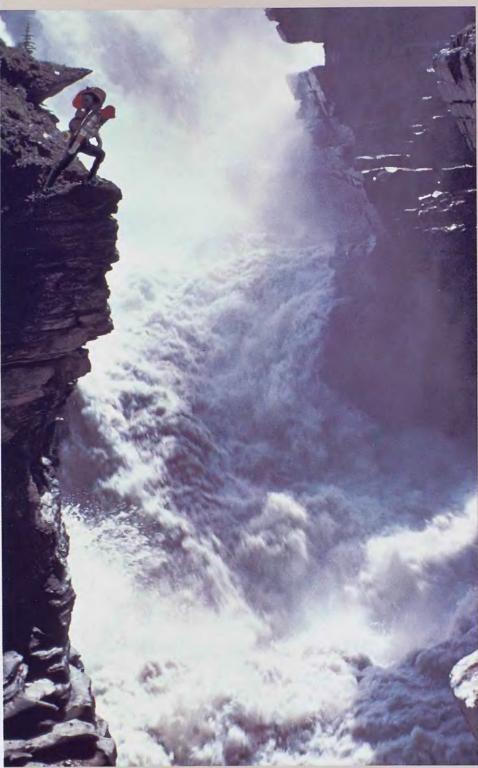


Athabasca Falls. A rugged place for a smooth whisky to start.



ALBERTA, CANADA—Out here, nature's the boss. And you don't ever forget it.

I guess I expected sort of a picture-postcard waterfall. This one roars by like a freight train.

The water is so cold it almost hurts to drink.

It's water like this, from the glacier fields, that helps make Windsor Canada's smoothest whisky.

They also use rye grown in the rich, black earth around Calgary. And the air helps, too. Windsor is aged in the cleanest, crispest air I ever breathed.

Out here, nature's the boss. And Windsor is Canada's smoothest whisky because nature makes it that way.





Stop Takıng Vitamıns

If you think the vitamins you are now taking are doing you any good, wait until you hear the latest news on why they may not.

By Joseph Sugarman

This may come as a shock. But according to the latest research, those vitamins that you take every day may be doing you absolutely no good. For example.

FACT: Vitamins should be taken after a meal—never before. The body must first have protein, fats, or carbohydrates in the digestive tract to properly break down the vitamins for proper absorption.

FACT: Your body has a need for a natural vitamin balance. Too much of one vitamin may cause another vitamin to be less effective. For example, vitamin A should be taken with Vitamin E but excessive iron should not.

FACT: If you take too much calcium, you may deplete the magnesium in your system. And you need magnesium to convert food into energy.

FACT: Some vitamins are best taken in the morning and others at night. For example, the trace element chromium helps break down the sugar in your food which in turn creates energy—perfect to start the day. But at night you should take Calcium which has a relaxing effect—perfect for the evening.

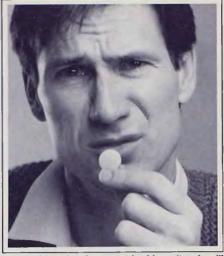
FACT: Athletes or people who exercise a great deal need vitamins more than people who don't exercise. Vitamins are depleted at a much faster rate during exercise than during any other period of time.

But there was a series of other facts that surprised me too. For example, despite everything I've just mentioned on the care in taking vitamins, there are those people who absolutely need vitamins because of the mental or physical activity that they undergo. People on a diet, under stress, those who smoke, women who take contraceptives and even those who take medication—all rob their bodies of some of the essential vitamins and minerals that they need to help combat the various habits or conditions they are under.

And with proper vitamins in the proper balance and at the proper times, you will have more energy and vitality. Little changes may take place. Your nails may become stronger, your hair may become thicker and your skin may be more elastic which will keep you younger-looking longer.

DOCTORS HAD IDEA

About two years ago a group of doctors had an idea. They realized that many people were taking vitamins and not really noticing any difference in their health. They also realized that, based on the latest nutritional findings, the vitamins people were taking may not have been doing them any good. So they formed a group of advisors consisting of nutritionists, dieticians, dermatologists, bio-



Stop taking that innocent looking vitamin pill until you read this report.

chemists and physicians, and they worked on the development of a vitamin program that incorporated all of the latest information on vitamins, minerals, nutrition, food processing—even stress research. They realized that vitamins were a two-edged sword. They could either help you or hurt you.

They then took all this information and developed the most effective combination of vitamins and minerals, formulated four tablets—one for the morning and one for the evening—and one for men and one for women and then started a test program that lasted over two years. The results speak for themselves.

It was perfect for weight loss programs and it was perfect for people under stress. It helped many increase their energy levels. Smokers benefited. Some under medication benefited. And before long the company that had developed the program became the fastest growing vitamin company in the United States. And no wonder.

SEVERAL BENEFITS

With the proper vitamin and mineral balance, taken in the right quantity in the right combination and at the right time, several obvious benefits occur. First, you may develop a better mental outlook because you've got the energy and the zest to accomplish more. As a result of the trace elements copper, zinc and manganese, your body is helped to make its natural anti-aging enzymes that keep you fit. Improvements in your vitality translate into everything from better job performance to a more fulfilling sex life.

JS&A has been selected by the vitamin company to introduce their medically formulated vitamin program. Every two months we send you a two month's supply of 120 fitness tablets—one to be taken after breakfast and one after dinner.

During the first two months, you will have ample opportunity to notice the difference in your energy level, your mental attitude and your overall stamina. You should notice little things too, like the strength of your fingernails, your thicker hair. Your complexion may even take on a glow. Some of you may notice all of these changes and others may notice just a few. But you should notice a change.

IF YOU NOTICE

If for any reason, you do not notice the change, no problem. Just pick up your phone, and tell us not to send you any more

vitamins. You won't have to mail the empty bottle back to us, fill out a long survey or waste another penny. Just pick up the phone and we'll give you a full refund for the entire bottle without ever getting the bottle back from you. However, if you indeed do notice a difference (which we are confident you will), you'll automatically receive a two-month's supply every eight weeks.

Not only is this offer risk-free, but we're going to give you one more incentive just to let me prove to you how powerful this program really is. I will send you a bonus gift of a fitness bag with your first order. This beautiful bag will hold all your fitness gear and it's great too for short vacation trips. It's a \$25 value but it's yours free for just trying the vitamins. Even if you decide not to continue, you keep the fitness bag and the vitamins. I am just so absolutely convinced that you will feel and see a difference when you take these vitamins, I am willing to bet on it with this unusual offer.

Vitamins indeed are important. And with today's research and new nutrition technology, you have a greater chance to achieve the fitness and health levels that may have eluded you with the typical store vitamins or the often poor advice we may get in health food stores or from friends or relatives. Here is a safe, risk-free way to get one of the best vitamin programs in the country, formulated by a physician, with the right combination of vitamins, minerals and trace elements, in a convenient program that assures you of delivery every two months. I personally take them and have for the past several months and highly recommend them. Order your trial quantity, today.

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PLAYBILL

WE HAVE A FRIEND whose business card reads, I MANAGE. By that he means that he gets by, and each month, he somehow pays the mortgage. Obviously, he makes money the old-fashioned way. But managing is something else to the bearer of an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School, which is considered the citadel of American vocational training—mainly because its graduates come out of it earning nearly as much per hour as a topflight plumber. Anyhow, in What They Don't Teach You About Harvard Business School, Lourence Shomes tells you what a Harvard M.B.A. has that you don't—credit for a cutthroat course called Administrative Practices, or Ad Prac, or Machiavelli for Beginners. Roughly speaking, if G. Gordon Liddy were an academic, this is the course he would teach. Ad Prac is great for M.B.A.s, but, according to Shames, it's not so great for the rest of us.

You may have heard that we have a new Contributing Editor. His name is Ron Reogon. He's a fine writer and has interesting friends in high places. At present, he is the son of the leader of the free world. In this month's issue, Ron follows his dad to Geneva to snoop behind the scenes at last fall's Reagon-Gorbachev summit meeting. In the process, our Reagan sometimes found that he was the biggest story of the day and had to fend off news crews in his hotel lobby. We read about it back home in Time, Newsweek and The New York Times. Meanwhile, he hooked up with ABC-TV's Sam Donaldson for some durable high-jinks, described in Reagan's report: While the Summit Slept (illustrated by Bloir Drawson). We all think someone should save us from the nukes. Some people think they have to save us from ourselves. Hence, whenever we try to indulge in such comforting petty vices as rock 'n' roll, pornography and smoking, legions of social reformers try to stop us. In Viewpoint: Little Pleasures, Robert Billings tells the reformers to butt out.

Now for some new chapters on the facts of life. A Today Kind of Marriage, by David Seeley (illustrated by Vivienne Flesher), profiles a couple of nouveau hipsters who, when they discovered she was pregnant, decided to do the right thing-honeymoon at Graceland, of course. And just for fun, Larry Tritten has produced The Notebooks of Gatling Wessex, the private writings of someone we'd never heard of until Tritten showed us his manuscript, claiming that Wessex was an "important but little-known pornographer." Gosh, Tritten, we may have been born at night, but it wasn't last night. Our prize-winning Fiction Department checks in this month with John Morressy's fantasy adventure Laugh Clone Laugh (illustrated by Doniel Pelovin) and Midnight at the Oasis, Tom McNeol's sexy look at the dangers of working out. David Rensin, a veteran interlocutor, chats up hot young actress Kim Basinger in 20 Questions, while David Sheff sits down for the Interview with our glamorous cover model, Hollywood star Kothleen Turner. You'll also find Turner cited in our annual salute to celluloid, The Year in Movies, along with her Prizzi's Honor costar Jock Nicholson and a gaggle of one-man war machines, from Stallone to Schwarzenegger, plus Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson's "hit list" of cinema's best and worst of 1985.

We're the first to admit that an element of magic always exists in our nude pictorials. But, no kidding, this time we've got a project that's all mystery—It's Magic. Our now-ya-see-'em masterpiece is the work of photographer R. Scott Hooper and photo stylist/assistant Thereso Holmes, who have teamed up for us in the past to explore varied lifestyles of the weird and sexy, including a visit to Plato's Retreat in its heyday. Don't miss our fire fighter of the month, Jonet Hightower, who poses for us in and out of uniform, as well as our earth-shaking May Playmate, Christine Richters, and more from cartoonist B. Klibon's latest book, The Biggest Tongue in Tunisia.

But, wait, there's something new—The Playboy Gallery, a tearout, foldout monthly bonus that features a print by Pot Nogel on one side and still another view of Kathleen Turner in a sizzling photo on the other. As they say, there are two sides to every story. But, admit it, they're not usually both this good.



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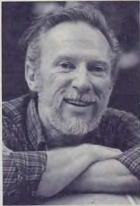
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PLAYBOY.

vol. 33, no. 5-may 1986

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Fire Fighter

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Midnight Madness

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Miss May

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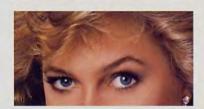


Tailor Talk

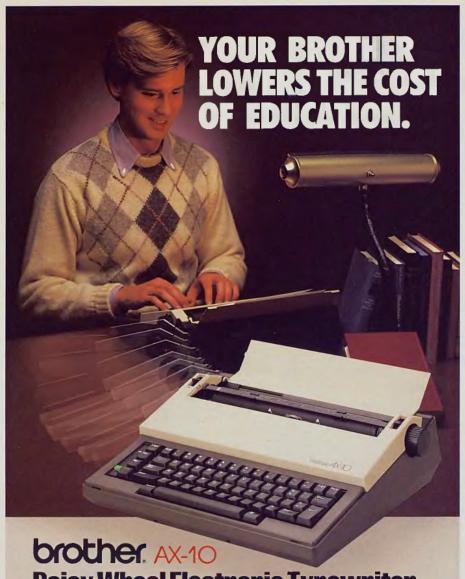
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COVER STORY

When she met Art Director Tom Staebler and famed photographer Francesco Scavullo for our cover shooting, *Playboy Interviewee* Kathleen Turner said, "I'm much more comfortable working in front of a movie camera than a still camera." She could have fooled us. Her wardrobe was specially designed for her by Cerruti 1881, because she deserves the best. You do, too. That's why we're giving you your very own poster of her. Check out *The Playboy Gallery*.



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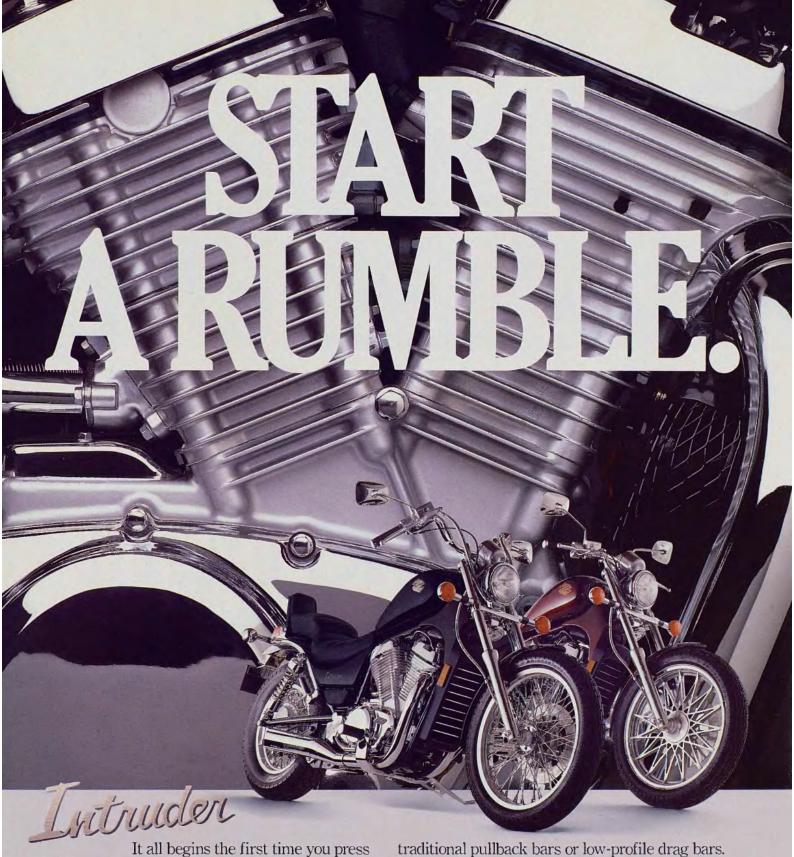
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MAN AND MACHINE WORK LIKE A SINGLE MOVING PART. SUZUKI



DEAR PLAYBOY

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AIDS AID

The Viewpoint by Arthur Kretchmer (Can Sex Survive Aids?, PLAYBOY, February) certainly contains everything the public needs to know about AIDS, without the biased remarks and criticisms of homosexuals that I've found in many other recent articles. The Viewpoint is informative and to the point. Thank you, Mr. Kretchmer.

> Jasmine R. Shores Poteau, Oklahoma

I was almost amused by Kretchmer's advice to heterosexual males who wish to avoid AIDS. I envision him at a singles bar, turning to the attractive lady in the red miniskirt and ever so casually saying, "Excuse me, but I find you attractive, and I was wondering if you were a Libra and if you happened to fuck men who fuck other men?" Of course, she will freely and honestly discuss the most intimate details of her sexual history and be able to confirm that none of her former partners could possibly have been bisexual.

Kretchmer wisely advocates the use of condoms in cases of uncertainty, but why is he afraid to acknowledge that the time has come to be less casual about sexual encounters?

> Dave Dworkin Minneapolis, Minnesota

There are several things wrong with your vision. Kretchmer doesn't go to singles bars. His wife and kids won't let him. He's not into astrology. He hasn't liked miniskirts since 1964, and he didn't like them much then. We think he acknowledged the need to know your partner before having sex. Also, there's a difference between being less casual about sex and being unreasonably terrified of it.

Kretchmer's Viewpoint is one of the most important and intelligent articles written on AIDS to date. The disease itself is not the epidemic; ignorance is.

The AIDS hysteria has not only threatened the freedoms and comforts of our heterosexual and gay communities, it has also threatened our national blood supply. According to the American Red Cross, blood donations are down seriously from one year ago. This can be directly related to the public's fear of needles and AIDS, even though all blood-collection agencies use a new, sterilized needle for each donor. The Red Cross says that blood is a medicine; unless people accept the fact that they cannot contract AIDS from donating blood, we may be threatening the blood supply that combats the disease.

As a result, Playgirl sponsored a blood drive in February in Los Angeles. Now, this is a positive step that the media should publicize instead of the sensational and panic-inducing aspects of AIDS.

Thomasine E. Lewis, Editor Playgirl Magazine Santa Monica, California

Thank you for your letter. PLAYBOY has conducted a yearly company-wide blood drive for the past five years, and we're well aware of the problem. We hope that as the public acquires more accurate information about the safety of donating blood, a long-term blood shortage can be averted.

WHAT READERS TALK ABOUT WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT WOMEN TALKING ABOUT MEN

I am one of the thousands of women who enjoy your magazine regularlyarticles, interviews and, ves, even the pictures. However, I'd like to comment on What Women Talk About When They Talk About Men, by Susan Squire (PLAYBOY, February).

In defense of men everywhere, I must say that Squire should learn to communicate, and that would end her complaints. Men's egos aren't as brittle as she'd like to think. You can express your feelings to a man (even about his sexual performance) without forever crippling him into impotence. It's all a matter of how, where and when. If you're dissatisfied after a lovemaking session, you just don't roll over and say, "Is that it?" Use some tact, and use it at the right time. Believe me, he'll

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respond—and the sex (and the whole relationship) will get better.

Eileen Murphy Grand Rapids, Michigan

I just finished reading What Women Talk About When They Talk About Men, and to be perfectly honest, I'm sorry I read it. I'm 20 years old, and by no means have I had a lot of experience with women; but for a long time, I've had my suspicions about what they talked about when there were no men present. This article confirms my suspicions. The women interviewed by Squire truly dissected their male friends and lovers—dissected and mutilated. I actually felt hurt after reading it. After this, I'm a little afraid of getting experience.

J. Romano Concord, California

Take heart. Not all women are vicious. Read the following letter.

I'm a reader of PLAYBOY who also happens to be a woman. I think it's safe to say that, unlike most of PLAYBOY's readers, I really do like it for the articles. But I was offended by What Women Talk About When They Talk About Men. Do the editors of PLAYBOY know what repercussions such an article could have?

Are these women for real? If they are, they deserve every loser they date. C'mon, PLAYBOY! Let's have some articles concerning women who are normal and their feelings and desires! You're giving male readers a one-sided impression. I hope they realize that Squire's interviewees don't represent the typical woman. We're not all deceitful creatures, you know. Golly, gee! Some of us live without the sole aim of using and abusing men.

Jenny Rawlings Casper, Wyoming

What Women Talk About When They Talk About Men says it all. Once again, women boldly proclaim that nothing short of God Himself is adequate for them. If you're going to have women talking about men, then let's hear the other side, too, PLAYBOY.

John Deitrich Tallahassee, Florida

An article called "What Men Talk About When They Talk About Women," maybe? After all the controversy caused by Squire, that might not be a bad idea. That way, we can offend everybody—democracy in action.

RAPE REVERBERATIONS

Ransom Satchell's memoir, Another Side of Rape (PLAYBOY, February), really hit home. I was sentenced to 20 years in prison for murdering the man who raped my girlfriend. I hope more will be done for the families and loved ones of rape victims. I can say after seven years in prison that revenge is not worth it. I was only 18 when I killed the rapist and will be 28 when released in 1988. I would challenge men never to allow their love for and relationship with the victim to disintegrate. The most satisfying revenge against the rapist

is to not allow the relationship to become his victim, too!

John McCullough Centralia, Illinois

Another Side of Rape is well written. The man who went through that agonizing ordeal did the right thing; and because of his actions, he is still alive and his girlfriend is, too. I still think about the article every day. "What would I do?" I ask myself. Most likely the same thing.

Kirby Crook St. Louis, Missouri

ONE SMALL-TOWN BOY TO ANOTHER

After reading John Mellencamp, Daddy's Boy, by E. Jean Carroll (PLAYBOY, February), I say cheers to John Cougar Mellencamp, one of the last American heroes. This kid's got class.

Steven Caldwell Terre Haute, Indiana

PARTY-MIX TRICKS

Bravo! Charles M. Young's piece Scientific Principles of the Party Tape (PLAYBOY, February) is so very true.

As a veteran partyologist in both New York and Washington, D.C, I took great satisfaction in reading about the basic techniques that have guided me since my first "music master" engagement at Catholic University in 1980. I supervised more than 50 parties while in college and, needless to say, my Maxells have gone through more beer and chicken-wing dip. . . .

Fun is, indeed, the name of the game. Tom Waits said it best: "Where's the fun if they can't dance to it?"

A. G. Marasco Somers, New York

A CHIP OFF THE OLD CLEFT

I thoroughly enjoyed the Michael Douglas *Playboy Interview* (February): He comes across not as a conceited Hollywood celebrity but as a regular guy, just like a member of my family, so to speak. As a matter of fact, I've been telling people for years that Kirk Douglas is my relative, that his real name is Demsky (same as my grandmother's), that his father was my father's first cousin and that the clefts in the chins in the dusty, tattered family albums were not created by faulty photography. Nobody believed me until now; it took PLAYBOY to confirm my roots. Thank you.

Philip M. White Flushing, New York

JOIE DE JULIE

I have been a fan of February Playmate Julie McCullough since her February 1985 cover and her appearance in *Girls of Texas*. What a delightful way to start 1986.

Mark Jackson Searcy, Arkansas

CHERIE AMOUR

Your cover photo of Cherie Witter in the February issue is one of the most sensuous

photos I have seen in PLAYBOY in years. Congratulations!

Bob Brown Kingsville, Texas

COLD COUNTRY, HOT TICKETS

Your layout on Women of Alaska (PLAYBOY, February) is, to say the least, hot. Show me more!

Robert Bach Green Soldotna, Alaska

Thank you for the pictorial on Women of Alaska. Most particularly, thank you, thank you, thank you for the most lovely camerawork on the wonderful Julie Ann Peterson.

Please, please? More of that wonderful bustline?

Billy Mitchell Brigham San Carlos, California

So many of you guys asked to see various women of Alaska again that to satisfy you, we'd have to rerun the entire pictorial. However, since Julie Ann Peterson was high on a lot of request lists, you get your wish. Now,



please, please stop groveling. Alaskan women don't respect men who beg too much.

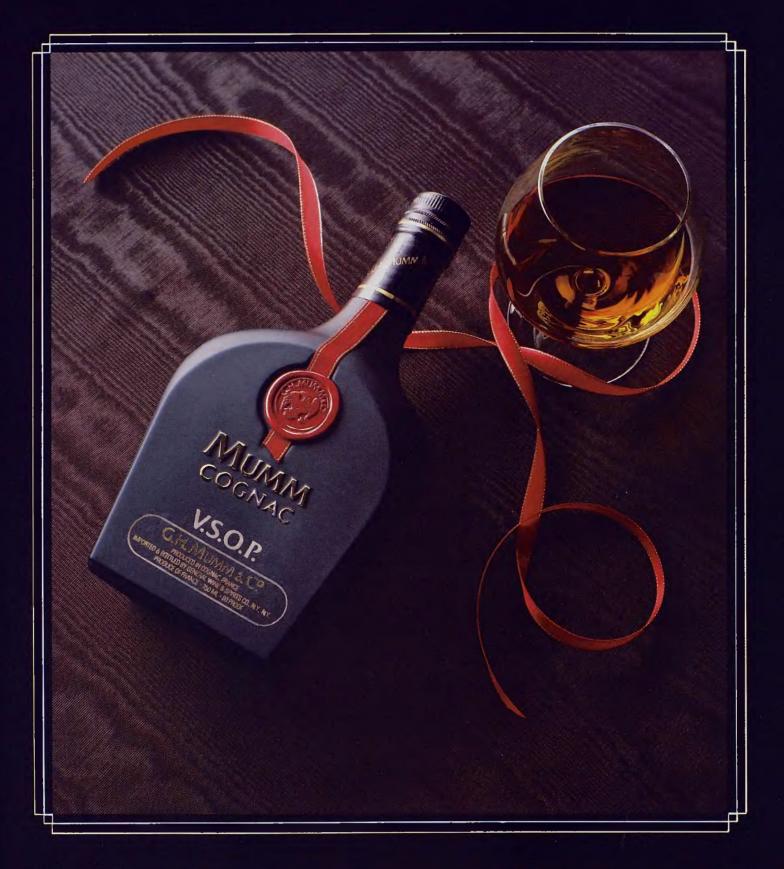
OOPS!

On page 115 in the February issue, part of the third paragraph of *The American Way of Revenge*, by Jim Harrison, reads, "shot the young Navy man, Stethem, to death on the civilian American Airlines flight. . . ." According to all the reports I read about the incident, it was a TWA jet. Do you guys know something nobody else in the media knows, or was that a boner?

W. Lewis

Chicago, Illinois

What Harrison actually wrote was "the civilian American airline flight," but somewhere in our editing process, airline was capitalized by mistake. We apologize to Harrison and to American Airlines for having incorrectly identified the air carrier.



V. S. O. P. COGNAC By Mumm

THE FINEST NAME IN FRENCH CHAMPAGNE IS NOW THE FINEST NAME IN COGNAC



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Emory University researchers have uncovered a new use for the nitroglycerin skin patches worn to reduce heart pain. A Georgia man with heart disease noted that if he wore the patches on his chest, the drug gave him a headache. Even so, the man, in an adventuresome mood, rubbed a used patch on his penis. Within five minutes, the vasodilating effect of the drug produced an erection, and he had sex with his wife. "Several minutes later," the researchers reported in the November 1985 Annals of Internal Medicine, "she wondered why she had the worst headache she ever had in her life." Both the wife and the researchers expressed doubt that further research would be done in this area.

The *Dallas Observer* personal ads recently included this gem of concision: "Minimalist seeks woman."

A West German firm that specializes in arranging "group sex with broad-minded partners" is now offering its clients sex in a Cessna light aircraft for \$120 an hour. Participants can choose the itinerary and are afterward awarded a certificate indicating which skies they made friendlier. This firm, by the way, is the same one that organizes weekend "orgies for adults," with Fridays especially designated for beginners and Sundays for the more experienced.

During the celebration party for the 20th anniversary of William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, Firing Line, balloons were adorned with some words the host uses often. They included: encephalophonic (of or pertaining to an apparatus that is used to diagnose abnormal brain function); stochastic (conjectural); meiotic (relating to a representation of a thing so as to cause it to be taken as less than it really is); hebdomadal (a weekly newspaper or magazine); mephitic (offensive to the sense of smell, noxious); eristic (a person devoted to logi-

cal disputation); antonomasia (the substitution of a designation, official title or proper name for a common name, position or class); tergiversation (desertion of a party, cause or religious faith); psephology (the scientific study of elections); energumen (a person possessed by an evil spirit); epigone (an imitative follower); irenic (conducive to peace, moderation, harmony and conciliation, as in irenic measures); maieutic (of or relating to the dialectic method practiced by Socrates in order to elicit and clarify the ideas of others). As if you didn't know that already.

OH, CHUTE! II

Attentive readers will remember an item in the January *Playboy After Hours* about an airborne drug smuggler who was killed when his parachute failed to open. Investigators had been searching for his 88 pounds of cocaine (worth a purported \$22,000,000) and came upon a duffel bag, 40 packages of cocaine that had been ripped open and the remains of a



150-pound bear. Gary Garner of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation summed up the evidence this way: "The bear got to it before we could, and he tore the duffel bag open, got him some cocaine and O.D.'d."

THE SOUND OF ONE BRA SNATCHING

Who is the loudest woman in Japan? Sachiko Sakai won the fifth annual Hall's Year-end Shouting Contest in Tokyo with a screech of 109.3 decibels—with no amplification. (Eat your heart out, Stevie Nicks.) Sakai didn't need a microphone, because she understood motivation. What she screamed was, "Thief! Give me back my underwear!"

This headline ran in the Kingston, New York, Freeman: "woman inherits antique lust from mother-in-law she never met." We guess it means you really can marry a woman who cooks just like Mom.

You can sign this kid up for therapy or you can turn the page. A baby born last November at Illinois' DuPage County Hospital was named Rambo Chow Nguyen.

BUZZ WORDS

Good Vibes Gazette, the free house organ of San Francisco's Good Vibrations vibrator boutique, is, as far as we know, the only newsletter in America devoted to high-voltage lovemaking paraphernalia.

You get four pages of wit and wisdom from the country's foremost advocate of electric ecstasy—Joani Blank, a writer of sex-education books, the owner of Down There Press, a registered marriage counselor and a sometime sex therapist. Just ask her. Coming issues will feature a O.-and-A. column.

In volume one, number one, you can read about Blank's antique-vibrator collection. She also introduces two new wand massagers that will knock the socks off you or that special someone and announces



- Disco music makes mice homosexual.
- Ronald Reagan once said sex was best "in the afternoon, after coming out of the shower."
- Sigmund Freud had a railway phobia.
 He said it was because at the age of two,
 he had shared a railway carriage with
 his mother and had seen her naked.
- · Kissing can cause cavities.
- The Swahili word for venereal disease is *kissinono*.
- In a survey of primitive societies throughout the world, the overwhelming majority preferred plump women.
- The world's record for the heaviest breasts is 52 pounds.
- There is a form of billiards in Scandinavia in which women sit on the floor, skirts lifted, legs spread, and men attempt to flick marbles into their vaginas.
- The world's largest recorded piece of ass was from Africa: Each buttock measured three feet across.
- Isaac Newton suffered from insomnia, some believe, because he never had sex.
- According to rabbinical tradition, one of the four hateful types of men is "one who holds his virile member when making water."
- The late King Ibn Saud of Arabia never saw the faces of his 400 brides.
- Sodomy in ancient China was known as "sharing the peach."
- Catherine the Great of Russia employed people to tickle her feet and slap her bottom.
- The great sexologist Havelock Ellis indulged in urolagnia—erotic pleasure from drinking urine.
- King Herod slept for seven years next to his dead wife, Marianne.
- Women are least likely to be raped in December.
- Kinsey reported six types of male orgasm.
- Cleopatra was known as Merichane ("the Gaper") because she once had oral sex with 100 Roman noblemen in one night.
- Of all classes, the white-collar worker masturbates the most.
- Men in their 60s generally have one wet dream every two weeks.
- Unable to consummate his marriage as a result of his revulsion to his wife's pubic hair, famed critic John Ruskin fell in love with a ten-year-old girl.
- Kinsey claimed that college graduates were less likely than high school gradu-

ates to have homosexual experiences.

- Ancient Egyptians sodomized their slain enemies so that they would not be pursued by ghosts.
- Human sperm can live up to three and a half weeks.
- In general, marriages improve after the husband has a heart attack.
- According to a contemporary report of the Flagellant movement during the Black Death in 1349, hordes of "gigantic women from Hungary came into Germany, tore off their clothes and beat themselves with rods."
- In a recent Los Angeles paternity suit filed by a young woman against seven Catholic priests, accompanying papers stated that the archdiocese "may not be held liable for a priest's acts of a sexual nature, because such conduct is not within the scope of his duties."
- In Britain, babies conceived through artificial insemination with semen from a donor other than the mother's husband are considered illegitimate.
- In 1671 London, a spanker known as Whipping Tom would lurk in dark alleys, grab a passing wench, toss up her petticoats and spank her enthusiastically until she cried for help.
- According to Kinsey, the most effective approdisiacs are "good health, sufficient exercise and plenty of sleep."
- Dr. William Masters presented his first scientific paper in 1959 at the Conference of the Vagina.
- An Islamic expression claims, "The pilgrimage to Mecca is not perfected save by copulation with the camel."
- Freud found American women particularly erotic.
- There is a medical case involving a girl so allergic to sperm that her first sexual experience caused a rash on her lips and eyelids; her tongue and throat became swollen; she had an asthmatic attack and violent pains in her pelvis and finally lost consciousness.
- Kinsey reported that college graduates had the highest incidence of wet dreams
- According to Nasamonian custom, all male wedding guests are supposed to make love with the bride.
- A surrogate mother in Britain was quoted as saying she would use the \$8000 fee she received to purchase new carpets.

—COMPILED BY CHRISTOPHER FRYER

a discount on that most reliable of movers and shakers—the Prelude 3.

There is controversy, too. For example, the inscrutable *ben-wa*-ball debate. She considers the balls bunk; but it seems that reliable unnamed sources swear by, not at, them. A future issue will carry the results of her eight-question reader survey.

For the *Good Vibes Gazette*, write to Good Vibrations, 3416 22nd Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

ROCK STAR

Rock-climbers are slaves to terrain. But now they can commission duplicates of their favorite rock formations-complete with mantels, overhangs, chimneys and dihedrals-to practice on in their back yards. Brec Heffner (no relation whatsoever), of Don Goldstone Pools in Southern California, builds imitations out of fiberglass and concrete. While he spends most of his time building natural-looking waterfalls, ponds and zoo exhibits, he can reproduce a climber's favorite cliff face without defacing or even disturbing the original. He says-somewhat philosophically, we think-"All we do to the environment is take our impressions." Give him a call at 213-475-0722.

FREE!

Nothing qualifies the following for inclusion in Playboy After Hours except the fact that it was sent by a loyal reader who flattered us by saying that we're consistently a source of information hard to find elsewhere and that she wished to test our limits. Indeed, this item itself was transmitted by wire merely to test the functioning of some equipment that had just been installed in her office. Publishing it is, admittedly, quite a modest service but one that we hope will satisfy the curiosity of those who have always wondered what time is worth at different salary levels but are too lazv-strike that-too busy to figure it out with an ordinary pocket calculator. These figures are based on a 40-hour week and a 50-week year. Remember, you saw it here first.

IF EMPLOYEE EARNS		EVERY MINUTE IS WORTH	EVERY HOUR IS WORTH	
\$	8,000	\$.06	\$ 4	
	12,000	.10	6	
	16,000	.13	8	
	20,000	.16	10	
	30,000	.25	15	
	40,000	.33	20	
	50,000	.41	25	
	75,000	.62	37.50	
	100,000	.83	50	
	250,000	2.08	125	
	500,000	4.16	250	
1	,000,000	8.33	500	







They're not kidding, folks. This is what wet and wild is really about. Making waves on a glassy lake or bouncing through them in ocean surf. So come on in. The water's fine. And so are Kawasaki's '86 JET SKI™ watercraft. The only JET SKI watercraft.

Start with our new 300. A little practice and your feet will be wet in no time. Then move up to a 550. The hottest performance ever. And to double your pleasure, buddy up on an exciting new X-2. Great great fun fun.

You'll have a terrific time learning to operate these puppies. So you fall in the water. Big deal. All three models slow to idling speed automatically and circle back around to you. Thoughtful, huh?

And they're as easy to haul as they are to handle. A pair fit easily into a wagon, van or pick-up. Kawasaki's new 300, 550 and X-2. For instant amusement, all you add is water.



Specifications subject to change without notice. Availability may be limited. JET SKI watercraft are "Class A" inboard boots and their use is subject to all applicable state and local boating laws. Always wear USCG approved personal flotation device, eye wear, and other appropriate safety apparel.



Dear Laureline,

Well, you know silly me. There I was on the first day of April, feeling like such a fool because I'd just remembered that April is National Home Improvement Month.

And me without a fresh nail in my whole house. What would I do when friends started hammering on my

door, ready to celebrate?

It's times like that when I wonder if I don't try to do too much during the holidays. But, once I get into the season, start hearing those wonderful April songs, it doesn't take long for that holiday spirit to take hold. Besides, who wants to miss any of the fun?

Not me, that's for sure.

Anyway, I stopped by the hardware store for party supplies. And I bumped into him.

Of course I did it on purpose.

You would too if you'd seen a hunk like this one out on his own. He was pawing through the dog leashes, getting ready for his Pets Are Wonderful Month celebration.

Well, I could write volumes about this one. But all I need to say is just one word ... his shoulders were so broad, it looked like he was wearing football pads.

He was Rikkard.

Our hungry eyes met, so I immedi-

ately invited him for Danish to celebrate Hans Christian Andersen's Birthday. Naturally, that gave me the perfect excuse to run over to Emperor Fashions for a new outfit.

"Most revealing," Rikkard said

You know how mysterious men have always fascinated me. And Rikkard certainly was mysterious. Like when we were celebrating the establishment of the United States Mint. I looked at the happy crowd and said, "This just proves money can't buy happiness." "To coin a phrase," Rikkard said, looking at me in that mysterious way.

Then, to celebrate Washington Irving's Birthday, Rikkard wanted to go horseback riding. I told him in no uncertain terms what I think of that kind of stuff. And he left mad, saying he felt like the headless horseman.

He called to invite me to the Mule

Day. But I was stubborn.

Laureline, if I showed you a picture of this guy, you'd know why we solved our problems in time for the Mathematics Education Week party. I used to have only a fractional interest in math, but my enthusiasm multiplied as Rikkard and I danced to every number.

Now don't get the idea that everything in my life was totally wonderful. I still had a date with Wilhelm for Linus

Yale's Birthday celebration. That's when he told me he felt like he'd been locked out of my heart and I had to tell him that he just didn't have the right combination.

Finally, at the Joseph Lister Birthday party, Wilhelm and I cleanly severed our relationship. It was quite an

operation.

And that meant I didn't feel a bit guilty about traveling to the Lowell Thomas Birthday celebration with Rikkard. I was having a great time, then Rikkard told everybody, "So long until tomorrow."

Again, that mysteriousness. We wouldn't see most of those people again until the Commodore Perry Day party.

We left the Thomas celebration early because Rikkard wanted to save something for the celebration of the United States' First Credit Union Law. At that party, he seemed to withdraw. And, when he took me home, he simply deposited me on my doorstep.

Laureline, I don't mind telling you that I was hoping for a lot more

interest.

By the way, at the invitational lunch for Alfred Packer Day (you wouldn't believe the menu), I ran into Dottie. You remember Dottie . . . she's the one who always buys hats two sizes too small so she can show off her enormous eyes. Anyway, Dottie was running around in circles. Max had gone to the Southwest Kansas Square Dance Festival. And he'd never called.

Rikkard decided that we should go play some kind of intellectual games back in the stacks to celebrate National Library Week. He knew the rules, so he kept score using the Dewey Decimal System. I think we both won.

And I was ready to turn somersaults, when Rikkard invited me to see the man on the flying trapeze to celebrate W. C. Fields' Birthday. When I told him I didn't know the circus was in town, Rikkard disappeared. He said it would be Barbershop Quartet Day before he'd be back in tune.

Well, you know me. So you know I wasn't about to let that keep me from going to the Joseph Pulitzer Birthday celebration... especially when I heard

about the prizes.

When Rikkard got back, he had only one thing on his mind . . . you know how those intellectuals think. So I gave in and we went to the Halley's Comet Closest to Earth Night celebration. It didn't look very close to me, but Rikkard got excited.

Then, at the Man In Space Anniversary, Rikkard gave me a big compliment. He said I was a real

space cadet.

Sometimes, Laureline, even in a month as festive as April, duty calls. And my modeling career started to heat up. I got an assignment working with a crusty old guy in a display at the Retail Bakers of America Convention. It was hard work, but I kneaded the dough.

I decided to celebrate my new wealth by riding over to the Bike Safety Week celebration. It was something I'll never forget. Especially because that's where I met Ghil. He's Canadian, you know, so I did my part for the Canada-United States Goodwill Week celebration.

Yes, I can hear you asking, "What happened to Rikkard?" Well, I knew there was a problem on Thomas Jefferson's Birthday when he was declaring something about his independence. Then, on Wilbur Wright's Birthday, Rikkard just flew away.

Well, naturally, I was unhappy. But, on San Jacinto Day, I won the battle by surrendering to my feelings about

Ghil.

With Ghil, April's celebrations became even more magical. I was sure he was the one.

On Brazil Discovery Day, Ghil said I was Amazon. I guess he was impressed by how my National YWCA Week workouts had filled me out.

Then, during the Guglielmo Marconi Birthday celebration, Ghil telegraphed an unmistakable message. Even I could figure out the code. So we set several records after we left the National Disc Jockey Day celebration.

Then, my world was shaken at the Richter Scale Day party. That's when I met Jak. And while we were celebrating Daylight Savings Day, things seemed to spring forward.

Well, enough about me, Laureline. How about you and Filip? Did you take him back to our town's Thornton Wil-

der Birthday celebration?

Your friend,

Dawne

PS

Isn't life great? I just figured out that May is coming up. That's Touring Theater Month, so Jak and I'll put our own show on the road. And on Robert's Rules Day, we'll make sure we do everything in order. Then, I want to focus on our plans for the National Photo Week celebration.



MIG CARES?



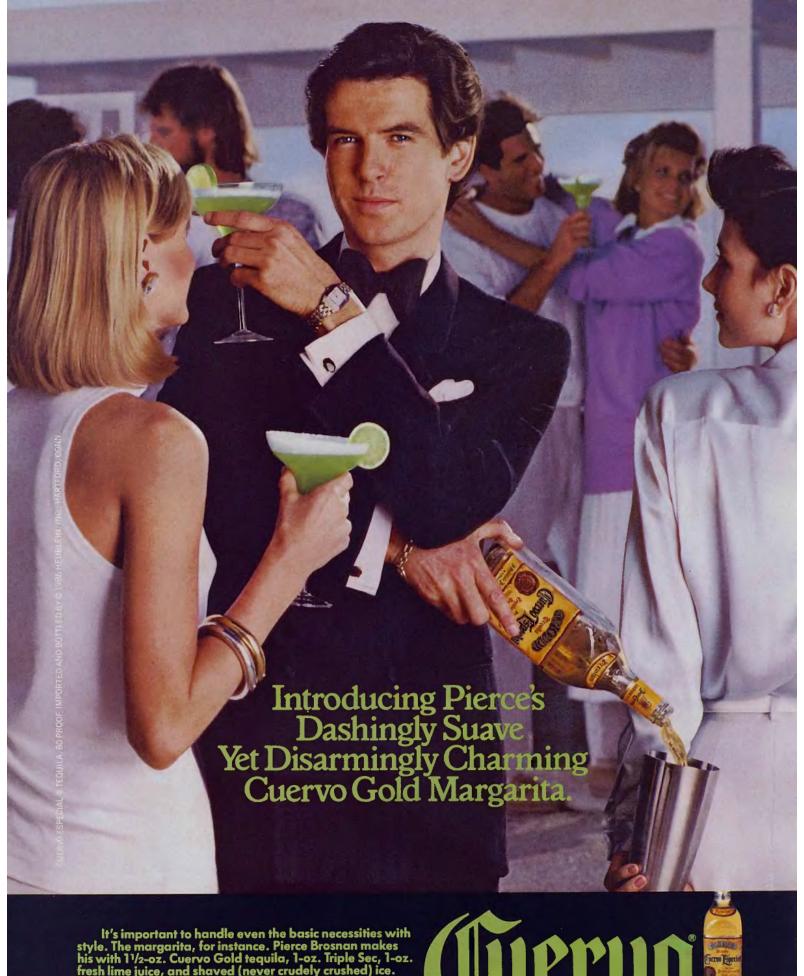
Charles Bronson, actor and motor-cyclist. "Every week-end we can, the kids and I pack our motor-cycles in the pickup

and head for the California hills. We enjoy the excitement and challenge of off-road riding. But we're also aware of our responsibilities—to the land and whoever else might be using it. We stick to off-road parks and approved trails, use the right mufflers and ride safely. That way, everyone can have a great weekend."

RIDE AWARE. SHOW YOU CARE.

MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL, INC. MC





It's important to handle even the basic necessities with style. The margarita, for instance. Pierce Brosnan makes his with 1½-oz. Cuervo Gold tequila, 1-oz. Triple Sec, 1-oz. fresh lime juice, and shaved (never crudely crushed) ice. Shake vigorously, but not so vigorously as to rumple your shirt. And always use Cuervo Gold, for the uniquely smooth taste of the premium tequila. Rethink your drink.



MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TWO FREE-SPIRITED, passionate young people on an Italian holiday with their elders start to strain against the ties that bind them to strait-laced Edwardian England in A Room with a View (Cinecom). Based on a classic novel written in 1908 by E. M. Forster, this impeccable adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabyala fits more snugly onto film than Forster's complex and sprawling A Passage to India, which carried off many of the top movie awards for 1984. Similarly starchy on the surface, Room is a sunny, stylish and delectable comic romance-about as close to perfection as such a literary bonbon can ever hope to be. As the distraught Miss Honeychurch, torn between the impulsive young swain (Julian Sands) who pursues her in Florence and the twit (Daniel Day Lewis) to whom she becomes engaged back home in Surrey, Helena Bonham Carter is a diminutive dream girl, revealing a startling lack of inhibition when she sits down to play Beethoven. Matchless Maggie Smith sets the tone as the heroine's skittish chaperone, and Denholm Elliott offers his usual brilliant counterpoint as the hero's gently eccentric father.

Quaint, bookish titles link some episodes of the film ("Lying to George" and "Lying to Cecil" are chapter heads lifted straight from Forster), but that risky device cleverly embellishes the humor here. Producer Ismail Merchant and director James Ivory, a team long associated with elegant period pieces, have seldom turned their talents to one as airy and zestful. Enhanced by exquisite photography, plus such fillips as a funny, exuberant swimming-pond sequence with enough male nudity to make a proper maiden blush, Room with a View seems to get everything placed-and paced-just right, ¥¥¥¥

An altogether different breed of British comedy, and already a runaway hit in Blighty, My Beautiful Laundrette (Orion Classics) compounds interest as a showcase for the versatility of Daniel Day Lewis. An upper-U nerd in A Room with a View, he's scarcely recognizable as Johnny, a homosexual London punk with two-tone hair, a flair for trendy interior design and a passing resemblance to Montgomery Clift. Together with a Pakistani school chum named Omar (Gordon Warnecke), whose uncle has made him manager of a coin-wash dump in the slums, Johnny transforms the failing business into a neon-lit neighborhood landmark. The lads still take in laundry but call the joint Powders. Their gay romancing is treated pretty matter-of-factly by director Stephen Frears and screenplay author Hanif Kureishi, a London-born



Sands, Carter enjoying the View.

More—and better—filmed Forster; Bryan and Brian hot in *F/X*.

writer of Pakistani descent. Much of the comedy dwells on the Anglicization of Omar, his uncle, aunts, cousins, his father, who clings to Old World ways, and his uncle's English mistress (Shirley Anne Field), who suffers the ill effects of some alien mumbo jumbo conjured up for concubines. Laundrette is diffuse, more a pastiche than a coherent narrative, but inspired by a unique and generous sensibility. It's a scrawly, funny valentine to inner-city life, edged with exotic filigree. ****

Every movie season needs a nice electric shock before things really seem to get rolling. Last year, we had Witness. So far this year, F/X (Orion) is the knock-your-socksoff thriller the competition will have to beat. In moviemakers' jargon, F/X means special effects, and director Robert Mandel drops a load of cunning filmlore between the witty, wiseass lines of a screenplay by Robert T. Megginson and Gregory Fleeman. Australian Bryan Brown, with a breakthrough role to back his previous bids for stardom in Breaker Morant and TV's The Thorn Birds, plays Rollie Tyler, a special-effects wizard recruited by some Justice Department plotters (Cliff DeYoung and Mason Adams) who want him to fake the public assassination of a Mafia chieftain (Jerry Orbach) about to turn state's witness. For a while, Rollie wants none of it; he's having too good a time dreaming up monstrous moments for such box-office epics as Vermin from Venus and I Dismember Mama. But he takes the job and soon finds himself so ensnared that he may be a murderer, in fact, and knows damned well he's at the top of somebody's hit list. To match Brown's gritty performance as a resourceful but inexperienced rigger of illusions suddenly thrust into a world where people shoot real bullets, there is Brian Dennehy—in top form, as always playing the rule-bending New York detective who can smell a rat a mile away. Seeing how a crackerjack suspense drama is put together by movie magic and getting an adrenaline rush at the same time more than compensate for a few muddled or loosely wired twists in the screenplay. F/Xdelivers high-gear excitement from start to finish. ¥¥¥1/2

Try to overlook the soap-opera sudsiness of Just Between Friends (Orion), by writer-director Allan Burns, a cocreator of TV's Mary Tyler Moore Show. Burns obviously knows that one crucial step in launching an emotionally supercharged "woman's picture" is to hire the right women. Mary Tyler Moore and Christine Lahti fill the bill and then some, respectively cast as a contented California homemaker and an ambitious TV newscaster. The women, who meet at exercise class, discover that they have far too much in common: The happy matron's husband (Ted Danson) is also the career woman's lover. The philanderer's untimely death and the intervention of a fond mutual friend (Sam Waterston) are among the plot contrivances that force a confrontation as inevitable as the fight scenes in Rocky IV. The civilized female combatants of Friends eschew violence, of course, though Moore's nervous vulnerability and Lahti's easygoing warmth evolve into a love-hate match worth close attention. Danson and Waterston, along with assorted kids and bystanders, perform admirably on the side lines. But the women walk away with this one, boosting their stock on the star charts. ***

Australian-born cinematographer John (Witness) Seale provides an eye-filling backdrop of Sierra Club scenery for The Hitcher (Tri-Star), all about a murderous psychopath who chooses an innocent young California motorist as his executioner. "I want you to stop me," growls Rutger Hauer in a tour de force of leering evil that just about cinches his claim to the title of moviedom's nastiest villain. C. Thomas Howell plays the hapless driver who picks up the hitchhiker and lives to regret it. While the body count rises, Hauer commandeers a series of expendable cars, vans and trucks, at one point lashing a roadhouse waitress (Jennifer Jason Leigh) between two vehicles to be torn limb from limb. Need I add that





"Come to think of it, I'll have a Heineken." The Hitcher is not a pretty picture, though the shouting-and-stomping devotees of mindless violence are more than likely to lap it up? Director Robert Harmon and writer Eric Red seem to have studied Steven Spielberg's classic TV movie of Richard Matheson's suspenseful PLAYBOV story Duel—they can simulate havoc on the highway, cranking up maximum tension with minimal explicit gore. Unfortunately, they pay little heed to the fundamental rules of logic or motivation, so what results is a repellent but skillful little shocker squandering top-drawer talent on dirt-cheap thrills.

Italy's movic maestro Federico Fellini calls his Ginger and Fred (MGM/UA) "an affectionate critique" rather than an attack on the television age. He probably means what he says, for there is an abundance of underlying tenderness in his raucous but trenchant ode to lost innocence, focused on a once-famous team of old music-hall hoofers who borrowed their professional names from Rogers and Astaire. After decades apart, they meet again to take part in a Christmas TV spectacular. In the interim, she has been preoccupied with a family business and he has become a mental wreck. But when Giulietta Masina (Signora Fellini) and Marcello Mastroianni finally take the floor to tip-tap through tinkling-piano tributes to Top Hat and The Continental, it's clear Fellini bears no ill will. The TV world he depicts is a typical Felliniesque Roman circus with freakish attractions, among them movie-star look-alikes, a troupe of dancing midgets, a convicted mafioso, a feeble retired admiral and a medium who records voices from the beyond. The vulgarity of contemporary mass culture is heavily italicized at times-a style summed up in one striking image of a billboard proclaiming ITALIAN ELEGANCE directly behind a minimountain of gleaming-plastic garbage bags. With virtuoso talents like Masina Mastroianni to deliver it, this Fellini greeting to the good old days has heart, soul and wistful humor. ***

The five women who take stage center in Stripper (Fox) are foxy when they're down to their G strings but generally sad when they face the camera, one by one, to talk about loneliness, their unhappy childhoods or their bad times with men. It seems almost mockery, afterward, to watch them swivel to the tune of Girls Just Want to Have Fun. Still, producer Jerome Gary, one of the creators of the bodybuilding documentary Pumping Iron, also emphasizes the resilience, humor and instinct for survival that often smack of heroism. Ostensibly an account of what happens to some top contenders preparing to enter the First Annual Strippers Convention at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas



Ginger (Giulietta) and Fred (Marcello).

A toe-tapping tribute, a haunted Jaguar and a mindlessly *macho Eagle*.

in 1983, Stripper has the phony ring of a nonevent. Still, the will to win is unmistakably real in this sympathetic group portrait of uninhibited ecdysiasts.

Award a few points for sheer pluck and originality to Dark of the Night (Castle Hill), an OK thriller from New Zealand in which the key character is a haunted vintage Jaguar 2.4. The original owner was murdered; the new owner is an earnest young career girl (Heather Bolton) whose long, spooky drives by night along deserted highways are unnerving, to say the least. Producer-director Gaylene Preston often plays unfair tricks on the audience in order to sustain suspense. Yet all, or nearly all, is forgiven when things start jumping in the Jag. **

It would be futile to spell out the preposterous details of the postpubescent macho fantasy Iron Eugle (Tri-Star). Young moviegoers imbued with demolition dreams à la Rambo have already made Eagle a highflier at the box office. In brief, a precocious Air Force brat (Jason Gedrick) joins forces with an ace senior pilot (Louis Gossett, Jr.) to steal two F-16 fighters and rescue the boy's dad from one of those troublesome Middle Eastern countries, which they effectively destroy. The dialog includes sneering references to former President Carter as that "peanut," a shell of a man compared with the current Oval Office occupant, whose name is proudly pronounced "Ray-gun." The popularity of such jingoist give-'em-hell movies ought to make intelligent adults worry. ¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

The Best of Times Mild amateur football fun, with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell scoring. Brazil Future shock on a grand scale, according to Terry Gilliam. The Clan of the Cave Bear Early man and a woman named Daryl. The Color Purple Whoopi Goldberg is fine, though Spielberg has sugared the soul of Alice Walker's novel. Dark of the Night (See review) The case of the haunted Jag. Eerie. Desert Hearts On the road to Reno, girl meets girl. Down and Out in Beverly Hills Drevfuss, Nolte and Midler good for laughs. *** Dream Lover Zzzzz. Fool for Love Shepard and Basinger sizzle as hot-and-bothered siblings. ***1/2 F/X (See review) Hypnotic thriller enhanced by 100l movie tricks. Ginger and Fred (See review) "TV or not TV?" is Fellini's impish question. *** Hannah and Her Sisters Love, marriage and Woody in a make-mine-Manhattan comedy, probably Allen's The Hitcher (See review) Nasty as sin but deftly done-with Rutger Hauer. **1/2 Iron Eagle (See review) Shades of Rambo, for junior birdmen. Just Between Friends (See review) Wife vs. mistress over one dead body. Lady Jane Tudor England's young queen loses her heart, head and XXX crown. My Beautiful Laundrette (See review) All washed up and, oh, so gay in down-atthe-heels London. 91/2 Weeks Basinger again, with Mickey Rourke on an erotic odyssey. *** The Official Story Argentine political drama, movingly played by Norma Aleandro, a must-see actress. Out of Africa Mostly Meryl, ably abetted by Klaus Maria Brandauer, while Redford shows off safari garb. Pretty in Pink The great prom crisis and how it grew. Whew! Ran King Lear out of Kurosawa. **** A Room with a View (See review) Classic romantic comedy-as elegant and English as high tea. Runaway Train Jon Voight, Eric Roberts in a mile-a-minute escape drama. *** Stripper (See review) Women in G strings show and tell in Vegas. Turtle Diary Glenda Jackson, Ben Kingslev plot to save the reptiles. Wildcuts On and off the gridiron, solid Goldie. ¥¥1/2

YYYY Don't miss
YYY Good show

¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

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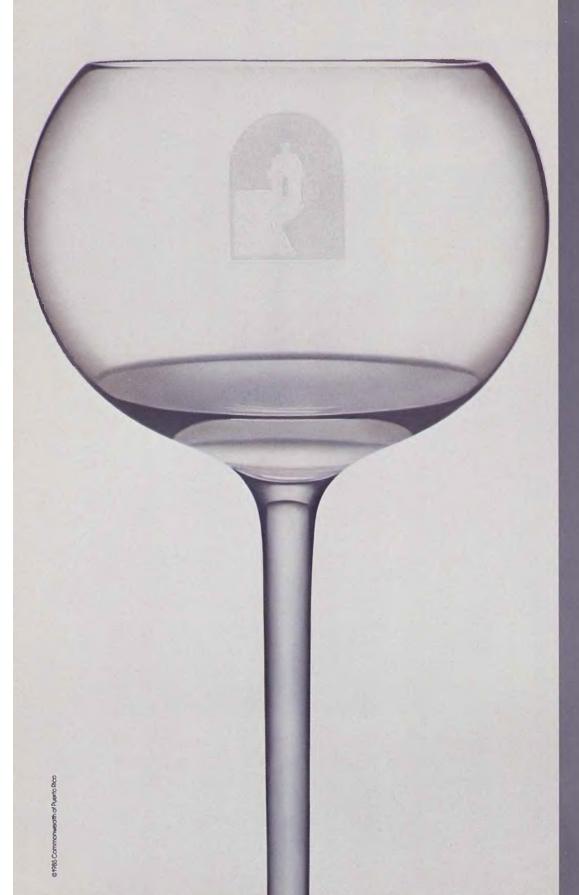
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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

BOOKS

ROBERT LUDLUM addicts, the fix is in. Jason Bourne is back in The Bourne Supremocy (Random House), and the assassin is pulled into service to stop nothing less than the destruction of the Far East. Those of you who read Ludlum (are there any of you out there who don't?) will know we're not exaggerating. This time out, Bourne (a.k.a. David Webb) is yanked from his academic duties at a Maine college and is recruited to find and kill the high-ranking Chinese official who is really the son of a Hong Kong gangster and who seeks to return China to its dynastic glory. But the real fun of any Ludlum book is the cast of characters and the practical information you absorb along the way. For instance, here we learn all the things a \$500,000 bribe will buy in Hong Kong and what it's like wandering around Beijing without papers, and we take an extended swim in the murky waters where diplomacy and espionage spill into each other. Junior assassins will pick up some keen techniques (be sure to get that windpipe if you want throat slicing to be soundless) and fun axioms ("Rest is a weapon"). Supremacy is better than any TV miniseries; it has fewer commercials and is the sort of story you can't wait to get back to.

It was 1960, and Jack Goeken and some friends in the Illinois town of Joliet had just acquired the General Electric franchise for two-way radios in Springfield, the state capital. They could sell the radios to truckers moving between Chicago and St. Louis and, by building a few microwave towers along the route, they could also extend the range of communication, AT&T came down on this notion like a ton of bricks. For more than 20 years, it fought Jack and his company—he called it MCI, for Microwave Communications, Inc.with all the cunning one might expect from the world's biggest monopoly. On the Line (Warner), by Larry Kahaner, is the story of the decline and defeat of AT&T and the corresponding rise and victory of MCI. An American business saga that leaves no dragon-slayer cliché untried, the book tells the story through MCI eyes.

In William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, newest Blackford Oakes novel, *High Jinx* (Doubleday), the time is 1954. There's a power struggle in the Kremlin (Lavrenti Beria, the head of the K.G.B., is threatening to turn the temperature up on the Cold War); an attempted coup of liberation in Albania is co-opted; there's a spy in England who's supplying Russia with uncoded free-world secret communiqués. Clearly a job for Blackford Oakes. But this time around, Buckley's hero seems a little too pat, a little tired: Even his larger-thanlegend credulity is a little strained. *High*



Ludlum's Jason Bourne is at it again.

Ludlum goes to the Far East, Buckley goes to Russia and Pete Dexter goes West.

Jinx will satisfy only Buckley fanatics; it will merely suffice for the rest of us.

More has been done to discourage readers of long narrative poems than we have time to waste reiterating. Those of us who have suffered through Edmund Spenser know. However, Vikram Seth's *The Golden Gote* (Random House) is an unqualified delight—surprising in that it's 307 pages of feminine-rhymed tetrameter. The subject is contemporary California life and lust, told with wit, restraint and intelligence. Ask to see this poetic license.

In 1984, PLAYBOY published Lawrence Block's short story By the Dawn's Early Light, featuring Block's boozy ex-cop hero Matthew Scudder. It won an Edgar award from the Mystery Writers of America. Do yourself a favor and read the full-length When the Socred Ginmill Closes (Arbor House). Block intertwines plots about barroom robberies, infidelity, murder and revenge in a style that rates with the best.

It may take place on the outskirts of civilization, in the Dakota Territories of the late 1800s, and it may be teeming with gunslingers and outlaws and scoundrels and boomtown whores, but Pete Dexter's fine new novel, **Deodwood** (Random House), is a Western in roughly the same way that *Moby Dick* is a fishing story. Sure, the cast of characters includes such authentic frontier legends as Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane; and, sure, the

"large events" of the story are real (as the author declares in a prefatory note); but from there, Dexter makes a breath-taking leap of imagination straight past the dry grit of history. This tale, as he spins it, puts you inside the raw, bloody world of Deadwood during the gold rush, right up close to the people who made the West wild. This is the kind of writing, no matter when and where the story's set, that makes reading a thrill.

Dick Francis novels are a lot like the horse races he describes—different horses going around the same track. In **Break In** (Putnam), jockey Kit Fielding does some sleuthing to discover who is harassing his sister and brother-in-law and, in the process, uncovers much deeper evils. There's not terribly much new here in the way of plot, but no matter, for—as always—the ride on which Francis takes us is thrilling.

We've liked reading Larry L. King's stuff for a long time, in our own pages and wherever else we find it. His tome *The Old Man and Lesser Mortals* should be on your must-read list. His latest book, *None but a Blockhead*: On *Being a Writer* (Viking), is going to entertain you. It's about the perilous life of a free-lancer who does some teaching on the side. The results are funny and smart. Go get it.

Jake Gulliver is a soldier who becomes a speed-freak spook, working for the CIA as a contract hit man in Vietnam. They call him Sandman, the one who comes at night, and his talent with knife and gun is chillingly depicted in *Embossy House* (Bantam), by former Vietnam correspondent Nicholas Proffitt. Our old friends sex and violence mingle with history and politics in a yeasty brew to produce one of the bleakest and strongest of all Vietnam novels, with a gallery of truly nasty swine—some of them too lifelike for comfort.

BOOK BAG

Travel Heolthy (Avon), by Harold Silverman: This guide for the traveling hypochondriac includes everything he/she should know about sunburn, frostbite, insect bites, motion sickness, jet lag, plague, cholera and athlete's foot, plus a guide to foreign names for U.S. drugs.

Woody Allen: His Films and Career (Citadel), by Douglas Brode: Full of photos, Brode's coffee-table volume casts new light on Woody's ideas and movies. We recommend it.

Whites (Knopf), by Norman Rush: If you want to know about the people behind the politics in one of the hottest sections of the world, read this collection of six stories. Rush lived in Botswana for five years and knows whereof he writes.

MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

RECORD PRODUCTION is a science, an art form or hackwork, depending on who is doing the producing. Prince created an aggressive fusion of rock and funk that has been influencing pop music for several years. But on his new album, Parade (Paisley Park), producer Prince abandons that sound. In its place is a melodic R&B style on several songs (Girls and Boys, Kiss, U Need Another Lover), the collages of Around the World in a Day (Christopher Tracy's Parade, Do U Lie?) and some plain old piano ballads (Sometimes It Snows in April and the instrumental Venus De Milo). Perhaps because many of the songs were conceived for the sound track of Prince's directorial debut, Under a Cherry Moon, this album, despite the differing styles, has a remarkable coherence. Rock fans may be disappointed (there is nary a guitar solo to be heard), but those attracted to Prince's adventurousness should be very pleased.

