HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1985 • $4.00

A SPARKLING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH

GOLDIE HAWN

THE GIRLS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

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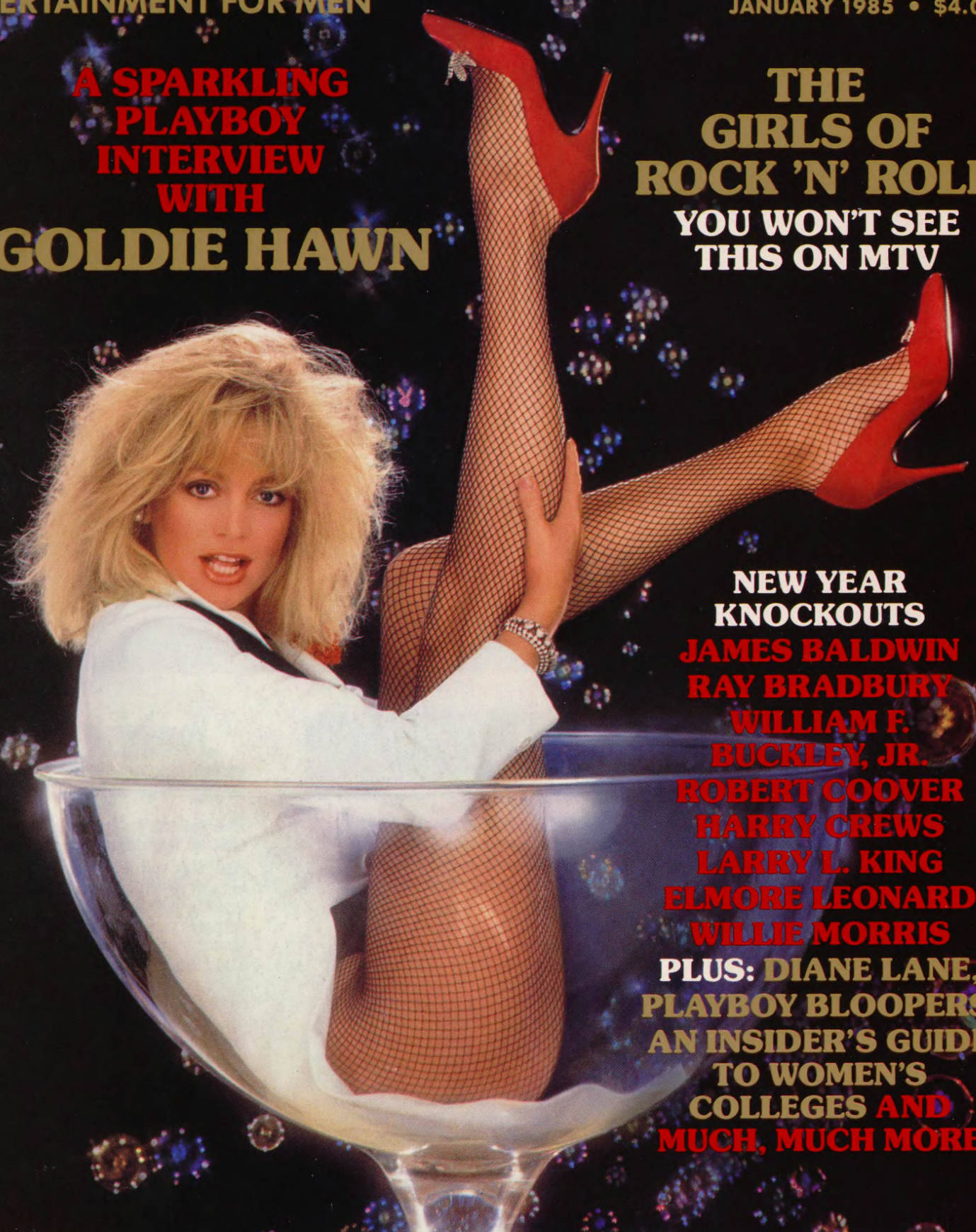

NEW YEAR KNOCKOUTS

JAMES BALDWIN
RAY BRADBURY
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.
ROBERT COOVER
HARRY CREWS
LARRY L. KING
ELMORE LEONARD
WILLIE MORRIS

PLUS: DIANE LANE, PLAYBOY BLOOPERS, AN INSIDER'S GUIDE TO WOMEN'S COLLEGES AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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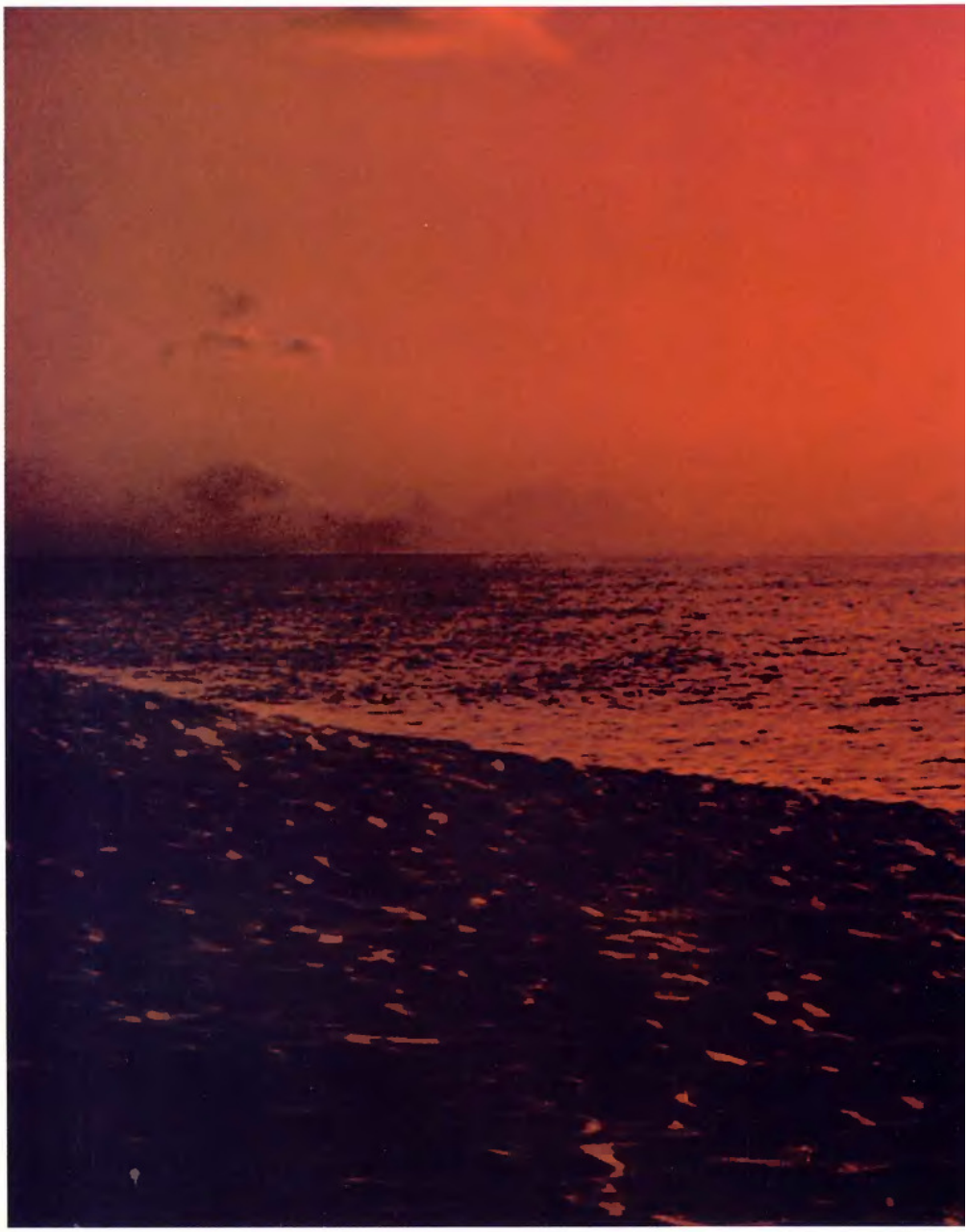

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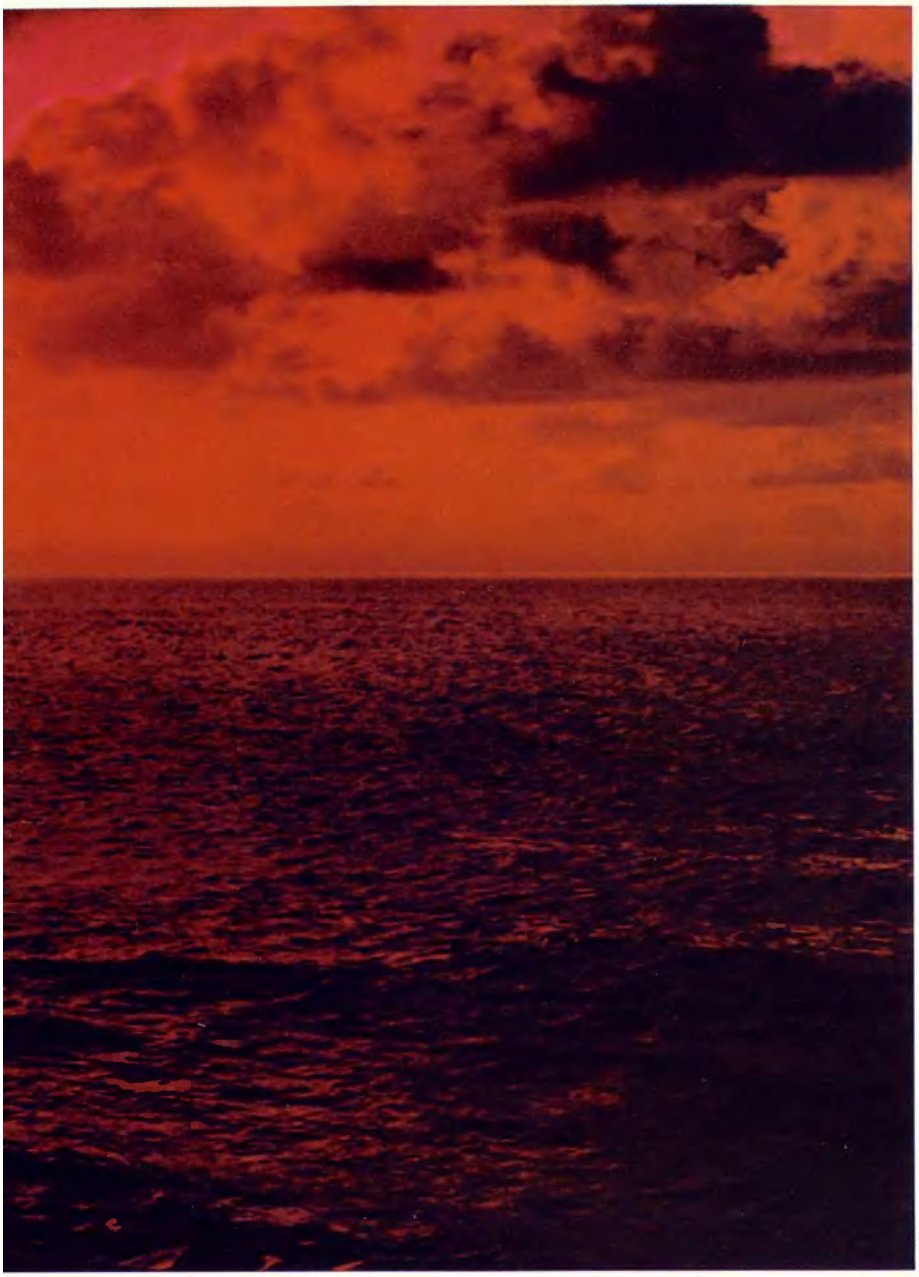

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PLAYBILL

A JANUARY ISSUE of PLAYBOY is always big. This one's smart, too. You'll discern the sweet reason of **William F. Buckley, Jr.,** in *Redefining Smart*, a Nautilus program for the mind. Sagely illustrated by **Robert Giusti,** Buckley's think piece suggests that the age of the Renaissance man is over but the eternal verities remain. Among them are equal justice under law, baseball and changing American sexuality, examined this month in *Freaks and the American Ideal of Manhood*, by another great thinker, **James Baldwin.**

If Jacksonian androgyny is the order of the day, what's to come next? In our line-up, it's the perfectly feminine **Goldie Hawn,** *Laugh-In* girl turned superstar. "Any preconceptions I might have had about interviewing a giggle-voiced, daffy blonde were dispelled the moment I met her," says **Lawrence Grobel,** whose *Playboy Interview* with Goldie covers her days as a go-go dancer, her relationship with actor **Kurt Russell** and her life as one of a mere handful of "bankable" female stars.

There are plenty of bankable women in music. You'll see a lot of them in *The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll*. Rock's better half has never been stripped down so well, thanks to Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus,** West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet.**

Our holiday fiction rocks, too. You'll never forget *You Must Remember This*, in which **Robert Coover** recounts what probably happened that one bed-rocking night Rick and Ilsa spent together in Casablanca. **Elmore Leonard's** *Glitz*, an excerpt from his forthcoming Arbor House novel, finds a cop on leave in Puerto Rico being trailed by a vengeful con. And in *One for His Lordship, and One for the Road!*, illustrated by **Charles Bragg,** master fantasist **Ray Bradbury** bellies up to the bar with the tale of an olde Irish lord and his disloyal opposition. Sex, revenge and booze—what more could you ask for the holidays?

How about *The Joys of Success? Los Angeles Magazine*'s **Jean Penn** asked **Gore Vidal, Tom Brokaw,** ad wizard **Joe Sedelmaier** and other celebs what makes them *feel* they've reached the top. With a wildly successful illustration by **John O'Leary,** this feature may give spoils a good name.

The joys of sex may depend on girl density—a principle studied at length by **Seth Rachlin** and **George Van Hoomissen**. "George and I traveled to 52 girls' schools," Rachlin told us. "Girls would ask us what we were doing there. 'We ran out of gas' worked well, but 'We're writing a book about women's colleges' got skeptical glares." All skepticism aside, girls, the book will be published by Crown as *Where the Girls Are Today*, and the authors have adapted some of its juiciest info for this month's special PLAYBOY chart.

Veteran hell-raiser **Larry L. King** bemoans the new asceticism in *Wholesome Blues*. Asked about his next project, King said, "I never plan more than two hours ahead, though I *am* thinking about becoming king of England."

In *Fathers, Sons, Blood*, **Harry Crews** (shown here with his son **Byron**) explores the trials and treasures of fatherhood, while **Willie Morris'** *The Women and Dogs in My Life* spotlights other essentials. "I felt that great women and dogs have been central to my life," says Morris. "This is my way of thanking them all." Trust us, Ms. Steinem—Morris is no sexist.

Diane Lane is sexy, though. We sent Contributing Editor **David Rensin** to ask her *20 Questions*; the 19-year-old actress compiled a perfect score. Our annual *Playmate Review* is sexy times 12, while *Playboy's Bloopers, Boners and F**k-Ups* is sexy *and* funny. And *Patrick Nagel* is a tribute to a fine PLAYBOY artist who died tragically last year (a scholarship fund in his name is being set up by the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena). Don't miss **Dan Jenkins'** great new *Sports* column; Miss January, **Joan Bennett,** limning the City of Light in the center of the magazine; or *The Spirit of '85*, fashion predictions from four of the world's leading designers. Then there's *The Eleventh-Hour Santa*, a last-minute-gift directory, the *Playboy Guide to Holiday Entertaining* and more. But we're out of breath.

BUCKLEY

GIUSTI

BALDWIN

MARCUS, GRABOWSKI

COOVER

BRAGG

BRADBURY

LEONARD

PENN

O'LEARY

RACHLIN, VAN HOOMISSEN

KING

CREWS, CREWS

MORRIS

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PLAYBOY

vol. 32, no. 1—january, 1985

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COVER STORY That bubbly blonde in the champagne glass is the intoxicating Goldie Hawn. Our cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and features hair styling by José Eber of Maurice José, Beverly Hills, and make-up by Armando Cosio. Goldie's *Playboy Interview* begins on page 71. Cheers!

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WRITTEN BY NORMAN STEINBERG • BERNIE KUKOFF • HARRY COLOMBY • JEFF HARRIS

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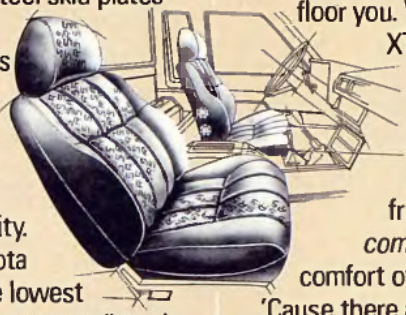
The new 1985 Toyota 4x4 has a 2.4 liter engine, the most powerful engine ever built for a truck of its class. Its 116 snorting horses will take you where you want to go without working up a sweat. How? Its all-new computer-controlled Electronic Fuel Injection always feeds 'em when they're hungry. Exactly what they need.

Built like a tank, this feisty 4x4 boasts wide, rugged P225/75R15 tires, and pounds along because it can take a pounding. For the lofty spirit in you that wants to get above it all, you get the highest running ground clearance in its class. So you'll ride high over the obstacles—not into them.

Its double-wall bed construction is matched with solid steel skid plates under the transfer case and fuel tank. Its suspension system with solid front-and-rear axles has been proven off-road for reliability and durability.



Ask around. Toyota owners reported the lowest incidence of repairs for any small truck—imported or domestic.*

For the creature comfort needs in you, there is full, rich carpeting and an AM/FM/MPX sound system that'll floor you. With this 4x4 SR5 XTRACAB you get extra space behind the seats and automatic locking front hubs, so you can change from 2WD to 4WD *on command* from the comfort of the cab. Get one. 'Cause there are mountains waiting.

* 1984 J.D. Power Compact Pickup Truck Survey.

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LETTERMAN'S CLUB

Thank you for the October *Playboy Interview* with David Letterman. I am impressed with Letterman's honesty, unique humor and sardonic wit. He is a class performer without the inflated sense of self-importance that most entertainers have. Again, thanks for an enjoyable *Interview* with a truly nice guy.

Doug Keil
Tucson, Arizona

Your overwhelmingly delightful *Playboy Interview* with David Letterman left us with three thoughts: We know him, we love him and we can't live without him.

T. Gary Gambardella
David Minicozzi
Springfield, Massachusetts

I really enjoyed Sam Merrill's *Interview* with David Letterman. I felt as if I were right there doing the *Interview* myself. I would have asked one more question, though: "David, was it your past beer days or some other occurrence that caused those awful bags under your eyes?"

Vince Kelly
Redondo Beach, California

SHARING UNIQUENESS

My reactions to E. Jean Carroll's *When Real Men Meet Real Women* (PLAYBOY, October)—about the weekend event Jerry Lipkin and I created three years ago and now cofacilitate—were sadness and outrage at what seems to me a sensationalized, distorted view of what happens at our weekends. We have no answers. We preach no dogma. We do, however, share our philosophy of androgyny, the belief that men and women have the same full range of human capacities, from emotion to reason, intuition to intellect; it's only gender programing that keeps us from our full humanity. Our weekends (and subsequent follow-up activities) make it fun and easy for men and women to make friends with themselves and one another so as to support and encourage one another at work, at home and in bed. While issues of sex are discussed, they are a small part of the whole (and certainly are not dealt with as portrayed in Carroll's article). There are films, journal exercises and explorations of everything from parents to programing to personal goals. The weekends begin on Friday evening with about 80 individuals—aged 16 to 78—from every walk of life. All are interested in personal growth, improved relationships and meeting new friends. Saturday, with men and women in separate groups, they begin friendships by sharing laughter, insights and occasional tears. Sunday is a day best described as indescribable. We know Real Men/Real Women is bridging many gaps by bringing men and women of all ages and backgrounds together in a spirit of increased understanding and appreciation of how we're all so much alike yet unique.

Maria Arapakis
Creator and Facilitator
Real Men/Real Women
Oakland, California

CAPED CRUSADERS

The new addition to PLAYBOY, *Playboy Editorial*, is the perfect complement to the perfect magazine. "The Indecent Crusade" (October) is a classic, and the last two sentences say it all. Thank goodness we do have a choice. I'll take the Elvis records, too.

John O'Brien
Scottsdale, Arizona

UPRIGHT PROGRAMING

While sailing off the coast of Nova Scotia, I became intrigued by the numerous satellite dishes that were visible along the coast. After docking at one of the many quaint fishing villages along our route, I began to converse with a fisherman's daughter. Our talk soon drifted to the ubiquitous satellite dishes. She told me that there were two satellites to train upon, one of which offered The Playboy Channel. She also mentioned, with a sly

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grin, that one can always tell which household is watching The Playboy Channel by observing the angle of the antennas. It turned out that those watching The Playboy Channel had their antennas pointing to the heavens at a more erect angle. Just thought you'd like to know.

Ronald B. Orr
Brookline, Massachusetts

RANDOM NOTE

Shirley MacLaine told your interviewer (PLAYBOY, September) that I thought her book *Out on a Limb* wouldn't sell and therefore didn't want to publish it, but that isn't true. I had no idea how well it would sell, though I thought that it might sell very well, indeed. But I didn't want to publish it whether or not it sold. I turned it down because in a fragile democracy, one should not treat one's fellow citizens as fools and that is what I would have had to do, in my opinion, if I had published Shirley's story of her serial reincarnations and her thoughts on extraterrestrial communication.

Jason Epstein, Vice-President
Random House
New York, New York

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE

Wonderful picture of Gloria Steinem in the October *Grapevine*. While you comment on her shape, you fail to mention the greatest asset to the photograph—the square Band-Aid covering Gloria's nipple. Is true feminism dead?

Bo Overlock
New York, New York

Either Gloria Steinem has a square areola or she's wearing a Band-Aid. Did Phyllis Schlafly bite her?

Stan Patrick
Trinidad, California

It's a Band-Aid—a modest touch. Let's not be catty.

WHITE LIGHTNING

We at NIDA think Laurence Gonzales' *Cocaine: A Special Report* (PLAYBOY, September) *is* useful in informing your readers about the risk of harm from cocaine use. In attempting to summarize complex data, however, one is always forced to emphasize certain aspects of the findings. Over the years, some have chosen to convey to the public the impression that the data as to the dangers of drugs such as cocaine and marijuana are ambiguous; ergo, these drugs are safe. Such reasoning may be partially responsible for the current widespread use of cocaine. In any case, we take a conservative stance and emphasize the possibility or likelihood of harmful effects when the data support such a possibility. We know that many Americans have tried cocaine without known harmful effects. We also know that a significant proportion of those who start out as experimenters with cocaine progress to intensified or compulsive use, with serious adverse

DUARTE AND MACMICHAEL

President José Napoleón Duarte of El Salvador charges in November's *Playboy Interview* that Nicaragua is the aggressor in El Salvador because it provides the weapons for the F.M.L.N. Since early 1981, there has been no proof of such Nicaraguan involvement. El Salvador's own military-intelligence files, examined in March 1984 by Allen Nairn, contain no evidence to support that charge. Duarte's motive for making it lies in his well-rewarded collaboration with the Reagan Administration. After all, the C.I.A. paid for his presidential campaign.

As to his comments about me, my visits to Nicaragua—including cotton picking—make me *more*, rather than less, credible. I am not a liar. I say only that from March 1981 to April 1983, while I was in the C.I.A., I did not see verifiable evidence of the so-called arms flow from Nicaragua. Wayne Smith, former head of the U.S. Interest Section in Havana, also asked to see this evidence and found that it did not exist. If the U.S. or the Salvadoran government has credible evidence, let it make that evidence public and I will shut up.

I am not a Marxist; however, I cannot help contrasting "Marxist" Nicaragua, where the only atrocities are carried out by the *contras*—the so-called freedom fighters—with El Salvador, where, under the two "democratic" regimes over which Duarte has presided, it is the U.S.-aided government forces that have astonished the civilized world by their use of state terror, brutality and random slaughter.

Alas, no one is paying me to say that the arms flow is a fiction. I have lived 56 years without seeking public attention and would rather not have to expose myself to the media now. As for resentment at losing my job, I will say only that by my current action, I have denied myself the well-remunerated independent research contracts with the C.I.A. that were offered to me after the expiration of my two years of service with the National Intelligence Council.

President Duarte, who has never met me, has no basis for his charges against me. His own cooperation over the past four years with the very forces in El Salvador that once tortured and exiled him and have carried out, under his auspices, a campaign of terror that has taken the lives of at least ten U.S. citizens—not to mention those of 50,000 of his fellow Salvadorans—makes him far less credible than I.

David Macmichael
New York, New York

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B OO M

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consequences. None of those who have become addicted had planned to or believed they would. Moreover, we do not currently have information that would allow us to predict who is at risk and who isn't. The only safe conclusion, therefore, is to avoid cocaine—not because one use will damage your brain but because one use may lead to the next, down a path toward what may be the cruelest of all addictions.

Jack Durell, M.D.
Associate Director for Science
National Institute on Drug Abuse
Rockville, Maryland

FRIGID FOOD

In Praise of Frozen Food (PLAYBOY, October), by Stephen Randall, is delightful. The illustration, by Sandra Hendler, had me running to the freezer. Now that frozen food is getting the recognition it deserves, "Heat and serve" will be the motto for the Eighties!

Marshall Hanson
Troy, New York

HEAVY MEDAL

If they give medals for photography, Pompeo Posar deserves a gold for his layout on Miss October, Debi Nicolle Johnson. Compared with the more overt sexuality of your usual 18- or 19-year-old Playmates, the exquisite Miss Johnson's is a welcome combination of beauty, intelligence and mature sensuousness.

Thomas Schultz
St. Louis, Missouri

I have correctly guessed who every Playmate of the Year was going to be since 1979. Miss Johnson is my pick for 1985.

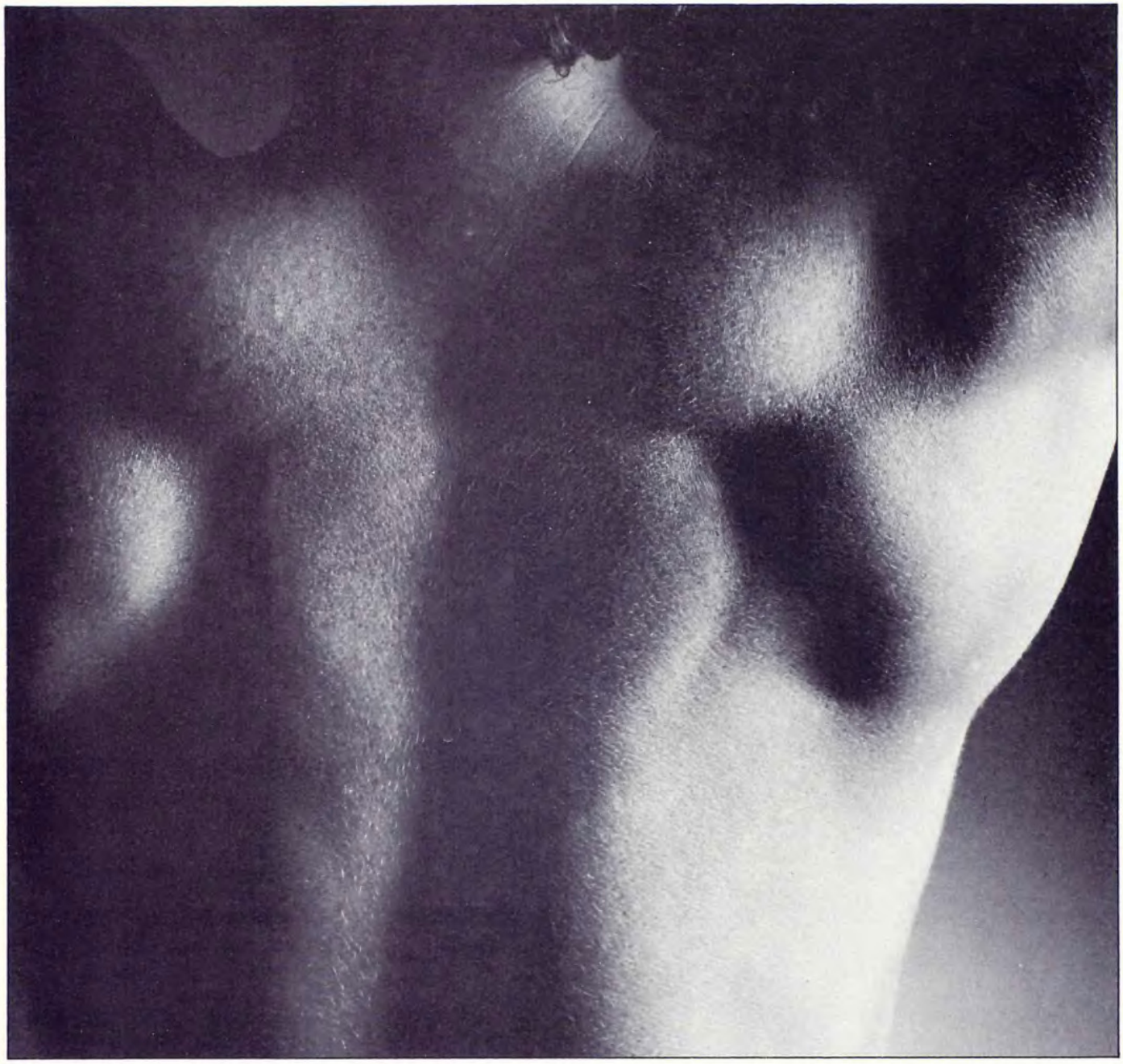
Todd Alfiers
Riverside, California

BUT FEWER FOXES

I thought you would be more flattered than threatened to see how the Minnesota Zoo is attempting to increase its gate at your expense. Although the zoo may, indeed, feature more leg than your publication, it can hardly top PLAYBOY "bear for bare" in my book.

Frank Hawthorne, Jr.
Rochester, Minnesota

We are flattered, Frank, though we're a little shocked to see that the zoo's showing pink.



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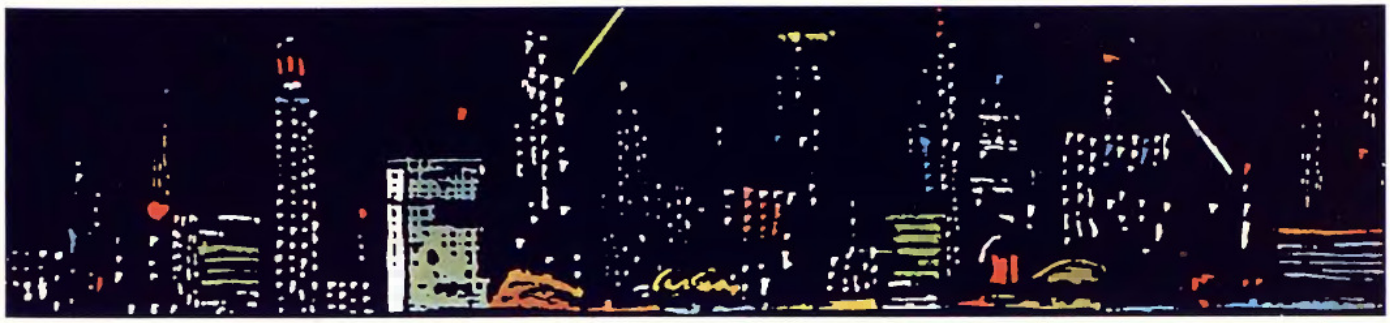
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HEAVY WEATHER

When Boston city councilman Albert L. O'Neil appeared on Dick Sinnott's phone-in radio talk show, the topic was "all kinds of abortions" being performed at Boston City Hospital. O'Neil told a woman caller that he was very upset about it and would launch an investigation, declaiming, "I'll get to the bottom of this. May lightning strike me dead if I don't."

Lightning struck immediately, hitting a transformer and knocking O'Neil and the station off the air.

•

A rough day for Jerry's kids: The Muscular Dystrophy Fun Day celebration in East Haddam, Connecticut, included "drag races."

•

If you doubt that things move at a mellower pace down South, peruse the following flash from the *Arkansas Democrat*: "SISTERS REUNITED AFTER 18 YEARS IN CHECK-OUT LINE AT SUPERMARKET."

•

When Minneapolis vice officers conducted a sweep of prostitutes, they netted more than 100 Johns—including a fellow police officer. Lieutenant Roger Brown, however, was most impressed by the number of men his vice unit picked up during the operation. "You wouldn't imagine the volume of people out looking for prostitution," he said. "We had people coming every five minutes."

•

Well, It's Sort of Like a Taco Department: We liked this headline in the Griffin, Georgia, *Daily News*: "WOMAN DESCRIBES SNATCH."

JIZZ WONDERFUL!

A French court has cleared the way for a 23-year-old widow to receive the sperm of her late husband. Alain Parpallaix suffered from cancer of the testicles and so made deposits in a sperm bank during the time he was courting his wife-to-be, Corinne. After his death, Madame tried to get the sperm, but the bank gave her the withdrawal slip, contending that it had no written instructions from her husband to let her have it. But a court has ordered that the sperm be released to a doctor of Madame Parpallaix's choice. "This makes me a happy woman," gushed Madame. "I can now realize the dearest of my desires, to have Alain's baby. I thank justice and my lawyers." We think she should have at least given Monsieur Parpallaix a fair shake, too.

THE CHINA SYNDROME

China's Communist Party, which is encouraging people over 30 to marry, is telling prospective bridegrooms not to be so picky about marriage candidates. "Almost all the men insist that their wives have the face of an actress, the figure of an athlete, the attitude of a waitress, the voice of an announcer and the culinary skills of a chef," Peking's *People's Daily* said in a commentary. "This can only be found in some dreamworld." We guess when it comes to dreamworlds, you either *dim sum* or lose some.

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

"HUSBAND BEATS REPUBLICAN WIFE," proclaimed a headline in *The Indianapolis News*. So much for the idea that we can't get as passionate about politics as European couples do.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER

When a young English couple decided to buy a home in the country, the local vicar showed them through a house but failed to show them its bathroom. They later contacted him, asking where the W.C. was located. His response:

"The W.C. is about seven miles from the house. This is rather unfortunate if you are in the habit of going regularly. It is made to seat 300 people, and the committee has decided to install plush seats to ensure greater comfort. The last time my wife went was three weeks ago, and it was so crowded she had to stand all the time. I myself never go at all.

"There are special facilities for ladies, presided over by the minister, who is glad to give them any assistance they require."

The vicar thought W.C. referred to Wesleyan chapel. You could say he was plumb wrong.

ONE STEPPE BEYOND

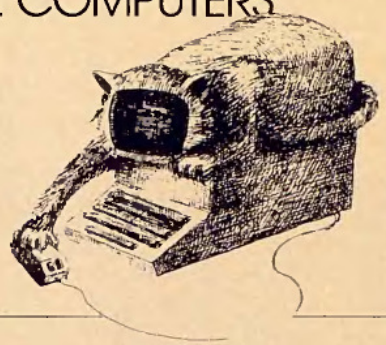
It's like John Milius' worst nightmare come true, but it's got to be the truth: It was in *Pravda*.

Students at the Ufimsk Aviation Institute have created the first gasoline-powered internal-combustion boot. Each piece of footwear is mated to a five-and-a-half-pound engine. "Odd-looking," *Pravda* admits; but by strapping on a pair, an ordinary pedestrian evolves into

VERY PERSONAL COMPUTERS

PETT/CAT

An intelligent terminal and the first of its breed to feature the MICKEYSOFT® mouse, which drives kitty's cursor up the wall. (PETT/CAT loves them little mousies.) Improved Cattoes Ray Tube now allows for instant boot-up. *Options:* Scratch-pad read/write sectors, roll-over encoding.



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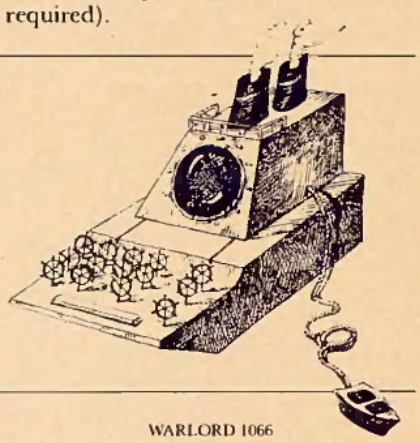
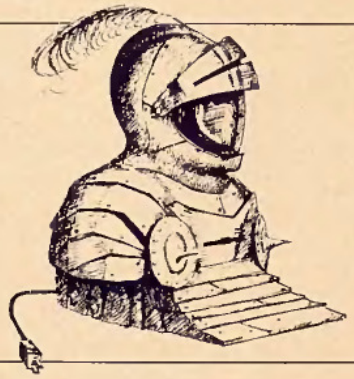
REAR-COMMODORE 64

Portability? This floating think-tanker leaves the fleet in a wake of binary bilge! Aye, its MS-SOS operating system will run WORDSTARBOARD® forward and aft and mainsheet programs amidships. RS232 serial ports are standard. *Options:* Île de Taïti remote ports, DINGHY™ digitizer.





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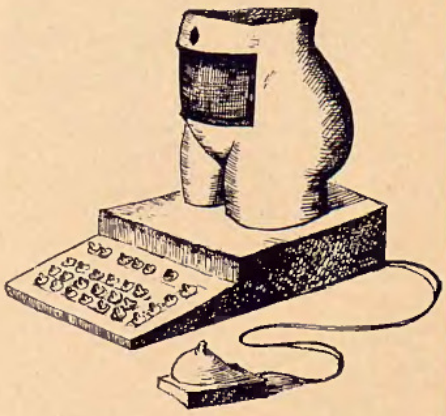


—MARY PHELAN and ART PLOTNICK

Ufimskian Man, capable of taking nine-foot strides at speeds of up to 25 miles per hour. "The wearer presses down on the platform under the sole of the boot. The fuel mixture combusts and the pressure of the gas forces the cylinder up and, with it, the platform on which the wearer stands."

The implications of this invention are profound, and not just for the military; think what it's going to mean in terms of break dancing. Other questions remain: What's the boots' range? Do they burn a lot of oil? How good is the warranty? But the question that intrigues us most is this: If the boots fire every time the wearer presses down, how do you turn them off once you've reached your destination?

•

"Wanted: Experienced boners; paid by piecework" read the classified ad in the Lexington, Kentucky, *Herald-Leader*.

BEAR FACTS

When an 18-month-old, 300-pound bear wandered out of the Los Padres National Forest and into Goleta, California, Deputy Sheriff Linette Lefkowitz' earlier stint as a ranger at Yosemite sure came in handy. Apparently, she learned to speak bear by making "the same noises they do." So when the young bear climbed a tree in the Santa Barbara suburb, Lefkowitz persuaded it to stay put until animal-control officials arrived to tranquilize it with a dart gun and take it back to the forest. "He wanted to come down out of the tree, but I told him he couldn't," she said.

LATE FOR DINNER

Everything tastes better outdoors: When Dianne Fellman found out that her husband, Elroy, had contracted a seriously debilitating disease, she did not take the bad news gracefully. Mrs. Fellman, 36, pulled out a .22 automatic pistol and pumped several bullets into her husband, killing him. She then reportedly hacked his body into bits and threw part of the remains onto the family barbecue, where she proceeded to grill them and occasionally gnaw on one of Elroy's charred arms. Said the prosecuting attorney in the ensuing case: "She told people she would never push a wheelchair." The moral: Sometimes it pays to marry a vegetarian.

•

A Charlottesville schoolgirl's letter to Santa appeared in *The Daily Progress*. She asked for a "little good-luck Care Bear, and a Christmas book, green paper and white tits, and a Santa that plays Christmas music."

•

The Medina, Ohio, *County Gazette* ran a story about bats' invading apartment houses but promised much more than it delivered when it headlined the piece "FLYING MAMMALS TAKE OVER; FAMILY FLEES FROM CONDOM."

BOOKS

'Tis the season again for us to recommend books that will make terrific gifts to give—and get. As usual, our friends at Harry N. Abrams have some wonderful coffee-table books. Among them: ***Baseball,*** with photographs by Walter Iooss, Jr., and text by Roger Angell; ***That's Dancing,*** by Tony Thomas, the companion volume to the film; and ***Automobile and Culture,*** which traces the image of the auto in art by Gerald Silk, Angelo Tito Anselmi, Strother MacMinn and Harry Flood Robert, Jr., with original photography by Henry Wolf.

There are three very witty cartoon collections to consider: ***Omnibooth: The Best of George Booth*** (Congdon & Weed); drawings by William Wegman, titled ***Everyday Problems*** (Brightwaters); and ***Parallel Universes*** (Harper & Row), by Roz Chast.

If you're stumped by what to get your favorite capitalist, we suggest the best seller ***What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School*** (Bantam), by Mark H. McCormack.

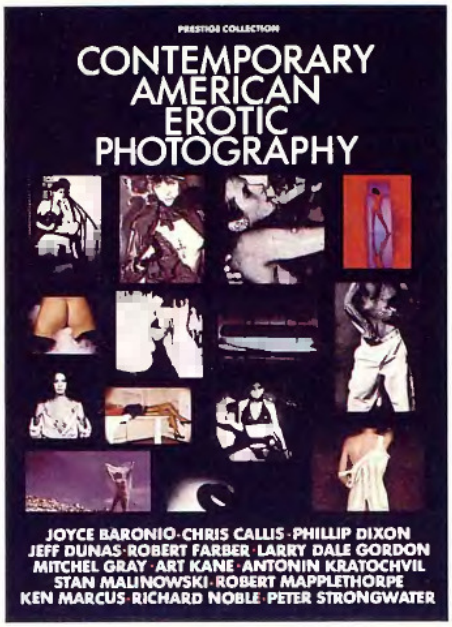
In a year that saw a refocusing of the American spirit, we offer the following: ***American Vaudeville as Seen by Its Contemporaries*** (Knopf), edited and with commentary by Charles W. Stein; also from Knopf, ***Square Meals,*** a cookbook covering everything from Mom's pot roast to tuna-noodle casserole, by Jane and Michael Stern; and ***Mid-Century Modern: Furniture of the 1950's*** (Harmony), by Cara Greenberg, designed by George Corsillo.

Sierra Club Books has produced a beauty, ***The Wilder Shore,*** with photographs by Morley Baer, text by David Rains Wallace and a foreward by Wallace Stegner. The photos are of California, and the text combines impressionistic vignettes with an examination of California writers from Jack London to John Steinbeck.

Certain coffee-table books are even more unusual than you'd expect, and Knopf has two in that category. David Hockney has spent the past couple of years experimenting with his camera. The result is a knockout volume, ***Cameraworks,*** with text by Lawrence Weschler. The other book is by Valentine Lawford and is called ***Horst: His Work and His World,*** with 288 photographs by the great fashion and society photographer.

Publishers Stewart, Tabori & Chang have two volumes you ought to consider. In ***Entering Space,*** by Joseph P. Allen with Russell Martin, astronaut Allen gives a step-by-step account of a shuttle flight. ***Rock Stars,*** by former *Rolling Stone* editor Timothy White, traces the roots of rock 'n' roll and highlights 40 of its heavies. The ageless Mr. Jagger graces the cover.

Finally, we'd never let a holiday season go by without our contribution to spice. Too much sugar dulls the senses, after all.



Our kind of holiday cheer.

Holiday gift books, plus new fiction by Tom Robbins and E. L. Doctorow.

We highly recommend two photo books from Melrose Publishing Company in L.A.: The first, which illustrates this gift-book roundup, is volume one of ***Contemporary American Erotic Photography.*** It includes the work of photographers who regularly appear in PLAYBOY, such as Jeff Dunas, Phillip Dixon and Ken Marcus. The other is Jeff Dunas' ***Voyeur.*** Get it: It's gorgeous. And sexy. Happy New Year to you!

•

"How did Nazi war criminals come to the United States?" asks Allan A. Ryan, Jr., in his book ***Quiet Neighbors*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). "We invited them in," he answers. "The Displaced Persons Act of 1948 was a brazenly discriminatory piece of legislation, written to exclude as many concentration-camp survivors as possible and to include as many Baltic and Ukrainian and German [people] as it could get away with." Ryan, who headed the Office of Special Investigations in the Department of Justice from 1979 to 1983, goes on to describe in detail the "quiet neighbors"—former Nazi killers who came here after World War Two and lived anonymous lives, people such as John Demjanjuk, known to the inmates of Treblinka as Ivan the Terrible, a man who helped slaughter thousands of victims yet came to America as a displaced person in 1952, became a citizen in 1958, bought a ranch house in the Cleveland suburb of Seven Hills and cultivated a large garden in his back yard. Why didn't we know who this man was? "We did not know, I think, because we did not want to know," writes Ryan. "A curtain of silence had fallen over the Holocaust." Ryan, to his credit, has finally documented the screams of silence.

•

We don't usually review paperback anthologies, but John Clark Pratt's ***Vietnam Voices*** (Penguin) is too fine a collection to pass up. Shrewdly, Clark has divided the history of that war into the five-act tragedy it was, from 1941 to 1975 (with an epilog to 1982), and he has compiled an original mix of writings to give us the full flavor of the Vietnam experience. The range of materials is enormous: A chapter of a novel may be set next to a coldly worded intelligence report and followed by the actual transcript of a conversation between a pilot on a bombing run and his forward air controller. Everything about this anthology is imaginative and exciting, from the graffiti that are quoted between chapters (IN VIETNAM, THE WIND DOESN'T BLOW. IT SUCKS) to the surprising clash of opinions in various Government reports (there was more diversity of thought than our Government admitted) to the small gray boxes interspersed throughout that chart the growing numbers of U.S. Servicemen killed and wounded in action. Many voices, much truth.

•

E. L. Doctorow puts a lot of information into a small place. ***Lives of the Poets: Six Stories and a Novella*** (Random House) is like a mental Alka-Seltzer—once ingested, it fizzes and expands and makes the world stop moving for a while. The topics these stories engage are family, love, the terror of loneliness, the fierce honesty of children, adultery and the weird logic and freedoms of adulthood. The book pretty much covers the whole ball of wax, but it does so in a style that is both classic and colloquial. You'll find ground here not covered anywhere else. Doctorow gets the goods down on paper as well as anybody writing.

•

The Nuclear Crisis Reader (Vintage), edited by Gwyn Prins, is a collection of essays on the subject by men who favor arms control. These include such people as Rear Admiral Eugene J. Carroll, Chaplain (Major General) K. D. Johnson, George Kennan, McGeorge Bundy and John Kenneth Galbraith. The most impressive mind on display here belongs to Admiral Noel Gayler, former commander in chief of all U.S. forces in the Pacific (1972–1976). "We and the Soviets need the vision to see that continuing to struggle for advantage in nuclear arms is futile and increasingly dangerous," he

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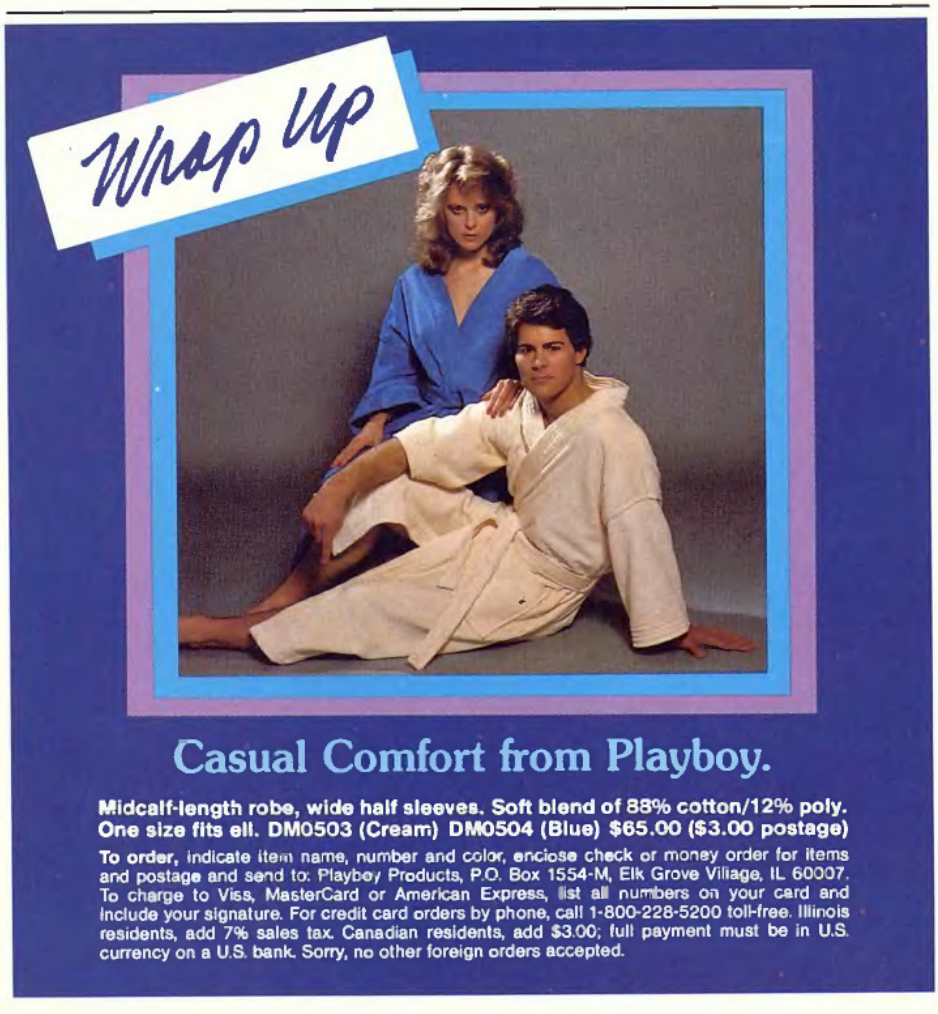

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writes at the conclusion of some very practical suggestions for ending the arms race. An informative and surprisingly blunt book that strips away the ridiculous rhetoric of the past several years.

•

Tom Robbins doesn't know when to stop. He plays with language until the reader is exhausted, inspired, amused and bemused. He can put "Descartes before des horse." He can describe sex in terms that rival the best of PBS: "Wiggs worked her as if she were an archaeological dig: spading sifting dusting cataloging. Now lying in a puddle on the sofa she felt like she was ready to be shipped to the British Museum. Accompanied by a crate of late–20th Century bone shards." His fourth novel, ***Jitterbug Perfume*** (Bantam), is set in Paris, Seattle, New Orleans and Tibet. It is about immortality and the search for the perfect deodorant. It is also wretched, rewarding excess.

•

Graham Greene wanted to write a novel about a female journalist driving around Panama with a trusted aide of its leader, General Omar Torrijos. Instead, he wrote a memoir about his own jaunts around Panama—in search of a drink or political justice or both—with Torrijos' aide, the womanizing poet-philosopher Chuchu. (" 'We make love together?' Chuchu demanded with a certain eagerness" when Greene confided the plot of his novel.) ***Getting to Know the General*** (Simon & Schuster), alas, misses both opportunities: It's not a novel and its earnest, naïve remembrances of Torrijos make one long for more of the real Chuchu.

BOOK BAG

Spoiled Sport (Little, Brown), by John Underwood: The author thinks sports have been ruined by drug-addled players, grandstanding owners, TV moguls, slick agents and cheating alumni. If only we could return to the mythical golden age of sport—when *Underwood* was a kid. *Spoiled Sport* will be a hit with nostalgic curmudgeons.

Peter Burwash's Aerobic Workout Book for Men (Dodd, Mead), by Peter Burwash and John Tullius: Feel silly trying to get into Jane Fonda's leotard-and-leg-warmer routine? At last, here's a no-nonsense guide for guys on how to burn off the fat that specifically plagues men. Sweat out this book.

Columbus Avenue (St. Martin's), by Alan Gelb: A love story set in the Big Apple, told from both the male and the female points of view. That's a pretty neat trick these days.

Money Angles (Linden Press), by Andrew Tobias: From financial foreplay to inside information, from fancy footwork to terms of enrichment, the author of PLAYBOY's *Quarterly Reports* gives sound advice. Tobias combines financial expertise with a sense of humor, and you need both to survive today.

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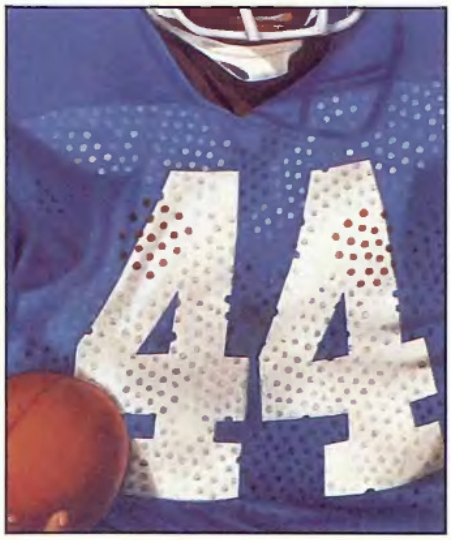
BELT YOURSELF

By DAN JENKINS

I SLEEP BETTER at night knowing that Slingin' Sam Baugh, Tom Harmon, Doak Walker and all of my other gridiron heroes of yesteryear never had to wear one of those perforated, mesh fish-net see-through football jerseys. You know the kind. It's the jersey, much in vogue now, through which you can see a player's pads, tape, tattoo, birthmark—everything but his school colors. The jerseys were around this season like recruiting violations, but as far as I'm concerned, they're worse. They make teams look stupid. I stopped counting Doug Flutie's touchdown passes for Boston College back in October, because I got tired of seeing a rib cage where a jersey ought to be. I wondered what a kid would say to the BC quarterback if he went up to him for an autograph: "Hi, Doug. Nice chest hair"—something like that?

My grudge against the see-through jersey goes back to the first time I ever saw one, which was, I think, in the season of 1971. Imagine my shock, a crusty old traditionalist like me, a man who had been a college football junkie since the age of seven, when I'd watched Sam Baugh sling Doug Fluties for TCU back in Fort Worth. I was all set to watch this big game on TV when the fierce Auburn Tigers pranced onto the field with their linemen looking like screened-in porches and their backs looking like bimbos on 48th Street. Were the Auburns going to play football or form a chorus line? Had Auburn's Shug Jordan, then the coach, opted for a new version of the old Georgia Tech tear-away jersey? In the Fifties, Bobby Dodd's Ramblin' Wrecks had made famous a clinging jersey that came off when the wind blew. After one quarter, a Georgia Tech ball carrier looked like a thief stealing shoulder pads from the equipment room. You didn't tackle the Georgia Tech runner; you tackled a roll of fabric. Now here were the Auburn Tigers in their see-throughs. What edge would the jerseys give them? I gathered that they were designed to make the opposing players swoon and invite them to homecoming dances. For a few minutes, I assumed that Auburn's real jerseys had been stolen and the team mothers had thrown together something out of their sewing kits. Then it dawned on me. The world was never going to be the same again. My thoughts turned to Grantland Rice and the lead he would have written: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again—Givenchy, Dior, Blass and Cardin."

I don't remember anything about that game on TV. All I could do was gape at the numerals hanging from jaunty angles on the bizarre, gauzy, filmy gowns of the fierce Auburn Tigers, totally fearful that some linebacker would burst into song.



REAL MEN DON'T WEAR MESH

Perforated, mesh fish-net football jerseys look silly. And the mesher the jersey, the sillier it looks.

Since that dreaded afternoon, it seems to me that halfbacks have been fumbling more than ever, but I say to you that it has nothing to do with the high-risk wishbone; it's the guilt and embarrassment that go with wearing a perforated, mesh fish-net see-through jersey.

Like I said, the serious thing about the jersey is that it looks unarguably dumb—and silly. And the mesher the jersey, the sillier it looks. The N.F.L. doesn't do many things right these days. Its season is too long, it has overdosed America on televised football and its players are too rich and too stoned. But at least they have a dress code. They don't wear midriffs or see-throughs or clusters of miniature catfish pasted on the sides of their helmets.

OK, I hear that the college players like the dumb jersey for warm-weather games. Their bodies can breathe. But I have a question: Who cares what players like? For 100 years of college football, nobody's body needed to breathe. Red Grange's body didn't breathe. Bronko Nagurski's body didn't breathe. Frank Sinkwich's body didn't breathe. I say a guy's body doesn't need to breathe any more today than it did then, not when you're giving him a free four-year education and all the Tri Delts he can handle. The least he can do is dress right.

So whom do we blame for this horrible thing that's happened to college football? The nitwit who invented the fish-net jersey? No. The equipment salesmen who peddle them? No. Blame the coaches who buy them, that's who. Coaches follow one another in uniform trends the way they've followed one another from the split T to the belly series to the I formation to the veer. Coaches look for any edge they can find. They went for the see-through jersey like they go for a doctored transcript. It was after the first equipment salesman said to the first coach, "Look at it this way, Brick. In the fourth quarter, your team won't be sweating as much as Biff's."

Here's my hero today: the first coach who has the guts to stand up and say, "I'd rather suck a dead dog's dick than let my team wear that mesh shit."

Coaches, as we know, have a quaint way of expressing themselves.

Look, I don't want everybody back in leather helmets and canvas pants. Some changes have been for the better. When Army and Navy came out in 1941 with the first plastic helmets, it was streamlined. When Doak Walker and the SMU Mustangs of 1947 wore the first low-quarter shoes, it was slick, classy. When Bud Wilkinson's sleight-of-hand Oklahoma Sooners sported the first short-sleeved jerseys in 1954, it was neat. But the only things we've had since then are face masks and fish nets.

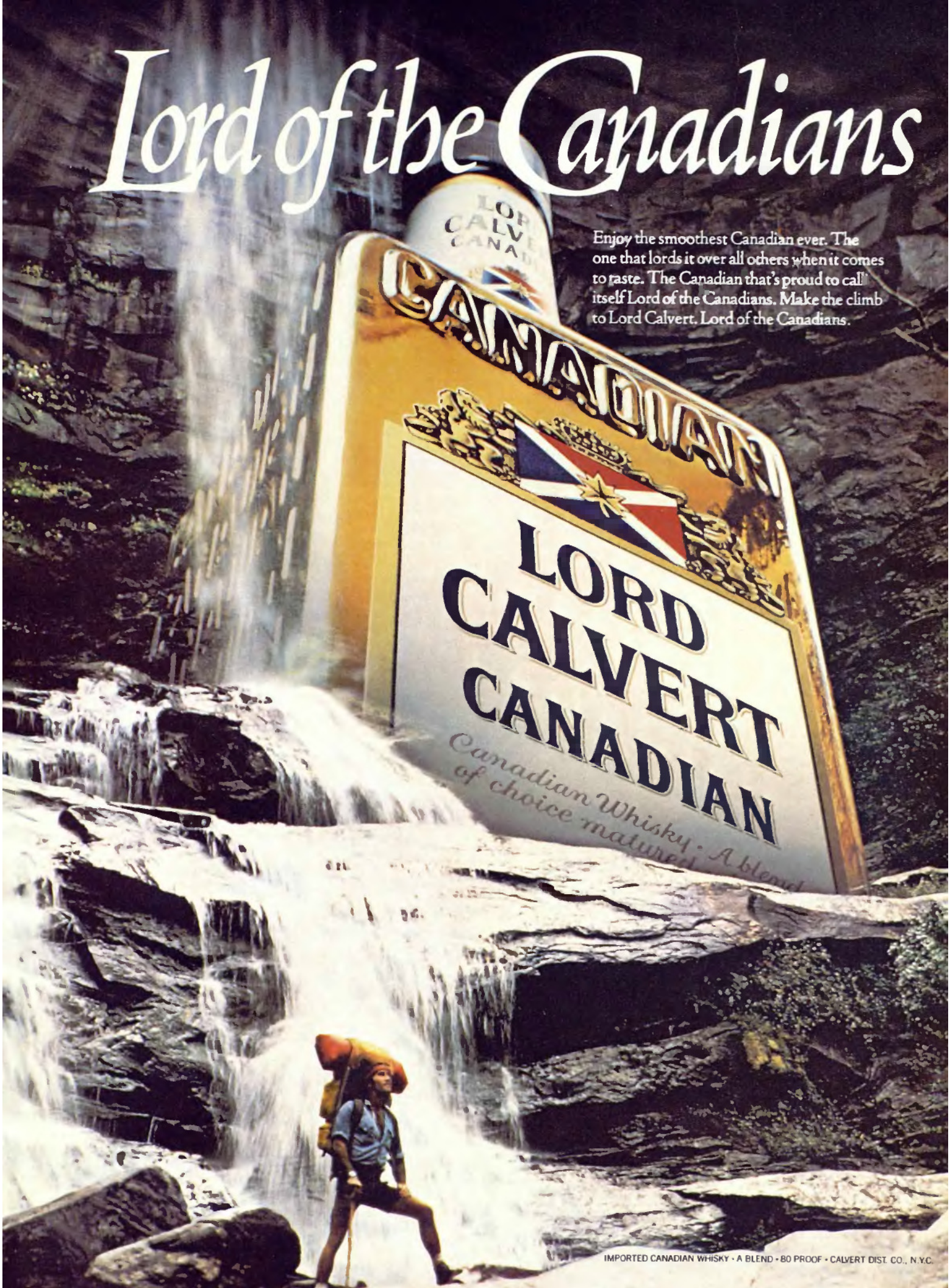
All I can do is wonder how the lusty history of the game would have been changed if we'd always had the see-through jersey. I think of Knute Rockne saying, "All right, men, design one for the Gipper." I think of Goldberg, Cassiano, Chickerneo and Stebbins, the Seam Backfield, at Pitt. I think of Wojciechowicz, Franco and Fordham's Seven Blocks of Quilting. I think of Barnacle Bill Busik and the Midstitchmen from Annapolis. I think of Texas A & M's Jarrin' Jane Kimbrough, the Haskell Hurricane. I think of that "game of the century" at Yankee Stadium in 1946, when Lujack, Sitko, Connor and the Fighting Stylish of Notre Dame played to a 0–0 tie with Davis, Blanchard, Tucker and the Black Knits of the Hudson.

Oh, well, I've survived another regular season with the fish net. And now for the bowl games. Once again, there's a chance for the moment that could put an end to the see-through jersey forever. Here we are in Pasadena, New Orleans, Dallas or Miami, at the center of the field, where the opposing captains and the referee have met for the coin toss. The TV cameras are there. We have audio.

"Captain Heisman," the referee gestures, "this is Captain Stagg."

"Hi," says Captain Heisman, extending his hand with a seductive smile.

"Hi, yourself," Captain Stagg says. "Great tits!"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When Police guitarist Andy Summers and electropopper and New Wave grandpopper Robert Fripp collaborated on their second album, *Bewitched* (A & M), we were amused by a track called *What Kind of Man Reads* PLAYBOY? Naturally, we looked for an answer and got it from Summers, who supplied us with his own upscale, college-educated high-income likeness, above.

ROCK 'N' ROLL AND MISTLETOE: Are you wondering what to get your music lover for a gift? We've done the research for you, so grab this list, hum a few fa-las and head for the stores.

In the book department, look for ***David Bowie's Serious Moonlight: David Bowie Presents His World Tour*** (Doubleday/Dolphin), photographs by Denis O'Regan, text by Chet Flippo. It covers the tour—all eight months of hauling equipment across four continents to play for more than 2,000,000 people. Another must is critic John Rockwell's ***Sinatra: An American Classic*** (Random House/Rolling Stone Press). Here's the ultimate celebration of an American classic, with lots of pictures for those people who want a walk down memory lane. Finally, if you've read Philip Norman's book *Shout*, about the life and times of the Fab Four, you know that he's an unusually fine journalist. So we're recommending his latest, ***Symphony for the Devil*** (Linden/Simon & Schuster), about a few guys called The Stones.

For the would-be musician in your life, Baldwin's new PianoPro, a piano with microprocessor technology, allows even beginners to make professional-sounding music. At the same time, PianoPro has the dynamics and the touch of an acoustical piano, so your special Gershwin can learn to play the traditional way, too. It is only when the fallboard is raised that the array of controls is revealed.

Speaking of Gershwin, what would the holidays be without some worthy albums of his music? You'll make someone happy with Angel's ***Gershwin: Alexis Weissenberg, the Berlin Philharmonic and Seiji Ozawa*** conducting *Rhapsody in Blue*, *I Got Rhythm* variations and *Catfish Row*, from *Porgy and Bess*. A couple of greatest-hits albums of note include ***Hank Williams: 40 Greatest Hits*** (Polydor), and ***The Yardbirds: A Compleat Collection with Sonny Boy Williamson*** (Compleat), featuring the young and already brilliant Eric Clapton. Last, ***You & I / Classic Country Duets*** (Warner) includes, among others, Waylon and Hank, Jr., Eddie Rabbitt and Crystal Gayle and David Frizzell and Shelly West.

For your rock-trivia freak, there are two new board games to test old brain cells. **Rock 'n' Roll the Dice** (Nosul Productions, P.O. Box L-328, New Bedford, Massachusetts 02745—don't forget the $2 for shipping and handling) runs $22.95. More than 2500 questions cover the years 1955–1984. **Solid Gold Music Trivia** (Mattel) can accommodate two to 24 players and asks the immortal question "What's Paul McCartney's middle name?" You'll find this one in any game or toy store.

Sony's series of music-video 45s and LPs at very affordable prices continues with selections that would make fine presents. Among the new offerings for less than $20: ***The Evolutionary Spiral***, with music by Weather Report, David Bowie's new short ***Jazzin' Blue Jean*** and the latest by Tina Turner and Duran Duran. For $30, check out video LPs ***The San Francisco Blues Festival*** and ***The Mel Tormé Special***.

Finally, a chuckle is in order. Has the person in your life ever swooned over guitars—especially while watching ZZ Top's *Sharp Dressed Man* video? Those wonderful zebra guitars are made by Dean International Guitar Company, Box 216, 1744 West Devon, Chicago, Illinois 60660. You can get the Hollywood Zebra-Z model in red, white or black for $449 with case. After all, what would the holidays be without music? Or zebras? —BARBARA NELLIS

REVIEWS

First, the bad news: Maybe he's just been too busy with his film career, but David Bowie bothered to write only three new tunes for ***Tonight*** (EMI). The rest is pretty much filler: retreads of old Iggy Pop collaborations and a couple of cover tunes. God only knows what to make of Bowie's grotesquely camp reading of the Beach Boys' *God Only Knows*, and why is Tina Turner mixed so low on the title cut? Bitch, bitch, bitch. And the good news? Two of the new ones, *Blue Jean* and *Dancing with the Big Boys*, have all the verve and kick of last year's *Let's Dance*—and fortunately for the budget-conscious, they both appear on Bowie's current single.

•

"We hit the road and the road hit back" could be the epitaph for thousands of bands that got derailed, bounced or otherwise rejected by the force of their own career choices. Fortunately, it's merely a great line from REO Speedwagon's comeback album, ***Wheels Are Turnin'*** (Epic). These guys kind of fell off the hydraulic lift of life after their supersuccessful *Hi Infidelity*. Now they're back churning across their wholesome, albeit flat, landscape in overdrive. REO fans will love this one.

•

Pat Metheny's new album, ***First Circle*** (ECM), doesn't break much new ground for this wonderful ensemble of jazz musicians, but the particular territory

TRUST US

We've thought it over and have decided that compact discs are a good idea—mainly because they're indestructible and take up little space without sacrificing complete liner notes. Also, they sound pretty good—no noise. Here are our current favorites.

CD ALERT:

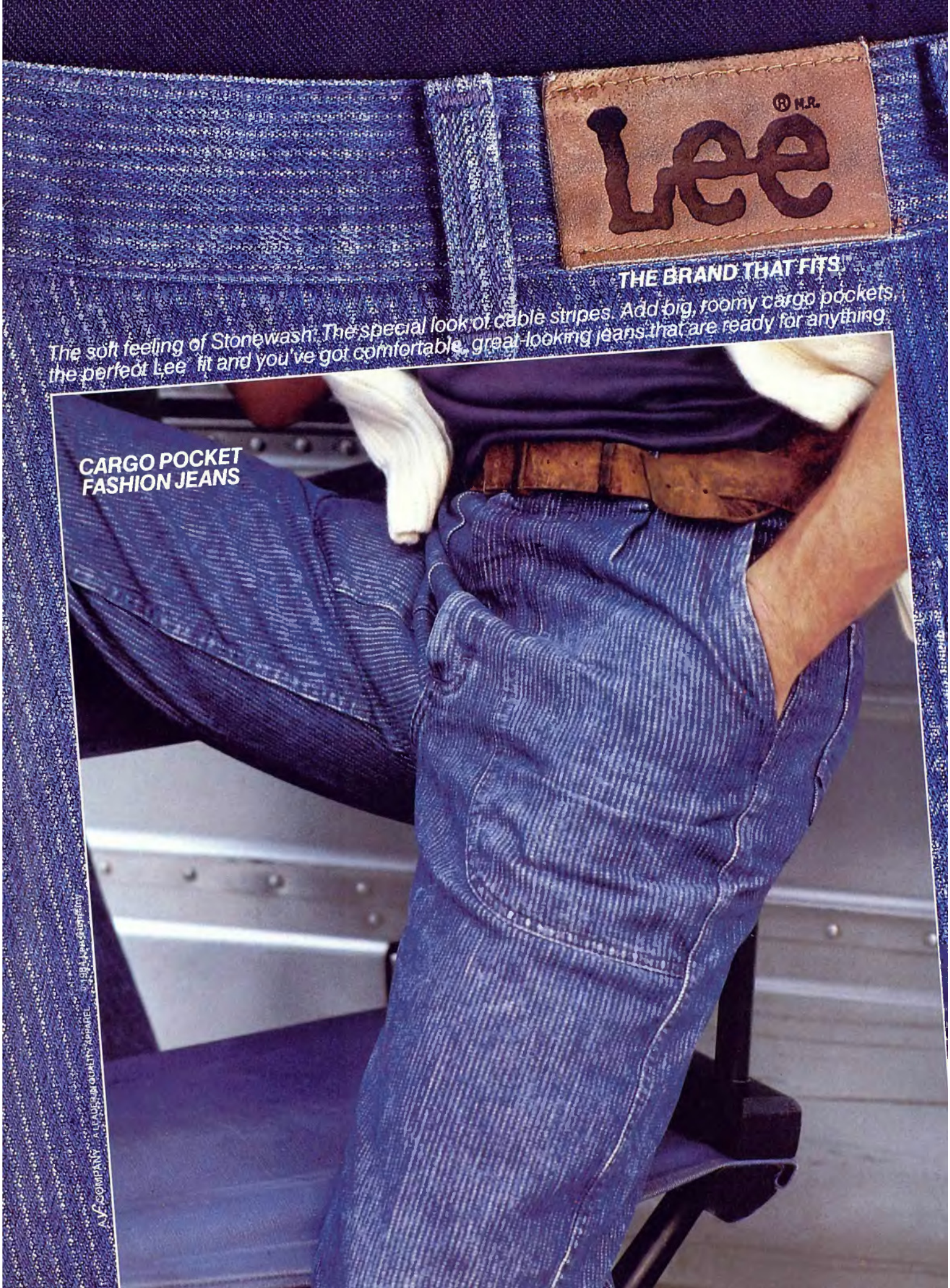
Gerard Schwartz and the Y Chamber Symphony of New York / *Beethoven Symphony Number 6: Pastorale* **(Delos)**

Sonny Rollins / *Way Out West* **(Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab)**

Miles Davis / *Kind of Blue* **(CBS)**

Lucia Popp, Munich Radio Orchestra, Leonard Slatkin / *Mozart: Arias* **(Angel)**

David Bowie / *CHANGESONEBOWIE* **(RCA)**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FAST TRACKS

IF YOU CAN TAKE THE HEAT, YOU GET THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENT: We've heard of some crazy radio promotions in our time on this beat, but a Sydney, Australia, radio station has one going that takes the cake. It's a contest for the ultimate Duran Duran fan. The station has arranged for the winner to fly to England and take possession of John Taylor's kitchen sink. Taylor will be on hand to bid his plumbing goodbye. Who says you can't take it with you?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEW YEAR'S EVE? The new all-music network Discovery Music Channel, formed by two veterans of the Financial News Network, plans to begin broadcasting with a giant New Year's Eve party. A network spokesman says the channel hopes to have 20,000,000 subscribers by the last day of December. The plan is to show about 50 videos in rotation each day, and programing will include a variety of musical styles, appealing to those of us between the ages of 24 and 45. When and if **Ted Turner** gets *his* music channel going, MTV may face a lot of competition. So get out your dancing shoes.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look for **Tina Turner** in *Mad Max III*. . . . We hear that **Mick Jagger** has finally found his film project, starring opposite **Orson Welles,** who will play God. Mick's role? Satan; who else? . . . **Jessica Lange** plans to play **Patsy Cline** in a movie based on the life of the singer, who was killed in a plane crash in 1963. Cline is best remembered for *I Fall to Pieces*. . . . A movie about street gangs, *Cry of the City*, will feature **Smokey Robinson, LaToya Jackson** and **Kurtis Blow.** Naturally, there will be a sound-track album. . . . **David Bowie** and **Pat Metheny** are writing and performing the musical score for *The Falcon and the Snowman*, based on the best-selling book about alleged spy **Christopher Boyce.** . . . **John Cougar Mellencamp** has signed with Warner to make his film debut in *Cage Rider*. . . . Rehearsals have finally started for the film version of *A Chorus Line*. There will be one change from the stage production. In the hope of attracting the *Footloose* and *Flashdance* moviegoing audience, the main characters will be made ten years younger.

NEWSBREAKS: Look for **Talking Head David Byrne** in a new PBS series called *Survival Guides*, directed by **Jonathan Demme,** who also directed the Heads' concert film, *Stop Making Sense*. . . . **Richard Thompson** is recording in England. The album is planned for a February release, and he's going to tour the U.S. again in March or April. . . . There are also touring rumors afloat about **Roger Daltrey** and **Emerson, Lake & Palmer,** if their album collaboration is a success. . . . **Wendy O. Williams,** who plans to work with **Gene Simmons** again on vinyl, has explained why she felt no need for wild stunts on her recent tour: "That's the fun of videos. In them, I can drive cars off cliffs." But don't expect her to give up her "athletic-guerrilla wear," as she describes her mufti. . . . Look for a one-hour PBS special called *Jazz Comes Home to Newport*, with performances by **Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie, B. B. King** and **Stan Getz.**. . . Time-Life Music's 20-cassette package called *The Swing Era* is available to the public as a single-purchase set containing 293 all-time swing classics, such as **Louis Armstrong's** *Struttin' with Some Barbecue*, and *Stardust*, by **Artie Shaw.** Jazz lives. . . . Did you know that **Iron Maiden** sold out five concerts in Poland? Is there something about the Eastern-bloc countries that they're not telling us?

RANDOM RUMORS: Paul McCartney is trying to get his pants back. He lost them in a restaurant in Liverpool in 1961, when the **Beatles** were making a fast exit without paying the bill. Now, 24 years later, Paul will have to go to Sotheby's and try to retrieve them at auction. We've heard of leaving a watch in lieu of cash, but black-leather trousers?

—BARBARA NELLIS

they work is all their own, so that's not nearly the quibble it would be with other groups. As with their earlier *Offramp* and *Travels*, the moods change like weather in the Midwest, and almost always, there is something both clean and pretty about the combinations. Lyle Mays is, as always, magic on keyboards, and if there's a word that better describes Pedro Aznar's voice than haunting, we can't find it.

•

Daryl Hall and John Oates's aptly titled ***Big Bam Boom*** (RCA) nearly detonated our speakers with post-Hiroshima blasting techniques. You've probably heard the single *Out of Touch*. It's a deserving chart buster, reminiscent of a walk through the streets of Beirut. Despite the guerrilla-weekend atmosphere, the rest of the cuts are quite different—much less hooky than other H and O material. But that shouldn't keep you away from a musically solid and confident venture.

•

On ***The Unforgettable Fire*** (Island), the brash Irish extroverts U2 link up with avant-gardist Brian Eno in the hope of acquiring more depth. The marriage works magnificently on *Pride (In the Name of Love)*, one of the most passionate and compelling singles of the decade. But elsewhere, the band gets lost in Eno's murky atmospherics. The songs meander aimlessly, and with The Edges' incisive guitar muzzled, they lack backbone. In this case, fire and water mix to produce little more than steam.

•

David Byrne's Talking Heads have created something genuinely new out of the various fragments of pop, avant-garde, R&B and ethnic music floating around the postpunk landscape. Call it Afro-funk-punk-pop if you will, this is music that challenges the mind, engages the feelings and gets those toes a-tappin'. On ***Stop Making Sense*** (Sire), the sound track to Talking Heads' live concert film, they sound better than ever. This is especially true of Byrne's vocals, which resonate with newfound confidence and heartfelt emotion. Makes perfect sense to us, David.

•

When the Jacksons' ***Victory*** (Epic) was released, it was inevitably compared with Michael Jackson's *Thriller*. Unfair. After all, *Thriller* was the brain child not only of Michael but of the nearly unerring producer/arranger Quincy Jones. With *Victory*, the Jacksons were more or less on their own.

It's a good album. It has four extremely likable tunes, three tolerable ones and only one complete dud (*Be Not Always*, by Michael, possibly *the* most depressing song written in this century). We like *State of Shock* (a perfect vehicle for Mick Jagger, backed up by Michael) and *Torture*, in which Jackie Jackson proves that he's probably the best all-round producer in the family. Jackie also turned out *Wait*, on which, for the last 90 seconds, we hear

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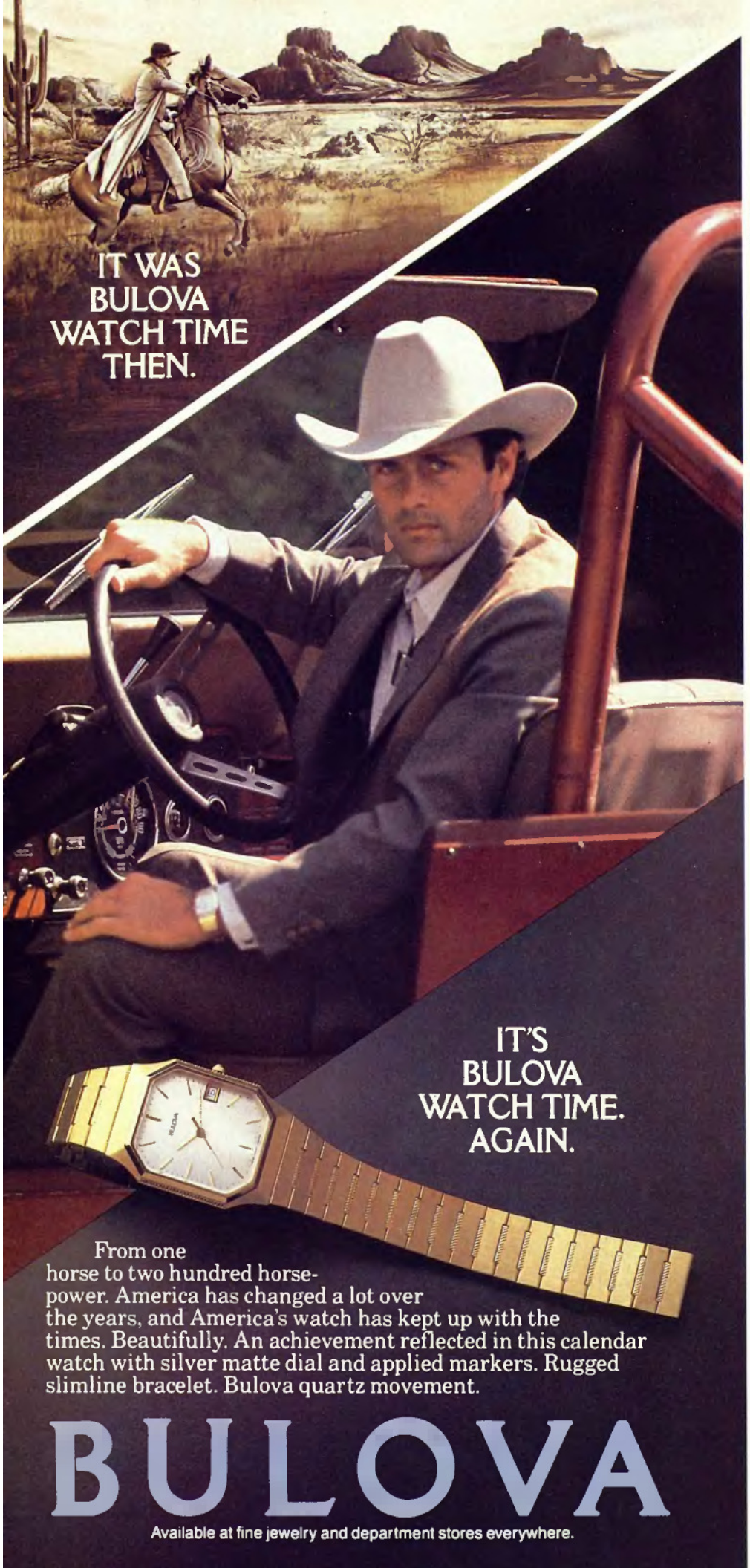

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what the Jacksons would sound like if they weren't all ego-tripping.

•

We had to check out Mtume after we heard the sassy soul title cut ***You, Me and He*** (Epic). The majority of the songs, written by leader James Mtume (pronounced em-too-may) are good if you like standard synthesized boogie in the butt, with marginal lyrics and few chord changes. But the diamond in the rough here is female vocalist Tawatha, who makes the group sound significant every time she opens her mouth. Those of you who, like us, knew that Chaka Khan was going to be *big* the first time you heard *Rufus*, check this out: *Mtume* may not be around for a long time, but Tawatha will.

•

We always feel as if we'd much rather have Chuck Mangione over for dinner than listen to several of his albums in succession. However, in his favor, his albums usually offer a few songs worth hearing more than once. ***Disguise*** (Columbia) is no exception, with *She's Not Mine to Love (No More)* and *Leonardo's Lady*. But *Disguise* is unique because it displays Shirley MacLaine's talents as a rap artist. Yes, folks, MacLaine goes up against such rap masters as Newcleus and Afrika Bambaataa on Mangione's appropriately titled *Shirley MacLaine*. But she'd better not change her name to MacMasterflash just yet.

•

Unusual circumstances can bring out the best in fine jazz musicians. Example: Recently, keyboard artist Dick Hyman, playing a Wurlitzer theater pipe organ, combined with cornetist Ruby Braff in concert near Pittsburgh. They responded strongly to each other, the juxtaposition of instruments and ten standards. The resulting album, ***America the Beautiful*** (The George Wein Collection/Concord), is a feast of melody. Braff plays one love set of variations after another, making his horn sing and swing. Hyman provides a colorful carpet of sound for his colleague and plays instructive solos as well, taking maximum advantage of the mighty instrument's many possibilities.

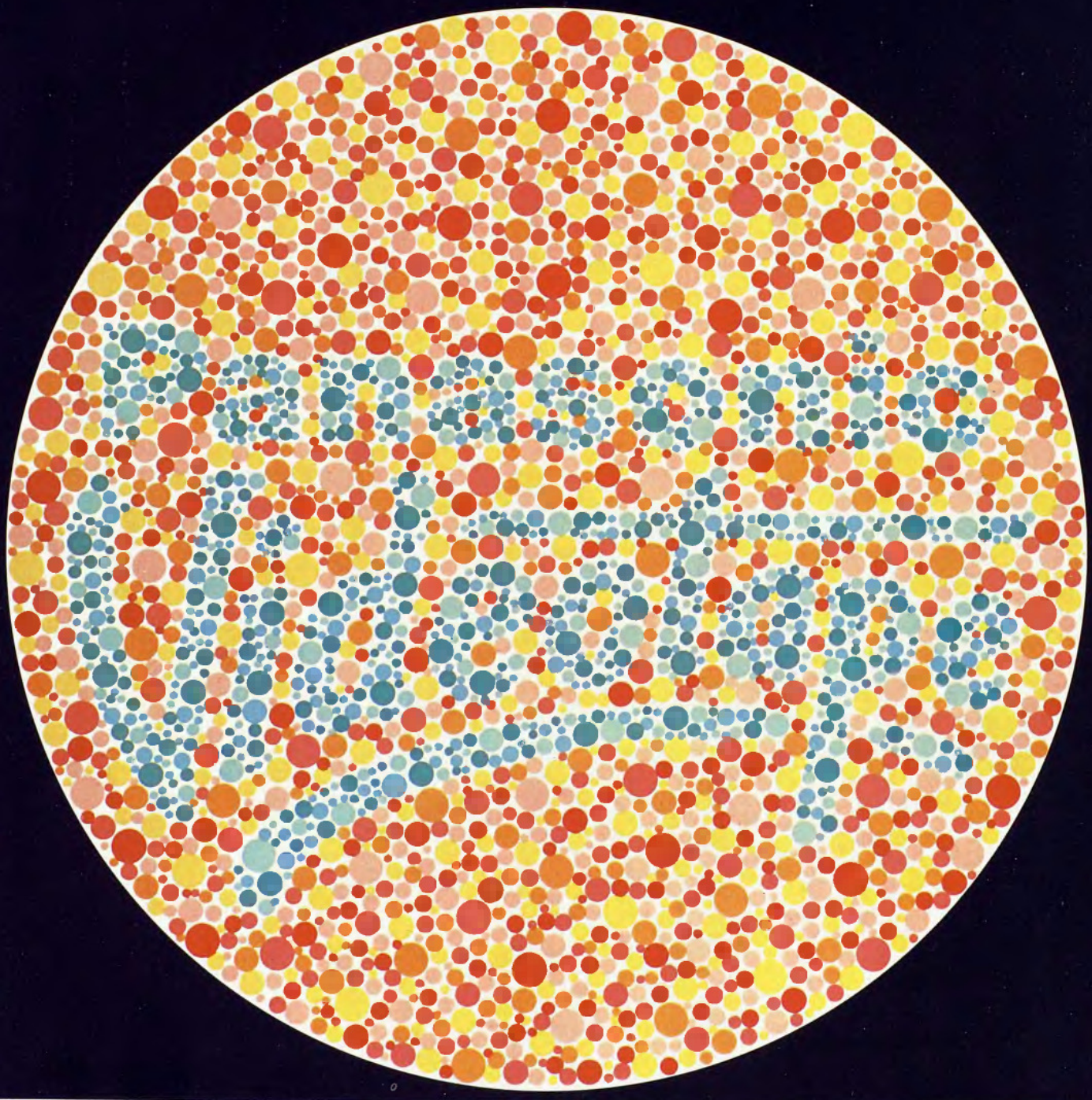
SHORT CUTS

The Staple Singers / *Turning Point* (Private I): Talking Head David Byrne plays guitar here on a full Gospel rendering of the Heads' *Slippery People*. Awesome.

Aztec Camera / *Knife* (Sire): Very sharp, very pretty Scottish rock, produced by Dire Strait Mark Knopfler.

Every Man Has a Woman (Polydor): Various artists, including Elvis Costello, Rosanne Cash and even Sean Ono Lennon, perform Sean's mom's work. Celebrity producers make this a bright and imaginative collection—and Yoko emerges as a pretty good songwriter.

The Kinks / *20th Anniversary Edition* (Compleat): Good collection mostly of nonhits by these beloved British wavers.



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

CHRISTMAS COMES to L.A. at roughly the same time as a global catastrophe in ***Night of the Comet*** (Atlantic), writer-director Thom Eberhardt's irreverent s-f comedy. Two teenaged sisters (played with irrepressible zest by Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney) are among a handful of Californians who escape instant annihilation—after which *Comet* proceeds as if to ponder how a couple of fun-loving Valley girls might face the end of the world. Well, they go shopping, for one thing, wrongly presuming that the stores will be unattended. They check out a local radio station, lest the pop music stop, and there they encounter a handsome truck driver named Hector (Robert Beltran, who had the tasty title role in *Eating Raoul*). They also fend off rapacious zombies and a bloodsucking, scientific SWAT team that aims to sap their plasma to create a serum for survival. It's one of the movie's sprightliest conceits that the comely siblings, one a cheerleader, have also been trained to handle deadly weapons by their absentee father, who's "down in Honduras with the goddamned Green Berets." Sounds crazy, right? Right. But *Comet* is fresh and suspenseful, too, with impudent teenage dialog that rings amusingly true from start to finish. Plainly a film maker of promise, Eberhardt appears to be thumbing his nose at Spielberg and Lucas by cutting their apocalyptic fantasies down to size for a latter-day Tammy and Gidget. ¥¥¥

•

An extraordinary couple of scenes at the tag end of ***Paris, Texas*** (TLC) are played by Nastassja Kinski, with a somewhat tentative Texas accent, behind the mirrored window of a rap parlor in Houston. She's one of the girls who talk to lonely men for pay, their customers presumably getting off on it in the darkness behind a glass partition. On this occasion, though, the client is the estranged husband (Harry Dean Stanton) she has not seen for years, who has driven across the Southwest to reunite her with the young son she abandoned. Even when they are all but speechless, Kinski and Stanton bring pulse-quickening eloquence to two encounters that seem to reshape the invisible barriers between a man and a woman into a kind of film poetry. That's partly because actor-playwright Sam Shepard wrote the screenplay, partly because keenly imaginative camerawork by Dutch cinematographer Robby Müller makes many bits and pieces of *Paris, Texas* look better than the movie as a whole.

Winner of the Golden Palm for best picture at the 1984 Cannes festival, this otherwise meandering German-French coproduction was directed by Germany's Wim Wenders, whose second English-language feature (the first was *Hammett*) too often resembles a guided tour in pop-art appreciation, with special emphasis on U.S. billboards, freeways, high-rises and desert wastelands. First, Stanton—who has been missing and presumed dead—is found wandering in the wilderness. He returns to L.A., where his brother (Dean Stockwell) and sister-in-law (Aurore Clément) have been surrogate parents to his son (played by Hunter Carson, whose real-life parents are L. M. Kit Carson and Karen Black). There's a long, long haul of wordy pretentiousness and self-indulgent cinema foolery, alas, before father and son re-establish filial bonds and set off to find the boy's mom. I had started drumming my fingers a lot by the time Wenders, travel weary, moved into the final quarter of the film—where Kinski appears behind that one-way mirror to join Stanton in those hypnotic tête-à-têtes that make it easy to see how the judges at Cannes were dazzled by star dust. ¥¥½

Val girls survive *Night of the Comet*.

A sizzling *Comet*,
a non-Gallic *Paris*
and a festival favorite.

A kinky Kinski in *Paris, Texas*.

