at her with my bare eyes," Posar says, "so I usually avert them when I'm not looking through the camera. I turn away and let her relax. That way, she has no fear. And if I do look at her, I say she's beautiful and I smile. That way, she

has confidence in herself."

Pompeo's empathy with his subjects is so complete that he often strikes the poses he'd like them to assume—so convincingly that one model told him, "Pompeo, I wish I could take the photographs and let *you* do the poses."

Posar admits that to do his best job of capturing each model's special qualities, "I must (text continued on page 138)

People think Pompeo Posor (above left) even looks like the luckiest guy alive. He con't introduce himself without having every man within earshot offer to trade jobs. His Continental manner can undress the most beautiful women in the world. Since introducing himself to PLAYBOY readers (at left is Miss October 1962, Loura Young, the first centerfold he photographed), Posar has filled our pages with female loveliness from top to bottom (opposite page).







The times have changed, but Posar's eye for beauty endures, as shown by the four centerfolds on this and the facing page. Abave, December 1963's Donna Michelle (left) and October 1968's Majken Haugedal illustrate two of the ways the Sixties saw what's sexy.





In the early Seventies, Posor posed February 1973 Playmate Cyndi Wood (left) in o gown originally worn by Ginger Rogers in a film with Fred Astaire. In 1976, during the C.B.-radio craze, he photographed every good buddy's dream girl Patti McGuire (right).





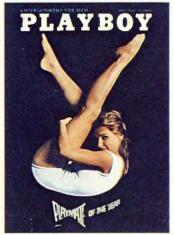


















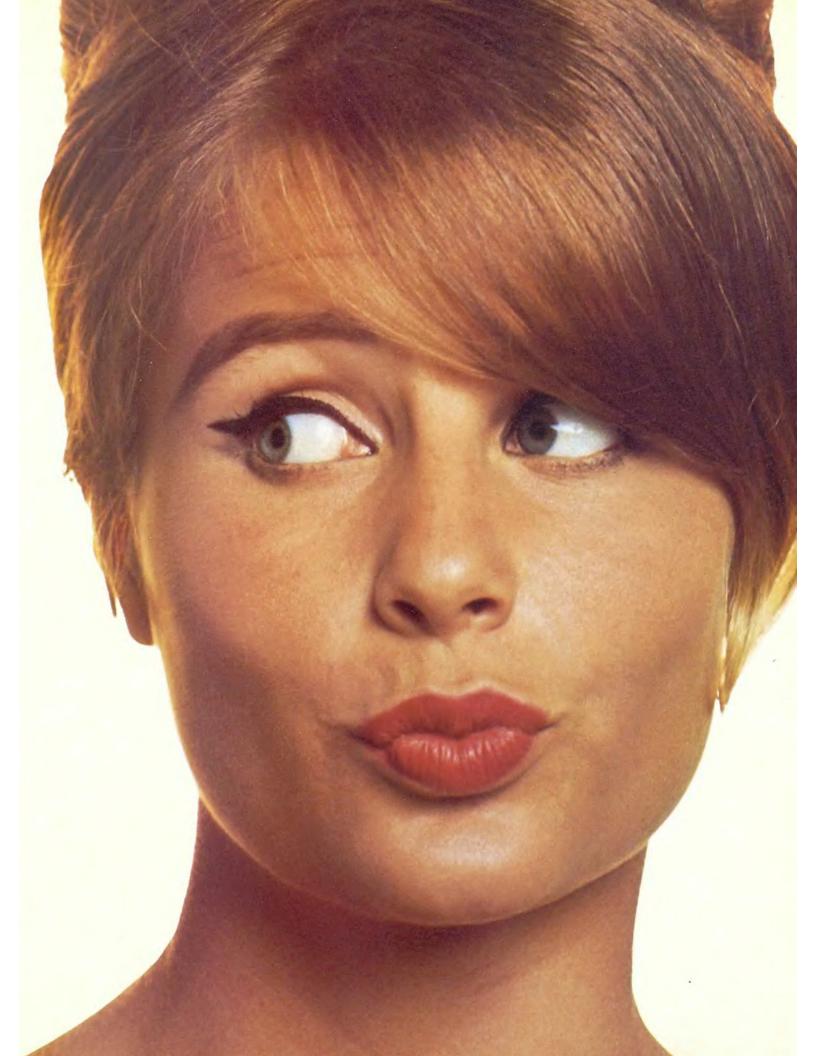


A generous sampling of the 40 covers Posor has photographed for PLAYBOY includes Miss December 1963, Donno Michelle (opposite page, as she appeared on the inside cover that month, in what we called our Tenth Holiday Issue), os well as his most fomous (the shot of Patti McGuire on the November '76 issue, which contains the controversial Jimmy Carter Interview, now a collector's item). In the photo immediately obove, a younger Posor shows model Paulette Lindberg how he wants her to pose for the February 1968 cover.









fall a little bit in love with her." That he never falls more than a bit is attributable to his 38-year romance with his wife, Melita, whose bikini-clad figure drifted into his view finder on a Zagreb riverbank back in 1944. They were married in 1947, shortly after he had completed his studies in economics and commerce at the University of Zagreb. Once, when we asked Posar, man to man, if he didn't sometimes feel frustrated by working with gorgeous women with whom his professionalism forbade further intimacy, he laughed and replied, "Sure, I get frustrated. But that just gives me more passion to take home to Melita."

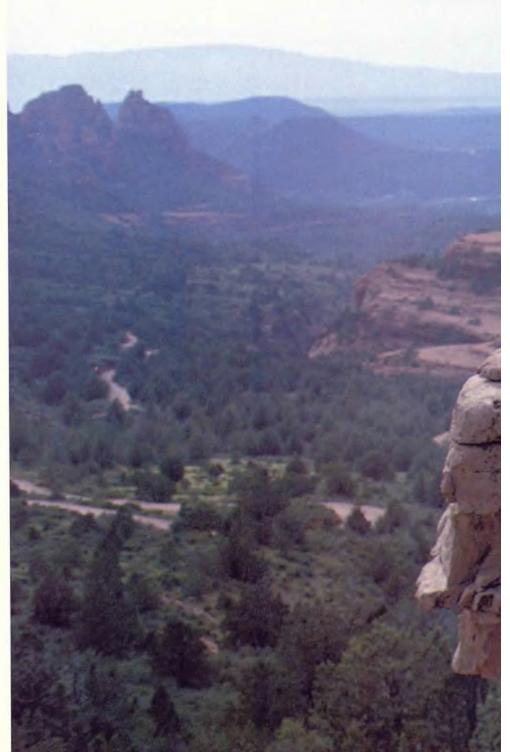
That tact is typical of Posar, a European gentleman of the old school. He speaks softly, with an accent so lilting and elegant that, had he not become a photographer, he could just as easily have sold expensive sports cars on television. (One writer likened the Posar voice to "a soft and caressing Mediterranean melody.") But from the time his father, a food importer/exporter, "made the mistake" of buying his 15-year-old son his first Leica, Posar has never wanted to be anything other than a photographer. "I tried working for my father for a few years but finally realized I didn't want to be a businessman. The

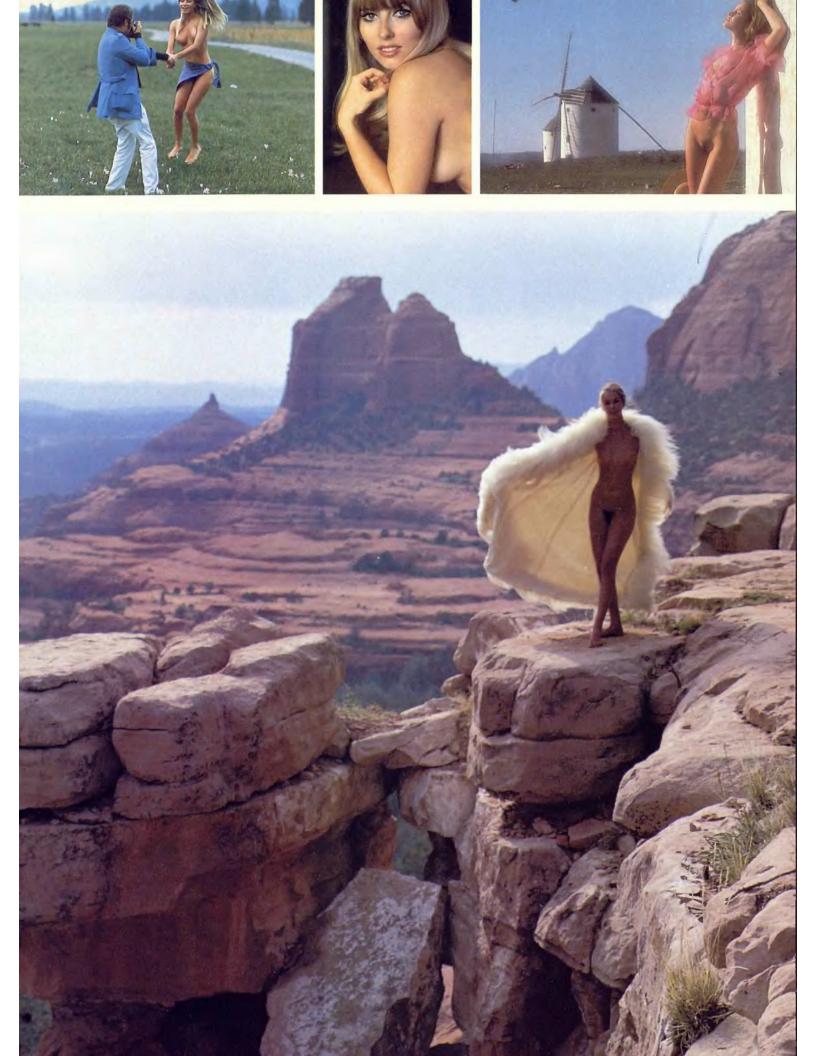


Always willing to take risks ta get the best aut of his subjects, Posar made like a mountain goat (above) ta frame October 1971 Playmate Claire Rambeau against the spectacular mountains near her home town, Sedona, Arizona (right). A consummate fast talker of the avuncular school, Pasar has convinced women world-wide that cooperating with him will praduce great pictures, among them (top, from left) a candidate for our October 1980 pictorial Girls of Canada; June 1963 Playmate Connie Mason; Marlene Appelt, whom he talked out af a cab and into the countryside for a whirl in August 1972's Girls of Munich; Playmate Majken Haugedal; and Madrid madel Uschi Hu, wha disrabed for Ladies of Spain (April 1983).











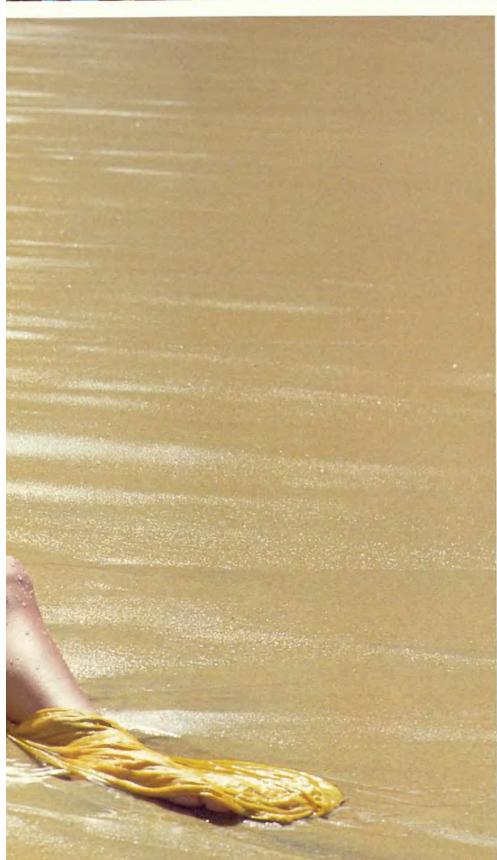






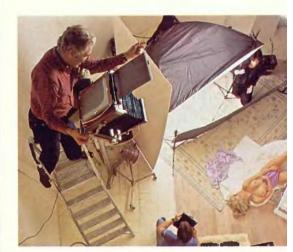






only thing important to me was photography." So in 1954, he and Melita came to America to begin a new life. Cleveland was the first city they visited and it was, then as now, Cleveland. "Nothing much to do in Cleveland at night, so I go to a bookstore to browse. I find an issue of PLAYBOY and love it. So I go buy every back issue I can find. I think to myself, I'd love to work for this magazine." Five years later, having settled in Chicago and developed a reputation as a free-lance photographer, Pompeo had an opportunity to shoot a few stills on the set of a new late-night television show called Playboy's Penthouse, hosted by PLAYBOY Editor and Publisher Hugh Hefner. During that and subsequent shows, Posar got some good photos of our boss and his guests, who included Sammy Davis Jr., Bob Newhart and the legendary singer Mabel Mercer. He blew up the photos and gave them to Hef, who liked them enough to offer Posar a job on the staff of the magazine.

Once he was hired, PLAYBOY'S photo editors were quick to realize what an asset they had in a man who could not only shoot terrific pictures but converse in Italian, French, English and the



Posor likes to stretch the limitotions of his indoor sets (obove) but soys, "I prefer to work, if possible, outside." The result is often a characteristic blend of naturalism and eroticism such as the alluring pictures of (ot left) Potti McGuire; (top, left to right) June 1968 Playmate Britt Fredriksen moking a hammock look good; 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood moking a Puerto Vallarto hocienda look good; ond Vinko Skonsi (kneeling) and Bobo Zuvic odding scenic beouty to the Yugoslovian town of Hvor (in Moy 19B1's Girls of the Adriatic Coast). In the next photo, Posor, on a hunt for the Bunnies of 1970, inspects the Jomaico Ployboy Club-Hotel and (far right) wotches a McGuire spoof of Bunny ottire for Playboy Clubs run by him.

principal Yugoslavian languages and get by in several other tongues. Over the years, they delegated Posar to bring you Girls of . . . features on the Adriatic Coast, Rome, Munich, the Iron Curtain countries, Washington, Paris, the New South, the Riviera, Spain, Rio, Texas, Canada and Australia, not to mention several football conferences. One year, he logged 78,000 miles in the air and on the road. Along the way, he has also photographed his share of actresses, singers and otherwise famous women, a few of whom are pictured on these pages. But don't expect to hear any good gossip about these ladies from Pompeo. He never gossips. What did you think of Joan Collins, Pompeo? "She (text concluded on page 197)





Posar has hobnabbed with the famous, the infamous and the wives of both. He recounts his meeting with surrealist Solvador Dali (obove) in 1973, when they tried to reproduce one of Dali's paintings on film (top): "The man was crazy. He asked me the English word for butterfly. I told him and he wouldn't stop shouting, 'Butterflyee! Butterflyee!' until I joined in." Among the noteworthy femmes Pompeo has photographed are (top, from left) singer-actress Jone Birkin; policewoman Borbara Schantz; Joan Collins (in earlier days, when she was Mrs. Anthony Newley); Vikki La Motta (exwife of boxer Jake La Motta); Rita Jenrette (then the wife of ex-Congressman John Jenrette); and (at right) actress Terry Moore, the erstwhile Mrs. Howard Hughes.















"Not talk about sex or politics? I was part of the Kent State generation!"

One of my friends was so terrified that they'd search her house that she took all her drugs and gear-grinders, bottles, papers and what have you-and buried them on King Hussein's Palm Beach property.

Does the king know?

I doubt it. I think my friend hid the stuff there because she figured nobody would dare look.

You say you didn't use it that much, but didn't you go to group therapy in Palm Beach and confess that you were an addict?

Correction: Herbert took me to group therapy and told everyone in a two-hour speech that I was an alcoholic and a cocaine addict. I went because he'd threatened to go ahead with a divorce unless I joined the group. Later I realized that a public admission of that sort could be useful in evidence, but whether or not he did it for that reason, I can't say. I know he called me at home afterward, crying and asking me to forgive him for saying what he'd said at the meeting. I went back to the group the next week, poked my head around the door and said, "Fuck you and thank you very much." End of group therapy. At his insistence-insistence! He stuck a gun in my face-I also checked into a substance-abuse clinic, but they had to let me go, because I had no symptoms of dependency and they said they needed the bed for a more deserving patient. I didn't find out until the trial, when the clinic records were produced in evidence, that one of the counselors had written across the top of the form, WE FEEL SHE IS A PAWN IN A PALM BEACH DIVORCE.

The psychiatrist at your trial said that the relationship between your husband and you was that of master and servant. Was that a fair appraisal?

I was 23 when I started dating Herbert. He was 44. You could say he swept me off my feet in all directions at once. My parents were divorced when I was three, so I'd never known my father. Herbert became my father, teacher, lover and best friend. He was a bit of everything, and I worshiped him. I didn't have a mind of my own-I just wanted to please him, to be the perfect wife, the perfect hostess. I was ready to do anything he asked or wanted. I had this belief-I still do to some extent, though I know it can do me great harm-that people don't have the right to say no or to make judgments about something unless they've tried it, so if he said, "Come on, let's do this," I'd think, Sure, why not? I never said no, whatever it involved. Whatever. He couldn't believe

he'd met a girl who was openly telling him her fantasies and was willing to try things he'd wanted to try for a lifetime. You can't have a more perfect sexual relationship than one in which both people are in consent, as we were, sharing their innermost fantasies. If it made him happy, it made me even happier.

Pulitzer testified in a deposition that you and he sometimes shared the same bed with another woman.

Herbert said that, he testified to it, but I denied it and I don't intend to discuss it

Perhaps you should, if only to remove any doubts about the suggestion.

Forget it. I know what I am, I know what I'm not, and that's all that matters.

You had been married before you met Herbert, hadn't vou?

Yes, when I was 19. It lasted less than four years and we spent almost the entire time separated. I'm not proud about it, but I'm not going to make excuses, either. I was brought up to think I was supposed to be married, have children and lead a settled family life. Looks like I was wrong both times. But in my marriage to Herbert, the fact is that we both screwed up, we were both in the wrong; and if there'd been any justice in that Florida judgment, it would have reflected that point and the custody would have been on a 50-50 basis. I haven't given up the legal battle.

What do you want from the courts? They've rejected your request for an appeal on the alimony issue, and the U.S. Supreme Court won't even hear the case. What's left?

I'm asking the Florida court to give me more visitation. I want to see more of the boys; it's that simple. I want to be able to look them in the eye and tell them that I went as far as I could go, that I did my utmost. Equal visitation, open visitationthat's what I'd like. If I had custody, there'd be none of that four-days-a-month bullshit. Herbert could see them any time he wanted. He's their father, he always will be, and I don't want them to forget it. The trouble is, whenever I do something he doesn't like, such as go to the courts, he makes certain that I get my exact four days and not an hour longer. But if everything's going well and he's not feeling threatened, he'll let me see them every week. It's the old pawn routine.

Your husband paid the legal costs for both sides in the trial, but it was the judge who determined the fee that should be paid to your lawyer, Joe Farish. Didn't he get a lot less than he expected?

On December 28, the day the judgment

came in, I got a call from the Farish office, and as soon as I heard the secretary's voice a chill went through my body. I knew it would be bad news. Anyway, I drove to Joe's office in West Palm and found him with his feet up on his desk, talking on the phone and he was saying, "Can you believe it, I got only \$102,500, and for a case like that." And I was sitting there, heart pounding, waiting for him to get off the phone and tell me what happened. I could see the agreement lying in front of him.

Then he hung up and I burst out, "What happened to Mac and Zac?" I had been flipping through the pages of the judgment but couldn't understand the technical terms. Joe was reading another copy, so I said, "Who's the prime custodial parent?" and he said, "He is," at which point I guess I went into shock.

I just couldn't talk, couldn't believe it, but there it was. Farish picked up the phone again and I left-drove that car back across the bridge to Palm Beach in a blind panic, through the lights and the stop signs. I must have been doing 80. All I wanted to do was get home and lock myself in my room. The reporters were already there when I got back. I went inside, called my mom, who said she'd be down on the next plane, then went to bed.

You said earlier that you wanted to be the perfect wife, the perfect hostess. Why was that so important?

I wanted to be accepted socially in Palm Beach, Herbert's oldest and closest friend was lames Kimberly, who was heir to the Kimberly-Clark paper fortune-the Kleenex people. Jim was nearly 70 when I met him and his wife, Jackie, who was about a year older than me. She had a great social flair-beautiful table settings, perfect floral arrangements. Eight pieces of silver and God knows how many glasses at each plate. And I'd be wondering which fork to use and what to do with each glass. She and I hit it off from the beginning, naturally, both of us being young girls married to much older men. We used to talk for hours; she taught me a lot, especially about the Palm Beach social scene. Herbert used to say, "Watch Jackie, see how she does it." And Herbert would tell me to read Time, Newsweek, U.S. News & World Report, the number-one fiction and nonfiction best sellers. If I did that, he said, I'd be able to talk to anyone about anything, to get through dinner without making a fool of myself. I wasn't supposed to mention sex, politics or religion. Not talk about sex or politics? I was part of the Kent State generation! I was at Kent State to pick up a friend the day those four students were killed. Nobody was going to tell me what to say. At the back of his mind, I think, Herbert respected me for being the way I was. I think he sometimes wished he could be that way himself, that he could say,

(continued on page 192)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

SYSTEMS

skirt lengths? lunar cycles? super bowl winners? can you really make money by keeping track of stuff like that?

Why? Because San Francisco creamed Miami in the Super Bowl. This is true! Really! Almost! Sort of! Of course not! But wait.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY, DOUBLE YOUR FUN

I sit, guilt dripping down my spine, implementing my system. Free drink in hand, I am steadfastly betting on red. If I win, I double my money. If I lose, I double my bet. I am doing this, honesty compels me to admit, with one-dollar chips. (This was a long time ago.) I bet a dollar on red and if I win, I bet a dollar again. If I lose, I bet *two* dollars. If I lose again, four dollars. Then eight. Then 16. Any time I win, I immediately go back to betting a single dollar.

The result is that every time I win, be it on the first try or the second or the fifth, I win a dollar. (Losing one dollar, two dollars, four dollars, eight dollars and then winning \$16 is a net gain of one dollar.) Not much to you, perhaps—and by now, hey, I just leave singles on the table, use 'em for scratch paper or toothpicks—but a buck's a buck (I actually smooth out their little creases and lay them tenderly in my wallet) and with this system, they just mount up hour after hour, night after night. Endless dollars.

Ever so rarely you'll get such a long string of losers—the roulette wheel will come up black so many times in a row—that (A) you don't have enough cash to keep the system going or (B) you bump up against the betting limit on the table (which is one of the reasons they have limits). But other than that, you will surely win.

So here I am, minting money, the casino oblivious to the syphon I've stuck in its fortune. Lose, win, win, win, lose, win, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose, lose, win, lose, lose, win, win—fine. My dollars mount. About 20 minutes into all this I lose once, lose twice, and again and again—this isn't supposed to happen too many more times—and again, and again; and now, facing my seventh bet in the progression, I'm up to serious money. Down \$63 on the progression and facing yet a further \$64 hit, I've entered the Dostoievsky stage of America's second favorite late-

night pastime. ("As I was going out of the casino," The Gambler recounts, "I looked—and there in my waistcoat pocket was one surviving gulden. Ah, so I shall be able to have dinner, I thought. But when I had walked about a hundred paces I changed my mind and went back. . . .")

The drama is heightened by the fact that beyond this \$64 I cannot go. The table limit is \$500, but they don't let you bet your shoes and socks.

I take a deep breath—when you have to win, you don't—and put down 64 big ones on red. And it comes up red. I have added yet another dollar to my hoard. I decide it isn't worth it.

And, of course, the odds are against you, because, by a stroke of genius that long ago made the Roulette family one of the very wealthiest in France, there are 37 little clicky-slot things on a roulette wheel, not 36. The 37th, technically known as 0 or snake eyes or *merde*, is neither red nor black. It is the house edge. (In America, there are *two* sets of zeros and twice the edge for the house.)

Even so, you will often win with this system at roulette—but when you lose, you will lose big. It is, in fact, the oldest system in the book. And if you can do it at roulette, why not with stock options? The odds are less precise, but the idea's the same. Bet \$500 on some soon-to-expire Amerada Hess options and then, if you lose it, bet \$1000 the next time, \$2000—you can imagine the possibilities. For when an option does pay off, it can pay off big.

Your broker, bankruptcy lawyer and bartender will all love you, because the house take on each options bet—the commission—is around ten percent; you are almost sure to lose in the long run; and win or lose, you'll be buying a lot of drinks.

OK, so this system doesn't work. But have you ever wondered whether or not there are any that really do? Have you never had your emotions thrown into confusion by a friend's confiding, "I've got this system, see . . . "?

You wish to appear worldly, so part of you is saying, "Sure, sure." But you are, in truth, yearning to be let in on the secret and, while doubting (continued on page 150)

WHY YOU MIGHT CONSIDER SPENDING \$1000 FOR A NEW FISHER HIGH FIDELITY **TELEVISION RECEIVER.**

Throw out everything you know about television. Because television as you know it is obsolete.

Introducing Fisher High Fidelity

Television Receivers.

These incredible sight and sound devices are as different from the television you now own as Fisher's original High Fidelity System was from old-style phonographs.

HIGH FIDELITY VIDEO

The bigger the picture, the easier it is

That little gem of common sense was the starting point for the Fisher engineers when they set out to re-invent

television.

They found a way to miniaturize the electronics so the picture tube could be made bigger without the cabinet being made bigger. Result: a 25-inch (horizontal) picture now comes in a housing that takes up no more space than old-style 19-inch televisions

Then the engineers borrowed an idea from the photographic industry. If you've ever used a fine 35mm camera with interchangeable lenses, you know that the sharpest lens is the wide-angle

So our new PC340 and PC320 High Fidelity Television Receivers utilize 110° deflection picture tubes instead of the narrower deflection tubes commonly used in old-style T.V.'s.

By widening the angle of deflection, we were able to bring the electron gun closer to the screen, and that brings

you a far sharper image.

BROADCAST STUDIO OUALITY

At broadcast studios, video engineers use monitors as the quality standard with which to judge the picture they're transmitting to your home.

The Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers are monitors, and utilize the same studio-quality line resolution system video en gineers use.

In monitor mode, the Fisher television receivers offer up to 400 lines of resolution. When you use the Fisher High Fidelity Television Receiver with a high quality video recorder, such as the Fisher FVH-840, your picture quality will be startlingly real.

FINE TUNING

Attention to detail is the hallmark of any quality product.

So the Fisher engineers have

focused on the details.

A Comb Filter is built into every Fisher High Fidelity Television Receiver to separate color and black and white information. This results in better color definition, and black and white programs that look like art photographs.

The frequency synthesizer tuning system is quartz-locked, borrowing technology from Fisher High Fidelity stereo FM tuners that require extremely accurate calibration.

All tuning is random access, so you don't have to click past channels 3, 4,

and 5 to get from 2 to 6

The remote controller utilizes an infrared beam to transmit commands. rendering it immune to interference. It includes a muting control as well as audio volume. (The audio volume control will raise or lower the audio level even if your television receiver is playing through your stereo system!)

Even the glass at the front of the unit is specially designed to have a low index of refraction, which cuts down on room

alare.

LOOK AT THE BACK OF THE SET

The back of the Fisher High Resolution Television Receiver reveals a lot about why your old-style TV is obsolete.

Instead of just one place to connect the set to the antenna or cable, there are connections marked "video in," 'audio in," "antenna in," "video out," and "audio out.

When you hooked-up your old-style TV to a video recorder, you were actually connecting a tiny radio-frequency(RF) modulator in the recorder to your T.V.'s tuner.



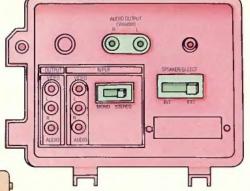
"scrambles" certain channels, you will have to use a cable company supplied decoder box. Consult your cable company about proper installation.

That often led to a significant fall-off in picture and sound quality.

The "video in" and "video out" connectors are designed to solve that problem, by creating a direct electronic link between your video recorder and your Fisher High Fidelity Television Receiver. The result: true high fidelity video and audio. Without RF

interference or image

degradation.



The "audio out" connectors permit you to connect your television receiver to your stereo system, for breathtaking high-fidelity stereo sound from your T.V.