Jermaine Jackson's mostly Michael Omartian-produced Precious Moments (Arista) suffers from tasteless overproduction. Every acre of this record's soundscape is flooded with unnecessary noise, drowning Jermaine's light tenor in the deluge. This record is a classic case of producer insensitivity to singer and song. But for Janet Jackson, her Jimmy Jam-Terry Lewis-produced album, Control (A&M), is, well, a victory. No more Miss Sweet Thing for Janet. On Control, Nasty and the superb dance track What Have You Done for Me Lately?, Janet is sexy and assertive. It may not sell as many copies as Thriller, but Jam and Lewis have created one ultracommercial record.

Meli'sa Morgan's **Do Me Boby** (Capitol) is produced primarily by Morgan and her songwriting partner, Lessette Wilson, making it one of the rare albums over which women have been given great creative control. But the strongest song here is a remake of Prince's *Do Me Baby*, produced by Paul Laurence, the man who wrote Freddie Jackson's *Rock Me Tonight*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Combining the defiance of Muammar el-Qaddafi with the personal charm of Phyllis Schlafly, John Lydon is probably the most irritating musician on a major label. He can also be rewarding, particularly on the rare occasions when he has made an effort to be accessible. With the aid of producer Bill Laswell and some fine studio musicians, he has made the effort with PiL's Album Cossette (Elektra)—on cassette—which is his most accessible work since the Sex Pistols. Typically, he seems embarrassed, distancing himself with generic packaging, but there is much here that should be pleasing to any ear



Charming R&B.

What have the Jacksons done for you lately?

attached to an open mind: identifiable riffs, haunting synthesizers, two or three terrific guitar solos, ace percussion (the unretired Ginger Baker and Tony Williams) and imaginative arrangements. Lydon's voice and lyrics remain strictly take it or leave it. A moralist when condemning friends he feels have betrayed him, a nihilist when condemning the rest of the world, he seems to sing in a slightly higher register as he ages, giving his voice a whiny edge, as if he had second-degree sunburn and someone were whacking him on the back. God, is it irritating and believable when he tells you, "Better days will never be.'

When I'm in the mood to think that better days just have to be, I listen to the Del-Lords, who sing about joy, love, grief, hope, not succumbing to poverty, ideals, rock 'n' roll and other stuff that, when you get down to it, matters. By enlisting producer Neil Geraldo (husband/guitarist of Pat Benatar), the D.-L.s have made it matter even more on Johnny Comes Marching Home (EMI America), with some heavyweight punch in the plastic, sorely missing on their first album. Their sound is as traditional as their values-two chiming guitars over bass and drums-but Scott Kempner's songwriting and the rest of the band's execution are out there on the cutting edge of quality. Unless you're some kind of geek nihilist, like John Lydon, I guarantee this album will make you happy, especially the three songs with Love in the title and Heaven, the greatest

paean to positive thinking since Norman Vincent Peale. *Johnny* is—no irony—my favorite album of the year so far.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

No album since the Sex Pistols' debut has been as wildly hailed in England as the Jesus and Mary Chain's Psychocondy (Warner), and big deal. If we're lucky, you figure, we'll get a Culture Club or a Joy Division; if not, a Smiths or a Duran Duran. Well, we were lucky times four, because what we got was the good parts and only the good parts of Culture Club and Joy Division in one package. Without a hint of moony servility or doomy bullshit, this album is lyrical and powerful all at once. These 14 songs-all great tunes and rough edges, murmured superhooks and jet-propelled feedback-are what countless neopsychedelic bands have been hearing in their subconscious and are too addled or nostalgic to make real. If we're really lucky, the radio czars will notice how catchy Just Like Honey is and play the hell out of it. Another Sex Pistols flop America doesn't need.

The problem with guitar virtuosos is that most of them wouldn't know a good musical concept if they tripped over it, which happens just often enough to keep everyone confused. The exception who proves not a damn thing is Jimi Hendrix, the finest guitarist in any idiom ever. Although he comes close sometimes, Texas roadhouse master Stevie Ray Vaughan ain't Hendrix, and the great album he has in him, Jimi Boogies, keeps getting ruined by installments of Stevie Ray Shows Off. The second side of Soul to Soul (Epic) boogies along just fine until Vaughan elects to close with a soulful slow one that gets going only with a Hendrix coda. Its predecessor, Couldn't Stand the Weather, moves more consistently; but it might serve the guitarist right if instead you picked up on Lonnie Mack's Strike Like Lightning (Alligator). Vaughan produced it and plays all over it, and Mack needs the royalties more than he does.

DAVE MARSH

Since the early Seventies, L.A. has seemed one of the least interesting popmusic centers on the planet, a citadel of big, bland acts from the Eagles and Linda Ronstadt to Toto and Stevie Nicks. All the action has been on the city's fringe-rock scene, where singers and memorable melodies were as rare as platinum, in obvious reaction to the big stars.

Now the fringes and the mainstream are beginning to converge. The latest good example is the Bangles' Different Light (Columbia), the second album by an all-

FAST TRACKS



FIRST WE'LL AID THEM, THEN WE'LL EAT THEM DEPARTMENT: First there was Band Aid, then Live Aid, then Farm Aid, the upcoming Indian Aid and now—are you ready?—Oyster Aid. Yup, the oyster harvesters and shuckers in the Florida Panhandle are in trouble. Local radio stations have been playing a song about the damage done to the oyster industry by humicanes Elena and Kate, and local musicians put on a benefit concert. Aid on the half shell.

SIGNS OF CREEPING MIDDLE AGE: Night Ranger's manager, Bruce Cohn, put together an invitational golf classic to publicize his Northern California winery. Rockers from Night Ranger, Storship, Journey and Huey Lewis' News showed up. Even though they swung for charity, it's still golf.

REELING AND ROCKING: Sound-track mania will not slow down this year. Half a dozen sound-track albums went gold or platinum in 1985, and nearly two dozen have already been announced for this year. Among them: Prince's Parade: Under the Cherry Moon. Talking Heads' True Stories, Laurie Anderson's State of the Union, Sly Stallone's Over the Top, Billy Crystol's Running Scared and David Bowie's and Sade's music for Absolute Beginners. We see this trend as just beginning to hit its stride. . . . Stevie Ray Vaughan wrote some music for the next Ron Howard movie, Gung Ho.

NEWSBREAKS: According to Midge Ure, Band Aid will emphasize sports this year, organizing an international sporting competition similar to the Olympics but without the nationalism. Ure says, "There's got to be an element of entertainment rather than one country battling against another." He thinks there are a lot of people who aren't interested in music who would watch a live sporting event and make a donation. . . . Look next fall for the home video Women in Rock, which will include interviews and footage of the likes of Janis Joplin, Maria McKee, Jackie DeShannon and Kim Cornes. . . . The big July Fourth concert in New York to mark the closing of the Statue of Liberty centennial observance will feature Ole Blue Eyes, with Lionel Richie, Kenny Rogers and Willie Nelson. . . . Motown is going to try to revive Smokey Robinson's variety show of last summer as a syndicated

weekly series. . . . Now that Charlie Daniels has had a role in a PBS movie, can Hollywood be far behind? . . . When the Chinese canceled a nationwide TV broadcast of Live Aid, they decided to offer the masses a "more flawless program." What was it? An hourlong documentary on China's industrialization. . . . Organizers David Wheeler and Bob George are raising money for what they hope will be a rock-'n'-roll version of the Library of Congress. Noting that there is now no place to which a record collector can will his music library, they launched a fund drive with a benefit in New York. They envision the archive as a resource for both scholars and fans. . . . In spite of personal problems, 1985 was a very good year for The Groteful Dead. The band was the fourth-biggest concert attraction, behind Bruce Springsteen, Prince and Phil Collins. Trying to explain the Dead's staying power, drummer Bill Kreutzmonn says, "We just came up with something and played it real loud for long periods of time." . . . Randy Meisner and Bernie Leadon have teamed up with Billy Swon and Bread's Jimmy Griffin. They are calling themselves Block Tie and are working on an album. We wonder if this will be the kiss of death to any possible Eogles reunion this year. . . . Jan Hammer wrote and performed the score for the ABC movie Charley Hannah, but he'd really like to move on to the big screen. . . . Quincy Jones is collaborating with director Mike Nichols on a Broadway musical. No details yet. . . . Helen Reddy is working on a self-defense video. . . . Michael Jockson will have earned back his \$47,000,000 investment in the A.T.V. music catalog in ten years, even if he doesn't merchandise it. He gets paid every time one of the songs is used, and 251 of the songs were written by the -BARBARA NELLIS

female quartet that is to the Go-Go's what the Byrds were to Paul Revere and the Raiders: a serious improvement. Their harmonies are sometimes as fluffy as the Mamas and Papas', but their best numbers are pretty but tough. The opener, Manic Monday, is the perfect sequel to Friday on My Mind, two decades late.

Like the Bangles, the Rave-Ups have started their career on an independent label but probably won't remain there for long. Town and Country (Fun Stuff, P.O. Box 814, Beverly Hills, California 90213) is far too good for that. Radio, Positively Lost Me and Class Tramp do what cowpunk acts such as the Long Ryders only dream about, combining country precision with hard-rock energy. This may be the best independent debut since Jason and the Scorchers', two years back.

On the fringe itself, the action has long been in San Pedro, with the Minutemen. Whether or not this minimalist/socialist trio can continue in the wake of the death of guitarist/singer D. Boon is another question. But if it's a finale, 3 Way Tie for Last (SST, P.O. Box One, Lawndale, California 90260) is a shining one. Anything but commercial or melodic and with harmonies that are rarely harmonic, the music here is nonetheless stunning and powerful, particularly The Price of Paradise, the sternest Vietnam-veteran song anyone has written, and Just Another Soldier, which expresses many of the same sentiments about casualties in Grenada and Beirut. The Minutemen prove their roots-and fealty-with a cover of John Fogerty's Have You Ever Seen the Rain? that makes that song's apocalyptic vision even clearer than the original. And none of them will have a guest shot on Miami Vice.

VIC GARBARINI

Charlie Sexton (MCA): Heard Bowie. Heard Bruce. Played with Keith. Seventeen. Shows promise.

Sweet Dreams / sound track (MCA): A.k.a. Patsy Cline's greatest hits. Makes you wish Linda Ronstadt had taken up the fallen standard here where she knew the territory.

James Newton / The Music of Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn (Blue Note): Flautist Newton, a jazz neoclassicist, successfully evokes the warmth and elegance of the masters.

Beat Rodeo / Staying out Late with Beat Rodeo (I.R.S.): A cut above your gardenvariety L.A. psycho-billies but leaves no lasting impression.

Boltimora / Tarzan Boy (EMI): Silly but invigorating U.K./Euro-pop seems almost life affirming compared with the usual English droog-'n'-despair rock.

Sonny Rollins / The Solo Album (Milestone): Long-awaited live solo effort by sax giant doesn't exactly disappoint but is still one dimension removed from being there.



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CHICAGO CUB DENNIS ECKERSLEY—A GOOD EXAMPLE

To illustrate how the Consort Control rating system works, let's take a look at the statistics of Chicago Cubs pitcher Dennis Eckersley and how they rated against the National League in the 1985 season.

Category	National League Starting Pitchers**	Dennis Eckersley**	or Below Standard**	Category Rating**
Strike-outs/inning	0.610	0.692	+ 13	113
Walks/inning	0.316	0.112	+182	282
Hits allowed/inning	0.916	0.857	+ 7	107
Earned Run Average	3.24	3.08	+ 5	105
	CONSORT	CONTRO	L RATIN	G: 152

By averaging Dennis' four category ratings, we determine his Consort Control Rating — an impressive 152. A Consort Control Rating of 100 is equal to the league standard for starting pitchers; 120 would be 20% above average; 80 would be 20% below average, etc. League standards and individual Consort Control Ratings will be calculated throughout the season.

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- Fifth prize (100). Consort® Grooming Gear Kits, approximate value \$10.

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

A sone who has been unable to decide between the investment firms of Arnold Palmer and Tom Watson on television, I was understandably excited when a big professional golf tournament came to my country club. I dashed right out to the club, of course, not only to pick up some portfolio advice but to see the famous golfers in their own flesh and checkered cottons.

The first shock came when I was forced to park on a playground five miles away, ride a shuttle bus and then buy a badge just to get into my own country club. The badge cost \$5500, but the money was for charity, somebody said.

The club certainly looked different. A lot of huge trucks and mobile homes were sitting around, circus tents had been put up and a good many wives of members I know were wearing the same bonnets, vests and polka-dot skirts and were jumping in and out of white Pontiacs.

"Hi, Mildred," I said to one of the wives. "Where's Fred?"

"I can't talk now," she said, panting. "I have to take Mark Wiebe to the dentist, and Don Pooley wants to stop by a discount store."

She sped away in the courtesy car.

My next shock came when I entered the clubhouse and a security guard refused to admit me to my own locker room.

"I wish you wouldn't push me in the chest," I said, trying to smile.

"Players and officials only," he said.

"I'm a member."

"Move along, please. Can't you see this hallway's getting crowded?"

"I want to use the bathroom," I said. The guard spoke into a walkie-talkie.

"Ralph, I've got a code three in the locker area. Want to send some help to get the asshole outa here? Over."

I got the point and went downstairs to the Men's Grill to grab a bite to eat. There was another guard at the door.

"Wrong badge," he said, stopping me.

"This is supposed to be good for the clubhouse," I explained, fondling the badge pinned to my shirt.

"You're not a Patron," he said.

"I just want to go in the Men's Grill."

"Patrons only. Sorry."

"How do you get to be a Patron?" I asked.

"You buy a badge for ten thousand dollars."

I thought I might find a snack in the Mixed Foursome Room, but, alas, there was another security guard on the door.



THE P.G.A. PLAYS THROUGH

He shoved me backward.

"My wife and I play bridge in this room," I argued.

"You're not a Saint."

"A what?"

"This room is for Saints only," said the guard.

"What does it cost to be a Saint?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

The next place I looked for food was the teenage recreation parlor, which our club calls the Peppermint Lounge.

It was reserved for the media. Yet another security guard was standing watch.

I pecked inside the room and noticed several men and women with cocktails in their hands. Others were loading up their plates at a sumptuous buffet spread.

"I gather those people are covering the tournament," I said cynically.

"Press only," the guard said. "You can't stand here."

"The tournament's outside," I said.

"They bring the leaders in here. Clarence Rose is on the way. Clear the doorway, please."

It turned out that the only place for a clubhouse-badge holder to cat was in the lobby, with 4000 other people. I stood in a line for two hours and finally got a fatroast-beef sandwich and a warm Coke.

"I'll just sign for this," I said when I reached the cashier.

"You need scrip," the cashier said.

"Members can't sign this week. You have to buy scrip."

"Buy what?"

"A book of tickets. You can buy a twenty-dollar book for a hundred dollars or a forty-dollar book for five hundred."

Only 3000 people were in the scrip line. Giving up on food, I went outdoors to watch the tournament. I wandered down to the ninth green and stood behind 10,000 people. Eventually, I squeezed into the crowd and managed to catch a glimpse of the action. Three golfers were on their hands and knees, evidently staring at insects.

"Which one's Nicklaus?" I asked a fel-

low spectator.

"Nicklaus doesn't play in this tournament," the man said.

Moments later, another group came to the green and mostly walked in circles.

"Is this Watson?" I asked.

"Watson never plays here."

"He doesn't?"

"Neither does Trevino or Crenshaw. Palmer always plays here, though."

"When's Arnie coming up?"

"He's not here this year."

"Oh."

I asked which players were here.

"That's Wayne Grady in the bunker," the spectator said. "David Ogrin's the guy in the water. Bob Lohr's waiting for a ruling about the tree trunk."

The player I really wanted to watch was Severiano Ballesteros of Spain. I'd heard he was the greatest player in the world. Some people told me they thought Ballesteros ought to be on the back nine.

I walked out to the 14th hole, the farthest point from the clubhouse. There were about a dozen fans watching three players who were identified to me as Tim Simpson, Ronnie Black and Larry Mize.

"I guess the Spaniard will be coming along soon," I said to a man who had brought his lunch and sat under a tree.

"You may have quite a wait," he said. "Ballesteros is barred from the tour."

"He's not here?" I whimpered.

"Our pros won't let him play this country anymore."

"That's outrageous," I said, exhausted, hungry, thirsty. "Why am I at a golf tournament if there's nobody here I've ever heard of?"

"Beats me," the man said. "I'm just sitting here till the thing's over. The goddamn committee closed the street in front of my house, and I don't have the right badge to get back home."

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SEAGRAM'S. AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE GIN.

By ASA BABER

he wimp bill," it was called, "the quiche bill." Last year, Elijah Cummings offered a bill in Maryland's House of Delegates that would create a commission to study the problems of contemporary men; his proposal was met with derision.

Cummings did not give up. "Our men are in trouble," said the Baltimore Democrat. "Don't kid yourselves; they are in trouble." He reported that after the initial reaction last year, some legislators approached him and admitted he had a good

This year, along with delegate Anne S. Perkins, Cummings is offering another resolution that calls for the creation of a Maryland Task Force on Manhood, Fatherhood and Family.

Personally, I hope the resolution passes. We men can use all the help we can get, and if governmental agencies want to advise us, so be it. But I hope the task force focuses on something the legislators can do something about; i.e., the status of men under the law. For 20 years, the public debate has centered on feminist issues, and we've heard a great deal about women and injustice. This would be a good time for a group of legislators to take a look at the laws that govern men and to ask what kinds of legal protection men need in this culture.

Nothing brings out the eternally smoldering war between the sexes faster than a discussion of legal matters. Our conflicting interests become more glaring when we are trying to decide who gets the kids, who goes to war, who pays the piper. Women seem much more ready than men to face these questions and lobby for their interest. Feminists are tough-mindedly staking out their positions on the law, campaigning for them, articulating them. Men are mostly silent. Why? For one thing, women are paying women to do this work. Feminist organizations are also financial organizations with budgets and programs. You'll be hard pressed to find equivalent male organizations, because men find it hard to believe they are threatened.

Again, why? It's simple: The idea that male and female interests truly clash is discomfiting to most men. It takes away the soft focus, the romantic tradition, the worship of women, and turns the world on its head. "You mean," the male hesitates to ask, "that women are actually out to get the better of me? How can that be? They look so beautiful and feel so good and I



LAWS MEN SHOULD MAKE

need them so much. No, I'll just go on with my job and pretend I don't see the legal writing on the wall.'

Sooner or later, men will wake up to the fact that they have specific needs and interests under the law, too. What follows are examples of laws I think should be passed. I submit them to the Maryland Task Force.

Veterans' Full Employment Act: Don't talk to me about deficits while your veterans go back to the ghetto. If a man serves his country, then his country can turn around and make sure he's got a job.

Joint Child Custody: What a relief it will be when men are no longer locked out of their homes and barred from seeing their children and are included in the childraising process during and after the divorce; child-support payments will be more forthcoming if the father feels he's part of the lives of his children, not just a conduit for support and alimony.

Family Violence Relief: The feminist perspective seems to be that men are brutal, women are victims, and all that's needed in cases of family violence is for the male to be punished; yet studies reported in the book Men Freeing Men show that women engage in virtually as much physical aggression as men in domestic quarrels, and until this law, which will bring the entire family into a counseling situation, is passed, the male will continue to receive total blame for a pathology that is complex and many-faceted.

Equality of the Sexes Draft: Men and women will be drafted in equal proportions, should the draft return; the excellent record of women in the military services will be enhanced, and the sexes will share the risk and reward of national defense.

Longevity Studies Act: More attention will be paid to the shorter male life span, its causes and cures; male patterns of behavior and upbringing will be more thoroughly examined, as will male medical problems.

Those are just a few of the things that a male-oriented task force could take into consideration. If my list is a bit too serious for you, here are some modest proposals for laws I would like to see on the books by tomorrow

National Male Appreciation Day: OK, it's been a long couple of decades, and we men have absorbed a lot of lecturing and criticism from the feminist front. I propose a national holiday for men-make it June 19, my birthday—and the following rules apply: (1) All women must salute us when they see us; (2) while saluting, they must say, "I am glad you exist as a male and I thank you for making my life more interesting"; (3) all men will be served breakfast in bed on that morning by the person of their choice; (4) I get first choice.

Emergency Massage Act: Men are subject to great stress in their lives and jobs, and they are also very physical creatures with a tremendous need for comfort, stroking and reassurance; under the powers of this act, if a man lies down in a public place and yells, "Oly oly ocean free," the woman nearest him must, I repeat, must give him an hour's warm-oil massage (materials to be delivered by paramedics if that woman was so shortsighted as to forget her oil and

towels that day).

Fantasy Sports Hero Law: This will be accomplished by lottery. At the beginning of every televised sporting event, one man from the crowd will be chosen to be Sports Hero of the day; he'll be taken into the locker room, dressed in the proper equipment and led onto the field, and all participants will allow him to score that touchdown, strike out that hitter, pump that basket, score that goal; yes, he knows it's a setup, and so does the madly cheering audience, but who cares?

"There ought to be a law," feminists fre-

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

leo," I said, "you're popular; you have a lot of boyfriends. Do you ever play games?"

"Games?" Cleo looked at me as if I were speaking Serbo-Croatian. "Charades? Hide the salami? Trivial Pursuit?"

"No, no, no. Like 'having a guy call you when another guy is there to make the first guy jealous' or 'dousing your pillow with after-shave' or 'pretending you have another date.' Those games. Jealousy games."

"You mean before or after I reached voting age?" Cleo asked.

"Quick!" yelled Rita from another aisle. "Yellow shoes!"

A bunch of us were working our way down Madison Avenue during the drasticsale season, the only time we could afford it. We converged on Rita, who, always very tall, was suddenly 6'4", parading around in towering yellow heels.

"I'll buy 'em," said Rita.

"I wouldn't, darling," said Lucy. "You're already an inch taller than your boyfriend; with those on, you'll look like Gulliver traveling. Wear flats."

"Fuck flats!" said Rita roundly.

"Is that what you mean by a game?" asked Cleo. "Not being taller than they are? Not wearing heels?"

"Well, yes," I said. "Well, no. Well, maybe. But more than that, I mean those cold-bloodedly, consciously calculated and complicated games. The kind where you sit around and think of things that you hope will make a man go mental."

"I remember those," said Lucy fondly. "Wasn't it great being a teenager? Talking all night on the phone, concocting elaborate schemes to show how little we cared about him. Pretending to have another date to the junior prom. Parading past his house with your brother's friend from the wrestling team. It was all so gloriously cruel. I'd like a pair of pink shoes. Shall I try these on?"

"Some grown-up women are still allegedly doing this stuff," I said darkly. "I've heard rumors that such tactics in man snaring are still being employed. I find them extremely hard to believe. Who would do stuff like that?"

"I already have seven pairs of pink shoes," pondered Lucy. "Would eight pairs be excessive?"

"The type of games you play," Rita said, "or whether you play games at all, seems to me to have to do with maturity. Some people can be 42 and have teenaged souls. For them, it's still all about the



TRICKS OF THE TRADE?

chase, about who wins, about egos."

"They forget the part about having to live with a sucker after they've reeled him in," said Cleo. "This was my major problem with my ex-husband. Let's blow this pop stand."

In the next shop, we watched Rita prance around in an orange-paisley jump suit.

"It's ghastly," I said. "You're a redhead, but that does not mean you must wear orange. Try green."

"Herb likes orange," Rita said, "and he says jump suits drive him wild."

"You're a weird woman, Rita," I said as Cleo came sashaying along in a black-silk dress that fit her like a sausage casing.

"Do I look sexy?" she asked.

"Naturally," said Lucy, "in a sluttish sort of way."

"Oh, goody," said Cleo. "Now I will finish that story about my ex-husband. It is my theory that you can have the most ornery, impossible man on earth if you want him. If you work at it slowly and surely, he will be yours. My ex-husband was the worst. Very 'Hey, baby, I'm a traveling man; don't fence me in.' But I worked at it and worked at it, and in the end, I married him. What a mistake."

Why?

"Because I didn't really want him. I just got caught up in the machinations. I mean, the sex wasn't even that good. He was cold. He was boring. He talked about

old rock 'n' roll and how everyone was fucking him over. What do you think with this dress? Black-lace stockings?"

"Might be gilding the lily," said Lucy.
"So what you're saying is, with the right
man, you don't have to play games."

"Ha-ha-ha," said Rita. "Remember Juanita? She met Richard when she was 15 and he was 25. She finally married him 15 years later, seven years after she'd had his kid. I remember when Richard was in New York and she was in Boston, they had allegedly broken up. Yet every time she got wind that Richard might be involved with another girl, she would show up in New York, wearing an engagement ring. That girl got engaged three times during their relationship, and she always got them to give her rings. Finally, she and Richard had a big Catholic wedding in Santa Fe. That girl knew what she wanted."

"So what you're saying," said Lucy, "is that it's OK to play games, as long as you're sure you've got the right guy."

"I've got to try to do something about my hips," I called from the dressing room as I tried gamely to push them into stretch pants. "Also, I think game playing is infantile. It's just a question of not being pushy. Not enveloping a fellow. Nobody likes it when you're immediately in his pocket. You give him too much power. I mean, I hate it when people get all moony-cyed over me in a second and glue themselves to me every chance they get."

"Yeah," said Cleo, "that means they could fall for the ayatollah or anybody. Charles Manson. You don't feel special."

"But we don't like premeditated games," said Lucy, "the kind that hurt people. I mean, I'm always delighted when I come home with a fellow and there are several messages from other fellows on my answering machine. But I would never set that up. That's hideous."

"And it's also prone to backfire," said Rita. "If that happened to me, I'd be so discouraged I'd go away."

"Whatever happened to truth, to honesty?" I asked.

"Oh, that's all much too Seventies," said Lucy. "People told each other everything in the first minute of meeting. Truth and honesty should be a very slow process."

"Which is why I have been known to wear Control Top panty hose," I said, emerging from the dressing room.

"Which is why I suspect I like clothes better than men," said Lucy. "So much more fascinating."

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This World Calls for



AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

t was two full days before I heard the first space-shuttle joke, and it was a strange relief. Two days seemed an unnaturally long pause between disaster and the rough humor that always bubbles up in its wake from nobody knows where. This particular joke, which I can't tell here because it has a brand name in it, came to me over the phone from a woman friend. I laughed harder and more spontaneously than I wanted to. Then I had a moment of emotional whiplash while the small parts of me that are still reverent came up, saving, "What the hell's wrong with you, anyway? Seven people are dead. We threw them up there like fireworks.'

I saw the video tape for the first time maybe 20 or 30 minutes after it happened. I was alone, standing up, spellbound, knowing it was coming but not believing it vet, then being hit by the unbearable beauty of the explosions and left finally with those ghostly quiet pillars of smoke, still not believing it. I watched it again and again over the next five hours. After a while, I turned off the sound and put on some blues, because all words were jabber once you'd seen it for yourself. The music helped; but by then, other, closer sadnesses had been triggered by the whole thing, and there was nothing to do but ride the depression wherever it was going.

Then the President spoke and, though I don't trust this man, he moved me deeply. Or perhaps I should say, what speechwriter Peggy Noonan wrote moved me; but Reagan delivered it beautifully and, when I turned off the television, I was grateful to him for having closed the first dreadful paragraph of the story.

His speech turned out to be just the first move in the shameless packaging that the Administration and the networks were busy designing. That night, ABC's Nightline trotted out a handful of terrible shills, including Chuck Yeager and Ray Bradbury, who began pounding the red-white-and-blue drum in a way that is usually saved for those times when we're going off to war. My friends had already begun to talk conspiracy and cover-up, and while I listened, I could feel my natural cynicism coming awake, laying a more comfortable distance between me and what I'd seen.

For the next couple of days, I waited for the next step—the joke. I knew it was on its way. The only surprise was how long it took. I passed it on to my circle, which passed it to other circles; then it doubled



GRAVE LAUGHTER

back, and I heard myself being given credit for having made it up. It turned out that it had been handed all the way along the line with my name attached. When people started asking me about it, I said no, I wasn't the author; I'd just laughed at it and passed it along, the way they had. A couple of them looked at me as if I were lying.

When I asked my friend where she'd heard the joke, she said her source was a guy who had made her swear not to mention his name if she repeated it. He told her he had gotten it from somebody in his karate *dojo*, and that's where the trail dove into anonymity.

If I'd been a cop, that would have been the point at which I ordered a roundup of the usual suspects, because most of the sick and grisly jokes I hear seem to skulk up out of the same general territory: young men in groups who work the risky edge of things in one way or another. A martialarts class fits that description, as do the pits at the Chicago commodities exchanges, which manufacture grim punch lines with such speed that some of them have reached me before news of the tragedy they spring from. And out in the boom oil fields of Wyoming, where the rig casualty rate was rumored to be something like three out of five, death and mayhem never passed without some ugly

gallows comedy from someone.

The most gruesome clowning I ever heard or saw, though, was in the climbers' camp in Yosemite last summer. I was talking with several of the best rock-climbers in the valley when they spotted the resident ghoul rummaging through the back of his van. He was a scruffy-looking character, and one of the climbers called him by his animal nickname. "You got those pictures?" he yelled over. He had them, all right, and a minute later he was among us, holding a perfectly clean sweat sock knotted at the top and full of 35mm slides. He was smiling, and as he started the story that went with the photos, I knew I was in for it. This was one of the valley body pickers-a guy who spends his summers on call for the mopping up of fallen climbers and hikers.

"These are way Genghis," said the climber who had taken the sock. Then he looked at the first picture, recoiled and passed it to me. It was so horrible that for the first few seconds, my mind didn't even register what I was looking at. Then I began to recognize shattered human forms, and I winced. Murder/suicide, said the ghoul-a man who stabbed a woman, threw her over the 2000-foot edge of Glacier Point, then jumped after her. He told the story of the cleanup with manic energy, and he filled it with awful details including a slapstick description of him and his partner being tangled in remains that were kicked into the air by helicopter blades. He referred to the dead as "bloats," then laughed, and when I asked him, "What do you think of out there, doing this work?" he said, "Fifteen-fifty an hour, and get the shovels." Then he laughed some more.

It was all a bit much for me, and I left the valley trying to make sense of it, trying to see the man with the animal nickname as one of the gravediggers from *Hamlet*, as a necessary player in any death scene. I couldn't quite do it.

But I thought of him again when I laughed at the first shuttle joke, and it helped me let go of some of the revulsion and anger I'd felt that day in Yosemite. Like it or not, there is something about death that cannot be touched by prayers and flowers alone; something in us that needs to strike a laugh over the epitaph. It's the kind of blasphemy that betrays how much we believe in life.



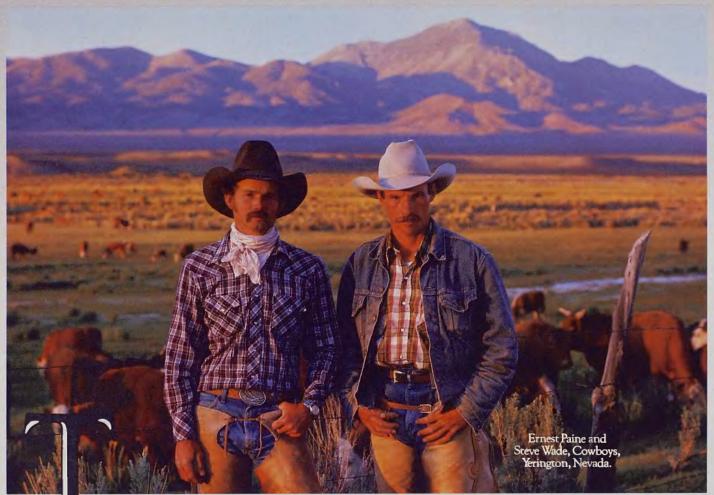
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Over the past year or so, I've noticed in your magazine several references to a style of fellatio that for want of a better name could be called the goodbye kiss. In Susan Squire's article on oral sex (Who's in Charge Here?, PLAYBOY, July 1985) and in Bruce Jay Friedman's humor piece The Biological Need for Boys' Night Out (PLAYBOY, December 1985), it is suggested that some women perform oral sex just as their boyfriends are leaving the house. The notion is that this will drain them of desire and give them something to think about. Does this really work? If I go down on my boyfriend when he goes to work, will it keep him from fooling around?—Miss D. S., New York, New York.

Yes. You have our word on it. You might also try performing oral sex when he leaves the room or the dining-room table. Do you believe us? Oh, well, it was worth a try. As near as we can tell, an entire generation of women grew up with that bit of advice. The message is not being passed along. It gives us pause: Is it possible that the best oral sex of the century is already a thing of the past? We've gotten a lot of letters in the past year that suggest oral sex is déclassé or, worse, run of the mill. What do you think about it? We'd like to hear from our readers. Drop us a note: What oral sex means to me. We'll publish the best letters.

've noticed that the instructions on boxes of video tape make a big deal about keeping your hands off the tape. Just what effect does dirt (fingerprints, cat hairs, etc.) have on my VCR?—J. R., Chicago, Illinois.

Dirt can cause dropout—those annoying little blips when the head loses contact with the tape and the image on the screen is split by a quick white zap. It takes a distance of only .032 mils (thousandths of an inch) between the head and the tape to cause the video dropout. A mere fingerprint causes .62 mils' separation; a human hair, three mils; the residue from an after-dinner drink carelessly spilled, 1.3 mils. We're not about to put our VCR in a vacuum chamber, installing tapes with robot hands and forcing everybody to breathe through cotton masks-but it's a thought. Cleanliness counts. The next time your cat starts rubbing up against your collection of "Debbie Does Dallas" outtakes, give it flying lessons.

How does a guy let a girl know he is interested in a one-night stand without committing a *faux pas* if she is not interested? It seems inordinately unfair that a female can send out one-night-stand signals such as a sexual touch or even come right out and say what is on her mind, but if a male does the same thing, he is setting himself up for trouble. I find it frustrating to have to wait for the female to send the



signal. I'm sure there are a lot of missed opportunities because women are too shy to make the first move.—D. P., Toronto, Ontario.

Sorry, but we don't agree with your theory that women have it easier than men when it comes to initiating sex. If you've known a woman for a while and have a friendship going with her, one of the highest compliments you can pay her is that of telling her you find her physically and sexually attractive. Even if she's not interested in going to bed with you, chances are she will be more flattered than offended. With strangers, however, making a proposition is a chance you take. If you're worried about a dirty look or an angry rejection, maybe you shouldn't be playing the scene in the first place. People who gamble on total sexual acceptance or total rejection shortly after they meet should be aware of the risks that go with the territory.

■ really dug the list of the best of everything in the March Playboy, and I applaud the choice of California's Route One as America's best driving route. But I live on the other Coast, and my Porsche needs a workout. Got any more ideas?—B. G., New York, New York.

Normally, we don't like to throw readers any curves, but for you we'll make an exception. Start with two fairly well-known highways: Route 100 in Vermont and the Blue Ridge Parkway in North Carolina and Virginia. Route 100 runs north-south practically the length of the state, and it's snuggled up against the gorgeous Green Mountains, tighter than a tube skirt. This road can get fearsomely crowded during fall-foliage season; but in early summer, it's pure bliss. The Blue Ridge runs for 470 miles along a spine of mountains, and the 85 miles or so from

Asheville to Cherokee is a roller-coaster ride through some serious wilderness. You'll feel like Daniel Boone driving along here, but with lots more horsepower. A bit closer to home, you might try picking up Route 23 at Beaver Lake, New Jersey, heading northwest, then, at Port Jervis, New York, picking up Route 97, which runs along the Delaware River. You'll hit Route Ten at Deposit, New York, and it will keep you entertained all the way to the Adirondacks.

Recently, my wife and I attended a weekend conference at a Chicago-area resort. To pass some of the free time between meetings and dinners, we had some meetings of our own in our room. One time, in particular, we pleased ourselves by performing oral sex on each other. However, when we returned to our room after dinner, we were surprised to find two chocolate mints resting atop the pillows on our unmade bed. Neither my wife nor I had put the mints there. We checked throughout the suite to see if any maids had stopped by with fresh towels or to straighten things up, but there was no indication of this. My question is, Could we have been watched during our private lovemaking?

After looking around the room, I noticed two knotholes in the wooden beams above the double beds. There was also a large mirror on the ceiling. Do resorts install cameras in their rooms to protect against theft, and can employees watch the monitored rooms? Am I being paranoid, or have you heard of similar spying incidents in hotels and motels? As much as I enjoy sex, I fear that this mysterious incident will keep me from pleasing myself and my wife sexually when we go on future vacations and business trips.—
L. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Yes—you're being paranoid. Unless you're paying for the kinky stuff, you generally don't get it or even have to worry about it. At better hotels, it is customary for the maid to turn down the bed and leave mints or chocolates. Haven't you ever awakened to find a gooey chocolate mess in your ear and wondered how it got there? And as for the mirror on the ceiling, it allows you to shave in bed.

As a sports-car enthusiast and an audiophile, I've always been inclined to buy a new car sans stereo and then to arrange for the installation of the top-flight auto sound components I select. In my recent shopping for a new sports coupe, however, I've noticed that some of the sound systems fitted as standard equipment sound mighty good—at least in the showroom. Should I consider the one that comes with the car as an alternative to rolling my own?—G. S., Sherman, Connecticut.

As little as three years ago, the answer

would have been a firm no. In those antediluvian days, a factory-installed stereo system generally sounded about as good as a boom box stashed under the seat. Something has happened to the car business in the past couple of years, however: The auto makers of Detroit, Hamamatsu and Stuttgart all realized more or less simultaneously that selling well-thought-out sound systems was a way to sell more cars.

Of course, a factory-engineered sound system (not to be confused with a "stereo jobber" system installed at a dealer by an independent outfit; these can be as well or as badly matched to your car as any other after-market rig) has a lot of other virtues as well. It was designed both mechanically and acoustically to work with the car in question; its installation is assured of being compatible with the car's interior appearance and electrical wiring, too. The sound system is warranted by the folks who perform your other service and maintenance. And a growing number of contemporary automobiles incorporate control formats and an installation approach that would be hard for an after-market system to duplicate. For all these reasons, our current answer to this question paraphrases a Sixties motto: "If it sounds good, do it."

We would like your comments on the Frisbee test—if there is such a thing. Let me explain. While we were skinning it around the house, looking for something creative to do, I picked up a Frisbee and tossed it to my partner across the room. She retaliated, but the space was too confining for a continuation, so I playfully hooked the edge of the Frisbee on her generous nipple. It balanced for a split second and then slipped off. The idea intrigued us, so it was worth trying again. This time, however, after some manual stimulation, it worked like a charm! If there was a record to be set, she set it! The Frisbee hung in place until we went horizontal. Is this a first? Do you suppose the Frisbee test could symbolize the end of foreplay and the start of something big?-R. G., Santa Monica, California.

Or you could play quoits with a Hula-Hoop. This sounds like an interesting test, but we prefer the old standard: When she tears your clothes off, jumps your bones and fucks your brains out, it's safe to assume that the foreplay is over.

Recently, I ran into a friend who is going through a divorce and is apparently having a hard time adjusting. He mentioned that he wasn't getting nearly as much sex as he needed and that a lot of the time, he was "hanging heavy." This led to a discussion of the meaning of that term. According to him, the testicles are producing sperm all the time, but he thinks the sperm stays in the testicles, causing that

heavy-hung feeling. I agree that the balls are always manufacturing sperm, but I think it is stored elsewhere, though I don't know where or how. However, his explanation sounds logical, since during the times I've had to go without sex, my balls have felt as if they were weighted down with come. Who's right? Also, what is meant by the expression sexual tension? Does this differ from any other kind of tension? Is it an actual physical condition, or is it all psychological?—B. M., Houston, Texas.

Your friend is closer to being correct than you are. Going a long time without ejaculation can cause that hanging-heavy feeling the two of you are familiar with. There's nowhere else for the body to store sperm, so the testicles do the work. A variation of the feeling occurs during prolonged periods of arousal without orgasm, which causes an uncomfortable, congested feeling sometimes referred to as blue balls. An orgasm or two usually relieves the discomfort.

Sexual tension, it seems to us, is that noticeable physiological condition that often precedes intercourse or masturbation. In men, this tension can be marked by rapid heartbeat, increased rate of breathing—and, obviously, erection. While sexual tension can be psychological to some extent—since the mind is a powerful sex organ—we believe the usual reference is to the physiological manifestations both men and women experience

TASTE MEETS TECHNOLOGY

when feeling it. Orgasm usually relieves sexual tension. Isn't life wonderful?

like to cook with wine, but, because of some medication I'm taking, my doctor wants me to abstain from alcohol. How much alcohol is left in wine after it has cooked?-C. T., Hyattsville, Maryland.

It depends on how the wine is cooked. In recipes such as coq au vin or boeuf Bourguignon, the wine should be reduced through rapid boiling to three fourths of its volume before it is added to the other ingredients to make the sauce. It is thereby volatilized-the alcohol is virtually boiled away. It's a good thing, too, since raw wine, no matter how good in the glass, tends to add an acrid, unpleasant flavor to recipes. To make absolutely sure you're following your doctor's orders, press him on the point. But in general, if wine or liquor is reduced through boiling or flaming, your exposure to alcohol is minuscule.

have been trying to get a date with a very attractive lady I work with. I am what you would call a handsome guy, but she always politely refuses to go out with me. A lot of the people in the office feel that, despite corporate policy, we should get together, since we are so much alike. She explains that she once dated another guy in the office, and although at one time they were very close, things took a turn for the worse, leaving her with a closed mind about any office relationship. Still, there are times when she gives me that look that, in my opinion, indicates that we could be more than just friends. I really would like to see more of this lady. How can I get this relationship to grow so it will benefit both of us?-B. P., Kansas City, Missouri.

In a work environment, the best way to pursue a possible relationship is to ask for a lunch date. Try this once or twice. If you get turned down repeatedly, give up. You have nothing to gain by pressuring this woman. It doesn't matter that a lot of people think you should get together. What matters is how she feels. If it's a violation of corporate policy to date a co-worker, which is what your letter suggests, then her hesitancy is understandable. And since she's coming off a bad relationship, maybe she needs a little time and a little room. Give her both and settle for being a friend-for now. Perhaps the situation will change eventually. If all else fails, change jobs or join the ranks of the unemployed. Then, try again.

Why wife and I enjoy both oral sex and, occasionally, anal sex. I have read that AIDS is spread through those practices. My wife has been nonorgasmic. The times we let it all hang out and enjoy ourselves freely seem to bring her closest. We would like to continue in the direction of her orgasms. Are we at risk?-T. S., Sacramento, California.

The likelihood of the spread of the AIDS virus through oral or anal sex is extremely remote in heterosexual couples who have not been exposed to, and are not known to be carrying, the virus. Unless you are bisexual or an intravenous drug user or your wife has had sex with an infected male, the odds of your carrying the disease or spreading it to each other are very slight. However, we recommend that you use a condom during anal sex and wash the genitals completely before switching from anal to vaginal penetration. One way the AIDS virus enters the body during anal intercourse is through damaged or bleeding rectal tissue, so it's always a good idea to be gentle during anal intercourse. We certainly encourage you and your wife to pursue what is most pleasurable for you, using a little common sense, of course.

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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DX1615CD

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DEAR PLAYMATES

he question for the month:

How would you handle a sexual encounter with a virgin?

ow would I handle it? I'd drive him absolutely crazy. I'd do everything. I mean everything within reason. Lots and lots of foreplay. Foreplay is essential in any relationship and important for a guy who

is just starting out to learn. Foreplay would make him ready to make love. But I'd still make him wait just a little bit longer and have fun with the excitement. I'd want him to be full of incredible desire



until he couldn't stand another second's wait. Then would come the wild sex. Afterward, I'd tantalize him slowly and we'd do it all over again. Would I see him a second time? Probably. It would be fun to teach him lots of new things.

Liz Stewart

e wouldn't admit that he was a virgin, though I knew that he was, from his friends and from the awkward way we eventually got to bed. He needed a little bit of coaching. He was very, very nervous. He was shaking. He made me nerv-

ous, too. I needed to talk softly and supportively. Everything turned out fine, because I tried to make him feel confident that everything was going to turn out fine and that I wouldn't have any regrets



afterward. No unkind words were said and no unkind thoughts were thought. I tried to make him feel that it didn't matter whether or not we ever had sex again. What mattered were the nice, loving feelings we were sharing at the time.

Less and Sednia LESA ANN PEDRIANA **APRIL 1984** enderly, with lots of understanding and patience. It happened to me at college. I met a guy in a class; we'd had a final exam, and we decided to go out and celebrate. We had a few drinks, went dancing and had a great time. Then we went back to my place and stayed up most of

the night, talking and joking around. As the night wore on, began to think it was odd that he wasn't taking control of the situation. Just about then. he said, "You know. I've never done this be-



fore." I didn't laugh, but I did ask him why. He said he'd had a girlfriend who hadn't allowed it. So I said, "Well, it's up to you." He got right into it, and I felt like the best kind of teacher. He was so enthusiastic. We became friends, but we never did it again.

SHERRY ARNETT JANUARY 1986

That has never happened to me, so I'll have to use my imagination. Obviously, he'd be younger but of age. I'd handle him very gently and try to make him feel comfortable in a nonsexual way before initiat-

anything ing more. I'd feel I had a responsibility to someone who hadn't had all the life experiences I'd had. I'd be his first complete sexual experience, and that image, good or bad, stays with a person for his



or her whole sexual life. That is why I'd want to handle the situation with dignity and kindness. I wouldn't be happy if I thought I had seduced him, fucked his brains out, put on a garter belt and high heels, gone crazy and then never called him again. I would have turned him loose with the idea that all women put on outfits and act like that. It would be my responsibility to create good images.

Tracy Vaccars TRACY VACCARO OCTOBER 1983

It happened to me. I was about 20; he was younger. He was a bag boy at a grocery store. He was really cute, with a classic face. He was bagging my food and I had a whim, so I wrote my phone number on the receipt and handed it to him. He

had a name tag on. He just looked at me and his face went red. That's when I realized that he must be pretty voung. He didn't call, so I went back and talked to him. He called a couple of days later. We chat-



ted. I asked him if he'd ever been with anyone. He confessed that he hadn't, which kind of scared me. His innocence and sincerity were a big responsibility. I made the first move, but he had great instincts. I called him a lot afterward to make sure he was OK, but we never did it again. Once was right; twice would have meant something else.

CHER BUTLER

e've always been the one with less experience. I'm not attracted to the idea, either. Not that I'm looking for

Macho, who has had every woman in the world. I wouldn't want to be a man's first experience nor would I be the type to say, "Let me show you how." How would I feel about finding out after the



event? That might be different. Then I'd feel honored that he wanted to have such an important, memorable moment with me.

Karny Shower KATHY SHOWER

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



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

DANGEROUS AND DUMB

Re the February Playboy Forum's "Quote of the Month" from Attorney General Edwin Meese, in which he maintains that suspects do not need Miranda warnings because they are usually guilty. You commented that "the only thing worse than dangerous and dumb would be dangerous and smart. At least we don't have that."

While the response is correct philosophically, it is incorrect substantively. One thing far worse than a dangerous and dumb Attorney General who serves only during a President's tenure is a dangerous and dumb Supreme Court Justice who serves for the duration of his or her life. Given Meese's bizarre concept of due process of law and his belief that the Bill of Rights does not apply to the states, let us hope that the one thing worse does not occur.

Kenneth P. Barth Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

HAZARDOUS DUTY

I am a female correction officer working at a house of detention for men in a major Eastern city. I have learned, through bitter experience, that this work is extremely dangerous! Locking up men in their prime for ten or 20 years (life, as the case may be) and then assigning women to guard them is a sure-fire recipe for trouble.

The administration here generally looks the other way or actually encourages our harassment by telling off-color jokes and muttering unprintables to us behind our backs, both to the inmates and among themselves in the locker rooms. We've complained to the tour commanders in our respective facilities, but one of them said he "couldn't be bothered with that nonsense." One woman guard I know of in another prison was pulled into a cell and raped. On the other hand, some of the women here sell sexual favors to the inmates. It's a bad situation made worse, I think I will quit if something such as removing us from the front lines isn't done, and I mean soon. The pay is lousy; you go home feeling worse than when you came in. Now I think I'll go back to being a waitress. Women's lib, thanks a lot!

> (Name and address withheld by request)

SURVEYS AND MORE SURVEYS

According to a *Money*-magazine survey, a third of the people think about money more often than sex, but 39 percent of the people think sex is more fun. That sounds about right to me. After all, getting a date

is easier and therefore requires less planning, anxiety and forethought than getting a raise. Any reasonably attractive person can walk into a singles bar and have a good chance of scoring; prying a bigger pay check out of your cheap-skate boss is much more difficult.

But an interesting contradiction arises from the data. If people think sex is more fun but they worry about money more,

"If they thought about sex while they were earning money, their productivity might go up."

this may mean they are thinking about money while they are having sex. It ought to be the other way around. If they thought about sex while they were earning money, their productivity might go up and make everyone happy.

Bernie ("No Relation") Goetz New York, New York

I am amazed by a *Psychology Today* survey of women who read Gothic romance novels. It says that romance-novel readers report making love 3.04 times a week, compared with 1.75 times a week for other women. I always thought that the women who read the bodice-ripper books full of heaving bosoms and manly glances were actually sex-starved, homely types who spent their evenings alone with trashy nov-



els for lack of dates or were compensating for some slob of a husband with no romantic interests. It seems that the *Psychology Today* team of researchers has found different results. But maybe the women who make love more frequently started out as introverted, shy ladies who were shown entirely new frontiers by such books. Or could it be that the women reading the romance novels had higher sex drives to begin with?

Bradley Frangoulis Michigan City, Indiana

God knows.

P.M.S. ON THE JOB

Hurrah for Cynthia Heimel, who addresses P.M.S. (Women, PLAYBOY, February) and insists that it is the obligation of those of us with balls to soothe the ladies by means of many orgasms during those difficult periods. (It's an ugly job, but someone has to do it.) Perhaps P.M.S. is the force behind edicts that have no purpose but to make the male subordinates of one woman executive in a large engineering laboratory miserable. The sufferers in the lab where I work have plotted the boss's irrational times as well as her intervals of sound management and have come up with a pattern of two weeks of one and then two weeks of the other. (What do you expect from a place where the miserable men happen to be good analysts?)

During those unpleasant weeks, I would be most happy to screw that woman and calm us both, but there's a small problem: In this enlightened corporation, anything can be interpreted as sexual harassment. (It is always harassment of a female by a male, never the other way around. Perhaps males have yet to understand where they are hit. Aren't edicts issued under the influence of P.M.S. sexual harassment?)

Is our liberated society ready for such fairness? I think not. Suggesting a soothing fuck to alleviate the problem would blow any chances I might have of promotion. Plotting the boss's monthly irrationality could well get me fired.

Now that there are women bosses in engineering laboratories, how does a poor male cope with his chief's P.M.S.?

(Name withheld) Holmdel, New Jersey

I don't ever want to read Cynthia Heimel or one of her girlfriends bitching about how moody men are and how they have to be coddled and catered to by women, as I've read on more than one occasion in her column.

I mean, here she is, writing that we men are supposed to coo and woo our women—with breakfast in bed, flowers and a dietitian—after being chased through the house with a butcher knife. Not only are we supposed to do this but we're supposed to do it 25 to 50 percent of the time, through the years, as long as they menstruate. Personally, I'm up to only about three days a month of being verbally and physically lashed before I tire of it.

Does Heimel think that men have it any casier, with our higher levels of testosterone? We're as prone to its effects, cyclical or not, as some women are to progesterone. I suppose Heimel thinks it's easy being aggressive, driven and competitive 100 percent of the time; you see, men don't get a break like menopause. Do you think for one minute that men would get away with, "But, Your Honor, I haven't been laid in a month; my testosterone levels are soaring. I wasn't myself when I tried to kill her"? No way!

Are we men supposed to overcome our hormone imbalances and at the same time cater to women who give in to theirs?

Michael T. Keeney Springfield, Illinois

NUCLEAR SUPPOSITORIES

Ours is a dangerously strange world. Leaders meet to argue over bargaining chips such as Star Wars, while we shudder under the threat of nuclear vaporization. But we can change all that—with the implementation of Save the Homeland by Implanted Thermonuclear Surveillance, more commonly known as the Nuclear Suppository.

The Nuclear Suppository is a micronuclear warhead that would be implanted in the recta of our leaders. This device would be activated if Mr. Big decided to push the button, allowing him to experience the same warm glow that John and Igor would at ground zero. No more hiding out in Air Force One or deep in the bowels of the Urals.

Of course, this doesn't eliminate the threat of nuclear war; many leaders won't give a shit about the Nuclear Suppository. But surveillance will be relatively inexpensive—no satellites necessary for detection; a simple proctoscope will do. And don't you think we'll see some honest negotiation if the leaders' asses are *literally* on the line?

(Name withheld by request) Encino, California

KILLER WEED

The Federal Government has spent millions of dollars to create its own antimarijuana law-reform movement and is trying to tell the public this is a voluntary movement that has developed on its own.

Documents that we've obtained under the Freedom of Information Act show that more than \$6,500,000 was spent in 1984 alone by the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) to help manufacture such a network. NIDA has given assistance to develop local grass-roots organizations, to engage community leaders and to raise additional money from communities to oppose marijuana-law reform. In addition, NIDA has published organization manuals and has even paid travel expenses for activists. These include sending activists to board meetings of the National Federation of Parents for a Drug Free Youth and other meetings in more than 30 states.

PAUL KRASSNER RIDES AGAIN

Right-wingers considered it subversive, left-wingers considered it an embarrassment and we've decided it's a national institution—so welcome back to *The Realist* and its madman editor, Paul Krassner, after a publishing hiatus of a dozen years. *The Realist* probably qualifies as the first underground journal of



this era and from 1958 to 1974 managed to outrage not only the establishment but sometimes its own readers with political scurrility that was well ahead of its time. It may not seem like a big deal now, but in 1963, Krassner caused a national commotion with a red-white-andblue, star-spangled poster that exclaimed, FUCK COMMUNISM! The infamous Disneyland Memorial Orgy-a double-page spread of all the famous Walt Disney characters copulating—made quite a hit in 1967. The Realist's social and political iconoclasm set the tone for protest journalism of the Vietnam period. At the height of the antiwar movement, Krassner ran off to join the circus-his own-doing acid comedy in the tradition of Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce, whose styles inspired Krassner into print in the first place. Now The Realist is back, as a newsletter en route to a magazine format, and already doing battle with the establishment and the forces of respectability. Box 1230, Venice, California 90294, 12 issues for \$23. Tell 'em PLAYBOY sent you.

When activists met Nancy Reagan at the White House, NIDA covered \$12,000 in expenses. A total of \$12,900,000 has been allocated to the program.

At the same time that NIDA has been funding its political movement, drugabuse-treatment professionals have had their funding cut back by the Administration. Treatment officials have described the situation as a crisis that has worsened. One of the problems: State bloc grants from NIDA require 20 percent to go to prevention programs—a euphemism for

parents' groups.

The Administration's claim that "voluntary grass-roots" groups have developed on their own is a lie. These organizations have been created by the Government to exaggerate public concern about marijuana. They want to wage a reefer-madness war on U.S. citizens who use it. In fact, these groups are simply a smoke screen to cover up the failure of Reagan's drug policy.

Kevin B. Zeese National Director, NORML Washington, D.C.

BELTING THEM

When I read it, I couldn't believe it: *The New York Times* wants every American school bus to be equipped with seat belts.

I used to think our celebrated paper was the most intelligent in the country, but this editorial demand is a monument to high-minded stupidity. It concedes that of the 21,000,000 children who ride school buses every day, only about 11 per year die in accidents, but insists that \$2000 in added seat-belt costs "probably would have saved" the life of an 11-year-old boy named Paul, from Mahopac, "tossed in the air" and so on, just to give the reader a sad and frightening image. The implication is that Paul's life wasn't worth a measly two grand to our callous lawmakers.

The issue here isn't seat belts, in which I devoutly believe; it's mindless reformism used as a means of demonstrating superior moral character. This particular editorializing idiot needs just once to ride on a school bus and then explain how he intends to force a bunch of naturally rowdy youngsters to stay in one seat, sit still, make the often-difficult belt adjustments, not tie knots in the next kid's belt, not whack one another with the buckles, not tease the kid in front by yanking on his belt—unless we also pay the salary of the extra adult needed to run up and down the aisle zapping them with a cattle prod.

Reformers are naturally mean people. I would call them cops without balls, except that there are some intelligent cops.

James Friedkin New York, New York

Either the man clearly remembers his childhood or he used to drive a school bus.

I don't remember which paper carried it, but check this news item I clipped several years ago, which brings a new dimension to the air-bag/seat-belt debate. It

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DOCTORS' ORDERS

washington, D.C.—Two Congressional panels of the House Select Committee on Aging claim that more than 500,000 Americans possess false credentials or diplomas in fields ranging from architec-



ture to zoology. Of particular concern to the investigators was the evidence that a substantial number of bogus doctors were practicing medicine on the basis of diplomas from mail-order outfits and phony credentials from other sources.

FLAMING YOUTH

NEW YORK CITY—A survey conducted for the Planned Parenthood Federation of America finds that 84 percent of American adults of all social and political descriptions consider teenage pregnancy a serious problem, but 64 percent believe that parents have little or no control over their teenagers' sexual activity. About 35 percent said that communication and education are the best means of preventing teen pregnancy and only 17 percent thought that parents should tell their kids about contraceptive methods.

BUM RAP

NEW YORK CITY—A study sponsored by the Ford Foundation finds that teenagers who father children out of wedlock are a good deal more conscientious and responsible than is generally believed. Of 400 teen fathers in 15 cities, 82 percent reported daily contact with their child even though they lived apart; 74 percent said they contributed financially to the child's support; and nearly 90 percent said they had ongoing relationships with the mother, whom they had known for an average of two years.

THIRD-PARTY LIABILITY

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA—Two Federal district judges have issued contradictory rulings on whether or not Virginia tavern owners can be held liable for damages caused by patrons who become intoxicated at their establishments. In dismissing a \$3,000,000 suit against a steakhouse. Judge Claude M. Hilton held that thirdparty liability can be created only by the state legislature and that the state's Alcoholic Beverages Control Act confines itself to regulating the sale and distribution of alcohol. In March of last year, Judge Richard L. Williams held the oppositethat third-party liability could be inferred under a provision of the law prohibiting the sale of alcohol to anyone who is already intoxicated. That decision is still under appeal. Many states have what are known as dramshop laws, which hold liguor sellers liable in such cases as car accidents caused by patrons who leave an establishment drunk.

PRICELESS POSSESSION

SAINT-ÉTIENNE, FRANCE—A court hearing a divorce case has rejected the wife's request for financial compensation for the loss of her virginity. The divorce was granted, but the decision held that loss of virginity is one of the things that go with marriage and does not require reparations.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The historic principle of double jeopardy has been rolled back by the U.S. Supreme Court to allow separate states to prosecute the same defendant for the same offense. In the past, "dual sovereignty" has permitted a state and a Federal prosecution for the same offense, but this doctrine was never extended to successive prosecutions by two states, and defense lawyers warn that this will encourage prosecutors dissatisfied with the outcome in one state to shop for a tougher sentence in another. In the majority opinion, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor took the original basis for the double-jeopardy doctrine and turned it around: "To deny a state its power to enforce its criminal laws because another state has won the race to the courthouse would be a shocking and untoward deprivation of the historic right and obligation of the states to maintain peace and order within their confines."

In another decision, however, the Court reaffirmed the Sixth Amendment's guarantee of effective assistance of counsel, refusing to make exceptions even when the accused initiates a meeting with police or the police are acting in good faith.

OOPS. . . .

washington, d.c.—A study by scholars at Tufts University and the University of Florida has documented 343 cases in which innocent people were convicted of capital crimes between 1900 and 1985, including 25 who received death sentences and were executed. Results of the study were presented to a meeting of the American Society of Criminology in San Diego and were released nationally by the American Civil Liberties Union.

NEW WEAPON

FLINT, MICHIGAN—A 28-year-old man diagnosed as a possible AIDS carrier has been charged with attempted murder for spitting on the cops who had taken him in for driving on a suspended license. A physician consulted by the police department said that spitting probably would not transmit the disease, but the charge was filed anyway, because the arrestee reportedly told the police officers that his intent was to infect them.

CAN'T HAVE CAKE AND EAT IT, TOO

PORTLAND, OREGON—Although the ruling came a little late, a Federal district judge has held that the communelcity of Rajneeshpuram was an unconstitutional merging of church and state by an organization that claimed both the prerogatives of religion and the powers of secular government. After the ruling, the Oregon attorney general said, "The notion that



any religious group can officially dominate governmental power is fundamentally at odds with the very concept of American government." The city's swamil mayor said the remaining Rajneeshees would appeal. reports that a retired Ford Motor Company safety engineer named Emile Grenier had applied for a patent for using the standard automobile air-bag system as a means of humanely executing criminals. He claimed that the inflating bag delivers a force of 12,000 pounds—which, if applied correctly, could snap a man's neck more effectively than a hangman's noose.

Richard Leakey Long Beach, California

DESTINY MANIFESTO

Hear! Hear! for Fredric Hayward's "Parental Destiny" (*The Playboy Forum*, January).

Men and women have equal responsibility in averting unwanted pregnancies. If the male ignores this responsibility, the female must take control and exercise hers. However, when she elects to have a child against the father's wishes, she assumes the entire responsibility for the child. In essence, she has released the father from liability. Unfortunately, this is not the prevailing sentiment in today's courts.

Although I could not condone the aborting of a fetus I had fathered and could not ignore my responsibility to my child, I must respect another man's right to make his own decisions.

Kirkland W. Davis Charlottesville, Virginia

I cannot let stand Fredric Hayward's proposition that if abortions are legal, then paternity suits are not.

First, a few basics:

- 1. Notwithstanding the great strides in medical science, it still takes a man and a woman to create a child.
- 2. It's the responsibility of both participants to ensure that birth control is used.
- 3. Abortion should not be considered a primary method of birth control but should be available as an alternative.
- 4. Sterilization of a man or a woman is an individual choice. There are other methods of birth control available.
- 5. Child support, whether ordered through a divorce, dissolution or paternity action, is for the care of the child.

Hayward, as director of Men's Rights, Inc., is not the least bit interested in equal rights but, rather, in maintaining or reestablishing certain rights he apparently feels men have lost, e.g., the ability to have sex with any willing woman with no regard for the consequences. Just as he is outraged that it's been suggested that if a man doesn't wish to be a father, he should be sterilized, I am outraged that he suggests that every time a pregnancy occurs, a woman must have an abortion or be forced to raise the child with no assistance from the father.

Under the Uniform Parentage Act, once paternity is determined, a support order is made. Unless the father wishes and/or asks the court to order visitation, he need take no further responsibility. It is up to him to determine the level of involvement he wants in the child's life. The mother

may still have to bear full responsibility for raising the child.

Pregnancies are not normally "perpetrated" on women. They simply happen. I'm sure Hayward would not recommend sexual abstinence to women as a method of pregnancy prevention any more than I would recommend sterilization. However, he does seem to advise that women have the total responsibility for birth control and then for the child if they don't have an abortion. Freedom of choice means exactly that-a should have the freedom to choose whether or not she wants an abortion. That decision should not be forced on her, any more than she should be forced into a pregnancy neither she nor the father

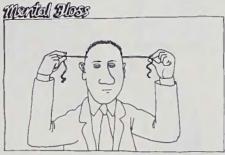
wants.