•

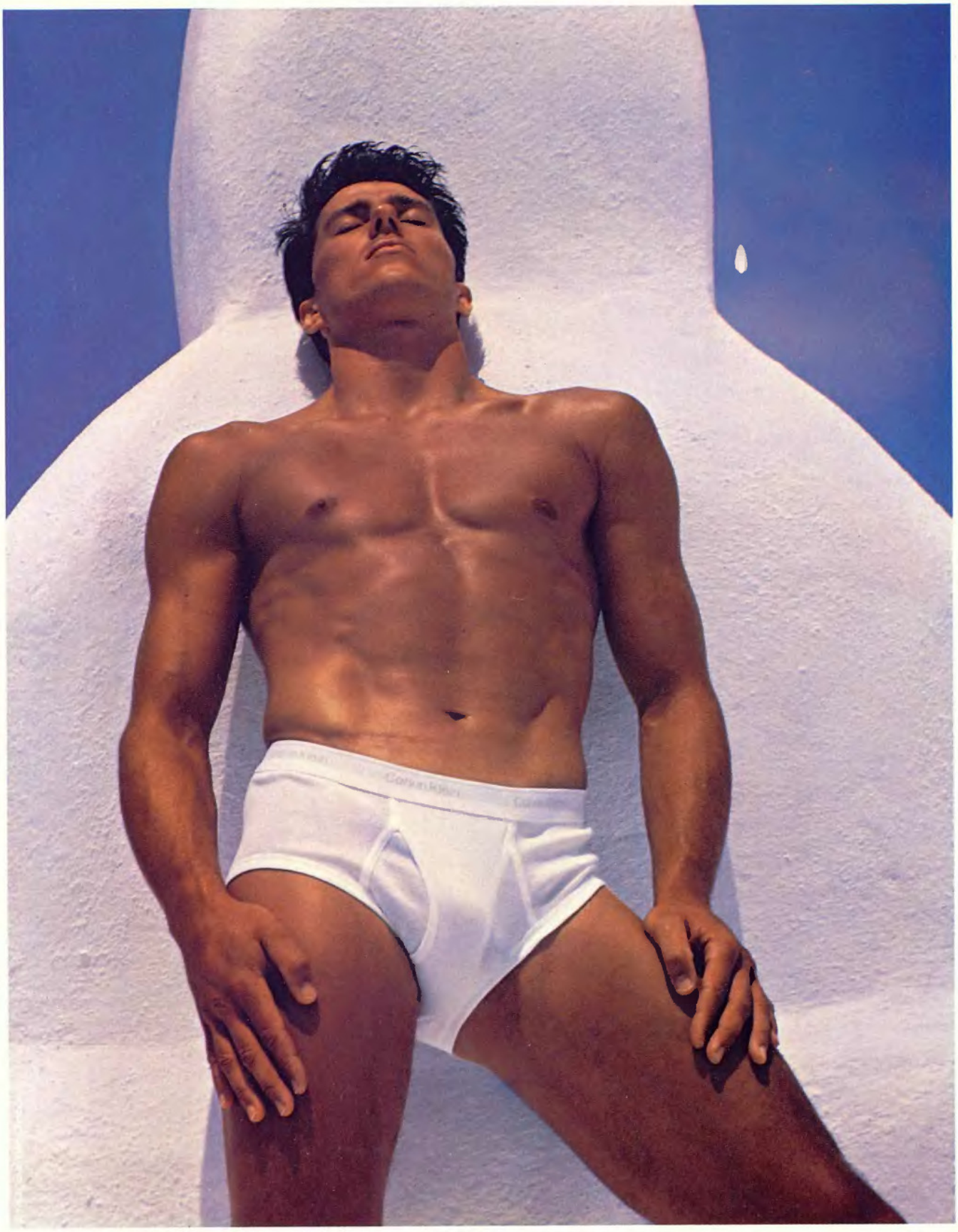
Presumably on a bread-and-butter job far removed from *Paris, Texas*, camera wizard Robby Müller makes New York resemble a freaky MTV fantasia in ***Body Rock*** (New World). The story, what there is of it, seems to be about spray-paint graffiti and break dancing. There's also a lot of footage on handsome Lorenzo Lamas, a young hunk known to TV audiences as a star of *Falcon Crest* (and as the son of Fernando Lamas and the scrumptious Arlene Dahl). Lamas, it's clear, has been rehearsed assiduously to perfect his imitation of John Travolta. He's got the strut down pat and delivers a reasonable facsimile of the ingratiatingly boyish grin. As a screen test, *Body Rock* is OK, maybe reason enough to consider casting Lamas in a real movie. ¥

•

Writer-director Jim Jarmusch's zany, impudent ***Stranger than Paradise*** (Goldwyn) is a grayish-black comedy (shot in grainy black and white) that might easily be mistaken for an underground movie from Rumania. It's all American, though, and a festival favorite from Cannes to New York. The story is a seemingly improvised ramble in which a Hungarian immigrant named Willie (John Lurie), his teenaged cousin Eva (Eszter Balint), newly arrived from Budapest, and his side-kick Eddie (Richard Edson) do very little but hang out—shoplifting, cheating at cards or going to the track. Their aimless existence in New York leads them, by slow stages, to Cleveland and Florida, where nothing really changes. In fact, everywhere seems much the same to Willie, Eva and Eddie, whose deadpan humor reached its peak, for me, as they stood on the shores of Lake Erie in winter, doggedly sight-seeing despite zero visibility. *Paradise* may not suit audiences accustomed to more conventional movies, but at best it has the subversive and surprising charm of street theater performed by precocious ragamuffins. ¥¥¥

•

The movie camera obviously loves him, but Matt Dillon complements charisma with a sensitive, pensive performance as ***The Flamingo Kid*** (Fox). It's his best role since *Tex*, and Dillon does himself proud as a plumber's son from Brooklyn, glimpsing the good life and facing a crisis about values when he lands a summer job at El Flamingo, a garish Long Island beach club for the *nouveaux riches*. Hector Elizondo is excellent as his dad, Richard Crenna even better as a hot-shot car dealer and gin-rummy champion who fills



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Happy Holidays
Penny Baker

the lad's head with get-rich-quick puffery. There's also newcomer Janet Jones, absolutely all right as a warm-weather diversion from California, a girl who works wonders for a bathing suit. Set in the summer of 1963, *Flamingo Kid* is an appealing and straightforward coming-of-age comedy—formula stuff that transcends formula with some wryly observed detail about life in upwardly mobile Long Island a generation ago. For that, the actors owe much to co-writer and director Garry Marshall, who gives them quite a lot to chew on besides the sun-baked scenery. ¥¥¥

•

Some dark comic touches enhance ***The Hit*** (Island Alive), set in sunny Spain, where a hired assassin (John Hurt) finds himself disconcerted by the resigned, ready-and-willing attitude of the gangland informer (Terence Stamp) he's assigned to kill. *Hit* doesn't really get anywhere yet works as a kind of cross-country crooks' tour, with Tim Roth (playing Hurt's squeamish side-kick) and sexy Laura del Sol (star of Carlos Saura's flamenco *Carmen* last year, cast here as a Madrid moll who knows too much) along for the ride. There's a kick or two if you don't fall off when the movie lurches into arch poetry and pretentiousness on several of the sharper turns. ¥¥

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Anne Bancroft, mostly wonderful in ***Garbo Talks*** (MGM/UA), gets the early scenes of Larry Grusin's screenplay off to a flying start as a diehard New York liberal eccentric. It's the diehard part that sours the fun when that old movie cliché—a brain tumor, inoperable and terminal—is dragged in to quell the high spirits of Ron Silver, Carrie Fisher and Catherine Hicks in key roles. Director Sidney Lumet also has Dorothy Loudon, Howard Da Silva, Harvey Fierstein and Hermione Gingold contributing choice comedy cameos during Silver's search for the elusive Garbo. To meet her favorite actress, you see, is his ailing mother's fervent wish. But not, Anne reminds him, "my *last* wish. . . . I've got a lot more." To her credit and Lumet's, Bancroft plays down the cheap pathos in a character part fairly dripping with chances to run amuck. The cockeyed truth is that *Garbo* has all the makings of a truly terrible movie, but it's made so well that you may find some of the inside humor hard to resist. My resistance crumbled a mite when Gingold, as a dowager ham rehearsing Shakespeare in the park, imperiously declares, "I never should have lent my name to this fiasco." That's ham with *chutzpah*. ¥¥

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You don't have to be English to savor ***The Ploughman's Lunch*** (Goldwyn), though that might be a decided advantage. Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, Rosemary Harris, Frank Finlay and the usual top-flight company perform to the hilt in this topical drama about life in Britain at the time of the Falklands crisis. As an unprincipled news editor from BBC Radio in hot pursuit of a woman (Charlie Dore) who won't have him, Pryce is the focal point of the action, making himself loathsome on a series of issues, both public and private. In fact, *Ploughman's Lunch* winds up at a Tory Party conference where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher talks politics while the plots thicken. Between the lines of Ian McEwan's bitingly literate screenplay, director Richard Eyre depicts modern England as a place there'd be small reason to visit if one didn't happen to live there. ¥¥

•

British director Michael Apted, an eclectic film maker whose credits include *Coal Miner's Daughter* and *Gorky Park*, brings a warm sensibility to the scenes of suburban American family life in ***Firstborn*** (Paramount). The family, in this instance, means a divorced mom (Teri Garr) with two young sons (Christopher Collet and Corey Haim) who ultimately save her from a disastrous liaison with a live-in lover (Peter Weller) they have good reason to despise. *Firstborn*, after a promising start, turns sour with melodramatic violence. But Garr, stepped up to leading roles since *Tootsie*, gives her feistiest performance and young Collet, as her hypersensitive elder, is a fine teenaged actor you'll probably want to see again. ¥¥½

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Based on the sad but true story of a famous 19th Century Russian mathematician who virtually pined her life away for love, ***A Hill on the Dark Side of the Moon*** (Crystal) is a beautifully made, beautifully played Swedish movie that drove me crazy with contradictions. As so often the case with romance, the beginning is great—two displaced geniuses whose destinies bring them together in Stockholm. Gunilla Nyroos and Thommy Berggren portray the lovers, Sonya Kovalevsky and her fellow Russian scientist, Maxim Kovalevsky (no relation, their identical surnames a simple coincidence), who do everything they can to wreck a seemingly perfect relationship. Sonya won't marry Max because she's not sure he loves her, and Max won't commit himself, and next thing you know, this forthright, emancipated woman is running a fever that takes a fatal turn. As Sonya's will to live ebbs, she becomes dramatically far less interesting. Thus, we learn, at long last, why Dumas didn't give us a Camille who had mastered calculus. ¥¥

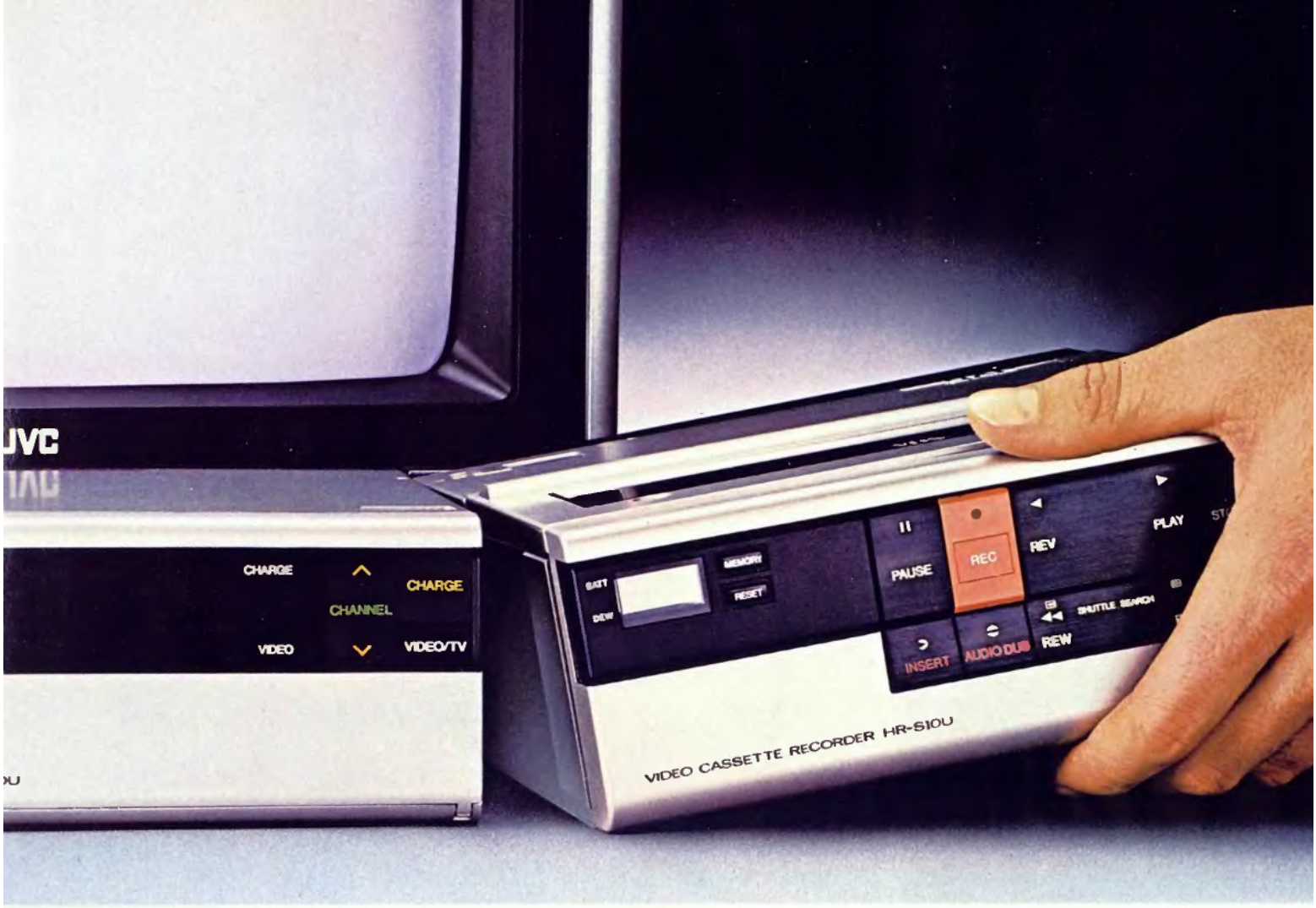
•

There is something glib and mechanical about the movie version of ***Mass Appeal***

The Hit's Terence Stamp and Laura del Sol collide with the Mob in a chase across Spain.

Off-the-beaten-track visits to Spain, England and Sweden.

Bancroft behind bars in *Garbo*.



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(Universal). On Broadway, Bill C. Davis' hit play was a warm human comedy designed as a verbal fencing match between an old, semialcoholic priest and a freethinking young seminarian. As portrayed by Jack Lemmon (in a role originated on Broadway by Milo O'Shea), Father Farley, the crowd-pleasing curate accused by his gadfly aide of practicing "song-and-dance theology," is somewhat less drunken (lest we offend?). Lemmon is also less than persuasive, with so much familiar shtick in his performance that he seems more a competent stand-up comedian than a bona fide character. We've seen this fast-talking, bitter Lemmon a dozen times before, and nothing very new has been added. As the precocious seminarian who admits to having experimented with homosexuality and other alternative lifestyles, Zeljko Ivanek is totally believable if not quite so charismatic as his predecessors in the role onstage (among them Eric Roberts and Michael O'Keefe). Overall, *Mass Appeal* adds up to a provocative, timely religious debate that loses a lot in translation from stage to screen. ¥¥

•

The young, gun-crazy neo-Nazis in ***The Inheritors*** (Island Alive) cheerfully simulate the shooting of Jews and chuckle over a lamp shade made of human skin. They also are told by their fascist mentors that "nobody was ever gassed at Auschwitz." All of which becomes part of a chilling picture made by Austrian writer-producer-director Walter Bannert, who ingratiated himself with neo-Nazi groups to collect the fictionalized material set forth here. His two young protagonists, Thomas and Charly (well played by Nikolas Vogel and Roger Schauer), have unhappy home lives; that presumably explains why they are quick to learn the joys of terrorism as well as Hitlerism. *The Inheritors* is frightening, for sure, yet its arguments are weakened by hysterically high-pitched and simplistic overstatement. Seems to me that a film maker with something so important to say should be exceptionally careful not to send his message in a sleazy wrapper. ¥¥

•

Another case of overkill occurs in ***A Question of Silence*** (Quartet), a powerful drama from Holland written and directed by Marlene Gorris. Feminist fanatics have bought it whole, perhaps because the theme is all-out revenge. *Silence* dramatizes the case of three apparently ordinary women—a waitress, a successful executive secretary and a browbeaten housewife—who impulsively and without premeditation set upon, murder and sexually mutilate the snide male proprietor of a boutique. The actresses (Nelly Frijda, Henriette Tol and Edda Barends) are extraordinary, portraying women pushed to the psychological danger point in a male-dominated world, each of their stories brought out by a court psychiatrist (Cox Habbema) who finds her own complacent marriage in jeopardy as she edges toward the conclusion that the trio of murderesses were sane at the scene of the crime. Does it follow that they are avenging angels for their entire sex? Three other women, eyewitnesses who saw the brutal murder, refuse to come forth and testify against them. *Question of Silence* thus stacks the evidence as if to suggest that the extermination of any man might be justifiable homicide, and the movie's excesses become outrageous when the three killers, in an unconvincing courtroom scene, have a hearty laughing jag about the charges against them. Despite crucial flaws, here's a movie virtually certain to provoke heated debate, raising valid questions about women's roles, then blowing them away in a barrage of one-dimensional man-hating propaganda. ¥¥

Lemmon is *Mass Appealing* curate.

Unusual outings for Jack Lemmon, Diane Keaton and Gary Busey.

Straight-shootin' *Drummer Girl* Keaton.

Busey as gruff, *Bear*ish hero.

•

The nitwit heroine of John le Carré's ***The Little Drummer Girl*** (Warner), at least as portrayed on the screen by Diane Keaton, appears easily convertible to any side in the Middle East chaos if the *macho* fanatic attached to it is attractive enough. At first, she is a pro-Palestinian actress in London, soon recruited by an Israeli agent (Yorgo Voyagis), whom she learns to love, to set a trap for a top Palestinian terrorist (Sami Frey). Maybe the book, or at least the part of it published in PLAYBOY in 1983, made sense, but there are so many yawning chasms of credibility in the movie version directed by George Roy Hill that I felt bombarded by unanswered questions: Why? *What?* How? And, Are these guys trying to *kid* me? International intrigue mounted with first-class trimmings from a timely best seller inevitably generates some seeworthiness. This time, though, simple suspense and narrative tension are minimal until almost the end of the film, a pretty elementary drawback for a thriller. ¥¥

•

Biographical movies appear to be the best bet for gravel-voiced Gary Busey. Not since he impersonated singer Buddy Holly onscreen has Busey been so impressive as he is in the title role of ***The Bear*** (Embassy), a generally conventional tribute to the late, legendary college football coach Paul "Bear" Bryant. An inspiration to youth and a well-seasoned winner who died in 1983, one month after he coached his last triumphant team at the University of Alabama, Bryant was a softhearted tough guy with a great natural talent for creating champions—among them Joe Namath, portrayed briefly by Steve Greenstein as a promising but undisciplined undergraduate grid star. A great sports figure whose career had measurably more ups than downs is not quite the stuff of high drama, and director Richard Sarafian doesn't often catch the essential excitement of the game. Even so, ardent football fans ought to enjoy the scrimmage, the vintage film clips and Busey's gritty close-up portrait of a hero. ¥¥½

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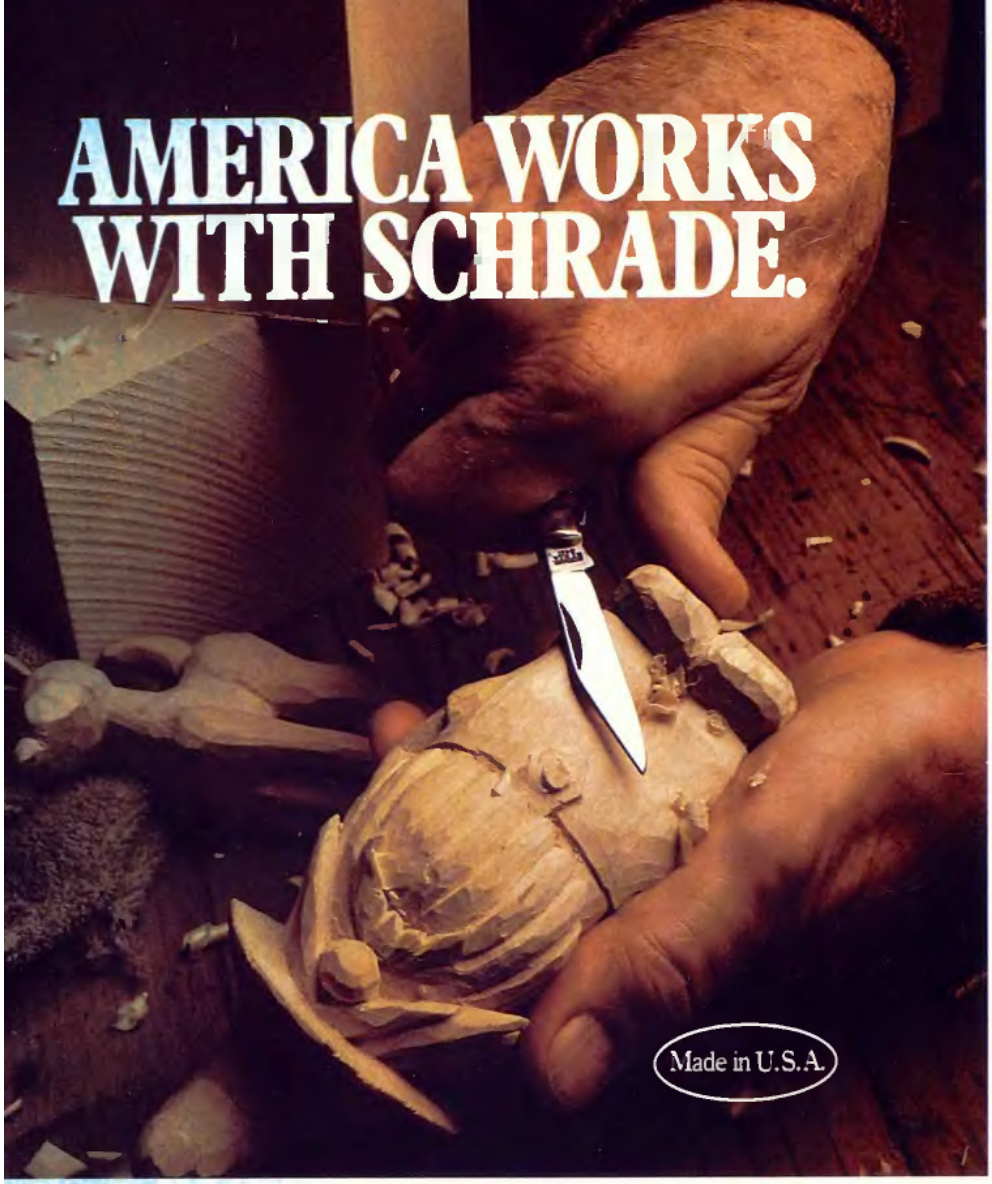

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MOVIE SCORE CARD

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All of Me Hilarious, a hit, and upgraded to launch my new-year resolution to be less stingy with Rabbits. ¥¥¥¥

Amadeus Also up a notch. So why split hares if Milos Forman's flamboyant Mozart bio is not a total triumph? Flaws and all, enthralling. ¥¥¥¥

The Bear (See review) Busey calling the shots as famed grid coach. ¥¥½

Body Rock (See review) Lorenzo Lamas imitating John Travolta. No way. ¥

Bolero Pure bull, but plenty of Bo. ¥¥

The Brother from Another Planet Black spaceman hits Big Apple. Far out. ¥¥

Carmen Bizet's opera, with Domingo and a sexpot soprano. ¥¥¥

Country Grass-roots drama with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard just fine. ¥¥¥

Fear City Homicidal killer stalks strippers, including Melanie Griffith. ¥¥½

Firstborn (See review) Divorced mom's smart kids undo wicked suitor. ¥¥½

The Flamingo Kid (See review) Call it Matt Dillon's day in the sun. ¥¥¥

Garbo Talks (See review) While jerking tears, Bancroft gives her all. ¥¥

A Hill on the Dark Side of the Moon (See review) Somber Swedish drama about a "liberated" lady dying for love. ¥¥

The Hit (See review) John Hurt on a contract to kill in scenic Spain. ¥¥

The Inheritors (See review) Neo-Nazis up to their evil old tricks. ¥¥

Irreconcilable Differences A saucy but soft-centered comedy about a Hollywood couple being sued for divorce by their kid. ¥¥

The Little Drummer Girl (See review) The book must have been better. ¥¥

Mass Appeal (See review) Lemmon in the pulpit, from the Broadway play. ¥¥

Night of the Comet (See review) Spacy comedy about apocalypse in L.A. ¥¥¥

Paris, Texas (See review) Waiting for Kinski and a grand finale. ¥¥½

Places in the Heart Back to the earth with Sally Field and friends. ¥¥¥½

The Ploughman's Lunch (See review) Taking a dim view of England today. ¥¥

A Question of Silence (See review) Man-hating women opt for murder. ¥¥

A Soldier's Story Murder at an Army base, compelling. ¥¥¥½

Stranger than Paradise (See review) Young, fresh and freakishly funny. ¥¥¥

Teachers Nick Nolte, JoBeth Williams tell us why Johnny can't read. ¥¥¥

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COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: **Danny DeVito** and **Joe Piscopo** will team up in MGM/UA's *Wise Guys*, a $9,000,000 adventure comedy about a pair of minor gangsters who, unbeknown to each other, must bump each other off as punishment for mistakenly stealing from the Mob. It's to be directed by **Robert** (*Oxford Blues*) **Boris.** . . . **Jacqueline Bisset** and **Christopher Reeve** are the unlikely duo set to top-line CBS' three-hour movie *Anna Karenina*. (Trivia buffs will recall that **Greta Garbo** and **Fredric March** starred in MGM's 1935 original.) . . . The movie version of *Eleni*, **Nicholas Gage's** gripping account of the Greek civil war's tragic effect on his home town and family, has begun filming in Greece, Spain and London. Director **Peter Yates** and screenwriter/playwright **Steve Tesich** (both of *Breaking Away* fame) have teamed up to make *Eleni*, along with a cast that thus far includes **Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich** and **Linda Hunt.** . . . **Rodney Dangerfield** returns to the big screen in Orion's *Back to School*, a comedy about an older guy who—you guessed it—goes back to college to see what he missed.

•

JAIL BAIT: Around the turn of the century, the prim-and-proper Victorian wife of a Pennsylvania prison warden fell in love with a somewhat flashy convict and helped him and his brother escape from her hubby's jail. At the time, the story made headlines and gripped the imagination of the American people. Whether or not contemporary imaginations will be gripped is a question that will be answered in February, when MGM/UA's *Mrs. Soffel* opens in theaters nationwide. Directed by **Gillian** (*My Brilliant Career*) **Armstrong**, the flick stars **Mel Gibson** as convict Ed Biddle and **Diane Keaton** as the inimitable Mrs. S.

•

BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN: One would think that **Mel Brooks** had covered all the bases with his classic Western spoof, *Blazing Saddles*, but Paramount and writer/director **Hugh** (*Police Academy*) **Wilson** apparently beg to differ. Just winding up filming in Spain is the *Airplane!*-style oater send-up *Rustler's Rhapsody*. Described alternately as "the story of the cleanest-living singing cowboy of all time" and as "Gene Autry meets *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*," the flick involves the clichéed sheepherders-versus-cattle-breeders dispute as its central conflict (though I'm told it's loosely plotted) and features lots of B-movie stereotypes with an Eighties twist. **Tom Berenger** plays clean-cut, croonin' cow poke Rex O'Herlihan (who sides with the sheepherders), **Marilu Henner** is the siren of the local saloon, **Fernando Rey** portrays the power-crazy railroad tycoon and **Andy Griffith** is the rich but sexually befuddled Colonel Ticonderoga. There's also a town drunk who longs to be somebody's sidekick and a virginal nymphomaniac daughter of a cattle baron. Fine, but what are they going to do for a campfire scene?

•

PIMPLEDOM: Director **Robert Altman's** *O.C. & Stiggs*, originally scheduled for summer-of-1984 release then repositioned for a late–February '85 premiere, is in temporary limbo. This may have something to do with the fact that it is most assuredly *not* a "summer youth movie," though it may have originally been intended to be. Based on a series of *National Lampoon* stories by *NatLamp* editors **Tod Carroll** and **Ted Mann**, *Stiggs* is actually a parody of teenage life in upper-middle-class suburbia; it traces the summer exploits of two boys battling against the outmoded values of the adult world. Altman has called it the first "adult-exploitation picture." Two relative unknowns—**Daniel Jenkins** and **Neill Barry**—star as the title characters, backed by such old hands as **Paul Dooley, Melvin Van Peebles** and **Tina** (*Gilligan's Island*) **Louise.**

While 1984 proved to be *the* year for break-dancing movies—*Breakin'*, *Body Rock*, *Beat Street*—the forecast for 1985 dance films looks quite favorable for moviegoers. Those of you who enjoyed the movie *Fame* will want to look for *Fast Forward* (above). It's the story of several teenagers seeking fame in the Big Apple. And the folks at MGM, who brought us *That's Entertainment*, are making *That's Dancing* (that's **Fred Astaire** in *The Band Wagon*, below).

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TAPS FOR A CAREER, PART TWO

By ASA BABER

"YOU'VE GOT TO fight Swanson," the coach said. He was a short, tough Chicago Pole who had been a pro boxer himself. "You guys are two of the best in your weight class."

The year was 1950. I had just turned 14. The summer camp was a military one, and it took its boxing very seriously. We trained daily and fought weekly. We also marched in formation to meals and classes, hiked and paraded, canoed and competed. We wore uniforms, held rank, shouted orders, obeyed them.

"I'm not going to fight him," I objected. It took some courage to say that. The boxing coach held the rank of captain. "Swanee's my best friend."

That was true. I didn't have a lot of friends as a kid, but the ones I had I really cared about.

I was something of a punk from Chicago's South Side. Dave was an all-American boy from Galesburg, Illinois. Evar Swanson, his father, had once played professional baseball with the Chicago White Sox. Evar was fast in his prime. He had been timed circling the bases in 13.2 seconds in 1932, a record that still stands. The Swanson family ran a grocery store in Galesburg.

Dave and I were both good athletes. I was leaner and faster; Dave was shorter and more powerful. Dave had an open disposition, a friendly face and gentle humor. He was a perfect foil for my intensity and city wit. We got along famously, trusted each other and agreed to be tentmates for that summer of our 14th year.

"Coach says we've got to box," Dave said to me.

"Yeah, he told me that, too."

"He says it's an order."

"Right," I nodded.

We left the subject hanging in the air, but we were both uncomfortable. It was a double bind, something that men know a lot about.

I never saw Swanee box that way before or after. He put his head down and windmill punched. I stepped aside and tapped him on the forehead. I won the fight on points, though Swanee could have taken me out whenever he wanted to.

Our friendship was based on the unspoken pledge that we would never fight. To the best of our ability, we upheld that pledge in the ring. But the situation confused us, and what we went through is symbolic of the mixed and mean signals young men receive from their culture.

If it is all right for us to beat up our friends, what space of safety and peace is left for us? If the line between those whom we can hit and those whom we cannot is obliterated, what limits and governors remain in our thinking?

> "If it is all right for us to beat up our friends, what space of safety and peace is left for us?"

I am going to say something here that could get me into trouble and could be misinterpreted, but it is the nub of male stress: To this day, I still fantasize about coldcocking someone who's being threatening or obnoxious to me. I control myself, and I do not go around hitting people; but often, under pressure, I want to. If a car almost runs me over, if somebody screws me professionally, if the mockery and contempt I have to eat as a writer are served up in too big a dish, I do not want to talk about the situation, I just want to throw hands.

The point is not that I am a walking time bomb who will soon strike out in all directions. I have chosen never to do that. The point is that my violent fantasies are very expensive to my system.

I do not think I am alone in this. I am describing the struggle of many males. Raised to explode, we eventually implode. We sit on our programed rage and our anger; we feel isolated and inhuman as we do; and, sooner or later, the raging river that runs through us carries us away. We see our voluntary implosion as a service and sacrifice to our society and, given the alternative, it is. But ours is a hell of a choice, and it would be nice if we didn't have to make it.

If I read his life correctly, Swanee suffered just as much as I did from the confusion we were put through. The only difference between us is that once, he struck out at somebody and got caught at it. It was a mistake, one that limited his career, but I understand why he did what he did, and I know that he would take back his decision if he could, no matter how extenuating the circumstances.

"I was young and zealous," Dave said. "If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't do it, even if I thought I was following orders—which I did."

He was speaking of the incident in 1962 that eventually came back to hurt him. A young lieutenant at the time, he had helped rough up a Korean who had been caught stealing from a U.S. Army base. Swanee was court-martialed for being involved in the physical punishment of that prisoner. Twenty-two years later, he found himself passed over twice for promotion to colonel, in spite of an outstanding combat record. The message was clear: One slip in a career is enough to end that career. Dave Swanson, man of action, had acted once too often.

"I was something of a pawn in that Korean incident," Swanee said. "We had a new battle-group commander. He told us that the policies of the preceding group commander were in effect unless he changed them. Well, the former commander had told us to beat the Devil out of those Korean 'slicky boys' when we caught them stealing. As a matter of fact, he said we should bring them in not standing. An enlisted man got an automatic promotion if he caught a thief, and it was expected that there'd be some rough stuff.

"There were political pressures, too. Chung Hee Park, acting president of Korea at the time, wanted the U.S. Army to turn over to him all Servicemen charged with crimes against Koreans. The Army wasn't about to relinquish its people to the Korean criminal-justice system, but it had to show that it took such charges seriously. I got caught in the middle of all that.

"I thought I was doing what I was supposed to do," Swanee said, "but if I had it to do over again, I never would do it."

It has been a privilege knowing Lieutenant Colonel David Swanson. Personally, I think the Army has missed a bet. Swanee is an outstanding officer and a stand-up guy, a winner of the Silver Star, two Bronze Stars, the Purple Heart and numerous other awards. It is a waste to put him out to pasture.

Then again, we men know a lot about waste. It figures, doesn't it? After all, we're programed for obsolescence. Ain't that a shame? And won't it be something if, together, we reprogram ourselves?

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THE WENDY SYNDROME

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Then the window blew open as of old, and Peter dropped on the floor.

He was exactly the same as ever, and Wendy saw at once that he still had all his first teeth.

He was a little boy, and she was grown up. She huddled by the fire not daring to move, helpless and guilty, a big woman. —*"Peter Pan"*

HERE I AM, knee-deep in mortgage papers. There's a huge stack of financial statements by my left elbow, a medley of tax returns propping up my right. I am deeply absorbed, indifferent to the blaring television, the smell of burned toast and the resultant beeping of the smoke detector. Other members of the household can take care of such mundanities; I have a purpose.

Only thing is, I keep bursting into tears.

Not even dignified, Bette Davis–in–*Now, Voyager* tears. Mine are more like Shirley Temple on drugs—loud, hiccuping, self-pitying rivulets.

As suddenly as they start, they stop again, and I go back to scrutinizing interest rates. This behavior has been going on for days. My son keeps threatening to summon the men in white to take me away.

Let them come along, I say. Let them take me to a place called Sunnyside Acres, where nurses will wake me up in the morning and put me to sleep at night, where the most exciting event of the day is basket weaving. Where I won't have to deal with the dread ambivalence about being a grownup.

We've been hearing about the Peter Pan syndrome lately. I'm sure Phil Donahue has had a show covering same. The P.P.S. pertains to men—men who don't want to grow up. Men who don't want to take responsibility. Men afraid to commit themselves. Men who feel that any life that involves putting on a suit and tie and going into an office five days a week is a sham, a cheat, not what they were led to expect and not fair.

But we girls also read *Peter Pan*. Or if we didn't, we saw the trashy, incredibly sexist Disney movie, which no doubt had J. M. Barrie turning and muttering in his grave. We read all about Peter and the lost boys and Captain Hook and, even though we were girls, we yearned to be like Peter—gay and innocent and heartless and always having adventures—but we were convinced, deep in our hearts, that we were doomed to be Wendy.

Ponder Wendy for a moment: Peter took her to Never-Never Land to be a little mother for him and his lost boys. And Wendy did all sorts of typical mother things—sewing, cleaning, caring for the sick, getting tied to the mast of a pirate ship and needing to be rescued. She was an irritating little sod, our dear Wendy; she couldn't even defend herself against Tinker Bell, a fairy a fraction of her size. Fear was forever beating in her heart—not, mind you, for herself but for Peter and John and Michael and all the others.

"She was an irritating little sod, our dear Wendy; she couldn't even defend herself against Tinker Bell, a fairy a fraction of her size."

Near the end of the book, Wendy even worries about her *parents*. How they must miss their children! And she drags all the lost boys and her brothers back with her to their nice, safe home in London. Only, Peter won't stay there. Wendy tries every trick in the book, but he just won't. So then she decides that maybe she should go back to Never-Never Land with Peter, because he does *so* need a mother.

"So do you, my love," her own mother tells her. Wendy stays. Except that Peter promises to come for her every year, so she can do his spring cleaning. And he does for a while, until he forgets all about her.

Let's face it: Wendy is a wimp. Plagued by guilt. Haunted by convention. Can't even say boo to a fairy. Needs rescuing all the time.

Deep inside every modern, assertive, contemporary woman, there's a Wendy crying to get out.

Here I am, successfully negotiating the purchase of a new house. I have earned every penny of the down payment by honest sweat and blood and fancy wordwork. An accomplishment to crow about. I should be flying.

But there's Wendy pulling at my innards. I close my eyes and see her mournful, anxious face. "You shouldn't be doing this *yourself*," she chides. "Somebody should be taking *care* of you."

But who, Wendy? Who is going to take care of me? Surely, you don't mean Peter, who still has his baby teeth?

I search my apartment, looking for a potential savior, see a little boy doing his math homework and burst into tears.

It's sad business, letting go of these girl dreams. But—let's face it—Wendy is not only a wimp, she is a masochist. Passively awaiting one's fate is not psychologically viable.

I keep trying to tell Wendy about this. (A shard of Wendy consciousness pierces my soul and won't be dislodged.)

ME: Get lost, you silly slut!

WENDY: You know you don't mean that, dear. You look a bit feverish. Let me feel your head.

ME: I can look after myself!

WENDY: No, you can't, dear. None of us can. It isn't feminine.

I often believe her. Being feminine, I am oft convinced, is looking after others—making sure they are fed, washed, have their shoes tied, their psyches soothed.

But going out into the big world? Wrestling with monsters like bank managers? Me?

Well, yes, me. I am on a mission. To grow up, with or without Peter. Whenever I feel the ambivalence setting in, I think about my mother, a Wendy to her teeth. Took care of everyone, got dinner on the table every night. Then, when she was 53, my father left her. Dad wears a gold chain and dates about seven women—very Peter Pan. Mom works as a secretary and can barely make ends meet.

That is where pretending to be characters in an overly adorable children's book will get you.

I've got this new system. I'll hire an accountant to take care of the taxes. A bookkeeper to take care of the bills. An investment counselor to tell me where to put my money. A lawyer to negotiate real-estate contracts. But I can still scrutinize the interest rates myself, still let my eye stray to the financial pages of the newspaper. I like understanding money. It's fun and, like any other kind of power, exciting. My advisors will all take care of me; I can stay a child. But I will pay them, so I will secretly be a grownup. Nobody need know.

"Just be sure to feed them a nice, hot meal," says Wendy.

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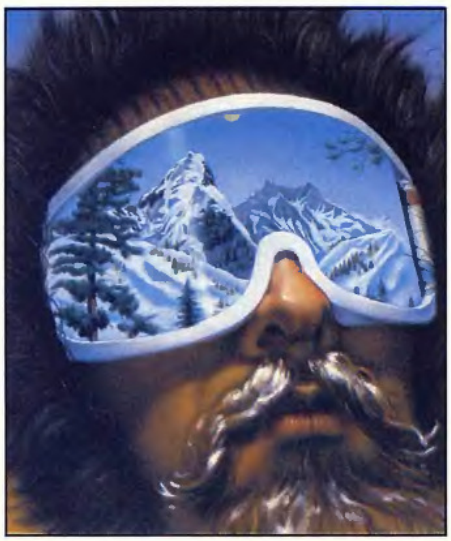
AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER



A LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS

"WHAT ABOUT a life in the mountains?" I ask myself sometimes. It used to be a strong fantasy of mine, when all my goddamn city doings got to be like juggling knives and eating fire. When the muscles between my shoulder blades felt like barrelmakers had tightened them. When I'd get up into the airless little room that is my brain so completely that it felt like I was never going to get out, that I was just going to die up there, like some rat in an attic. Then I'd think about making a stand somewhere I could let the animal run, make him *work* for supper, then let him go to sleep breathing pine and looking at the stars. These days, though, I know I was kidding myself about having what it takes to live that far out on the lonely edge of things. I might have had some of the obvious things it takes—the physical equipment, maybe—but I don't think I ever could have cultivated the invisible muscle, the emotional grit it takes to become really at home in the wilderness.

A guy I know named Doug Robinson has it, and our conversations are the reason I know I don't. He lives on the ragged east slope of the Sierra, in a valley where the mountains stand 14,000 feet above you on two sides. He sleeps in those mountains 100 or 150 nights a year, out from under the phone net the rest of us suffer with, so if you want to run him down, you have to leave messages in hollow trees, sort of: at some remote lodge or with friends of his in the little town of Bishop. Then, a few days or a few weeks later, he'll ski around Rock Lake, shovel a phone booth clean of snow, and when you ask him how it is up there in January, when all the animals of any good instinct are long since burrowed and sleeping, he'll tell you it's the most beautiful spot on earth.

I got to know Robinson climbing rocks. He taught me to climb in the shadow of Yosemite's great walls, on novice routes like Glacier Point Apron and Royal Arches, neither of which was much challenge to him. He'd spent years there in the Sixties and Seventies, scrambling up the slick granite faces all day, then hoboing around the climbers' camps at night. He left his name in the local record books when he made the first no-hammer, no-*piton* ascent of Half Dome's northwest face; then he climbed in the Alps, and a few years ago, he carried ABC's television cameras up 22,700-foot Ama Dablam in the Himalayas. He's a fine coach and a fine climber, and for all his strength and elegance going up, the thing he counts as most valuable among his Alpine skills is his ability to downclimb over precipitous territory, to quit when it's time to do that. He says he's almost embarrassed at how often he misreads the rock and has to retreat. "I make mistakes in judgment at an alarming rate," he told me, but he was probably overstating it. He has suffered only one serious fall in all his climbing career, and although it just as easily as not could have killed him, he caught himself. By a thumb.

> "'I never wanted to be just some guy out here *macho*ing around in a plaid shirt, chopping wood and conquering mountains.'"

Robinson makes part of his living guiding climbers and cross-country skiers in the Sierra and the other part by writing for outdoor journals and climbing magazines. The combination of those two incomes would amount to real poverty most other places; but in the mountains, he says, it's enough to give him the life of a gentleman pauper. In the fall, when he caches food along his winter ski routes, it's gourmet food; and in the summer, when he goes up into the high rocks to think or to write his poems or to read and take notes for a book he's writing on adrenaline, he does it to the music of groups like The Grateful Dead, which he listens to on the boom box he hauls along with his water and his lunch.

"Nobody better complain about it, either," he'll tell you. "That is, unless they never play music in *their* living rooms." During the mountain time I've spent with him, it has all seemed pretty ideal, a nearly perfect mix of sweat and thinking, and we've talked a lot about it. Once, when I asked him how he had gotten the job he had, he told me that back in high school, when he was reading Thoreau and Abbey and Nietzsche, he imagined a life that really balanced thought and feeling and action.

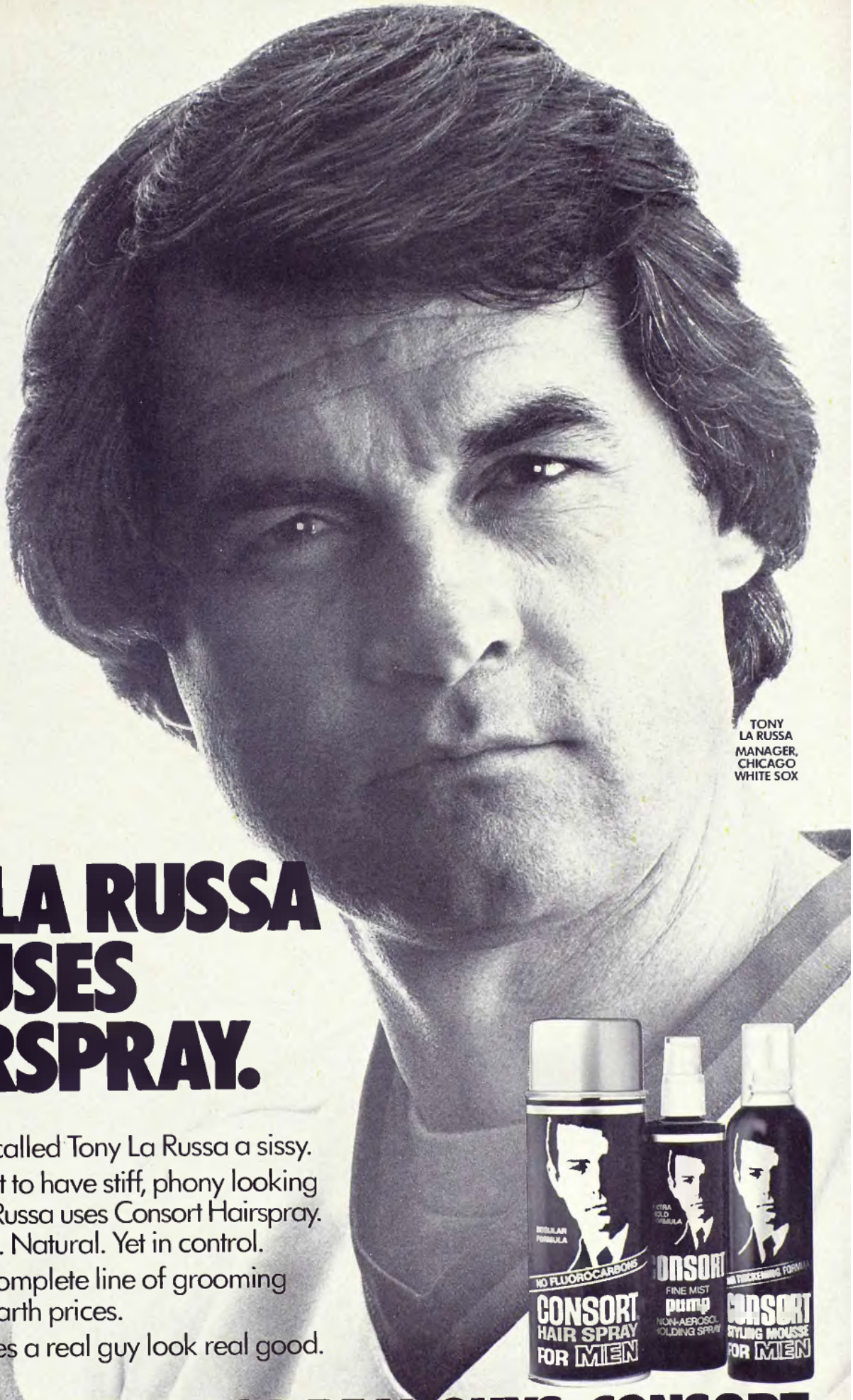
"Climbing attracted me then because it's so much more than a sport. You can't pull it off without drawing heavily on all three of those parts of yourself. I never wanted to be just some guy out here *macho*ing around in a plaid shirt, chopping wood and conquering mountains. Many times, when I'm climbing a wall, thoughts just come bubbling to the surface, and I end up sitting on some ledge, writing—because at its best, when it's all working together, the organizing gets done unconsciously and I just take the words down as they appear, like dictation."

When Robinson's spiritual side kicks in, he talks about the pull he feels to stay longer each time in the high country, to become more and more intimate with the terrain. And when he really gets going, he likes to think of himself as moving toward the tradition of the ultimate mountaineers, a Seventh Century band of Zen lunatics who wandered the mountains of China, appearing and disappearing, happy fools who lived off the land, scratching their poems into the stalks of wild bamboo and generally keeping themselves clear of what Robinson calls "the habits of mind that pass for civilization."

"So where's the rub?" I asked him once. "Where's the bad in this life that looks so good from where I'm standing?"

"Companionship," he said. "Women. I need and love solitude more than most people, but I also need the companionship of a good woman, and living the way I do, it's very hard to work that out. This is a very romantic life and it naturally attracts women, but when the honeymoon's over and reality sets in in the dead of winter and it's a five-mile ski to town, things tend to come apart. I've been married and divorced four times and had several other serious relationships. I wouldn't care to blame all those breakups on my mountain life, but it doesn't help."

I think you have to admire the kind of spirit that can do that much downclimbing without abandoning the sport, and although I know Robinson has his dark moments up there in that thin air, the last letter I got from him was full of the kind of optimism that's harder won than I have tools for. Winter was coming, and the Owens Valley was putting on an autumn spectacular, he said. He had a new girlfriend, was going to work on his book when the snow got deep and was promising himself that next year, when he turned 40, he was going back to Yosemite, train himself into serious shape, then go climbing with the young vagabonds who are pitching their tents where he pitched his all those years ago to see if he couldn't learn something from them.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My partner sometimes worries aloud that we make love too frequently. We have been together for nine years and previously had been friends, keeping in intermittent to close touch (sans carnal knowledge) for five years before beginning our long, intimate and continuing relationship. During this time—seven years cohabitating and two married—we have made love an average of 520 times per year. We both have kept journals since undergraduate days, including this and other data of personal interest. The figures would be even higher, except that our careers keep us separated from two weeks to two months a year.

At first, I was convinced that this sexual frequency was a fluke and I'd revert to two or three times weekly after this new, fantastic affair had cooled. But it has persisted undiminished and, in fact, becomes better. We both had a number of love affairs before, including one or more live-in situations. I am more than two decades her senior; she is now 34. We make love at any hour, including oral, anal and conventional (mostly) sex, often in unlikely places. We have done it in the open; one of the most stimulating experiences was when we were taking shelter under a rock ledge in a severe thunderstorm, with lightning flashing and hail pelting her cute bikini-clad behind. Once, after being separated for a week, we screwed seven times in one day; and some two years later, following one of our infrequent arguments, we did it eight times in 24 hours. None were wham-bams; all were complete and satisfying. Some of our best sex has been during her periods, when she sometimes is remarkably turned on.

Before this great love, I recall only average frequency (based upon PLAYBOY's sex-survey figures) and, usually, ho-hum partners. Is there such a thing as too much sex—we're both remarkably healthy and happy and widely envied—and, second, could a special partner make so much difference in one's sexual energy? Ah, heaven, I know thee well!—J. J. W., Phoenix, Arizona.

There's no such thing as too much of a good thing. As long as you and your partner feel good, you can't possibly be overdoing it. Take pride in the fact that the two of you are so active and so far above "average." Maybe she is a special lady. Maybe the act of keeping a journal raises the sexual temperature. The unexamined sex life is not worth living.

For the past couple of winters, my girlfriend and I have spent a week on various Caribbean islands, always staying at hotels or inns. Now we're getting a bit tired of crowded pools and high-powered waiters hustling low-powered drinks. What about something with a bit more privacy and freedom?—R. J., Chicago, Illinois.

How does a villa on St. Lucia with a 40-foot private pool strike you? Or, if you want to go with another couple, maybe you'd like a two-bedroom home on a Jamaican hillside, complete with a four-poster bed, terraces, a pool, a cook, a maid and a gardener. It's possible to rent condominiums and villas (the former can be found in studio and one-bedroom configurations, while the latter tend to run to two bedrooms and up) such as those on virtually any island in the Caribbean. In addition to the privacy a rental unit affords, it's also possible to save money on one, especially when two or more couples share a place. For example, the St. Lucia villa has two bedrooms and costs $1125 per week in the winter. The Jamaican beauty, which is located in the woods nine miles outside Montego Bay, goes for $2200. Although there are many companies that list properties in the Caribbean (and all around the world, for that matter), three that are particularly worth noting are At Home Abroad, 405 East 56th Street, 6H, New York, New York 10022 (212-421-9165); Caribbean Home Rentals, Box 710, Palm Beach, Florida 33480 (305-833-4454); and Villa Leisure, Box 1096, Fairfield, Connecticut 06340 (203-222-9611).

I have a problem that I hope you will be able to help me with. I am 18 years old and many girls find me attractive, but I have a real problem starting an initial conversation with a girl I've just become attracted to. Let me describe a typical situation to you, and I should say that it happens quite often. Recently, I was eating breakfast with a friend in San Diego and noticed a beautiful blonde waitress eying me. I knew that she found me attractive, but I could think of no way to start a conversation with her. (She wasn't waiting on our table.) Now, I'm the type of guy who enjoys a lasting relationship, not a bunch of one-night stands, so I want my conversation to be clean, not sleazy, if you know what I mean. Do you have any suggestions to help me with this problem?—C. J., Yuma, Arizona.

Initiating conversation with a sex interest is only as difficult as you make it: Forget about snappy one-liners ("I suppose a blow job is out of the question?") and concentrate on friendly small talk to get things going. Make a simple or, if you're up to it, clever remark about your immediate environment or an observation about your surroundings, and then wait for a reaction. Try to appear relaxed and at ease, and if you're incapable of anything else, at least give her a friendly smile or a sheepish grin.

The built-in microprocessor in my cassette deck adjusts the machine to correct levels, including the bias level, for various tapes. Why, then, does it also have a separate manual bias adjustment, and is there any simple way to use it?—L. I., Lansing, Michigan.

Bias in a tape deck prepares the tape to accept the recording signal. The general classes of tape require different bias settings, of course; but even within the same generic class and among different samples of the same brand and class of tape, there may be subtle variations in the magnetic coating. If you are really fussy about your recordings, you can use the manual bias adjustment to tweak, or fine-tune, the deck to account for those variations. One simple way to do that is to record some of the white noise between stations on the FM dial. Compare the sound of that hash as it comes directly off the air with the way it sounds after you have taped some of it. If the recorded noise sounds less bright than the original noise, reduce the setting of the bias adjustment. If the recorded noise sounds brighter, raise the setting of the manual bias adjustment. If you can't hear any difference, forget it and leave well enough alone.

I have a lover who is everything a woman could want—kind, sensitive, handsome, understanding, sexy and a great friend. We share a relationship that makes others seem pale in comparison. I do all I can to make him feel good, but there is a problem. When I give him a blow job, he cannot come unless I let him help it along prior to his ejaculating. He *can* come in my mouth after he handles himself, but he can't come with only my touch. He had a traumatic experience in his early teens when friends tried to vacuum his penis

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as a joke. Could that have caused any long-lasting (it's now 20 years later) psychological or physical damage? My self-confidence in my ability is now faltering, even though he assures me that I give great head and do nothing wrong. I wonder if there isn't something you might suggest that would improve my ability to stimulate him to ejaculation all by myself; or should I quit worrying about something that could be considered just a quirk?—Miss B. H., Albany, New York.

As long as your lover is satisfied, we think you are worrying needlessly. Since he has assured you that there is nothing wrong with your technique, we can hardly give you any suggestions to improve it. You have so much going in this relationship, we think you should see your lover's "quirk" simply as participation he enjoys.

My neighbor just bought a new diesel car. I think it's noisy and smoky, especially when he starts it in the morning. He thinks it's terrific. He says it gets great mileage, never needs a tune-up and should last forever. Are diesels really everything they're cracked up to be?—C. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Diesel cars gained a lot of popularity during and after the last gas shortage, because people got tired of waiting in line for gas. Now that gas is plentiful again and diesel fuel costs as much as unleaded gas, their appeal has diminished. That noise you hear—like the ball bearings in a spray-paint can—is combustion in the cylinders under such high pressure that the fuel self-ignites without the need for sparkplugs. The lack of sparkplugs and carburetor (diesel engines are fuel-injected) eliminates the need for periodic tune-ups. On the other hand, a diesel needs frequent oil changes, because the high combustion pressure blows soot and crud past the pistons into the crankcase, where they goop up the oil. Most recent and new diesels don't smoke once they're warmed up, but they all clatter. Diesels also aren't much for acceleration, though some are available with turbocharging to make them almost as quick as similar-sized gasoline engines. Optional diesel engines can be expensive and turbodiesels are even more expensive; and the logic of paying several hundred dollars extra to save a few bucks a week on fuel escapes us. Most diesels are tough and durable, though one tank of bad fuel can clog up the injectors and make for costly repairs. In cold climates, diesels warm up slower than gas-driven cars and need a little more care to get them started on sub-zero days. Finally, diesel fuel can be hard to find in some areas. Diesels aren't for everyone, but if high fuel economy and extended range (distance between fill-ups) are important to you, you might give one some serious thought. Just don't buy it without trying it first, because you may find out you don't like it later.

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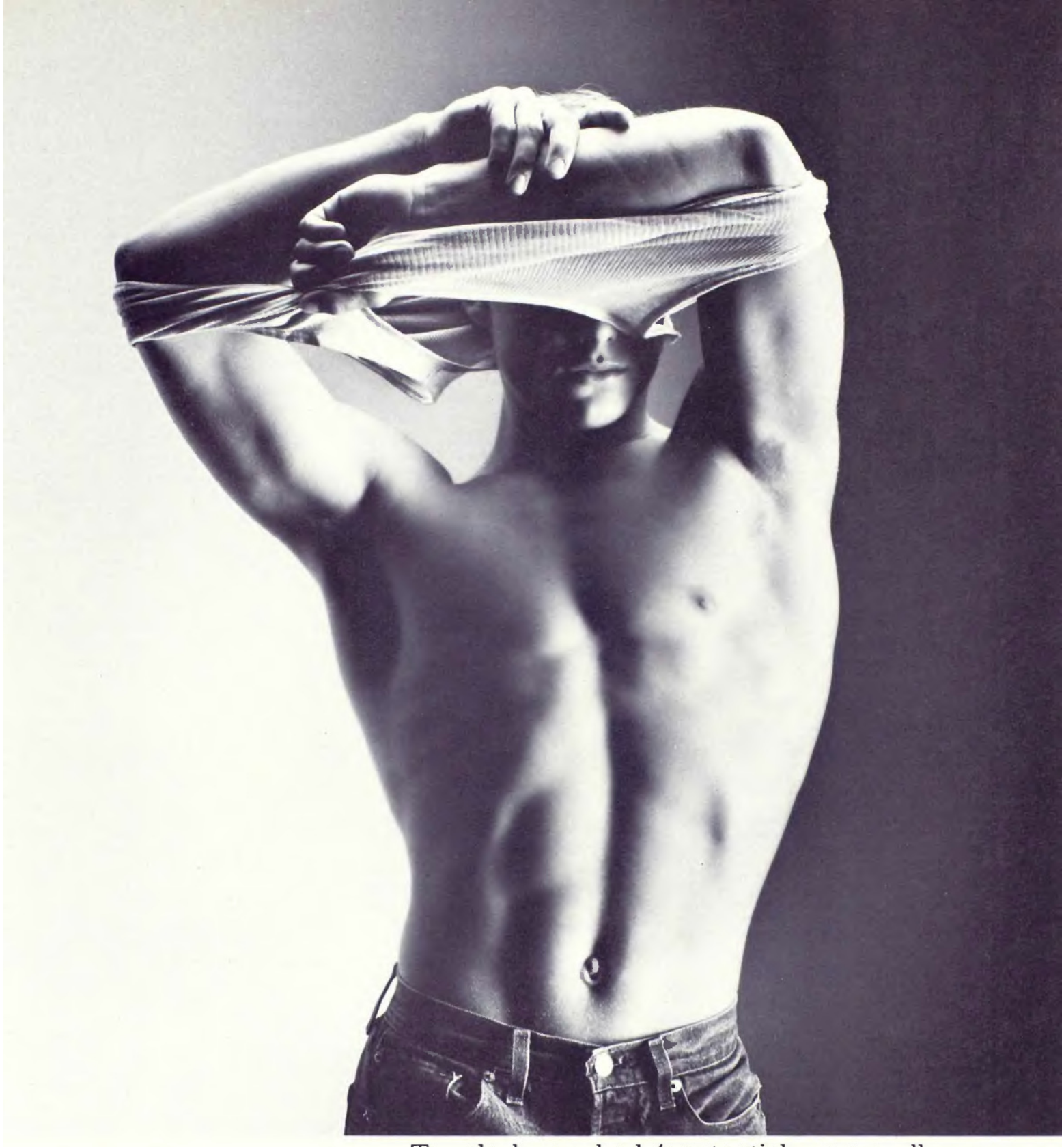

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couldn't be better, for I, who have had literally hundreds of lovers, can remember none so prolific. But for the first time in all the years, I have a deep feeling for this woman—it's more than just a physical thing, and we've exchanged verbal expressions of love.

After our third or fourth date, she made it apparent to me that she had had a boyfriend for a year or so and wondered if it bothered me. At that point, it didn't matter to me, for as the newcomer, I felt that I was cheating him, if anything. What was meant to be a fling for her got out of hand, and our relationship escalated rapidly. After a couple of months of intimacy and emotional investment, the young lady broke it to me that she couldn't take the pressures of loving two men. Since she had not let on to her boyfriend about our affair, though she had been completely open with me, she chose the path of least resistance and asked that we cool it for a while.

I care about her deeply and don't want to lose her. She claims the same feelings for me in our less-frequent rendezvous. She has expressed a deep love for me, an excitement with our lovemaking unrivaled by any prior experience, but also a lack of interest in ending her other thing.

What demands, if any, may I make on her to make a decision, and how soon? The line between having her and pushing so hard as to scare her back to him is so fine, yet I can't handle the infrequency of our meetings and want to take destiny into my own hands. Help me, for I fear that for the first time in nearly 30 years, I may be in love.—A. S., Chicago, Illinois.

We wish we could be encouraging, but we suspect that you'll indefinitely, if not always, be playing second banana in this situation. If this woman felt the excitement for you that you feel for her, she would have little difficulty breaking things off with her current boyfriend. It appears that you're in the unenviable position of being the other man—and part of your appeal to this woman is that you are forbidden fruit. Keep in mind, too, that you've known each other only a little more than three months. She obviously feels more comfortable with the man she has known longer. It may all boil down to how patient you can be—and for how long. So, while we understand your strong feelings for her, we suggest that you do cool it for a while to give the appearance that you may be moving on to other things. If she really wants to hold on to you, she'll find a way. You have nothing to gain, as you realize, by trying to force the issue. Good luck.

My boyfriend and I have a very happy and pleasurable sex life. I enjoy having sex with him, and I'm sure he feels the same way about me. The only problem we have is that he prevents me from touching certain parts of his body, and I must touch him a certain way. I love to touch and kiss every part of his body. I told him that if I could, I would tie him up and just touch him, kiss him and lick him wherever I wanted to. It makes me feel so good when I lick his balls, but he objects to that, because he claims that my touch is too delicate. When I squeeze his balls and lick his penis, it seems to turn me on even more. I really don't know why licking and squeezing his balls turns me on so much, but it does; maybe it's because his penis is so big, and it looks so good when it's hard.

What I need to know is, should I stop trying to persuade him to let me lick and squeeze his balls, or should I keep trying?—Miss P. S., Indianapolis, Indiana.

We always hate to see a romance break up, but if yours ever does, there are a few guys around here who would be more appreciative of you than your current beau. Tie the sucker up and be a bit less delicate. This is what is known as a compromise. Enjoy it.

Could swallowing semen during ejaculation be a cause of early miscarriage? Could the semen cross the placenta to the developing fetus? If so, would it be harmful to the baby? My husband and I have just lost a baby; I was seven weeks pregnant. We have a wonderful sexual relationship in which we enjoy oral sex tremendously. About twice a week, we perform it on each other, ending with my swallowing his ejaculate. I love doing this, but I have to wonder if it could have been a factor in losing the baby. To me, this is a pertinent question; I'm surprised I've never heard it discussed before. I *could* have asked my doctor, but he was rather vague about why I miscarried, so I'm asking you instead. Of course, we went over the obvious reasons: improper diet, drug and/or alcohol abuse, genetic factors, etc. None of those seemed a possibility so they provided no answer. The doctor did tell me that there was no reason I couldn't get pregnant again and carry a healthy full-term baby.

Another question I'd like to ask is "Could *highly active* sexual relations have also caused a miscarriage?" I have always heard that no amount of sexual intercourse can dislodge a healthy egg from the uterus; but I'd like to hear it from an expert.—Mrs. D. J., Dallas, Texas.

We know of no evidence linking swallowing of semen to miscarriage. The two major reasons for miscarriage are defect in development and defect in implantation. And what you've heard about intercourse's not being harmful during the first eight months of pregnancy is correct. (Some doctors advise against intercourse in the final trimester; opinion is divided.) Good luck in the future.

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

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DEAR PLAYMATES

Since the holiday season is a time when everyone has fantasies, we thought it would be appropriate to ask our Playmate advisors about theirs. After all, not every goody has to come wrapped up *under* the tree.

The question for the month:

What do you have sexual fantasies about?

You mean besides my dog, Spot? Just kidding, folks! Ready for a real one? David Lee Roth, the singer for Van Halen, has really caused a bit of a stir inside me recently. I'm just sure the man is absolutely wild. I'd like to go out and get nuts with him sometime. From his videos, he seems to be up for anything, and I must admit that I do get a few butterflies wondering what he'd be like in person. I'm no groupie. I just like the idea of his energy and unpredictability.

Marlene Janssen

MARLENE JANSSEN
NOVEMBER 1982

I've had sexual fantasies about people I don't know and about people I'm seeing. I think they're healthy. A fantasy about a man I'm with would be imagining myself having sex with him, imagining the things he does that turn me on and the things I do that turn *him* on. In a long-term relationship, you can keep the fantasies going by dressing up, dressing down, having sexual conversations with him to keep things fresh between you. Time together can deepen your fantasy life.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

As I get older, I'm becoming more turned on to myself, and I've just started having fantasies. I like touching myself now. My fantasies about real men run the gamut from Hal Linden to Eric Dickerson, who plays for the L.A. Rams. Oh, yes, and Eddie Hatch, who's on *As the World Turns*. I've never been with two men at the same time, but I have fantasized about it. Two men who turn me on, who are sensitive and caring. I can see Hal Linden in this fantasy. I love his graying temples and his self-assured manner and the fact that he comes across as shy. I know people will say, "What, no hunks?" But the *Magnum, P.I.* types don't do it for me.

Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

I don't know the people in my sexual fantasies. I create them for the fantasy. Mostly, what's important is the situation I create, not the people in it. For example, going to a party and noticing someone across the room who notices me, then moving together into another room in the house, having sex and never exchanging any words at all. It's an image of a person, but never a specific person. I also have lots of fantasies about my husband. But what's important is the context—not so much who is there but what's happening, attitude and surroundings.

Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I'd love to go camping with Tom Selleck. We'd share a tent. Or we could go to Rio or Cancun or someplace special. Are you reading this, Tom? Just kidding. I've had a fantasy or two about Nick Nolte and Burt Reynolds. I can be pretty direct about this stuff. If I feel a certain way, if I want something or I don't want something, I will say it. There is someone now whom I have fantasies about, and he knows who he is. But don't let that stop you, Tom.

Lisa Welch

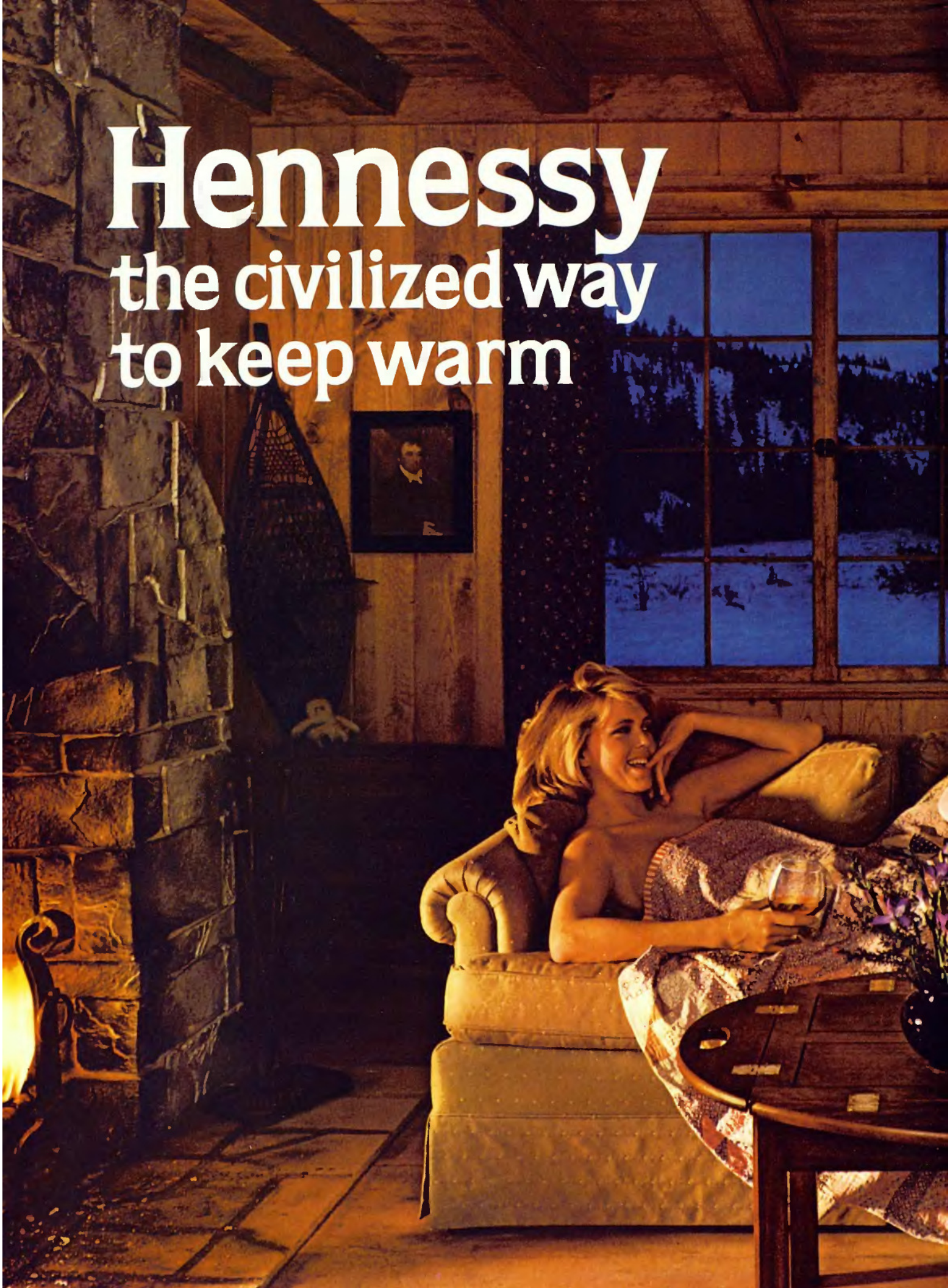
LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

Julio Iglesias. He's so romantic. He's good-looking and charming and seems very, very honest—in short, everything I want in a guy. In my fantasy, he's singing *To All the Girls I've Loved Before*. He comes down from the stage, picks me out, takes me in his arms and walks off with me. But in real life, I'm the type of person who wants to know a man before I have sex with him. I want him to know me and like me when he wakes up the next morning and the fantasy part is over.

Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

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

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PUNISHING POLLSTERS

The ball game will be over by the time this can get into print, but here are some thoughts on the upcoming election.

Ever since Jimmy Carter conceded the White House on national television while registered voters in the Pacific time zone could still choose between having another beer and going to the polls, every election has generated new twists in the debate about the legitimacy of network newscasters' prematurely predicting the winner. Personally, I find the entire issue absurd. Spokesmen for both sides of the argument have generated a lot more nonsense than insight. I would like to straighten this issue out here and right now.

The electronic-media people have taken the position that it is their sacred duty to broadcast as much news and information as quickly as they can to as many people as possible. Accordingly, the networks have gone so far as to interrupt regularly scheduled programing with the latest Election Day odds and forecasts. On the other side are the people who are offended by those blinking check marks on the TV screen next to the names of leading candidates while the polls are still open but don't know what to do about it in a free society.

While the television people have the First Amendment on their side, I think that their defense of the news value of exit polls is almost as ridiculous as the arguments of the people who would like to see such practices discontinued.

Television news, first and foremost, is entertainment. The hourly broadcasting of Election Day trends spotted by network statistical departments may provide material for some interesting, high-stakes tavern wagers but adds little or nothing to an understanding of voting behavior. Even though I find the whole thing silly, I don't object to it on any but aesthetic grounds. As far as I am concerned, the television people are free and should continue to be free to broadcast any nonslanderous jive that they like.

What the proponents and opponents of Election Day odds making have ignored is the human potential for perversity. If, during a given Election Day, I found all the candidates so useless that I was going for extra beer, and I heard a report that the only candidate I found halfway credible was failing to capture votes, I might be inspired to rush out to the polls simply to confound the experts. That, done systematically, is what could humble the pundits and make democracy work.

Jon Kraus
Sacramento, California

We like the suggestion of syndicated columnist Mike Royko (a champion of just such perversity) that every voter confronted by an exit pollster do the right thing and lie through his teeth.

"Television news, first and foremost, is entertainment."

PRAYER IN SCHOOLS

There have been essentially two recent schemes to enroll the Judaeo-Christian God in public schools. The more objectionable approach would encourage teachers to turn their classes into hallelujah sessions, but the New Right discerned that even the Supreme Court might balk at that if future Reagan appointees were not yet in place. The marginally less objectionable approach would encourage students to organize revival meetings on school grounds between classes. This is the bingo gambit: the Government's allowing religion in schools the way it allows gambling in churches. Then it's only a matter of time before we have Mob control of churches and God control of schools.

I say keep both God and gambling in the churches, where the forces of good and evil can fight it out for themselves, and leave our public schools free to educate instead of brainwash.

Werner Brownlow
Anchorage, Alaska

The Playboy Forum and its loyal correspondents have been doing a commendable job of tracking the idiocies of the New Right lunatic fringe. However, I think that your enlightened discussions of religion in the public schools ignore the civil rights of heathens, agnostics and atheists.

A lot of us fit those categories and believe that while Jesus and his Apostles would be a chart-topping name for a New Wave band and the Bible is damned good literature, any kind of Government-sanctioned religious activity in the public schools misappropriates the tax money of those who reject the idea of any Supreme Being (whether He, She or It be male, female or genderless) and wish to have their children educated with factual information and within a belief system that holds individuals—not devils or deities—responsible for their actions.

Rob O'Brien
New York, New York

Your editorial (*The Indecent Crusade*, PLAYBOY, October) on the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his National Federation for Decency is very timely. Wildmon was recently here in Jackson, mounting an attack on the 250 homes that subscribe to The Playboy Channel through Torrence Cablevision, the only cable company in Mississippi that carries it. Allan Torrence stood his ground as to the rights of the individual to choose for himself. I applaud him. Wildmon, for the first time, fully exposed himself for what he is by means of a quote in the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* that branded him a *collectivist*. He told a reporter:

> The argument always used is "You can't tell me what I read." . . . That is false. We are not a society of individuals, we are a society. People in communities have a right to determine what that community's standards should be.

I have no objection to anyone's speaking out for or against any issue. That is the essence of freedom. But I don't want anyone to be able to force me or control me on the basis of his standards. Wildmon has opened a new and dangerous campaign

whereby he will now attempt to engage church and other support to tell us what to read.

(Name withheld by request)
Brandon, Mississippi

GETTING RELIGION

I agree 100 percent with Jim Lorraine's letter, "Moon Goes Down" (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Strange behavior is gaining ground as the Reverend Sun-Myung Moon, Jerry Falwell and the Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh stake out their territories. I've had the pleasure of personally observing a Moonie getting her brain functioning again.

I'm writing this letter to caution you about the dangers of criticizing religion in America. Look at all the abortion clinics that are being fire-bombed. The atmosphere is bad now, and I think things will get worse until the current wave of religious-political insanity is controlled or wears itself out. I hope we can continue to speak freely and have the freedom to doubt. And I hope that the religious right doesn't begin to attack your magazine with the zeal with which it's going about the abortion issue!

James Williamson
Bellingham, Washington

VIETNAM REVISITED

I watched with awe the week-by-week unfolding of *Vietnam: A Television History* on my local Public Broadcasting System station. Actually, it was the second time I had watched this series, and this time, I taped it for future reference.

By the time most of us in the States became conscious of Vietnam, we were like people caught in the path of an out-of-control truck: It was too late to try to understand where it had come from. What I particularly appreciate about those broadcasts is how much they have taught me about the origins and complexities of a war that changed my life and the lives of my whole generation. That is history that I actually witnessed in the making.

It seems to me that it usually takes decades for the passions aroused by war to cool down enough to permit objective analysis. The first television documentaries that came out after World War Two—*Victory at Sea*, for instance—seem embarrassingly one-sided today. But producers Bruce Palling and Martin Smith have managed to come up with an account that is remarkably evenhanded in its treatment of the issues that divided all of us not so long ago—and to a degree still do.

Most TV documentaries don't deserve to be called history, but *Vietnam: A Television History* has fully earned its title. It's also television at its best.

Jack Orbach
Niles, Illinois

If you read the small print at the bottom of the original posters, you would have seen that the Playboy Foundation contributed to the WGBH Vietnam Project, which created the series. We, too, were most impressed with the final product.

VIOLENCE AND PORNOGRAPHY

I was surprised to read in a *New York Times* article that new discoveries "are prompting psychologists to broaden their definition of pornography to include depictions of violence against women that have little or no overt sexual content."

For a moment, I wondered if that meant that Shakespeare's *Othello* and Shaw's *Saint Joan*—or *The Perils of Pauline* and *King Kong*, for that matter—were now to be classified as pornography.

According to the *Times*, at a meeting of the American Psychological Association, Dr. Neil Malamuth reported that 30 percent of his male subjects had been sexually aroused by films of graphic violence against women, even though there was no sexual aspect to the violence. And Dr. Edward Donnerstein said that after seeing films depicting subjection of women to bloody violence, both men and women tended to be more likely to judge rape to be the victim's fault.

The article went on to observe that findings such as these have already been used in support of antipornography ordinances in several cities. Which is odd, when you think about it, because what is under scrutiny is not what could reasonably be called pornography. For ages, pornography has meant the explicit depiction of sexual activity, and it has been taboo in the Western world since the fall of Rome. Violence and the depiction of violence, on the other hand, have been an accepted part of our public entertainment, in one way or another, for even longer.

In recent years, a growing body of evidence has suggested that viewing portrayals of violence tends to make violence more attractive, or less repugnant, to people. Whether these laboratory studies prove anything about the real world is still open to question. They take place in highly artificial settings, and the subjects usually are not sociopaths, psychopaths or certifiably violence-prone nuts but the sort of high-minded folks who volunteer for psychological experiments.

Meanwhile, nobody has shown that garden-variety pornography has an undesirable effect on those who view it. Unfortunately, the distinction is likely to get lost because of the tendency of feminist and right-wing procensorship elements to blur the definition of pornography. Everything from jeans ads to nude photography to the bluest of blue movies is being called pornographic. This talk of further broadening the definition to include portrayals of *nonsexual* violence against women will confuse the issue even more.

It is important to hang on to a few facts: There is no evidence that pornography or depictions of violence actually provokes antisocial sex acts. Studies of rapists show that they have little or no exposure to pornography. Dr. Gene G. Abel, at the same symposium, remarked, "Men who rape don't need pornography to stimulate their violent fantasies about women; they're obsessed by these fantasies."

And material that is simply sexually explicit, that has no component of violence, has not been shown to have any harmful effect. As Dr. Donnerstein told *The New York Times*, "Straightforward pornography, movies like *Debbie Does Dallas*, doesn't seem to have these effects on people's attitudes toward women."

I plan to make careful note of that sentence, because somehow I don't expect to come across it in any of the literature published by Women Against Pornography.

Robert Shea
Glencoe, Illinois

The enclosed article from the Fort Lauderdale *Sun Sentinel* reports the growing concern among certain library patrons about the displaying of current issues of PLAYBOY on the library shelves. These patrons declare them to be pornographic materials.

What I find even more interesting is a quote from Cecil Beach, the director of the county library system, who states, "We don't have any pornographic materials in the library. We don't even have a pornograph."

To your knowledge, is a pornograph standard issue in other library systems? If so, how do I apply for a library card? Or is the director referring to an audio-visual device more commonly found in motels that feature mirrored ceilings?

I would appreciate your looking into this pornograph issue and reporting back to your avid readers, some of whom are in the library.

Alan J. Weiss
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Faced in recent years with accusations of respectability, we can only take a little perverse pleasure at being labeled "pornographic" by a "citizens group" about six of whose members had (according to your clipping) deluged the library with complaints. We do have a weirdo in the PLAYBOY *laboratories attempting to design a high-fidelity, stereophonic laser pornograph, but it's still on the drawing board.*

A group of religious protesters has picketed a local 7-Eleven convenience store because it sells PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and other such magazines. I've written a letter to the editor of the *Salisbury Daily Times* condemning this mindless action, citing

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NICE TRY

LONDON—*The producers of a satirical TV show have been reprimanded for allowing the scriptwriters to run one episode with an almost subliminal message. Although most viewers missed it, the message, flashed on the screen for a fraction*

of a second, read, SCRIPTWRITERS ARE INCREDIBLY GOOD IN BED. YOU FIND THEM IRRESISTIBLE. YOU MUST GO OUT AND SLEEP WITH ONE NOW. *A company spokesman said that such a stunt violates a broadcasting law designed to protect viewers from "flash-frame messages which can be absorbed subconsciously."*

MARITAL RAPE

MIAMI—*In what prosecutors are calling a landmark decision in the first case of its kind, a 41-year-old man has been convicted of kidnaping and raping his wife while the couple were living together. A circuit-court judge, citing the "interspousal exception" for rape on the basis of English common law, had thrown out the original charges, which included sexual battery; but a state appeals court ruled that state law "proscribes a crime of violence, not a crime of sex" and sent the case back for a second trial that led to the conviction, which could draw a penalty of up to life. Previous spousal-rape cases had involved women who had divorced their husbands or were separated at the time of the offenses. The first of those cases, tried in Oregon in 1978, led to an acquittal.*

WILD RIDE

SAN ANTONIO—*A 25-year-old man who allegedly tried to rape his date was locked out of the car and driven to a police station, yelling and clinging to the hood. Officers heard the car arrive with its horn blaring, collared the hood ornament and charged him with sexual assault.*

RATS IN LOVE

STANFORD—*Researchers at Stanford University say they have been swamped with requests to participate in testing a purported aphrodisiac that has been found effective in lab animals. Only 40 of the 300 volunteers could be used in the study of yohimbine hydrochloride, which is produced from a tree growing in Cameroon, in West Africa. Traditionally used as a folk medicine to bring down high fevers, the drug first came to wide attention when it was identified and described by German botanists around the turn of the century. Reports of its aphrodisiac properties appeared during the Twenties, and in recent laboratory tests, rats injected with the drug sought sexual encounters twice as often as those untreated. "The data suggest that yohimbine may be a true aphrodisiac," said Dr. Julian M. Davidson, a professor of physiology at Stanford's medical school. "Further research could lead to developments in pharmacologic treatment of sexual dysfunction," he said, cautioning that what turns rats on doesn't necessarily do the same for humans.*

CHICKEN TO GO

DETROIT—*Police would like to have a talk with a woman customer of a Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant who shot and killed a would-be purse snatcher at the drive-in window, picked up her order and drove off. Witnesses said two men, one wielding a baseball bat, had tried to grab the purse off the front seat of her car. After asking an employee if her shot had hit the one who had reached in for the purse and had run off, fatally wounded, she paid $1.61 for two pieces of chicken and a biscuit and said she was going home, where she "had a bigger gun."*

DOWN ON THE FARM

SALT LAKE CITY—*Traditional Mormon teachings in Utah and widespread regional attitudes that encourage women to marry early and stay at home with their families are causing them poverty, guilt and despair, according to a state task force. Studies conducted by the group indicated that such a family-oriented value system leaves women ill equipped to deal with divorce or the death of a husband, and they lack the education and job skills needed to support themselves and their families. The Governor's Task Force on Integrating Women into the Workforce said that slightly more than half of Utah women work but earn salaries that are only slightly more than half of what men receive, and that one third of the families headed by women in 1983 lived below the poverty level.*

GAY GETS THE BOOT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that homosexuals have no constitutionally protected right of privacy and that the Navy and, presumably, other branches of the Service, have the authority to dismiss anyone caught engaging in homosexual activity. The court stated that the U.S. Supreme Court "has listed as illustrative of the right of privacy such matters as activities relating to marriage, procreation, contraception, family relationships and child rearing and education. It need hardly be said that none of these covers a right to homosexual conduct." Then it went on: "If the revolution in sexual mores . . . is in fact ever to arrive, we think it must arrive through the moral choice of the people and their elected representatives, not through the judicial" process. The court conceded that the appellee, a 27-year-old petty officer who had held a top-secret security clearance as a cryptographer, had an unblemished Service record and had had many citations of praise for his job performance before he was accused of engaging in homosexual acts with a 19-year-old seaman.*

ON THE TOWN

CANBERRA—*Australian foreign minister Bill Hayden has officially asked U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz to do something about magazines circulating aboard U.S. Navy vessels suggesting that*

the girls in Australia's port cities have the hots for U.S. sailors. Calling the publications "insensitive and offensive," Hayden said they were one of the topics discussed at a conference of the ruling Labor Party when it considered whether or not visits to Australia by U.S. nuclear-powered warships should continue.

my right as a free citizen of this country to buy what magazines I deem appropriate.

In short, I protest these protesters. I do not condone pornography (and let me say that I do not feel PLAYBOY is pornographic), but if one wants to view it, then one has that right.

Men's magazines were the targets of this picketing, but such groups will next be after the public library to have books banned.

Please do something about this.

Jim Bulmer
Salisbury, Maryland

Public libraries all over the country already are under attack from such groups, and your letter to the local paper is doing something about it.

GOD AND MAN IN BED

Politics may make strange bedfellows, but the strangest ones I've ever heard of are President Ronald Reagan and Pope John Paul II, who seem to be sharing, if not the same sheets, at least the same contradictory ideas about sex and population. Neither Reagan nor the Pope thinks fucking is much good for you, but they agree that if you do engage in forbidden activities, then anything that results from the deed is both holy and subject to the full protection of the law and the loan office. In other words, they are against sex but also against birth control, especially when it involves abortion.

The most unfortunate aspect of this locking-the-barn-door logic is the effect it is wreaking on efforts to control the world's most real and apparent danger—overpopulation. With a total estimated citizenry of 4.8 billion, the world is already twice as crowded as it was in 1945, and most demographers believe the population will swell to between eight and ten billion in the next 50 years, with all but about seven percent of that growth in the developing nations.

Some countries, notably China, are biting the bullet now with tough but realistic birth-control policies. Other countries are piddling along, but they piddle with fewer new babies when family-planning practices, often funded by the developed nations, help out. The nation that helps the most—and *should*, given our lion's share of the multinational economy—is the U.S. This year, we chipped in about $240,000,000, says an official from the Agency for International Development.

But Reagan and his right-wing Administration want to cut off all assistance to countries in which abortion is a part, even a minor part, of family planning. Ever so human, the Reaganites claim to uphold "life" by forcing poverty-stricken, uninformed women to bear children they must later watch starve.

While the Reaganites are cutting off population-control programs, the Pope is keeping up his efforts to discourage personal birth-control techniques. The total ban on all birth control short of abstinence is getting maximum proselytizing by the so-called enlightened Pope of Poland. "Every matrimonial act must remain open to the transmission of life," the Pope said this summer. That means fucking, married or not.

When the turn of the century comes around and we're all beating one another up for space to stand in and crumbs to eat, let's all toast the wise and farsighted policies of Mother Right and Mother Church, a couple of the biggest mothers of modern life.

Bud McDermott
Los Angeles, California

The world will soon be up to its weary ass in alligators *and* children. Some people in Red China are offing their female infants to slow down the population problem, but it may be too late. What anti-abortionists don't realize is that human-population growth has assumed the proportions of an epidemic and that by the year 2000, we'll all be living in our own shit. We need an *abortion pill*, not legislation.

Bill Loren
Rockville, Maryland

TASTELESS SNACK

It has been suggested that it is no longer possible to write parodies of American life because American life is already a parody of itself. Any lingering doubts I may have had about that observation have been erased by one of the newest additions to American snackdom—the Baby Doe candy bar.

If you haven't had the opportunity to be offered one of these chocolate-covered-almond treats, let me prepare you. This tasty morsel, manufactured by a Midwestern candymaker, is being distributed by Right-to-Life groups as a fund-raising project. The candy bar's name comes from the court cases involving the rights of parents to withhold special medical treatment for severely handicapped infants, who often are known only as Baby Does. The candy costs anywhere upwards of 55 cents per bar, proceeds going to the "pro-life" people, and the wrapper features a picture of a small child.

I thought the Right-to-Lifers had pretty much exhausted their supply of absurdity with weak logic (abortion equals murder), legal grotesqueries (showing explicit films of abortions to legislators after lunch) and generally pea-brained demeanor, but the candy bar of the helplessly crippled sets entirely new symbolic frontiers for the abortion debate.

What, I wonder, does one do if offered a Baby Doe bar in public? Should one bite into the tender midsection and swallow the figurative entrails and tiny malfunctioning brain and upper extremities? Or swallow it all at once, the way Right-to-Lifers tend to digest irrational positions?

No—both alternatives smack of the homicidal. The only thing to do with a Baby Doe bar is to pay whatever it costs to receive it, then put it in the refrigerator, where it can fulfill its glorious existence next to the carrots, lettuce and other vegetables. Each month, when you pay the electricity bill, say, for the next 20 years, you can know that somehow you are doing your bit for the life force.

If, however, you give in to temptation and carelessly eat the Baby Doe bar while watching the David Letterman show, you can take comfort in knowing that your digestive tract will render unto the Right-to-Life junk-food symbol exactly what your rationality routinely does to their pseudo arguments.

J. Caine Andrews
Chicago, Illinois

SEX AND VIOLENCE

Although lots of unabashed PLAYBOY readers will readily admit that they look at every page of your pictorials before they read a single word of your fine articles and fiction, please believe me when I say that I pay attention to your magazine first and foremost for the writing. Really. I find that *The Playboy Forum* and *Forum Newsfront*'s brief news items intelligently discuss or report difficult social issues in a more forthright manner than just about anyone else.

I have always been pleased to see that although you publish photographs of naked ladies, you are avowed champions of the difference between sex and violence. I think you would agree that rape has nothing to do with sex and everything to do with violence. I therefore am curious to know what you think about the recent spate of criminal cases wherein unconsenting married women charge their husbands with rape.

Last fall, *The New York Times* described the conviction of a Florida man charged with one count of kidnaping his wife and two counts of sexual battery against her [see *Forum Newsfront*]. According to the article, the crime had happened while the couple were still living together as husband and wife and the conviction therefore marked the first time a man had been convicted of a sex crime while he was still

Last year, Annie Fitzpatrick gave her Uncle Gerald a 14½/30. This year she's giving him a much more fitting gift.

The reward.

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married and sharing a domicile with the plaintiff.

To my mind, the verdict signals to the lawmakers, the courts and everyone else that when a woman says no, the safest thing to figure is that she means it and that a marriage license is not a license to commit acts of violence.