CABLE READY

One other feature on the back of the set is particularly apparent from the front of the set.

The Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers are cable ready.

If you are a cable subscriber, you can attach your cable *directly* to the receiver. Your remote controller will work. You will be able to videotape a program on one channel while you watch a show on a different channel.

With most cable systems, you'll even be able to switch directly from pay channels, such as HBO™ to normal broadcasting, without cable boxes."

STEREO HIGH FIDELITY AUDIO

The picture quality of the Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers is quite simply unsurpassed. But could Fisher be Fisher

without great audio?

Great audio means high fidelity audio. And stereo.

This year, major television stations will transmit a significant portion of their programming with stereo sound.

The Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers have stereo decoders and amplifiers built-in. The audio signal is received,

decoded, and channeled to the two high quality speakers built into the television receiver (If you prefer, you can use the "audio out" connectors to directly feed the audio signal into your stereo system for breathtaking music and sound.)

You will see *and hear* with a vividness and clarity you've never before experi-

enced in your home.

A MATCHED SYSTEM

The Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers are totally self-contained.

Plug them in, hook them up, and enjoy the show.

But they can also be used as part of a Fisher matched system that will enhance

your viewing experience. The Fisher RA619 stand was specially designed to hold the PC340 or PC320 Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers, along with a matching design Fisher Stereo Video Recorder and your videotape

The external design of the PC340 and PC320 units complement the design of the Fisher ACS-5500, our top-of-the-line 150 watts-per-channel audio component system.

THE FISHER HIGH FIDELITY TELEVISION RECEIVER LINE

The Fisher High Fidelity Television Receivers are available in both console and table-top models. See them at leading department stores and television/audio dealers.









20 QUESTIONS: TOM WATSON

america's top swinger addresses foul-weather fairways, mid-match yawning and the handicaps of women golfers

om Watson, a 14-year veteran of the professional golf tour, is regarded as the natural successor to Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus. Perhaps the most consistently winning player in the game today, Watson is a six-time recipient of the annual Byron Nelson Award for the most victories on the P.G.A. Tour. His career wins include such major tournaments as the U.S. Open and the British Open (five times) and the Masters (twice). He is currently the second-ranking money winner of all time; but then, he's only 35, and golf is the proverbial sport for life. Warren Kalbacker met with Watson at his home course, the Kansas City Country Club, before the start of the season. "It was a cold day and the links were deserted," says Kalbacker. "But Watson displayed top form in that other major area of golf competition: clubhouse talk."

1.

PLAYBOY: Does professional golf offer the middle-class kid a chance to escape a life in the suburbs and the inevitable career in law, medicine or finance?

watson: The golfer's percentage of winning is not very good. In the modern era, you don't have the type of season where a Byron Nelson can win 18 tournaments out of 35. You have "in the money" and "top ten" finishes, which are indicators of consistency or good play. On the other hand, you take a guy who finishes second all the time and say that he's just not a winner.

Golf is too expensive for the average person to play. I was very lucky. I grew up playing at a country club. It was my playground in the summer. Four or five times a week, I'd go out with my canvas sack of clubs. I started with just a five iron, a three wood and a putter. I'd take a baloney sandwich with me.

2

PLAYBOY: Did you develop a hunger for competition at an early age?

watson: I was always trying to beat my older brother, and that's one reason I became very competitive at the game. I wasn't that good a player. But we had a junior golf program and I went around to area country clubs to compete. That's when I first learned about nerves. My father told me that anybody can be a good player on his own golf course, but a really good player can play other courses as well.

3.

PLAYBOY: Did your father encourage you to learn golf because a lot of business deals

are made on the back nine?

warson: Golf lends itself to that. But I wanted to play golf because he did. My father was a very good player, and he made it fun. He taught me the right way: the grip, the way to hook the ball and slice it. He got a big kick out of watching me maneuver the ball. Golf should be started in the years when you're a very good mimic. I'm a good putter and a good chipper, and those are the things I learned first.

4

PLAYBOY: Is straight shooting a highly overrated concept?

WATSON: A straight shot is usually a missed hit. The essence of golf is the ability to curve the ball the way you want it to go. When you can work the ball one way or another, you can play in windy conditions. If you learn how to hook the ball first, that gives you an inside-out type of swing, and then you can work from there-work back to hitting the straighter shot. You have a left-to-right wind and you can work the ball from right to left-hook it-and the ball actually ends up going pretty straight. If you're a slicer and there's a left-to-right wind, that wind accentuates the slice and makes the ball go even farther to the right. The slicer usually has inherent problems with the timing of his swing.

5.

PLAYBOY: Did you want to be a professional golfer when you grew up?

warson: I was definitely hooked, but it wasn't an all-consuming type of thing. I grew up in Kansas City, where it's cold in the winter. I developed other athletic interests—football and basketball. And I was always an outdoors type of person.

My first three years at Stanford, I didn't think I would be a golf professional. I wasn't given a golf scholarship. But in my senior year, I asked myself what was my best talent, and my *only* real talent was golf.

6.

PLAYBOY: Top golf pros blend rather well into the general population. Do they share some subtle physical characteristics? WATSON: It's hard to pick out the ideal body. You want somebody who's not particularly well built in the shoulders and has a lot of muscle through the chest area. Strong legs are a must, because you have to have a firm foundation. Look at the great players: Jack Nicklaus isn't six feet tall. Neither is Sam Snead. Ben Hogan's

5'8", Arnold Palmer 5'10½". But I asked Hogan if he thought there would ever be a great 6'8" golfer. He said that a tall guy will come along, develop a great golf swing and hit the ball farther than anybody.

7.

PLAYBOY: Golf isn't exactly fast-moving. Do you play other sports to keep in shape? warson: I keep in shape by practicing. I ride a bicycle in the summer. I don't do a lot of exercise in the winter. I like to hunt birds. Swimming and tennis are two country-club sports that have always been taboo for golfers. Swimming stretches the muscles and makes you too loose. The serve in tennis—the overhand motion with the right arm—is not a very good motion in golf.

8

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get in some lastminute practice putting into a glass on your hotel-room carpet?

warson: Sure. You can learn whether you're pulling or pushing the ball. Some hotel rugs are impossible to putt. The Dallas rugs aren't too bad. San Diego's are pretty good.

9.

PLAYBOY: Will you replay your favorite shot for us?

WATSON: Twenty or 30 years from now, they're going to be asking me about that chip on the 17th hole of the 1982 U.S. Open. I hope that sometime in my career, I can top it. That was a miracle. I was staring a bogey right in the face. It was a very difficult shot, because my ball was on a downward slope, which meant that the chip would have a lower trajectory; it would hit the green harder and roll farther. And I was hitting to a down slope that steepened past the pin, so the ball would roll pretty far if it got past the hole and I would be faced with a difficult eightor ten-foot putt. Something happened mentally that told me I was going to sink it: I wasn't going to get close. I was going to sink it. I took a couple of practice swings. When I addressed the ball, first I was aiming too far left. Right before the shot, I adjusted-closed up, because I had to play about a foot-and-a-half break. And I hit the shot. When it hit the green, I knew it was going to be near the hole. About a foot away, I knew it was going to go in. I knew it was going to hit the flag. It was just (continued on page 188)

SYSTEMS (continued from page 145)

"If hemlines are going up . . . so will the market. Easy women, easy money—like that."

that it could possibly amount to anything, hoping that it might.

Systems abound in the financial market place and range from the truly dumb (sell stocks when the average number of sunspots per month exceeds 50) to the fairly dumb (buy whatever is making new highs) to the not so dumb at all (stay out of the market in the first half of each Presidential term, when most of the tough medicine is likely to be administered; go back in for the second half). The not-so-dumb ones might better be tagged with the more dignified label "strategies." Gamblers have systems; investors have strategies. Not that it necessarily does them much good.

The beauty of systems is that they eliminate the need to think, reducing what would otherwise be an extraordinarily complex array of factors to something as simple as: If hemlines are going up (a sign of increased liberality), so will the market. Easy women, easy money—like that. It's a roundabout sort of indicator but more fun to watch than the money supply.

PRESIDENTIAL CYCLES

Market Logic in Fort Lauderdale reports that holding a representative basket of New York Stock Exchange stocks in the second half of each Presidential term from January 1, 1960, through the end of 1980, and cash in the other years, would have netted you (before tax) better than 11 times your money. Compare this with holding stocks in the first two years and cash in the latter years. That back-assed strategy, says Market Logic, would have lost almost half your funds.

Longtime market observer Yale Hirsch, publisher of the annual Stock Trader's Almanac, has tracked this phenomenon back to 1832 and reports a net market gain of 515 percent for owning stocks in the latter two years of each Administration versus a piddling eight percent for the first two years. (His figures ignore dividends and compounding.)

But will the pattern hold? It only sort of did for Reagan's first term (1982 and 1983 were the good years, not 1983 and 1984); but does that mean you should sit out 1985 and 1986, awaiting 1987 and 1988? Or that Reagan is the exception to the rule? Who knows?

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY

If you could keep your commissions low enough, you'd certainly want to buy stocks or options two or three days before Thanksgiving, because on 31 of the past 32 Fridays after Thanksgiving, the market has risen. Last year the Dow jumped 18.78. In fact, Fridays generally tend to be

a lot better than Mondays, and Market Logic reports that the last trading day of each month and the first four of the following month form a highly favorable five-day span. Not to mention the two days preceding market holidays.

If this sounds like hocus-pocus-the reasons for it are subtle, at best-consider this: Ignoring commissions and taxes, had you bought the Standard & Poor's 500 Index at the beginning of each favorable five- and two-day period, and sold at the end, between December 30, 1927, and December 30, 1975, Market Logic calculates that \$10,000 would have grown to \$1,440,716 (not counting dividends). Remaining fully invested throughout those years instead of jumping in and out, the \$10,000 would have grown to a mere \$51,441. And jumping in and out backward-buying when you should sell and selling when you should buy-would have shrunk your \$10,000 to \$357. In other tests after 1975 and involving real money, the phenomenon has been confirmed.

Unfortunately, if your broker charges you two percent every time you buy or sell a stock, the only millions generated by following such a system will be his. Still, if you're thinking of selling a stock, you might wait until the fourth or fifth trading day of the next month in the hope of an extra few dollars on the trade. And if you play the index options game-where you can, indeed, bet on the S&P 500, the S&P 100 or several other baskets of stocks, with relatively low commissions-these timing hints should obviously be considered.

You might even add two more Market Logic twists:

1. If the five- and two-day periods mentioned above begin on Mondays, advance your purchases one trading day to include the previous Friday (buy at the opening). If they end on a Thursday, stretch them out a day to sell at the close on Friday.

2. Adjust your options trading for the knowledge that "if the market is up today [particularly if it closes strong in the final few minutes], the odds are it will also be up tomorrow; and if the market is down today, the chances are better than even it will be down tomorrow.'

This is one of the few true systems that might conceivably pay off, in the sense that you might theoretically type up a page of rules for your broker to follow, work out an extra-low commission rate in recognition of all the trading you'll be doing, throw a few thousand dollars into the till and leave for a 20-year trip to Alpha Centauri.

(For more information-little of it cheap, none guaranteed to work-write to

Market Logic, 3471 North Federal Highway, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33306.)

A SIMPLE SYSTEM FOR OPTIONS

A genius I'll call Biff (obviously not his name; in all of recorded time, there has never been, nor ever shall there be, a genius named Biff) developed a simple system for beating the options game. It had nothing to do with doubling his bet after every loss. Quite the contrary, it had to do with winning most of the bets. "It's easy," he told me, as he ran an initial \$400 stake up to \$18,000 in a matter of months. He tried to describe it to me, but it never fully penetrated my veil of skepticism, which is why-forgive me-I can't pass it on to you. What I do know is that with the same system in the months that followed, he proceeded to lose the full \$18,000, and then some.

The worst thing that can befall anyone in a game of chance—particularly one like the options game that purports to involve an element of skill-is early success. It may actually lead him to believe he's found a way to make money.

It is for this reason that the slot machines at the Las Vegas airport are geared to pay out 140 cents on the dollar. It is a savvy investment on the part of the casino owners. They let you win a few bucks while you're waiting for your Vuittons, which gets you primed to do some real gambling when you get to the hotel. And when you straggle back out to the airport a couple of thousand dollars later, tossing your last few into the slots in disgust while you wait for United to call your flight, they let you win cab fare home. That reawakens the spark for your next trip. (None of this is true-as far as I know. It sure sounds plausible, though, doesn't it?)

A MORE COMPLICATED ONE

I related the prior story, sans the Las Vegas fantasy, to the Investment Club at Harvard Business School. Afterward, a student topped it. It seems he had run \$5000 into \$150,000—we are beginning to talk some serious money here-in five days, using a system that linked Dow Theory (which tells you where the market's headed by comparing the Dow Jones industrial, transportation and utility averages with their past highs) to the important observation that Teledyne stock, then in the 90s, was breaking through its 200-day moving average. Thus inspired, he bought \$5000 worth of far-out-of-themoney Teledyne November calls, which is a fancy way of saying he bet \$5000 that the stock would soar. Mirabile dictu, it did.

I began to take notes-forget PLAYBOY, these were notes for me-when he smiled and acknowledged that using the same analytical tools over the subsequent year and a half he, too, had managed to give back all his winnings.

(continued on page 202)

EIECTRONIC ENTERTAINMENT



BEHIND THE SCENES AT MTV

TV TAPES: FROM ROCK HITS TO REAGAN'S "TURKEY" THE HOT TICKET! HOW YOU CAN GET STEREO VIDEO

THE NEWEST: CD PLAYER, COMPUTER, CAMCORDER

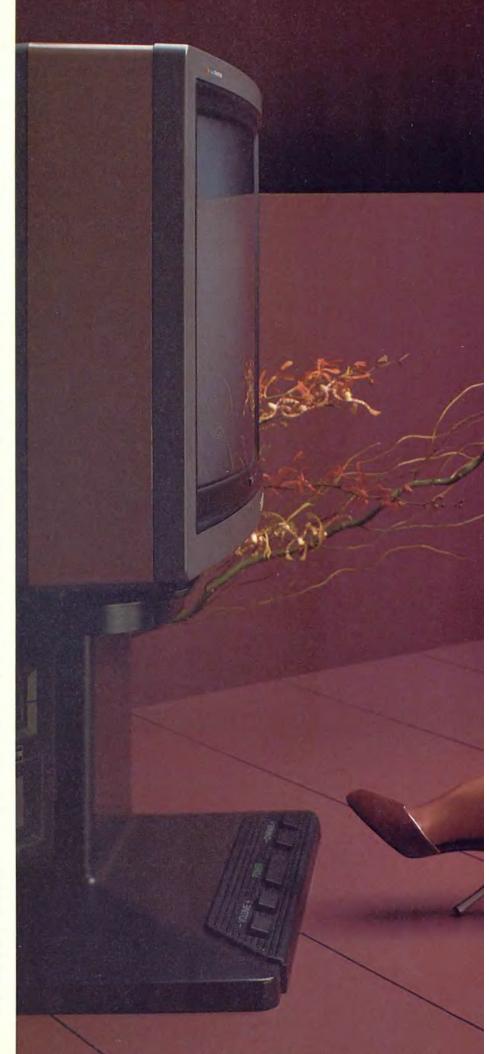
THE HOTTEST TICKET IN TOWN

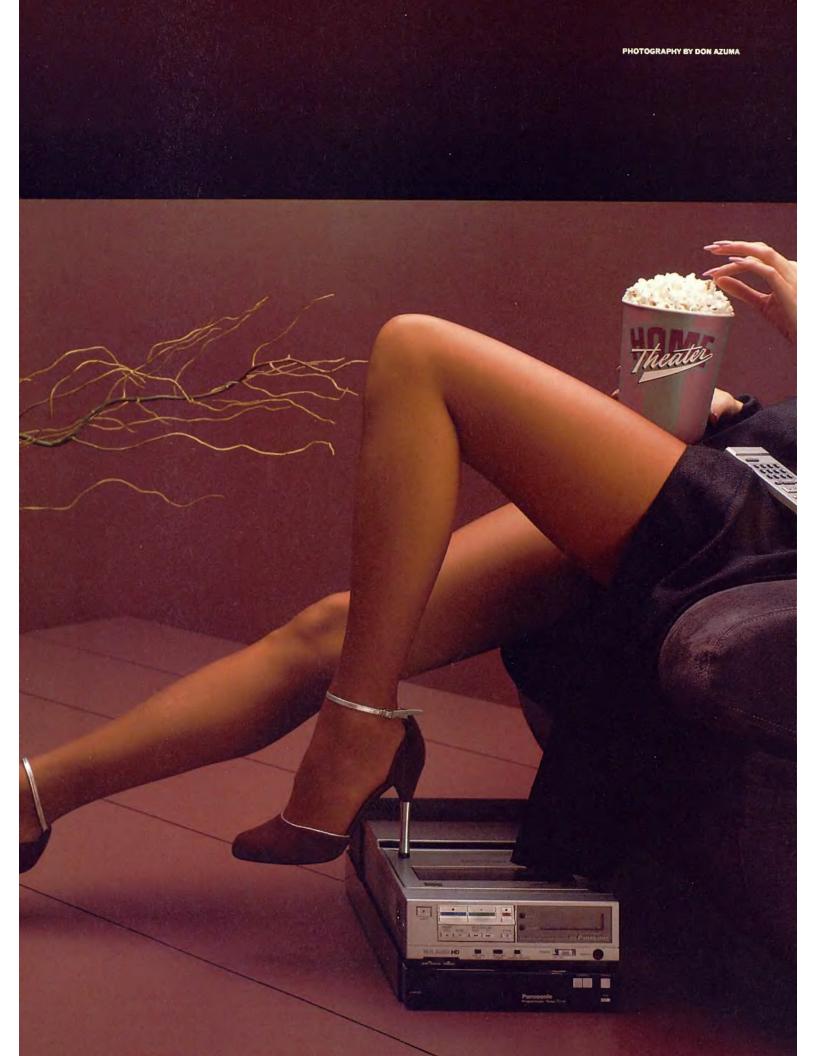
right in your living room, here comes home theater

YOU CAN start melting the butter now. This story is going to make you and Orville Redenbacher very happy. Way back in the late Forties, when growing families huddled around small boxes that looked like radios with strange windows in the frontback when the highlight of a night's entertainment was watching a man juggle some plates-most folks thought that was as good as that new thing called television would get. It would be a nice little novelty. But with fairly fuzzy picture quality and with the sound coming out of a three-inch speaker, that newfangled box would never be able to rival the movie-theater or concert experience. And for a very long time, the detractors were right. If you just wanted to watch something, you turned on the TV. If you wanted to experience something, you had to buy a ticket.

Even as TV got bigger screens, color and more sophisticated programing, the movies came back with wider screens, Dolby Stereo Surround Sound and fabulous epics dripping with expensive special effects. Would television counter? Could television counter? Could that special feeling of the theater experience ever really be brought into the home? Well, do we have some good news for you. It's time to break out the popcorn and the Raisinets. Your living room is about to become a lifelike stage for everyone from Kathleen Turner

This is about as state of the art as it gets. Sony's KV-25XBR 25-inch monitar/receiver can integrate with an audia/video entertainment system ar, with its awn speakers, ga solo for raam-filling sterea saund, \$1200; aptianal SU-171 pedestal stand with faat-switch cantrals, \$200. We've patched in Panasonic's PV-9600 VHS hi-fi VCR, which slides aut of a tabletap docking unit to became a partable deck. The faur-head system has twa-week/eight-event programmability, ane-tauch recarding, 17-function remate cantrol, \$1350.



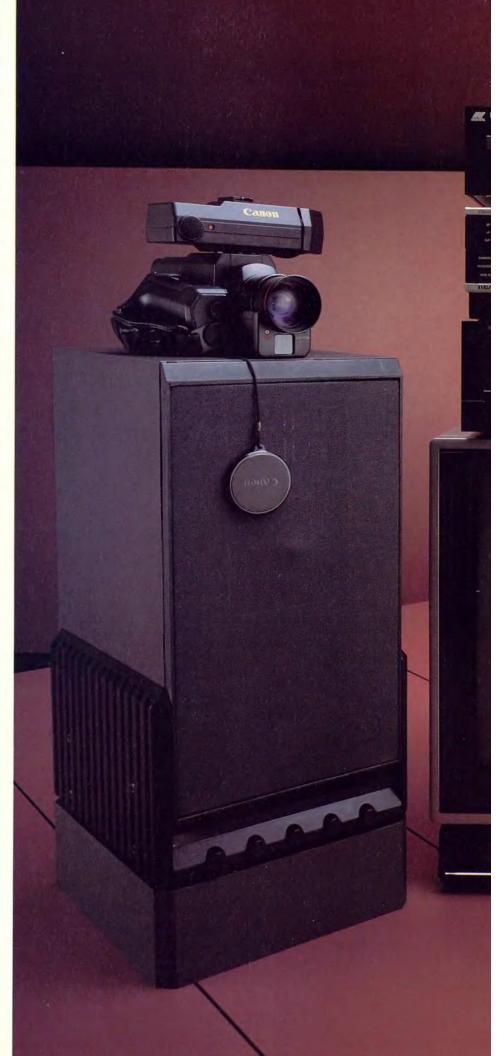


to Tina Turner. And this new home theater won't necessarily cost you a fortune.

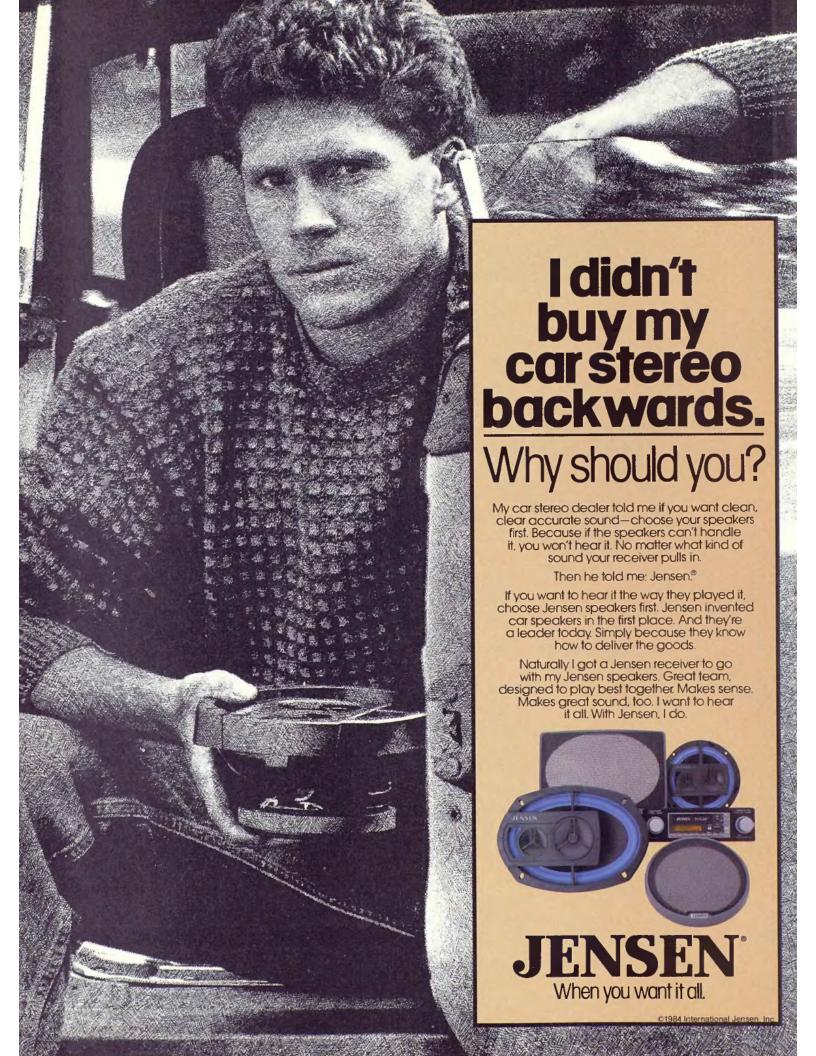
The best place to start is the sound. A three-inch mono speaker just can't do justice to Star Wars or Indiana Jones. Actually, it's surprising how much you miss even on ordinary TV programs. A good speaker system (or two) will reveal highs and lows you didn't know were there and will significantly improve the intelligibility of dialog. The easiest way to add speakers is to route the TV sound through your stereo system. If you have one of the new monitor/receivers-with audio and video input and output jacks-or a separate monitor and TV tuner (à la Sony's Profeel), you just plug the audio outputs into a set of auxiliary or tape inputs on your receiver or amplifier. Failing that, you can use the audio outputs on your VCR and set its tuner to the channel you're watching to get the sound through your audio system. Many VCRs are still mono only, though. If yours is among them, you will probably want to use a Y adapter to run the signal to both channels of your amp or receiver. It's not true stereo, but it's good sound.

If you have neither monitor/receiver nor VCR, you still have alternatives. A Y adapter with one leg terminating in a miniature phone plug and the two others in pin (phono) plugs can route the output of a TV headphone jack to your amp. The total investment required for this scheme is just a few dollars. An altogether different approach is to put (concluded on page 164)

Here, to add to your living room's box-office oppeal: Conon's Canovision 8 complete 8mm system includes the VC-200A autofocus comero, neor right (\$1000), the ultraminioture VR-E10 VCR (\$900) and the VT-E10 tuner/ timer (\$300), both for right. The Conon system rests otop Infinity's VRS-1 selfpowered shielded loud-speokers. They're designed for a 19- or 25-inch video monitor ond have a built-in stereo amplifier (60 wotts per channel), \$750 per pair. At center, top to bottom: The Aphex 6000 surround-sound decoder, when hooked up to on amplifier and rear speakers, reproduces stereo sound trocks with theoterlike dramo, \$799. Denon's AVC-500 oudio-video control center, os o switcher, handles three video and four oudio sources; and for enhanced TV sound, there's o five-bond grophic equolizer, stereo synthesizer circuits and a built-in surround-sound generator for reor-chonnel speokers, \$350. RCA's VKT-700 tobletop VHS hi-fi VCR boosts five video heads for freeze frome and single-frome advonce, an eight-event-programmoble timer and 133-channel tuner, \$1350. JVC's R-X500 100-wott receiver with wireless remote provides the perfect home-theoter-component complement, \$650. Digital TV is finally here. Toshibo's CZ-2094 20-inch with remote has computer processing that enables you to monitor two programs simultaneously and even freeze the action. There are built-in circuits for decoding stereo TV broodcasts, \$1300.







Now Playing

the very latest in video software

By DAVID HAIDU

ALL YOU SEE are video tapes everywhere. Video stores are now more common than salad bars. They're even renting and selling software in supermarkets. And you can't tell the players without a score card. So here it is: an early tip sheet on the best of the newest in home video.

The hottest category: music videosmost with the stereo sound of Beta or VHS hi-fi. One of the most promising in the works is a mix of music and conversation called Transit Ostende, with Marvin Gaye. At first scheduled from Sony Video Software, then withdrawn, the program will be coming out as soon as a label is firm. What matters are the man and the music, including I Heard It Through the Grapevine, What's Going On and Inner City Blues (but not Sexual Healing). Among the new releases on the Sony roster: a tape from the hit dance band Cameo and nine weird songs from Siouxsie and the Banshees.

Warner Records is developing a new music-video line intended for acts too esoteric for conventional labels, such as the multimedia performance artist Laurie Anderson and the funk eggheads Talking Heads.

From high art to high tech, the first two video programs with fully digital sound tracks are on the way from Pioneer Artists. They'll be video laser discs of concerts by Al Jarreau and Kool and the Gang. Their performances are ideal showcases for the clarity and range of digital sound. Also en route on laser discs from Pioneer: Lionel Richie (in a clip collection including All Night Long, Hello and Penny Lover), Madonna (Like a Virgin and beyond), Chaka Khan, David Bowie, John Cougar Mellencamp, Bryan Adams, Gato Barbieri and Randy Newman.

Other good music news: a unique Doors retrospective with "new" old footage, from

On the hotter side of rock, Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll is ready in a made-forvideo cassette from Playboy Video (CBS/ Fox). Directed by David Winters, the



PLAYBOY'S SIZZling Girls of Rock & Roll.