Hayward would be better off focusing his group's attention on teaching men to take responsibility for birth control or on helping men collect the child support that is due them, rather than rationalizing away women's rights.

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

MORE MENTAL FLOSS

Can we go back one more chapter in the history of mental floss (*The Playboy Forum*, June and November 1985)? B. Kliban included a cartoon in his collection *Never*



© 1976 BY B. KLIBAN, PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF ARTIST

Eat Anything Bigger Than Your Head & Other Drawings titled "Mental Floss" and portraying a gentleman flossing temple to temple. The copyright date is 1976. The book also contains such classic captions as DIRTY FAT PERSON SITS ON PRESIDENT'S FACE and FREUD'S FIRST SLIP.

I'd write more, but I'm late for my appointment at the mentist's.

> V. L. Dorrough Richmond, Virginia

Interesting. The ear-to-ear flossing discussed by Susan Riesman in the June 1985 PLAYBOY and depicted in a 1983 fabric sculpture by Nancy Robb Dunst is found to be predated by Kliban's more primitive temple-to-temple flossing in 1976. We feel like humor anthropologists.

LIFE AFTER LIFE

Surely, there are others besides me who would like to congratulate Dr. C. Ralph Campo for bringing attention to this most fascinating subject, reincarnation (*The Playboy Forum*, October), and for painting a true picture of the birth process. Too bad the detractors don't have the intuition to see it as truth.

Reincarnation and karma cast light upon many problems that have remained riddles for orthodox religion. Unexplained fears can be the result of past-life tragedies. Child prodigies worked at their particular skills for many lifetimes. Personal love and hate relationships, race hatreds, dependencies, physical beauty, handicaps, aptitudes, ambitions, talents, aversions, political and religious convictions—all can be placed in a framework of many lifetimes of experience.

Denying life to the unborn disrupts all his plans, postpones the relationships and the lessons he had scheduled for his own growth. Dr. Campo describes it well as

Like it or not, folks, sex is here to stay

Sexual liberation is getting a bad name these days, especially from the religious right, which has labeled sexual enjoyment a perversion of aberrant, liberal minds. Sex is trashing the American spirit, they say, leaving in its wake teenage pregnancy, abortion, AIDS and herpes, pornography and crime.

nography and crime.
It's unacceptable, they say, except within marriage. But even in that moral context, many disapprove of any practice that sounds remotely erotic. It's the mission-

ary position or nothing at all.

Unfortunately, these views obscure the positive changes that have occurred the past century. The benefits of changing sexual attitudes are many: people have extraordinary access to information about contraception, sexual problems and sexual diseases; our society no longer tolerates rape; we are learning how to help victims of sexual abuse and those convicted of such crimes; and we are embracing our sexuality with a more enlightened awareness. Just a few generations ago, menstruation and masturbation were sources of great embarrassment and misunderstanding. And for centuries,



BROWN
TEXAN
COLUMNIST

for many people, particularly women, sex was an awkward, mechanical or shameful act that remained in the hush-hush. No one talked about it.

Today, we can talk about it, and because we do, we can learn from each other. Though we still encounter social challenges as the result of our sexuality, we are finally learning to accept that it's normal for men and women to enjoy sexual activity. And that's healthy.

It is through public education that we must address the
problems of teenage pregnancy
and disease — not by wishing sex
away and not by regressing into
an age of shame and oppression.
Sex is here to stay — it's human
nature, after all — so we must
deal with it rationally and maturely. Our society must manage its
problems, not distort their causes.
We must not throw the baby out
with the bath water.

FROM THE DAILY TEXAN, STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN. COPYRIGHT 1985. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.

"incredible entanglement." An abortion must be, to the incoming soul, like having a door slammed in its face.

> Audrey Munk Kelso, Washington

As a father of three boys in various stages of adolescence, I suggest that PLAYBOY review its position on abortion. It should be legal until the fetus reaches the age of 21. In fact, it might not be a bad idea to require that all children undergo regular testing to determine if they are making satisfactory progress toward human-being-hood. I know the problems young people have in dealing with their hormonal changes. I just think that the possibility of postnatal abortion would give them something nice and tangible to worry about, so they wouldn't grow up to be neurotic.

(Name withheld by request) Middlebury, Vermont

How about that? And here we thought the crazies were all on the other side.

LITERARY MARKET PLACE

I've read a fair amount of history in my time. While walking around the University of Pittsburgh campus the other day, I spotted a book called *Art Against War*. Given what I've read and the stories I've heard from veterans, this book accurately conveys what war is about.

Later that day, I spoke with a person who was advocating the Star Wars defense program and distributing leaflets. The gist of his belief was that with the new technology, the United States could win a nuclear war with "acceptable" losses.

I also picked up a copy of PLAYBOY.

So there is a wide variety of information available to college kids these days. I hope they learn more than how to become Yuppies.

Robert Schneller Department of History East Carolina University Greenville, North Carolina

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

I saw this graffito in the rest room of the Petro Truck Stop in Beaumont, Texas, and would like to share it with your other readers, because it typifies my thinking and that of others living in the South.

REDNECK PHILOSOPHY

Don't fuck with me, and I won't fuck with you. If you touch me, I will hurt you. Bad.

This might not be a bad philosophy to adopt nationwide.

D. Dwain McInnis Houston, Texas

Does have kind of a libertarian ring to it, but we can't quite see it adopted by the Postal Service, say, or the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

PUBIC PLEASURES

I just have to write and share one of the most erotic things I have ever done. I've been married for ten years. Our sex life was good but nothing to write home about. My friend told me about Jonathan's in Sausalito. He specializes in designing and styling pubic hair. At first, I was very apprehensive, but my friend assured me that it was all very professional and that he would come to my house if I felt more comfortable there. I decided to

TOO YOUNG

I wonder if any of your readers have considered the plight of the last great American minority: minors. We can't drink, gamble or enter into legal contracts until we're at least 18. We can't vote, even if some of us are better versed in political theory than many 30-year-olds. The only way I manage to read your magazine is through the assistance of my wonderfully open-minded father.

In an era when other "minorities" (in-

"A.C.L.U. OFFERS TO BUY U.S. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT"

Who says liberals don't have a sense of humor? The following press release finds the country's foremost civil libertarians finally falling in line with Presidential thinking.

The American Civil Liberties Union, in a move unanticipated on Wall Street, today offered to buy the United States Justice Department.

The offer came in a letter to Attorney General Edwin Meese only days after President Reagan had proposed to sell the Federal Housing Administration to private interests, on the ground that they could do a better job than the Government.

"We think the same can be said about the Justice Department," said Ira Glasser, A.C.L.U. executive director. "Civil rights and civil liberties organizations are already doing much of the work that should be done by the Justice Department, and particularly by its Civil Rights Division. Civil rights lawyers are increasingly functioning as 'private-attorneys general,' enforcing laws that the Justice Department is failing to enforce. We might as well go all the way."

Just as President Reagan proposed to sell the Federal Housing Administration, including all its assets and liabilities, Glasser said the A.C.L.U. was "prepared to take over the entire Justice Department, including its assets and liabilities, which are many."

The leveraged buy-out of the Justice Department, Wall Street insiders said, would be the largest in history, dwarfing the recent purchase by General Electric of RCA. But Glasser said that it wouldn't cost as much as anticipated, because "the net worth of the department has plummeted since Mr. Meese became Attorney General, and investors have lost confidence in top management.

"Indeed," said Glasser, "those with a long-term investment in justice believe that the department is now nearly bankrupt. An examination by our auditors of the balance sheet of its key unit, the Civil Rights Division, shows liabilities exceeding assets to an alarming degree. . . ."

It was not immediately clear how the offer would be received in Washington, but Mr. Meese was undoubtedly consulting *The Federalist* papers in an attempt to find out what the framers' original intentions were with respect to such an offer.

Meanwhile, Glasser said that the A.C.L.U. would be willing to consider purchasing only the Civil Rights Division, if Mr. Meese found that offer more acceptable. "That part of the company is potentially its most valuable asset," said Glasser, "and the one the Government seems least interested in developing."

go to his place. After all, my girlfriend's new haircut was beautiful—a half moon with a star. We also decided on a star for the design.

It is one of the most impulsive things I have ever done and one of the smartest! My husband was so turned on by my new haircut and by the lack of hair that he decided to have his done! We now treat ourselves every four months. It's such a sensuous and clean feeling, we recommend it to all our friends!

"One Happy Star"
Hollywood, California

Jonathan, did you put one of your friends up to this?

cluding women, who are, of course, a majority) have gained equal rights under the law, I find myself wondering what makes an 18-year-old a more valid citizen than a 17-and-a-half-year-old.

Lewis Call
Las Cruces, New Mexico
The wisdom of your elders.

"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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Benson & Hedge

in one of the hottest cars of the year, or an exciting trip to Hollywood in this year's Benson & Hedges 100 Sweepstakes. You might try for blue-chip stocks or argyle socks, a satellite dish or a set of china. Each prize is a separate sweepstakes by itself. Enter as often as you like, once, twice, or a hundred times.

No matter how your taste runs, trendy or traditional, this year we've selected prizes to spark everyone's interest. So start browsing.

Whether your favorite is jewelry or jelly beans, sirloins or sardines, we've got a prize for you.

With so many exciting prizes, we think you'll agree with the millions of entrants who year after year have made this America's Favorite 100 Sweepstakes.



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America's Favorite 100 Sweepstakes



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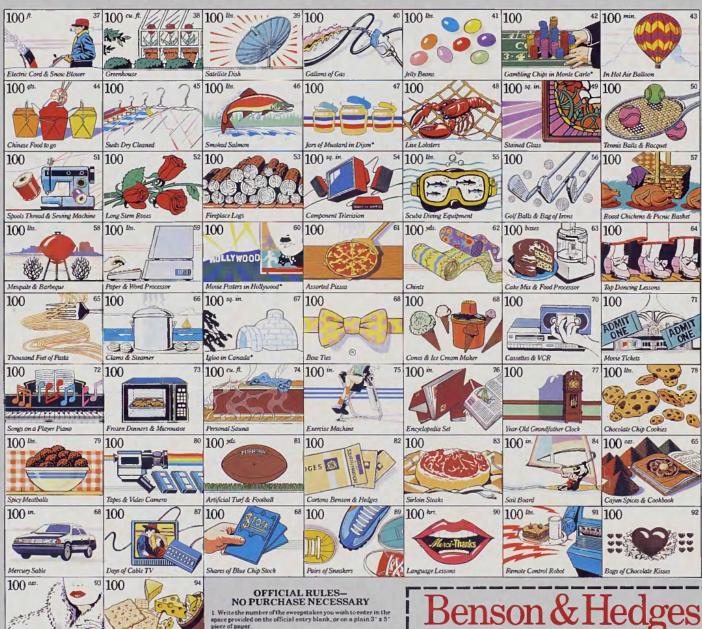




10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

100 Sweepstakes



Write the number of the aweepstakes you wish to enter in the apace provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain 3° x 5° piece of papar.

parce on paper.

2. Hand print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 10/18. Benson & Hedges Lights or Benson & Hedge Lights or Benson & Hedge Lights or Son & HEDGES 100 SWEEPSTAKES" hand printed en son & HEDGES 100 SWEEPSTAKES" hand printed en son & HEDGES 100 SWEEPSTAKES".

SUN & HEIDLES IN UNNELFSIANES hand printed in a plain piece of paper.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per envelope. Each envelope must be mailed separately to EBCNON & HEDGES 100 SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Bos 3400, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Entries must be received by July 31 control of the property of the

S. Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose deciaions are final, Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. One prize to a family. Tax Hability is responsibility of individual winners. In lieu of prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of \$200. No responsibility is assumed for lost, late or misdirected mail.

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America's Favorite 100 Sweepstakes

RENSONGHEDGE

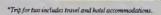
P.O. Box 3480, Syosset, New York 11775

I've read the rules carefully and chosen my favorite Sweepstakes:

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Complete name of current brand



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Fact Books & Trivia Go 100 hrs.

100

100

Hawaiian Shirts

Silver For Con

Gallons of House P

100

LITTLE PLEASURES

By ROBERT BILLINGS

WHENEVER FOOLISHNESS, folly, stupidity and hypocrisy are in the ascendancy, I gain some measure of reassurance by thinking

of John King.

In a life of moderate span, King-now the late Judge King-managed two noteworthy accomplishments. For one, he issued a subpoena for the king of Spain. He wanted his Spanish majesty brought into the judge's Broward County courtroom to answer for some consular-type miscreant who had flouted laws of the sovereign state of Florida. The Spanish hireling had run a stop sign and was cringing behind the shield of diplomatic immunity. Judge King took the position that under common law, the master was responsible for the offenses of the servant. But the State Department put in the fix for the royal personage.

King's second accomplishment leans less toward the whimsical and more toward the immortal. It is, in fact, so tow-cring, so magnificent, so enduring an accomplishment that beside it, the king-of-Spain episode is like a quark next to the Milky Way. What King did was to define us and our times, and he did it with the hot brand of immortal truth. He called this The Age of the Jerk.

According to Judge King, the age began with the inauguration of Dwight David Eisenhower. We've been sliding ever since.

King held that all social conduct could and should be judged by the degree of jerkism exhibited or imparted. He was right, of course; but not even this first-rate social critic and genius was omniscient. He was himself subpoenaed to the great court call in the sky before the age he named had come into full flower through the magic of network television. How could King, an intelligent person, have foreseen Ted Koppel, Phil Donahue, Andy Rooney, Barbara Walters and Brent Musburger?

I'm reminded of Judge King because we are on a new binge of jerkism. In the good old days of forced compliance, the issues were clear and meant something. When Savonarola or Torquemada told you to abjure Satan and all his works, you either did it or had to be extremely good at eating fire. Now the meddlers are at it again. This time leaving my immortal

soul to the strutting care of Jimmy Swaggart, they concentrate on my mortal coil. They are dedicated to saving my body by depriving me of every trivial—but comfort-giving—little pleasure.

Some get into a great sweat over the kind of movies I'm likely to watch. Others get lathered up over rock lyrics or my reading material. Still others wring their hands if I play the odds (exempting only state-run numbers rackets). But the highest manifestation of jerkism concerns whether I smoke or not.

Is the world in such perfect harmony, are all the gears gearing, the cogs cogging, that the full might of do-gooderism can now be turned to the great issue of whether or not I puff a noxious weed?

There *must* be something meatier. A couple of hundred years ago, great issues were debated—the rights of man; whether kings were God-ordained; whether men could be chattels. But what has jerkism shrunken us to? The great moral issue of the day: whether or not man has the inalienable right to pursue his own little satisfying habits, paying whatever price he must.

It's the Industrial Revolution come to social work. Through efficiency and increased production the division of labor permits, an excess population is freed of meaningful work to employ idle hands and minds. So people drift into degrading social tampering.

Some societies handle these pests better than others. Some American Indians, for example, thought their insane were touched by spirits. They gave them the run of the wickiup. Russians, on the other hand, whether czarists or dynastic Communists, take a different approach. They assemble their social misfits in a place called the gulag. There they undergo a new formation of social character as hewers of wood and drawers of water. At 60 below. But in the land of the free and the home of the dolt, do-gooders not only are free to move about and spout their nonsense, they just about run the whole damn show.

Social reformers, no matter what their message, share several common traits. They have a messianic complex. They start out working from the premise that man is perfectible, and although we know what's best for us, we somehow lack the moral courage to avoid occasions of sin. Somehow, we slide into bad habits. Not to fear—the reformers are on the job.

Reason and persuasion are all they need to bring us back to a true state of affinity with our better natures.

But ultimately, they find that the harvest of well-reasoned argument doesn't fill their silo. The appeal to our good judgment and better natures has fallen on the arid desert of our little vices. We still drink, smoke and read as we please.

So they resort to force, to coercion. If we won't be obedient children and do what's good for us, they'll *make* us. They'll bring crushing law down on us. They'll illegalize all our little pleasures.

They did it with drinking. The result was Prohibition, and it taught us several lessons. It taught us that private, personal conduct is unlegislatable. It taught us that unacceptable laws are unenforceable. It taught us that unreasonable suppression of petty vices leads to contempt of all laws. It taught us that public officials could be bought. Wholesale.

That's what we learned. But it taught the social meddlers nothing. They're still after our little pleasures. This time, their guns are trained on cigarettes.

If this kind of jerkism weren't so serious, it would be laughable.

Cigarettes are now branded as the major cause of all the world's evil and unhappiness. But in the main, the social meddlers' arguments center on the threat cigarettes pose to our national health. The evil weed is blamed for cancer, heart disease, high blood pressure, miscarriages, dwarfism, kidney and liver trouble, infant retardation, halitosis and fallen arches.

Social saviors and their trained medical stooges pop up on television so often that you'd swear they were network filler. And they're always chanting the same message. It goes like this:

INTERLOCUTOR: Doctor, how many people died last year of lung cancer caused by cigarette smoking?

DOCTOR [in a dark suit and sincere tie]: Last year, some 40,000,000 people in this country alone died of lung

cancer, and our research shows that at least 40 percent of those deaths were preventable.

Did I hear that right? Did he say the deaths were preventable?

Change the scene. Doctor's consulting

DOCTOR: What seems to be the trouble?

PATIENT: Gee, I dunno, doc. I feel like . . . well, like . . . I'm gonna die one of these days.

DOCTOR: Gonna die? Nonsense! Death is preventable.

PATIENT: Preventable?

DOCTOR: Of course, the latest thing in medical science. Just stop smoking.

That's the latest proposition: Death is preventable. Stop smoking. See the end of the world, and maybe more.

You want to laugh or cry? Death is preventable. These guys can't cure a cold, prevent baldness or the heartbreak of psoriasis, but they can hold off the Big Sleep. Stop smoking and live forever.

We don't need a law to ban smoking. If we need a law at all, let it be an antibullshit law.

On top of death is preventable, or at least alongside it on Judge King's scale of jerkism, was that trial in California.

I'll refresh your memory. Melvin Belli, Bigfoot in blue serge, represented the plaintiffs. They claimed that the death of their dear departed was caused by his having smoked as many as three packs of cigarettes a day for 50 years.

That's the argument. Belli said the health warning on the cigarette packs wasn't enough. Cigarette companies know smoking becomes habitual. They should have sent a man out to the house to take the dear departed's cigarettes away from him.

Here is a man born in the freest nation on earth, born after the Emancipation Proclamation, not diagnosed or presumed mentally defective, and this man is posthumously stripped of his free will.

Now I have to ask myself, What kind of law is it that permits that kind of suit? And I have to answer, like Dickens' beadle, that "the law is a ass."

I also have to ask myself, What would Judge King have done? He would have charged Belli with frivolousness, obesity and low-jinks, ordered him held in absentia and found him guilty of obviousness and jerkism in the first degree.

The jury, bless their quivering little hearts and dense little minds, found for the cigarette company, in this case R. J. Reynolds. But they did it for the wrong reasons. The foreman said they found for Reynolds because the plaintiff's lawyer,

Belli, did not prove the man's death had been caused by his smoking for 50 years.

That gets us nowhere. There have already been a number of similar smoker's-death lawsuits in which the verdict was the same. No direct causal link between cigarette smoking and an individual's death can be proved. By anyone. At any time. In any place.

But the question in my mind is this: Whatever happened to a man's right to pick his own poison? Why can't a man drink himself into oblivion, swear himself to perdition, read trash until his eyeballs crust over, puff cigarettes until he vaporizes, as long as he doesn't force others to do the same?

> These attacks on our little pleasures may seem niggling trifles, but don't kid yourself. They are a most pernicious form of Big Brotherism. The forces of constraint and stupidity are on the march.

That should always be the accepted standard of conduct. My right to swing my foot ends about six inches from the seat of your pants. But that's not good enough for the social manipulators. They want to stick their ass in the way of every foot, then demand that foot's amputation.

Why is it they feel the rights of one nonsmoker outweigh the rights of a dozen smokers, even in places of public assembly? Very simple. No intolerance matches the narrow-mindedness of the fanatic on a mission.

These attacks on our little pleasures may seem niggling trifles, but don't kid yourself. They are a most pernicious form of Big Brotherism. The forces of constraint and stupidity are on the march. Now they are galloping with the most amoral, avaricious group ever to infest human society-lawyers. Suing is their business, and the suingest society on earth is going to get suinger and suinger-all in the name of social regula-

You see, the importance of the cigarette cases is not only in their own tooth-grinding jerkism but in the extension of that principle into other areas. If a manufacturer of any product can be held liable because an individual exercising free will weak-mindedly enslaves himself to some unwholesome habit, then the rationale follows that no manufacturer is safe from any misuse of his product, willful or inad-

It's not farfetched. In fact, one variation is already in effect. Maryland's highest court recently upheld a state law that says that manufacturers of guns commonly called Saturday-night specials can be held liable for any injury caused by those guns. (A Saturday-night special used to be something from which you could contract a social disease.) Eventually, for every shooting, intentional or accidental, there will be a lawsuit against Colt or Smith & Wesson.

Turn the legal profession loose in a social climate in which the individual is no longer responsible for his actions and you have deep-pocket law in its most virulent form. Belli didn't bring suit against the vendor who sold his client, once removed, the three packs a day. What could he get from him? A few thousand, maybe. He went after the big-dough guys, R. J. Reynolds, whose deep pockets hold a couple of billion.

With the precedents already set and the big social-meddler push under way, it doesn't take a vaulting imagination to see that safety for cigarette manufacturers lies in getting into Chapter 11 as soon as possible. It is the avowed intention of the anticigarette crusaders to drive the cigarette companies into bankruptcy by obtaining huge judgments in the courts.

Now extend that same stupid principle. Say a drunk falls asleep with a cigarette and burns down the house. You can have a suit against Brown & Williamson and Schenley. Crash your Chrysler into a bridge and sue Lee Iacocca for not build-

ing a crashproof car.

Lawyers' heaven will come when a drunk leaves a bar, climbs into his Buick and smashes into two other drunks, driving a Ford and a Plymouth, at a three-way intersection. There'll be lawsuits against Budweiser, Seagram and Johnnie Walker; General Motors, Ford and Chrysler; Amoco, Shell and Texaco for making the high-powered gas that allowed those cars to attain death-dealing speed.

So the next time someone tells you that smoking will kill you, light one up and blow some smoke in his face. The revolt has to start somewhere. Otherwise, look at the alternative.



THE NEW NISSAN 300 ZX PACE CAR FOR THE PERFORMANCE GENERATION.

Very few automobiles in the world have generated the excitement and emotional involvement associated with the Z-car. Keeping this in mind, it's not surprising to read that Motor Trend Magazine called the 300 ZX, "the best all-around Z-car ever built."

For 1986, Nissan has taken one more step in the thoughtful evolution of a classic.

At the heart of this Z is a 3-liter V-6 that is actually eight inches shorter and 15 percent lighter than the 280 ZX. Yet the turbo model puts out 11% more power; a rousing 200 horsepower. That power gets to the road by way of an electronic control system that gives you the most efficient transmission of power at any speed. Combined with shocks you adjust electronically from the cockpit, the result is startling.

In addition, an electronic monitoring system keeps track of spark plugs that fire 42 times a second at 5000 RPM and a micro computer controls the fuel injection system making the Z a marvel of functional electronic wizardry.

Outside, fender flares, housing wider tires, were integrated into the body. The air dam was extended and rocker panel extensions were added to reduce air turbulence under the car. All this, plus a wider track results in better handling than ever.

Inside, a choice of electronic or analog instrumentation is offered, along with every conceivable luxury, including a resounding 80-watt, 6-speaker stereo system.

The 300 ZX, turbo or fuel injected. Once you get inside a Z, a Z will get inside of you.

NISSAN





PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: KATHLEEN TURNER

a candid conversation with the star of "body heat," "romancing the stone," "prizzi's honor" and "the jewel of the nile" about life, love and lust

It is sweltering. It's a wet and musty heat, the kind that stirs people, incites them. Ned Racine turns to leave Matty Walker's home, but he makes the mistake of looking back to see her again. Her husband's not home. She's wet with sweat. He's hotter than the night.

He paces like a mad, caged leopard. She, too, is panting, wanting him, her tight skirt nearly melting away, until he can't stand it anymore. The leopard strikes: Racine grabs the nearest object, a wrought-iron porch chair, and hurls it through the glass door. The door crashes open. And he goes to her. . . .

That scene, which both men and women often cite as one of the hottest in movie history, is, of course, from Lawrence Kasdan's "Body Heat." Racine, the loser of a lawyer who is smitten by Matty, is William Hurt. And Matty, who ensnares him with sexuality more effective than a drug, who has, as Racine says, a body she shouldn't be allowed to go out in, is Kathleen Turner. In one stroke—in a sizzling film debut as a demoniacally seductive femme fatale—she was hailed as the Lauren Bacall of her generation.

In roles that followed, Turner continued to prove that the early rumblings were not Hollywood hype, even though at the time, "Body Heat" was not an enormous money-maker. Savvy career decisions and some lucky breaks won her roles that showed her versatility. Her next—a funny send-up of Matty—was in the Steve Martin—Carl Reiner comedy "The Man with Two Brains," as the conniving tease who, even after marrying the lustful Martin, will go only as far as to suck his fingers.

Michael Douglas' "Romancing the Stone" became her first all-out hit. In one of 1984's most popular movies and then a top-selling video cassette, Turner played Joan Wilder, an apparently frumpy New York romance novelist who sets off on an adventure that transforms her into a woman more glamorous than any in her books.

Any doubts about her flexibility as an actress or her popular appeal disappeared as "Romancing" went on to earn more than \$100,000,000 and became, as one reviewer noted, "probably the last role she will ever have to fight for."

In "Breed Apart," a film that has not been released, Turner played an Appalachian farm woman two years before rural America became a Hollywood trend. And then, in her most controversial career move, she agreed to star in Ken Russell's "Crimes of Passion," which contained explicit—to some, shock-

ing—sexual scenes. In it, she played a career woman by day who put on a platinum wig and stiletto heels by night to become a hooker known as China Blue. She was criticized for accepting a role some described as degrading, yet most reviews were positive. "It's a dangerous performance," wrote Richard Schickel. "But she never falls off the high wire." In less capable hands, the explicitness might have stalled her career. The film was a commercial flop in the U.S., though it was a big hit in Europe, released as "China Blue." Today, as a video cassette, "Crimes of Passion" has become a cult favorite.

While Turner was completing "Crimes of Passion," she was asked to play opposite Jack Nicholson in John Huston's black comedy based on Richard Condon's novel "Prizzi's Honor." In a throwback to the sexy, tough females of her first two films, Turner played Irene Walker, a professional killer who falls in love with another professional killer, played by Nicholson. It gives Nicholson's character a chance to ask, "Do I ice her? Do I marry her?"

Turner then returned as Joan Wilder in the sequel to "Romancing the Stone." "The Jewel of the Nile," also produced by and costarring Michael Douglas, was another hit (\$58,000,000 so far), though the reviews



"On a soap opera, my mother was dying and I flashed badly on my own father dying. I held it in until the taping and let go. I was sobbing. I thought it was the most real thing I'd ever done. But when I saw it, it was absurd."



"I thought 'Body Heat' was good adult sex, and why not? But the scene people remember most has no nudity in it. It's the break-in scene, when he's pacing on the porch, then breaks the glass door and comes in and grabs her."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

"You want to have friendships on the set, but you're the girl, the star, and can't go to the bar and have drinks with the guys. You could make trouble. One nymphomaniac in this position could turn a crew upside down."

were less generous to all concerned. After grueling location work in Morocco and the south of France, with barely a week off, she left for Northern California to work with director Francis Coppola on "Peggy Sue Got Married," due out next fall.

New offers are pouring in. One Hollywood executive said, "Everyone—stars and directors—wants to work with Turner. There are bigger box-office names, but not for long." Critic Andrew Sarris summed up, "One might say that a star is born when one begins mentally casting her for everything in sight. And so it is with Kathleen Turner at this moment in film history."

Acting was not the obvious career for Turner, the daughter of a U.S. diplomat who was stationed in many foreign countries. When her father died in London, the Turner family returned to Missouri, where Kathleen enrolled in Southwest Missouri State College in Springfield. She soon found a home in a theater group. She moved to the University of Maryland to continue her training in acting and, after graduating, to New York to seek fame and fortune. Although hers was not an overnight-success story-she worked as a waitress during one lean time-Turner landed an off-off-Broadway role and then a spot on a soap opera within a year. Eighteen months later, her agent called in a favor and got her an interview for "Body Heat."

Turner, who in 1984 married real-estate developer Jay Weiss, lives in Manhattan. She grants few interviews and, as a result of this and her exceptional performances, has built a kind of mystique around herself. Schickel has called her "perhaps the movie's first authentically mysterious presence since Garbo was hiding in plain sight."

It was clearly time for PLAYBOY to catch up with Turner, so we sent Contributing Editor David Sheff to get to know her on the sets of both "The Jewel of the Nile," in Nice, and "Peggy Sue Got Married," in Northern California. His report:

"I had met her earlier in the sweltering south of France, and then again, in the cool autumn of California's wine country. But this would be our first time alone. 'Midnight,' she had suggested. Was that too late? That's when she would be finished with the day's filming. 'I'll be there,' I said, and she gave me her room number. At midnight, I tapped on the hotel-suite door.

"First, her eyes. The intense, deep look. Without her on-camera make-up, she appeared different—less sure of herself, though still quite lovely. She offered me a drink. I sat down on the couch and she did, too, curling up luxuriously. She was dressed in a bulky pale sweater, a dark knee-length skirt and blue socks. Her cat, Magee, snuggled up next to her, and she stroked his mane.

"After our first drink, the couch seemed to have gotten smaller. With a none-too-steady hand, I reached over to her. She was trembling, too, and her neck was soft, and I pulled her closer. And. . . .

"And, no, that's not what happened.

"Truth is, she settled onto the couch, stroking Magee; I sat in a nearby armchair, and I turned the tape recorder on. It says something about the power of her performances that I was surprised to find that, away from the set, Turner is something other than steamy and smoldering. She is forthright, funny and thoughtful.

"Nonetheless, watching her before the camera was enlightening. In 'Peggy Sue Gets Married,' she was doing a simple walking scene. The plot involves a 40-year-old woman given a chance to be 18 again and return to her high school prom with her adult experience intact. We all watched as Turner, made up to look older, transformed herself into someone whose very walk seemed older, sadder; and even Coppola, watching the close-up on a small monitor balanced on his lap, was impressed. He shook his head and spoke aloud to himself: 'Phew . . . this is great stuff.'

"But as soon as the camera stopped rolling, Turner became the morale officer on the set. She made her way through the large crew, passed around her morning pats on the back, threw off a dozen 'How ya doing?'s and gave a warm hug to a fellow actor who had had a

"Love and sex ain't necessarily the most important thing. That's what Matty believed."

bad few days. She admits she's a flirt and, in fact, is not unaware of the effect she has. In her wake are glazed eyes and lots of goofy smiles. Yes, she'd pose for another photo with an extra—'not for me but for my husband.'

"One night, she got off early and asked if I minded putting the next interview session off a bit. We headed to a Santa Rosa bar. As we entered, the bar hushed and the buzz that began was obviously about her, which she enjoyed, since she is often unrecognized. Finally, someone said, You look just like Kathleen Turner.' Soon there was no question that the woman at the bar, sipping a margarita, was, indeed, Turner. By the end of the evening, others at the bar had gathered around and Turner was cheerfully telling about the first time she took her husband, Jay, home for the grandparents to meet. 'My grandfather challenged me to a bourbondrinking contest. He said he could drink me under the table,' she says. I even caught him cheating-filling up my glass when I wasn't looking-but I outlasted him.'

"As we left the bar and she signed a few more autographs and posed for another photograph, I asked her if the growing attention bothered her. She offered a rare glimpse into her vulnerability: 'I dream, sometimes,' she said, a little melancholic. 'I'm in bed and I look up and I can't move, because the faces

are everywhere and the cameras are everywhere and there's nothing I can do about it.' Then, as she was getting into her car, someone called out, 'Miss Turner. If I could just get your picture, it would mean so much to me.' She shook off the moment's dejection, let that slow, beguiling smile steal over her face and turned to him. 'For you,' she said, 'anything.'"

PLAYBOY: You've gotten great press as an actress, but no one seems to know whom to compare you to. We've heard Lauren Bacall, Katharine Hepburn, Ingrid Bergman, Veronica Lake, Faye Dunaway. What do you think?

TURNER: I really have trouble thinking that way. I don't want to be like anyone. I was terribly bothered at the beginning. After Body Heat, there were all these Bacall comparisons. I kept wondering what she would feel like. My God! "Have you heard about the young you?" How rude!

PLAYBOY: Still, not bad company.

TURNER: I suppose imitation is the highest form of flattery, and so the comparisons are a tribute to them, but it still seems very callous to me. Writers want a hook, but I don't agree. I always have an image of myself in a script or in a play, and that's always been much more real to me than anyone else in that role, than a Hepburn or a Bacall or someone like that. Not to say there aren't pieces of them that delight me and spark me, that trigger attitudes or actions, but nothing that I want to be like.

These are different times. Most of those actresses were expected to create an image or to maintain the one created for them. That was as important or as much of a responsibility as their work. We don't have that kind of pressure now. Not to say that there isn't a lot of pressure to seem to be what the public has found most appealing about you, but there's much more respect now for acting as a profession, as a job and not some gift that was given to you. My film roles have been so different that I don't think I have an image as defined as those actresses'.

PLAYBOY: What kind of image do you think you have?

TURNER: From my husband and others, I've learned that it's this sort of sexy woman; sexy and, I think—I hope—intelligent and rather strong. The sex is more emphasized than I would have thought. Prizzi's Honor reinforced the image of me as a manipulative woman, though I must say there are moments in Prizzi when my character is just this newlywed—she's got her job, but she's baking casseroles—that I like. I don't feel that sexual impact as much, but my husband and friends tell me it's out there. The truth is, I don't really want to know too much.

PLAYBOY: Is the sexual image really that much of a surprise to you? Body Heat and a lesser-known movie you did, Crimes of Passion, had more intense sex than many

major films in recent memory.

TURNER: It's true. Body Heat is very powerful, much more powerful now than when it came out, due to cable. Crimes has become more popular in video cassette than when it was released in theaters. Certainly, the sex scenes in Body Heat are very adult, as opposed to cuphemistic. Looking back, it was one of the most direct feature films done in the United States in a long time.

I just thought it was good adult sex, and why not? But the scene that people remember most has no nudity or sex in it. It's the break-in scene, when he's pacing on the porch and breaks in the window in the door and comes in and grabs her. People remember that better than some of the more explicit scenes, which I love.

PLAYBOY: We also remember the character of Matty Walker, one of the most wonderfully evil characters ever.

TURNER: Yeah. The classic bitch. And, worse, she got away with it! She wasn't punished! She had such a strong impact that people had a hard time remembering that I was not Matty Walker. For a long time, men had a kind of chip on the shoulder, like, "You aren't going to put anything over on me, honey." That kind of thing. I mean, who asked? I think that the fact that they really did believe Matty is the reason they cast doubt on me. [Laughs, raises her right hand] I've never done anything in my life like that. I swear it.

PLAYBOY: What about Matty's sex scenes, though? She put so much passion into her scenes with Ned Racine [William Hurt], the man she later betrayed, that it was hard at the end of the movie to believe she'd been faking it. *Was* it all an act? Did she love him?

TURNER: Yes, yes, yes! I think she was in love. The sex was great. It was a bonus. I don't think she had ever had the freedom of a beautiful young lover like that. She loved it.

PLAYBOY: Then how could she betray him? TURNER: Love and sex ain't necessarily the most important thing. That's what Matty believed.

PLAYBOY: What about what Kathleen Turner believes? Can you fake that intensity of sex? Is it possible to make that kind of love on the set and not get turned on?

TURNER: Part of it is very mechanical. Larry [Kasdan, Body Heat's writerdirector] and Bill and I would block out the moves in advance and know what we were going to do in front of the camera, so we would be comfortable with it. And the three of us became close through the work. But you have to get over this hump—at some point, you have to kiss the other person and hug the other person. It was easier to get over that when we were alone than with the crew standing there. So we just walked through the scenes, not performing the actions, not acting them out, but exploring them. Then, when the tension got real heavy, we'd have races up and down the lawn—stuff like that. We'd jump into the water, just to get comfortable



"What did you expect, Chivas Regal?"

with each other.

The closeness of the set quickly extended beyond Bill, Larry and me. You would catch the crew grinning at one another, because they knew something very good was happening. That's a lovely feeling. But it was very, very hot stuff, and there were times when it got very tense. After we finished the break-in scene in the house, I ran upstairs to my dressing room and I was shaking and shaking and crying and I just sort of broke down. I did that after almost every one of the heavy scenes. **PLAYBOY:** Why?

TURNER: It's just too open. The truth is, you can act sexuality to a certain extent, but if you are actually being touched, actually touching someone, there is a gray area there, because your body is responding, even though your mind is saying, "OK, now the camera is there; I have to kiss at three quarters. . . ." So you're thinking that stuff, but you are also having physical reactions, because nobody can be petted, touched and kissed without feeling something. I think that was the effect on everybody. I'm sure that anybody watching got caught up in it to some extent, but I never felt it was prurient. It was just powerful stuff

PLAYBOY: So what do you do? You can't take cold showers every ten minutes.

TURNER: Actually, "Cut!" is a very good cold shower.

PLAYBOY: Then you have to get turned on enough without getting too turned on?

TURNER: I'm not really sure you can get too turned on. I think there's an automatic safety valve that is simply your responsibility technically as an actor. If you get too turned on, you start rolling around and you're out of shot. [Laughs] And there are people all around, watching you. . . . And, as I said, with all the sex in Body Heat, the most powerful scene was done fully clothed.

PLAYBOY: The scene when the young niece visits them and happens to see Matty going down on Ned is also a powerful moment.

TURNER: Yeah. That was a kind of neat one. But you don't *see* anything in that, either. You hear a zipper. All I have to do is go down onto my knees; that's it. I'm out of shot

PLAYBOY: What you're saying, what other actors haven't admitted to, is that there *does* have to be a spark between the two of you on a set; it's not all mechanical.

TURNER: It's both, I think. You want to have a spark, to have some feeling of attraction and attractiveness. It's very hard to play with someone who is supposed to be madly in love with you and have a feeling that he thinks you are not attractive. It really hits at a very insecure part. I think that when you work with other actors, you deliberately open yourself up. You assume an immediate intimacy and relationship that, of course, is not true, but you want it to be true in the context of working together. You may see that actor in a bar

after work and not have any desire to talk to him at all. But on the set that day, if you're doing a love scene, you tend to hang out together all day; you talk together and make sure you are OK. You assume an intimacy you don't have, and that works better with some actors than with others.

PLAYBOY: Is it dangerous to your real life to put yourself in that position all the time? You, for instance, are a married woman.

TURNER: It is dangerous if you don't make the rules clear—I mean, if you don't say, "I find you very attractive, I think you are very special, I am madly in love with my husband and I know you are madly in love with your girlfriend; isn't that great? So let's flirt and remember it's just flirting."

PLAYBOY: Rules or no rules, is it always possible to remember that the intimacies and attractions are part of the job?

TURNER: I used to have this thing that I'd sort of fall in love for ten days, but I knew that I would do that, so I'd say, "Don't do anything. Don't do anything. Don't go have dinner with him. Don't do anything during these ten days, because something could happen." Then, sure enough, after the end of ten days, I'd turn around and think, Yeah, he's a great guy, but the craziness is gone. Now I don't really feel like that, because I have Jay and I'm not looking for anybody. Part of that was that I was looking for somebody, so every time I met someone I was very attracted to, I had that "What if?" I don't have the "What if?" anymore. People get mucked up very easily this way. I tend to flirt. I enjoy flirting. It cheers the guys up, cheers me up; I like it a lot, but I'm more careful now to say, "Aren't I a terrible flirt-ha-ha." I make sure they know that's what it is, 'cause I don't want to hurt anybody.

PLAYBOY: And it's always in control?

TURNER: Pretty much, yeah. I mean, I may go kick down some walls when I'm alone, but I keep it in control when I'm not. Hey: Can I interject a note here? I don't want this whole thing to be about sex.

PLAYBOY: It won't be. But you have to admit, when it comes to the movies you've been in and the amount of sex in each, the topic comes pretty naturally.

TURNER: And compared with a lot of my contemporaries, I suppose. There was *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, with Jack [Nicholson] and Jessica [Lange], but I didn't like the sexuality in that. You watched these two people do things to each other. It was so brutal. There are very few films like those. But I have done eight films now.

PLAYBOY: So we'll keep the topic in context. If there's no attraction between you and an actor, can you still do the work?

TURNER: It hasn't happened to me except once in a play, and I just got through that. It was a limited run—a week and it was over. I don't know what I'd do. I've talked to actresses who have really done long, intense performances with people they truly could not get along with, and I don't know how they do it. They fantasize. You

put someone else there.

PLAYBOY: Your ten-day rule always works? TURNER: Knock on wood. Anyway, I really don't want to be involved with an actor. First of all, I think it would have to screw up the work. And then at the end of the film, when you say goodbye-gosh, what would you do, unless you had made some kind of commitment during the shooting? But don't, don't ever make any decisions during the film that affect your life, because you are in this completely unreal world; and when you are on location, you don't even have the stability of going to a place you know or seeing friends from your outside life. It's a manufactured world, and any decisions you make probably will not work in the real world.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn that the hard way? TURNER: Yes and no. I've talked about the wonderful closeness I had with Larry and Bill in Body Heat. I felt as if we had exactly the same vision of the piece. One day, I had to go downtown to my agent's office. I walked in and he turned to me and said, "I hear you are having an affair with Bill and with Larry at the same time." I felt just like somebody had kicked me in the stomach. I was so hurt. I felt as if somebody was tearing us down, and why? I said, "How could you say that?" and he said, "I just think you should know what people are saying." I thought, Jesus Christ, this is what people are saying? And it ruined something for me. It really hurt, because every time the three of us went off to talk and to rehearse, I'd be thinking, Who's seeing this? You know-what are they thinking? It was rotten. I'll never forgive this person for breaking my bubble. But I realized, This is the real world. So I'm much more careful not to allow myself to be in that kind of position anymore. But it hurt a lot then.

PLAYBOY: As promised, let's move on to other subjects, such as the films that made you best known to the American public—*Romancing the Stone* and its sequel, *The Jewel of the Nile*.

TURNER: Right: Run! Jump! Hang! Fall! Hang! Run! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: The personal dynamics on that kind of set aren't quite the same, eh?

TURNER: Yeah. Every time Michael [Douglas] and I got to a scene in which we really got to talk, it would be like, "Hey, hi! I remember you." Adventure films are a whole other thing. You can't rehearse much of the material. How do you rehearse jumping onto a moving train or hanging off a moving train for 40 hours? You just have to do it, and there's excitement in that, because it's always fun to push yourself to that point where you just do it and see what you make of it.

PLAYBOY: You don't use stunt doubles?

TURNER: I do a lot of it myself. I like it. I'm a real tomboy, anyway, and in those films there was such close coverage that there was no way to use a stunt double. I had stunt doubles who did some of it, of course. I did spend four or five days hanging from

a train. It's very safe—they put a hole through a wall in the train and we were in a harness on a steel cable that supported, they assured us, 3000 pounds—but you do go home at night wondering if normal people do this.

PLAYBOY: At first, you refused to do the sequel, provoking a \$25,000,000 lawsuit from the studio, 20th Century Fox. What's your side of that?

TURNER: They had sent me a draft of the first script and I thought it was not in the spirit and fun of Romancing. It turned into an exploitive adventure movie. Joan was a complete wimp. She really didn't commit any actions to save herself, which was not in character, and there was questionable taste in scenes such as the one in which a bunch of Nubian pygmies tell Jack, "If you give us the woman for an hour, we'll let you live." I didn't think that was very nice. I don't like rape jokes. There was some money involved with it, too. Michael and I were arguing with Fox about the money earned by Romancing. According to Fox, Romancing was still \$3,000,000 in the hole and they'd seen no profit from it. PLAYBOY: Yet reported earnings for the movie are upwards of \$100,000,000.

TURNER: Exactly. At the time, I was offered another film that I wanted to do. My agent tried to find out if they could postpone Jewel while we addressed the problems, so I could do this other film, at which point everything got mucked up. We lost the lines of communication. I wasn't talking to Michael; he wasn't talking to me. The next thing I knew, I walked into my building and the doorman said, "Oh, \$25,000,000?" I said, "What?" He said, "Look at the Post: 'KATHLEEN TURNER BEING SUED FOR \$25,000,000." I was absolutely crazy. And I never said I wouldn't do the movie; I just didn't want to do a bad one, and I wanted to address the money issue up front. A friend-Jack Nicholson, in fact-sort of interceded and got Michael and me talking again. He promised he would resolve all my script-related doubts and I would, indeed, have some input.

PLAYBOY: The story on the other side had you playing prima donna, even though it was *Romancing* that made you.

TURNER: Romancing was my only popular film and certainly the one that gave me the greatest exposure and standing outside the business, but I don't think I owe them anything for that. I believe I fulfilled my contract. I did a good job. I think I owe Michael for the opportunity and his judgment and his vision, but I don't owe anybody for the work I do. That made me furious. But we resolved the problems and got to work.

PLAYBOY: Did you have fears about doing the sequel to begin with? *Romancing* is a hard act to follow.

TURNER: I did. Someone asked me if I would do a third Joan-and-Jack story. I'm not intrigued by the idea now. I'm not sure she's that interesting to explore anymore. If *Jewel* is anywhere near as popular

as Romancing was, then maybe it's a fallback. In a couple of years, people may still want to see Jack and Joan. If I go too far and disillusion people or lose touch—because I think that's bound to happen; you can't keep the same audience appeal if you want to do things that interest you—then I could do Joan again. There are bound to be things that will alienate people—such as Crimes of Passion. If I go too far, maybe Joan Wilder is a net.

PLAYBOY: Could you go too far?

TURNER: I'm not sure. I'm well bred—thank you, Mom, thank you, Dad—and there is certainly something in me that shrinks from hurting or from behavior that is unconscionable in that sense. I don't want to hurt anybody. But I sure don't want to reinforce some "them" code of behavior—all the "theys" out there. I don't want "them" to rule my world. I don't want "them" out there to be more important than I am, and I really think that's part of what I can do with my work. I can make the choices.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if your background made you want to be in control of your own choices. Since your father was in the diplomatic service, you grew up all over the world—Canada, Washington, Cuba, Florida, Venezuela and London. How do you think all the traveling affected you?

TURNER: Some of it was confusing. I remember Canada—the house, the nursery school, singing God Save the Queen every morning. Later, when we returned to Missouri and my dad was studying Spanish, preparing for our next move, to Cuba, they put me in another nursery school. I was very frightened, but I was willing. The teacher started to play the piano, and I blasted out God Save the Queen while everybody else was singing, "My country, 't is of thee."

Overall, I probably had an easier time than my older brother and sister, who think they would like to settle in one place with their families and not move them around. I certainly intend to drag my kids everywhere. My younger brother and I both enjoyed ourselves very much. I loved the new places. I think I learned a lot about adjusting quickly, about presenting a picture of myself, because you go to a new school and right away kids are challenging you. I think that had a lot to do with acting; you went in there showing people something. You felt you could redo yourself; nobody knew what you were. My first month in England, people called me Doris-I looked like Doris Day or something; I had the bangs, at least. I was this perky little person for a while, until I couldn't stand it anymore. Yeah, there was that thought that you had a chance to change whatever mistakes you had made or the things you didn't like about yourself. But my family kept me grounded that way. They knew.

PLAYBOY: Was your father strict with you? TURNER: He was very Victorian, but a wonderful man. He worked his way up the diplomatic service and was U.S. Consul in Great Britain when he died. My big regret now is that he never took me seriously as an actor; he thought it was something I would outgrow. He wasn't affectionate, really. I don't think any of us ever doubted he loved us; but I was always more physically oriented than the others. I remember crawling onto his lap and telling him I wouldn't leave until he hugged me. He was sort of embarrassed, but I just need my hugs.

PLAYBOY: What were you like growing up? TURNER: I think I was always a tomboy to some extent. I was very competitive with my brothers. I was always the athlete of the family. I remember having a great time when I was a kid. Way back then, I already had an idea of the kind of grownup I wanted to be. I guess I wanted to be smart and I wanted to be pretty and to be in control of my life and all those kinds of things. That seems to be coming true in many ways. I am much happier with myself than I ever was. A lot of those desires came out of the feeling that I wasn't any of those things and didn't have control. I am much more contented, so I don't feel the urge to keep making myself

PLAYBOY: Your father died when you were in high school. What happened to the family then?

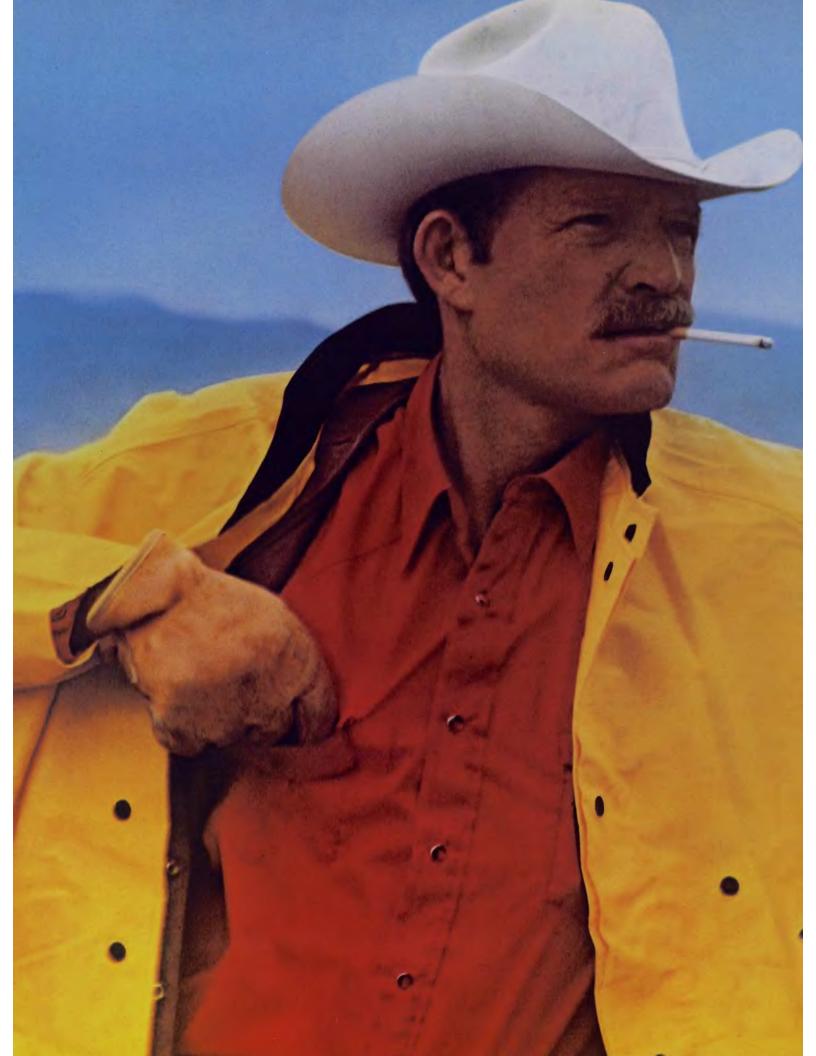
TURNER: My mother and I had always been very close, but that brought us closer. We came back to the United States and we didn't really have a home. We went through such a similar period—as I was starting college, we were both looking for a job, for friends, for a place to live. I think it created a closeness that I wouldn't have had with her, because we were going through so much of the same thing.

PLAYBOY: What was college like for an internationally raised kid?

TURNER: It was probably the worst culture shock I had ever gone through. After 11 years outside the United States, I showed up in Missouri with a heavy English accent. In my absolute terror, I was determined not to lose this sort of distinction, what I thought of as a great affectation, and the kids were not very understanding or forgiving. They didn't really want to hear about something that had happened in London and Paris. They thought I was just unbearable. Also, for the first time in my life, it didn't matter who my father was. I had always had the feeling that I could go to any country in the world and say, "Contact Consul Turner" and I would be taken care of, which was basically true. That shook me up quite a bit. I took refuge in this theater group, which was very special.

PLAYBOY: Were you living at home?

TURNER: No. As a single woman at Southwest Missouri State College, you're supposed to live in the dorms, but I just hated it. I hated living with a bunch of women, especially ones who [high-pitched squeal] talked singsong all the time. They were







you get a lot to like.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

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

driving me out of my mind! They used to put notes on these boards, like, PEGGY, CAME BY TO SEE YOU. YOU WEREN'T HERE, BUT BE BACK. MARY LOU. And at the top of these boards, they'd put the message for the day. Usually, this was a Bible quote or an advertising slogan. I think a biggie was "Today is the first day of the rest of your life." One day, I wrote, "'T is better to reign in hell than to serve in heaven .- MILTON." I got back, and everybody's door was open on to the hall and people were having a floor meeting about this. They asked me to erase this message. [Southern accent] "We respect your freedom under the First Amendment to express yourself as an American citizen, but either you must erase this message"which they considered to be blasphemy-"or you should really consider moving." I moved. I got a note from a psychiatrist that it was ruining my mental health to live in a dorm and got permission to move off campus with a roommate.

PLAYBOY: And a year later, you went to New York.

TURNER: I left town after about my third year. I wanted to get into experimental theater and I couldn't do it there. There just wasn't anything happening. I bought this Oldsmobile 88, 1965, for \$300, packed all my stuff into it and drove to Baltimore to attend the University of Maryland. From there, I went to Washington with \$100 and a recommendation for Arena Stage. I auditioned for them and the cast-

ing director recommended me to this agent in New York. I got an agent. We later lived together, and although the romance ended a long time ago, he is still my agent. So the agency started sending me out and I got a job as a waitress. I did an off-off-Broadway piece for about five or six months, and after about eight months, I got a soap opera. After a year and a half of that and some work in theater, I got Body Heat.

PLAYBOY: That was quite a first role to land. How did you get it?

TURNER: I read the script and I was absolutely scared by it but also tremendously intrigued. I was scared by all the sexuality; I didn't have an image of myself at all as this siren or sexy woman. I thought that might eliminate me right away. I never saw myself as a sort of femme fatale. Anyway, my agent was trying to submit me to get an audition, but they refused to see me. I happened to be in L.A. to test for some female mud-wrestling film—thank God I was not right for that part at all-and there was a woman casting Body Heat there. I was able to see her and read for her and she got quite excited. She set up a meeting with the film's producer and Larry Kasdan. So I went in dressed to the nines: I put on my highest heels and a slit skirt and all the make-up I could muster.

I read for them and all they said was "Can you come back tomorrow?" The next day, I got there and Larry gave me a scene to read that he hadn't allowed any-

one else to see. It was the time when Matty talks about her past-when she went to Chicago and didn't know what she was doing, got hooked on drugs. . . . He gave it to me and said, "I know you haven't seen this, but read it for me anyway." So I read the scene and there was this absolute silence. I was nervous and finally said, "Well?" Larry looked at me and said, "I never thought I'd hear that read as I hear it in my head." Based on that, they decided to fight for me, even though I had no film credits, and they set up a screen test. I did the test with Bill [Hurt]. They then called me back to meet the Ladd people [the film's distributors], because they weren't convinced I could do the lightness in the film.

PLAYBOY: The ashtray incident?

TURNER: Yes. I went into this room at the Ladd Company. It was all white on white on white-white sofa, white rug, blond wood-and there was this huge ashtray in the middle of the table that was filled with cigarette butts-it was as if they had been sitting there all day, smoking and talking about [macho voice] the girl. I was standing there with the script and one of the vice-presidents said, "Do drunk." So I was doing drunk and I threw the script onto the table and it knocked into the ashtray and I watched it fly across the room. The butts went all over this white rug, scattered. I got down on my hands and knees and started picking them up-"This is the

Who says you can't have the finest imported hops, old-world aging, super-premium taste...

most embarrassed I've ever been in my life." And they laughed. I swear to God that turned them around.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working with Hurt, who is obviously a gifted actor but has a reputation for being somewhere on the edge?

TURNER: Maybe he is a little bit. I think he sometimes is difficult to deal with personally, because he doesn't proceed in a linear fashion. His actions don't progress in any sensible shape or form. However, he never brings that stuff on camera. We'd go to dinner and I would spend all evening completely unable to understand what the hell he was talking about. I mean, it got a little scary sometimes, like spending the whole night talking about your preferred mode of death, for instance. He said he would like to be sucked up into a jet engine and immediately atomized-and I'm saying, "Oh, my God, OK, here I am, sitting with this man I have to work with tomorrow who wants to die by being atomized in a jet engine." Uh-huh. [Laughs] But the next day, there's none of that. I think Bill is one of those people who are afraid that if they find a form of contentment or stability, they will lose the gift of their work. I don't agree, but I think that is part of his behavior, though he never brought that shit on stage.

PLAYBOY: What about Ned Racine, his character in *Body Heat?* Your line to him was, "You're not too smart, are you? I like

that in a man."

TURNER: [Laughs] Yes. I think he was a character who had very much followed the rules-he went to college, went to law school-and was controlled by them. He expected that having obtained a law degree and then having set up his office, his life was going to be taken care of. I think he always expected something outside him to manage his life. And then Matty came along. [Smiles in Matty character] But I think he wasn't unlike so many young people these days. They think that if they fulfill certain qualifications and pass the tests, they will be handed a readymade life. He was always looking for someone to say, "Do this, do that, go this way and you will be rewarded.'

PLAYBOY: There was a moment there, when you smiled, that brought back Matty. Were you at all wary of playing such a nasty character?

TURNER: When you're doing a character, you never think the character is evil. You find all the sympathetic things that touch you and move you. The woman was scared and married to this horrible man. Not that there was ever any justification possible for what she did, but you find mitigating reasons. The biggest challenge was to make the audience believe her. I was always terrified that they would stop believing. The challenge was to . . . to suck them all in. Everybody. At the same time, you had to leave clues all the way

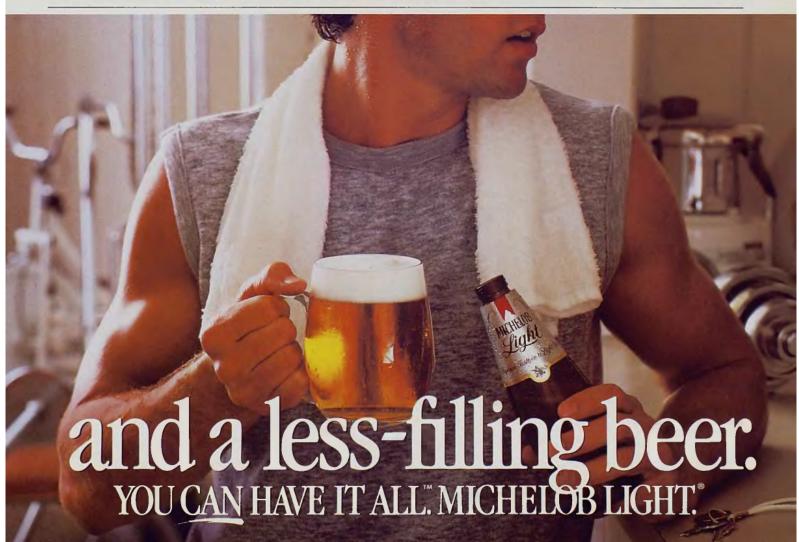
down the line, so when they looked back, they wouldn't suddenly say, "Wait a minute! When did she go from good to bad?" There had to be little notes that sounded wrong in every scene. Why did she hesitate to say that word? What was that look? There had to be clues in every scene that she wasn't what she seemed to be, but you couldn't see them until you knew.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you first saw the completed movie?

TURNER: Thrilled, embarrassed. After a private screening, I went out to a movie theater and watched it with an audience. I put on glasses and everything. I guess I thought they were going to recognize me, which of course they wouldn't have. I moved two or three times during the film, and it was wonderful. At the end, I was sitting next to this woman who was watching it alone, and when they had walked down to the boathouse, she said, under her breath, "Don't go in, don't go in." I thought, This is great. And I sneaked out and sat in the lobby as people started to come out. They were all arguing: "She loved him." "No, she didn't." Or "I knew she was going to do that." "Oh, you did not!" I thought, This is fabulous. I followed this couple for about two blocks and they kept arguing about whether or not she loved him.

PLAYBOY: Body Heat's rave reviews must have really started things rolling.

TURNER: Not at all. I didn't work in a film



for eight months after Body Heat. In fact, I was back filling in on soap operas and doing things like that. I went up to Canada to do stage work after about a year. I even did a little waitressing. I got a couple of offers to do films that I really didn't like—bad imitations of Body Heat.

PLAYBOY: How did The Man with Two Brains come about?

TURNER: I read the script and thought it was very funny. But my agent was having trouble getting me an audition, because Carl [Reiner, the director] had seen Body Heat and, I was told, he thought I was talented but not funny. I got kind of upset. Most of my stage work had been comedic, and I didn't think that was fair. So I told my agent I really wanted that audition, and ultimately Reiner agreed to see me.

PLAYBOY: And you convinced him.

TURNER: And Steve. And 15 minutes later, they asked me if I would do it. It may have helped that at the reading, I did a faint and then ended up climbing Steve's leg.

PLAYBOY: Was Joan Wilder in Romancing the Stone your first sympathetic role?

TURNER: Yes. The first nice girl. It meant a lot, because I was afraid I was starting to get a little typecast. The villainesses are interesting to do, but I never wanted to be stuck in one kind of role. My husband went back to the old home town. Everybody knew Jay and I were getting married, and they all wanted to know, "Is she really a bitch?" That was the first question. We have a pact: When someone asks Jay, "What's she really like?" I'll always love him for saying, "She makes great fried chicken."

PLAYBOY: Is it tough when you get a role that's closer to you?

TURNER: Yeah. When you are doing something that's really outside yourself, such as when I was doing the whore in *Crimes of Passion*, there are all kinds of triggers—you just have to put on those shoes and that wig and you start going. They put you right into character. When you take away a lot of those props- and you are doing things close to you, you start doubting whether they are good enough. Acting is never being real, I believe. It's always a purposeful behavior that you are presenting as a sort of symbol of what the character is feeling, what she's thinking.

PLAYBOY: So isn't the more real the better? TURNER: One of the realest things I think I ever did was when I was in the soap opera. My mother on the soap opera was dving, and for some reason I flashed really badly on Daddy's death. And in the dress rehearsal, I just knew I was going to burst into tears. I thought, OK, OK, just hold it until they tape it. If you are going to go through this, at least use it. And for the taping, I finally let it go. I was sobbing. We finished the show, and I thought it was the most real thing I had ever done. But I saw the show and it was the worst piece of ham acting I've ever seen in my life. It just looked absurd. You've got to channel it. You've got to show people what the character is feeling. You can't feel it really. I mean, you have to feel it to show it, but you've got to put that step in between to present it. The audience doesn't actually want to step into your life. They don't want to go through any pain you're going through. They want to be touched by it.

PLAYBOY: Beyond the example of getting involved with fellow actors, you seem sophisticated about the pitfalls of your profession. Why do you think you've been able to stay centered, not get carried away by it? TURNER: Some of it, I think, is background-just nice, practical, solid background. Also, it makes a difference that I never grew up with any sort of veneration of these worlds-movies and television. Not living in the States most of the time never made these things so important to me. It's not better than my real world. A lot of people think that this world must be amazing and mystical and God-given and you can have anything you want and it solves all your problems. In fact, it eases some things and creates a whole batch of problems, but all that is obvious. Most of all, I suppose, I'm pretty levelheaded.