Julie Petersen
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I have noticed over the years that a woman occasionally wins in court when she charges a date with raping her after he takes her home from a movie and an expensive dinner. I also read an article in *The New York Times* last fall that said that a Florida man had been convicted of raping his wife, which was the first time that such a judgment had been handed down. Now, I am all for protecting the rights of women to abstain from having sex, but these court cases are starting to make me nervous. Christ! What do I do if I take a girl out and take her home and draw a bubble bath for the two of us and we have sex only if I agree to tie her hands to the towel rack, and then she decides to bring criminal charges against me? To my mind, I have accommodated her need to be forced into sex in violation of moral or psychological principles that stand in the way of her emotional or physical desires, so that she can escape a sense of responsibility for her actions. To a jury, I have committed forcible rape.

After giving this matter much thought, I hope I have hit upon a solution: I will install video cameras throughout my house—in the bedroom and the bathroom and the living room and even in the kitchen—and keep them running during romantic interludes, so I will have watertight evidence, in case I ever do get dragged into court on charges of raping a date, that I did nothing of the kind. Isn't that a fine idea?

(Name withheld by request)
Sarasota, Florida

A real dandy. If you get dragged into court, somebody's going to think you're kinkier than your accuser. Maybe you should just get a signed and witnessed statement of consent from your date before you draw the bath—call it a sexual release.

BACK TO BULLETS

I want to address just one common argument of the champions of gun control: "Handguns are designed to kill people." Of course they are. And I hope no advocate of the right to bear arms denies it. ("Kill people? Shucks, I use mine to drive nails. You mean this other end has a use, too?")

Actually, the handgun was originally developed as a tool for shooting off locks, and an extensive television and movie campaign was launched to advertise that use. But consumers exercising their right to have the ability to shoot off locks found the guns somewhat less effective than depicted onscreen. Gunbearers were particularly disappointed with how well doorknobs stood up to them in real life.

OK. Enough of this silliness. *Of course* handguns are designed to kill people! All I want to do is remind you that burglars, murderers, rapists and dictators are people, too.

Fear Laissez
Reno, Nevada

David B. Williscroft (*The Playboy Forum*, August) repeats one of the more popular myths about guns when he writes that handguns are "specifically designed to kill people." If that were true, then handgun designers should have their engineering licenses revoked. Excluding suicides, which antigun persons love to include in firearms statistics, I've heard that only five to ten percent of those shot by a handgun in any given year will die as a result.

The reason is that handgun design typically incorporates virtually every feature that *reduces* killing power in a firearm: short barrels, low-velocity ammunition, crude sights or none at all, the frequent use of double-action firing modes and the absence of bracing devices. I mention the last three features because in order to kill something, the first thing you have to do is hit it. Most people are about as effective with a handgun as one of our local homeowners, who recently surprised a burglar in his mother's kitchen and blazed away with his trusty .38 from a distance of *four feet*. Apart from being instantly transformed into a deaf albino with brown-colored jeans, the intruder was unscathed.

But while handguns aren't very efficient at killing people, they are remarkably efficient at doing what they're really designed to do: stop close-range physical assaults. Most of the time a handgun comes into play, the assault is stopped without a shot's being fired. Police studies show that in most cases, when a would-be assailant is confronted with a gun, he breaks off his assault—and the gun displayed in the vast majority of these cases is a handgun. Handguns also stop assaults by inflicting wounds that disable an attacker long enough for his intended victim to escape, even if the attacker usually lives to mug or rape again.

I am not, of course, making light of the dangers of firearms or the seriousness of gunshot wounds. Even a medium-powered air rifle can be instantly lethal, and arm or leg wounds inflicted by the smallest of calibers can disable a person physically and emotionally for life.

Nor am I touting a handgun, or any other gun, as a protective panacea. The best weapon for self-defense is plenty of distance, and the only sure way to survive violent encounters is to avoid them entirely. Unfortunately, those ideal options aren't always available in today's society. When they aren't, then, regardless of all the dangerous bullshit normally taught in a typical self-defense course, there is only one weapon that will put a small, weak person on a physical par with a larger, stronger assailant—who may also be armed. That weapon is a gun, and if a person wishes to defend himself without killing his attacker, the gun most likely to achieve this result is a handgun.

With apologies to Williscroft, that's what handguns are designed for.

Joseph D. Williams
Cedartown, Georgia

Such differing philosophical treatments of the same subject always interest us, and now we await complaints from other gun people, who will cite (1) the man-killing power of various hand cannons or (2) the sporting purposes of handguns that are scoped for hunting or designed for serious target shooting and simply wouldn't serve well as pocket pistols for your average liquor-store holdup.

FORUM FOLLIES

Mark Elliot, a writer, radio reporter and broadcaster who lives in Ontario, sends us the following report.

The notoriously bluenosed Ontario Board of Censors has found itself starring in a sexually explicit film that slipped past its scissors and into Toronto's Festival of Festivals. It happened like this:

Two years ago, the censorship board banned a film called *I Berlin-Harlem*, by West German director Lothar Lambert, because of an oral-sex scene. This year, the irrepressible Lambert returned with a comic film containing similar sex sequences but starring the censorship board itself. Called *Fräulein Berlin*, it was routinely approved for screening on the basis of press releases, synopses, cast lists and outlines. The board didn't bother to view the seemingly innocuous film and, even if it had, presumably could not have ruled on it objectively any more than a judge could fairly preside over his own murder trial.

In *Fräulein Berlin*, a sex star goes to the Toronto film festival in hope of finding a great director to take her away from the sex films that have been wasting her talent. Instead, she finds that the Ontario Board of Censors has made her a notorious porn star.

The hoax delighted local film buffs, and the censors can now be expected to carefully screen all Lambert films before giving them their imprimatur.

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

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GOLDIE HAWN

a candid conversation with america's favorite comic actress about life as a daffy blonde, a tough lady, a devoted mother and a hollywood mogul

Goldie Hawn is sitting at a table on the patio of The Frying Pan in Basalt, 20 miles from Aspen, talking with a friend about how much she likes living in Old Snowmass, where nobody bothers her or her kids.

But then a woman politely interrupts and asks Goldie if she'll sign her matchbook, telling her she dreamed the night before that Goldie invited her to her home in Los Angeles and they became fast friends. Goldie smiles and signs. Then the waitress comes over. "Goldie," she says, "the girls at the bar would like to buy you a drink." The notion tickles her. She's had drinks offered to her many times in the past but never by "the girls at the bar." How very sweet, she says. But her man, Kurt Russell, is expecting her home soon. He's cooking fresh elk meat for dinner back at their log-cabin home. And Goldie certainly doesn't want to hurt his feelings by passing up a good elk steak.

Goldie Hawn is 39 and is beginning to feel, oh, at least 25. She looks about that, too, with her large, clear blue eyes and incandescent smile. Her skin is smooth, her head small, and the muscles in her arms and legs show some definition from the aerobics and weight lifting she does each day.

At 116 pounds and 5'6", she doesn't exactly look like one of the most powerful people in the movie business, but looks can be deceiving. Behind that Tweety Pie twinkle and Betty Boop giggle stands what could be described as the real incarnation of Supergirl. For Goldie is Hollywood's true girl of steel, capable of turning a studio's fate around singlehandedly. And the people in Hollywood who are more concerned about the business than about the show are well aware of Goldie's strength.

Ranked among the big four "bankable" female stars (along with Streisand, Fonda and Streep), Goldie earned her stripes with "Private Benjamin." She was executive producer and star of that film, which has grossed $175,000,000 to date. She dropped her producing title in her film "Swing Shift," and it flopped. But she's back again with "Protocol," a film she spent seven years trying to get off the ground. Her name is, once again, twice on the marquee.

Yes, chain-smoking Goldie has come a long way from go-go dancing in cages in New Jersey dives. She has far exceeded her fondest dream—of being in a Broadway chorus line. People think it must have been easy, since she is a natural comedienne, but Goldie doesn't see it that way. She has never even thought she was funny.

Born in Washington, D.C., on November 21, 1945, she grew up secure on a cul-de-sac street in Takoma Park, Maryland, knowing all her neighbors. Her father was a musician who was often on the road, playing at Washington social affairs and in Las Vegas. Her mother had a head for business and managed a dancing school. From the time Goldie could walk, she danced. She still has the first check she ever earned as a professional—for $1.50, when she danced in "The Nutcracker" with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. She was ten years old. When the ballet was over, she wasn't sure when to take her bow—so she waited until the prima ballerina took hers and walked out onstage to join her. There was a delighted roar from the audience.

When Goldie was graduated from high school, she began to teach jazz, tap and ballet at her mother's school. A year later, she got an offer to dance at the Texas pavilion of the New York World's Fair, and she never looked back.

After doing the cancan at the World's Fair, she worked for a few years as a go-go dancer in and around New York; then she went to Puerto Rico to dance for a few months and then to Las Vegas to be in a chorus line. But the life was seedy, so she decided to go to Los Angeles, where she hoped to find a steady job dancing in the chorus of a TV show. She

"If a man decides to have a quickie, he can then go to the nearest washbasin and scrub it clean and make it all new again. Girls can't necessarily do that. They walk around knowing things are going on in there."

"I guess if America needs a sweetheart, I'd fill the bill. It's nice, but it also is difficult, because when I feel aggressive and want to vent my anger, that image is so strong I'm afraid people won't like me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"Daddy was down to earth. As a violinist, he once played for Dinah Shore after I'd become well known, and she asked if he wanted to tell me anything. He said, 'Tell her to put the butter back in the icebox.' "

landed a job after her first audition. It was for an Andy Griffith special, and a William Morris agent named Art Simon just happened to catch her act. He signed her up and almost immediately got her a 26-week contract for a new TV show called "Good Morning, World."

It happened so fast for her—suddenly she was an "actress," something she never dreamed of being—that she had "something like" a nervous breakdown. But she went on with the show, and when producer George Schlatter saw her, he thought she just might work on his new show—"Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In." He said she had three shows to prove herself, and Goldie proceeded to flub every line she was given. Schlatter told her not to change a thing, and a star was born. Her manager got a film deal during her second year with "Laugh-In" for a picture called "Cactus Flower," starring Walter Matthau, and a star was launched: Goldie won an Oscar for best supporting actress.

A year later, she left TV and made films with Peter Sellers ("There's a Girl in My Soup"), Warren Beatty ("$" and "Shampoo"), George Segal ("The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox"), Chevy Chase ("Foul Play," "Seems Like Old Times") and Burt Reynolds ("Best Friends"). She starred in Steven Spielberg's directorial debut, "The Sugarland Express," went to Moscow for five days to research her part in "The Girl from Petrovka," went to Italy to make "Lovers and Liars," with Giancarlo Giannini, and appeared in the film adaptation of the play "Butterflies Are Free."

In 1980 came "Private Benjamin." Two writers approached her with the idea for a film about a Jewish princess who loses her husband on her wedding night and winds up enlisting in the Army. She liked the idea so much that she decided to produce it and, suddenly, Goldie Hawn became a force to be reckoned with in Hollywood.

During her first marriage, to dancer and director Gus Trikonis, Goldie struggled with the problem of her sudden rise and his struggling career. Their marriage lasted four years. Goldie then met Bill Hudson of the Hudson Brothers and they were married in 1976. That marriage lasted three and a half years and produced two children—Oliver, now eight, and Kate, five and a half. For three years, Goldie raised her children as a single parent. Then, during the filming of "Swing Shift," she met actor Kurt Russell and fell in love. They've been living together in homes near Aspen, the Pacific Palisades and Malibu for the past two years.

To find out more about this complex and disarming woman, PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **Lawrence Grobel** *(whose last "Interview" for us was with Joan Collins) to Colorado to talk with her. Grobel's report:*

"The flight from Denver into Aspen on Rocky Mountain Airways was bumpy but scenic, as the prop plane dipped sideways, giving us views of the snow-clad Rockies. I was surprised to be making this trip, because Goldie Hawn had been reluctant for years to grant anyone an in-depth interview. Now, with a new picture coming out and a new man in her life, she was apparently feeling secure and confident enough to talk.

"Any preconceptions I might have had about interviewing a giggle-voiced daffy blonde were dispelled the moment I met her. Her voice is pitched lower than expected and her demeanor is friendly but thoughtful, even serious.

"On the porch of her cabin, I noticed travel books on the Himalayas, where she and Kurt were planning to do some camping, with Sherpas as guides. When I told her I had spent three years in the Peace Corps in West Africa and had traveled through India and Nepal, her eyes widened—Goldie is a travel bug—and she began to ask so many questions, I had to stop to remind her why I had come.

"Over the next four days, we talked for four hours at a session on an elkskin-covered couch in her living room and at a nearby secluded restaurant. It's impossible not to like Goldie. She's as down to earth and unpretentious as it's possible for someone in her position to be. She yells at her daughter to take a sewing needle out of her mouth, and when Kate doesn't listen, she screams, 'How many times do I have to tell you something before you'll listen to me?' Then, when Kate shows her the needlepoint she has done, Goldie melts. 'You did that? All by yourself? That's terrific, honey!'

"Her involvement with her children is total. Before another interview session at her Pacific Palisades home a week later, she told me to take my family along, because L.A. was having a heat wave and she thought my kids would be more comfortable in her pool while their daddy talked. So Kurt Russell entertained my wife and children by the pool as Goldie and I spent a few more hours talking in her living room. When we finished, she took me into the kitchen and insisted that I try her son, Oliver's, chocolate birthday cake. I grabbed a handful—somehow, you don't feel the need to use forks and plates around Goldie—and told her it was delicious. Just like Goldie."

"There are certain people who believe Goldie Hawn can do more than just comedy. But this is a business, and I'm a commodity."

PLAYBOY: What do you think of being on the cover of PLAYBOY?

HAWN: I'll know when I see it. I figured, If you're going to do something, go all the way with it. As I posed, I kept asking myself, What am I doing sitting in a champagne glass posing for the cover of PLAYBOY? I mean, I'm an *executive*! How many other producers would do this?

PLAYBOY: After the enormous success of *Private Benjamin*, the more recent *Swing Shift* flopped. One was a comedy, the other wasn't. Now you're back, producing and starring in *Protocol*. Is it funny?

HAWN: The first half of it is, but then it discreetly changes tone and starts to be about something. I'm real proud of it. It's about a cocktail waitress who gets mixed up in an international incident. It becomes a complicated plot about how three people decide to impress the President and effect better relations between this Arab state and the United States, because we want bases there. It's kind of a sweet satire.

PLAYBOY: But not a screwball comedy?

HAWN: Well, there *are* certain people within our industry who believe that Goldie Hawn can do more than just comedy. However, what happens is, because this is a business, I'm a commodity. Barbra Streisand is a commodity; Clint Eastwood's a commodity. And they want that commodity to pay off. They want the three cherries.

PLAYBOY: And what pays off the most in your case is——

HAWN: Comedy. Making people laugh. The minute that person, that Goldie Hawn on the screen, does something that doesn't make them giggle, they really don't want to see it. The question is, if you want to grow and stretch and do different things, how do you get there? What's the route that you take? Because the truth of the matter is, when people see Goldie, they want to laugh.

PLAYBOY: Every generation has its sweetheart. Do you think you may be America's Sweetheart today?

HAWN: That's like what Dolly Parton said to me the first time we met. She came up and said, "You look like Poppin' Fresh. I just want to poke you." But it's a tough question. I'm sort of damned if I say yes and damned if I say no. More damned if I say yes. I guess if America needs a sweetheart, I'd fill the bill.

PLAYBOY: You sound reluctant. It's a nice bill to fill.

HAWN: Yes, it is nice. But it also is difficult, because when I feel aggressive and angry and I want to vent my anger, then that image is so strong that I'm afraid people won't like me. They're going to think, Oh, God, she's a cooze. Isn't she awful! Isn't she demanding! It took a long time to be able to really speak my mind because of everyone's saying, "Oh, isn't she cute, isn't she sweet, isn't she nice."

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you feel trapped in a pigeonhole.

HAWN: Well, *haven't* I been pigeonholed?

PLAYBOY: You were a while back, when you played the dumb blonde on *Laugh-In*.

HAWN: I remember when women's lib started happening, this article came out that chopped me up for being this . . . nitwit. I never looked at myself as a nitwit. I never looked at anything I did as vacant or dumb or bubble-headed. There was

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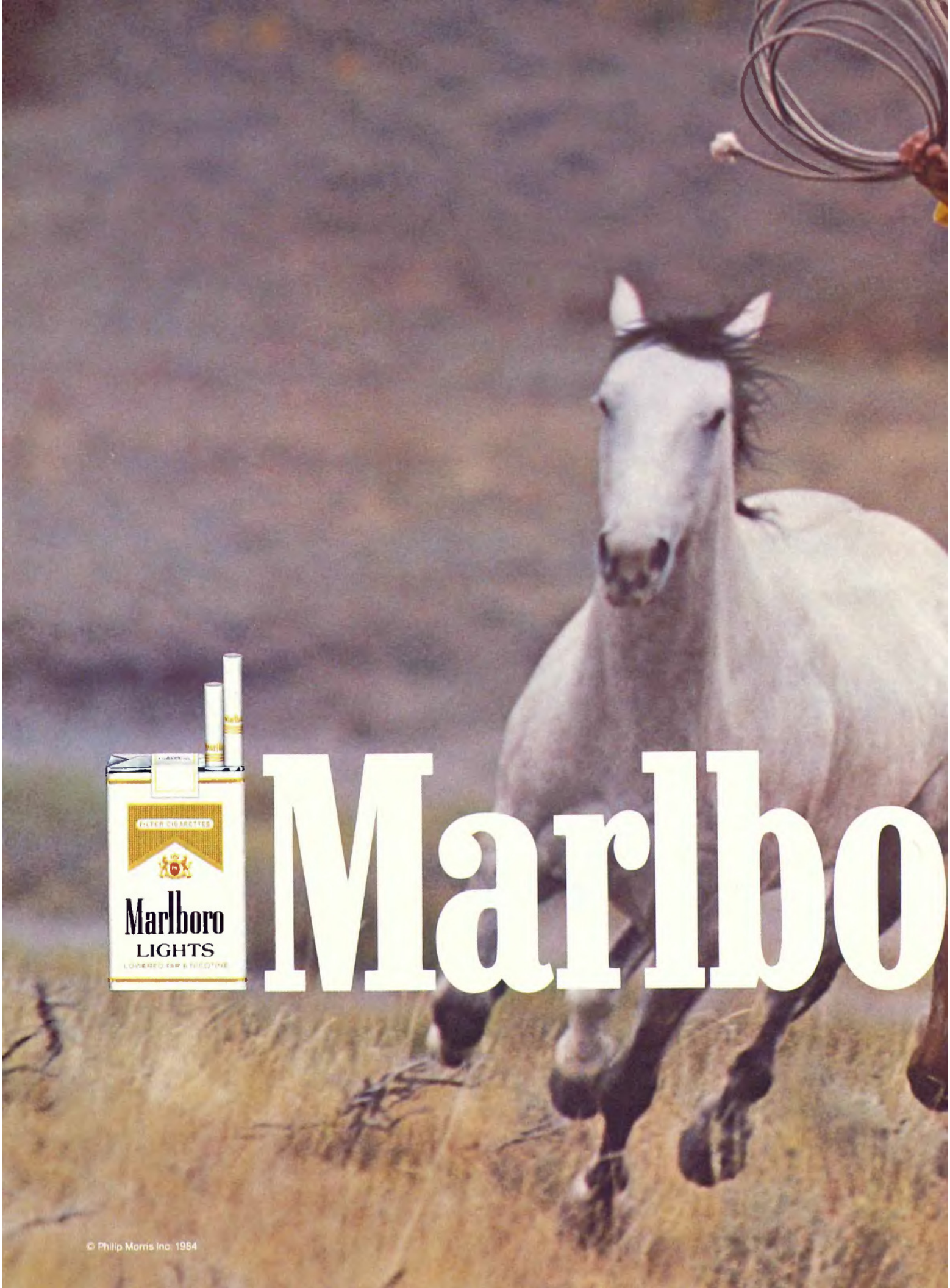
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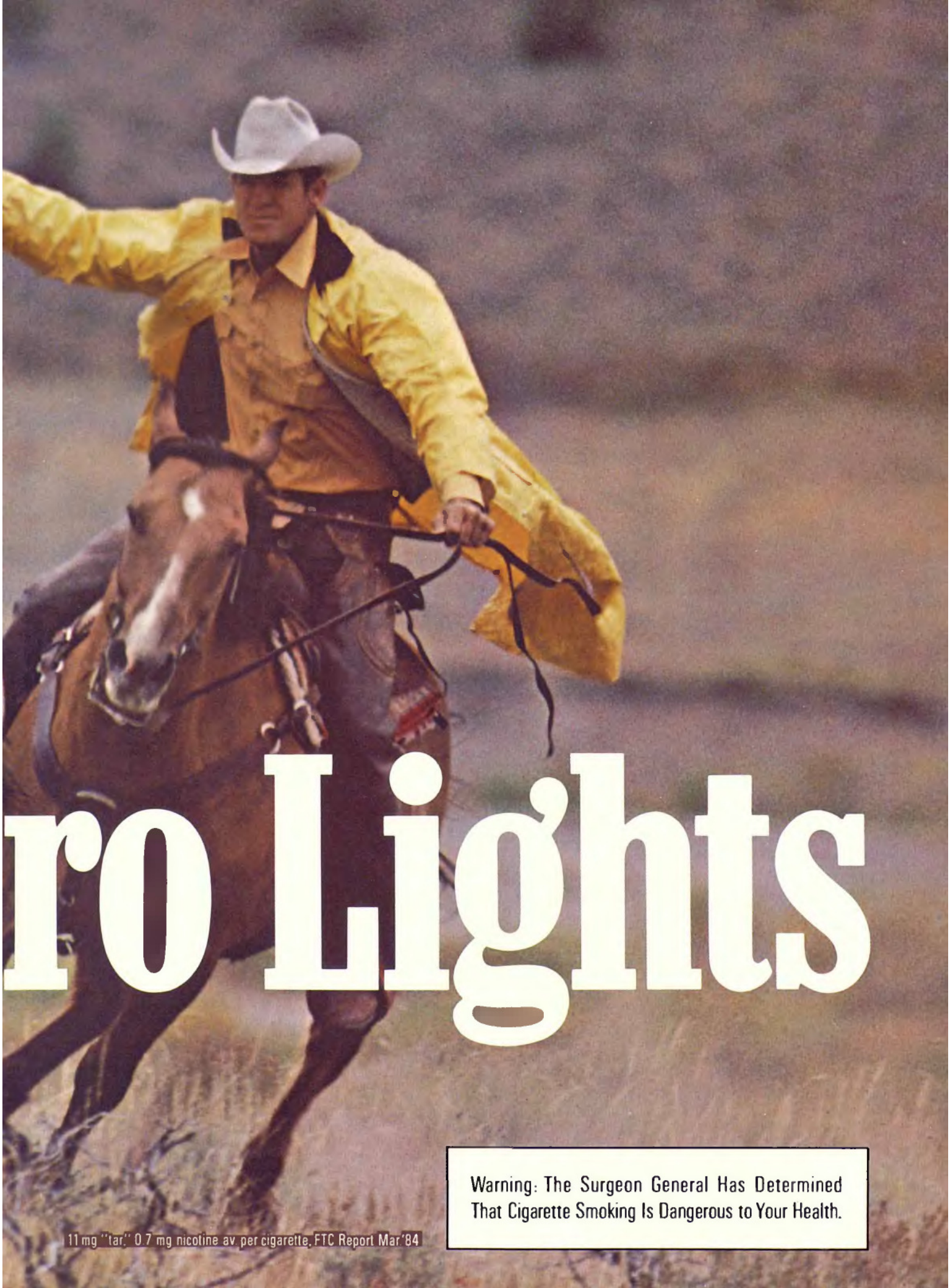
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always a sensibility about what I did. Because someone has an optimistic outlook, because someone is hopeful, because someone likes to have fun, because someone is trusting and open, does not necessarily mean that someone is stupid.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't it a *Newsweek* critic who wrote that if you were a dumb blonde, Henry Kissinger was a dopey brunette?

HAWN: It's the other side of the totem pole. This person thinks I'm real smart; that person thinks I'm real stupid. I may really be somewhere in the middle.

PLAYBOY: You became a force to be reckoned with after *Private Benjamin*. How much difficulty is there in the movie industry for a woman—especially a comic actress—to be taken seriously?

HAWN: It's interesting: You always hear about girls' being snots, but you never hear about the guys. They just haven't accepted the fact that we have a brain and a perspective and a point of view and something to say, too, and that we should stand up and fight for it when we believe in it. It still amazes me. And it gets fatiguing after a while. We shouldn't stop fighting for our rights, but sometimes you just get so tired: tired of attitudes, tired of egos, tired of weaknesses.

PLAYBOY: How much dancing do you have to do around Hollywood egos?

HAWN: A lot. This is a business where people put themselves on show and everybody's got the answer. It's very rare to find people who can throw out their own idea for the sake of a better one—particularly people in omnipotent positions. And because it's such a fragile business, people seem to be protecting their egos and their status all the time. There's a lot of me, me, me in our business. There's a lot of cheating to camera or not wanting to take a back seat to so-and-so. I feel that the back seat sometimes is not a bad place to be. Being number one is not necessarily the greatest achievement. I would rather be second or third best, because the idea of being on top leaves you nowhere to go.

PLAYBOY: You're pretty close to the top right now. When you reach it, then what?

HAWN: There have been times when I've thought I would like to join the Peace Corps. I wish that I were more educated. I would like to be able to write. I wish that I were the kind of person who could stop for a minute and sit down and read. But there's always something I feel that I have to do. I would like to be able to travel, just throw a dart at a map and go there. But I can't do it. I have children. I have work. I have a lot of obligations right now. I guess I'm reaching a point in my life where I don't feel as inspired or as challenged. My father was a great violinist who played until he was 72, and then he gave it up. I said, "Daddy, why are you doing this?" He said, "Because I've gotten as good as I can get in this, and I want to do something I don't know how to do." Keeping that challenge going all the time is what keeps your life exciting.

PLAYBOY: You dedicate *Protocol* to your father. Why?

HAWN: Well, I did this movie because I grew up in Washington and was aware of the social scene there—not the political scene—and Daddy always came back with the greatest stories. I remember once when he was playing with Arthur Rubinstein—this is a story that I probably shouldn't tell—and they were performing at a New Year's party with a lot of high-ranking Government people in attendance. Daddy had to pee really bad, but he couldn't get off the stage—so he went behind the curtain and peed into his glass. When the evening was coming to an end, he walked off to the toilet and people stopped to wish him a Happy New Year. He must have toasted five people with his glass of pee as he made his way to the bathroom!

Daddy was very irreverent and very cynical. I also have a bit of the cynic in me. It gave us a great sense of joy and perspective at home. I don't care what crown a guy wears, I don't care if he's the President of the United States—the one person I was ever speechless around was Fred Astaire, because that's something I know about. And to me, he's the greatest dancer who ever lived. He's almost perfection. Anyway, you look at all these famous people and they're just as frail as we are, you know? They walk around with the gowns and the jewels and the highfalutin masks—there's a part of me that just wants to say, "Hey, cut the shit. Why are we pretending?" Daddy was like that. He was somebody who found great humor in the façade, in the pretense. He would cut through it with a knife.

PLAYBOY: What about your mother?

HAWN: A caring, loving Jewish mother. She ran a dancing school and we also had a watch shop. She had a green thumb for business. She worked all her life. A real businesswoman, the opposite of my father. He was an aesthete and would rearrange the shop so Mom would have to do it all over again from a commercial point of view. It was unbelievable what went on between them.

PLAYBOY: Why did your mother name you Goldie?

HAWN: I was named after the aunt who raised my mother. I never knew her, but Mom said, "One day I want you to put Aunt Goldie's name up in lights." Maybe that's why I'm doing this. To pay her back.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about your father often since his death two years ago?

HAWN: I think about him at least once a day. I miss him. He's very alive in me. He was very proud of me, but he never praised me without reason. When I left home, he said, "Don't you believe for one minute that what you are doing is real, because it isn't. The reason those show-business people are so unhappy is that they live in a fantasy and they start believing that they're as great as everybody tells them they are. Always keep your feet on the ground." He once played for Dinah Shore in Washington after I'd become well known, and she asked him if there was anything he wanted to tell me. He said, "Tell her to put the butter back in the icebox." He was a real down-to-earth person: "Put the butter back in the icebox, don't pick your nose in public and always remember who you are."

PLAYBOY: Your father was creative in other ways, too, wasn't he?

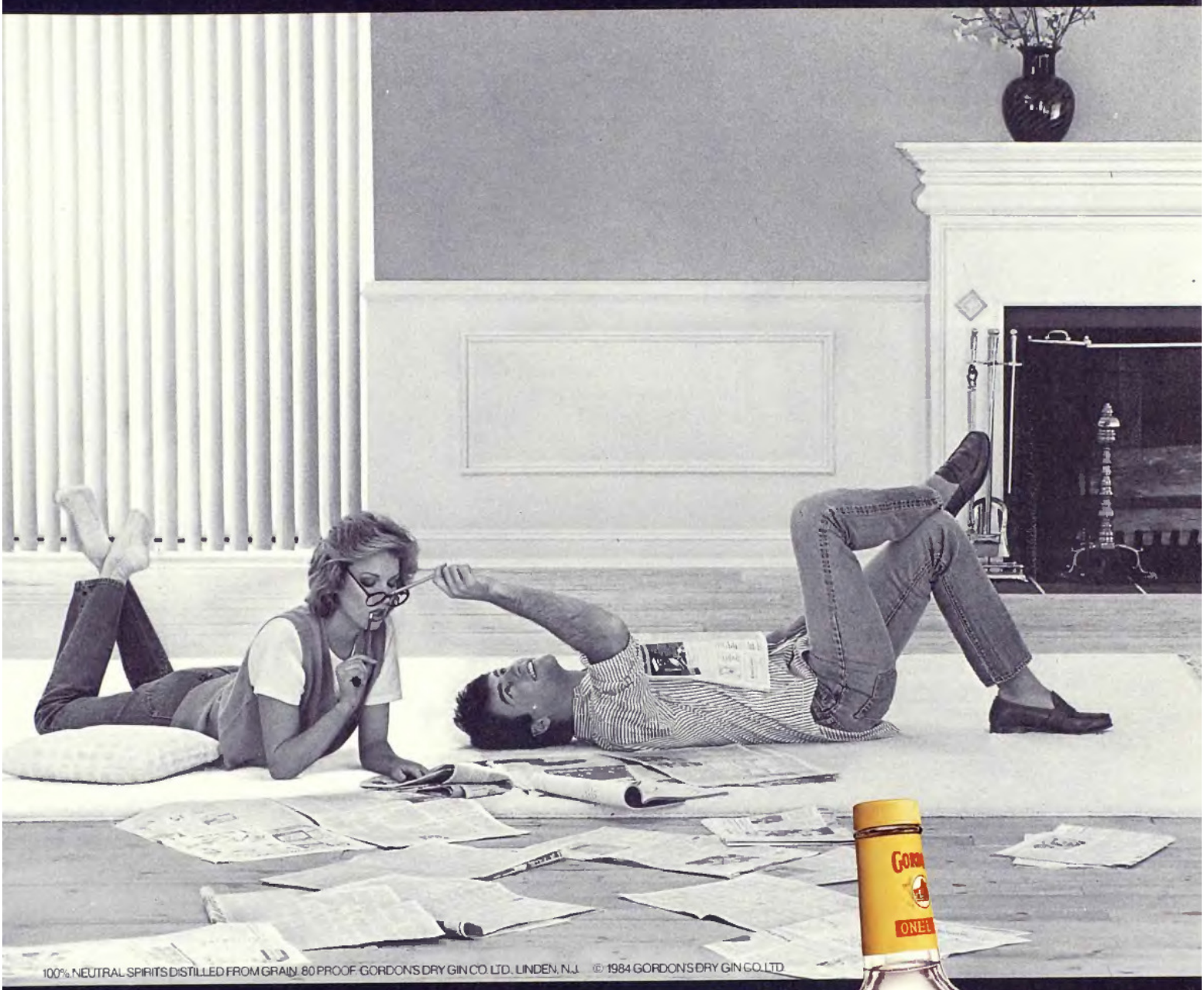
HAWN: He invented things—at least to his own satisfaction. He figured out how to get the smog out of Los Angeles: Drill a big hole in the San Bernardino Mountains, which would then suction it out. He set up a burglar system like a Rube Goldberg contraption in his apartment in Vegas—one thing was connected to the other, and so on. When you opened the door, out blasted the *1812 Overture*, because my father, being a musician, felt this would just blow anybody out of the house and scare the shit out of them. He was very eccentric. He made a lamp out of his clarinet. He took the piano apart and put it back together again the right way. He had that kind of mind.

PLAYBOY: What kind of kids did you hang around with when you were growing up?

HAWN: I started getting into a rough crowd in the seventh grade. I was skipping school some of the time, smoking and wearing, you know, three pairs of socks to hide my skinny ankles and six slips under my skirt to give me hips, putting a lot of make-up on, stuff like that. I thought I was too thin and not voluptuous enough, because all the girls looked better than I did. I remember going to the doctor when I was 13 and saying, "I don't have any fat anywhere." And he said, "Goldie, all you need is skin over your bones, and as you get older, you'll be happy for that." I was never what I considered a very attractive girl. I developed very slowly. I watched the other girls' breasts grow, and mine just were not happening, till one day, I was lying in bed and I was feeling there, because I just had a little rise. There were, like, two bumps underneath, and I thought I had *tumors*—I was also a hypochondriac! I ran downstairs and said, "Mommy, *feel* these. What is this? I'm scared." And she said to my father, with a smile, "Goldie's budding." Haven't budded too much since then.

PLAYBOY: Your sister, Patti, is eight years older than you. Were you the typical kid sister when she got old enough to date?

HAWN: Oh, God, she had every reason to hate me, my sister. I thought Patti was just great. I'd watch her comb her hair and get ready for dates. I'd sit on her bed and watch her put perfume on. Then she'd go out and I'd do the same thing and pretend that I was going out. I'd use her perfume, which would drive her completely crazy. One of her dates came to the front door with chocolates and I took them, said "Thank you" and went into the bathroom



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and ate them. I used to imitate Patti in front of her boyfriends before she came down the steps. Now, do you want to kill this person or what? I'm sure she wanted to throw me out the window.

PLAYBOY: How were your school grades?

HAWN: Not very good. When I was in the second grade, we had to color the fruits in their right colors, but I colored them all yellow. The teacher said, "Don't you know that an apple is red and an orange is orange?" I said, "Yes, but I *like* yellow." [*Laughs*] I was in the lowest reading group in that grade, the Purple Balls. I thought it had to be the best group, because I was the only one in it. Talk about optimism!

PLAYBOY: Were you ever influenced by anyone when you were young? A movie star?

HAWN: No. Oh, OK . . . only Elvis. He made me feel sexy when I was 12. I remember going fishing with Daddy, and he had his classical music on and I said, "I'll *never* like that rock 'n' roll: I love classical music." And he said, "Good for you, kid." A year later, I discovered Elvis: *Don't Be Cruel*, *Hound Dog*. My God, suddenly I felt like a real woman. Something happened to me—I *got* it. Daddy was completely out of his mind. His little girl began doing exactly what she'd said she'd never do. It was "Take that lipstick off" and "Your skirt's too tight" and "Turn that radio down." Well, the neatest thing happened finally. One night, I went to dinner and my plate was turned over. Underneath it was a 45 of *Get a Job*. That was my dad's way of saying, "It's OK, kid."

PLAYBOY: How did Elvis' death affect you?

HAWN: I wrote a poem when Elvis died. I was hurt, I was shocked. It was painful for me, because I saw what happened to him, which is why I never wanted to be a star in the first place. He was the personification of my fears, and he abused himself *so* much. I wrote a poem about a sparrow: [*From memory*]

The sparrow doesn't sing.
Sorrow has clipped its wings.
How lightly he was perched
Upon the icy birch.
A lover shot a dart
Right through his tender heart.
His stiffened body lies
Beneath the sun-filled skies
To make reminder of
To care for those who love.

It was my catharsis. It might be just the shittiest poem. It sounds like a child wrote it. But it's what I felt.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet Elvis?

HAWN: I met him once when I was on *Laugh-In*. I couldn't wait to meet him. He came over to me and mussed the top of my head and said, "Do you know what you look like?" And I was smiling away, thinking he was about to say how great I was. And he said, "You look like a chicken that's just been hatched." [*Laughs*]

Of course, there was the other side, too. I was in Vegas once as a headliner—which is one of the things I'd like to forget about—and I stayed in Elvis' suite. He let only a few people stay up there, and I was one of the lucky ones. It was quite something. He had shot just about every chandelier in that place. There were a lot of bullet holes in the ceiling that they patched up, as well.

PLAYBOY: What was the first stop on your way to headlining in Las Vegas?

HAWN: When I got out of high school, I thought I would dance. There weren't too many jobs in D.C., so I worked for the recreation department, teaching children. Then I had my own dancing school with about 50 students. I was 17 and was doing quite well. I had all the makings of a good ballerina, but at a very young age, I decided there was no money in it; it all seemed so limited because of time, income and sacrifice. So I switched to jazz dancing, which I had a lot more fun doing and got paid better for.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you tour in summer stock around that time?

HAWN: Yes. Oh, God! [*Rolls her eyes, Goldie style*] That's when the most embarrassing moment of my life happened.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

HAWN: I peed onstage. [*Giggles*] I was in the chorus of *Kiss Me Kate*. We were in Springfield, Massachusetts, and one of the actors was playing a strong man. I was in a tutu, but the strong man couldn't find his loincloth at the last minute, so he showed up in a girl's leotard! I laughed so hard I peed down my legs. It was visible from the light booth, so you knew everyone had to be going, "God, what's *happening* to this girl?" I didn't run off the stage, though; I stuck it through.

PLAYBOY: By then you'd already left home to dance at the 1964 New York World's Fair.

HAWN: I was a cancan girl at the Texas pavilion—the hardest work I've ever done. But it was $180 a week, and that was a *lot* of money.

PLAYBOY: Which led to the exciting world of go-go dancing?

HAWN: Right.

PLAYBOY: Did you like the feeling of being able to turn men on?

HAWN: Absolutely! I mean, God, if I don't feel I can turn a man on. . . . That's what makes the world go round.

PLAYBOY: But that's not how you felt about your go-go dancing as time went on.

HAWN: No. I moved up to New York. I would go to seedy places in the New York area on a Greyhound bus and dance on tables, with drunken men whipping out their hoo-has. One time, I fainted right on a table. It was the seediest bar, with a jukebox, and I was dancing on a three-legged table. The guys were yelling, "Put another quarter in and make her dance." Well, the guy who owned the place had gotten completely drunk, and the barmaid had hot pants and wanted to close the club and go next door. It was chaos. There was one guy there among all the truck drivers who had a suit on and he seemed so nice, so different. As I was dancing, I was looking at him and rolling my eyes as if to say, "God, can you *believe* this?"—thinking he was with me. I turned my back, did a little shake and then turned around, looked down and he was . . . having himself a good time. That's when I fainted.

PLAYBOY: Masturbating?

HAWN: He was masturbating. I fell right off the table. I went to the barmaid and said, "I want my money. I want to go home." She said, "The boss is drunk in the back, you'll never get it." I waited until two A.M. and my go-go agent didn't come—I had a go-go agent; isn't that funny?—so I asked two truck drivers to drive me home. I rode to New York from New Jersey between two guys in a Mack truck. That's what I did to earn my living.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet anyone who wasn't a sleaze when you were a go-go dancer?

HAWN: A few bartenders. Period. And almost Huntington Hartford, who was sitting at the bar when I was dancing in a cage. I was really into showbiz and selling myself, and I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I was dancing in this cage and I completely freaked out—because I was smiling and selling and nobody cared. I looked down and there was a guy who had pressed up against the cage, and it was really disgusting: His nose was all out of shape. When I got out after my time was up, the owner came up to me and said, "I'd like you to meet somebody at the bar, Huntington Hartford." I didn't know who he was and said, "I don't do that." He said, "That's why you're hired." I said, "No, I was hired to be a go-go dancer at $97.50 a week; that's what I'm paid to do. I don't mix at the bar." And he said, "You're fired." I said, "Goody-goody."

PLAYBOY: So you went back to New York?

HAWN: I had an experience when I was brand-new in New York. I was going for a modeling job when a man picked me up on the street, saying, "You have a very unusual face." If he had told me I was beautiful, I would have known he was full of shit and walked away. But he said the right thing and he gave me a whole line of bull. He said, "Al Capp, the cartoonist, is casting parts for the movie version of *Li'l Abner* and has a wonderful character called Tenderleif Ericsson, and you seem like the right girl for this. Have you ever acted before?" And I said, "Yes, I did *Romeo and Juliet*." So I got into his Cadillac, thinking, This is great! I'm driving down Amsterdam Avenue in a brand-new Cadillac convertible; my mother and father will never believe this! He said to me, "You have to be very nice to Mr. Capp, because he can do a lot of good for you." I was really excited.

Well, he primed me for this visit for about two weeks, telling me how I would earn all this money and become a big star. My initial thought was, God, I'll be able to put wall-to-wall carpeting in my mother's house. So I learned my lines and went

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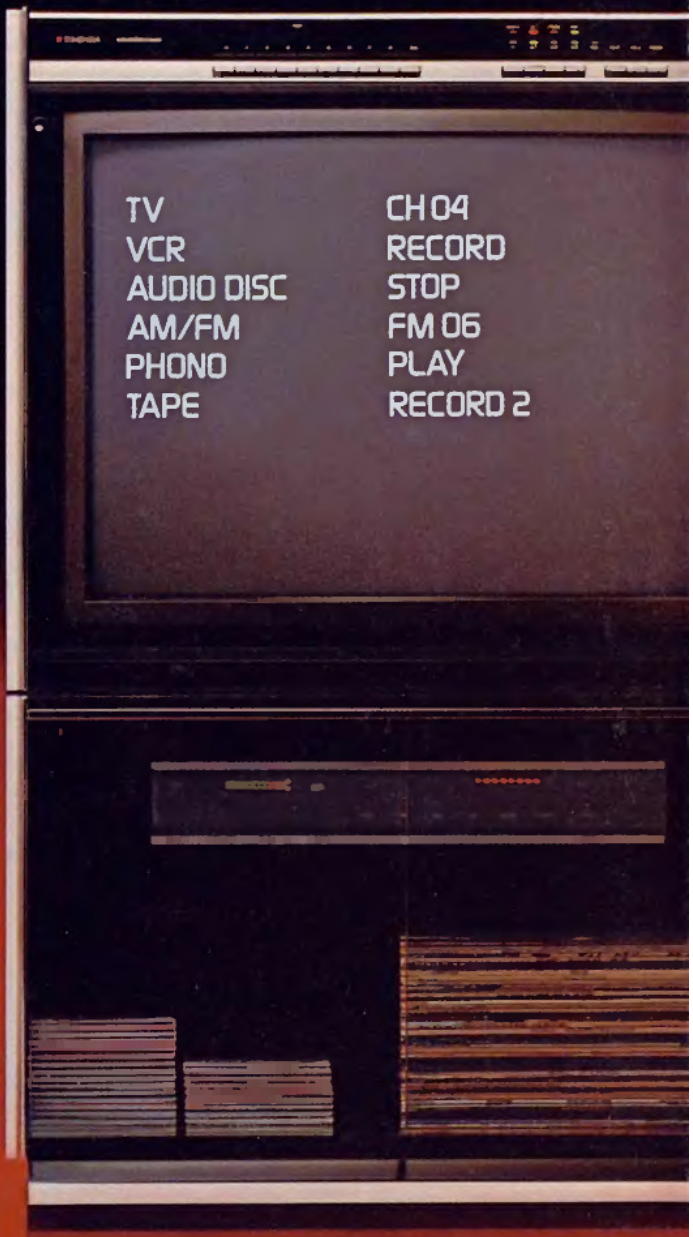

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to this apartment, very nervous. The butler came in and said, "Mr. Capp would like you to pour the tea. He always likes his ladies to pour the tea." I sat there waiting for Mr. Capp. And he thundered in with his wooden leg. He had great presence. Very deep voice. "Goldie, I heard so much about you. I understand that you are a very nice girl. You're going to have to work very, very hard to get this part." He was in his bathrobe. I said, "Mr. Capp, I'm a dancer and I know what it is to work hard." He said, "Good. Now, would you stand up and start reading." So I read very loud. He said, "Goldie, speak softly for the cameras, because they can hear you." I was sucked in. I believed this man really wanted to help me. Then he told me to go across the room and pretend his eyes were the camera and take the dangling orange beads that I had hanging from my neck and put them in my mouth and act like an imbecile. So, like a jackass, I took the beads and put them in my mouth and acted like an imbecile.

Then I started to get very nervous. I smelled something coming. He said, "Would you walk to the mirror and lift up your skirt, 'cause I think you can play Daisy Mae." I was very proud of my legs; it wasn't something I was shy of. So I lifted my skirt. He said, "Higher." I went up an inch. He said, "Higher." I went up another inch. It finally got to the point of no return and I said to myself, "That's it; it's not going any higher." He said, "Come and sit next to me"—at which point he had completely exposed himself. And this *thing* was staring at me!

I looked at it and started to shake. Then I threw the script down and did what any nice Jewish girl who was going to grow up and marry a dentist would do. I said, "Mr. Capp, I would never get a job this way." He said, "Oh, I had *all* of them, all the movie stars. You'll never make it in this business. You don't have anything; you're nothing." He started to put me down and I cried, running out of his apartment.

PLAYBOY: Nasty story. Was that the end?

HAWN: Almost. The next year, almost to the month, this young, nice-looking Jewish man met me on the street and said, "Excuse me, I just have to stop you. You know, you have a very special look, and there's a man by the name of Al Capp; do you know who he is?" I started to scream! I was on Eighth Avenue. I said, "You're nothing but pimps for this man! Get away from me!" He said, "No, please, I'm not, I want to send you a script." I said, "Send me a script and send me a *contract*." He said, "Please let me buy you a hamburger." I said, "OK." I mean, I got a lunch out of that, so that's pragmatism.

PLAYBOY: You were pretty badly exploited during that period of your life.

HAWN: A woman is exploited *all* the time. My life those two years when I was trying to make it in New York as a dancer—the number of times that I was accosted, followed, lied to, manipulated, used—you couldn't make a movie out of it, because no one would believe it. If I was too open, it was taken the wrong way. And when you work your way up as a dancer and you get a little bit successful, it doesn't matter; you're still being used in some way. And when you finally become successful, you're manipulated in other ways—people are always figuring how they can use you, how to get close to you, what it can give them. The only guard against it is knowledge.

PLAYBOY: Does it still go on today?

HAWN: I can't *stand* the bullshit! I can't stomach it. I usually smell it. I went to a restaurant with someone I knew, thinking it was a nice family experience. The next thing I knew, he was talking about a movie project. I said, "Let me tell you something. I think you're full of shit. I will not allow friendship in any way to buy my talent, which is a commodity. You want to talk to me about business, you call me during business hours." That's how I feel about it. I don't like it.

PLAYBOY: Is this America's Sweetheart talking? The girl with the golden giggle?

HAWN: I went to an astrologer once. He said, "People think they know you. There are so many parts of you that no one will ever know you completely."

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in that stuff—astrologers, psychics?

HAWN: I've been interested in areas in life

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that are unexplainable. I was raised a Jew, but I went to Catholic and Presbyterian churches and studied Hinduism. All religions have fascinated me. But the unknown is a fascinating field. I was touched by Shirley MacLaine's book [*Out on a Limb*]. The topic is all iffy, and a lot of people think it's kind of silly. . . .

PLAYBOY: Have things happened to you?

HAWN: Something happens to me when I get into an old house where I don't feel good. I get lightheaded and dizzy. That's happened to me enough times to make me realize I'm feeling a kind of energy that is not good. This happened to me in a house that I almost bought. It was a beautiful house, but I heard this voice saying to me, "It's a tragic house, don't buy it; tragedy, tragedy." I asked a friend to check it out, and he did. He said, "There's a lot of tragedy that has gone on in that house. Two children drowned in the pool, an invalid who lived there committed suicide, another owner lost all of his money. Eddie Fisher bought the house for Liz and they broke up." Another time, I was in a hotel in Paris, staying in the Oscar Wilde suite. I was sitting with my sister and family, and we were having a glass of champagne and started to laugh about Oscar Wilde's dying in that suite. We were being a little irreverent and—I'll be damned—the bottle, which was half full and sitting firmly on the table, went right over on the counter. I said, "Why are we doing this?"

PLAYBOY: Have you ever visited a psychic?

HAWN: When I was about 20, I went to a psychic to find out what my romantic destiny was going to be. She opened the door and said, "Oh, my dear, you have stardom written all over your forehead. You're going to be a very big star." I thought, Great, but what's going on with the guys in my life? I befriended her until she died. I even took care of her financially and got nurses for her.

PLAYBOY: Returning to your early career, when you left New York to go to L.A., did you do it for the traditional reason—to become an actress?

HAWN: No, I didn't go to L.A. to be an actress. I ended up dancing in a chorus of a Frankie Avalon play called *Pal Joey* in Anaheim, thinking that was as much of L.A. as I'd ever see.

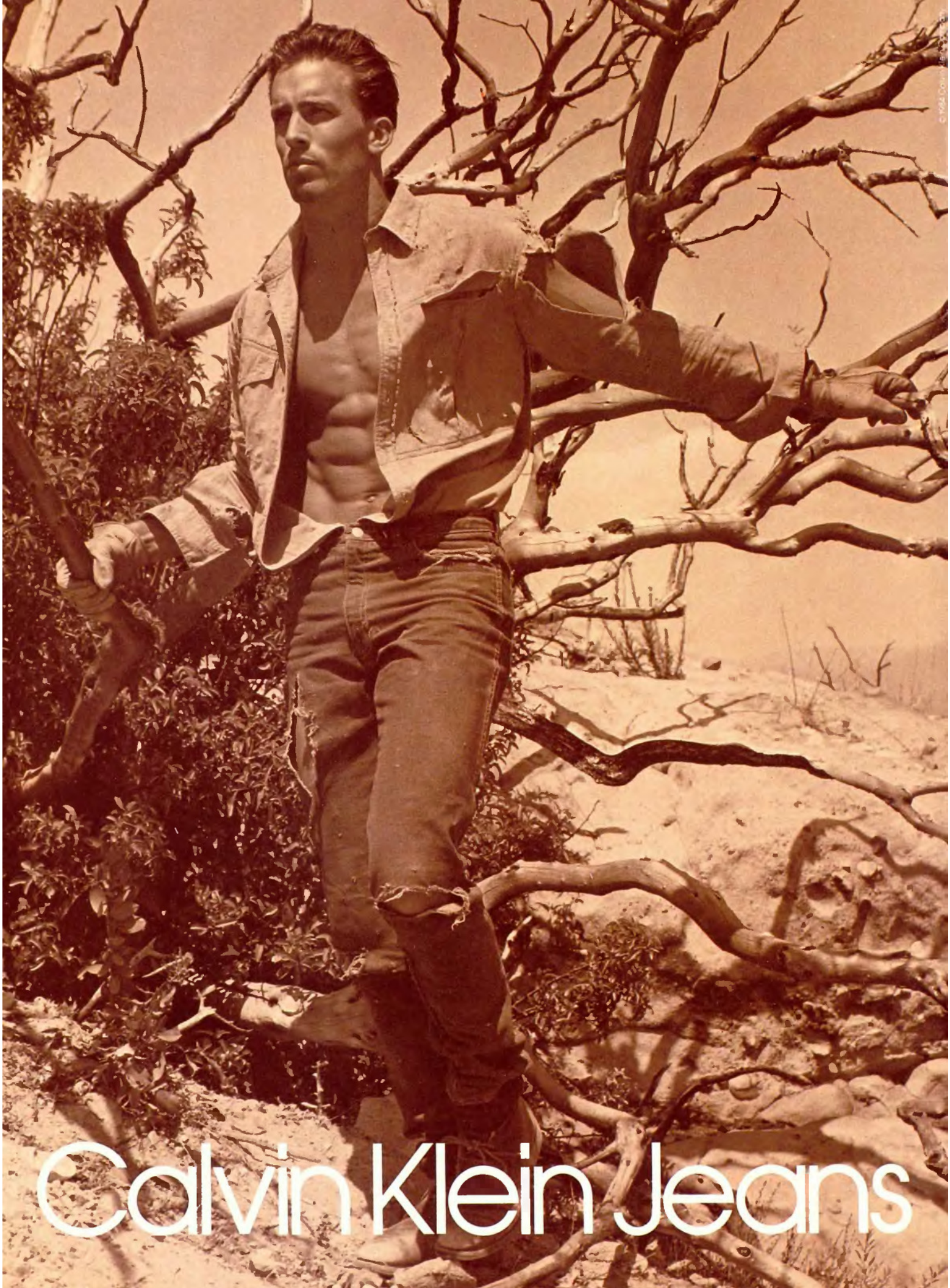
PLAYBOY: You never dreamed of Hollywood?

HAWN: No, never. If I ever dreamed of anything, it was to go onstage in New York as a chorus dancer. The idea of being a movie star was completely out of the question. So from Anaheim, I went to dance in Las Vegas, where I did four shows a night, go-go stuff in the lounge. It was really rough. All I really wanted was to get a steady job on something like *The Jerry Lewis Show* as a dancer. That would have been Utopia: Find a guy, get married, finished. I thought of getting an act together and going on the road, and I called my dad from Vegas and asked him what I should do. As a musician, he had bused and trucked all over the U.S., and he said, "Goldie, it's a lousy life. Think real hard about it." Something clicked, and I decided to stop. I left Vegas at six A.M., escaped to L.A., where I auditioned for an Andy Griffith special and got it. That's where Art Simon, an agent for William Morris, saw me. He thought I could do something else. He sent me up for a part in a show called *Good Morning, World*, and I had a 26-week guarantee as an actress. Suddenly, I was an *actress*. It was very bizarre.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you suffered a mental collapse?

HAWN: I can't really call it a nervous breakdown, but when I got the job on *Good Morning, World*, I went back to visit in New York. So much had happened to me, and it was something I'd feared. I didn't want it to affect my life, I didn't want it to change my personality, I didn't want to be any different from the way I was. But after getting this part and being promoted in this TV series, which nobody had yet seen, I was starting to feel strange, because there was a lot of *tsimmes* over nothing, as far as I was concerned.

Yet, there I was at the Hilton, which was not a place I could ever have afforded to stay, a bottle of champagne on my table and autograph hounds who didn't know me from Adam calling me up. I started to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lose my sense of balance; I was in a new world. I went back to my old haunts, telling people the good news but feeling different from them. I was trying very hard to hold on to who I was. My reality was not what I thought it was. It was changing. People's idea of me was changing. Then I went home to my family, and even *they* were impressed and excited. It was a dark area for me, a time of confusion. It was the most frightening thing that ever happened to me. I was unable to walk into a public place without throwing up. I had tremendous psychological symptoms. What was so scary was that I had no walls to touch. I was all on my own, I was just beginning, the rise to success had just started.

PLAYBOY: That sounds similar to what happened to Barbra Streisand, who always used to arrive late at parties in her honor and run to the bathroom to throw up.

HAWN: Yes, it's very similar. However, Barbra was a much bigger star when she started out. She was huge.

PLAYBOY: So you threw up less?

HAWN: [*Laughs*] I did. I threw less up. But I went down to 90 pounds, couldn't eat. When I got back to L.A. and continued with the TV show, I used to go home and make tea and sit by myself in this ugly round chair and knit. I wouldn't eat any dinner. I was living alone. I started painting a little. It was a very introspective and very self-centered period of my life.

PLAYBOY: So you entered analysis?

HAWN: Yes. I did it for seven years. It was a great learning process, very enlightening. Even though to most people on the outside, my career seems to have come easy, I know how hard I worked.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that because of the analysis, you have all those fears and uncertainties kicked?

HAWN: No. I mean, God, sometimes I go up on the ski lift and I start to freak out and I don't know why. I'm afraid somebody's gonna grab the bottom of my legs and pull me out.

PLAYBOY: Still, your identity crisis notwithstanding, you became a household name on *Laugh-In*. How did that happen?

HAWN: George Schlatter came onto the set of *Good Morning, World* and saw me. And Billy Wilder called him and said, "You better get this girl, because she could be pretty great." I met George and remember sitting in an enormous chair and thinking, What's so interesting about me? I mean, what can I offer you? I don't do shtick, I don't have a routine, I don't tell jokes, you don't want a professional dancer on your show. Nevertheless, he tried me out for three shows and gave me all this straight stuff to do. But when I read the cue cards, I was so nervous I got mixed up and started to laugh, "Oh, *please*, could you start over again, please?" There was George in the booth, watching me and saying, "Not on your life! Keep going, Goldie." And so I got more flustered and my character grew out of that—an extension of my real reaction to my own frailties.

PLAYBOY: How did the crew get you to laugh spontaneously?

HAWN: I put everything out of my head. Also, I *never* looked at the script after the first reading, so I wouldn't know what my lines were going to be—and they'd change the cue cards pretty often. When that red light on the camera came on, I forgot everything I knew, including my name, and I was able to re-create this girl, week after week. It was also tuning into that part of my personality that enjoys making a mistake.

PLAYBOY: Lily Tomlin had to sue to get out of *Laugh-In*. How did you get out?

HAWN: My manager was very intelligent. I was signed for three years on that show. During my second year, I went off and did the movie *Cactus Flower* and won this award and it was all a big deal. . . .

PLAYBOY: An Oscar usually is. Did you feel you deserved it?

HAWN: It was my first movie. I was up against some great performances. I was in London, making a picture with Peter Sellers. If you want the truth, I was so sure that I wasn't going to win it that I went to bed that night in London forgetting that the Academy Awards were scheduled. I got a call at six A.M. "Goldie, you won!" "Won what?" "The Academy Award!" I immediately called my mother and we cried. So, yes, it was a big moment. However, I went to work the next day. And my price did not rise on my next movie.

PLAYBOY: How was Walter Matthau to work with in *Cactus Flower*?

HAWN: He called me Goldala. To him, I was like a child. He was amazingly clean. I had a cold, and he came onto the set with a Lysol can and sprayed everything, including himself. God forbid that he should get sick. But he was fun to play with.

PLAYBOY: And what about Peter Sellers in *There's a Girl in My Soup*?

HAWN: I loved Peter very much. He was such a fine and delicate and, at times, neurotic spirit. It was like balancing a friend on the fine point of a needle, because he was thrown off balance by anything and everything. He also had one of the great comedy senses of all time, understanding what was funny. On this film, we had terrible problems with the director. I just crossed it off as a bad day at work. But the tensions revved Peter up to the point that he was unable to function. To me, a movie is a movie and, Christ, I'm just thankful that I get to make my living this way. To him, it was more than that. He crossed into his work. He was a great master. Unfortunately, it mastered him.

PLAYBOY: You've worked with a lot of actors and directors since then. What are your favorite films?

HAWN: *Sugarland Express*, *Benjamin* . . . and *Shampoo*, which I can't really call my film, but I learned a lot from Warren [Beatty]. I watched his dedication. He was very tough. Warren thinks not once, not twice but three times before he does anything. I like people like that. He also does a lot of takes and I don't. There was a time when I did 50 takes and was completely drained afterward.

PLAYBOY: You include *The Sugarland Express*, but didn't some people consider that an unsuccessful comedy?

HAWN: Certain people consider *Sugarland Express* a comedy. I never considered it a comedy—never, ever, ever. To me, that was the most dramatic piece I've ever done. I never ham it up. I always look for the reality within the character or a scene. *Sugarland Express* was a great artistic endeavor as well as a film that I had thought would be widely received. It was a great disappointment to me.

PLAYBOY: That was Steven Spielberg's first film. Were you nervous about working with such a young, inexperienced director?

HAWN: I wasn't nervous about him at all. I was new, so I felt like we were just a bunch of kids down in Texas having a great time. And Steven was just great. He loved what he did; he was enthusiastic, and I trusted his vision.

PLAYBOY: Could you foresee the kind of incredible success Spielberg would have?

HAWN: No. Nor could most people. Steven's got a great mind, a great connection with fantasy, with what people want to see.

PLAYBOY: How many good directors of comedy are there today?

HAWN: You see my right hand? Less than each finger, I swear. Woody is great. [*Lets out deep breath*]

PLAYBOY: Is that why an actress such as Streisand resorts to directing herself, because she knows what's best for her?

HAWN: Barbra is very right. The more directors you work with, the more you realize that a lot of them aren't as good as you had thought they were. It's not that I know everything or that Barbra knows everything; it's just that after a while, you get so disappointed having to face the fact that you basically are stuck. As long as you're not directing the movie, there's not a whole lot you can do about it except scream and holler and get a bad reputation. In the final analysis, once the movie is shot, you have only so much footage, and usually it's whatever the director has shot. If he didn't see it, he didn't shoot it.

PLAYBOY: Is that what happened with *Swing Shift*, which Jonathan Demme directed?

HAWN: I felt that picture lacked humor. The focus was not right. I couldn't follow anybody's story all that well. I didn't know who to root for in that film. There were areas that I knew weren't working that I would talk to Jonathan about, but he was a little worried about the movie star's coming in and taking over, which I didn't want to do. In order to ease that tension, I was really laid back to make him feel more at ease and to give him the freedom to create. I don't think Jonathan's a

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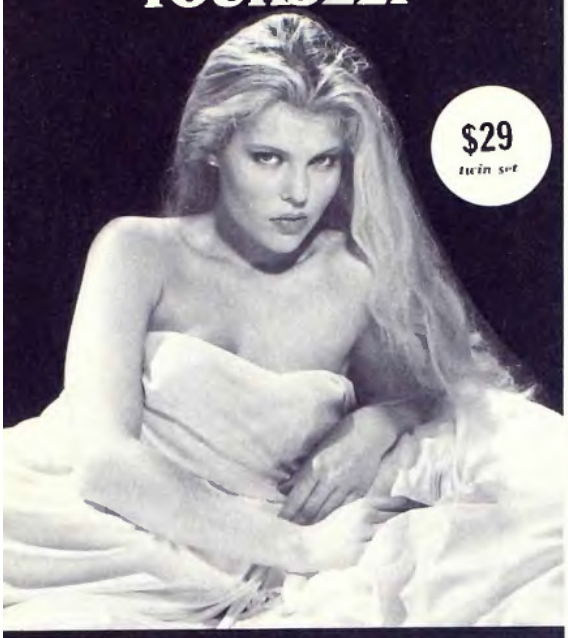

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bad director; I just think this wasn't the right piece for him. It should have been funnier.

PLAYBOY: So the fault lies with him?

HAWN: I have to blame the captain of the ship; yeah, I do. On the other hand, I just worked with Herb Ross on *Protocol*. He's the best actor's director I've ever worked with. He's very intelligent, and he allowed me freedom and also guided me. I never felt he was manipulative. It was so far the most fun I've ever had on a job. Howard Zieff was also a wonderful director for *Private Benjamin*.

PLAYBOY: Since you were executive producer on *Benjamin*, how did the dynamics of producer Hawn's telling director Zieff how to handle actress Goldie work?

HAWN: It's a real schizophrenic experience. It's very, very difficult when you have those two hats to wear, because they are diametrically opposed. An actor is malleable. A director wants to feel he can mold his actors, point them in a direction, wind them up and let them go. The producer is the one with the firm hand, who says, "No, don't turn left; turn right"—the one who basically says, "You're losing the line of the story here; this is not the movie that I bought, that I hired you to direct. Let's keep our focus right; let's remember what the story's about."

PLAYBOY: Will you direct yourself?

HAWN: I do not want to give a year or 15 months out of my life and my children's life and my man's life for a movie. Not now. I want to do it when I can have fun with it. So my answer is yes, I would *love* to direct a movie. And I'm going to wait until the children get older.

PLAYBOY: So everything comes after your personal life, then?

HAWN: Yes. I'm consumed with my home life, with my children, with Kurt, with my mother and my nephews. When it comes down to it, the most important thing to me is the amount of time and love that I can give to those people. So when I get a call about a breakfast for Gloria Steinem, I have to decide whether I want to have breakfast with my family. I feel I lose when I don't have breakfast with my family.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to talk about your two past marriages and what happened?

HAWN: Who really cares? Who wants to open themselves up and explain why this or that didn't work? Who even knows why?

PLAYBOY: Counting Kurt Russell, have there been just three men in your life?

HAWN: I would say that. I've been married twice before. I am, right now, experiencing something wonderful and I hope I always will be. The others are history.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a man's ego suffers when his wife is the breadwinner?

HAWN: Some men cannot deal with that. Literature, fairy tales, everything we've ever heard has been about how the man has gone out and built the house and killed the cow and has done all that stuff to keep his family alive. That translates today as how much money he earns for his family. And when a gal comes along who gets more than he does, it's a problem for him; it's an imbalance of power.

PLAYBOY: That imbalance was evident when you paid your first husband, Gus Trikonis, a $75,000 settlement to end your marriage. Do you think it was fair that you had to pay?

HAWN: Experience in life brings wisdom, ideally—and forgiveness. When people split up, there are a lot of emotions on the table, and we do and say things that we're sorry for. One reason I hate the marriage system is that it's a business—or it becomes one if it fails. *I* would never take money from a man if I were leaving him or he were leaving me. I'm not constructed that way. I'll reopen my dancing school if I have to. As long as I can pick up trash in the street and earn 50 cents an hour, I'm going to do it and work my way up from there. I don't like debts or handouts. So I don't have any respect for men or women who take money from each other. Yet I have, in both marriages, ended up losing money. Twice burned. However, I can't walk around with a big chip on my shoulder. I can only know what to do better the next time.

PLAYBOY: Gus said you owed him an apology, because you've said he asked for alimony and that's not what happened.

HAWN: Well, I will publicly apologize: He's absolutely right; there was no alimony.

PLAYBOY: Are you pessimistic about long-term relationships?

HAWN: I haven't seen too many work. I like to think that I have one ahead of me.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about it?

HAWN: Not anymore. When you love somebody, you look at him sometimes and think, God, I'd die if something ever happened to you or if you left. I'd be devastated. And that's not such a bad feeling. One shouldn't be so afraid of that, because a lot of times, people don't get involved with that kind of deep love because they're so afraid of losing it. So they lose it. At least they *had* it.

PLAYBOY: And right now——

HAWN: I just love Kurt *so* much. He is who he is, no matter what. He doesn't change his ideas to suit the company he's in. The guy doesn't have an ounce of bullshit in him. He's got his feet planted firmly on the ground. I like his value system. He's just about the best father God ever created. And he's devoted, he's kind, he's got a magnificent sense of humor, he's smart, he's talented and very levelheaded. I have trouble spending a lot of time with people who aren't as pragmatic as I am.

PLAYBOY: Will all this gush in print embarrass him?

HAWN: No, because I tell him every day why I love him. How awful it must be when you love somebody and you don't know *why*.

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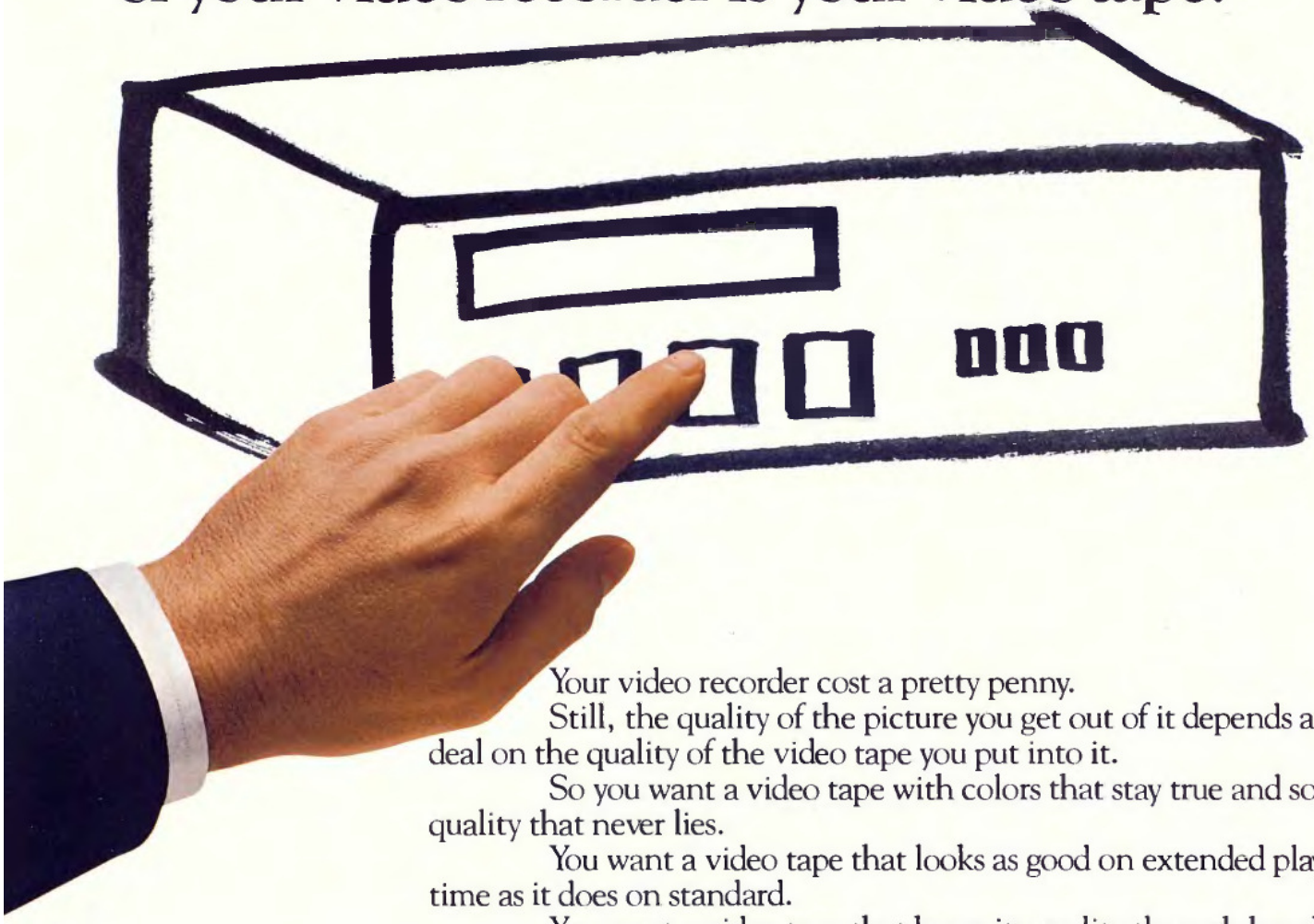

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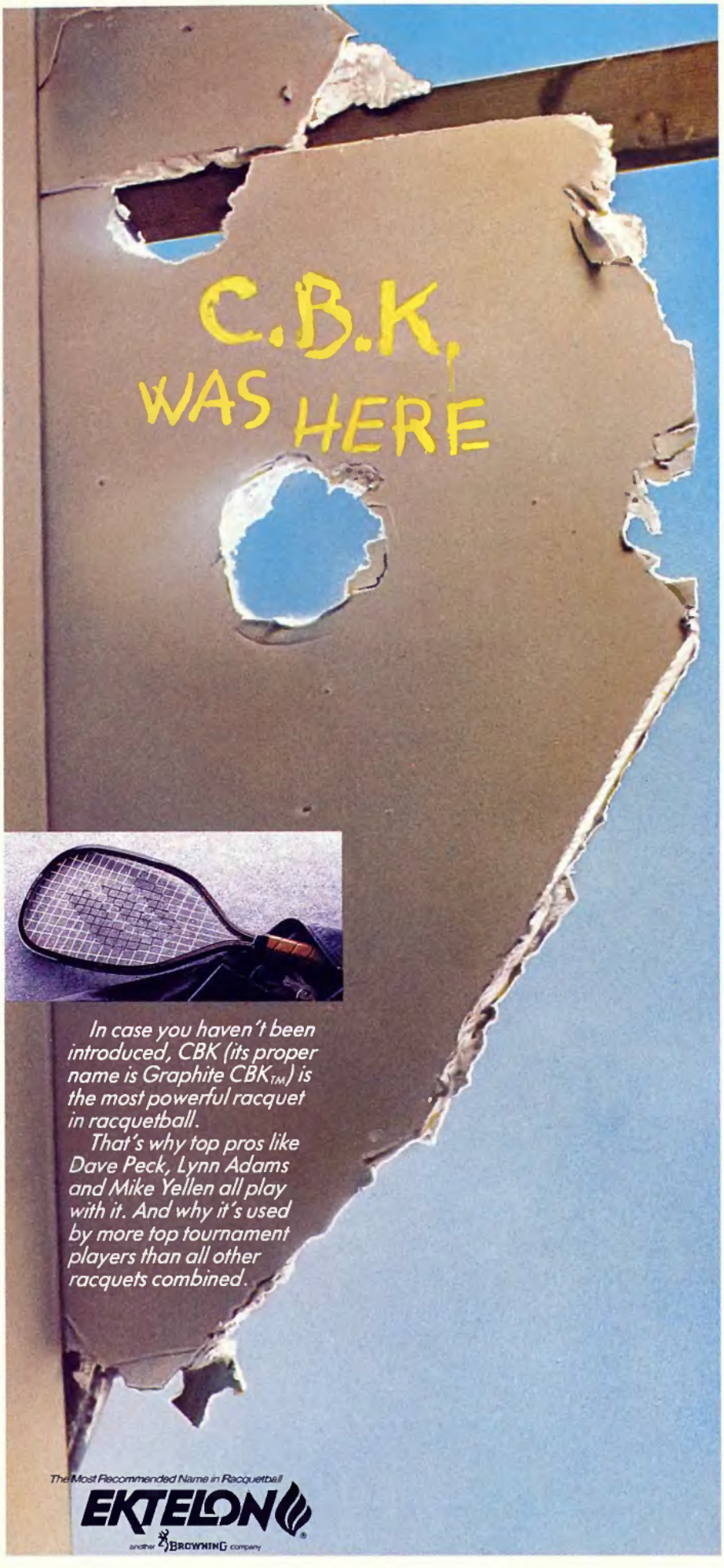

PLAYBOY: How does Kurt feel about your producing as well as acting?

HAWN: He says, "Hey, you're a great race horse. You don't want to stay in a stall. *Race*, go, work your gifts, make it happen. Do the best you can do, make as much money as you can make, make the marks you want to make." He's all for it.

PLAYBOY: And how do you assess his career?

HAWN: I think Kurt is the only male star in his early 30s who personifies a *man* in the movie sense of the word—romantic, strong, smart. And he has an amazing versatility. He can be funny, scary, mysterious; he can make you cry. His range is vast. I think he has tremendous longevity.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get jealous when he's making a movie?

HAWN: Of course. The two sides of it are, I want to be the most attractive thing in his life; but that's just insane, because there are a lot of beautiful women around and he's probably going to work with at least half of them. On the other hand, I know what *we* have. I know the fun we have.

PLAYBOY: Do your children want you to marry him?

HAWN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you?

HAWN: That's nobody's business. I mean, that's between us. We're sitting on the same couch. It's just something that we choose not to do right now.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought of having a baby with him?

HAWN: We're considering having one. We go back and forth.

PLAYBOY: Would you drop out of the business if you had one, as you did when your first child was born?

HAWN: I don't feel now that I have to. I'm in another stage of my life right now, where I want to do other things. So if I got pregnant, I might sit down and write a short story or finish my script. Or I might learn more about photography, which is a great passion of mine. I would use that time to grow.

PLAYBOY: Are there any people you'd like to work with?

HAWN: I'd like to work with Meryl Streep. With Jack Nicholson—I like the way Jack works. He does what he wants; he's a freethinker. He's brave. Let's see. . . . Robert Redford. Redford and I actually tried to get something together and he got involved in something else and so did I.

PLAYBOY: What's the story behind your doing a picture with Streisand?

HAWN: It's being written. Where it's at now, we are sisters from different parents. It's not clear enough for me to talk about it.

PLAYBOY: Will she direct and you produce?

HAWN: No, I don't think either one of us needs those distractions. We have enough distractions as it is.

PLAYBOY: Is a good comedy more difficult to pull off than a good drama?

HAWN: Comedy is harder to do. It's very

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hard to make people laugh. It's like a soufflé: If it gets overdone, the soufflé crashes. That's how delicate comedy is. Comedy is like music. I remember working with an actor who couldn't get the scene, couldn't get the timing. So I beat it out on my hands. It was like percussion, so he could understand the arch of the scene and the power that it had to have. It's as if I hear the beats in my head.

PLAYBOY: Be more specific.

HAWN: OK, here's an example of how you can destroy or create a moment by timing. When I kissed Armand Assante under the street lamp in *Private Benjamin*, he was telling me about himself and I was very hesitant about being with him. When he finally said, "And I'm Jewish," they cut to my scream, to my orgasm. Now, that is a funny cut. However, when it was first cut, it was not funny at all, because there was too much space between "I'm Jewish" and the orgasm. And those few millimeters of a second were the difference between whether it was funny or it wasn't. Because if you've got "I'm Jewish" . . . beat . . . beat . . . *arrghh!* or "I'm Jewish," *arrghh!*—see, it has to come right on top of the line. That's an exterior example of what goes on internally when you hear a scene. Another one was in *Seems Like Old Times*, which was all timing. With Neil Simon, you don't want to miss a beat. When Chevy [Chase], as my ex-husband, dressed as the butler, brought out the food and I suddenly recognized him, I had to hyperventilate. Well, how do you do that on the right beat to make it funny? How long does it take before you've taken too long? I'm still not happy with the way I did it; I think that I started too quickly. I should have waited.

PLAYBOY: Do you always know when you've done it right?

HAWN: Yes, because it's like a good symphony. It's just satisfying, and you feel it. If it isn't, there's something that shrivels up inside you.

PLAYBOY: Who makes *you* laugh?

HAWN: Woody Allen. I don't know him, but I like his films, because they're *about* something. I like to see what's going on in his brain. Eddie Murphy can make me laugh. He has great physical comedy, a great sense of his body when he's working. When I was young, Jerry Lewis made me laugh. I was once thrown out of the movies for laughing so hard at him.

PLAYBOY: What about women?

HAWN: Barbra Streisand makes me laugh. So can Joan Rivers.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done *The Tonight Show* with her?

HAWN: No. I don't think it helps movies, so I don't do that show anymore. I haven't been on in years. But they haven't even extended the invitation.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Burt Reynolds in *Best Friends*. Is he funny off the set?

HAWN: That's what I found so attractive: He really *is* funny and he has a fantastic sense of humor, even about himself.

PLAYBOY: Do you look forward to playing older character parts?

HAWN: Not really. I look at myself on the screen now and say, "Oh, *God*, do you see that? Isn't it *awful*? Look at my chin; it's just hanging there." If I had a knife, I would go right up to the screen and cut it out. Of course, the person I'm sitting next to doesn't even see it.

PLAYBOY: You seem like a woman who will age gracefully.

HAWN: I do have this quality that is very childlike. But how long can it last? How long can you be *cute*? My career is kind of an interesting happening: I perceive from people that they don't really want that to change. So that sort of takes me out of the actress category, in a funny way, and puts me into the personality slot.

PLAYBOY: Of the films you've done, which would you like to erase from the archives if you could?

HAWN: *Dollars* [*$*]. I didn't like my character or what I did with her. It was just a totally unthought-out, unconscious performance. I remember one scene in which I felt very manipulated. That was when I had to look at the money for the first time, in the safe-deposit box. The director said, "When you look at this money, I want it to be an *orgasmic* experience for you. You've never seen this amount of money before and I want it to be just like you're having an orgasm." Well, I felt like I wanted to dig a hole as deep as I possibly could and get in it and maybe crawl out the other side, because it was as if I had all those people on the set there suddenly watching me have a private moment. If I were to do that scene today, I would say, "I'm sorry, I just won't." But then, I didn't have the guts.

PLAYBOY: You have a cute image, as you say, but do you consider yourself a sexy woman?

HAWN: Yes, I consider myself a woman who enjoys her sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Are there differences between a man's and a woman's sexuality?

HAWN: By nature, men are more promiscuous. For them to go out and get laid doesn't mean very much. And they can get it anywhere, between three minutes to a couple of hours. It has nothing to do with love. A woman is not as promiscuous; she is more discriminating. To me, sex is not something you just want to throw away or give it away to an empty experience or one where you feel yucky after it's over and all you want to do is get out of there and pretend it never happened. Empty nights, empty encounters are damaging to the soul. Just because a man has something that sticks out doesn't mean he's got to put it anywhere and everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Is that the basic difference: that a man protrudes and a woman doesn't?

HAWN: I'll probably get blasted by every feminist in the world, but the truth is that a woman *receives* the intrusion—or the welcome intrusion, however you want to phrase it. She *does* open her doors for entrance if she so desires, and there is something very female about that. It's female, the way we put our arms around a person we love and the way we let him in. I just love to be able to do that. That's a great expression of my affection. I sound very old-fashioned; I really do. As I'm listening to myself, I'm thinking, God, I can't *believe* this girl!

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that you like sex—and that's not so old-fashioned. Women didn't admit it so publicly in the past.

HAWN: No. It's a terrific and beautiful thing.

PLAYBOY: What about the difference between men and women—where does it lead?

HAWN: Well, if a man decides to have a quickie, he can then go to the nearest washbasin and scrub it clean and make it all new again. Girls can't necessarily do that. They walk around knowing things are going on in there. Now, I'm not talking about venereal disease; but while I mention it, I'm glad I'm not on the market, so to speak, because it's real scary now. *Real* scary. That's one of the most awful realities. A lot of people have been indiscriminately fucking, and this is sort of what happens. If you do too much of one thing, something eventually is going to come back and slap you in the face. Somebody's going to have to pay for it. Obviously, there's only one way to pass venereal disease, and that's by fucking.

PLAYBOY: But you don't really buy that Jerry Falwell type of thinking, do you, that V.D. is retribution for too much fucking?

HAWN: No, but a lot of promiscuity can end in unsatisfactory sexual relationships. It makes you feel less good about yourself. If you start to layer yourself with things that you're not so proud of and start building what we call armor, I think it's more difficult to get to the source of your real feelings, emotionally and physically.

PLAYBOY: Does sex get better with age?

HAWN: Well, for boys it's not supposed to, is it? For girls, it usually gets better.

PLAYBOY: Does Kurt know about this?

HAWN: I feel like I'm being cross-examined here. It's so great. You've got all your notes. It's like giving a deposition.

PLAYBOY: If we'd had longer to prepare, there'd be more research notes.

HAWN: If I'd had longer to think about it, I wouldn't be here.

PLAYBOY: Aw, come on. It hasn't been that bad, has it?

HAWN: Oddly enough, over these days, I've learned to trust you. You're just obliged to ask certain questions because this is PLAYBOY. But you've been very respectful.

PLAYBOY: Are there publications you distrust?

HAWN: I would never speak to *Penthouse*.

(concluded on page 108)

REDEFINING SMART

with information engulfing us, where do we draw the line between things we'd <u>like</u> to know and things we <u>must</u> know?

article By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

THIS YEAR, we subscribed to cable television, mostly because when cable television comes around, subscribe to it is one of the things with-it households do, even as, 50 years ago, they would have subscribed eventually to larger encyclopedias, larger dictionaries; bought more magazines.

But suddenly I realized the subscribing—to encyclopedias, dictionaries, magazines, newspapers, newsletters, book clubs, catalogs, still other cable networks, etc.—had to stop. Go to a large newsstand. Do you know there are more than 400 magazines devoted to computing alone? More than 40,000 books published per year? More television played commercially in one year than movies produced since the industry began? And, through all this flood of information, occasionally you will want to take time to remind yourself that the sky is blue, the grass green, the waters pure (except for those Gary Hart talked about in a speech in which Ronald Reagan featured).

Which brings us to the question at hand: How is it possible to keep up in today's world?

The answer is that it *isn't* possible to "keep up," not even at a rudimentary level. To which dismaying observation one reasonably asks, "What do you mean by a rudimentary level?" To which I answer—why not?—*People* magazine. It is rudimentary, isn't it, to have a working knowledge of the stars and the starlets of the society we live in?

Well, hear this. Last Christmas, my wife and I sailed in the Caribbean with a couple with whom we have for many years shared the season. Richard Clurman is my best-informed friend in the entire world. When serving as chief of correspondents for *Time* and *Life*, he cultivated and developed those habits that required that he know everything about everything going on. So he arrived, as usual, with his heavy rucksack of books and magazines. Among the latter, I remember offhand *Scientific American*, *The Economist*, *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *National Review*, *Esquire*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, PLAYBOY, *Business Week*, *Foreign Affairs*, and I am certain to have forgotten a supplementary dozen. He reads at a rate that would leave the ordinary computer puffing to keep up. After a day or two, he had gone through the magazines and started in on the books.

One week later, in the Virgin Islands, I sauntered about an old colonial town in search of periodical matter, finding, at the drugstore, only *People*, for a copy of which I exchanged a dollar and a quarter.

It was the year-end issue, and thumbing through it in the cockpit that night, sipping a planter's punch, I came upon what is evidently a yearly feature, enumerating 16 persons who had committed renowned *gaffes* of one type or other, 25 persons who had committed extraordinary feats of one kind or other. My eyes traveled down the list with progressive dismay in search of a name I recognized. I did discover one, finally, in each category, and paused for a moment, taking a deep draft of rum to console myself over my confirmed deracination from my own culture.

It struck me to recite the names I had just read to Richard Clurman. So I gave them out, one after another. He scored better than I did, recognizing three out of 41. (Neither one of us—this was December 1983—had ever heard the name Michael Jackson.) I am 59, Clurman a year older. Was this merely a generational gap? Is it that each of us develops habits of mind, perhaps needing to do so for self-protection, winnowing the flood of information that comes at us so that certain phenomena become, for all that they are ubiquitous, for all intents and purposes imperceptible?

Or was it sheer chance? Individual lacunae? But I told the story of going over the names of the featured galaxy of *People* to Henry Grunwald at a party a few months later, and he shrugged his shoulders. He is, after all, among other things the editor in chief of *People*, even as he is editor in chief of all the publications put out by Time, Inc. "I know what you mean," Grunwald said. "When they tell me who they have scheduled for the cover of the next issue of *People*, half the time I never heard of him or her."

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Someone once said that Erasmus (1466–1536) was the last man on earth about whom it could more or less safely be said that he knew everything there was to know. But even in the 16th Century, "everything" was defined as everything common to Western culture. Erasmus could hardly have known very much about cultures whose existence neither he nor anyone else in the

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

1985
·GIUSTI·

Western world had written about. What they meant to say was that Erasmus had probably read every book then existing in those Western languages in which books were then written. The library at the University of Salamanca, founded in the 13th Century, still has, framed and hanging over the little arched doorway that leads into the room in which all of the books of one of the oldest universities in Europe were once housed, a papal bull of excommunication directed automatically at any scholar who left the room with one of those scarce, sacred volumes hidden in his vestments. Books copied out by hand can be very valuable. The tradition is not dead, thanks to the Russian *samizdat*, by which Soviet dissenters communicate with one another, even as early Christians communicated by passing about tablets in the catacombs. Knowledge in those days, in the early years of movable type, was difficult to come by. But then there was not so much of it as to overwhelm. In that relatively small room in Salamanca were housed all the books an Erasmus might be expected to read—granted that his mind was singular and his memory copious. So had been Thomas Aquinas', a man modest except when laying down certitudes, who admitted, sheepishly one must suppose, that he had never come across a single page he had not completely and instantly understood. If, *per impossibile*, Thomas was required to linger a few days in purgatory for committing the sin of pride, I am certain that the torturers stood over him demanding that he render the meaning of the typical "documentation" (that is what they call instructions) of a modern computer.

Never mind the exceptional intelligence. It is sufficient to meditate that in the 16th Century it was acknowledged as humanly possible to be familiar with *all* the facts and theories then discovered or developed; to read all the literature and poetry then set down. To know the library of Western thought.

Move forward now 250 years and ask whether or not Benjamin Franklin could have been surprised by an eldritch scientific datum, an arcane mythological allusion, a recondite historical anecdote, an idiosyncratic philosophical proposition. Of course he could have been, even bearing in mind that Benjamin Franklin was a singular intelligence, eclectically educated, and that he was surrounded, at the convention in Philadelphia, by men most of whom moved sure-footedly in the disciplines then thought appropriate to the background of statesmen. The standards at Philadelphia were high; indeed, it has been opined that at no other deliberative assembly in history was there such a concentration of learning and talent.

But these are anomalies. We ask, and continue to do so, How much was there lying about to be learned? Two hundred and fifty years having passed since the last man died who "knew" everything, then by definition it follows that there were "things" Ben Franklin didn't know. Perhaps we are circling the target. "Things." What things?

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It is said that twice as much "knowledge" was charted in 1980 as in 1970. How can one make an assertion of that kind? At a purely technical level, it isn't all that hard to conceive. Suppose, as an example, that every decade, the penetrating reach of a telescope doubles. In that case, you begin the decade knowing X about astronomic phenomena. At the end of the first decade, you know 2X; at the end of the second decade, 4X; and so on.

It is so (the epistemologists tell us) primarily because computer science advances us (we fall back on ancient metaphors) at an astronomic rate. It was somewhere reported that when George Bernard Shaw was advised that the speed of light was equal to 186,000 miles per second, he greeted that finding as a madcap effrontery—either that or a plain, bald lie.

Such sullen resistance to the advancement of physical knowledge is behind us; indeed, it has left us blasé rather than awed. When we pick up the telephone and lackadaisically dial Hong Kong, we simply submit—to a kind of magic we never presume to understand. The inquisitive minority among those who use such instruments for such purposes is mindful that something quite extraordinary is going on, triggered by rudimentary digital exertions by one finger of one hand, the result of which is to rouse a friend (he had better be a friend, considering that it's midnight in Hong Kong) by ringing his telephone 8000 miles away: a process that combines a knowledge of "things"—things such as transistors, transmitters, radio beams, oscilloscopes, etc., etc., etc.—they will simply never understand and are unlikely to burden themselves with the challenge of attempting to understand.

So it is that the knowledge explosion, as we have come to refer to it, is acquiescently and routinely accepted by both the thoughtful and the thoughtless, the grateful and the insouciant. Every now and then one identifies a little cry of frustrated resentment. Ten years ago, I took to Bermuda a self-effacing boatwright in his mid-60s to give expert testimony in a lawsuit. He was asked by the defendant's lawyer how he could presume to qualify as an expert in all that had to do with the construction of a seagoing boat—woodwork, electricity, engine, rigging, plumbing, sail. William Muzzio answered diffidently that, in fact, he knew as much as any of the specialists who worked for him who had mastered only the expertise in their separate fields.

He then paused for a brief moment in the little, attentive courtroom. . . .

He did not, he corrected himself, know—himself—how to fabricate transistors for ships' radio gear. Thus the sometime complete boatwright formally acknowledged the progressive relative finiteness even of his own very wide expert knowledge of all that used to be required to launch a seagoing yacht. Others acknowledge their progressive relative ignorance by the simpler expedient of paying no attention to it whatever.