"rockumentary" (featured in an April 1985 PLAYBOV pictorial) is a special premiere for a group of rising young female rockers, seen in new, original PLAYBOY videos, as well as in live performances and in intimate, personal profiles.

Made-for-video programs are also slated from Bill Cosby, in his first concert tape (CBS/Fox), and from Michael Nesmith, in a collection of not-quiteready-for-network-TV bits from his musiccomedy series Television Parts (Pacific Arts). Episodes from the wild Second City TV comedy series will definitely come out this year, though a few companies are squabbling over the rights. Another series, the vintage Night Gallery, is scheduled for tape release from MCA-but not all episodes will appear. The Steven Spielberg-directed "Eyes" show, with Joan Crawford, is scheduled; but Spielberg's other Night Gallery effort, "Make Me Laugh," is not. Even Death Valley Days, with host Ronald Reagan, is on the way for late '85. The first film biography of the President, Reagan's Way, is intended for midyear release from Pacific Arts. Directed by Daniel Selznick, David O.'s grandson, the bio includes clips from Reagan's movies (including A Turkey for the President), as well as excerpts from speeches throughout his political career.

Naturally, movies galore will be released, notably George Cukor's delicious Dinner at Eight (MGM/UA); Ken Russell's controversial Crimes of Passion (New World); Hitchcock's innovative Rope (MCA); the instant cult classic (just add blood) A Nightmare on Elm Street (Media); the Clint Eastwood-Burt Reynolds City Heat (Warner); and Doctor at Sea (VidAmerica), with Dirk Bogarde and Brigitte Bardot.

There are also some great undiscovered gems lingering among the look-alike titles on video-store shelves. Any of the following is guaranteed to offer a special surprise:

 The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet (International Historical Films). There are a lot of O and H tapes, but this one, from 1956, is funny-and it features an unknown Mary Tyler Moore.

· Best of the Big Bands (Video Yesteryear). Truly great swing from Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Count Basie, Harry James, Frank Sinatra.

 The Best of the Big Laff-Off (Karl). Ignore the title-hysterical, very early performances by Eddie Murphy and Robin Williams.

- The Black Music Video Special (Penguin). Brilliant, all-time-classic jazz from Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, Louis Armstrong, Lena Horne.
- Bloopers #1 (Western Film & Video). The credits don't say so, but this features rare outtakes of actor Ronald Reagan, including an unusual scene involving his pants fly.
- Colgate Comedy Hour (Budget). An absolute must for music connoisseurs, with Frank Sinatra at his prime and composer Harold Arlen in an extremely rare performance of his pop standards.
- · Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis Television Party (Budget). The only available record of Martin and Lewis doing what made them great-just winging it.
- · Dizzy Gillespie (Flower Films). Not only wonderful music but a moving documentary by the incomparable Les Blank (Burden of Dreams).
- · Early Elvis (Video Yesteryear). The King earns his crown in his first three TV shots-on Stage Show, The Steve Allen Show and The Ed Sullivan Show. Ten songs.
- · An Evening with Robin Williams (Paramount). Although a big hit as an HBO special, this release includes a substantial amount of material that could never make it on TV-even cable.
- The Funnier Side of Eastern Canada (Independent United Distributor). A better title: Steve Martin's first TV special, from 1974. A treasure.
- · Game Show Program II (Shokus). With no credits on the box, this features the legendary Ernie Kovacs, hosting his show Take a Good Look.

Finally, we want to reveal what's probably the greatest of all home-video secrets. Sports fans, sit down and take a deep breath. You can actually order your own customized tapes of season highlights for virtually any year from almost any pro baseball team. Just call or write to Major League Baseball Productions, 1212 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10036, 212-921-8100. Tell them what you want and they'll give you a price. Why not buy the Cleveland Indians? Someone should.

SURE SHOTS

this season's electronic hit parade

If you're charting hot items, put a bullet next to each of these. From left: TTC's Dialess III telephone can call a number automatically from a single-word command. You say "Mom," it rings your mother. It can recognize four voices and will store up to 80 numbers and key words. For privacy, there's a hidden manual dial, \$299. Yamaha's modernistic B-2X power amplifier delivers 170 watts of Class A power per channel. Dual monaural construction ensures excellent channel separation and special circuitry almost eliminates distortion, \$1500. N.F.L. Films' Super Bowl Chronicles is a three-cassette video collection with in-depth highlights from the first 18 championship games, \$200. Panasonic's OmniMovie,



a complete video-recording system in a compact seven-and-a-half-pound package, is one of the first camcorders to use standard-size VHS cassettes. The battery-powered camera is equipped with a 6:1 power zoom lens and a half-inch Newvicon pickup tube. A built-in electronic view finder gives you instant review capability, \$1600. Akai's PJ-33 portable music system operates on batteries or AC power, is equipped with a four-band radio and a Dolby cassette deck (for playback and recording), has inputs for a turntable or a CD player and has two removable speakers, \$300. Sony's CDP-650ESD compact-disc player has a redesigned laser tracking mechanism to take you to any selec-

tion on a disc in less than a second. The unit's shuffle-play function can continuously play cuts in random order, \$1200, including remote control. The Luxor Mark 2 satellite-TV receiver is capable of extracting everything available from a back-yard dish antenna. Fully remote, it offers great audio and video performance, \$888; remote sensors \$90 each. NEC's PC-8401A briefcase computer weighs just four and three fourths pounds, has a 16-line, 80-character LCD display and has a 300-baud built-in modem and both serial and parallel interfaces. Its 64K memory is expandable to 96K with a snap-in cartridge. It has built-in word-processing, spread-sheet and filing programs, \$999.





V_J D_AY

behind the scenes with the

stars of mtv

MARK GOODMAN

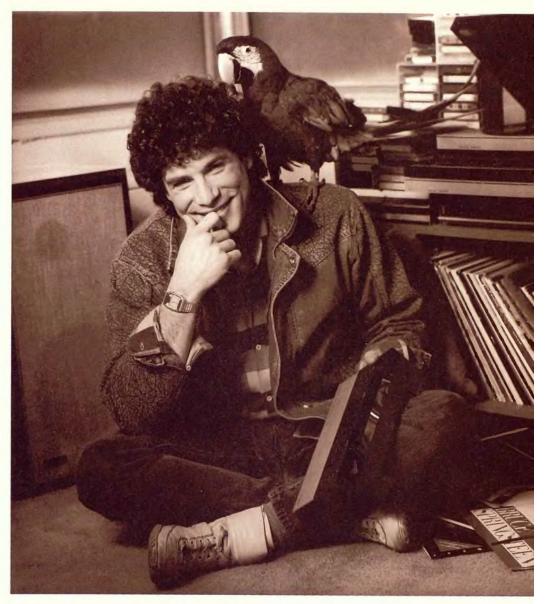
The macaw is Dr. McCoy. It shares the apartment with Mark and his wife, Carol Miller, a top New York disc jockey. Mark used to be a d.j. before he changed media to become a v.j. He keeps his VCR in the bedroom, with the television. In the den, one wall is lined with records—more than 2000 of them, from Bryan Adams' latest to an old orange-vinyl 45 of the Mickey Mouse Club March. "That's when Annette had ears," Mark says.

The center of his stereo system is the sleek and techy Bang & Olufsen 5000, complete with remote control. The speakers are giant Advents. "They're 15 years old and still working well," he says. "But I think it's time for new ones. They seem to be making them a lot more compact these days. And speaking of compact, that's definitely the next thing I'm going to get-a compact-disc player. The sound on them is really phenomenal. And since Carol and I keep to ourselves a lot, music is a big part of our personal lives. It's such a great way to relax." On the stereo, Bryan Adams is restless. On the floor, Mark couldn't be more mellow.

NINA BLACKWOOD

She's the sexy one with the great voice and the wild hair (apologies to Mark Goodman). Before she started working as a video jockey, Nina spent some time in Hollywood. You may have seen her in Vice Squad or in One from the Heart. Right now, though, she's at the heart of rock 'n' rollsuch a hot cable personality that Saturday Night Live saw fit to do a send-up of her. And what does Nina do when she's not on MTV? "I watch MTV," she says. "Music videos are a growing art form, and it takes a lot of time to keep up with it all. I'll even go on some video shoots when I can. I'm fascinated by the business. I recently spent a lot of time watching Cyndi Lauper put together her latest.'

And her home life? "I have so many records, they've taken over my apartment. Of course, it is a pretty small apartment. I'd like to get a VCR, but I just don't have the room. At this point, I guess I could say that music is my life. One of my favorite places to listen to it is my car. But I have a small problem. I have a wonderful car stereo system, but I don't have a car. I left my MG in L.A. That's showbiz."





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J. J. JACKSON

There's a reason the Boss is on J.J.'s TV screen. When he was a reporter for ABC-TV in Los Angeles, Jackson conducted the first television interview with Springsteen. And rock 'n' roll never forgets.

When he's not taping his week of MTV segments (seven days' programing is recorded in five), he gets out and about in New York—some night-clubbing, some concerts. Mostly, he's a music man.

"I have a Sony Walkman that I take everywhere," he says. "It's indestructible. Once, when I was with The Rolling Stones in Japan, I dropped it onto hard concrete at the airport. No problem. It played on."

At home, in an apartment he shares with his Akita (that's a dog, not a Japanese stereo), he has a Marantz quadraphonic system. "I'm still not sure why quad never really made it," he says. "It made so much sense to me at the time. I just pictured myself sitting in the middle of my living room, surrounded by Led Zeppelin. I thought it would be fantastic to hear Jimmy Page coming out of one speaker and Robert Plant out of another. Oh, well, you can't win them all."

HOLLYWOOD GOES VIDEO

You say they don't make great movies anymore. You're probably right. But they do make great music videos. Here's a handful of Hollywood directors whose best work can now be seen on MTV:

Brian De Palma (Body Double, Carrie, Scarface) directed Bruce Springsteen's Dancing in the Dark.

Sam Peckinpah (The Wild Bunch, Straw Dogs) directed Julian Lennon's Valotte and Too Late for Goodbyes.

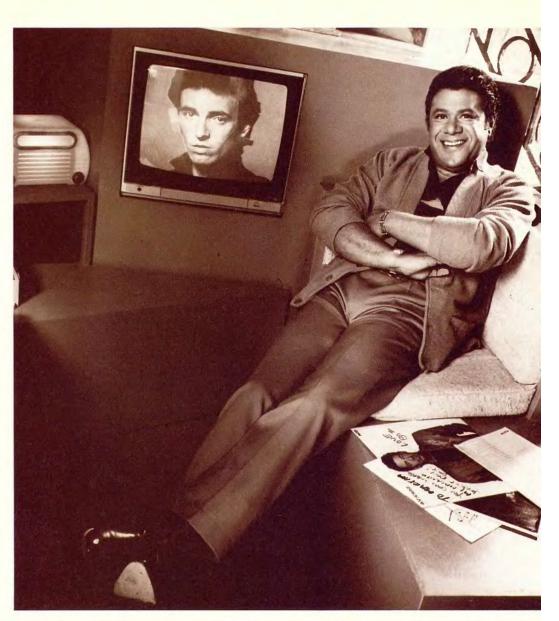
John Landis (Animal House, The Blues Brothers) directed The Making of Michael Jackson's Thriller.

Tobe Hooper (Poltergeist, Texas Chainsaw Massacre) directed Billy Idol's Dancing with Myself.

William Friedkin (The Exorcist, The French Connection) directed Laura Branigan's Self Control.

Bob Rofelson (Five Easy Pieces, The King of Marvin Gardens) directed Lionel Richie's All Night Long.

And our sources at *Video Insider*, the hot industry newsletter, tell us that Federico Fellini himself may be making a video with Boy George. *La dolce mondo bizarro*.





HOTTEST TICKET (continued from page 154)

"Of course, sound is by no means the entire story of home theater. Picture quality is also important."

the sound source right into the receiver. A full-blown example is Jensen's AVS-1500 audio-video receiver, which incorporates a complete cable-ready TV tuner for use with a separate monitor and high-fidelity loud-speakers. More modest (but appropriate if you want to use a conventional television set) are Technics' three audio-video receivers, with audio-only V.H.F. TV tuners. All four of these products come outfitted for mono-TV reception, but they also have multiplex output jacks for connecting an external stereo-TV decoder box, so when stereo TV comes to your neighborhood, you'll be ready for it.

What if putting your audio and video systems together doesn't make sense—if one has to go along one wall, the other along another, or if you want your main video sctup in the bedroom? No problem. The same tricks can help you create a dedicated audio system for your video gear. This has been greatly simplified by the recent introduction of powered video speakers from such companies as Infinity, NAD and Proton. These snuggle right up against your monitor or TV set and take line-level signals from its audio outputs or earphone jack. Amplifiers built into the speakers provide the necessary power.

Infinity's models are particularly interesting because their height can be adjusted to match that of your TV set or monitor—a unique feature so far and one that doesn't wreak havoc with your decor.

Passive nonpowered video speakers also are available from the same companies, as well as from B&W, Polk, Boston Acoustics, Jensen and Frazier. (Many monitors and monitor/receivers come with speakers of some sort, but they are often not up to component quality.) These require external amplification from an audio amp, a receiver or the small power amplifiers built into most monitor/receivers. What distinguishes video speakers from audio speakers, by the way, is that they are magnetically shielded to prevent picture distortion. You can use regular hi-fi speakers, but if you don't want to look at people with blue faces, keep them a couple of feet away from the screen.

As good an idea as high-fidelity TV sound is, the main attraction of good audio is what it can do for the sound tracks of optical video discs (laser discs) and hi-fivideo cassettes, which are capable of better reproduction than anything short of a digital compact disc, much less stereo TV (whose sound quality is somewhat below that of FM radio). Feature films on these

media take on an impact that simply has to be heard to be believed.

The latest VCRs and video-disc players, together with good speakers, can take you most of the way there, but to get it all, you need Surround Sound. All Dolby Stereo films have surround tracks that normally go along for the ride when the transfer is made to disc or tape. (They can also be carried by stereo TV broadcasts.) These surround channels can be extracted with an appropriate decoder and routed to speakers at the sides or back of the room. Their effects can range from more realistic ambience to helicopters flying over your head. Decoders are available from SSI (Surround Sound, Inc.), Aphex, Fosgate, Audionics and Pioneer, and there is reason to believe that some manufacturers will begin building the necessary circuitry into their monitor/receivers.

Of course, sound is by no means the entire story of home theater. Picture quality is also important. Here, too, help is on the way. Improved picture tubes and advanced video circuitry are providing clearer, sharper images, with more accurate color than ever before. This is most apparent in component monitors and monitor/receivers, but the technology pioneered in these premium products gradually trickles down to lower-priced equipment. VCRs are undergoing a similar evolution. Later this year, the first Super Beta decks will hit the stores, offering 20 percent higher video resolution than conventional decks without any loss of compatibility. This still is not as good as what you can get from broadcast or laser discs, but it is a clearly visible improvement. And don't worry if you already have a heavy investment in VHS: Manufacturers allied to that format are hard at work on a similar system.

Other fascinating developments are on the horizon. Toshiba, Zenith and perhaps others will introduce the first digital television sets this year. These take the incoming signal and convert it to digital codes, which can then be manipulated to enhance the picture and provide special features and effects. Among the possibilities are freeze frame, the ability to zoom in on any selected portion of the picture, small inset displays for monitoring channels other than the one you actually are watching and ghost cancellation. Eventually, such sets will be able to interpolate additional scanning lines, creating a smoother picture with higher subjective resolution. This will be especially beneficial for largescreen projection TV, which now can be annoyingly grainy at short range. Digitally enhanced projection TV combined with high-fidelity Dolby Stereo Surround Sound and high-resolution video sources could revolutionize the way we think about television-and redefine the relationship between video and the movies once again. Y



"On the bright side, Edgar, at least you know you're not paranoid."

"I didn't hear anything from him after the war, and didn't want to, but I assumed he was still alive."

and jumped down beside him.

Fazio was rolling around, eyes wild, kicking at the ground in terror and agony. I put my elbow on his chest to hold him still and pried with both hands at the thing on his face. Getting it loose was like pulling a second skin off him, but somehow I managed to lift it away from his lips far enough for him to gasp, "Synsym—I think it's synsym—"

"No, man, it's just some nasty fish," I told him. "Hang in there and I'll rip the rest of it loose in half a minute——"

Fazio shook his head in anguish.

Then I saw the two thin strands of transparent stuff snaking up out of it and disappearing into his nostrils, and I knew he was right.

I didn't hear anything from him or about him after the end of the war, and didn't want to, but I assumed all along that Fazio was still alive. I don't know why; my faith in the general perversity of the universe, I guess.

The last I had seen of him was our final day on Weinstein. We both were being

invalided out. They were shipping me to the big hospital on Daemmerung for routine desporification treatment, but he was going to the quarantine station on Quixote; and as we lay side by side in the depot, me on an ordinary stretcher and Fazio inside an isolation bubble, he raised his head with what must have been a terrible effort and glared at me out of eyes that already were ringed with the red concentric synsym circles, and he whispered something to me. I wasn't able to understand the words through the wall of his bubble, but I could feel them, the way you feel the light of a blue-white sun from half a parsec out. His skin was glowing. The dreadful vitality of the symbiont within him was already apparent. I had a good notion of what he was trying to tell me. "You bastard," he was most likely trying to say. "Now I'm stuck with this thing for a thousand years. And I'm going to hate you every minute of the time, Chollie."

Then they took him away. They sent him floating up the ramp into that Quixote-bound ship. When he was out of view, I felt released, as though I were coming out from under a pull of six or seven gravs. It occurred to me that I wasn't ever going to have to see Fazio again. I wouldn't have to face those reddened eyes, that taut, shining skin, that glare of infinite reproach. Or so I believed for the next ten years, until he turned up at Betelgeuse Station.

A bolt out of the blue: There he was, suddenly, standing next to me in the recreation room on North Spoke. It was just after my shift, and I was balancing on the rim of the swimmer web, getting ready to dive. "Chollie?" he said calmly. The voice was Fazio's voice: That was clear, when I stopped to think about it a little later. But I never for a moment considered that this weird, gnomish man might be Fazio. I stared at him and didn't even come close to recognizing him. He seemed about 7,000,000 years old, shrunken, fleshless, weightless, with thick, coarse hair like white straw and strange, soft, gleaming translucent skin that looked like parchment worn thin by time. In the bright light of the rec room, he kept his eyes hooded nearly shut; but then he turned away from the glow-globes and opened them wide enough to show me the fine red rings around his pupils. The hair began to rise along the back of my neck.

"Come on," he said. "You know me. Yeah. Yeah."

The voice, the cheekbones, the lips, the eyes—the eyes, the eyes, the eyes. Yes, I



knew him. But it wasn't possible. Fazio? Here? How? So long a time, so many lightyears away! And yet—yet—

He nodded. "You got it, Chollie. Come on. Who am !?"

My first attempt at saying something was a sputtering failure. But I managed to get his name out on the second try.

"Yeah," he said. "Fazio. What a surprise."

He didn't look even slightly surprised. I think he must have been watching me for a few days before he approached mecasing me, checking me out, making certain it was really me, getting used to the idea that he had actually found me. Otherwise, the amazement would surely have been showing on him now. Finding mefinding anybody along the starwayswasn't remotely probable. This was a coincidence almost too big to swallow. I knew he couldn't have deliberately come after me, because the galaxy is so damned big a place that the idea of setting out to search for someone in it is too silly even to think about. But somehow he had caught up with me anyway. If the universe is truly infinite, I suppose, then even the most wildly improbable things must occur in it a billion times a day.

I said shakily, "I can't believe-"

"You can't? Hey, you better! What a surprise, kid, hey? Hey?" He clapped his hand against my arm. "And you're looking good, kid. Nice and healthy. You keep in shape, huh? How old are you now, thirty-two?"

"Thirty." I was numb with shock and fear

"Thirty. Mmm. So am I. Nice age, ain't it? Prime of life."

"Fazio---"

His control was terrifying. "Come on, Chollie. You look like you're about to crap in your pants. Aren't you glad to see your old buddy? We had some good times together, didn't we? Didn't we? What was the name of that fuckin' planet? Weinberg? Weinfeld? Hey, don't stare at me like that!"

I had to work hard to make any sound at all. Finally, I said, "What the hell do you want me to do, Fazio? I feel like I'm looking at a ghost."

He leaned close and his eyes opened wider. I could practically count the concentric red rings, ten or 15 of them, very fine lines. "I wish to Christ you were," he said quietly. Such unfathomable depths of pain, such searing intensity of hatred. I wanted to squirm away from him. But there was no way. He gave me a long, slow, crucifying inspection. Then he eased back, and some of the menacing intensity seemed to go out of him. Almost jauntily, he said, "We got a lot to talk about, Chollie. You know some quiet place around here we can go?"

"There's the gravity lounge—"
"Sure. The gravity lounge."

We floated face to face, at half pull. "You promised you'd kill me if I got

nailed," Fazio murmured. "That was our deal. Why didn't you do it, Chollie? Why the fuck didn't you do it?"

I could hardly bear to look into his redringed eyes.

"Things happened too fast, man. How was I to know paramedics would be on the scene in five minutes?"

"Five minutes is plenty of time to put a heat bolt through a guy's chest."

"Less than five minutes. Three. Two. The paramedic floater was right overhead, man! It was covering us the whole while. They came down on us like a bunch of fucking angels, Fazio!"

"You had time."

"I thought they were going to be able to save you," I said lamely. "They got there so quickly."

Fazio laughed harshly. "They did try to save me," he said. "I'll give them credit for trying. Five minutes and I was on that floater and they were sending tracers all over me to clean the synsym goop out of my lungs and my heart and my liver."

"Sure. That was just what I figured they'd do."

"You promised to finish me off, Chollie, if I got nailed."

"But the paramedics were right there!"

"They worked on me like sonsabitches," he said. "They did everything. They can clean up the vital tissues; they can yank out your organs, synsym and all, and stick in transplants. But they can't get the stuff out of your brain; did you know that? The synsym goes straight up your nose into your brain and it slips its tendrils into your meninges and your neuroglia and right into your fucking corpus callosum. And from there it goes everywhere. The cerebellum, the medulla; you name it. They can't send tracers into the brain that will clean out synsym and not damage brain tissue. And they can't pull out your brain and give you a new one, either. Thirty seconds after the synsym gets into your nose, it reaches your brain and it's all over for you, no matter what kind of treatment you get. Didn't you hear them tell you that when we first got to the war zone? Didn't you hear all the horror stories?"

"I thought they were just horror stories," I said faintly.

He rocked back and forth gently in his gravity cradle. He didn't say anything.

"Do you want to tell me what it's like?"
I asked after a while.

Fazio shrugged. As though from a great distance, he said, "What it's like? Ah, it's not all that goddamned bad, Chollie. It's like having a roommate. Living with you in your head, forever, and you can't break the lease. That's all. Or like having an itch you can't scratch. Having it there is like finding yourself trapped in a space that's exactly one centimeter bigger than you are all around and knowing that you're going to stay walled up in it for a million years." He looked off toward the great clear wall of the lounge, toward giant red Betelgeuse

blazing outside far away. "Your synsym talks to you, sometimes. So you're never lonely, you know? Doesn't speak any language you understand, just sits there and spouts gibberish. But at least it's company. Sometimes it makes you spout gibberish, especially when you badly need to make sense. It grabs control of the upper brain centers now and then, you know. And as for the autonomic centers, it does any damned thing it likes with them. Keys into the pain zones and runs little simulations for you-an amputation without anesthetic, say. Just for fun. Its fun. Or you're in bed with a woman and it disconnects your erection mechanism. Or it gives you an erection that won't go down for six weeks. For fun. It can get playful with your toilet training, too. I wear a diaper, Chollie; isn't that sweet? I have to. I get drunk sometimes without drinking. Or I drink myself sick without feeling a thing. And all the time, I feel it there, tickling me. Like an ant crawling around within my skull. Like a worm up my nose. It's just like the other guys told us when we went out to the war zone. Remember? 'Kill yourself fast, while you have the chance.' I never had the chance. I had you, Chollie, and we had a deal, but you didn't take our deal seriously. Why not, Chollie?"

I felt his eyes burning me. I looked away, halfway across the lounge, and caught sight of Elisandra's long golden hair drifting in free float. She saw me at the same moment and waved. We usually got together in here this time of night. I shook my head, trying to warn her off, but it was too late. She was already heading our way.

"Who's that?" Fazio asked. "Your girl-friend?"

"A friend."

"Nice," he said. He was staring at her as though he had never seen a woman before. "I noticed her last night, too. You live together?"

"We work the same shift on the wheel."
"Yeah. I saw you leave with her last

night. And the night before."

"How long have you been at the station, Fazio?"

"Week. Ten days, maybe."

"Came here looking for me?"

"Just wandering around," he said. "Fat disability pension, plenty of time. I go to a lot of places. That's a really nice woman, Chollie. You're a lucky guy." A tic was popping on his cheek and another was getting started on his lower lip. He said, "Why the fuck didn't you kill me when that thing jumped me?"

"I told you. I couldn't. The paramedics

were on the scene too fast."

"Right. You needed to say some Hail Marys first, and they just didn't give you enough time."

He was implacable. I had to strike back at him somehow or the guilt and shame would drive me crazy. Angrily I said, "What the hell do you want me to tell you,

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Fazio? That I'm sorry I didn't kill you ten years ago? OK, I'm sorry. Does that do any good? Listen, if the synsym's as bad as you say, how come you haven't killed yourself? Why go on dragging yourself around with that thing inside your head?"

He shook his head and made a little muffled grunting sound. His face abruptly became gray, his lips were sagging. His eyeballs seemed to be spinning slowly in opposite directions. Just an illusion, I knew, but a scary one.

"Fazio?"

He said, "Chollallula lillalolla loolicholla, Billillolla."

I stared. He looked frightening. He looked hideous.

"Jesus, Fazio!"

Spittle dribbled down his chin. Muscles jumped and writhed crazily all over his face. "You see? You see?" he managed to blurt. There was warfare inside him. I watched him trying to regain command. It was like a man wrestling himself to a fall. I thought he was going to have a stroke. But then, suddenly, he seemed to grow calm. His breath was ragged, his skin was mottled with fiery blotches. He collapsed into himself, head drooping, arms dangling. He looked altogether spent. Another minute or two passed before he could speak. I didn't know what to do for him. I floated there, watching. Finally, a little life seemed to return to him.

"Did you see? That's what happens,"

he gasped. "It takes control. How could I ever kill myself? It wouldn't let me do it."

"Wouldn't let you?"

He looked up at me and sighed wearily. "Think, Chollie, think! It's in symbiosis with me. We aren't independent organisms." Then the tremors began again, worse than before. Fazio made a desperate furious attempt to fight them off—arms and legs flung rigidly out, jaws working—but it was useless. "Illallomba!" he yelled. "Nullagribba!" He tossed his head from side to side, as if trying to shake off something sticky that was clinging to it. "If I—then it—gillagilla! Holligoolla! I can't—I can't—oh—Jesus—Christ—"

His voice died away into harsh sputters and clankings. He moaned and covered his face with his hands.

But now I understood.

For Fazio, there could never be any escape. That was the most monstrous part of the whole thing, the ultimate horrifying twist. The symbiont knew that its destiny was linked to Fazio's. If he died, the symbiont would also; and so it could not allow its host to damage himself. From its seat in Fazio's brain, it had ultimate control over his body. Whatever he tried—jumping off a bridge, reaching for a flask of poison, picking up a gun—the watchful thing in his mind would be a step ahead of him, always protecting him against harm.

A flood of compassion welled up in me, and I started to put my hand comfortingly on Fazio's shoulder. But then I yanked it back, as though I were afraid the symbiont could jump from his mind into mine at the slightest touch. And then I scowled and forced myself to touch him after all. He pulled away. He looked burned out.

"Chollie?" Elisandra said, coming up beside us. She floated alongside, longlimbed, beautiful, frowning. "Is this private, or can I join you?"