PLAYBOY: Some wouldn't call your decision to do *Crimes of Passion* levelheaded. You accepted one of the most sexually explicit roles any mainstream actress has played—that of China Blue, a businesswoman by day who is a prostitute by night. The picture has become something of a cult hit and has scenes in it that are so hot that some of its publicity touted it as deserving an X rating. Why did you take the role?

TURNER: I was up against a lot to do Crimes of Passion. Jay was very concerned about my doing it. My mother was absolutely appalled by the idea. Even my agent had very mixed feelings about my doing it. I was doubtful. I was afraid of the sex, but I got contractual approval on the way everything would be shot. I had contractual approval to say yes or no. I had one week when I changed my mind and tried to get out of it and realized that I couldn't and shouldn't. In a way, all these people telling me not to do it almost made me decide that I must. The idea was very exciting. It was an acting tour de force, and you don't get offered too many of those, especially if you are becoming a commercial Hollywood leading lady. Studios don't want you going out on a limb and risking your reputation with these kinds of roles, because then you might lose audience. As time goes on and you become more popularly successful, the odds are you start to be limited in your choice of roles. So I really thought it was a good time to grab it, to go for that kind of stretch and because I thought I would act my ass off in it. And I think it was a correct decision. I think Crimes is my best work. I'm very pleased with it. I'm not pleased with the film. It's not as good as I wanted it to be, but I like the work very much. And it did use all this

PLAYBOY: Anger?

TURNER: You see, every few years or so, I

get a build-up of anger, of something. You've been fulfilling all your goddamn responsibilities, you've been forging ahead-and every few years, there's a whole body of anger that you haven't tapped. You've just let it sit. It was one of those times when Crimes of Passion came in. [My character] Joanna is so angry and so hurt! To me, the background story on Joanna comes through in one scene when she sort of jokes with Anthony Perkins and says, "When I was in the kitchen trying desperately to make my husband's favorite casserole, he was in the bedroom with my best friend, making her." I envision that Joanna was trying to be Superwoman. She was carrying this job and this marriage, and when they were breaking up, her husband turned around and said something like, "You're not a real woman." It's a problem for so many women today. What do you do? Do you spend your time making sure your man is all right or pursuing your career? Does he feel neglected? Ahh! It's very hard! And Joanna got burned! He used her expertise and confidence against her and attacked her femininity. I envision that one night she went out and bought that wig because it was her idea of absolutely grotesque, absurd, and she went out to see if any man was going to pay attention to her. She got into the control thing and liked it. She was completely irresponsible. She could go fuck anybody she wanted to and pull any trip on him, play any kind of game, and then go back to her other life and not have to pay the price. It was obviously a very destructive way to use this anger, but it was her first access to it. When my husband first saw the film, right at the beginning, when China was walking down the street and dropped her cigarette in front of the policemen, he said, "I've never seen you like that. Why does she walk like that? What is it?" I said, "I don't know. I don't know why she walked like that except to say, 'Fuck you!"

PLAYBOY: And where does the parallel stop? Was this a destructive way to use your anger?

TURNER: I don't think it was destructive. though it certainly was using that built-up anger. In eollege, after I had been back in the States about two years and I had experienced the worst culture shock I ever had, feeling lost, alone and angry, I got the chance to do The Death of Bessie Smith. The character is a nurse who, at one point, is refusing admittance to this woman whose arm has been ripped off and who is bleeding to death. This is the most inhumane thing, and in the midst of this inexcusable behavior, she breaks down. [In character] "I'm just sick! Sick of the smell of this place! I'm sick. I'm sick of my skin. I want to rip it off. . . ." [Shudders] And she gets slapped by the doctor, and the audience applauded, and I went, "Yeah! Right!" I mean, I got rid of two years right

PLAYBOY: Did you have to exercise your contractual control over the sex scenes in



Crimes of Passion?

TURNER: Only one time. It was just ridiculous. The writer on that piece became extremely unreasonable. I guess he felt that his control wasn't as powerful as he had intended it to be. In the scene with the old man [when China is hired by the wife of a dying man], he wanted me to do it naked-without a bra on or anythingand I said, "That's ridiculous. People are going to spend all their time wondering when I'm going to get dressed, to begin with." Essentially, this is a beautiful scene; it's the only time that the woman allows her two lives to cross over, and it's a shock to her. This is not about whether or not she's going to fuck the old man. But the writer wanted to humiliate me, really. PLAYBOY: You nixed that one, yet you allowed a very kinky S/M scene. Why?

TURNER: I found that very, very upsetting, but I'm basically an actor; and if the director, whom I admire and respect, says, "We've got to have this scene," then I will certainly try to make it work, and I did try to make that work. I wasn't happy with the S/M scene, but it has a reason, has a point. The payoff is when he spits in her face and she's got that scene in the bathroom when she's crying and trying so desperately to put make-up on and pull herself back together, when she knows she's not in control—she's been fooling herself the whole time about this whore character's being free. So that's worth it.

PLAYBOY: Considering the film's notoriety, it couldn't have been easy on your husband

TURNER: It wasn't, but he respects my work. We agreed to disagree on this one, which is OK. We were engaged and were going to be married right after the film. No, it wasn't easy. My mother's terror about *Crimes of Passion*, which she's never seen and never will see, is that if I'm so good as this woman, won't people all think I'm a whore? Well, this is ridiculous to my mind. I have no problem separating my actions as an actor from my actions in my life. I think that's essential. If you don't know when you're off stage, how can you make yourself be on? If the line gets fuzzy, then things get very weird.

PLAYBOY: And yet your family looks at the screen and sees you in very intimate scenes—

TURNER: I think it's very hard. *Crimes* is very hard on Jay. In a way, he feels a little exposed himself. I'm showing an intimacy that in most normal lives is never seen outside the bedroom. Why would anyone ever see someone else's wife in that position? I understand that, but that's not me to me. I've got no problem with it, because I would never act like that.

PLAYBOY: Yet any decision you make affects the people close to you.

TURNER: Of course it affects Jay. It affects his family, it affects my family, everyone saying how wonderful or how awful, or

how something. Of course it affects people around you who care for you. I think you've got to take into account what it may cost them, as well, and therefore what it's going to cost you, but I don't go to my mother for advice on what films to do.

PLAYBOY: Your next role was in *Prizzi's Honor*, with Jack Nicholson, directed by John Huston. That was certainly a less controversial decision.

TURNER: Yes, though not necessarily for Jack. He was never quite sure about the script, Jack has told this story, so it's OK. to tell it. John couldn't understand why, after several readings, Jack was still troubled by the script. He said to him, "It's a very funny story; what's wrong with you?" Jack said, "What? It's a comedy?" He had never seen it as a comedy. He read it again and said, "Holy shit, this is funny!" The producers wouldn't confirm that I had the offer until they knew they had Jack. They didn't know whether or not they had Jack for months. I turned down another film because it would have been a conflict. I finally had to call Jack and say, "Hey, guy, give me a hint." The next week, he agreed to it.

PLAYBOY: How was Nicholson to work with? TURNER: I think he's a stunning actor. He's unique. I don't know—with some actors, Jack included, it's not why they are so good, it's that they are who they are. Jack is technically excellent. You never have to worry if you are depending on a move or



an emphasis or the pace of a line—you'll get it from Jack. I got a little spoiled working with him. All I had to do was act—that's all. I didn't have to take care of nobody else.

PLAYBOY: Jack joked about working with this sexy lady—you.

TURNER: Off camera. Right. I asked him if he was having a good time. He said, "How can I be having a good time? I'm working with a bunch of old men and a goddamn newlywed." [Laughs] Actually, I think he and Anjelica [Huston] probably had a very good time.

PLAYBOY: But the role wasn't exactly sympathetic, for all that you wanted a change, A hit lady who gets bumped off by her husband isn't exactly the all-American girl.

TURNER: [Shrugs] Hey! It was just business, ya know? Part of it was just to go for the old charm. There was no explanation or justification for her at all. My God, these people are completely amoral. These people live in their own world, with their own code of honor. She broke it and she's got to pay the price. It's very moral in that sense. On her side, as one line goes, "She's an American trying to get ahead." Hey! [Shrugs] Business is business. She broke da rules.

PLAYBOY: And, obviously, the sex scenes in *Prizzi's Honor* are of a different order from the ones in your other movies.

TURNER: Oh, sure. The love scene on the bed was just a gas to do. I think that's one

of the secrets of doing good sex on film, actually. I think that just having intense, intense kissing or touching is really kind of boring and archaic. I think the real joy is finding joy. I always try to laugh, always try to put in a gurgle of joy, because that touches people much more than watching someone pant. I mean, when we hit the headboard and it's banging the wall—there isn't a person in the world who doesn't know that sound. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to your most recent film, *Peggy Sue Got Married?*

TURNER: The script and Francis Coppola. **PLAYBOY:** *Peggy Sue* opens at a high school reunion. Have you ever gone to one?

TURNER: The only good high school memories I have are of this theater group I was in. I can't imagine going back to high school. Peggy Sue was a cheerleader in high school. Cheerleaders were a joke in London, where I went to high school. We formed a cheerleading squad for the teachers, who played the high school basketball team, which was called the Eagles. The teachers were the Bald Eagles, and we cheered for them; we went out and spreadeagled between shots.

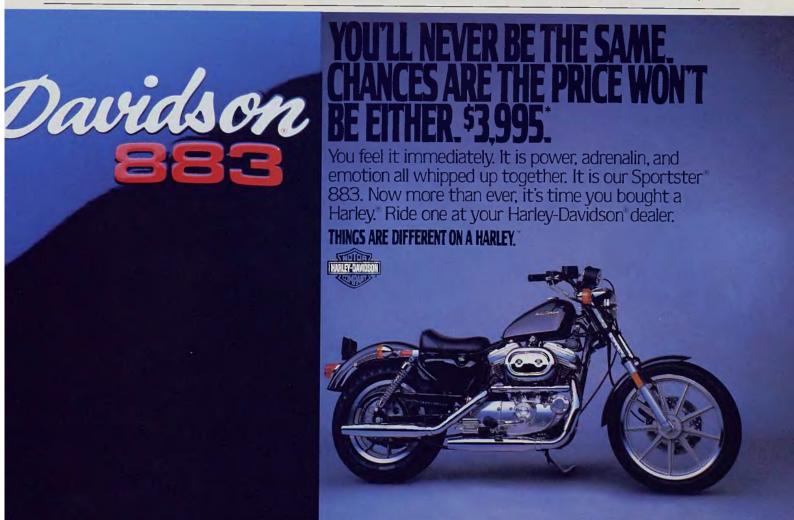
PLAYBOY: You said it was also Coppola who drew you to this film. Are there any directors with whom you would work regardless of the script?

TURNER: Well, you also have to have a sense of whether you can work with them or not. There are some fabulous people out there,

but truly, if you're not going to do good work with them, you're going to hurt each other. There was one director I met who took great pride in telling me how he manipulated his actors-specifically, in one case, when he made this woman fall in love with him. In the script, she was dumped by her boyfriend, and the director very cleverly, he thought, dumped her three days before the scene and, yes, got a stunning performance out of her. I thought, I would kill you, you bastard. This is why I am quite sure I will never work with him and, no, I won't name names. The point is, I don't feel I need that kind of manipulation. I don't think it's fair. This is acting! You don't screw up somebody's life.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any dream roles?

TURNER: Oh, yes. More on stage than in film, I suppose, because there's so much more history on stage. I find it very difficult to think of doing film roles, because I haven't read them yet, but on stage there are many things. There's a piece I have wanted to do since I was 15, Jean Cocteau's The Human Voice. It's been done twice. Ingrid Bergman did it and Liv Ullmann did it a few years ago. It's quite an extraordinary piece. I have to be older-the character should be in her 40s, really. It's a one-woman piece. The whole thing is a phone conversation. She's leaving her lover of five years. She's just over the edge where she's lost her youthful



attractiveness. She doesn't know what she is. The range is just—phewww! The arc is so big

PLAYBOY: You've been active in certain political causes. Does it bother you that some people sneer at actors' using their platforms to advance their causes?

TURNER: I'll tell you: I'm going to be a woman all my life and I'm not necessarily going to be an actress all my life. So it's important to take some stands. For instance, I am a supporter of Planned Parenthood. I'm on the Board of Advocates. Although I would be horrified to have to make a decision on abortion, I support the prochoice position, because it is more appalling to me to bring these children into the world without any resources, without any choice, without love and a future.

I also did some stuff for People for the American Way, Norman Lear's organization concerned with censorship. I feel that's terribly important. I find that a lot of these born-again-Christian Falwell characters-Falwell in particular-are absolutely frightening, because they are making political judgments under this blanket of Christian sanctity. It is such hypocrisy that I really find it amazing that they have the stature that they do. I definitely think they're a serious threat to our country. The justification they use is that they are the personification of God's will, so any action against them is an action against God, which is unbelievable arrogance. Nobody has informed me that there's been another Jesus Christ.

PLAYBOY: But there are causes about which you feel zealous, aren't there?

TURNER: Yeah, in a way. When I first came back to the States from England, I was in a fervent acting-as-religion phase; I really wanted to work toward building a better regional theater in the United States, because that is so important and accepted in England and I was so admiring of it. I had this idea that I would walk into Springfield, Missouri, and do Medea or something. Whether they were shocked, whether they liked it or not, it would push their feelings a little further. This is very arrogant, I admit, but I had this idea that even if they never made use of it in their lives, they would be aware of a further range because of the experience. Somebody says, "Ah! All right. That exists. Something different." [Laughs] It still sounds arrogant.

PLAYBOY: Switching back to your personal life, why did you decide to get married?

TURNER: After Romancing, I had this idea that I was becoming somewhat known and that I had the leisure to attack this whole New York dating society scene. I went out with a couple of guys who were very nice, but I just hated it. I would find myself calling them up at six o'clock before a dinner engagement and saying, "Listen, if you think anything is going to happen after dinner, forget it." "No, no, no, I just wanted the pleasure of your company." Right. Sure. Eleven o'clock and you're still

trying to shove him out the door. I was very flustered. I didn't enjoy it very much. I decided that obviously, that was not going to be my way of life. It had a little to do with *Body Heat*. People expected me to be very glamorous and sensuous and perhaps even easy; who knows?

I was living in a sublet on 57th Street that I really hated. I figured it was time that I had a nice place. A friend knew this guy Jay Weiss, who owned buildings and was in the business, and asked him if he would help me find an apartment. At first, he refused-he said he didn't do that kind of thing-but she bugged him, and finally he lined up a bunch of apartments and took me to look at these buildings, none of which I liked. Afterward, I took him to lunch at the Russian Tea Room to thank him for his effort. Then we talked until four o'clock in the morning, and after that, I think every single night I was in New York, we went out together. At first, he didn't want to-well, get involved with an actress, so I had to persuade him. He couldn't resist me. [Laughs]

"I was feeding her!
I was spending my time
trying to perform this
Kathleen Turner, and
I thought, This is sick!"

PLAYBOY: Despite your openness with us, you have a reputation in some quarters for being icy and arrogant. Why?

TURNER: Some of it is a distance that I think I have to keep. It's also partly the way I talk. I don't use slang a lot and I don't go, "Hey, man," and "OK" and "Like, far out." I got along with John Huston because I'm like he is-I speak very properly and formally, even though it comes off stiff and arrogant. When I get very nervous, I become very precise. In New York, when I was starting in auditions, I was terribly nervous, so I would be so incredibly proper it was ridiculous. I mean, who is this kid who is acting like my mother, you know? And I would get feedback from the agency like, "Who is this prima donna? We don't need to waste our time on this.'

PLAYBOY: So you keep your distance, especially on the set.

TURNER: Well, you want to have friend-ships, to be available to everyone. You know everybody's name on the crew; you try to know if people are well or if they are sick. But you can't . . . you're the girl, you're the star and can't go down to the bar and just have drinks with the guys and stuff like that, because there is always that question of sexuality involved; and espe-

cially if you're on location and everybody is away from home, you're going to make all kinds of trouble. One nymphomaniac in this position could turn a crew upside down and sideways. You have to be aware of your position and use it responsibly.

PLAYBOY: So you build a wall?

TURNER: I hope not. I really like people. I really like being with people. I spend a lot of time alone now, for many reasons, but I would hate to feel I had to. As long as it's still my choice.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever fear becoming addicted to the kind of attention you get?

TURNER: Yes, I do. I do wonder if it could become more important to me than real love and admiration. A couple of years ago, I started seeing a shrink. I still see her when I'm in New York, and sometimes I call her when I'm away. I went to her because I had this concept, this feeling that there was a capital-K, capital-T Kathleen Turner who was getting a lot of attention and was more important than I was. And I was feeding her! I was spending my time trying to perform this Kathleen Turner, and I thought, This is sick! And I felt it was getting very dangerous. If I couldn't sit at home and be happy reading, if I had to get out and get my dose of attention every day, then I was going to be in trouble. And she has really helped me find a perspective.

Now, I will go perform Kathleen Turner when I should, when I have to—at an opening, when I'm on the set—but I don't want to feed my energy into this public figure every day. I want to live my own life.

PLAYBOY: So, no major regrets in the life of Kathleen Turner—capitalized or not?

TURNER: I don't have a lot of wasted time in my life. I don't look back and think, There's a whole section that didn't mean anything. What I like about my work so far, my life so far, are the leaps. There are times I've said, "Either I'm going to do it or I'm going to sit here and ask myself 'What if?" When it's come down to that point, I've always done it.

PLAYBOY: What do you see ahead?

TURNER: I'd like to keep acting forever. I don't see any reason why I won't. There is a very difficult time in a woman's career, sometime in her late 30s or early 40s, when she loses that edge of youth and attractiveness and is no longer considered a young leading lady. On the other hand, I don't think I've ever been a young leading lady, so I'm not too upset about it. But it's still going to be tough on the ego. However, some of the best roles ever, particularly on stage-Hedda Gabler, Lady Macbeth, numerous roles—are written for women who are no longer forced to barter their youth and beauty. So I'm kind of looking forward to that. I'll tell you one thing: Helen Hayes is an inspiration. There she is, doing Airport-whatever at the age of 69. I think that's great. I hope to do as well. That's me-Airport XVII.



Put your Coke in the best of spirits. Bacardi rum.

BACARDI, rum. Made in Puerto Rico.





LAUGH CLONE LAUGH

he was the greatest comic around—and i'd been hired to save his lives

fiction

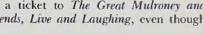
By JOHN MORRESSY

THE GREAT MULRONEY couldn't make me4 crack a smile, but I1,2,3 and 200,000,000 others thought he was the funniest thing since the invention of the pratfall. There's no accounting for sense of humor.

Mulroney was the first clone to make it to the top in the entertainment industry, but being a clone wasn't what accounted for his popularity. He had a genius for mimicry and an encyclopedic knowledge of the great funnymen of the past. When nostalgia for the 20th Century comics of television and film and the acts from vaudeville and the variety theater became the new thing, Mulroney shot to stardom overnight and went on from there.

Mulroney brought back something that hadn't been seen for more than 20 yearslive shows in front of a live audience. An entire generation had grown up watching the great comics on home screens, on tapes and hollies, and now Mulroney made those old acts come alive. He did Harrigan and Hart, Gallagher and Shean, the Keystone Cops, the Marx Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, Laurel and Hardy, Martin and Lewis, Laugh-In, Second City, Monty Python's Flying Circus, Saturday Night Live, The Digital Watchdogs, The Hooper Group-all the big ones, from the 1870s to the anticomics of the 2020s. Five shows a week in the biggest theater on the East Coast, and tickets were sold out for the next 16 months.

I1,2,3 would have given my1,2,3 eyeteeth for a ticket to The Great Mulroney and Friends, Live and Laughing, even though



I4 couldn't stand him. But private investigators don't make the kind of money it takes to buy four of the hottest tickets in town. So I settled for reading the reviews in the daily faxes and catching bootleg snippets on the hollic, never suspecting how soon I was to come into very personal contact with The Great Mulroney.

I¹ was in the office alone that day, while I⁴ wound up a case and I²,³ caught up on my²,³ lost sleep after a long stretch of night work. The morning was quiet, and I¹ was ready to send out for an early lunch when the outercom rang at 11:30.

"Lucky Clover Detective Agency, Joe Kilborn speaking," 11 said.

"Kilborn, I have to see you right away. It's urgent. It's life and death," said a frightened, raspy voice.

"Come right up, mister," I1 replied.

"What's the name?"

He hesitated, then said, "I'll tell you

He hesitated, then said, "I'll tell you when I get there. Give me ten minutes, Kilborn." •

He needed only eight. He came through the door puffing and sweating as if he had run up all 39 flights to the office, though I¹ knew that a man his size didn't do much running. His suit was expensive, the rings on his chubby fingers looked real and his hairpiece was the best I¹ had seen since the Dash Sterling case. Dumping himself into a chair, the guy squeaked out, "Kilborn?"

"That's me, mister."

"There's only one," he gasped, looking around the little office while he struggled to get his breath. "I thought there were . . . that you were a. . . ." He sounded disappointed.

"I'm a four-clone, if that's what you're trying to say. That doesn't mean that I go everywhere together."

"No, no, certainly not. I should have known. Mulroney's the same way off stage."

My¹ eyebrows went up. "Mulroney? The Great Mulroney?"

"Yes. He's a six-clone, you know."

"I know. Everybody knows."

"Well, he doesn't hang around together much. Very temperamental men—man, I mean. Very temperamental individual."

"Wait a minute, now. What do you have to do with The Great Mulroney?"

"I'm his manager," the fat man said. He handed me¹ a vocard. I¹ activated it, and a sweet, sultry voice said, "Allow me to present Burgo Barry, manager of that phenomenon of the entertainment world, The Great Mulroney." Cheering and wild applause went up, then faded, and the voice went on, "If you'd like to speak further with Mr. Barry, please call zone 645, area 128, line 5126, outercom 823-312-1121, and I'll be happy to connect you. Thanks and good coping. Have an authentic day."

Il deactivated the vocard and gave

Burgo Barry a closer look. "You said something about life and death. Whose?"

Still puffing, Barry dug into another pocket and took out a folded piece of paper. "This came today," he said, holding it out to me¹.

Il opened it very carefully. Lettered on it in a shaky, uneven hand was a simple message: "Laugh clown laugh, for tomorrow you die."

I1 refolded the note and laid it on the desk. "You must get fifty of these a week,"

"More like three hundred," he said.
"So what's special about this one?"

Again he reached into a pocket, this time pulling out a folder containing a batch of similar notes. I^I opened the folder and looked over the notes, and the problem became clearer. There were ten in all, beginning with the one dated ten days ago and reading, "Laugh clown laugh, for in ten days you die." Each day the number was reduced by one, until it was down to "tomorrow."

"You took your time calling me in, Barry. Now I've got a whole day to work on this. What do you expect, miracles?" I¹ said.

"Kilborn, I would have been here the minute I saw the first note, but Mulroney forbade it. He was unanimous."

"What about the police?"

Barry threw up his hands. "Police protection we got. We're tripping over cops. But Mulroney won't let me tell them about the notes. He says it's the work of a loony and we should ignore it—no police, no publicity, because if we react, we may start getting the real thing. I had to plead with him before he'd let me call you, and he gave in only because you're a clone, like him. He figured you'd understand."

"He figured wrong," 11 said. "I should have been called in as soon as the semester started, not the day before finals."

"What can I say, Kilborn? We get messages like this all the time. Mulroney thinks——"

I⁴ walked in, saw Barry and looked at me¹. "Client?" I⁴ asked.

"Yes," I¹ said. "This is Burgo Barry, manager of The Great Mulroney."

"A pleasure, Mr. Barry. Don't get up," I4 said, trying to conceal my4 distaste. I4 had had The Great Mulroney up to my4 emotional Plimsoll mark.

Barry glanced back and forth between mel.4 and hesitated a moment before saying, "Glad to meet you, Mr.... Kilborn." For all his long experience with Mulroney, the poor man still didn't know how to behave toward a clone. But then, most solos don't.

"I just came to check the mail. I'll be out of here in a minute," I4 said.

"Stick around. I think this will be a big job," II said, handing me4 the bundle of notes.

I4 glanced at them, shot a sharp look at

me¹ and sat down at an empty desk to study the notes more closely. I⁴ spread them out in two orderly rows and turned the desk light on them, and the more I⁴ saw, the more concerned I⁴ grew. I⁴ could not interpret this as just another case of a pathetic loser's trying to get a bit of his own back by tossing a rock at the local deity. Whoever had written these notes meant every word.

"We'll never trace the paper or the ink. They're too common. We might get something from a graphological analysis, but we can't get a good one completed by tomorrow," I4 said. "Anyway, this is clearly a disguised hand. Probably a right-handed person writing left-handed, though it could be the other way around."

"How can you tell?" Barry asked.

I4 leaned my4 elbows on the desk and tapped my4 finger tips together thoughtfully. Fixing my4 gaze on the wall behind Barry's head, I4 said, "I can tell a great deal from these notes, Mr. Barry. Ligatures between printed characters are very suggestive. When someone accustomed to writing swiftly is forced—or forces himself—to write slowly, the pen does not always leave the surface cleanly between letters; hence, the ligatures. The curvature of certain characters is another interesting feature." Turning to me1, I4 asked, "Surely you noticed the I's and the ones."

"They got right by me," I1 admitted. I1 was impressed with my4 expertise.

"They're a giveaway. And, of course, we have the messages themselves. Very interesting. Obviously not the product of the childish mind thrust at us by the printing but that of a man acquainted with *Ecclesiastes* and *I Pagliacci*."

"Who are they?" Barry asked, looking

I4 smiled politely and added, "And a man who has done some reading and writing, too, I think. He couldn't force himself to omit all the commas, and there's not a single misspelling in the ten messages."

"That's pretty good, Kilborn, Anything else?"

"Nothing more, I'm afraid, except that the writer of these notes is male, weighs about eighty-five kilograms and is somewhere between thirty and fifty," I4 said.

Barry gaped at me⁴, blinked, dug into yet another pocket for a handkerchief to wipe his brow, looked at me¹, then turned back to me⁴ and asked, "Are you sure about that?"

I4 nodded. "Positive."

Barry stuffed the handkerchief into his breast pocket, frowned at me⁴ and said, "That narrows it a little, but still. . . . You could be describing about three quarters of the cops guarding Mulroney and maybe half the stagehands and musicians. It could be one of you guys, for that matter, or any of The Great Mulroney. It fits. Hell, Kilborn, it could be me!"



"It'll never go to trial."

"I only wish I could narrow it that much," I4 said, giving Barry my4 most reassuring smile. "Unfortunately, that description fits approximately eight hundred and twenty-three thousand people in this city. That's the problem, Mr. Barry, and there isn't much time to solve it. As of midnight, The Great Mulroney is in danger of his lives."

"You really believe that?" Barry asked, his eyes wide and frightened.

"I do," I4 said.

"So do I," Il added.

"Then will you take the case?"

I4 looked at mel and exchanged a nod. "I will," II said.

Barry gave a great sigh of relief, hoisted himself out of the chair and shook my1,4 hand with real enthusiasm. It seemed a good time to mention the retainer. When II named a figure, he winced.

"That's pretty stiff, isn't it, Kilborn? I mean, you won't be on it for long. By midnight tomorrow, the danger is over," he

"That's what we hope, I'll be working around the clock until then. I'll cover Mulroney from every side.'

Barry wavered a little, but his manager's instincts kept him fighting. "Yeah, but all the same . . . I mean, legally you're one person, like Mulroney; isn't that so?"

Il shrugged. "Legally, I am. But I've still got four mouths to feed."

I1,3 went to the theater that afternoon to look it over. Barry had alerted the police, so I1,3 got in without any difficulty, but as soon as I1,3 started up the stairs, Lieutenant Gutierrez started down. She was as friendly as ever.

'What the hell are you guys doing here?" she growled.

I1,3 looked around innocently. "What guys?" I1 asked, and I3 added, "Nobody here but Joe Kilborn, Lieutenant."

"Don't give me that, Kilborn. You know

what I mean. What's up?"

13 let mel do the talking. Il decided to tell Gutierrez enough to keep her listening but not enough to get her excited. "Mulroney's manager asked me to keep an eye on things for a few days. The nut mail is picking up, and he's worried."

Gutierrez got red in the face. "What the hell does Barry think my men do here, sell candy? Mulroney has more protection than the governor!"

'Come on, Gutierrez. Mulroney grosses three million a night, and the show is sold out past the end of next year. For that kind of money, Barry's entitled to worry." I4 had worked out the exact nightly gross, but I1 couldn't remember the figure. Three million was close enough.

"He can worry all he likes. Mulroney's safety is my job, Kilborn, and I don't need help. What kind of nut mail are you talking about?"

"Somebody threatened to get Mulroney

and set it up for tomorrow. Mulroney says there's nothing to it, but Barry wants a little extra insurance, so he hired me. That's the whole story."

"Well, he's wasting his money. I've got this place secured."

I3 shrugged, and I1 said, "Good for you. Don't begrudge me a living, Gutierrez.'

'Just keep out of the way. Nobody can get a weapon into this building. I have Mowbrays at every entrance, and they're sensitive enough to read what you had for breakfast.'

"What if Mulroney wants to leave? You can't scan everybody in the city.'

"Mulroney never goes out. He's got his own little world in here. He has an apartment in the west residential tower, with a private elevator direct to his dressing rooms." When I3 gave a low, appreciative whistle, Gutierrez went on, "He had it built when he saw the early projections on ticket sales. Probably figures he'll be here for the next twenty years, and he likes his convenience. The elevator stops at his apartment, his gym and the dressing rooms, and nowhere else. His own people installed it, in case you're wondering, and they check it out every day. And I've got someone at each stop. Mulronev is as safe as you can be in this town, Kilborn."

"I'm glad to hear it. I'll enjoy the show and collect an easy fee," 13 said.

Il asked, "You don't mind if I have a look around the theater, do you? I have to do something to look like I'm carning my

"Just keep out of the way, that's all. Mulroney's my business, and don't forget it," said Gutierrez, pushing past mel,3 and stomping down the stairs without a backward look.

The building we were in was the acknowledged queen of the neofunctionalist constructions that had gone up on the West Side during the big boom of the 2030s. The first three levels were given over to shops, gardens and the Palace XXI Theater. The next 48 were offices, posh corporate headquarters where the walls were paneled in real wood and the floors were covered with rugs made of natural fiber and all the furnishings were antique and one of a kind. The two 80-story towers were residential co-ops where the smallest studio went for seven hefty figures. Everything was top of the line, and the theater was a notch or two above that.

The acoustics and the sight lines of the Palace XXI were perfect. There were no nooks, no corners, no columns-no place for a would-be killer to make his move unseen. Only in the boxes could someone aim a weapon-if he could figure out a way to get it past a battery of Mowbray Silent Scanners, something no one had yet managed-and Gutierrez would be sure to have the boxes under close watch. She was as charming as a second-degree burn, but she was a good cop.

The balconies were identical except for the angle of rake, and the orchestra was even cleaner than the balconies. The danger didn't seem to be in the front of the house. I1,3 went backstage, expecting the traditional confused mess, and found it looking like an empty warehouse. No ropes, no flats, no props, no clutter. Not that there was much of that stuff in a neofunctionalist theater, anyway, but Mulroney made even less use of it than most acts. He worked on a bare stage, and his only props were the occasional custard pie, collapsing chair or grand piano. The approaches to the stage were straight, bare corridors in the purest neofunctionalist style. A cop at either end could cover all of

A guard let me3 into Mulronev's dressing rooms through the outside fire exit. which was under 24-hour watch. The interior door had been blocked off, and the only other entrance to the dressing rooms was from the elevator.

13 went back inside and met mel in the orchestra pit. Seeing my3 expression, I1 said, "Looks like you didn't find much."

"Nothing," I3 said. This whole thing was beginning to look funny to me. I3 wished I3 had been there when I1 spoke to

"Me, neither," I1 said. "If anybody really wants to get Mulroney, he won't do it in here, and Mulroney isn't about to leave the building."

"How will the killer get in?"

"There's no way to do it without passing a Mowbray. The people in here are paying for security, and they're getting it. Everything and everybody that comes invisitors, workers, packages, mail-goes through a minimum of three close scans. Besides, Mulroney has that private elevator, with Gutierrez' people guarding it."

13 nodded, still doubtful. "What about

"All six bedrooms face west, across the river. And the glass is bulletproof."

"Is it missileproof?"

"The building has its own antimissile system. It's supposed to be better than the Pentagon's."

"Then, damn it, Mulroney's safe!" 13

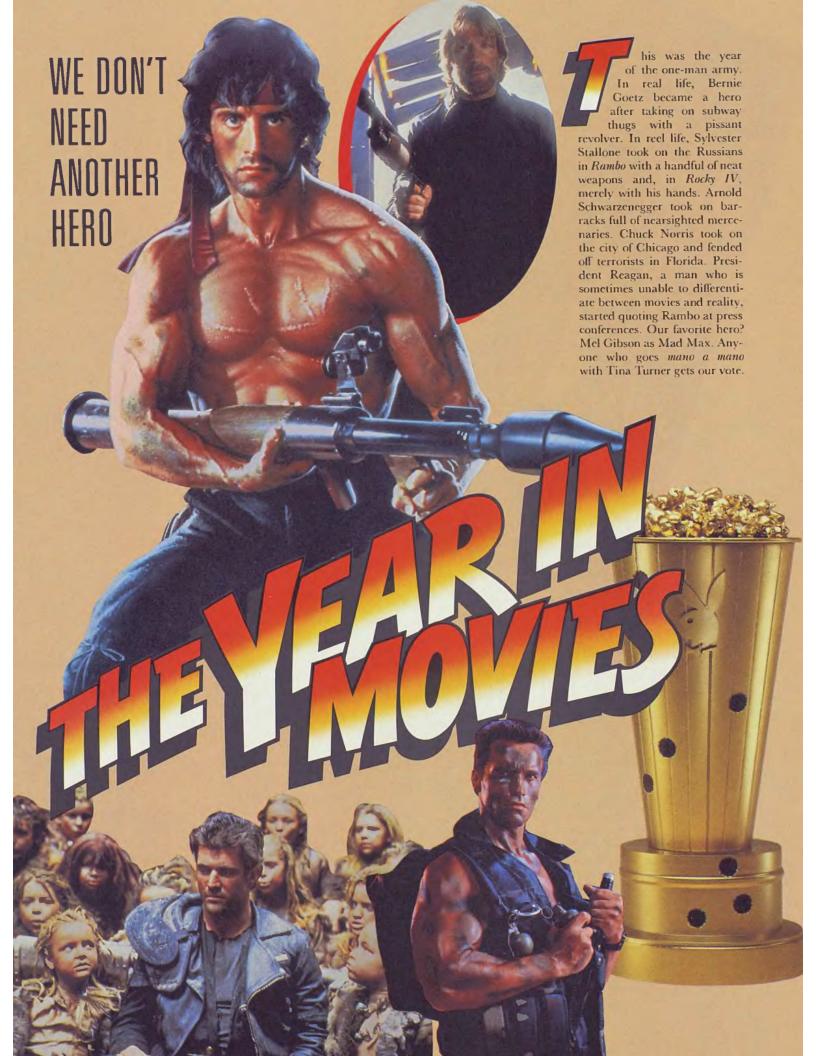
"I think so, too. But Barry's paying me to act as if Mulroney's in danger, so I will-until tomorrow at midnight."

"Sure. But I don't like it. I haven't met Barry. Do you really think he's being straight with me?"

I1 hesitated before answering, "Let me put it this way: I can believe that I was hired in good faith. Barry just got one threatening letter too many and went running for help.'

"He took his time running," 13 reminded me1.

(continued on page 79)

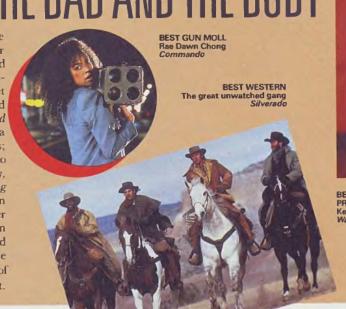




Having seen Back to the Future, will you ever again put on Calvin Klein underwear without smiling? Forget subway vigilantes for the moment. Why not movie-theater vigilantes? Did you applaud when the on-screen characters in The Purple Rose of Cairo told chatty moviegoers to just shut up? Did you nearly puke when the bad guy in Invasion U.S.A. jammed the girl's head down onto the coke-lined mirror, shoving the solid-gold snorting tube up into her brain? Yikes! Having seen Pee-wee's Big Adventure, will you ever again accept a ride from a dead lady truck driver? Having seen Desperately Seeking Susan, will you ever again look at a girl carrying a bird in a cage and wonder where she fits it into the sex act? Will you wonder if beauty is only skin-deep after watching Tahnee Welch take it all off in Cocoon? Having seen The Jewel of the Nile, will you ever again open a bottle of champagne without

HE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE BODY

If it was a good year for the good guys, it was a great year for the bad guys. We loved (or, rather, hated) Brian Dennehy in Silverado, M. Emmet Walsh in Blood Simple and Willem Dasoe in To Live and Die in L.A. It was also a great year for scene stealers; Grand Theft Movie awards go to John Gielgud in Plenty, James Mason in The Shooting Party, Anjelica Huston in Prizzi's Honor, Kevin Costner in Silverado, Judith Ivey in Compromising Positions and Kathleen Turner (our favorite blonde) in everything. The rest of our favorites are shown at right.





BEST SCIENCE PROJECT Kelly LeBrock Waird Science



MACHO MONEY-MAKER

None Dare Call It Acting: Rambo opened in 2074 theaters and made \$32,548,262 in one week. Rocky IV opened in 1325 theaters and made \$31,770,105 in five days. In contrast, Kiss of the Spider Woman opened in one theater in New York and made \$108,778 in a week. Most macho? William Hurt. It takes balls for a man to wear a dress and make it work.

MOST MACHO ACTOR William Hurt Kiss of the Spider Woman

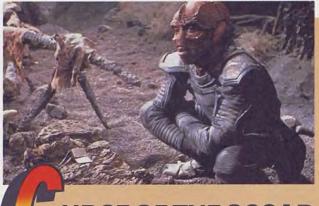
> BOX-OFFICE STAR Sylvester Stallone Rocky IV and Rambo



e tend to think of Hollywood in terms of celebrities, blockbuster hits, creative triumphs and possible subjects for the Playboy Interview. We tend to overlook the fact that film making is a team sport. Occasionally, we are awed by the performance of individuals, but it's the team statistics that are interesting. Consider Hollywood as a league and the major distributors—Columbia, Fox, MGM, Paramount, Universal, Warner Bros., Disney, Orion and Tri-Star-as the franchises. Who ended up on top? Care to guess? Was it the studio that distributed Back to the Future? No. Was it the studio that distributed Sylvester Stallone's movies? No. Warner Bros. emerged with 18 percent of the North American rental market, doing it with a line-up that included two Spielberg-related efforts (The Goonies and The Color Purple) and relied on proven performance of sequels (Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome, Police

Academy 2: Their First Assignment and National Lampoon's European Vacation). Pee-wee's Big Adventure rounded out the roster. Universal was a close second, with 16 percent of the rental market. Buoved by the heavyweight slugging of Back to the Future, the rest of the line-up had class (Brazil, Out of Africa, Mask), a heavy reliance on youth (The Breakfast Club, Weird Science) and stupidity (Morons from Outer Space). Big-name free agents (Burt Reynolds and Richard Pryor) proved to be fiascoes: Stick and Brewster's Millions just took up space on the bench. Fox was a distant third, with Cocoon, Commando, The Jewel of the Nile, Prizzi's Honor and Enemy Mine. Our prediction for next season: Orion may be the studio to watch. It had good balance this year-Code of Silence, Desperately Seeking Susan, The Falcon and the Snowman, The Mean Season, The Purple Rose of Cairo—and may do well in post-season video play.





URSE OF THE OSCAR

They say that if you win an Academy Award, your career takes off. The roles just keep pouring in. Your face disappears behind Foster Grants or, in the case of Louis (An Officer and a Gentleman) Gossett, Jr., and Joel (Cabaret) Grey, behind layers and layers of make-up. So much for a boost from Oscar.

BEST OFFICER AND AN ALIEN Louis Gossett, Jr. Enemy Mine

> BEST REASON TO REHIRE AIR-

TRAFFIC

CONTROLLERS The Jewel of the Nile

LIFE IS A CABARET, OLD CHIUN Joel Grey Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins

PUT ON YOUR DANCING SHOES Mikhail Baryshnikov, Gregory How White Nights

BEST ROLE

MODELS

Arquette,

Desperatel Seeking

SPIES US LIKE Sean Penn, Timothy Hutton The Felcon and the

CUTE COUPLES In the year of the one-man army, there was still some chemistry. Sean Penn and Timothy Hutton left the Brat Pack in the dust with The Falcon and the Snowman. Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines danced through White Nights. Madonna and Rosanna Arquette made Desperately Seeking Susan one of our favorite movies—and videos.

EST LINES

The problem with one-man armies is that they don't say much. Chuck Norris, in *Code of Silence*, pretty much summed it up with "If I want your opinion, I'll beat it out of ya." But there were some marvelous lines elsewhere. Steve Guttenberg in *Cocoon*: "If this is foreplay, I'm a dead man." John Gielgud in *Plenty*: "He had his tongue stuck so far up my fundament, all you could see of him were the soles of his feet." Kid in *American Flyers*: "If you read about it, it's written sex. If you talk about it, it's oral sex." Perhaps Reagan could quote Nicholson on Kathleen Turner: "Just because she's a thief and a hitter does not mean she isn't a good woman. . . . She's an American." For bad lines, there was *Return to Oz*, where they wheel the heroine in for electroshock therapy and we hear, "It's been six months since the tornado, and Dorothy hasn't been herself since. . . ."

DÉJÀ VISION It seemed as if every time you went to the movies, you had already seen the thing. There were the sequels: Rocky IV, Rambo, Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome, The Jewel of the Nile, A View to a Kill, A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2, Porky's Revenge, Friday the 13th Part V—A New Beginning and Death Wish 3, etc. There were technonerd movies. There were zombie movies. Enough.

TECHNONERD Val Kilmer Real Genius BEST TABLE MANNERS Zombie Day of the Deed





BRUCE'S BEST

Back to the Future: Can't recall ever having so much fun in a time warp.

Brazil: Terry Gilliam's controversial nightmare comedy that set some studio heads spinning.

Cocoon: Youth, age and science fiction, brought together by Ron Howard for a glorious be-in.

Fool for Love: Sam Shepard and Kim Basinger performing Shepard's own feverish fertility dance.

Kiss of the Spider Woman: William Hurt and Raul Julia behind bars—in love, in a way.

The Official Story: Actress Norma Aleandro makes this timely drama from Argentina timeless.

Prizzi's Honor: Turner and Nicholson trading killers' kisses under John Huston's wickedly knowing eye.

Ran: Japan's Kurosawa may be the only film maker alive who could improve on Shakespeare's King Lear.

Shoah: The Holocaust yet again, in ten mind-boggling hours—small price for a monumental achievement.

Twice in a Lifetime: Gene Hackman has his best chance in years to remind us how brilliant he has always been.

BRUCE'S BOMBS

Godzilla 1985: Does that title sound like an epitaph? A movie so inept deserves to be remembered.

Hail Mary: Godard religiosity, popularized by a papal slap on the wrist. Only Godard's Détective was duller.

King David: Richard Gere's uncelebrated diaper dance was the low point of this defused Biblical bomb.

Pee-wee's Big Adventure: Excruciating (excluding, of course, the scene with a tour guide at the Alamo).

Perfect: Arguably the year's longest exercise tape, with Travolta and Jamie Lee Curtis sweating it out.

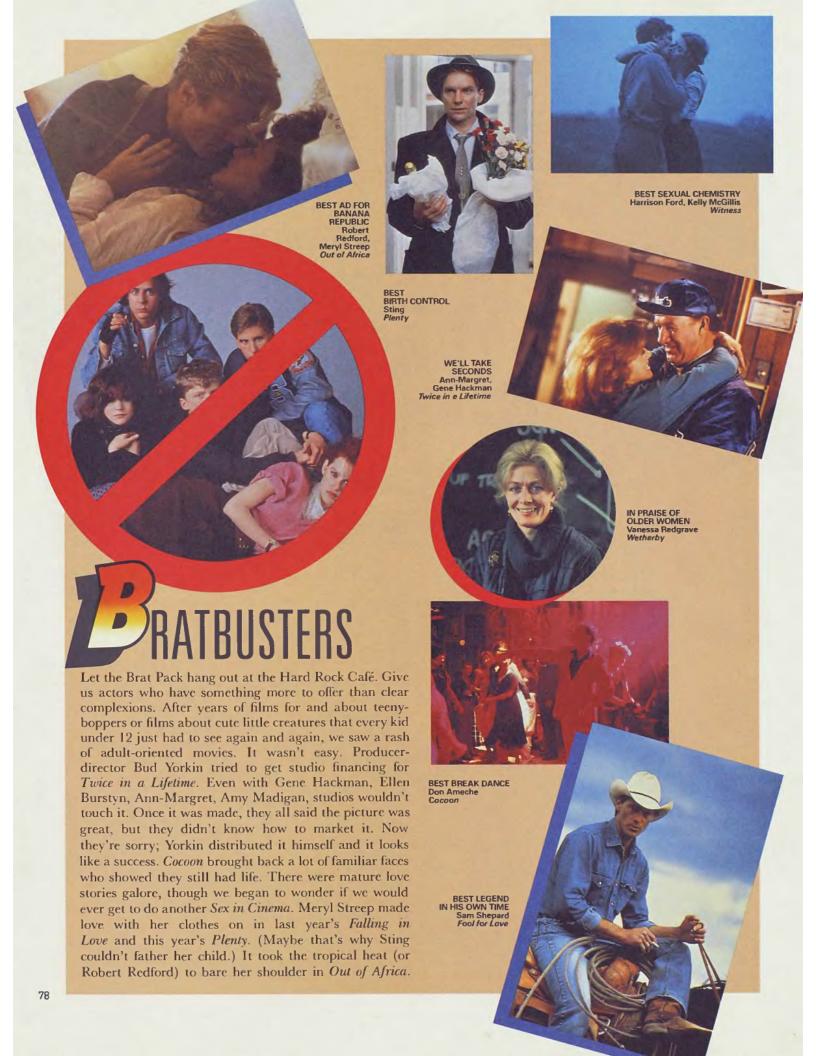
Return to Oz: Dorothy in for shock therapy, along with the audience.

Revolution: The Spirit of '76 plowed under by Pacino, among others.

Rocky IV: Stallone's bank balance swells while his inspiration dwindles.

Rustlers' Rhapsody: Perhaps the all-time god-awful Western spoof came—and quickly went—that-a-way. Santa Claus: The Movie: The rottenest kids you know

deserved better than this Christmas turkey.



"No one was going to have a chance at Mulroney. But that wasn't what Barry wanted to hear."

Il shook myl head. "He blames Mulroney, and I can believe that. But I can also believe that there's something going on I don't know about. Mulroney's a little too safe."

"You think Barry's up to something?"

"I think somebody might be up to something-but who or what, I don't know. It might just be a way of getting publicity."

I3 was incredulous. "Publicity? The Great Mulroney's got enough publicity."

Il laughed and said, "People like The Great Mulroney never have enough publicity. It's a law of nature."

I was at the theater that night as a reporter, musician (I2 play a fair clarinet), assistant electrician and ordinary patron (E-31, second balcony). Barry was as helpful as a nanny, and even Gutierrez didn't make things too difficult.

The show was great. I1,2,3 was aching with laughter before the first skit, "The Three Stooges in Court," was half over. The finale, a tennis match between Laurel and Hardy and Abbott and Costello (no ball, no net, no rackets, of course), with Bob and Ray announcing, even got me4 to smile a little.

For all the laughing-and trying not to-I was still on duty, checking out everything and everyone. After a night in Palace XXI, I was convinced that no one was going to have a chance at The Great Mulroney. But that wasn't what Barry wanted to hear, so he didn't hear it.

I stayed in the theater after the show to begin a 24-hour watch. I1.4 took the first six-hour tour, making the rounds with one of Gutierrez' men, checking the elevators, the guards, the entrances and exits and scanners, while I2 made a seat-by-seat search for concealed weapons and I3 slept. I³ woke around 5:30 and relieved me⁴; then I1,3 went over Mulroney's dressing rooms centimeter by centimeter, finding a few peculiar items but nothing that shouldn't have been there. The place was like a museum, but, oddly enough, it held no comic memorabilia, only books, pictures, hollies and reviews of very serious drama. I1,3 assumed that Mulroney kept his funny stuff upstairs and didn't try to figure out why.

I2 was finished with the seat search by then-without results-so I1 hit the sack while I2,3 made the rounds of elevators, guards and all once again and I4 checked backstage. By then, it was nearing six P.M., so I assembled in the lounge of Mulroney's dressing rooms. He usually came down around 6:30 to prepare for the show, and it seemed best to stick with him until the danger-real, imagined or fraudulentwas past. Maybe this was all lunacy, but I believe in earning my money.

It was a very comfortable lounge, with an inviting bar against one wall. I4 don't drink, but I1,3 was panting for a pick-meup. I2 was so tired after three hours in the orchestra pit and 18 straight on my2 feet that I2 didn't care about anything but sinking into one of those enormous, soft sofas and closing my2 eyes. I4 studied the pictures that covered the walls, and I1,3 looked longingly at the bar, waiting for someone to arrive and be hospitable.

The elevator light went on. Gutierrez' guards snapped to, the doors slid silently open and in walked Burgo Barry. There was a pause, then came The Great Mulroney, making an entrance like a royal procession. Black-silk dressing gowns, with a tiny golden numeral embroidered on each cuff and THE GREAT MULRONEY in scarlet across the left breast; white-silk scarves; softly tinted glasses; the poise and self-possession of a heavyweight champ, which Mulroney resembled in size and build. He must have made good use of that private gym. I2 had nodded off, and I4 was absorbed in studying the photographs on the walls, but I1,3 observed the grand entrance and was impressed.

Mulroney³ stopped and smoothed back his wavy red hair while hel,2,5 nodded to us curtly and headed directly to the dressing rooms. He6 dropped some mail onto the bar and said something inaudible to Barry, while he4 turned to me1,3 with a candidate's smile and said, "Mr. Kilborn? Of the Lucky Clover Detective Agency?"

"That's right," I3 said, and I1 quickly added, "It's a real pleasure to meet you in

Mulroney6 joined us. "Good to see you here," he6 said, putting out his6 hand to me3 while I1 shook hands with him4 and he3 came over to our group. Barry and the two cops watched, and I4, in turn, watched them. Their expression was wonderful to behold. Solos very seldom see a four-clone and a six-clone exchange greetings, and it must have looked very complicated to them, like the mating of octopuses would look to a child, I4 imagine.

I4 turned from the pictures and joined the group. As I4 shook his4 hand, Mulroney3 said, "It's nice that Burgo was able to . . . well, to keep it in the family, if you follow me."

"Following people is my business," I3

Mulroney3,6 laughed and 4 laid a friendly hand on my3 arm, saying, "Now, I'm supposed to be the one with the good lines, Kilborn. You're the private investigator-I'm the actor."

"Probably the greatest comic actor of all time," Il said sincerely.

I4 caught the quick flicker of tension at myl words, but it got past mel,3, and Mulroney4 was quick to murmur gracious thanks. I4 took an envelope from my4 pocket and drew out a glossy of Mulroney as Monty Python doing "The Upper Class Twit of the Year" sketch in authentic 1972 costumes. "I hate to take advantage of you," I4 said with some embarrassment, "but if you can spare a minute to autograph this, it would really mean a lot to

Il looked at me3, wondering what I4 was up to, but I1,3 knew enough to say nothing. Mulroney6 said, "A pleasure, Kilborn," and took the picture.

me. This is my favorite skit."

Barry was sorting through the mail all this time, separating it into two piles, shaking his head gloomily as he lifted each letter. Mulroney6 signed the photo and passed it along. When he3,4 had inscribed it, he4 said to Barry, "Burgo, will you take this to the dressing rooms, so I can finish autographing it for Mr. Kilborn?"

I4 caught the quick, angry glance Mulroney6 shot at him4, but it turned at once to a smile when Barry said, "Sure. I'll take the mail into an empty room and go over it there, so you guys can talk. The dressing rooms are safe, aren't they, Kilborn? Did you check them out?"

"I went over them very carefully, Mr. Barry. Nothing to worry about," I1 said.

"That's a great theatrical collection you've got," I3 said to Mulroney4.

"Yes. But where do you keep the comic stuff?" II asked.

"Oh, I . . . it's around somewhere," Mulroney4 said uncomfortably, just as he6 blurted, "I don't have anything like that." I3 looked at him4,6 in puzzlement, and in that instant it all came together.

"Barry, the mail! Don't open it!" I4 shouted, turning to go after him.

Mulroney6 let out a curse and swung a short left that glanced off my4 ear, sending me4 off balance. Before he6 could follow up, Il grabbed his6 arm. He3,4 was on me1 right away, but I3 yanked him4 off and went over the low cocktail table and landed on the floor. He4 was strong, but I3 was experienced at this game. Meanwhile, I4 got to my4 feet, a little groggy, and got Mulroney6 in a clinch while I4 tried to clear my4 head. The ruckus woke me2 up, and I2 jumped into the melee just as Mulroney1,2,5 came running out of his dressing rooms to lend him3,4,6 a hand. It was a strenuous few minutes, with the odds against me, but by the time Gutierrez' guards came out of shock and (continued on page 176)



meet the women who make tricks a treat



Karen Cady helps Franz Harary pull a few rabbits out of a hat (above). Harary returns the favor (right) by putting Cady into a trance and floating her 11 feet above the ground, an easy trick for a magician who often levitates a motorcycle and rider during his act. Laser Images, Van Nuys, California, provided laser effects.

RANZ HARARY knows all the benefits of being a magician. At the age of 23, not only has he made a top hat full of money (allowing him to maintain homes in both a fashionable part of Los Angeles and his home town of Ann Arbor, Michigan) but magic has put him center stage-center field, in some casesdoing massive illusions for sporting events (such as the Rose Bowl and the White Sox opener) and rock shows. When Michael Jackson floated off into nothingness during the Victory tour, that was Harary behind the scenes, designing and operating the illusion. He and Jackson are still close friends, and the Victory tour's success has given Harary even more work in the lucrative concert field.

Harary knows about one of the other pluses of being a master magician: the magician's assistant. "My work is 75 percent completed by the time you see it," he says. "Assistants do 90 percent of the work on stage. I just point my finger and take all the credit."

Of course, Harary is being modest—he does, after all, design and build some of the most complex illusions in America—but it is hard to imagine a magic act without a comely assistant. Whom would magicians levitate? Saw in half? Turn into a tiger? Make disappear? Somehow, the idea of a man in that role makes the business of hocus-pocus less appealing. Saw a man in half? Who cares? Watch a man float through the air without any visible means of support? Yawn.

It doesn't hurt that magicians' assistants are, by and large, an attractive lot. "They've got to look great," Harary points out. "That's showbiz."

Mark Kalin, 26, a magician who has become one of the major draws in Las Vegas and Atlantic City, knows the value











of the right assistant. "People don't realize how important an assistant is," he says. "She's not the stereotypical dumb blonde who carries the tray out on stage, wiggles her butt and walks off. It takes weeks of rehearsals, a knowledge of magic and knowing how to move."

In fact, Kalin's appreciation of assistants runs so deep that it caused him not only to suggest this pictorial but to recruit singlehandedly other magicians and assistants and serve as a technical advisor. He even developed a new illusion for PLAYBOY, a variation on an old standard.

"For years," he explains, "magicians have been turning girls into tigers. But PLAYBOY wanted the reverse—the editors asked if I could turn a tiger into a girl. It's a much more difficult illusion, since it's easier to make a tiger appear than it is to try to hide one. That presented me with a great challenge, and it took me five weeks of design and thought, studying old principles of magic, to make it work."

Finally, Kalin mastered the illusion, which he now intends to incorporate into his act. When it came time for the photo session, he turned to a trusted longtime assistant, 20-year-old Jubie Rich, for help.

Kalin met Rich when she stopped by to admire his cat in a Las Vegas bar. It was no ordinary cat but a baby cougar—one of several animals he raises to work in his show—and no ordinary bar but Ellis Island, a legendary magicians' hangout. And it was no accident that Rich stopped by. Her father, Gil E. Gilly, performed for years in Vegas as a mentalist—"he breaks glass and bends metal with his mind, and he's also a psychic," she says—and Rich had often worked as his assistant. Kalin immediately hired her.

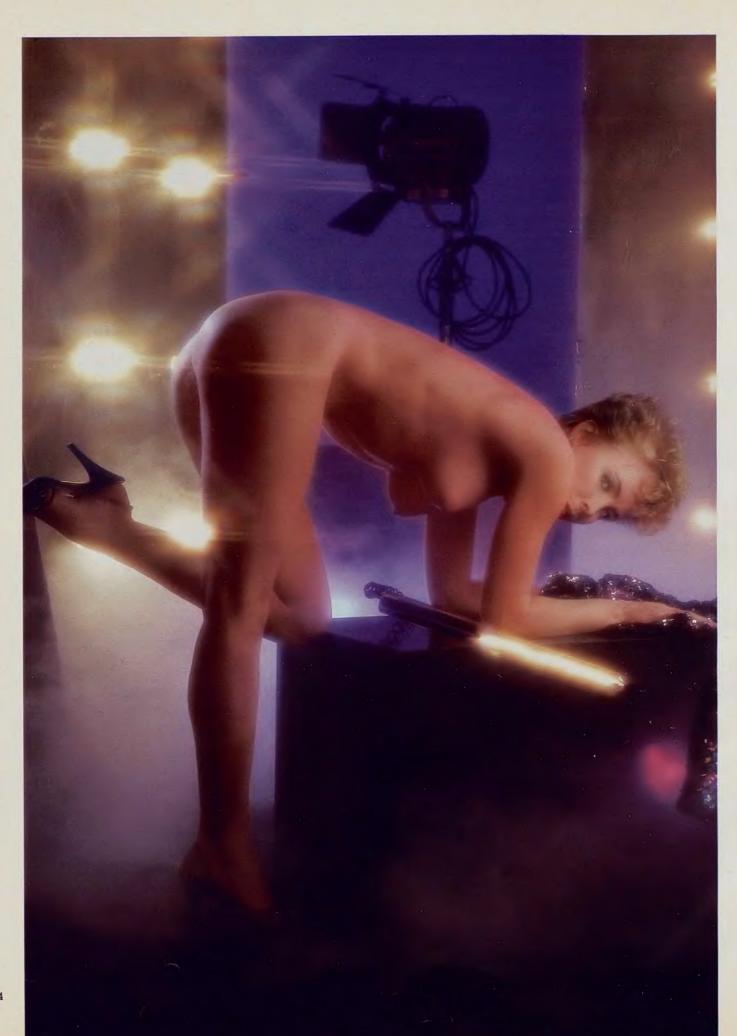
"Jubie's a natural," he says. "I remember that even the first time she was on stage with us, she was so professional that we were all able to relax."

Most magicians spend weeks—sometimes longer—looking for the proper assistant. "I look for that person who has a spark of enthusiasm in her eyes that will translate to the stage," says Marshall Magoon, 28, who has impaled a woman in a light box for PLAYBOY. That woman, Kimberly March, is a 26-year-old pro who has worked with several magicians, including Kalin and Magoon.

"For me, this is the best thing I could do," says March. "I love theater, I love

For years, magicians have turned women into tigers. For PLAYBOY, Mark Kalin turns a tiger into Jubie Rich. While the effect as seen here may seem like photographic trickery, Kalin claims the illusion on stage looks the same from the audience.





drama and I love acting."

Harary first met his assistant, Karen Cady, 22, in college, when they both appeared in a production of Kiss Me, Kate. Harary, who like all the other magicians in this pictorial had started his prestidigitation as a teenager, coaxed Cady off the stage and into the air for his levitation act. She has worked with him in most of his major shows. "He makes me appear, disappear, cuts me in half, shoots bullets through me," she laughs. "I let him abuse me. I love magic, and I love the way being Franz's assistant has opened doors. I have met agents and been sent on auditions, all because people have seen me in his act."

Not surprisingly, most magicians' assistants see their work as a steppingstone to bigger and better show-business roles. Both Cady and March, for instance, have their eyes on the daytime soaps, thinking of them as on-the-job training for full-time acting careers. Rich, too, talks about expanding her horizons beyond her work as an assistant.

Magoon remembers one assistant who was able to achieve minor stardom without finding a new job. "She developed a special stage persona," he explains. "She acted as if she were totally bored with the act and got a lot of laughs in the process. We'd even have her come out when she wasn't needed, just to yawn or look uninterested. It was very successful, and the press picked up on it, making her a local celebrity."

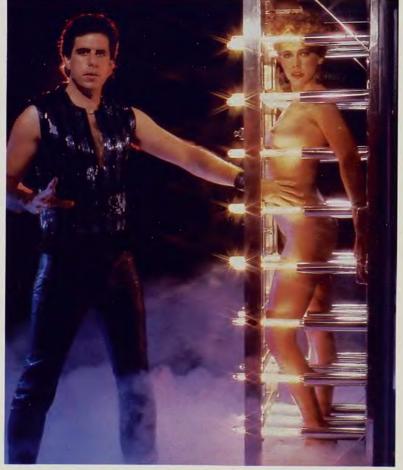
Of course, not all women in magic are assistants. Tricia Brown and Lynn Chase tour the country with their own act, called Two Hot to Handle. Brown and Chase are fire-eaters and more. "We swallow it, we wear it, we spit it and we throw it," says Chase, 23. And while the other women in this pictorial usually appear on stage in elaborate costumes, Two Hot to Handle does its act topless. "When you're playing with fire," explains Brown, "you don't want a lot of clothes that might burn.

"I started out as a magician's assistant," says Brown, 38. "But I've been fascinated by fire ever since I was a little kid. Fire has a very sexual connotation, especially when you're exposing it to your bare skin. It's a pleasure to be warm, but it's painful if you get too close."

Their act is one of the most erotic on the circuit. "Fire is sexual," says Brown. "Two women are sexual. Our act is too nude for Las Vegas." And it's also

In the old days, magicians would put a woman into a box and poke canes through her body. Marshall Magoon updates the trick on these pages, using electric tubes—which obviously can't bend, right?—and an ultramodern assistant, Kimberly March.







Lynn Chase (above left) and Tricia Brown (above right) travel the country doing strange things with flame under the name Two Hot to Handle. They call the scene at right The Kiss. We think it's pretty hot stuff; it's a sure-fire bet you'll agree.

dangerous. Both Brown and Chase have suffered burns of varying degrees. Chase, while working as a solo under the name Venus De Light, once caught her hand on fire and was unable to fan it out. Finally, in desperation, she stuck it into her mouth, and then sensuously drew it down to her breasts. The audience thought it was part of the act; only Chase knew how close she had come to serious injury.