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Consider, in the light of our general concern about our increasing ignorance, the obsessive interest in the working habits of the President of the United States. It is widely acknowledged that Ronald Reagan devotes fewer hours to studying the data that flow into the Executive cockpit than his predecessor did. But two questions are begged by those who stress invidiously the comparison. The first is: Is this difference reflected in the quality of Reagan's performance as Chief Executive? And the second, How could his predecessor, Jimmy Carter, reasonably assume that he had mastered all the data conceivably relevant to the formulation of the most enlightened decision? How do we correlate—or do we?—knowledge and performance in nonscientific situations? Unflattering things have been said about Carter's handling of the Presidency, but nobody ever accused him of dereliction at the homework level. And then again, five Presidents back, John F. Kennedy was once overheard to say that the Presidential work load was entirely tolerable. Notwithstanding this nonchalant evaluation of arguably the most taxing job in the world, Kennedy, as Chief Executive, had probably more full-time bards working to apotheosize him than any President since, oh, Abraham Lincoln.

What are we to make of all this confusion on the matter of time devoted to the acquisition of knowledge?

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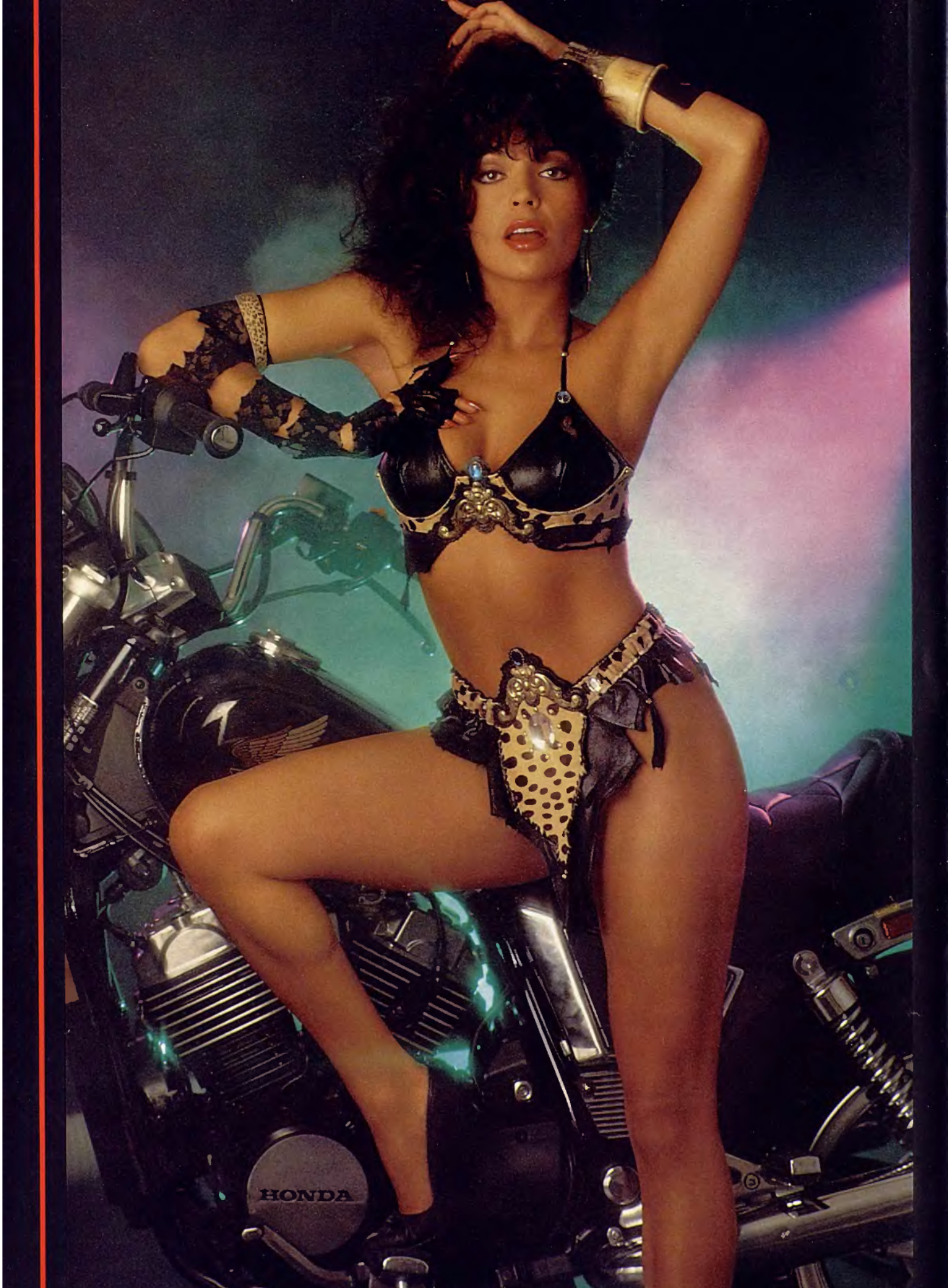
So we move in on an intimation of the painless acclimation of our culture to an unspoken proposition: that every day, in every way, man knows more and more, while every day, in every way, individual men know less and less. The question arises whether we give in, by our behavior, to complacency, or acknowledge philosophically, even stoically, *force majeure*, much as we acknowledge biological aging and, eventually, death. There is, after all, nothing an epistemological reactionary can do to erase human knowledge. Buckminster Fuller remarked that it is impossible to learn less. Valiant efforts at Luddite nescience have been made, most notably by Pol Pot, who recently set out to kill everyone in Cambodia who

(continued on page 222)

*"Why don't we pop into the sack now, while it's empty?
We've got the rest of the evening to get acquainted."*


HONDA

The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll

mtv, eat your heart out

YOU DON'T NEED to go back to the Stones' *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out!* to know that rock 'n' roll has a lot to do with sex. A short list of typical titles: *Push, Push in the Bush, Hung Upside Down, Mama Told Me Not to Come, Then Came You, Easy Comin' Out (Hard Goin' In), It's Your Thing, My Ding-a-Ling, Why Don't We Do It in the Road?*, and, only for the lonely, *Beat It, Whip It* and *You'll Never Get Cheated by Your Hand.* A fast textual analysis reveals that rock 'n' roll's most popular word is baby, followed by kiss, my, ya-ya, yeah, yeah and yeah. Remember the Crickets, Buddy Holly's band? Waylon Jennings, who chirruped with them for a while, confirmed every parent's greatest fear when he said, "Rock 'n' roll meant fucking, originally. Which I don't think is a bad idea." (Better put that man in the Playboy Hall of Fame.) All of that was fine for Waylon and Willie and the boys, but the girls never seemed to get much of the action. There were feminine rockers even before Michael and the Boy. You had Little Eva, Diana Ross, Aretha, Tina and millions of -ellas and -ettes. Even Raisinettes, but they went stale in a hurry. On the kick-ass side, you had Grace Slick and Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde. Linda Ronstadt actually won more platinum records than Elvis and The Who put together, but it was still a man's, man's world. Heavy-metallurgists, in particular, had an ornery attitude—if she can't suck the strings off a slide guitar, what's she doing backstage? But the times, as somebody said, a-change. Now there are more girls in the *guitarati* than ever before, and a few, inspired by pyromania or Jennifer Beals, are getting into heavy metal. *All* the women you'll find here have the two things rockers need, soul and sex appeal. We'll be focusing on the latter as personified by New Wave and old. Apollonia and Vanity. Stevie, Grace, Tina and even a few who aren't famous—yet. Consider it an attempt to fulfill a few rock-'n'-roll fantasies, in the spirit of rock's original meaning.

That's no biker fantasy to your left. That's Apollonio Kotero, 24, Prince's leading lady. "The character Apollonio plays in *Purple Rain* parallels who she really is," says a member of her band. "She came to Minneapolis as a spunky kid who wanted to learn." She sure learned to make the most of a teddy and garters (below, in a scene from the film). Former jingle singer Debra Raye (right) now fuses jazz and rock with San Diego's Aria.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Already the best pair of singing twins since the Doublemints, redheaded rockers Pam (left) and Paula Mattioli, 25, are at the center of a Florida phenomenan called Gypsy Queen. "I was into being Miss Natural and Pam was inta foxed-out hair with laads of make-up," says Paula of their pre-Gypsy days. They settled on the Pam look and set about taking Florida by storm. Yau'll be hearing more about Gypsy Queen and about Natalie Pace (abave right), of psychedelic pap's Na Prisaners. Natalie, a copper miner's daughter and alumna of technopap's Cammunique, left her native Arizana for Hollywaad's New Wave scene. She sings, writes songs and plays keyboards for No Prisoners. Below: Bettina Kaster, who graduated from a German girl group called Malaria (didn't they da *Chills and Fever*?) ta ane with a mare humanitarian name, In the Service Of.

Before Dale Bozzio (top left) became lead singer of Missing Persons, she was a Bunny in Boston. For a better look at Dale, see August 1982's *The World of Playboy*. Terri Nunn (center left), the only girl in Berlin—the band—is what promo people call "an ultravisceral lead singer," and Grace Jones (bottom left) is simply ultro everything. Then there's our own Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell (above right, properly ottired for Hollywood's Club Lingerie), who's been called "the *filet* mignon of rock." Once the flame of Todd Rundgren and Elvis Costello, Bebe now has her own hot band, The B-Sides. It's time some smart A&R man signed Bebe and The B-Sides to a fat recording deal—their critically acclaimed independent work has been as fine as Bebe's fishnet.

Mischief's Becky LeBeau (left), who doesn't fancy men who are "into their bodies more than mine," likes getting into hot water to relax and getting down on the floor to perform (inset). Take a look at Freida Parton (above). The pose is Monroe's, but Freida shares name and endowment with her big sister Dolly. Below: Bass player Brinke Stevens and singer/songwriter Linnea Quigley of Linnea and the Skirts. They seldom perform sans skirts and shirts, but Skirt-chasing fans can hope.

Unless you remember Erocktica or haunt Manhattan's underground scene, you may not recognize *nouveau* rocker Khari Paige (above). Catch her act once and you will. For ten years, Tina Turner (below) has been on her own; she hit number one again with *What's Love Got to Do with It*. Hans Küng can relax; Tina's proof that soul is immortal.

Stevie Nicks (top) brought gypsies and witches out of the dark and onto the charts. Judi Dozier (above center), who won a beauty pageant singing *People*, ploys keys for Billy Idol on such songs as *Flesh for Fantasy*. Even at 5'2", Pat Benatar (above) is big on volume and sex appeal.

New Wave shacker Pamela Stanebrook (abave and center right) may not be as violent as The Plasmatics' Eve af destruction, Wendy O. Williams (top right), but she's just as outrageous. "I love to drip on pianas," says she with a sexy sneer. *Woaf!* Pamela lists her hair as "bleached" and her hips as "none," but her background is an the level—a fine-arts degree from Kent State, vocals in TV's *Fame* and the pilat for *Star Search*, as well as singing in the Dudley Maare–Eddie Murphy movie *Best Defense*. Maybe you dan't believe her line abaut pianos, but we're keeping a baby grand handy just in case. What's Diana Rass (bottom right) doing an a punked-aut page like this? Laaking good, don't you think?

Back at the Club Lingerie, we find the Splitters' Dilithium Cristil (above and below), who sings and dances in the guises of Cleopatra, the Bride of Frankenstein and Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*. The Splitters do what might be called bijou rock, and Dilithium—a.k.a. Celena Allen—is the featured attraction.

Daughter-of-a-preacher-man June Pointer (above) joined sisters Anita, Bonnie and Ruth to turn a Gospel-rooted sound into Seventies successes ranging from Toussaint's *Yes We Can Can* to Springsteen's *Fire*. Bonnie has gone solo, but Ruth, Anita, and June (below) are harmonizing, and looking, better than ever in the Eighties. They're still great on vinyl, but don't miss their cabaret show—everyone needs a few Pointers now and then.

Woman, thy name is Vanity (left). You've seen posters billing her as Miss Audio Visual 1984; you've seen her touring with Prince as the eponym of Vanity 6 (above) and reaching into his pants on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Born in Niagara Falls, Vanity (D.D. Winters) took just 19 years to become Princess of the Minneapolis sound. Perth-born Cheryl Rixon (below), trained as a gymnast, is fast becoming famous for her onstage gymnastics. Her plans? "Using my fee from PLAYBOY to have my back tattooed." On the facing page, Cheryl shows why she's number one with a bullet.

GOLDIE HAWN *(continued from page 93)*

That's a difference between Jerry Falwell and me—he does interviews for *Penthouse*, I do them for PLAYBOY. [Falwell did not knowingly consent to an interview in *Penthouse*.] By the way, I have a lot of respect for the people in control at PLAYBOY for staying clean of all that stuff with Vanessa Williams. That was dirty business. I don't like *Penthouse*'s scruples.

PLAYBOY: Do any other magazines offend you?

HAWN: *People*. The editors asked me if I would do a cover and I didn't want to and they took a picture and used it anyway. For all the time I've given them in the past, that didn't show good scruples. I mean, they're going to use you anyway, so what's the point?

PLAYBOY: We've seen you flare up. How easily do you get sentimental?

HAWN: Very. I cry easily. I cry for happy things, for sad things, for things that have nothing to do with me. I cry because I can look at television and see horrible things that are going on and feel guilty because I'm not doing anything about it. Or because I can't do anything about it, you know? [*Pauses*] I say "You know" a lot.

PLAYBOY: We know.

HAWN: I know. [*Giggles*] It's so disconcerting. I've got to remember *not* to say "You know," because when you read it, it interrupts the train of thought. You know?

PLAYBOY: We know.

HAWN: See. [*Laughs*] Oh . . . hang myself!

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been into drugs?

HAWN: I was exposed to drugs when I was in New York, but I've always been afraid of them. I didn't like the way people behaved on them. I'm a *doer*. I like to wake up in the morning with the sun. I don't like artificial stimulants. Sometimes I have a glass of wine; sometimes I get drunk, just like everybody else. But I don't like drugs. They give a false sense of omnipotence. A lot of those drug experiences in the Sixties were group experiences—getting high together, dropping out together, living in communes together. I always maintained my singularity. I marched down my road, taking classes, working out, taking voice lessons, learning how to deliver a line. I always had a purpose—the road that most of my peers took was not my road. I was good at knowing what I was good at.

PLAYBOY: Did you know what you were bad at?

HAWN: Math. In my little pinhead, math is something that I've never done well. I panic when I look at numbers. I also have a tendency to change words.

PLAYBOY: You're dyslexic?

HAWN: Dyslexic. My daughter has a little bit of that, too. It hasn't stopped my growth or my thinking process. But I always remember numbers backward, you know. You-know-you-know-you-know!

PLAYBOY: Is there anything in your field of expertise—comedy—that you *can't* do?

HAWN: Yes. I cannot deliver a joke. I can dance around it, I can set it up, I can react to it—just don't give me the joke to tell.

PLAYBOY: What about politics—are you involved?

HAWN: I prefer to keep my political feelings to myself. Actors politicking, I don't think we do our politicians good. Sometimes we defeat them.

PLAYBOY: How about issues such as the E.R.A.?

HAWN: Equal rights is very important and pretty fundamental.

PLAYBOY: How about abortion? Do women have the right to decide?

HAWN: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Do the Right-to-Lifers bother you?

HAWN: Very much. That's an infringement upon our rights as individuals, and that is not what our Constitution promises us.

"I always maintained my singularity. The road most of my peers took was not my road. I was good at knowing what I was good at."

PLAYBOY: Prayer in school?

HAWN: *We* never said prayer in school. I'm certainly religious in an eclectic way; I believe in a Higher Being. But you go to school to learn the A B C's. Religion should be in the home. I'm not going to send my children to a school that has mandatory prayer. I don't think anything should be shoved down their throats.

PLAYBOY: A while ago, you had dinner with Eileen Brennan, who played the tough captain in *Benjamin*. After the dinner, she was hit by a car right in front of you and you went into a deep depression. Can you talk about it?

HAWN: It was the most frightening moment of my life. She is a woman whom I have really loved since *Laugh-In* days. We had a kinship that was unexplained. I felt something was not right about that evening and couldn't get her on the phone to cancel, because I had the wrong number. I was an hour and a half late. I felt something bad was going to happen, like an accident. We had a beautiful dinner together, and when we walked out, I got into my car and she had to cross the street to get to hers. This car was going much too fast, the street lights were out, and it happened. She fell on her face; she broke her legs. It's just terrible to see a stranger hurt in any way, but when it's somebody you love as much as I do her . . . it's the worst experience I've ever had. I just started turning in circles, saying, "No, no, no, please, no."

PLAYBOY: Did you think she'd been killed?

HAWN: I was afraid. The ambulance came, and I stayed with her all night. To this day, when anybody is walking with me on the street, I hold their arm; I don't want them to get away from me. But Eileen is a very special human being. She pulled through with a lot of strength and tenacity and belief.

PLAYBOY: Chevy Chase used two words to describe you: endurance and resilience. Apt?

HAWN: He came close. I'd add curious.

PLAYBOY: What satisfies you?

HAWN: Simple things, like having a day that's been full and balanced, so that last 30 minutes before we go to bed, I have the clarity of mind and spirit to look over the day and feel good about it; that I didn't cram in too much, that I gave as much as I could give, that I was as honest as I could be to the people who mean something to me or whom I'm doing business with, that I gave time to my children. Then the whole sphere of my life makes me feel very satisfied.

PLAYBOY: Is there any one moment that you can remember as being fully satisfying, outside of those with your family?

HAWN: [*Pauses*] Yes, but it has nothing to do with work. It was during a trip to Africa, when my friend and I ran into a group of six of the most beautiful African men I'd ever seen. They had on red robes, were carrying spears and were beautifully decorated. I exchanged jewelry with one of the men. They were Rendille tribesmen. When they asked us for a ride, we said yes and they crammed into the back of our Land Rover, all six of them on their haunches. And the minute the car started to pull out, they started to sing. And, oh . . . they sang . . . it was like music from the spheres. Their harmonies, their intervals are different from ours. I tried to sing along with them and broke up laughing and it was the most joyous moment—if I could ever think of a moment when my soul felt it was in flight, that was it. We couldn't talk, and the only communication was through music or laughter. And if you talk about humanity, how to break through bad feelings—humor and music must be the way. They bring out the best in the human spirit.

PLAYBOY: You say you haven't necessarily gotten the most fulfillment from your work. Then tell us one last thing: Would you put your own money into a Goldie Hawn movie?

HAWN: I wouldn't put my money into anything to do with the movies.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't?

HAWN: There's no such thing as a sure bet. I mean . . . you know?

"Well, so long kid—and remember: If you don't use it, you lose it!"

FATHERS, SONS, BLOOD

it's never been easy—but it's almost always worth the price

ON JULY 31, 1964, in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, I was sleeping late after writing all night when I heard my wife, Sally, scream above the yammering of children's voices. I didn't know what was wrong, but whatever it was, I knew instantly that it was bad. I sprinted down the hallway, and before I ever reached the front door, I had made out what the children, all talking at once, were trying to say.

"Patrick . . . "

" . . . can't . . . "

" . . . in the pool . . . "

" . . . get him out."

The only house in the neighborhood with a pool was two doors away. I didn't break stride going through the front door and over the hedge onto the sidewalk.

As I went through the open gate of the high fence surrounding the pool, I saw my son face down in the water at the deep end, his blond hair wafting about his head the only movement. I got him out, pinched his nose and put my mouth on his mouth. But from the first breath, it didn't work. I thought he had swallowed his tongue. I checked it and he had not.

I struggled to breathe for him on the way to the emergency room. But the pulse in his carotid artery had stopped under my fingers long before we got there, and he was dead. That morning, at breakfast with his mother, he'd had cereal. The doctor told me that in the panic of drowning, he had thrown up and then sucked it back again. My effort to breathe for him had not worked, nor could it have. His air passages were blocked. In a little more than a month, September fourth, he would have been four years old.

A man does not expect to be the orphan of his son. Standing by the open grave, returning to his room, taking his clothes out of the closet and folding them into boxes, sorting through the stuff that was his, taking it up from the place he last left it—all of this is the obligation of the son, not of the father. Not of the father, that is, unless some unnatural and unthinkable collaboration of circumstances and events takes the life of the son before that of the father.

Patrick had never gotten out of the yard before; but that morning, some neighborhood children, most not much older than he, had come by and helped him out, and he had gone with them. The family that owned the pool always kept the gate locked, but that day the gate was open. There, two doors away, somebody was always at home on Saturday, and certainly somebody was *always* at home when the gate was unlocked, but nobody was at home when Patrick sat down on the cement lip of the pool, took off his shoes and socks and slipped into the water, thinking, probably, that he was going wading.

As I worked through Patrick's things after the funeral, I could hear Byron, my other son, bubbling and gurgling across the hall. I quit with the Slinkys and the Dr. Seuss books and the stacks of wild crayon drawings and walked into Byron's room, where he lay on his back watching a mobile of butterflies dancing over his head in the mild breeze from the open window. He would be one year old in less than a month, on August 24, and he was a happy baby even when he had befouled himself, which he had managed to do only moments before I walked in. I unpinned his diaper and a ripe fog of baby shit floated up and hung about my face. I looked at his pristine little cock, standing at half-mast about as big as a peanut, and I thought of my own cock and of the vasectomy I'd had a month after his birth.

"It's just you and I now, Buckshot,"

article

By HARRY CREWS

ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MAHURIN

I said, "just the two of us."

I thought then and I think now that two children make up my fair share. Sally and I had reproduced ourselves and, in a world drowning in a population problem, that was all we were entitled to. If I had it to do all over again, I'd do it the same way. It is not something I ever argue about with anybody. It's only what I believe; whatever other people believe is their own business. Fair share or not, though, I had lost half of the children I would ever have. And behind that fact came the inevitable questions. Who needs this kind of grief? Who needs the trouble that will surely come with the commitment to fatherhood? Isn't a son at times disappointing and frustrating to the father? And isn't he at all times an emotional and financial responsibility that could just as easily have been avoided? And the ultimate question: Is it worth it?

I've had that final question answered time and again over the past 20 years, and the answer has always been yes, it is worth it.

The answer has come in many forms, out of many circumstances. One of the answers was given to me a short time ago when I came in on a plane and Byron was there to meet me. I was dead tired from days of airports and motel rooms and taxicabs.

When I walked up to him, I said, "I'd kiss you, son, but I don't think I can reach you."

He smiled, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Hell, I'll bend down for an old man."

And the baby, who was now in the first flower of manhood and 6'3" tall to boot, bent and kissed me.

What affected me so much was not what he said or that he kissed me. Rather, it was the tone of his voice, a tone that can be used only between men who are equals in each other's eyes, who admire and respect each other. It was the voice of men who have been around a lot of blocks together, who have seen the good times and bad and, consequently, know the worst as well as the best about each other. Finally, it was the voice of love, the sort of love that asks nothing and gives everything, that will go to the wall *with* you or *for* you. In my experience, it is the voice hardest to find in the world, and when it is found at all, it is the voice of blood speaking to blood.

•

Blood, begetting it and spilling it. In those nightmare days following Patrick's death, I inevitably thought long and hard, usually against my will, about the circumstances of his brief life and his death. Much of it came as incriminations against myself. It is part of the price of parenthood. And anybody who would keep you from the knowledge of that hard price is only lying, first to himself and then to you.

The boy had developed a hideous stutter by the time he drowned. The great pain it had given me while he was alive was only compounded when he was dead. Somehow I must have caused it. I must have been too strict or too unresponsive or too unloving or. . . . The list went on—just the sort of low-rent guilt that we heap upon ourselves where blood is concerned. Being low-rent, though, doesn't keep guilt from being as real as an open wound. But in my case, it got worse, much worse. Part of me insisted that I had brought him to the place of his death.

Sally and I had been married when I was 25 and a senior at the University of Florida. She was 18 and a sophomore. A year and a half later, when I was in graduate school, she divorced me and took the baby to live in Dayton, Ohio. I'm not interested in assigning blame about who was at fault in the collapse of our marriage, but I do know that I was obsessed to the point of desperation with becoming a writer and, further, I lived with the conviction that I had gotten a late start toward that difficult goal. Nobody knew better than I how ignorant, ill read and unaccomplished I was, or how very long the road ahead of me was to the place I wanted most to be in the world. Consequently, perhaps I was impatient, irritable and inattentive toward Sally as a young woman and mother. But none of that kept me from missing my son when he was gone, longing for him in much the same way I had longed for my father, who had died before I could ever know him. So out of love and longing for my son (selfishness?), I persuaded her to marry me again, come back to Florida and join her life with mine.

And my efforts to have Sally come back to Florida haunted me in those first hard days following the death of my son. If I had not remarried her, if she had stayed in Dayton, Patrick could not have found his death in that swimming pool in Fort Lauderdale, could he? But the other side of that question was yet another. If I had not remarried Sally, I could never have known and loved my second son, Byron, could I? The crazed interrogation with myself went on. Was there somehow a way to balance things there? Was there a way to trade off in my head and heart the life of one son for the life of another? Patently not. That was madness. But . . . ? Always another but.

Enter my uncle Alton, who was as much a father to me as any man could ever have asked for. When he heard that my son had drowned, he walked out of his tobacco field in south Georgia and drove the 500 miles to be with me. While neighbors and friends stood about in my house eating funeral food, Uncle Alton and I hunkered on our heels under a tree in the back yard, smoking. We'd walked out there together and, as I'd seen him do all my life, Uncle Alton dropped onto his heels and started making random markings in the dirt with a stick. And just as naturally as breathing, I talked to him about the questions that were about to take me around the bend of madness, questions that I had not talked about to anybody else before and have not told anybody since. It was a long telling, and he never once interrupted.

I finished by saying, "It feels like I'm going crazy."

His gray eyes watched me from under the brim of his black-felt hat. He had only two hats, one for the fields and one for funerals. He was hunkered there in the only suit of clothes he owned. He couldn't afford this trip any more than he could afford to walk out of the field during the harvest of the only money crop he had on the farmed-out piece of south Georgia dirt he'd scratched a living out of for 40 years, any more than he could have afforded to give me a home when I was eight years old and had nowhere else to go. He needed another mouth to feed like he needed screwworms in his mules or cutworms in his tobacco. But he had taken me in and treated me the same way he treated Theron and Don and Roger and Ed and Robert, his other boys.

"You ain't gone go crazy, son," he said.

He had not responded until he had taken out a Camel cigarette and turned it in his hands, studying it, and then examining a long kitchen match the same way before firing it against his thumbnail. He was nothing if not the most reticent and considered of men.

"That's what it feels like," I said. "Crazy."

"Well, crazy," he said, acknowledging it and dismissing it at the same time. "What you gone do is the next thing."

"That's what the next thing feels like."

"I reckon it might. But it's some of us that cain't afford to go crazy. The next thing is lying in yonder in a crib. You ain't gone give up on blood, are you, boy?"

It was not a rhetorical question. He wanted an answer, and his steady eyes, webbed with veins from crying himself, held mine until I gave him one.

"No, sir, I'm not."

He put his hand on my shoulder. "Then let's you and me go on back in the house and git something to eat."

"You feel like a drink of whiskey?" I said.

"We can do that, too," he said. "I'd be proud to have a drink with you."

"Good," I said.

The two of us went into the back room where I worked and sat down with two whiskeys. As we drank, both of us heard the sudden furious crying of Byron from somewhere in the house. Funerals and death be damned; the baby was hungry.

(continued on page 238)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies

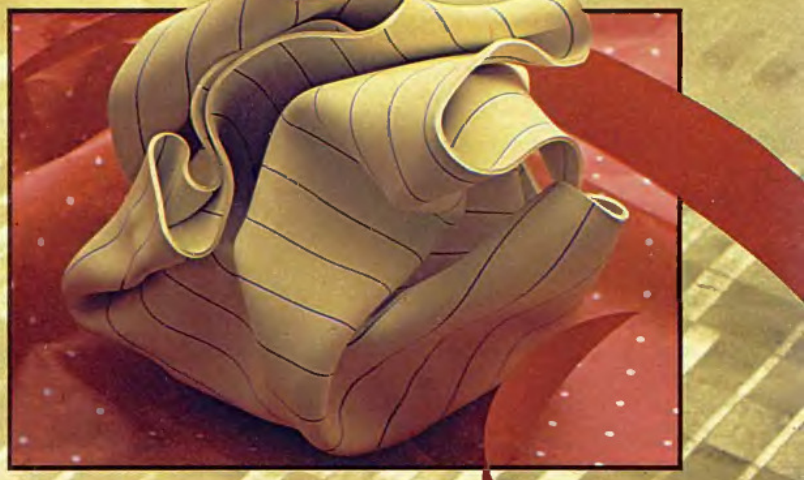
When it comes to M. R. C. Tamiya's 15"-long 1:6-scole kit of a Harley-Davidson FLH1200 Police Bike, we're tolking serious realism, as the model contains obout 350 finely machined parts and duplicates the original right down to the last nut and bolt; semipneumatic tires, operating coil-spring suspensions and chrome-finished parts, from Executive Hobbies, Livingston, New Jersey, $72.98. Next to it is something worth getting lathered up over—o Memphis-inspired Plexiglas-razor and natural-bristle-shaving-brush set that comes with o Gillette Atra blade but takes any twin-blode cartridge, from Correspondence, New York, $48 the set.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON AZUMA

Below: Something sexy for your smokes—a handmade rosewood-and-antique-ivory cigar case that's cedar-lined, $75, and a matching cigarette box, $55, both from the Brentwood Company, Silver Spring, Maryland. In the case are H. Upmann 2000 cigars, about $52 for a box of 25. Below center: Sharp's snappy VC-4B3U 14-day video-cassette recorder in black, silver or red, $729.95. Bottom: LC digital quartz stop watch with printer gives a continuous readout in hours, minutes, seconds, year, month and date, plus other functions, by Seiko, $225.

Top: A leather-bound limited-edition (1000) copy of *The Challenge 1983* (Robert Gunn of Sydney, Australia, is the publisher), containing more than 200 color photos, text by yachting authorities, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $1000. Above: The McCormack World-Walker I, a talking translator, converts English into other languages with correct accents, from Sir Sales, Jackson Heights, New York, $279. Below: The 1-through-9 Roy Cosmetics for men are an easy-to-use face treatment made from natural ingredients, with vitamins, by LS Cosmetics, $140.

Below: Ah, so nifty—a Benihana solid-maple cooking-and-serving table with a 12" x 18" cooking surface that operates at higher than normal temperatures for whipping up *teriyaki* and other Nipponese delicacies, by Maverick Industries, $699.95. Below center: Canon's battery/A.C.-powered Typestar 6 personal typewriter has a 2K memory that allows for editing without retyping; five type styles are available, $329.95. Bottom: Solomon SX91 Equipe ski boots with a rear-entry nylon shell and adjustable flex, lean, cant and instep fit, $300.



Top: The French have a term for it—trompe l'oeil—when objects fool the eye; here, a paperweight that's an imitation of a crumpled piece of legal-pad paper, from Sointu, New York, $15. Above: For your video library, handmade-in-England leather-and-cloth-bound video-cassette slipcases (both Beta and VHS) that can be stamped with a title or reference number of your choice, from Asprey, New York, $75 each. Below: The PL-2000, a modular phone with a push-button rotary dial, auto redial, mute switch and jazzy coloring, by U.S. Tron, $59.95.

WHOLESOME BLUES

article **By LARRY L. KING**

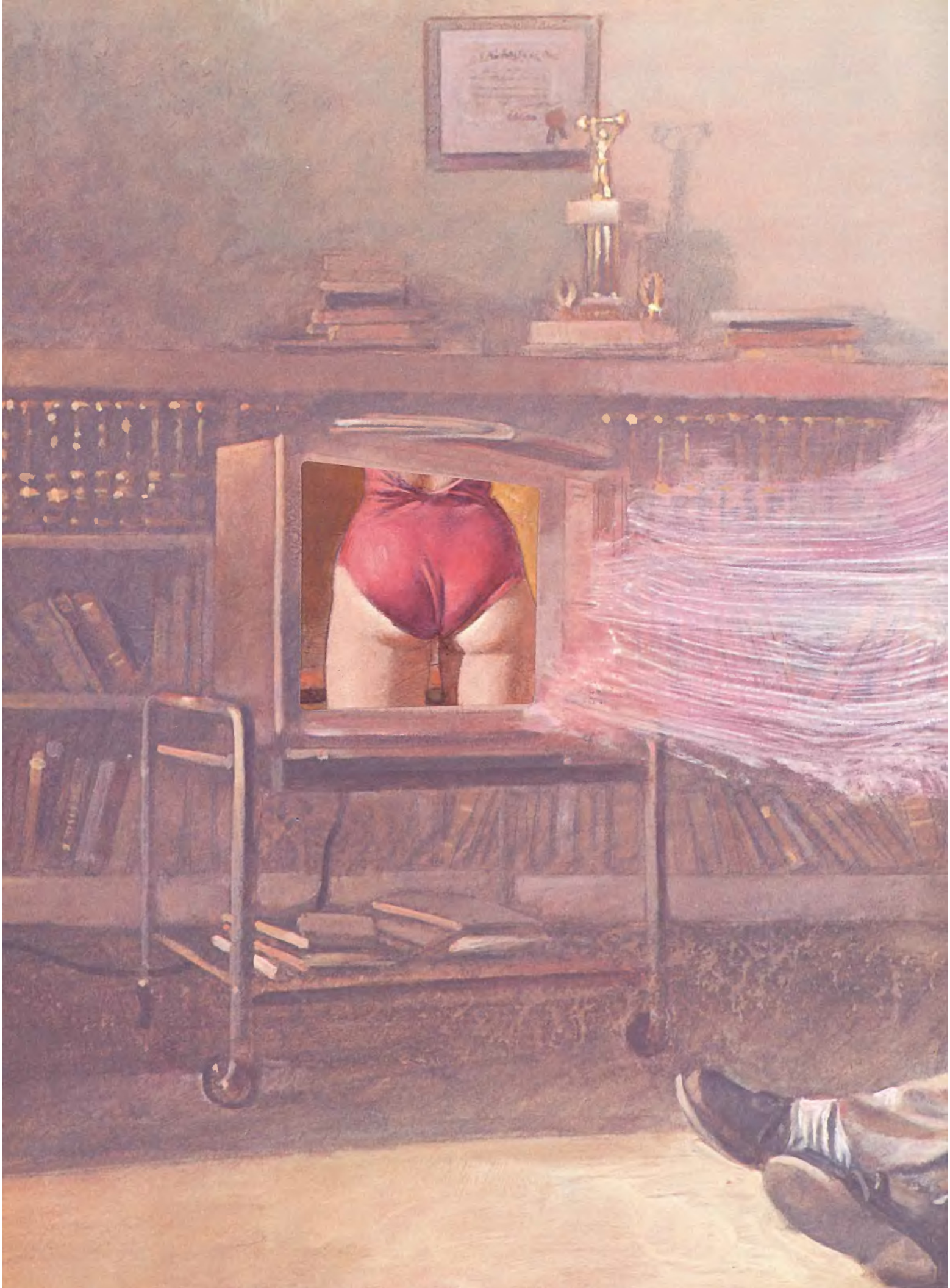
Woke up this morning
All alone in bed.
Found a note from baby;
Here is what she said:
"I'm off and running
Forty miles today;
Poured out your liquor
And threw your dope away.
Congratulate me:
I'm going cel-i-bate!"

Go get a sack of health foods
So we can celebrate!

I've got them wholesome blues.
Nobody's drinking hard booze.
The kids are hardly screwing;
They're bad-mouthing drug abuse.
They ain't worth killing;
They all can go to hell.
I'd just as soon to pal around
With ol' Jerry Falwell. . . .

LITTLE MYSTERY reposes in why old soaks such as myself have given up liquor, dope and determined tracking of the wily woollybugger: We *had* to. Our livers collapsed, our innards grew ulcers, our hangovers commenced overlapping and extracting excessive taxes in painful recovery. Nose candy making us paranoid and poking holes in our sniffers, we passed the spoon to a new generation. As for not womanizing—well, besides narrow-minded wives and the threat of herpes, AIDS and other forms of genital roulette, there comes a time when one's breath shortens and one's hair falls out; young stuff starts calling you "sir" or "Pops"

one man's lament over the new asceticism—or, why give up everything but sit-ups . . .



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

even when you wear your sexiest smile, best toupee and widest belt girdle. Like aging athletes, we've lost a vital step; like old soldiers, we fade away.

But as we gum our morning milk toast or sip our bedtime Ovaltine, we at least have the satisfaction of knowing that from F.D.R. through Jimmy Carter, we indiscriminately broke bottle seals, bar stools, heads, chemical vials, hearts, marriage vows and even the occasional maidenhead. What memories are today's alleged young hellions gonna carry with them to the twilight zone, huh?

We're raising a bunch of health nuts and Puritan moralists out there. Goddamned ascetics and Spartans. Censors who won't tolerate cigar smoke even when emitted from others. Sippers of white wine, mineral water, carrot juice and worse. Bodybuilders and road runners. My generation ran only when something howling and hairy was gaining on us—or to beat the curfew at our favorite bar.

I ask you young whippersnappers: What *good* is all that compulsive running, weight lifting or other noxious forms of exercise if all those tanned, muscled, healthy, perfect bodies ain't put to the uses of fun and sin? What you gonna do, pose for statues? Where's the fun in jogging along freeways, inhaling carbon-monoxide fumes, when you could be toking refreshing essence of boo smoke or clearing your nasal passages with peppy powders?

Another thing: Every young to semiyoung woman in the goddamn world wants to have a nestful of babies. Dr. Edwin Shrake, the noted Texas midnight philosopher and sociologist, knows why: "It's the fault of those damned Cabbage Patch dolls; somehow they've perverted healthy instincts, causing young stuff to prefer the nursery to the snugglery. You meet a woman in a bar these days—assuming you can find one—and it won't be ten minutes until she'll be pining over her cranberry juice and fig bar for adorable twins. But

. . . when it's such fun to sit back and get down?

I get the notion they'd prefer having babies without getting personally involved in a lot of sweaty sex."

Right on, doctor! A few years ago, Germaine Greer was writing books telling everybody to hump an ape if one was handy; now she's writing books celebrating sexual *abstinence*—even suggesting that if you're backed against the wall and somehow can't get out of screwing, then you at least ought to insist on *coitus interruptus*. Damn that woman! She'd take the fun out of a gang bang.

What's *wrong* with all you young and older fogies? What's going on out there? Hell, we helped start you a sexual revolution and brought in dope from all continents and lowered the drinking age and invented fern bars so you'd be able to mix and mingle and do what comes naturally. And look how you've paid us back, you Puritanical little nerds. Where did we go wrong? How did we fail you?

Used to be you could turn to those "personal" ads or "in search of" columns in stroke mags and find a little something to whet your interest. Like this:

> *Eat me free!* Ravishing young blonde (who will change hair color should you wish) has a come-hither look she truly means. Great legs, huge boobs, soft-but-firm body, constant case of The Hots! Love giving great head! Voyeurism OK! Light bondage and flogging OK if you promise to hurt me gently! Group gropes OK! Will talk dirty in your ear! Will pose for filthy pictures! I enjoy fireside romps in the raw, sucking toes, emptying and cleaning ashtrays, mopping up your vomit, laughing at your jokes, sharing good books and lazing abed until kicked out to cook your breakfast! Request occasional outing to movie or play of your choice unless it is too much trouble. Great little listener who speaks only when spoken to! Do ironing and windows. Will chauffeur if asked (have own uniforms). Not picky about age, religion, color or married men. Discreet. Come share my bed, my wine, my dope! No strings! Will work two jobs if necessary! Hurry! Call Honeybunch this instant! Please!

Those ads appeared in such profusion that I passed many of them by with yawns, even when my wife was out of town, if I didn't find their tone respectful enough. But nowadays—my God, nowadays, a man turning to those same ads will be lucky to find one as warm and inviting as this:

> *Get off your ass! Run with me!* Serious-minded modernist woman with small mustache, who hasn't smiled since '71, challenges you to run 30 miles before breakfast of cold asparagus tips and lukewarm seaweed tea. Light bar bells and wind sprints before lunch of dried watermelon rind. Afternoons reserved for heavy weight lifting, shadowboxing, treadmill exercises; karate, other combat arts five nights each week. No dinners or snacks! No fatties, smokers, dopers, drinkers, marrieds, Capricorns or anyone older than 23! Prefer Christian Scientist, though may consider sincere Buddhist. I enjoy week-old corn mush, cold showers, mad dogs, castor-oil enemas, chanting, sniffing used sneakers and sweat shirts. Looking for marriage, nine test-tube babies and weekends to myself for participation in killer marathons and feminist political action. Send photo, biceps and pectoral measurements, dated cardiograph report signed by three physicians, certified time in 40-yard dash and $614.77 to pay for this ad (no checks!). Essential you have private gym with whirlpool, running track, latest Nautilus machines and basketball court. Must be on Upper East Side, equal distance between Central Park and East River. You row. Must be vegetarian, Libertarian, humorless and Scorpio. *Absolutely no fucking!!!* Send application, with supporting documents, to Butchbaby, c/o Steel Mamas, Inc.

This foolish wholesome kick has reached epidemic proportions coast to coast. Seventeen thousand certified idiots huffed and puffed over the course of the most recent New York City Marathon. In California, where they're supposed to be laid back and where once you could get arrested just for taking *walks*—such manifestation of craziness being obvious on its face—they're taking off their gold chains so they won't be weighed down when they run. That fellow playing J. R. Ewing on *Dallas* looks a little pudgy, for which I've always admired him, but they tell me he carries around a little portable fan to blow your smoke back in your face should you approach him with anything other than chili sauce burning in your mouth. Film stars Jamie Lee Curtis, Linda Evans and John Travolta—to name but a few of the many—are into heavy sweat and light rabbit food. Jane Fonda's quit worrying about starving kids and is starving herself. What the hell good does it do them people to be rich and famous? Goddamn monks.

In Boston, sure, they've been turning 'em out in droves to run marathon distances for years. I can almost understand that, the whole of New England's recreational opportunities being limited to eating codfish and shoveling snow. But good God, man, in *California* and *New York*? Where nothing ever closes? Where you can get a drink, a massage or better in your hotel room and a giant-sized pizza with double cheese and pepperoni around the clock? Insane. They're not only running themselves to death these days but dancing themselves to skeletons in Jazzercise classes—whole *families* bumping and grinding and sweating their kiddies' little balls and twats off. How come that don't qualify as child abuse? Laid-back California, my ass! Fun City, New York, indeed! Next, they'll be painting scarlet A's on everybody's foreheads and holding witchcraft trials.

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My friends are going crazy.
They're throwing running fits,
Run till their brains get hazy
And their minds are blown to bits.
I got them wholesome blues.
Been consulting my Muse,
Trying to make some sense of it.
I think I've found some clues. . . .

Right here in the nation's capital, near my home in Washington, is a green and lovely big bucolic patch called Rock Creek Park. It's got little creeks fit to bathe a hangover in and protective bushes to crawl under and sleep one off away from prying eyes. You think that's how people use it? Naw. I tool through Rock Creek Park in an air-conditioned cocoon, chain smoking and comfortably shifting my girth, and I see the woods working with runners no matter the hour—runners of all ages, sizes, shapes, colors, sexes. Occasionally, a familiar face is spotted: CBS-TV correspondent Fred Graham, near about as old as I am, red-faced and perspiring before sunup, once grunted alongside my car in running gear, and though I waved and honked and shouted friendly insults at ol' Fred, he seemed oblivious to everything except putting one foot ahead of the other. Periodically, a robber or a rapist jumps from concealment to work mischief against unwary joggers, but such dangers seemingly do little to discourage determined health nuts: Young women run hitched to evil-looking dogs, with sizable rocks in their hands or in protective scowling bunches. Hell, I'm more afraid of those grim Spartans than I am of the criminals.

The thing I've most noticed is that nobody slogging through Rock Creek Park seems the slightest bit happy. *Ain't* no joy in Mudville. Expressions register pain, struggle, catatonia, fatigue, sorrow, even anger; the nearest thing to "normal" is a blank stoicism. Now, you'd think that among all those born-again physical cultists, you'd uncover the occasional stray grin, right? Nope. If they're so damn happy, why ain't they jumping up and down? I mean, you *talk* to one of those health freaks and they'll carry on with a bunch of lyrical, mystic shit like they just saw Jesus sitting beside the running path picking a golden electric banjo. (They sound, indeed, like people used to sound who'd discovered God while on LSD.) If it's all that uplifting and joyous, how come

(continued on page 225)

"My parents have an open marriage—nonexploitative, nonmanipulative, and they believe in Santa Claus."

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS

he lies between ilsa's silky thighs and wonders what it will cost him

fiction By ROBERT COOVER

It is dark in Rick's apartment. Black-leader dark, heavy and abstract, silent but for a faint hoarse crackle like a voiceless plaint and brief as sleep. Then Rick opens the door and the light from the hall scissors in like a bellboy to open up space, deposit surfaces (there is a figure in the room), harbinger event (it is Ilsa). Rick follows, too preoccupied to notice: His café is closed, people have been shot, he has troubles. But then, with a stroke, he lights a small lamp (such a glow! The shadows retreat, *everything* retreats: Where are the walls?), and there she is, facing him, holding open the drapery at the far window like the front of a nightgown, the light flickering upon her white but determined face like static. Rick pauses for a moment in astonishment. Ilsa lets the drapery and its implications drop, takes a step forward into the strangely fretted light, her eyes searching his.

"How did you get in?" he asks, though this is probably not the question on his mind.

"The stairs from the street."

This answer seems to please him. He knows how vulnerable he is; after all, it's the way he lives—his doors are open, his head is *(continued on page 200)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF GOLD

THE SPIRIT OF '85

attire
By HOLLIS WAYNE

four of the world's leading fashion designers preview their spring lines for playboy

GIORGIO ARMANI
Armani's preference for clean, comfortable lines is apparent in his textured cotton slub sports jacket with lower, wider notched lapels, about $360, light-gray-striped cotton dress shirt, $54, light-gray-cotton pants with single inverted pleats, $114, black-silk twill tie, $38.

TODAY'S best designers know that clothes don't make the man, they reveal him. Yves Saint Laurent, Giorgio Armani, Willi Smith and Perry Ellis—the men who make the clothes—think spring 1985 will be a season of casual elegance, best exemplified by what Armani calls "clean lines and comfortable dressing." The outfits previewed reflect each designer's brand of *haute* haberdashery. Expect other designers to follow suit as the new season unfolds, but don't count on seeing anything to surpass the gentility on display here.

"The important thing is taste," says Saint Laurent. "It doesn't make any difference where the clothes are made; it is simply whether or not you like the spirit."

PERRY ELLIS

Ellis' colorful collection for spring includes a jewel-tone homespun cotton pullover sweater with graphic design, $255, royal-blue-cotton knit sport shirt with crew-neck, $38, and plum/black-cotton plaid pants featuring double pleats, $145. Suede bucks are optional.

WILLI SMITH

Smith, who finds inspiration in traveling the streets, calls his spring collection Country Club wear. Shown here: An Eisenhower jacket with notched collar and double-breasted front, about $100, plaid linen short-sleeved overshirt, $36, Bermuda shorts, $57.50.

YVES SAINT LAURENT

For spirit à la Saint Laurent, try this nylon lightweight "trench," about $150, houndstooth safari jacket with patch pockets and drawstring waist, $85, white-cotton sweater vest, $125, blue-cotton seersucker short-sleeved shirt, $55, gray striped linen pants, $135.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM COUPON

THE WOMEN AND DOGS IN MY LIFE

a man just isn't complete without companions

memoir By WILLIE MORRIS

I HAVE A FRIEND here in Mississippi, a flamboyant and intrepid soul in his early 30s, who was recently devastated because his girl and his dog ran away in the same week—separately and, we surmise, from different motives. Their names were Christie and Augie. "I loved them both!" he cried out in a grievous agony that began with the twin disappearances last spring and continued into the summer. "*The same damned week*—and the guilt I have to wrestle with over missing my dog more!" My friend has taken to his heart the words from Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows*: "It's lonesome you'll be this night and tomorrow night and long nights after." He wanders now barefooted in the perfumed and spectral Dixie dark. Soon, I am sure, he will move away. (And he did, last Saturday, as I knew he would, to the Upper West Side of New York City, with $300 and without a job in sight.)

I honor the women's revolution and count a number of its pre-eminent advocates as my friends. How I have argued and agreed with them in the Eastern *salons*, and loved them for their ardor! "You're really with us," one of them once whispered to me on the balcony of an apartment on Central Park West as the lights of the great city came on. So do I incite them now when I unabashedly confess that I, like my heartbroken friend, am a woman-and-dog man? That women and dogs have been—inseparably—at the core of my existence? That I comprehend perhaps more than any other American male those ineffable qualities that fine women and fine dogs share: warmth, kindness, friendship, intelligence, independence, courage, self-confidence, loyalty, fun, mischief, *love*? That a man without a woman and a dog is an incomplete being, slightly askew and off center? That in this vale of sadness, I have been at my happiest when I have had, at the same time, a distinguished woman and a distinguished dog? That the death of one's beloved dog is like the end of one's romantic love?

We may not like it, but in these times a man, in truth, lives several lives in the course of a lifetime. The way we move about the American earth, dwelling in one locale for a few years and then setting down our space modules somewhere else to try again, has something to do with this; but I also think this ambivalence of the fixed commitments relates to the transience of sexual love in our most catastrophic epoch. Loving a particular girl in our generation encompasses its own realities, moods, feelings, habitudes, people, landscapes, *places*; and then—overnight, it often seems—many of these things are vanished with her. Over the years, our anger and hurt give way to tenderness. Yet our lives become like the shattered fragments of an old and cherished figurine. One man I know in New England, a fellow writer who is sometimes too graphic for his own well-being, calls this peculiar dislocation of the spirit "the muff tax."

Some years ago, I asked a beautiful girl to marry me. I loved her very much, perhaps more than I ever loved a girl. Our tensions were real, but so, I thought, was

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

our attachment. We were children of our day, but I was dizzy in her arms. I believed our affection would triumph over the grave. It was Christmas—an appropriate time, I thought, to try marriage again. "You can cure human beings of almost anything except marrying," Faulkner said. We were with fine friends and children. It was snowing on eastern Long Island, and the frozen branches crackled in the wind. Sinatra's *The Second Time Around*, as I recall, alternated on the stereo with *The Nutcracker*. The girl and I had been together a long while, too, but she left me the following month for a television fellow (not the repairman but a scriptwriter).

I did not think I would survive. Misery encompassed me. I could not bear to leave my house to go to the drugstore. I stopped reading *The New York Times* (and never reacquired the habit, I am proud to say). I stared, trancelike, out the window. I read *The End of the Affair*, by Graham Greene, and contemplated Catholicism. I could not drink bourbon—always an ominous sign—nor could I sleep at night. I would get out of bed two dozen times in the interminable dark to fetch a drink of water; I had to be doing *something*. I thought my suffering terminal. When I finally ventured outside, I saw her in feverish mirage wherever I went. I prayed for surcease. The lines from Léon Bloy taunted me: "Man has places in his heart which do not yet exist, and into them enters suffering in order that they may have existence."

It was Pete who saw me through.

That was nearly a decade ago, but those moments returned last year to stalk me in horrendous *déjà vu* when Pete, less my dog than my brother, 14 years old, died of old age. He was a splendid black Labrador, the dog of my middle years. A man and a dog will become inseparable; one will spend more time with his dog than with his wife, children, friends. Pete slept under my worktable, awakened me every morning with his cold wet nose, trekked the woods with me, loved our friends and suffered our fools, traveled with me times without number to New York and back. Just as she had been my life's love, he was my life's friend. As he lay in our front room, dying, I put his head in my lap and told him I loved him. He opened his eyes and weakly wagged his tail. Then he got up and struggled out the door, found a private place on the lawn and died. We buried him in a sullen rainstorm on a hill, not far from L. Q. C. Lamar and the Faulkners, and recited a few lines from the 1928 Episcopal *Book of Common Prayer*.

Once more, I could not leave the house, stared out the window, watched the drifting leaves, fetched water in the night. When I finally managed to go outdoors, to the courthouse square or the lovely groves of the Ole Miss campus or the woods behind the football stadium or the Sardis lakes he and I had once wandered, I saw him coming toward me, eyes bright and tender, wagging his tail in the old familiar circle. The death of Pete was like the end of the affair.

•

"I have often thought of the final cause of dogs' having such short lives," Sir Walter Scott wrote, "for if we suffer so much in losing a dog after an acquaintance of ten or 12 years, what would it be if they were to live double that time?"

Sir Walter must have known much about women, too, in the context of his day, despite his rhetorical flourishes (his old-lace chivalry as arcane, no doubt, to the Upper East Side or the summer Hamptons in 1984 as Woody Allen's *Manhattan* would have been to him and his set on the time-drenched moors). He must have had an excruciating regard for them—their moods, felicities, securities. The question he poses is relevant, leading me to another, most saddening, confession: that the dogs in my life, taken one on one in their separate tenures and longevities, have more or less outlasted the women.

Much of this has surely been of my own doing, for I am a 20th Century American man, neither better nor worse than most men of my day, whether I write words or not. I have sometimes had a propensity to love extremely pretty girls who have loved me back but not for any inordinate length of time, a problem I have never had with dogs. Women, in other words, have loved me deeply, but dogs have loved me longer.

Still, has this not been a common hazard for many of the dog-loving American men among my contemporaries, those of us in our 30s and 40s who were caught in the very inception of the sexual revolution? The structures and inhibitions were swept away, and this involved not merely the radical deterioration of marriage (when was the last time anyone perused the statistics on divorce among this generation in America?) but something more subtle and basic. In other times, not so distant, people were locked in by all the social contracts of sexual affection, and although this did not make anything any better, incurring the most singular hypocrisies, before our eyes the rhythms and expectations of love entered a whole uncharted terrain. In middle age, obsessed with some sparse hope of continuity in our mortal adventure, I have pondered dogs and women with a more acute and reminiscent eye.

Perplexed, as always, by the writing man's own lonely admissions, circumlocutions, trepidations that his insights here may be less universal than frivolous—a paranoiac saddled to a mastodon?—in a spirit of casual inquiry, I took these considerations to the generation just behind mine. One recent evening, I gathered a cadre of bright young Mississippi males, scions of a complex and inward society not exactly beloved by some but one that—and we do not need W. J. Cash to remind us—has always placed women and dogs on pedestals. We convened at an all-night coffeehouse near the Ole Miss campus called The Hoka, after a resourceful Chickasaw princess, a boondocks avant-garde institution presided over by a Jewish intellectual named Ron Shapiro and his black dog King Boy. Disregard, if you will, the fact that the young Ole Miss men had just returned from hunting with their dogs in the Tallahatchie swamp bottoms. Here are some of their comments:

You can develop the same attachment to both, but most of the dogs I've known have been more loyal. Short of Dobermans, how many dogs have turned on you?

The dogs here are interested in loyalty and food. The girls are interested in loyalty and money.

It's really hard these days to combine the affection of a wonderful woman and a wonderful dog—one of them is bound to get jealous.

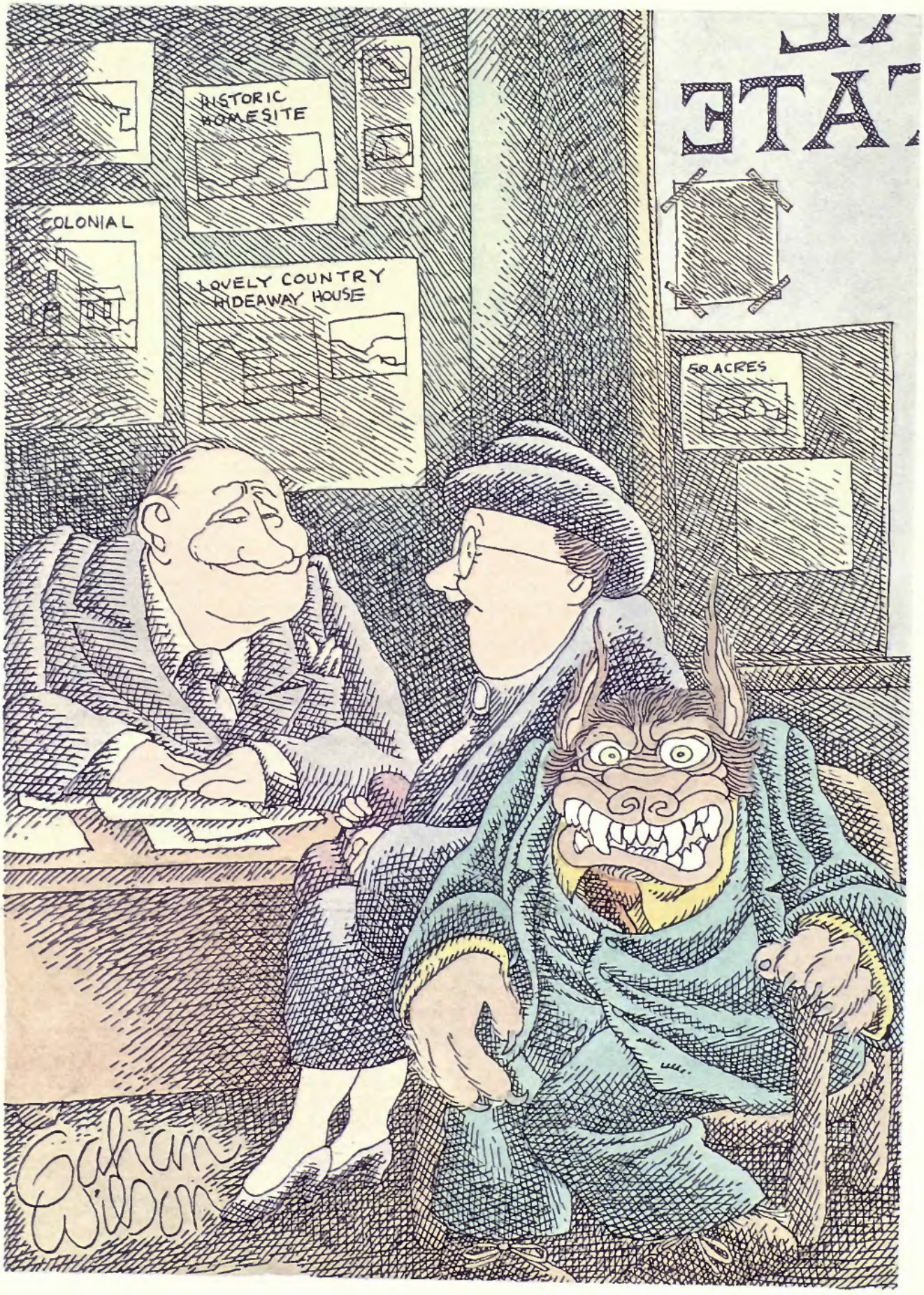
The best thing is to have a girl who cares for your dog. That way, when she gets mad and threatens to leave—they leave you quicker and quicker nowadays—she'll think twice because of your dog. If possible, it's also not all that bad an idea to get a little female puppy and name her after your girl. She may be suspicious of boys, but how can she be suspicious of a little dog who has her name? She'll lump the two of you together and stay longer. But just be damned sure you love the girl before you get the puppy.

I just saw Woody Allen on the cable out of Memphis. Crazy! I have the hots for the big Hemingway girl. She was a foot taller than Woody. Why did he let her go? Didn't he know he loved her? She was about 17 and he was 42—what's wrong with that? I'd watched Diane Keaton in *The Godfather*. She's a doll, but they all were messed up. All of them kept quoting their head shrinks. Everybody was afraid of bugs—mosquitoes, mostly. None of them liked to drive cars. Woody Allen is a funny little guy. I really like him a lot. But he probably never had a dog.

When I'm feeling down and out, Yellow Jane II makes me feel it's not so bad after all. She's sweet and considerate and knows I'm sad. Louise tells me I'm all screwed up and starts hanging out with the damned S.A.E.s.

I love Deborah Ann more than I

(continued on page 250)



"My husband, of course, will want a den."

THE JOYS OF SUCCESS

getting there may be half the fun—but being there isn't half bad

compiled by JEAN PENN

OK, SO YOU WORKED late at the office again last night. Or you feel as if your entire life is on hold while you finish your M.B.A. You're tired, you're cranky and you're wondering, Why am I *doing* this?

For many of us, it's never been enough simply to get by. Somewhere in our formative years, we latched onto the concept of success. Whether or not it appealed to us, we usually accepted the fact that all the world respects a success; and besides, it's the successful guy who has the big bank account, the two (or more) vacation homes, the fast cars and who almost always gets the girl. And that's the point of success, right?

Well, maybe. The rewards of success mean different things to different people at different stages of life. So with that in mind, we approached an eclectic group of people who have reached the top of their fields and asked them to tell us what it is they *most enjoy* about their success. Freedom from worry? Live-in help? Early retirement? A spare Porsche to drive when the Mercedes is in the shop?

Their answers, a wonderful mix of materialism and philosophy, may surprise you—as well as make those late nights at the office seem more worth while.

TOM BROKAW, 44 (anchor man, *NBC Nightly News*): Luxury makes me uncomfortable. That's not to say I haven't enjoyed the fruits of success, but I found that once I could afford everything I wanted, my tastes still didn't change that much. I didn't want the ostentatious car or the French villa in the countryside. My tastes remained fundamentally the same. For instance, after the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, *(continued on page 230)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN O'LEARY

AMERICAN IN PARIS

can joan bennett, a girl from a small town in the midwest, find happiness in the city of light? are you kidding?

JOAN BENNETT stops in front of an art gallery in Chicago. In the window are several prints by Erté. The women are sophisticated, elegant, glamorous, creative. The lines are flowing, graceful. Our Miss January reflects, "You have to wonder what kind of man he is to create something like that. I love to look at women, and his women are special. I'll buy that for my apartment when I *get* an apartment." There is something about Miss January that reminds one of Erté's women. She was raised in Glen Ellyn, a small town in the flatland outside Chicago. She is tough ("I can sing, dance and box. I hate a man who treats women as inferiors, who takes advantage. I'll stand up and rip his lip off, just pop 'im up the nose"). She is a street fighter. She entered a bikini contest at Mother's, a Chicago club, to earn money to put together a portfolio of photographs. John Casablancas, the head of Elite models, saw her and offered her a job. The next thing she knew, she was flying to France and Germany, with the beginning of a career as an international model. And that's where the comparison to Erté's women comes in. It's as though she belongs in Paris. "Glen Ellyn was always the same. I thought there should be more to life than traditional sex, going to college, finding a rich husband and ending up in the driver's seat of a station wagon—waking up to the sounds

We often ask Playmates to supply ideas for their picture stories. A surprising number have suggested that we do the photo session in Paris. We're talking romance. Joan wrote, "I have great friends there and lots of memories. No other city has so much charm and beautiful architecture." Turn the page for a look at her memories, magic in the making.

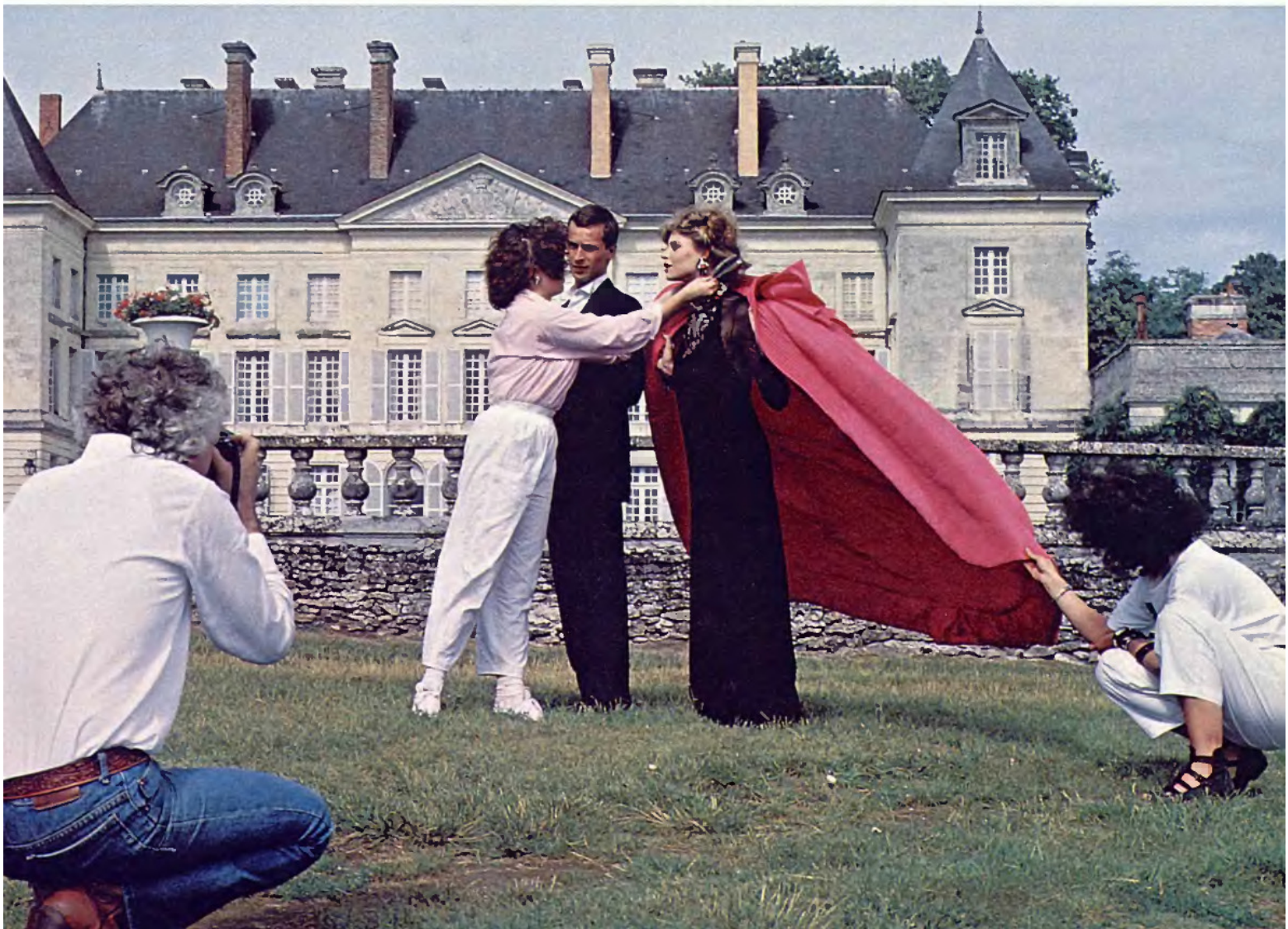
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

of kids playing with their Big Wheels every morning. I didn't want to let life go past." Less than a year after high school, Joan found herself looking for work in the cities of Europe. Every day, the agency would give her a list of "go-sees," photographers who were looking for models, and off she would go. She polished up her high school French (her mother is a French teacher) and waded in. "There I was, wearing my seven-dollar Michael Jackson watch, showing up for fashion shootings." She talks of the isolation, the adventure, the sudden passions that life overseas can lead to: "I was in a bus station, looking for something to read. The only books in English were by Roald Dahl. He's fantastic. It was like climbing onto an island of English. This trip, I discovered George Orwell. I know that he's good, that he's good even in the classroom, but I always remember books by where I read them. After the PLAYBOY shooting, I took a room in the Hôtel Le Montana, in St.-Germain-des-Prés, above the Café de Flore. Every morning, the sun floods through these ceiling-to-floor windows. I would order a room-service breakfast and read. I could hear the musicians who played at the café." Joan can talk with equal excitement

"I never unpack my suitcase," says Joan. "Everything is folded and ready to go. Last year, I traveled all over Europe. It seemed as if every few weeks I had to deal with a new apartment, new friends, new language, new money. I tend to avoid Americans overseas. I try to speak the language. I miss having deep conversations, but I get by." Below and right, she asks gendarmes for directions and shops for souvenir sketches.

Joan and Abigail Wolcott, another model (left), spend the day visiting photographers. "I love go-sees," says Joan. "You get to the most interesting parts of the city, places tourists never go. It's a bit of adventure."

It's not likely that tourists end up in the offices of French Vogue *or at the château of a marquis. Above, Joan goes over her book with* Vogue *art director Paul Wagner and head booker Daphné de Saint-Marceaux. Below, she models the 1985* haute couture *winter collection of designer Louis Féraud outside the Château de Montgeoffroy, in Anjou, France.*



"I grew up in a small town in the Midwest—the kind of place where you spent a week talking about how wild the weekend was. I like to have something new to do every night. I work out, see films, theater, friends. I like to argue. I like intensity."

"I'm very independent and restless. I don't like to stay in one place. I love to watch people, but I don't want to get to know them. I like to party with people, but I don't want to become attached to, or dependent on, anyone or anything. That's all."

about weekends in the country and the escape after a difficult shooting. She has an ear for sounds. "I spent a weekend at this spot that wasn't even on the map. It was a real break not to have to put on make-up every morning, especially when mornings began with a five-o'clock rooster crowing. I spent the days lying in the sun, listening to classical music and mooing cows. It's a nice combination." She laughs when she recalls her early social encounters. "There was a guy in Munich whose idea of a first date was going to a nude beach. I got to watch him play Frisbee with his dog. Very funny. The next day, I was sunburned in places you wouldn't believe." Being on the move makes romance difficult. "I met a fairly well-known man, and then an assignment made me leave in the middle of my feelings for him. You can't conduct a

Maybe it was the Paris light. Maybe it was the model. Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley was enthusiastic about the shooting. "Joan has a range of expression that's fantastic. She has a look that draws you right into the picture."

relationship looking at each other's pictures in magazines." Not that she will settle down any time soon. "I'll be his guest for dinner. He can wash the dishes the next morning." For the time being, Joan is committed to her career, shuttling between Chicago and Europe. Where will it end? PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley thought that Joan had more potential as an actress than any Playmate he's shot in recent years. Alas, Miss Bennett's ideas for the future don't seem to include Hollywood, unless they plan on making a *Rocky V* with a female lead and filming it in Paris. Joan recalls some of her early career plans. "Well, I took up weight lifting when I was 17, and everything was up north and firm. It was fun seeing results. I read a fascinating book on nutrition by Jane Brody. Perhaps I'll go to college and study nutrition and physical education. Maybe I'll go to college in Paris. . . ." Notice how Paris keeps coming up in the conversation? This is one girl who won't stay down on the farm.

"In high school, I was voted the senior most likely to be a PLAYBOY *centerfold. People said it could be a bad idea, but what if I turned 30 and regretted not doing it? That would be tragic. So, Glenbard West, class of '82, you'll be glad to know I didn't let you down."*

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Joan Bennett

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Joan Bennett

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 8-30-64 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago

AMBITIONS: To live a full life and be proud of what I've accomplished.

TURN-ONS: A good argument, challenges.

TURN-OFFS: Talking politics, the American legal system, paperwork & red tape.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Everything by Roald Dahl. Animal Farm & Nineteen Eighty-Four, by Orwell.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Meryl Streep, Eric Roberts, Joan Rivers.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Gymnastics.

IDEAL MAN: Artistic, goal oriented, passionate about his work & his life, genius I.Q., long hair.

SECRET FANTASY: To win the Illinois state lottery.

3 yrs.

A problem child.

10 yrs.

Not a care in the world.

17 yrs.

Thinking of the future.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

There's a great old Victor Mature movie on the *Late Show*," the girl told her boyfriend. "Shall we watch it?"

"By all means, baby," he replied, "but how about after I've had a pre-Mature ejaculation?"

When a foolhardy chap who was found in a cocktail lounge with a top Mobster's girl was also found to have a packet of condoms in his pocket, he was dumped into the harbor weighted down with rubber cement.

Singles-bar line: "I don't actually have a sailboat, but I enjoy being blown ashore."

A proper elderly English couple visiting Australia decided to hire a car to take a look at the outback. "We know it's rough country, but it's safe and decent, isn't it?" the husband inquired of the rental-agency manager. Upon being assured that it was, the couple drove off.

Later that day, they returned, upset and angry. "You said it was decent country," the Englishwoman upbraided the rental agent, "but we hadn't driven too far when we saw a man in a field copulating with a kangaroo!"

"And not too long after that," complained her husband, "a one-legged aborigine leaning against a tree by the side of the road grinningly waved at us with one hand while he brazenly masturbated himself with the other!"

"Guv'nor," responded the Aussie, "yer wouldn't expect a poor bugger like that, with only one leg, to catch a 'roo, would you?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *North Pole* as an Eskimo's erection.

Said a cocksman named Quick with a snigger,
As his pecker grew bigger and bigger:
"If I slipped in your slit
With my tip on your clit,
I'd describe that as Quick on the trigger!"

My husband never has time for sex with me," the woman complained to the marital counselor. "He's a Nobel Prize winner, and he's away a lot making trips to some special kind of bank."

It was truly a strange medical case. During a badminton tournament at a nudist camp, the impact of a viciously smashed shuttlecock effectively neutered one of the male players. A publication devoted to sports medicine published an article about the freak accident. It was appropriately titled "Two Stones Killed by One Bird."

Maybe you've heard about the swishy spy whose mission was to gain the confidence of certain gay officials on the other side. He was subsequently decorated by his government for having given AIDS and discomfort to his enemy.

The classics have quite a mystique
For gay Oxford dons like McPeek,
Whose love for a hero
From Athens—young Spiro—
Involves boning up in his Greek.

My mother," the young lady told the psychiatrist with some hesitation, "is a . . . well . . . you know . . . a madam."

"There is no reason for you to feel ashamed," said the shrink, "about her running a mom-and-pops business."

A young couple were engaged in a highly vocal discussion at one end of the bar.

"But it's less filling," insisted the girl.

"But you must admit it tastes great," countered the young man.

"Less filling!"

"Tastes great!"

An older and quieter drinker shook his head at the bartender. "Can you imagine," he remarked, "getting that excited about the merits of one of those light beers?"

"About a beer?" responded the barman, who had just moved back from the area of the animated discussion. "What those two are arguing about is oral sex."

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.*

"Winslow, if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen!"

FREAKS AND THE AMERICAN IDEAL OF MANHOOD

TO BE ANDROGYNOUS, *Webster's* informs us, is to have both male and female characteristics. This means that there is a man in every woman and a woman in every man. Sometimes this is recognized only when the chips are, brutally, down—when there is no longer any way to avoid this recognition. But love between a man and a woman, or love between any two human beings, would not be possible did we not have available to us the spiritual resources of both sexes.

To be androgynous does not imply both male and female sexual equipment, which is the state, uncommon, of the hermaphrodite. However, the existence of the hermaphrodite reveals, in intimidating exaggeration, the truth concerning every human being—which is why the hermaphrodite is called a freak. The human being does not, in general, enjoy being intimidated by what he/she finds in the mirror.

The hermaphrodite, therefore, may make his/her living in side shows or brothels, whereas the merely androgynous are running banks or filling stations or maternity wards, churches, armies or countries.

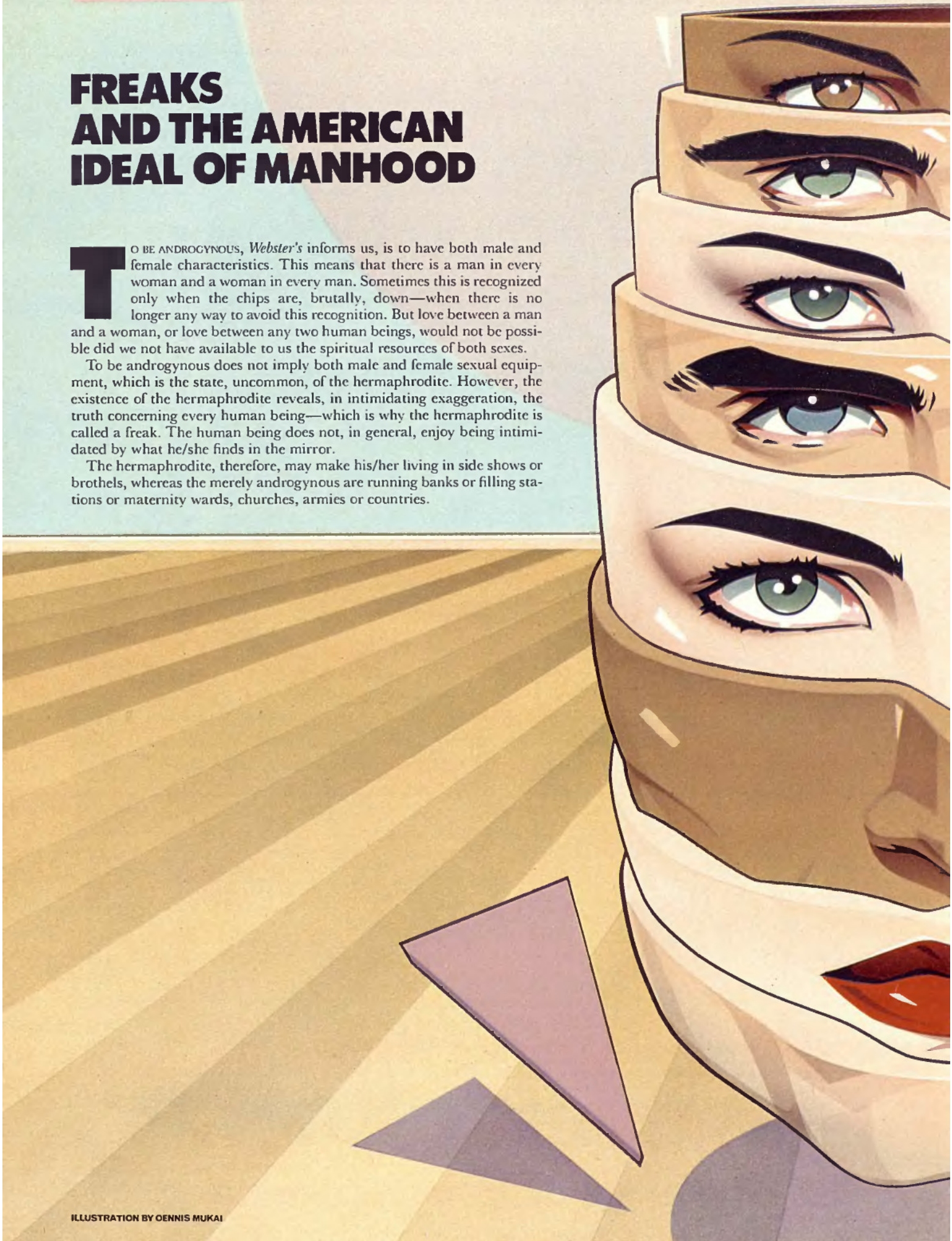
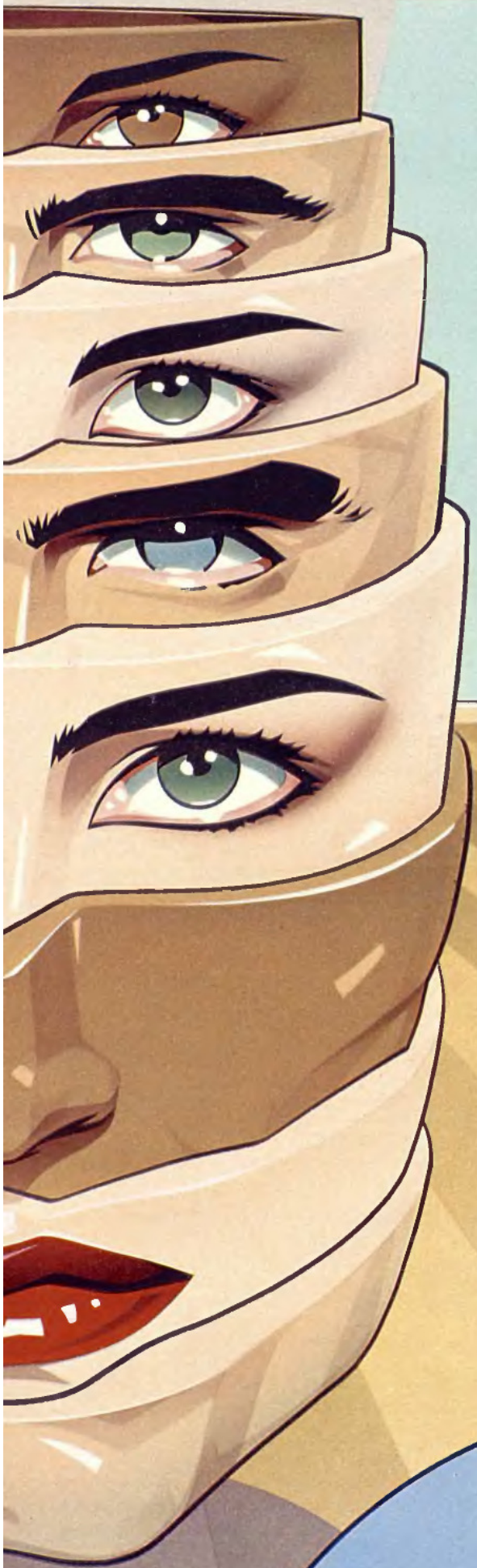


ILLUSTRATION BY OENNIS MUKAI



the shortest distance
to sexual identity
isn't always a straight line

essay **By JAMES BALDWIN**

The last time you had a drink, whether you were alone or with another, you were having a drink with an androgynous human being; and this is true for the last time you broke bread or, as I have tried to suggest, the last time you made love.

There seems to be a vast amount of confusion in the Western world concerning these matters, but love and sexual activity are not synonymous: Only by becoming inhuman can the human being pretend that they are. The mare is not obliged to love the stallion, nor is the bull required to love the cow. They are doing what comes naturally.

But this by no means sums up the state or the possibilities of the human being in whom the awakening of desire fuels imagination and in whom imagination fuels desire. In other words, it is not possible for the human being to be as simple as a stallion or a mare, because the human imagination is perpetually required to examine, control and redefine reality, of which we must assume ourselves to be the center and the key. Nature and revelation are perpetually challenging each *(continued on page 192)*

20 QUESTIONS: DIANE LANE

the actress we've watched grow up onscreen discusses sex, good advice and the men's room at the hard rock café

It was easy for America to fall in love with actress Diane Lane when, at the age of 13, she made her screen debut opposite Laurence Olivier in "A Little Romance." Both the infatuation and Diane have since grown, as she has filled out more mature teenage roles in such films as "The Outsiders," "Rumble Fish," "Six Pack" and the sartorially memorable "Streets of Fire." Now she co-stars with Richard Gere in Francis Coppola's controversial "The Cotton Club." Contributing Editor David Rensin met with Lane in New York. Says Rensin, "There are 19-year-olds and there are 19-year-olds. Diane Lane is definitely both."

1.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to be when you grew up?

LANE: When I was eight, I drew a picture of myself as I aspired to be. I was wearing a sexy, floor-length gown with a slit and spaghetti straps. I had a great figure, and I was standing on a pedestal. I had a glass in my hand and I was making a toast. People were throwing flowers; there were roses all over the floor. I pictured myself still young and good-looking by the time I was successful. I wanted to think that by the time I had arrived, I wouldn't need a face lift. Of course, when I drew the picture, I didn't even have bee stings for breasts. But I was already asking my mom, "Can you see what I'm going to look like when I'm older?" I felt like the ugly duckling—who would one day become the swan.

2.

PLAYBOY: Are you surprised by the way your looks have changed?

LANE: I am relieved to look the way I do now. The flesh does hang well off my bones. And I don't exercise. I haven't yet reached that point where I'm saying, "If I could only suck in my thighs, I'd be happy." You can suck in your stomach but not your thighs. But I also know that pretty soon I'm going to have to earn it and work on it so that my ass stays where it is. I don't want to have it drop when I hit 22.

3.

PLAYBOY: You were on the cover of *Time* when you were 14 years old. How did that change your life?

LANE: I didn't know I was going to be on the cover until the day the issue came out. I hit the subway that morning and saw my face. I freaked. The newspaper guy was having a hoot, though, handing magazines over to my mom and me—piles of them.

Actually, being on the cover impressed me. I wondered, What did I do right? It must be in the stars. Thank God it happened, because no one had ever heard of me before. I thought they'd use Tatum O'Neal or Jodie Foster or a montage of faces. But when I saw my face there, it sort of brought *Time* down to my level. I thought, Gee. Me and President Carter.

4.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Laurence Olivier in *A Little Romance*, the film that put you on the *Time* cover. What did you learn from the experience?

LANE: I knew that I had to *keep* working. You don't just do a film with Olivier and not follow it up. Besides, everyone was saying, "Boy, you have this amazing career in front of you. How promising." Working with Olivier also did something for my self-image. I'd seen *Hamlet* on PBS late at night when I was 11. My dad said, "Stay up and watch it. It's very important." And I'm glad I did. So, later, to be able to sit in a room and have a conversation with Olivier was unbelievable.

5.

PLAYBOY: If you could, what man would you like to trade places with for one day?

LANE: Obviously, the guy I was involved with. I'd want to know what he thought of me. You know, think of making love to another body from the other perspective. You could guarantee an orgasm. The beginning and the end of sex are in your hands. [*Pauses*] Hmm. Who *would* I pick? Not my dad. Not any actor I'd worked with. Maybe Coppola. [*Laughs*] I'd do it because I want to know all his dark secrets. He's got such a wide-scope life. He produces films, finances them, is a great chef, has a great wife, family and home, a vineyard. He knows how to do everything. I'd like to know what it feels like to have had all those achievements.

6.

PLAYBOY: Much was written about the not-so-behind-the-scenes struggles during the filming of *The Cotton Club*, which Coppola directed. What did the press miss?

LANE: Suck it out of me with a syringe! OK. There was a real feeling of alienation for everybody, which was surprising. It was such a rich film that I thought it would require a similar richness from those involved. I never got the feeling that I was connected to what was going on—and it wasn't just me. Of course, it didn't help that you didn't know what was going to happen in the next five minutes. Neither did the publicity. It made everyone step back and lapse into his own perspective *while* we were making the film.

In my role, I wanted very much to be—it sounds strange—momma. I wanted to be nurturing to the environment in any way I could and not leave my character [Vera Cicero] behind. I usually don't work that way, staying with the character all day. But I wanted to be nurturing—to Francis, to Richard [Gere], even to people in the hallways; to make an effort to give something, even if it was vulgar humor. This film was particularly thick.

7.

PLAYBOY: You were acting at the age of seven in classic stage tragedies, whose protagonists usually have one tragic flaw. What's yours?

LANE: Shall I run through a list? A recurring theme—though it's not written in stone—is that I have such high expectations of other people that I'm perpetually disappointed. Also, one day, after I've lived a full life as an attractive woman, I'll arrive at a place where I may not be what I once was in terms of my ability to attract someone *I* want—though I hope to get it all taken care of before I get there. I guess I consider it tragic that I'm going to age like everyone else. There's something going on now in my looks that I want to preserve.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer garter belts or panty hose?

LANE: It depends on the person for whom I disrobe.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice you've ever gotten about men from a man?

LANE: My dad has said a lot of things to me. We're very tight. In fact, I've said a lot of things to him about women. But I remember the time I didn't know how to break up with my boyfriend and I asked Francis Coppola for advice. He had a daughter who was going to be my age any minute, and I figured it would be good practice for him. Besides, he *is* very paternal with me, and we talk a lot about real life. He said, "Let him off the hook. Let him think that you're a bad person—if that's what he *(continued on page 276)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY E. J. CAMP

GLITZ

detective mora was taking r&r in puerto rico—and it was turning into a goddamn busman's holiday

fiction **By ELMORE LEONARD**

ISIDRO LOVED this guy Teddy. He was Mr. Tourist, every taxi driver's dream. The kind who not only wants to see everything in the guidebook, he wants the same driver every day, because he trusts him and believes whatever the driver tells him. Like he wants the driver to approve of him.

This Teddy bought souvenirs he sent to his mother in New Jersey. He wrote postcards and sent them to a guy in Florida, an address with a lot of numbers. He sat in the front seat of the taxi, saying, "What's that? What's that?" His camera ready. Isidro would tell him, that's La Perla. Yes, people live down there in those little houses. . . . That's San Cristóbal, that's Fortaleza, Plaza de Colón. . . .

"What's that? With the bars on the windows?"

"Tha' was the old jail of the city, call' La Princesa. But now the jail is in Bayamón." Isidro had to stop so Teddy could take pictures of the entrance, like it was a historical place.

"That used to be the jail, 'ey?"

He always said that, not "hey"; he said, " 'ey." He was interested in everything he saw. "The *policía* drive black-and-whites, 'ey? Most towns in the States, I think our *policía* drive black-and-whites, too." He took pictures along the narrow streets of Old San Juan. He took pictures of the Caribe Hilton and pictures of the liquor store that was in a building down the street. Strange? A liquor store. He took pictures of the old Normandie Hotel, nearby, that once looked like a ship but was closed now, decaying. A block from this hotel was the Escambrón public beach. As soon as the tourist saw it, it became his favorite place in San Juan.

It wasn't a tourist place. Isidro said, "You want the most beautiful beach, we go to Isla Verde." No, he liked this one. OK. Isidro believed it was because of the young girls in their bathing suits. The tourist would fix a long lens to his camera and photograph the girls discreetly, without *(continued on page 180)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM BUCKELS

PLAYBOY'S BLOOPERS, BONERS AND F**K-UPS

join the playmates for a trip down memory lane—but look out for banana peels

Above, 1981 Playmate of the Year Terri Welles knows she's number one. Miss October 1976, Hope Olson (inset), smiles; Patti McGuire (November '76) tires (below right); and (below) Gig Gongel (January '80) bites Kym Herrin (March '81).

AFTER Warren Beatty, John Derek and Hef, the PLAYBOY photographer is probably the most envied man alive. He wakes up, kisses whomever, packs his aluminum suitcase and heads for the studio, where this month's Playmate is busy undressing, figuring out how best to impress him in her birthday suit. There may be a shortage of family doctors and bomb defusers, but we could start an employment agency with the guys who send letters every month—sheepish grins between the lines—saying, "Hey, you wouldn't happen to need another shootist, would you?" We wish we could hire them all, but there are only so many cameras in America. That's why we are presenting the collection of goofs you see here—to prove the life of a PLAYBOY photographer isn't all glamor and gratification. Though it is, we'll have to admit, almost always fun.

Miss Sweet Tooth (a.k.a. Miss February 1973, Cyndi Wood) snatches o little cotton candy. Above, January '82 Playmate Kimberly McArthur does the curly shuffle in kneepads—she'll be *posing* on her knees. Below, current Playmate Joon Bennett and o lucky local window washer.

Below: The cat with Missy Cleveland (April '79) gave up eight lives for this. Farther below: Cathy St. George (August '82) and Suzi Schott (August '84) mug for our Japanese edition, which can't show pubic hair.

Except for Miss May 1982, Kym Malin (left), who gat puckish, not tuckered, the girls will tell you thot our photographers' expertise left them all ogope. To the right—o veiled look from our December 1981 Playmate, Patricio Forinelli. Sleepwalking clockwise from Potti, you'll find Marlene Jonssen (November '82), Linda Rhys Vaughn (April '82), Kym Herrin, Potricia McCloin (May '76) ond Cathy St. George. And these are just o few examples of the excitement that rages through our photo sessions.

