

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1982 • \$2.50

**REAGAN'S
COMING WAR
ON DRUGS:
CIVIL RIGHTS
WILL BE THE
BIGGEST LOSER**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
THE FEISTY
MAYOR OF
NEW YORK,
ED KOCH**

**ROGER KAHN
ON BASEBALL'S
IRREPRESSIBLE
TOMMY LASORDA**

**MARIEL
HEMINGWAY
GETS
PHYSICAL!
AN EXCLUSIVE
PHOTO
SESSION PLUS
SCENES FROM
HER DARING
NEW FILM,
"PERSONAL
BEST"**

no sweet

**BACK
BY
POPULAR
DEMAND: THE
YEAR IN MUSIC**

**WHY YOU'RE
MALE, FEMALE
OR OTHERWISE:
MAN AND WOMAN,
PART FOUR**

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

When WBBM-TV, CBS' Chicago station, ran a weighty news report on Playboy Enterprises, reporter Phil Walters (below left) followed the Bunny trail to corporate chief Hugh M. Hefner (right) for the facts. Hef provided an overview of corporate interests in publishing, cable TV and gambling.



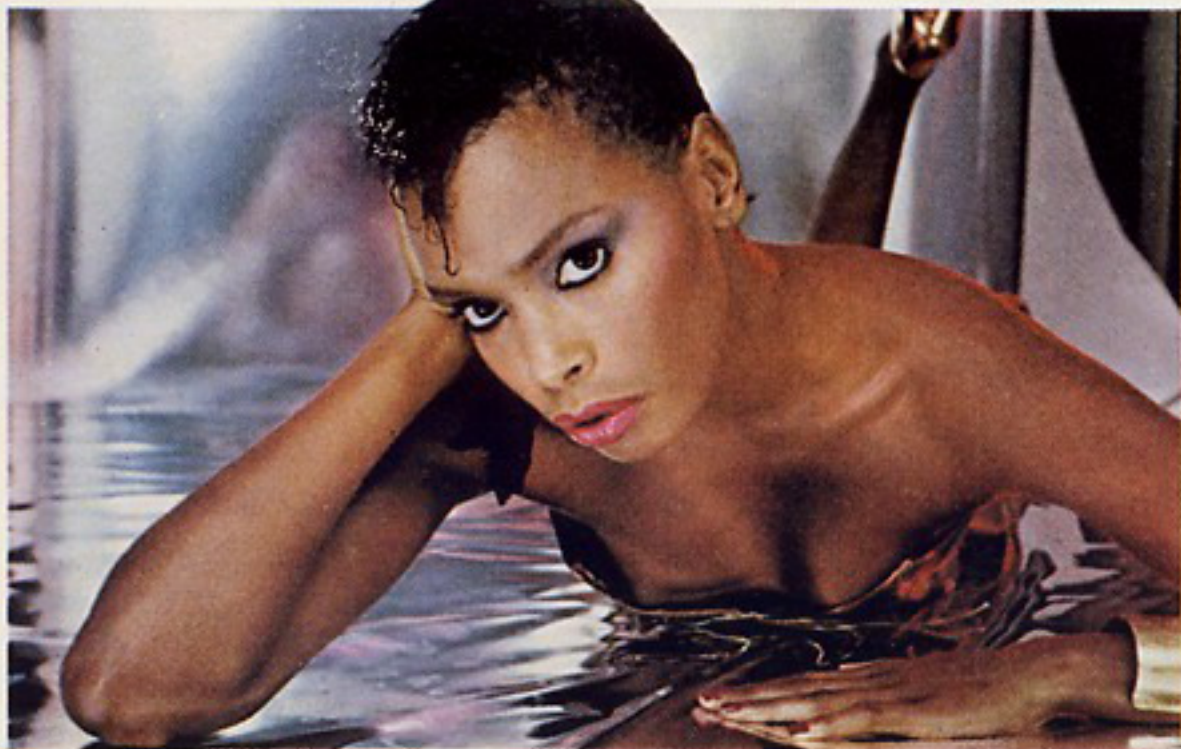
HERE TODAY—GOING, GOING, GONE TOMORROW

Bill Kurtis, CBS-TV's morning anchor man, with Chicago Bunnies, above, auctions off original PLAYBOY cartoons to aid The Center for Action on Endangered Species. The auction raised \$40,000, proving that our pics are worth more than 1000 words.



FULL BLOOM: IT'S CHERRY- BLOSSOM TIME

When Ava Cherry signed on as a Chicago Club Bunny, we recognized her photographic potential. Witness the shot of Ava at left, from our December 1980 *Bunny Birthday* pictorial. After hanging up her Bunny ears, Ava started a singing career, first backing up David Bowie and now making her own album, *Streetcar Named Desire* (Capitol). Below, a current publicity shot.



FUNNY BUNNY: DELVENE DELANEY

Former London Bunny Delvene Delaney now cuts up on *The Paul Hogan Show*, Australia's highly rated TV comedy series, now in U.S. syndication. Above, Delaney portrays Princess Skinlick in a *Hogan Show* appearance.