Injuries are not uncommon for all the assistants. "We bruise ourselves terribly, jumping in and out of little boxes, dodging fire and large animals," says March. The light box, for instance, has occasionally burned holes in an assistant's costume,

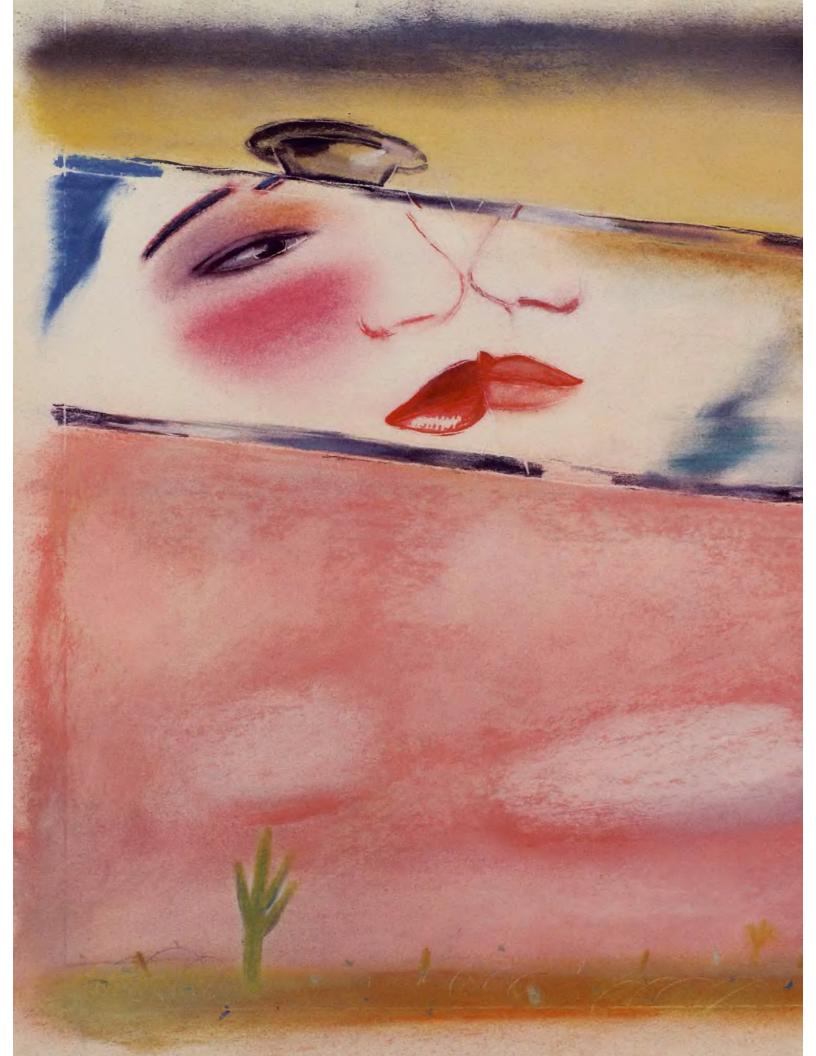
says Magoon.

Nor is the work all that steady. Most of the women have other jobs on which to fall back. Karen Cady leases executive jets for a division of the Chrysler Corporation. Kimberly March trains race horses and works as a dental assistant during slow times. Jubie Rich works for her brother's asphalt company. Tricia Brown served as the late Ruth Gordon's stunt double in three movies and currently produces wrestling videos.

There are other drawbacks as well. Once someone finds out that a woman is a magician's assistant, she's fair game for a friendly interrogation. "It happens all the time," reports Cady. "Just this morning, I was trying on clothes and the saleswoman said, 'Now that I have you in the dressing room all to myself, why don't you tell me how it's all done?' I asked her, 'Can you keep a secret?' She got very excited and said, 'Of course; I promise I can keep a secret.' So I told her, 'Well, so can I.''









settling down is the most unsettling thing a guy can do

WE CALLED OURSELVES the Austin Mafia. Nearly all of us had gone down to the University of Texas and come back to Dallas to take up our lives, some of them ruinous and some successful. But Jack and Peggy and Lee and Hancel and Rich and Anne and I had always stayed together, hanging out at night and going to drive-ins and loaning each other money. We were all sort of shiftless, younger than our years, incapable of more than two consecutive serious thoughts. Marriage and babies? They were almost inconceivable, to none of us more so than Jack and Peggy. Jack was a brilliant, passionate goofball who put "boy scientist" on his IRS forms and made a meager but satisfying living repairing calculators, doodling with computers and playing drums for a band called the Shitty Beatles. He was a jokester, a private stand-up comic for our gang, a 27-year-old going on 15. The idea of some baby's calling him Daddy would make your sides split with laughter-or your palms sweat with anxiety.

We were at a burger place called Hunky's and (continued on page 146)

By DAVID SEELEY

F A BAND of extraterrestrials opted to invade our hunk of planet Earth, they'd do well to schedule the attack for a Sunday at high noon, the traditional coming-down time. That's when the entire country, at least the adult population, is engrossed in the weekly bloody-mary ritual—preparing and serving the sanguine sip. There are many coming-down drinks, but the bloody mary is the only one *designed* for that purpose. The bloody-mary story has been told before: how it was conceived at Harry's

New York Bar in Paris during the roaring Twenties as succor for the morning trade; how it was brought to the States in 1934 by Pete Petiot, the gent who first compounded the drink at Harry's; how it languished, all but unnoticed, until Smirnoff got behind it in 1955; how it then zoomed to popularity, hitting the top ten on the cock-

tail charts, where it has remained ever since.

Bartenders become emotional about the bloody mary, almost coming to blows over such esoterica as the merits of lime vs. lemon, whether or not to garnish and whether or not it is still a bloody mary if you substitute gin, tequila or rum for the vodka. A more basic bone of contention is whether to shake, stir or blenderize. The objective, in each case, is to whip up a smooth, full-flavored potion. Stirred drinks sometimes separate, and those blenderized may become watered down or turn into snow cones. The consensus is clearly for shaking; but even so, there are marked differences in handling among the pros. Big Ed Moose, sachem of San Francisco's Washington Square Bar & Grill, doesn't fool around. He gives the shaker eight hefty hoists—"over the shoulder." That approach makes Michael McCarty of Michael's in Santa Monica wince. "Just shake it once, that's enough," he says. Bru Mysak of the "21" Club confides that he rocks the shaker sensuously, as if he were shaking maracas, so as not to "bruise the ice." Not everyone's that heavily into shaking. Boniface John Bruno of Manhattan's Pen & Pencil restaurant believes that the difference between a wimpy drink and a ruddy bracer is in the juice and vodka. He prescribes "thick, icy-cold tomato juice," the best there is, because juice is two thirds of the drink. And he insists on a clean, neutral vodka.

Barroom pundits agree that the citrus, lemon or lime, should be the real stuff—not bottled—and freshly squeezed. It's best to start each round from scratch, but if that's impractical—say when you're hosting a monster comingdown brunch—it's OK to make the mixture in advance. Just hold the citrus and add a squeeze of lemon or lime to each glass before serving.

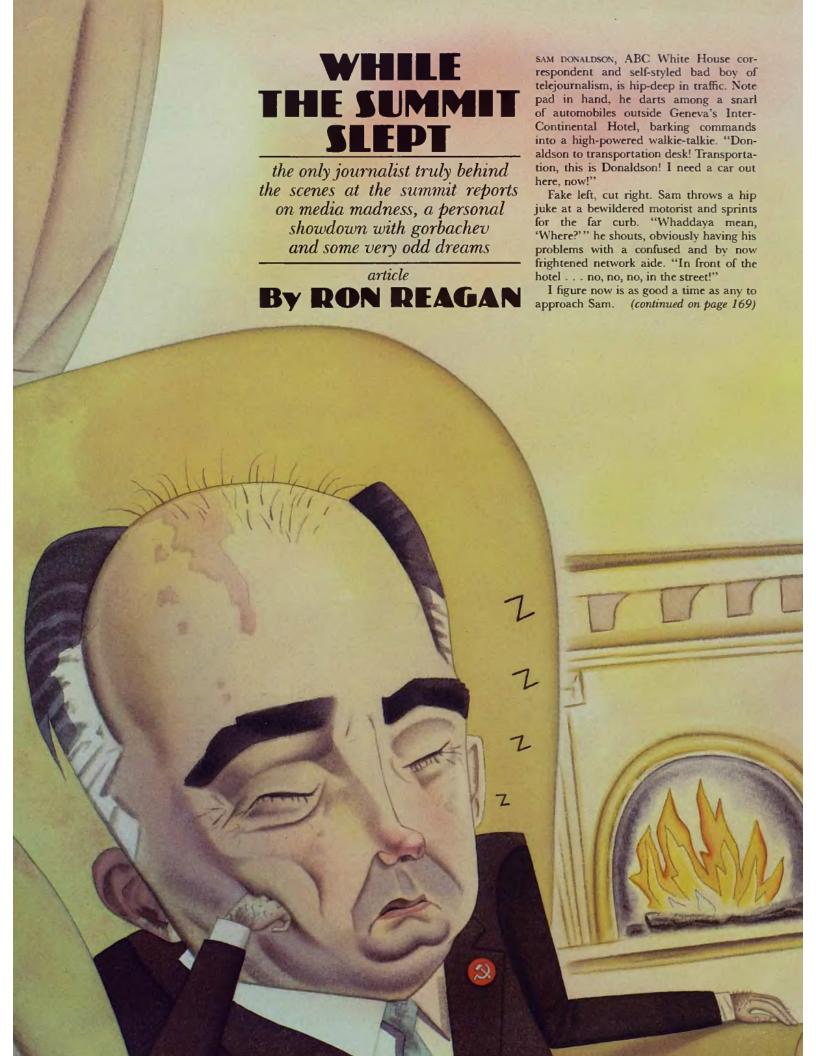
If you credit everything you hear, bloody mary has alleviated more human grief than Flo Nightingale. But it's silly to reserve the carmine quaff just for the Sundaymorning coming down. Enjoy it any time—any way you like it. Following are some of the more intriguing variations on the bloody-mary theme. (continued on page 167)

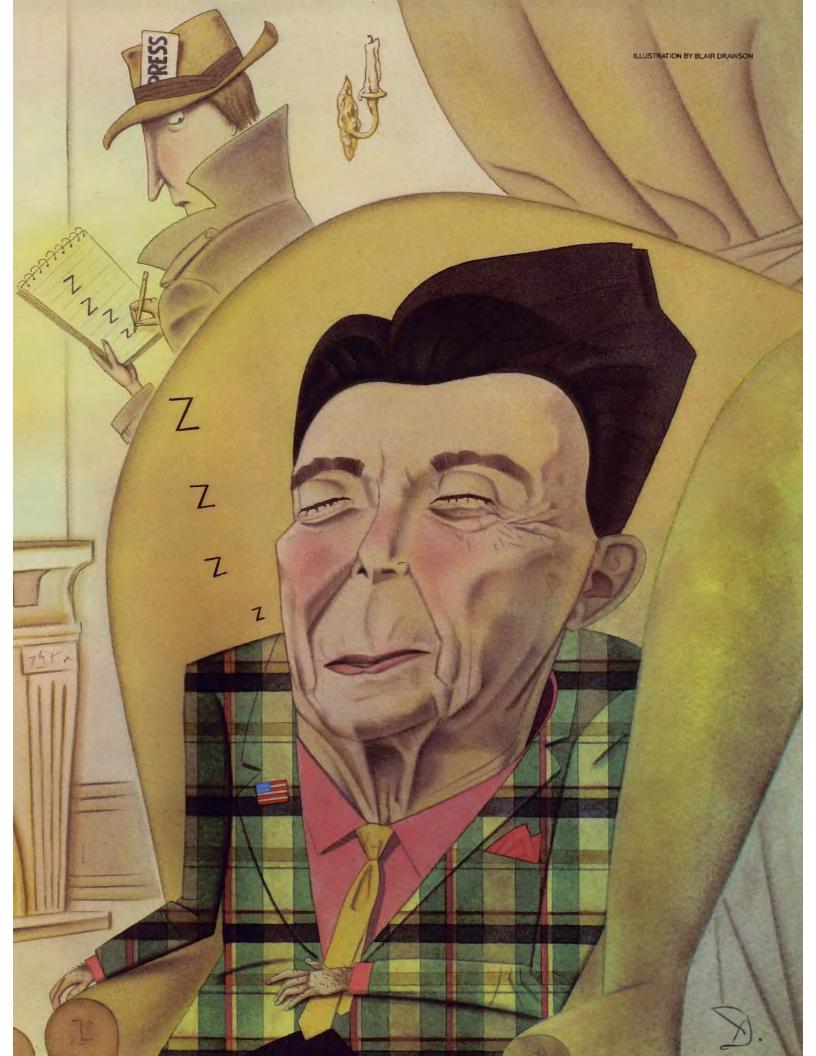
SUNDAY MORNING COMING DOWN

drink by EMANUEL GREENBERG

from san francisco's washington square bar & grill to the rum runner's pub & restaurant in bermuda, here's how the world's best bloody marys are made









RICHTERS SCALE

as christine sees it, it's singles bars 0, marriage 10



HRISTINE RICHTERS was standing in the lobby of the Villa Vera Hotel in Acapulco, where she had arrived moments earlier, hot, tired, five hours and a cab ride out of LAX. We managed to catch her eye with a friendly smile before she was taken to her room. Later, she told us it was her first time out of the country—if you didn't count the ten years she spent in Dodge City, Kansas. "Yeah, the main place to be in Dodge is Wyatt Earp Boulevard. Everyone parks in the Boot Hill parking lot and then cruises up and down Wyatt Earp. It's really boring. There's nothing there. The music is, like, a month behind. In Dodge, once you've been to Boot Hill, that's it." There is no

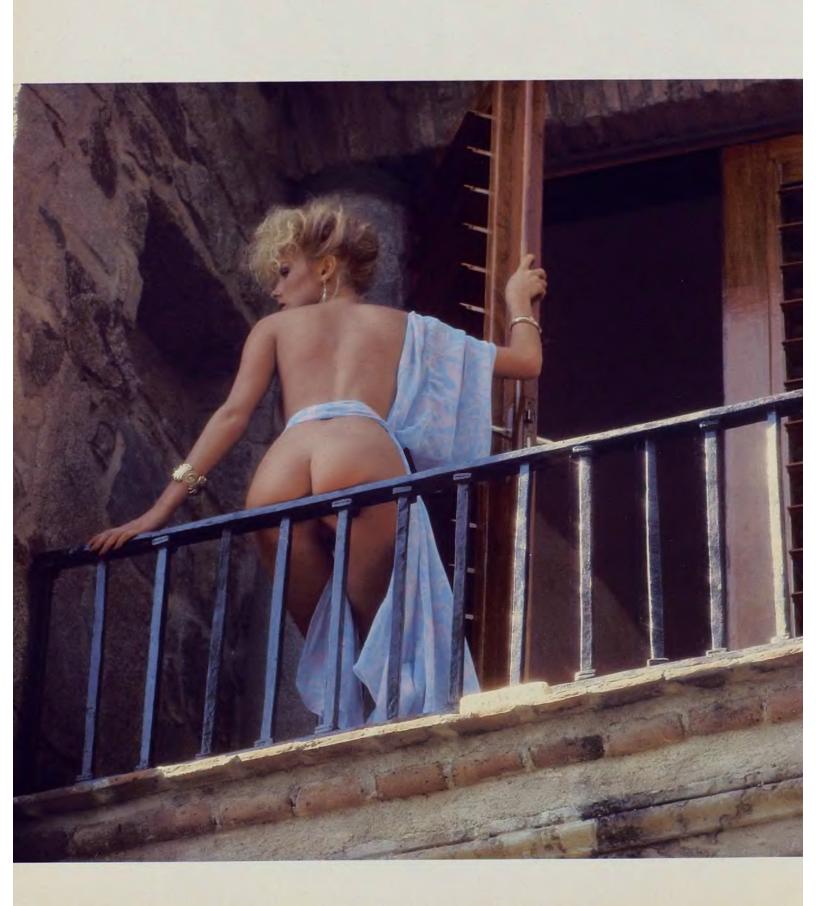




irony intended in that last remark-nor any malice. Christine is burdened with the ennui of a generation accustomed to rapid change. When you can adjust your perspective to any of 20 channels with a click of a remote-control device, the impact of an outlaws' cemetery fades quickly. Everything's temporary, and the wispiness of the future makes a prudent girl seek stability. No fast-paced singles' life for Christine. "Those guys out there," she says, shaking her head disgustedly, "I know what all those guys are like at night clubs. I don't want to have to go to bed with all those guys, and that's what they expect. That's just the way they are. So I'm afraid to get into those situations. They make me nervous. And the younger guysthey don't go to school, they don't learn, they just listen to MTV all the time, you know. So I don't even want to deal with it. I'd just rather get married and not have to worry about anything." It's hard to blame Christine for her outlook, especially since her experiences with men haven't been the best. "I've never really met my dad," she laments. "My parents got divorced when I was three;

"It's fun to go out with the girls and do stuff every once in a while. But after I broke up with my old boyfriend, I was going out every night of the week. And, you know, I hated it. It was fun for a while, but it got old really fast."



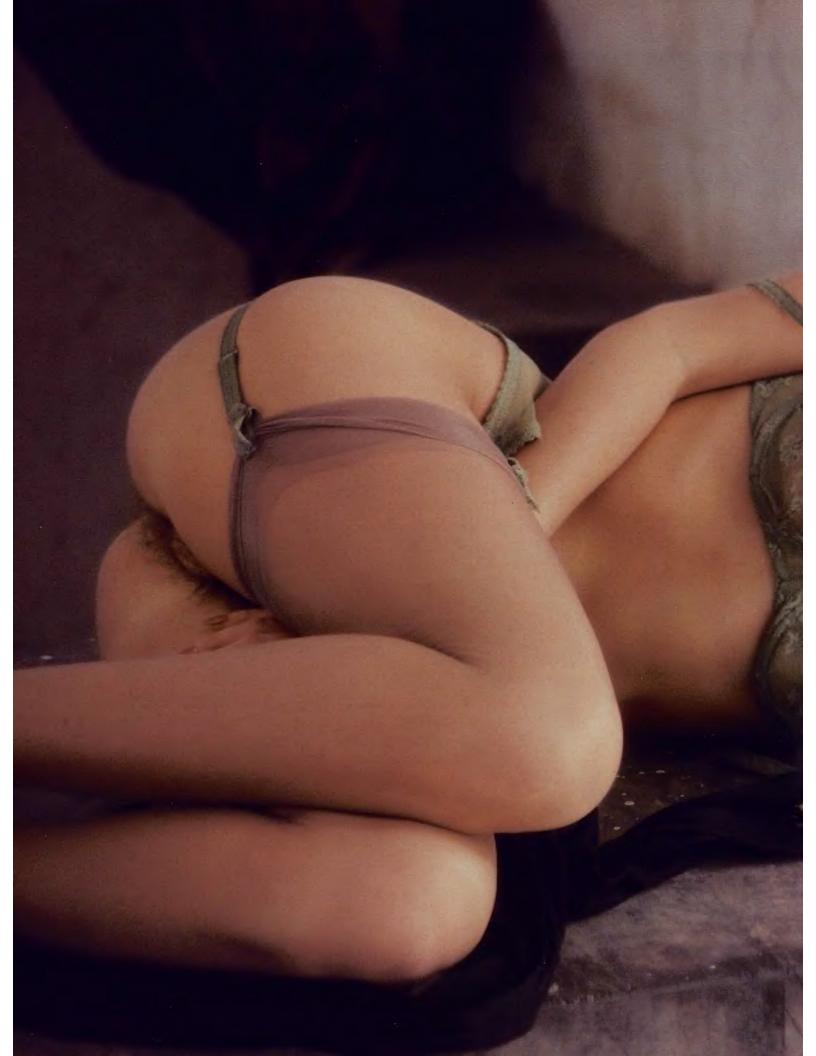






he lives in Fullerton somewhere. I went through the Department of Motor Vehicles to try to find him, but the address at the D.M.V. is wrong. I hope he'll see my picture and call." Boyfriends have given her trou-ble, too. "I had one boyfriend," she says, laughing, "who used to tell me that I'd never find another boyfriend if I left him. He was crazy. He was really mean to me, too. He would tell me he was coming home and then not come home all night. And then he went to

"In Oregon, they have a wild-animal park with baby tigers and lions that they let you play with. I like doing that. I want to buy my own baby tiger."







bed with my best friend. Of course, she's not my best friend anymore." Christine is resilient, though, and she hasn't given up yet. "I'm real insecure when it comes to boyfriends, but I would like to have the security of having someone there for me all the time." Her current relationship is reportedly a big improvement. "I don't see how it could get better," says Christine happily. That and the budding of a modeling career have made her think about some minor lifestyle adjustments. "I haven't found anything to do that I really like since I was in school. At least then, I had to get up at a certain time and I had to be there. But lately, since I haven't been doing anything, I just have gotten lazy. I was eating junk food all the time, but now I take vitamins and stuff. Now that I'm working with PLAYBOY, I'm more into keeping myself up. I have a reason to. I mean, I have to. I look at all those other Playmates and that kind of gives me a push." Although she does dream about owning a little land for a wildanimal park, that's for the future. For now, Christine is content. From the vantage point of an Acapulco beach, things don't look half bad.

"I'm reading a book 'How to Choose and Care for Your Cat,' right now, because I just got a new Persian kitten. But most of the time, I really don't read. I watch TV, go to a lot of movies and go horseback riding sometimes in the mountains."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Christine Richters BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34 HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 107 BIRTH DATE: august 3, 466 BIRTHPLACE: Fulleston, California WHAT'S THE LEAST FASHIONABLE OUTFIT YOU'VE EVER WORN? Rolled-up blue jeans, Cut-off T-shirt, with bure feet IF YOU COULD HAVE ANY PET, WHAT WOULD IT BE? a loalry Bengal tiger WHAT TV OR MOVIE CHARACTER WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY? Dynasty's alexis one way or another, she always gets what she wants. WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST DISAPPOINTMENT IN YOUR LIFE? Howing to give away my pet gerret, Madison WHAT KIND OF MAN TURNS YOU OFF? As man who wo louds, obnapious and tries too hard to be gunny WHAT WOMAN'S PERSONAL STYLE DO YOU MOST ADMIRE? PAINCES DI WHAT IMPORTANT THING DO YOU ALWAYS PUT OFF DOING? Balancing my Checkbook. I always put it off and it never gets done. winter Formal age 18



Still a Kensas Farm Girl!





Going to Prem, even Hunting Easter Eggs though I don't dance with aunt Bea's burny



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

want to open a fucking checking account," the man snarled.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the teller replied.

"Listen, damn it, I said I want to open a

fucking checking account.'

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't tolerate language like that in our bank." She left the window, walked over to the bank manager and whispered in his ear.

The two returned and the manager asked,

"What seems to be the problem here?"

"There's no goddamn problem," the man insisted. "I just won ten million dollars in the lottery and I want to open a fucking checking account!"

"I see, sir," the manager said. "And this bitch

is giving you a hard time?



How'd your date turn out?"

"Don't ask." "Was she ugly?"

"Ugly? When she was a kid and the boys played doctor, they made her the receptionist.'

After spotting a woman at the bar drinking alone, the auto mechanic called the bartender

over.
"I want to buy that girl a drink," he said with a nod in her direction.

"No, you don't," the bartender replied. "Yes, I do," insisted the mechanic.

With a shrug of his shoulders, the bartender

delivered a drink to the woman.

A half hour later, the customer ordered another drink for the woman.

"Look, Mac," the bartender said, "you don't want to buy her any drinks."
"Why not?"

"Because she's a lesbian."

"So what? Give her another drink."

Fifteen minutes later, the fellow decided the time was right to make his move and sidled up to the barstool. "So tell me," he flirted, "what part of Lesbia are you from?"

The old man lay dying. He turned to his wife, patted her hand and said, "When I came home from the first war in 1918, Esther, you were by my side. And when I was freed from the concentration camp after the second war, you were by my side, too." Wiping a tear with his sleeve, he continued, "When our little shop went bankrupt and we were left without a cent, you, Esther, were by my side. And now . . . now I am dying and you are still by my side. Esther," he said, gazing hard at her, "you're a jinx."

As he carried a cocker-spaniel puppy home for his wife's birthday, Joe ran into one of his neighbors. "Hey, Sam," he said, "what do you think of the dog I got for my wife?"
"Hmmm. Great trade."

The advertising exec arrived at his country club for a round of golf and was asked by the pro to fill out a foursome in which he'd never played before. Noticing that a beautiful blonde would be in the group, he immediately agreed.

On the third hole, the adman was faced with a 35-foot putt. He turned to the blonde. "If I make this putt," he proposed, "will you go out with me tonight?"

"You're on," she said.

He lined up the shot, stroked the ball and

watched it roll straight into the cup.

On the fifth hole, the young man was left with a 60-foot uphill putt. He turned to the woman. "If I make this putt, will you make love to me tonight?"

"Absolutely," she replied.

He stood over the ball, stroked it firmly and watched happily as it broke perfectly into the

On the ninth hole, the blonde was faced with a putt that had to go up one hill, down a second and into the cup on the far side of a third-85 feet away. "If I make this putt," she teased, "you have to go down on me tonight."

As the woman's putter was in its backswing, the young man walked over and picked up her ball. "That's a gimme."



Brenda, where did you get that gorgeous mink?" the shop clerk asked her co-worker. "I've been struggling for years to get one."

"Grow up, honey," her friend advised. "Stop

struggling.

And what's more, Alice," the furious physician hollered as he slammed the front door, "you're a lousy lay!"

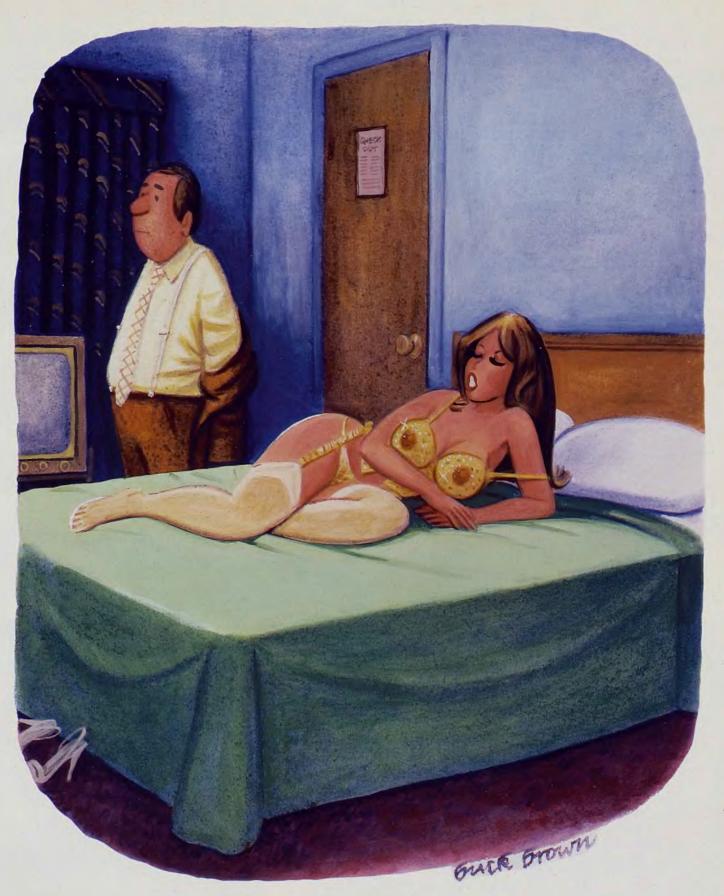
Later, after completing his morning rounds, the doctor decided to drive by the house to apologize to his wife for his morning outburst.

Not finding her in the kitchen or the living room, he glanced into the bedroom, only to find her in bed with another physician.

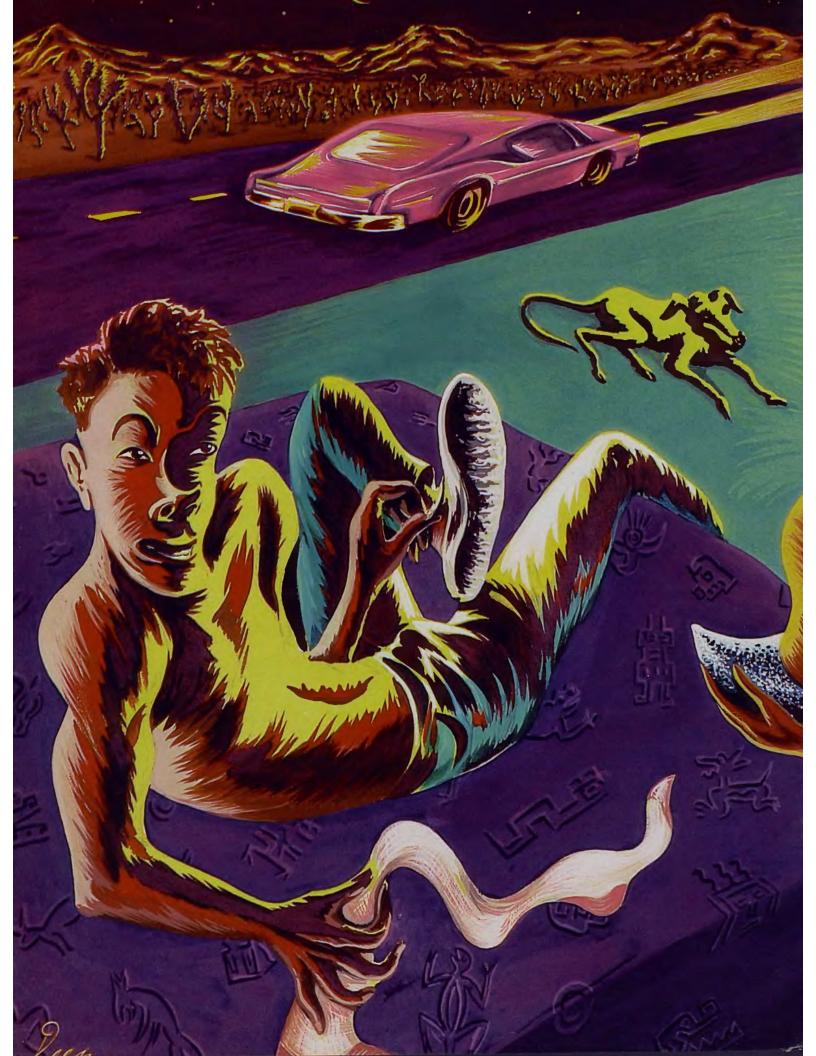
"What the hell is going on here?" he de-

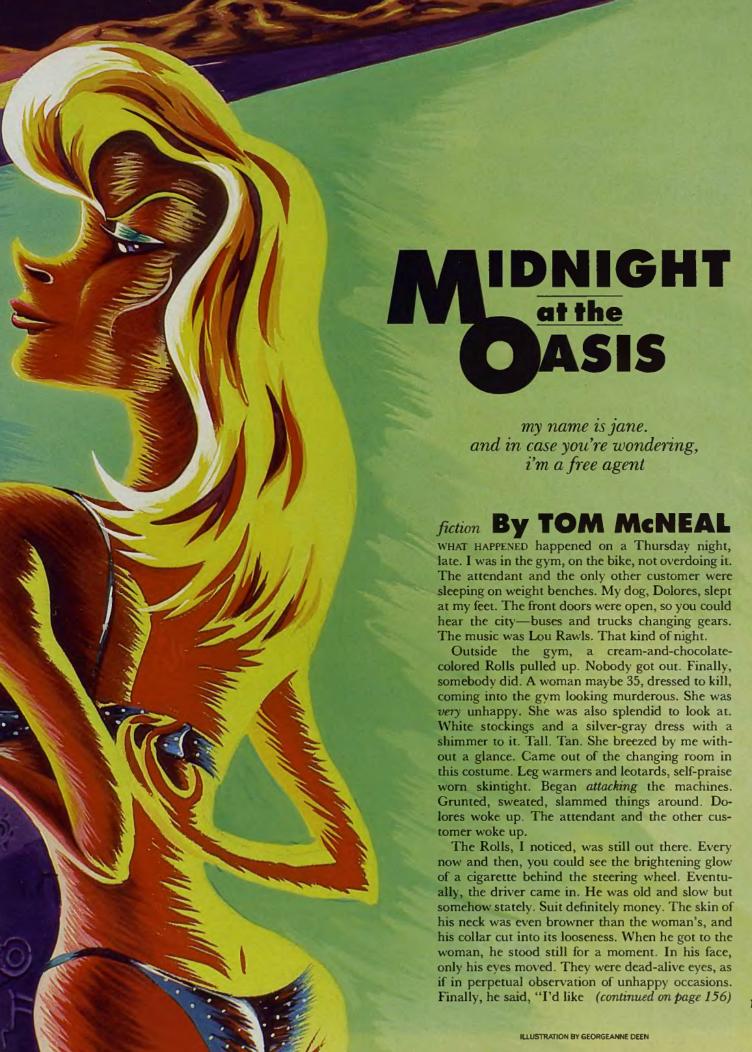
manded.
"Well, after what you said this morning, dear," his wife explained, "I decided to get a sec-ond opinion."

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.



"OK, I'll explain it again. If I do all the stuff that I'm good at, it's cheaper; if I gotta act innocent and inexperienced, it's really gonna cost you."







20 QUESTIONS: KIM BASINGER

our favorite southern belle on great kisses, suspicious gifts and some rules for happiness in hollywood

Mim Basinger is nobody's fool. Since abandoning a successful cover-girl career for a life in the movies, she has beaten the modelturned-actress syndrome with an eclectic body of work that includes such TV fare as a movie of the week called "Katie: Portrait of a Centerfold" and film roles in "The Man Who Loved Women," "The Natural," "Never Say Never Again" and her latest, "Fool for Love," with Sam Shepard. Since Basinger and Contributing Editor David Rensin recently stayed in the same New York hotel, we asked Rensin to go upstairs and take his tape recorder. Said he, "Kim wore gray sweat pants, high-topped tennies and a loose cotton shirt. She looked great. She moved constantly on the couch, doing stretches, burying her face in the cushions when she laughed, and kept the energy level high. I should have known. Just before we began, she flashed that unforgettable swollen-lipped smile and said, quite unexpectedly, 'Ask anything. I don't care what you ask me.' So I did."

1.

PLAYBOY: When was the last time you were a fool for love? And what did it feel like? BASINGER: [Laughs] This is terrible. The last time I was a fool for love was when I married him. [Points to the bedroom, where her husband, Ron, is resting] That's the last time I'll ever be a fool for love. But it feels great—fun and exciting. You have to be a little touched in the head to be a fool for love, crazed out of your mind. I'm very much that way, anyway. I don't want to put restraints on myself. I was born a fool [laughs]. Maybe I got it from my mother. She's a little touched.

9.

PLAYBOY: A few years ago, you appeared with a little-known actor named Don Johnson in the miniseries From Here to Eternity. You and Johnson played lovers. What are his secrets? What's he have that other guys don't?

BASINGER: Pale-pink shirts. My God, he looks beautiful on Friday night. But Don was always cute to me. Miami Vice has changed his image, but there was always something very pleasantly humorous about him, and he amused himself through the tough years, because he had this sense that it was just a matter of time. But that waiting can really be a bitch.

3

PLAYBOY: How did you cope with the model-turned-actress syndrome?

BASINGER: I never wanted to be a model

and never, never planned on it. But I was 17 when I moved to New York from Georgia, and I had to make some money. I discovered that I could make a pretty good living being a model. I figured it was better than being a waitress, because I was a scared little girl who didn't want to be walking around at night in the city. Several critics have since written unkind things about me because I am an attractive blonde girl who just happens to have blue eyes. It's like being told I can't be accepted in their world because I'm not just plain-looking. They're not ready to give me a chance, and I think that's sick.

I have always wanted to be an actress. That's all I've ever cared about. I was so frustrated as a model that I was out of my mind. But I never went along with the "be a model, take a little acting class" routine. I knew what I wanted—and that I would fight to get it.

4.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever used your celebrity to get something that you wanted?

BASINGER: Oh, sure. It would be bullshit if anybody said he didn't. I use it in little things all the time, like for getting into my favorite Italian restaurant. Of course, sometimes people don't know who I am and they say, "Hey, pal, go to hell."

When I first came to New York, I was here for the Miss Breck contest—that's what started off all this modeling stuff. And they gave each girl two wishes—things like Whom would you most like to meet? Everyone said Martha Washington or Eleanor Roosevelt—somebody dead. It just didn't make any sense. So I called my daddy, and he suggested [former] Mayor Lindsay and Eileen Ford. I got both my wishes. I met Lindsay, and Eileen asked me to sign with her agency.

5.

PLAYBOY: How do you get along with your mirror?

BASINGER: I won't deal with a mirror. When you're making a movie, you're always brought a mirror right before doing a take. But people have been told to not even come near me with one. I get an anxiety attack. I say, "I don't care what's wrong with me. I don't care." It goes back to the modeling thing. I wasn't a good model. I was lucky to make money at it. I couldn't stare in the mirror and care about myself 24 hours a day. I felt like I was wearing gloves wrong side out.

6.

PLAYBOY: With which items of clothing do you have the best relationship?

BASINGER: My sports bra and sweat pants.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's the best acting advice you've heard lately?

BASINGER: It was something Glenda Jackson said about emoting in a scene: "When I have to cry, I think about my love life. And when I have to laugh, I think about my love life." One day, I'd like to play Glenda Jackson roles.

8

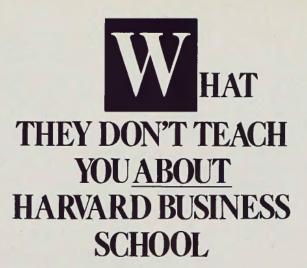
PLAYBOY: What did you discover about yourself while doing the controversial film 9½ Weeks?

BASINGER: That there wasn't a role I couldn't play. The film has been calmed down some from the book, so if you want to see S/M, whips and chains and everything, you really are going to be disappointed. But what we did shoot was very explicit psychologically and visually. The hardest part was mine-because I lived in turmoil inside and outside the movie for one solid year. It was the most depressed I've ever been and the most elated I've ever been. The role was like an exorcism for me. Some nights I'd go back to the hotel and sound like an idiot. But it was also very freeing. I could go home after doing a grueling scene that I had dreaded so much that I didn't sleep well for a week beforehand, take a shower and just lie there, look at the ceiling and burst out laughing. And feel released. And feel that there wasn't anything I couldn't go with and do as an actress.

All those pains we went through to make 91/2 Weeks would, themselves, make a fascinating documentary, because we all took a chance: the director, Adrian Lyne; myself; Mickey Rourke. We all put ourselves on the line, on a very fine line. Everybody's relationships fell apart, went to hell. Even if you read the book, you can't imagine the real relationship between these people. It is erotic and intense and happy and sad and depressing-a psychological roller coaster. The woman I played was taken from one end of herself to another. It's a very scary thing to have someone discover who you are before you discover who you are-and then have him tell you about yourself before you are able to let it sink in. It's almost like watching a bus hit someone before it (continued on page 182)







article By LAURENCE SHAMES

IN 1985, a bland, frugal year in America, the going rate for freshly minted Harvard M.B.A.s was around \$45,000 per annum. Some 8,000,000 Americans couldn't find a job, and the typical second-year B. School student was being courted by 15 corporate recruiters. So spirited was the bidding for the grads that scouts who had run the salary offers to the limits of their authority resorted to sweetening the kitty with such fringes as a \$5000 "image bonus" for picking up togs at Brooks Brothers. Banks threw parties for the imminent M.B.A.s, ad agencies took them to tennis matches, investment houses chartered yachts to show them Wall Street from the water. Amid all this wooing of the season's business debutants, everybody was wondering if the much-talked-about record salary offer would be topped: One member of the class of 1985 sashayed out of the B. School into an entry-level slot that paid him a slightly hilarious \$140,000.

Now, none of this was particularly logical. By every law of economics and of common sense, demand for new M.B.A.s should have been falling off. By 1985, there were already so many of them glutting the sidewalks of America that you couldn't spit in a gentrified neighborhood without hitting one on the leg; more than half a million active M.B.A.s were out there scrapping, and every year a higher proportion of them, for all their grand beginnings, were getting stranded in the backwaters of middle management. Further, ever since the economic downturn of the middle Seventies, serious doubts had been voiced about the value of an M.B.A. degree and the species of competence it presumably conferred, M.B.A.s had been assailed for their obsessive reliance on the numbers, for their lack of institutional loyalty and their salacious eagerness for personal advancement, for their overconcentration on short-term goals and their failure as communicators-in short, for playing no small part in getting the American economy into the pickle it was in.

Yet American corporations went right on falling all over one another to hire M.B.A.s. Maybe they had no

machiavelli for beginners, the old sausage game— mismanaging america is easy if you know all the tricks

choice. Maybe the game of business had become so rarefied, so removed from ordinary reason and from the language used by the rest of us, that it had to be played by specialists. Still, it was a little odd to assume that a larger dose of the medicine that had made you sick was suddenly going to make you well.

It was odd, too, that just when the M.B.A. degree was losing the cachet it had had in its heyday—the decade or so after World War Two, when the style of modern American management was just being set and its "scientific" tenets seemed unassailable—M.B.A.s themselves were more in fashion than ever. People weren't just talking business now, they were talking lifestyle. Money and the pursuit of same were sweeping back into vogue, and those whose education had been geared most specifically toward the accumulation of dollars were at the vanguard of the trend.

A 1981 Time cover story titled "The Money Chase" hailed the epic awakening of the baby-boom generation to the hard facts of fiscal adulthood and paid M.B.A.s the dubious compliment of describing them, in comparison with their non-M.B.A. coevals, as "chameleons that have mysteriously evolved into some slightly more agile species of lizard." By 1982, M.B.A.s had become a hot enough item, mediawise, that two recent Harvard B. School grads saw fit to write The Official M.B.A. Handbook-a volume that hit the best-seller lists in spite of its inability to decide if its purpose was to summarize, satirize or glamorize. In 1983, the term Yuppie was coined and, almost overnight, the Yuppies became the most readily identifiable new class in America, everybody's target audience, role models for everyone who didn't hate their guts, as well as for a lot of people who did. Suddenly, it was respectable and even hip to work on weekends and to substitute networking for a social life, to wean the libido from carnal desires and direct it instead toward the wooing of wealth. That was the Yuppie way, and Yuppies were setting the tone.

M.B.A.s from Harvard constituted their aristocracy. Nerds no more, boy M.B.A.s could suddenly be proud of their wing-tip shoes, their thin socks, their lugubrious suits and undertakers' overcoats; girl M.B.A.s could slip into gabardine suits and floppy bow ties and feel, if not exactly alluring, at least not like total skanks. The neo-eager-beaver ethos had socked in, and it didn't hurt to look the part.

If the hallmark passion of the day was the simple wish to have it all, these recent veterans of Harvard's B. School seemed to be coming about as close as anybody could. With their swollen incomes and financial savvy, they were already able to afford the VCR, the BMW, the IRA and most of the other letters in the alphabet of affluence. They dined on *shiitake* mushrooms and routinely traded up on real

estate. They had the cowed respect of headwaiters and the envy of their peers. They relished the eminence they were destined to enjoy in an America bouncing back from bleaker economic times, and they took pride in themselves for having turned out, after the wackiness of adolescence, to be just the sort of grownups their parents had prayed that they would be.

There were only two small crimps in this picture:

Crimp number one was that most evidence indicated that America, sad to tell, wasn't bouncing back; relative to the immense and steady growth of the Fifties and Sixties, the supposed good news of the Reagan years was nothing more than a slight slowing of the nation's economic decadence. Crimp number two was the fact that many of the new M.B.A.s' more sophisticated elders-as represented, for example, by the guys who went to Harvard back when an advanced business degree was really hot and who defined the game that the new H.B.S. grads were so rabid to play-were less impressed with the young hot-shots than the young hotshots would have liked to think.

Perhaps it was a mercy, then, that the Yuppies were so enthralled with their own petty triumphs, so intent on their own next moves. If they weren't, they might have noticed that the golden age of opportunity in America had largely passed them by and that the premises on which they based their efforts and their pride were closer to archaic every Monday morning than they'd been the Friday before.

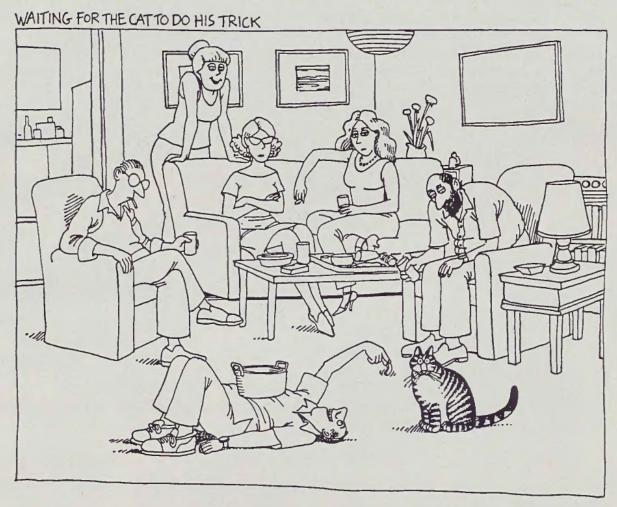
The descending portion of a graph is inherently rather dreary; it's also unenlightening unless you check back to the contours of the curve that had taken you to the peak. In the case of America's recent economic history, the ride to the top was joyously steep but joltingly abrupt. In broadest outline, the dynamic that propelled it can be described in a few sentences: At the beginning of World War Two, still at the tail end of a virtual worldwide Depression, America was one of, say, half a dozen nations that were roughly economic peers. By the end of the conflict, all the others had been decimated, their factories wrecked, their crops unharvested and their currencies all but worthless. America, on the other hand, had gotten cranked up to full industrial capacity, had sacrificed not a single lathe to enemy fire and had lost only one soldier for every 70 dead Russians. So radical and unnatural was the resulting imbalance among nations that in 1949, America grew, mined or manufactured as much stuff as the rest of the world combined. Almost instantly, the United States was famously rich, and the pattern of its breakneck growth had become established.

That same year, 1949, the first great wave of modern American managers—the

first regular, postwar class from Harvard Business School-strode off campus into a seller's market the likes of which will not be seen again. During the Depression and the war, top-notch people had not gone to business school; on the day the Fortyniners graduated, there were only 50,000 M.B.A.s in the entire nation. As of that day, too, the last of the cyclical postwar recessions was ending, and a quarter century of inexorable burgeoning prosperity was on the launch pad. The class of '49 was the first to feel the full democratizing effects of the GI Bill; hungrier, scrappier, more shamelessly ambitious than any that had gone before, that first class of postwar M.B.A.s would clench those fortunate circumstances to its bosom and run with them into business history. According to Fortune, according to Business Week, according to anyone who was paying attention, the Forty-niners would go on to become the richest and most influential batch of M.B.A.s to emerge from any school at any time.

By 1974, with the dollar worth double what it is today, one Forty-niner in six had become a millionaire. Forty-five percent of the class members who answered the 25th-anniversary survey were chairmen, C.E.O.s or chief operating officers, and they toiled for companies that held 13 places in Fortune's listings of the country's largest outfits in manufacturing, retailing, banking and financial service. In all, the companies in which the men of '49 held pivotal jobs had annual revenues of more than 50 billion dollars and employed 1,000,000 people. Forty-niner Peter McColough occupied the chairman's slot at Xerox, and his former roommate, James Burke, was the boss at Johnson & Johnson. Forty-niner Marvin Traub was running Bloomingdale's, and his roommate, Sumner L. Feldberg, had helped found Zayre Stores. Forty-niner Harry Figgie, Ir., had founded what is now the modestly titled Figgie International, with current annual sales of \$700,000,000; a figure comparable to the value of classmate Lester Crown's holdings in General Dynamics. Fellow grad Ernest Henderson had recently sold his family business, Sheraton hotels, to ITT; Thomas Murphy would become the first man ever to buy a television network, when his Capital Cities Communications pulled a David and Goliath and conquered ABC. One Forty-niner, Clarence I. Brown, was in Congress, and another, John Shad, would eventually abdicate the vice-chairmanship of E. F. Hutton to do time as Ronald Reagan's chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. One Forty-niner made a small fortune with a pickle factory. Another did it with ironing boards. Yet another, Irving G. "Jack" Davis, took a paint company and turned it into Resorts International. So general was the success (continued on page 132)

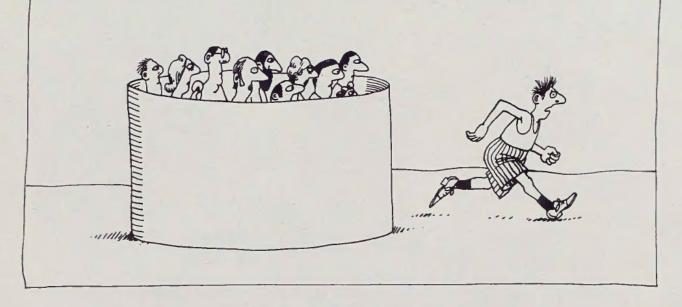
The Biggest Tongue in Tunisia and other BKilban



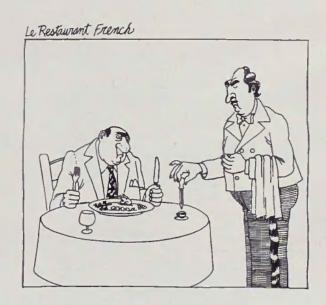


English RA - WRITING THE SENTENCE GOOD

THE SENSIBLE THING TO DO WAS TO STAY IN THE VAT, WHERE IT WAS AT LEAST COOLER, BUT WESLEY, HIS JUDGEMENT DISTORTED BY THE HALLUCINOGENIC MUFFINS, DECIDED THAT HE HAD TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT, LEAVING-BEHIND NOT ONLY MADGE AND VERNON AND HIS TINY CHUM RODRIGO, THE MINIATURE POODLE, BUT ALSO THE SUPPOSEDLY IMPERVIOUS MIRACLE FIBER JUMPSUIT, BOUGHT IN HOPE OF PROTECTING HIMSELF IN JUST SUCH A SITUATION, AND HIS SAMPLE CASE OF FRUIT JELUES, DILIGENTLY CARRIED BY HAND THROUGH A VARIETY OF SIMILARLY PERILDUS, IF NOT AS UNCOMFORTABLE, ASSIGNMENTS, ANY ONE OF WHICH, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THIS, HE WOULD GLADLY UNDERGO AGAIN, TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY IN CALIFORNIA.



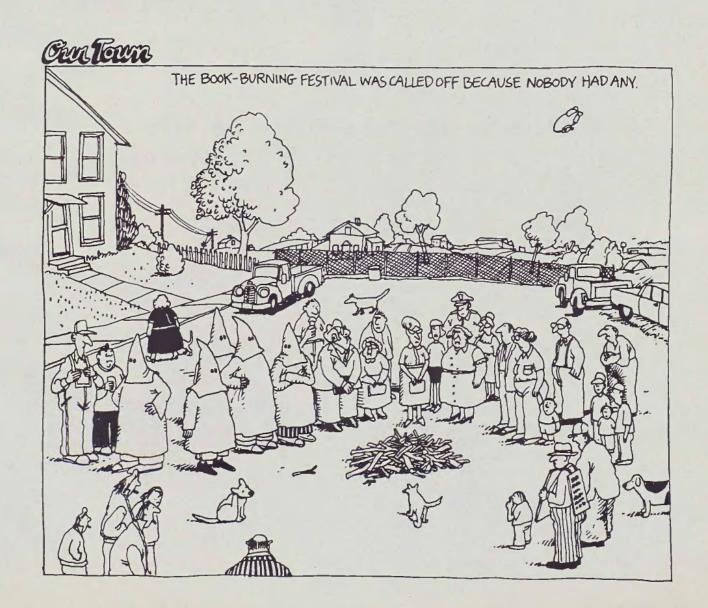




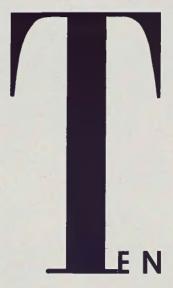
LIFE IN AMERICA







smart and savvy advice to try on for size



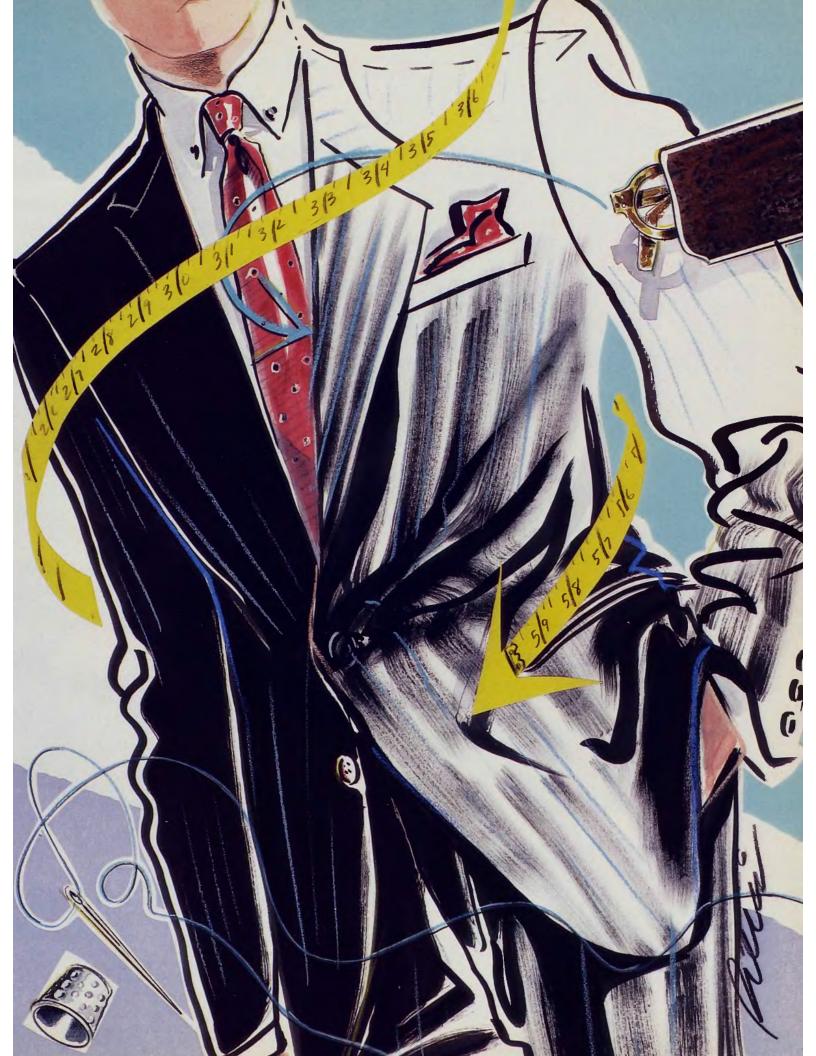
THINGS TO TELL YOUR TAILOR

YOU CAN SPEND a lot of money on a good suit and still look as if you bought it off the rack at a warehouse sale. Why? Because for a suit to look good, it has to be a perfect fit. Before you confront the man with the pins in his mouth, here are some things to keep in mind: When you go to try on a suit, wear appropriate shoes. This is important, because heel height has a great deal to do with where your trouser leg breaks over the shoe top. If you regularly wear a sweater vest under your jacket, take one along. Put the items in your pockets that you normally carry—wallet, eyeglasses, .44 Magnum (just kidding, Clint). Pay attention to the critical areas: the chest (if it's very tight, the jacket should not be altered), the lapels (they should drop straight down the chest and should not buckle when the jacket is buttoned), the armholes (they should fit comfortably high in the armpits but should not actually be felt) and the length (a suit or sports jacket should not be shortened more than three fourths of an inch and it should not be lengthened at all). And always be fitted in front of a triple mirror. The impression you create going is equally important as the one you create coming.

OK, let's step into the fitting room. Here are the ten things to tell your tailor.

1. The collar of your jacket should hug the back of your neck, without gaping or standing away. To eliminate a horizontal ridge of (concluded on page 154)

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE



fire siren

janet hightower works to put out flames, but she definitely lights one in our heart



and Senior Photography Editor Jeff Cohen had just finished a relaxed expense-account dinner (a dozen oysters and a lobster apiece) at North Houston's Pappas Seafood House & Oyster Bar Restaurant when Hightower's beeper sounded. It was the moment Mecey and Cohen had been waiting for since they arrived in town the previous day. Hightower was about to fight a fire. "Better to work on a full stomach than hungry," she said, heading for the door.

Ten minutes later, decked out in her heat-resistant rubber coat and fireman's hat, Hightower and the rest of her crew were aboard a pump truck, racing to a burning abandoned frame house on the outskirts of Houston, with Mecey and Cohen following close behind in their rented car. Within minutes of her arrival at the fire site, Hightower had unrolled her hose, rigged it up to the truck and begun inching through waves of heat toward the burning building, laying down a fog (a fine spray of water) to keep the fire from spreading to the surrounding trees and brush. Mecey snapped the action as Janet approached the blazing front wall of the house and entered the building. "And then," he says, "I just kept my fingers crossed for her until she came back out." Which, fortunately, she did—hot, perspiring and exhausted, as Mecey captured her on the facing page. "Still, even though she was covered with soot and water from the hoses," says Mecey,



In the photo ot left, Jonet sits proudly alongside a bright-red pump truck, the same one that takes her and fellow fire fighter Charley Dibala (below) through the streets of North Houston to the fire they battle in the photos on these pages. Since our photographer, David Mecey, was a firemon in his late teens, he knew how to follow the action better than some photographers.









"Putting down a fog," says Janet, describing what she and other fire fighters are doing in the photo above center, "does three things: It pulls oxygen away from the flames—we call it 'not letting the fire breathe'—it covers a large area and it creates a cool layer of air in front of you, so you can get closer."

But sometimes it gets so hot, Janet has to take a breather herself (above).

Below, Janet and Charley try to move in closer to the building; but despite the cooling spray in frant of them, the heat from the blaze forces Janet to turn back. In the photo below center, her suit is wet down so she can get close enough to the unstable walls of the building to push them inward—using an eightfoot-long crowbar—and keep them from falling outward on the fire fighters.









Above, Janet goes through the cleanup procedure after a fire. "All the hoses are dirty, and you can't just roll dirty hoses up an the truck. When you get back to the statian, you wash the hoses, put them an a rack ta dry, then rall them back up and stare them on the truck again." Coming down fram the rush of fire fighting, Janet relaxes (right) at the station with a cup of cocoa.



If you were wondering what kind of man turns on a female fire fighter, Janet says, "I love cowboys; I ga to radeos, and I think the guys are just fascinating. I also demand honesty and apenness from men. Physically, I like guys with big chests, small waists and cute little round butts in tight blue jeans. Definitely. That's why I like Texas men. A lat of them look like that."



"she was the prettiest damn fire fighter I'd ever seen." And that, of course, is why Janet is unusual. Here you have a 110-pound woman who has the training and physical strength to bust down a door, crawl up two flights of stairs on her belly and, if necessary, drag a 200-pound man back downstairs with her. In short, she puts the lie to the stereotype of fire fighting's being men's work. Her boyfriend, a detective on the Houston police force, "has a dangerous job," she says, "but I think being a fire fighter is the most dangerous job there is." Then why, when she could be doing any number of jobs that don't require risking life and limb, did she choose to be one? "I was invited to an open meeting of the local volunteer fire fighters' group, and after listening

to what they had to offer, I was sold. The biggest attraction was that they'd send me to the Texas A & M fire-fighters-training program. I figured that getting through it would be an accomplishment in itself. Besides, it was a switch from shining shoes." Shoes? "Yeah. At the time, I was working for a company called Shine on Texas, which sent female shoe shiners around to various bars in the area to shine men's boots." She signed on with the volunteer fire department of Ponderosa, a Houston suburb, two years ago, took another job as a secretary at a local finance company and has been fighting fires in her spare time ever since. We discovered her when we sent Mecey to shoot *The Girls of Texas* (PLAYBOY, February 1985). "I wanted to be in that pictorial,

"When I'm at a fire, things are happening so fast and there are so many things to do that I never think about how much energy I'm using. But after it's over, I'm exhausted. When I'm off duty, I want to do twa things: eat a good dinner with a glass of wine and go hame and take a hot bath." Janet's loft apartment "is where I cool aut after a hot shift."





but by the time I applied, it was too late. When David asked me if I'd like to be in a pictorial all by myself, I said, 'Are you kidding?' If there's one thing that could be more exciting than fighting fires, it's being in PLAYBOY." And here she is, in photos hotter than a three-alarm fire. Too hot, in fact, for the Ponderosa F.D.

to handle; its brass, nervous about Janet's planned PLAYBOV appearance, at the last minute nixed the use of its equipment for our shooting and asked her to turn in her uniform. Fortunately, two red-blooded squadrons of smoke eaters from neighboring areas came to Janet's rescue, with the results you see here.







"Two different educations were being offered at the Business School. One was official, the other was real."

of the M.B.A.s of '49, and with such seeming ease had wealth and eminence come their way, that on the occasion of their 25th reunion, Fortune dubbed them "the class the dollars fell on."

But the job titles and tax returns, sexy as they are, don't quite cut through to the real significance of the M.B.A.s of '49. That significance has to do with the almost unbelievable power they were given to do things their own way, to shape American management in their image.

Today, a mere generation later, it takes a leap of imagination to understand how shiny-new the game was then, how moist and supple was the clay of the nation's possibilities. Professional management in those years was, to the average Joe, only slightly less abstruse than quantum physics but a good deal more important. Management, after all, had just won the war. Sure, the movies always zeroed in on three handsome GIs capturing an island or tunneling out of a prison camp with a spoon, but that was pap for the masses. Anybody who understood the war effort realized that it had been a matter of goods and services, of organizational know-how. America won because it produced more matériel and got it there on schedule.

Faith arrives in a flash; skepticism takes time; and in that postwar flush of victory, faith in Yankee management skill was riding a still-unbroken crest. The abracadabra that made things go was an arcane and persuasive magic, and in 1949, it was suddenly in the hands of a few supremely confident young men from Harvard. The cocky, wide-eyed, pre-eminent America was so much a work in progress that nearly everything those young men did would set a precedent. Their hunches, right or wrong, would echo through company hallways till they'd been amplified into national priorities. Their style, their mannerisms, their very tics would be pondered, admired and mimicked till they had congealed into the standard American way of getting things done. The America of 1986, in which the rest of us are scrabbling out a living and grappling toward a destiny, was already on the drawing boards at Harvard Business School in the years that produced the class of 1949.

In 1947, Herbert Shayne, who now presides over a \$50,000,000 family business in Tennessee, was 22 years old. Canadianborn and unchastened by the war, he was uncomfortably tall and chronically thin, with bright-red hair, a translucent skin that showed orange and blue underneath and a voice that skidded upward through the tenor range and cracked whenever he waxed emphatic. Shayne didn't kid himself that smoking a cigar changed any of that. Still, a cigar seemed to help keep him calm, and he was seldom without one during his first semester at the Business School. He was trying very hard not to show the older and more worldly guys how atwitter he was to find himself at Harvard.

He'd thought about it all his life. As a Canadian, he'd invested Harvard with the awe that Americans reserve for Oxford. Harvard, believed Shayne, was where the exchange of thoughts had the profoundest resonance, where intellectual rigor was most sublime. Harvard would be the perfect cask for maturing the raw ideas he'd picked up as an undergraduate at Montreal's McGill University. Central among those ideas was the conviction that the discipline of economics, while its tools were numbers and equations, was in essence a thing of flesh and blood, of ethics and of soul; economics, in the actual practice of business no less than in theory, could be rightly understood only as a branch of moral philosophy. Shayne could hardly wait to share this viewpoint with his B. School roommates.