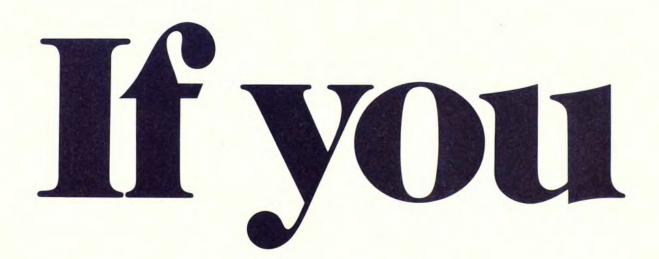
I hesitated, fumbling. I desperately wanted to keep Fazio and Elisandra in separate compartments of my life, but I saw that I had no way of doing that. "We were—well—just that——"

"Come on, Chollie," Fazio said in a bleak, hollow voice. "Introduce your old war buddy to the nice woman."

Elisandra gave him an inquiring glance. She could not have failed to detect the strangeness in his tone.

I took a deep breath. "This is Fazio," I said. "We were in the Servadac campaign together during the Second Ovoid War. Fazio—Elisandra. Elisandra's a trafficpolarity engineer on the turnaround wheel; you ought to see her at work, the coolest cookie you can imagine—"

"An honor to meet you," said Fazio grandly. "A woman who combines such beauty and such technical skills—I have to say—I—I——" Suddenly he was faltering. His face turned blotchy. Fury blazed in his eyes. "No! Damn it, no! No more!" He clutched handfuls of air in



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some wild attempt at steadying himself. "Mullagalloola!" he cried, helpless. "fillabongbong! Sampazozozo!" And he burst into wild, choking sobs, while Elisandra stared at him in amazement and sorrow.

"Well, are you going to kill him?" she

It was two hours later. We had put Fazio to bed in his little cubicle over at Transient House, and she and I were in her room. I had told her everything.

I looked at her as though she had begun to babble the way Fazio had. Elisandra and I had been together almost a year, but there were times I felt I didn't know her at all.

"Well?" she said.

"Are you serious?"

"You owe it to him. You owe him a death, Chollie. He can't come right out and say it, because the symbiont won't allow him to. But that's what he wants from you."

I couldn't deny any of that. I'd been thinking the same thing for at least the past hour. The reality of it was inescapable: I had muffed things on Weinstein and sent Fazio to hell for ten years. Now I had to set him free.

"If there was only some way to get the symbiont out of his brain—"

"But there isn't."

"No," I said. "There isn't."

"You'll do it for him, won't you?"

"Quit it," I said.

"I hate the way he's suffering, Chollie."

"You think I don't?"

"And what about you? Suppose you fail him a second time. How will you live with that? Tell me how."

"I was never much for killing, Ellie. Not even Ovoids."

"We know that," she said. "But you don't have any choice this time."

I went to the little glow-globe she had mounted above the sleeping platform and hit the button and sent sparks through the thick coiling mists. A rustle of angry colors swept the mist, a wild aurora, green, purple, yellow. After a moment I said quietly, "You're absolutely right."

"Good. I was afraid for a moment you were going to crap out on him again."

There was no malice in it the way she said it. All the same, it hit me like a fist. I stood there nodding, letting the impact go rippling through me and away.

At last the reverberations seemed to die down within me. But then a great new uneasiness took hold of me and I said, "You know, it's totally idiotic of us to be discussing this. I'm involving you in something that's none of your business. What we're doing is making you an accomplice before the fact."

Elisandra ignored me. Something was in motion in her mind, and there was no swerving her now. "How would you go about it?" she asked. "You can't just cut someone's throat and dump him down a disposer chute."

"Look," I said, "do you understand that the penalty could be anything up

She went on, "Any sort of direct physical assault is out. There'd be some sort of struggle for sure-the symbiont's bound to defend the host body against attackyou'd come away with scratches, bruises, worse. Somebody would notice. Suppose you got so badly hurt you had to go to the medics. What would you tell them? A barroom brawl? And then nobody can find your old friend Fazio, who you were seen with a few days before. No, much too risky." Her tone was strangely businesslike, matter-of-fact. "And then getting rid of the body-that's even tougher, Chollie, getting fifty kilos of body mass off the station without some kind of papers. No destination visa, no transshipment entry. Even a sack of potatoes would have an out invoice. But if someone just vanishes and there's a fifty-kilo-short balance in the mass totals that day-

"Quit it," I said. "OK?"

"You owe him a death. You agreed about that."

"Maybe I do. But whatever I decide, I don't want to drag you into it. It isn't your mess, Ellie."

"You don't think so?" she shot right back at me.

Anger and love were all jumbled

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together in Elisandra's tone. I didn't feel like dealing with that just now. My head was pounding. I activated the pharmo arm by the sink and hastily ran a load of relaxants into myself with a subcute shot. Then I took her by the hand. Gently, trying hard to disengage, I said, "Can we just go to bed now? I'd rather not talk about this anymore."

Elisandra smiled and nodded. "Sure," she replied, and her voice was much softer.

She started to pull off her clothes. But after a moment, she turned to me, troubled. "I can't drop it just like that, Chollie. It's still buzzing inside me. That poor bastard." She shuddered. "Never to be alone in his own head. Never to be sure he has control over his own body. Waking up in a puddle of piss, he said. Speaking in tongues. All that other crazy stuff. What did he say? Like feeling an ant wandering around inside his skull? An itch you can't possibly scratch?"

"I didn't know it would be that bad," I said. "I think I would have killed him back then, if I had known."

"Why didn't you anyway?"

"He was Fazio. A human being. My friend. My buddy. I didn't much want to kill Ovoids even. How the hell was I going to kill him?"

"But you promised to, Chollie."

"Let me be," I said. "I didn't do it, that's all. Now I have to live with that."

"So does he," said Elisandra.

I climbed into her sleep tube and lay there without moving, waiting for her.

"So do I," she added after a little while.

She wandered around the room for a time before joining me. Finally, she lay down beside me, but at a slight distance. I didn't move toward her. But eventually the distance lessened, and I put my hand lightly on her shoulder, and she turned to me.

An hour or so before dawn, she said, "I think I see a way we can do it."

We spent a week and a half working out the details. I was completely committed to it now, no hesitations, no reservations. As Elisandra said, I had no choice. This was what I owed Fazio; this was the only way I could settle accounts between us.

She was completely committed to it, too: even more so than I was, it sometimes seemed. I warned her that she was needlessly letting herself in for major trouble in case the station authorities ever managed to reconstruct what had happened. It didn't seem needless to her, she said.

I didn't have a lot of contact with him while we were arranging things. It was important, I figured, not to give the symbiont any hints. I saw Fazio practically every day, of course—Betelgeuse Station isn't all that big—off at a distance, staring, glaring, sometimes having one of his weird

fits, climbing a wall or shouting incoherently or arguing with himself out loud; but generally I pretended not to see him. At times I couldn't avoid him, and then we met for dinner or drinks or a workout in the rec room. But there wasn't much of that

"OK," Elisandra said finally. "I've done my part. Now you do yours, Chollie."

Among the little services we run here is a sight-seeing operation for tourists who feel like taking a close look at a red giant star. After the big stellar-envelope research project shut down a few years ago, we inherited a dozen or so solar sleds that had been used for skimming through the fringes of Betelgeuse's mantle, and we began renting them out for three-day excursions. The sleds are two-passenger jobs without much in the way of luxury and nothing at all in the way of propulsion systems. The trip is strictly ballistic: We calculate your orbit and shoot you out of here on the big repellers, sending you on a dazzling swing across Betelgeuse's outer fringes that gives you the complete light show and maybe a view of 10 or 12 of the big star's family of planets. When the sled reaches the end of its string, we catch you on the turnaround wheel and reel you in. It sounds spectacular, and it is; it sounds dangerous, and it isn't. Not usually, anyhow.

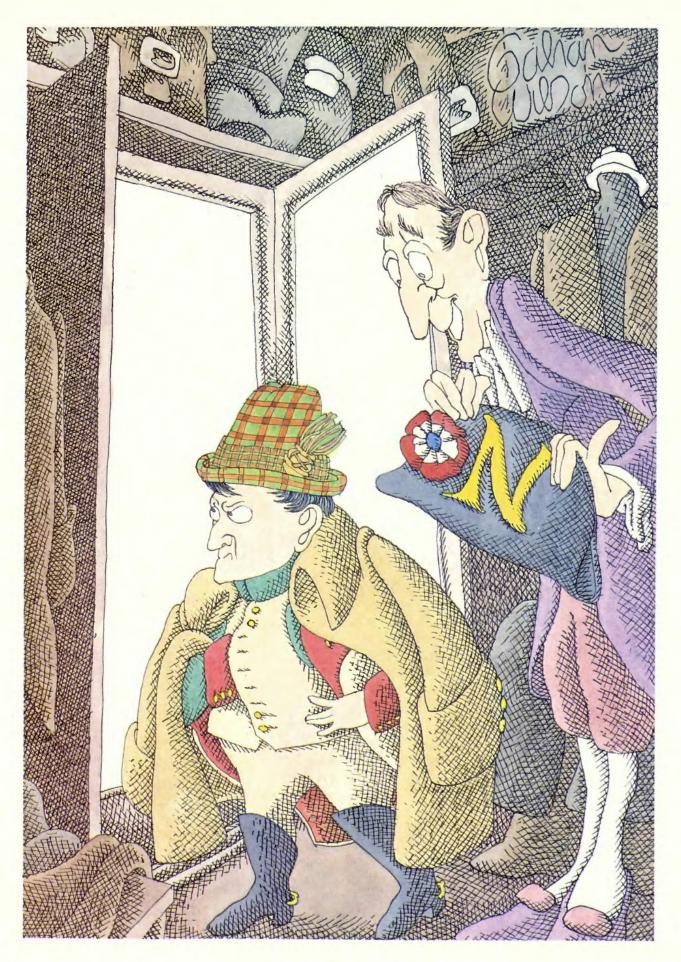
I tracked Fazio down in the gravity lounge and said, "We've arranged a treat for you, man."

The sled I had rented for him was called the Corona Queen. Elisandra routinely handled the dispatching job for these tours, and now and then I worked as wheelman for them, though ordinarily I wheeled the big interstellar liners that used Betelgeuse Station as their jumpingoff point for deeper space. We were both going to work Fazio's sled. Unfortunately, this time there was going to be a disaster, because a regrettable little error had been made in calculating orbital polarity, and then there would be a one-in-a-million failure of the redundancy circuits. Fazio's sled wasn't going to go on a tour of Betelgeuse's far-flung corona at all. It was going to plunge right into the heart of the red giant star.

I would have liked to tell him that as we headed down the winding corridors to the drop-dock. But I couldn't, because telling Fazio meant telling his symbiont also; and what was good news for Fazio was bad news for the symbiont. To catch the filthy thing by surprise—that was essential.

How much did Fazio suspect? God knows. In his place, I think I might have had an inkling. But maybe he was striving with all his strength to turn his mind away from any kind of speculation about the voyage he was about to take.

"You can't possibly imagine what it's like," I said. "It's unique. There's just no way to simulate it. And the view of



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Betelgeuse that you get from the station isn't even remotely comparable."

"The sled glides through the corona on a film of vaporized carbon," said Elisandra. "The heat just rolls right off its surface." We were chattering compulsively, trying to fill every moment with talk. "You're completely shielded, so that you can actually pass through the atmosphere of the star—"

"Of course," I said, "Betelgeuse is so big and so violent that you're more or less inside its atmosphere no matter where you are in its system——"

"And then there are the planets," Elisandra said. "The way things are lined up this week, you may be able to see as many as a dozen of them——"

"Otello, Falstaff, Siegfried, maybe Wotan—"

"You'll find a map on the ceiling of your cabin——"

"Five gas giants twice the mass of Jupiter—keep your eye out for Wotan, that's the one with rings——"

"And Isolde, you can't miss Isolde, she's even redder than Betelgeuse, the damnedest bloodshot planet imaginable——"

"With eleven red moons, too, but you won't be able to see them without fil-

"Otello and Falstaff for sure, and I think this week's chart shows Aïda out of occultation now, too——"

"And then there's the band of comets-"

"The asteroids; that's where we think a couple of the planets collided after gravitational perturbation of——"

"And the Einsteinian curvature; it's unmistakable——"

"The big solar flares-"

"Here we are," Elisandra said.

We had reached the drop-dock. Before us rose a gleaming metal wall. Elisandra activated the hatch and it swung back to reveal the little sled, a sleck, tapering, frognosed thing with a low hump in the middle. It sat on tracks; above it arched the coils of the repeller-launcher, radiating at the moment the blue-green glow that indicated a neutral charge. Everything was automatic. We had only to put Fazio on board and give the station the signal for launch; the rest would be taken care of by the orbital-polarity program Elisandra had previously keyed in.

"It's going to be the trip of your life, man!" I said.

Fazio nodded. His eyes looked a little glazed and his nostrils were flaring.

Elisandra hit the prelaunch control. The sled's roof upened and a recorded voice out of a speaker in the drop-dock ceiling began to explain to Fazio how to get inside and make himself secure for launching. My hands were cold, my throat was dry. Yet I was very calm, all things considered. This was murder, wasn't it? Maybe

so, technically speaking. But I was finding other names for it. A mercy killing; a balancing of the karmic accounts; a way of atoning for an ancient sin of omission. For him, release from hell after ten years; for me, release from a lesser but still acute kind of pain.

Fazio approached the sled's narrow entry slot.

"Wait a second," I said. I caught him by the arm. The account wasn't quite in balance yet.

"Chollie-" Elisandra said.

I shook her off. To Fazio I said, "There's one thing I need to tell you before you go."

He gave me a peculiar look but didn't say anything.

I went on, "I've been claiming all along that I didn't shoot you when the synsym got you because there wasn't time, the medics landed too fast. That's sort of true, but mainly it's bullshit. I had time. What I didn't have was the guts."

"Chollie——" Elisandra said again. There was an edge on her voice.

"Just one more second," I told her. I turned to Fazio again. "I looked at you, I looked at the heat gun, I thought about the synsym. But I just couldn't do it. I stood there with the gun in my hand and I didn't do a thing. And then the medics landed and it was too late—I felt like such a shit, Fazio, such a cowardly shit——"

Fazio's face was turning blotchy. The red synsym lines blazed weirdly in his eyes.

"Get him into the sled!" Elisandra yelled. "It's taking control of him, Chollie!"

"Oligabongaboo!" Fazio said. "Ungabahoo! Flizz! Thrapp!"

And he came at me like a wild man.

I had him by 30 kilos, at least, but he damned near knocked me over. Somehow I managed to stay upright. He bounced off me and went reeling around, and Elisandra grabbed his arm. He kicked her hard and sent her flying, but then I wrapped my forearm around his throat from behind, and Elisandra, crawling across the floor, got him around his legs so we could lift him and stuff him into the sled. Even then we had trouble holding him. Two of us against one skinny, burntout, ruined man, and he writhed and twisted and wriggled about like something diabolical. He scratched, he kicked, he elbowed, he spat. His eyes were fiery. Every time we forced him close to the entryway of the sled, he dragged us back away from it. Elisandra and I were grunting and winded, and I didn't think we could hang on much longer. This wasn't Fazio we were doing battle with, it was a synthetic symbiont out of the Ovoid labs, furiously trying to save itself from a fiery death. God knows what alien hormones it was pumping into Fazio's blood stream. God knows how it had rebuilt his bones

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Send \$2.00 For Color Brochure

and heart and lungs for greater efficiency. If he ever managed to break free of my grip, I wondered which of us would get out of the drop-dock alive.

But all the same, Fazio still needed to breathe. I tightened my hold on his throat and felt cartilage yielding. I didn't care. I just wanted to get him into that sled, dead or alive, give him some peace. Him and me both. Tighter—tighter—

Fazio made rough, sputtering noises and then a thick, nasty, gargling sound.

"You've got him," Elisandra said.
"Yeah. Yeah."

I clamped down one notch tighter yet, and Fazio began to go limp, though his muscles still spasmed and jerked frantically. The creature within him was still full of fight; but there wasn't much air getting into Fazio's lungs now and his brain was starving for oxygen. Slowly Elisandra and I shoved him the last five meters toward the sled—lifted him, pushed him up to the edge of the slot, started to jam him into it—

A convulsion wilder than anything that had gone before ripped through Fazio's body. He twisted half around in my grasp until he was face to face with Elisandra, and a bubble of something gray and shiny appeared on his lips. For an instant, everything seemed frozen. It was like a slice across time for just that instant. Then things began to move again. The bubble burst; some fragment of tissue leaped the short gap from Fazio's lips to Elisandra's. The symbiont, facing death, had cast forth a piece of its own life stuff to find another host. "Chollie!" Elisandra wailed, and let go of Fazio and went reeling away as if someone had thrown acid in her eyes. She was clawing at her face. At the little flat, gray, slippery thing that had plastered itself over her mouth and was rapidly poking a couple of glistening pseudopods up into her nostrils. I hadn't known it was possible for a symbiont to send out offshoots like that. I guess no one did, or people like Fazio wouldn't be allowed to walk around loose.

I wanted to yell and scream and break things. I wanted to cry. But I didn't do any of those things.

When I was four years old, growing up on Backgammon, my father bought me a shiny little vortex boat from a peddler on Maelstrom Bridge. It was just a toy, a bathtub boat, though it had all the stabilizer struts and outriggers in miniature. We were standing on the bridge and I wanted to see how well the boat worked, so I flipped it over the rail into the vortex. Of course it was swept out of sight at once. Bewildered and upset because it didn't come back to me, I looked toward my father for help. But he thought I had flung his gift into the whirlpool for the sheer hell of it, and he gave me a shriveling look of black anger and downright hatred that I will never forget. I cried half a day, but that didn't bring back my vortex boat. I wanted to cry now. Sure. Something grotesquely unfair had happened, and I felt four years old all over again, and there was nobody to turn to for help. I was on my

I went to Elisandra and held her for a moment. She was sobbing and trying to speak, but the thing covered her lips. Her face was white with terror and her body was trembling and jerking crazily.

"Don't worry," I whispered. "This time, I know what to do."

How fast we act when finally we move. I got Fazio out of the way first, tossing him, or the husk of him, into the entry slot of the Corona Queen as easily as though he had been an armload of straw. Then I picked up Elisandra and carried her to the sled. She didn't really struggle, just twisted about a little. The symbiont didn't have that much control yet. At the last moment, I looked into her eyes, hoping I wasn't going to see the red circles in them. No, not yet, not so soon. Her eyes were the eyes I remembered, the eyes I loved. They were steady, cold, clear. She knew what was happening. She couldn't

speak, but she was telling me with her eyes, "Yes, yes, go ahead, for Christ's sake go ahead, Chollie!"

Unfair. Unfair. But nothing is ever fair, I thought. Or else, if there is justice in the universe, it exists only on levels we can't perceive, in some chilly macrocosmic place where everything is evened out in the long run but the sin is not necessarily atoned by the sinner. I pushed her into the slot down next to Fazio and slammed the sled shut. And went to the drop-dock's wall console and keyed in the departure signal and watched as the sled went sliding down the track toward the exit hatch on its one-way journey to Betelgeuse. The red light of the activated repellers glared for a moment, and then the blue-green returned. I turned away, wondering if the symbiont had managed to get a piece of itself into me, too, at the last moment. I waited to feel that tickle in the mind. But I didn't. I guess there hadn't been time for it to get us both.

And then, finally, I dropped down onto the launching track and let myself cry. And went out of there, after a while, silent, numb, purged clean, thinking of nothing at all. At the inquest six weeks later, I told them I didn't have the slightest notion why Elisandra had chosen to get aboard that sled with Fazio. Was it a suicide pact? the inquest panel asked me. I shrugged. "I don't know," I said. "I don't have any goddamned idea what was going on in their minds that day." Silent, numb, purged clean, thinking of nothing at all.

So Fazio rests at last in the blazing heart of Betelgeuse. My Elisandra is in there also. And I go on, day after day, still working the turnaround wheel here at the station, reeling in the stargoing ships that come cruising past the fringes of the red giant sun. I still feel haunted, too. But it isn't Fazio's ghost that visits me now, or even Elisandra's—not now, not after all this time. I think the ghost that haunts me is my own.

Ä

annie & albert









by J. Michael Leonard



Thank Dad for believing you were very special every step of the way.



features. Gretzky's performance doesn't deserve to be called that. Whereas I can remember something about what Larry Bird says [see sidebar, page 128], I can't remember anything about Gretzky's one line—"It makes the great shots simple"—which is a sad commentary on his salesmanship, I suppose.

SISKEL: Gretzky doesn't really have a bad line that makes him look foolish, but it's a lackluster line. Gretzky still seems a little young and unformed as a product spokesman. He's unsure of himself. It reminds me of that great line describing somebody who was very uncomfortable in front of a camera: "He looks like a rabbit caught in the glare of headlights."

MERLIN OLSEN FOR FTD PICK-ME-UP BOUQUETS



EBERT: Despite the bizarre fact that there's a guy hiding inside a locker, the commercial does make me remember the flowers-the Pick-Me-Up Bouquet. Apart from that, it's all too forced and contrived. Haven't I seen Merlin Olsen in The Wilderness Family Takes a Shit or something? SISKEL: I like the commercial a little more than you do. First of all, it makes me laugh out loud, which is pretty rare for a commercial. The idea of the unseen, sulking giant's being humiliated enough to hide inside a locker is cute. Olsen is a very convincing spokesman, even though he may seem an odd choice to sell flowers. But it works nicely to have him say, in effect, "Hey, guys, I know you think it's sissified to concern yourself with flowers, but look at me, a veritable Dick the Bruiser, a former Los Angeles Ram. I can send flowers-it's OK-and you can, too." My only problem is the very end. I would have had the guy come out of the locker, look at the flowers and say, "Gee, thanks." Something sweet and a little more memorable. They would have had a classic.

EVONNE GOOLAGONG (AND FAMILY) FOR GERITOL



siskel: Evonne Goolagong's accent is hard to understand. Additionally, in the long shot where she says her lines, her eyes seem to be darting and it looks as if she's reading. Of course, that's death. She's clearly uncomfortable and, as a result, it's not an easy commercial to watch. Moreover, because of her discomfort here, her real family looks like just another phony television family.

EBERT: At the end, she is asked a question and her husband comes into the frame and answers it. I don't know why he felt he had to speak for her. She can answer her own question—especially when it's her commercial. The entire setup is phony. This might have worked if it had been presented in a more confessional way: "I'm Evonne Goolagong and I've got a secret—iron-poor blood."

DICK BUTKUS AND BUBBA SMITH (AS POLO PLAYERS) FOR LITE BEER FROM MILLER



EBERT: I like the whinny and the splash at the end. I'm a little confused by the burst of laughter from the background at the punch line, "I sure hope those horses can swim." It seems badly timed and hard to believe. But then, when Butkus looks over his shoulder with a forced grin and a little shrug, he's almost telling us, Yes, the laughter is supposed to be badly timed and the extras who are paid to laugh on cue aren't doing a good job. So there is a satirical edge. The laughter is either bad or good, depending on how you look at it. SISKEL: The tag line or, if you will, tag splash makes this commercial. The laughter is a beat late, but I think it's actually a mistake. I'm impressed with Smith and Butkus as performers. They're using their natural awkwardness very well. It melds beautifully. They lean back and are just fine. This is a terrific casting situation.

JIMMY CONNORS FOR PAINE WEBBER



SISKEL: I have mixed feelings. Being both a tennis player and an investor, I'm riveted by the situation: Jimmy Connors, a hero of mine, is playing on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange-and getting beaten by a guy coached by a Paine Webber broker. It's absolutely beguiling to watch. If the commercial were two minutes long, I would keep watching. I like seeing balls bouncing off the stock monitors. At the same time, I know it's a fraud, because money investments are really serious and this commercial is extremely absurd. The strongest sell is the close-up of Connors at the end, where he says, "What do I have to do? Open up a Paine Webber account?" That's very good, because we all know he's making a ton and, therefore, if he's thinking about Paine Webber, maybe we should, too. But this is preposterous. With Connors, you don't need to create theater. EBERT: Apart from the fact that it's a bad commercial, the situation gives me too much to think about that has nothing to do with investing. I wonder how they made the commercial. It was obviously made at night, when the Stock Exchange is closed. and all of the people along the side lines

are extras, and while they're cheering for Connors, somebody is neglecting my account, and I'm losing untold millions, because instead of placing my trades, they're watching this jack-off jump around. By the end of it, the last thing I want to do is entrust my money to any company that's going to spend it to produce a commercial like this. As for Connors, he delivers only that one line, which, though he does it in a very natural way, comes too late to be effective.

BOB UECKER (IN THE BASEBALL STADIUM) FOR LITE BEER FROM MILLER



SISKEL: It's another cute spot in Uecker's continuing series as Mr. Baseball, the failed athlete. He developed the character through his appearances on The Tonight Show. Now, flying on his own here, he handles center stage very well. It's a nice acting job. For people who know this guy's routine, you feel you're in on the joke from the start. As with the early comedy movies, you watch as the braggart gets his hat knocked off in the end. In terms of analyzing the acting, think about it: If Uecker fails any step of the way, the commercial doesn't work. But he's flawless.

EBERT: I'd give it about two and a half stars. I'm just not moved. I don't know why he's sitting all by himself in the upper stands. He could have gotten a better seat than that. I know I'm not supposed to think of it on a literal level, but I do.

SUGAR RAY LEONARD AND SUGAR RAY, JR., FOR CARNATION SUGAR-FREE HOT COCOA MIX

SISKEL: They make a beguiling pair. We can question how good they are as actors-the boy, for instance, has a little trouble with his lines-but they are two charismatic people, and seeing a legiti-



mate father and son is very refreshing. The commercial world is populated by too many phony fathers and sons-kids who are so genetically dissimilar to their parents that you suspect there was a lightning storm when the conception took place. So we grasp for anything that smacks of reality. The Sugar Rays are a good endorsing

EBERT: I agree; this commercial sells me Carnation Sugar-Free Hot Cocoa Mix in a very efficient and memorable way. I think the acting is just fine. Sugar Ray Leonard seems to be relaxed and to be a very effective presenter in terms of speaking through a camera to the folks at home. As for his kid, he seems very kidlike to me, and that's the quality that you want.

JULIUS "DR. J" ERVING WITH BILL "DR. C" COSBY FOR COCA-COLA



EBERT: I like this a whole lot. It's charming, it has a funny idea and some wit behind it. Erving and Cosby are effective salesmen here: They're having fun and enjoying themselves on behalf of a silly product. I mean, despite what Coca-Cola believes, when it produces commercials showing a Coke bottle with all of America behind it, the stuff doesn't make for profound subject matter. But this ad makes me feel good about Coke and about the two doctors. SISKEL: You obviously have two very

appealing guys up there. Dr. J seems a little uncomfortable-he forgets to look at

Cosby when he's speaking—but I realize that this isn't a natural setting for him. I have a hunch that if they tried it a couple more times, the spot could have kicked into higher gear. As it stands, it's a great B commercial; but I know that within these two guys, an A commercial exists. I suggest that Coke use them again.

BODYBUILDER LORI BOWEN WITH RODNEY DANGERFIELD FOR LITE BEER FROM MILLER



SISKEL: First of all, any commercial with Rodney Dangerfield is going to work. At the same time, I must tell you that I really enjoy hearing Lori Bowen's Southern voice. Commercials are-as are the national media-dominated by Midwestern and Eastern Seaboard voices. What's refreshing about this commercial is her accent, which makes me think of Sissy Spacek's or Debra Winger's. I have good feelings toward that voice of hers, even though I had never heard of her before seeing this spot.

EBERT: It's funny and effective. But if you're going to have a woman bodybuilder as an endorser, you're going to have a lot of curiosity among the folks at home as to what her body looks like. The commercial doesn't go far enough in using her raw materials. It should have been shot in a tropical-resort setting, where it would be natural for her to wear a top that allowed us to see her arms. In this commercial, putting a long-sleeved blouse on Bowen is the equivalent of putting a mask on Dangerfield's face. Unlike you, Gene, I do know who Bowen is. I have seen pictures of her without her shirt on, and she has a fabulous body that looks not at all freakish. Therefore, the spot would have worked better if we'd been able to see her muscles.

I think that we can safely say that this PLAYBOY round table is now concluded on a typical note-a discussion of whether or not the girl should take off her shirt.