WE'RE ALL EARS, BIG FELLA

Boss operatic tenor Luciano Pavarotti, who is set for a *Playboy Interview*, takes time out from questioner Lawrence Grobel's grilling to celebrate his 46th birthday in Chicago, above. Who sang *Happy Birthday*? From left, Bunny Cheryl, Pavarotti, Bunny Anna and Grobel. This guy knows how to avoid a mid-life crisis.

THE NEW WELLES IN CINEMA

Playmate of the Year for 1981, Terri Welles, ducks into a car during the filming of *Looker*, the thriller in which she debuts on-screen. Welles plays a beauty (natch) who aims for perfection through plastic surgery.



BLONDIE AND DAGWOOD REVISITED?

Sex researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson have usually received serious treatment in our pages. One exception: the Lee Lorenz cartoon below. Christie Hefner, a member of the board of the Masters and Johnson Institute, presents the original to them at a board meeting.



AND YOU THOUGHT MORRIS HAD IT EASY

Terry Gruber's new book, *Fat Cats*, features feline friends of the famous, including *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus and his chunky tomcat, Duke. Above, Duke's on the job in a picture from the book. Ken and Duke, as it were, getting their shots.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: SUSAN KIGER MAKES DEATH SCREAM

Sometimes death walks; sometimes it stalks; and then, sometimes, it trips; now death screams. At least it does in the new movie of that name featuring January 1977 Playmate Susan Kiger, left. At right, Susan clowns with producer Chuck Ison and actress Andrea Savio on location in North Carolina.



By ASA BABER

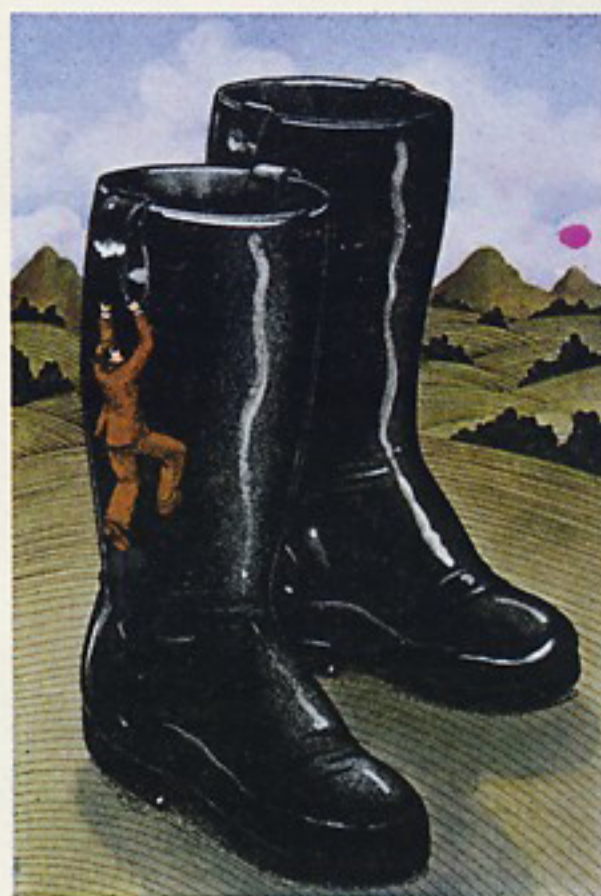
I didn't really learn to swear until Sergeant Danny Gross, my Marine Corps drill instructor, taught me. He could surely use the language. He said I was a pinheaded, no-brained, foreskin-chewing, pogy-bait maggot, lower than worm life, and if I ever got out of boot camp it would be either in a hearse or in skirts, because I certainly didn't have the makings of a Marine.

Sergeant Gross taught me a lot of other things, too—things that later saved my life. He had a list of don'ts that he entitled "Don't Fuck with Watashi." "Watashi" is death. You don't fuck with Watashi by opening a 105 howitzer breechblock immediately after a misfire. You don't stick your head up on top of a hill, because that's where the snipers will be looking. You don't stay on the low ground, because that means somebody might have the high ground. Watashi is sneaky and mean, and you have to think if you want to stay out of his way.

I heard that—through no fault of his own—Sergeant Gross met Watashi a few years later, but the good sergeant's tough spirit and humorous way with language are still with me. As a matter of fact, it's my belief that men like Sergeant Gross serve as examples for the rest of us and that we men look for role models as we grow and try to mature. We don't always find the right models, but that doesn't mean we aren't looking.

"No man is an island," John Donne wrote, and it fits in its less universal sense, too. Men are by nature collegiate. We are convivial scavengers, patching our personalities together with chewing gum and baling wire. We collect traits from a million different sources, taking what we can use wherever we find it. We work by improvisation, watching other men, learning by example, not by talk. For most of us, talking a lot about ourselves would be like talking about a jailbreak. We'd rather be filing through the bars and lowering the ropes and getting the hell out of there. We see talk as cheap and misleading. Action reveals a man's true nature. Better yet, action can be learned from and imitated.