His roommates found it novel, mystifying, eccentric-and dismissable.

"Moral philosophy, Herb?" they said. "Herb, we're not trying to get rid of you, but does it ever occur to you that maybe you're on the wrong side of the river?"

They had a point. Shayne had made it to Harvard, but he'd landed one trolley stop short of Cambridge, the place where the college of his fantasy was to be found, if it existed at all. The Business School was on the Boston side of the river, the side where pragmatism reigned. The college cogitated through to logical, disinterested insights; the Business School got results. That's why people went there.

Not that the school didn't have its share of the rhetoric of lofty purpose. The official catalog, then as now, fairly oozed it. A course called Human Relations, for example, promised to promote on-the-job good will by addressing the "problems of securing cooperative action . . . [regarding] the specialized functions of personnel." The Advertising seminar would probe to the heart of common needs by focusing "especial attention . . . [on] the habits and behavior of consumers whom advertising is designed to influence." Then there was an elective whose very name-Public

Relations and Responsibilities-bespoke a social awareness and commitment that was the very stuff of an enlightened approach to business.

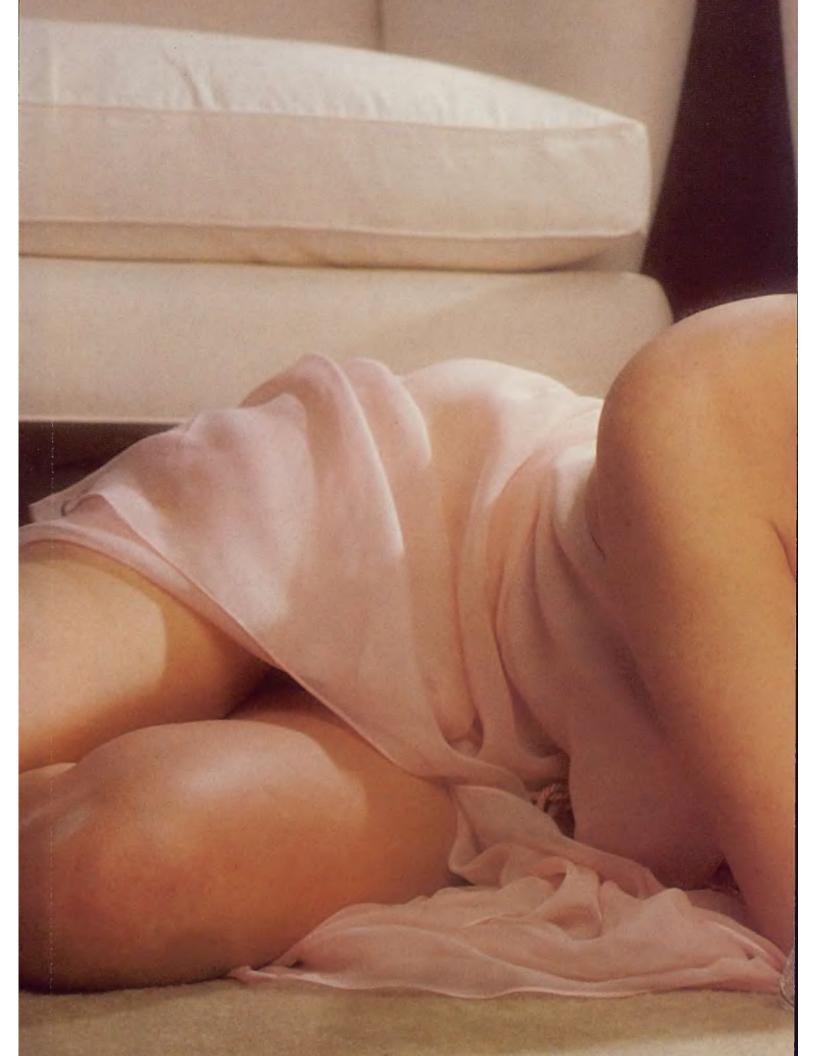
But those, of course, were the orthodox, approved descriptions, and, as Herb Shayne came to understand, one thing could be described in many ways. Around the dorm, for example, the gist of Human Relations was summarized as "making the contented-cow syndrome work for you." The meat of Advertising lay in "teaching the native to want." And in the classroom, as Shayne would remember decades later, "P.R. and R., when it dealt with anything at all, usually addressed questions like whether you'd generate more business by heading up the United Way or being president of the local Rotary."

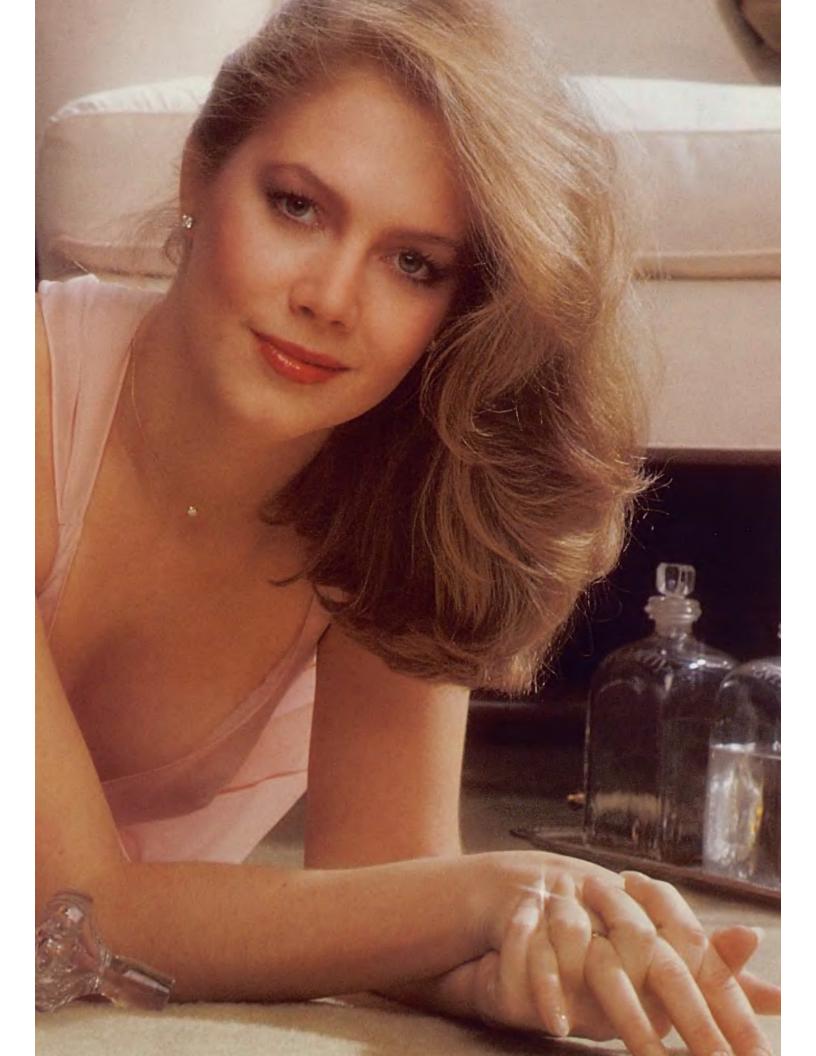
What all of this suggests is that two different educations were being offered at the Business School. One was official, the other was real, and the two were held together, more or less, by the pedagogical technique known as case method-a teaching strategy that proceeds by the consideration of real-life business anecdotes rather than precepts, of situational dilemmas rather than philosophy.

Case method, of course, has long been virtually synonymous with the Harvard Business School; without it, for that matter, there might not have been a B. School at all. Its more recent glamor notwithstanding, when H.B.S. limped into existence in 1908, it had no campus of its own and only the puniest of endowments. It also faced two not inconsiderable obstacles in its quest to bring businessmen and academics together: Businessmen hated academics' guts and vice versa. To scholars, handing out honorific titles denoting expertise in such squalid processes as psyching out markets, selling widgets and accumulating wealth was nothing short of abject whoredom. To the day's ruggedindividualist businessmen, the thought that any cloistered, wispy-bearded and probably reform-minded professor could (continued on page 137)

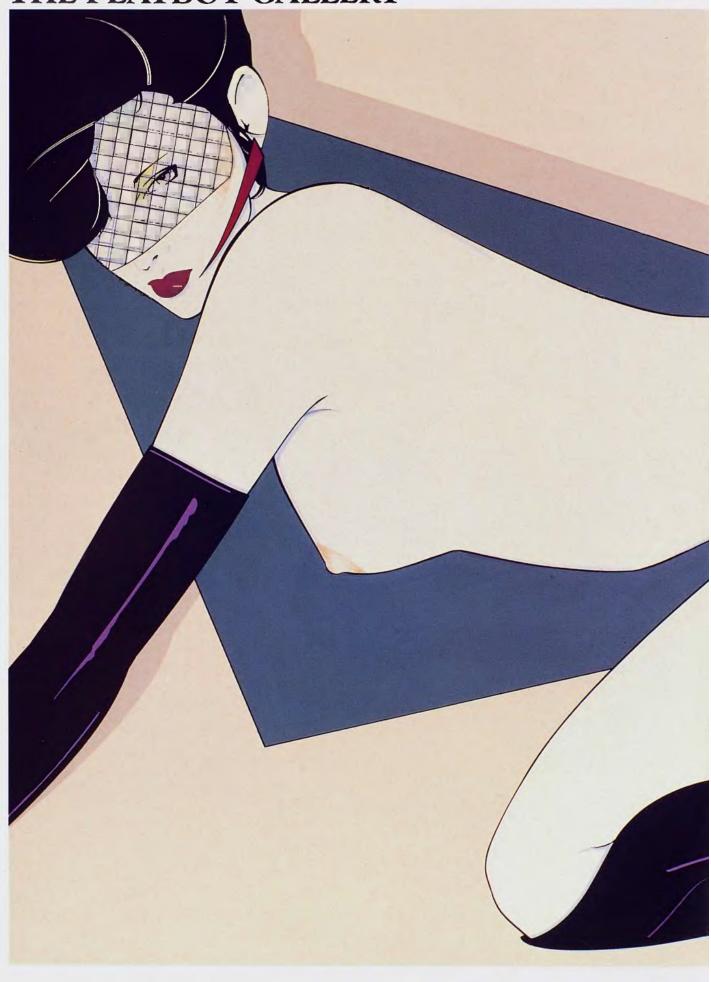
THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

WELCOME TO The Playboy Gallery, a monthly feature that offers our readers an opportunity to start their own collections of PLAYBOY's best art and photography. Save these, frame them, hang them over your stereo or in your bath. Of course, if you like both sides of the sheet equally, you'll have to buy two copies. Pass the extra one along to a friend. It's always nice to share a good thing when you can. That's why we've started The Playboy Gallery. We want to make your life beautiful. This month, we feature a sizzling photo of redhot actress Kathleen Turner, by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, and one of our favorite illustrations by Pat Nagel.





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





"Three quarters of them testified to faith in God; 92.5 percent proclaimed a faith in Ad Prac."

tell them how to run their show was laughable if not grotesque.

Case method was the seductive master stroke that persuaded the captains of industry and the princes of intellect to hop into the sack together. Case method offered something for everyone. By studying cases, the practical-minded types could feel that attention was being properly focused on the nitty-gritty, rather than frittered away on texts and theory; and the academics, far from being abashed that they were teaching in a field that had no texts or theory, could tell themselves that they were helping to build a new intellectual edifice by the time-honored means of deductive reasoning.

The whole idea, then, was to bridge the gap between business in the abstract, which was respectable, and business in practice, which made money. Striking a balance between the two, however, turned out to be a problem, since business theory tended to be pallid, pompous and usually self-evident, while business practice was gripping, human-scaled, endlessly compelling in its stakes-on-the-table actuality. So theory, in practice, got short shrift; and practice, in practice, is what the curriculum was all about.

But if case method was not conducive to balance, it certainly fostered a point of view. The view was bird's-eye, since, in real life, no one except a company's top two or three executives would be faced with the kind of decisions that B. School students were routinely asked to make. "It was great daydream material," Shayne remembers. "The case would open, 'You are the chairman of the XYZ Corporation,' and, poof, just like that, you were chairman of the board. We had lots of cases about dealing with subordinates. I don't think we had one about dealing with a boss. The assumption, from the first day on, was that we'd be the boss. The analogy would be studying freshman poli sci from the perspective of a future king."

The approach was not to everybody's taste. It was not, daydreams aside, particularly to Herb Shayne's, and as 1947 phased into 1948 and the clenched excitement of the first semester faded into the dry routine of the second, he found his earlier enthusiasm turning wry, even selfmocking. Increasingly, as the warm spring days greened the grass of the B. School quad, he'd end up sitting on a bench facing the Charles, smoking a cigar and gazing longingly toward Cambridge.

He must have looked unhappy, because one day a classmate named Conrad Jones asked him what was wrong. Shayne tried to put his finger on it and came around to a voice-cracking complaint about what he saw as the Business School's elitism.

Connic Jones, who was square-built and had been away to war and had an engineering degree from Purdue, would eventually become the senior partner of the New York consulting firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton. Consulting would fit him like a glove, because he had a gift for telling people things they didn't want to hear and having them thank him for it. It wasn't that Connie Jones was gentle in his delivery or even tactful, exactly; but there was about him a profound neutrality that seemed the very soul of justice. Devoid of malice, sparing in affection, he called them as he saw them, and he proceeded to tell Herb Shayne that he was full of beans.

"No, Herb," he said, "it doesn't bother you at all that we're treated as an elite. What bothers you is that we're not the elite vou thought we were going to be. You thought we were going to be the intellectual elite. Well, we're not. We're not the hereditary elite, and we're certainly not the artistic or creative elite. What we're being groomed as is the competent elite. Get used to it, Herb-we're being trained to be the guys who stay sober at the party. We're being handed the tools to get out there and run things."

That, finally, was the crux of the B. School exercise, and of all the tools the class of '49 was handed, the most versatile by far was contained in the course called Administrative Practices. Ad Prac was the center of the B. School universe, the gravity that held the rest of the curriculum together. Other courses taught you a lot of what and at least a little bit of why. The beauty of Ad Prac was that it had a way of making those preoccupations disappear, so pure, unadulterated how came shining through. Ad Prac, like aspirin or dynamite, would work on just about anything.

The catalog described the course's aim as teaching the future manager how "to obtain action by working through people . . . [by] maintaining harmony between the individuals and groups of which his organization is composed . . . [and by utilizing] the capacities of the individuals concerned to the greatest advantage." The students were terser. They dubbed the class Machiavelli for Beginners. It was leadership and gamesmanship, politics, negotiation, hardball and the end run. Future conglomerateur Harry Figgie, Jr., summed up its lesson as "how to saw the rungs out of someone's ladder without his even knowing it."

So central was Ad Prac to the B. School way of doing things that the phrase soon overwhelmed its boundaries as a noun and

began being used in various forms as a transitive verb, a past participle and an adjective. You could Ad Prac the mailman into stamping a fraudulent postmark onto a tardily finished report. A fellow who'd been finagled into doing more than his fair share of work on a group project had been Ad Prac'd. Wellesley girls were now and then Ad Prac-able, and even B. School professors could occasionally be cast as Ad Prac-ees. Ad Prac was more than a method, it was a world view; it was the tool you used when, come hell or high water or an inconvenient value system, something just had to get done.

Ad Prac, in fact, was almost a religion. The Harvard M.B.A.s of 1949, having an apparent inkling that their destiny would be worth keeping tabs on, did a class survey shortly before they graduated. Among other things, the survey was intended as a profile of what these men believed in. Three quarters of them testified to faith in God. Ninety-two-point-five percent proclaimed a faith in the effective wisdom of Administrative Practices. Ad Prac was Gospel, it was Torah, it was Tao. It was the austere, pragmatic and unrelenting creed by which they were setting out to manage America.

But again, one thing could be described in many ways and, to another member of the class of 1949, the essence of the B. School could most cogently be defined as the learning of the old sausage game.

"You know what the old sausage game is?" asks Leonard Caust.

He lifts an eyebrow and lets the question dangle; he knows how to work an audience. What he had set out to be as a young man, in fact, was an actor. But after a single postwar season of open auditions and closed producers' doors, he decided to play a shorter shot. It was ironic-a lot of guys were going sleepless and half crazy trying to cop a berth at Harvard Business School, and Caust settled for a spot there because getting in was easier than landing a part as a second banana off-off-Broadway.

"So here's what the sausage game is," he resumes. "You win yourself a market with a nice all-meat sausage, the best sausage you can make. People eat that sausage and they say, 'Mm, mm.' So now you've established the product, right? Now you can afford to start slipping in some sawdust. Add the sawdust by small enough increments and no one'll even notice. People will still say, 'Mm, mm,' because they're creatures of habit. Of course, five or six increments down the road, you'll end up with a product that bears little or no resemblance to what you started with, but you'll get away with it. For a while, at least. Your market share will hold, your margin will increase and everybody will think you're smart.

"Look," says Caust, who retired in 1980 as manager of the marketing-informationservices department at Lever Brothers,

(continued on page 186)

Notebooks Gatling

at last, a look at the doodlings and scratchings of literature's itchiest eroticist

humor By LARRY TRITTEN

WHERE PORNOGRAPHY ENDS and literary merit begins is a question that has long vexed scholars of literary erotica. It can be answered graphically with several pages from The Notebooks of Gatling Wessex, the work of a self-avowed pornographer who has written about sex with an intensity and poetry that would rank him as a great writer in any other field. Wessex' career has been distinguished by an extraordinary level of craftsmanship. From the ambitious searching of early novels such as A Legend in His Own Pants and Knee-Deep in Nectar through the mature perversity of middle-period novels such as Blondes in Brass Brassieres, Pig-Iron Panties and Galvanized Garter Belts and Slaves of the House of Pancakes to the experimental boldness of Post-Holocaust Proctologist and Corgi and Bess, his work has always illuminated sexuality with literary deftness. Here, for the scholar of eroticism-or the merely horny reader-is a selection from his recently published notebooks.

STRAY THOUGHTS

- · Extrasensory perversion—"Don't come in my mind!'
- · What does it say on the bottom of a Coke bottle on Lesbos? USE OTHER END.
- · Woman raped by ghost, impregnated with ectogism.

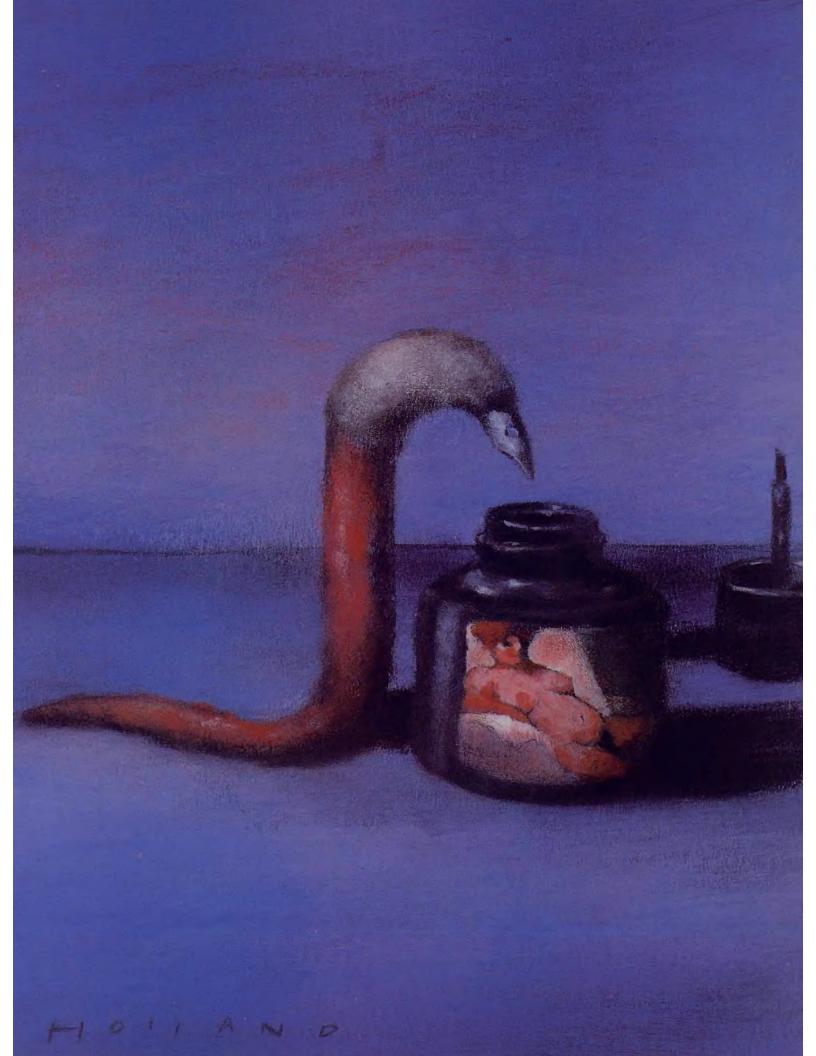
- Ambition—To be the 50-Foot Woman's gynecologist.
- Poetic fetish—Eating food left on plates in cafeterias by beautiful women.
- · Some women are born to greatness others have it thrust into them.
- Bumper sticker—I \(\infty \) SOIXANTE-NEUF.
- · Dream-In Museum of Modern Art, he enters candlelit room labeled MÉNAGE À TROIS in which two people are making love on a couch.

SCENES

"Ouch!" he gasped.
"Relax," she whispered. Her tongue made its debut below his waist. It seemed as if a mouthful of hummingbirds had been released upon his shaft. He watched wide-eyed, then narrow-eyed, and then with his eyes squeezed shut but his mind's eye resuming the view as her tongue whirled, swirled, skipped, skittered and flickered across the pulsing catwalk of his cock. As the sensation sweetened, the nerves in his cock began a tactile tinkling, like wind chimes in a sirocco. His buttocks oscillated. Her nostrils flared. She suckled him with vivid passion and, as he watched, her mouth became a churning vortex into which he feared he might be drawn and vanish, cock first. In the meantime, time froze solid, then a few acons thawed slowly, one at a time; and the next thing he knew, he was climaxing with a series of sensations like high hurdles leaped against a driving wind, and she was making a sound like a somnolent turkey backed into a table fan.

"I say that man is innately sensual," Colander said, unzipping his pants and waggling his fingers with comical vulgarity at his hostess across the crowded room as he spoke, "that as long as he has an appendage, he'll look for vacancies to fill; and as long as he has access to an orifice, he'll look to its tenancy. After all, nature abhors a vacuum. . . ." He left the sentence resonating in our minds and, as if to demonstrate his point, drew a throbbing erection into view and soared off in its wake toward the nearest blonde.

During the 60th second of their lovemaking and with the 120th stroke of his phallus (each one embellished by a stylish sideways twist on the backstroke), Karen had an orgasm so powerful that she felt totally subsidiary to it, which meant, she supposed, that the orgasm had really had her-she was its, its clearly subservient and spectacularly sentient servant; and then, all at once, the neural whirlpool into which her senses spun her became more chaotic as another and continuing orgasm jerked and jolted her this way and that, reminding her of the clunky banging of an unruly washing machine's rotator



near the end of a spin-dry cycle. Yet she herself was no more dry than monsoon earth—she was in a briny sweat, and all of her vulvar musculature was vividly wet with interior leakage, like the inside of a pink submarine whose seams are beginning to burst inward from skillful depthcharging.

"Say it," she said.

"I want you," he gurgled.

"On your knees, litter brain," she cannonaded. He was there at once, and she extended one leg, the sole of her leather boot directly at his lips. She had been to the theater, and the bottom of the boot was brindled with dried cola syrup, a single Jujube bonded to its surface, the ruby candy crushed and blackened from her walk through the slums.

As his affenpinscher might, he tugged at the candy with his teeth and would have had it, too, if a sudden Charley horse hadn't seized her, spasming her leg and throwing her to the floor, where she went through a series of thrashing convulsions, massaging and hammering at her leg frantically until the pain slowly dissipated.

"Time out," she whimpered, and he knew the mood had been lost.

"Who's your favorite analyst?" she asked.

"Rank," he said, smiling. "Otto Rank. Who's yours?"

"Horney," she said, returning his smile. "Karen Horney."

"Rank," he mused.

"And Horney," she grinned.

They gave each other a nosebleed in their rush to fuck.

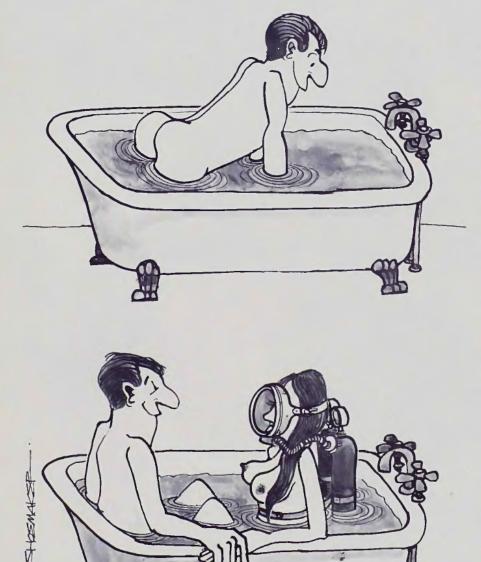
In the Cimmerian darkness, he would have to find her by the scent alone, that was the game; and in a 40-room château, it would not necessarily be easy-yet the moment it began, his olfactory nerves were tingling with the distant bouquet of her sex, that ineffable fragrance of burnt sugar, shellfish buffets and storm-flagellated dahlias when the winds bore away and a pale gilding of sunlight brightened them. The molecules of smell seeming to sparkle in his nose like the effervescent bubbles of a carbonated drink, he was virtually drawn along by his nose, and he found her finally on the second floor in a bedroom, supine and ready, the hot magnet of her redolence pulling his face into the palpy shoals of her cloven vulva with a soft adhesive bunting of lips and chin; and it was in that glorious moment that he sprained his tongue yearning for her cervix, for his tongue was, alas, somewhat shorter than any other part of himself with which he had also failed to touch the gossamer bottom, the ultimate oyster with its apocalyptic pearl just beyond reach in the sodden abyss of the cozy chasm.

"Oh, wow," she gasped in the aftermath, her face ashen, cunt rumpled, her eyes bluer by a shade. "Where'd you learn to give head like that?"

He grinned. "Took lessons," he said. "From a lesbian yogi. She could tumble a hassock with her tongue. Why? Ya like it?" But he was already talking to a corpse.

Novella had a penchant for duplex sex (as she called it): taking one penis into her mouth while another impaled her vaginally or anally. She'd come a long way, she thought, since those virginal days when her sex had been like a studio apartment visited only by a familiar thumb or forefinger, which loved the ambience and stayed for hours on end.

During timeless nights, she taught him all she had learned from the Incarnadine Countess and her Carnelian Acolytes. Where once he had startled her by buffing his penis on a razor strop while readying for a set-to, now the tricks she could show him made that seem like a trivial novelty: Her cloister had become a veritable machinery of agile musculature whose soft wheels, resilient rollers and subterranean gizmos commenced a turbulent pulsating and clutching that astonished him with its precision-it was like a gilding of the very lily of sentience, and in its throes it seemed as if his penis were a celestial cud being worked and reworked by the mouth of some divine bovine; he felt as if the neurons all along its sultry length were being irradiated and marinated in a sort of effervescent salt brine. She belabored him with her cunt: Her mobile vulva chewed him over methodically, like a loving dog with soft electric teeth, and when she had achieved her own orgasm, which he recognized by a gaudy cry like that of a peacock flushed from cover by a Fauvist gamesman, she brought him off as well with a



sudden series of muscular tugs and primpings analogous to those of a mother urging her son onto a public school stage for a holiday performance.

She came for the first time not with a bang but with a whimper. But by the end of their honeymoon, she would bring psychic luggage for each orgasmic journey, monogrammed and covered with travel stickers from Xanadu, Shangri La, Valhalla and, of course, Baton Rouge.

Concussion! Convulsion! Haroldine undulated with orgasm, coming in great whopping spasms, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming, coming and coming again (after all, the sign on the door had suggested it!), and as the roaring waves of release carried her onto the hot beach of fulfillment, she felt more erotically pleased than she had ever felt before, as if she had just stepped from a solitaryconfinement cell, been ushered into a lilac Rolls-Royce and driven along a jungle highway where all the trees dripped sperm in the aftermath of an extraordinary storm that would have every bird and animal staring skyward for days to come.

It was in her nighttime dreams that her daydreams came true. There, freed from the cold bondage of her priggish upbringing, her hothouse fantasies blossomed in candy colors: She crawled through an orgy in a pitch-dark room, tasting everything she touched until the flavors made her brain ring like a holiday bell; she performed a fantastic cartwheel through a constellation of stars and blue moons onto a cosmic buffet table where she lay amid the viands and desserts, dappled with sauce, prinked with flecks of celestial mayonnaise and meringue and sweet adhesive gravies, herself the pièce de résistance for the gods and goddesses who began to jostle one another in competition to taste her hot and savory corpus; she drank ginger beer from the black-leather boot of a countess while the lovely lady's toe tickled sparks of orgasm from the tender tinder of her clit; and she swung on a braided golden rope across a huge ballroom where a host of naked lords and ladies played a roistering parlor game on all fours, dropping herself carefully and with unerring accuracy onto an uptilted erection that her plush sex encapsulated as smoothly as a velvet glove did a well-manicured hand.

Without women, Grayson learned, men do strange things. In the twilit yard, he came upon a heavy-set man from Prague who had tricked up his penis in a little dirndl and sketched a likeness of a female face on his glans. He was engaged in the act of trying to bob his mouth down low enough to kiss the minuscule face—and that with a bad back, as Ivan would later point out in the infirmary.



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NISSAN 4X4.

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BUILT TOUGHER FROM THE

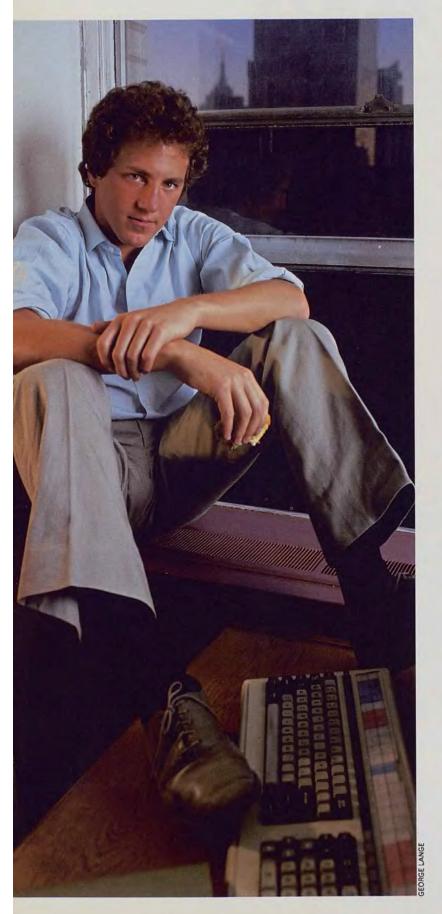
GROUND UP. Every Hardbody truck is built around a new, reinforced box-ladder chassis as tough as the steel from which it's stamped—a chassis that handles 1400 lbs. of payload. A clean new underbody design—featuring a beefed-up independent front suspension, stronger torsion bars, and new rear leaf springs—delivers the highest, minimum running ground clearance of any leading compact.

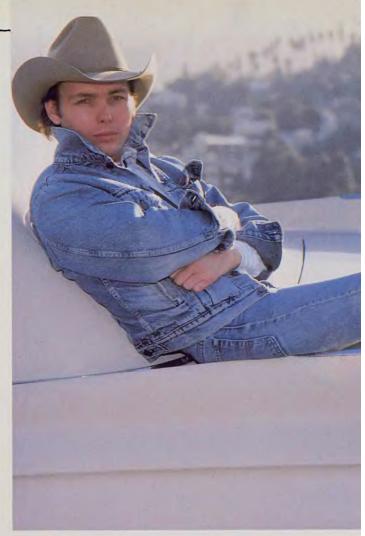
BIGGEST, FATTEST TIRES. The biggest, widest (P235/75R15) factory-standard tires for any compact truck are on the SE model 4x4. If the biggest aren't big enough, trick-out the SE with Nissan's optional 31x10.5R15's mounted on new alloy wheels. There's only one hot set-up. The name is Nissan.

NISSAN



FASTFORWARD





JOHN KATZMAN

the student's prince

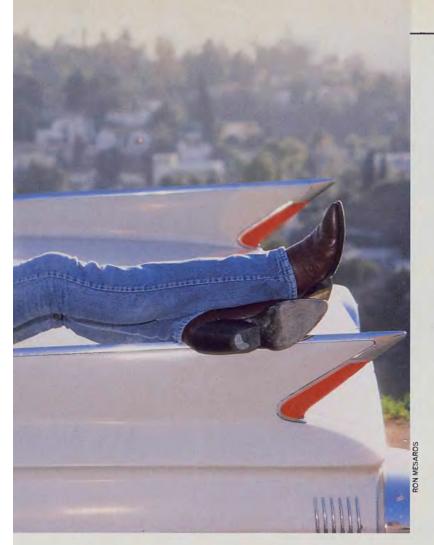
You might expect a self-proclaimed mediocre student who got into Princeton on the basis of his impressive S.A.T. scores (1480 out of a perfect 1600) to harbor warm feelings for the testing process. Not John Katzman. "That just shows what bullshit the tests are," he says.

The S.A.T. has now done more for Katzman than turn him into an Ivy League grad. It is, in a way, making him rich. The Princeton Review, the little S.A.T.-prep course that Katzman began five years ago with a \$3000 loan from his parents, is now a nationally franchised operation with projected revenues of \$8,000,000 by the end of 1986—and a big enough success to embroil him in a lawsuit with the Educational Testing Service. E.T.S. administers the S.A.T. and doesn't appreciate the fact that Katzman's students, who pay about \$500 for the intensive eight-week course, increase their board scores by a documented average of 150 points.

In the Review's crowded four-room Manhattan headquarters, Katzman, 26, avoids big-business trappings, and everyone schedules his own 40-hour week. Katzman claims, "Anyone who starts playing office politics gets fired."

His goals, when he makes enough money, include opening a private school for underprivileged kids, an ironic choice for someone with a ho-hum academic career. "I was a mediocre student in high school, and I stayed mediocre in college," he reports. "Ask anyone who knew me then. He'll tell you I was a highly motivated fuck-off."

—SUSAN SQUIRE



PAULA POUNDSTONE

acid voks

Paula Poundstone remembers her childhood well. "Some people found me amusing," she recalls. "Some found me annoying." Such reactions made the choice of a career seem clear. And now, at 26, Poundstone is one of the most-talked-about comediennes on the club-and-college circuit. Robin Williams tells interviewers she's destined for stardom, and David Letterman has brought her back four times.

Poundstone's inventive wit is sometimes acidic, a product, she claims, of a troubled childhood. "My parents told me not to say funny things, but their discouragement served as encouragement," she explains. "Making jokes in front of my mom is like spelling things in front of a little kid. To this day, she hasn't gotten one of my jokes."

Poundstone was undaunted. "I wanted to be Carol Burnett," she says. She first performed in Boston when she was 19 and moved to California, where she developed her understated style and unique delivery, which includes the audience in what is almost a round-table discussion about her day, her family and her problems. Because of her improvisational approach, each show is different. "The West Coast is more conducive to the kind of stuff I do," she maintains. Budd Friedman, owner of The Improv in L.A., finds her unusual even by L.A. standards. "She takes incredible chances on stage," he says.

Off stage, Poundstone drives around San Francisco in Dave, her anemic powder-blue 1965 Mustang ("I'm the only one I know to be pulled over for attempted speeding"), and crawls into her doorless apartment through a window. Although she has no dog, her apartment is full of cans of dog food. "I like the labels," she says cryptically. She also likes to watch her video cassette of *Mary Poppins*. "Not a day goes by that you don't need it," she says. "You don't have to watch the whole thing, but if you can see the nannies blow away, it does a good thing to the rest of your day."

—VICKI SHEFF

DWIGHT YOAKAM

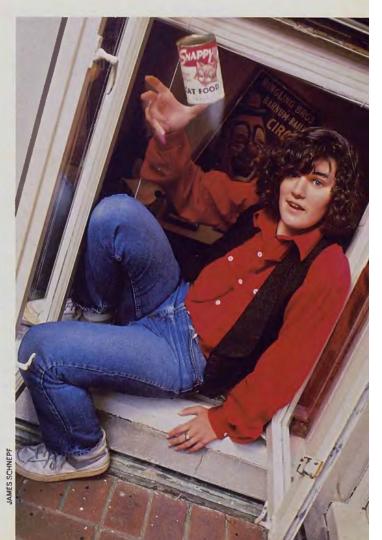
cow-punk hunk

"Here's a great Kentucky meal," says Kentucky-born Dwight Yoakam, 29. "Stewed squirrel, fried apples, squirrel gravy and homemade biscuits. Now, that's a dinner!" Unfortunately for Yoakam, that meal exists mostly in his memories. Since moving to L.A. nine years ago, Yoakam has been eating more mainstream victuals, while playing country music that would please a purist—as well as some of his more unusual fans.

While Yoakam started performing in the *Urban Cow-boy* type of honky-tonks, he found a new, unlikely audience and instant local fame when that fad began to fade. "I stumbled onto the blooming cow-punk scene," he recalls, and by switching to L.A.'s hip New Wave clubs, he went from crowds with blue collars to ones with purple hair.

"These kids would come up to us and say, 'You guys are real good—you're rock-a-billy but you're kinda not,'" Yoakam remembers. Soon, his old audience caught up with the new, and the two since then have coexisted peacefully at various punk and country clubs. Meanwhile, Warner/Reprise released his critically acclaimed first album, and Yoakam has found new work as an opening act in both country and rock concerts.

"I won't abandon what we've developed as far as transcending the traditional country audience goes," he says, "but I have an obligation to my family to address issues about our cultural background. We attract a 50-50 crowd, and that's gratifying to me, because this is really the most universal American music." —MARK HUMPHREY





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MARRIAGE

(continued from page 89)
Jack was eating a hot dog when he dropped the bomb. The hot dog was dripping chili and onions, and he put it down, swallowed the bite bulging his cheeks and said, "Peggy and I are eloping to Hot Springs tomorrow night. She's pregnant, and we're gonna have our honeymoon at Graceland."

Everyone laughed but Peggy. Some of us had been friends as far back as grade school; now we were in our late 20s, grabbing dinner together and listening to another one of Jack's colossal jokes. But he soon convinced us it was no joke—for once in his life, Jack wasn't kidding.

"It's true," Peggy said. "We really are." We looked into her solemn, almost wistful face and realized that Jack and Peggy—the least likely candidates of us all—were going to be the first to bite the dust and set up housekeeping.

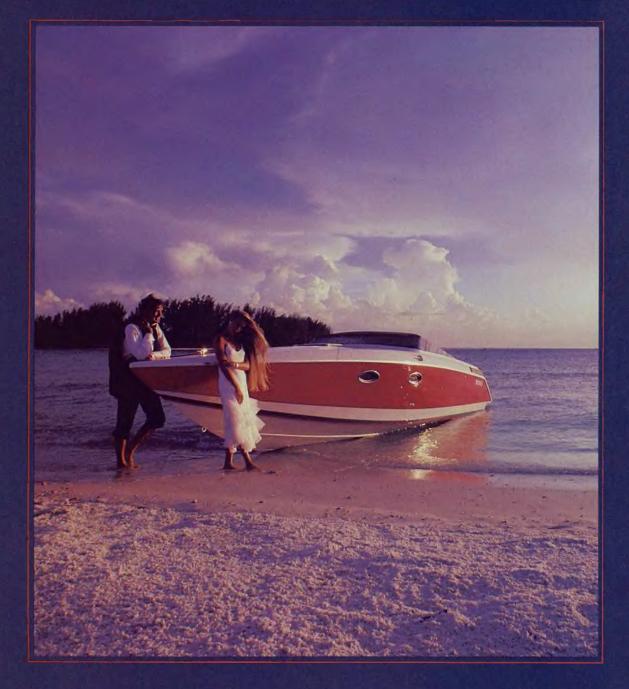
We weren't so surprised about Peggy. She was a quiet hipster who taught fifthgrade English at a private school and who had, more than any of us, settled into a nice life for herself. If we all got together to eat dinner or watch Hill Street Blues, we'd usually end up at Peggy's. If we really needed someone to talk to, Peggy would wake up in the dark and answer our phone calls. She hadn't always been happy: That had come with Jack. For a couple of years, she'd lived with a Polish-American novelist/dishwasher in the East, where she'd gone to get her master's. But she missed Dallas and the gang, and her boyfriend seemed to us, on the one occasion we met him, to be the gloomy cause of a pall that had fallen over her for a long time. When Peggy moved back to Texas in 1983, she and Jack began hanging out together, and they finally faced us one night with the astonishing, embarrassing admission that they were going steady. Jack's high-jinks brought Peggy to life; she became straight man and yukster to his constant stream of goofy observations and roadhouse antics.

They were fun to watch: They were both so alike and so different from everyone else. They liked drive-in movies, antique clothes, Busch beer and the *National Enquirer*. They loved baseball and everything in pop culture; Peggy had a *master's* degree in it, which put a cool curve in the short stories she wrote and in the way she taught her fifth graders.

They did have some differences— Peggy's family was fairly wealthy (she wore Neiman-Marcus underwear beneath her Salvation Army clothes), while Jack cared little about money, career, ambition. And now here they were, noisily sucking the last drops of milk shake from their cups, with a one-way ticket to Preg City.

We all wished them good luck. "Luck? We don't need luck!" Jack said expansively. "We have the whole world in the palm of our hands!" He held up his palms,

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pretended to fumble the planet on the restaurant's linoleum floor and went, "Oops!"

THE HAPPY COUPLE RETURNS

The Monday after their weekend elopement, Jack and Peggy screeched up my driveway in Jack's '66 Tempest. They looked like they'd just done something illegal and were going to let me in on it.

"I had my finger up her butt crack the whole dang time," Jack said, closing the car door. Peggy got out on the other side, swinging the Newlywed Gift Pak they'd gotten at the courthouse three days before, protesting this account of their wedding.

"Not up it," she said. "I had a dress on. It was on my butt."

"I was goosin' her, was what I was doing. The whole dang time."

Peggy rolled her eyes. "I almost missed my cue to say 'I do.' I was too busy swatting his hand away."

They'd driven straight to Hot Springs Friday and gone to the courthouse, in one of those sleepy Southern squares where World War One veterans sit on benches watching the traffic. Inside, their first sight was a holding cell full of prisoners. ("We figured that was a good sign," Jack said.)

Peggy held up the Newlywed Gift Pak. "Look at all this neat stuff," she said. "Tide, Massengill disposable douche, Scope mouthwash, Midol. . . ."

"Yeah," Jack said. "I picked up the Midol and waved it around in the court-house and went, 'Hey, honey—no excuses tonight!"

Peggy rolled her eyes, which she did with amazing regularity. "It was like 95 degrees that day—we'd just driven all the way there, we were hot and sweaty and our faces were all red."

I winced. "Sounds romantic."

They went to a justice of the peace, who spent most of the brief ceremony talking about himself. "And he slipped some Jesus stuff in the vows, which we really didn't want in there, but what could we do?"

"I paid the J.P. twenty bucks, too," Jack said, "which means with the marriage license, Peggy still owes me a total of twenty bucks. Actually, you don't have to pay the J.P. anything, but he was looking at me with ten-dollar signs in each eye. I wanted to rabbit-punch him a few times."

This all left me a bit pained—my picture of weddings is a little more idealized. I think of weddings like they are in Thirties movies, or like the one between Prince Charles and Lady Diana back in '81, when the whole gang got together at five A.M. to watch it. We scattered black-and-white portable TVs all around my place and munched on wedding cookies and cheap champagne while the royal couple kissed outside Buckingham Palace. This Hot Springs wedding just seemed to be missing something.

"Did y'all kiss then?" I asked. "You know, like you're supposed to?"

"Sure," Jack said. "The J.P. smiled and said, 'You can go ahead and score now,

Mr. Turlington—you're married! You can get some of the sweet stuff!"

Peggy rolled her eyes.

The rest of their wedding weekend went along those same lines—they motored to Little Rock for their wedding night and called their parents from a "cheap, clean hotel room with free HBO."

"Yeah, my mom started bawlin'," Jack said.

"My mother wasn't there," Peggy said, "and my father didn't believe it. He just started laughing and hung up." The next morning, they went to Memphis, so they could always say they'd honeymooned at Graceland. They barely had time to drop 50 bills at Elvis gift shops and catch a few dog races in West Memphis before it was time to head back to Dallas. On the way back, they had their first argument: Since Peggy was keeping her last name, what would the baby's last name be? Peggy, who has no brothers to carry on the family name, voted for Norvell. Jack insisted on Turlington, traditional this one time. They finally came up with a way to settle the issue when they got home-they would decide who got to name the baby by playing chicken with their cars.

"Well, how does it feel?" I wanted to know. "To be married, for life?"

Peggy shrugged. "I have to admit, it felt a little shocking to wake up in Little Rock, Arkansas, married."

"I guess it was like . . . real, real beautiful," Jack said, affecting an angelic glow. "Here we were, married in Little Rock, married as shit, and I woke up, the little lady still asleep, so cute and precious, all curled up and snorin' like a sawmill, and I thought . . . Yeah. Yeah. This is it. This is perfect."

They drove off to break the news to Jack's roommate, the lead singer of the Shitty Beatles. The group had just released a single, though it had never had a gig, and Jack was afraid that John would take the news hard. And they still had to convince Mr. and Mrs. Norvell that they'd actually done it. I watched Jack's Tempest sail around the corner at the end of the block, with Jack and Peggy inside, heading off together, married as shit.

FINDING A LOVE NEST

"Well, what do you think?" Jack pulled an ottoman from the bed of his old pickup and gestured back toward the house. It was something, all right—two stories tall, 60 years old, with a long, open porch and French windows all across the top. Just a block down Swiss Avenue, in the historical district, houses like this had been fixed up into mansions years before and went for \$1,000,000 apiece. But a lot went downhill in a block: Here the sidewalks were cracked, half-naked children ran around squealing in Spanish, and a crumbling apartment house across the street advertised rooms for rent by the week.

"Dream home, huh?" Jack said. "Dream home!" We clomped up the wooden steps

and went inside, where Peggy and a few friends were touring the high-ceilinged, oddly painted rooms. There was a lot of work to be done, but the house was enormous, and it had possibilities. They'd decided to rent it, with an option to buy in a year or two if things worked out.

I asked Jack how Peggy was doing—she looked tired.

"It's morning sickness," he said. "She's in E.N.S.—the Early, Nasty Stages. Hey, look at this." He picked up a crumpled sheet of paper, smoothed it out. "Peg and I were talking about baby names, and she asked me to write down ten names, in order of preference."

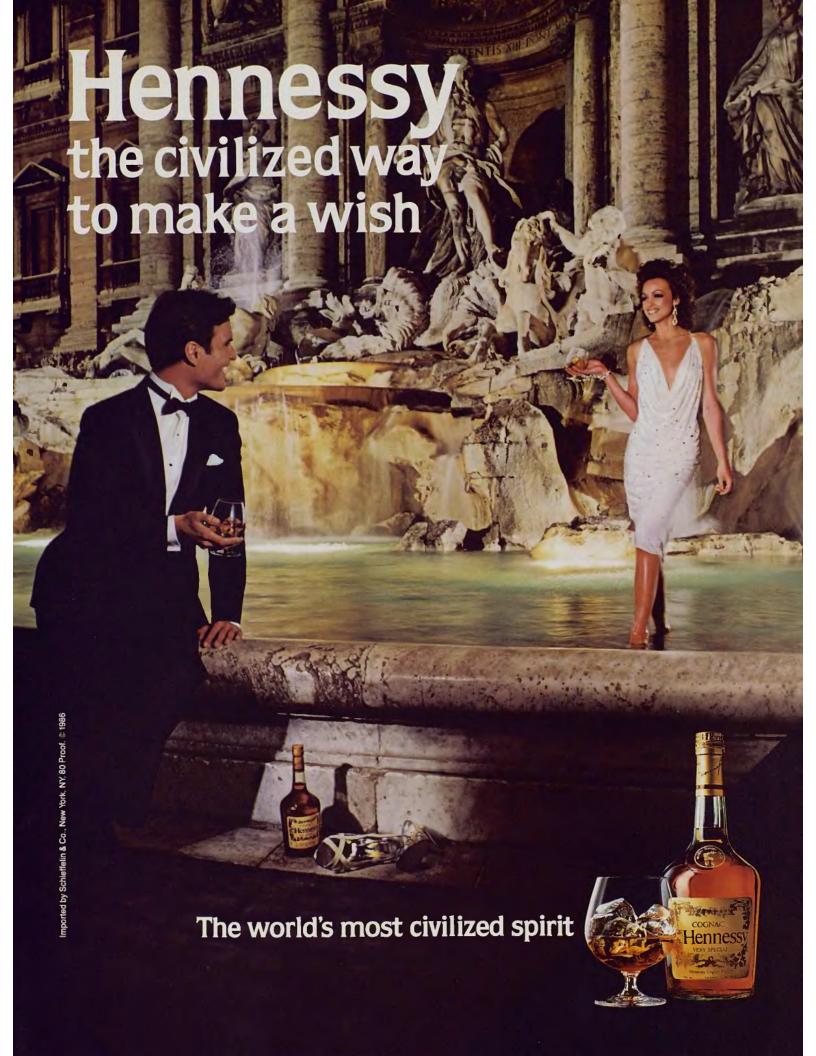
His list went like this:

- 1. Dale
- 2. Dale
- 3. Dale
- 4. Dale
- 5. Dale
- 6. Dale
- 7. Dale
- 8. Dale
- 9. Bud
- 10. Special Ed

Jack had had a thing about the name Dale ever since he saw a commercial in the Sixties in which a teenager goosed his girlfriend's mom by mistake at the bottom of a pool and came up sputtering, "I'm sorry . . . I thought you were Dale!" He had magazine subscriptions sent to him in that name, and it was his dog Sam's nickname. So it was natural that he name his kid Dale-it kept the joke going. But there were people who would see this list as a danger signal. This was no joke to Peggy-she could no longer smoke, she never so much as sipped a beer and she was looking more and more ragged out every day. Some of us in the gang, now that we'd had time to fully realize that Jack and Peggy were actually married and expecting, were wondering if they would be OK. Jack, who could be deadly serious about things like politics (he subscribed to the Anti-Klan Newsletter), seemed to be dealing with married life on a comic level. Sooner or later, it was bound to hit himhe would wake up and realize where he was.

"Did you hear about Sam?" Jack asked me, sitting on a just-moved-in couch and rubbing down his old mutt's shoulders. "We heard that sometimes dogs can get jealous of newborns, and you can deflate the situation by getting a doll, carrying it around the house, kissing it and showing it to Sam, giving him some attention, too, to sort of break him in. So we did that, and then we went out to a movie. When we got home, the doll was scattered in a million pieces all over the house, and Sam was in the corner, growling and foaming at the mouth, with the doll head hanging out of his jaws. And we went, 'Uh-oh....'"

Later on, our friend Rich came over and the three of us drove in Jack's pickup to Sears, took the escalator to major appliances and walked up to a Kenmore. The



house didn't have a refrigerator, so Jack and Peggy had bought this one, on sale. We helped get it loaded in the truck, and Rich and I stood gripping its sides as Jack careened back toward Swiss Avenue. We had a great time, just like in the old days of a month before, cutting up like high school kids. Buying a refrigerator at Sears . . . suddenly, the whole thing seemed so ridiculously bourgeois it was absurd, and we were goofing off all through East Dallas, as if it were really just a great big joke.

JACK GETS A CURFEW

Mr. and Mrs. Norvell seemed to adjust fairly well to the idea of Peggy as a suddenly married, expectant mother. None of their four daughters had ever been very predictable, anyway: They'd been in punk bands, designed wild clothes, cracked up cars, gotten into various levels of heartache and trouble, and one of them had even married a forest ranger. Yes, the Norvells could handle this all right, A month after the wedding, they gave a reception for the newlyweds, sending out engraved invitations and preparing a feast at their mansionlike North Dallas home for an odd mix of guests (teachers from Peggy's school, old family friends, some of the old rowdy crowd from Austin, the rest of the Shitty Beatles). Everything went smoothly, though Jack bridled when Mrs. Norvell insisted that he and Peggy pick out a china pattern and get it registered at Crate & Barrel. ("It's stupid," Jack said, before caving in. "If people can't think of a present, they can just give us stacks and stacks of cash!") At the party, only a few people brought dishes; Jack and Peggy's favorite gift by far was a five-foot-long plastic airplane that had hung on the wall outside the Jet-Away Lounge on Cedar Springs, until the place was being torn down just as Rich happened by. Now Jack was running his hands back and forth over the jet's shiny gray surface, his vision blurred by joy, as a dozen discarded blenders and toasters lay strewn at his feet. "This," he said reverently, "is going over the mantel."

As the night progressed, the quiet crowd stayed in the house, munching veggies and listening to Mr. Norvell's big-band albums, while the rest of us bopped in the huge yard out back, downing long-necks and catching up on stuff with the Austin kids. Things got sort of hazy after two or so, and 1 wasn't really aware of things until Rich called me the next day with incredible news.

"You won't believe this," he said. "Last night, Peggy gave Jack a curfew."

"No!"

"Yep. He got in real late, and she was real mad, and so he has a curfew now."

"What is it?"

Rich didn't know. Whoa, boy. This was too much. This was great. I tracked down Jack to get the scoop.

"Well, you know, I hadn't seen a lot of those guys from Austin in a long time," Jack said, "and Peggy got tired pretty early, around two, and said she wanted to go home, and I told her to go ahead, that I'd be home before too late."

"When did you get home?"

"Uh . . . five thirty. And, boy, was I in the doghouse. Peggy was thinking, Oh, no, shades of things to come. And I thought, Hmmm . . . this isn't really atypical behavior for me . . . what have we done?"

After a moment of seriousness, Jack was laying on the sarcasm. "Oh, God, what have I got myself into? A woman who doesn't like to party at all—she only stays out till, like, two, two thirty A.M., that's it. She gets tired and can't even knock off a twelve-pack; she stops after eight or nine beers! What a wimp! What have I done to myself? A gilded cage is a cage all the same!"

Jack's curfew was a joke, too—it was officially set at 4:30 a.m.—but at least it was a goal, something to shoot for. Two weeks went by and I heard nothing else about that night, until one day I had lunch with Peggy, alone with her for what I realized was becoming a very rare time. Peggy had gotten over her morning sickness and looked pretty chipper. "I'm feeling great," she said. But when I made a joke about Jack and his curfew, she didn't laugh.

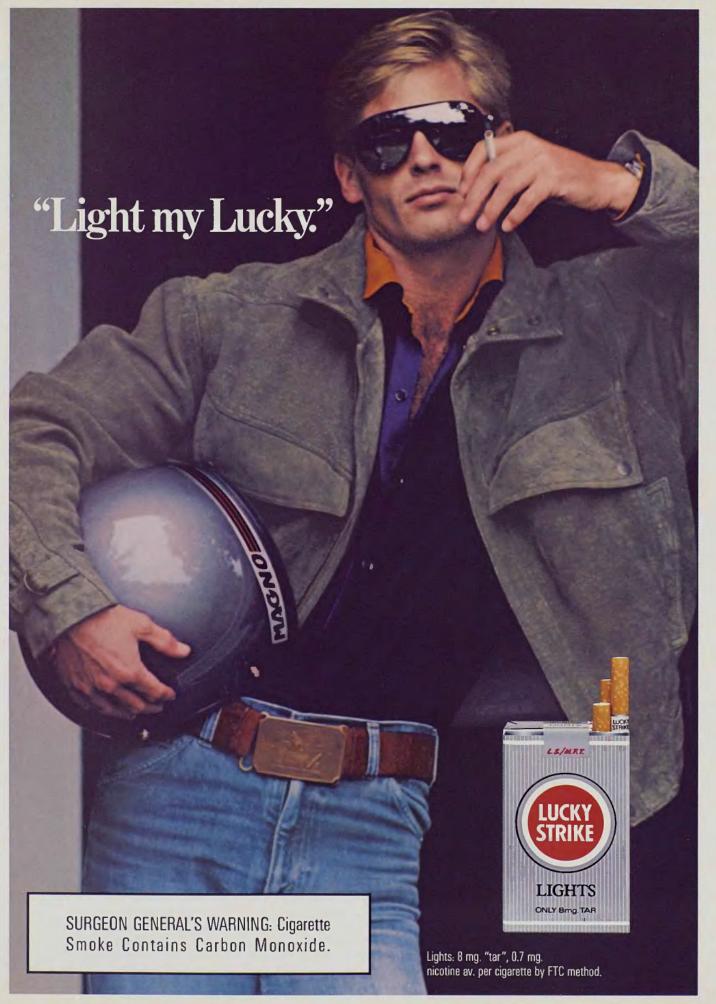
"That's not really how it happened," she said, after staring at her plate a long time. "It wasn't that I was mad at him; I was more hurt than mad. I really wanted him to go home with me from the reception. I wasn't feeling too well, and I get real sleepy these days .- I can't stay up all night like I used to. But he wanted to go out with his friends-which is fine, I can understand that, he never gets to see them anymore-so I went home. I watched part of an old movie on the VCR, then I went to bed, but I couldn't go to sleep. I started crying at four and kept it up till he got home at five thirty. I'd cry for a while, stop, then start crying again. When Jack came home, my face was all swelled up, the tears were starting to sting, and I think he was really shocked. He felt real bad, and he put his arms around me and said something like, 'Once we get all settled in, things will be all right again,' and I felt better, but then I thought, Bullshit! and started crying again, I didn't say anything about him needing to act like a father, because I thought he was uncomfortable with that. . . I just said, 'You can't do this to me!'" She took a breath, looked around our table. "Then he said something like, 'Yeah, I oughta start becoming more responsible,' or 'I'm a family man now.' He's never said anything like that before, and I think he really meant it."

Peggy and I talked about things the rest of us had all discussed but had been afraid to bring up with her—what kind of father Jack would make, whether he'd be able to take it seriously.

"Sometimes I'm scared," she said. "I was scared that night. You know that movie, St. Elmo's Fire, where Rob Lowe plays a kid who's a terrible father? I was afraid either I was gonna have to deal with



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something like that or else I'd strap him down so badly that we would both be miserable. But so far, that hasn't happened he's begun to accept it all gracefully."

"Do you ever talk about the baby?"

"Not really . . . it's not exactly a taboo subject, but neither of us quite believes it yet, I think. I mean, until lately, I felt so sick, and I guess I thought, How could I be happily pregnant and have this wonderful creature inside, and feel so sick? I don't think either of us has really faced it yet"—almost imperceptibly, her hands dropped toward her stomach—"we just don't think of it as real."

BABIES AT THE BASEBALL GAME

A wet diaper has a certain inescapable smell, even when it's in the back seat of a '66 Tempest hurtling along Interstate 30 with all the windows down. Sitting in the back of Jack's car, I knew the baby beside me had loaded his pants, but obviously Jack hadn't noticed-he had one elbow out his window, his palm slapping the hood to the beat of a Ventures tape, and beside him, Peggy was adjusting a cool six-pack of Busch in her lap, probably thinking about how much she'd like one. We-Jack and Peggy and I-had made a date to go see the Texas Rangers drop another game at Arlington Stadium, and at the last minute, Peggy decided to bring her nephew along, to see what taking care of a baby in public was like. It would be sort of like a dry run.

"Will is wet!" I yelled into the wind.

Jack jerked his head around. "Gosh dang it, Will!" he said. "Quit acting like a baby!"

Will played with his tennis shoes in his car seat and chewed a wad of gum, perfectly content. He wasn't quite two and rarely understood anything Uncle Jack said. Sometimes, Jack would explain complicated algorithmic theorems, then stop midway through, feigning impatience, and say, "Why . . . why . . . you're not even paying attention!"

"He'll be OK till we get to the game," Peggy said, reaching back to check Will's diaper. "What's that on your shoe, Will? Gum?" She pointed to a tiny dot of green on the heel. "Gum? Gum?" Misunderstanding, Will pulled the gum from his mouth and spread it out on his shoe.

"Will, act your age!" Jack yelled.

Actually, Jack seemed happy to have Will around on the rare occasions when Peggy's sister brought him up from Pasadena. He treated him as a toylike, miniature man, pointing out busty women on the street, offering him cigars, suggesting improvements for his car seat ("When we drive him in the pickup, we can make him a little pickup baby seat, with an itty-bitty gunrack").

We slowed down behind a mile of cars, which made no sense. Only a handful of people ever went out to see the Rangers get shelled. "Maybe there's a special promotion tonight," Jack said. "Maybe it's Saab Turbo night." Peggy asked the folks in the next car and found out that everyone else was going to Six Flags Over Texas, right next door to the ball park, to see the New Edition in concert.

"Watch this," Jack said when we'd stopped completely for a moment. He reached over the seat, tenderly touched Will's little chest. "Hey—what's that on your shirt?" Will looked down, and Jack flipped his fingers up to catch his nose. "Haaaa! Gotcha! Betcha he falls for that for the next five years."

It wasn't Saab Turbo night. Jack assured the ticket tearer that he'd read all about it in *The Dallas Morning News*, but no dice. Just when it looked like Jack was going to give up, his face brightened. "Oh, *now* I remember," he told the guy. "This is *Krugerrand* night."

We went way up in the cheap seats in time to see the bottom of the second. Peggy spotted Cal Ripken of the Orioles popping his glove near second base. "Ooo, Cal Ripken!" she said. "If I don't go home with you guys tonight, I'll be with him."

We guys—including Will—couldn't let that pass. We began looking around for dames. Jack tried to teach Will to say, "Hi, girls!" and by the fourth inning, he would go, "Hi, girsh!" if either of us even nudged him.

"Now I remember what tonight is," Jack said as six cute teenagers made their way up our section. "It's Nude Teen Night! Will—when they come by, say, 'Hi, girls, drop 'em!"

Will popped a bite of hot dog into his mustard-coated mouth and squealed, "Hi, girsh, doppim!" Jack patted him on the back, glowing, as proud of his young nephew as if the kid had just discovered a cure for cancer.

"Hey," Jack said in the middle of the fifth, "this is already the fifth inning, and I've only had, what, fifteen beers? C'mon, Will, let's go get us some brews." As he led Will down the aisle, he leaned down and said, "Remember, if you get lost, you're in Plaza Box Level seating, section 414, row G, seats 11 through 14. Got that?"

At the concession stand, Jack ordered a Texas-size Budweiser for Will, a pretzel for himself. The ladies behind the counter made a big fuss over Will, and Jack ate it up, proud as a poppa. "Yeah, he's a really good kid," Jack told them, picking up Will and nudging his chin with his finger tips. "Now, if he could just do something about that horrible, horrible drinking problem."

Deep in the eighth, Peggy was sitting next to me, dying for a beer and a binocular view of Cal Ripken's buns as he went into his batting stance. She looked beautiful these days—her complexion had that clear, beatific radiance pregnant women sometimes get. She was always in a good, tranquil mood, too. She looked next to her, where Will was dozing off in Jack's arms. "He loves Jack," she whispered to me.