"Even if you live with another person, if you're in flames, you still may have to douse yourself out."

a big-city garbage guy? Cleanest guy in the room. Immaculate fingernails, no crumbs in his beard. If you eat in a lot of restaurants, you may not have garbage.

So get down for garbage.

FIDELITY

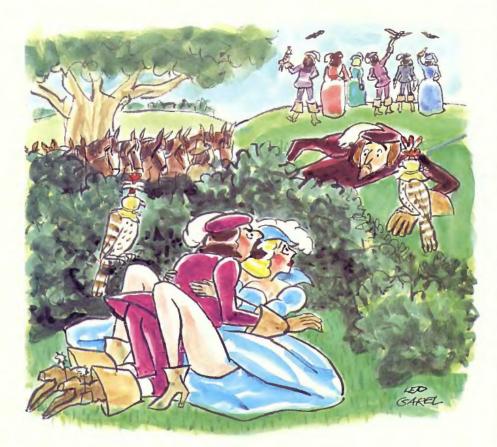
There's been a lot written about how having a couple of affairs now and then can ventilate a relationship; you return home as a richer and less tense person, passing on to the O.P. such benefits as little breathing and tickling tricks. A quick tumble with an old cheerleader friend. A meaningless romp with a roomful of hookers. But it just isn't so. A good rule is to bite the bullet and put the tension into the relationship. A person who is seething with a need to have an affair can make a spirited and fascinating companion. And besides, not having affairs will put you right in step with the religious fervor that's sweeping the nation.

Take the long view. After all, once you've rolled around with some hot little junior exec, what are you really left with except some pathetic memories of how nice it was and how you'd like to do it again as fast as possible? And what is that, really, in the great spectrum of experience? Better to slink home and face life the way it really is. And it's less expensive.

doesn't mean you've forfeited all right to privacy. The O.P. has every right to a little, too. These periods are terribly important. How else can you build the strength to go on living together? And lack of space is no excuse. Even in a tiny apartment, a small space can always be cordoned off, with a canvas thrown over the privacy seeker, if necessary. In an emergency, you or the O.P. can sit in the building lobby.

Respect that privacy, too. It won't do to stand around with folded arms, saying,

TRUST The other side of fidelity. If the O.P. expresses a need for a little fresh air, there's no reason to have that individual tracked with advanced laser devices to see if something's amiss. Upon the O.P.'s return, a few sharp questions will let you know if there's been any fooling around. PRIVACY The fact that you're living with someone



"I'd appreciate it, Sir Guy, if you would mind your own falcon business!"

Let them happen. They are an essential part of living together. Of course, there is no need to let them get out of hand and turn into a whole burning-bed scene. A little light verbal abuse can often get you by very nicely. And it's essential to put an end to the hostilities before bedtime. In that way, you can be fresh and rested for another go, first thing in the morning.

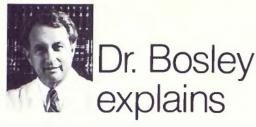
Just because you live with someone, it does not mean that you own that individual. Let's say you're in the mood for an evening of oral sex. The O.P. may feel like only a couple of hours' worth. These things happen. There may have been a death in the family. Or a graphically depicted famine on TV. Again, we're talking about a separate individual whose sensual needs may diverge from yours. There will be a time when the O.P. will simply not want to impersonate an accident victim. Or dress up as Madam Curie. Don't just storm out, saying, "No nipple torture tonight? Fine. But there are plenty of fish in the sea." Be patient. With a little tact and understanding, you'll get your Curie freak-out.

DON'T ASSUME ANYTHING

A wise rule in the great game of living together. Let's say you're down with the flu. Reason dictates that the O.P. will fluff up your pillows and bring you buckets of tea. Don't count on it. Though worthy and humanistic in other areas, the O.P. may simply not like sick people. This same individual may be a generous contributor to dengue-fever research-and at the same time prefer not to be around dengue-fever victims. The same principle holds true when you're on fire. The O.P. may not be able to offer assistance. Indeed, the O.P. may be just as wrecked as you are. It's a sad and ironic fact that even if you live with another person, if you're in flames, you still may have to douse yourself out.

IS IT WORTH IT?

Living together, finally, requires enormous patience and selflessness on the part of at least one individual. Someone is always trying to squirm out of the arrangement. And it's tremendously expensive, because of duplication. You're liable to come home with a Toyota only to find that the O.P. has already bought one. The same for mouthwash. But is it worth it? Absolutely. No longer will you find yourself hollering your grievances and betrayals to the four walls. The O.P. will be right there beside you, recording your dissatisfactions, so that they will not be lost to future generations. In turn, the O.P. will receive the richest of rewards: a chance to see and hear the real you. That alone should make it worth the trip.



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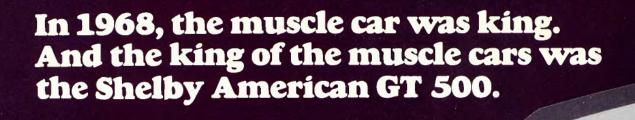
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"Model Car Handbook"—a stepby-step guide that gives you hands-on advice and building tips—sort of like having an experienced chief mechanic at your elbow as you assemble your GT 500.

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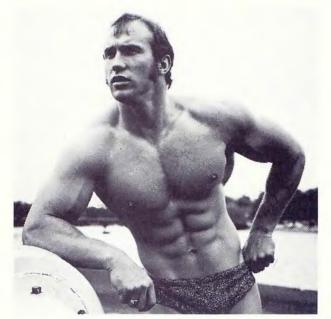
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It's easier than you think.

Read on...then send for your FREE PACKET now!

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Let's face it. There's not a guy alive who doesn't want a great build. Trouble is, it's easy to get busy with a job or school and think, "I'll go to the gym next week." But it's trouble to take time out. You've got to set aside X amount of time — and you're busy.

BUILD YOUR BODY AT HOME THIS EASY WAY!

That's right -- in the privacy of your home.

The answer is Universal Bodybuilding's easy "3 Muscle-Pumping Workouts A Week" way. Simple as 1 - 2 - 3. And the great news is, you can use weights or not. Whichever you prefer. Yet you get the same great results.

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WATCH HOW SUDDENLY YOU SEE A "NEW YOU" IN YOUR MIRROR!

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"Perhaps more frightening, however, is the specter of untrained and virtually uneducated spies."

being denied life insurance. In his own case, Koch had tried and tried to find out why but had run into a great deal of trouble. This is from the Congressional Record, October 17, 1974:

I finally was able to secure an offthe-record statement from an individual who had solicited the account. He said, "Well, we have information in our records that ten years ago you had cancer."

I said, "Well, that is very interesting, but I am not aware of it." I asked what the nature of this cancer was. The records showed it was leukemia. I asked, "Where did you get that information?" The company indicated they had obtained it from a neighbor . . . and finally they agreed that the information that had been provided them had been given mali-

Are we being asked to believe that a respectable insurance company would actually send someone out to collect malicious gossip about us from our disgruntled neighbors?

No. Of course not. Insurance companies hire Equifax to do that kind of work.

Equifax, formerly the Retail Credit Company, is an 85-year-old firm that investigates people for a fee, usually about seven dollars, and prepares a report. You've probably heard of this sort of thing: You apply for life insurance and little mechanical people with feelers come around asking silly questions of your neighbors. Well, those little people work for Equifax, which Forbes magazine has called "the insurance industry's CIA." It would be wrong to say Equifax has a monopoly on what's called consumer investigations. However, it would also be wrong to say IBM has a monopoly on computers. The U.S. Government, in a report on privacy, singled out Equifax as "the industry giant." Equifax also happens to be second only to TRW in preparing credit reports (which, you'll remember, deal only in what you've borrowed and how promptly you've paid and do not contain malicious gossip, only occasional misinformation).

Equifax presents the frightening specter of highly trained spies using their finely honed skills to pry into your private affairs. Perhaps more frightening, however, is the specter of untrained and virtually uneducated spies, unburdened by any skills whatsoever, blundering around in your private affairs. And while it's difficult to say which would be worse, the latter is

far closer to reality than the former. The Privacy Protection Study Commission described qualifications for becoming an Equifax spy: "An individual need only have a high school diploma and a car.' And at least one report said the diploma was optional.

Equifax has branch offices in every major city in the United States. The one I saw was a large room with a low ceiling that made everyone stoop a bit. Lined with desks and telephones, the room was illuminated by fluorescent lights and manned by-would it be fair to characterize them as little mechanical men with feelers? No, it would not; they looked like people who had failed in the used-car business interspersed with people who had not yet gotten their first real job. They sat working over forms that asked for the most personal sort of information.

When I walked in unannounced and started pawing through stacks of claim forms, no one in the office seemed the least bit concerned that I was violating someone's privacy. Most of the forms I saw there concerned investigations of people who had filed a claim for death benefits. Other Equifax forms I obtained through the Federal Government, however, contained this category:

B. Hallucinogenic drugs

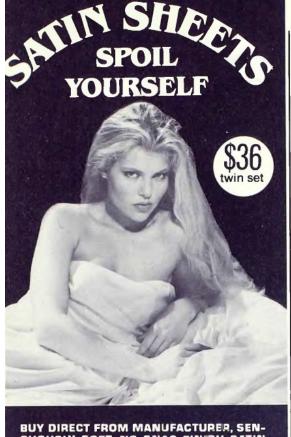
- (1) LSD, etc.
 - (a) Regular, extensive user
 - (b) Occasional use
 - (c) Former experimentation

Equifax prepares the large majority of its reports for insurance companies but also does investigations for employers who wish to check on applicants for jobs. An Equifax investigator, in other words, may be the critical element in whether or not you get your next insurance policy or job.

Question: How does he (armed with



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Add 61/2% Sales Tax for California Residents Karess Inc., 6117 Reseda Blvd., Reseda, CA 91335 nothing more than a high school diploma and a car) tell if you're on LSD?

According to the Federal Trade Commission (FTC), the average Equifax report takes eight to 16 minutes to prepare. That supposedly includes judgments on your reputation, financial status, criminal tendencies, the neatness of your front yard, your character, sexual preferences, drinking habits and state of health, to name just a few. It should also include, according to a company handbook, a determination of whether or not you are engaged in drug traffic ("definite suspicion" is one category), rodeo or moral turpitude characterized by "indiscriminate associates." And, of course, the LSD question.

The average Equifax investigator is burdened with a production quota equal to about 23 cases a day and has only three to six hours on the street each day to gather the information that will go into his

reports.

Is Big Brother watching you? Let's see. The National Cancer Institute (NCI) hired Equifax in an attempt to locate certain people for follow-up research. NCI let a contract worth \$3,300,000 to Equifax. Although officers of the Cancer Institute weren't aware of it, the FTC had filed a complaint against Equifax. But that wasn't why the Cancer Institute canceled its contract.

Equifax would report back that a person was 'last known to be living in a nursing home in St. Louis' or 'thought to have died.' This was of no assistance in helping us locate the person," said the Cancer Institute's spokesman.

Equifax has just such a fact-filled file on one out of every four Americans. And for about seven dollars (free if you've recently been refused credit), it will provide yours. If it produces prattle like that for \$3,300,000, imagine what you get for seven dollars. Most of us are inclined to believe that people who keep files on us must check their facts or that, at the very least, they must let us inspect our file and change what is incorrect. Most of us, in other words, are hopelessly naïve.

First of all, it's not likely that you will even get to see your file. Secondly, no matter how careful Equifax is in checking its facts, insurance companies, Equifax' largest clients, are not interested in hearing that you are a model citizen. If you are a model citizen and your report says so, your file will probably be destroyed in a short time, a year or so. If your report contains something derogatory, it will probably be kept. For as long as ten years.

In defending his position that many reports must contain derogatory information, the chairman of Equifax told the Privacy Protection Study Commission, "We know the social behavior of our population is not improving that much. . . . We know that if [an investigator] works intelligently and carefully and conscientiously . . . he is going to develop a rather substantial amount of information that we term as pertinent." Meaning derogatory.

The Equifax "Branch Manager's Manual" states, "Actionable Information: This is the basis on which we sell our services. . . . Insurance companies must have information to properly rate each acceptable risk, as well as to decline or cancel the 'poor risk.'

The FTC found that Equifax audited itself for the percentage of damaging information that was being submitted. Managers of branch offices producing more bad news would receive more bonus money. There was a point system whereby an investigator would get ten points for saying you were "grossly fat" and five points for saying you were "slightly overweight." In a pre-employment report, an investigator would receive as many as ten points for getting two sources to say you lacked ambition and zero to four points for only one source. If the investigator said you were "not loval" to your country, he would get ten points. A "known friendliness or allegiance to country with opposing ideology" would count for eight to ten.

Thomas Whiteside, who investigated Equifax for The New Yorker when the Government became interested in the company, told me, "The problem remains today. The incentive is there to get more business, and so there are going to be more inquiries. [Equifax investigators] are poorly paid, they're badly harried, they're very nervous and they're told they've got to come up with that information. The problem will not go away."

Equifax maintains a staff of 8500 investigators nationwide making about 200,000 reports daily. That's about 52,000,000 reports a year. From one leap year to the next, Equifax could produce a report on every man, woman and child in the U.S. An FTC spokesman said, "The real disagreement between the FTC and Equifax is what you call the system, not that it exists.

The spokesman meant the Equifax quota system, by which an investigator is expected to make meaningful, thorough reports on 23 individuals a day and is given three to six hours in which to make them (the rest of his typical eight-hour day is taken up with paperwork). Furthermore, he is allowed only 125 miles of fully reimbursed driving a day, and he must either type all his own reports or dictate them and pay a typist. He is penalized if he works overtime. He is given a bonus if he completes more reports.

In the face of threats or orders from the FTC, Equifax has now backed away from its policy of giving investigators such clear incentives as it used to for the amount of bad news they produce. But the company's output per investigator remains the same, and there have been no technical or biological advances that make it any easier to be in 23 places at once.

To illustrate how investigators cope

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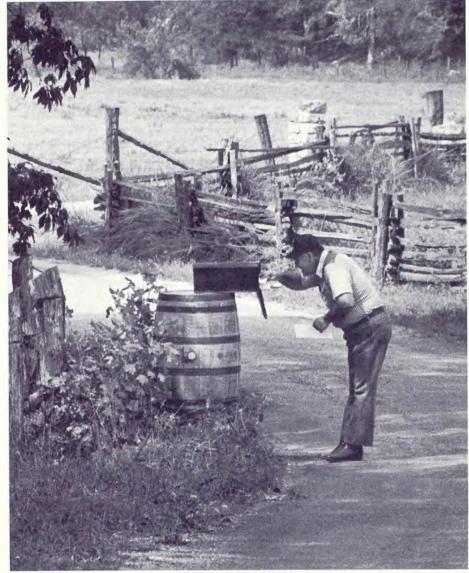
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becue grills to living room chairs. They do have hundreds of uses, these old barrels. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll know the most important use of all.



with the pressures to produce, a witness before the Senate Committee on Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs described an Equifax practice called zinging. "A zing means you do nothing," the former investigator said. "You do not contact the investigatee. One does not go out on the street...he utilizes whatever information was supplied by the insurance company and, it's hoped, looks up the insured in the phone book to assure that he lives there; then you just fill in the form."

This investigator said one report "cited a source at a certain address which turned out to be a parking lot." He also described an investigator who "zinged a report on an individual who was no longer living. Such practices are flagrant violations of corporate policy, but they apparently do occur."

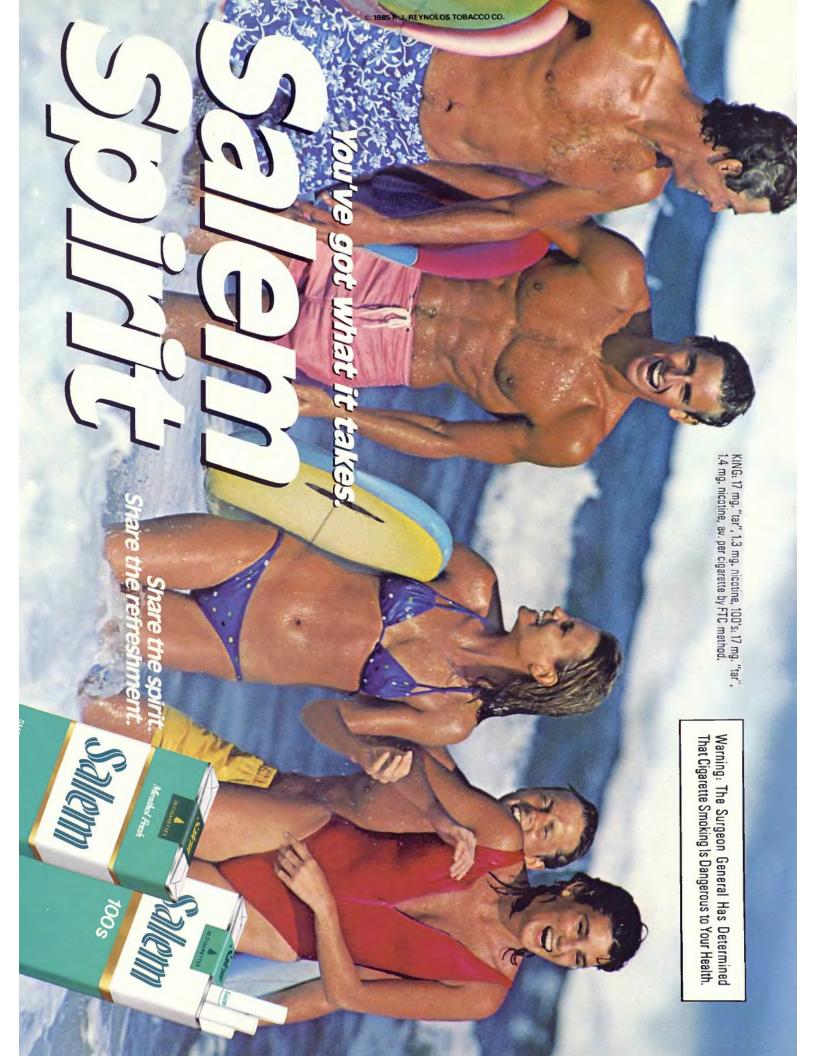
Is Big Brother watching you? No, he doesn't have the time. But he is filling out forms about you, and even if he happens to be 99 percent right, that means that erroneous Equifax dossiers are assembled on about 500,000 people each year. And unlike the Yugoslavs, Equifax investigators will not repair your falling plaster while they're spying on you.

Equifax is not alone. Nor is it necessarily the most dangerous commercial agency of privacy invasion. The Wackenhut Corporation-well known for its rent-acop operations at airports and rock concerts-is the third-largest private security company in the U.S. Wackenhut performs its investigations for employers who wish to know more about job applicants. So where does Wackenhut get its information? The company bought a list of subversives known as the Barz Lag List (Barz Lag was a retired Navy officer who spent his time culling names from the House of Representatives Internal Security Committee hearings). Then Wackenhut emplovees scanned the news for individuals to add to the list. Anyone deemed politically suspicious to Wackenhut clippers was put on file. Then they indexed this master list, patterned on the FBI's own classifications-by individual and by subject matter.

According to the Privacy Protection Study Commission, "Wackenhut donated the list to the Church League of America, a political group that claims to hold 'the largest and most comprehensive files on subversive activity, with the single exception of the FBI.' Today Wackenhut continues to use the Church League files. . . . Presumably, when Wackenhut needs that type of information, the Church League supplies it. And with that list, a quick search could be conducted to keep political radicals out of the work force in America. In fact, Wackenhut conceived of a central data bank for employers from which they could instantly screen anyone to see if he were involved in "various types



"It's your mother, better known to the world of Latin scholarship as old coitus interruptus."



of criminal as well as subversive activities." Fortunately, the plan was abandoned for lack of employer interest.

Wackenhut and its fellow security companies can get information on us from almost anywhere it's kept. One firm's list of sources-suggested places for its investigators to look first-includes banks, schools, law-enforcement agencies, HEW, the IRS, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the drugenforcement agencies and even the Postal Service. Information from these sources is generally confidential, but "private investigative agencies are able to circumvent authorization procedures," said one Government report. One way to do that is to hire former police or Government employees.

A Rand Corporation researcher who studied investigative agencies says that executives of those agencies readily admit that they get confidential law-enforcement information even when it is illegal to do so. They may also obtain information from credit bureaus, such as Dun & Bradstreet and TRW, and from Equifax itself. Employees of Wackenhut are instructed not to reveal such sources when they exist, and so it would be impossible, say, for you to trace a mistake from your Wackenhut file back to an error originally made by an Equifax sleuth.

Of course, since those are both dossiers that you have no legal right to inspect, that's a rather academic concern, isn't it?

One of the most peculiar elements of privacy protection in America is that the individual-the victim, as it wereappears to have so few rights. Almost anyone can see his file except him. The Fair Credit Reporting Act (FCRA), just about your only protection when it comes to little mechanical people with feelers, says that Wackenhut or TRW or Equifax or any business like them must "clearly and accurately disclose to the consumer the nature and substance of all information (except medical information) in its files on the consumer at the time of the request." (This does not apply if you are filing an insurance claim.)

Here's how one consumer-investigation agency, O'Hanlon Reports, interpreted the law in its handbook for branch-office managers:

The important thing is to NEVER check the files in the presence of the consumer . . . prior to the time of your appointment with the consumer, you will have received the Statement of Disclosure from the Home Office. . . . You are not to show anything or acknowledge that you have anything other than the Statement of Disclosure.

Actual disclosure will be accomplished by reading the Statement of Disclosure to the consumer. The Statement is to be read word for word at your normal reading speed. It is not to be read slow enough for anyone to copy down word for word, nor is it to be read so fast that the consumer will not understand what you were saying. Part or all of the Statement of Disclosure may be reread if the consumer indicates he did not understand what you were telling him. The consumer and/or the person with him may not have a copy of the Statement, nor may they be allowed to read the Statement or touch it.

Unless you live in Oklahoma, where a state law requires that you be given a copy of a report on you before anyone else sees it, you are out of luck. The FCRA was written to protect the consumer. But it was subjected to major changes as a result of three years of intensive insurance-company lobbying in Washington.

The Privacy Protection Study Commission said, "Perhaps the most blatant weakness in the FCRA is the impracticality of its provisions aimed at giving an individual a way of getting inaccurate, incomplete or obsolete information in an investigative report corrected, amended or deleted. . . . Requiring that the 'nature and substance' of a report be revealed to the individual effectively deprives him of his corresponding right to challenge its content." The commission called the FCRA "much less effective protection for the individual consumer than he needs" and

said it had concluded "that additional legislative action is clearly needed."

Nothing has been done. The insurance lobby is too strong.

Worse yet is the situation with medical information. When you sign the form at the bottom of an application for insurance, you waive your claim to the confidentiality of your doctor-patient relationship. Anyone with an old Xerox of that form can request and get your medical records from your doctor, psychiatrist, hospital or other institution. And there's no time limit. There are almost 7000 hospitals in the United States. According to an Equifax manual on insurance claims, Equifax agents can get medical records from all but 1200. Among private investigators, those 1200 have a reputation as "problem hospitals" because they try to keep medical records confidential.

Adding insult to injury is the fact that the law does not recognize your right to see your own medical records. The belief seems to be that, in the first place, you will not be able to understand the contents and, in the second place, you may be so alarmed by what you find that you will drop dead on the spot. What to tell the public has always been a question in service organizations. Should the doctor tell you that you have cancer? Should the airline pilot tell you that the plane is on fire? Should Equifax tell you that you were turned down for a job because you told your psychiatrist that you believed that a



"I don't want to carp, folks, but I think I'm floundering!"



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member of your company's board of directors didn't exist-a Mr. John R. Parsons?

Law and legal opinion on privacy reflect the traditional notions of liberty, selfdetermination and the sanctity of the individual. But those old-fashioned ideals have become virtually outmoded by the complexity of modern society and by the general unwillingness of individuals to do anything to protect themselves.

What do you know about your right to privacy? Does it mean that you can strip down to your suntan and go skinnydipping in the woods? Or does it mean that no one can read your mail? If a policeman asks you for identification, must you show it to him? Do you have a legally protected right to loaf?

In fact, you are legally protected while skinny-dipping. Most people think it's against the law to open first-class mail. No, it's only against the law for a Federal agent to read first-class mail. There is no law against opening it. On the other hand, a 1983 Supreme Court decision made it illegal for police to stop you and ask for identification without a clear reason to believe that you're committing a crime. And Justice William O. Douglas, in concurring with the Supreme Court's decision to legalize abortion in 1973, enumerated three areas in which individual privacy was protected. One, he wrote, "is the freedom to care for one's health and person, freedom from bodily restraint or compulsion, freedom to walk, stroll or loaf."

In many transactions today, however, you are able to present yourself only by proxy-by that phantom self, your record, that follows you throughout your life. But let's say that your record contains an error. Typically, you discover the error in your record when you are least disposed to deal with it properly. Put upon by adversity or crisis, you must let the error stand while you cope with the more urgent needs of the moment. And often, by the time you get around to addressing the problem of inaccuracies in your file, it is too late. The damage has been done. The file has multiplied out of control. Or your psychic energy has been drained away.

Indeed, most people never have to think about the system until it goes awry and the record comes back to haunt them.

Although we call ourselves civilized, we have not come so very far from the forest. The gun on the hip of the man in the uniform is evidence enough. It is a symbol of our collective suspicion. This same distrust has been elevated to a high level of sophistication: In our day-to-day dealings with one another, we are suspect until we give proof. Our character must be given an official stamp of approval before it can be trusted. No, the Government doesn't require that we carry identity cards. But the Government hasn't had to require it. We require it of one another. We no longer

want to know the person; we have become our records.

The only way out of the nightmare is through knowledge. But it must be equally distributed. We must have the same right to know about ourselves as others have to know about us. And if laws are made, we should have an equal opportunity to know about them. As the system is now, people have no idea what rights they're giving up when they sign forms allowing others to investigate them. The signature on a credit-card or an insurance application can work like a forced confession.

The answer is simple. There are three parts to it: First, you should be able to call up your records (any records-criminal, tax, credit-bureau, bank, school, and so on) as quickly and as easily as "they" can. That means that computer terminals, much like electronic bank tellers, must be provided for public use (or, far easier, access through your personal computer). There you can call up your records in an instant, putting you on an equal footing with those who collect data about you. You should have the same right to alter and edit your record as anyone else has. A computer system could easily keep track of your alterations and the original record at the same time, but at least you'd be able to put in your two cents' worth.

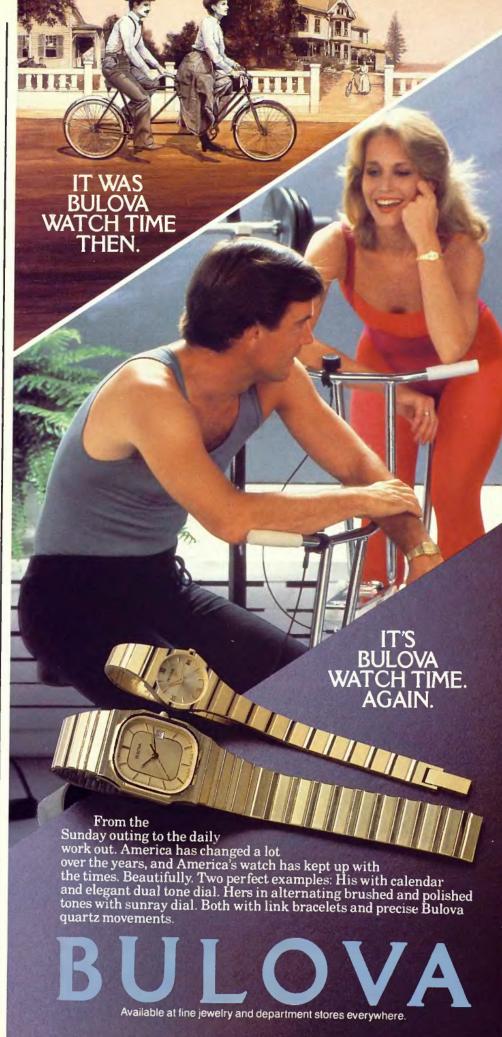
Second, perhaps equally important, your records—all records—should be automatically destroyed after a certain length of time; about six months for routine business records.