Phallic Object Department: At the upper left, we have Miss January 1976, Daina House, innacently revving up a candle far an elegant crystal-and-tableclath shot. Funny thing, thaugh—when she started, it was a birthday candle. Abave, an exciting but exhausting new way ta raw your boat gently down the stream, compliments af Miss February 1975, Laura Misch. Laura's was one of our more expensive Playmate layauts, since she and the crew spent sa much time going around in circles. The Wanders of Farmula 409 Department: Making a clean breast af Cathy Larmauth at the upper right, Miss January 1968, Cannie Kreski (see Cathy's right breast), and a phato assistant (see Cathy's left) help Miss June 1981 put up a gaod front (see bath). This is the anly shot in this whole pictarial that was a setup. In real life, Cathy's pristine. *All* the Playmates are perfect, in fact, and the evidence is all over these pages. Not ane has ever suffered fram fatigue, exhibitianism ar even waxy build-up.

All thase wha can name the lady to our immediate right without reading farther, repart to aur affices for yaur lie-detector test. It taak sa long far us to match that floral pattern to the matchless Sheila Mullen that now we're the ones hiding our heads. Laak up the rest af Sheila in our May 1977 issue—you'll be amazed that the woman ever wanted ta caver her upper half. One af aur mast striking Playmates ever is the 5'10" Shannon Tweed (far right). A graceful, dignified Canadian, "Bass" Tweed became our Playmate af the Month in Navember 1981, then reigned as 1982's Playmate of the Year. "I really had always wanted to be a Playmate," she tald a PLAYBOY writer at the time. "Every girl's fantasy is to become the mast beautiful, desired woman in the warld."

That's Miss May 1984, Patty Duffek, at the upper left, testing for a role in *Attack of the Killer Oranges*. Abave, July 1982 Playmate Lynda Wiesmeier keeps a watch on the rind and lets the seeds fall where they may, while the aforementioned Miss Malin (left) takes advantage af the lift pravided by her favorite straight-backed chair. We *told* yau it was cald, Kym. At the lower left, Daina Hause returns. Playmates seldom use obscene gestures; Daina was probably just pointing out a bird.

With a smirk and gesture à la hubby Jimmy Connors, Patti McGuire (left) gets Mr. Bubble started. Below, Miss June 197B, Gail Stanton, shaws her warm feeling for our photographer, wha had trouble focusing on the jab at hand.

Even *Splash* fans know that Daryl Hannah has nothing on Shannan Tweed (above). Shannon, that Atlantis-deco set cost olmost as much as your Porsche. And you spit on it. Still, we can't look crasswise at such a pretty face (inset). Now we've come full circle, from nose-picking ta eye-crossing, ta meet Ashley Cox, Miss December 1977. You've naticed the sign, of course. In this pictorial, nothing turned out right.

ONE FOR HIS LORDSHIP, AND ONE FOR THE ROAD!

his lordship set out to prove that you can take it with you. and the locals didn't like it one bit

fiction **By RAY BRADBURY**

SOMEONE'S BORN, and it may take the best part of a day for the news to ferment, percolate or otherwise circumnavigate the Irish meadows to the nearest town and the dearest pub, which is Heeber Finn's.

But let someone die and a whole symphonic band lifts in the fields and hills. The grand ta-ta slams across the country to ricochet off the pub slates and shake the drinkers to calamitous cries for more.

So it was this hot summer day. The pub was no sooner opened, aired and mobbed than Finn, at the door, saw a dust flurry up the road.

"That's Doone," muttered Finn.

Doone was the local anthem sprinter, fast at getting out of cinemas ahead of the damned national tune and swift at bringing news.

"And the news is bad," murmured Finn, "it's *that* fast he's running!"

"Ha!" cried Doone, as he leaped across the sill. "It's done, and he's dead!"

The mob at the bar turned.

Doone enjoyed his moment of triumph, making them wait.

"Ah, God, here's a drink. Maybe that'll make you talk!"

Finn shoved a glass into Doone's waiting paw. Doone wet his whistle and arranged the facts.

"Himself," he gasped at last. "Lord Kilgotten. Dead. And not an hour past!"

"Ah, God," said one and all quietly. "Bless the old man. A sweet nature. A dear chap."

For Lord Kilgotten had wandered their fields, pastures, barns and this bar all the years of their lives. His departure was like the Normans' rowing back to France or the damned Brits' pulling out of Bombay.

"A fine man," said Finn, drinking to the memory, "even though he *did* spend two weeks a year in London."

"How old was he?" asked Brannigan. "Eighty-five? Eighty-eight? We thought we might have buried him long since."

"Men like that," said Doone, "God has

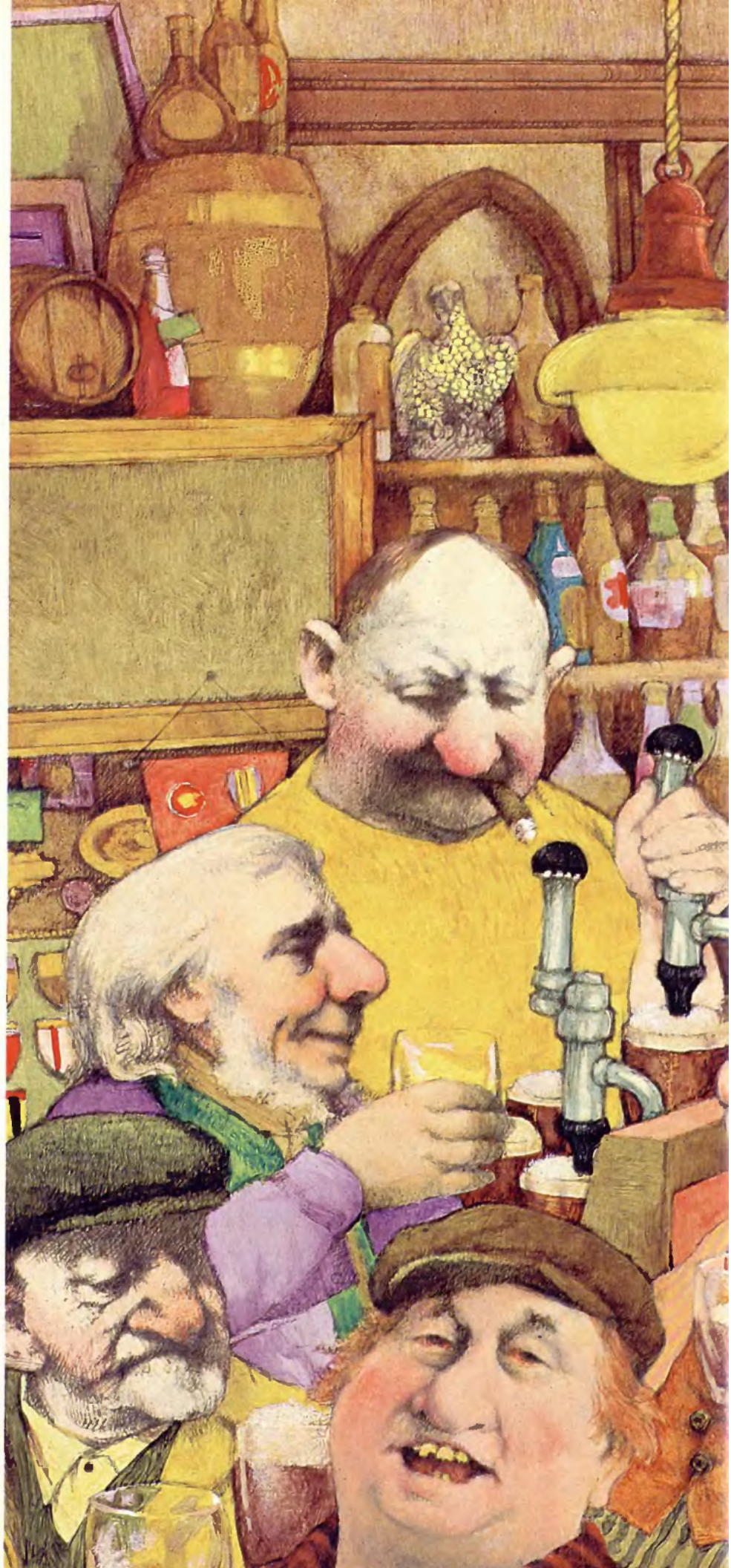
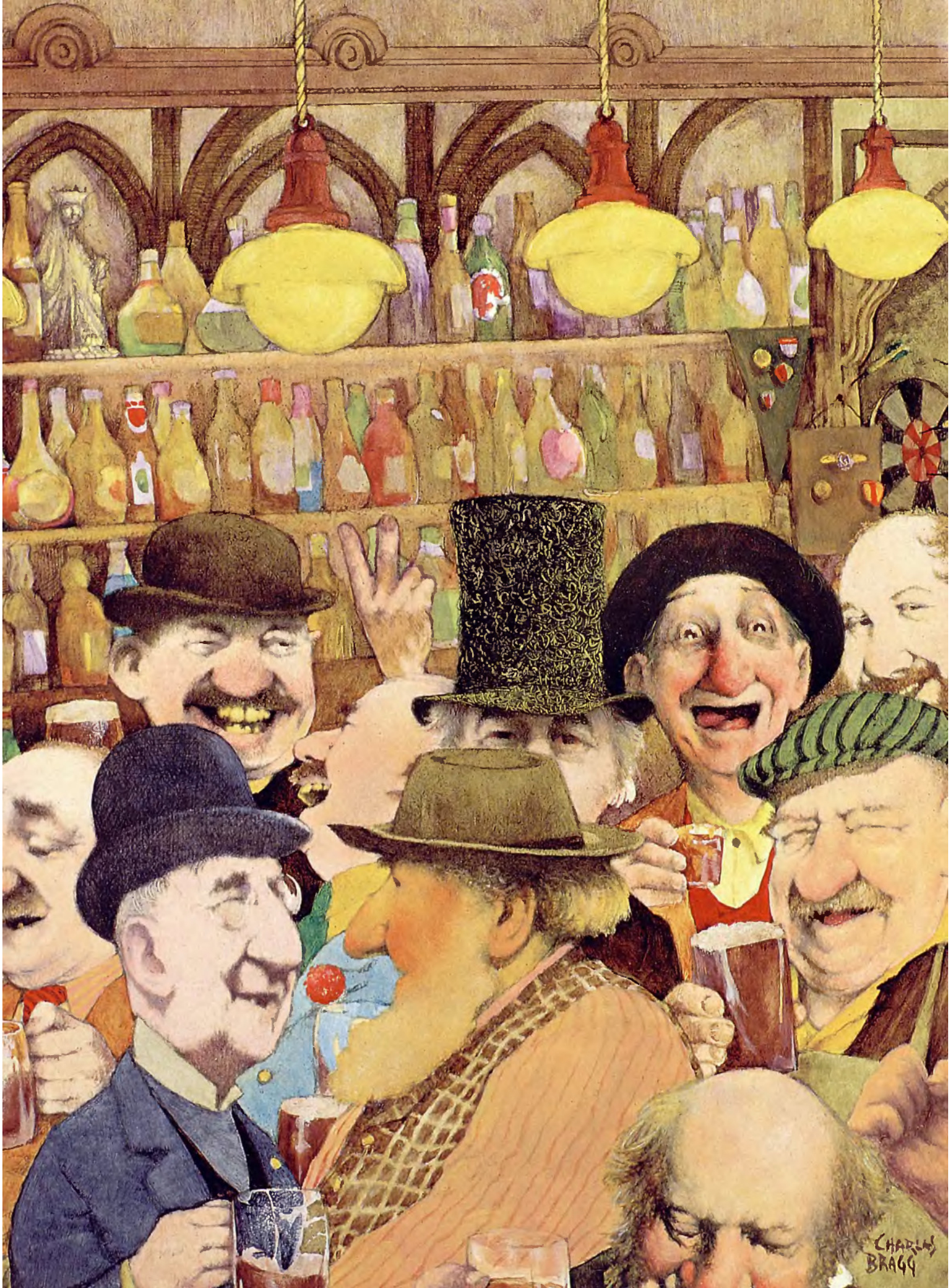


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRAGG


CHARLES
BRAGG

to hit with an ax to scare them off the place. Paris, now; we thought that might have slain him, years past, but no. Drink; that should have drowned him, but he swam for the shore, no, no. It was that teeny bolt of lightning in the field's midst, an hour ago, and him under the tree picking strawberries with his nineteen-year-old secretary lady."

"Jesus," said Finn. "There's no strawberries this time of year. It was *her* hit him with a bolt of fever. Burned to a crisp!"

That fired off a 21-gun salute of laughs that hushed itself down when they considered the subject and when more townfolk arrived to bless Himself.

"I wonder," mused Heeber Finn at last, in a voice that would make the Valhalla gods sit still at table and not scratch, "I wonder. What's to become of all that wine? The wine, that is, that Lord Kilgotten has stashed in barrels and bins, by the quarts and the tuns, by the scores and precious thousands in his cellars and attics and, who knows, under his bed."

"Aye," said everyone, stunned, suddenly remembering. "Aye. Sure. *What?*"

"It has been left, no doubt, to some damn Yank drift-about cousin or nephew, corrupted by Rome, driven mad by Paris, who'll jet in tomorrow, who'll seize and drink, grab and run, and Kilcock and us left beggared and buggered on the road behind!" said Doone, all in one breath.

"Aye." Their voices, like muffled dark velvet drums, marched toward the night. "Aye."

"There *are* no relatives!" said Finn. "No dumb Yank nephews or dim-wit nieces falling out of gondolas in Venice but swimming this way. I have made it my business to know."

Finn waited. It was his moment now. All stared. All leaned to hear his mighty proclamation.

"Why not, I been thinking, if Kilgotten, by God, left all ten thousand bottles of Burgundy and Bordeaux to the citizens of the loveliest town in Eire? To *us*!"

There was an antic uproar of comment on this, cut across when the front-door flaps burst wide and Finn's wife, who rarely visited the sty, stepped in, glared around and snapped:

"Funeral's in an hour!"

"An hour?" cried Finn. "Why, he's only just cold——"

"Noon's the time," said the wife, growing taller the more she looked at this dreadful tribe. "The doc and the priest have just come from the Place. Quick funerals was His Lordship's will. 'Uncivilized!' said Father Kelly, 'and no hole dug!'

" 'But there *is*!' said the doc. 'Hanrahan was supposed to die yesterday but took on a fit of mean and survived the night. I treated and treated him, but the man persists! Meanwhile, there's his hole, unfilled. Kilgotten can have it, dirt and headstone.' All's invited. Move your bums!"

The double-swing doors whiffled shut. The mystic woman was gone.

"A funeral!" cried Doone, prepared to sprint.

"No!" Finn beamed. "Get out. Pub's closed. A *wake*!"

•

"Even Christ," gasped Doone, mopping the sweat from his brow, "wouldn't climb down off the cross to walk on a day like this."

"The heat," said Mulligan, "*is* intolerable."

Coats off, they trudged up the hill, past the Kilgotten gatehouse, to encounter the town priest, Father Padraic Kelly, doing the same. He had all but his collar off and was beet-faced in the bargain.

"It's hell's own day," he agreed, "*none* of us will keep!"

"Why all the rush?" said Finn, matching fiery stride for stride with the holy man. "I smell a rat. What's up?"

"Aye," said the priest. "There *was* a secret codicil in the will——"

"I *knew* it!" said Finn.

"What?" asked the crowd, fermenting close behind in the sun.

"It would have caused a riot if it got out" was all Father Kelly would say, his eyes on the graveyard gates. "You'll find out at the penultimate moment."

"Is that the moment before or the moment after the end, Father?" asked Doone innocently.

"Ah, you're so dumb you're pitiful," sighed the priest. "Get your ass through that gate. Don't fall in the hole!"

Doone did just that. The others followed, their faces assuming a darker tone as they passed through. The sun, as if to observe this, moved behind a cloud, and a sweet breeze came up for some moment of relief.

"There's the hole." The priest nodded. "Line up on both sides of the path, for God's sake, and fix your ties, if you have one, and check your flies, above all. Let's run a nice show for Kilgotten, and here he *comes*!"

And here, indeed, came Lord Kilgotten, in a box carried on the planks of one of his farm wagons, a simple, good soul, to be sure, and behind that wagon, a procession of other vehicles, cars, trucks that stretched half down the hill in the now once-more-piercing light.

"What a procession!" cried Finn.

"I never seen the like!" cried Doone.

"Shut up," said the priest politely.

"My God," said Finn. "Do you see the *coffin*?"

"We see, Finn, we *see*!" gasped all.

For the coffin, trundling by, was beautifully wrought, finely nailed together with silver and gold nails; but the special strange wood of it? Plankings from wine crates, staves from boxes that had sailed from France only to collide and sink in Lord Kilgotten's cellars!

A storm of exhalations swept the men from Finn's Pub. They toppled on their heels. They seized one another's elbows.

"*You* know the words, Finn," whispered Doone. "Tell us the *names*!"

Finn eyed the coffin made of vintage shipping crates and at last exhaled:

"Pull out my tongue and jump on it. Look! There's Château Lafite-Rothschild, Nineteen seventy. Châteauneuf-du-Pape, 'Sixty-eight! Upside down, *that* label, Le Corton! Downside up: La Lagune! What style, my God, what class! I wouldn't so much mind being buried in burned-stamp-labeled wood like that myself!"

"I wonder," mused Doone, "can he *read* the labels from *inside*?"

"Put a sock in it," muttered the priest, "here comes the *rest*!"

If the body in the box was not enough to pull clouds over the sun, this second arrival caused an even greater ripple of uneasiness to oil the sweating men.

"It was as if," Doone recalled later, "someone had slipped, fallen in the grave, broken an ankle and *spoiled* the afternoon for everyone!"

For the last part of the procession was a series of cars and trucks ramshackle-loaded with French-vineyard crates and, finally, a great old brewery wagon from early Guinness days, drawn by a team of proud white horses draped in black and sweating with the surprise they drew behind.

"I will be damned," said Finn. "Lord Kilgotten's brought his own wake *with* him!"

"Hurrah!" was the cry. "What a dear soul!"

"He must've known the day would ignite a nun or kindle a priest, and our tongues on our chests!"

"Gangway! Let it pass!"

The men stood aside as all the wagons, carrying strange labels from southern France and northern Italy, making tidal sounds of bulked liquids, lumbered into the churchyard.

"Someday," whispered Doone, "we must raise a statue to Kilgotten, a philosopher of friends!"

"Pull up your socks," said the priest. "It's too soon to tell. For here comes something *worse* than an undertaker!"

"What could be worse?"

With the last of the wine wagons drawn up about the grave, a single man strode up the road, hat on, coat buttoned, cuffs properly shot, shoes polished against all reason, mustache waxed and cool, unmelted, a prim case like a lady's purse tucked under his clenched arm and about him an air of the icehouse, a thing fresh born from a snowy vault, with a tongue like an icicle, a stare like a frozen pond.

"Jesus," said Finn.

"It's a *lawyer*!" said Doone.

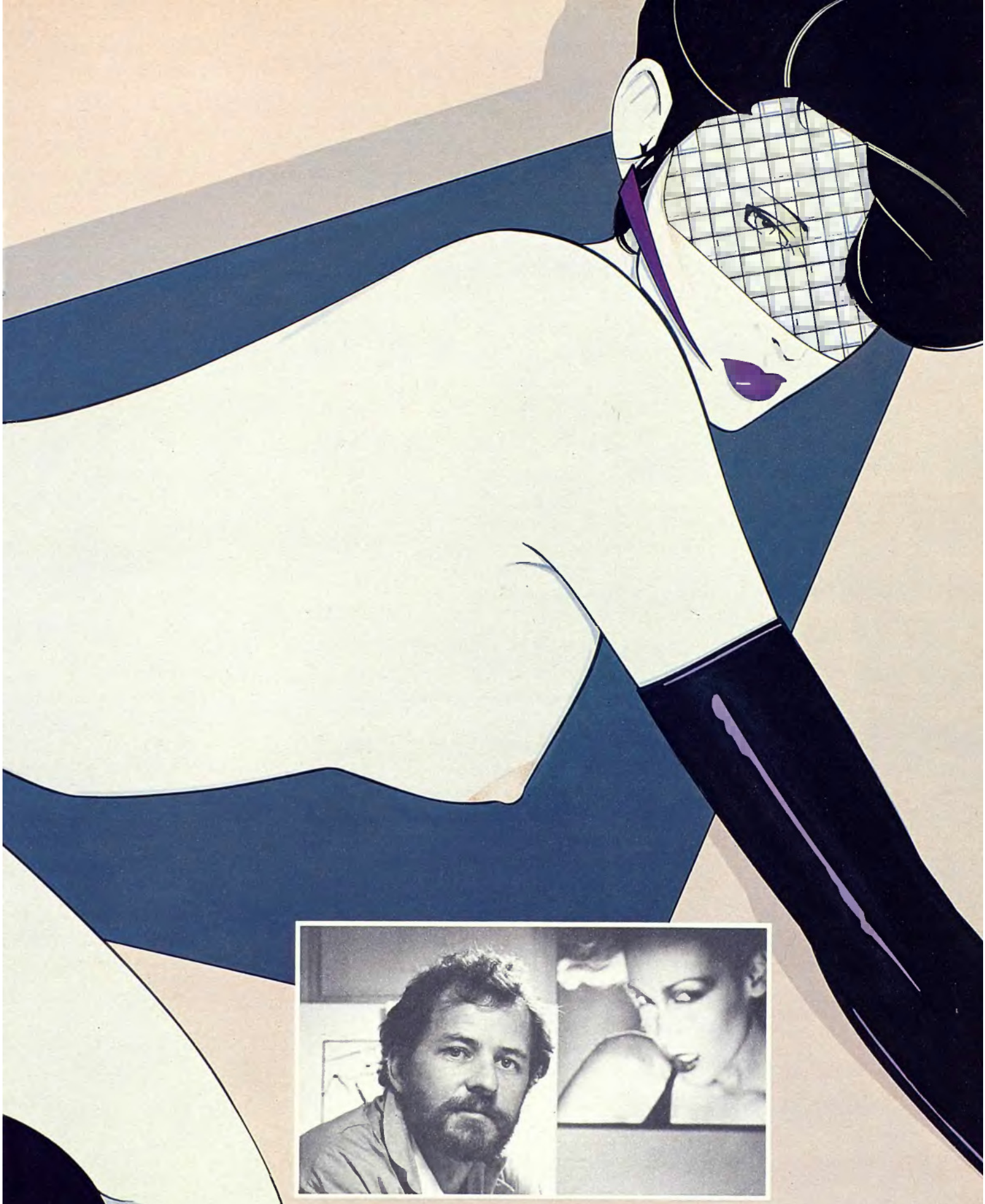
(continued on page 262)

"Now you know why I like my martinis shaken and not stirred."

Patrick Nagel

a tribute

NOT SINCE Alberto Vargas has an artist so captured the sensuous in lines so simple as did Patrick Nagel, who died last February at the age of 38. Every piece he created showed the same love of women. Every image had an unmistakable edge that took it out of the arena of minor illustration into the eternal. Nagel influenced a generation of illustrators.



Pat Nagel was a loyal friend and a valued member of the PLAYBOY family. As one staffer recalls, "He was taller and nicer than you had imagined him to be, a gentle genius. He did what he did because he loved it." We miss him. We miss his art.

Nagel's illustrations first appeared in PLAYBOY in 1974. His drawings of elegant, erotic women originally graced the pages of *Playboy After Hours* but soon appeared in *The Playboy Advisor*, *The Playboy Forum* and as accompaniments to major pieces of fiction and nonfiction as well. He created a look for the Eighties, one that combined the free-and-easy openness of West Coast design with the classical style of art deco. The images were oddly cropped, as in some Japanese prints. The figures were sophisticoted, simple, stark and ultimately seductive.

Public reaction to Nagel's work was immediate. His career was in the ascendant. He was fast becoming a superstar. His work had been exhibited in galleries from coast to coast. Prints hung in The Louvre, the White House and the Smithsonian. He had done work for other magazines (*Harper's, Architectural Digest, Palm Springs Life*). He had done portraits of such famous women as Joan Collins. Shortly before he died, we asked him to create a special portfolio of erotic-fantasy images. We present them here as a final gift to our readers. Thanks, Pat.

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE TODAY

ever wished you had a "cliff notes" to women's colleges? now, thanks to playboy, you do

compiled by **SETH RACHLIN and GEORGE VAN HOOMISSEN**

IN THE old days (you know, the late Fifties), hardly a man graduated from college without having made at least one road trip. Back then, there were more than 200 girls' schools around the country, and college men used their precious weekends to visit them all—to chart unknown courses, visit new locales and return relaxed, invigorated and full of stories.

Then something happened. Men got lazy or distracted. Girls' schools became "women's institutions." Road trips, once a way of life, became a rarity. Many of you, we'll wager, have never *been* to a girls' school. God knows what you're doing instead.

But you're not the only one who has suffered from the decline of road tripping. Girls' schools have felt it as well. Many have closed or gone coed. Where they still exist, their students wistfully recall the days when men showed up in packs for the weekend. They miss the time when a Saturday-night fire drill would find scores of men outside a dorm wearing nothing but boxer shorts and sheepish looks.

It's not too late, though. Sure, things have changed. All the road tripping in the world won't get rid of the guys now at Skidmore. But you *can* do your part to make the women at those schools happier just by paying them a visit.

There's a girls' school out there for everybody. We know—we visited most of them (purely for research, of course) when we wrote our book *Where the Girls Are Today*. We are happy to report that we met such a diversity of women that we're sure any red-blooded male can find a girl who meets his fancy. Whether you're looking for a prodigy who speaks 12 languages or for a future horse trainer, you'll find her. And whatever you're looking for, remember the one thing *all* the women at these schools have in common: They want to meet men. That's where you come in.

The accompanying chart will make road tripping as easy as getting into the car and paying the tolls. At PLAYBOY's request, we rated schools across the country on everything from locale and visiting hours to the girls' friendliness and your competition. Then, at the bottom of each column, we gave the school an over-all score. This single digit represents many man-hours of devoted and selfless research: A 4 is a place we'd like to roll up to late some Friday night; 3 holds promise; 2's, well, company; and a 1 means take books along. Of course, your luck may vary. But whatever happens, we know you'll give it the old college try.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVE CALVER

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GIRLS'

REGION	WEST		MIDWEST			
WHERE AND HOW MANY	MILLS COLLEGE Oakland, California 787 students	MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE Los Angeles, California 900 students	ALVERNO COLLEGE Milwaukee, Wisconsin 800 students	COLLEGE OF SAINT CATHERINE St. Paul, Minnesota 2300 students	COLLEGE OF SAINT MARY Omaha, Nebraska 1000 students	LAKE ERIE COLLEGE Painesville, Ohio 400 students
WHAT THEY'RE THERE FOR	To attend what can rightly be called "the Stanford of all women's colleges"	Careers in nursing, physical therapy, business and law	A career in nursing, management and sundry other fields	To prepare for a Christian life in a modern world	They're out for what their brochure calls "a thousand different experiences every year."	Careers in equestrian studies
WHO THEY ARE	Girls from all over the country who want a Smithlike education, California style	Catholic girls whose free-wheeling California style is tempered by strict parents	Girls from Milwaukee and the vicinity who are not ready for the real world	Catholic Minnesota girls who don't worry if they stray from the Pope's dicta	Old-fashioned Catholic girls just like their mothers and their mothers' mothers and. . . .	Ohio residents training for careers in riding instruction, horse training and stable management
HOW TO SPOT ONE IN A CROWD	OP shorts, Vuarnets, Lacoste shirt, Nike shoes with footies	Often looks behind her to see if her parents or teachers are watching	The nurse's uniform is a dead giveaway.	Shy and a bit reserved—until they've had a few drinks	Ponytail and freckles—the wholesome Midwestern girl next door	Riding attire, with a saddle slung comfortably over her shoulder
FRIENDLINESS	Tony Bennett didn't leave his heart in San Francisco for nothing.	They may go to a strict school, but they're still Californians.	Beneath their shy exterior. . . well, we'll let you find out for yourself.	Are they friendly? Is the Pope Catholic?	Suspicious ("Why would any guy come here?") but adventurous	Horses are fun but no replacement for men.
PARTY SCENE	Casual, upbeat parties are quite frequent.	Mostly at USC and UCLA, with an occasional lame mixer at MSM	Try Campus Center, a dorm/coffeehouse/pub.	Regular school mixers and private parties in upper-class apartments	Special dances with kegs form the bulk of on-campus action.	Keep your eyes open for the monthly on-campus band parties.
PICKUP STRATEGY	A convertible	Hold still so the girls can ogle you. They do that here.	Be slow and patient. These girls are easily frightened.	Talk about how much you love kids and can't wait to have your own.	Look as if you eat lots of Wonder bread.	Subtly scope out the action while pretending to read the *Racing Form*.
SUGGESTED LINE	"How do you feel about pre-extramarital sex?"	"Look, if we get caught, I'll take responsibility for everything."	"It won't hurt. I promise."	"What's your position on missionaries?"	"Have you had your experience yet this year?"	"Do you ride Western or English?"
THE COMPETITION	Bleeding-heart liberals, Communists, Sixties relics and gays can get a trifle boring.	USC and UCLA frat guys	Men from Milwaukee School of Engineering and U of Wisconsin	Nearby Saint Thomas recently went coed, doubling the loneliness factor.	If you call a few male nursing students competition, you need our remedial road-tripping course.	Has four legs. There are also occasional visits from Case Western Reserve engineers.
RULES	If there are any, the girls haven't been told about them.	Fairly strict, but some girls like to see just how far they can go.	Applaud the coffeehouse singers no matter how bad they are.	They're letting their hair down. It's now known as Saint Kate's.	Rules rigidly enforced and unforgiving	Very liberal for a Midwestern school
ACCOMMODATIONS	Spacious rooms are available.	Guys OK in dorms till nine P.M. Take a tent.	Guys out by 1:30, or else	Visiting hours are getting more relaxed.	No men in dorms—officially.	Male visitors can stay only three days.
ALCOHOL	You'll have bigger things on your mind.	A dry campus even when it rains	Drinking age: 19 for Wisconsinites, 21 for outsiders	Restrictions recently abolished	Only for Communion and special dances	The girls do their fair share of drinking.
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES	Oldest girls' school on the West Coast	Mom's Saloon, a bar near campus, attracts a large crowd.	The Park Avenue night club in Milwaukee is an Alverno hot spot.	In St. Paul, try the Club, the Oz and Plum's Wednesdays and Fridays.	Omaha bars: The Oak Creek, Clancye's and El Hombre	Big Chuck's, the place to be, is the campus pub.
RATING	3	2	2	3	2	2

SCHOOLS *from coast to coast, your best bets for continuing education*

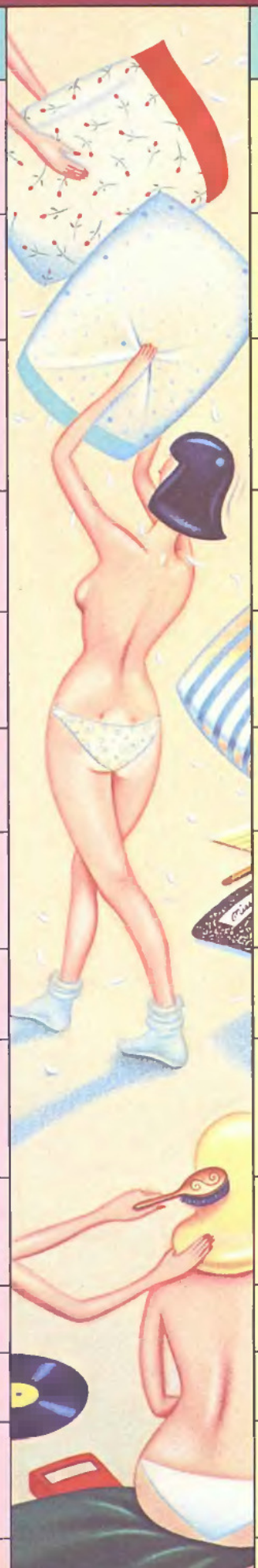
SOUTH

BRENAU COLLEGE Gainesville, Georgia 800 students	CONVERSE COLLEGE Spartanburg, South Carolina 800 students	HOLLINS COLLEGE Hollins, Virginia 870 students	MIDWAY COLLEGE Midway, Kentucky 330 students	MISSISSIPPI UNIVERSITY FOR WOMEN Columbus, Mississippi 1331 students	SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE Sweet Briar, Virginia 700 students
To learn something and have a good time while doing it	To study liberal arts, education or music between parties	To get a good education, Southern style	To pursue nursing or equine studies	To get the benefits of a state school—without men	To develop in a manner befitting the quintessential Southern belle
Georgians whose laid-back attitude belies the stereotype of the Southern belle	Southern girls who would rather drink beer than tea	A mix of Southerners, foreign students, even a few Yankees	Down-home Kentucky types—as if there were any other kind	Extremely social Southern women, many of whom were or wanted to be debutantes	The cream of Southern society
Looks like your basic belle, with a few holes in her jeans	Textbook in one hand, beer in the other	Listen for a cute Southern accent speaking French to her friends.	She stands out from all the town folks—on purpose.	Look for packs of loud, talkative women who are all close friends.	Look for pearls, skirts and effusive cuteness.
In the words of a Brenau girl, "Y'all come and see us sometime."	Nobody likes drinking alone.	One of them sent us a Christmas card. Need we say more?	If you're not a townie, it's real friendly.	Most girls here have more best friends than you have teeth.	Nice to people they know. To others, it depends.
The sororities have nonalcoholic mixers. Beer blowouts in nearby parks	Wednesdays and Thursdays are pub nights. Friday and Saturday dances	Lots oncampus. Check out Friday nights at the pub.	Informal parties are held in the parking lot of the Belle Wisdom dorm.	14 social clubs. Several have parties or dances every weekend.	Huge blowouts in the gym once a month. Pub happy hour Friday nights
Be real friendly, like the Shell Answer Man.	Take a Frisbee during the afternoon.	Pretend you're from France.	Look as if you don't know your way around.	Look as if your sister were a deb. It doesn't matter if you don't have a sister. Pretend.	Speak with a drawl and confess to owning a plantation or two.
"How y'all doing?"	"Hi."	"*Ou est la salle de bain?*"	"This parking-lot business is fun. How about a drive-in?"	"So you just met me. What difference does that make?"	"Want to go riding at my ranch?"
The nearest frats are a full hour away. What a pity.	Nearby Wofford College used to be all-male. Now that it's coed, things are picking up.	Enough girls aren't into the Southern social scene to keep you happy.	Townies don't get the hint that they're not welcome here.	Guys from a nearby air base are there to serve and protect, but they're critically understaffed.	The all-male Southern colleges—Hampden-Sydney and Washington and Lee—are a force.
The weekends begin on Thursdays.	You can't transfer here.	Southern hospitality is the only rule.	You really have to *care* who wins the Kentucky Derby.	Certain things are done; others are simply not. Use your judgment.	With so much etiquette, who needs rules?
Guys can't be in rooms past nine P.M. Sorry.	Out by midnight. Every silver lining has a cloud.	23½-hour visitation beats attack dogs at midnight.	Visiting till nine, midnight on weekends	Men don't spend the night—in most cases.	Visiting hours to three A.M. on weekends.
None on campus	Converse is a party school by anyone's standards.	Officially, 21, but nobody seems to care.	No booze allowed in dorms	Age 18 for beer, 21 for liquor. Beer served at parties	Beer 50 cents a glass
The Downtowner and Knickers are popular bars.	The New Wave is the bar in town.	Such Roanoke bars as Max and Bobs and the Coffee Pot are also worth checking out.	A local Lexington club called the Circus Disco draws big.	Sam's is the best meat market. Dancing at The Club and Bonnie and Clyde's	The Sweet Briar campus is 3400 acres—plenty of room for everybody.
3	4	4	2	2	4

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO GIRLS

REGION	EAST					
WHERE AND HOW MANY	BRYN MAWR COLLEGE Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania 1164 students	CEDAR CREST COLLEGE Allentown, Pennsylvania 1132 students	GOUCHER COLLEGE Towson, Maryland 540 students	MARYMOUNT COLLEGE Tarrytown, New York 850 students	MOUNT VERNON COLLEGE Washington, D.C. 500 students	ROSEMONT COLLEGE Rosemont, Pennsylvania 600 students
WHAT THEY'RE THERE FOR	To learn in an atmosphere that's uncorrupted by men	Career-oriented programs that are a "preparation for success"	To live well, take it easy and get good grades	To receive a hard-core prebusiness education	Social prestige—what does anybody go to college for?	To study art history in a pleasant, relaxed atmosphere
WHO THEY ARE	Hard-core intellectuals who study hard and consider themselves "cussed individualists"	Highly motivated women, each planning to become chairperson of Merrill Lynch	Suburban princesses who get what they want	Catholic girls who have accepted the modern world	Daughters of a wide variety of foreign and domestic VIPs	Catholic girls from moneyed East Coast families
HOW TO SPOT ONE IN A CROWD	She'll let you know exactly who she is.	Business suit, *The Wall Street Journal*, briefcase, running shoes	She'll be wearing Calvin's new fall line on the day it hits the stores.	She has Barron's G.M.A.T. or L.S.A.T. prep book always at hand.	Look for the upturned noses.	Attractive, well dressed, usually in tenniswear or sports clothes
FRIENDLINESS	Don't expect an open-arms greeting; a closed fist is more like it.	The girls are always eager to add new names to their Rolodex.	Very outgoing except during *General Hospital*	Just when you thought all New Yorkers were hostile and cold. . . .	They simply don't have to be.	Rosemonters feel the need to compensate for their neighbor Bryn Mawr.
PARTY SCENE	Dorm parties every weekend. Nightly coffeehouse soirees	About once a month, in the student center	Frequent campus parties support the make-up and perfume industries.	Lively—in fact, even rollicking	Evening or Sunday-afternoon parties each weekend	Sunny afternoon parties on the green; mixers the best bet in winter
PICKUP STRATEGY	Visit nearby Rosemont College.	Offer her a high-paying junior-executive position.	Pay with an AmEx Gold Card and tell her she's really *not* fat.	Pretend you're a law or business school admissions counselor.	Discreetly mention the multinational corporation your dad runs.	Drive through campus in a convertible—top down.
SUGGESTED LINE	"If I'm really nice, do you promise you won't hurt me?"	"I know a cozy little board room where we can be alone."	"I'm looking for a girl to share my fame and wealth."	"There's more to life than grades and board scores!"	"Gee, this place reminds me of the estate where I grew up."	"How about a set of tennis?"
THE COMPETITION	Surprisingly enough, not a problem	Guys from Lehigh, Lafayette, Muhlenberg and Allentown colleges	Nearby Johns Hopkins medical students, but they're awfully busy.	Road-tripping rugby teams can keep the atmosphere boisterous.	You name it. Georgetown, UVA, the junior Senator from some Midwestern state	Villanova, a nearby coed school, thoroughly enjoys its close ties with Rosemont.
RULES	Rules would insult their "individuality."	Cedar Crest works on *laissez-faire* principles.	Oaddy's curfew was enough. Be serious!	Progressive and tolerant—a rarity among Catholic schools	Mount Vernon girls have no need for rules. They're above such things.	Men are not allowed to stay overnight.
ACCOMMODATIONS	As we said, it's not far from Rosemont.	Reservations usually required	Guys can stay up to five days.	60-acre campus has most creature comforts.	A waiting list for choice rooms	Sympathetic dorm police
ALCOHOL	It's there. But getting drunk is for kids.	The 21-year-old drinking law is usually ignored.	Folks indulge—*if* they can afford the calories.	Carousers well accommodated	A good girls' party school, but the age is still 18.	Not "legal," but more than a few beer cans around campus
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES	Katharine Hepburn went to Bryn Mawr.	The student center is actually a popular hangout. It's worth checking out.	Take your spurs. Goucher has stables and riding rings.	Try the bars in the area's malls. New York City is also near.	The Third Edition in Georgetown is a popular club.	Smokey Joe's in University City is very popular Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights.
RATING	1	3	4	3	3	3

? SCHOOLS *from coast to coast, your best bets for continuing education*



	NEW ENGLAND				
WELLS COLLEGE Aurora, New York 430 students	**MOUNT HOLYOKE** South Hadley, Massachusetts 1850 students	**PINE MANOR COLLEGE** Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 530 students	**SMITH COLLEGE** Northampton, Massachusetts 2600 students	**WELLESLEY COLLEGE** Wellesley, Massachusetts 2200 students	**WHEATON COLLEGE** Norton, Massachusetts 1200 students
To study history, literature and languages	To get a very broad liberal-arts education that bends over backward to be traditional	It's a nice place, and it's real close to Boston.	To learn to make as many allusions to Bertolt Brecht as possible in one sentence	To get the best education a women's college can offer	A liberal-arts program that leaves time for the more important things in one's life
Well-bred Easterners. Lots of prep school veterans	Girls who really would rather have gone to Smith	Wealthy, Eastern types from the suburbs	Smart women from all over the country; a cross section of interests and lifestyles	Dynamic, intelligent women from all over	A potpourri of wealthy New England prep. In the words of the brochure, these are "Women at Their Best."
They take their field-hockey sticks to afternoon tea.	Her day pack is permanently attached to her shoulder.	Look for a mixture of by-the-book preppiness and New York urbanity.	The diversity of the student body here makes it hard.	Well dressed, outgoing, carrying lots of Penguin Classics	Sitting under a tree, smoking and reading *A Separate* Peace
These girls don't just want you to visit, they want you to come back.	Most of the area's men are at Smith. Lucky for you.	They don't call it Pine Mattress for nothing.	Lots of feminists and lesbians. But it's mighty cold in December.	They rarely use the blue panic buttons that call campus security.	Haven't met a disappointed visitor yet
Fairly frequent the student center. Also try some Cornell rats.	Student center has frequent concerts. Always a dorm party	Thursday nights in the pub; weekends offcampus	Bounteous dorm parties every weekend	Student-center parties Thursdays and Saturdays, elsewhere Fridays	Weekend parties in the dining hall
Demonstrate manners and superior breeding at teas.	Low key. Recall the Smith saying "Holyoke to bed; Smith to wed."	Look like an investment banker.	Stand still in a well-populated party for five minutes.	Pretend you're a Harvard law student. It'll give you an edge.	Wear something with your family crest.
"Have you read Erica Jong?"	"Is it true, what they say about Holyoke at Smith?"	"Come to Boston for a frat party . . . and breakfast."	"I'd offer to play Frisbee instead, but I forgot mine."	"I don't go to MIT, honest."	"Maybe you could show me why you're 'Women at Their Best.' "
Lots of guys over from the Big Red	It's the women themselves who do the competing here.	Guys from Babson College are rich, quick and have a mean backhand.	With other men for the shower in the morning	Every male college student in Boston. Not a big deal.	Halfway between Boston and Providence, Wheaton doesn't get too many visitors.
Wells has rules, but nobody seems to know what they are.	Women need roommate approval for men to stay over.	The gate guard is testy, but no rules once you're oncampus.	Parties with guest lists may require some creative bluffing.	Men must be escorted in and out of dorms.	"Self-imposed." In other words, nonexistent
Spacious dorms offer a niche to all.	Coed bathrooms. 50/50 singles/suites	Modern quad dorms are quite comfortable.	First-class singles; double occupancy	Beautiful common rooms	Lots of people leave on weekends, so there's usually room.
50-cent drafts at parties, available to all	Beer with proof of age (you have to be 20)	Take an I.D. that says you're 20.	Loosely enforced drinking age of 20	Flows freely on weekends; serious partiers	Strict on I.D. (20 years) at parties
Outside nearby Ithaca, try a bar called the North Forty.	Mount Holyoke, founded in 1837, claims to be the oldest women's college.	Pine Manor is in *The Preppy Handbook*, so you know it's got to be cool.	Fitzwillie's and Packards are popular Northampton bars.	The coffee shop in the student center is open 24 hours a day for late-night road trips.	Wheaton, the ultimate New England campus, has a beautiful lake and footbridge.
4	4	4	4	4	4

"For a workaholic, you seem to be having a good time."

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

Michael's tour made quite a stir,
But something deep inside us
Balked at making wealthier
A guy who's rich as Midas.

A nation staggered from the blows—
No pity or relief
As Clara bombed us senseless with
Her bellow, "Where's the beef?"

The L.A. games were really great
For shouting "U.S.A.!"
We'll do as well in '88
If Ivan stays away.

Mondale named a running mate,
His chances to enhance.
Chauvinists just looked at Fritz
And said, "Who wears the pants?"

The jury for De Lorean
Reviewed his choice of fates.
And ruled that he'd be better making
Cars than license plates.

When Burford sought the comeback trail
Opponents cried, "No chance!"
So back to pasture Annie went
(She'll share it with Bert Lance).

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock
Shook up the Milky Way.
Now they're making *Star Trek IV:*
The Search for Kirk's Toupee.

Six months from wedding day to birth
Was Caroline's creation.
It seems a princess can repeal
The laws that rule gestation.

Though Johnny Carson's marriage woes
May leave his wallet flat,
The monologs he's gained from them
Work out as tit for tat.

John McEnroe toned down his act
As tennis brat unbearable.
Now Lendl reigns as king of boors.
All hail Ivan the Terrible!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL UTTERBACK

With Farrakhan in Jackson's camp,
One wondered who was boss.
Was Louis Jesse's new guru
Or just his albatross?

The dollar boomed, while overseas,
Most money values sank.
The pound was light, the mark grew faint,
But mostly shrank the franc.

Once, to hear her scream and *kvetch*,
Our sex lives we forsook.
But now it seems Joan Rivers has
Become a babbling brook.

The ratings made a new taboo
Of blood and severed bones,
But kids were still addicted to
Their Indiana Jones.

For half a mil did Nixon give
His life a second look,
Concluding, as he had before.
That he is not a crook.

Attention must be paid, we know,
To Hoffman's *Salesman*'s death,
But we kept seeing Dustin
In a long red-thequined dreth.

McCartney, nabbed for smuggling pot,
Drew just a yawn or two.
It seemed to most that Paul should face
A charge of *déjà vu*.

Ms. Bombeck wrote that raising kids
Can surely be the pits.
Still, motherhood's the mother lode
As Erm lives by her wits.

In '84, we rolled the dice
And learned our rights, to boot:
The rights to life and liberty
And Trivial Pursuit.

Ol' Ron, that card, he made us laugh
About his nuclear joke.
Perhaps he'll give the button, too,
A playful little poke.

Fuzzy wasn't fussy, was he?
Fuzzy'd drink awhile.
Fuzzy, buzzy, gulped and won the
Open by a smile.

Grace Jones and Annie Lennox led
A wave of rhythm blenders
Who zoomed to fame primarily
As benders of their genders.

There she was, our beauty queen.
What cad could e'er demean her?
The guy who sold the photos of
Her Junior Miss demeanor.

GLITZ *(continued from page 154)*

"He wanted to offer Teddy the pleasure of a woman without presenting it as a business transaction."

calling attention to himself. Isidro loved this guy.

He kept his money—listen to this, Isidro told his wife—in a money belt made of blue cloth beneath his shirt. He would take money out of it only in the taxi, next to me, Isidro said. He goes into a shop and buys something for his mother, he returns to the taxi before he puts the change in his money belt. He trusts me, Isidro said. Isidro had lived in New York City nine years in a basement and was relieved to be back. His wife, who had never left Puerto Rico, didn't say anything.

The third day at the beach, the tourist went swimming. It was easy to find him in the ocean, the sun reflecting on the dark glasses he always wore. He splashed out there, cupping his hands and hitting the water. Man, he was white—holding his arms as though to protect himself or trying to hide his body as he came out of the water in his red trunks. It was interesting to see a body this white, to see veins clearly and the shape of bones. Isidro, originally from Loíza, where they made West African masks, was Negro and showed no trace of Taino or Hispanic blood.

"It was when he came for his towel," Isidro told his wife, "I saw the name on his arm, here." He touched the curve of his arm below his right shoulder. "You know what name is on there? MR. MAGIC. It's black, black letters with a faint outline that I think was red at one time but now is pink and almost not there. My Mr. Magic."

His wife said, "Be careful of him."

Isidro said, "He's my prize. Look what he gives me," and showed his wife several $20 bills.

He didn't tell her everything; it was difficult to talk with the washing machine and the television in the same room, and she didn't seem interested. But that night, his wife said again, "Be careful of him."

•

There were whores on Calle de la Tanca in Old San Juan, different places for anyone to notice. In Condado, the whores stood in front of La Concha, another empty hotel that had closed. But none had approached Teddy, because Isidro was with him, taking care of him, and the whores knew Isidro in his black Chevrolet taxi. He believed, from the way Teddy looked at the whores displaying themselves, that his tourist desired one but was timid about saying it. So Isidro didn't roll his eyes and ask, "How would you like some of that, 'ey?" He wanted to offer him the pleasure of a woman without presenting it as a business transaction. He cared for his tourist.

On that third day at the beach, he began to see a way he might do it.

With his tourist wandering about taking pictures, Isidro had time to look at the girls and study them. They seemed to him girls who were lazy and yet restless, moving idly even as they moved to the music of their radios. They seemed to be looking not for something to do but for something to happen, to entertain them.

One in particular he believed he recognized and he searched his mind for a name. A girl who had come out of the Caribe Hilton late one night, tired, going home to Calle del Parque. She had given him her name and telephone number, saying, "But only men who stay at the Hilton, the Condado Beach, the DuPont Plaza and the Holiday Inn."

Light-brown hair with that dark-gold skin, and what a body. It was her hair that helped him recognize her, the way it hung down and nearly covered one of her eyes. She held the hair back with the tips of her fingers, like peeking out of a curtain, when she looked at somebody closely. As she did talking to the man with the cane.

Iris Ruiz.

That was her name. He had phoned several times with customers but never reached her. Iris Ruiz.

Talking to the man with the cane.

He remembered now she had been with him yesterday and the day before. The man in the same aluminum chair, reading a book, the cane hooked to the back of the chair. The girl, Iris, kneeling in the sand to talk to him, earnest in what she was saying. The man looking up from his book to nod, to say something, a few words, though most of the time he seemed to read his book as he listened.

His skin was dark from the sun. His hair and his beard, not cared for, though not unattractive, were dark enough for him to be Puerto Rican. An artist, perhaps, an actor, someone from the Institute of Culture, a member of the party for independence. But this was only his look, his type. Isidro knew, without having to hear him speak, the man was from the States.

The man pushed up on the arms of his chair to rise. He was slender, a lean body in tan trousers that had been cut off to make shorts. No, he wasn't Puerto Rican. The girl, Iris, took his arm, to be close rather than to support him. He limped somewhat, using the cane, favoring his right leg, but seemed near the end of his injury, whatever it was. He wasn't a cripple. Something in the hip, Isidro believed. Sure, he was OK; he played with the cane more than he used it. He liked that cane. They approached a vendor who was selling pineapples.

Isidro waited a few moments, enjoying the sight of the girl's buttocks as they walked past him, before following them to the cart, where the vendor was trimming a pineapple with quick strokes, handing them slices. Isidro saw the girl's eyes as she glanced at him and away, indifferent, without a sign of recognition. He heard the man—who wasn't Puerto Rican, it was proved now—say quietly:

"People up there, you know what they do?"

The girl, Iris, said, "Here we go again."

"They work their ass off all year." The guy with the beard ate pineapple as he spoke, in no hurry. "Save their money so they can come down here for a week, take their clothes off. Now they have to hurry to get tan, so they can go back home and look healthy for a few days."

Iris said, "Vincent, I was born with a tan, I got a tan wherever I go. Wha's that? I want to be where people *are*, where they doing things, not where they go to for a week." They were walking away, Iris saying, "Miami Beach is OK, tha's where you work. I think I like Miami Beach fine."

Isidro followed them to the edge of the sand.

"But you never tell me nothing, what you think. Listen, I got an offer right now, Vincent. A man I know owns a hotel, *two* hotels, wants me to go to the States and work for him. Wear nice clothes, be with people in business——"

"Doing what?"

"Oh, now you want to know things."

The tourist was coming back with his camera. Isidro walked over to the taxi to wait, ready to smile.

Before returning to the DuPont Plaza, they stopped at the Fast Foto place on Ashford Avenue—perfect—where the tourist left his rolls of film overnight. Perfect, because now they drove past La Concha, where a couple of afternoon whores who could be college girls in shiny pants, blonde hair like gringas, stood by the street.

"Oh, my," Isidro said. "Is OK to look at them, but if a man wish to have a woman, he has to be careful. Know the ones are safe so you can avoid disease."

The tourist said, "I imagine you know some, 'ey? Being a cabdriver."

"All kinds," Isidro said.

"I don't go for hookers," the tourist said. "I don't want any part of 'em."

"No, of course not. *These* girls you pay and then you do it. There are other girls, you don't pay them, but you leave a gift."

"What kind of gift?"

"Well, you could leave money, is OK."

"Then what's the difference?"

"One is payment," Isidro said. "The

(continued on page 264)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

IF YOU ARE one of those connoisseurs who recall each year of centerfolds as a vintner recalls his vintages, we think you will agree that this was a *very* good year. If you've forgotten just how good it was, this roundup of the 1984 Playmates will remind you. Not only does it have bite *and* edge, it has, in the jargon of winetasters, both body and depth. We recommend that you sip—ah, *read*—slowly.

Miss April

Lesa Ann Pedriana (left) has started her own firm of make-up artists and bought a new car since appearing in PLAYBOY last April. She has also purchased two ferrets, named Fink and Taxi, and plans to train them for the movies. How many casting calls are there for ferrets, Lesa? "Not many, but when one comes up, I'll definitely have the best-trained ferrets in Hollywood."

Miss November

You may have seen Roberta Vasquez (right) on the TV series *People Do the Craziest Things*, walking up to strangers in the men's-underwear section of a department store and requesting that they try on a pair of shorts she had supposedly bought for her "boyfriend." Not surprisingly, not a single man refused to comply. Never underestimate the power of a Playmate.

Miss February

Since her centerfold appearance last year, Justine Greiner (left) has visited Hawaii, where she tried scuba diving for the first time. "It was kind of scary getting the hang of the breathing techniques," she reported. Justine still works at a large retail store in Beverly Hills (sorry, we can't tell you which one) and hopes to become a buyer in a few years.

Miss August

Suzi Schott tells us she has been "busier than ever in my life" making promotional appearances for PLAYBOY. She has also posed for a retailer of exercise equipment (making the equipment look *very* good, by the way). She's taking acting classes and, says the ex-secretary, she's "never going back" to a typewriter.

Miss September

Since Kim Evenson posed for PLAYBOY's September issue, she's had a role in the third *Porky's* movie, *Porky's Revenge*. (She plays a Swedish exchange student who drives Pee Wee crazy.) She has also started body building: "I've lost a few pounds and my body's getting better and better." Stretches the imagination, doesn't it?

Miss October

When we caught up with fast-moving Debi Johnson (right), she had just returned from a week-long trip to Calgary and was on her way to Houston, where she and Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur, were scheduled to be judges in the Great American Strip-Off. Says Debi, "Being a Playmate is more fun than I expected, and my expectations were sky-high."

Miss March

Dona Speir (left) spent last summer in Europe, but now she's back in the States, taking a course in floral design (she wants to open her own flower shop). She appeared in last October's *Cosmopolitan* and had a part in a *Matt Houston* TV-series episode. She also bought herself a new Porsche but confesses that roller skates are still her favorite wheels.

Miss June

Tricia Lange (right) has appeared in segments of TV's *Mike Hammer* and *Blue Thunder*. She also has a part in a new movie, *Johnny Dangerously*, starring Michael Keaton. She's the poster girl for Bohemia Beer ("I get all the free beer I want") and, as if that weren't enough success, she has a new boyfriend, Carlos Cavazo, guitarist for the band Quiet Riot.

Miss December

At the time we reached Karen Velez (above), she had just been released from the hospital after an emergency appendectomy but expected to be up and around soon. Before that, she had been busy making promotional appearances for PLAYBOY in Canada and Connecticut—"I love Hartford." We're sure Hartford loves Karen.

Miss July

Liz Stewart (above) has a new West Hollywood apartment, which doubles as her photo studio. She assisted (and interpreted for) PLAYBOY Associate Staff Photographer Kerry Morris on assignment to photograph our Mexican edition's first native-born Playmate, Elizabeth Aguilar. As you'll recall, Liz speaks fluent Spanish.

Miss January

Our 30th Anniversary sweetheart, Penny Baker (left), has moved to California, is studying acting and has already appeared in an episode of TV's *Benson*. She guested on *Family Feud* and has appeared in commercials for Honda and Ford, too. She's also enrolled at UCLA, where she's taking classes in government and philosophy. Her life's a Plato cherries.

Miss May

Patty Duffek (right) still—believe it or not—fills in part time at Pioneer Chicken Take-Out in Phoenix, where she was working when we discovered her. "Customers come in and say, 'Are you *really* that Playmate?'" she reports, which explains why business is booming. Patty plans to return to college next fall to get a degree in business administration.

FREAKS

(continued from page 151)

"The American ideal, then, of sexuality appears to be rooted in the American ideal of masculinity."

other; this relentless tension is one of the keys to human history and to what is known as the human condition.

Now, I can speak only of the Western world and must rely on my own experience, but the simple truth of this universal duality, this perpetual possibility of communion and completion, seems so alarming that I have watched it lead to addiction, despair, death and madness. Nowhere have I seen this panic more vividly than in my country and in my generation.

The American idea of sexuality appears to be rooted in the American idea of masculinity. Idea may not be the precise word, for the idea of one's sexuality can only with great violence be divorced or distanced from the idea of the self. Yet something resembling this rupture has certainly occurred (and is occurring) in American life, and violence has been the American daily bread since we have heard of America. This violence, furthermore, is not merely literal and actual but appears to be admired and lusted after, and the key to the American imagination.

All countries or groups make of their trials a legend or, as in the case of Europe, a dubious romance called "history." But no other country has ever made so successful and glamorous a romance out of genocide and slavery; therefore, perhaps the word I am searching for is not idea but ideal.

The American *ideal*, then, of sexuality appears to be rooted in the American ideal of masculinity. This ideal has created cowboys and Indians, good guys and bad guys, punks and studs, tough guys and softies, butch and faggot, black and white. It is an ideal so paralytically infantile that it is virtually forbidden—as an unpatriotic act—that the American boy evolve into the complexity of manhood.

The exigencies created by the triumph of the Industrial Revolution—or, in other terms, the rise of Europe to global dominance—had, among many mighty effects, that of commercializing the roles of men and women. Men became the propagators, or perpetrators, of property, and women became the means by which that property was protected and handed down. One may say that this was nothing more than the ancient and universal division of labor—women nurtured the tribe, men battled for it—but the concept of property had undergone a change. This change was vast and deep and sinister.

For the first time in human history, a man was reduced not merely to a thing but to a thing the value of which was determined, absolutely, by that thing's commercial value. That this pragmatic principle dictated the slaughter of the native American, the enslavement of the black and the monumental rape of Africa—to say nothing of creating the wealth of the Western world—no one, I suppose, will now attempt to deny.

But this principle also raped and starved Ireland, for example, as well as Latin America, and it controlled the pens of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence—a document more clearly commercial than moral. This is how, and why, the American Constitution was able to define the slave as three fifths of a man, from which legal and commercial definition it legally followed that a black man "had no rights a white man was bound to respect."

Ancient maps of the world—when the world was flat—inform us, concerning that void where America was waiting to be discovered, HERE BE DRAGONS. Dragons may not have been here then, but they are certainly here now, breathing fire, belching smoke; or, to be less literary and Biblical about it, attempting to intimidate the mores, morals and morality of this particular and peculiar time and place. Nor, since this country is the issue of the entire globe and is also the most powerful nation currently to be found on it, are we speaking only of this time and place. And it can be said that the monumental struggles being waged in our time and not only in this place resemble, in awesome ways, the ancient struggle between those who insisted that the world was flat and those who apprehended that it was round.

Of course, I cannot possibly imagine what it can be like to have both male and female sexual equipment. That's a load of family jewels to be hauling about, and it seems to me that it must make choice incessant or impossible—or, in terms unavailable to me, unnecessary. Yet, not to be frivolous concerning what I know I cannot—or, more probably, dare not—imagine, I hazard that the physically androgynous state must create an all-but-intolerable loneliness, since we all exist, after all, and crucially, in the eye of the beholder. We all react to and, to whatever extent, become what that eye sees. This judgment begins in the eyes of one's parents (the crucial, the definitive, the all-but-everlasting judgment), and so we move, in the vast and claustrophobic gallery of Others, on up or down the line, to the eye of one's enemy or one's friend or one's lover.

It is virtually impossible to trust one's human value without the collaboration or corroboration of that eye—which is to say that no one can live without it. One can, of course, instruct that eye as to what to see, but this effort, which is nothing less than ruthless intimidation, is wounding and exhausting: While it can keep humiliation at bay, it confirms the fact that humiliation is the central danger of one's life. And since one cannot risk love without risking humiliation, love becomes impossible.

•

I hit the streets when I was about six or seven, like most black kids of my generation, running errands, doing odd jobs. This was in the black world—my turf—which means that I felt protected. I think that I really was, though poverty is poverty and we were, if I may say so, among the truly needy, in spite of the tins of corned beef we got from home relief every week, along with prunes. (Catsup had not yet become a vegetable; indeed, I don't think we had ever heard of it.) My mother fried corned beef, she boiled it, she baked it, she put potatoes in it, she put rice in it, she disguised it in corn bread, she boiled it in soup(!), she wrapped it in cloth, she beat it with a hammer, she banged it against the wall, she threw it onto the ceiling. Finally, she gave up, for nothing could make us eat it anymore, and the tins reproachfully piled up on the shelf above the bathtub—along with the prunes, which we also couldn't eat anymore. While I won't speak for my brothers and sisters, I can't bear corned-beef hash or prunes even today.

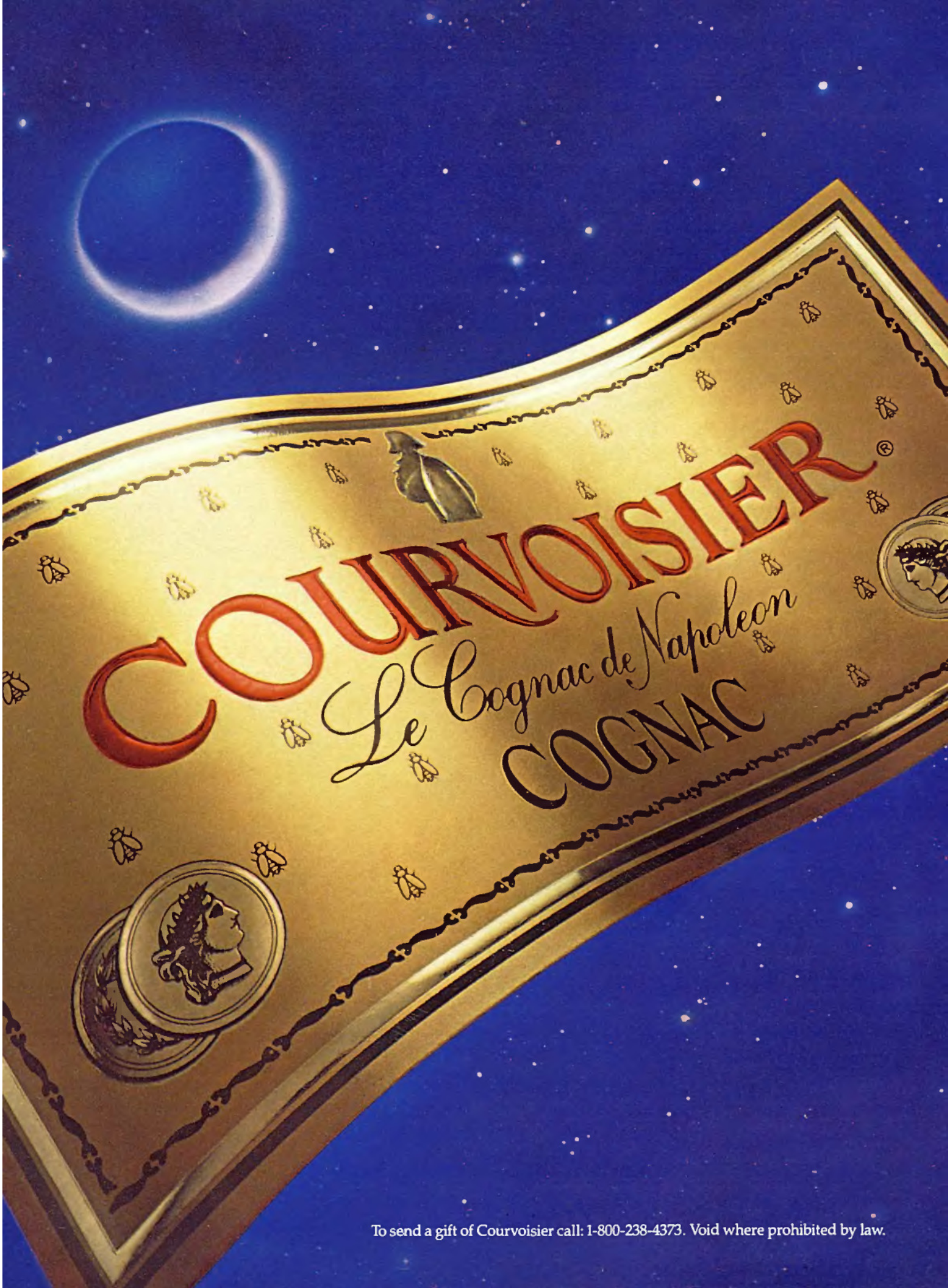
Poverty. I remember one afternoon when someone dropped a dime in front of the subway station at 125th Street and Lenox Avenue and I and a man of about 40 both scrambled for it. The man won, giving me a cheerful goodbye as he sauntered down the subway steps. I was bitterly disappointed, a dime being a dime, but I laughed, too.

The truly needy. Once, my father gave me a dime—the last dime in the house, though I didn't know that—to go to the store for kerosene for the stove, and I fell on the icy streets and dropped the dime and lost it. My father beat me with an iron cord from the kitchen to the back room and back again, until I lay, half-conscious, on my belly on the floor.

Yet—strange though it is to realize this, looking back—I never felt threatened in those years, when I was growing up in Harlem, my home town. I think this may be because it was familiar; the white people who lived there then were as poor as we, and there was no TV setting our teeth on edge with exhortations to buy what we could never hope to afford.

(continued on page 256)

"But Mr. Fullerton, how will you be able to give dictation if I'm sitting on your face?"



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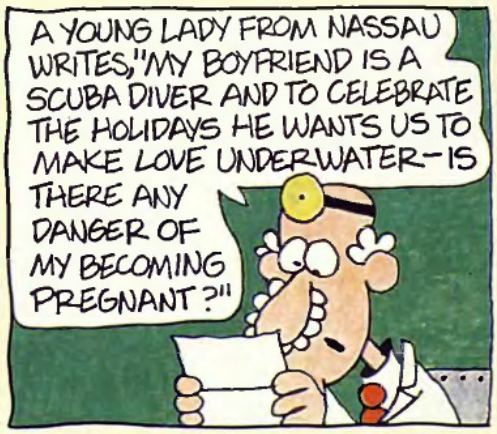
THE KINKY REPORT

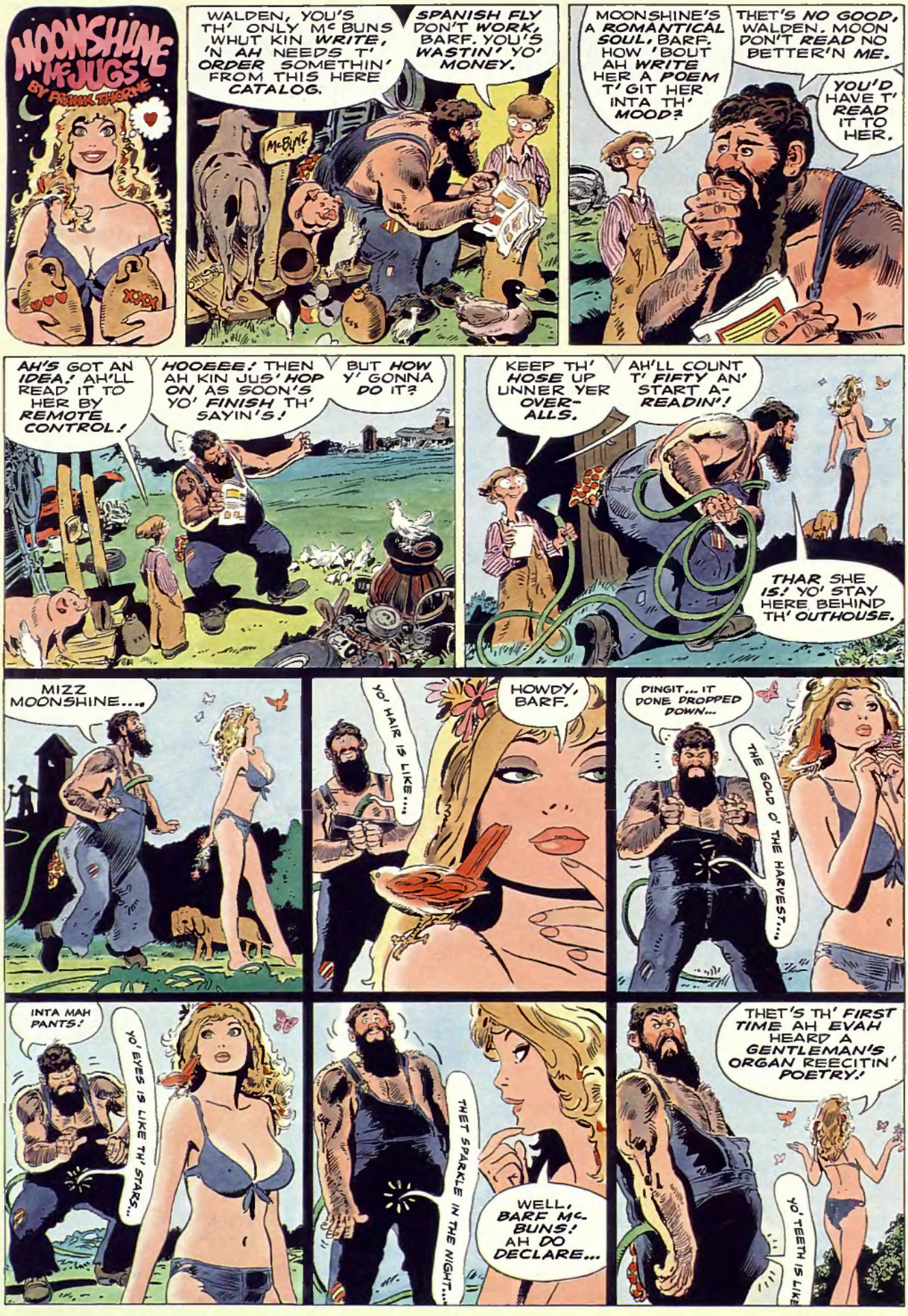
Chris Browne

ASK DR. DUMB

BY BUD JONES

Share the wisdom of this kindly country doctor as he answers questions asked by folks just like you.

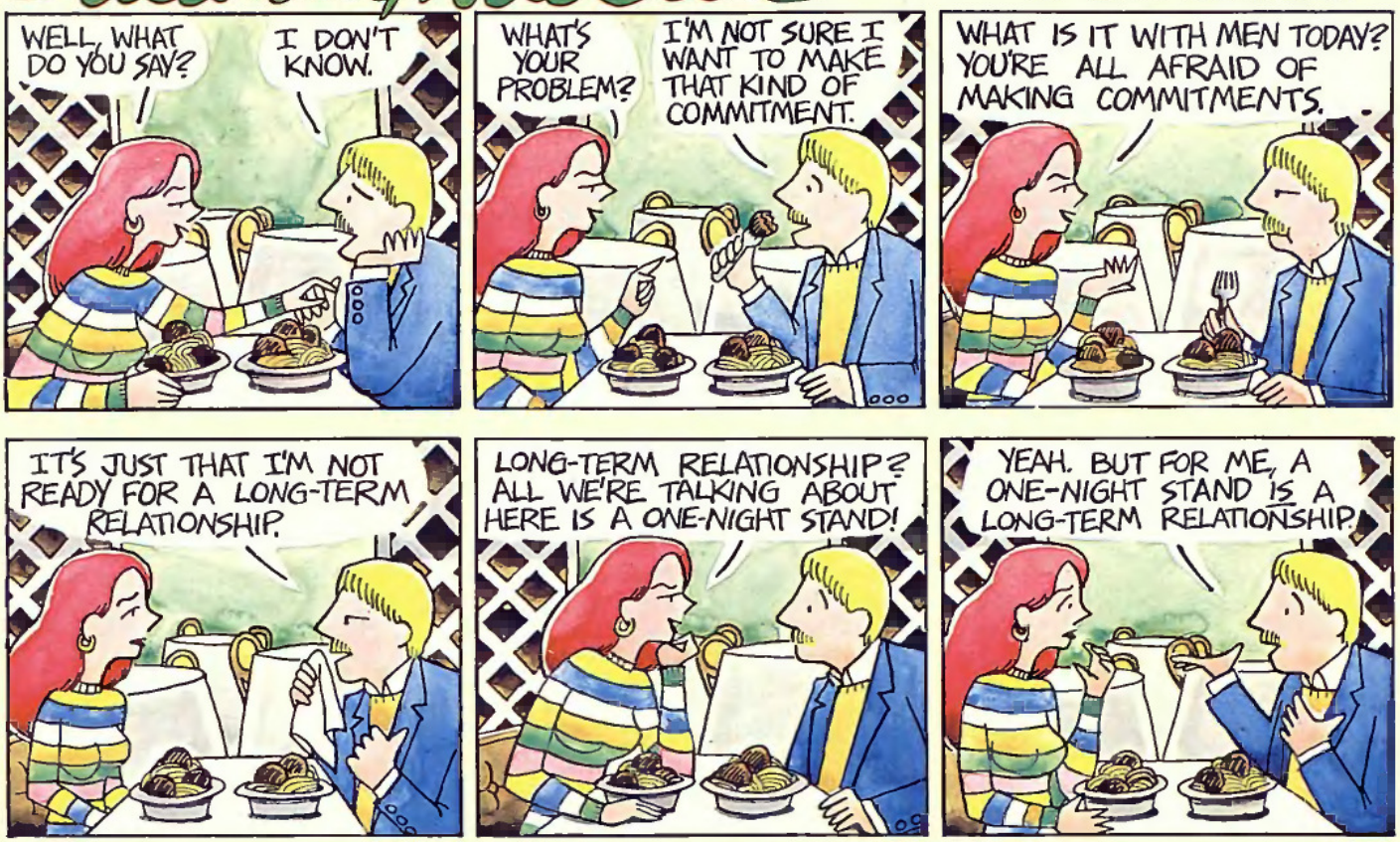



MOONSHINE McJUGS
BY FRANK THORNE
WALDEN, YOU'S TH' ONLY Mc BUNS WHUT KIN WRITE, 'N AH NEEDS T' ORDER SOMETHIN' FROM THIS HERE CATALOG.
SPANISH FLY DON'T WORK, BARF. YOU'S WASTIN' YO' MONEY.
McBUNS
MOONSHINE'S A ROMANTICAL SOUL, BARF. HOW 'BOUT AH WRITE HER A POEM T' GIT HER INTA TH' MOOD?
THET'S NO GOOD, WALDEN. MOON DON'T READ NO BETTER'N ME.
YOU'D HAVE T' READ IT TO HER.
AH'S GOT AN IDEA! AH'LL READ IT TO HER BY REMOTE CONTROL!
HOOEEE! THEN AH KIN JUS' HOP ON AS SOON'S YO' FINISH TH' SAYIN'S!
BUT HOW Y' GONNA DO IT?
KEEP TH' HOSE UP UNNER YER OVER-ALLS.
AH'LL COUNT T' FIFTY AN' START A-READIN'!
THAR SHE IS! YO' STAY HERE BEHIND TH' OUTHOUSE.
MIZZ MOONSHINE....
HOWDY, BARF.
YO' HAIR IS LIKE....
DINGIT... IT DONE DROPPED DOWN...
THE GOLD O' THE HARVEST....
INTA MAH PANTS!
YO' EYES IS LIKE TH' STARS..
THET SPARKLE IN THE NIGHT...
WELL, BARF Mc. BUNS! AH DO DECLARE...
THET'S TH' FIRST TIME AH EVAH HEARD A GENTLEMAN'S ORGAN REECITIN' POETRY!
YO' TEETH IS LIKE

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES
Randy Jones... Gone Schwimmin
THIS MONTH: "JINGLE BALLS"
T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, A NIGHT FILLED WITH MOANS...
OF TEN NAKED WOMEN AND SCHWIMMER AND JONES!
BAD GIRLS-NOT GOOD-BUT OUR HEROES DON'T MIND, CAUSE BAD GIRLS, WE KNOW, ARE THE VERY BEST KIND!
OUR HEROES WORKED HARD-THEY DESERVE A NICE REST, AND RESTING IS JUST WHAT OUR HEROES DO BEST!
SO CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS, BUT CELEBRATE RIGHT...
LIKE SCHWIMMER AND JONES-Y'ALL HAVE A GOOD NIGHT!
HO! HO! HO!!!
HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM SCHWIMMER AND JONES!

Saturday Nite Jive

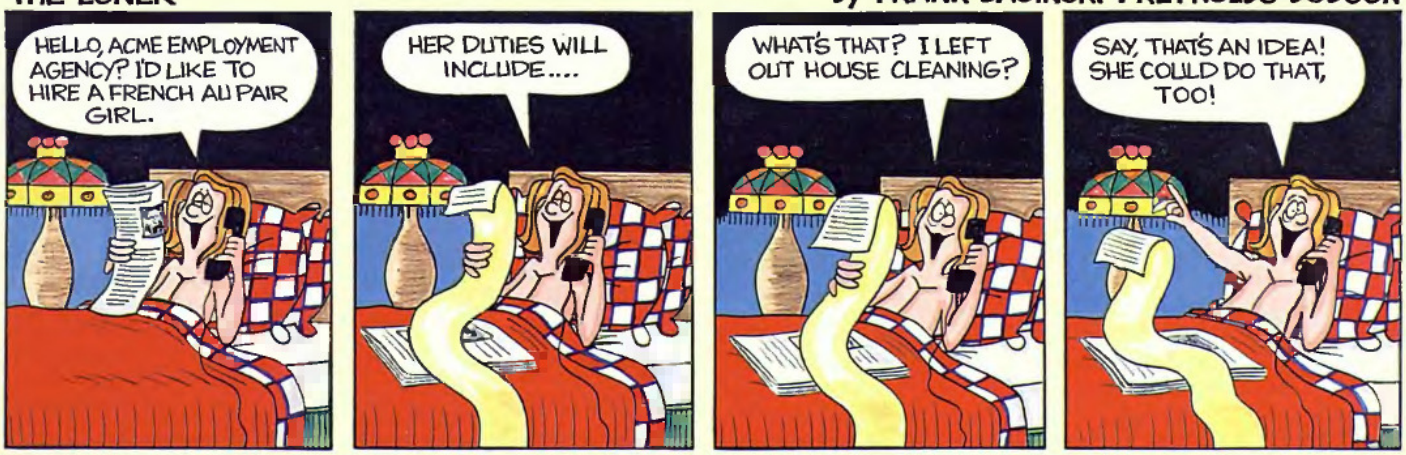
BY BILL JOHNSON



REG'LAR RABBIT

THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



REMEMBER THIS *(continued from page 122)*

"'I'll make it easier for you.' He walks toward her. 'Go ahead and shoot. You'll be doing me a favor.'"

bare, his tuxedo jacket is snowy white—that's not important. What matters is that by such a reply, a kind of destiny is being fulfilled. Sam has a song about it. "I told you this morning you'd come around," he says, curling his lips as if to advertise his appetite for punishment, "but this is a little ahead of schedule." She faces him squarely, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped, a sash around her waist like a gun belt, something shiny in her tensed left hand. He raises both of his own, as if to show they are empty: "Well, won't you sit down?"

His offer, whether in mockery or no, releases her. Her shoulders dip in relief, her breasts, she sweeps forward (it is only a small purse she is carrying: a toothbrush, perhaps, cosmetics, her hotel key), her face softening: "Richard!" He starts back in alarm, hands moving to his hips. "I had to see you!"

"So you use Richard again!" His snarling retreat throws up a barrier between them. She stops. He pushes his hands into his pockets as though to reach for the right riposte: "We're back in Paris!"

That probably wasn't it. Their song seems to be leaking into the room from somewhere out in the night, or perhaps it has been there all the time—Sam maybe, down in the darkened bar, sending out soft percussive warnings in the manner of his African race: "Think twice, boss. Hearts fulla passion, you c'n rely. Jealousy, boss, an' hate. Le's go fishin'. Sam."

"*Please!*" she begs, staring at him intently, but he remains unmoved:

"Your unexpected visit isn't connected, by any chance, with the letters of transit?" He ducks his head, his upper lip swelling with bitterness and hurt. "It seems as long as I have those letters, I'll never be lonely."

Yet, needless to say, he will always be lonely—in fact, this is the confession ("You can ask any price you want," she is saying) only half concealed in his muttered subjoinder: Rick Blaine is a loner, born and bred. Pity him. There is this lingering, almost primal image of him sitting alone at a chessboard in his white tuxedo, smoking contemplatively in the midst of a raucous, conniving crowd, a crowd he has himself assembled about him: He taps a pawn, moves a white knight, fondles a tall black queen while a sardonic smile plays on his lips. He seems to be toying, self-mockingly, with Fate itself, as disinterested in Rick Blaine (never mind that he says—as he does now, turning away from her—that "*I*'m the only cause *I*'m interested in . . .") as in the rest of the world—it's all shit, so who cares?

Ilsa is staring off into space, a space that a moment ago Rick filled. She seems to be thinking something out. The negotiations are going badly; perhaps it is this she is worried about. He has just refused her offer of "any price," ignored her ultimatum ("You *must* giff me those letters!"), sneered at her husband's heroism and scoffed at the very cause that first brought them together in Paris. How could he do that? And now he has abruptly turned his back on her (does he think it was just sex? What has happened to him since then?) and walked away toward the balcony door, meaning, apparently, to turn her out. She takes a deep breath, presses her lips together and, clutching her tiny purse with both hands, wheels about to pursue him: "Richard!" This has worked before, it works again; he turns to face her new approach: "We luffed each other once. . . ." Her voice catches in her throat, tears come to her eyes. She is beautiful there in the slatted shadows, her hair loosening around her ears, eyes glittering, throat bare and vulnerable in the open V-neck of her ruffled blouse. She's a good dresser. Even that little purse she squeezes: so like the other one, so lovely, hidden away. She shakes her head slightly in wistful appeal: "If those days meant . . . anything at all to you. . . ."

"I wouldn't bring up Paris if I were you," he says stonily. "It's poor salesmanship."

She gasps (*she* didn't bring it up: Is he a madman?), tosses her head back: "Please! Please listen to me!" She closes her eyes, her lower lip pushed forward as though bruised. "If you knew what really happened; if you only knew the truth!"

He stands over this display, as impassive as a Moorish executioner (That's it! He's turning into one of these bloody Arabs, she thinks). "I wouldn't believe you, no matter what you told me," he says. In Ethiopia, after an attempt on the life of an Italian officer, he saw 1600 Ethiopians get rounded up one night and shot in reprisal. Many were friends of his—or clients, anyway. But somehow her deceit is worse. "You'd say anything now to get what you want." Again he turns his back on her, strides away.

She stares at him in shocked silence, as though all that had happened 18 months ago in Paris were flashing suddenly before her eyes, now made ugly by some terrible revelation. An exaggerated gasp escapes her like the breaking of wind: His head snaps up and he turns sharply to the right. She chases him, dogging his heels. "You want to feel sorry for yourself, don't you?" she cries and, surprised (he was just reaching for something on an ornamental table; the humidor, perhaps), he turns back to her. "With so much at stake, all you can think off is your own feeling," she rails. Her lips are drawn back, her breathing labored, her eyes watering in anger and frustration. "One woman has hurt you, and you take your reffenge on the rest off the world!" She is choking; she can hardly speak. Her accent seems to have gotten worse. "You're a coward und veakling und——"

She gasps. What is she saying? He watches her as though faintly amused. "No. Oh, Richard, I'm sorry!" Tears are flowing in earnest now: She's gone too far! This is the expression on her face. She's in a corner, struggling to get out. "I'm sorry, but you——" She wipes the tears from her cheek and calls once again on her husband, that great and courageous man they both admire, whom the whole world admires: "You are our last hope! If you don't help us, Victor Laszlo will die in Casablanca!"

"What of it?" he says. He has been waiting for this opportunity. He plays with it now, stretching it out. He turns, reaches for a cigarette, his head haloed in the light from an arched doorway. "I'm gonna die in Casablanca. It's a good spot for it." This line is meant to be amusing, but Ilsa reacts with horror. Her eyes widen. She catches her breath, turns away. He lights up, pleased with himself, takes a practiced drag, blows smoke. "Now," he says, turning toward her, "if you——"

He pulls up short, squints: She has drawn a revolver on him. So much for toothbrushes and hotel keys. "All right. I tried to reason with you. I tried effrything. Now I want those letters." Distantly, a melodic line suggests a fight for love and glory, an ironic case of do or die. "Get them for me."

"I don't have to." He touches his jacket. "I got 'em right here."

"Put them on the table."

He smiles and shakes his head. "No." Smoke curls up from the cigarette he is holding at his side, like the steam that enveloped the five-o'clock train to Marseilles. Her eyes fill with tears. Even as she presses on ("For the last time . . . !"), she knows that no is final. There is, behind his ironic smile, a profound sadness, the fatalistic survivor's wistful acknowledgment that, in the end, the fundamental things apply. Time, going by, leaves nothing behind, not even moments like this. "If Laszlo and the cause mean so much to you," he says, taunting her with her own uncertainties, "you won't stop at anything. . . ."

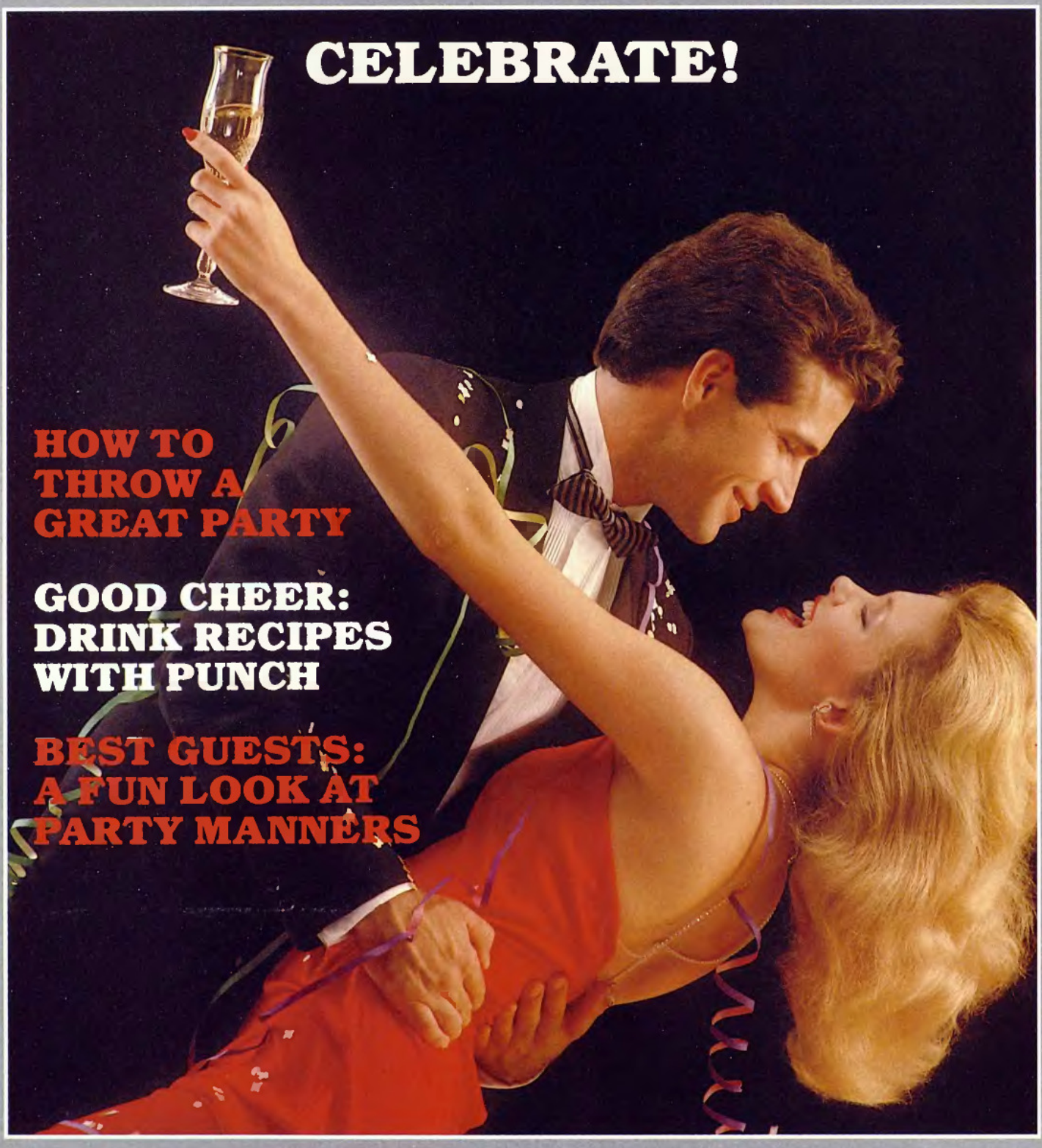
He seems almost to recede. The cigarette disappears, the smoke. His sorrow gives way to something not unlike eagerness. "All right, I'll make it easier for you," he says and walks toward her. "Go ahead and shoot. You'll be doing me a favor."

She seems taken aback, her eyes damp,

(continued on page 241)

PLAYBOY GUIDE

HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING



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PREVIEW

PLEASE STOP sending us those silly silver balloons. While you're at it, you can keep the belly dancers with the singing telegrams and the dogs on roller skates. The same goes for Carlton the clown and Marvin the magician.

Something has happened to parties over the past few years, something not so wonderful. The business of entertaining has become just that—a big business. Just look in the Yellow Pages. You can now quite easily rent home disco lights and fortunetellers, break dancers and hot-dog vendors. In fact, you can rent just about anything now—anything but imagination.

Let this not be seen as harking back to the "good old days," where clouded memories far outstrip reality. It would seem pushy now to find fabulously fond memories in the old parties of the tie-dyed Sixties and the screaming Seventies. To many of us, fun back then was sitting around a Lava-Lite with a bowl of onion dip, a bag of Ruffles with ridges and a big bottle of Boone's Farm apple wine.

There were, though, two fast rules that we learned from those early days of entertaining:

1. Never play more than one Shangri-Las album a night; and

2. Keep it simple.

Somehow, right about the time that we traded our T-shirts for sports jackets, part two seemed to get away from some of us.