On the way home from a rare Ranger victory—about the only one we saw all year—Will got restless and cranky, started bawling. Jack pulled a pen from his pocket and said, "Will! Hey, hey, Will! Look at this!" It was one of those action pens, with a picture of Graceland at the top. "Look, Will, what's that hiding behind that bush? That bush right there?" He tipped the pen over. "Why...why... it's the king of rock 'n' roll!" The rest of the way home, he sang Are You Lonesome Tonight?, until Will was asleep in his car seat, exhausted from another eventful night out with Uncle Jack.

DRESSING DOWN THE SHITTY BEATLES

In a big booth at Campisi's Egyptian, an Italian pizza place, the gang was eating Thursday night out. Jack and Peggy had been married nearly three months and something remarkable had happened—Peggy was starting to look pregnant. I mean, there it was, right there. You couldn't miss it. Before, it had always seemed so abstract, something to be concerned about, to fret over. But as Peggy's belly began ballooning like a soccer ball, it all suddenly seemed so simple.

Our waitress raced over, tugging at her

apron. "Who had the Lite beer?"

"Yo!" Jack said. "Tastes less." Jack and Peggy were wearing matching plaid Bermuda shorts—both Jack's. ("They fall down around my hips, but they're starting to fit better," Peggy said.) Peggy had been to the doctor that day, but she could hardly describe it, because Jack kept butting in. He'd gone, too.

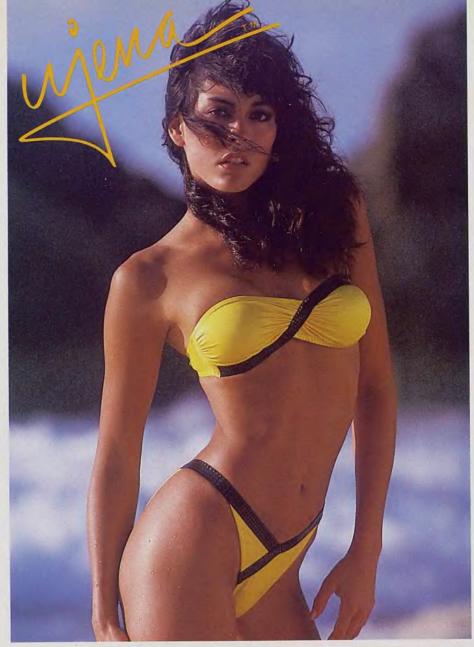
"Yeah, we listened to the little guy's heartbeat," he said. He pointed at his wife's stomach, and we all looked. "It sounded like electronic music. We were waiting a long time, so I decided to be indiscreet. I said, 'Doc, as long as we're waiting, I've got a butt problem."

Everybody groaned and threw garlic toast at him. This was becoming his 1000th Reagan-operation joke.

"I said, 'Maybe you could check it out... I may have a polyp or something. I'm pretty sure I have a really huge butt polyp."

The waitress saved us by coming with our orders. Jack and Peggy were splitting a plate of linguine; money was getting pretty tight for them. The rent and bills on the big house were higher than they had thought they'd be, and besides, they'd been making baby purchases. Just that day, they had bought a baby car seat at Storkland, and earlier in the week, Jack had bought a crib at a garage sale. They weren't rich, but they looked happier than I'd seen them in months.

"Hey, have y'all heard me and Peggy's latest get-rich-quick scheme?" Jack said, wolfing down a last forkful of pasta. "A nude teen petting zoo! It can't miss! Work a few extra weekends a month! We'll do testimonials: Hate your boss? Tired of forty-hour weeks? Be your own boss! Open



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As we walked outside into a glittering blue twilight, Peggy pointed at three enormously fat women waddling down Mockingbird Lane. "That's what I'm gonna look like," she sighed.

Jack snorted. "What do you mean, gonna?" But then he put his arm around her and patted her back. They were going off to a Shitty Beatles rehearsal-Jack's band had its first real gig ever that weekend, at the wedding of a friend of a friend in Wimberley, Texas. Peggy was going along, which had the makings of troubleit was no secret that Dennis and John, two AAA salesmen who were the other Shitty Beatles, thought this marriage business was a bunch of baloney, an aggravating inconvenience to the future of the band. If Jack wanted to leave a practice before midnight, they'd say stuff like, "You mean you let your wife tell you what to do?"

Later on, from Peggy, I heard what happened that Thursday night. Something about the visit to the doctor-listening to the baby's heartbeat, hearing and seeing tangible reasons for sacrifices he'd made for months-had really seemed to get to Jack. Just the way he walked with Peggy the rest of the day, putting his hand on her elbow, acting protective, seemed to suggest a change in him. Then, during a business discussion with the band, Jack did something he'd never done before, at least as far as Peggy knew. Dennis and John wanted to invest all their \$300 fee for the gig back into the band. "No hotel rooms," said Dennis. "We'll just sleep on people's

floors and save the money."

Peggy was in the bathroom when she heard Jack do it-he stuck up for her and the baby. "But Peggy can't do that!" he yelled. "She's pregnant!"

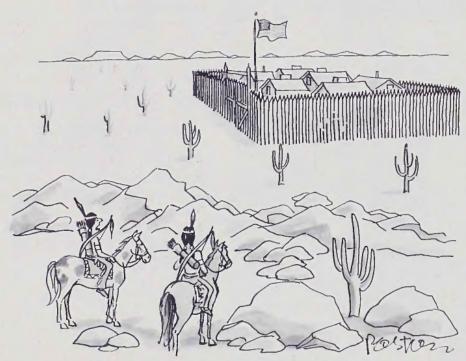
Peggy left in mid-practice; she had to be up at 6:30 for school. When Jack got home, about midnight, she was already halfasleep. He walked right up to the bed, stretched out beside her and reached out gingerly to touch her belly. His breath was sweet in the air, from a few cans of Old Milwaukee, and Peggy lay awake, watching as Jack slid down and put his ear against her stomach, trying to hear that tiny heartbeat again. It was a moment, the most romantic seconds of their lives. Then Jack shook his head and looked up at her.

"Peggy," he said sadly, as if what he was about to say caused him to feel all the sorrows of the earth, "you don't really want to name him Dale, do you?"

Peggy gathered him up in her arms, tousled his dark mop of hair. "Yes, I do," she said. "Just as long as we can give him other names, too."

They went to sleep that way, with Sam chewing a Frisbee at the foot of the bed, with firecrackers popping in the alley out back, with sirens in the distance and their whole lives ahead of them. They went to sleep, lulling each other toward Storkland, snoring like sawmills. They had no idea what was going to happen to them, any more than the rest of us did, but they were almost absolutely sure that when it did, they would be there together.





"The big mystery to me is where in hell they got all that wood."

YOUR TAILOR

(continued from page 120)

fabric or to ease a pull in the upper jacket back, the tailor can lower or raise the collar as needed.

2. The back of your jacket should fall without creating a vertical crease in the upper back and should gently follow the curve of the lower back and break over the hips. Depending on the fabric, the jacket can be let out or taken in on the center seam. Pads can be added to even out the shoulders.

3. Forget the antique rule of thumb that stated that "the bottom edge of your jacket should be long enough to reach the bend in your fingers when your hand is cupped at your side." That's nonsense, since the length of your arm has no relationship to the length of your jacket. Remember this: A suit jacket or a sports coat should cover your rear end completely. Short legs, obviously, call for a shorter jacket, and vice versa. Let your mirror dictate the ultimate jacket length, but always cover your ass.

4. To be measured for proper sleeve length, stand with your arm naturally at your side. The point where your hand meets your wrist is the length, making sure half an inch of shirt cuff shows. Always have both sleeves measured and marked; your arms may be different lengths.

5. The waist of your jacket should correspond to your natural waistline. A onehalf-to-three-fourths-of-an-inch alteration on either side is about all that can be made without changing the balance of the gar-

6. The vent or vents on your jacket shouldn't pull when you're standing straight. Also, your upper arm shouldn't bulge beyond the jacket's shoulder line. If it does, don't try to alter it; try the next

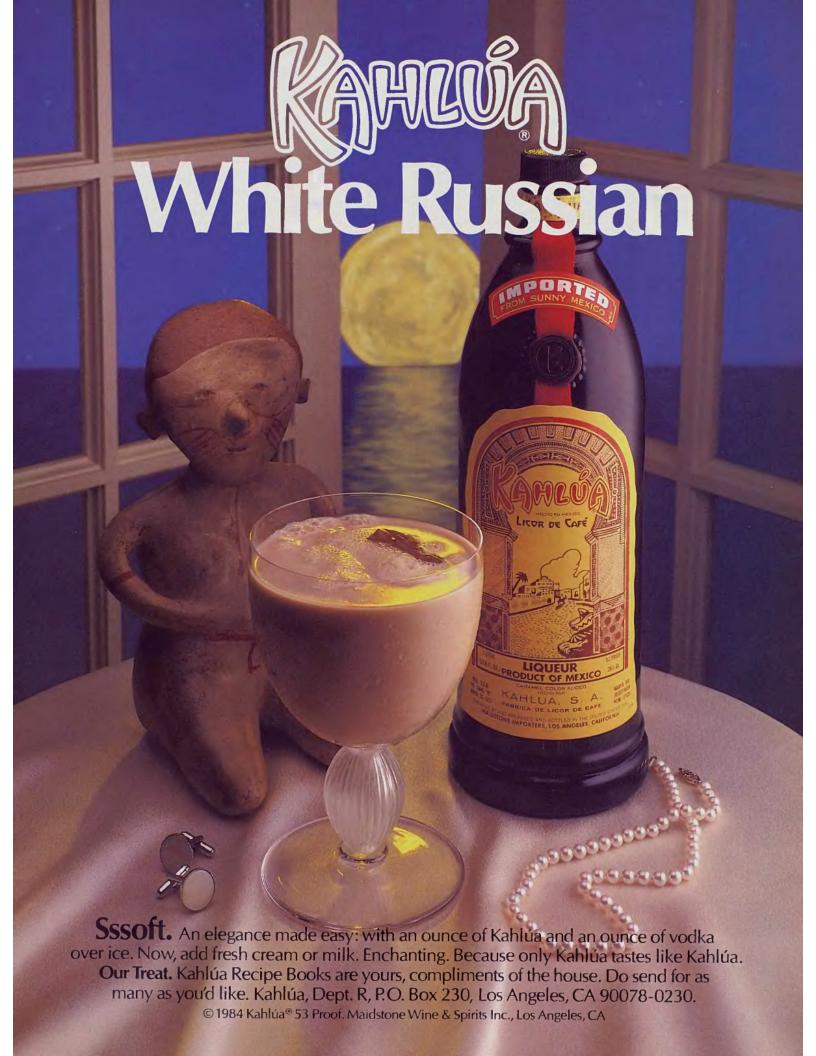
7. Your trousers should fit at the waist, not at the hips. Most manufacturers leave about one and a half inches of fabric in the waistband to be let out. When your tailor is taking in the waist, have him chalk and pin the waistband so that you can check for tightness. If you wear suspenders, the waist should be one half inch wider than usual. Also make sure that the pockets don't gape or pull and, with pleated trousers, that the pleats are not spread apart when you're standing straight.

8. Your trouser seat can be easily altered to make it fuller or tighter, but keep in mind that this alteration will also raise or lower the trousers' crotch a bit.

9. Trouser bottoms should cover three quarters of your shoes.

10. Trouser bottoms should break at the instep of your shoes. Cuffed bottoms should be hemmed perfectly straight. (Cuffs should be one and a half inches wide.) Uncuffed ones should be about one half inch longer in the back.

That about sews up the subject.



the OASIS

(continued from page 111)

"A smile sneaked across her face. You or the dog have to be at work in the morning?"

you to come home with me now, Jane." Jane wasn't talking. Jane was doing lat pulls. The old guy kept it dignified. Laid down a roll of bills, called it taxi money, made the slow exit. At the door, he said, "Good night, Miss Jane." Then the big car wheeled away.

Jane stared for a time out the window, as if at things only she could see, then regarded the attendant and the other customer and, finally, me. It was her first square look at me, and she seemed to be thinking me over. After a moment, a smile sneaked across her face. "You or the dog have to be at work in the morning?"

"No, ma'am," I said, for both of us.

She would need a ride to Palm Springs, it turned out. We were in L.A., 100 miles away. She would pay me—she counted out all the bills the old man had given her—\$500. In 50s. She bent close and slipped them into the waistband of my shorts, front and center. There were circles of sweat around her nipples, which affected me, and she had a salty smell that affected me, too. With this look in her eyes, she said her name was Jane L. Wooley and, in case I was wondering, she was a free agent, by virtue of widowhood.

"The car," I said. "I should tell you—" I stopped. I didn't know what I should tell her. "That it's just a little, shall we say, irregular."

The woman was unperturbed. "Long as it gets us there," she said and disappeared into the shower. Dolores looked at me with the wide brown eyes of astonishment. "iCaramba!" I said. I said it merrily. It was a merry world.

Palm Springs is known for its dry heat, sloppy morality and expensive living, which may explain why so many of our older stars die there. I myself had been there just once, and that was with Em, the night we were married. Took a suite at Gene Autry's joint. After Em went to sleep, I found a Ramar of the Jungle on one of the local stations. Jon Hall was everywhere, looking dynamic and earnest. What I remember is that in spite of many obvious good qualities, he wasn't very likable. I watched and watched. There were a lot of commercials, after every one of which Ramar returned, even when you were sure at last he wouldn't. "Em! Em!" I shouted, coming into the other room. "We've got ourselves an honest-to-gosh Ramar marathon! A Ramarathon!" I whooped this message; it seemed important at that moment to make it sound like a large charge. But Em turned without waking.

The widow Jane and I were eastbound on the interstate. Dolores slept on the seat between us. The windows were down, and warm summer-night air moved into our clothes. In conversation, Jane called me soldier. She asked a lot of questions. "So tell me, soldier," she said finally, "what do you do for a living to be up all night on a Thursday night?"

The question I dread. I sell insurance, have my own office, employ four older but

zealous men and women who for five months now have covered my rear end. Every month, I tell them they'll see more of me soon. I told Jane a different tale. I pointed to the freeway in front of us and said, "See those reflective lane markers? Those are called Botts dots, after the inventor, but my family manufactures them. I oversee the swing shift." Before Em lest, I never lied about my job; since then, I never tell the truth. I can't tell you why. Sometimes I even give a bogus name. I think it's probably something as simple as this: Say you meet a woman who is spunky, bright, beautiful and not averse to monogamy. Experience tells you she will not fall in love with you. Better, then, that she not fall in love with someone not quite like you than that she not fall in love with the exact unvarnished you.

On the freeway, I stayed to the right. From the faster lanes, we were getting looks because of the fuzz. I should mention the fuzz. It's pink, and every square inch of the car, interior and exterior—except moving parts—is covered with the stuff. Hood, fenders, bumpers, doors, dash and seats are all plastered with pink fuzz. "I've got another car that's more conventional," I explained to Jane, "but it's in the shop."

Jane thought it over and said, "I've never seen a car more ideal for cruising the outer ring of Saturn."

I thought that was a pretty good one and stashed it away. For Em, probably. With the flat of her hand, Jane was matting the fuzz, then watching it spring back to form. "Pink Plush is its actual catalog name," I said.

Jane snuffled. "So how is it in the rain?"

"Well below average," I said, and Jane laughed, but not undividedly, and used an old-fashioned bottle-and-bulb atomizer to clear up her sinuses. She asked how I'd come by the car.

"From a friend," I said, a little lie. It was actually Em's car. Em had driven it in a Kiwanis destruction derby, though you wouldn't know it now. This was prefuzz. The Kiwanians were not happy with the prospect of a woman in their derby. Neither was I. Too risky, I said. Em said it was because of all my clients in Kiwanis-a cheap shot, I thought-and just like that the argument dissolved into unbudging silence. (I'll admit, though, that Kiwanians are dandy clients; buy a lot of whole life.) Em, anyhow, vanished and didn't reappear until derby day, three days later. Pulled into my office parking lot, sitting inside her jalopy Dodge. I've got this Thomas duck call. She asked if I'd come to the derby and whistle it for her.

I said, "You've been gone three days" a long time for your wife to be gone.

"I left because I was mad," she said, looking straight ahead; then she turned to me and her face softened. So did her voice. "I'm going to be in this derby thing, Harry"—she touched my hand—"and I came by because I really want you there."

The separation of two people is an



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accumulation of differing inclinations badly adjusted for. Little mistakes adding up. But usually, one or two stand out. This one, for example, stands out. I said, "There are oodles of things I'm not doing today, and one of them is going to watch my wife in a demolition derby."

She drove off fast and there I was.

I went, of course. At first, I cringed every time Em got hit and hoped the Dodge would fritz out early; but after a while, I found myself rooting for Em and the jalopy Dodge to keep rolling. My jaw clenched. My hands fisted. Under my breath, I gave instructions. "Get that number seven! There! Watch out for the Pontiac! OK, now, creamatize the Chevy!"

Em and that Dodge took shots you wouldn't believe and wobbled on. They were excellent, just excellent. In the end, it got down to Em and a guy in a Buick Electra built to last. Em and the Dodge had only reverse, and for almost ten minutes the Electra bashed them to kingdom come before the deed was done. The Buick dragged itself away. The Dodge was dead.

I started down to the arena. I'd already thought of what I'd say to her, but halfway down something stopped me. Em had shinned herself up through the window and people were closing around her, friends, all of them grinning and glowing, and I thought, On the other hand, it's not my party. A mistake, looking back. I might've been made welcome and carried along by the festive point of view. I did have the right thing to say. I was going to lean close and whisper, "You're a peach."

"This Banning?" the widow Jane said, looking out at the lights passing by.

"Bingo," I said. We went over the low

pass, slowly descending. The desert looked black down there.

I slid the dial through the stations. Jane took another blast from the atomizer.

"So who was the old guy who came into the gym?" I said.

"Raymond," Jane said. "Raymond has money, soldier."

Raymond, I thought. The name suited him. He resembled Raymond Massey. "What does Raymond with the money do?" I said.

"Defaces self-images," Jane said amiably. "Nobody's better."

"I meant-"

"He sells things. Started with junk yards, then real estate, then drugs. He's got a nice little mountain home outside Bogotá. He calls me his little widow. He collects vintage cars and Sixteenth Century Venetian paintings. What else would you like to know?"

"Something juicy," I said, just for something to say.

She looked at me for a time. "Maybe I'll tell you about our dinner tonight," she said. "Tonight, we had the number-two table at Ma Maison, the two of us and this small Italian with a muscular neck. Over dinner, Raymond negotiated the cost of having the Italian unhook-that's what they called it-a painting by someone called Tintoretto from a museum in Turkey. All dinner long they haggled. The Italian's name was Elmo. Elmo kept saying, 'Elmo doesn't think so.' Once, when he left to take a phone call, Raymond told me that the negotiations were entering a tricky stage and that I should help try to put the wop at ease. That the painting was important to him. When Elmo returned, they began to talk in French. Elmo looked at me appraisingly. Nodded, finally. Shook Raymond's hand. You probably get the picture. The idea was that I grant Elmo the favor in the back seat of the Rolls. 'He's a small man,' Raymond said, if you can believe it. 'There'll be plenty of room.'"

"Jesus!" I said. Room where? I was thinking. Inside the car or inside her? Sexual ambiguities throw me.

"Afterward, I felt numb," Jane was saying. "I told Raymond that. I told him I couldn't respect either of us anymore. That I wasn't going to see him again. That's what the argument in front of the gym was about. I couldn't wait to sweat the feeling out, shower it off."

I felt bad for her. But after a minute or so—I couldn't help it—I said, "So what was Raymond doing while you were in the back of the Rolls?"

"Watching."

I chased after the idea. "For somebody who might come by?"

"So he said. But whenever I looked up, he was looking in." Jane gave me a quick study. When she talked again, she sounded weary. "Well, true love doesn't come easy," she said. "Fact, nothing comes easy." She leaned forward, tuned up the radio, fell silent.

After the derby, the Dodge sat for a year before Em started rebuilding it. She had the frame straightened by a mechanic she knew, a girlfriend took off the top with a cutting torch, and Em herself began to pound, patch and fill. It was ragged work, but Pink Plush covers a multitude of sins. Friends came and helped, made a project of it. Em rode in it in the Doo-Dah Parade in Pasadena, Thanksgiving week. Driving her was a fully liveried chauffeur (she'd asked me to do that; I wasn't about to), and she had Dolores sitting regally up front, with sunglasses on. Em sat back on the deck behind the rear seat, wearing a crinoline prom gown and striking cheesy poses. She was pretty good. I ran alongside and fiddled with the thermostat every 50 yards or so to keep it from boiling over. We were behind a Yard-Vac drill team, and they were pretty good, too.

I mentioned some of this to the widow Jane, except I referred to Em as "this friend of mine."

After a time, the widow said, "This friend of yours being your wife?"

"We're separated," I said.

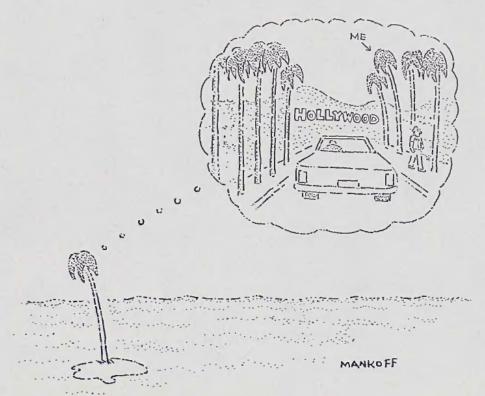
"But not divorced."

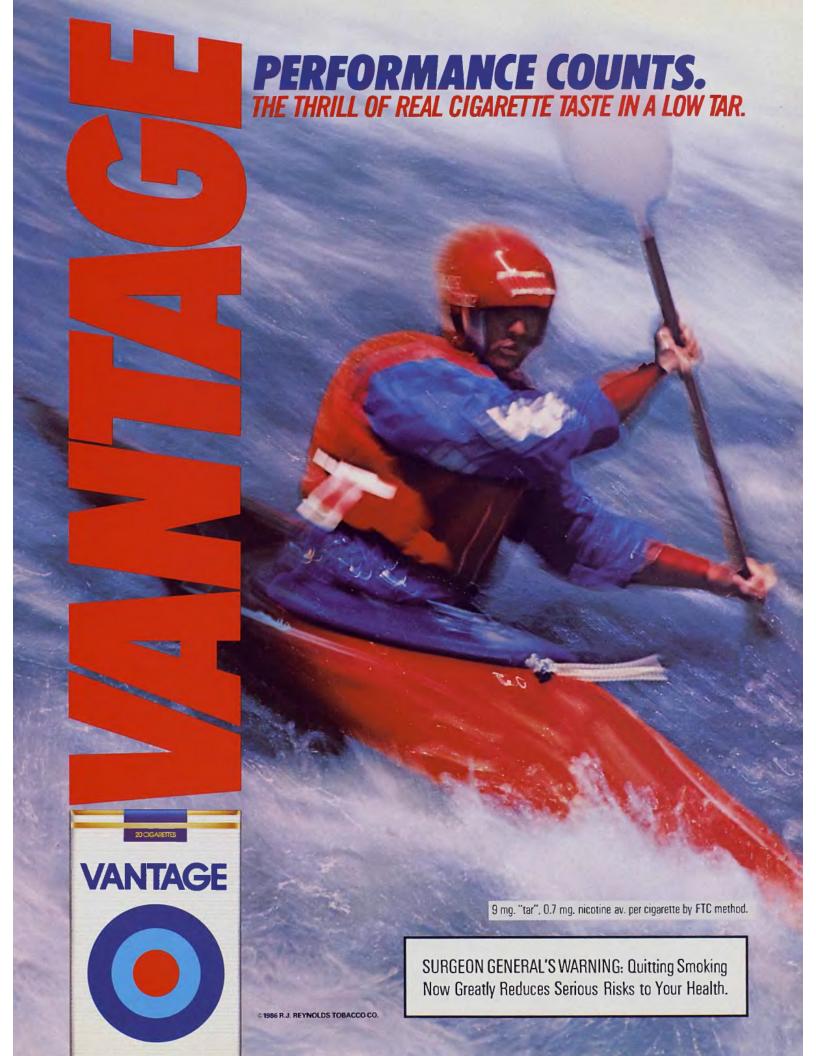
"Right."

Jane didn't seem to mind. "Sometimes that's worse," she said.

On the highway, a mouse, in confusion, scuttered first out of our lane, then back into it. Froze. Looked up as we bore down. Afterward, I checked the rearview. Nothing but dark roadway.

Dolores, who'd raised her head when I decelerated, abruptly slapped her head back down to Jane's lap when I resumed speed. Jane started to smooth her hand over Dolores' long ears. Dolores writhed





with doggy pleasure.

"Didn't know Dobermans could be so sweet," Jane said. "I'm glad you didn't crop the ears. She looks nicer lop-eared."

Dolores is a sentimental brunette, a shameless seeker of affection and comfort, something people have a hard time squaring with their Doberman notions.

I said, "Em and I were arguing one time. Loud and long, one of those. Finally, Dolores clapped her paws to her ears the way dogs do in cartoons. Like this"—and here I steadied the wheel with my knee and put my hands over my ears and rolled my eyes. "Anyhow, Em stopped yelling midsentence and said, 'You know, Dolores definitely has a sense of humor.' I said I couldn't go that far. I said droll was as far as I could go." I grinned at Jane. "I guess I wasn't ready to quit arguing yet."

Jane laughed. It was a salty laugh. One was gone and you wanted another. I told her a story about a high school buddy of mine named Oops Lucas. The story was A Visit to Tuckenroll. It was about a sexual excursion south of the border. Jane laughed at all the right places. I was feeling just excellent. "Your turn," I said.

Jane told a story about her cats, Vera, Chuck and Dave. Before her husband's death, Jane said, they had lived in an old house in the center of an avocado grove. When it came to avocados, the cats were a model of cooperative action. In the dead of night, Vera, the calico, would knock them from the tree; Dave, the one with the glossy coat, liked to chew a hole in the skin and eat the meat; and Chuck, the dullard with the enormous mouth, would carry the

pit indoors, trot to the head of the uncovered wooden stairs and roll it down—thunk! thunk!—again and again, until Jane's husband got up and heaved it out the window. This may not seem funny or sad now, but the way she told it, it was both.

Jane took a deep breath. "Sage," she said dreamily and became quiet. She was staring out there at the desert. It was July. The kind of middle-of-the-night heat that could take you other places. I imagined it was taking Jane back to a snug home with a healthy husband in it, and it seemed suddenly possible that her beauty was not merely external. That it extended inward. Was taprooted to a good soul.

Dolores needed to pee. We'd already turned onto 111 when she began to whimper. I pulled off near the Whitewater, where I'd fished once with Oops Lucas, the buddy I mentioned.

Dolores peed and shat, waded in the water, rolled in the sand, a happy dog. She trotted off into darkness.

"Scorpions out there!" Jane sang out.

I smiled at Jane. "Not tonight, there aren't," I said quietly. Things seemed too dreamy for scorpions.

On the warm, fuzzy hood, we were sitting close enough to touch. When she shifted her legs, I could hear the whish of those white stockings crossing. The air moved gently and there was a chorus of frogs and the riffling of water. I hummed along.

"So define your wife," Jane said out of nowhere. "Sketch me a sketch."

I didn't collect my thoughts. I just started. "Well, she's red-haired," I said, "head to toe, A to Z, and I'm queer for

natural redheads. Our first kiss was a monster kiss. It went on awhile. We peeled down and made love without breaking contact. We were more alike then. She was—is—a legal secretary, worked like an army ant in poverty law. Drafting petitions, slapping actions, exacting justice. I took up whatever came easy. One day, she found out I'd joined an upscale Presbyterian church for business contacts, and in front of friends—as if, in fact, I wasn't there—she said, 'Harry's gone. Lost. One more good man folded into the batter.'"

"I don't see what's so bad about making Botts dots," the widow said and took from her bag a straw, cut diagonally, a safety razor and a mirror, onto which she began to tap the atomizer's last contents. She offered and I declined.

Dolores emerged from the darkness, made sure we were there, loped off again.

"Em left me," I said, "not vice versa. Came to me on a Saturday afternoon and said she needed time to look over the old life circumstances. But that it definitely wasn't curtains for us."

I stopped talking. I didn't feel like it anymore. It was OK, though, because Jane did. She was rattling on. One thing I remember is her claiming that *Poison Ivy*, one of The Coasters' big hits, was about V.D. After that, she got into Vee-Jay records and I drifted a little. Somewhere along the line, I asked her to repeat something I thought I'd heard her say.

"To a certain extent," she said, "I am not a widow."

"I've never heard of being partially widowed," I said. "How do you do that?"

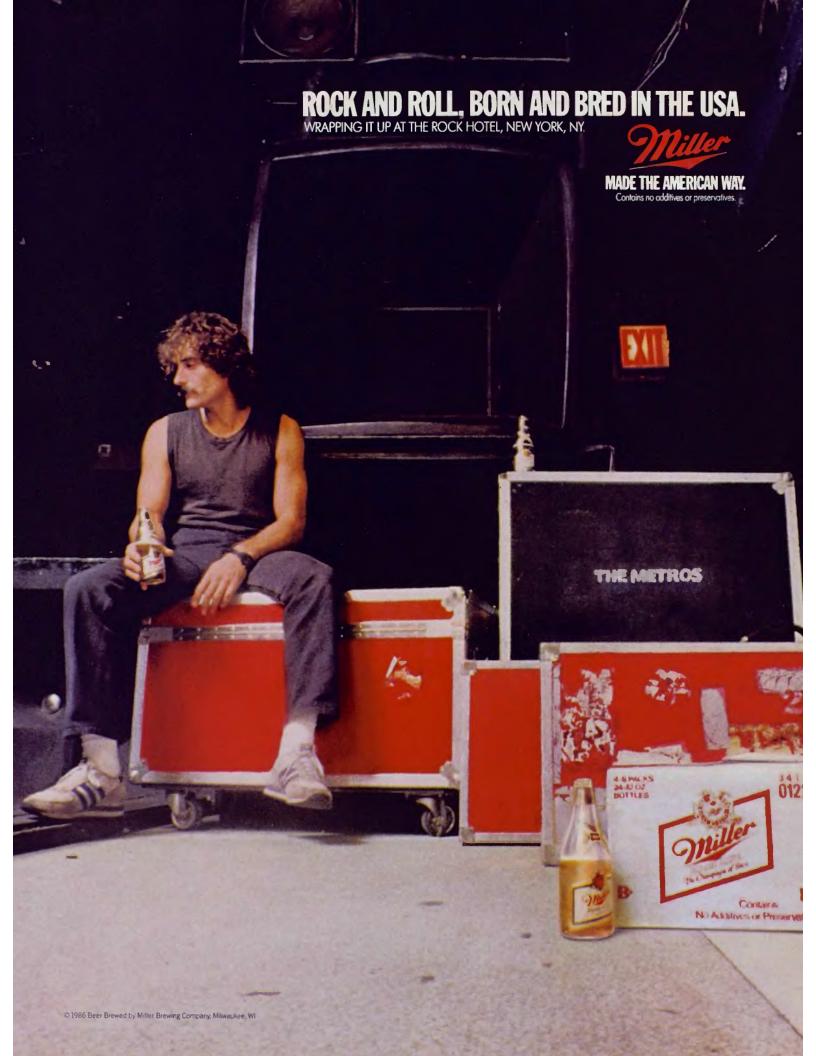
Her husband, it turned out, was alive but not well. Besides living in an avocado grove, he'd been a Yalie, a pilot, a hero; a sailor, skier and rock-climber, which was how he'd been injured. Jane said, "His problem is paraplegia," a funny way of putting it, I thought. She was telling me about the accident. Accidents put me in mind of insurance. I was wondering who the carrier was and was about to ask when Jane let it be known that her husband was at the Mayo Clinic for experimental therapy. She brought out a photograph I couldn't make out. I turned on the headlights and held the picture in front. It was of a man, evidently her husband, leaning forward from a wheelchair, grinning. His outstretched hands held the corner of a building. Attendants stood by. They were grinning, too. On the back, in handwriting, it said, YOUR HUBBY HOLDING THE MAYO!

I flipped the photograph over and studied him in this new light. Decent, I thought. The kind of guy you might like passing time with in the neighborhood bar. I handed the picture back. Looked off. On the opposite riverbank, staring back, caught in the headlights, was the eyeshine of something. A rat or an enormous lizard or maybe something else altogether. It gave me the willies. I whistled in Dolores. We all climbed into the car.

When we were back on the road, Jane



"You didn't do anything, folks. We're just pulling over everyone with clever license plates and detaining them for a bit."





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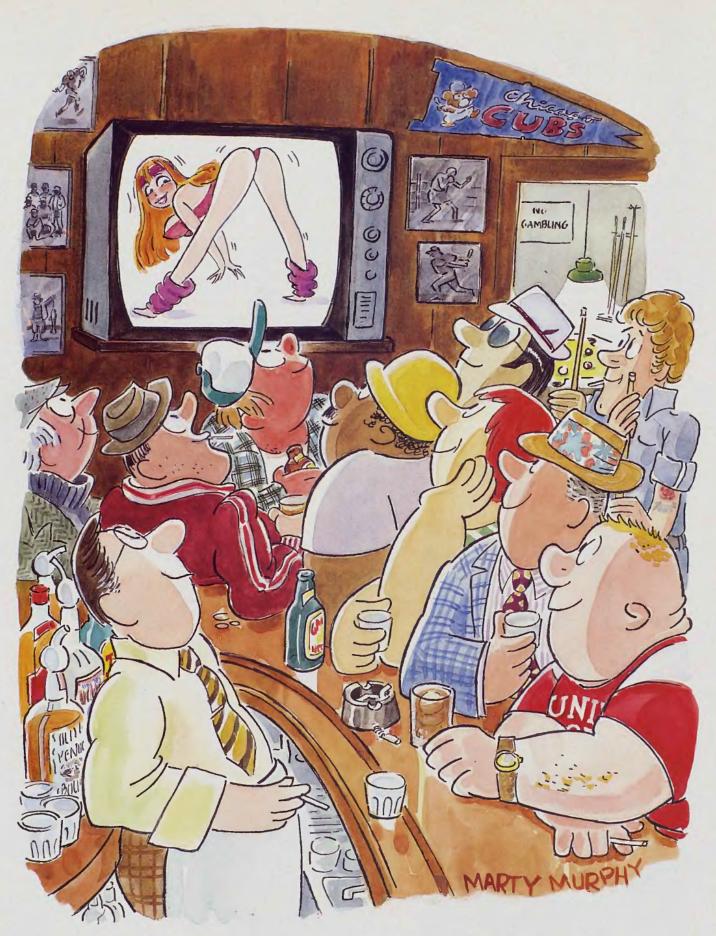
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"Here's a super exercise for all you expectant mommies who want to tighten those tushies. . . . A-one and a-two. . . ."

said, "His name is John."

I just drove. Kept my eye on the line. Finally, I said, "What does husband John think you're doing tonight?"

"Working at Lawry's, slinging cocktails. I used to."

"Before Raymond?"

Jane nodded.

"And what if husband John called Lawry's and asked for Jane?"

"He wouldn't."

Trust is interesting. Like hope, it's one of the things on which double crosses depend. Without trust and hope, we'd have far fewer double crosses, but it wouldn't be a million laughs. I mentioned some of this to Jane. She seemed to think I was pointing a finger. She said, "OK, hot-shot, let's hear your spiel on honor."

I saw her point. There wasn't much I could say, wheeling down the highway, en route to Palm Springs, where I hoped to have doings with an invalid's wife. I decided that honor was changing shape.

Jane's bungalow was to the rear of the others, with a private entrance. It was furnished for permanent, not transient, residence—books, plants, stereo; note board by the telephone. Doors led elsewhere. On a pad in a rocker, two cats slept. "That's Vera and Chuck," Jane said. "Dave expired." It was because of the cats that Dolores stayed in the car.

Jane went about the room, cuing up

music, drawing curtains, adjusting the A.C. She didn't turn the lights off. We sat down on the edge of the bed. She unsnapped one of those white stockings, rolled it off her leg and onto her arm, slid the stockinged hand inside my shirt. Things began to happen.

I didn't close my eyes. On one wall was an enormous mirror in which we could see ourselves reflected. It was as if Jane were performing for me in that mirror. She made a slow production of her clothes' coming off. Struck attitudes. We didn't kiss. Her looks got hungrier, crueler, like she was going to devour me and enjoy doing it. There was nothing gentle about it. She knew what she wanted and seemed to like watching herself get it. Me, too, in a remote way. It was vivid, but not since the visit to Tuckenroll with Oops had I felt such distance. Tuckenroll was our joke name for Tijuana. Oops'd heard that The Blue Fox was closing and wanted to see the deal before it did. It was your standard donkey routine. The donkey did a big woman, then a small one. The place was roaring. It was tawdry, but it wasn't tedious.

Quiet, Jane wasn't.

And then, eventually, she was. She smiled. Looked human again. Let me know it was my turn. Took a handful of her long hair and teased it under my foot, across my ankle, up the leg. I closed my eyes. On the reel-to-reel, a crooning sax took over. We were alone, me and this

woman who was less and less Jane. These were more and more Em's arms and breasts and body, and the hair washing over me felt like Em's red hair, and this was Em's voice in my ear, saying so precisely what I wanted to hear that a voice that didn't sound like mine murmured her name, and she was gone.

There was then this silence. Finally—she was staring at the ceiling—Jane said, "So how you feeling?"

"Good," I said. "Gooder than good." I lay there trying to believe it. Honor was changing, all right, but not fast enough.

The silence deepened. Got eerie. That much I began to feel.

Jane turned toward me, propped on her elbow. "Look," she said, "I'm glad I ran into you tonight." Something soft came and went in her face, as if she were having to smuggle it. Then—and it took a long moment for this to sink in—she turned off every light in the room from a single switch at her side of the bed.

It would be hard to imagine a deeper darkness. Within it, the air conditioner still hummed, the sax still crooned.

Behind us, a door quietly opened.

A tall human form slowly crossed the room and, before slipping out the front door, said, "Good night, Miss Jane."

Raymond.

Jane and I lay perfectly still.

"This Raymond's place?" I said finally. Jane said it was, and what about it? We

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just lay there in the dark. I pictured a lighted telephone booth I'd seen along the parkway. I stood and hegan to dress.

"You can stay here to sleep," she said. "Nobody said you couldn't." And then, "We'll be left alone."

I cinched my belt. My heart walloped. From my billfold I started counting the 50s onto the dresser. "Keep it," she said, but I didn't. I was getting out of there free and clear. Only I wasn't.

"And what about you, soldier?" Jane called after me. "What were you in it for, other than enriching my life?"

I went straight to the telephone booth. Dialed Em on my credit card. It was ringing. It rang and rang. Still ringing.

"Hello?"

She's there. I could see her. Standing barefooted. Her red hair touching the Kings hockey shirt she always sleeps in.

"Em?" I said.

"Where are you?" Sleepily.

"Palm Springs. We can be there in two hours. We need to see you. Dolores and I."

Em wasn't jumping at this opportunity. "It's four A.M.," she said. There was something hidden in her voice. "Why now? Why this morning?'

"Because it's important to me," I said, "and because why not?"

She hesitated. "Well, for one thing, this new dog I've got-he's very territorial. He's a champ until another dog crosses the threshold; then he just loses it."

A new dog? Into whose ear she would whisper? Who she would accuse of having a sense of humor? Who would snarl at Dolores?

I heard Em on the telephone say, "His name's Chester.'

I couldn't help it; I was dying to know what he looked like. "Limp?" I said. I was thinking of the gimp on Gunsmoke.

"No, no. Cheshire. He comes and goes."

What? I scrambled along behind. I heard her say, "There's something else." A moment passed. "Somebody else, actually." Another moment. "He's here now."

I didn't know what to say. I said, "Dolores is right here. Say hello to Dolores."

I held the receiver to her ear. Her nubby tail was wagging, then it wasn't, so I knew Em wasn't talking anymore.

I put the receiver gently down. Walked toward the arroyo behind the bungalows. Stared off. I could see that something had happened. That while I'd thought I'd been simply driving a hot number from L.A. to Palm Springs, I hadn't been. I'd been driving out of one life and into another. Leaving the redhead behind for good, forever, for always.

Along the parkway behind me, a line of sprinklers started up, the shush-shushshushing of Rainbirds. When they stopped, others farther off kicked in. Otherwise, it was quiet. No cars in the distance. No planes overhead. The mountains just black silhouettes.

Dolores began to whimper for no apparent reason, and when it grew insistent, I followed her gaze to something moving at the fringes of my visibility. Dolores jacked her whimper up to a whine, cowed close to my feet. There, coming into view, trotting warily, looking hangdog, was a single coyote. I looked at Dolores. Her eves were enormous.

The coyote lapped water from the parkway gutter, glanced up, lapped some more. I didn't mind him, even if Dolores did. He was making survival a creative act. When he'd quenched his thirst, he gave us his direct look. Just stared. Such was the shape of his long snout that I thought I could see him grinning.

Behind the black mountains, I noticed, the sky was beginning to lighten, a vast gray with a single streak of red. When I looked again, the covote had vanished. Dolores, all courage now, sashayed about chestily, as if taking personal responsibility for driving the riffraff off. I found myself smiling.

"iCaramba!" I said. I said it saltily. It was a salty world. Like peanuts. You get one day, you want another. I headed for the car. Dolores ambled alongside. We were going. We weren't going great guns, but we were going.



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"The Washington Square Bar & Grill uses three forms of heat in its bloody mary, but just a whisper of each."

HARRY'S ORIGINAL BLOODY MARY

From Harry's New York Bar, Paris, where it all began.

I dash salt

2 grinds black pepper

2 dashes Tabasco

1 dash Worcestershire

Juice of 1/4 lemon (about 1/2 oz.)

2 ozs. vodka

4 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled

Add first 5 ingredients to chilled 10-oz. glass. Muddle to combine. Toss several ice cubes (not cracked ice) into glass. Add vodka; stir quickly. Add tomato juice; stir again to combine well, and serve.

Note: Harry's New York Bar, Munich, serves a slightly different bloody mary, substituting 2 dashes cayenne and 1/4 teaspoon dehydrated horseradish for

Tabasco.

BRENNAN'S SPICY CREOLE BLOODY MARY (For two)

Owen Brennan, of Brennan's in New Orleans, says he serves 10,000 of these every week, mostly at breakfast.

3 ozs. vodka

11/2 cups tomato-vegetable juice

21/2 ozs. canned bouillon, undiluted

1 tablespoon fresh lime juice

2 teaspoons Pickapeppa

2 teaspoons Worcestershire

2 dashes Tabasco

1/4 teaspoon salt, if desired

Lawry's lemon-pepper seasoning

Celery stick

Shake all ingredients but lemon pepper and celery stick in shaker with ice cubes, just until chilled. Strain over fresh ice in 2 12-oz. glasses. Sprinkle lemon pepper lightly over both drinks. Celery stick optional.

W.S.B.&G. BLOODY MARY

The Washington Square Bar & Grill uses three forms of heat in its bloody mary, but just a whisper of each, so the drink is balanced but not a burner.

11/2 ozs. vodka

3 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled

I oz. beef bouillon

1/4 oz. lemon juice

1/8 oz. Worcestershire

Tabasco, to taste

Pinch cavenne

Pinch celery salt

2 grinds black pepper

Lime wedge

Add all ingredients but lime to shaker full of ice and agitate vigorously. Strain into chilled wineglass or goblet. Squeeze in juice of lime; add peel to glass. Stir once.

Note: W.S.B.&G. co-owner Deitsch takes his mary the Mexican way.

First he knocks back a shot of vodka neat, then he chases it with a few gulps of the tomato-bouillon mixture.

BLOODY MARTINI

A clever twist on a couple of classic cocktails-from the classy Pen & Pencil

11/2 ozs. gin or vodka

1/4 oz. dry vermouth

3 ozs. tomato juice

1/2 oz. lemon juice

1/4 oz. Pickapeppa or Worcestershire

4 shakes celery salt

3 grinds black pepper

Lime wedge

Add all ingredients but lime to shaker with ice. Shake vigorously. Squeeze in lime juice, then drop peel into glass. Garnish with stuffed olive if desired.

MICHAEL'S BLOODY MARY (For a brunch lunch)

Michael McCarty started out as a chef. He used that training to advantage in devising this drink mixture.

I quart thick tomato juice

I small Maui onion (or other sweet onion), quartered

6 cloves garlic, halved

fresh jalapeño pepper with seeds, halved

I bunch chives, chopped

I bunch cilantro, chopped

I yellow bell pepper, quartered and

1 red bell pepper, quartered and

1 tablespoon salt, or to taste

3 tablespoons cracked black pepper-

1 teaspoon Tabasco

4 ozs. Worcestershire

Combine all ingredients in large jar; stir well, cover and marinate in refrigerator for 24 hours. When ready to use, strain mixture and add 1/2 cup orange juice. Stir, taste and adjust seasonings if necessary.

To serve: Pour 2 ozs. chilled mixture and 11/2 ozs. vodka into shaker, and shake just once. Pour over rocks in old fashioned glass. Squeeze juice of lime wedge into glass, drop in peel. Decorate glass with celery stick and sprig of cilantro if desired.

A.F.C.'S BLOODY BASIL

Note how New York's American Festival Café neatly straddles the lemon/lime controversy in this aromatic drink.

4 large fresh basil leaves

11/4 ozs. vodka

5 ozs. tomato juice, chilled

1/4 teaspoon celery salt

1 or 2 dashes Tabasco

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire

I tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice

1/2 teaspoon horseradish

Celery stick and lime wedge, for gar-

Clip stems of basil. Add all ingredients but garnish to chilled blender container; blend until smooth. Pour over ice cubes in 12- or 14-oz. glass. Plant celery stick in glass. Squeeze in lime juice and drop peel into glass.

"21" CLUB SUPERMARY

The "21" Club's talented bartender, Bru Mysak, will mix your drink any way



you want it. Here's a special mary he whipped up for Clark Gable.

11/2 ozs. vodka

21/2 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled

Juice of 1/2 lemon

3 dashes Worcestershire

1/2 oz. clam juice

½ oz. consommé

1/4 teaspoon prepared horseradish

3 dashes Hungarian paprika

3 or 4 grinds black pepper

3 dashes celery salt

Add all ingredients to shaker with ice cubes. Shake gently, with rocking action, just until ingredients are combined. Strain over ice in chilled 12-oz. collins glass.

BARTENDER'S BLOODY MARY

From Dan Lessa, president of the International Bartender's School, New York City—an educated bloody mary.

11/4 ozs. vodka

3 ozs. tomato juice

I teaspoon tomato paste

2 dashes Worcestershire

1/3 teaspoon white horseradish

1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice

2 grinds black pepper

Salt, if desired

Chill everything that's chillable. Add vodka, juice, tomato paste and two ice cubes to shaker. Roll shaker gently, using wrist action; do not shake up and down. Add remaining ingredients and another ice cube. Turn shaker over several times more. Strain into chilled glass without ice.

BERMUDA MARY

A local variation on the bloody mary from the Rum Runner's Pub & Restaurant, Hamilton, Bermuda—featuring a hot local product, sherry peppers.

11/2 ozs. vodka

6 ozs. V-8, chilled

1/4 oz. Outerbridge's Sherry Peppers

Sauce

1/2 oz. Worcestershire

Juice of 1/4 lemon

Pepper, to taste

Salt, if desired

Lemon slice and celery stick, for

garnish

Stir all ingredients but garnish until well combined. Pour over ice in collins glass. Hang lemon wheel on rim of glass. Add celery stick.

SOFT LANDING

Harry's Bar, Florence, adds the *digestif* properties of Unicum to the restorative powers of bloody mary for a gentle Unicuming down.

11/4 ozs. vodka

l teaspoon Unicum

3 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled

2 teaspoons lemon juice

2 dashes Tabasco

Salt, to taste

Cucumber slice, for garnish

Add all ingredients but garnish to shaker with ice. Shake well to combine. Strain into wineglass. Hang slice of cucumber on rim of glass.

RITZY MARY (For four)

From the Ritz-Carlton, Atlanta, a drink they call the ultimate bloody mary.

4 ozs. Pertsovka vodka

2 ozs. Aalborg Akvavit

12 ozs. tomato juice, chilled

1/2 teaspoon horseradish

1/2 teaspoon Pickapeppa

1/4 teaspoon white pepper

1/4 teaspoon celery salt

Tabasco, to taste

Cherry tomato, shrimp and tall celery stick, for garnish

Prepare 4 tall, salt-rimmed glasses (directions below). Combine all ingredients but garnish in large pitcher or mixing glass. Stir well; chill. Fill prepared glasses with ice cubes. Pour tomato mixture over ice in glasses, dividing evenly. Garnish each glass with cherry tomato, shrimp and celery stick.

To frost glasses: Combine 2 ozs. salt with 1 scant teaspoon Lawry's seasoned salt and sprinkle onto linen napkin. Moisten rims of glasses with lemon juice. Invert glasses and swirl in salt mixture.

BIANCO BLOODY MARY (For two)

Casa Grasanti, Louisville, has a strong commitment to wine, which is reflected in this untraditional bloody mary.

6 ozs. V-8, chilled

6 ozs. dry white wine, chilled

2 teaspoons beef broth or bouillon

1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire

Dash Tabasco

Dash celery salt

Combine all ingredients in pitcher. Stir well and chill. To serve, pour over ice in 2 wineglasses, dividing mixture evenly.

What's the best bloody mary of all? That's a matter of taste. What's the best bloody-mary presentation? T.G.I. Friday's, hands down. This New York bistro brings the bottle to the table and encourages you to add as much vodka as you like to your drink. Nice idea! Why not try it at your next brunch blast?



"So, Ludwig, these are your goddamn 'Variations'!"

"The whole affair would have a Zenlike quality—if the ramifications weren't so distressing."

This may well be one of his sanguine moments. My PLAYBOY editor's idea, of course—always looking for a discomfiting element in whatever story I'm assigned. "Hook up with Sam in Geneva," he said. "He'll be a great help and lots of fun."

"Has it occurred to you," I replied, "that this man makes his living heckling my father on national TV?"

Sam eyes me with a mixture of curiosity and skepticism, his bushy eyebrows, so demonically prominent at televised news conferences, arching quizzically. "How far is the conference center?" he demands. "I've got to make the McFarlane briefing."

"Pretty close," I tell him, but he has already spun on his heels and headed off down the street for the press conference being held by then—National Security Advisor Robert "Bud" McFarlane.

The same weird, morbid fascination has drawn both Sam and me to Geneva. We're not alone. About 3000 journalists from every crevice on the planet have gathered to watch as the President of the United States and General Secretary Gorbachev of the Soviet Union's Communist Party meet for the first time to see if they can't forestall nuclear oblivion. Optimism is not running rampant. Each side has more than 10,000 multimegaton warheads aimed at each other-hideous radiationspewing devices capable of reducing entire cities to glassy parking lots, their citizenry to shadows on fragments of walls. The President promises a vast, laser-equipped, particle-beam rail-gun space shield to protect us from Soviet missiles. The general secretary, his economy in a centralized shambles, is in no mood for technological leapfrog. Under such circumstances, the terrain of traditional psychology drops off precipitously. Survival mechanisms overload and short-circuit. Leaders subjected to the stress of impending Armageddon could slip into a dangerous what-the-hell nihilism: "General, tell your boys to give those keys a crank, then high-tail it up to Camp David. Nancy's mixing up a pitcher of margaritas. We're gonna circle the lawn chairs and watch the whole show from the back porch.'

Other issues reverberate in the frosty Alpine air. Is a 7.1 percent unemployment rate an atrocity equivalent to the gulag? Will the Soviets agree to destroy their chemical-weapons stockpiles before using them up on Afghanistan? When will the Bolshoi Ballet revisit New York? But the overriding concern is nuclear peril. Bounding along in Sam's wake, shuttling between press conferences, I begin to glimpse the frayed edges of a story containing major elements of the human containing major elements of the human con-

dition-frustration, rage, hallucination.

The design of the main conference hall at the International Conference Center is early United Nations. Unadorned. Vaguely Scandinavian. Audiences-in this case, reporters-sit at long, baize-covered tables fitted with microphones and headsets for simultaneous translation. Sam and I take front-row seats in a section reserved by ABC. It's a full house. Journalists are attending this press conference and others like it not in hopes of scaring up any real news-there is none-but in the interest of seeming busy to their bosses/ editors/news directors back home. Fact is, there haven't been any stories for days, a situation unlikely to change until at least Tuesday, when the President and the general secretary meet in a small lakeside château, soon to become a condominium. That leaves a lot of newsies on deadline with nothing to report. The whole affair would have a Zenlike quality-masons building a wall without bricks-if the ramifications weren't so distressing.

For a change, Americans aren't the only ones holding press briefings. The Soviets, increasingly eager to join their Western counterparts in manipulating the Western media, have made themselves unusually available. Just prior to the McFarlane conference, Georgi A. Arbatov, head of Moscow's Institute of the United States and Canada, and Soviet spokesman Leonid M. Zamvatin conducted their own encounter with the press. Both are grizzled veterans, long practiced in the Kremlin's grim methodology. Suddenly, they find themselves having to attempt charm when confronted with all these running-dog journalists. The strain on their jowls must be excruciating.

The Western press, for its part, responds with an excess of circumspection. Questions posed to the Soviets, far from being pointed or combative, float in like looping, slow-pitch softballs.

One incident, however, offers a glimpse under the Soviets' cheery masks. Irina Grivnina, a diminutive, gray-haired woman, until two weeks previous a Russian citizen, now working for a Dutch periodical, took a microphone and launched into a tirade against human-rights abuses in the U.S.S.R. Morally defensible but clearly out of line for a working journalist. She drew boos from some reporters in the hall. Now, any Western press spokesman worth his air fare would have defused the situation and carried off the day with a gently humorous retort. The Soviets got huffy. "Do we have to call in the militia and have this woman removed?" shrieked Zamyatin, who must have thought he was

back in Moscow.

Back at the McFarlane briefing, things are proceeding fitfully.

"Let's get Sam out of the way," says Press Secretary Larry Speakes, winking.

Sam bristles. "I'll wait until Mr. McFarlane calls on me."

There is nothing meaningful, though, that Sam or anyone else can ask—at least, nothing McFarlane is likely to answer in depth. Finally, Sam waves his bright-red necktie at Speakes. "Let's wrap this up," he rumbles, pointing to his watch. A few last desultory attempts at interrogation and everyone files out into the damp evening air.

Late night. I fall into a deep and deeply troubled sleep. Somewhere among ravaged synapses and arrhythmically firing neurons, a twisted dream takes shape.

There comes an insistent rapping at my door. I fall out of bed into a room that has taken on the contorted proportions of Dr. Caligari's cabinet. Opening the door, I find Sam standing in the hall, clad head to toe in black, furiously working his brows—arch left, furrow right, arch right, furrow left. "Get dressed," he says. "Something dark. We haven't a moment to lose."

"Sam," I say—I feel like I've wandered into a German-expressionist wet dream— "what the hell?"

He reaches out and clamps a hand onto my face, pinching the cheeks together. "Say, Bubby-chub."

"Bmphf!"

"Close enough," He unlocks his grip and resumes arching and furrowing. "Got any camo paint?"

"What's with the eyebrows?" I ask, pulling a sweater over my head.

"They're a valuable tool of my trade." He stares at me. "Tve gotta keep'em in shape for intimidation purposes,"

Snow is falling lightly as we hit the street. It dusts the sidewalk, making our shoes squeak with every step. Sam breaks into a rangy lope, knees bent, arms low, head sweeping back and forth. He seems to be scanning for something—some scent, berhaps.

"What are we doing out here?" I pant, jogging alongside.

"This is what we big-time journalists call investigative reporting," he replies.

"OK, OK." I take another swallow of cold air. "And just what are we investigating?"

Without breaking stride, Sam reaches into a leather bag dangling from his neck and brings a pinch of small green leaves to his mouth. Ruminating slowly, he throws me a sidelong glance.

"The Great Game," he says.

Now I'm confused and pissed off. I grab Sam's arm, pulling him up short. "It's the middle of the night; it's freezing; and you drag me out of bed with some bullshit story. . . " The look in his eyes—fixed on something up the way—cuts me off. I follow his gaze just in time to catch a long black car silently turning onto a side street.

"That's a ZIL limousine!" shouts Sam. "It

must be Gorbachev!" Without another word, he takes off in pursuit.

Journalists unwinding after a tough day have certain requirements: well-stocked bars with breakaway furniture-joints where you're handed a tab as you come through the door and your employer can mail a check to cover damages; floor shows featuring lusty youths performing in risqué fashion with dancing bears; in short, debauchery made quick and easy. These and many other amusements are not to be found in staid Geneva. What you will find are banks and watches. Banque Suisse, Cartier, Citicorp, Patek Philippe. All eventually blend together. Time is money and, in Geneva, money buys time. George Will, columnist and ABC commentator, observing sadly these temporal commodities, proclaims the Swiss "penultimate bourgeois capitalists."

With saturnalian excess a dim prospect and shopping expensive, most journalists are dividing their time between two conference halls, one at the conference center, the other at the Inter-Continental. Searching for Sam at the latter, I fight my way through a maelstrom of tripodmounted cameras, boom mikes and are lights. Despondent reporters clatter away on typewriters or portable word processors.

Up front, a commotion erupts. The throng surges, then parts, and I catch sight of Sam, his teeth locked onto the hand of a statuesque CNN field producer. As I reach them, Sam is still emitting terrier growls from between clenched jaws and the woman is looking around for any heavy object within reach.

No one labors under the illusion that these press briefings provide anything but fresh television pictures for the evening news. If Bud McFarlane should neglect to change his tie from day to day, even those would be worthless. The mood among those with daily deadlines has turned particularly ugly. TV reporters from local stations in California, for instance, feed live dispatches at one, three and five A.M.,

then spend all day vainly chasing leads. Not surprisingly, they've taken on the aspect of journalistic junk-yard dogs, snapping at anything that smells ripe. Some have decided that, in the absence of legitimate news, I would make a good story. Photographers and camera crews have begun showing up in the lobby of my hotel and chasing me down the street. One German reporter, rumpled and bleary, looks as if he spent all night staking out my lobby.

Sam is bearing up relatively well, but even he feels the strain of piecing together coherent news segments out of disjointed nonevents. "Is this a summit meeting or a meeting at the summit?" he yells at a departing McFarlane, who ignores him.

Irina Grivnina has returned to the conference center, causing Arbatov and Co. to stalk out in a rage. Local authorities, she claims, are trying to strip her of press accreditation. Some of the assembled journalists are sympathetic, vouching for her story. Others are downright belligerent. One short, stocky man lunges at her and has to be physically restrained. A tall Asian fellow berates her at length—"You ruined our press conference!"—until someone tells him to go fuck himself.

Picking our way along the fringe of the crowd, Sam and I look for an opening.

"I don't think we can get any closer," I shrug.

"Wanna bet?" says Sam.

Wielding his walkie-talkie like a bolo, Sam leaps onto a table. More timid souls scatter like dry leaves.

At dinner, over a bottle of '79 Chambertin, I apprise Sam of my plans for the next day. When the summitteers meet for the first time at Château Fleur D'Eau, I'll be on the inside. I'm aware that the White House press corps, stuck out in the cold, will probably become enraged. I might as well jump into a cage full of hungry lions dressed as a lame zebra. But, hell, opportunities like this don't come along often.

Sam nods in solemn assent. "You'd be a fool not to go for it." He raises his glass.

Huddled against a stiff wind on the second-story-window ledge of a nondescript warehouse, Sam and I peer through frosted panes at a scene almost breath-takingly bizarre. Inside, the two superpower leaders, flanked by their most prominent advisors, are seated around a circular green-felt tabletop. Chips are stacked high and cards are flying.

The general secretary executes a rapid deal from a crimson deck.

"Ante up, boys," he grumbles in heavily accented English. "Intermediate range or better to open."

I look to Sam for explanation. "Like I told you... the Great Game," he whispers. "You probably thought that term referred to geopolitics. It's really five-card stud." He squints intently through the window. "The entire course of history could change with the luck of the draw."

Gorbachev slaps his cards onto the table. "Ha! I've got a pair of mines in a Nicaraguan harbor!"

The President smiles faintly and carefully arranges his own hand in front of him. "You lose," he says. "I'm looking at a Helsinki watch committee . . . Sakharov high."

For a moment, Gorbachev is speechless; then he begins to sputter. "This . . . this is impermissible. There are no such cards in the deck."

"Well, Mickey"—the President is still smiling—"maybe not in your deck, but they're sure as hell in mine."

The general secretary darkens with anger. "Viktor!" He snaps his fingers at a burly aide looming in the shadows. "Bring me my football."

Viktor slides a bulky attaché case onto the table. Gorbachev flips it open and poises his forefinger over a phosphorescently glowing red button. "Is this what you want?" he asks, glowering.

I wake in a cold sweat. Outside my window, the morning is gray, threatening. A frigid wind blusters off the lake.

At 7:45, in the lobby of the Inter-Continental, I rendezvous with my White House contact. In tow is ace photojournalist David Hume Kennerly, on assignment for *Time* magazine. Kennerly and I have both exploited ties to the Administration to gain access to the first plenary session at Fleur D'Eau. As far as I know, we're the only outsiders with ringside seats.

The scene outside the château is reminiscent of a coup in some small cocaine autocracy. An excited mob, wielding a dangerous assortment of light poles, telephoto lenses and various extension devices, heaves insistently against the main gate. The press pool wants inside . . . now! Stern-faced Secret Servicemen, shoulder to shoulder with Uzi-toting Swiss army regulars, just manage to hold the line. Atop the walls, menacing coils of concertina wire deter the intrepid.

"My God," gasps Kennerly, "we'll never make it through that crowd. If they catch on we're getting special access, they'll. . . ." He swallows. "Have you



REACH FOR RAYNAL.



ever seen a man literally torn to pieces?"

Not a pretty sight. "There must be a side entrance," I tell him, and we back away from the increasingly ugly spectacle.

Kennerly and I are treading a razorthin line. In the news business, people lose sleep worrying about getting scooped. Consequently, among the best journalists, a camaraderie develops that precludes back stabbing. In gaining entree to the summit, the two of us are trampling all over that camaraderie. We both have our rationales. Kennerly, a White House photographer during the Ford Administration, applied months in advance and, as far as he knows, no one else ever did. My own interest is a citizen's curiosity. With peace and war on the agenda, how could I pass up an insider's perspective? Regardless, at the end of the day, we'll have to leave the cozy, firelit warmth of the château. Outside the walls, stomping around in the bitter cold, an angry gang of reporters will be

The château is empty except for a few advance personnel and Secret Service agents. With nearly two hours to kill before the scheduled ten-A.M. kickoff, Kennerly and I wander about unhindered. Well, not exactly. Upon recently returning from a short trip to Vietnam, Kennerly discovered that a particularly nasty parasite had taken up residence in his large intestine. He now requires constant rehydration. In the midst of his perusing the

stretch-oval table over which the two leaders will parlay, a look of sheer anxiety washes over him and he dashes upstairs seeking relief.