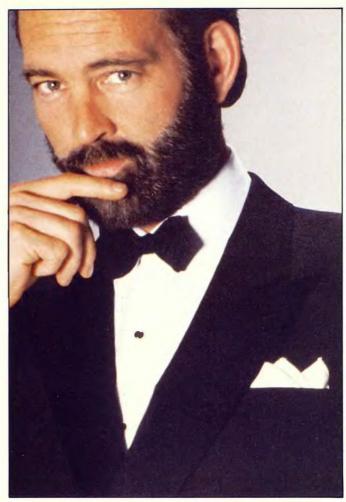
Third, only what is absolutely necessary for serving you, the consumer, should be requested when organizations collect data on you. (Numbers, such as Social Security, are not necessary for identifying you, not even for the sake of computers.)

In the exhibit of the 1455 Gutenberg Bible in the Library of Congress, there is a plaque that says:

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE IS THE FIRST GREAT BOOK PRINTED IN EUROPE FROM MOVABLE TYPE. IT IS THEREFORE A MONUMENT WHICH MARKS A TURNING POINT IN THE ART OF BOOKMAKING, AND CONSEQUENTLY IN THE TRANSITION FROM THE MIDDLE AGES TO THE MODERN WORLD. THROUGH THE INVENTION OF PRINTING IT BECAME POSSIBLE FOR THE ACCUMULATED KNOWLEDGE OF THE HUMAN RACE TO BECOME THE COMMON PROPERTY OF EVERY MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO READ—AN IMMENSE FORWARD STEP IN THE EMANCIPATION OF THE HUMAN MIND.

The same might be said of the accumulated knowledge of the great filing systems kept by Equifax, TRW, Wackenhut, our various governments, schools, hospitals, insurance companies, and so on. But the remarks about the Bible leave out an important chapter in the history of movable type, that chapter in which books were the exclusive province of the ruling class—a step in the oppression, not the emancipation, of the human mind.



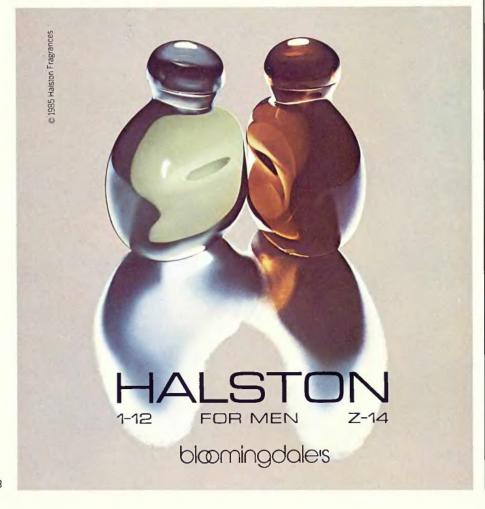


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TOM WATSON

(continued from page 149) a matter of whether or not it was going to stay in. It did.

10.

PLAYBOY: Does the pressure increase when you're playing a tournament and you hear applause from somewhere else on the golf course, from another player's gallery? warson: Only in the last round of a championship or on the last nine holes does it really affect me. A lot of times, people don't really know what to clap for. Golf is certainly not like any other game. The only perfect shot is the one that goes into the hole. That's why you see so much putting on television. There are different ways of looking at other shots. The most knowledgeable golf galleries are those in Scotland and England. No question. Most people over there understand golf whether or not they play it.

11.

PLAYBOY: You have won the British Open five times. Do you feel a special affinity for that island where the game has its roots? WATSON: When you play in Scotland or England, you're playing on what some people say is hallowed ground. Plus, the history of the game is part of my life, because when I was growing up, my dad talked about it and I read books about it.

When I first went over there, I didn't like the condition of the golf courses. The grounds definitely come more into play. The greens are firm and the ground is firm and you have to invent more shots. You have to run the ball. It's more of a challenge than picking a club for yardage and then merely playing that club for yardage on a soft wet course. At first, I didn't like the luck of the bounce. Now I think it's the ultimate in the game.

12.

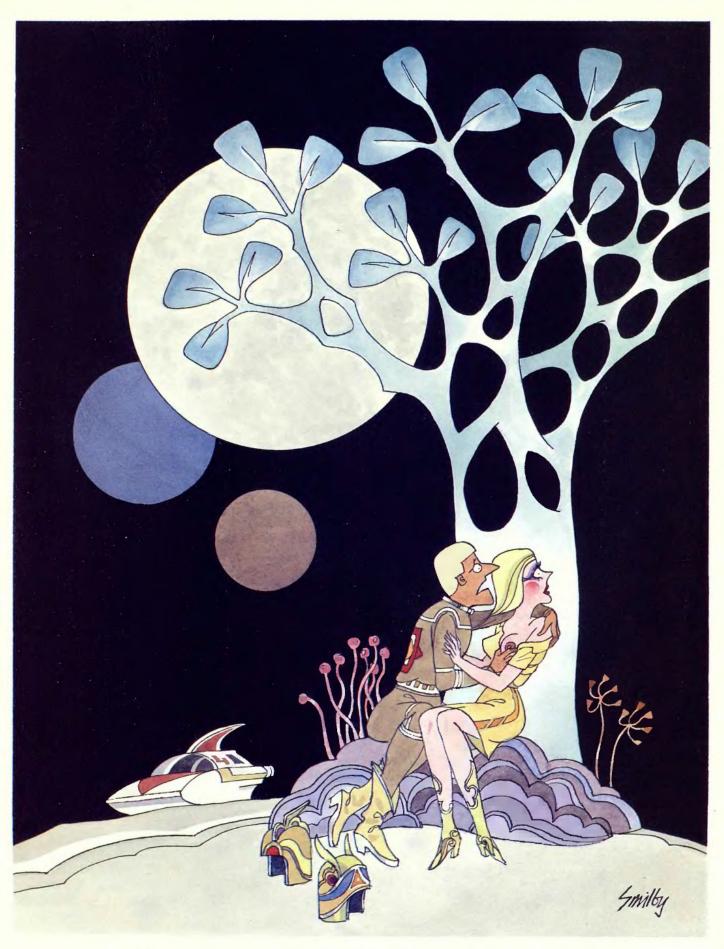
PLAYBOY: Do you keep your eye on the ball or do you have something more important to do when you're playing a shot?

warson: I've looked at the ball for 30 years now, and I have a pretty good idea of what it's like. The important thing is the lie: How is the ball sitting on the ground when you're on the fairway or in the rough? When you get grass between the club base and the ball, it makes the ball go farther and takes the spin off it.

An accomplished golfer is basically instinctual. The player who has too many thoughts gets confused and gets hung up mechanically. If you've got tense muscles, you can't swing the club as fast as you can when you're relaxed and can use your hands and arms to release a really tremendous amount of speed in the club head.

13.

PLAYBOY: Choking—falling apart on the course—is the bane of the professional



"For gosh sakes, Linzi, your mother's six and a half light-years away."

golfer. Are there any techniques you use to keep going when the going gets tough? watson: I have to make sure that I get a full breath. That's why sometimes you'll see me yawning on the course in the middle of a competition.

The most effective way to deal with stress is to do something well. In the 1982 U.S. Open, I was under tremendous pressure for the first 13½ holes. On the 14th, I made a putt and it was the shot that did it. It wasn't some mental trick I could bring about to reduce the pressure.

14.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with the irritation of the occasional imperfect shot?

WATSON: Every golfer has a temper. It's an intrinsic part of every game. But you have to be controlled. You vent your anger. Count down. Temper is fine on the golf course as long as you don't let it get out of hand and don't start cartwheeling and

helicoptering golf clubs into the gallery.

15.

PLAYBOY: You have a reputation for particularly fast play. Do you ever tell yourself to slow down a bit?

watson: I've always been a fast player with a fast swing. But that's my nature on the golf course. If I tried to slow down and play at the same speed as Nicklaus, I probably wouldn't be able to break 80.

16.

PLAYBOY: You score well in weather that would keep most people indoors. Are you trying to inject a *macho* element into golf? WATSON: It's just the challenge of it. I was at Pebble Beach and played in a 50-mile-an-hour wind with rain. You can't see; the rain hurts your eyes. It's going into your ears. You have to invent some type of shots to play golf that way. I hit one of the great shots of my career from about 50 feet away from the hole. How do you judge a shot

with a 50-mile-an-hour wind? I played a 20-foot break; the ball went up; it just went straight down about a foot from the hole. People ask what you're doing out there under those conditions. It's the supreme challenge, and I love it.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever play a relaxing round with friends for a dollar Nassau? WATSON: I'd guess that most people play for something. I don't care if they're 100 shooters and it's a dime or a nickel or whatever. Then there's something on the line to keep your interest. Golf is a very clear-cut sport: You can play one on one or two on two. You can play a two- or a fourball match, a threesome or a foursome. But basically, it gets down to you against the golf course.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do M.D.s call in the middle of the night and ask you to cure their slices? WATSON: You get to the point where you're called in your hotel room three or four times a night by fans. They want to know what to do about their slice. They want to get together for a drink. Obviously, you have to acknowledge that well-wishing, but the machinery gets too clogged up with incidentals. You need a buffer.

19.

PLAYBOY: Ever invite a top woman golfer to play a round?

warson: No. I grew up a male chauvinist as far as what boys do with girls. Women golfers are not as strong and they can't hit the ball as far. A guy's drive averages something like 45 yards longer than a woman's. There are some women who play very well around the greens. But even there you need some type of hand strength, and a lot of women don't have that.

20.

PLAYBOY: Jocks often tout the spiritual benefits of their particular sport. Would you give us a pep talk?

warson: Golf is a test of character. I've seen businessmen who I thought were very, very good people get on the golf course and it's a Jekyll and Hyde situation. They get very angry at themselves. You've never heard them swear, but all of a sudden, every other word is a swearword. I've played with certain amateurs who cheat, break the rules or don't even know the rules. That gives you a pretty good indication of what that person is like off the course, too. If you kick a ball out of a bad lie, you may cheat at other things, too. Could be the IRS. Or your wife.

I would love to see every kid in the world get out on a golf course and learn to play. It's a fair game. There's one set of rules. Learn those rules and play by them. Video games develop skills, but golf develops character.

X



"As I understand the Constitution, the President is not empowered to take us into war. He is permitted only to involve us inextricably in hostile actions."

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When Direct Response, Inc. started looking for a radar detector to offer our customers, we went to the experts first: car magazines.

Their opinion was nearly unanimous. Motor Trend, Auto-

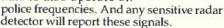
week, and BMW Roundel had all recently completed independent, comprehensive tests of all the leading radar detectors. And all had picked a winner: the Whistler Spectrum. Motor Trend said "The Whistler Spectrum resides at the top of the list. A world-class radar detector."

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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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Unfortunately, the FCC authorizes some security systems and traffic signals to also operate on



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

"I was furious with Herbert, but that was typical of him, manipulating people like chess pawns."

just once, "Fuck you, asshole!" but he was Mr. Charm. An excellent actor. He'd just smile at someone, make him believe he was the most important and wonderful human on earth, and afterward he'd ask me, "What was that guy's name?"

Tell us about the early days, when you met each other.

I was going to Palm Beach Junior College and sharing a trailer with my brother. I'd seen Herbert at a few parties, we'd got on well, liked each other, and that was as far as it went. I had a boyfriend and Herbert was living with a girl. I refused to date him while we were both attached. Contrary to my public image, if you can call it that, I was never a great believer in two men at once—

Six or seven at a time, maybe?

Right! A football team! Girls, animals, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, OK, but never just two. But when I met Herbert, we had other people in our lives.

I'd planned to tell my boyfriend.

What about Herbert and his girlfriend?

They'd just come back from a safari in
Kenya. She'd fallen in love with the place

and wanted to live there, so his plan was to send her back to Africa and give her some money to find a house for them both and he'd follow later.

Did you drive her to the airport?

No! Herbert did. The night before she left, he gave her a farewell party at a restaurant he owned in Palm Beach. I was sitting at the bar, having a quiet drink and wondering why my boyfriend, who was with Herbert at a table, kept giving me filthy looks. Then he suddenly came over to the bar, grabbed me and said, "Come on, we're getting out of here." Ugly scene, very embarrassing. We drove to his place and he was shouting, "You've been fucking Pete Pulitzer; he says you're planning to go out together. He told me the whole story." OK, our plan to go out together was true, but we most certainly had not slept together. I was furious with Herbert, but that was typical of him, manipulating people like chess pawns.

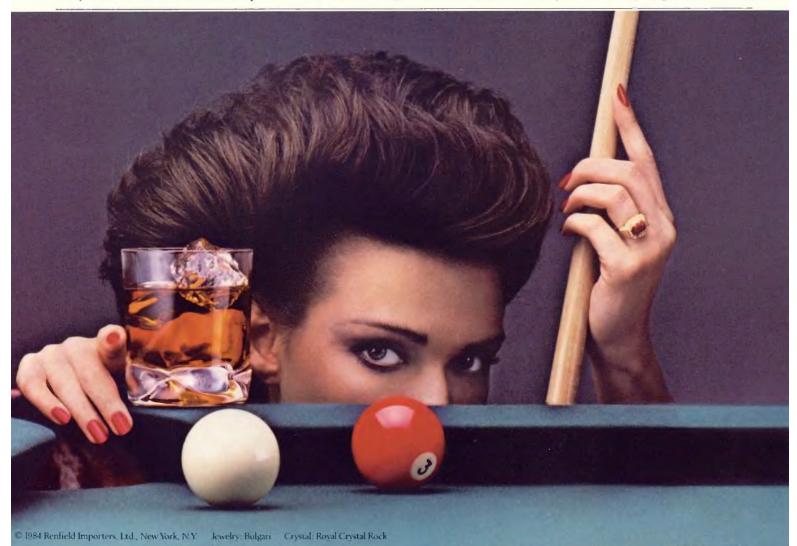
Why didn't your boyfriend punch him in the nose?

Are you kidding? He was Herbert's

insurance man! You think he was about to throw up all that business-those big hotels and what not? Herbert was his Fort Knox. To cut a long and sordid story short, we agreed to go out with each other once we were free. When I was staying with my mom in New York, Herbert called and asked me to have dinner with him at the Howard Johnson's he owned in Miami. You can guess what happened. I ended up staying the night; we slept together for the first time. I flew up to my mom's the next day. Herbert went fishing in the Bahamas. He called me every day, then sent his plane to pick me up, and I flew down and joined him in the islands. For the next six and a half years, except for one night when he went to Europe for a conference, we didn't spend a single night apart.

And the wedding was six months later?

Herbert asked me to meet him at the Fort Lauderdale airport with a limo and two bottles of champagne, because he said he had some important things to discuss. He took a list out of his briefcase and started ticking off items: next week, hunting; move the boat to St. Augustine; fly to Europe; go to the ranch; take the boat to Daytona; fly to New York to meet your mother and stepfather; get married January 12. He said, "That's the plan; do you have any objections?" And,



of course, I didn't-I couldn't have been happier.

Out of the trailer and into the mansion. Sounds like Cinderella.

More like *The Story of O!* Or maybe a combination of *Emmanuelle* and *Debbie Does Dallas*. They were some of his favorite movies—mine, too, I must admit. We had them all in our collection. We belonged to an X-rated-movie club in West Palm. We had an enormous collection of pornography—thousands of dollars' worth of dirty books, magazines, movies, paraphernalia.

Paraphernalia?

Sure, you know, those silly gimmicks they sell in those stores. Vibrators, inflatable dolls, all kinds of weird gizmos—ridiculous things. We bought them as jokes. At Christmas, we used to exchange six-foot stockings stuffed with porn, gourmet foods, lotions, wine. Oh, God, those Christmas mornings! We'd do the tree, lay out the kids' presents, open the champagne and give each other the stockings, rolling around on the floor at five in the morning and laughing hysterically.

Have you kept the porn collection?

That's a sore point. Farish still has all of it. I keep ringing him to find out what he's done with it, but he won't return my calls.

The New York Post later published a headline saying you slept with a trumpet. Did you?

Trumpet? It was the whole fucking orchestra! OK, let's be serious. No, I've

never fucked a trumpet—in fact, I've never been musical. How would you fuck a trumpet? Very carefully, I imagine. Every time I remember that headline in the *Post*, I think about suing.

Why?

To begin with, it wasn't a trumpet; it was an aluminum cylindrical cone that was presented to Herbert when we attended a séance. Among spiritualists, it symbolizes the trumpet sounded by the archangel Michael.

But did you sleep with the trumpet? The world wants to know.

If you mean, did I use it in a sexual manner, my answer is, "Go fuck yourself." The trumpet was kept in a closet in my bedroom—the same closet that held all our porn and my entire wardrobe and also served as a repository for all our accumulated junk, his and mine. So, in a sense, you could say, yes, I slept with the trumpet, because the closet was in the bedroom. At the trial, the lawyers tried to get the thing a lot closer to my bed than it actually was. That's the trumpet story. But I'm still thinking about suing the Post.

How would you characterize the reporters who covered your trial—in one word?

Scum.

Care to enlarge on that?

Big pile of scum. They feed on tragedy, they wallow in it—and they can be such whining hypocrites. There were times at the trial when I'd see a reporter who'd written something truly disgusting and vicious and I'd want to wring his neck; then a couple of days later, he'd call up to apologize and ask for just one little interview to put things right. Just doing their job! I wish I hadn't given them so much help! But my great regret is that in presenting my case, I got down in the gutter instead of keeping my mouth shut.

Isn't it a bit late for regrets?

Definitely. My regrets, though, are about things that were told to me in confidence by Herbert and that I should not have repeated. But when I started getting scared about the possibility that I might lose Mac and Zac, I didn't think about it; I just got into the gutter with his lawyers and let it all rip. And I'm talking about important matters, deep, dark secrets, things from Herbert's childhood and his later life, things that should have remained between us no matter what. Those other issues—the cocaine, the marital misconduct—were trivial by comparison.

You're referring to the allegations about

incest?

I won't discuss that. Let's just say that, like so many of the accusations in that trial, incest is one of those things that belong in the family.

We won't touch that one. What was the most important issue to you in the trial?

Mac and Zac. The custody. I couldn't get it into my head that I might lose them, not even when I sat in the courtroom listening to the evidence. I knew I was not a lesbian; I knew I was not an alcoholic or a drug addict. I knew I was not an unfit mother. And I took it for granted that



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those were plain, straightforward facts and that when the trial was over, I'd be the custodial parent. Wrong!

You don't sound much like the woman described in the trial, who supposedly lived out all those strange sexual fantasies.

My fantasies involve a little of everything, but I'll tell you this: No fantasy—or experience, for that matter—includes one-night stands, or fuck-and-flees, as my girlfriends call them. I've never had a one-night stand. Not that they don't sound fascinating—stimulating, in fact. My problem is that I never get that physical, animal craving, that sudden lust that two strangers need when they meet and have the chance to carry it off. I get the mental input first, which is probably why I end up going out with some strange-looking people.

What made you decide to pose for PLAYBOY?

I wanted it to be a surprise for Herbert—he's been a subscriber for years. That's one reason.

Don't you think a lot of people will criticize you for posing?

I guess Herbert could say, "Look, she's everything I said at the trial—those terrible things were all true. Now she's got her clothes off in a magazine; she's a sex maniac." I guess he could take that approach, but it wouldn't be very honest if he did. I know what he thinks of my body.

Herbert *likes* me naked. I mean, you're talking about a man who liked taking me to bed at one o'clock every afternoon, rain or shine. "Hi, little fuck." I realize that some people will say, "Well, there you are; she's the shameless hussy they said," but I can't do anything about that, and I really don't give a damn what they might say.

I'll probably tell the boys before the magazine comes out, so they don't hear about it first at school, but they won't be surprised to see me with no clothes on. It certainly won't be the first time. I understand that some people lock themselves in lavatories and try to behave as though their bodies have no natural functions, but it was never that way in our house. All four of us got into the tub sometimes or showered together, and when the boys were younger, they used to touch my belly button and ask questions like "How did we

come out of that?" And I'd explain that they didn't and I'd tell them how they were born. That's probably why someone-a person who spends all day with an ear glued to Gospel programs-claimed that I behaved in a perverted fashion with the boys by running around in the nude and letting them fondle my body. That was an absurd and pathetic distortion of the facts, but I guess some peoplemaybe most-regard the body and its functions as unclean and disgusting. I don't. I don't believe in that unhealthy bullshit. I think our society is confused and stupid about this-we're all caught up in the same cycle of repression, guilt and shame. Well, fuck that. When we're all dead and gone, future generations will look back at us and our twisted mumbojumbo beliefs and say, "Oh, yes, they were the people who tortured anyone who was different."

You mentioned the allegations that you're a lesbian. Are you?

I hate even having to answer that, but no, and Herbert knew I wasn't a lesbian. I know I'm not. I simply prefer men. But I see nothing wrong with lesbians and I don't understand why other people do. At the trial, a lot was made of the accusation that I'd had a lesbian relationship with Jackie and that I'd offered to have an affair with Herbert's daughter Liza, from his previous marriage. Incredible! Liza and I were hardly friends, let alone lovers. When I was first with her father, she made it clear that I was an intruder in her relationship with him and that as far as she was concerned, she and I were engaged in a war that I could never win.

As to Jackie, she and I were extremely close friends. We met almost daily during the season, we shopped together, we were in and out of each other's houses, we'd talk for hours. We were practically the only people of our age in Palm Beach, at least among the group our husbands knew. She told me when we met that if I hung around with her, I'd get a reputation—but it didn't bother me. I hardly knew what lesbians were. I suppose I thought of them as big women who looked like men and wore combat boots, if I thought of them at all. But I liked Jackie, she was the best of company, and we had a lot in common.

Her husband was resentful of our friendship, I think, and a bit jealous of the time we spent together. What made it worse was the fact that if she got depressed and locked herself in her room, he'd have to call me over to the house to get her to come out again.

Would you describe your acceptance in Palm Beach society as immediate?

Hardly. We didn't get invitations to anything together until the day of the wedding, and then they started pouring in. Lunches for this, dinner for that. But it was hard for me to enjoy myself at a lot of those affairs because of the age difference—it was hard for me to be myself. Not that that stopped me from making Herbert choke on his champagne a few times.

How did you do that?

Oh, we'd be at some dinner and he'd be sitting at table 16 and I'd be at table three. I'd leave to go to the ladies' room, and on my way back, I'd catch his eye when nobody was looking and lift my dress up—flash him with a bit of leg or a boob, anything to make him laugh, especially when I didn't wear any underwear. I don't think he'll ever find anyone who makes him laugh as much as I did.

In many ways, you lived on the proceeds of a fortune that was built on tabloid journalism, the sort founded by the old man, Joseph Pulitzer, in the last century.

It's ironic, isn't it? I've never read anything about him, but I heard that he died all alone on a huge boat that he'd had soundproofed. His hearing had gone; he had no friends. It must have been a sad and lonely death. Herbert once told me he thought he'd probably die like that, alone.

But he has plenty of friends, doesn't he?

He likes to surround himself with people who have less than he's got, who are his inferiors, financially and mentally. They have to bow down to his opinion, even if they disagree.

Why?

So they can fly in his plane, go on the boat, stay at the ranch. He has to be number one, in control of all situations at all times. He won't do anything he's not good at, which was a source of considerable friction between us at times. I love to ski, for instance, but because he was no good at it, he'd say no to skiing.

Would you say he's a strong man?

He's a great manipulator; he's very good at what he does. He knows himself well, knows what works for him and what doesn't. He's got it down to a science. You have to respect that. He has a strong personality, but that doesn't make him a strong person. Once he sees a weakness in you, you've had it; he just bores in and tears you to shreds. But that's Mondaymorning-quarterback talk. Most of the time we had together was the happiest time of my life, and I believe it was for him, too. That's all over now, but I've had to pay a heavy price for fulfilling Herbert Pulitzer's deepest fantasies.



"When the male animal starts acting more like a vegetable, the answer may well be mineral."

little extra vitamin help. With the next cup, choose an item from the

CALM-THE-JAVA-JITTERS MENU

Peanut-raisin mix (high in B vitamins) Bran muffins with lots of apricots or raisins (B vitamins)

Fresh orange slices or strawberries (high

Of course, many people would prefer to have a cigarette with their coffee. The Surgeon General has determined that 98 percent of all smokers' eyes glaze over when they read the warning labels on cigarette packs. That's not to make light of the findings on smoking but to state the obvious: A lot of people now do, and will continue to, smoke.

What those people may not have heard is just how smoking depletes the body's vitamin reserves-and how that can be counteracted. Normally, such vitamins as B1, B6 and C lubricate the human engine-particularly the nervous systemkeeping it ticking smoothly and efficiently. If you don't mind your Bs and Cs, you get anxious, irritable, jumpy-that's what "smokers' nerves" and "nic fits" are all about. Smoking an average cigarette uses up 25 mg. of vitamin C. That means a twopack-a-day habit uses up 1000 mg.-more vitamin C than most of us take in during a day. That creeping loss kicks off an insidious cycle. The worse it gets, the more people feel they need to smoke. The result is a cumulative deficit cycle that looks like the Reagan budget.

Vitamins also have a more direct role. Certain vitamins may even help protect us against lung cancer and other cigaretterelated illnesses. More than half of all human cancer-including lung cancerstarts in epithelial tissue, the cells lining most of our organs and glands. That tissue needs vitamin A to develop normally; without enough, it starts showing precancerous changes. Some recent research suggests that vitamin A may protect directly against the effects of certain carcinogens.

The ideal food for smokers would have ample doses of vitamins A, B complex, C, E and beta-carotene, as well as a load of zinc, which helps strengthen our immune system. By no small coincidence, those are just the ingredients in the

NO-LOSE NICOTINE NOSH

Dried apricots (high in vitamin A) Dried pineapple (vitamin C) Sunflower seeds (zinc and vitamin E) Pumpkin seeds (zinc)

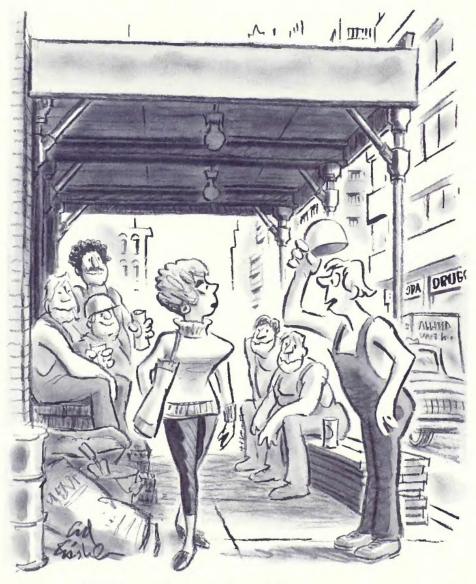
Keep a bowl of this mix in your desk, and next time you reach for a smoke, do your cells a favor and help yourself to a few good handfuls.

Many of the patients I see in my practice complain of a general loss of interest in sex or, sometimes, trouble getting or keeping an erection. That can happen to young guys who have no history of problems but who've become so anxious and tired that they're just too distracted to be interested in sex. It's the ultimate downside risk, one of the most insidious tolls you can pay if you travel in the fast lane.

A lack of vitamins can turn our sex drive way down. For a lot of men, the problem disappears when they start the solid antistress regimen I outline here. Then

again, when the male animal starts acting more like a vegetable, the answer may well be mineral. I've seen in my own practice that both impotence and lowered libido can respond almost immediately to magnesium supplements.

With my male patients, I've become convinced that the single most essential mineral for healthy male sexual function is zinc. The prostate gland and its secretions have some of the strongest concentrations of zinc in the body. Low zinc is thought by some to result not only in decreased potency but also in the production of nonmotile, useless sperm. High zinc content is what gives oysters their reputation as aphrodisiacs. Zinc also strengthens the body's immune system, to help keep our resistance to colds, flu and infections high. As you might guess by now, these minerals are just the ones that tend to get wasted by the indulgences of a hard-driving lifestyle, and that can have its effects in the bedroom. (Why do you think the Government



"I'd like to disassociate myself from the remarks of my companions, miss."



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Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

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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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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.

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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.