Maybe it happened when we started to make a few dollars. Perhaps our pretensions grew with our incomes. Some of us just felt the need to go crazy and rent clowns. No party would be done until we'd outdone the one before. And, we must admit, the media were partly to blame for this. Many magazines felt obliged, come holiday time, to give you a complete guide to borrowed belly dancers and to tell you which gourmet shops sold the hippest, most obscure brand of caviar.

Well, we're here to make up for all that. Look, we're certainly not saying you shouldn't eat fancy caviar if you enjoy it. The point is, don't buy it just because you think it's the thing to do. That seems simple enough. And that's the focus of this *Guide*.

We think you'll find our party scenes and our ideas for entertaining refreshingly traditional. We think it's time to take away all the bogus tinsel and once again revel in the simple values and virtues of life. The thought is that successful entertaining is not a function of a particular gimmick or of how much you spend. It's just a matter of having fun in an unpretentious way—the simple pleasures.

You know—not being concerned with who "should be" at your party but surrounding yourself with good friends. It's flying in the face of music videos and gathering around an old jukebox and dancing to slow songs. It's making your own ice-cream sundaes instead of having a caterer come in with plates of chocolate-mousse cake swimming in raspberry sauce. It's drinking champagne because you still like the feel of the bubbles. It's not trying to impress anyone—just being comfortable with who you are and what you've become.

Clearly, being yourself is the best way to feel at ease. And when you're relaxed, your guests will feel at home and the party will reflect it. That's true whether you're entertaining your small circle of close friends or the whole gang from the office.

Our studies show us that you, our typical reader, entertain at home on the average of 17 times a year. And with that sort of lust for the good life, you can't afford to be anything but relaxed.

To help you focus more clearly, we went out and bought a lot of champagne, dusted off the oldies, invited some friends over and threw ourselves a real holiday bash. Ah, what we won't do for research!

In addition to our more visual tips, we offer the written advice of food-and-drink expert Emanuel Greenberg, who'll tell you how to be the perfect host, and humorist P. J. O'Rourke, who'll tell you how to be the almost perfect guest. And now, let's get this party going. Cheers!

Mary Z Levy

Editor, *Playboy Guides*

PLAYBOY GUIDE COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

CHEERS!

a holiday handbook of entertaining ideas

THE CHAMPAGNE'S in the bucket, Dick Clark's in Times Square, and that can mean only one thing—we've made it through another year. That's reason enough for us to celebrate. And if you don't mind a little confetti in your hair, we'd like you to join us.

We've gone a bit elegant this year, but it's a rather simple elegance. To properly carry off a party at home, you want the mix of the guests and the good times to set the mood. We decided to dress our party up a notch. You may want to try that for a change. Just for the pure fun of it, wear your most dazzling attire. No need to deck the halls. This way, the people create the sparkle.

We've also brought out some of our better serving pieces for food and drink. But we've made sure to keep the menu simple. While we feature punch and champagne, you'll want to keep some serious bottles around for your two-fisted friends. Foodwise, caviar and *crudités* are fine, but we'd rather hold out for a decadent dessert. Our main course is fun for everyone—do-it-yourself sundaes. First we make the ice cream; then we build the frigid feast. But that means cooperation. You have to share.

We've also kept the entertainment basic. No need to rent a chamber ensemble when some memorable sing-alongs around the piano will do. If you don't have the ivories to tickle, don't despair. A properly programmed tape can easily carry the evening.

And while the good times roll, why not seize the moment? You remember how much fun it was to watch old home movies. Well, thanks to the new one-piece camcorders, video has become just as easy to use, with results that are instant. All the more reason to make this one a party to remember.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND DON AZUMA

A gentleman's bar, not unlike his clothes and his car, is often seen as a mirror of his personal style. His drinks should be mixed with care and presented with panache. Our elegantly equipped bar includes, from left to right, swag-design crystal decanter from Tiffany's, $195; two lead-crystal cognac snifters with etched design, $95, and a matching square decanter in heavy-weight crystal, $230, all from Mark Cross; a three-piece bar-tool set with a 22-kt.-gold-plated bottle-and-can opener, a cheese-and-fruit knife and ice tongs set on a hand-polished marble base, by Georges Briard Designs, Inc., $25. For sparkling service, Baccarat champagne glasses, $70 each, and a Val St. Lambert crystal champagne bucket, $600, both from Tiffany's; and a crystal punch-bowl set, by Riekes, $100. For this party, champagne and potent punches best capture holiday cheer.

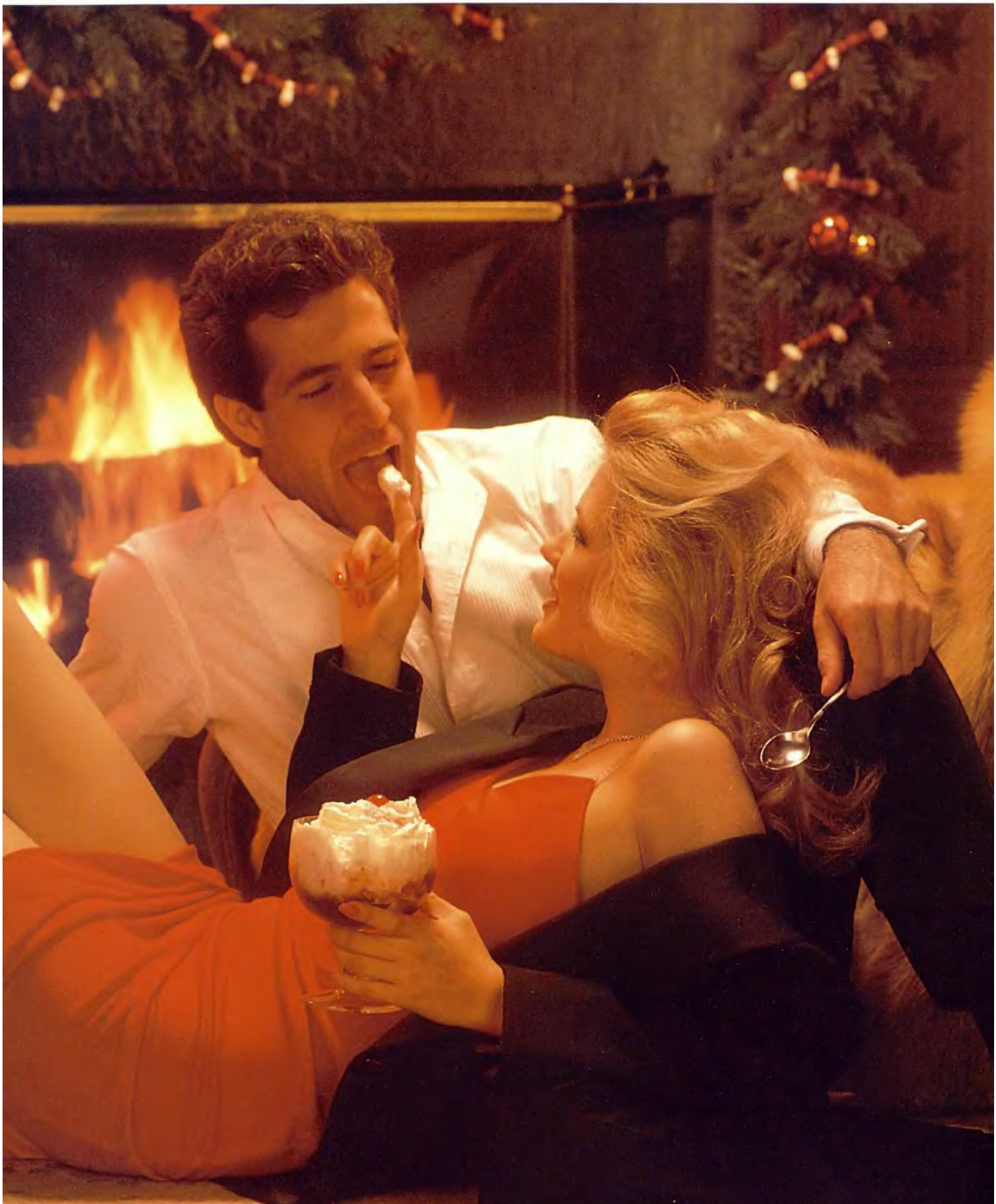
KRUPS

It's time for dessert, and we've brought out all the trimmings. At left, the Krups Espresso Plus espresso/cappuccino maker in brushed stainless steel, $400, provides the brew for china espresso cups, from Tiffany's, $33 for set of four. To indulge a sweet tooth, we've set up Simac's Il Gelataio 800 homemade-ice-cream machine, $250. And for sumptuous serving, a hand-blown crystal bowl, by Minex, $17, and rippled-glass dessert dishes, $2.50 each, both from Crate and Barrel, Chicago; and for the real scoop, a china-and-brass ice-cream server, from Top Brass, Chicago, $12. Below: Once fortified, the gang gathers around the piano for a holiday sing-along. Bottom: To capture some lasting impressions of the holiday festivities, our hosts have put a charge in their Zenith Video Movie, $1499, a low-light camera that does double duty as a VCR.

It's long past the midnight hour, and the celebration is starting to wind down. It's a time to be together with that special someone. It's a time for quiet reflection, a time for romance. The mood is easily helped along by the music. As you unwind, it's time to put the Def Leppard albums back into their sleeves and to bring the pace of this party, not to mention the decibel level, lower and slower.

It's all a matter of getting the right background music going. The best way is to preprogram a tape. The last thing you'll feel like doing as the party nears an end is getting up every three minutes to change a record. Put together your own play list of favorites, songs that allow you to embrace a special moment and each other. There are the obvious ones (*Yesterday*, the Beatles), the newer ones (*We've Got Tonight*, Bob Seger) and, maybe best of all, the old ones (*In the Still of the Night*, The Five Satins; *Tears on My Pillow*, Little Anthony and the Imperials; *Tonite, Tonite*, The Mello-Kings; *Ten Commandments of Love*, the Moonglows). And if you're playing host, the end of the play list may just be the beginning of your own playtime. We shouldn't have to give you any hints about that. Just leave a tender moment alone.

MEN'S FASHION FROM STUART CHICAGO
WOMEN'S FASHION FROM T. EDWARDS AND HA. GIRL BOUTIQUE



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POWERFUL PUNCHES

all the trimmings to make your bash a real knockout

By EMANUEL and MADELINE GREENBERG

HOLIDAY TIME—and it's your turn to play host. Tough break? By no means! You can have as much fun as anybody else if you play it right. It does take careful planning, with almost everything done ahead and a minimum of last-minute chores. The idea is for the festivities to virtually run themselves—under your watchful eye, of course. Suggestions that follow are a blueprint for relaxed hostmanship, with enough flexibility to allow for your own spontaneous touches.

DETAILED DETAILS

Even with sparkling company and sensational refreshments, a party can founder on such mundane matters as who answers the door, where coats are stashed and how the ongoing cleanup of empty glasses, used plates and ashtrays is handled. If you don't have hired help, what are friends for? Enlist a few dependable buddies and divide the duties. The important thing is to know who does what when and who relieves whom. It's not a bad idea to keep a list. Portable coatracks (available from party-rental outfits—check the Yellow Pages), placed in a corner away from the action, are useful; they beat tossing things onto the bed or jamming them into hall closets. If you don't have a large table, consider a board set on sawhorses and covered with a colorful cloth. You can have the bar paraphernalia at one end, while the rest of the surface can be used for food, plates, cutlery and napkins. Depending on the size of your crowd and the available space, you may want two tables—one for food, one for beverages. It makes for better circulation and amiable encounters.

NO-FUSS FOOD

Tyro partygivers are often caught up in the Jewish-mother syndrome—a compulsion to put out one of everything in the world. It may seem the generous thing to do; but, in fact, it's a trap. The amount of passing, refilling, agony of choice and hostly hovering that it entails promotes confusion rather than hilarity. It's more sensible to provide a smaller assortment of substantial fare that guests can deal with comfortably—and that takes little replenishing or rearranging as the evening wears on. Start with easy finger food—*crudités*, toasted almonds, roasted chick-peas, olives, pickled baby corn—and forget the drippy dips. Then move on to the main event. Offerings may include such enticements as whole ripe brie, a large wedge of fontina or a chunk of goat cheese, a handsome terrine of *pâté*, a side of smoked salmon or a salmon trout presliced and reformed on its skin, a whole roast fillet of beef or a glazed baked ham—each boneless and easy to slice. Complementary dishes, too, should be easy to handle, particularly when plates have to rest on laps rather than tables.

This kind of buffet can be done fairly simply at home, but if you'd rather not get that involved, everything is available from *charcuteries*, good delis or caterers. Just remember to place your order early and have it delivered in sufficient time.

THE HOLIDAY BAR

Serve your guests a welcoming drink as soon as they arrive. We suggest a holiday punch. Nothing symbolizes warmth and friendliness like a bottomless punch bowl—and nothing does as much to simplify the bar setup. Punch in one form or another eliminates the need for mixing drinks one at a time and encourages people to help themselves.

For ultrahospitality, stock a selection of standard spirits and compatible mixers. That will mollify the hard-liners who insist on their martini, shot over rocks or other personal favorites.

PUNCH WITH PUNCH

In the past, many have considered punches wishy-washy brews encountered at office parties and proms. Old stereotypes fall hard. Punches can be lusty, satisfying drinks—*if* they're made with good sense and style. Think of them simply as cocktails prepared in quantity and you'll be on the right track. The tips and recipes given below will guarantee punch with snap, savor and bracing impact.

• Punch bowls don't have to be fancy silver or crystal jobs. Large mixing bowls or even big pots make serviceable substitutes. For a festive look, cover the outside with foil and decorate with holiday greenery.

• Punches should be prepared in advance, so that the basic ingredients have a chance to "marry" and mellow, as well as chill. However, add carbonated beverages at the last minute, in order to preserve their effervescence.

• Punch should be presented cold. After you've mixed the punch base, keep it refrigerated until ready to serve.

• A block of ice in the punch bowl is preferable to cubes, since it melts more slowly. That not only keeps the beverage cold but also retards dilution. You can make ice blocks by freezing water in half-gallon milk cartons or loaf baking pans.

• While fresh lemon or lime juice adds perceptible zest, other juices may be frozen or canned, as long as they're good quality.

• When using fruit garnishes, spoon a bit of the fruit into each portion.

APPLE KNOCKER'S PUNCH

(25 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) vodka
1 quart apple juice
Juice of 1 large lemon
¼ cup superfine sugar (or to taste)
1 liter ginger ale, chilled
1 lemon, cut in thin slices

Combine vodka, apple and lemon juices. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; chill. At serving time, stir again and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled ginger ale; stir briefly. Float lemon slices.

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER

(20–25 servings)

1 half-size bottle (500 ml.) bourbon
4 ozs. Southern Comfort
1 can (6 ozs.) frozen-orange-juice concentrate, half thawed
1 can (6 ozs.) frozen-lemonade concentrate, half thawed
¼ cup water
Juice of 2 large lemons
1 liter Seven-Up, chilled
Half slices orange, lemon slices

Combine bourbon, Southern Comfort, concentrates, water and lemon juice. Stir well; chill. At serving time, stir again and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled Seven-Up; stir briefly. Float orange and lemon slices.

CAYMAN ISLANDS PITCHER PUNCH

(20–25 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) light rum
Large can (46 ozs.) tropical-fruit punch
Juice of 1 large lemon
1 pint strawberries
2–4 tablespoons superfine sugar

Combine rum, tropical fruit punch and lemon juice. Stir well; chill. Wash and hull berries; sprinkle with sugar to taste and refrigerate. At serving time, empty a tray of hard-frozen ice cubes into chilled 2-quart pitcher. Stir punch mixture and pour half into pitcher; garnish with half the berries. When pitcher is depleted, repeat—using fresh ice cubes.

ROMAN PUNCH

(20–25 servings)

1 bottle (750 ml.) gin
2 ozs. Campari
1 quart cranberry-juice cocktail
1 liter lemon soda, chilled
Half slices orange

(concluded on page 220)

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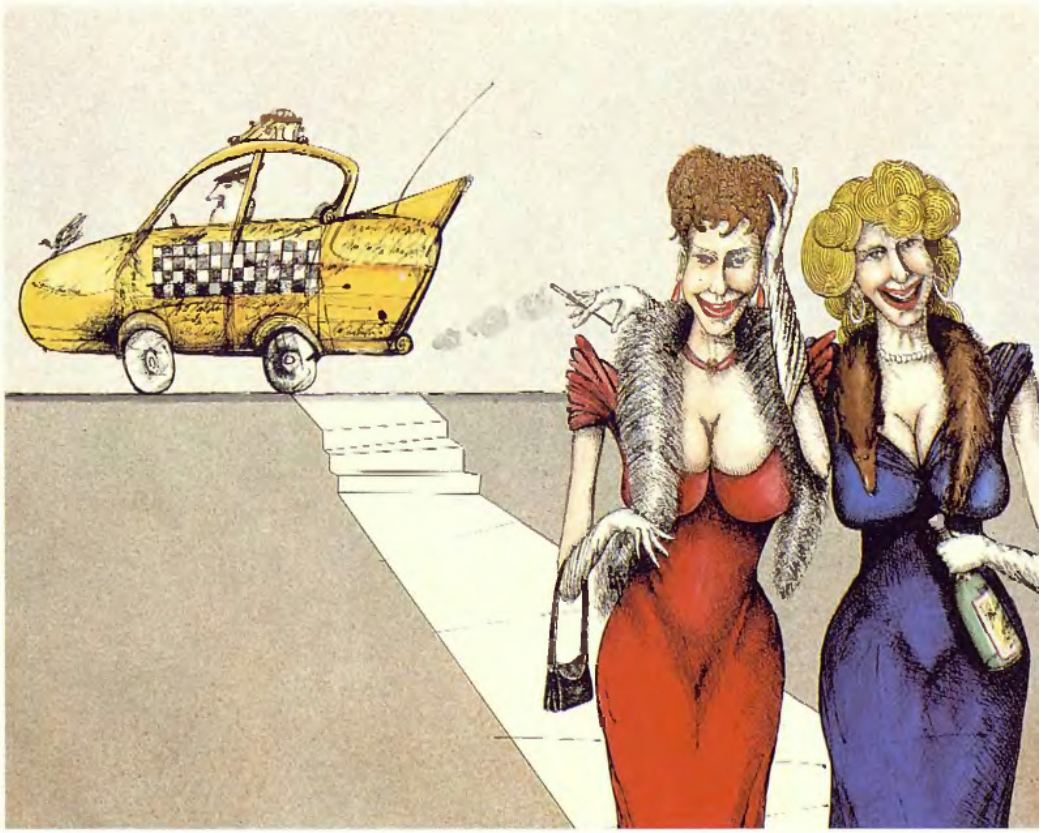
PARTY MANNERS

how to be the proper guest

By P. J. O'ROURKE



TO HAVE good manners at a party, you must understand what parties are all about. People do not give parties so their friends will have fun. If that were what they wanted, they'd just send some women and champagne over to your house in a taxi and be done with it. Parties are given for other reasons. The three principal motives are to get noticed and talked about, to climb the social ladder and to repay debts of hospitality. Good etiquette requires that you help your host achieve those objectives.

Repaying debts of hospitality is the most difficult thing to help with. You could kick in some money to help finance the bash, but that might seem pushy. Actually, there's not a whole lot of subtle stuff you can do to make sure your host won't have any more annoying debts of hospitality to pay in the future. Of course, you could always run a garden hose in the window and spray all the guests with freezing water. Poisoning the hors d'oeuvres is also a nice touch.

Helping your host climb the social ladder is easier and more fun. Go to the party late, dressed in black and wearing a mask. Grab your host around the neck and hold a pistol to his head. Yell, "I'm kidnaping Tom to finance the revolution!" That should establish the fact that your host is wealthy and someone to be reckoned with—assuming you release him alive.

Do not take food or liquor to the party. This is rude. It will make the other guests think the host is broke. Instead, take nylons, a garter belt and a lacy bra with padding in the cups and say, "Hey, Tom, you left a change of clothes over at my house." Important people usually have sexual quirks.

If your host has celebrities at his party, this, too, will show he's important. Everyone knows movie stars aren't as attractive in person as they are on the screen. Put a ball gown on your Irish setter and tell everyone it's Sigourney Weaver.

Another way to boost your host's status is with terrible drugs. Cool and hip-type people have lots of terrible drugs around all the time, at least according to the Bob Woodward book about John Belushi. Show how cool and hip your host is by calling the police. They'll raid the party and all the guests will be impressed. Also arrested. And this will definitely get your host noticed and talked about.

In fact, getting a host noticed and talked about is where you, as a guest, can excel. The important thing is to make sure it's a good party. Good parties are always crowded, and there's lots of sex and at least one good fight. It's hard to have a good party these days, since guests are all behaving themselves and taking good care of their bodies, because they read that Bob Woodward book about John Belushi. Put grain alcohol in the white wine.

People are more comfortable smashed. And etiquette is the art of making people comfortable, the art of making others feel at home. Try making your host feel at home by helping him get the party going.

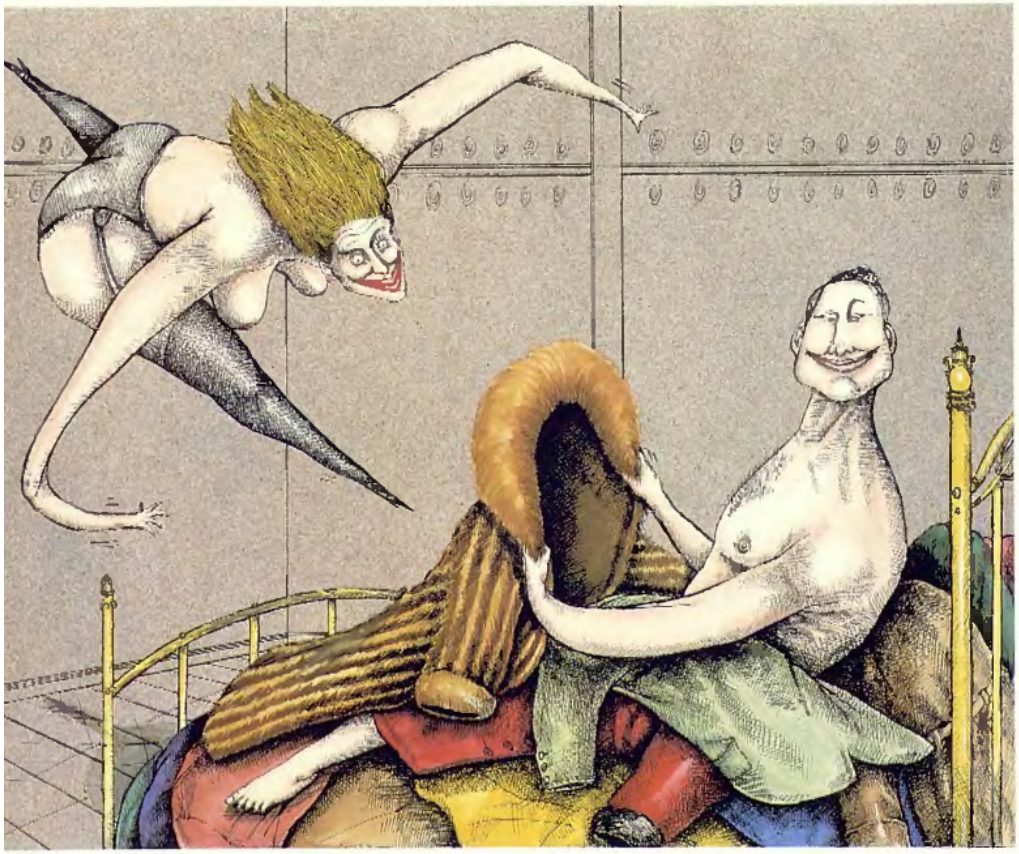
Be a good mixer, introduce yourself and start some lively conversations. Try these lines on the people you meet:

"I didn't know Tupperware made sports coats."

"Want a job doing lawns?"

"I think I porked your wife once." Now drop an ice cube down a décolletage.

To really get the party going, however, you're going to have to do more than mix rum drinks in somebody's pocket and eat canapés out of the dog dish. To be sure the party's crowded, run off 500 or 600 copies of the invitation on your office copier and leave stacks at the bus station. Then



run around the party in your underwear, hugging men and calling them sweetie. If you're a woman, this may get some sexual activity going. If you aren't, it will get you punched. Just as well. Every good party needs someone passed out on the floor.

Be sure to turn the stereo up as loud as it will go. This makes for a festive atmosphere and keeps shit-faced guests happy, because they can't hear the rude things they're saying to one another. Also, it will bring the police in case you forgot to call them. Put on hits from the Fifties and Sixties for people under 30. Use New Wave and break-dance-rap cuts for guests pretending to be that age. Put more grain alcohol in the wine if people won't dance.

Be careful, however, about your own alcohol consumption. If you really don't mind the cigarette butts in the beer bottle, you've probably had enough. Too much alcohol can cut down on sexual performance. And your sexual performance is an important aspect of good party manners. This is because male party guests always have a good time when they're with women who have sex appeal. You should show just how much sex appeal those women have by making a pass at anyone in a skirt, other than the Irish setter. The best place to do this is on a pile of coats in the guest room. But wait until the young women are in the state of mind to be most receptive to your advances. When they've passed out is usually good.

There is something about a pile of coats in a guest room that makes women wild, especially if there's a soft, fluffy fur coat on top of the pile. Maybe it's women's love of danger. More likely it's their love of clothes. Go ahead, tell her the fur coat is a gift from you.

The bathroom is another good place for sex. Indeed, a party's not really happening unless there's a lot of sex action in the bathroom. Drug action, too. Get the ball rolling by locking yourself in the bathroom and making moaning noises. Then lock yourself in the bathroom again and make sniffing sounds. Or you can lock other people in the bathroom. If you lock 30 or 40 of them in there for three hours, they'll probably start to moan and sniff on their own.

If the party's still not hopping, start some party games. You'll have to be clever about it. It's hard to get guests to play party games. Most people think they're too sophisticated for such things. Organizing a game of indoor polo with women as ponies, for instance, can be very difficult. Pretend you've lost a contact lens in the shag carpet. While everyone's down on hands and knees, jump on some girl's back, use a fireplace poker as a mallet and yell "Giddyap," or whatever it is polo players yell. Any outdoor activity is always hilarious when attempted in the house. Fox hunting, for example. It's amazing how many places a fox can hide in an average home. The best party games, though, involve people's taking their clothes off. Strip Trivial Pursuit usually works.

It's easiest to get games like this going if you can put the guests into a mood that's playful and childlike. People will feel much more childlike if you can arrange to have the host's aging parents arrive just when the guests all have their clothes off. Grab Tom's mother, throw her onto a pile of coats in the guest room and shout, "It's Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands and I'm her secret lover!" This will increase your host's social standing and will probably get the party talked about.

If even this fails and you just can't think of anything to make the party a wonderful, pleasant event, try doing what I'm so often asked to do at parties—leave.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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PUNCHES

Combine gin, Campari and cranberry-juice cocktail. Stir well; chill. At serving time, stir again and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled lemon soda; stir briefly. Float orange slices.

YUKON GOLD
(*30 servings*)

1 bottle (750 ml.) Canadian whisky
12 ozs. apricot liqueur
1 quart grapefruit juice
¼ cup sweetened lime juice
1 can (16 ozs.) apricot halves
1 liter club soda, chilled

Combine whisky, apricot liqueur, grapefruit and lime juices. Drain apricot halves; refrigerate fruit. Add apricot syrup to whisky mixture; stir and chill. At serving time, stir and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled club soda; stir briefly. Garnish with apricot halves.

COUNTRY EGGNOG
(*20 servings*)

6 eggs, separated
¾ cup sugar
12 ozs. brandy
4 ozs. dark rum
2 cups milk
2 cups heavy cream
Ground allspice

In large bowl, beat egg yolks with ¼ cup sugar until light yellow and very thick. Slowly add brandy and rum, stirring. Stir in milk and cream. Chill very well. Shortly before serving, beat egg whites until foamy; very gradually beat in remaining ¼ cup sugar until whites are stiff. Gently fold beaten egg whites into egg-yolk mixture. Dust lightly with allspice.

NORTHERN BLAZER
(*10 servings*)

2-in. piece stick cinnamon
2 teaspoons whole cloves
½ teaspoon cardamom seeds, crushed
Peel of ½ orange
½ cup raisins
1½ cups water
1 bottle (750 ml.) dry red wine
½ cup superfine sugar (or to taste)
8 ozs. vodka

Combine cinnamon, cloves, cardamom seeds, orange peel and raisins with water in small saucepan. Heat to a boil; simmer over low heat ½ hour. Strain the liquid into 2-to-2½-quart enameled or flame-resistant glass pot. Add wine and sugar; heat, stirring until sugar dissolves and wine is hot but not boiling. Remove from heat. Gently pour on vodka so that it floats on top; ignite with long-handled match. When flames have burned out, stir and serve in punch cups.

(continued from page 215)

IRISH HOLIDAY PUNCH
(*20–25 servings*)

1 bottle (750 ml.) Irish whiskey
3 cups pineapple juice
3 cups orange juice
½ cup fresh lime juice
1 can (13½ ozs.) pineapple chunks in syrup
¼ cup superfine sugar (or to taste)

Combine whiskey and juices. Drain pineapple chunks and refrigerate. Add pineapple syrup and sugar to whiskey mixture; stir until sugar dissolves. Chill. At serving time, stir and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Garnish with pineapple chunks.

COLONIAL RUM PUNCH
(*20–25 servings*)

½ cup sugar
1 cup water
1 bottle (750 ml.) gold rum
2 cups strong tea
Juice of 1 large lemon
1 liter ginger ale, chilled
1 cup seedless green grapes, halved

Bring sugar and water to boil; simmer 5 minutes, until syrupy. Cool. Combine rum, tea, sugar syrup and lemon juice. Stir well; chill. At serving time, stir again and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled ginger ale; stir briefly. Garnish with grapes.

FRENCH COFFEE PUNCH
(*30–35 servings*)

1 bottle (750 ml.) cognac
1 oz. amaretto
3 pints freshly brewed strong coffee
¼ cup superfine sugar (or to taste)
1 pint half-and-half
1 quart vanilla ice cream, softened

Combine cognac, amaretto and coffee; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Stir in half-and-half; chill very well. At serving time, empty ice cream into chilled punch bowl and break up with large spoon. Add cognac-coffee mixture; stir. Ladle into punch cups, including a little ice cream in each portion.

SPICED CHAMPAGNE PUNCH
(*15–18 servings*)

½ cup sugar
½ cup water
1 tablespoon coriander seeds
2-in. piece cinnamon stick
Peel of 1 lemon
Peel of ½ orange
4 ozs. kirsch
2 bottles *brut* champagne or sparkling wine, chilled
1 lemon, thinly sliced

Bring sugar and water to boil in small pan; simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat and add coriander seeds, cinnamon stick and peels. Let stand at least 4 hours. At serving time, strain spiced syrup over ice block in punch bowl. Add kirsch; stir well. Slowly add champagne or sparkling wine; stir briefly. Garnish with lemon slices.

The two punches that follow are legendary. They date back to the early days of the Republic and demonstrate that our ancestors liked their drink bold and lusty.

FISH HOUSE PUNCH
(*30–35 servings*)

1 cup superfine sugar
2 cups water
1 cup lemon juice
1 bottle (750 ml.) gold rum
1 bottle (750 ml.) California brandy
1 bottle (750 ml.) peach liqueur
1 liter club soda, chilled

Combine sugar, water and lemon juice, stirring well until sugar dissolves. Add rum, brandy and liqueur. Stir well; chill at least 24 hours. At serving time, stir again and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled club soda; stir briefly.

ARTILLERY PUNCH
(*35–40 servings*)

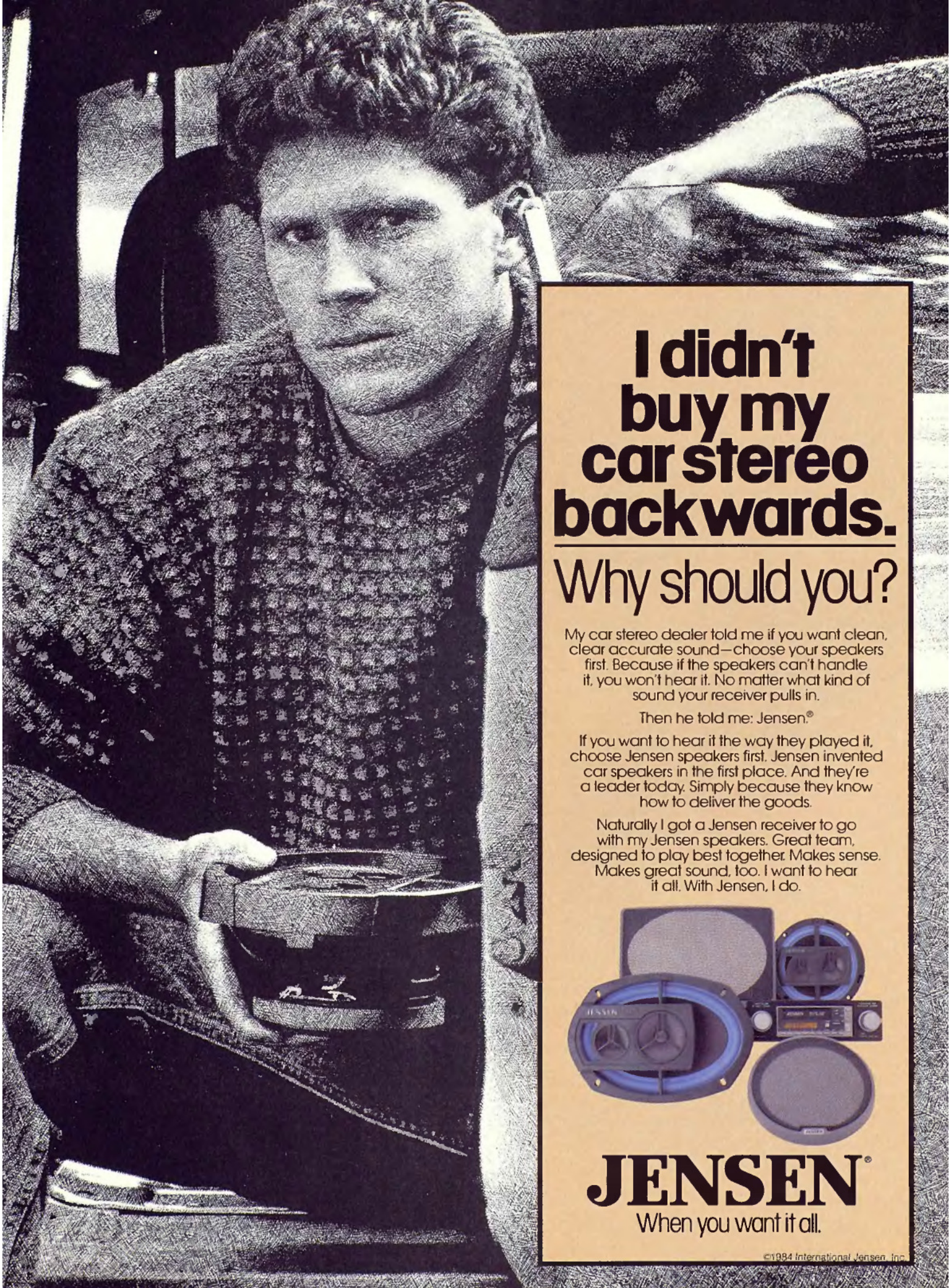
1 bottle (750 ml.) bourbon
½ bottle (375 ml.) dark rum
8 ozs. cognac
2 ozs. Benedictine
1 bottle dry red wine
1 quart strong black tea
2 cups orange juice
1 cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon bitters
½ cup superfine sugar (or to taste)
Peel of 1 lemon, cut in thin strips

Combine spirits, wine, tea, juices and bitters; stir well. Add superfine sugar, stirring until dissolved. Chill at least 24 hours. At serving time, stir again and pour about half of quantity over ice block in punch bowl. Garnish with lemon peel. Serve over ice. Refill bowl with remaining punch as needed.

HOLIDAY TONIC
(*20 servings*)

1 bottle (750 ml.) gin or vodka
1 oz. orange liqueur
1 can (6 ozs.) frozen-lemonade concentrate, partly thawed
1 liter tonic water, chilled
1 cucumber, thinly sliced

Combine gin or vodka, orange liqueur and lemonade concentrate. Stir well; chill. At serving time, stir and pour over ice block in punch bowl. Add chilled tonic water; stir briefly. Garnish with cucumber slices.



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REDEFINING SMART

(continued from page 96)

"We cannot hope to read . . . one one-hundredth of the books published in America alone every year."

was literate—save, presumably, those in his circle who needed to read his instructions to kill everyone else who could read his instructions. He was stopped, finally, after he had killed somewhere between one quarter and one third (the estimates vary) of all Cambodians. But poor Pol Pot, all he ultimately accomplished was the premature death of millions of people and a testimonial dinner in his honor by Communist China.

Given, then, that we cannot hope to read, however much time we give over to the effort, one one-hundredth of the books published in America alone every year, nor read one periodical out of every 100 published, and all of this to say nothing of catching up with those masterpieces written yesterday that silt up into public recognition, some of them 10, 20, even 50 years after first published, how can we hope to get about with any sense of—self-satisfaction isn't quite the right word, because self-satisfaction is not something we ought ever to strive after—rather, well: *Composure* is probably as good a word for it as comes readily to mind?

•

Nothing I have ventured until now is, I think, controversial. Is it controversial to bridge over to the final point; namely, that inhabitants of a common culture need to have a common vocabulary, the word vocabulary here used in the most formal sense as the instrument of intercommunication?

It is probably not a culturally disqualifying civic delinquency, or even civic abnegation, to come late, say six months or even a year late, to the recognition of Who is Michael Jackson? and What exactly is it that makes him, after two hours at a studio, create something the price of which Picasso would not have dared to ask after 20 hours' work at his easel? But I do think it hovers on civic disqualification not to know what is meant, even if the formulation is unfamiliar, when someone says, "Even Homer nodded."

Now, any time anybody comes up with something everybody ought to know on the refined side of, say, *The world is round, not flat*, or, *A day comprises 24 hours*, you will encounter an argument over whether knowledge of that particular datum is really necessary to integration as a member of a culture. So that what I just said about Homer's nodding will be objected to by some as not intrinsic to a "common vocabulary" in the same way that, let us say, it is intrinsic to know the answer to the question What was Hitler's holocaust? Subgroups within a culture will always feel that a knowledge of certain "things"—even of certain forms, certain recitations—is indispensable to a common knowledge and that without them, intercourse (social intercourse, I suppose I should specify, writing for PLAYBOY) is not possible. These "things" go by various names and are of varying degrees of contemporary interest. For instance, there is "consciousness enhancement" as regards, oh, black studies, or malnutrition, or Reagan's favoritism toward the rich. But these are, I think, faddist in any large historical perspective. Not so much more remote "things," such as Homer's nodding.

With the rise of democracy and the ascendancy of myth-breaking science, the need arose to acknowledge man's fallibility, preferably in a way that also acknowledged man's vanity. This was the period during which a belief in the divine right of kings began to wither on the overburdened wings of certitude. So that it became common in the 17th Century, the lexicographers tell us, to reflect that if it—i.e., human fallibility—could strike out at Homer, the more so could it overtake us. Homer was the symbol for the poet universally regarded as unerring (the divine Homer); yet objectivity raises its obdurate voice to point to errors (mostly factual inconsistencies) committed by the presumptively unerring. Only just before the beginning of the Christian era, Horace had written that "even Homer sometimes nods." And as recently as 1900, Samuel Butler spotted a picture of a ship in the *Odyssey* with the rudder at the front.

And so an entire complexion of social understanding unfolds before us: so that by recalling that even Homer nodded, we

"My daddy can't come and play with you today and I'm supposed to keep an eye on you."

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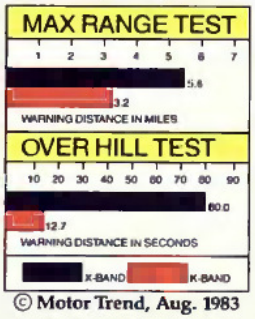

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REDEFINING SMARTS

a pragmatist's guide to surviving the information age

BY BARBARA NELLIS AND KATE NOLAN

Not that knowledge isn't a good thing, but do you ever get the feeling that you know too much? Granted, there is a clear and present need to remember certain things—birth control, your automatic-bank-teller code number, how to keep catsup from staining (use club soda). But you can rest assured that you'll never get a table in a good restaurant by knowing the speed of sound or how to find the hypotenuse of a right triangle. The trick in the info-packed Eighties is to keep your mind unsullied by useless information. It's time to strip your personal data base down to bare essentials and discard all the rest. Trust us: You can forget about Julio Iglesias, Morgan Fairchild and Andy Gibb. On the other hand, you really should remember to floss and to fasten your seat belt, and never forget that a straight flush beats four aces.

You get the picture—it's time to dress our brains for success. Toward this noble end, we've assembled lists of things you really should remember and those you can afford to forget. Now all you have to do is remember which list is which.

REMEMBER	FORGET
Six of the Ten Commandments	The four others
Girls Just Want to Have Fun	*I Am Woman*
Moe, Curly and Larry	Moonies, Preppies and Yuppies
"Be prepared"	"Moderation in all things"
California girls	Valley girls
Lean Cuisine	Cuisinart
The Heimlich maneuver	The Scarsdale diet
Joe DiMaggio	Mr. Coffee
Pearl Harbor	The way to San Jose
Who shot J.F.K.	Who shot J.R.
Miami Steve	John Denver
Bart Conner	Chuck Connors
Tax-deductible meals	The free lunch
Momma	Ma Bell
Foreplay	Forever
Wood-Stein	Woodstock
Jerry's kids	Jerry's movies
It takes a lot to laugh	It takes a train to cry
The Honeymooners	*Love Connection*
Darlene Love	Mike Love
Ted Koppel	David Eisenhower
60 Minutes	*The One Minute Manager*
The Bill of Rights	*Buffalo Bill*
Murphy's law	*Robert's Rules of Order*
April 15	December 31
Never give a sucker an even break	Suffer fools gladly
Money talks	Bullshit walks
A conservative is a liberal who was mugged last night	Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Speak softly and carry a big stick	Dollar diplomacy
Herpes is forever	A kiss is still a kiss
Kevin McReynolds	Chicken McNuggets
The only sure thing about luck is that it will change	Opportunity knocks but once
Boys will be boys	Boy George
The truth hurts	*National Enquirer*
A mind is a terrible thing to waste	David Hartman
A dollar invested for a year in 11½ percent municipal bonds is 11½ cents earned	A penny saved is a penny earned
Carl Lewis	Everybody loves a winner
I before E except after C	Age before beauty
Never trust anybody who makes lists	The David Wallechinsky family

are reminded of the vulnerable performance of lesser human beings—indeed, of *all* human beings. And if we acknowledge our weaknesses, then we inherit insight into such terms as "government by laws, not by men"; of such propositions as that "nobody is above the law"; and of such derivative things as checks and balances; insights, even, into the dark side, and black potential, of human nature.

In the age of the knowledge explosion, the struggle, by this reckoning, should be not so much to increase our knowledge (though that is commendable even if we recognize, fatalistically, that we fall further behind every day) as to isolate those things that no data that have been discovered have ever persuasively challenged and—here we approach an act of faith—no data will ever plausibly challenge. These are known, sometimes, as the "eternal verities." A secular version of one of these verities is that no one has the right to deprive another man of his rights. Let the discussion proceed over exactly what that man's rights are but not over the question of whether or not he has rights. But in order to carry on that discussion intelligibly, we need to share that common vocabulary that reaches out and folds protectively into a common social bosom those common verities. If, next Monday, all Americans were to suffer an amnestic stroke, forgetting everything we had ever known, what is it that would be required before we reassembled—if ever—around such propositions as are asseverated in the Declaration of Independence and in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address?

Western culture is merely a beachhead in space, Whittaker Chambers reminds us. That insight is what distinguishes today the Renaissance man. He is not the man who, with aplomb, can fault the Béarnaise sauce at Maxim's before attending a concert at which he detects a musical solecism, returning to write an imperishable sonnet before preparing a lecture on civics that the next day will enthrall an auditorium. No: The Renaissance man is, I think, someone who bows his head before the great unthreatened truths and, while admitting and even encouraging all advances in science, nevertheless knows enough to know that the computer does not now exist, nor ever shall, that has the power to repeal the basic formulas of civilization. "We know," Edmund Burke wrote, "that we have made no discoveries; and we think that no discoveries are to be made, in morality—nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mold upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity."

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"How come they all run around looking like they've just finished drinking an alum milk shake?"

they all run around looking like they've just finished drinking an alum milk shake?

Explanations have been offered by the learned, though they will not please the more dogged road runners. Dr. Kenneth E. Callen of Oregon Health Sciences University, writing in *Psychosomatics*, the journal of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, estimated that as many as one quarter of the persistents may be as crazy as peach-orchard hogs. Well, he put it a little different: said they may be "neurotically attached" to their grim slogging. Means the same thing, don't it? Psychiatrist Alayne Yates of the University of Arizona Health Sciences Center, writing in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, observes that most "obligatory runners"—those who pound out 40 or more miles per week—started running relatively late in life, generally feel unfulfilled in their professional or personal lives and use running to bring meaning to their existence. Adds Dr. Yates: "The runners in our sample shared many of the qualities of the anorectic patient; they were generally self-effacing, hard-working high achievers from affluent families who were uncomfortable with anger and who characteristically inhibited the direct expression of affect [mood]. Their singular commitment to running occurred at a time of heightened anxiety, depression and identity diffusion." When such road freaks can't run because of illness or injury, they become "depressed, angry and frustrated." Tell me them people ain't tilted.

One who fit Yates's pattern—notes Washington neurologist Richard M. Restak, writing in *The Washington Post*—was the late Jim Fixx (author of *The Complete Book of Running*), who last summer was called to Jesus at the age of 52 while wearing track shoes. Then there's marathon runner Alberto Salazar, proud of doing 106 miles weekly on a fractured foot he got pounding pavements, who once ran himself into heatstroke, a 108-degree body temperature and the joy of being packed in ice. Nothing should be packed in ice but champagne.

I've got friends, I'm ashamed to say, who've been caught up in this goddamn wholesome bunko. Mo Sussman, 40, owner of Joe and Mo's restaurant in downtown Washington, is a formerly chubby fellow who once would have a drink with you at the slightest provocation; it wouldn't surprise me to learn that Mo maybe once toked or snorted. Now, apparently, his ambition is to have a belly like a washboard. Last summer, Mo came to my house, kicked aside the Twinkie wrappers and Big Mac cartons and tried to persuade me to sign up for some foolish torture called The Sergeant's Program.

Mo quoted the sergeant's literature: "'No Jacuzzi, no juice bar, no aerobics, no dancing and no women. Just you, the soil, the sky, the sun and the sergeant. No money back. If you wimp out, tough luck.'" Mo told me the sergeant would make me a new man. I said I'd rather he made me a vodka martini. Mo's eyes shined in describing how, for only $285, the sergeant's buddies could know the pleasures of running to exhaustion, jumping tall obstacles, crawling through mud, fighting hand to hand and maybe swimming in handcuffs. No doubt in my mind: Mo Sussman today is a very sick man. Slimmer, maybe. But sick, sick, sick. (Still, Mo offered the only rational explanation I've heard for such excesses: "I'm dating a 24-year-old woman. You want I should die in the saddle?")

Then there's Jim Collins, 32, an ex-bartender who now manages a Capitol Hill watering hole and eatery called Timberlake's. Used to be you'd walk into Timberlake's and Jim would twist your arm until you drank a quart of Scotch without coming up for air; now he delivers temperance lectures. A year ago, Jim was pleasingly plump at 222 pounds and would happily volunteer tales of his latest satisfying debaucheries. Now he weighs 154 pounds; his cheeks sink in like a fashion model's who's sucking on a lollipop. All he'll talk about is the bad habits he's conquered, though—in the words of Mark Twain—the most he can expect of it is good health. Who *wants* eternal life if you gotta spend it pounding bricks?

Collins claims he's not one of those compulsive "obligatory" runners, in that he runs "only" a dozen miles per week. Hellfire, that amounts to only 624 miles per year; it'd take the boy a decade to run coast to coast and back. I don't know why I bother mentioning him. Maybe it's because his diet is . . . well, interesting. His bag is eating a high-fiber, low-fat diet and gulping a Japanese compound made of fibers and gelatin that looks like pieces of hay trapped in pale Jell-O. Once a week, he has his blood pressure and gastric juices checked and gets an E.K.G. to be sure his heart ain't bust a strut. When not jogging, he exercises on Nautilus machines or skips rope or improvises: You can be talking to him and suddenly he'll jump up and touch his toes until he makes witnesses dizzy. Maybe it helps him work up an appetite for that Japanese shit he eats.

Why, Jim? *Why?*

"I guess it started because heart disease runs in my family and a friend died of a stroke at the age of 30. But really, my true motivation isn't life extension. I just wanted to look better, feel better. It's great to feel confident and proud. I've got nine friends on the same program. We swear by it. We get cranky if something interferes and makes us late for workouts. You can solve a lot of mental problems while you're running or exercising. You go to bed with a clear mind, sleep well and wake up ready to go get 'em!"

Go get *what*, Jim?

"Well . . . you know. . . ."

Naw, Jim. I don't. I sure as hell don't.

•

I've got them wholesome blues.
Nobody's wearing tattoos.
Bar fighting passed from fashion
Once I'd paid my bloody dues.
The kids feel guilty;
They didn't fight in 'Nam,
So now they won't fight nowhere.
They ain't worth a tinker's damn. . . .

Jim Collins and Mo Sussman provided the names of a few young crazies as proud of their bust measurements as Dolly Parton is of hers, though none of them officially is a girl. Given deep artistic insights, I have boiled them down to a composite figure, about 30 years old, known as Whippersnapper. Old Soak is, of course, myself. The interview was held in a fern bar over harmless juices and weird food and near a set of mirrors so Whippersnapper could admire the way he has improved on God's handiwork.

OLD SOAK: Why this compulsive clean-living kick?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Well, there's a certain pride in being able to say "No!"

OLD SOAK: I'm not too familiar with that particular thrill.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: See, there's this good feeling you get in looking at your image and saying, "I made a *conscious decision* rather than acting on *impulse*." [*Old Soak stares at him as if he might be a Martian*] It's a form of discipline, understand?

OLD SOAK: You want discipline, why ain't you in the Marines?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: No, no, no! It's different! I mean, so you sleep with four or five or even six girls a week. In the end, what does that amount to?

OLD SOAK: I'd say it amounted to about 2000 board feet of fresh nookie a year.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: So what? Where's the fun in waking up every day with someone you'd rather not be with?

OLD SOAK: I thought you said you weren't married.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Be serious! I mean, you can get your head *so* fucked up with one-night stands. Once, I picked up this woman with a violin—no shit, now, picked her up in a bar—and she fiddled between fucks! *Fiddled!*

OLD SOAK: You don't like music?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: What's that got to do with anything? I mean, do you call hit-and-miss encounters *happiness?*

OLD SOAK: Sounds better than abstinence

and a granola bar.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: You miss the point! The fiddling woman was making a *statement*! She was saying, "On my scale of life, man, you don't mean as much as a B-flat!" I *understood* that! I felt the same about her.

OLD SOAK: How was she on the skin flute?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Look, if you're not serious about this interview, I could be out running! [*Whippersnapper takes a hefty belt of prune juice and angrily devours a handful of sunflower seed*]

OLD SOAK: Go check your flat belly in the mirror. Maybe it'll improve your mood. [*Whippersnapper does so, smiles at his reflection and is becalmed*]

WHIPPERSNAPPER: You want to talk about the new celibacy?

OLD SOAK: No, but I'm afraid you do.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Actually, the new celibacy was started by young women. They're more thoughtful than men. Most of us—most of the guys—who've rejected meaningless one-nighters, well, we got into celibacy by knowing strong women who'd made that decision earlier and led us to it.

OLD SOAK: Ah-*hah*! The gals cut you off, so rather than resort to rape——

WHIPPERSNAPPER: That is *not* what I mean. I mean the women taught us higher values! Face it, indiscriminate screwing just isn't fun much of the time.

OLD SOAK: Who says?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: A lot of us who've thought it through! There's the pressure of performance and the unnaturalness of attempting the world's most intimate act with a *stranger*! Now, think about that!

OLD SOAK: There are days when I think of little else.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Look, if you're not 100 percent into sex with a given partner, then you're better off not performing. What's the good of pumping away if your mind or heart isn't in it?

OLD SOAK: Your problem may be one of indifferent concentration.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: [*Sighing*] We're on different wave lengths.

OLD SOAK: Don't ask to trade.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: It's more a matter of character and substance than of physical . . . rutting.

OLD SOAK: OK. Let's momentarily assume that sport fucking is somehow debilitating; how does that tie in with giving up dope and booze?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: It's obvious. If my mind isn't wasted by drugs or clouded by drink, then I'm less likely to be victimized by the old pattern of indiscriminate sex.

OLD SOAK: Yeah, it'd sure be terrible to trip and fall in a pussy patch.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Go ahead. Have your fun. I *expect* that of your generation. You old guys just wanted to be able to make your *macho* brags: "I screwed X or Y or Z women this week." That bullshit isn't important to us.

OLD SOAK: What is?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Settling down. Getting married. Having children.

OLD SOAK: Shades of the Fifties!

WHIPPERSNAPPER: [*Sadly*] I just wish I didn't have herpes.

OLD SOAK: [*Truly astonished*] You catch it off a toilet seat?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: [*Musing*] Thinking back, I guess we used to drink, dope and screw around because of the bomb and living in a poisoned world.

OLD SOAK: [*Impatient and pissed*] Oh, Jesus Christ on a stick horse, boy: You couldn't float that lame excuse at a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous!

WHIPPERSNAPPER: No, now, there's some truth in it. I grew up seeing the ecology befouled—couldn't fish or swim in the Potomac River or parts of Chesapeake Bay—and knowing that every two-bit dictator had the capability to release the bomb. They laughed at Jimmy Carter when he said his little daughter, Amy, worried about nuclear proliferation. But I bet she truly did!

OLD SOAK: So if you run 80 miles a week and refuse to sport fuck, the rivers will clear up? Qaddafi will reject the bomb? Amy Carter will be able to sleep at night?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Scoff if you wish. But in retrospect, I believe some of our debaucheries were reactions against our parents—acts of rebellion against authority.

OLD SOAK: Jesus! Now the fault lies in Mommy and Da-da's toilet training!

WHIPPERSNAPPER: I'm talking about their hypocrisy and the guilt trips they put on us. Our parents told us, "Don't smoke grass; it's bad for you!" Then we'd see them stupid drunk. Or they'd tell us Vietnam was a noble battle for freedom, and after a while, we came to see that plainly wasn't true. Or they'd tell us racial integration would never work—but we soon saw that, given the chance, it could. So we decided if they were wrong about so many important things—and hypocritical, even—then they were shitting us about other things.

OLD SOAK: You've spanked your parents for hypocrisy, now how about the guilt they put on you?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: Well, it was a version of that old ploy "Eat everything on your plate, because there are starving children in China." Like, they stressed all the rough stuff they'd been through—the Depression, World War Two, Korea—and we felt guilty because, by comparison, we'd had it so easy. So maybe we dealt with our stresses by dissipating guilt through pleasure principles. Maybe, you know, our conduct also was a rebellion against society. The law said we could be drafted at 18 and sent to war to kill or be killed—but we couldn't vote or buy a drink legally.

OLD SOAK: Is it remotely possible you kids whooped it up just because it might have been *fun* and because it's in the nature, and tradition, of the young to sow a few wild oats?

WHIPPERSNAPPER: I don't think so. I believe there's a psychological reason for every action any rational human takes. See, I think what my generation is into is so far removed from your experiences and conditioning that you can't *possibly* understand. But try for a moment. [*Thinks deeply, furrowing brow to so signify*] If you run far enough—if you push through the pain and keep going—there's this . . . this *glowing* feeling. It's a state so pure, you can almost see God. It's so peaceful and, and, well, it's almost like looking at your surroundings through pink gauze. It's a much purer high than I ever got from any dope or liquor. It's . . . well, you perceive things in flashes of light. Off and on. Off and on. Like that. You feel . . . not dizzy, exactly, but, but . . . something close to it. Lightheaded in a *good* way. Warm and toasty. It's beautiful once you've pushed past the pain. If you haven't experienced it, there's no way you'll be able to comprehend it or put a name on it, but——

OLD SOAK: Hypoxia.

WHIPPERSNAPPER: What?

OLD SOAK: When you feel that way, your brain ain't getting enough oxygen, dummy!

•

O Lord, please deliver
This wretched soul from woe,
Living in a time, it seems,
When don't nobody know
The joys of drifting,
Just kicking up their heels,
While laughing through how magical
A pure old stone high feels.

I've got them wholesome blues.
Think I may blow a fuse.
New Puritans are cheering
That my side is gonna lose.
I hate to hear it:
Those most discordant sounds
Of joggers on the footpaths
And preachers on their rounds.

I've got them wholesome blues.
Somebody please bring me news
That I've just had a bad dream
And they've outlawed running shoes.
Let fools stand gazing
Into the looking glass;
I'd rather be a-grazing
On some lovely perfumed lass.

I've got them wholesome blues,
And now that you know my views,
Just ring me up if you don't mind
Old tales of dope and booze.
I've got them ho-ho,
Hey-let's-go
Do-ugly
Ho-oo-ole-sum blues!

[*The Old Soak, having gathered weighty evidence, now dutifully rises in the court of public opinion to utter, as follows*:]

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I rise not to ask your condemnation of these foolish defendants for excessive running, faddish dieting or abstaining from sex—as unnatural as those acts may be.

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into nerds. They have that right, whether they manifest their nerdity by voting straight Republican, wearing Argyle socks or compulsively exercising while starving themselves. Perhaps evolution in its mysterious way *meant* some people to be nerds and so they are helpless in their genes to avoid it. These I pity but do not censure.

But it *is* my duty—and yours—to find practitioners of the so-called New Puritanism guilty of the worst forms of verbal quackery and of preaching heretical bullshit. They are not what they claim to be, which ranges from mystics to idealists to victims.

They are, first of all, nothing more grand than faddists. Copycats. Every time one nerd sees another nerd in running shoes, he falls in behind him and slavishly imitates him. Despite their high-minded rhetoric as to motivation, these people are largely keeping up with the Joneses. Remember Hula-Hoops and goldfish swallowing? This, too, shall pass.

Many of these malcontent shin-splinters and stalk eaters would have you believe that wicked old Society or mean old Mommy and Da-da somehow so scared and scarred them that they were unavoidably driven to outrageous acts of self-denial. What a crock of pure unadulterated bullshit, ladies and gentlemen! What a whimpering, whining, wimpy farce of a tale! Now, I do not dispute—for we have the testimony of head shrinks to support it—that many of these foolish faddists are a bit bonkers and may be attempting to flee their own inadequacies in track shoes. I submit, however, that they can't blame Society or Mommy and Da-da and expect us not to laugh. Listen: These are pampered, affluent little Yuppie pricks for the most part—coddled and ass-wiped from the cradle, given sports cars and credit cards before they left prep school! They've had it better, softer, easier than any other generation of Americans, should you go all the way back to the Mayflower. I say if they can't stand prosperity, fuck 'em!

These cold, self-centered little fish swim in their own private seas largely for the opportunity to see themselves reflected in the water. Aye, there's the rub: narcissism. These preeners and fops worship a god who, according to Greek mythology, caused the death of his girlfriend, Echo, by spurning her and then fell in love with his own image in the water; he spent his days pining away for himself until he died. I suspect nine tenths of these so-called New Puritans close themselves in their bedrooms to kiss mirrors!

And in sweating or starving their precious images into more desirable shapes and conditions, guess what they've done. They've burned such energies, they have nothing left over to give to others. *Don't believe them*, ladies and gentlemen, when they prattle of the new celibacy's being founded on superiority, morality or a new sensitivity. That is pure horseshit. That is a cover-up to rank with Watergate. The . . . truth . . . is . . . this: *They're too tired and drained of juices to get it up!* That's their problem, jurors, that and no other! And so they attempt to excuse their flaccid peckers or juiceless holes by professing the attainment of a moral ground so high—get *this*!—that it will not permit risking a roll in the sack with willing, consenting, loving strangers. Why, there are Texas stockyards not half as rich in bullshit as that cheap cop-out!

I shan't excessively dwell on the strange diets favored by the shin-splint crowd. Ancient tribes feasted on grubworms and fecal matter, so I suppose the so-called New Puritans will survive hay-and-gelatin compounds made in Japan. I do worry, yes, about the futures of those who raise beef, hogs, sheep and chickens for consumption in a society where many somehow prefer eating roots and bee pollen. And I foresee the day when we raise generations of children who grow up looking like Hollywood's notion of pale, popeyed, cadaverous aliens from outer space. Mercifully, before such comes to pass, the worms will be eating me—which is more than I can expect from your average Yuppie girl.

As to those who cry, like ancient prophets, that God or better is to be found by "pushing through the pain," I wish them the full ecstasy of a swift kick to the gonads and time then to rethink their philosophy. I refuse to waste more words on ignoramuses too dumb to know the difference between hallucinations dimly seen and hypoxia visibly experienced, who prefer stewing in their own sweat rather than the perfumed juices of others.

The prosecution rests—prone and supine. Preferably with a glass of wine, a double bacon cheeseburger and a stray blonde in his hands.

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JOYS OF SUCCESS *(continued from page 133)*

"You have to have a dream in front of you, but when you get it, you push up to the next plateau."

my family and I went backpacking in Montana, and to me that seemed the perfect vacation.

The possession I enjoy most is our small house in the countryside of northwest Connecticut. It's not at all grandiose, just comfortable. It's someplace I will live someday. Incidentally, we're building a tennis court up there, and I've learned that no matter how much money you spend on the tennis court, it doesn't improve your backhand.

Success, if you look at it from a monetary point of view, does buy freedom. It means not having to be worried about making ends meet every month. Interestingly, that worry is something I still haven't been able to escape. I grew up in modest circumstances. My mother still watches how she spends her money. One of my friends says, "Tom will never stop looking over his shoulder."

One thing I wanted to buy all my life was a Porsche. I never did. To me, it still seems like a lot of money for a car. Instead, I drive a 1977 Chevy pickup truck with one broken door.

One of the ironies of success is that when you work so hard to achieve a certain professional status and happiness, you have to make sacrifices, often financial, along the way. Then, when you finally reach a point where you can afford to buy what you want, people want to give you stuff. The more you have, the more people want to give you. It seems unfair. Where were they when you needed them?

I've always had an enormous curiosity about things and a propensity for enjoying the sharing of information with others. From the time I was a kid, I was always the town crier. Because this profession is so rewarding in an emotional and intellectual way, I couldn't get enough of it. It sure beats working. The best reward of my career is having a built-in excuse to be wherever the action is.

I've never said, "If I get here or there, I'll be successful." I don't think I perceive success as many people do. Too often, success is measured by dollars and cents or by a title. My brother works for the telephone company in Orange County, California. I think he is successful. He has the life he wants and he does his job well.

Sometimes, when I read about how successful I'm supposed to be, it seems like they're talking about a third person. I'm still treated as less than immortal by my children, and I've never surrounded myself with the trappings of success. Also, I think journalism has a kind of blue-collar mentality about it. In other worlds, a man who had accumulated a lot might be called mister and be deferred to. In journalism, it's just as likely that one of your confederates may address you with, "Hey, Bozo."

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MARVIN M. MITCHELSON, 56 (famed divorce and palimony attorney): I recently bought a castle—an actual castle—right here in Los Angeles. It's above Sunset Boulevard and was built in 1920. It's a Normandy-style castle on two and a half acres. I'm restoring it to its former beauty—I just love to restore things, and I adore antiques. There's a feeling of being back in the Old World when I'm working on my castle, and I like that. In fact, much of the pleasure comes from doing the work—maybe building a moat around it and a few other things—and the anticipation of living there. It's a lot of fun, really, though I'd be the first to admit that it's quite indulgent. It's not necessary to a happy life, but it gives me a lot of pleasure.

Actually, I've done three homes already—the last one, I worked on for 19 years. It was an A-frame built out over a mountain. You'd go down a spiral staircase and look through the pool, sort of like a James Bond movie. The swimming pool was in front of the house. I remember every morning as I dashed out, running past the swimming pool on the way to the airport or court or the office, I'd say to myself, "My goodness, I'm rushing out the door and not really enjoying this place." You see, the anticipation is much different from the reality. And I think that's the same with any goals we set. You have to have a dream out in front of you, but when you get it, you push up to the next plateau. I think that's indigenous to our nature as human beings. I know it's certainly part of my character.

I have a Rolls-Royce and a 1969 Mercedes with the license plate PALIMONY on it. My wife gave me the plate, and it's a fun thing for me. I drive both cars. This is actually my fourth Rolls-Royce and, yes, I always had wanted one. They're really great cars, and there's something great about driving them when they work, though often they're in the shop. Perhaps we never get over our status symbols, but I do like the car better for what it is than for the fact that it may be a status symbol.

I also collect art. I've been a strong Impressionist collector for about 14 years. I also collect Napoleonic memorabilia. But my favorite work of art is Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* up there [*he points to his office ceiling, where there's a circular glass reproduction of that work*]. Of course, the real one is in Florence, but I like the symbol. There's a legend that the model died when she was 26 and managed to be the girlfriend of Botticelli and Michelangelo at the same time. For me, she's the symbol of beautiful women, and I have her around in different places.

What have I always wanted that I still don't have? Well, among other things, I'd love to be a symphony conductor. I have a whirlpool bath built here in my office. At night, after a whirlpool bath, I come out here, open the curtains, which gives me a view of the entire city, and turn on the stereo and conduct a full symphony.

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WALLY AMOS, 48 (former theatrical agent; creator and owner of Famous Amos Chocolate Chip Cookies): I'm not a status-oriented person and I'm really not into material things. However, there was a time, back when I was in show business and wearing fancy suits, when I was obsessed with having a Rolls-Royce. As a joke, a friend gave me a toy Rolls, but that's as close as I got to actually owning one. Now I drive a Ford Bronco. Prior to that, I had a VW convertible. I switched because I was tired of driving a small car. I'm a tall guy, and I wanted to ride high.

It wasn't until after I had lost all my desire for material things that I got to the place I am now. I didn't start my cookie store to make a million, I just wanted to make a living. The reason I decided to open the store was to have fun, to make the cookies the way I thought they should be made. I didn't open the store to put myself in a pressure situation. I just wanted to be happy.

For a long time, I was happy as an agent. Then things began to change. I was constantly coordinating other people's lives while mine was going to hell. I realized I could be doing the same thing in ten years and still not get anywhere, so I began to think of alternative ways of making a living.

Most people equate success with material possessions and making a lot of money. I thought that way myself once. But when I started the cookie business, that was out of my mind; I achieved success by giving up the idea of becoming a success.

Of course, success is different for everybody. My mother felt a great sense of accomplishment from her work. She was—and is—a proud lady and was in demand as a domestic. I don't know that she wanted fancy cars. When I was a youngster growing up in Tallahassee, we never had a lot of material things, but I didn't long for them. I always had what I needed—nice clothes and enough food. My parents never talked about wishing that we had this or that.

Today, one of my biggest feelings of success, something that I really enjoy, is working in the back yard. The house I have now is the first I've ever owned, so I had never worked in a yard before. I had never realized how important dirt was. I

(continued on page 232)

BERNARD AND HUEY

JULES FEIFFER

could happily spend all day watering and weeding. When I moved in, everything in the yard was wild. I cut and pruned it all myself—I wanted every new leaf to be mine. And they were. What could make you feel more successful than that?

When my shirt and hat and packaging material were accepted for the Smithsonian Institution's Business Americana collection, I thought it was a great honor. We were the first black business to be accepted. But certainly I didn't look at that as a confirmation of my success.

Our belief system is backward, because we want other people to verify us, to confirm our worth. But the individual has to confirm his own worth. I wasn't a failure for 39 years before I started my cookie business. I have value just because I *am*.

•

AMY HECKERLING, 32 (motion-picture director of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, *Johnny Dangerously* and the upcoming *National Lampoon's Vacation in Europe*): The one thing I had to rush out and get as soon as I could afford one was a video recorder. I had to have it to tape all those old movies. And then I never watched them. Still, it's one of the best rewards I could get, one of my most valued possessions. I know I'm really committed to a guy when I take my VCR over to his place.

I make a lot more money now than I did as an assistant editor, and it seems like even more when you're a kid from the Bronx. I get things in small steps. I drove my Datsun into the ground for ten years. Now I'm driving a four-year-old Volvo that I bought used. To me, that seemed like enough of a step up. I'm not ready for a new car. I live in a two-bedroom apartment. I just don't want to feel too successful all at once. It would confuse me.

I know a lot of people to whom possessions are a big deal. When I was younger, I was afraid that if I started wanting things, my energies would go into the wrong places and I'd end up too depressed or envious of what other people had. I always went out of my way to avoid record stores or department stores or anyplace that sold things I wanted. Now people are always saying, "Why don't you get a better car?" I've spent so long avoiding possessions that I just want to tell them to leave me alone.

The people around me in Hollywood are not into what I'm into. I like lying around with my boyfriend and cat, watching TV. But people here seem to really enjoy their cars. Cars are status symbols everywhere, but in Hollywood they're especially prevalent. Offices also seem to be very important. I had a boyfriend who was very much into art-deco things. His office was gorgeous and very, very tasteful, and he thought a great deal about it. So do other guys in the business.

When *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* was showing, I went into a theater a couple of weeks after it had been out. I could tell that the people in the audience were all repeaters, because they were talking with the film. Seeing all those kids talking along with my movie, knowing that they had seen it more than once, was an incredible high. I wish I could bottle that feeling and have it for times when I need it.

What do I want now? A baby. That's something you can't buy, though money helps. I also have always wanted a building in New York—an old brownstone kept in good order. New York is where I'm from, and I'm miserable being away. I figure that if I owned a little piece of real estate, it would give me the feeling of still being a New Yorker. I'd like a bicoastal life.

As for vacations, I've always felt that I should be doing something at all times. I had never realized the importance of taking time off to clear out your head. I always wanted to go to Europe, but I was either working or, if I wasn't working, I didn't have enough money. So the first time I saw Europe was when I was on a two-week whirlwind tour scouting locations for *Vacation in Europe*. In order to get there, I had to have a purpose.

My needs are not great. To me, it's luxury enough not to have to worry about money. It's nice knowing I can go to New York when I want to. For a long time, I couldn't afford the plane ticket.

•

ROCKY H. AOKI, 46 (founder and chairman of Benihana of Tokyo, Inc.; champion balloonist and powerboat racer): People tend to measure success with money, possessions and power. I've made a certain amount of money, so I'm considered successful. But success is a journey. If you stop satisfying yourself, that's the end of life. You've got to keep trying to achieve. For me, making money is not the only success. It's also personal freedom and the ability to say "To hell with what other people think." Success means being able to do anything I want, and that includes making world and national records. I want to make history.

When I made a world record in ballooning, I was quite happy, but for only a short period of time. If you're a professional adventurist, you have to look for new challenges.

As far as possessions go, I always think about their resale value. When I buy a car, I want to make sure I will make money when I sell it. When I buy a house—and the one I am in now is my seventh—I think about how much money I'll make when I sell. I'm like a used-car salesman—anything I buy I want to sell.

Success and possessions are different things, and possessions mean nothing to me now. I have a good friend, the chairman of a big chemical company, who leases everything. Why? Because there are fewer headaches. I agree with him. I don't want to own so many houses, because it just means more headaches. I'm changing from a house to a condo, a place where I can lock one small door. I have a big house in Miami, and all that means is that I have to worry about the two guys who work there, about cutting the grass, about fixing the garage doors and about the cars. Owning a lot of things is one way for me to make myself very miserable. I want to go back to renting and leasing everything.

When dreams become reality, they often end up as nightmares. I had 30 cars, which was my dream. But in reality, 30 cars are a nightmare—you just can't keep them without moving the engines. That meant someone would have to start them up regularly, and that became a nightmare. I've been racing for nine years and once had seven boats. They, too, became a nightmare, so I simply donated them all and became much happier once they were gone.

They look at me as a hero in Japan. Although many corporations have come here and become successful, few individual Japanese have. I'm paid $30,000 to speak before groups in Japan. In Japan, the symbols of success are pretty much the same as they are here. Money is very big, but your family is also very important. They say, "Sure, Rocky Aoki is making money, but he was a taxi driver and a factory worker 20 years ago."

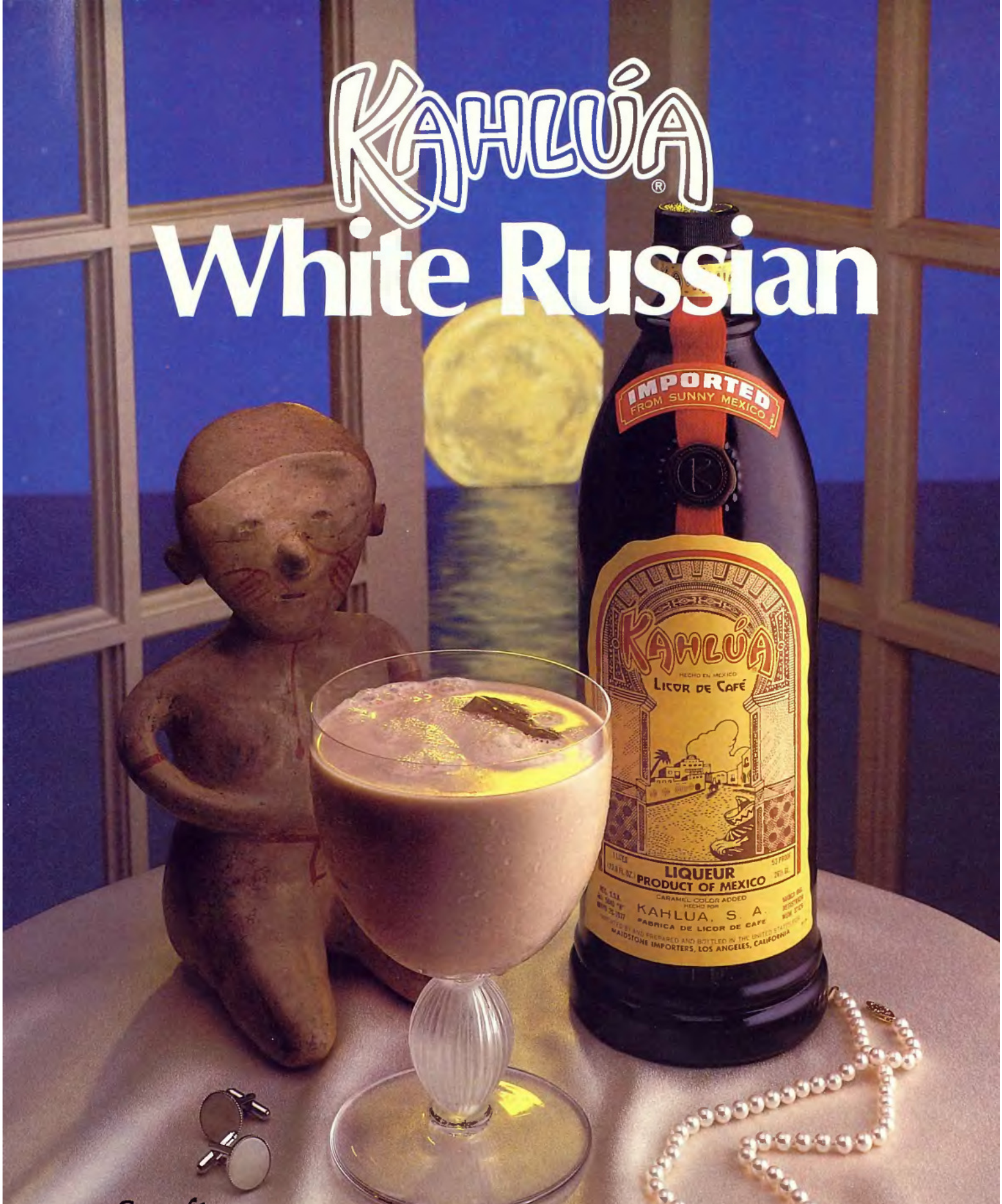
•

RICK MEARS, 33 (two-time winner of the Indianapolis 500): I had never planned to drive Indy cars. For me, racing was a hobby, what I enjoyed doing. I was going to work construction for my dad. I worked during the week to make money for the weekend. I did what I enjoyed most, and so I gave it 110 percent.

It's nice to make a living at racing. It would be nice to make enough to be able to say that I was comfortable and could take care of myself, but I'm not there yet, and I don't know if I ever will be. I'm very fortunate to have what I do have. I don't feel any different than when I got out of high school. People change more toward you than you change—they tend to put you on a pedestal, and I've had trouble with that.

When I started racing, building cars with my brother and dad, I was struggling, really struggling. It was a strain to make ends meet. I was divorced about a year and a half ago, but I remember that my ex-wife once wanted to buy a bathing suit and we couldn't afford it. She went over to my dad's and washed dump trucks to earn enough money to buy it. We counted every dollar. Still, I have always had a good life. My dad made a comfortable living, but we were not rich by any means. I worked, was married and had two kids, and we really had to watch it. But just about the time the bills stacked up and I started to get nervous about where the money would come from, I'd luck out and win a race just in the nick of time to pull us out of the hole.

Of course, I love cars. I have a Ferrari, but still there are other cars I'd like to have that I don't have. I like antique



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cars—Packards and Mercedes especially. I'd love to buy one, but you've got to plan for the future and keep your head screwed on straight. The Ferrari was my gift to myself for winning the Indy in 1979. It's foolish. It's not foolish. I felt like I earned it, and I enjoy it very much.

Still, if I buy a new car, I get sick to my stomach, whether or not I can afford it. I've always wanted cars, but I never let myself want something I can't afford. The Ferrari was very impractical. It's a nice car, but I don't get to drive it a lot. I think about selling it from time to time, but then I wash it and think, Nah, I don't want to sell this. I have eight cars, including pace cars from Indy and two cars from winning the championship in two years. Some I keep at my house, some at my brother's house and some at my dad's.

The nicest financial reward is simply not having to watch every penny—being able to buy something on the spur of the moment without worrying that it will break me, like going fishing and being able to buy a new pole and tackle or getting the right gun for a hunting trip. I wouldn't have been able to do those things before.

There's no one possession that makes me feel as if I've made it. It doesn't matter how much money you make, there's never enough to do what you want. You can buy a 40-foot boat, but there's always some guy who is going to pass you in a 60-footer. If you work your way up to a 60-footer, a guy will go by with a 100-footer. There's always something bigger and better.

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JOE SEDELMAIER, 51 (director of TV commercials; creator of Wendy's "Where's the beef?" campaign and Federal Express' fast-talking executive): Success is getting your kicks. Everything works out in averages. We don't always win, but as long as your average is up there and you get your kicks somehow, that's great. For me, it's that amazing feeling I get seeing something happen, something suddenly take life, something I have created. It's like magic.

I can remember when I was about 12 years old. I had saved enough money on my paper route and got together enough money with my friends to buy an eight-millimeter camera. I pulled it all together, created, shot and edited a little fantasy. Making it happen was its own reward—the high you get from doing it is the best thing that comes out of work. The interesting thing is that the high never gets any better. The tremendous high I got as a kid with that film is the same high I get today. My work may be better, but the feeling is the same. And it's important to have those moments.

I couldn't be one of those guys who don't get creative kicks out of their work and, instead, do water colors on the weekends to make up for it. So many people in the advertising business don't like what they do, but they say, "I'm making so much money, I'm going to keep doing what I'm doing." I think it's a carry-over of the old Puritan work ethic that says you can't enjoy life, that the enjoyment has to be replaced with weekend water colors. I don't have weekend water colors. For me, the big rewards are those special moments—and that's all there is. That's all I can hope for.

One of the best things about success is control. Now I have more control than I ever did. Artistic control is the best thing I could have possibly earned.

I like to read, to swim, to be with my family. I enjoy going to the theater, the symphony, eating good food, wearing nice clothes. All those material rewards are sort of nice, but they're just the dessert. I couldn't enjoy them if I didn't get my kicks out of what I do. I never longed for big cars or any of that stuff. There was a time when I was working for a big corporation and earning a lot of money, but I was very unhappy. Once you don't get those creative kicks anymore, you're dead. And when you do get them—when you create a character, see it come to life and watch people react—that's fantastic. I don't even call that work.

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GORE VIDAL, 59 (author): Success is an exertion of power over others and, obviously, over yourself, too. So at what point does that register? I'd say with me it registered only once. Power for me is power over an audience, particularly a physical audience. When Nixon beat McGovern, only Massachusetts voted for McGovern. I was giving the Ford Hall Forum Lectures in Boston, opening the series. There must have been about 1200 people in Jordan Hall, which is a huge old place. And I took questions and gave answers, droning on and on. Then somebody said, "Why do you think it is that Massachusetts is the only state in the Union that voted for McGovern against Nixon?"

I said, "Well, I could flatter you and I could tell you that Boston is the Athens of America"—I got a bit of applause for that local reference—"but I'm not going to flatter you. I'll tell you the truth. Since the beginning of the republic, Massachusetts has been the most corrupt state in the Union, and you know a crook when you see one." Well, the house fell apart. That's success. That is power.

Success also means being number one in your field. But a writer never knows that. Nor does an actor. In politics, it's easy. If you enter a room and they play *Hail to the Chief*—that's how you know you've made it in Washington, D.C. Otherwise, you're nothing but a spear carrier around there.

Politicians who are not Presidents don't feel successful—particularly the powerful ones. There are some who just settle back and ultimately accept the fact that as far as they're going to get is being chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. Although they have certain power, I'd say every last one of them wanted to go into politics to be President. And getting to be President is as much an accident as anything else.

I've never felt particularly successful about anything. I don't think successful people ever think they're successful. Failures probably tend to feel they're more successful than successful people do.

Although I own homes in Ravello, Italy, and Los Angeles, I've never wanted to own a house. I've always liked the idea of living in one room and moving whenever I felt like it. I have to have houses, because I have books. Without books, I can't do the work that I do. So I get a place in which to put the books, and I may just as well get a place in a landscape that I like.

I've never liked automobiles. I don't even own a car. Sometimes I'll rent one. I've never wanted to own anything.

I can't talk about many successful people. I know some, but I don't ask them questions. They tend not to be very introspective. Let me tell you something that Disraeli wrote that might apply to this. In *Endymion*, one of the characters says, "Sensible men are all of the same religion."

"And pray, what is that?" asks another character.

"Sensible men never tell," came the reply.

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KATHLEEN TURNER, 27 (actress, *Body Heat*, *Romancing the Stone*): For me, the reward of success is not money but the relief from the pressure to take every job. For an actress, the only right you really have is to say no. I think success is great freedom of choice and the ability to say no without fear. I recently got married, and I think success played a large part in that decision. I think I've reached a certain level of self-confidence and feel different about myself. A couple of years ago, all my attention was focused on proving things to myself and to others. At that point, you don't have the confidence to make a commitment like marriage. You have to get that out of the way first. I couldn't have gotten married—and I think my husband feels the same way—until reaching that certain point of confirmation.

Possessions don't mean a lot to me. But there is one possession that makes me feel that I've made it. Last June, I bought a 1970 Mercedes-Benz 280SL. It's a little convertible, a real classic, the rounded one they made before they made the one that looks like an elephant. When I ride around with the top down and people look at me, I say to myself, "I bet they think I'm a movie star." It makes me feel . . . *wow*. I hadn't had a car in eight years. This is my big splurge.

The first time I felt successful was just in the past year. I finally became free from the anxiety of "Do they want me?" That

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happened when people started approaching me with projects without my having to go after them. Actually, that started a couple of years ago, but then people had a set idea of what I could do, and that idea was defined by the glamorous role I played in *Body Heat*. I have three scripts now—one is about a cabdriver; another is about a lawyer and mother of two kids.

I think success is great. I meet people who feel guilty or are apologetic about it, but that doesn't make sense, because everything you work for is aimed toward that. Of course, for an actor, success is never a given. After you prove yourself in one part, you go on to another. You're constantly proving yourself.

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ALLEN H. NEUHARTH, 60 (chairman and chief executive officer of Gannett Company, Inc., publisher of 120 newspapers, including *USA Today*): For me, the greatest reward is being able to sit at a window on the world and then tell the world what you see through that window. I'm still basically a newsperson who happened to get into general management. Sitting at the window and getting to paint the picture is how I get my kicks. Doing that, and seeing it in print, is a bigger high than reading a profit-and-loss statement. But if those statements weren't good, I would have to concentrate more on them.

I think success for individuals in whatever field they are in is having their achievements match their abilities and ambition. When I was editor of my high school paper, I had the same feeling of success. There were only 100 people in my high school, but I was the guy who knew what was going on and what kind of picture to paint. The same thing was true of college.

To me, the rewards are not just financial. The pleasure comes out of participating in figuring out what makes the world work and conveying that information. I'm reasonably well rewarded financially, but I would do it for a hell of a lot less money if necessary.

I don't mean to belittle the material rewards of success. I enjoy the good life, as I think most people do. It's nice to be able to wear what you want, go where you want, eat what you want—without worrying about the money. But I've never had as an objective the idea of accumulating any great wealth. I'm not wealthy; I'm well to do. If I had concentrated as hard on making money for myself as I had on professional successes, I would be a hell of a lot richer. But it wouldn't have been as much fun.

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MICHAEL GRAVES, 50 (award-winning architect; professor at Princeton University): Architectural success is defined differently in the academic and commercial worlds, and often there is very little crossover. In the academic world, there are people with strong theories who are published and are well known. Then there are architects who have great commercial buildings that sometimes may not be looked at by students of architecture with admiration or even any great interest. I followed the model of trying to teach and practice simultaneously, but I wasn't very successful in my early years in getting many buildings. When you're young, you are offered small commissions by your neighbors. I became known as the cubist-kitchen king—pictures of some of my kitchens were even published. Many academics never build and are very happy. However, teaching in itself is very gratifying. I taught for 21 years. I still do. It keeps up my critical skills.

There are architects whose greatest goal is still to build the tallest building in America. Nothing interests me less. To me, the creative high comes from making the initial drawing and then seeing the building. I had seen my municipal-services building in Portland, Oregon, through various stages of completion. One day it had been a skeleton, and a few days had passed before I went back. It was like no other day of my life. It was really extraordinary. I *loved* the building. I looked across the street from it and saw an ordinary steel-and-glass building. I thought that the architect of that building couldn't possibly have felt the way I did. How could the workmen be interested in constructing repeated floors in a relentless pattern? I liked my building. Not only that, I thought it had a kind of potency that had impact.

As for material rewards, it's awfully nice being out of debt after you've been in debt for 15 years. I'm rather frugal, and I still can't afford to finish my house. But my children are in college, and they need money. You can't imagine how nice it is to write a check for the education of your kids or to send your daughter to Florence. It's an extraordinary kind of thing for me.

In a material sense, one of my great passions is looking at, designing and buying furniture. I bought a Biedermeier chair a few years ago. I never sit in it—it's uncomfortable—but I like it very much.

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PAIGE RENSE, 50 (editor in chief of *Architectural Digest* and *Bon Appétit*): My weekend house in Montecito, near Santa Barbara, which I got about a year ago, is my sweetest reward. Of all my possessions, it gives me the most pleasure. It's a very simple little house. When I'm in town, I go up there every weekend, and I'm going on a two-week vacation there soon. I didn't have a decorator. It isn't even done. I just had some country things put in, and there it is.

To me, luxury has very little to do with acquisitions. It's an inner freedom. At some point over the past few years, I began to feel a certain inner freedom—and as a result, I'm not as driven anymore. Now I actively seek simplicity in every area of my life. When you're driven, your eye is always fixed on the next thing. My eye is now firmly on the present.

What I enjoy most is peace. I no longer yearn to travel; in fact, I find it very difficult. For me, the perfect luxury trip would be one without a single appointment. In the past, I enjoyed working while I traveled, because it meant that I wasn't a spectator. Now I'm perfectly content to be a spectator.

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PAUL SHAFFER, 35 (bandleader on *Late Night with David Letterman*): For me, the best reward for what success I have is getting to play with performers I have idolized since I was a kid. I remember in particular when James Brown was on the Letterman show. It was a huge thrill for me and everyone in the band. So was playing with Ellie Greenwich, who wrote a lot of my favorite songs when I was a kid, or Darlene Love, lead singer for Bob B. Soxx and The Blue Jeans. She sang lead on The Crystals' *He's a Rebel*.

The highs come from playing with someone else when there's a musical feeling and concentration between you. I don't play alone much, but it can happen then, too. It takes a lot of concentration to create that feeling and hit that groove. That concentration used to be easier when I was a kid; maybe then I didn't have so many worldly cares. Now it takes more to blot out the outside and strive for that high. If you get that high while you're creating music, ideally, people will get the same high when they listen. To me, it's all about hitting that groove. Otherwise, what would I be doing here?

I haven't been all that materialistic, because I've been striving so hard to hit that groove and to work and learn from people I respect. I don't really own anything, to tell you the truth. I don't even live that differently from the way I did when I started out. I've never had time to get a bigger place or fix up anything. When I get home at night, I just fall into bed. I've been too busy working to enjoy material possessions.

It's nice to be able to get any equipment I need. I have a video-tape machine. I needed a synthesizer, and it felt good to be able to buy it without worrying. It's nice to travel, if I get time off. But I don't travel extravagantly. My idea of a vacation is a lovely pool with a bar beside it. I don't worry much about where it is.

Nobody feels successful all the time, especially in show business. A hit today is passé tomorrow. It's great to be working in New York, but you always have to be ready to go play the lounge at a Holiday Inn. I've always loved playing the piano. Even when I was putting my time in at lounges in Canada, I was enjoying myself almost as much as I am now.

Is there anything I've always wanted that I don't have? I check the Playmate Data Sheet every month, and I still haven't made FAVORITE ENTERTAINER of any of them.

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FATHERS, SONS

(continued from page 112)

"Did we come to by God hunt or did we come to hunt? . . . That was something men said to other men."

Uncle Alton lifted his glass toward the sound of the angry, healthy squalling, a brief smile touching his face, and said, "There it is. There it is right there."

And so it is. Part of the way I am bonded to my son is made up of the way I will always be bonded to Uncle Alton, dead now these many years, dead before Byron could ever know him. But no great matter. Blood is our only permanent history, and blood history does not admit of revision. Or so some of us believe.

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I picked up a magazine not long ago in which a man was writing about his children. In the very beginning of the piece, he said, "The storms of childhood and adolescence had faded into the past." He would be the poorer for it if that were true. But it is not true, not for him or for any father. The storms don't fade into the past, nor do all the moments that are beautiful and full of happiness, the moments that quicken our hearts with pride. In early July of the summer Byron would turn 12, we were sitting on the top of Springer Mountain in Georgia. It was raining and we were soaked and exhausted to the bone, having made the long steep climb of the approach to the Appalachian Trail, which winds its way across the Eastern United States and finally ends on Mount Katahdin in Maine. Between us, embedded in the boulder on which we were sitting, was the metal image of a young hiker.