About ten minutes before the appointed hour, the President's motorcade roars up the drive. The Secret Service A-team sweeps in, followed by the President, Secretary of State George Shultz, Chief of Staff Don Regan, McFarlane, Ambassador to the Soviet Union Arthur Hartman, Paul Nitze, Rozanne Ridgway et al. Quicklythere isn't much time before Gorbachev arrives-people collect in clusters to go over last-minute details or maybe to psych up. There is an understandable air of expectancy and uncertainty. Whether or not history will be made here today, this event is clearly a bigger deal than, say, the Rose Bowl. The stakes, for one thing-the potential incineration of the Northern Hemisphere—are somewhat higher.

In the blue antechamber where the two summiteers will shortly suffer the attentions of various press pools, Shultz, Regan, McFarlane and Larry Speakes huddle around the President. Discussion turns to his midnight-blue overcoat. Should he wear it when stepping outside to greet Gorbachev? The Soviet leader will almost certainly be bundled up against the damp chill. Will he consider it a subtle effort at one-upmanship if his opposite number isn't similarly attired?

The leader of the free world makes a

command decision. "Hell, if you're at home and somebody comes to visit, you don't put on a coat just to answer the door." The overcoat comes off. "He'll understand."

There is a whisper of tires on gravel as a big ZIL pulls up to the back entrance. Gorbachev slides out and doffs his hat. The President guides him up the stairs with an amicable hand on his elbow.

Flashbulbs pop, motor drives whir as members of the international media file through the blue room. Propped up in beige-upholstered armchairs, the President and the general secretary look like part of a diorama in some Disney cavalcade of nuclear history. Both men seem tense, Gorbachev more so. He smiles occasionally but soon settles into his accustomed deadpan. No wonder. If the President fails here in Geneva, his approval rating drops. If Gorbachev blows it—is tricked, say, into allowing democratic reform in Poland—he could wind up as kibble for Siberian sled dogs.

Pressed into a corner, feeling more and more empathy for Gorbachev's plight, I try to remain inconspicuous to the press. It's hopeless, not least because I'm wearing a bright-red shirt.

What does one wear to a summit meeting? The U.S. team seems to have opted for standard, Washington-issue, sober suits. (The exception: Bernard Kalb, who's sporting a god-awful bright-orange

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



necktie with a cigarette burn at the tip.) The Russians are actually a bit funkier than our guys, but I'll bet I'm the only one on the premises wearing blue jeans and red hightop Reeboks.

Gorbachev is staring at me, perhaps wondering, Who's this guy in the funny clothes? I give him a nod and return the gaze. The general secretary, I read somewhere, likes to intimidate with eye contact, à la Lyndon Johnson. Maybe he figures to warm up on me. We stare and stare, long past the point of comfort or courtesy. His eyes are coldly critical. The problem—his problem—is that I've got nothing better to do. No one is thrusting a boom mike into my face, asking, "How're you two getting along so far?" His eyes glaze and trail off toward the floor.

Kennerly is doing a crackerjack job of insinuating himself into places he's less than welcome. Cameras strapped around him like bandoleers, he angles from room to room, popping up unexpectedly, working the margins of tolerance. Already, Soviet advance men are incensed because he has upset the agreed-upon balance of reporters—two per side. The last straw is delivered when he actually follows the President and the general secretary into a second anteroom, where they'll conduct their first tête-à-tête. He's muscled out by a K.G.B. agent the size of a Celtics center.

Those who (A) believe the President is too dim-witted to resist giving away Long Island to a wily Gorbachev and/or (B) suffer anxiety at being so long removed from what they fondly call the "process" become increasingly edgy as the leaders' private meeting, originally scheduled for ten minutes, stretches to an hour. One hapless aide asks the Secretary of State whether someone shouldn't step in and break things up. Shultz replies that he ought to reconsider his notions of statesmanship or seek employment elsewhere.

Just over an hour since they began, the President and the general secretary emerge, smiling, and repair to the plenary session—six advisors to a side, simultaneous translation (a victory for the Americans: The Soviets preferred to slow things down by translating only after someone had finished speaking). Another hour or so passes before they break for lunch.

The afternoon session begins more briskly than the morning's—no more photo opportunities. Along with Presidential biographer Edmund Morris, I decide to remain closer to the action. Instead of whiling away the time in an upstairs holding room, we adjourn to the blue antechamber. Ears pressed to the door, we can with difficulty make out what's being said in conference.

Gorbachev launches into an extended summary of world history as viewed through the Kremlin's magic kaleidoscope. He goes on for so long I end up slumped on the floor, exhausted. As the President gears up to respond, Morris whips out a small note pad and begins to scribble. We're just about to review the Baruch Plan when a member of the Soviet delegation enters the room from outside.

"Nyet! Nyet!" he cries, upon spotting Morris and his pad. He rushes over and pulls the startled writer away from the door.

I don't move a muscle but try, instead, to appear coolly nonchalant—difficult when you're crouched down with your ear to a keyhole. The stocky Russian eyes me up and down disgustedly and mutters something under his breath. For a moment, I'm afraid he may fling open the door and denounce me to his superiors. I can picture the headlines: "PEACE TALKS COLLAPSE/YOUNG REAGAN CAUGHT SPYING."

What started out as a fine idea-a solitary stroll to a pool house for a quiet chat-turns into a circus train. As Gorbachev and the President wend their way down a garden path, the Secret Service and the K.G.B. compete to see who can secure this bush, that hedgerow. Everyone else hurtles around in rough approximation of a soccer riot. The leaders hunker down in the warm glow of a fire while the rest of us shiver outdoors, and the day ends with word of a news blackout. Once again, there will be little of substance for journalists to report, leaving them plenty of time to find tar, feathers and rope, and go hunting with Kennerly and me.

Returning to my hotel, I find messages

SINOITE please try Carlton.

from what must be every news organization on earth. Collectively summarized, they amount to, "You cheesy bastard, how dare you employ nepotism to scoop us and, by the way, could we have an interview?"

The phone is ringing as I reach my room. A voice I barely recognize as Kennerly's quavers over the line. "Have you gotten your messages yet?" he chokes.

"Yes."

"We're dead men. You know that, don't you?" The poor guy is now gibbering. "I'm sure *Newsweek* has a contract out on me!"

"Well...."

"Listen," Kennerly says. "We've gotta get out of the country . . . fast. I know a casino across the border in France . . . seedy joint; nobody goes there. Don't say anything to anybody . . . I'll pick you up in 15 minutes." He hangs up.

The next several hours disintegrate into a blur of high-speed driving, roulette wheels and cheap champagne. Kennerly is a wraith, haunted by death, plagued by his bowels, squandering his money on the long-shot hands of dissipated Frenchmen. Not until the wee hours do we risk crossing back into Switzerland, there to dream or confront our nightmares.

The President slides his chair back from the table. "Two can play this game," he says, his voice suddenly gone steely. "My football." He motions to Bud McFarlane, who dutifully sets a boxy case on the table.

Out on the window ledge, I hear my teeth begin to chatter, more from fear than from the cold. I think of my wife, the children we may never have, and stare dumbly through the glass at two men plunging headlong into a nuclear inferno. Soon the missiles will leave their silos, carrying with them on vast, arcing trajectories the demise of civilization, the death of humankind. Nuclear winter. Fallout. The End Days. At my side, Sam begins softly chanting what sounds like a prayer.

The President fiddles with a couple of latches, unzips a zipper and opens his case. Slowly, purposefully, he draws out . . . a football. "Catch," he says, grinning, and flips the ball to Gorbachev.

Around the table, tense jaws relax ever so slightly. Even the general secretary allows himself a faint smile.

"It's getting a little warm in here, Mickey, don't you think?" The President loosens his tie. "Why don't you and I go out back and toss the old pigskin around? C'mon . . . for the Gipper?"

From behind some trash bins, Sam and I watch as the two most powerful men in the world cavort across a deserted back lot, clouds of steam huffing from their mouths. On the side lines, the Secret Service and the K.G.B. have gathered into an impromptu cheerleading squad; "Hit 'em high, hit 'em low. . . ."

Sam turns to me. "We may as well pack it in and get a good night's sleep. There's nothing more to report on here."

Tiptoeing away, I take one last look over my shoulder. The President fades back and then pump-fakes to Secretary Shultz. Spotting Gorbachev on a sprint-out into the flat, he hollers, "Go long, Mickey! Go long!"

"U.S. out of Nicaragua! Get out of Central America!" On his way into the Inter-Continental following a day's haggling at the Soviet Mission, Shultz glances up at a woman shouting down from the mezzanine balcony. Sam and I look up, too, just in time to see her wing a roll of toilet paper over the Secretary of State's head. Sam is not technically on duty; Jack McQuethy, ABC's State Department correspondent, is covering the Shultz arrival. But while you can take a race horse out of the run, you can't take the run out of a race horse. Sam grabs a camera crew and dashes up the stairs just in time to see the woman carried into a back room by security agents. Back down an escalator he goes and hits the revolving doors at a run.

"Where're you going?" I'm getting an eerie feeling of déjà vu.

"They've gotta take that woman out of here," he yells over his shoulder, "and they're not gonna use the front door!"

In the dark, we race around the side of the building. Sam lunges up an ivycovered slope, his shoes slipping on the wet ground. Behind us, lugging camera and sound equipment, his crew struggles gamely.

Sam is the only reporter on hand as the woman is led peacefully to a squad car. Upon seeing lights and a camera, she launches into her best impression of an abused political prisoner.

I've had better days. As expected, the press is furious that I was allowed inside the château. At the Soviet Mission for the President's arrival, I was heckled from the rooftops by a CNN reporter. Other journalists have resorted to sarcasm. "How're you coping with the news blackout?" they jeer. I can't blame them, really. In a strange country. Jet lag. Bad weather. No access to the big story. They feel cheated—by their editors, by the White House Press Office, by Kennerly, by me.

Where is Kennerly? Last I heard, he'd padlocked himself in his room and slid a note under the door expressing his belief that Newsweek, the K.G.B. and possibly the French Mafia were after him and detailing demands for safe passage out of Switzerland and a safe house in northern Vermont. Obviously, his years as a war correspondent, plus that parasite, have taken their toll.

The fourth floor of the Noga Hilton is command central for ABC. Entire corridors of rooms have been given over to Good Morning America, ABC Evening News, etc. In editing room number one, what he refers to as "the center of the universe," Sam struggles to patch together his segment for the night's broadcast. Images of the day's events flicker across a bank of video monitors. Here is the President wheeling up to the Soviet Mission for the afternoon session and facing a gaggle of

reporters. What does he make of Don Regan's suggestion, in a Washington Post interview, that women are not interested in the particulars of arms control? True to form, instead of admitting that Regan has a few screws loose, as well as a porcine perspective on feminism and womanhood, the President stands by his man, explaining, "That's not what he meant." Gorbachev, who has soaked in the exchange, draws a bead on the same question and knocks it out of the ball park. Soviets, 1; U.S., 0. Thanks, Don.

A burst of static, a flurry of video snow. There's Raisa Gorbachev, throwing a lavish tea for the First Lady and wearing a prison matron's black skirt, white shirt and black necktie. What gives? Where's the Givenchy? As it turns out, these will be just about the only television pictures of Raisa broadcast in the U.S.S.R.

Sam plays enfant terrible for most of the evening, occasionally driving his producer, Dave Kaplan, out of the room in a barely controlled rage. What Kaplan does during these interludes, I don't know, but I can just make out the muffled thud of a head banging against a wall. This has not been an easy assignment for any of us—an event of far-reaching consequences that defies in-depth coverage, in a soulless city socked in by inclement weather. Even the Alps are obscured by fog.

It is almost midnight when Sam and I, along with Kaplan and correspondent John Martin, pile into a car and head for a restaurant whose owner has promised to hold dinner for us. There is little traffic. The rows of shops are shut tight. The entire city seems locked in an icy embrace. Only the prostitutes valiantly ply their trade. As we round a corner, one miniskirted gamine wobbles across the street, her stiletto heels accentuating the length of her bare legs. She huddles with a friend in a doorway, sharing a cigarette.

Several bottles of wine later, we leave the restaurant. The car Sam radioed for half an hour earlier is nowhere to be found. He tries the walkie-talkie again but receives only vague, garbled transmissions. In an effort to keep warm, we swing into a misbegotten dance—part ballet grotesque, part Tae Kwon Do. Sam, graceful in the way of some large, flightless birds, is a study in gyrating angles.

There's one day left to go. The President and the general secretary will appear together, smiling, shaking hands. They'll issue a bland joint communiqué, satisfactory to no one but diplomatic bureaucrats. Raisa's limousine will be seen flashing up and down the quai, perhaps in pursuit of one last fashion bargain. But for me, the story ends in a lamplit coda outside a restaurant, in the shadow of a railroad trestle.

Just one more day.

"Heeeyaaah!" Sam shouts and flings himself into the air. His voice echoes from stone facades across the frosted streets.



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LAUGH CLONE (continued from page 79)

"I didn't see what was really going on until this evening. And I was nearly too late."

pulled us apart, I had Mulroney beaten. 11,3 had a fat lip and a bloody nose, and my4 ear hurt like blazes, but nobody laid a hand on me2. Mulroney had three black eyes, a split lip, a bruised cheek and was out cold and had to be revived.

"Get some more cuffs in here," I4 told one of the guards. "You've got a would-be killer on your hands-all six of him."

'You're crazy, Kilborn!" Mulroney6 shouted, reddening.

"Yeah! You'll lose your license for this," he4 added and shook his3,5 fists in my4

Hel wiped his! bloody nose and said contemptuously, "It's all a bluff. He thinks he'll be a hero."

"He'll be on skid row by the time I'm finished with him," he2 said, wincing at the pain of his2 split lip.

"If it's a bluff, call me," I4 said. "Open the mail you brought down with you."

Mulroney6 gave a superior sniff of laughter. "I don't open my mail, Kilborn. Barry gets paid to do that.'

'That's what you counted on. But tonight it's your turn." I4 turned to Barry. "Give me the mail you were taking inside."

"Go ahead, Kilborn, tamper with my mail. Add a Federal rap to the assault charge I'm going to hit you with," Mulronev4 said.

I4 took the mail and looked at him one by one, then I4 started to sort through the letters. I4 had a pretty good idea of what I4 was looking for, I4 flipped one envelope into Mulroney6's lap. He4 jumped and 1,2,6 turned pale, but he3,5 didn't flinch. I4 flipped a second and a third, and as I4

picked out a slightly thicker one, he3 cracked.

"Not that one, Kilborn! That's the bomb!" he3 cried, jumping to his3 feet. He1,2,5 buried his1,2,5 face in his1,2,5 hands and 4 passed out.

Mulroney6 glared at me4 with icy eyes. "Two hundred million people are going to hate you for this, Kilborn," he6 said.

I4 shrugged that off. "They'll have to get in line, like everybody else," I2 said.

"I could have been a great dramatic company. The Provincetown Players . . . the Group Theater . . . the Royal Shake-speare Company!" he⁶ said in a deep, rolling voice none of us had heard before. Suddenly, he6 rose and flung out his6 arm to point at Barry, who flinched at the sheer power of the gesture. "But he chained me to buffoonery with contract after contract! He condemned me to prance and caper for the groundlings when I should have been moving the gods to tears! He . . . that greedy little man . . . Burgo Barry . . . made me a clown!"

"He also made you a millionaire," 13 reminded him.

II rose and went to the bar. "Why don't I make us all a drink?"

Gutierrez came back to the dressingroom lounge after seeing Mulroney safely downtown. She had a rough night ahead, handling a sellout crowd that was about to be told that The Great Mulroney was going to be performing for a very select audience of fellow prisoners in an engagement that would last for the next ten to 20 years, with no tours. All the same, Gutierrez was wearing her Christmasmorning smile. There were smiles all around, even on Barry. When I told him the story, he nearly collapsed, but when he recovered, he promised me a fat bonus.

"What the hell are you, Kilborn, a magician? Or were you holding out on me?" Gutierrez asked as she raised her glass of Mulroney's best Scotch in a grudging salute.

"I didn't see what was really going on until this evening. And I was nearly too late. Another two minutes. . . ." I4 shook my4 head and sipped my4 Apollinaris.

"What was the tip-off?"

"We all overlooked one obvious fact. We told ourselves Mulroney couldn't be in any real danger, because nobody could smuggle a weapon of any kind into this building. And all the time, we ignored Mulroney's private entrance and private elevator.'

"And private scanners. Right," Gutierrez said, nodding.

'One of which-the one that scans the mail-was probably conveniently out of commission for a brief period today," I4 pointed out. "That's how Mulroney could cover himself for the letter bomb."

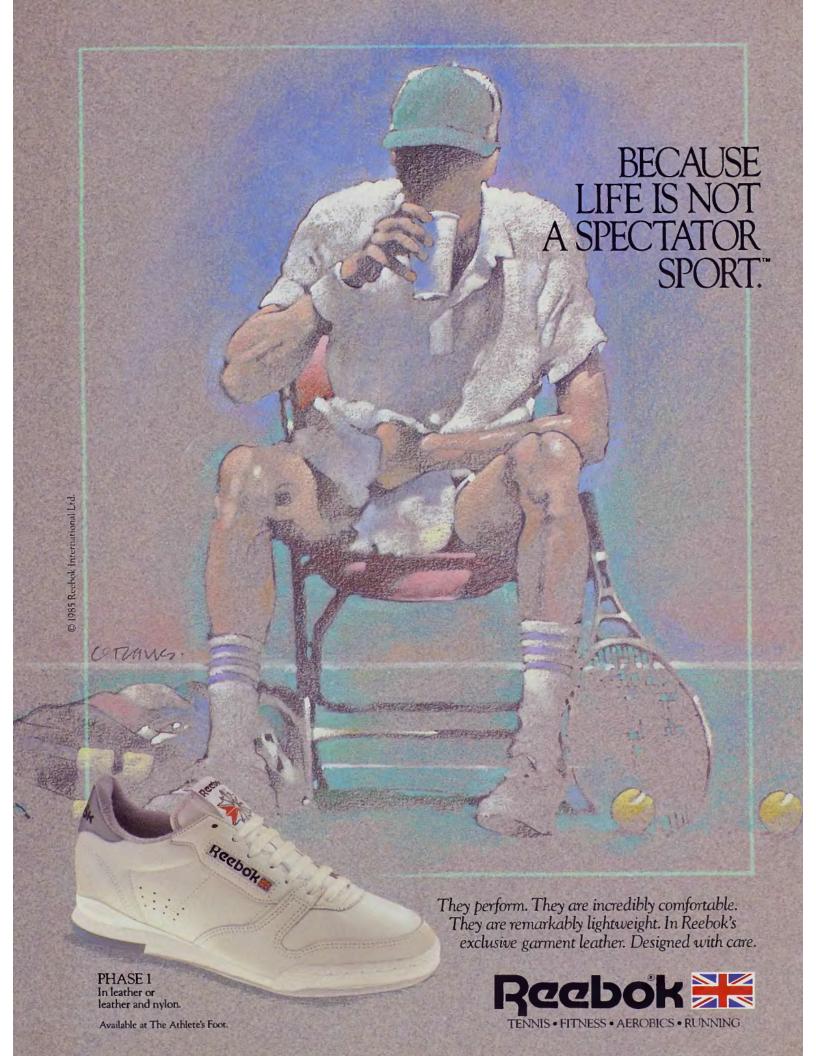
II was still confused, though II was certainly proud of my4 work. "But we had no reason to suspect Mulroney. He was the one being threatened."

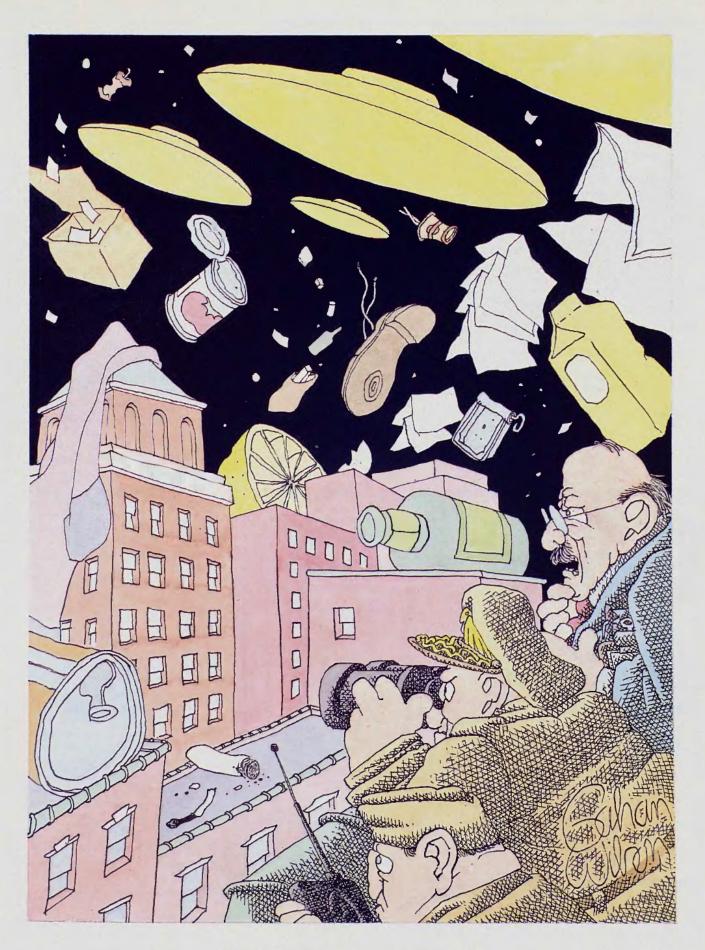
"That was the ingenious part of it. He



"You figure it. We're naked, and we're not horny and we're not frustrated. They wear clothes, and they're continually preoccupied with sex."







"I'm beginning to suspect this may not be anything so dignified as an attack."

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set it up so he could kill someone else and make it look like a botched attempt on his own life. I should have figured it out when I saw the pictures he had up all over the walls—scenes from Oedipus Rex, Hamlet, The Iceman Cometh, Death of a Salesman, The Novotny Affair—all of them great tragedies. There wasn't a single comic scene to be found," I4 said, taking a sip of my4 mineral water.

"Just like the dressing rooms—all tragic stuff. Here's the world's greatest clown and you'd think he hated comedy!" I³ said.

"He did. It was when he contradicted himself about the comedy material that it all came together for me. Glad you raised the question," I4 said to mel. "I was getting a little suspicious of Mulroney. That's why I asked for his autograph, so I could get a comparison of the handwriting. But I didn't have anything solid until he got his stories crossed about the absence of comic memorabilia."

Gutierrez finished her Scotch and set down the glass. "Why Barry, though? How would killing his manager get Mulroney out of comedy and into tragedy? That was what he wanted, wasn't it?"

I¹ shrugged. "Who knows? Check the contracts."

"He may have figured that Barry's death would provide a believable excuse for turning to tragedy. A final tribute," I4 suggested. "Or maybe he was just punishing Barry for making him a comic."

While we were thinking over the possibilities, the outercom rang. It was for Gutierrez. While she talked, 11.3 refilled my 1.3 glass and 12 sank back down into the sofa. 12 was exhausted.

Gutierrez put the outercom down and said, "I have to get back downtown. Thanks again, you guys. I won't forget this."

"Compliments of the Lucky Clover Detective Agency. We gave you the motive, the method and the weapon and even subdued the perpetrator. What more could you ask, Gutierrez?" I³ said.

"A confession—which I just got. Two of Mulroney broke down and agreed to tell everything. Two of them swear they didn't know anything about it, one says the others forced him to go along, the other won't say a word. If this ever gets to court, it'll never get out. Good night, Kilborn," Gutierrez said and headed for the fire exit.

I didn't feel much like talking after she was gone. I² was just too tired to care, and I^{1,3} preferred the Scotch to a post-mortem. I⁴ finished my⁴ glass of Apollinaris and wandered around the room, studying the tragic scenes mounted on the walls. They certainly suited my⁴ mood.

Mulroney wanted a tragedy, and that's what he got. Here was a tragic scene, indeed. If a man can't trust himself, what can he expect from all those others?

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KIM BASINGER (continued from page 113)

"When I was in the most vulnerable position, my urologist said, 'Boy, were you mean to Roy Hobbs.'"

happens and then have it happen three seconds later. It's more than seeing the future. It's somebody else seeing your

PLAYBOY: How did you learn about sex? BASINGER: My brother told me in a swing one afternoon. I think I was in the fifth grade. He told me all about having a period-and everything else. He loved to talk about sex all the time. He said, "Let me tell you what I found in the hall closet. You won't believe this." [Laughs] I said, "Oh, stop, you're kidding me." And he said, "When Momma comes out here to hang the clothes, I'm gonna show you something." And then out came this big purple box of sanitary napkins. [Laughs] I said, "Well, what are those?" And he said, didn't know was that I'd seen a lot more in life than he thought I'd seen.

PLAYBOY: Let's play doctor. What emergency medical procedures do you know, and where did you learn them?

BASINGER: Absolutely none. Isn't that a shame? I saw a man the other night in a restaurant who I thought was going to choke to death. I started sweating. We were the only other couple there. This man's wife and boy looked like they couldn't have helped at all. So I thought, Jesus, what are we going to do? What if this man just dies? I got him some water.

PLAYBOY: What's the most surprising thing a doctor ever said to you in a checkup? BASINGER: [Laughs] Oh, my God. When I was in the, uh . . . most vulnerable posi-

"She wears these things." [Laughs] He said, "All girls do, all girls." What he

"I can explain the lipstick on my collar, dear. I used my shirt to wipe it off my pecker."

tion, my urologist said, "Boy, were you mean to Roy Hobbs." Can you believe that? What a hell of a place to be when this guy is getting so involved in The Natural. I couldn't believe it.

12.

PLAYBOY: When you cook, what's your dinner-party specialty?

BASINGER: When I cook, it's such a joke that everyone says, "Why don't we just go to the Mexican restaurant?" If I had a specialty, it would be fettuccini made with red pepper and vodka. A guy at Orsini's restaurant taught me. The secret is putting the hot Italian peppers in the vodka and letting it all age for a month or two.

PLAYBOY: What leaves you breathless? BASINGER: The outdoors. Christmas. Watching my animals. A field full of pumpkins. The first days of fall. Sometimes it makes me crazy, like I'm zipped all the time, like I'm a fool. I dance around the pool and play with the dogs.

PLAYBOY: Whom do you trust? BASINGER: Very few people in life can really be trusted. That's unfortunate. I work in a strange business, and trust is a word not even in the vocabulary. I trust some members of my family, but that's about it.

PLAYBOY: Where is location hell? BASINGER: The Santa Fe desert at night and Buffalo, New York, in the winter. Everybody thinks Santa Fe at night must be warm and wonderful, but it was freezing. And pouring rain. And we'd chosen summer clothes to do Fool for Love. We also had a moth infestation: Millions of bugs, like The Birds, would come down. We'd have to turn out the lights for two hours. I hate location. I like my house. I want to be with my animals. On location, I put pictures of my dogs all over the wall.

PLAYBOY: Defend your Hard Country costar, Jan-Michael Vincent.

BASINGER: Against the critics or against all the charges? [Laughs] I love him. People have called his style macho, but I think there is an incredibly sensitive-almost strangely sensitive-very misplaced human being underneath it all. He's always been popular, but in an unpopular way. He's always had crowds around, but his crowds have changed. First it was surfers, then cowboys. He was just all over the place. He had a great sense of life at one time. He was more silent, more stable, with his marriage and his child and even his meditation. But sometimes, instead of your getting caught up in it, it catches you by the neck. In Jan's case, that may be what happened. His career and everything grabbed him by the neck and pulled him into wrong things. The other night, I





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P.O. Box 55230 Boulder, Colorado 80323-5230 watched another news story about Jan's troubles, and it was unbelievable. How many times can they report on one case? He's not in the news for nothing, but it's for less than they're making it out to be. He didn't pull a gun on the world. He was a bad boy, but it's not everybody's concern.

17.

PLAYBOY: What was the last thing that made you so mad you broke it?
BASINGER: The kitchen cabinet. The handle

BASINGER: The kitchen cabinet. The handle comes off and the door sticks. So finally I grabbed the door and just ripped it right off with my bare hands. It would have been an easy little job to fix. But I just got crazy. [Laughs] I bent it backward so it popped off.

18.

PLAYBOY: You've kissed your share of leading men. What's your advice to future costars on the art of kissing? How do you like to be kissed?

BASINGER: Have clean, wonderful breath, needless to say. A mouth is so attractive if it's clean and wonderful. And don't slobber. That's sickening. I think a guy ought to develop his own style. If he doesn't know how, he ought to practice. There is absolutely an art to it. But very few people in the world really know how to kiss, and I'm not sure there are many people who really like it. That's the most important thing. You have to think it's as good as what's coming later.

I like to be kissed with caution. And passion. Kissing is almost more fun than anything else. It's the sexiest part of the whole thing. It's where you can pay the most attention. It's also the chanciest thing you can do. It takes guts to kiss somebody and to be a good kisser.

19.

PLAYBOY: What sort of present from a man makes you suspicious of his motives? BASINGER: [Laughs] A surprise package from the drugstore. You get corny things. I get suspicious when it's a note handdelivered by his chauffeur. Or roses, Roses are nice, but most of the time, the intentions are not real. Actually, I've never really gotten a present from a guy except in the sixth grade. I got a floppy-eared dog that said THE GEORGIA BULLDOGS on it, and I still have it right in my room. I got it from Charles Birch-and I think his intentions were very admirable. Come to think of it, I once got a pair of hanging legs from a man. It was half of a body, stuffed. A dust catcher. It made me wonder what his intentions were.

20.

PLAYBOY: What are your three rules for happiness in Hollywood?

BASINGER: Be sincere with yourself. Find someone with whom you can laugh. And don't listen to any of the bullshit said or written about you.

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HARVARD BUSINESS (continued from page 137)

"You could make money at any level of qualitywhich meant that quality could get canceled out."

"your average M.B.A. pays lip service to the notion of providing what the customer wants, because that's what he's supposed to talk about-publicly. But I'll tell you what really gets their juices flowing: It's these arcane statistical formulas that have nothing whatsoever to do with the customer or the product. New, improved! How many times have you heard that one? But come on-the real energy doesn't go into improving anything, it goes into figuring out how to make it cheaper and advertise it better. Take this little piece of hardware, make it thinner, make it lighter. It isn't going to work as well, it isn't going to last as long, but, oh, boy, we're gonna sell a lot of 'em. Is that business? That's bullshit. That's the sausage game. But that's basically what goes on. I'm glad, in a way, that the Japanese have been rubbing our noses in it lately, because at least they've shown that the American consumer isn't quite as stupid as a lot of American businessmen seem to think-that, in the long run, the quality job will still win out."

The quality job, of course, used to be an

American specialty. Through the Forties and the Fifties, American products were the world's standard, the nonpareil; anything else was cheap imitation, mimicry that didn't quite come off. MADE IN U.S.A. meant that it wouldn't shrink in the drier, that it would write through butter, that it would keep on ticking even when attached to the propeller of an outboard engine.

Then the situation changed. Exactly when it changed is impossible to say, since a great deal of time and money, as well as heroic exertions of the national ego, went into ignoring or obscuring the fact. Certainly by the early Seventies, however, it was unmistakably clear that the shift had come. Foreign competition was applying the squeeze, and not just with cheaper goods-that's what the Japs and the Taiwanese were for, after all-but with better ones. Sony was no baloney, while one of Motorola's plants (before it was taken over by the Japanese) was turning out more defects than televisions-140 goofs per 100 sets. While American suburbs were abuzz with conversations about the

reliability of Datsuns and Toyotas, certain Detroit products were shown to have an unfortunate propensity to explode when nudged from behind. Even in the hightech fields, those postindustrial marvels supposed to be America's salvation, American firms were getting aced out; a 1980 study indicated that American computer memory chips were five to six times as likely to fail as their Japanese counterparts.

Embarrassed, baffled, frustrated and terrified, the various constituencies of American enterprise addressed their common problems in the time-honored democratic way: They called one another names. Management, the unions, Congress, Federal agencies-suddenly, everybody was either a knave or a fool or both. But in the midst of all the squirming and recriminations, the most basic point of all seemed to be overlooked by almost everyone: The quality of American goods slipped-more precisely, failed to keep pace with the improvements made elsewhere-for the simple reason that once the pattern of American dominance became established, quality ceased to be a high priority in American enterprise, period.

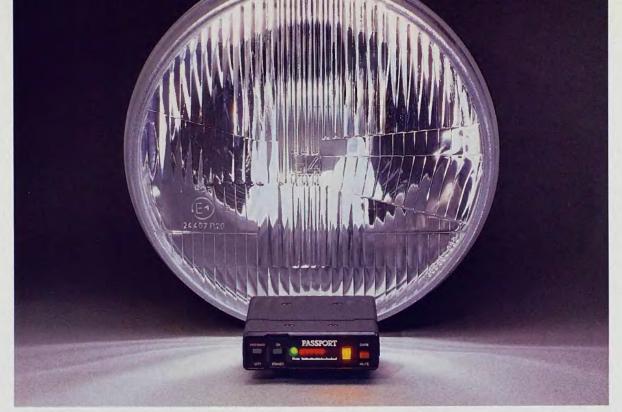
Planned obsolescence—the phrase has itself become a grim joke that summarizes everything shortsighted, cynical and disastrous about a certain way of moving the goods. For a couple of decades in the recent past, however, all the phrase really meant was business as usual. Throughout the Fifties and the Sixties, the American consumer was essentially a captive audience, since production in the rest of the world still lagged. The distance between the check-out line and the garbage can was getting shorter, but people didn't seem to mind, because every year they had more money to spend. So the old sausage game was working fine, and the straight-ahead wisdom of Ad Prac dictated that you didn't fix something if it wasn't broke.

"Think of it as algebra," says Len Caust, gesturing as though slashing chalk onto a blackboard. "Remember when they gave you those long, complicated problems to solve? How'd ya solve 'em? The trick was to line things up in such a way that most of the factors got canceled out, remember? The more factors you could eliminate, the easier the problem got. Well, that's how we learned business.

"Certain factors had to stay-fixed costs, analysis of what the competition was up to-but quality? Look, it could be demonstrated-proved-that you could turn a profit at the top of the market or at the bottom of the market. You could make money at any level of quality-which meant, conveniently enough, that quality could get canceled out."

That is not to say that quality had to get canceled out. American management had a choice in the matter. Even before Pearl Harbor, a former U.S. Census Bureau statistician named W. Edwards Deming had developed a system whereby the costs and value added of quality control could





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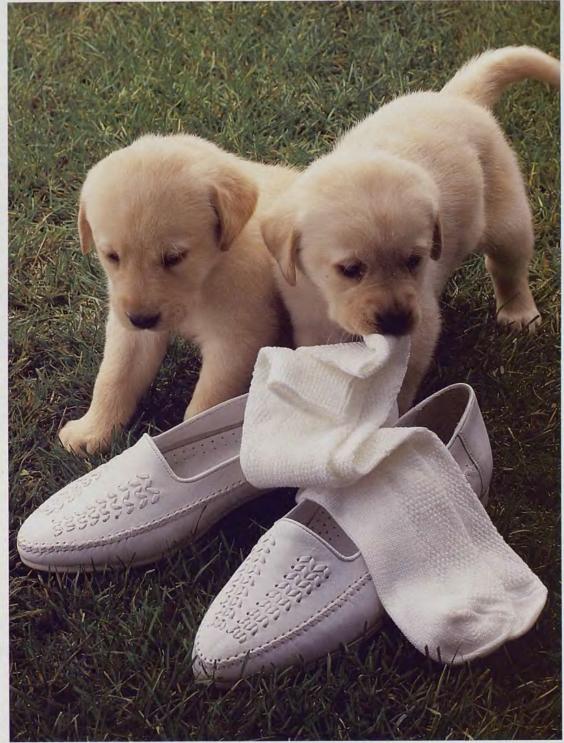




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FOOTNOTABLES

PLAYBOY



"I think, perhaps, this archway is a good example of the sort of detailing that made Herbert Philpott a somewhat controversial figure in Victorian architecture."



be analyzed numerically and factored into the "scientific" way of running a company. Deming's schema had nothing "soft" or "subjective" about it—it didn't aim at value judgments about the essential validity of a product but dealt only with uniformity, reliability, the maintenance of a set standard. But even this degree of concern with quality seemed to annoy the American executives of the late Forties, whose reaction, according to *Fortune*, was "Go away, Deming, we're making money."

So Deming did go away. Specifically, he went to Japan, where he was embraced as a prophet. The Deming Prize for quality control, awarded annually since 1950, is considered so important in that country that its bestowal is broadcast on national TV, like the Oscars.

But who knew? The chance offered by Deming was just one more opportunity that American business could easily afford to pass up at the time. Strange to tell, throughout the Fifties, one of America's biggest economic problems was an unwieldy trade surplus that, as in penny poker, threatened to wreck the game by bringing all the pennies to our side of the table. In 1960, imported manufactured goods accounted for a minuscule 1.8 percent of everything Americans bought. A gambling man could have gotten bankbusting odds on the wager that, a quarter century later, that import figure would be approaching 20 percent, and that America would be running a trade deficit as high as 17 billion dollars a month.

"One thing about the way we learned business," says Len Caust, locking his hands around his knee and rocking back in his chair, "it was totally free of snobbery. You might have your personal standards, your personal preferences, but it would be made very clear to you that personal preferences were not what business was about. In business, a guy who made a million bucks in, say, the perfect buttondown shirt or the finest surgical instrument was no higher on the ladder than the guy who made a million bucks selling potato chips without any potatoes in them. It was the same million bucks. We had a saving; maybe you've heard it: 'One man's shit is another man's bread and butter."

Ad Prac, that is to say, was above taste, beyond sensibility. Its genius lay in its usefulness in canceling out the shades of gray and reducing the art of business to the efficient manipulation of a number of elegant abstractions. Abstractions such as the market—that totality of customers for America's totality of products. There's only one thing wrong with the market, though: It doesn't exist. What does exist is Mary Smith and Joe Jones and everybody's relatives, and the attitudes and circumstances of those folks consist of nothing but shades of gray.

Starting in the late Sixties and accelerating through the Seventies, a number of things took place that turned those grays increasingly somber, as far as American business was concerned. Real disposable income stopped growing. Foreign goods and foreign marketing became sophisticated enough to be truly competitive. And the American consumer, like the kid who finally gets it through his head that steak is better food than candy, was growing up. Gradually, the claim that a Volvo would last 11 years came to seem a more important selling point than the promise that next year's Pontiac would have a different configuration of taillights. The Panasonic stereo that sounded good came to be preferable to the Zenith that looked like a continuation of the break front. By the end of the Seventies, as quintessentially American a product as the Harley-Davidson was being outsold ten to one by foreign bikes; chances were 90 percent that your buddy's C.B. radio had been made in Asia; and it was abundantly clear that American enterprise had made a wrong turn at the intersection of quality and flash.

As the prestige of American products headed south, so did the status and credibility of the American businessman. By the beginning of the current decade, the M.B.A. mentality had come under widespread if generally toothless criticism, and scientific management, that shining beacon of rational modernity, was being credited with about as much intellectual authority as a horoscope.

In 1981, The New York Times Magazine fanned the confidence crisis with a cover story chronicling the fall from grace of the American executive. Meanwhile, it had become all the rage to study Japanese management, on the facile premise that if we were so wrong, they must be right. Amazingly, even the business-education establishment itself was slipping into the hair shirt. Professor H. Edward Wrapp, lately of the Business School faculty at Harvard, went on record in Dun's Review, saying, "We have created a monster. . . . The business schools have done more to ensure the success of the Japanese and West German invasion of America than any one thing I can think of."

When that article ran, in 1980, the men of '49 were at a median age of 56 and were, in most cases, at the very height of their professional powers. Throughout their careers, they'd been fawned on by the business press, adulated by their shareholders, voted bonuses by their boards and vindicated by the angles on the graph. Now, rather suddenly, their alma mater, many of their most cherished axioms and, in fact, their entire generation of business leadership were under attack.

"For better or worse," says Conrad Jones, whom the years seem only to have confirmed in his relentless objectivity and drop-dead bluntness, "I don't think most of us really let the criticisms sink in. If we had—? Well, Jesus, think about the implications of what's being said. Here we are, old guys who've been in charge of things for a while and for whom it's too late really to undo the things we've done, even if we

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wanted to. We've been rolling along, feeling pretty good-and now someone is telling us not just that we've hit a snag but that we've been screwing up all along, and it just took a while for it to show. I mean, that's a serious charge.

"Is it a fair charge?" he continues, ticking off the pros and cons as neatly as if they were jotted down before him in two columns on a yellow pad. "It's dodgeable. I mean, partly it just got to be a bandwagon thing to dump on American management. Or you can answer the charge with other charges that are, I think, equally persuasive-labor costs, tax structures, pressures that come from Wall Street, and so forth.

"Still, if the basic complaint is that American managers have gotten too caught up in managing per se and not deny that my generation of guys from the B. School have been part of the problem. I mean, for the real dyed-in-the-wool professional manager, there's nothing illogical about getting a promotion from numberthree guy at ABC Company, which makes macaroni, to number-two guy at XYZ Company, which makes fan belts. I know guys who are proud of the fact that they've never been inside the plants of companies they run. And attitudes like that are part of the problem."

Connie Jones has worked with more than 500 businesses in his three and a half decades of consulting. He's worked with companies on the way up and companies on the way down, companies whose problems he could solve and companies whose problems he saw as terminal. More than any other Forty-niner, he's had an overview of how America runs itself.

caught up enough in their products and "You know," he says, "when we were in their customers, then I don't see how I can

"One thing they can't accuse me of is pulling punches with my congregation."

school, it was still pretty much the norm that companies were run by families. The archetype still consisted of the tinkerer who comes up with a smart idea, puts it together in his garage, stamps the family name on it and then ends up as the cranky old patriarch whose portrait hangs over the desk that his son, his grandson and his great-grandson will eventually sit at. That's the traditional American business. That's what made American business.

"Now, those kinds of companies were driven by a value system that was an extension of family values. After you make sure that everybody in the family has a roof over his head and enough money to fall back on, what's still important? What's important is reputation, your good name in the community, nationally, even internationally. And what's reputation based on but quality over time? The professionally managed companies don't have anywhere near the same commitment to quality, because they don't have anywhere near the same sense of duration. What's the average executive tenure—five years?

"So make of it what you will," he says, "but I think it's clear that the postwar years were the fulcrum on which the country really turned away from the old kind of company and toward the new. Our classwe were mostly GI Bill guys; we had no family businesses to run, even if we wanted to. Most of us, when we got to the Business School, had no idea what we wanted to manage; all we knew was that we wanted to manage. And that seemed fine, because the way it was presented to us was that managing was a skill unto itself, like driving rivets. If you could drive rivets, you could drive them into pairs of blue jeans or into the Verrazano Bridge. The exact application didn't really matter. That's what Ad Prac was about-it was the great leveler, the universal language of managing. And management itself was the keystone. If you managed well, other things would take care of themselves.

"That was the premise we started with," says Connie Jones, "and we worked from it diligently and in some cases brilliantly. We took that premise about as far as it could possibly be taken.

"Only problem was, the premise turned out to be wrong."

Right or wrong, premises like that were rolled out to be tested in the grand experiment of postwar America. There is nothing shameful in the fact that certain of those ideas proved to be flawed and, in retrospect, naïve. It was a formative time, and mistakes were allowed, even encouraged, if they were the sort of bold, expansive errors that might point out new directions. The surprising part is that even today, a generation later, in a world less innocent and far more complicated, there are tens of thousands of fresh-scrubbed, ahistoric M.B.A.s who seem convinced that they are going to ride much the same tired brand of expertise to wealth, status



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and boundless self-esteem. This is a song the men of '49 have heard before.

"You can't kid a kidder," says Fortyniner Edward Dewey, a venture capitalist whose portfolio includes investments in gas-and-oil exploration, an offshore insurance company in Bermuda and a pretzel factory, "and no one is less easily snowed by a Harvard M.B.A. than another Harvard M.B.A. These kids are smart—you've got to give them that. But I'd as soon take a python to bed with me as hire one. He'd suck my brains, memorize my Rolodex and use my telephone to find some other guy who'd pay him twice the money."

"Can you tell me," asks Forty-niner William C. Eiseman, a senior vice-president at Morgan Guaranty Trust, "that the average Business School graduate is worth 15 grand a year more, to start, than someone coming out of, say, Yale without an M.B.A.? That's ridiculous."

"The problem," observes Jim Burke, who has actually been grilled by Harvard about Johnson & Johnson's long-standing aversion to its B. School grads, "begins with the selection process. If you lean heavily on test scores, you necessarily end up with people who are very adept at quantification. Which means that kids are coming out of business school with more and more to unlearn, since the really important decisions don't have anything to do with quantification, as everyone figures out—eventually."

So go the reservations that the first wave of modern M.B.A.s has about what may be the last wave. And these reservations are being voiced in a context in which the expectations of the baby-boom generation are actually on the skids, the Yuppie hype notwithstanding. Between 1979 and 1983, the median real income of Americans between the ages of 25 and 34 declined by 14 percent. True, that statistic includes a lot of poor souls who'd been laid off at shoe factories or textile mills, but even M.B.A.s have their justified anxieties. They've paid out two years of their lives and maybe \$25,000 for the privilege of being part of an unprecedented glut. Every June in recent years, roughly 65,000 M.B.A.s have graduated; every year, more of them are bottlenecked at levels where the bird's-eye lessons from the casebook don't apply.

More than ever, it's a jungle out there, and at least some of the faults ascribed to recent M.B.A.s can be largely explained in terms of simple Darwinian pressures. If the new M.B.A.s are known for irresponsible job hopping, it's at least partly because advancement within a given company is likely to be sluggish. If they are short on loyalty to their firms, it's largely because most of the firms they deal with can offer them only limited security in return. The widespread perception that the younger M.B.A.s are geared toward nothing but their own success can be seen as largely a response to a justified lack of faith in the over-all economy around them.

Largely, but not entirely. This is still the

Me Generation, after all, and as Newsweek observed in "The Year of the Yuppie," the cover story of its final issue of 1984, "a generation once notorious for discovering new ways to make itself feel good [has been finding] the habit hard to break." The endorphins released by a sprint on the fast track, it has been discovered, produce a euphoria not so different from that previously achieved by transcendental meditation, a midnight plunge into the Pacific or a hearty whiff of amyl nitrite. It is still a private euphoria, a solipsistic high. The pursuit of it makes people similar while keeping them separate. Business, like aerobics and like life in general, is seen increasingly as an individual sport.

But why? It wasn't always so.

In 1949, enterprise was thought of as a national crusade, a mission, and even the most crazed go-getter could ground his personal striving in the conviction that his own success would meaningfully contribute to the common weal. Never mind that even then, the notion was probably more convenient than true. What mattered was that it could truly be believed. A common purpose was being righteously pursued. An M.B.A. from Harvard made you a general in that glorious campaign; it didn't put you outside or above the march.

But at some point, that march became a scramble, for reasons as old as Rome that have intimately to do with how people act at different points in the surge and ebb of nations. For the men of 1949, the Depression and the war turned out to be kindnesses. The Depression ended, the war was won and the victory catapulted America into an era that was sweeter and more hopeful than anyone would have dared predict. The baby boomers, on the other hand-those lucky kids who grew up with shiny bikes, with new schools and virgin textbooks whose spines would crackle the first time they were opened-those kids, in addition to the normal anguish of becoming grownups, have had to absorb the realization that things aren't as rich and automatic as they used to be. These are kids who grew up knowing that next year's car would be bigger than this year's, that next year's Christmas tree would be a little taller; like Alice, they inhabited a world where everything was mysteriously but reliably growing. Then, just when they'd gotten used to it, just when they were about to have their turn at running it, things just as surely started threatening to shrink. It was so confusing, so heartbreaking, really, that it was easier not to try to make sense of it but just to change one's posture to fit the new surroundings. The alteration was subtle but decisive. Whereas the postwar striving had consisted of an upward craning of the neck toward the lucent American ideal, the Yuppies' exertions were aimed at just keeping their backsides ahead of the pack.

The Yuppies are the mirror, and what they reflect is unsettling and implicitly reproachful to the men of the postwar era; what they reflect is how people act in a time of diminishing opportunities, how people play the game when the game is winding down. Because the bottom line, explain it as you will, is this: As the postwar M.B.A.s wrap up their glorious careers, the country is in a lot worse shape than it was when those careers began. The men of '49 Ad Prac'd their way to legendary personal accomplishments; perhaps they also Ad Prac'd themselves out of a chance to be stewards of something more important, something more enduring.

This is a possibility that nags at deep and primitive nerves, because the Fortyniners aren't just the professional precursors of the Yuppies; they're their fathers. The men of '49 have sent an estimated 400 sons and daughters to H.B.S., 300 kids to other top-tier business schools around the country and another 300 to law school. The character of those young men and women and the business and professional milieu in which they operate represent the convergence of the Forty-niners' private and public lives, their successes and their failures in both the grandest and the most intimate arenas.

"I worry about these kids," says Connie Jones, leaving it open as to whether he's talking about his own four children or the dozens to whom he's been mentor or about the whole generation now clawing at the gates of America's promise. "They seem to be constantly wrestling with a conflict that I'm not even sure they're aware of: Obviously, they're part of the system; yet they seem to feel that making it means beating the system. I don't think we saw it that way. If anything, we erred on the other side—we were going to tie our star to the system and let the system carry us along.

"Maybe that wasn't the best attitude, either," he continues, "but I think it made life easier. Sure, we were ambitious as hell. We wanted the big office and the fancy title, just like these kids do. But it wasn't like we had to have it or we couldn't face ourselves shaving in the morning. It was OK just to have a responsible position with a respected firm, doing something you could feel was other than trivial. It was OK to be a part of something. The young comers today-it's not that they're cynical, exactly. That's the easy answer, but I don't think it's anything that conscious. They're lonely, is what I think it comes down to. And if you're lonely to begin with, you feel like you may as well be lonely at the top.

"As long as these kids are on the move, they're fine. But I'm concerned about what'll happen to them when they stall in their meteoric rises—as, of course, the great majority of them will. As the great majority of every class does, including ours. When the newness wears off and they have to sit still long enough to look inside themselves, I'm not sure what they'll make of what they find."

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



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

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

So take your time. See a jeweler. Learn about the 4©'s that determine a diamond's quality: Cut, color, clarity and carat-weight. And send for our booklet, "Everything You'd Love to Know... About Diamonds." Just mail \$1.25 to DIC, Dept. DER-L-PL, Box 1344, N.Y., N.Y. 10101-1344.

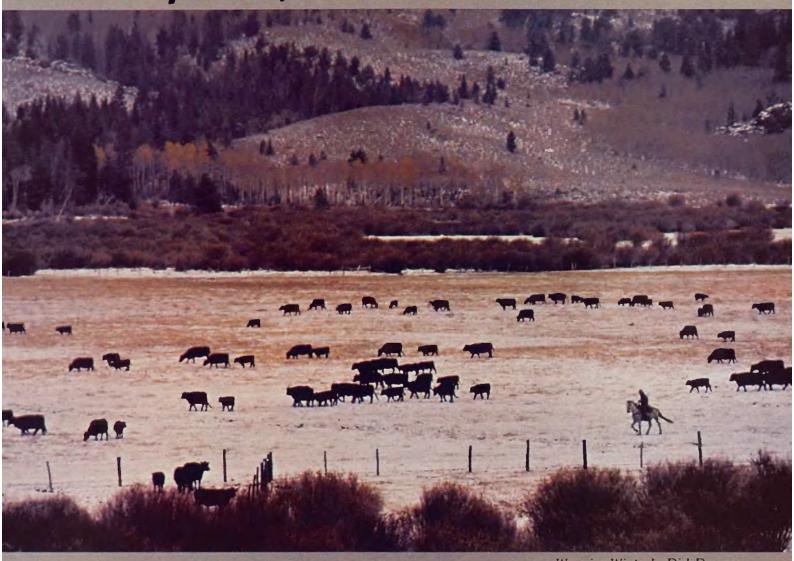
After all, this is the one thing that will symbolize your love every day of your lives.

A diamond is forever.



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

The Spirit of America



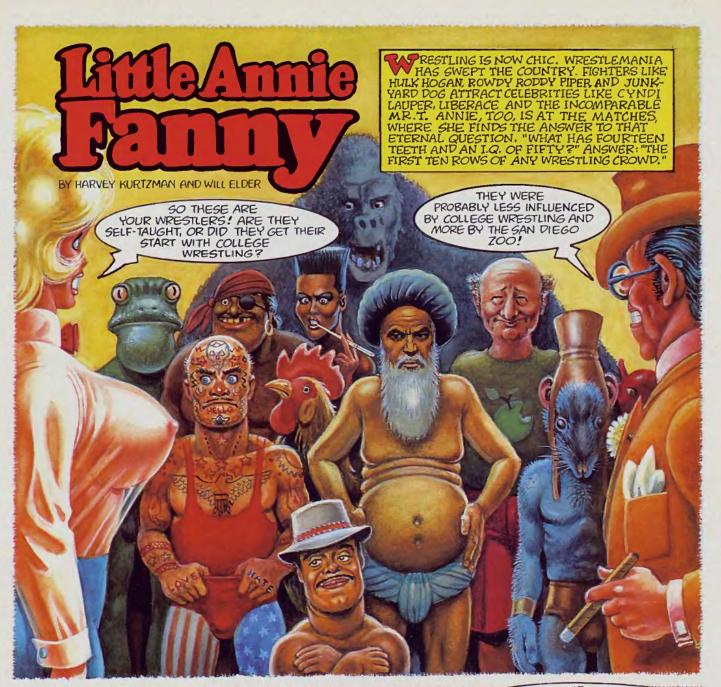
Wyoming Winter by Dick Durrance

Somewhere west of Laramie, men still ride from dawn 'til dusk. And settle down to a shot of Bourbon against the chill of the night. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon, the only truly American whiskey, just as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601.

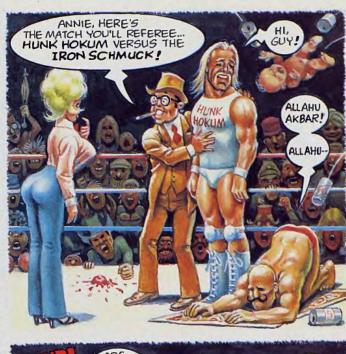






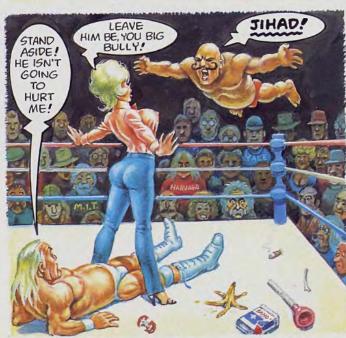


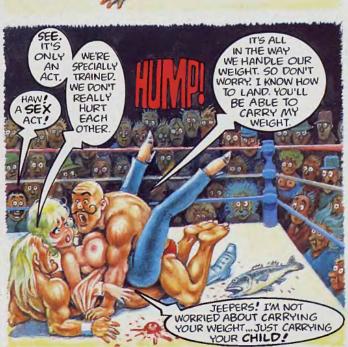
















FIVE!

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

JOIN THE GÎTE SET

Gîtes, as all you Francophiles know, are private country vacation homes that until recently could only be rented by traveling to France. Now a Manhattan firm, The French Experience, 390 Fifth Avenue, Suite 407, New York 10018, will aid you in doing your booking Stateside. And while most gîtes are situated in a small village from which you can do your exploring, apartments in Paris are also listed. A catalog is \$5.



FOLLOW THE YELLOW SILK ROAD

Yellow Silk is a delightful intellectual "journal of erotic arts" designed, edited and published by Lily Pond, a laid-back lady who charges from \$12 to \$40 ("pay what you can") for a year's subscription—four issues. Sensuous poetry, evocative abstracts, tasty fiction that will turn you on; Yellow Silk publishes it all. The magazine's address: P.O. Box 6374, Albany, California 94706. Slip into something comfortable: Yellow Silk.





ZING WENT THE LEE STRINGS OF OUR HEART

Lee Meredith, the ding-a-ling "Doll" in Miller Lite commercials, can blow the foam off our glass of beer any time. Aside from being a gifted comedienne (she played The Sunshine Girl in Neil Simon's original production of *The Sunshine Boys*), Lee has gone into the lingeric business and designed the perfect gift for the girl who has everything—a little bit of nothing called Lee Strings. There are styles from Night Out to Travel, Camping and even Camouflage. The price? A skimpy \$8.50 each, sent to Lee Strings, P.O. Box 84, Maywood, New Jersey 07607. We'll take Lee in all of them.



THE BUTLERS DO IT

Bertie Wooster had his Jeeves and you, old bean, can have your tea and crumpets, too, served by an authentic English butler-if you've got the filthy lucre to hire a graduate of The Ivor Spencer School for British Butlers and Administrators. They're all between 19 and 55 years of age and are trained to control and run large, busy households. Salaries begin at \$25,000 per year, and for that Your Man Godfrey will work from dawn (drawing your bath) to dusk and later ("Whiskey by the fire tonight, sir?"). Ivor Spencer's address is 12 Little Bornes, Alleyn Park, Dulwich SE21 8SE, England. Not feeling too flush? Yes, they accept applicants, too.

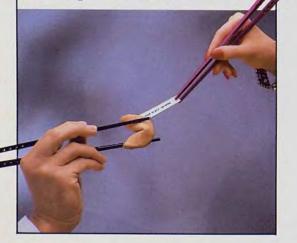
CIGAR STORY

Holy Smoke (Harper & Row), by Spanish author G. Cabrera Infante, takes a historical look at lady leaf, telling the story of cigars from Columbus to Castro (who used to mooch smokes from Infante), with additional witty anecdotes about the smoking habits of such puff-prone celebrities as Orson Welles, W. C. Fields and Marilyn Monroe. And, of course, there are details on manners and mores of cigar smoking and more. For \$16.95, light up.



CHOP TALK

Foodies of the world, eat your hearts out! High-tech chopsticks have arrived—and aren't you sorry you didn't think of them first? Made of machined, polished and anodized aluminum, these sexy sticks are crafted much like a part on a fighter plane or a racing car. And they come in jazzy colors, from violet and red to gold and black. ChopsTech, 14755 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 709, Sherman Oaks, California 91403, sells them for \$39.95, including a leather case. Slick!



LOOK! UP ON THE WALL! JOLLY OLD ENGLAND!

Those of you heading for old Blighty this summer will see wonderful British posters portraying everything from pub signs and images of England to the royal line of succession, doors of London and even an English Beefeater. But rather than tote the 34" x 24" posters back, have Sunset Poster Company, 27 Norbury Cross, London SW16 4JQ, England, post them directly to you for \$12 each, postpaid. Or write for Sunset's complete list and stay home. With Big Ben and a Guinness Stout label on your wall, you'd probably never make it off the couch, anyway.



Em Company

HOT TIP ON A DATA BASE

Anyone with a personal computer that has a modem operating at 300 baud or higher can put his money where the neighborhood tip sheet once was and subscribe to Computer Sports World, which offers sports scores, standings and more in baseball, football, basketball, hockey, horse racing and boxing. A \$175 installation fee, plus 36 to 63 cents a minute, is what you pay. Computer Sports World, 1005 Elm Street, Boulder City, Nevada 89005, will give you more info. You bet.

UNCLE SAM CUTS OUT

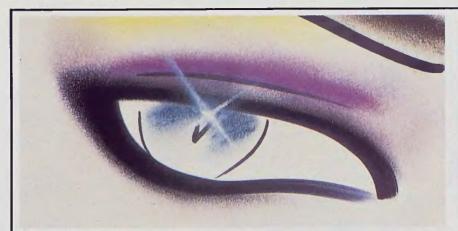
After a hiatus of 30 years, the U.S. Treasury has again begun releasing printed sheets of uncut one- and two-dollar billspresumably for miserly types seeking the solace of long-green wallpaper. Yes, each 14" x 241/2" sheet of 16 bills is legal; pack a pair of scissors and you can pay for an evening on the town; folks will say you're a real cutup. A one-dollar sheet goes for \$29.95 and a similar sheet of Bicentennial two-dollar bills is only \$49.95 sent to CEMM Associates, P.O. Box 4497, Silver Spring, Maryland 20904. Framed, they go nicely in the bathroom along with the sign IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS.







NEXT MONTH



DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE



LOVELY LINDA





"ULTIMATE PLEASURE: THE SECRETS OF MULTI-ORGASMIC WOMEN"-NOTHING IS AS WONDROUS TO BEHOLD AS A WOMAN WHO COMES EARLY AND OF-TEN. HERE, SOME LUCKY LADIES TELL HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY-BY MARC AND JUDITH MESHORER

KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR, BASKETBALL'S ALL-TIME LEADING SCORER, TALKS ABOUT SPORT, RACISM, DRUGS, RELIGION AND LIFE FROM ON HIGH IN A FRANK, WIDE-RANGING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"LINDA EVANS"-A LOOK AT THE LEADING LADY OF PRIME SOAPS, AS YOU NEVER SEE HER ON DYNASTY

"HORSE LAUGH"-OUR OLD FRIEND DORTMUNDER, WHO KNOWS FROM NOTHING ABOUT HORSES, TRIES TO KIDNAP ONE IN A WRYLY AMUSING YARN BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

"SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOW-INTENSITY CON-FLICT"-FOR A VET TRAINED IN WAR AND ATTUNED TO THE NUANCES OF PENTAGONESE, A FACT-FINDING TRIP TO CENTRAL AMERICA CONJURES UP AN UNSET-TLING SENSE OF DÉJÀ VU-BY ASA BABER

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"-HERE SHE IS, THE AN-SWER TO PLAYBOY'S \$100,000 QUESTION

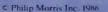
THE AL UNSERS, SENIOR AND JUNIOR-NUMBERS ONE AND TWO IN AUTO RACING-DISCUSS LOVE, RI-VALRY, SPEED AND WHAT THEY REALLY THINK OF SEAT BELTS IN A FULL-THROTTLE "20 QUESTIONS"

"ROMPING DOWN TO RIO WITH THE RICH AND FA-MOUS ROBIN LEACH"-WE'RE A NATION OF CELEB-RITY WATCHERS, A FACT THAT HASN'T ESCAPED LIFESTYLES' HOST. OUR MAN, WHO KNEW ROBIN AS A SKILLFUL (AND OUTRAGEOUS) NATIONAL ENQUIRER REPORTER, TAGS ALONG ON A VISIT WITH MORGAN BRITTANY, LATE OF DALLAS-BY REG POTTERTON

"WHAT THEY (DAMN IT!) HAVE LEARNED ABOUT US THAT WE NEVER WANTED THEM TO KNOW"-THIS IS SERIOUS ESPIONAGE FOR WOMEN, GUYS. STUFF LIKE WHY WE HIDE AND WHY WE MAKE LOUD NOISES, FROM A STUDY BY MARK ZUSSMAN AND LESLEY DORMEN

PLUS: BROCK YATES'S TEST-DRIVE REPORTS ON THE FAST, SEXY CARS THAT ARE THE LATEST AUTOMOTIVE SLANT FROM THE JAPANESE; ANDREW TOBIAS' "QUARTERLY REPORT" ON "LAWYERS" AND WHAT THEY CAN DO FOR (AND TO) YOUR POCKETBOOK; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE





Get a taste of it.



Merit
The low tar flavor break.

Kings: 8 mg ''tar,'' 0.5 mg nicotine av per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

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