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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ESCORT RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave Department 100-007-A06 One Microwave Plaza Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100 calls them "vital strategic minerals"?) Well, if hoarding them makes sense for Uncle Sam, it makes sense for all of us. We can all boost our inventory of zinc and other minerals so that when we need them, we've got them. But before you head out to gnaw on galvanized nails, try

THE APHRODISIAC DINNER

½ lb. medium-rare liver; don't overcook. (If liver turns your stomach, try lightly cooked fish, high in vitamin E.)

Sautéed mushrooms

Sweet potatoes (vitamins A, C and E)
Asparagus or broccoli (more vitamin E)

Since we're on the subject, there's a more indirect way a rigorous lifestyle can take its toll on your sex life. Hundreds of drugs prescribed to help us cope with high-stress conditions are notorious for causing impotence. The most commonly prescribed drugs for blood pressure, nerves and ulcers all can have this side effect. Check this possibility with your doctor if you take any of them.

So the bottom line is that you don't have to move to an ashram, start running 40 miles every morning or go macrobiotic to stay healthy. Of course, if you want to, great; help yourself. But if not, what you can do is arm yourself through your food with the proper nutritional support you need for the stresses of your lifestyle. By making your diet work for you, you can get the extra nutritional support you need to survive—even flourish—in the fast lane.

One other thing: Don't make the mistake of thinking that you're getting enough vitamins and minerals if you're getting the Government-approved R.D.A. (recommended dietary allowance) or the obsolete M.D.R. (minimum daily requirement). The Government scientists say that those levels provide enough nutrients to keep you healthy. Granted, you won't get scurvy or rickets if you stick to the R.D.A., but beyond that, I believe that those standards are pretty useless. In the best of times, we need significantly higher levels of nutrients to really boost our health and make us feel great. And the harder your work and play, the more you have to increase the vitamins and nutrients to give your body a fighting chance.

Ask your pharmacist for a chart showing the optimal and maximum daily levels of vitamins and minerals. Start with the lowest listed optimal level. Stay at that for at least one week, then gradually increase the dosage by weekly 50 percent increments. For example, start with 500 mg. of vitamin C. Each week, increase your daily dosage by half: 500 mg., 750 mg., 1000 mg. or the nearest approximate dosage level—but don't exceed the maximum. And be patient—it may take weeks or months before you feel the full improvement in your health. But then, think of all the partying you can do in the meantime. . . .

LENS OF LOVE

(continued from page 142)

was a very nice lady." Well, what did you think of Rita Jenrette? "Rita and I get along especially well. We are friends." You see what we mean?

The women, on the other hand, have things to say about him. Says Terry Moore, "He's totally wonderful, like a cavalier from the Old World; the last of his kind."

Ruth Guerri, Miss July 1983: "Pompeo was the first person I met at playboy, which was fortunate, because he made a very good impression. I was visiting Chicago with friends, one of whom was a male model, and we dropped his composites off at the Playboy modeling agency. The receptionist suggested I talk with Pompeo, and I did. That was about seven years ago, long before my centerfold appeared, and we've kept in touch. I know his wife, Melita, too; they're just super. It's rare to run across such natural people when you're in the modeling business, where you find so many fragile egos."

Posar's most recent Playmate, October 1984's Debi Nicolle Johnson: "I've been an admirer of Pompeo's work since I first saw playboy. When he introduced himself to me at the 30th Anniversary Playmate Search, I broke out with goose bumps. It's funny: Your dreams are usually better

than the real thing, but in this case, Pompeo was better than my dreams. Next to my father, he's my favorite man in the world."

We can tell a few stories about this unassuming virtuoso of the camera, too—about the time a photographer from Rio de Janeiro spent five months there looking for beautiful girls to pose for us but could locate only two who would pose nude, so we sent Pompeo, who came back after only three weeks with ten more; or the way he photographed and interviewed a mind-boggling 1700 hopefuls in five weeks during our 30th Anniversary Playmate Search and never showed fatigue.

Like all truly creative persons, however, Pompeo prefers to let his work speak for itself. Those of you who would like to see him in the midst of the creative process will enjoy the tribute to Posar on *Playboy Video Magazine Volume #7*, which will be available at video dealers' later this month. Due this fall is a Playboy special publication featuring the best of Posar's photos. Both will add perspective to 25 years of an incredibly romantic and successful career.

Perhaps Pompeo sums it up best when he says, "If I live again, I'd like to have the same wife and the same job." And if there's a PLAYBOY magazine in that next life, we'd sure like to have the same Posar.

¥



"I've warned you about leaving the key in the ignition."

SPARKY ANDERSON (continued from page 130)

"If the player misses the sign, I'm not gonna yell at him in the newspapers. He feels bad enough already."

ANDERSON: Well, you're gonna have guys who test ya-just out of the fun of it. It's another part of the game to them. And you have guys who are hard, hard losers. You have guys who don't like to lose, but if they lose, it's not life and death to them. Then you'll have a guy who's real scared and apprehensive, who's worried that he won't make it, won't stay on the team-sometimes guys with lots of ability are that way. And then you have the guy who won't give ya no trouble for nothin'-he's just there to play. I really enjoy guys like that. Those are the guys who ain't in the game to please the manager, they're there to please themselves. A guy like Pete Rose. Then there's another kind of guy who's what I call an "in-between" guy-he wants to be a star, but he's not and has a hang-up about it; he always feels like soand-so is getting a little better treatment than him. Nothin' pleases him.

PLAYBOY: One of your stars at Cincinnati, Joe Morgan, described you as streetsmart. What did he mean by that?

ANDERSON: [Laughs] For one thing, it means I don't have no school smarts. But I think what Joe meant by that is that I do understand guys. I don't think I've ever been tricked by too many guys. They might think they're tricking me, and a lot of times I let 'em think they've tricked me for the simple reason that that's the best way to handle him, instead of undressing him-I've found out that sometimes if you

let him keep his clothes on, if he thinks he's trickin' you, it's fine, but if you show him he's not trickin' you, then he's exposed, and if he's exposed, he's not worth a damn. Let him live in that world.

I make no claim to genius, but I do think I understand people. I understand their needs; I understand why some guys have to lie, why some guys have to alibibecause that's the only way they can survive. They can't survive by doing everything in the right way; they just can't survive that way. And if they can't survive that way, then I say let 'em survive the other way as long as they can help ya win. PLAYBOY: You keep saying you regret not having a formal education-but from the way you describe handling players, some might say you've earned a degree in dayto-day psychology.

ANDERSON: I dunno 'bout that. A lot of times I get confused day to day. I ask myself, "What the hell is goin' on?" But then sometimes when that feeling happens, you work it out in your head and everything just falls into line. I'm just one of those guys who always dream things will get better and better, and when it don't, I blame myself. That's the walkin'eagle thing-I just figure that no matter how full of shit you are, you just gotta keep talkin', because if you don't keep talkin', you don't come up with no ideas.

PLAYBOY: Is lying a part of your job? ANDERSON: Jeez, why do you ask me that? PLAYBOY: When People published its annual list of the 25 most intriguing personalities in America last December, you were one of them. According to People, you're one of the great movers and shakers

ANDERSON: I saw that-I suppose I beat out some blonde movie star to make the list, but what's the point?

PLAYBOY: This-to quote from your People piece: "In this business, I have to lie an awful lot. I'm not very honest with the press with all their questions, because it's part of the way things are with this game." Are you being less than honest with us?

ANDERSON: Nah, I wouldn't lie to you. All I was tryin' to say was that if I had to tell the real truth about every player after every game to every reporter who came around, I'd hurt my players. I prefer to talk to my players individually when they've done something wrong. If the player don't get the sign to bunt when I say bunt, I'm not gonna yell at him in the newspapers because he missed the sign. I'll talk to the player myself about it-I know he feels bad enough already. I'm not about to put that player in the paper to take me off the hook. The player already messed up-I know it, he knows it. The one thing I don't know yet-did he mess up on purpose? Once I get done talkin' to him, I'm gonna have a chance to figure it out. When you get to know your players, you generally can figure it out-you get to read their eyes and everything else. When I read a manager sayin' in the paper that so-and-so was supposed to bunt and he missed, I don't like it.

Anyway, what I meant when I told People about lyin' was just not tellin' the truth about a player who's messed up. But when you're interviewed enough, no matter how you do it, you're gonna be nailed, because there's things that you say that the reporters don't really understand. Fans, too. It's just like religion, that way. I believe in the Big Guy

PLAYBOY: Who's the Big Guy?

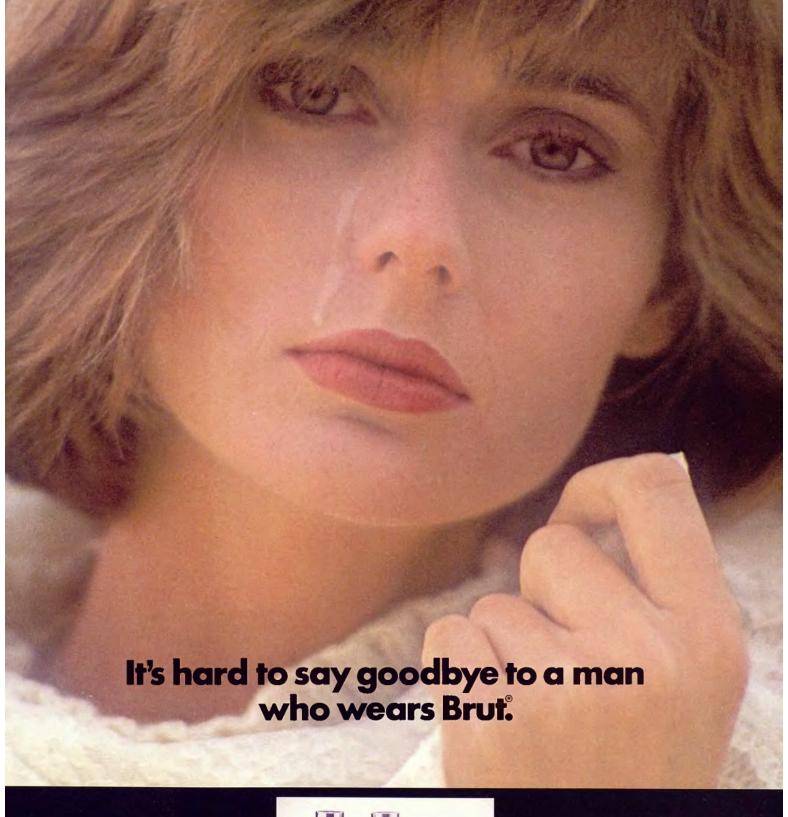
ANDERSON: You know, God; and honest to God, I must have had eight or ten Bibles sent to me last year, because everybody wants you to get into this religion thing. No matter what you do, if you're interviewed, you are gonna say somethin' that ticks somebody off the wrong way.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about religion for a minute. You're Catholic-

ANDERSON: I am now; I wasn't Catholic most of my life. I was a Methodist when I started playing baseball in 1953. I couldn't go to a Methodist church, because they had services at 11 o'clock Sunday morning, and baseball players have to be in the ball park by then. So I started goin' to church with the Catholic guys, and I just did and did and I was baptized in 1964—nobody else in my family is Catholic, but to me, it's neither here nor there. I don't look at religion as Jewish or Catholic or Protestant-whatever fits you, do it. Bein' a Catholic, I'm able to go to church



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on Sundays and not have to miss Mass. I take that back—I miss my share of Mass. But it's funny—the moment you say somethin' about religion, whammo, God Almighty. I remember one time, back when I was coachin' in the minor leagues in Atlanta, I had this one pitcher with bad arm trouble who needed surgery. After a few hours, the surgeon came out and said everything was a success. I was there, a couple of his friends were there and a sportswriter was there. One of his friends said to me, "You're so lucky that God gave you back your pitcher's arm." I told that guy, "Don't be thinkin' about God; think about the doctor who performed the operation." That writer wrote about the exchange and, man, you wouldn't believe the negative letters I got on just that one remark-how sacrilegious I was, that kind of stuff. All I was tryin' to say was that if God had anything to do with that pitcher's arm, there wouldn't have been no problem to start with. So many baseball teams have their "God squads" these days-players who after they hit a home run credit God with their good swing. I think that's a ridiculous notion. Like, "God made me hit that home run." You hear that a lot these days. I look at it this way: If God let you hit a home run last time up, then who struck you out next time at bat?

PLAYBOY: Do you participate in the Baseball Chapels that have become a big part of baseball life, where players are preached to by local preachers in whatever city they're playing?

ANDERSON: Yeah, normally I'll go, because I figure if bein' there helps, why not? And I've heard some real good speakers. I've also heard some guys who after I walk out I'm more confused than when I walked in. I just take that kind of stuff with a grain of salt, I really do. I'll listen, but then I'll make up my own mind on things, and I'm gonna make my own mistakes anyway, I know that. I think we change. too-one month we'll be one way, the next month we'll be another. I said it before: When my team is losin', I ain't a talkative person. And when we're winnin', I'm the biggest front runner in the world. When I'm goin' good, man, I'm chirpin'. When I'm not goin' good, I keep my mouth shut. Or I try to, at least. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy being a celebrity? ANDERSON: No. That part of baseball is hard for me to accept. The one thing people don't know about me is that I am shy. I've always been shy. I was shy when I was in school, and I'm shy when I'm outa my element. The only time I am ever outgoin' is when you're in my territory and I have command of it. I've been livin' in Thousand Oaks for about 19 years, and I'm basically very shy when I'm home. No way at home do I ever do anything that's Sparky Anderson. Here, I'm George, and he and Sparky are two different people.

PLAYBOY: How did you get tagged as Sparky?

ANDERSON: There was a radio announcer in Fort Worth in my third year of pro ball, I guess I spent a whole lot of time arguing with umpires, and this announcer would say, "The sparks are really flyin' out there." Eventually, he'd just say when I came up to the plate, "Here's old Sparky again." The press picked it up, and the name just stuck to me. I was kinda embarrassed—it took me a long time to get used to it. In fact, my first couple of years at Cincinnati, I'd sign my autographs George Anderson, but the Reds' PR department got on my case and told me that nobody knows who George Anderson is, so I finally got used to it and started signing Sparky. And now I'm comfortable about bein' Sparky in my territory, baseball; but out of my territory, it don't work. My bein' basically shy, that's somethin' nobody knows; I don't talk about it. I really am two different people.

PLAYBOY: There are more than a few umpires who don't think you're shy——ANDERSON: That's the Sparky me.

PLAYBOY: Do fewer sparks fly today when you protest an umpire's decision?

ANDERSON: I guess I can get carried away, but I just want the umpires to admit that in the past two years—I'll even go beyond that; let's say the past five years—I've come to learn that umpires are just doin' a job. I argue very little. I was thrown out of the game one time last year—

PLAYBOY: A well-publicized incident on national television——

ANDERSON: I just think I've finally grown up to the point where I understand that there's no way that there's any umpire out there who's tryin' to stick it to ya. Before, it was so important to me that they admit they were wrong, and I'd keep carpin' until they admitted it. The way I think now, nobody should have to admit to you that he's wrong. I think that's a part of my growin' up-don't go to the point with an umpire, don't expose him. Just like a player-don't expose the guy. After I got thrown out of the game last year, I looked at the replays and realized I was wrong and the umpire was right-and I apologized to him.

PLAYBOY: A rare gesture in baseball, no? ANDERSON: Maybe so, but I saw I was wrong. And I've just learned that, by God, they're out there tryin' to do a job, tryin' to make a livin', like everyone else. Even though sometimes when you get mad and start screamin' at them and they start screamin' back, I know, now, that they're really doin' their job. Earl Weaver says he pushes on the umpire as a tactic-and as a tactic, I guess it's an OK tool. I just get mad. I usually don't say nothin', but I really do get angry inside, and once in a while, I just explode, like I did that time last year. I guess part of my nature, too, is to be a worrywart. Take this Playboy Interview. I was pretty worried there.

PLAYBOY: What worried you about it? ANDERSON: Well, the way I was brought up, this is kinda hanky-panky business, PLAYBOY. I was pretty scared to death about doin' it. At least I didn't have to be the centerfold. [Laughs] Maybe I'll subscribe—people tell me there's a lot of good jokes and stories inside.

PLAYBOY: What else worries you?

ANDERSON: Well, you were talkin' about Earl Weaver once askin' about how much I made. I hope he made more than methat's fine. If that gives a guy more strength, if he needs it, more power to him. I want my money to spend it on my children—I probably spent more money on my children than any manager in the business. I'd rather give them things than get them myself. I don't want to buy no Mercedes-I have an old Chrysler Le Baron, and it's the only car I have. I don't see no sense in havin' two cars-I'm gone seven months of the year, and the Tigers give me a car when I'm on the road anyway. I've had this car two years, I've got 15,000 miles on it, and-it's not money. When you get up to certain figures, I can't understand why it makes a difference to a ballplayer if he makes \$700,000 or \$1,000,000 a year, because the Government takes half of it anyway. So what're you gonna do with the extra \$300,000 you make-eat it? If ya enjoy eatin', I can see it, but I know this: When ya go, ya can't take it with ya. I know this, too: Anybody in the game today, and I don't say it like I'm the best manager in the world-but there's nobody in the game today who's won as much as I have. Now, that's a fact; you could look it up. I've been in it the longest; I've got the most wins. So if you put those two facts together, I should be the highest paid-if you want to look at it that way. There are guys who've won a lot less than me makin' more than me, and I just don't care about it. It's where you enjoy vourself.

PLAYBOY: What if another team offered you double what you're making now?

ANDERSON: I love Detroit, I love where I'm workin', but there are three or four places that, if they gave me double, I might consider.

PLAYBOY: Where?

ANDERSON: Of course I'm not gonna tell ya, but there's just about no way I'm gonna leave Detroit. I get paid now what I want—and I have a job where I don't have to call up my bosses every night and report on the team's performance. Detroit is real different that way. They don't bother me-I talk to 'em all the time, but they're not callin' me in the middle of the night. I call 'em when I get up in the mornin' when I'm on the road-but I don't have to. It ain't a thing where if I don't, I'll get bawled out for it. It's pretty rare to have a job like the one I have. I know I keep sayin' it, but it's true. The biggest break I ever got in the world was to be a part of major-league ball. That's for sure. And that will be with me forever.

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SYSTEM

(continued from page 150)

HOLD THAT HEMLINE!

Since the first Super Bowl in 1967, the Standard & Poor's industrial average has gone up without fail in years when a premerger N.F.L. team has won and has gone down without fail in years when an A.F.L. team has won.

Knowing this, the market shuddered and dived the day after the Los Angeles Raiders, a premerger A.F.L. team, won in January 1984. That was the first year broad attention had really been focused on the indicator, which had by then racked up a perfect 17-year record; and, as often happens with these things, that was the year it began to falter. The market should have gone down in 1984, because the Raiders won, and, in truth, for a lot of investors it did. The Dow Jones industrial average was down. But the Standard & Poor's industrial average was up a hair, from 186.24 to 186.36.

Does this invalidate an otherwise solid principle of finance? Certainly, 1985 got off to a hell of a start, just as it should have, after San Francisco (a premerger N.F.L. team) whomped Miami.

Maybe the guys who rig professional football are the same guys who rig the market! Maybe the Trilateral Commission has something to do with it. (You notice how quiet Jimmy Carter's been lately?) Have you noticed how truly powerful men cannot communicate an economic thought without using a football analogy? There's definitely something going on here.

Professor Steven Goldberg of the City University of New York, an ex-Marine and something of a Renaissance man (recent articles include "Is Astrology Science?," "Does Capital Punishment Deter?" and "Bob Dylan and the Poetry of Salvation"), has written what may be the definitive dissertation on the Super Bowl systemand it has nothing to do with Jimmy Carter (though I'm still suspicious).

"Whenever you are surprised," writes Professor Goldberg, "it is because you are comparing the thing that surprises you to some background expectation in your mind. You would be surprised to hear that it snowed 300 times in Hawaii last year because your understanding and expectation are that it hardly ever snows in Hawaii. You would, of course, be justified in your surprise. Surprise, however, is not always justified.'

We think the Super Bowl's ability to call the market 17 times in a row (through 1983) is like flipping heads 17 times in a row. The odds against this are 130,000 to one. But coin tosses, unlike Super Bowls, are 50-50, random affairs.

From 1967 through 1983, Goldberg argues, because of the bias caused by inflation and the fact that five of the games



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were between two premerger N.F.L. teams, the odds come down to 36,000 to one. Oh, hey! So no big deal.

Goldberg can get the odds down even lower, to 13,000 to one, if you'll buy his notion that, just as the market was more likely to rise than to fall in any given year, a premerger N.F.L. team was more likely to win than to lose. That would have been because the N.F.L. teams were better than the A.F.L. teams, but I don't want to start any fights over anything as idiotic as football (I mean it! You guys are nuts!), so let's let that lie.

"I can tell," Goldberg writes, "you're still not impressed. After all, 13,000 to one doesn't happen every day, does it?" To which he answers, "Yes. And this is infinitely the most important point. Surprise is justified only if an unexpected event takes place. This would be the case if someone had, in 1966, predicted a correlation between future Super Bowl results and the S&P." But no one did. It was only looking back that the coincidence was noted.

"On the other hand," Goldberg explains, "had someone predicted, in 1966, that some variable, he did not know which, would offer a sequence perfectly matched" to the annual direction of the S&P, "we should not be in the slightest surprised in 1983 to find that he turned out to be correct."

If it hadn't been the Super Bowl, it would have been temperature readings in Grosse Pointe or any of 13,000 other varia-

bles you could look at. Except that the Super Bowl chance correlation was noticed because so many guys who follow football follow the market. Other chance correlations, he says, are out there—you're just not likely to notice them.

Case closed. Except, boy, it's still a heck of a coincidence to be just a coincidence. . . . Do you think Howard Cosell could be involved in this thing someplace?

CHARTS

Most investment systems are technical in nature. I don't mean technical in the sense of complicated, though many are that, too; I mean technical as distinguished from fundamental. A fundamentalist looks at a stock in terms of the underlying assets it represents. What are they worth? A technician looks at patterns of price movements and at charts, at rules such as "A market that goes up the first week in January is likely to be up for the entire year."

For a good dose of this, you might try to scare up a copy of *How the Average Investor Can Use Technical Analysis for Stock Profits*, by James Dines (Dines Chart Corporation, 1972). Dines, long associated with an enthusiasm for gold, was described in "Adam Smith's" *The Money Game* as being "so pessimistic he must make up adverbs—'unmeechingly'—to describe his pessimism."

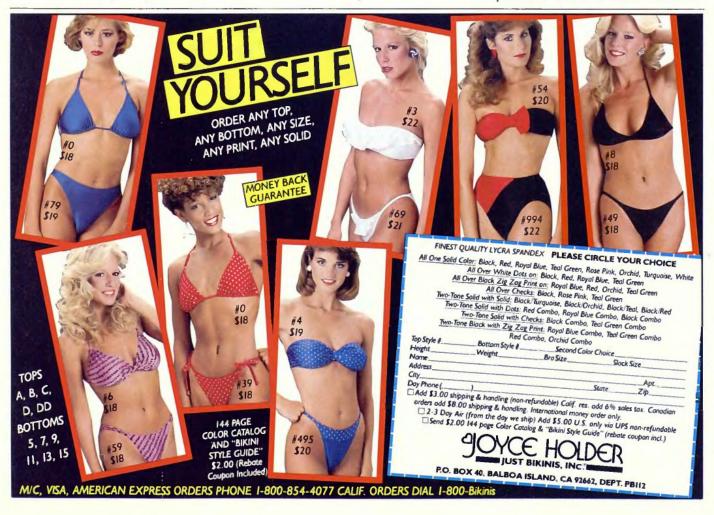
But Dines-whose pessimism has waned

a bit—is also one of the smartest technicians around. His book is 599 pages long, but that shouldn't stop the Average Investor. In it, he will learn of pennant bottoms, megaphone bottoms, wedge bottoms, false breakouts, head-and-shoulders formations (for those embarrassing white flecks on your charts), saucer tops, tombstone tops, Prussian-helmet tops, the Seasonal Rule for Years Ending in Eight (not once in this century has the Dow finished lower than it started in a year ending in eight), the Dines Buoyancy Index, the Dines 30 Tick Rule, the Dines 90-109 Rule and more.

Here's the way I read charts: If a stock is real low, I take it as a good sign. If it's real high, I steer clear.

I am vaguely aware of some of the more sophisticated charting techniques and of the relationship, held by chartists to be crucial, between price movements and trading volume. There are even logical underpinnings for some of this. But to put more than a little weight on a stock's chart in deciding whether or not to buy it is . . . well, listen to a writer named Thomas Gibson, as quoted in *The Money Game*:

"There is an incredibly large number of traders who pin their faith to the so-called 'chart system' of speculation which recommends the study of past movements and prices, and bases operations thereon. So popular is this plan that concerns which make a



business of preparing and issuing such charts do a thriving business."

This quote, Adam Smith tells us, comes from *The Pitfalls of Speculation*, published by Moody's in 1906. It continues:

"There are various offshoots and modifications of the system, but the basic plan is founded wholly on repetition, regardless of actual conditions. [Meaning that past patterns will repeat themselves, regardless of the fact that out in the real world a leak may have occurred in a fertilizer plant owned by the company whose stock chart you are analyzing, killing and injuring 200,000 people.] The idea is untrustworthy, absolutely fatuous and highly dangerous."

This, Adam Smith notes, was published some years before Moody's went into the chart business.

NOW I KNOW WHAT
WE WERE LOOKING FOR
WHEN WE SENT THOSE GUYS
TO THE MOON

An otherwise respectable Harvard Business School graduate several years into a successful career on Wall Street came to me once with a book relating cycles in human emotions to phases of the moon. Those cycles, he argued—the market being driven as much by emotion as by anything—could be used to predict move-

ments in the stock market. The book, by Dr. Arnold Lieber, was called *The Lunar Effect: Biological Tides and Human Emotions*. Everybody knows the moon's effect on water—high tide, low tide—and everybody knows human beings are 80 percent water, so there you are! There were certain days every few months, my friend said, when the lunar phase virtually guaranteed a major stock-market move.

In a burst of uncharacteristic charity, I decided not to tell anyone of his theories or reveal his name (Mason Speed Sexton, Harvard M.B.A., 1972).

For this column, though, I figured I would track him down and, promising anonymity, find out just how badly his astrological fling had gone and what he was up to now.

Well!

Far from giving it up, he and partner Michael S. Jenkins, a seasoned mutualfund manager, now sit at the offices of Rooney, Pace Inc. in New York, managing money and publishing a biweekly newsletter called "Harmonic Research." The moon thing is part of it (well, people do become more aggressive during periods of full moon, if only because they have more light to fight by; weather and agriculture are affected by lunar forces). But "Harmonic Research" attempts to encompass all kinds of cycles, not just lunar ones, ranging from the long waves, such as the 50-year Kondratieff Wave, to the rather more complicated Elliot Wave, to waves that have no names but that scream off the charts if you just know how to look. Sexton and Jenkins see the markets as

Sexton and Jenkins see the markets as psychological lakes. Into those lakes from time to time have been dumped all manner of pebbles, boulders, rocks and sand, each rippling out endlessly, forever and ever. (They could explain this better than I can, but they're tied up on the phone.) Often, the lake is a jumble of these waves, with, say, a couple of sizable up cycles more or less canceling out a bunch of down cycles. But from time to time there's more of a confluence-all the important waves are running in harmony, all headed up or down in their cycle-and then, oh, boy, big stuff. (You will recall the Not the New York Times parody that had the Queensboro Bridge collapsing from the harmonic vibrations of 10,000 New York City marathoners all jogging in cadence.)

The essence of the newsletter each issue is a calendar for the ten trading days ahead, telling what the market will do on each of those days. For the day I was in Sexton and Jenkins' office, they had predicted a trend change between noon and one, with the Dow Jones industrial average showing a loss for the day. I arrived at one, their prediction, published a week earlier, firmly under my arm, and found them in a state of some excitement. "It's turning! It's turning!" they were saying, as the Dow, which had been up as much as eight points that day, began to fall. "This could turn out to be one of our most courageous calls," Speed was saying to Mike, between efforts to explain how their system worked. By 1:13 the Dow was up only five.

By 1:20 it was up only three, and Mike began placing shorts, betting that the market would go lower.