Byron put his hand on the stone and said, "Well, we made it to the beginning."

And so we had, but a hell of a beginning it had been. It hadn't stopped raining all day as we'd climbed steadily over broken rock. He was carrying a 20-pound pack and mine weighed 45, both probably too heavy, but we'd decided to pack enough with us so that we could hike for as long as we wanted to without getting out of the mountains to restock our supplies. I had put him in the lead to set the pace.

"Remember, we're not in a hurry," I called after we'd been going awhile. "This is not a goddamn contest."

I was forced to say it because he'd taken off over the brutally uneven trail like a young goat. He'd looked back at me for only an instant and kept climbing.

Then, as the mud and rock made the footing more and more unsure, I said, "You think we ought to find a place to wait out this rain?"

He stopped and turned for just an instant to look at me. "Did we come to by God hike or did we come to hike?"

He was smiling, but he'd said it with just the finest edge of contempt, which is the way you are supposed to say it, and I scrambled to follow him, my heart lifting. Byron had heard me ask him much the same thing many times before, because if you change a couple of words, the question will serve in any number of circumstances. And now, in great high spirits, he was giving it back to me. I would not be surprised if someday he gave it to his own son.

The question had come down to him through my own mouth from Uncle Alton. When he would be in the woods with me and his other sons hunting on a freezing November morning and one of us said something about being cold or otherwise uncomfortable, he'd say, "Did we come to by God hunt or did we come to hunt?" And the other boys and I would feel immediately better, because that was something men said to other men. It was a way a man had of reminding other men who they were. We had been spoken to as equals.

All of that is what I was thinking while we sat there in a misting rain on a boulder with the metal image of a hiker in it signaling the official beginning of the Appalachian Trail atop Springer Mountain. But it was not what he was thinking.

"Dad, you remember about the time with the rain?"

"The time about the rain? Hell, son, we been in the rain a lot together." I was wet and my feet hurt. I wanted to get the tent up and start a fire.

He cut his eyes toward me. Drops of rain hung on the ends of his fine lashes. He was suddenly very serious. What in the hell was coming down here? What was coming down was the past that is never past and, in this case, the past against which I had no defense except my own failed heart.

"We weren't in it together," he said. "You made me stand in it. Stand in it for a long time."

Yes, I had done that, but I had not thought about it in years. It's just not the sort of thing a man would want to think about. Byron's mother had gone North for a while and left me to take care of him. He was then seven years old and just starting in the second grade. I had told him that day to be home at six o'clock and we would go out to dinner. Truthfully, we'd been out to eat every night since Sally had been gone, because washing dishes is right up at the top of the list of things I won't do. It had started misting rain at midday and had not stopped. Byron had not appeared at six, nor was he there at 6:45. That was back when I was bad to go to the bottle, and while I wasn't drunk, I wasn't sober, either. Lay it on the whiskey. A man will snatch at any straw to save himself from the responsibility of an ignoble action. When he did come home at 7:15, I asked him where he'd been.

"At Joe's," he said. But I had known that. I reminded him of when we had said we were going to dinner. But he had known that.

"It was raining," he said.

I said, "Let's go out and look at it."

We went out into the carport and watched the warm spring rain.

"And you thought the rain would hurt you if you walked home in it?"

"It's *raining*, Dad," he said, exasperated now.

"I'll tell you what," I said. "You go out there and stand in it and we'll see how bad it hurts you."

He walked out into the rain and stood looking at me. "How long do I have to stand here?"

"Only until we see if it hurts you. Don't worry, I'll tell you when you are about to get hurt."

I went back inside. So far, pretty shitty, but it gets worse. When I went back inside, I sat down in a recliner, meaning to stay there only a minute. But I hadn't reckoned with the liquor and the rain on the roof. I woke with a start and looked at my watch. It was a quarter of nine. I went outside and there the boy stood, his blond hair plastered and every thread on him soaked. He didn't look at all sad or forlorn; what he did look was severely pissed.

"Come on in," I said. And then: "Where do you want to eat?"

"I don't think I want to eat."

"How do you feel?" I asked.

He glared at me. "Well, I'm not *hurt*."

We sat there on the top of Springer Mountain and looked at each other with the rain falling around us. I'd forgotten entirely about my feet and the tent and the fire. My throat felt like it was closing up and I had to speak to keep breathing.

"I wanted to apologize, but I had done such a sorry-assed thing that I couldn't bring myself to do it. But at the time, it didn't seem like it'd do any good."

"It probably wouldn't have," he said. "Then."

"Well, I'm sorry. I was wrong. I should have said so, but. . . ." I'd run out of words.

He said, "I know. And I was only down the block. I've thought about it. I could have called. But, shit, I was only a *little* kid."

I loved that. I loved how he said he was only a little kid. "What were you thinking while you were out there? I mean, you had plenty of time to think."

He shook his head and laughed as though he couldn't believe the memory of his thinking himself. "I never thought but one thing."

"What was that?"

"I thought, That drunk fucker thinks I'm going to call and ask him to come in out of the rain . . . but I'm *not*." Then he

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

laughed like it was the funniest thing in the world, and I laughed, too.

That was the first time I knew he was the kind of guy who could be put out on the street naked and he'd survive. The kid had grit in his craw. I thought it then and I think it now. But more than that, there on the mountain, the boy and I had been privileged to share a moment of grace that we could never have shared if I had not fucked up so badly all those years ago and if he had not had the kind of heart he has. But that moment is the privilege of blood.

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Sons grow up, though. God knows they do in a New York heartbeat. Byron grew up running with me. By the time he was a teenager, we had a four-mile course full of hills laid out. But the very worst of the hills was the last one. On the four miles, we jogged and talked, nothing serious; but at the bottom of that last, long hill, we'd always turn to shout at each other, "*Balls!* Who's got 'em?" And then we'd sprint and I always won. Somehow, I thought I always would. But the day came at the beginning of his 14th year when he beat me by 20 yards. I shook his hand, but I was pissed. I don't like to lose at anything. But then, neither does he. And we always had the understanding between us—never, to my knowledge, spoken—that neither of us, whether playing handball or whatever, *gave* the other anything. If you wanted the point, you had to win it. As we cooled out walking, I began to feel better and then proud of him. But the only thing I said was, "There's always tomorrow."

He patted my back, a little too kindly, a little too softly, I thought, and said, "Sure, Dad, there's always tomorrow."

I never beat him on the hill again. But I still had the gymnasium. Lungs and speed may go, but strength stays. Well, it stays for a while. And I don't even have to tell you, do I?, that the day came when he was stronger on the bench and at the rack than I was. Strange feeling for a father. No, not strange; sad. Part of me wanted him to grow into manhood, but another part of me had a hard time accepting it. Maybe, in my private heart, I'll never be entirely able to accept it. If I live to be 70, he'll still be my boy at 40. I know; mushy, isn't it? I don't even like it myself. But I don't have to like it; all I have to do is live with it.

And out of the feeling of the father for the son comes the desire to save him from pain, knowing full well that it is impossible. But that in no way diminishes the desire. You want to save him from the obvious things, like broken legs or lacerated flesh; but more than that, you are at some trouble to see that he is not hurt by life. I am talking here about education. Maybe I'm particularly sensitive about that because nobody in the history of my family ever went to college except me, and I had to join the Marine Corps during the Korean War so I could get the GI Bill to do that. So imagine how I felt six months ago when I walked by Byron's apartment and, as we were talking, he told me that he was quitting the university after being there two years.

"What are you going to do, son?"

"Play guitar," he said.

The guitar has been his passion for years. It is not unusual for him to practice six hours a day for weeks running. And to give him his due, he is a righteous picker. But if he just continued in the university, he would. . . . But you probably know the kinds of things I tried to tell him. Father things. But he wasn't having any of it.

Finally, in exasperation. I said a dumb fatherly thing: "Byron, do you know how many boys there are in this country with guitars who think they're going to make a living picking?"

He only smiled and asked, "Dad, when you were my age, how many boys do you think there were in this country who owned typewriters who thought they were going to make a living writing?"

There it is. The father has his dream. The son has his. And a dream is unanswerable. All you can do for a man with a dream is wish him well.

"Do well, son," I said.

"I'll try," he said.

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REMEMBER THIS *(continued from page 200)*

"He watches her full breasts sway above him; it's all happening so fast, he'd like to slow it down."

her lips swollen and parted. Light licks at her face. He gazes steadily at her from his superior moral position, smoke drifting up from his hand once more, his white tuxedo pressed against the revolver barrel. Her eyes close as the gun lowers, and she gasps his name: "Richard!" It is like an invocation. Or a profession of faith. "I tried to stay away," she sighs. She opens her eyes, peers up at him in abject surrender. A tear moves slowly down her cheek toward the corner of her mouth, like secret writing. "I thought I would neffer see you again . . . that you were out off my life. . . ." She blinks, cries out faintly—"Oh!"—and (he seems moved at last, his mask of disdain falling away like perspiration) turns away, her head wrenched to one side as though in pain.

Stricken with concern, or what looks like concern, he steps up behind her, clasping her breasts with both hands, nuzzling in her hair. "The day you left Paris . . . !" she sobs, though she seems unsure of herself. One of his hands is already down between her legs, the other inside her blouse, pulling a breast out of its brassiere cup. "If you only knew . . . what I. . . ." He is moaning, licking at one ear, the hand between her legs nearly lifting her off the floor, his pelvis bumping at her buttocks. "Is this . . . right?" she gasps.

"I—I don't know!" he groans, massaging her breast, the nipple between two fingers. "I can't think!"

"But . . . you *must* think!" she cries, squirming her hips. Tears are streaming down her cheeks now. "For . . . for. . . ."

"What?" he gasps, tearing her blouse open, pulling on her breast as though to drag it over her shoulder where he might kiss it. Or eat it: He seems ravenous suddenly.

"I . . . I can't remember!" she sobs. She reaches behind to jerk at his fly (what else is she to do, for the love of Jesus?), then rips away her sash, unfastens her skirt, her fingers trembling.

"Holy shit!" he wheezes, pushing his hand inside her girdle as her skirt falls. His cheeks, too, are wet with tears. "*Ilsa!*"

"*Richard!*"

They fall to the floor, grabbing and pulling at each other's clothing. He's trying to get her bra off, which is tangled up now with her blouse; she's struggling with his belt, yanking at his black pants, wrenching them open. Buttons fly, straps pop; there's the soft, unfocused rip of silk, the jingle of buckles and falling coins, grunts, gasps, whimpers of desire. He strips the tangled skein of underthings away (all these straps and stays—how does she get in and out of this crazy elastic?); she works his pants down past his bucking hips, fumbles with his shoes. "*Your elbow!*"

"*Mmmff!*"

"*Ah!*"

She pulls his pants and boxer shorts off, crawls round and (he strokes her shimmering buttocks, swept by the light from the airport tower, watching her full breasts sway above him; it's all happening so fast, he'd like to slow it down, repeat some of the better bits—that view of her rippling haunches on her hands and knees just now, for example: like a 22, his lucky number—but there's a great urgency on them, they can't wait) straddles him, easing him into her like a train being guided into a station. "*I luff you, Richard!*" she declares breathlessly, though she seems to be speaking, eyes squeezed shut and breasts heaving, not to him but to the ceiling, if there is one up there. His eyes, too, are closed now, his hands gripping her soft hips, pulling her down, his breath coming in short, anguished snorts, his face puffy and damp with tears. There is, as always, something deeply wounded and vulnerable about the expression on his battered face, framed there against his Persian carpet: Rick Blaine, a man annealed by loneliness and betrayal, but flawed—hopelessly, it seems—by hope itself. He is, in the tragic sense, a true revolutionary: His gaping mouth bespeaks this, the spittle in the corners of his lips, his eyes, open now and staring into some infinite distance not unlike the future, his knitted brow. He heaves upward, impaling her to the very core: "*Oh, Gott!*" she screams, her back arching, mouth agape as though to commence *La Marseillaise*.

Now, for a moment, they pause, feeling themselves thus conjoined, his organ luxuriating in the warm tub of her vagina, her enflamed womb closing around his pulsing penis like a mother embracing a lost child. "If you only knew . . ." she seems to say, though perhaps she has said this before and only now it can be heard. He fondles her breasts; she rips his shirt open, strokes his chest, leans forward to kiss his lips, his nipples. This is not Victor inside her, with his long, thin rapier, all too rare in its embarrassed visits; this is not Yvonne, with her cunning professional muscles, her hollow airy hole. This is love in all its clammy mystery, the ultimate connection, the squishy rub of truth, flesh as a self-consuming message. This is necessity, as in woman needs man and man must have his mate. Even their identities seem to be dissolving; they have to whisper each other's names from time to time as though in recitative struggle against some ultimate enchantment from which there may be no return. Then, slowly, she begins to wriggle her hips above him, he to meet her gentle undulations with counterthrusts of his own. They hug each other close, panting, her breasts smashed against him, moving only from the waist down. She slides her thighs between his and squeezes his penis between them, as though to conceal it there, an underground member on the run, wounded but unbowed. He lifts his stockinged feet and plants them behind her knees as though in stirrups, her buttocks above pinching and opening, pinching and opening like a suction pump. And it is true about her vaunted radiance: She seems almost to glow from within, her flexing cheeks haloed in their own dazzling luster.

"It feels so good, Richard! In there. . . . I've been so—*ah!*—so lonely!"

"Yeah, me, too, kid. *Ngh!* Don't talk!"

She slips her thighs back over his and draws them up beside his waist like a child curling around her Teddy bear, knees against his ribs, her fanny gently bobbing on its pike like a mind caressing a cherished memory. He lies there passively for a moment, stretched out, eyes closed, accepting this warm rhythmical ablution as one might accept a nanny's teasing bath, a mother's care (a care, he's often said, denied him), in all its delicious innocence—or seemingly so: In fact, his whole body is faintly atremble, as though, with great difficulty, shedding the last of its pride and bitterness, its isolate neutrality. Then, slowly, his own hips begin to rock convulsively under hers, his knees to rise in involuntary surrender. She tongues his ear, her buttocks thumping more vigorously now, kisses his throat, his nose, his scarred lip, then rears up, arching her back, tossing her head back (her hair is looser now, wilder; a flush has crept into the distinctive pallor of her cheeks and throat, and what was before a fierce determination is now raw intensity, what vulnerability now a slack-jawed abandon), plunging him in more deeply than ever, his own buttocks bouncing up off the floor as though trying to take off like the next flight to Lisbon—"*Gott in Himmel, this is fonn!*" she cries. She reaches behind her back to clutch his testicles, he clasps her hand in both of his, his thighs spread, she falls forward, they roll over, he's pounding away now from above (he lacks her famous radiance; if anything, his buttocks seem to suck in light, drawing a nostalgic murkiness around them like night fog, signaling a fundamental distance between them, and an irresistible attraction), she's clawing at his back under the white jacket, at his hips, his thighs, her voracious nether mouth leaping up at him from below and sliding back, over and over, like a frantic greased-pole climber. Faster and faster they slap their bodies together, submitting to this fierce rhythm as though to simplify themselves, emitting grunts and whinnies

and helpless little farts, no longer Rick Blaine and Ilsa Lund but some nameless conjunction somewhere between them, time, space, being itself getting redefined by the rapidly narrowing focus of their incandescent passion; then, suddenly, Rick rears back, his face seeming to puff out like a gourd, Ilsa cries out and kicks upward, crossing her ankles over Rick's clenched buttocks; for a moment they seem almost to float, suspended, unloosed from the earth's gravity, and then—*whumpf!*—they hit the floor again, their bodies continuing to hammer together, though less regularly, plunging, twitching, prolonging this exclamatory dialog, drawing it out even as the intensity diminishes, even as it becomes more a declaration than a demand, more an inquiry than a declaration. Ilsa's feet uncross, slide slowly to the floor. "Fooff . . . *Gott!*" They lie there, cheek to cheek, clutching each other tightly, gasping for breath, their thighs quivering with the last involuntary spasms, the echoey reverberations, deep in their loins, of pleasure's fading blasts.

"Jesus," Rick wheezes, "I've been saving that one for a goddamn year and a half!"

"It was the best fokk I ever have had," Ilsa replies with a tremulous sigh and kisses his ear, runs her fingers in his hair. He starts to roll off her, but she clasps him closely: "No . . . wait!" A deeper, thicker pleasure, not so ecstatic yet somehow more moving, seems to well up from far inside her to embrace the swollen visitor snuggled moistly in her womb, once a familiar friend, a comrade loved and trusted, now almost a stranger, like one resurrected from the dead.

"Ah!" he gasps. God, it's almost like she's milking it! Then she lets go, surrounding him spongily with a kind of warm, wet, pulsating gratitude. "Ah. . . ."

He lies there between Ilsa's damp, silky thighs, feeling his weight thicken, his mind soften and spread. His will drains away as if it were some kind of morbid affection, lethargy overtaking him like an invading army. Even his jaw goes slack, his fingers (three sprawl idly on a dark-tipped breast) limp. He wears his snowy-white tuxedo jacket still, his shiny black socks, which, together with the parentheses of Ilsa's white thighs, make his melancholy buttocks—beaten in childhood, lashed at sea, run lean in union skirmishes, sunburned in Ethiopia and shot at in Spain—look gloomier than ever, swarthy and self-pitying, agape now with a kind of heroic sadness. A violent tenderness. These buttocks are, it could be said, what the pose of isolation looks like at its best: proud, bitter, mournful and, as the prefect of police might have put it, tremendously attractive. Although his penis has slipped out of its vaginal pocket to lie limply like a fat little toe against her slowly pursing lips, she clasps him close still, clinging to something she cannot quite define, something like a spacious dream of freedom, or a monastery garden, or the discovery of electricity. "Do you have a gramophone on, Richard?"

"What?" Her question has startled him. His haunches snap shut, his head rears up; snorting, he seems to be reaching for the letters of transit. "Ah . . . no. . . ." He relaxes again, letting his weight fall back, though sliding one thigh over hers now, stretching his arms out as though to unkink them, turning his face away. His scrotum bulges up on her thigh like an emblem of his inner serenity and generosity, all too often concealed, much as an authentic decency might shine through a mask of cynicism and despair. He takes a deep breath. (A kiss is still a kiss is what the music is insinuating. A sigh. . . .) "That's probably Sam. . . ."

She sighs (and so forth), gazing up at the ceiling above her, patterned with overlapping circles of light from the room's lamps and swept periodically by the wheeling airport beacon, coming and going impatiently yet reliably, like desire itself. "He hates me, I think."

"Sam? No, he's a pal. What I think, he thinks."

"When we came into the bar last night, he started playing *Luff for Sale*. Effryone turned and looked at me."

"It wasn't the song, sweetheart, it was the way you two were dressed. Nobody in Casablanca——"

"Then he tried to chase me away. He said I was bad luck to you." She can still see the way he rolled his white eyes at her, like some kind of crazy voodoo zombie.

Richard grunts ambiguously. "Maybe you should stop calling him 'Boy.' "

Was that it? "But in all the moffies——" Well, a translation problem, probably, a difficulty she has known often in her life. Language can sometimes be as stiff as a board. Like what's under her now. She loves Richard's relaxed weight on her, the beat of his heart next to her breast, the soft, lumpy pouch of his genitals squashed against her thigh, but the floor seems to be hardening under her like some kind of stern Calvinist rebuke, and there is a disagreeable airy stickiness between her legs now that he has slid away from there. "Do you haff a bidet, Richard?"

"Sure, kid." He slides to one side with a lazy grunt, rolls over. He's thinking vaguely about the pleasure he's just had, what it's likely to cost him (he doesn't care), and wondering where he'll find the strength to get up off his ass and go look for a cigarette. He stretches his shirttail down and wipes his crotch with it, nods back over the top of his head. "In there."

She is sitting up, peering between her spread legs. "I am afraid we haff stained your nice carpet, Richard."

"What of it? Put it down as a gesture to love. Want a drink?"

"Yes, that would be good." She leans over and kisses him, her face still flushed and eyes damp but smiling now, then stands and gathers up an armload of tangled clothing. "Do I smell something burning?"

"What?" He rears up. "My goddamn cigarette! I musta dropped it on the couch!" He crawls over, brushes at it: It's gone out, but there's a big hole there now, dark-edged, like ringworm. "Shit." He staggers to his feet, stumbles over to the humidor to light up a fresh smoke. Nothing's ever free, he thinks, feeling a bit lightheaded. "What's your poison, kid?"

"I haff downstairs been drinking Cointreau," she calls out over the running water in the next room. He pours himself a large whiskey, tosses it down neat (light, sliding by, catches his furrowed brow as he tips his head back: What is wrong?), pours another, finds a decanter of Grand Marnier. She won't know the difference. In Paris, she confused champagne with sparkling cider, ordered a Pommard thinking she was getting a rosé, drank gin because she couldn't taste it. He fits the half-burned cigarette between his lips, tucks a spare over his ear, then carries the drinks into the bathroom. She sits, straddling the bidet, churning water up between her legs like the wake of a pleasure boat. The beacon doesn't reach in here: It's as though he's stepped out of its line of sight, but that doesn't make him feel easier (something is nagging at him, has been for some time now). He holds the drink to her mouth for her, and she sips, looking mischievously up at him, one wet hand braced momentarily on his hipbone. Even in Paris, she seemed to think drinking was naughtier than sex. Which made her on occasion something of a souse. She tips her chin, and he sets her drink down on the sink. "I wish I didn't luff you so much," she says casually, licking her lips, and commences to work up a lather between her legs with a bar of soap.

"Listen, what did you mean," he asks around the cigarette (this is it, or part of it: He glances back over his shoulder apprehensively, as though to find some answer to his question staring him in the face—or what, from the rear, is passing for his face), "when you said, 'Is this right?' "

"When?"

"A while ago, when I grabbed your, you know——"

"Oh, I don't know, darling. Yust a strange feeling; I don't exactly remember." She spreads the suds up her smooth belly and down the insides of her thighs, runs the soap up under her behind. "Like things were happening too fast or something."

He takes a contemplative drag on the cigarette, flips the butt into the toilet. "Yeah, that's it." Smoke curls out of his nostrils like balloons of speech in a comic strip. "*All* this seems strange somehow. Like something that shouldn't have——"

"Well, I *am* a married woman, Richard."

"I don't mean that." But maybe he does mean that. She's rinsing now, her breasts

flopping gaily above her splashings; it's hard to keep his mind on things. But he's not only been pronging some other guy's wife, this is the wife of Victor Laszlo of the International Underground, one of his goddamn heroes. One of the world's. Does that matter? He shoves his free hand into a jacket pocket, having no other, tosses back the drink. "Anyway," he wheezes, "from what you tell me, you were married already when we met in Paris, so that's not——"

"Come here, Richard," Ilsa interrupts with gentle but firm Teutonic insistence. *Komm' hier*. His back straightens, his eyes narrow, and for a moment the old Rick Blaine returns, the lonely American warrior, incorruptible, melancholy, master of his own fate, beholden to no one—but then she reaches forward and, like destiny, takes a hand. "Don't try to escape," she murmurs, pulling him up to the bidet between her knees, "you will neffer succeed."

She continues to hold him with one hand (he is growing there, stretching and filling in her hand with soft, warm pulsations, and more than anything else that has happened to her since she came to Casablanca, more even than Sam's song, it is this sensation that takes her back to their days in Paris: Wherever they went, from the circus to the movies, from excursion boats to dance halls, it swelled in her hand, just like this) while soaping him up with the other. "Why are you circumcised, Richard?" she asks as the engorged head (when it flushes, it seems to flush blue) pushes out between her thumb and index finger. There was something he always said in Paris when it poked up at her like that. She peers wistfully at it, smiling to herself.

"My old man was a sawbones," he says and takes a deep breath. He sets his empty glass down, reaches for the spare fag. It seems to have vanished. "He thought it was hygienic."

"Fictor still has his. Off course, in Europe it is often important not to be mistaken for a Chew." She takes up the fragrant bar of soap (black market, the best; Ferrari gets it for him) and buffs the shaft with it, then thumbs the head with her sudsy hands as though, gently, trying to uncap it. The day he met her, she opened his pants and jerked him off in his top-down convertible right under the Arc de Triomphe, then, almost without transition, or so it seemed to him, blew him spectacularly in the Bois de Boulogne. He remembers every detail or, anyway, the best parts. And it was never—ever—any better than that. Until tonight.

She rinses the soap away, pours the rest of the Grand Marnier (she thinks, Cointreau) over his gleaming organ like a sort of libation, working the excess around as though lightly basting it (he thinks, Priming it). A faint, sad smile seems to be playing at the corners of her lips. "Say it once, Richard. . . ."

"What?" She's smiling sweetly, but is that a tear in her eye?

"For old times' sake. Say it. . . ."

"Ah." Yes, he'd forgotten. He's out of practice. He grunts, runs his hand down her damp cheek and behind her ear. "Here's lookin' at you, kid. . . ."

She puckers her lips and kisses the tip, smiling cross-eyed at it, then, opening her mouth wide, takes it in, all of it at once. "Oh, Christ!" he groans, feeling himself awash in the thick, muscular foam of her saliva. "I'm crazy about you, baby!"

"Mmmm!" she moans. He has said that to her before, more than once, no doubt (she wraps her arms around his hips under the jacket and hugs him close), but the time she is thinking about was at the cinema one afternoon in Paris. They had gone to see an American detective movie that was popular at the time, but there was a newsreel on before showing the recent Nazi conquests of Copenhagen, Oslo, Luxembourg, Amsterdam and Brussels. *The Fall of Five Capitals*, it was called. And the scenes from Oslo, though brief, showing the storm troopers goose-stepping through the storied streets of her childhood filled her with such terror and nostalgia (something inside her was screaming, "Who *am* I?") that she reached impulsively for Richard's hand, grabbing what Victor called "the old fellow" instead. She started to pull her hand back, but he held it there, and the next thing she knew she had her head in his lap, weeping and sucking as though at her dead mother's breast, the terrible roar of the German blitzkrieg pounding in her ears, Richard kneading her nape as her father used to do before he died (and as Richard is doing now, his buttocks knotted up under her arms, his penis fluttering in her mouth like a frightened bird), the Frenchmen in the theater shouting out obscenities, her own heart pounding like cannon fire. "God! I'm crazy about you, baby!" Richard whinnied as he came (now, as his knees buckle against hers and her mouth fills with the shockingly familiar unfamiliarity

"You're gonna be happy to learn your husband's annual overnight disappearances have a perfectly innocent explanation, Mrs. Claus."

of his spurting seed, it is just a desperate "Oh, fuck! Don't let go!"), and when she sat up, teary-eyed and drooling and gasping for breath (it is not all that easy to breathe now as he clasps her face close to his hairy belly, whimpering gratefully, his body sagging, her mouth filling), what she saw on the screen were happy Germans celebrating their victories, taking springtime strolls through overflowing flower and vegetable markets, going to the theater to see translations of Shakespeare, snapping photographs of their children. "Oh, *Gott*," she sniffled then (now she swallows, sucks and swallows, as though to draw out from this almost impalpable essence some vast structure of recollection), "it's too much!"

Whereupon the man behind them leaned over and said, "Then try mine, mademoiselle. As you can see, it is not so grand as your Nazi friend's; but here in France, we grow men, not pricks!" Richard's French was terrible, but it was good enough to understand "your Nazi friend's"—he hadn't even put his penis back into his pants (now it slides greasily past her chin, flops down her chest, his buttocks in her hugging arms going as soft as butter, like a delicious half-grasped memory losing its clear outlines, melting into mere sensation) but just leaped up and took a swing at the Frenchman. With that, the cinema broke into an uproar, with everybody calling everyone else a Fascist or a whore. They were thrown out of the theater, of course; the police put Richard on their black list as an exhibitionist, and they never did get to see the detective movie. Ah, well, they could laugh about it then. . . .

He sits now on the front lip of the bidet, his knees knuckled under hers, shirttails in the water, his cheek fallen on her broad shoulder, arms loosely around her, feeling wonderfully unwound, as mellow as an old tune (which is still there somewhere, moonlight and love songs, same old story—maybe it's coming up through the pipes), needing only a smoke to make things perfect. The one he had stuck over his ear is floating in the scummy pool beneath them, he sees. Ilsa idly splashes his drooping organ as though christening it. Only one answer, she once said, peeling off that lovely satin gown of hers like a French letter, will take care of all our questions, and she was right. As always. He's the one who's made a balls-up of things, with his complicated moral poses and insufferable pride—a diseased romantic, Louis once called him, and he didn't know the half of it. She's the only realist in town; he's got to start paying attention. Even now, she's making sense: "My rump is getting dumb, Richard. Dry me off and let's go back in the other room."

But when he tries to stand, his knees feel like tooth paste, and he has to sit again. Right back in the bidet, as it turns out, dipping his ass like doughnuts in tea. She smiles understandingly, drapes a bath towel around her shoulders, pokes through the medicine cabinet until she finds a jar of Yvonne's cold cream, then takes him by the elbow. "Come on, Richard. You can do it; yust lean on me." Which reminds him (his mind, at least, is still working; more or less) of a night in Spain, halfway up (or down) Suicide Hill in the Jarama Valley, a night he thought was to be his last, when he had said that to someone or someone had said it to him. God, what if he'd got it shot off there? And missed this? An expression compounded of hope and anguish, skepticism and awe, crosses his weary face (38 at Christmas, if Strasser is right—oh, mother of God, it *is* going by!), picked up by the wheeling airport beacon. She removes his dripping jacket, his shirt as well, and towels his behind before letting him collapse onto the couch, then crosses to the ornamental table for a cigarette from the humidor. She wears the towel like a cape, its nubbly texture contrasting subtly with the soft glow of her throat and breasts, the sleek, wet gleam of her belly. She is, as always, a kind of walking light show, no less spectacular from the rear as she turns back now toward the sofa, her haunches under the towel glittering as though sequined.

She fits two cigarettes in her lips, lights them both (there's a bit of fumbling with the lighter; she's not very mechanical) and, gazing soulfully down at Rick, passes him one of them. He grins. "Hey, where'd you learn that, kid?" She shrugs enigmatically, hands him the towel and steps up between his knees. As he rubs her breasts, her belly, her thighs with the towel, the cigarette dangling from his lips, she gazes around at the chalky, rough-plastered walls of his apartment, the Moorish furniture, with its filigrees and inlaid patterns, the little bits of erotic art (there is a statue of a camel on the sideboard that looks like a man's wet penis on legs, and a strange nude statuette that might be a boy or a girl or something in between), the alabaster lamps and the potted plants, those slatted wooden blinds, so exotic to her northern eyes: He has style, she thinks, rubbing cold cream into her neck and shoulder with her free hand; he always did have. . . .

She lifts one leg for him to dry and then the other, gasping inwardly (outwardly, she chokes and wheezes, having inhaled the cigarette by mistake: He stubs out his own with a sympathetic grin, takes what is left of hers) when he rubs the towel briskly between them; then she turns and bends over, bracing herself on the coffee table. Rick, the towel in his hands, pauses a moment, gazing thoughtfully through the drifting cigarette haze at these luminous buttocks, finding something almost otherworldly about them, like archways to heaven or an image of eternity. Has he seen them like this earlier tonight? Maybe; he can't remember. Certainly, now he's able to savor the sight, no longer crazed by rut. They are, quite literally, a dream come true: He has whacked off so often during the past year and a half to their memory that it almost feels more appropriate to touch himself rather than this present manifestation. As he reaches toward them with the towel, he seems to be crossing some strange threshold, as though passing from one medium into another. He senses the supple buoyancy of them bouncing back against his hand as he wipes them; yet, though flesh, they remain somehow immaterial, untouchable even when touched, objects whose very presence is a kind of absence. If Rick Blaine were to believe in angels, Ilsa's transcendent bottom is what they would look like.

"Is this how you, uh, imagined things turning out tonight?" he asks around the butt, smoke curling out of his nose like thought's reek. Her cheeks seem to pop alight like his CAFÉ AMERICAIN sign each time the airport beacon sweeps past, shifting slightly like a sequence of film frames. Time itself may be like that, he knows: not a ceaseless flow but a rapid series of electrical leaps across tiny gaps between discontinuous bits. It's what he likes to call his link-and-claw theory of time, though of course the theory is not his. . . .

"Well, it may not be perfect, Richard, but it is better than if I haff shot you, isn't it?"

"No, I meant. . . ." Well, let it be. She's right; it beats eating a goddamn bullet. In fact, it beats anything he can imagine. He douses his cigarette in the wet towel, tosses it aside, wraps his arms around her thighs and pulls her buttocks (he is still thinking about time as a pulsing sequence of film frames and not so much about the frames, their useless dated content, as about the gaps between: infinitesimally small when looked at two-dimensionally, yet in their third dimension as deep and mysterious as the cosmos) toward his face, pressing against them like a child trying to see through a foggy window. He kisses and nibbles at each fresh-washed cheek (and what if one were to slip *between* two of those frames, he wonders?), runs his tongue into (where would he be then?) her anus, kneading the flesh on her pubic knoll between his fingers all the while like little lumps of stiff taffy. She raises one knee up onto the cushions, then the other, lowering her elbows to the floor (Oh! she thinks, as the blood rushes in two directions at once, spreading into her head and sex as though filling empty frames, her heart the gap between: What a strange, dizzying dream time is!), thus lifting to his contemplative scrutiny what looks like a clinging sea anemone between her thighs, a thick, woolly pod, a cloven chinchilla, an open purse, a split fruit. But it is not the appearance of it that moves him (except to the invention of these fanciful catalogs), it is the smell. It is this that catapults him suddenly and wholly back to Paris, a Paris he'd lost until this moment (she is not in Paris; she is in some vast, dimensionless region she associates with childhood, a

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nighttime glow in her midsummer room, feather bedding between her legs) but now has back again. Now and for all time. As he runs his tongue up and down the spongy groove, pinching the lips tenderly between his tongue and stiff upper lip (an old war wound), feeling it engorge, pulsate, almost pucker up to kiss him back, he seems to see—as though it were fading in on the blank screen of her gently rolling bottom—that night at her apartment in Paris when she first asked him to "kiss me, Richard, here. My other mouth wants to luff you, too. . . ." He'd never done that before. He had been all over the world, had fought in wars, battled cops, been jailed and tortured, hid out in whorehouses, parachuted out of airplanes, had eaten and drunk just about everything, had been blown off the decks of ships, killed more men than he'd like to count and had banged every kind and color of woman on earth, but he had never tasted one of these things before. Other women had sucked him off, of course, before Ilsa nearly caused him to wreck his car that day in the Bois de Boulogne, but he had always thought of that as a service due him, something he'd paid for, in effect—he was the man, after all. But reciprocation, sucking back—well, that always struck him as vaguely queer, something guys, manly guys, anyway, didn't do. That night, though, he'd had a lot of champagne and he was—this was the simple truth, and it was an experience as exotic to Rick Blaine as the taste of a cunt—madly in love. He had been an unhappy misfit all his life, at best a romantic drifter, at worst and in the eyes of most a sleazy gunrunner and chickenshit mercenary (though God knows he'd hoped for more), a whoremonger and brawler and miserable gutter drunk—nothing like Ilsa Lund had ever happened to him, and he could hardly believe it was happening to him that night. His immediate reaction—he admits this, sucking greedily at it now (she is galloping her father's horse through the woods of the north, canopy-dark and sunlight-blinding at the same time, pushing the beast beneath her, racing toward what she believed to be God's truth, flushing through her from the saddle up as eternity might when the saints were called), while watching himself on the cinescreen of her billowing behind kneel to it that first time like an atheist falling squeamishly into conversion—was not instant rapture. No, like olives, home-brew and Arab cooking, it took a little getting used to. But she taught him how to stroke the vulva with his tongue, where to find the nun's cap ("my little sister," she called it, which struck him as odd) and how to draw it out, how to use his fingers, nose, chin, even his hair and ears, and the more he practiced for her sake, the more he liked it for his own, her pleasure (he could *see* it: It bloomed right under his nose, filling his grimy life with colors he'd never even thought of before!) augmenting his, until he found his appetite for it almost insatiable. God, the boys on the block back in New York would laugh their asses off to see how far he'd fallen! And although he has tried others since, it is still the only one he really likes. Yvonne's is terrible, bitter and pomaded (she seems to sense this, gets no pleasure from it at all, often turns fidgety and mean when he goes down on her, even had a kind of biting, scratching fit once: "Don' you lak to *fuck*?" she'd screamed), which is the main reason he's lost interest in her. That and her hairy legs.

His screen is shrinking (her knees have climbed to his shoulders, scrunching her hips into little bumps and bringing her shoulder blades into view, down near the floor, where she is gasping and whimpering and sucking the carpet), but his vision of the past is expanding, as though her pumping cheeks were a chubby bellows, opening and closing, opening and closing, inflating his memories. Indeed, he no longer needs a screen for them, for it is not this or that conquest that he recalls now, this or that event, not what she wore or what she said, what he said, but something more profound than that, something experienced in the way that a blind man sees or a paralytic touches. Texture returns to him, ambience, impressions of radiance, of coalescence, the foamy taste of the ineffable on his tongue, the downy nap of timelessness, the tooth of now. All this he finds in Ilsa's juicy bouncing cunt—and more: love's pungent illusions of consubstantiation and infinitude (oh, he knows what he lost that day in the rain in the Gare de Lyons!), the bittersweet fall into actuality, space's secret folds wherein one might lose one's ego, one's desperate sense of isolation, Paris rediscovered here as pure aura, effervescent and allusive, La Belle Aurore as immanence's theater, sacred show place——

Oh, hell, he thinks, as Ilsa's pounding hips drive him to his back on the couch, her thighs slapping against his ears (as she rises, her blood in rip tide against her mounting excitement, the airport beacon touching her in its passing like bursts of inspiration, she thinks, Childhood is a place apart, needing the adult world to exist at all: Without Victor, there could *be* no Rick!—and then she cannot think at all), La Belle Aurore! She broke his goddamn heart at La Belle Aurore. "Kiss me," she had said, holding herself with both hands as though to keep the pain from spilling out down there, "one last time," and he did, for her; Henri didn't care, *merde alors*, the Germans were coming, anyway, and the other patrons thought it was just part of the entertainment; only Sam was offended and went off to the john till it was over. And then she left him. Forever. Or anyway until she turned up here a night ago with Laszlo. God, he remembers everything about that day in La Belle Aurore, what she was wearing, what the Germans were wearing, what Henri was wearing. It was not an easy day to forget. The Germans were at the very edge of the city, they were bombing the bejesus out of the place and everything was literally falling down around their ears (she's smothering him now with her bucking arse, her scissoring thighs: He heaves her over onto her back and pushes his arms between her thighs to spread them), they'd had to crawl over rubble and dead bodies, push through barricades, just to reach the damned café. No chance to get out by car; he was lucky there was enough left in his F.Y. fund to buy them all train tickets. And then the betrayal: "I can' find her, Mr. Richard. She checked outa de hotel. But dis note come jus' after you lef'!"

Oh, shit, even now it makes him cry. "I cannot go with you or ever see you again." In perfect Palmer-method handwriting, as though to exult in her power over him. He kicked poor Sam's ass up and down that train all the way to Marseilles, convinced it was somehow his fault. Even a hex, maybe; that day, he could have believed anything. Now, with her hips bouncing frantically up against his mouth, her bush grown to an astonishing size, the lips out and flapping like flags, the trench between them awash in a fragrant ooze like oily air, he lifts his head and asks, "Why weren't you honest with me? Why did you keep your marriage a secret?"

"Oh, *Gott*, Richard! Not *now*!"

She's right, it doesn't seem the right moment for it; but then nothing has seemed right since she turned up in this Godforsaken town—it's almost as though two completely different places, two completely different times, are being forced to mesh, to intersect where no intersection is possible, causing a kind of warp in the universe. In his own private universe, anyway. He gazes down on this lost love, this faithless wife, this trusting child, her own hands between her legs now, her hips still jerking out of control ("Please, Richard!" she is begging softly through clenched teeth, tears in her eyes), thinking, It's still a story without an ending. But more than that: The beginning and the middle bits aren't all there, either. Her face is drained as though all the blood has rushed away to other parts, but her throat between the heaving white breasts is almost literally alight with its vivid blush. He touches it, strokes the soft bubbles to either side, watching the dark little nipples rise like patriots—and suddenly the answer to all his questions seems (yet another one, that is; answers, in the end, are easy) to suggest itself. "Listen, kid, would it be all right if I——"

"Oh, yes!—yes!—*but hurry*!"

He finds the cold cream (at last! He is so slow!), lathers it on and slips into her cleavage, his knees over her shoulders like a yoke. She guides his head back into that tropical explosion between her legs, then clasps her arms around his hips, already beginning to thump at her chest like a resuscitator, popping little gasps from her throat. She tries to concentrate on his

bouncing buttocks, but they communicate to her such a touching blend of cynicism and honesty, weariness and generosity, that they nearly break her heart, making her more lightheaded than ever. The dark little hole between them bobs like a lonely survivor in a tragically divided world. It is he! "Oh, *Gott*!" she whimpers. And she! The tension between her legs is almost unbearable. "I can't fight it anymore!" Everything starts to come apart. She feels herself falling as though through some rift in the universe (she cannot wait for him, and anyway, where she is going he cannot follow), out of time and matter into some wondrous radiance, the wheeling beacon flashing across her stricken vision now like intermittent star bursts, the music swelling, *everything* swelling, her eyes bursting, ears popping, teeth ringing in their sockets—"Oh, Richard! Oh, fokk! *I luff you so much!*"

He plunges his face deep into Ilsa's ambrosial pudding, lapping at its sweet sweat, feeling her loins snap and convulse violently around him, knowing that with a little inducement she can spasm like this for minutes on end, and meanwhile pumping away between her breasts now like a madman, no longer obliged to hold back, seeking purely his own pleasure. This pleasure is tempered only by (and maybe enhanced by, as well) his pity for her husband, that heroic son of a bitch. God, Victor Laszlo is almost a father figure to him, really. And while Laszlo is off at the underground meeting in the Caverne du Roi, no doubt getting his saintly ass shot to shit, here he is—Rick Blaine, the Yankee smart-aleck and general jerk-off—safely closeted off in his rooms over the town saloon, tit-fucking the hero's wife, his callous nose up her own royal grotto like an advance scout for a squad of storm troopers. It's not fair, goddamn it, he thinks, and laughs at this even as he comes, squirting jism down her sleek belly and under his own, his head locked in her clamped thighs, her arms hugging him tightly as though to squeeze the juices out.

He is lying completely still, his face between Ilsa's flaccid thighs, knees over her shoulders, arms around her lower body, which sprawls loosely now beneath him. He can feel her hands resting lightly on his hips, her warm breath against his leg. He doesn't remember when they stopped moving. Maybe he's been sleeping. Has he dreamed it all? No, he shifts slightly and feels the spill of semen, pooled gummily between their conjoined navels. His movement wakes Ilsa: She snorts faintly, sighs, kisses the inside of his leg, strokes one buttock idly. "That soap smells nice," she murmurs. "I bet effry girl in Casablanca wishes to haff a bath here."

"Yeah, well, I run it as a kind of public service," he grunts, chewing the words around a strand or two of pubic hair. He's always told Louis—and anyone else who wanted to know—that he sticks his neck out for nobody. But in the end, shit, he thinks, I stick it out for everybody. "I'm basically a civic-minded guy."

Cynic-minded, more like, she thinks but keeps the thought to herself. She cannot risk offending him, not just now. She is still returning from wherever it is orgasm has taken her, and it has been an experience so profound and powerful, yet so remote from its immediate cause—his muscular tongue at the other end of this morosely puckered hole in front of her nose—that it has left her feeling very insecure, unsure of who or what she is, or even where. She knows, of course, that her role as the well-dressed wife of a courageous underground leader is just pretense, that beneath this charade she is certainly someone—or something—else. Richard's lover, for example. Or a little orphan girl who had lost her mother, father and adoptive aunt, all before she'd even started menstruating—that's who she often is, or feels like she is, especially at moments like this. But if her life as Victor Laszlo's wife is not real, are these others any more so? Is she one person, several—or no one at all? What was that thought she'd had about childhood? She lies there, hugging Richard's hairy cheeks (are they Richard's? Are they cheeks?), her pale face framed by his spraddled legs, trying to puzzle it all out. Since the moment she arrived in Casablanca, she and Richard have been trying to tell each other stories; not very funny stories, as Richard has remarked, but maybe not very true ones, either. Maybe memory itself is a kind of trick, something that turns illusion into reality and makes the real world vanish before everyone's eyes like magic. One can certainly sink away there and miss everything, she knows. Hasn't Victor, the wise one, often warned her of that? But Victor is a hero. Maybe the real world is too much for most people. Maybe making up stories is a way to keep them all from going insane. A tear forms in the corner of one eye. She blinks (and what are these unlikely configurations called Paris and Casablanca, where in all the universe *is* she, and what is "where"?) and the tear trickles into the hollow between cheekbone and nose, then bends its course toward the middle of her cheek. There is a line in their song (yes, it is still there, tinkling away somewhere like mice in the walls: Is someone trying to drive her crazy?) that goes, "This day and age we're living in gives cause for apprehension / With speed and new invention and things like third dimension. . . ." She always thought that was a stupid mistake of the lyricist, but now she is not so sure. For the real mystery—she sees this now, or *feels* it, rather—is not the fourth dimension, as she'd always supposed (the tear stops halfway down her cheek, begins to fade), or the third, either, for that matter . . . but the *first*.

"You never finished answering my question. . . ."

There is a pause. Perhaps she is daydreaming. "What question, Richard?"

"A while ago. In the bathroom. . . ." He, too, has been mulling over recent events, wondering not only about the events themselves (wondrous in their own right, of course: He's not enjoyed multiple

"Please, Mr. Fergusen! You can keep those last-minute suggestions to yourself!"

orgasms like this since he hauled his broken-down black-listed ass out of Paris a year and a half ago, and that's just for starters) but also about their recentness: When did they really happen? Is happen the right word, or were they more like fleeting conjunctions with the absolute, that *other* Other, boundless and immutable as number? And, if so, what now is when? How much time has elapsed, for example, since he opened the door and found her in this room? Has *any* time elapsed? "I asked you what you meant when you said, 'Is this right?' "

"Oh, Richard, I don't know what's right any longer." She lifts one thigh in front of his face as though to erase his dark imaginings. He strokes it, thinking, Well, what the hell; it probably doesn't amount to a hill of beans, anyway. "Do you think I can haff another drink now?"

"Sure, kid. Why not?" He sits up beside her, shakes the butt out of the damp towel, wipes his belly off, hands the towel to her. "More of the same?"

"Champagne would be nice, if it is possible. It always makes me think off Paris . . . and you. . . ."

"You got it, sweetheart." He pushes himself to his feet and thumps across the room, pausing at the humidor to light up a fresh smoke. "If there's any left. Your old man's been going through my stock like Vichy water." Not for the first time, he has the impression of being watched. Laszlo? Who knows, maybe the underground meeting was just a ruse; it certainly seemed like a dumb thing to do on the face of it, especially with Strasser in town. There's a bottle of champagne in his icebox, OK, but no ice. He touches the bottle: not cold but cool enough. It occurs to him the son of a bitch may be out on the balcony right now, taking it all in, he and all his goddamn underground. Europeans can be pretty screwy, especially these rich stiffs with titles. As he carries the champagne and glasses over to the coffee table, the cigarette like a dart between his lips, his bare ass feels suddenly both hot and chilly at the same time. "Does your husband ever get violent?" he asks around the smoke and snaps the metal clamp off the champagne bottle, takes a grip on the cork.

"No. He has killed some people, but he is not violent." She is drying her tummy off, smiling thoughtfully. The light from the airport beacon, wheeling past, picks up a varnishlike glaze still between her breasts, a tooth's wet twinkle in her open mouth, an unwonted shine on her nose. The cork pops, champagne spews out over the tabletop, some of it getting into the glasses. This seems to suggest somehow a revelation. Or another memory. The tune, as though released, rides up once more around them. "*Gott*, Richard," she sighs. "That music is getting on my nerfs!"

"Yeah, I know." It's almost as bad in its way as the German blitzkrieg hammering in around their romance in Paris—sometimes it seemed to get right between their embraces. Gave him a goddamn headache. Now the music is doing much the same thing, even trying to tell them when to kiss and when not to. He can stand it, though, he thinks, tucking the cigarette back between his lips, if she can. He picks up the two champagne glasses, offers her one. "Forget it, kid. Drown it out with this." He raises his glass. "Uh, here's lookin'——"

She gulps it down absently, not waiting for his toast. "And that light from the airport," she goes on, batting at it as it passes as though to shoo it away, "how can you effer sleep here?"

"Nobody's supposed to sleep well in Casablanca," he replies with a worldly grimace. It's his best expression, he knows, but she isn't paying any attention. He stubs out the cigarette, refills her glass, blowing a melancholy whiff of smoke over it. "Hey, kid, here's——"

"No, wait!" she insists, her ear cocked. "*Is* it?"

"Is what?" Ah, well, forget the fancy stuff. He drinks off the champagne in his glass, reaches down for a refill.

"Time. Is it going by? Like the song is saying?"

He looks up, startled. "That's funny; I was just——"

"What time do you haff, Richard?"

He sets the bottle down, glances at his empty wrist. "I dunno. My watch must have got torn off when we. . . ."

"Mine is gone, too."

They stare at each other a moment, Rick scowling slightly in the old style, Ilsa's lips parted as though saying "story" or "glory." Then the airport beacon sweeps past like a prompter and Rick, blinking, says, "Wait a minute—there's a clock down in the bar!" He strides purposefully over to the door in his stocking feet, pauses, one hand on the knob, takes a deep breath. "I'll be right back," he announces, then opens the door and (she seems about to call out to him) steps out onto the landing. He steps right back in again. He pushes the door closed, leans against it, his face ashen. "They're all down there," he says.

"What? Who's down there?"

"Carl, Sam, Abdul, that Norwegian——"

"Fictor?"

"Yes, everybody! Strasser, those goddamn Bulgarians, Sacha, Louis——"

"Yffonne?"

Why the hell did she ask about Yvonne? "I said everybody! They're just standing down there! Like they're waiting for something! But . . . for what?" He can't seem to stop his goddamn voice from squeaking. He wants to remain cool and ironically detached, cynical, even, because he knows it's expected of him, not least of all by himself, but he's still shaken by what he's seen down in the bar. Of course, it might help if he had his pants on. At least he'd have some pockets to shove his hands into. For some reason, Ilsa is staring at his crotch, as though the real horror of it all were to be found there. Or maybe she's trying to see through to the silent crowd below. "It's, I dunno, like the place has sprung a goddamn leak or something!"

She crosses her hands to her shoulders, pinching her elbows in, hugging her breasts. She seems to have gone flat-footed, her feet splayed, her bottom, lost somewhat in the slatted shadows, drooping, her spine bent. "A leak?" she asks meaninglessly in her soft Scandinavian accent. She looks like a swimmer out of water in chilled air. Richard, slumping against the far door, stares at her as though at a total stranger. Or perhaps a mirror. He seems older somehow, tired, his chest sunken and belly out, legs bowed, his genitals shriveled up between them like dried fruit. It is not a beautiful sight. Of course, Richard is not a beautiful man. He is short and bad-tempered and rather smashed up. Victor calls him riffraff. He says Richard makes him feel greasy. And it is true, there is something common about him. Around Victor, she always feels crisp and white, but around Richard like a sweating pig. So how did she get mixed up with him in the first place? Well, she was lonely, she had nothing, not even hope, and he had seemed so happy when she took hold of his penis. As Victor has often said, each of us has a destiny, for good or for evil, and her destiny was Richard. Now that destiny seems confirmed—or sealed—by all those people downstairs. "They are not waiting for anything," she says as the realization comes to her. It is over.

Richard grunts in reply. He probably hasn't heard her. She feels a terrible sense of loss. He shuffles in his black socks over to the humidor. "Shit, even the fags are gone," he mutters gloomily. "Why'd you have to come to Casablanca, anyway, goddamn it? There are other places. . . ." The airport beacon, sliding by, picks up an expression of intense concentration on his haggard face. She knows he is trying to understand what cannot be understood, to resolve what has no resolution. Americans are like that. In Paris, he was always wondering how it was they kept getting from one place to another so quickly. "It's like everything is all speeded up," he would gasp, reaching deliriously between her legs as her apartment welled up around them. Now he is probably wondering why there seems to be no place to go and why time suddenly is just about all they have. He is an innocent man, after all—this is probably his first affair.

"I would not haff come if I had known. . . ." She releases her shoulders, picks up her ruffled blouse (the buttons are gone), pulls it on like a wrap. As the

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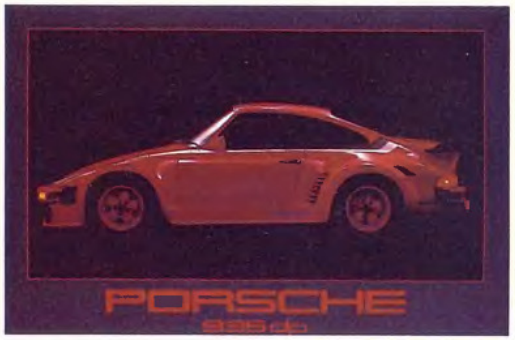

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beacon wheels by, the room seems to expand with light, as though it were breathing. "Do you see my skirt? It was here, but—is it getting dark or something?"

"I mean, of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the. . . ." He pauses, looks up. "What did you say?"

"I said, is it——"

"Yeah, I know. . . ."

They gaze about uneasily. "It seems like effry time that light goes past. . . ."

"Yeah. . . ." He stares at her, slumped there at the foot of the couch, working her garter belt like rosary beads, looking like somebody had just pulled her plug. "The world will always welcome lovers," the music is suggesting, not so much in mockery as in sorrow. He's thinking of all those people downstairs, so hushed, so motionless: It's almost how he feels inside. Like something dying. Or something dead revealed. Oh, shit. Has this happened before? Ilsa seems almost wraithlike in the pale, staticky light, as though she were wearing her own ghost on her skin. And which is it he's been in love with? he wonders. He sees she is trembling, and a tear slides down the side of her nose, or seems to, it's hard to tell. He feels like he's going blind. "Listen. Maybe if we started over. . . ."

"I'm too tired, Richard. . . ."

"No, I mean, go back to where you came in, see—the letters of transit and all that. Maybe we made some kinda mistake, I dunno, like when I put my hands on your jugs or something, and if——"

"A mistake? You think putting your hands on my yugs was a mistake?"

"Don't get offended, sweetheart, I only meant——"

"Maybe my bringing my yugs *here* tonight was a mistake! Maybe my not shooting the *trigger* was a mistake!"

"Come on, don't get your tail in an uproar, goddamn it! I'm just trying to——"

"Oh, what a fool I was to fall . . . to fall. . . ."

"Jesus, Ilsa, are you crying? Ilsa?" He sighs irritably. He is never going to understand women. Her head is bowed as though in resignation: One has seen her like this often when Laszlo is near. She seems to be staring at the empty buttonholes in her blouse. Maybe she's stupider than he thought. When the dimming light swings past, tears glint in the corners of her eyes, little points of light in the gathering shadows on her face. "Hey, dry up, kid! All I want you to do is go over there by the curtains where you were when I——"

"Can I tell you a . . . story, Richard?"

"Not *now*, Ilsa! Christ! The light's almost gone and——"

"Anyway, it wouldn't work."

"What?"

"Trying to do it all again. It wouldn't work. It wouldn't be the same. I won't even haff my girdle on."

"That doesn't matter. Who's gonna know? Come on, we can at least——"

"No, Richard. It is impossible. You are different, I am different. You haff cold cream on your penis——"

"But——"

"My make-up is gone; there are stains on the carpet. And I would need the pistol—how could we effer find it in the dark? No, it's useless, Richard. Belief me. Time goes by."

"But maybe that's just it. . . ."

"Or what about your tsigarette? Eh? Can you imagine going through that without your tsigarette? Richard? I am laughing! Where are you, Richard?"

"Take it easy, I'm over here. By the balcony. Just lemme think."

"Efen the airport light has stopped."

"Yeah. I can't see a fucking thing out there."

"Well, you always said you wanted a wow finish . . . maybe. . . ."

"What?"

"What?"

"What did you say?"

"I said, maybe this is . . . you know, what we always wanted. . . . Like a dream come true. . . ."

"Speak up, kid. It's getting hard to hear you. . . ."

"I said, *when we are fokking*——"

"Nah, that won't do any good, sweetheart, I know that now. We gotta get back in the goddamn world somehow. If we don't, we'll regret it. Maybe not——"

"What . . . ? We'll forget it?"

"No, I said——"

"What?"

"Never mind."

"Forget what, Richard?"

"I said I think I shoulda gone fishing with Sam when I had the chance."

"I can't seem to hear you. . . ."

"No, wait a minute! Maybe you're right! Maybe going back isn't the right idea. . . ."

"Richard?"

"Instead, maybe we gotta think ahead. . . ."

"Richard, I am afraid. . . ."

"Yeah, like you could sit there on the couch, see, we've been fucking, that's all right, now we're having some champagne. . . ."

"I think I am *already* forgetting. . . ."

"And you can tell me that story you've been wanting to tell—are you listening? A good story, that may do it—anything that *moves*! And meanwhile, lemme think, I'll, let's see, I'll sit down; no, I'll sort of lean here in the doorway and—*oof!*—shit! I think they moved it!"

"Richard?"

"Who the hell rearranged the—*grunt!*—goddamn geography?"

"Richard, it's a crazy world. . . ."

"Ah, here! This feels like it. Something like it. Now, what was I—— Right! You're telling a story, so, uh, I'll say. . . ."

"But wherever you are. . . ."

"*And then*—— Yeah, that's good. It's almost like I'm remembering this. You've stopped, see, but I want you to go on; I want you to keep spilling what's on your mind, I'm filling in all the blanks. . . ."

"Whatever happens. . . ."

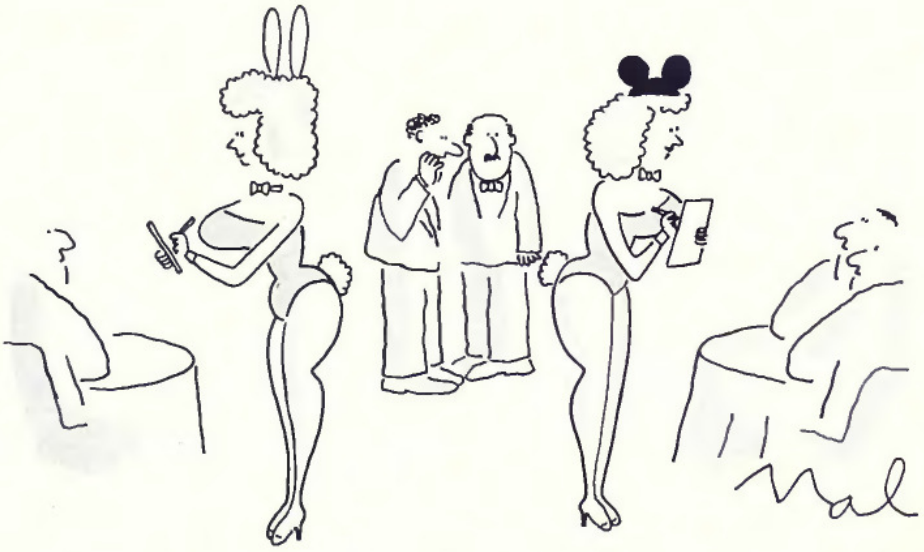
"So I say: *And then?* C'mon, kid, can you hear me? Remember all those people downstairs! They're depending on us! Just think it—if you think it, you'll do it! *And then?*"

"I want you to know. . . ."

"*And then?* Ilsa? Oh, shit, Ilsa? Where are you? And then?"

"I luff you. . . ."

"And then? Ilsa? And then?"



"You'd better talk to that new girl, Henderson."

WOMEN AND DOGS *(continued from page 130)*

"A beloved girl and an honored dog stand together for me in brief, affectionate frieze."

love Shadow—well, in different ways. They're a lot alike—both are great. But Shadow takes me for what I am. That may not be much, but it's enough for Shadow.

And this lyrical demurrer:

You can't make love to a dog. Women are softer and gentler and don't move around as much and don't have hair all over their bodies.

After considerable rhetoric and self-flagellation, my confreres provided me with little more than this pristine catechism. I turn back now to the repository of memory.

•

From infancy through puberty to young manhood and adulthood, I have seldom been without dogs. They have assuaged adolescence, softened grief, lightened ennui, shared the grown man's nights of despair. Most of them have been ineluctably associated at certain points in time, as the Nixon men would have said, with the women I have cared for, so that down the great misty concourse of memory, a beloved girl and an honored dog stand together for me there on the horizon of old time in brief, affectionate frieze, punctuating the mysterious odyssey with a remembrance of care and love.

The dogs were bird dogs at first—Tony, Sam and Jimbo—whose moist tongue-lickings and warm silhouettes were as real to my childhood as the shapes of trees or the smells of the delta woods. Then a succession of brilliant English smooth-haired fox terriers, hunters and comrades—especially Old Skip—in my boyhood and teenage years. And a vagabond dog in Oxford, England, named Henry. And then the eminent black Labradors of manhood—Ichabod H. Crane and my noble, unforgettable Pete. As for the women, at first they were Southern, then English, then Northern WASP or Jewish, then Southern again (for one somehow returns full circle sooner or later).

As I jotted down some of these thoughts on an index card not too long ago, a most curious recognition struck me, nearly mystical in its sweep. These words are in front of me now, leaping out at me in existential benediction:

Dogs I have truly loved: 7
Girls I have truly loved: 7

These affections were disparate, of course, and differed in their degree, but is the symmetry not impressive? It is that very symmetry, in fact, that compels me to recall several unaffected scenes of my girls and dogs together. They often filled me with rage and anguish in the years we spent together, my seven best girls—for what is sexual love if not a blend of the suffering and joy all of us must experience as we imperceptibly approach the grave?—but as they recede into the past, the sharpness, too, fades, and I am with them again in the youthful mind's eye; I remember their own special poignance and tenderness and passion, just as I do the individual nobilities of my seven best dogs.

•

The first girl I ever loved, if one will forgive me one's original momentary dream, was named Barbara, and she *was* a girl then; her last name was Stanwyck. I was 12 years old, and my loyal bird dogs must have noticed something stirring in me.

I fell deeply in love with Barbara Stanwyck in the old Paramount Theater on Capitol Street in Jackson, Mississippi, in *Double Indemnity*. Who was this magical girl? As I sat there alone in the cool darkness, waiting for life to envelop me, there was something in her lovely, chiseled face, the slouching incline of her body, the way she not so much walked as *glided* across her landscapes that choked my prepubescent heart and fueled my iridescent dreams. Long before I knew anything of the specific ecstasies or their remotest possibilities, her beauty suffused my waking hours, an apparition created for my small-town fantasies.

No, not even fantasies. Rather, my poor boyish quiverings were connected in a kind of tender innocence to the tentative flesh of an evanescent presence; she was my crucible, icon and diadem. Just as I had once written to Gene Autry and Roy Rogers, I wrote a letter to her in Hollywood, and three weeks later, waiting for me in the mailbox, was a big envelope with a glossy black-and-white photograph of her sitting on some secret veranda of the Western littoral in an evening dress. (Neither Gene Autry nor Roy Rogers had previously replied, though someone out there had sent me a picture of Autry's horse.)

I took the photograph into the back yard and sat down in the shade of a pecan tree. Soon I was joined, as I had known I would be, by Tony, Sam and Jimbo. They nuzzled me with their noses and looked at the picture with me. I pretended Barbara was there with us, sipping a drink and smoking a cigarette as she often did in her movies. I wished very much for her to be under the pecan tree with my dogs and to tell me how much she liked them, and I would inform her there of their habits, eccentricities and predilections. Soon one of them began licking me on the cheek. In the forenoon's heat of that long-ago Mississippi summer, I closed my eyes. Miss Stanwyck sure could kiss.

•

I move in time. All the effervescent girls of our high school days adored Old Skip, and none more so than Katie Culpepper, my first beloved flesh-and-blood girl. Katie and Old Skip had much in common; I believe they sensed this. Every morning, Old Skip walked with me down the broad boulevard of the town toward school. Five blocks away, Katie would be waiting for us

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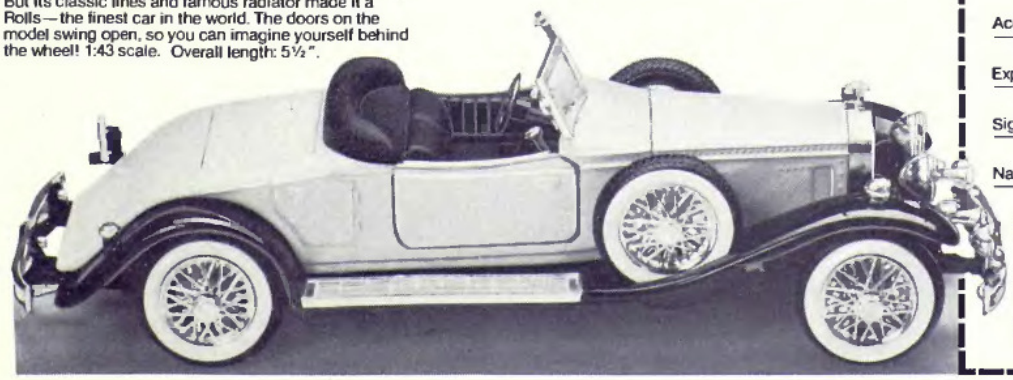

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on the steps of her house. In honored ritual, she and Old Skip would embrace; then he would reluctantly turn away and return home as Katie and I strolled the last two blocks to school.

She baked him apple pies and fed him chocolate cookies. No other girl ever cared for a dog of mine as my Katie did for Old Skip. They would be together when I was away from them, at football or baseball practice, and they would be waiting for me, the emotions of us three so curiously intertwined, so that Katie and Old Skip were the most precious living creatures to me of those years. And who else could ever have a girl as beautiful as Katie and a dog like Old Skip? She admired the way he played football with us and how he could drive a car with his paws if you operated the accelerator for him. She never forgot the day he attacked a copperhead slithering ominously across the lawn toward us.

Old Skip was a fool, too, for Katie. She was a long-legged majorette, sweet and cheery and lush and, like Old Skip, a fount of the greatest loyalty and fun. Katie . . . who would go anywhere and do anything: sit with Old Skip and me on her front porch and watch the cars go by, or drive the back roads with us on smoky afternoons, or dance close to the words of Jo Stafford with her fingers casually on the lobe of my ear when Old Skip was not around, or explain to me why she was a connoisseur of Dr Peppers in the scratched bottles with 10, 2 & 4 on them, or study with me on school evenings as Old Skip slept with his head in her lap. Katie . . . my straight-C scholar of deep embraces and warm kisses and the easiest, richest, most bittersweet pleasure of my whole life, touching me now in the middle-aged memory of it.

I recall that golden Indian summer and the fine throbs of love. Leaves of a dozen colors drifted down out of the trees in those sad, horny delta days. They were burying the Korean dead in Yazoo. We remember what we wish to remember: Katie and I are standing on the side lawn of her house under an ancient water chestnut. It is the afternoon before our ball game against Belzoni, and she has been showing me her baton-twirling tricks, acquired at the Ole Miss baton-twirling clinic. She is still tanned from the summer sun, her blonde hair is bobbed at the back and her green eyes twinkle in mirth. I lean across and kiss her gently on the lips, and she kisses me in return. We stand in a light, amiable embrace; her cheek brushes mine. Oh, sweet agony of the loins! I gaze down from the summit of a quarter of a century, all the accumulated losses and guilts and shames, the loves come and gone, and *death*, ravenous death, and Katie herself long dead, buried under a mimosa on a hill in our cemetery. I summon that instant standing in the shade of the water chestnut with her, for suddenly Old Skip has emerged from an evergreen shrub and bounds toward us in playful solicitude. Old Skip, I understand now, had been watching us and approved. What do you do after Katie and Old Skip?

•

In England, after the years, the girl was Chicken and the dog, Henry—Chicken, a statuesque egghead from one of the Cinque Ports who was studying philosophy, politics and economics and who lightened the Dickensian fogs; Henry, a rust-colored vagabond from the nearby pub who took up with me in my rooms in the college. These were frigid quarters near a copious Oxford quadrangle and only a few yards from the 11th Century city wall. A boys' choir sang madrigals each afternoon from the chapel across the way, with its memorials to the dead of the many wars, and Chicken and I commingled in affection in dark, cold indoor places with the door shut on Henry.

Her nickname derived from an eccentric great-aunt who had married an Australian game hunter; his, from either Henry VII or VIII. Chicken and Henry and I would sit close to the fire on the bleak wintry days, eating buttered crumpets and listening to the medieval echoes in the misty rain. And on an afternoon of my first and most incomparable English spring, there were Chicken and Henry poised forever in silhouette for me on the banks of the Isis as the chimes of the ancient fortress town rang out in the distance: she in a flowing white dress and a blue-and-white straw hat, he wading gingerly in the placid waters—the two of them turning in the same moment to look for me as I tarried in a secret, bosky glade to absorb them there together.

And then my wife, Celia, and the first of the black Labs, Ichabod H. Crane, in the best years of my marriage. We had found him in a kennel overlooking the Hudson River in Washington Irving country. We had an old farmhouse sitting on a hill 70 miles north of Manhattan, and I loved to watch him in his youthful peregrinations in the Yankee woodlands. There was a Christmas there: snow on the ground, and the sounds of the caroling, and the reflections of the holiday lights on the frosty-white terrain. I had just put up the Christmas tree, 12 feet high, in the den with its cathedral ceiling, and my young son and Ichabod H. Crane and I sat relaxing on a sofa. Suddenly, the tree fell over and landed on the three of us; we were trapped irrevocably in its prodigious branches, and Ichabod H. Crane emitted an ungodly howl. My wife came in from the kitchen as swiftly as possible and pulled us one by one, by hand or paw, to freedom, Ichabod the first to be so liberated. *Celia*, my lovely, brilliant, brave Texas girl: I loved you so much then!

And so my roster continues across the landmarks of the past, Ichabod H. Crane kidnaped by me and joining me on eastern Long Island in time for Muriel, my gracious and lithesome Jewish beauty. I called her the Sardine Princess for her inheritance, Lord forgive me, and cherished her for her extraordinary passion and care, adored her at times beyond measure and took her to the games at Madison Square Garden, gave her a color TV on her birthday, drove long U.S. distances with her, arbitrated among the violent *émigrés* of Europe in her house in her behalf and whispered to her my deepest love. Ichabod and I were nothing if not children of American divorce, and how kind this inimitably lovely girl was to Ichabod and me! She had courage, also, and once went with us to the South in the civil rights years. Did Ichabod perceive the electricity of that time between Northern Jewish women and Southern men? This, too, is subject for substantial discourse. Or was he content to belong to an authentic intellectual *salon*? God bless Ichabod: He had an iced-over pond to slide on, an ocean to swim in, children to play with, quarrelsome Eastern Europeans and dyspeptic Parisians to growl at, penniless Irish poets to assuage, and he was the first and last of my honored dogs to take commands in fluent French.

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The years passed, and I come again to Pete, the finest of them all. He and I had not been together always; rather, we sought each other out, two lonely bachelor hearts. I was drawn to him the moment I saw him, some four years after the death of Ichabod H. Crane—a wonderfully handsome black Lab, perhaps three years old, who spent much of his time with the fellows in the service station in our village on Long Island.

He had brown eyes, floppy ears and a shining ebony coat. As the semiofficial mayor of the town, known to all as "Your Honor," he patrolled its streets and its beaches and its schools and its whole back-yard world of gardens and orchards and barns. He pushed open the doors to the bars with his nose and sat with his friends the potato farmers as they drank their morning boilermakers. He belonged to no man. Since I was no stranger to dogs, I sensed he was looking me over. Whenever I drove into the station for gas, he would get into my car. As we rode across the lush fields and sand dunes, he would sit there quietly, looking as if he were reflecting on me. Soon he started visiting me at my house, each visit longer than the one before.

One day, however, he did not leave. "Go back, Pete," I said. "They expect you." He refused to go. It was a moment of rare consequence, for we were inseparable from that moment to the end.

He was a creature of endless kindness, imagination and good cheer. I was forever impressed by his profound intelligence, and to the most remarkable degree he comprehended words, unspoken fears, joys and desires. Between us we had our

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own private language. I never once doubted that he was protective of my—his brother's—interests. When I met Barbara, the dazzling celebrity beauty, in the most intense and reckless of the affairs, I could tell he was pondering her as intensely as he had once investigated me. At her best, this intrepid and sparkling girl was our friend and comrade, loyal and orgasmic, generous and dear, any moment touched for her with fellowship and pleasure, and her laughter rings out for me yet, as I suspect it did for Pete. I neglected to know then how much she chose to be on her own, but when she wished not to be, she was incomparable. Pete gave his heart to her, I see now, for her mischief and adventure, and for her expert biscuits, stews and lemon chickens.

He was especially partial to Annie, when that time came, and held her, I believe, in much the same regard that Old Skip had held Katie Culpepper in the faraway years. Annie was a lovely blonde from the South; just as Pete was the kindest and gentlest of my dogs, so was Annie of my girls. She was considerably younger than Pete and I (these words must not sound incongruous), but this gentle disparity was no problem for Pete, for his eyes lit up with joy whenever he saw her. Annie was tall and full-breasted, a Vanderbilt girl, a Phi Beta Kappa, no less, *passionate*, as an earlier generation might have said of her, and I knew that and so, I think, did Pete; I never told him this, but she was the easiest and warmest since Katie, and the most appreciative, and she unfailingly gave us her comradeship and love and did not expect too much in return, except maybe a little comradeship and love, too.

She was a reporter for the paper, and there she was, thrust suddenly into a Long Island winter. As in the song, we fell in love because it was cold outside. The three of us huddled together in her first winter-time there. On good days, she and Pete and I would get into my car and drive the roads of eastern Long Island, Montauk to Riverhead, Sag Harbor to Bridgehampton—take the ferries to Shelter Island and the North Fork, tarrying in the antique stores, lunching on lobster (Pete liked the claws most of all) in the outdoor fish places, later stopping along the way by an inlet to watch the gulls and the play of the frosty sunlight on the water or to let Pete wander the deserted beach.

She would say, "You're not too old, and I'm not too young." But she was the marrying age, and she wanted babies. The affection we had was never destroyed; it was the dwindling of circumstance. How does one give up Annie? Only through loneliness and fear, fear of old loves lost and of love renewed—only those things, that's all. The last departure came on a wind-swept October noon of the kind we had known. We stood on the porch of my house in the village and embraced. "Oh—*you*!" she said. She lingered for the briefest moment, a Tennessee girl with snow in her hair. As she walked to her car, Pete followed her. I watched as she leaned down and hugged him. Then she, too, was gone. When Pete returned, he seemed to say, "Look what you've done now, you old fool."

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Not too long ago, I decided to return to live in Mississippi. I felt guilty for taking Pete, a Yankee dog if ever there was one, from his home ground. But tell me: Had I a choice? Had he? The car was loaded and I was ready to depart, for I had made my own painful farewells. Pete ruminated for the briefest instant, then jumped inside. He adjusted to Dixie. He ate catfish and ham hocks, and I think I discerned a hint of "y'all" in his bark.

Once, Pete and I found ourselves in the Civil War battlefield of Shiloh, just across the Tennessee line, with our friend Shelby Foote, the writer. Shelby comprehended this ground better than any other living man, and he was touched by it anew on this day. It happened to be the 120th anniversary of that fierce and tragic confrontation, and on this matchless morning of April, the mementos of death and suffering lay all about us. We watched bemused as Pete waded in the Bloody Pond.

Shelby, who cared for dogs as much as I, had recently purchased another pair of custom-made boots from a Memphis man whom he had patronized over many years. Shelby pointed to his boots and said, "My bootmaker asked me, 'Mr. Foote, is this your last pair of boots?' " We gazed out at Pete again in the Bloody Pond. "Is Pete your last dog?" he asked.

Last dog? Last love?

Pete is now gone from me, but I remember how he wandered the serene and beautiful Ole Miss campus, its woods and cul-de-sacs and athletic fields, in his driftless and trusting random. Those illustrious white and black beauties, the Ole Miss coeds, grew to love him, too, and even began taking him to their classes.

One day, from afar, as I walked alone, I sighted him in the Grove with my favorite coed of all, a most secret and innocent love but, after all the years, *love* nonetheless—one of the slender, willowy lovelies for whom Mississippi had always been justly famous, a graceful, down-home girl of laughter and caring who could recite Keats, Baudelaire and the infield-fly rule. She and Pete were sitting alone together under an oak tree as if in earnest conversation; her arm was casually draped around his neck, and in the dappled sunlight he was looking up at her. The years, in a rush, dissolved for me. She could have been the daughter of Katie Culpepper.

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FREAKS

(continued from page 192)

"As for sexual roles, these were created by the imagination and limited only by one's stamina."

On the other hand, I was certainly unbelievably unhappy and pathologically shy, but that, I felt, was nobody's fault but mine. My father kept me in short pants longer than he should have, and I had been told, and I believed, that I was ugly. This meant that the idea of myself as a sexual possibility, or target, as a creature capable of inciting desire or capable of desire, had never entered my mind. And it entered my mind, finally, by means of the rent made in my short boy-scout pants by a man who had lured me into a hallway, saying that he wanted to send me to the store. That was the very last time I agreed to run an errand for any stranger.

Yet I was, in peculiar truth, a very lucky boy. Shortly after I turned 16, a Harlem racketeer, a man of about 38, fell in love with me, and I will be grateful to that man until the day I die. I showed him all my poetry, because I had no one else in Harlem to show it to, and even now, I sometimes wonder what on earth his friends could have been thinking, confronted with stingy-brimmed, mustachioed, razor-toting Poppa and skinny, popeyed Me when he walked me (rarely) into various shady joints, I drinking ginger ale, he drinking brandy. I think I was supposed to be his nephew, some nonsense like that, though he was Spanish and Irish, with curly black hair. But I knew that he was showing me off and wanted his friends to be happy for him—which, indeed, if the way they treated me can be taken as a barometer, they were. They seemed to feel that this was his business—that he would be in trouble if it became *their* business.

And though I loved him, too—in my way, a boy's way—I was mightily tormented, for I was still a child evangelist, which everybody knew, Lord. My soul looks back and wonders.

For what this really means is that all of the American categories of male and female, straight or not, black or white, were shattered, thank heaven, very early in my life. Not without anguish, certainly; but once you have discerned the meaning of a label, it may seem to define you for others, but it does not have the power to define you to yourself.

This prepared me for my life downtown, where I quickly discovered that my existence was the punch line of a dirty joke.

The condition that is now called gay was then called queer. The operative word was *faggot* and, later, pussy, but those epithets really had nothing to do with the question of sexual preference: You were being told simply that you had no balls.

I certainly had no desire to harm anyone, nor did I understand how anyone could look at me and suppose me physically capable of *causing* any harm. But boys and men chased me, saying I was a danger to their sisters. I was thrown out of cafeterias and rooming houses because I was "bad" for the neighborhood.

The cops watched all this with a smile, never making the faintest motion to protect me or to disperse my attackers; in fact, I was even more afraid of the cops than I was of the populace.

By the time I was 19, I was working in the Garment Center. I was getting on very badly at home and delayed going home after work as long as possible. At the end of the workday, I would wander east, to the 42nd Street Library. Sometimes, I would sit in Bryant Park—but I discovered that I could not sit there long. I fled, to the movies, and so discovered 42nd Street. Today that street is exactly what it was when I was an adolescent: It has simply become more blatant.

There were no X-rated movies then, but there were, so to speak, X-rated audiences. For example, I went in complete innocence to the Apollo, on 42nd Street, because foreign films were shown there—*The Lower Depths*, *Childhood of Maxim Gorky*, *La Bête Humaine*—and I walked out as untouched (by human hands) as I had been when I walked in. There were the stores, mainly on Sixth Avenue, that sold "girlie" magazines. These magazines were usually to be found at the back of the store, and I don't so much remember them as I remember the silent men who stood there. They stood, it seemed, for hours, with the magazines in their hands and a kind of miasma in their eyes. There were all kinds of men, mostly young and, in those days, almost exclusively white. Also, for what it's worth, they were heterosexual, since the images they studied, at crotch level, were those of women.

Actually, I guess I hit 42nd Street twice and have very nearly blotted the first time out. I was not at the mercy of the street the first time, for, though I may have dreaded *going* home, I hadn't *left* home yet. Then, I spent a lot of time in the library, and I stole odds and ends out of Woolworth's—with no compunction at all, due to the way they treated us in Harlem. When I went to the movies, I imagine that a combination of innocence and terror prevented me from too clearly apprehending the action taking place in the darkness of the Apollo—though I understood it well enough to remain standing a great deal of the time. This cunning stratagem failed when, one afternoon, the young boy I was standing behind put his hand behind him and grabbed my cock at the very same moment that a young boy came up behind me and put his cock against my hand: Ignobly enough, I fled, though I doubt that I was missed. The men in the men's room frightened me, so I moved in and out as quickly as possible, and I also dimly felt, I remember, that I didn't want to "fool around" and so risk hurting the feelings of my uptown friend.

But if I was paralyzed by guilt and terror, I cannot be judged or judge myself too harshly, for I remember the faces of the men. These men, so far from being or resembling faggots, looked and sounded like the vigilantes who banded together on weekends to beat faggots up. (And I was around long enough, suffered enough and learned enough to be forced to realize that this was very often true. I might not have learned this if I had been a white boy; but sometimes a white man will tell a black boy anything, everything, weeping briny tears. He knows that the black boy can never betray him, for no one will believe his testimony.)

These men looked like cops, football players, soldiers, sailors, Marines or bank presidents, admen, boxers, construction workers; they had wives, mistresses and children. I sometimes saw them in other settings—in, as it were, the daytime. Sometimes they spoke to me, sometimes not, for anguish has many days and styles. But I had first seen them in the men's room, sometimes on their knees, peering up into the stalls, or standing at the urinal stroking themselves, staring at another man, stroking, and with this miasma in their eyes. Sometimes, eventually, inevitably, I would find myself in bed with one of these men, a despairing and dreadful conjunction, since their need was as relentless as quicksand and as impersonal, and sexual rumor concerning blacks had preceded me. As for sexual roles, these were created by the imagination and limited only by one's stamina.

At bottom, what I had learned was that the male desire for a male roams everywhere, avid, desperate, unimaginably lonely, culminating often in drugs, piety, madness or death. It was also dreadfully like watching myself at the end of a long, slow-moving line: Soon I would be next. All of this was very frightening. It was lonely and impersonal and demeaning. I could not believe—after all, I was only 19—that I could have been driven to the lonesome place where these men and I met each other so soon, to stay.

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The American idea of masculinity: There are few things under heaven more difficult to understand or, when I was

"New Year's already. I haven't been home since Christmas Eve."

younger, to forgive.

During the Second World War (the first one having failed to make the world safe for democracy) and some time after the Civil War (which had failed, unaccountably, to liberate the slave), life for niggers was fairly rough in Greenwich Village. There were only about three of us, if I remember correctly, when I first hit those streets, and I was the youngest, the most visible and the most vulnerable.

On every street corner, I was called a faggot. This meant that I was despised, and, however horrible this is, it is clear. What was *not* clear at that time of my life was what motivated the men and boys who mocked and chased me; for, if they found me when they were alone, they spoke to me very differently—frightening me, I must say, into a stunned and speechless paralysis. For when they were alone, they spoke very gently and wanted me to take them home and make love. (They could not take *me* home; they lived with their families.) The bafflement and the pain this caused in me remain beyond description. I was far too terrified to be able to accept their propositions, which could only result, it seemed to me, in making myself a candidate for gang rape. At the same time, I was moved by their loneliness, their halting, nearly speechless need. But I did not understand it.

One evening, for example, I was standing at the bottom of the steps to the Waverly Place subway station, saying goodbye to some friends who were about to take the subway. A gang of boys stood at the top of the steps and cried, in high, feminine voices, "Is this where the fags meet?"

Well. This meant that I certainly could not go back upstairs but would have to take the subway with my friends and get off at another station and maneuver my way home. But one of the gang saw me and, without missing a beat or saying a word to his friends, called my name and came down the steps, throwing one arm around me and asking where I'd been. He had let me know, some time before, that he wanted me to take him home—but I was surprised that he could be so open before his friends, who for their part seemed to find nothing astonishing in this encounter and disappeared, probably in search of other faggots.

The boys who are left of that time and place are all my age or older. But many of them are dead, and I remember how some of them died—some in the streets, some in the Army, some on the needle, some in jail. Many years later, we managed, without ever becoming friends—it was too late for that—to be friendly with one another. One of these men and I had a very brief, intense affair shortly before he died. He was on drugs and knew that he could not live long. "What a waste," he said, and he was right.

One of them said, "My God, Jimmy, you were moving so fast in those years, you never stopped to talk to me."

I said, "That's right, baby; I didn't stop because I didn't want you to think that I was trying to seduce you."

"Man," he said, indescribably, "why didn't you?"

But the queer—not yet gay—world was an even more intimidating area of this hall of mirrors. I knew that I was in the hall and present at this company—but the mirrors threw back only brief and distorted fragments of myself.

In the first place, as I have said, there were very few black people in the Village in those years, and of that handful, I was decidedly the most improbable. Perhaps, as they say in the theater, I was a hard type to cast; yet I was eager, vulnerable and lonely. I was terribly shy, but boys *are* shy. I am saying that I don't think I felt absolutely, irredeemably grotesque—nothing that a friendly wave of the wand couldn't alter—but I was miserable. I moved through that world very quickly; I have described it as "my season in hell," for I was never able to make my peace with it.

It wasn't only that I didn't wish to seem or sound like a woman, for it was this detail that most harshly first struck my eye and ear. I am sure that I was afraid that I already seemed and sounded too much like a woman. In my childhood, at least until my adolescence, my playmates had called me a sissy. It seemed to me that many of the people I met were making fun of women, and I didn't see why. *I* certainly needed all the friends I could get, male *or* female, and women had nothing to do with whatever my trouble might prove to be.

At the same time, I had already been sexually involved with a couple of white women in the Village. There were virtually no black women there when I hit those streets, and none who needed or could have afforded to risk herself with an odd, raggedy-assed black boy who clearly had no future. (The first black girl I met who dug me I fell in love with, lived with and almost married. But I met her, though I was only 22, many light-years too late.)

The white girls I had known or been involved with—different categories—had paralyzed me, because I simply did not know what, apart from my sex, they wanted. Sometimes it was great, sometimes it was just moaning and groaning; but, ultimately, I found myself at the mercy of a double fear. The fear of the world was bearable until it entered the bedroom. But it sometimes entered the bedroom by means of the motives of the girl, who intended to civilize you into becoming an appendage or who had found a black boy to sleep with because she wanted to humiliate her parents. Not an easy scene to play, in any case, since it can bring out the worst in both parties, and more than one white girl had already made me know that her color was more powerful than my dick.

Which had nothing to do with how I found myself in the gay world. I would have found myself there anyway, but perhaps the very last thing this black boy needed were clouds of imitation white women and speculations concerning the size of his organ: speculations sometimes accompanied by an attempt at the laying on of hands. "*Ooo!* Look at him! He's cute—he doesn't like you to touch him there!"

In short, I was black in that world, and I was used that way, and by people who truly meant me no harm.

And they could *not* have meant me any harm, because they did not see me. There were exceptions, of course, for I also met some beautiful people. Yet even today, it seems to me (possibly because I am black) very dangerous to model one's opposition to the arbitrary definition, the imposed ordeal, merely on the example supplied by one's oppressor.

The object of one's hatred is never, alas, conveniently outside but is seated in one's lap, stirring in one's bowels and dictating the beat of one's heart. And if one does not know this, one risks becoming an imitation—and, therefore, a continuation—of principles one imagines oneself to despise.

I, in any case, had endured far too much debasement willingly to debase myself. I had absolutely no fantasies about making love to the last cop or hoodlum who had beaten the shit out of me. I did not find it amusing, in any way whatever, to act out the role of the darky.

So I moved on out of there.

In fact, I found a friend—more accurately, a friend found *me*—an Italian, about five years older than I, who helped my morale greatly in those years. I was told that he had threatened to kill anyone who touched me. I don't know about that, but people stopped beating me up. Our relationship never seemed to worry him or his friends or his women.

My situation in the Village stabilized itself to the extent that I began working as a waiter in a black West Indian restaurant, The Calypso, on MacDougal Street. This led, by no means incidentally, to the desegregation of the San Remo, an Italian bar and restaurant on the corner of MacDougal and Bleecker. Every time I entered the San Remo, they threw me out. I had to pass it all the time on my way to and from work, which is, no doubt, why the insult rankled.

I had won the Saxton Fellowship, which was administered by Harper & Brothers, and I knew Frank S. MacGregor, the president of Harper's. One night, when he asked me where we should have dinner, I suggested, spontaneously, the San Remo.

We entered, and they seated us and we were served. I went back to MacGregor's

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house for a drink and then went straight back to the San Remo, sitting on a bar stool in the window. The San Remo thus began to attract a varied clientele, indeed—so much so that Allen Ginsberg and company arrived there the year I left New York for Paris.

As for the people who ran and worked at the San Remo, they never bothered me again. Indeed, the Italian community never bothered me again—or rarely and, as it were, by accident. But the Village was full of white tourists, and one night, when a mob gathered before the San Remo, demanding that I come out, the owners closed the joint and turned the lights out and we sat in the back room, in the dark, for a couple of hours, until they judged it safe to drive me home.

This was a strange, great and bewildering time in my life. Once I was in the San Remo, for example, I was *in*, and anybody who messed with me was *out*—that was all there was to it, and it happened more than once. And no one seemed to remember a time when I had not been there.

I could not quite get it together, but it seemed to me that I was no longer black for them and they had ceased to be white for me, for they sometimes introduced me to their families with every appearance of affection and pride and exhibited not the remotest interest in whatever my sexual proclivities chanced to be.

They had fought me very hard to prevent this moment, but perhaps we were all much relieved to have got beyond the obscenity of color.

Matters were equally bewildering, though in a different way, at The Calypso. All kinds of people came into our joint—I am now referring to white people—and one of their most vivid aspects, for me, was the cruelty of their alienation. They appeared to have no antecedents nor any real connections.

"Do you really *like* your mother?" someone asked me, seeming to be astounded, totally disbelieving the possibility.

I was astounded by the question. Certainly, my mother and I did not agree about everything, and I knew that she was very worried about the dangers of the life I lived, but that was normal, since I was a boy and she was a woman. Of course she was worried about me: She was my *mother*. But she knew I wasn't crazy and that I would certainly never do anything, deliberately, to hurt her. Or my tribe, my brothers and sisters, who were probably worried about me, too.

My family was a part of my life. I could not imagine life without them, might never have been able to reconcile myself to life without them. And certainly one of the reasons I was breaking my ass in the Village had to do with my need to try to move us out of our dangerous situation. I was perfectly aware of the odds—my father had made that very clear—but he had also given me my assignment. "Do you really *like* your mother?" did not cause me to wonder about my mother or myself but about the person asking the question.