Speed was telling me about "killer waves." Mike was telling me about "master reverse mirror-image symmetry." If you look at a chart of the stock market, or of a single stock, you'll see it—the left side of the mountain looking like the reverse of the right side, the whole thing looking like jagged edges cut out of a folded piece of paper that's then unfolded. You think all this happens by chance? By 1:40 the Dow had bounced a hair, but by 2:07 it was up only 2.80 on the day.

Mike points to the market's first hitting 1000 in 1966, takes a tape he's marked off and stretches it out 1000 days. It falls on another market top. You think that's coincidence? We try it at a market low, 570 on the Dow in 1974, and stretch the tape ahead 570 days to the next major high. You think that's coincidence? There is a definite relationship between price and time in these cycles. Amplitudes and periodicity. You and I don't understand it, but then you and I haven't spent years working with the charts and the computers and a sixth sense that tells us how to use these things. The Dow, at 2:13, is up less than a point. It could go negative.

Say I, "Gee. Once you program in all the cycles, you could print out



"So much for your theory of group therapy for the treatment of the sexually obsessed."







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the ups and downs of the market for the next 20 years! Does this mean you could actually write all your newsletters at the beginning of the year and then go on vacation?"

I am being a wise-ass, but Speed says, "Yeah. Probably." (The Dow, at 2:28, is now down three.) Only, as Mike points out, wave lengths are not always constant and vary with the height of the Dow (or whatever else you're scoping out). What's more, while the interacting cycles are awfully good at calling turning points in the market, sometimes, maddeningly, the turning point turns out to be the opposite of what's predicted. Instead of zooming up on the appointed day, it may zoom down. (Of course, even the knowledge that the market will zoom on a particular day can be played to great advantage by buying options straddles-your broker will be thrilled to explain what these are-or, at least, by limiting your losses with "stoploss" orders, in case the call happens to be dead backward.) The Dow, at 2:42, is now down less than a point-but "Harmonic Research" has called for a strong close this day, so I shouldn't be too surprised, Speed says, now that it has, indeed, dropped about eight points since one o'clock, to see it close up for the day.

Mike shows me more of the cycles on the charts, more of the symmetry, more of the 30-degree, 45-degree, 60-degree and 90-degree angles that have special meanings, and the half, third and quarter cycle points. There's a natural rhythm to it, he says (and this is a man whose mutual fund, when he managed one, was up 45 percent in 1979), a cadence, a harmony. Mike has been working on translating the chart into-yes-a symphony. It's not done yet, but one day you could sit back and listen to The Dow Jones Industrial Symphony-the 1982nd or the 1983rd or the 1984th-with the oboe, tuba and flute, perhaps, representing the separate movements of Merck, G.M. and Sears.

The Dow closes the day down 4.30.

I had promised Speed before I arrived that I'd keep an open mind, and, while it was naturally impossible for me to keep it open very far, I must tell you I was more impressed than I had expected to be. Not by that day's call, which by itself meant nothing, but by the over-all effort. There are lots of "cycle jockeys," Speed and Mike admit, but few, if any, who've developed the art as far as they have.

This isn't to say the Dow will necessarily peak at 3600 in November 1988, as they predict; or that they'll be able to compound their money, or yours, at ten percent a month, as they hope (move over, J. P. Morgan); or even that they won't ultimately wind up losing a bundle. But their predictions should be fun to track. Next quarter, I'll report to you on how they've done and will add billions to your millions with the revelation of several more market-beating systems.

¥



"That could be you and me in the bunkhouse tonight, sugar."

MODUM (continued from page 124)

"Make a martini right and you'll have learned something about putting harmony back into your life."

time to stint. Use the back of a spoon. Fill that flagon half-full. Good. Speaking of flagons, spend a minute picking your container. Silver is the best thing, but clear glass will do nicely. Avoid base metals. Under no circumstances are you to so much as touch that trashy shaker with the painted-on cocktail recipes that came with the bar set Betty Lou gave you last Christmas, just before she dumped you for the programmer. It's cheap and vulgar. So was she. Send it to her for a wedding present, together with that set of coasters shaped like jockstraps that say, FOR YOUR HIGH BALLS. This is a mood as much as a drink. Aesthetics are critical.

Take your glass: thin stem; straight, flaring shoulders; deep, wide, conical bowl. Not the kind with the thick sides and the knobby stem. You know the kind I mean: Bacall stared at Bogey over this glass. Art deco in all caps. You learned how to pronounce panache so you could describe this glass. Rinse it; place it in the freezer.

Now for your vermouth. Measure it into a little silver jigger or a liqueur glass and from there pour it into the awaiting chalice. Measure it, I said! One ounce—no more, no less. That's right, one ounce, none of that eyedropper stuff—you're making a martini. You're looking for a drink, not an ice pick between the eyes.

OK, now the gin. Since you are going to taste this stuff, it should be aromatic. That means it's well flavored with juniper berries and a host of other exotica. Don't just slop it in, measure it. Remember what I said about the vermouth. Three ounces, no more. That's right, three-not ten, not seven, not five-three. Three to one, maybe four-never more. Within that critical range, the gin, the vermouth and the ice marry, and their union yields something that is at once all of them and none of them-a true martini. The vermouth and the ice bevel the edge of the gin, leaving only the aromatic, crystalline purity. The gin neutralizes the bitter unctuousness of the vermouth. Make it right and you'll have learned something about putting harmony back into your life-and face it, you could use a little. Any fool can dribble gin over ice; only a gentleman can make a martini.

Stir it. Stir it good and hard. Water is essential to a properly made martini. Water comes from the melting ice, so you have to stir it. Five or ten good swirls. Or shake it—forget that "bruise the gin" nonsense. The only danger is overdoing and thereby overdiluting it. Your mounting anticipation should check any steps in that direction!

Now take your glass out of the freezer. It's beautiful, isn't it? All frosted and clean-looking. Hold it by the stem, take your strainer or the spoon you used to crack the ice, place it over the top of your mixing vessel and pour. Not to the very top, because you don't want to have half your martini run down your chin. You quit being déclassé five minutes ago.

You're ready for the last touch: a very thin inch-and-a-half section of freshly sliced lemon peel. Hold it over the top of the glass—perhaps two inches distant—and twist gently, then drop the peel into the martini. Notice I said lemon peel, but I'm flexible—use an olive if you prefer. Be creative. A tiny onion can be nice, too. The ones imported from Holland are best. Good straight, too. (Technically, this moves us out of martini and into gibson—there, now, I've added two drinks to your repertoire.) Each variant—lemon, olive, onion—adds a subtle shading of its own. You pick. After all, it's your life, isn't it?

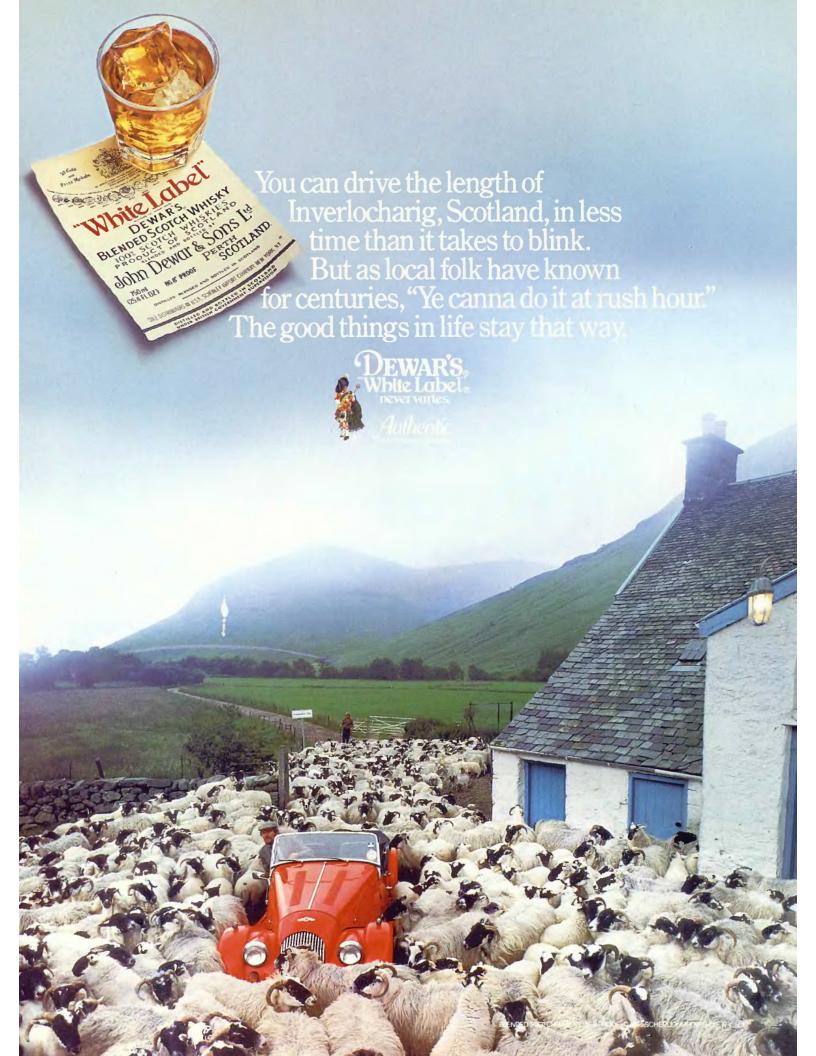
There. You've made a martini. Not many people can say that, so your day is looking brighter already, and the best is yet to come. Don't drink it yet. You'll have enough left in your pitcher for a second martini; but if you let it sit, it will turn into gin-flavored ice water. So strain the residue into a clear-glass container—preferably one you keep solely for this purpose—and place it in your freezer.

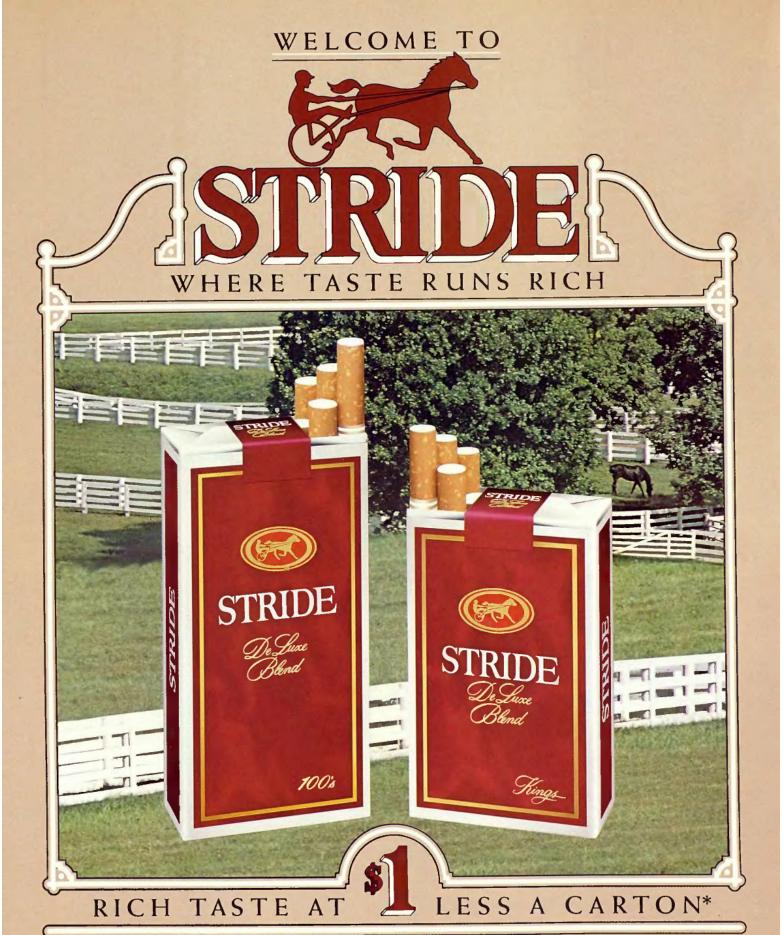
Now, at last. You have two choices. You may take that first, incredibly gratifying, sip and feel your troubles peel away like the layers on an onion. Sip away (sip, I said-you're out of the boilermaker league now, so act as if you've got a little class). Alternatively, you may take the drinkpreferably on a small silver tray-out into your living room, put on some Mozart, sit down in a comfortable chair and let the cares of the day slough into the past. That's the ticket. Say, you do know your way around, don't you? Don't touch that TV; don't read that mail; if you read anything, fine, as long as it's fiction or verse written before 1900.

Aaah! Ohhh! Yes, yes, yes. Right there. Oh, God, don't stop. Was it good for you? You never knew it could be like that, did you? Next time, try it in the bathtub, with that same book and a little quiet music. Or in front of a crackling fire. Maybe even with a friend (double the recipe). Maybe even with a friend in the bathtub. Sure. That's it. A friend. Why not? Tomorrow, you'll make a friend. You'll see. Tonight, you've already got one—that's you, you bon vivant. Cheers.



"I like sex in the morning—right after Bill goes to work."





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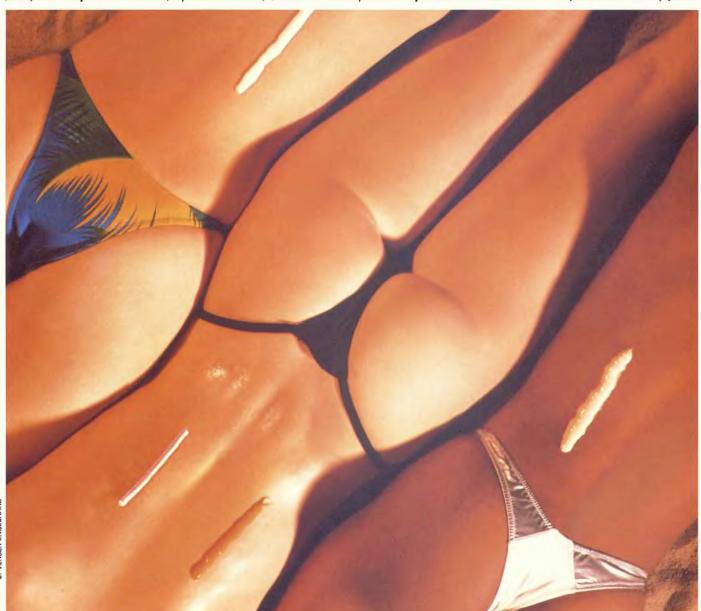
GROOMING.

DARK-TAN-STRUTTER'S BALL

emember when you used to rub your body with baby oil and iodine to acquire a drop-dead tan? Fortunately, the sun has set on that dumb idea and has risen on some slick ones—tanning lotions that are designed to get you as mocha as a coconut with a minimum of burning and keep you bronzed all the way through Labor

Day. Since every brand from Aramis to DeepTan-X has its particular blend of oils and chemicals, your best bet is to read the labels and pick a degree of protection that best fits your complexion. It took us days to choose the four screens and lotions squeezed out below on our models' lovely backs. Yeah, it was a tough job, but somebody had to do it.

It's the dark-tanning side of the moon, and the lady just below is wearing little else but Coppertone's Lite Formula Suntan Lotion S.P.F. 4, by Plough, about \$4.50. Our middle maid has on minimum protection with (left to right) Jovan Dial-a-Tan S.P.F. 4-2-0 Deep Tanning Lotion, \$5.50; and DeepTan-X sunscreen, by Solar Products, \$3.75. The last ray seeker is prone for Aramis 900 S.P.F. 20, a maxisunscreen, \$6.50.



READY! AIM! FIRE!

ou'd think a high-technology field such as photography could easily outshine the weapons industry, but it has taken centuries to get a camera to work as simply as the crossbow—point the thing and shoot. Now there's a whole slew of bumbleproof 35mm cameras just waiting to be aimed and fired. All the new super-

automatics pictured here boast features such as automatic speed setting, focus and film winding and rewinding (one even advances the film to the end of the roll automatically and then rewinds it as you shoot), but you don't have to know all the jargon. All you have to do is remember to slide the lens cover back. Automation has its limits, after all.



Top row, left to right: The Super Sport 35, Pentax' latest autofocus, will automatically set your film speed if you use DX-compatible film. It's from Standard Photo, Chicago, \$228. The Fuji DL-200, an unusual camera, automatically advances the film to the last frame and then exposes it in reverse, thus better protecting exposed frames from light and giving an accurate count of the exposures remaining, \$260. Nikon's L135AF is a point-and-shooter that's about as automatic as you can get; auto features include focus, exposure, flash, film advance, film loading and film rewind, \$162. Bottom row, left to right: The Minolta Freedom II is a slick little compact automatic that does all the work for you and slips easily into a pocket, \$175.50. The last of our point-and-shoot 35mm cameras, the MC, comes with a snap-on automatic flash and infrared focus, by Canon USA, \$295.





ART ON WHEELS

As all late-night-video freaks too well know, Earl Scheib paints cars. Ninety-nine ninety-five. No ups, no extras. Harold James Cleworth also paints cars. Ten thousand dollars. No ups, no extras. But while Scheib's canvas is—in most cases—the four-wheel flotsam and jetsam of the city streets, Cleworth focuses on such exotic machines as the Auburn boattail speedster pictured here, and his canvas is canvas. Fortunately, his superrealistic megabuck originals are also available as posters in shops across the country. (The Auburn goes for \$25 unframed, \$150 in a signed, limited-edition series.) Or send \$5 to McDougal Street, 12352 Laurel Terrace Drive, Studio City, California 91604, for a catalog. Fine cars! Fine art!



GREAT HEAD

The next time you have an urge to decorate your apartment like a John Dempsey cartoon (you know-the one where a great-white-hunter type is showing some sweet young thing around his apartment and every inch of wall space is covered with wildanimal heads), instead of killing something, simply drop Pete Rachel a line. His company, Wildlife Interiors, 3415 Kelly Street, Hayward, California 94541, specializes in all sizes of fiberglass mounts, from a pint-sized dik-dik for \$350 to a life-sized hippo for \$4000and you can't tell them from the real things. (Eddie Bauer sporting goods is one of Rachel's clients.) Other mounts on Wildlife Interiors' extensive list include an Indian tiger for \$500, a huge white rhino for \$550, an elephant-foot umbrella stand/wastebasket for \$250 and a donkey for \$400. A donkey? Now, who'd want to put that up on the wall? Sancho Panza?

THE SIX SIDES OF LOVE

You say the Samoan basket trick no longer tickles your—or your girlfriend's—fancy? Then try Love Cubes, "the world's most romantic game for couples." Teasing, fondling, stripping . . . that's what Love Cubes is all about. Two acrylic cubes, a velvet bag and instructions are \$25, from Love Cubes, Ltd., P.O. Box 9469, San Diego 92109. If your date rolls wild-side, hang on to your socks: You won't be wearing them long.



KING FOR A DAY

The duke of Edinburgh buys his bowlers from James Lock and the queen acquires her unmentionables from a very mentionable store—Rigby & Peller. All this is revealed in Nina Grunfeld's *The Royal Shopping Guide*, a William Morrow hard-cover that tells you, for a price that a commoner can afford—\$15.95—"How and Where to Shop Like the Royal Family." The royal marmalade? It's from Frank Cooper. As if you had to ask.





WOOF VIDEO

Everyone is saying that TV has been going to the dogs, but this is ridiculous. Mike Milkovich, part owner of C.R.O. Satellite Services, 1125 Grand Avenue, Suite 701, Kansas City, Missouri 64106, has created a pilot Dog TV program designed to hold a canine's attention, and judging from viewers' reactions, the show is destined to be a howling success. Just \$21.95 gets you a 13-minute video tape in Beta or VHS. Coming programs will include Midnight with David Doberman. That should also be a bitch of a show.

SYMPATHY FROM THE DEVILISH

Condolences for a bad haircut, regrets for impotence—they're in Special Moments, 24 mailready greeting cards bound into a softcover Ballantine book that's only \$5.95. Our favorite? "Be My 100th Lover," with a hunk on the cover and a verse that reads: "Since the days of my pubescence I have parked my bold tumescence In fourscore and nineteen lovers-It's no small accomplishment! So come be my hundredth lover And I promise you'll discover That your time with me. Though short, will be The best you ever spent!"



DYNASTY PILES IT ON

TV's aristocratic family the Carringtons of Dynasty are expanding their power base further and, no, they haven't discovered a way to bottle infidelity-yet. Carrington House Carpets have just been introduced by Horizon Industries of Calhoun, Georgia, in six styles-Allegre, Empire, Krystina, Krystle Velvet, La Mirage and Touching. Like the TV Carringtons, each has its own personality. (Your decorator will supply samples and prices.) We can see you now. kicking up your heels on your new Carrington. You are dancing on the carpet, aren't you?

MAN WITH THE IRON GLOVE

Don't laugh. The next time you sit down for some heavy-duty labor/management negotiations or a no-holds-barred board-of-directors meeting, a stainless-steel chain-mail glove (left hand standard; right hand to order) just may come in handy. Allison Forge, P.O. Box 767, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146, sells the glove for \$99, postpaid, in sizes medium or large. (Large is *very* large.) And for \$2, the company offers a catalog containing many other oddball items. Far out!



DON'T LOOK NOW, MOMMA

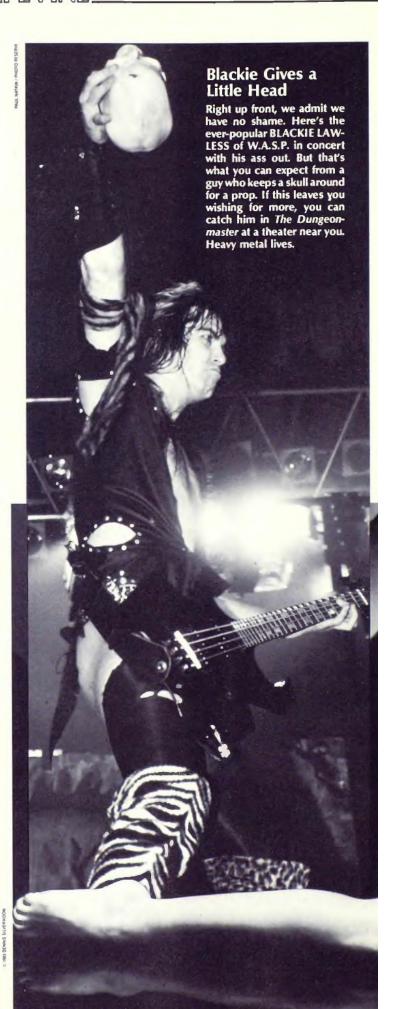
Cockroach aprons, a nuclear-war card game, bottled bad breath—they're all in *Gifts*You Wouldn't Give Your Mother, by John Davis, a \$5.95 publication from St. Martin's Press that only the strong will survive. Want some truly sick buttons? Just drop Ephemera, Inc., a line at 275 Capp Street, San Francisco 94110. Any of the ones pictured—and plenty more disgusting, perverted ones that aren't—sell for \$1.10 each with a \$5 minimum order. Say, fella, does your mother know you're reading this, anyway?





Boobs, Bangles and Beads

We've looked at actress LISA EILBACHER from both sides now and we're impressed with the beadwork. Lisa's midseason TV series Me & Mom calls for more conservative clothes, but she'll still be wearing the smile. When you play a detective, you need all the ammunition available. And Lisa, obviously, has more than enough.



That Joey— Such a Card

The Ramones' last album, Too Tough to Die, was great, but you didn't buy enough copies. To get even, JOEY hopes you'll land on Boardwalk—after he has put up a few hotels.





Chaka Proof

It turns out that the extraordinary CHAKA KHAN voice and hair aren't her only socko parts. Now that the Grammys have recognized her music, we want you to recognize the rest of her.



Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy George

Said the lovely GABRIELLA PALMANO about this photo: "I just got my breasts out for a laugh. People are far too prudish about sex." Said the lovely BOY GEORGE: "I had a great time.

I guess it shows that all the girls I go around with aren't gender benders."



NEXT MONTH





PERISPHERE HEIRS



CITY SUMMER



"THE REAL STUFF"—HERE'S EVERYTHING TOM WOLFE DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT AMERICA'S TOP AIR ACE, RE-CALLED IN HIS OWN WORDS AND THOSE OF HIS WIFE AND FLYING BUDDIES. FOR STARTERS, HE ADMITS HE ENTERED FLIGHT TRAINING PARTLY TO GET OUT OF K.P.—BY CHUCK YEAGER WITH LEO JANOS

"HEIRS OF THE PERISPHERE"—THINGS WERE NEVER LIKE THIS WHEN WALT WAS ALIVE IN THIS STORY, MIK, DUN AND GUF FACE A VASTLY CHANGED FUTURE—BY HOWARD WALDROP

"KEEPING UP WITH MISS JONES"-GRACE, THE BAD GIRL IN THE NEWEST JAMES BOND MOVIE, A VIEW TO A KILL, POSES FOR SOME BAAAD PICTURES FOR US. WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER BEST FRIEND!

"THE SPIKE"-ONLY IN CALIFORNIA, WE SUSPECT, COULD THE GAME OF TWO-MAN VOLLEYBALL HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED INTO A PRO SPORT. BUT THE SERPENT ENTERS THIS SUBTROPICAL EDEN WHEN PLAYERS STRIKE WHILE THE SAND IS HOT, A SAGA OF CULTURE SHOCK-BY MIKE SAGER

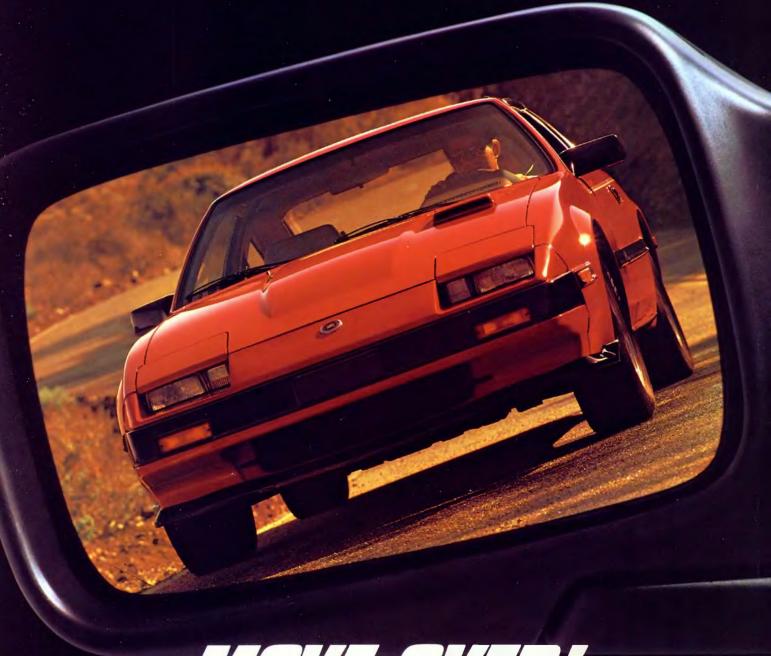
"CONFESSIONS OF A VIDEO FANATIC"-IT STARTS INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. YOU BUY A VCR JUST TO TAPE A COUPLE OF PROGRAMS A WEEK OR WATCH SOME RENTAL MOVIES. YOU END UP BUYING TWO MORE VCRS AND TAPES BY THE CASE, OWNING A COMPLETE LIBRARY OF MONTY PYTHON AND BECOM-ING AN EXPERT ON HOW OFTEN A LADY NEWSCASTER WEARS THE SAME DRESS-BY PAUL SLANSKY

JAMIE LEE CURTIS TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE, DOPE. NUDITY, HOLLYWOOD AND PLASTIC SURGERY IN A FAST-MOVING "20 QUESTIONS"

"BREATHE DEEP"-A DOWN-ON-HIS-LUCK GAMBLER SENSES SOMETHING IN THE AIR IN VEGAS, WITH EX-PLOSIVE RESULTS-BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

PLUS: MISS JULY, THE DELECTABLE HOPE MARIE CARLTON; FASHIONS FOR "SUMMER IN THE CITY," BY HOLLIS WAYNE; A LOOK AT ORAL SEX AS POWER PLAY IN "WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?" BY SUSAN SQUIRE; A SURPRISING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH HOT NEW DIRECTOR AND FORMER MEATHEAD ROB REINER, TALKING ABOUT FATHER CARL, EX-WIFE PENNY MARSHALL AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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