And perhaps because of such questions, I was not even remotely tempted by the possibilities of psychiatry or psychoanalysis. For one thing, there were too many schools—Freud, Horney, Jung, Reich (to suggest merely the tip of that iceberg)—and, for another, it seemed to me that anyone who thought seriously that I had any desire to be "adjusted" to this society had to be ill; too ill, certainly, as time was to prove, to be trusted.

I sensed, then—without being able to articulate it—that this dependence on a formula for safety, for that is what it was, signaled a desperate moral abdication. People went to the shrink in order to find justification for the empty lives they led and the meaningless work they did. Many turned, helplessly, hopefully, to Wilhelm Reich and perished in orgone boxes.

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I seem to have strayed a long way from our subject, but our subject is social and historical—and continuous. The people who leaped into orgone boxes in search of the perfect orgasm were later to turn to acid. The people so dependent on psychiatric formulas were unable to give their children any sense of right or wrong—indeed, this sense was in themselves so fragile that during the McCarthy era, more than one shrink made a lot of money by convincing his patients, or clients, that their psychic health demanded that they inform on their friends. (Some of these people, after their surrender, attempted to absolve themselves in the civil rights movement.)

What happened to the children, therefore, is not even remotely astonishing. The flower children—who became the Weather Underground, the Symbionese Liberation Army, the Manson Family—are creatures from this howling inner space.

I am not certain, therefore, that the present sexual revolution is either sexual or a revolution. It strikes me as a reaction to the spiritual famine of American life. The present androgynous "craze"—to underestimate it—strikes me as an attempt to be honest concerning one's nature, and it is instructive, I think, to note that there is virtually no emphasis on overt sexual activity. There is nothing more boring, anyway, than sexual activity as an end in itself, and a great many people who came out of the closet should reconsider.

Such figures as Boy George do not disturb me nearly so much as do those relentlessly hetero (sexual?) keepers of the keys and seals, those who know what the world needs in the way of order and who are ready and willing to supply that order.

This rage for order can result in chaos, and in this country, chaos connects with color. During the height of my involvement in the civil rights movement, for example, I was subjected to hate mail of a terrifying precision. Volumes concerning what my sisters, to say nothing of my mother, were capable of doing; to say nothing of my brothers; to say nothing of the monumental size of *my* organ and what I did with it. Someone described, in utterly riveting detail, a scene he swore he had witnessed (I *think* it was a *he*—such mail is rarely signed) on the steps of houses in Baltimore of niggers fucking their dogs.

At the same time, I was also on the mailing list of one of the more elegant of the K.K.K. societies, and I still have some of that mail in my files. Someone, of course, eventually realized that the organization should not be sending that mail to this particular citizen, and it stopped coming—but not before I had had time to be struck by the similarity of tone between the hate mail and the mail of the society, and not before the society had informed me, by means of a parody of an Audubon Society postcard, what it felt and expected me to feel concerning a certain "Redbreasted" Martin Luther King, Jr.

The Michael Jackson cacophony is fascinating in that it is not about Jackson at all. I hope he has the good sense to know it and the good fortune to snatch his life out of the jaws of a carnivorous success. He will not swiftly be forgiven for having turned so many tables, for he damn sure grabbed the brass ring, and the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo has nothing on Michael. All that noise is about America, as the dishonest custodian of black life and wealth; and blacks, especially males, in America; and the burning, buried American guilt; and sex and sexual roles and sexual panic; money, success and despair—to all of which may now be added the bitter need to find a head on which to place the crown of Miss America.

•

Freaks are called freaks and are treated as they are treated—in the main, abominably—because they are human beings who cause to echo, deep within us, our most profound terrors and desires.

Most of us, however, do not appear to be freaks—though we are rarely what we appear to be. We are, for the most part, visibly male or female, our social roles defined by our sexual equipment.

But we are all androgynous, not only because we are all born of a woman impregnated by the seed of a man but because each of us, helplessly and forever, contains the other—male in female, female in male, white in black and black in white. We are a part of each other. Many of my countrymen appear to find this fact exceedingly inconvenient and even unfair, and so, very often, do I. But none of us can do anything about it.

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ONE FOR HIS LORDSHIP *(continued from page 164)*

"With a smile of satisfaction, the lawyer poured the wine, glug by glug, down into the grave."

All stood aside.

The lawyer, for that is what he was, strode past like Moses as the Red Sea obeyed, or King Louis on a stroll, or the haughtiest tart on Piccadilly: Choose *one*.

"It's Kilgotten's law," hissed Muldoon. "I seen him stalking Dublin like the apocalypse. With a lie for a name: Clement! Half-ass Irish, full-ass Briton. The *worst*!"

"What can be worse than death?" someone whispered.

"We," murmured the priest, "shall soon see."

"Gentlemen!"

A voice called. The mob turned.

Lawyer Clement, at the rim of the grave, took the prim briefcase from under his arm, opened it and drew forth a symboled and ribboned document, the beauty of which bugged the eye and rammed and sank the heart.

"Before the obsequies," he said, "before Father Kelly orates, I have a message, this codicil to Lord Kilgotten's will, which I shall read aloud."

"I bet it's the Eleventh Commandment," murmured the priest, eyes down.

"What would the Eleventh Commandment *be*?" asked Doone, scowling.

"Why not '*Thou shalt shut up and listen*'?" said the priest. "*Sst!*"

For the lawyer was reading from his ribboned document and his voice floated on the hot summer wind, like this:

" 'And whereas my wines are the finest——' "

"They are *that*!" said Finn.

" 'And whereas the greatest labels from across the world fill my cellars, and whereas the people of this town, Kilcock, do not appreciate such things but prefer the—er—hard stuff——' "

"Who *says*?" cried Doone.

"Back in your ditch," warned the priest, *sotto voce*.

" 'I do hereby proclaim and pronounce,' " read the lawyer, with a great smarmy smirk of satisfaction, " 'that contrary to the adage, a man can, *indeed*, take it with him. And I so order, write and sign this codicil to my last will and testament in what might well be the final month of my life.' Signed, 'William, Lord Kilgotten.' Last month, on the seventh."

The lawyer stopped, folded the paper and stood, eyes shut, waiting for the thunderclap that would follow the lightning bolt.

"Does that mean," asked Doone, wincing, "that the lord intends to——"

Someone pulled a cork out of a bottle.

It was like a fusillade that shot all the men in their tracks.

It was only, of course, the good lawyer Clement, at the rim of the damned grave, corkscrewing and yanking open the plug from a bottle of La Vieille Ferme '73!

"Is this the *wake*, then?" Doone laughed nervously.

"It is *not*," mourned the priest.

With a smile of summer satisfaction, Clement, the lawyer, poured the wine, glug by glug, down into the grave, over the wine-crate box in which Lord Kilgotten's thirsty bones were hid.

"Hold on!"

"He's gone mad!"

"Grab the bottle!"

"No!"

There was a vast explosion, like that from the throat of a crowd that has just seen its soccer champion slain mid-field!

"Wait! My God!"

"Quick! Run get the lord!"

"Dumb," muttered Finn. "His Lordship's *in* that box, and his wine is *in* the grave!"

Stunned by this unbelievable calamity, the mob could only stare as the last of the first bottle cascaded into the holy earth.

Clement handed the bottle to Doone and uncorked a second.

"Now, wait just one moment!" cried the voice of the Day of Judgment.

And it was, of course, Father Kelly, who came forth, bringing his higher law with.

"Do you mean to say," cried the priest, his cheeks blazing, his eyes smoldering with bright sun, "you are going to dispense all that stuff in Kilgotten's pit?"

"That," said the lawyer, "is my intent."

He began to pour the second stuff. But the priest stiff-armed him to tilt the wine back.

"And do you mean for us to just stand and *watch* your blasphemy?"

"At a wake, yes, that would be the polite thing to do." The lawyer moved to pour again.

"Just hold it right there!" The priest stared around, up, down, at his friends from the pub, at Finn, their spiritual leader, at the sky, where God hid, at the earth, where Kilgotten lay playing mum's the word, and at last at lawyer Clement and his damned ribboned codicil. "Beware, man, you are provoking civil strife!"

"I have a lawyer, but he's busy today, defending someone more important."

"Yah!" cried the crowd, atilt on the air, fists at their sides, grinding and ungrinding invisible rocks.

"What year is this wine?" Ignoring them, Clement calmly eyed the label in his hands. "Le Corton. Nineteen seventy. The best wine in the finest year. Excellent." He stepped free of the priest and let it spill.

"*Do* something!" shouted Doone. "Have you no curse handy?"

"Priests do not curse," said Father Kelly. "But, Finn, Doone, Hannahan, Burke. Jump! Knock heads."

The priest marched off, and the men rushed after to knock their heads in a bent-down ring and a great whisper with the father. In the midst of the conference, the priest stood up to see what Clement was doing. The lawyer was on his third bottle.

"Quick!" cried Doone. "He'll waste the *lot*!"

A fourth cork popped, to another outcry from Finn's team, the Thirsty Warriors, as they would later dub themselves.

"Finn," the priest was heard to say, deep in the heads together, "you're a genius!"

"I am!" agreed Finn, and the huddle broke and the priest hustled back to the grave.

"Would you mind, sir," he said, grabbing the bottle from the lawyer, "reading, one *last* time, that damned codicil?"

"Pleasure." And it was. The lawyer's smile flashed as he fluttered the ribbons and snapped the will.

" 'That contrary to the adage, a man can, indeed, take it with him. . . .' "

He finished and folded the paper and tried another smile, which worked to his own satisfaction, at least. He reached for the bottle confiscated by the priest.

"Hold on." Father Kelly stepped back. He gave a look to the crowd, who waited on each fine word. "Let me ask you a question, Mr. Lawyer, sir. Does it anywhere say there just *how* the wine is to get into the grave?"

"Into the grave is into the grave," said the lawyer.

"As long as it finally *gets* there, *that*'s the important thing, do we agree?" asked the priest, with a strange smile.

"I can pour it over my shoulder or toss it in the air," said the lawyer. "As long as it lights to either side or atop the coffin when it comes down, all's well."

"Good!" exclaimed the priest. "Men! One squad here. One battalion over there. Line up! Doone!"

"Sir?"

"Spread the rations. Jump!"

"Sir!" Doone jumped.

To a great uproar of men bustling and lining up.

"I," said the lawyer, "am going to find the police!"

"Which is *me*," said a man at the far side of the mob. "Officer Bannion. Your complaint?"

Stunned, lawyer Clement could only blink and at last, in a squashed voice, bleat, "I'm leaving."

"You'll not make it past the gate alive," said Doone cheerily.

"I," said the lawyer, "am staying. But——"

"But?" inquired Father Kelly, as the corks were pulled and the corkscrew flashed brightly along the line.

"You go against the letter of the law!"

"No," explained the priest calmly, "we but shift the punctuation, cross new Ts, dot new I's."

" 'Tenshun!" cried Finn, for all was in readiness.

On both sides of the grave, the men waited, each with a full bottle of vintage Château Lafite-Rothschild or Le Corton or chianti.

"Do we drink it *all*?" asked Doone.

"Shut your gab," observed the priest. He eyed the sky. "Oh, Lord." The men bowed their heads and grabbed off their caps. "Lord, for what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful. And thank you, Lord, for the genius of Heeber Finn, who thought of this——"

"Aye," said all gently.

" 'T was nothin'," said Finn, blushing.

"And bless this wine, which may circumnavigate along the way but finally wind up where it should be going. And if today and tonight won't do, and all the stuff not drunk, bless us as we return each night until the deed is done and the soul of the wine's at rest."

"Ah, you *do* speak dear," murmured Doone.

"Sh!" hissed all.

"And in the spirit of this time, Lord, should we not ask our good lawyer friend, Clement, in the fullness of his heart, to join *with* us?"

Someone slipped a bottle of the best into the lawyer's hands. He seized it lest it should break.

"And finally, Lord, bless the old Lord Kilgotten, whose years of saving up now help us in this hour of putting away. *Amen*."

"Amen," said all.

" 'Tenshun!" cried Finn.

The men stiffened and lifted their bottles.

"One for His Lordship," said the priest.

"And," added Finn, "one for the road!"

There was a dear sound of drinking and, years later, Doone remembered, a glad sound of laughter from the box in the grave.

"It's all right," said the priest in amazement.

"Yes." The lawyer nodded, having heard. "It's all right."

"Damn it, Crenshaw, I'm broad-minded, but mistletoe in the men's room is a bit much."

 (continued from page 180)

"Wherever Teddy went on that beach, he must have been taking pictures of her through his long lens."

other is for her to buy her own gift. Save the man the trouble."

The tourist said, "What about, you know of any that aren't hookers but like to, you know, do it?"

"Let me see," Isidro said. "A girl who's very pretty? Has light skin, nice perfume?"

The tourist said, "'Ey, sounds good. But don't bother."

"Please, is no trouble."

The tourist said, "No, see, I'm not gonna need you no more. I know my way around now. I'm gonna rent a car."

Isidro's wife was no help. He asked her how this could happen to him, losing his prize, his dream tourist. His wife told him to pray to Saint Barbara, thank her for sending him away, this Mr. Magic.

The next morning, Isidro said, "An idea came to me. I believe I can talk to him and make him see he needs me." His wife didn't say anything. But as he drove away in his black Chevrolet taxi that had traveled 170,000 miles and always returned to this home, he saw her standing in the doorway with their four children, watching him leave. Something she had never done.

•

Here was the plan. Pick up the tourist's prints at the Fast Foto place, deliver them to him and refuse to accept payment. A risk, but look at it as an investment. No, please, it's my gift for the pleasure of driving you and for your generosity. Something like that. Then. . . . It's too bad you haven't been out on the island, have the pleasure of the drive to Luquillo. Or. . . . What a fine day to go to El Yunque, the rain forest. Or Utuado to see the pottery.

The goddamn prints cost him more than $27.

He sat in his taxi outside the Fast Foto, still thinking, getting the words in his mind. He opened one of the envelopes of prints, not curious but to be doing something. They were pictures the tourist had taken of the beach during the past three days. Twenty-four prints—Isidro began to go through them—all in beautiful color.

Less than halfway through, he stopped and started over, already feeling an excitement. He looked at the first prints again quickly before continuing, wanting to be sure the subject of nearly all these pictures was the same and not there by accident. Isidro felt himself becoming inspired but nervous and laughed out loud. He calmed down looking at pictures from the second envelope, taken in the Old City. Fortaleza, Casa del Callejón, those places. . . .

But in the third envelope, he was back at the beach of Escambrón. Here was an ice-cream vendor; here was a man displaying jewelry on a straw mat. Girls, yes, pictures of girls and a number of shots that were so bright they showed almost nothing. But of the 42 prints in the two envelopes of beach pictures, 20—count them—were of Iris Ruiz. It seemed more than that, one after another, so many views of her in different poses. Wherever the tourist went on that beach, he must have been watching Iris, taking pictures of her through his long lens.

Iris talking to the man with the cane, Vincent. Gesturing, posing. Iris lying next to him on a towel. Standing behind him, her hands in his hair as he tried to read his book. Kissing him. Walking with him. . . .

Oh, man. Isidro saw those pictures and had the best idea of his life. He drove to Iris Ruiz' house on Calle del Parque and knocked on the door to her upstairs flat.

•

"You believe it?" Isidro said to Teddy. "She saw you at the beach and would like to meet you." The two of them standing in front of Walgreen's, tourists walking past them, Isidro's own tourist adjusting his sunglasses as he glanced at the taxi, shy.

"How'd you run into her?"

"At the photo place. It was lucky, uh? She recognize' me because of you. I tol' her, sure, I know him. I think he would like to meet you also."

"What'd she say exactly?"

"Ask me if I drive for the photographer. I say, sure. Maybe he like to take your picture." Isidro took a chance, a liberty, and winked at the tourist. "I think she can be free this evening. She lives at number five two Calle del Parque. Is close by your hotel."

The tourist opened one of the envelopes, looked at the prints for a moment and said, "Let's go for a ride."

•

Isidro had his tourist again and felt so good that he could admit, "I pick up the pictures to give you so I could speak to you again and hope to be of service." The tourist seemed content, gazing out at the countryside from the highway as they drove toward Carolina. "There is so much to see out on the island," Isidro said. "All this use' to be sugar cane here. Now, look, use'-car places. Way over there, apartment buildings."

The tourist would look out his side window, turn his head slowly and Isidro would see his sunglasses, his serious expression. Interested but not amazed at anything today. Not asking, "What's that? . . . What's that?" Instead, he said:

"Why'd you think I wanted to meet her?"

"Well, she's a nice girl, very nice-looking, I believe educated. . . . We can go to Loíza, my home, where I was born. If you like to buy a famous *vejigante* mask for your mother." The tourist didn't say anything. "Or we can go to El Yunque. You hear of it? The rain forest on the mountain, very beautiful. . . ."

"Let's go up there," the tourist said, and Isidro relaxed; he had his tourist for at least the rest of the day and could show him the sights, show him some excitement on the way up there, some expert driving.

Blowing his horn, leaning on it through blind mountain curves, climbing through dark caverns of *tabonuco* trees 1000 years old, gunning it past the diesel noise of tour buses—everybody going to El Yunque, the show place of the island. Look, what forests were like before men were born. Where frogs live in trees and flower plants grow on the branches. The tourist didn't raise his camera.

"You don't want pictures?"

"I can get postcards of this."

Not in a good mood. He didn't want to go into the Rain Forest Restaurant; he wasn't hungry today. At the Visitor Center, he said, "Let's get away from these goddamn buses." Isidro removed a barrier where the road was closed because of a landslide. It was slippery in places but no trouble to get through. Nobody working to clear the mud. This was more like it, not running into people everywhere. A jungle in the clouds. The tourist said, "Let's get out and walk." OK—once Isidro found a place to put the taxi, off the road deep into a side trail, in case a Park Service guy came along. Park Service guys liked to be important, Isidro said, yell at drivers.

The tourist led them along a footpath, following a sign that said EL YUNQUE TRAIL. They left it behind, following side trails, and came to an open place that ended, fell away hundreds of feet to the sight of clouds like fog over the treetops below. Beautiful. It gave Isidro the feeling he could dive off and land down there in that soft green sponge. Now he saw the tourist bring his camera case in front of him and open it, take out the camera and hang it from his neck. The tourist looked out at the view, then at Isidro, then stepped away from the edge, raising his camera.

"Smile."

Isidro posed, nothing behind him but clouds, trying hard to smile. He believed it was the first picture the tourist had taken of him.

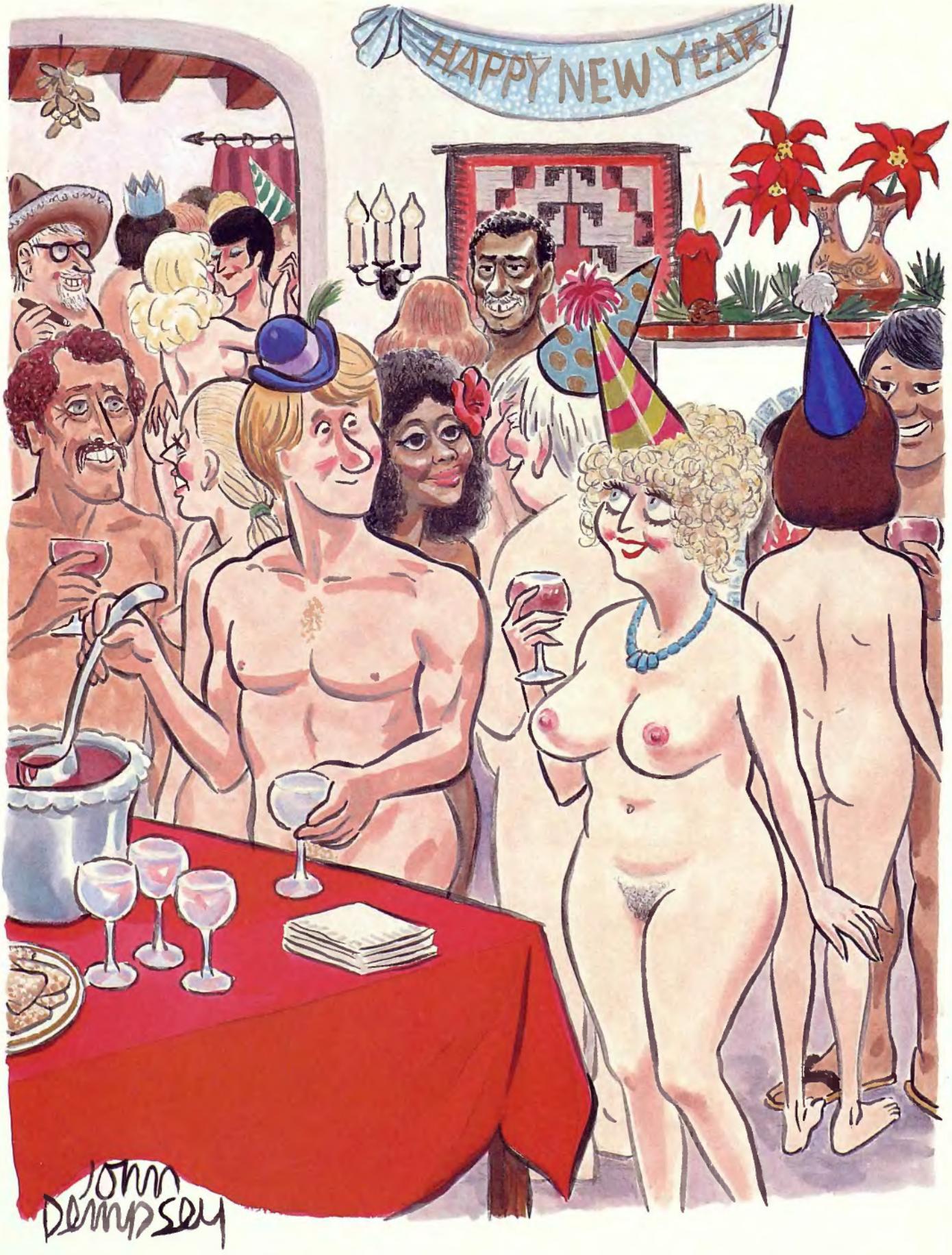
"You want me to take one of you?"

"No, stay there." The tourist snapped another picture and said, "Tell me what you're up to."

Isidro said, "Please?"

Something was wrong. It was in the tourist's expression. Not a serious one but not a nice one, either. He wasn't happy, he wasn't angry, he wasn't anything. The tourist took off his sunglasses and slipped them into his pocket as he said, "They ask you a lot of questions about me?"

It was as though a disguise was removed and Isidro was seeing him for the



"Have you ever seen the new year in in an older woman, Mr. Hansen?"

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first time, seeing the man's eyes as tiny nail points holding him, telling him he had made a mistake, failed to observe something. For a moment, his wife was in his mind, his wife speaking to him with the sounds of the washing machine and the television. He was confused, and it made him angry.

"*Who?* Nobody ask me anything."

"No? They didn't pay you?"

"Mister, I don't know what you talking about." The only thing he knew for sure, the man was no longer his prize.

"Tell me the truth. Say the girl approached you?"

"Yes, she want to meet you."

"Go on."

"I said OK. See, I thought you like her, a lot."

"You did, 'ey? Why?"

"Man, all the pictures you took of her." He watched the tourist stare at him, then begin to smile, then shake his head back and forth and heard the tourist say:

"Oh, shit. You looked at the prints you picked up this morning. Didn't you?"

Isidro nodded. Why not? The tourist didn't seem angry now. "But I didn' hurt them, I jus' look at them."

The tourist said, "Jesus, you thought I liked Iris, so you were gonna fix me up. All this was your idea."

Isidro said, "Is up to you. It doesn' matter."

The tourist was still smiling, just a little. He said, "You dumb fuck, I wasn't taking pictures of *her*."

Isidro saw the tourist's hand go into the camera case and come out holding a gun, an automatic pistol, a big heavy one. The tourist—what was this?—he would have film and suntan lotion in there, not a pistol. If there was something wrong with him, if he was abnormal—it was OK to be abnormal, sure, act crazy for fun, wear masks . . . when it made sense to act crazy, want to scare people. *This* trying to scare him made no sense. . . .

And he yelled at the tourist, "But she's in the pictures!"

The tourist said, "So's the guy with her."

Isidro paused, still not understanding, then saw it, what was going to happen, and yelled out again, "*¡Momento!*"

The tourist shot him in the head, almost between the eyes. He listened to the echo and shot him again, on the ground, before rolling him over the edge of the mud bluff, into the clouds.

•

The restaurant called El Cidreño offered Creole cooking and was popular with the criminal-affairs investigators who worked out of Puerto Rico police headquarters on Roosevelt Avenue, Hato Rey.

They would come in here or look over from their tables and see the bearded guy with Lorendo Paz and make the guy as an informer. Look at him. The hair, the work shirt they gave him in Bayamón. Caught in a drug bust and fell out of a window—the reason for the cane—and after a month in the hole, willing to make a plea deal. Except that Lorendo Paz, always properly attired, wearing the cream-colored suit today, would touch his napkin to his trimmed mustache, take the napkin away and be smiling, talking to the guy like they were good friends. So then the cops who came into El Cidreño or looked over from their tables would think, Sure, the guy was a narc, DEA, and had to dress like that, the junkie shirt with the jeans and rubber sandals. . . . But if he was undercover or he was an informer, what was he doing out in the open talking to a criminal-affairs investigator? Finally, a cop known for his determination got up from his chicken and plantains, went over to the table where Lorendo sat with the bearded guy and said, "Lorendo, I need to talk to you later today."

Lorendo said, "Of course," and then said, "Oh, I want you to meet Vincent Mora. With the Miami Beach police, detective bureau. We know each other a long time, since the FBI school. Yes, Vincent has been here, almost two months, on a medical leave. A robber shot him in the hip."

Oh.

After that, the investigators would look over and wonder if the bearded guy, Vincent, was any good and wonder what he was talking about to Lorendo so intently.

He was talking about Iris Ruiz.

Lorendo made his face look tired, without effort, and told Vincent he was making a career of Iris Ruiz because he needed something to do that was important to him and concerned a person's life, not because Iris was a special case. There were a thousand Iris Ruizes in San Juan.

Vincent narrowed his eyes at him.

And Lorendo raised Iris' rating. All right, there was no one like her. OK? Fantastic girl. Her looks could stop your breathing. She had style, class, personality and she made sure a doctor looked up her every week, without fail.

Vincent shook his head.

And Lorendo said, "What you're doing we've both seen, how many times? The cop who has a feeling for a whore. He wants to be her savior, change her, make her like she used to be, uh? Before she found out that little fuzzy thing she sits on can make her money."

"That's not nice," Vincent said.

"Oh, is that so? What is it attracts you to her, her mind? Her intelligence?"

"I don't know what happened," Vincent said. "Ever since I got shot, I've been horny."

"It's your age. How old are you, forty?"

Vincent said yes and then said, "Forty-one."

"Sure, it's your age. Maybe getting

shot, too. You see you aren't going to live forever, you don't want to miss anything."

"Maybe. . . . You ever been shot?"

"No, I've been lucky."

"It can happen," Vincent said, "when you least expect. I was off duty, walking home. . . ." He said, "You know, I could retire with fifteen years in. I could stay right here and draw three quarters of my pay for life." It would buy a lot of cod fries and crab turnovers, get him a nice place near the beach. He could live here. Why not? He said, "I could stand to get married again. It's what people do, they get married. But not to Iris. That's never entered my mind."

"Good. There's hope for you."

"You know what she has for breakfast? Toast and a Coke."

"You need to go back to work," Lorendo said. "You think she has a problem. You're the one with the problem. You nice to a girl like that, give her what she wants, oh, everything's fine. You don't give in to her, what happens?"

"She whines, she breaks things. . . ."

"Vincent," Lorendo said, amazed, "this little girl, she's leading you around by your *bicho*. You know that?"

"All she talks about is going to the States."

"Vincent," Lorendo said, "she's a whore. What whores do, if they can, they go where the action is."

"She quit."

"Oh, you believe that?"

Vincent paid the check. Lorendo, waiting for him outside, was talking with the investigator who had approached their table. The investigator nodded to Vincent as he came out, looking at his rattan cane, his rubber sandals, and Lorendo said, "Vincent, my associate was asking, he would like to know what happened to the man who shot you."

"He died on the way to the hospital," Vincent said, looking directly at Lorendo's associate, straight-faced. "I think he lost his will to live."

•

Calle del Parque, number 52, upstairs.

Teddy knocked on the door and knocked and knocked until it opened a few inches and there was a pretty, sleepy girl looking at him over the chain. Her eyes puffy, what he could see of them in all that hair.

"Hi. You remember me?"

Iris said, "I'm still sleeping. Why don't you come back——"

Teddy held up a crisp $100 bill, folded twice, between the tips of two fingers, laid it on the chain right in front of her nose.

She seemed to wake up, staring at that C note.

He usually got into apartments with the old survey routine. "Hi, I'm with International Surveys Incorporated"—show the phony card—"we're conducting a study to learn what young ladies such as yourself think of current trends in . . ." the price of

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bullshit. You could tell them anything.

He palmed the C note as she closed the door to release the chain, and that was that. It was dim and quiet inside, the way he liked it, with just faint sounds out on the street. It smelled a little of incense or perfume. She held her silky green robe closed, then relaxed, yawning, and let the robe slip open before pulling it together again, though not in any hurry. She was wearing little white panties under there, no bra. He sat down in a sticky plastic chair without waiting to be asked. Shit, he was in now. Reaching into the camera case, he almost began to recite his International Surveys routine. ("If I might ask what your husband does. . . . He's at work, is he?") Fool around for a minute, make sure they were alone. One time, a big hairy son of a bitch had come walking out of the bedroom in his undershirt. . . .

She was yawning again, hair hanging in her face. He liked that sleepy look. She stretched, arching her back. The robe came open to give him a peek at a brown nipple, a big one. He liked that, too.

"How's your boyfriend?"

"My boyfrien', who's that?"

"Guy you're with at the beach every day."

"He's not even a frien' of mine no more."

"Guess I was wrong. I met him one time. His name Vincent Mora?"

"Yes, Vincent."

"He live here with you?"

"Man, are you crazy?"

"I thought you two were pretty tight."

"What happen' to the money you had in your hand?"

"I got it." Teddy showed her the C note. "Right here. Yeah, I thought you and Vincent might be living together."

Iris said, "No way, José."

Teddy grinned. "That's cute. . . . Let me ask you, Vincent lives—I was told he lives over by the Hilton on that street runs next to it? In the Carmen Apartments? That's what they said at his office when I called there."

"Yes, the Carmen Apartments."

"Is that the place there's a liquor store in it? I didn't see a sign or nothing; I wasn't sure."

"Yes, in the downstairs." She kept looking at his $100 bill.

"Handy to the beach," Teddy said. He glanced around the room. "You live here alone, 'ey?"

"Till I move to the States. I can't wait."

"You bring guys here?"

She began to frown now and looked mad. Got up on the wrong side of the bed, his mom used to say.

"What do you ask me questions for?"

Teddy folded the $100 bill between his thumb and two fingers, then folded it again into a tight square. He said, "Catch" and threw it at her.

Iris let go of her robe and caught it, showing good reflexes for a crabby girl. She had probably had money given to her in some interesting ways. He watched her slip the C note into the band of her panties. She said, "I be back" and walked out of the room.

Teddy waited a few moments and followed her into a little hall, then left a few feet to the bedroom. He watched her from the doorway, her back to him, taking the money out of her panties and slipping it into the top drawer of her dresser. There were clothes on the floor. The bed was a mess, the sheet all tangled up. But it was a bed, and there she was next to it.

So easy.

Iris turned, raising her eyes to Teddy, not at all surprised to see him. "Will you escuse me so I can go to bed?"

Should he whip it out?

No, too easy.

The best part, always, was seeing that shit-scared gleam of terror in their eyes, the woman realizing this wasn't any survey of current trends, what housewives liked or didn't. . . .

This one was different. Now that he hesitated and thought about it, this one *was* a survey. Find out exactly where the guy lived. Now he knew. Now, if he watched himself, didn't get carried away, he could fool around with this girl. Play with the cop's girl. See what it was like.

Iris said, "I hope you don't think you can give me money and go to bed with me."

Teddy said, "No way, José," grinning. Shit. "I'm gonna go to bed with you, sweetheart, then leave you a present, a gift. If you know what I mean."

Iris said, "Because you adore me."

"Not only that," Teddy said, "it'll be my first time in over seven years."

Iris frowned at him. "Since you did it?"

"With a woman," Teddy said. "I been away."

•

Vincent looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. Moved closer, picked up the scissors and snipped at his beard, attempting to weed the thin streaks of gray, aware

"Nature abhors a virgin, Miss McCartney!"

of himself in the silence, look, getting older. He would have to shave off the beard to get rid of the gray. But he liked the beard, so keeping it was a compromise. Living here would be the same thing, if he decided to stay. He didn't know what he wanted. If he quit the police and stayed, would it be because the guy shot him or because he shot the guy?

His hip hurt as he hobbled out on his cane through the courtyard of the Carmen Apartments that was like a small parking lot for the liquor store. People parked on the sidewalk in San Juan; they parked everywhere.

A guy in a straw hat and sunglasses was studying a map spread open on the roof of his car. The guy looked up and said, "Excuse me?" As though he wasn't sure if he should be excused or not.

Vincent recognized him from the beach: the tourist who came in the black Chevy cab and took pictures.

"I think I'm lost."

Vincent thought of saying to him, "No, you're not." His cop mind telling him the tourist had been waiting for him. Which could mean the tourist had followed him or knew beforehand where he lived. The tourist didn't act lost. He didn't have the proper lost expression, helpless or annoyed. The tourist was grinning, the grin saying, "Look what a nice guy I am." And Vincent thought, Bullshit; the guy was trying too hard. Guys like that made him nervous.

"I came over from Condado Beach," the tourist said. "The traffic across the bridge was going both ways. Now it's one way and I can't tell how to get back."

The guy had come up with a good one. Maybe he was all right. Vincent said he'd show him and got into the car. Then was sorry. The guy was a terrible driver. Vincent would feel the guy looking at him, see the rear ends of cars lighting up in the traffic and have to brace against the dash as the guy hit the brakes.

The tourist said, "The P.R.s sure play their radios loud. You notice?" He said, "They can't drive for shit." He said, "I think I've seen you someplace. I know I saw you on the beach; I mean before that."

Vincent waited.

"Was it in Miami?"

Vincent said, "I don't know. It might've been."

"That's where you're from, 'ey?"

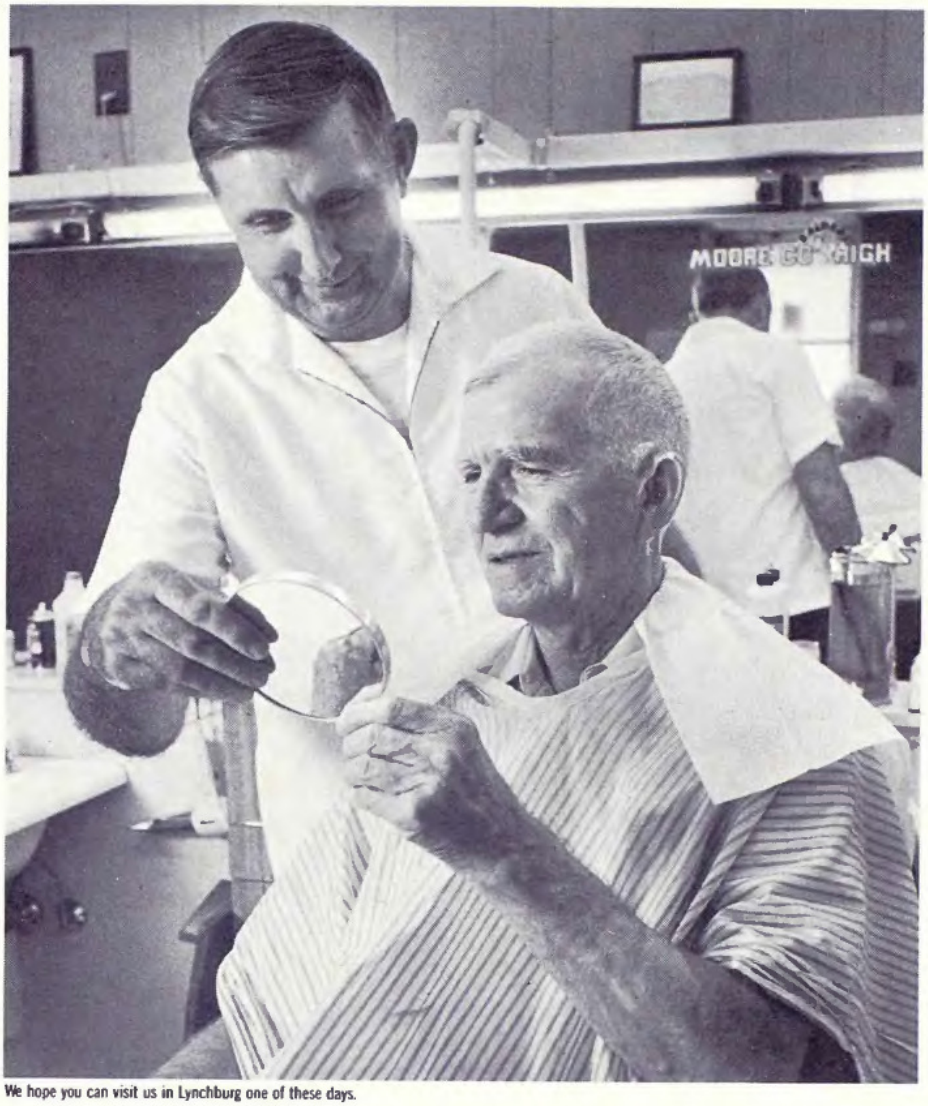
"Miami Beach."

The tourist took his time. "You're a cop. Huh?"

Vincent glanced at him to make sure he had the guy in his mind, then looked back at the traffic. "If we've met before, tell me about it."

"I understand you got shot."

Vincent didn't like this guy at all, the feeling he was getting. He said nothing and listened to the guy's voice, his unhurried



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delivery, the words rehearsed.

"I bet it hurts to get shot, 'ey?" The tourist wearing sunglasses and a straw hat, props, with the sun gone for the day, behind them somewhere. The tourist said, "You don't have no idea who I am, do you?"

Vincent would be willing to make a guess now, in a general area, and bet money on it. But he said, "I'm afraid not. Help me out."

"It was seven and a half years ago."

"What was?"

"When we met."

"Take a left at the next light. It goes straight through to Ashford, if you want the beach."

"We first met, I didn't get a good look at you," the tourist said. "But after that, I had time." He paused, making the turn, before he said, "Four days in a row."

"Dade County Court," Vincent said.

"That your guess?"

Vincent said, "You can let me off at the corner, there'll be fine. I appreciate the ride."

The tourist kept going. He said, "Do I make you nervous?"

Vincent said, "Your driving does. Jesus."

The light at Ashford was red and the tourist stopped on the left side of the one-way street, so Vincent would have to get out in the traffic. The tourist said, "I'm gonna let you think about it, Vince. Till we see each other again." He took off his straw hat and sunglasses, giving Vincent one more chance to make him.

Vincent got his left leg out of the car before pushing himself up to stand in the street. The light changed. Horns went off close behind him. He hunched over in the doorway, his back to the noise. "You know why I don't recognize you?"

"Why?" the tourist said.

"Because all of you shifty ex-con assholes look alike," Vincent said. He slammed the door, limped around behind the car and into Walgreen's drugstore.

•

Vincent reversed the charge on his call to Buck Torres, Miami Beach police. Torres came on with "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?" Vincent asked him how it was going and Torres said, "Same old thing, trying to stay ahead of the assholes." They talked for a minute, Vincent watching the traffic, the young Puerto Rican guys in their cars, turning onto Ashford to make a slow loop through the Condado tourist section, playing their radios. Vincent said:

"What I need, check with Hertz for me. Find out who's driving a white Datsun, P.R. license number twenty Baker two eighty, and where he told them he's staying. OK? Now close your eyes and look at a male Caucasian, mid-thirties, five nine, a hundred and forty, dishwater straight hair, long thin nose, mole under his right cheekbone. Creepy guy, we sent him up about seven and a half years ago."

Torres said, "I don't see anybody."

"Get the name from Hertz and run it. OK? I think he was released in the past couple of weeks; he looks like shit."

"He just got out," Torres said, "how'd he get a credit card?"

"I don't know," Vincent said, "but he's driving a rental. If he stole the I.D., all the better. Comes to Puerto Rico and does five to ten. But I'd have to canvass all the hotels to find him, wouldn't I? And my leg hurts."

"You saw him and you think you know him, or what?"

"He knows *me*," Vincent said. "He knows where I live, he knows I was shot. . . . I think I'm the reason he's here. Because I fucked up his life."

"Sure, it's your fault, Vincent."

"Can you do it now, call me right back?"

Torres said, "You miss work, Vincent—is that it?"

When he came back on, Torres said, "Vincent? Teddy Magyk."

Vincent said, "Sure, that's who it is, Teddy," sounding relieved. "It's funny, that name went through my mind, Teddy Magyk, but I didn't recognize him. I don't know why."

"He drew a ten-to-twenty, first-degree sexual battery, but got early release."

"Woman was seventy years old, beat her up," Vincent said, remembering Teddy very clearly now—pulling him out of bed when he made the collar and wanting to shove him out the hotel window, through the window.

"His first fall, he did two years in Yardville, state of New Jersey. Also a rape," Torres said. "You know, he don't look like much, his picture. Man, that's the worst kind, the sneaky ones."

"Well, I'm not gonna walk backward the rest of my life," Vincent said, "worry about some freak wants to get even. He doesn't make his move soon, I'll have to make one."

•

Vincent drank beer as he waited for Lorendo Paz, getting hungry, deciding he'd have the *asopao de pollo*, sort of a chicken stew with rice. He could taste it already. With the beer and fresh crusty bread and hard butter. Jesus. Lorendo came in and sat down, worn out, his cream-colored suit smudged with dirt.

"You've got a tough one, uh?"

"Guy is dead a couple weeks or more." Lorendo touched his forehead. "One in here." He touched his temple, the left side. "Another one here, to make sure."

"Two weeks out there?"

"At least. They been insects and things, animals, eating him, plants growing on him. His face isn't much left. A week ago, they found a taxi out there, but we don't know if it belongs to the guy. He didn't have a wallet, any I.D. on him."

"How about missing persons?"

"We got to talk to them, see who they looking for."

"If he's the cabdriver, maybe there's a record, where he picked up his fare."

"I'm going to see about that, too, Vincent."

"Who found him?"

"Some hikers, by luck. He wasn't near a trail. This guy, whoever it was, shot him and then pushed him off a place, you know, where you go see the view. So we still looking for the wallet out there. Meanwhile, they do a post on him at the medical center, look for a bullet. We get some prints of the guy and see if they match prints in the taxi. Then where are we, uh?"

"Just getting started," Vincent said. "What's different about this one?"

"They all different," Lorendo said, "aren't they? Once you see how they came to happen, the reason. Maybe this one is robbery. But we don't know the same person shot him took his wallet, do we?"

Vincent said, "You asking for an opinion?"

Lorendo shrugged. "You want to give it, sure. This point, I listen to everybody." Smiling a little.

Vincent said, "You feel like buying lunch today? Is that why we're here?"

"Well, it's my turn," Lorendo said. He looked off to find a waiter and said, "There is something else," still looking off. "I received a phone call this morning. . . ."

Vincent watched Lorendo straighten and glance at him, only a glance, taking something from his inside coat pocket—a folded sheet from a legal pad—opening it now as though he didn't want to.

Vincent eased upright, wary. "Oh, shit. Iris, uh? You pick her up?"

"We found her——"

"What'd she do, solicit a cop?"

"She didn't do nothing, Vincent. She died."

•

Vincent was alone with Iris.

A girl they said was Iris.

He would begin to go over in his mind what the police had and what they didn't, the holes in the case, and he would see Iris falling through dark space, alone. He could see her eyes and then see the ground coming up as she would see it, alone, trying to hold back. But he couldn't see her going off the balcony alone. Someone had been with her.

There were traces of semen in her vagina.

They weren't sure if she had been assaulted, sexually or physically. Blood, fingernail scrapings, tissue samples of vital organs had been sent to the medical center. They'd wait for the report, learn the apparent cause of death before trying to determine the nature of the girl's death. Homicide, suicide. . . .

"Or she could have been on something," Lorendo had said. "Acid, angel

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dust. Maybe she thought she could fly. If we find out she was already dead, tha's different. But if it was hitting the ground killed her, well, then we have to think it could have been an accident."

Vincent saw Iris on a balcony. He saw her falling. . . .

A young woman wearing a raincoat entered the parlor, her gaze holding on the casket.

Late 20s. Dark hair pulled back. Pale skin, delicate features cleanly defined. No make-up, not bothering on this rainy day to make herself more attractive. Still, as he watched her, Vincent saw a glamor shot of the same girl and a name with it. NOW APPEARING IN THE SULTAN'S LOUNGE, LINDA MOON. Then saw her in a soft blue spot that diffused her clean features, but it was this girl. It had to be. He watched her stop short of the casket.

"Why did you have it opened?"

"I wanted to see her," Vincent said. "Make sure it was Iris, not somebody else."

"It's Iris." She said, "I don't know if I can look at her again" but moved almost cautiously toward the casket to stare into it without moving. "God, whoever did her make-up——"

"Ought to be arrested," Vincent said.

The girl he knew was Linda Moon looked over at him, taking her time now. She said, "You're Iris' friend. I came in, I didn't recognize you." She turned away, walked over to the empty rows of folding chairs, hands in the pockets of her raincoat, and sat down before looking at him again. "Where's your cane?"

"I forgot it," Vincent said.

He sat down with a chair between them, the girl staring at the casket again. She said, "Isn't that pathetic? Last seen in this life in a genuine wood-veneer-plastic box."

Vincent studied her face in profile, dark hair tied back, giving him a good look at her features, hollow cheeks, delicate nose, long, dark lashes—a girl who knew things about him, knew Iris well enough to pay for her funeral.

He said, "You are Linda Moon." Wanting to be absolutely sure but sounding like a lawyer or a court clerk.

She said, "I didn't make too big an impression, huh? You should see my act now. I wear an orange outfit, with ruffles." Very dry. Staring at the casket.

He said, "You did a weather set, *Stormy* and then *Sunny*. . . ."

She turned to look at him.

"Then you did *Where're the Clowns*."

"*Send in the Clowns*. Weren't too broken up, uh, after Iris left?"

"You want me to tell you about Iris and me? It'll take about two minutes."

"But you're here," Linda said. She turned back to the casket. "It's pathetic, the whole thing. The little party girl—she gets two people at her wake."

Vincent waited, aware of the silence, before he said, "Linda? What was she doing in that apartment?"

She said, "Who knows?" After a moment, she looked at him again and said, "I have to go."

•

Teddy, behind the wheel of the Datsun, watched them come out of the funeral home. Jesus, he could slip the car into gear, creep it toward them in the dark, time it, get almost there and pop the lights on as the cop started across the street. Shoot him going by.

Except he wasn't ready. He'd have to have his gun out, the window open on the passenger side. . . . He should've thought of it sooner. Except what if the cop had a gun on him and had time to shoot back. . . .

No, it seemed like a good idea, and it was a good place, dark and lonely. But it wasn't what he wanted. He wanted to see the cop's eyes just before and wanted the cop to see his. Hi. Remember me?

•

Vincent walked past the open-air front of the restaurant, along the boxed hedge. He spotted Teddy right away. Teddy wearing a red knit shirt, in there among the hanging plants and green-oilcloth-covered tables. Tourist with camera case, head lowered, ordering a late breakfast from the place-mat menu. When Vincent entered the restaurant later, Teddy was eating pancakes with one hand, holding onto his plastic glass of Coke with the other. Vincent wasn't sure if he could watch him: Teddy cutting a big wedge out of the stack, shoving it into his wide-open mouth, then taking a sip of the Coke before he began to chew. Vincent sat down at the table for four across the aisle.

Teddy, hunched over his plate, turned his head to look past his shoulder. " 'Ey, we gotta stop meeting like this."

Was he honestly off the wall or pretending to be? Playing the nerd. Eyes with a watery glaze this morning. Hung over? Maybe. He didn't seem on guard or the least concerned. Vincent could be someone from back home. . . . An old pal thinking how simple it would be to reach into the back of his pants beneath his jacket, pull out the old Smith and put him away. One shot. There. Tell the waitress, "Let's see, I think I'll have the eggs over easy."

"What're you following me for? It won't do you no good."

"I'm not following you."

"What've you been doing all morning? I saw you go by here."

"You used to follow me," Vincent said, "take pictures. . . . What were the pictures for? You mind if I ask you?"

"What've you got, a wire on you?"

"I'm curious, that's all."

"Why'd I take pictures? I'll tell you," Teddy said, his mouth full. He paused to take a drink of Coke, work his tongue around in his mouth. "I wanted to look at your face."

"Why?"

"See how you look at people." Teddy squared around to face Vincent directly. "See if you look at them the same way you look at me."

"How do I look at you? I don't understand what you mean."

"Tough shit. That's all I'm saying on that particular subject at this time. It may come up again, but we don't know for sure or when. . . ."

"It doesn't matter," Vincent said. "I don't think you're the one did Iris, anyway."

"Yeah? Why not?"

"I think it was some other creep. You're not the only creep in the world, Ted. There could be millions."

Teddy said, "Is that right?" Face drawn tight as he picked up his camera case from the table and came over. "You think it was some creep, 'ey?" He pulled the chair out across from Vincent and sat down, the camera case in his lap now, looking right at Vincent, Vincent lying back, waiting, Vincent very happy with the way it was going. "I hear she did a double back flip off that balcony," Teddy said. "I hear it wasn't a bad dive, but she only scored an eight point five. You know why? She didn't keep her feet together."

Vincent had to wait a moment. He picked up his glass of water and took a sip. He had to let himself ease back down.

"I understand she didn't scream," Vincent said. "I wonder why."

Teddy shrugged his shoulders, staring at Vincent. "Maybe she was dead or close to it. Can't you figure things out? Speculate on it? Hell, I'm the one oughta be the dick. I'll tell you something, though. You can keep surveillance. I don't want any parts of surveillance work. Other than following some stove-up cripple walks with a cane." Teddy grinned. "That's different."

"You're a weird fucking guy, Teddy. I've never met anybody like you before in my life."

"You better believe it," Teddy said and grinned. "You're finding out the hard way they don't call me Mr. Magic for nothing."

"Who's *they*? I never heard anybody call you that."

"Guys."

"What guys? Guys at Raiford? All the winners? I wouldn't call doing time exactly a magic act."

"I got along fine."

"And came out with some great ideas."

Teddy squinted at him. "I can see that look again, man. There it is. Like you think you know something." Teddy, grinning his smirky grin, raised and lowered his eyebrows, twice. He said, "Have a nice day," got up and walked off.

Jesus Christ, Vincent thought, feeling strangely self-conscious, as though people at the other tables were staring at him, associating him with Teddy.

Look at the freak, crossing the street

now in shorts, wearing white *shorts*, camera case hanging, the freak raising his hand with a flat palm toward approaching traffic, the freak looking straight ahead, ignoring the cars blowing their horns at him. Teddy onstage, showing off. Something a kid in junior high might do. Look. Moving off with a jaunty stride, on the other side of the street now, with a bounce that seemed to lift him up on his toes.

This isn't what you do, Vincent thought. Play games with weird kids. You can't do it. You have to get out.

•

Vincent didn't mention Miami Beach, that it was time for him to go home, past time; he would set it aside for a while. They were together now, closer because they had been apart. Vincent and Linda sat in the sun at Escambrón beneath that clean sky and talked about things as they thought of them, Teddy already out of the way as a topic, done to death.

"I can't play with him anymore."

"Good. But it makes you mad."

"More than that."

"You have to forget about him."

He was trying. They watched the sleek young bodies in skimpy, stringy bathing suits, the vendors cooking, selling, the families on blankets, and looked out at the low barrier of rock 100 yards offshore and imagined it, squinting, a rusting ship's hull, a long brown submarine. . . . And a Datsun behind them. Parked back in the shade of Australian pines. He didn't imagine the car, it was there, and felt someone inside it watching them—trying to forget Teddy but feeling his presence.

•

Teddy got up during the night to go to the bathroom. "Go potty," his mom called it; woman her age. Tub a lard trying to be cute. He had actually been inside her and almost killed her, she said, coming out at birth. Well, excuuuse me. It could still be arranged. She's sleeping; hold a pillow over her face so as not to have to look at her. Lay on top of it till she finally quit bucking and breathing and he would never have to hear her say "Kisser mom" or "Buddy go potty" again. He shouldn't think things like that. He said to the bathroom mirror, "Would you do that to your mom?" Then had to grin at himself, turning his head to look at the grin from different angles.

"Hi."

"Hi, yourself."

"Haven't I seen you someplace before?"

"Now you do, now you don't."

"Wait."

He stared at himself in silence, not grinning now.

"When you gonna do it?"

"What?"

"You know what."

He stared at himself in silence.

"Tomorrow. Didn't I tell you?"

•

Teddy said out loud, "Well, it's about time. Where'n the hell you been, sightseeing? Shit, keeping me waiting."

He watched them from across the street.

Vincent and his girlfriend were out of their car, walking away from it arm in arm. Wasn't that sweet? They stopped like they were going to go into the liquor store. Nope, decided not to, kept going and went into the apartment entrance.

Teddy slid down some in his seat so he could look up at their balcony now, second floor, directly above the liquor store. He waited for lights to come on. . . . There.

"Now make yourselves a couple of drinks," Teddy said. He told them they were thirsty from all that sight-seeing. He told them to get comfortable and bring their drinks out onto the balcony, get some fresh air. Sitting down or standing up, it didn't matter to him. Or whether he looked in the cop's eyes or not. The hell with it. Teddy had made up his mind he was going to get it done. Soon as they appeared—walk out into the street like he was crossing, stop, aim his .38 up there and give 'em each three rounds, Vincent first and foremost, Vincent more than three if it was necessary. A woman you could go up there and kill all different ways. Have some fun.

It looked like only one light was on up there. What were they doing? Teddy said, " 'Ey, you can screw her any time. Come on out on the balcony." He waited. Shit.

A figure appeared, moving the curtain aside.

•

Linda sipped Chablis from a water glass, let the curtain fall in place as she heard Vincent.

"It's all yours."

Vincent stood in the living room, buttoning his shirt.

"You have great legs."

"So do you."

She held up the glass. "We could use some more of this."

"It's on the list. You think of anything else?"

"Bread?"

"We've got the rolls. *Empanadillas* for appetizers, a mixed salad, *alcapurrias*, what else? *Piononos*. Wine, coffee; I'll get

"I didn't think <u>this</u> was what you meant when you said you see other guys."

some booze. . . ."

"Vincent? Am I going to have to learn to cook Puerto Rican?"

"You'll love it."

He was going out as she said, "That's not an answer."

The door closed.

•

Teddy had six rounds in the revolver, six more in his right-hand pants pocket and six in the left. If he couldn't do the job with—what'd that make?—18 shots, he oughtn't to be here. The gun was so shiny he'd have to keep it in his pants till he was out in the street, no cars coming. The girl had appeared up there, looking cute in her shorty outfit. But no Vincent. Shit. Teddy said, "Come on, Vincent, you son of a bitch," lowered his gaze to the street and, Jesus Christ, there he was, coming along the side of the building past the cars, coming out of darkness to the liquor store. Look at him, right there across the street. Going in for a six-pack or something. In his shirt sleeves. No place to hide a gun, no way. Teddy wiped his palms on his pants. He picked up the .38 from the seat.

Walk over there like he had his arms folded. Get behind a car by the building. Wait. Get him coming out of the store.

•

Linda was pinning up her hair, the shower running, when she thought of it and said, "Cheese" to the bathroom mirror, caught her own smile and was out of there, slipping on the wrap as she hurried through the living room to the balcony, to catch Vincent before he got inside the store—tell him to get cheese and crackers and potato chips, gringo snacks to go with the *empanadillas*—and looked over the rail straight down. Too late; missed him.

She looked up to see Teddy in the middle of the street.

Even before the car passed and he continued across and she recognized him, she knew it was Teddy coming. Teddy concentrating on the liquor store, cautious, keeping beyond the edge of light on the pavement, walking in a peculiar way. People didn't walk with their arms folded. She saw his arms unfold as it was in her mind and saw the glint of bright metal and wanted to call out—gripping the balcony rail as hard as she could. Yell for help, yell at Teddy, yell at Vincent the moment he came out—and it could be a moment too late. She saw the gun in Teddy's hand, Teddy moving toward the cars parked in the courtyard. Linda let go of the rail, aware that she had to run but remain calm, hurry without losing her head and doing something dumb.

Vincent's gun was on the dresser.

It was heavy and her hand was wet. There were catches and strange little knobs, numbers and names etched in the metal. She had seen someone in a movie, in a hundred movies, slide the top part of the barrel back, and she did it and jumped as a cartridge ejected and the slide clicked into place. Vincent would keep the safety on. The catch, she hoped to God, by her thumb as she gripped the gun. Push it up. . . .

•

Vincent saw it coming and thought, Not again.

Carrying the groceries reminded him of that other time. That other time, he thought he might have seen the guy before, in a holding cell. This time, he knew the guy quite well and knew the guy was not going to tell him to drop the groceries and hand over his wallet. This guy's only intention was to shoot him dead. What had he learned that other time that might help him now? Absolutely nothing. This time he had learned, never go to the store without your gun. But even if he had it. . . .

Teddy said, "Well, well, well," coming out of the dark to smirk at him, holding the bright-metal piece low, elbow tight against his side.

Vincent looked him in the eye, trying for an expression that would show honest surprise. What's going on? What is this? He didn't want to look threatening. He didn't want Teddy to take anything the wrong way and all of a sudden empty the gun. He wanted to reason with Teddy, at least try. The trouble was, Vincent had to concentrate so hard on appearing harmless, surprised—while hiding the fact he was scared to death—he couldn't think of anything to say. *Drop it, motherfucker, or I'll blow your fucking head off* came to mind. It was a good line but not one that would work here. Blow his head off with what?

Teddy said, "I want to be looking in your eyes as I pull the trigger."

"Why, Ted?"

"I'm not Ted, I'm Teddy."

Shit. "OK. Would you tell me—see, I don't understand—why you want to do that?"

"You don't know what I feel or anything about me. You *think* you do."

"I give you that impression?"

"Cut the bullshit. Time you busted me eight years ago, I could tell. Like you thought you could see inside me. Well, you can't."

"No, I'd be the first to admit that. I think what we have here is a misunderstanding. . . ." Jesus Christ, did they.

Vincent was about to stumble on, think of something, anything, when he saw a figure in white, beyond Teddy's right shoulder, run from the building entrance to the cars parked in the courtyard, and he said, "What we should do is clear it up."

"What else you gonna say, I got a fucking gun aimed at your gut?"

The figure was beyond Teddy's left shoulder now, among the cars, coming out toward them. Linda, Jesus, in her skimpy white robe.

"You don't want to be in the position, get brought up for murder—you know, that's pretty serious—and find out you were wrong. I don't mean *wrong*, I mean you misinterpreted, made an honest mistake of what you thought I was thinking."

Hearing himself but seeing Linda, Jesus, holding his police gun out in front of her in both hands, sneaking up hunched over, maybe 20 feet away and closing in. Teddy was saying, "Bullshit!" repeating it with feeling, with everything he had, working himself up. Teddy saying, "Look at me! Look me in the eye, goddamn it!" Vincent wanted to. He raised his eyebrows to stretch his eyes open wide, felt like an idiot and didn't care, wanting with all his heart to tell Linda about the safety at the back end of the slide on a Smith & Wesson Model 39 parabellum. If it was on and she tried to fire and Teddy heard her. . . . Wait. Or if it was off and she did fire a copper-jacketed nine-millimeter round right at Teddy, right in front of him. . . .

Teddy was saying, "Open 'em wide! Come on, wider!" Showing the whites of his own wild eyes, Teddy at the edge. . . .

As Linda stretched both arms all the way out, braced herself and fired.

And Vincent closed and opened his eyes, saw her juggle the gun and drop it as Teddy slammed into him and Teddy's gun went off between them into the grocery sack of bottles, went off again and went off again, the bottles gone now as Vincent tried to grab hold of Teddy clinging to him and put him down, step on his gun. But something was wrong. Shit, he knew what it was. It wasn't pain, not yet; it was his strength going. He had been shot somewhere, and the rug-burn pain would come once his adrenaline had drained off. He had learned that the other time. He had to find Teddy's gun hand right now, Teddy holding on like dead weight. He got hold of Teddy's arm and took a step and threw him as hard as he could, but it wasn't enough. Teddy reeled off, staggering, but stayed on his feet. Vincent started after him and his legs lost their purpose, wouldn't work. It was Vincent who went down and had to crawl in the dark toward Linda's white bare feet on the pavement—where his gun was supposed to be and wasn't—Linda saying something, mad or urgent. He couldn't tell or stop to look up at her and listen, not now, or explain what he had in mind. But she knew. She came down to him on her knees, holding the Smith, and put it in his hand, grip into the palm. She knew. He turned with one hand on the ground, gun extended in the other, and put it on Teddy. Vincent paused to say, "Drop it." Gave him that option.

Teddy looked wobbly, drunk, weaving as he aimed the bright-metal piece right at them, at one or the other, from less than 20 feet. So Vincent shot him. Put one dead center through Teddy's solar plexus and killed the poor wimp who thought he was magic and couldn't be scared.

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DIANE LANE

(continued from page 153)

"We spent a long time minding our Ps and Qs when our hormones were wreaking havoc with our bodies."

needs—so he can feel like *he*'s leaving *you*."

See, everybody had told me that relationship wouldn't work, but I didn't want to hear it. But people kept saying, "You don't know what love is. Please. I've had three divorces and 12 children. What the hell is love, anyway?" They were trying to piss on my fire. I figured, Hey, I'm 19. Give me a fucking break. I *want* to be in love! I had never had a boyfriend before. I wanted to be a *girlfriend*: that whole picture of the young couple walking, holding hands, at sunset on the beach. I thought we were going to be that rare high school couple who make it all the way through, in spite of the odds against us. But he thought I was changing—getting overly sophisticated—and I hated the idea. It scared the hell out of me. And then there was the whole celibacy bit when we were separated—we spent a long period watching our Ps and Qs at a time when our hormones were wreaking havoc on our adolescent bodies. And he also had to go and experience his own challenges, without comparing them with mine. We decided to ignore the situation for a while, but it was like I was waiting for his success to arrive. And that wasn't fair for him.

It was never a matter of dump or be dumped. Francis just meant that it would be best if my boyfriend felt like he was doing the right thing by leaving.

10.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're unattached, what kind of man has a chance with you? And do you still want that picture of love you described?

LANE: Oh, boy—a shameful lot. [*Laughs*] I don't have a list of qualifications that I check when I meet someone. That's probably my problem. I would like to be more discriminating about certain things. The bedroom isn't where the screening process should take place. But mainly, I want someone who has had a lot of experience.

I already had what I was talking about before. Now it's time for something else. It's just another season. I'm not saying I don't want a lover—everyone wants one. But I just don't have time for one now. Maybe next week I'll make the time.

11.

PLAYBOY: Where do you spend Christmas?

LANE: At my best friend's house, usually, because she has a family. My dad will go over there with me sometimes. It will probably hurt my parents' feelings to read this, but I like to be at a home. I go to other people's houses because I assume there should be a lot of people around to give the sensation that Christmas is really there. It's hard to acknowledge Christmas with only two people in the room.

12.

PLAYBOY: Who is your best friend and why?

LANE: Robin has been my best friend since kindergarten. She's like my living diary. But I wonder if I can call her my best friend any more. I don't know what's going on with her. She went to Mexico to marry this, oh, guy, and I think it's an unbelievable mistake. And she can read about it in PLAYBOY, because I haven't had the nerve to tell her in real life. Plus, she turned punk rock on me. That's fine. I can appreciate it, but when we hang out together, you would not believe that we even knew each other. Still, we went through everything together. She was the *only* friend I had. My other friends didn't know, because I didn't really rely on them for anything except being there occasionally when I was lucky enough to get them on the phone or had a free minute to talk to them. But Robin I really counted on.

13.

PLAYBOY: What do you do when there's nothing to do?

LANE: Think about things. Sometimes I get depressed—a lot, sometimes—though more in the past, fortunately. I have plenty of things to occupy me now. But I get dragged down by not being active, not feeling like I'm useful, feeling like I'm getting behind where people think I should be, when I should be making every moment, you know, action-packed.

On the other hand, it's real easy for me to just sit down and watch TV. I'm really amazed at how easily I slip into unemployment. I enjoy it very much. I'd been working straight through until *The Cotton Club*; then I took off. I'm not a workaholic at all. I should really be reading a book for school instead of watching some rock star shake his ass on MTV.

14.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of rock stars, would you care to comment on that photo of you in *Rolling Stone*'s "Random Notes" and the caption that placed you in the men's room with John Taylor of Duran Duran at the

"Well-l-l, no wonder you're having problems with your vision, you've got a twinkle in your eye."

opening of New York's Hard Rock Café?

LANE: Oh, please. Oh, boy. I'm sure his fiancée loved that. I met the guy that night. Some people were looking for him upstairs. I was going to the bathroom, and—I don't really remember what happened. If you recall, in the picture, I was practically cross-eyed. But that's OK. Who cares? I was not in the bathroom with him. I was just going, "John, John," and he wasn't hearing me, so I walked over to the men's room and stuck my head in and spoke to him. But you never know who's walking around there. My only concern later was being identified with that crowd of girls who circulate with, and are hung up on, rock musicians—the rock-'n'-roll-slut syndrome. I've gone through the period when whenever one walked into the room, I'd freak. My father was very intolerant of me during that phase of my development. He couldn't understand. He thought I should have more dignity than to get flushed in the face when a rock star was around. He said, "Diane, don't you know you are just as important as he is?" Important, schmortant. It didn't matter to me at the time, because your idols are your idols. I mean, you wouldn't believe whose picture I had on my wall when I was 12—and I'm not going to tell you, either. Now I agree with my father.

15.

PLAYBOY: What can money buy and what do you spend yours on?

LANE: It can buy time and places and sometimes people—though I wouldn't want anyone I could buy. I spend it on trying to make myself and other people happy. I buy pants, shoes, garish nail polish to wear only once. I may not need something, but I want it, and I have the money, so why the hell shouldn't I? I also try to purchase culture—like art—to learn through seeing, because I've always felt there's not going to be enough time to acquire it through experience.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do young people still think a lot about death?

LANE: I have had this bizarre thought that mine will not be a simple, normal death. For a while, I thought that after my kids had grown up, a UFO would descend and relieve me of this existence—just take me away. Can you imagine? Later, when I was 12, I went to see *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and I was standing up in the theater, yelling and crying, "Take me! Take me!" My friends were holding me down, saying, "You're embarrassing us. Sit down." But my girlfriend was crying, too. We were very moved. We wanted to go out on that spaceship. I've never actually seen a UFO, but I've always thought they'd show themselves to me. I always thought I was important in *that* sense. I thought I had some kind of connection with those UFO people. I mean, I'm mocking it now, but it was a very serious thing that I respected at the time.

17.

PLAYBOY: Your parents were divorced 13 days after you were born, and you've since lived with one or the other. Any advice for single parents?

LANE: Respect your child's intelligence and don't try to hide lots of stuff about yourself from your kid. You're not going to be able to, anyway.

18.

PLAYBOY: What gift have you always wanted to give your father?

LANE: The home that he wants; someplace he'd be happy in and that would be more "him" than these cubicles he lives in in Manhattan. He wants to develop a green thumb—and he's good at it. He's got four-foot grapefruit trees in his apartment.

19.

PLAYBOY: Here's the socially redeeming part of the interview. This is your chance to speak out to someone or about any subject. You're on.

LANE: Oh, great, on three seconds' notice! Hmm. Well, not in order of priority, but I was thinking of this last night. If I had a wish, or wishes, one of them would be to be able to make love to any man I wanted to and be able to erase it from his pompous memory. And that would be all I'd need to make me a little happier. The man wouldn't know what happened: "How did I get into this room? What happened to my clothes?" 'Bye; see you on the subway. I don't want to have to deal with the after-effects of his having tainted me or had me or however he saw it, or I might fear he saw it. The whole conquest aspect of sex is something I wouldn't have to deal with then. Of course, I've been told by some guys who are just friends that I'm a bit of a conquestor myself.

Can I have another shot? I'm concerned about the use of the ocean as our toilet bowl. I think everything in this hotel room will probably be at the bottom of the ocean before I'm dead, and it's a damn shame. The one thing that should reach beyond international politics is the way we dispose of our crap. It makes me angry.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are you looking forward to?

LANE: I'd like to get past this age where people don't yet expect me to be a responsible person.

"It looks like we're only going to need one horn, thank you."

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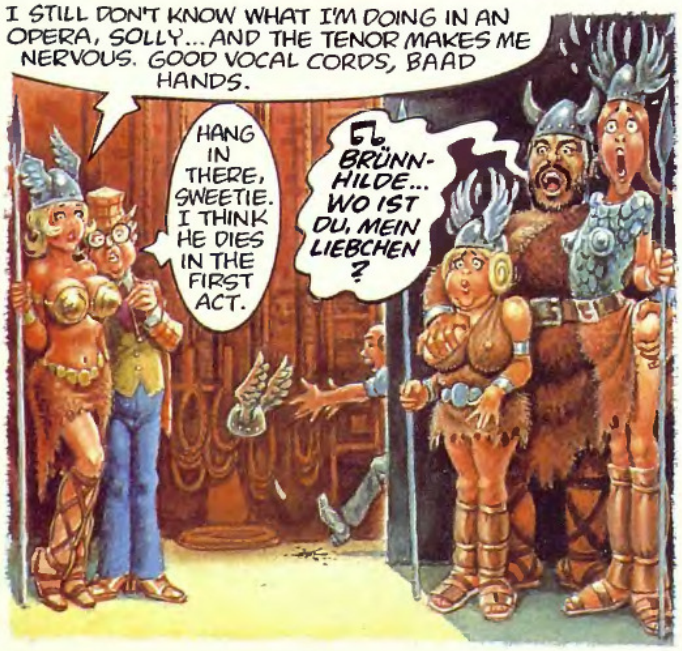
Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

SOLLY GETS ANNIE A GIG AS A SPEAR CARRIER IN THE OPERA CLASSIC *DIE WALKÜRE*, AUTHORED BY RICHARD WAGNER IN 1870... THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE SEX. *DIE WALKÜRE* CONCERNS ITSELF WITH THE WARRIOR SIEGMUND, WHO HAS A CHILD, SIEGFRIED, BY SIEGLINDE, HIS KINKY TWIN SISTER. AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE DRESS REHEARSAL, WE SEE A TONSILS'-EYE VIEW OF ANNIE THROUGH THE MOUTH OF PRIMA DONNA MADAME GLOTTAL....



ACH!

MAESTRO! I ADMIT THAT THE DIVA IS HEAVY. YOU MUST NOT THINK OF HER AS A BODY. THINK OF HER AS A VOICE!
'ATSA NO VOICE IS FALLING ON ME! SHE'SA TOO FAT! I'MA TOO FLAT! SHE'S GONNA MAKEA ME A SOPRANO! I QUIT! CIAO!

BUT, SIGNOR PATATOOTI, WE OPEN TONIGHT! WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! WHAT IF WE USE THE DIVA'S VOICE AND HIDE HER BODY OFFSTAGE? THAT WAY, WE CAN SUBSTITUTE ANY BODY WE WANT, AND THE SUBSTITUTE BODY CAN LIP SYNC THE DIVA'S WORDS.
'ATSA GREAT IDEA! AND I SEE JUST THE BODY!

OPENING NIGHT...
MACHEN SIE SCHNELL MIT DAS VOLKS-WAGEN...
HOYO-TOYAH! HOYO-TOYAH! ACHTUNG! SHPITFIER!
SUCH A VOICE!
WHO IS SHE?

HOYOTOYAH! BEI MIR BIST DU SCHOEN! BEI MIR BIST DU EIN...
(LIP SYNC)
SUCH TONE!
SUCH VOLUME!

LISTEN TO THAT AUDIENCE! THEY'RE GOING WILD!
THEY'RE GOING WILD FOR ME!
GET OUT THERE, SWEETIE, AND TAKE YOUR BOW!
CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAP CLAP!
EN-CORE! ENCORE, BRÜNN-HILDE!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!
ROAR!
BRAVA! BRAVISSIMA!
THOSE CURTAIN CALLS ARE MINE! THOSE BOUQUETS, THAT COSTUME... ALL MINE!
SUCH TONE! SUCH VOLUME!
SHE'S A CALLAS!
NO, WE'LLA CALL HER!
RRIP!
I'LL SHOW THEM WHO THE REAL PRIMA DONNA IS!
JEEPERS!
HOYOTOYAH! HOYOTOYAH! YOHAA....
HOYOTOYAH?
BOO!
BOOO!
WE WANT ANNIE! WE WANT ANNIE!
THIS IS YOUR NIGHT, SWEETIE! THEY'RE CALLING FOR YOU!
BUT MADAME GLOTTAL IS THE REAL DIVA! I CAN'T SING A NOTE!
SO YOU CAN'T SING! NOBODY'S PERFECT!
BRAVO!
HUPPA!
SUCH TONE! SUCH VOLUME!
¡OLÉ!
WOOPEE DO!
JUST STAND THERE AND LET US OBSERVE YOUR TONE AND VOLUME.
TO SAY NOTHING OF YOUR UPPER REGISTERS!
OH, YASS!
DAS ENDE

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PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

PORSCHE: THERE IS NO EQUAL

A Porsche in the garage may be quite Continental, but one in the living room means you're talking land's-speed language. Yes, Ferdinand Alexander Porsche does have other interests besides aerodynamics and horsepower, and his Antropovarius chair is a whole different trip. Most of its vertebrae can be custom-altered for comfort—and the chair itself is a surprise package of seating angles from upright to a full-lounge position. So if you've had a tough day, go home and slip into something more comfortable. With custom-colored leather mated to space-age structuring, the Antropovarius chair is a rocket ride down the highway of great furniture design. Sloopy, hang on!

Climb aboard Porsche's latest innovation—the Antropovarius chair—provided you've got the price of a ticket to ride: $5400. Made of leather-covered steel sheets, it's the hottest seat in town. Right: Adjustable vertebrae make for a chair that's built for comfort—and speed, from Interna Designs, Chicago. (The helmet is a Porsche Design CP-3 model, from Racecrafters International, Canoga Park, California, $139.95.)

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

GEAR

SMALL WONDERS

Since 1948, when that first itsy-bitsy-teeny-weeny yellow-polka-dot transistor put a cap on the Tube Age, good things have been coming in smaller and smaller packages. Now, using silicon chips and liquid-crystal displays, engineers can pack yesterday's ICBMs into today's thimbles; soon high tech's high priests will have figured out how many angels can dance on the head of a pin-sized radio.

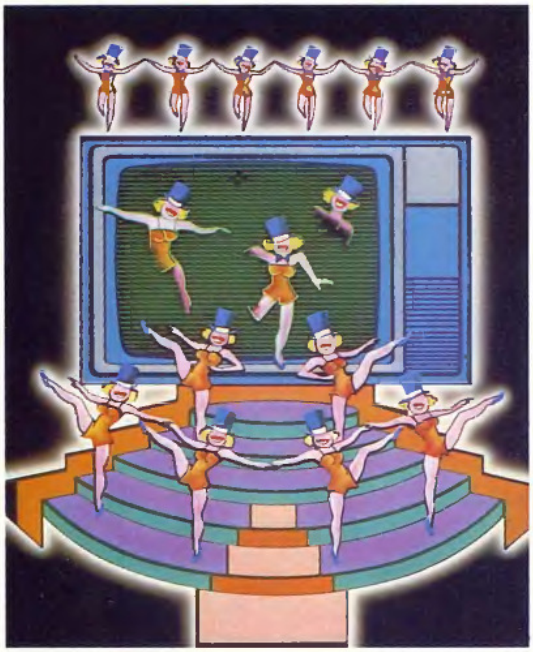
In case you've been looking only at the big picture, you should know that we've entered the age of miniaturization. Small wonder small's so big these days—you may need an electron microscope to watch *The Big Sleep* tomorrow, only to be awakened in the morning by a clock-radio/coffee maker you're wearing around your neck. Why the big fuss? Because now, more than ever, little things can mean a lot.

All products pictured below are life-size. From far left to right: The FlashCard, a solar-powered credit-card-size calculator, by Canon U.S.A., $16. Panasonic's rechargeable RF-H25 FM/AM/FM stereo personal radio is only 5/32" thick and plays for about five hours between charges, $99.95. Seiko's TFT color TV with a two-inch screen fits into the corner of a suitcase or a jacket pocket, $550. The spies have it—a Minox EC camera with automatic exposure, by E. Leitz, $222. Toshiba's KT-AS10 AM/FM personal stereo/cassette player is almost the same size as the cassette it plays, $149.95. Uniden's supersneaky RD 95 radar detector comes in two pieces—an antenna that's hidden behind your grille and a pint-sized control unit, pictured, that clips to your visor, $219.95. The RP-30, a supermini FM, by Toshiba, $49.95. Dial-It II pocket dialer remembers up to 100 numbers and dials them automatically; it is also a calculator, a clock, an alarm and more, by Dictograph, $69.95.

DAVE JORDANO

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1985

For those of you who go into cinematic withdrawal when such golden oldies as *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *They Drive by Night* and *Passage to Marseille* aren't scheduled on the *Late Show*, there's relief coming from Key Video of La Jolla, California, as it has just released, in VHS and Beta, 24 classic flicks from the Thirties, Forties and Fifties—including those mentioned above. Priced around $60, they'll look nice on the shelf next to your autographed picture of Vera Hruba Ralston.



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

Years ago, the family motto was "Home sweet home." Today, according to Network Marketing, P.O. Box 26732, Lakewood, Colorado 80226, it's "He who dies with the most toys wins." And to prove the point, Network Marketing has created an 8" x 10" brass-and-walnut-finished plaque ($21, postpaid) that we're sure all readers of PLAYBOY will want to hang on the wall—overlooking their 928S Porsches with the custom Recaro seats and the Escort radar detectors. Yeah!

THE HOME STRETCH

The Lovin' Spoonful used to sing *Do You Believe in Magic?* and you'll be humming that, too, instead of the denim blues after you try Stretch 'N Fit, a "miracle" product in a pump bottle that enables you to stretch the waistband of cotton jeans and cords 14 to 20 percent, depending on how many times you've previously washed them. If that's impossible to believe, here's more good news: The price for a bottle—which holds about 40 applications—is only $8.50 sent to Stretch 'N Fit, 30100 Town Center Drive "O," P.O. Box 6900, South Laguna, California 92677. Wonders never cease.

CALLING ALL GOURMETS

Most pro football linebackers we know eat raw meat off a plate on the floor. But tell that to Mel Owens, number 58 of the Los Angeles Rams, and he'll have you in a culinary scrimmage, explaining the subtleties of fine dining. Owens is the president of Computer Marketing International, and what he markets is free dining advice that's available to anyone who calls his Restaurant Referral Hotline (800-LETS-EAT), whose operators provide information on the best places to eat in major cities throughout the U.S. Specifics on various categories, including price, entertainment and type of cuisine, are just a few of the gourmandial areas Owens' service can clue you in on. Sorry, restaurants staffed by topless waitresses aren't one of them; but next time you're in Denver and want tandoori chicken, try him.

CHIP OFF THE COMPUTER BLOCK

The Computer Museum may be a "nonprofit, public institution chronicling the evolution of information processing," but The Computer Museum Store, at the same address—300 Congress Street, Boston 02210—stocks just about every item your technomind could desire, from Peter Laurie's *The Joy of Computers* ($19.95) to a chocolate microchip ($5.95). The store has a catalog. Byte.

FREEZE FROM DOWN UNDER

From the land of Foster's lager come Frozen Moments, common domestic objects frozen in time (actually, resin and plaster) by Australian artist Geoffrey Rose. *Surprised Cereal*, *Wet Paint* and *Esca-paste*, shown here, go for $100 each from Rose's Stateside rep, Aspen Enterprises, P.O. Box 419, Aspen, Colorado 81612. There are about a dozen more to choose from. Claes Oldenburg, eat your heart out.

ADDING T TO DESTINY

Here you are with the midwinter blues, and everybody at the health club is roostering about where he went on his Christmas vacation, in T-shirts with the names of Barbados, Rio and other fun sun spots emblazoned across the chest. Ah, but there is a Santa Claus, Virginia, as a company called Cheap Trips, Box 31104, Bethesda, Maryland 20814, stocks a variety of men's and women's T-shirts with status stop-offs from Acapulco to Zurich printed on them. One dollar gets you a catalog that contains info on colors, styles and prices ($9.50 to $10.50, plus postage). How could you travel cheaper?

THE WILD BUNCH

To inspire all you armchair Charles Atlases to build a better body, Matrix One, a fitness complex in California, has just released its first calendar ($8.95, postpaid, sent to Stoller Productions, P.O. Box 691323, Los Angeles, California 90069), and guess what's waiting for you each month? Faceless females—beautiful and well built—power curling, pumping iron and doing other strenuous exercises. You'll just have to imagine what lies above all those potent perfect pecs. Or, for $28, you can have an eye-catching 24" x 36" poster of the same leggy lineup for over your bed. Sweet dreams, Hercules.

HANGING TOUGH

No, *Dead Clients Don't Pay* isn't the name of a finance course in a school for morticians; it's the title of "The Bodyguard's Manual," a 112-page softcover, by Leroy Thompson, that's must reading for ex–Secret Service agents, Foreign Legionnaires and wild-eyed Walter Mittys who have always wanted to come on like Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson. Paladin Press, P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, Colorado 80306, is the publisher, and for $13 (postage included), you can learn such useful facts as how to look (or not look) like a bodyguard and what type of bow-wow makes the best attack dog. Tough.

Ana One, Ana Two

If you saw John Derek's epic *Bolero*, starring that perfect ten, you will immediately recognize Bo's co-star, ANA OBREGON. To see her again, you'll have to wait for her next movie. But take a *long* look at Ana anyway. She's worth waiting for.

Prima Donna

Ghostbuster DAN AYKROYD and his very real lady, actress DONNA DIXON, were spotted twisting the night away after the first MTV Awards last fall. Danny was co-host of the extravaganza with the Divine Miss M. We think Donna's outfit is pretty extravagant, too.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't

HERBIE HANCOCK (right) boogies with one of his favorite mechanical ladies, while DAVID LEE ROTH (below) gets some feedback from ace guitarist EDDIE VAN HALEN. All had a very successful 1984, with hit records and Grammy awards. So expect more of that rock-'n'-roll music, any old way *they* choose it.

IAN VAUGHAN

Debbie Does *Dallas*

Not *that* Debbie, you guys! This Debbie is DEBORAH SHELTON and a former Miss U.S.A. She's currently on *Dallas*, playing Mandy, who just happens to be J.R.'s latest fling. Now she's our celebrity-in-the-making breast of the month. That's fame, right?

SCOTT WEINER RETNA LTD

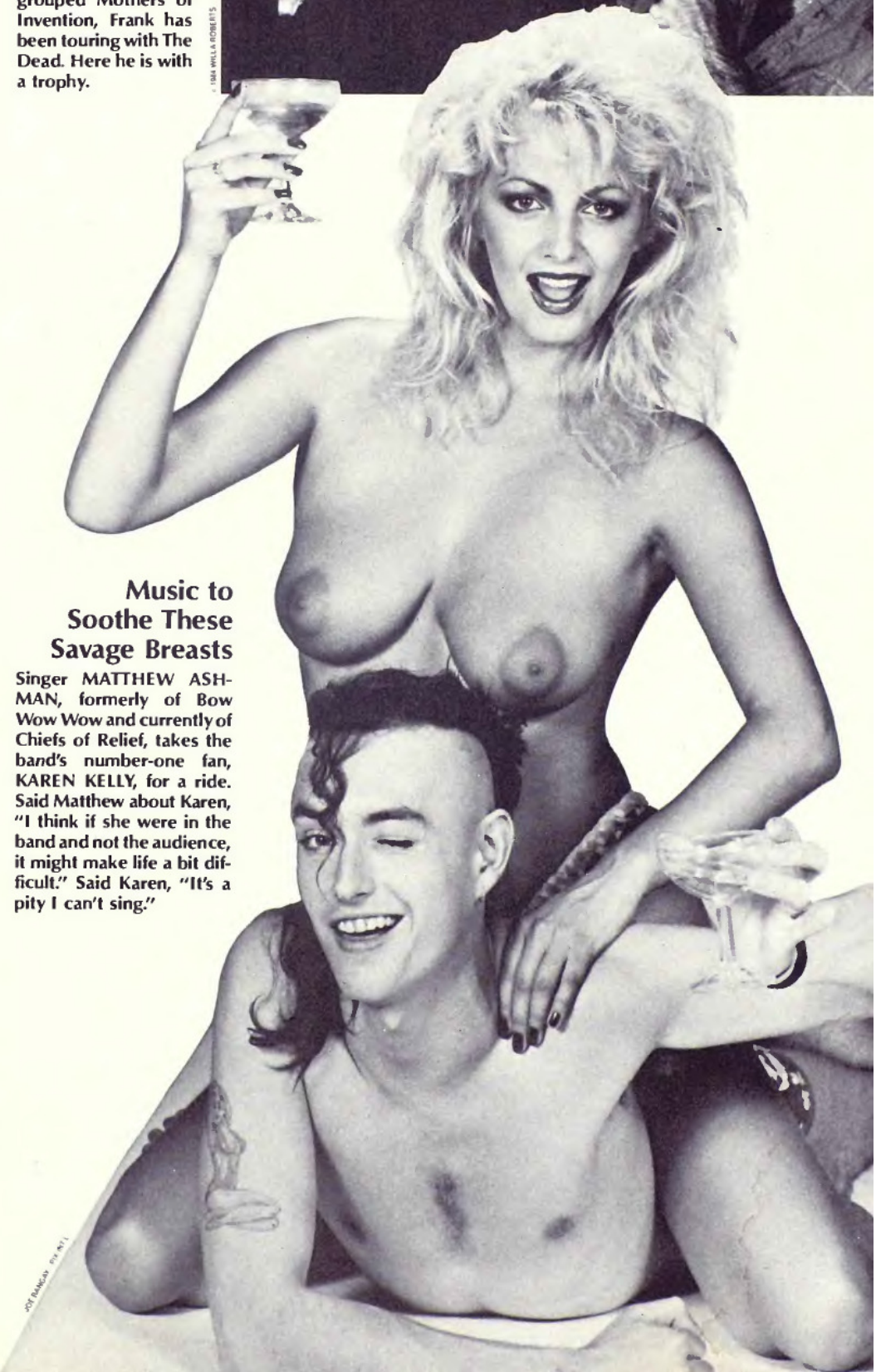
Bodice Heat

This terrific-looking woman is MADONNA, whom you know from her hit single and video *Borderline*. If they left you wanting more, look for her first movie, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, with Rosanna Arquette.

© 1984 WILLA ROBERTS (JO)

Bra Zeal

The Mother of us all was *not* Eve. FRANK ZAPPA is back on the road—not as a composer of classical pieces, nor as a symphony conductor, nor even as the father of Moon Unit. With a regrouped Mothers of Invention, Frank has been touring with The Dead. Here he is with a trophy.



JOE RAMSAY

Music to Soothe These Savage Breasts

Singer MATTHEW ASHMAN, formerly of Bow Wow Wow and currently of Chiefs of Relief, takes the band's number-one fan, KAREN KELLY, for a ride. Said Matthew about Karen, "I think if she were in the band and not the audience, it might make life a bit difficult." Said Karen, "It's a pity I can't sing."

NEXT MONTH

TEXAS BELLES

DISTANT REPLAY

SUTURE, PLEASE

SEX YEAR

"DISTANT REPLAY"—FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF MIDDLE AGE, THE EX-PACKER GREAT (AND AUTHOR OF *INSTANT REPLAY*) LOOKS AT WHAT THE YEARS HAVE DONE TO HIS LIFE AND THOSE OF HIS EX-TEAMMATES—BY **JERRY KRAMER** AND **DICK SCHAAP**

"EASY IN THE ISLANDS"—NOTHING IS, NOT EVEN MAKING FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR DEAR OLD MOM. A SUBTROPICAL TALE BY **BOB SHACOCHIS**

"EXCAVATIONS: THE DRAMA OF OPEN-HEART SURGERY"—UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL IN THE OPERATING ROOM WITH THE COUNTRY'S TOP CARDIOVASCULAR SURGEONS—BY **WAYNE FIELDS**

"THE GIRLS OF TEXAS"—IN THE LONE-STAR STATE, THEY CLAIM THEIR WOMEN ARE PRETTIER THAN ANYBODY'S. MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND

"THE FINE ART OF COCKSURETY"—**ALI** USED TO HAVE IT; SO DID **CHURCHILL.** SOME GUYS CAN WALK THE TIGHTROPE BETWEEN CONFIDENCE AND ARROGANCE, AND WHEN IT WORKS, IT'S DEFINITELY AN ACT WORTH WATCHING—BY **GARY A. TAUBES**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE FAINTLY RIDICULOUS

PLUS: FREDERIK POHL'S SHORT-SHORT STORY OF ALIENS AT THE END OF THE WORLD, **"THE SAVED"; EMANUEL GREENBERG'S** POINTERS ON AFTER-DINNER DRINKING, **"THE POWER SNIFTER";** ADVICE TO TAKE YOU FROM OPENING LINE TO PUT-AWAY IN **"THE DATE: MOVES FOR THE MODERN WORLD,"** BY **D. KEITH MANO, PETE DEXTER, P. J. O'ROURKE** AND OTHERS; AND A SLAM-BANG **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH CONTROVERSIAL MOVIEMAKER **BRIAN DE PALMA**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **WAYNE GRETZKY, KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, JOHN HUSTON** AND **BOY GEORGE;** RIVETING FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **DONALD E. WESTLAKE;** AN EXPLORATION OF **"SEXUAL FANTASIES"** BY **DAVID BLACK;** ADVICE FROM ONETIME LONELY GUY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** ON **"HOW TO LIVE WITH ANOTHER PERSON"; DAVID HALBERSTAM'S** PORTRAIT OF THAT RARE MODERN ATHLETE, **"THE AMATEUR"; LITTLE ANNIE FANNY;** AND, OF COURSE, MUCH, MUCH MORE

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Across the land, as families gather, a spirit of brotherhood and good will unites the nation. Old Grand-Dad toasts that tradition of fellowship and warmth with America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. It's the Bourbon we still make much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

For a 19"x26" print of Bringing Home The Tree, send a check or money order for $4.95 to Spirit of America offer, P.O. Box 183B, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY © 1984 National Distillers, Inc.

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Kool gives you extra coolness
for the most refreshing sensation in smoking.
A sensation beyond the ordinary.
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KOOL
Milds
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
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Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.