I had one English professor in many years of education who understood that. His name was R. P. Blackmur. He was a poet and a critic, one of the only professors at Princeton without an advanced degree. He was generally snubbed by the bright and aggressive scholars of the English department, but he was the best teacher I ever had. Like Sergeant Gross, he made language come alive. Blackmur was short, a heavy man with a magnificent voice, and when he



ROLE MODELS

"Men are by nature collegiate. We are convivial scavengers, patching our personalities together with chewing gum and baling wire."

toddled into the lecture hall with his green book bag in tow, he looked like a koala bear. His routine never varied. He would dump a pile of books onto the lectern, look around like an amused owl and proceed to read poetry—read it, not just talk about it. He read Yeats, Pound, Stevens, Shakespeare, Wyatt, Chaucer and a host of other wordsmiths. It was not theoretical or academic discussion. It was incantation and invocation, and it set a premium on the words themselves. I collected many things from Blackmur. For example, I read everything I write today aloud, and until the words sound right, I do not share them with anyone else. Blackmur taught me that and sparked in me a love of uncorrupted language.

Like other men, I am composed of pieces of a puzzle, made up of disparate parts borrowed from the men I tried to mold myself after. Dan Sakal, a boxing coach, listened to me whining between rounds in a tough fight and said, "Kid, you lose in your head, not out there in the ring." I repeat that message to myself with every rejection slip and failure. My father taught me how to be dapper

and smiling in the face of hardship: He wore a salesman's grin and a trim bow tie every day as he headed toward a job that was, by definition, a dead end for him because he had never finished college.

Like a squirrel, like a pack rat, I collected bits and pieces of personality from all of these men. They showed me how to live by living.

There were public models, too—political figures, sports heroes, movie stars. President Kennedy was one. His rhetoric was catching. In a way, I owe him my life. People say he was ready to start a great big war in Asia, but I don't think so. I was one of a special group of Marines sent overseas in 1961, and you can say what you want to about J.F.K., but I am here to tell you that he tried to keep things under control, and he chose *not* to go to total war in Laos. That took more guts and common sense than barging in there with everything we had, and I admired that.

Interestingly enough, there's a twist, a curve ball, a fateful thing that happens to the role-model idea. Stay alive, age a little, have kids, friends, associates, and before you know it, you'll find younger men watching you, taking what they can use and rejecting the rest. It's an eerie, vital process that I think is intuitively, genetically understood by men.

Fathers and sons, that's what it's really all about. We men adopt one another. We challenge, set standards, approve and disapprove, all without articulating it, really. It's no big deal; it's just how we are. And the fun of it is that the lines are never that clear-cut. My sons have helped me mature as much as I have helped them. My fathers have given me approaches to life that have made life bearable.

On the last night of boot camp, Sergeant Gross came into the barracks about three A.M. and dumped me out of my bunk and told me to report to the obstacle course on the double, which I did. He made me give him 50 push-ups, and then he told me to stand easy. He uncovered a case of beer, put it between us, shook my hand and allowed as how I might make a good Marine after all. He was giving me his seal of approval, and it meant a lot to me. We drank the beer and he told me war stories and we laughed a lot about the summer's history. It was a moment of mutual respect and affection, although we never would have labeled it as such. The last thing Danny Gross said to me was, "Remember, don't fuck with Watashi."

I haven't, and I won't, not even when he comes for me. Sergeant Gross taught me that.

FIRST LOOK
at a new novel

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

what kind of man would slip it to his wife's best friend?

fiction By DAN GREENBURG On the last day of May, precisely three weeks before his 40th birthday, Lance Lerner realized with suffocating clarity that his wife was having an affair with his best friend.

He had once too often walked into a room where the two of them were chatting together *sotto voce* and had abruptly and awkwardly fallen silent at his appearance. He didn't need a house to fall on him.

His first reaction was disbelief—it wasn't possible. His second reaction was belief—it was possible. His third reaction was rage; his fourth was a profound sense of having been betrayed; his fifth, a horrid feeling of having been abandoned; his sixth, a brief but overwhelming attack of nausea.

His seventh and most enduring reaction was something approaching calmness and acceptance. It was, he reasoned, after all not really so odd that his two favorite people in the world should be attracted to each other. He did not think that Cathy would want to leave him—he'd given her everything; what more could she want? He did not, he was sure, want her to leave him. And yet...

And yet this knowledge of his cuckolding—for, everything else aside, that is what it was—had made his marriage disconcertingly lopsided. For a man as compulsive, as *fanatical* about order and balance as was Lance Lerner, this lopsidedness could not be



tolerated. It would have to be corrected. Balance would somehow have to be restored if the marriage were going to continue, but what was necessary to tip the scales back to flatness? Some kind of equal and opposite reaction was clearly called for, but what?

And then he knew. It was so simple, really. Even a child could appreciate its simplicity and its appropriateness: to redress the balance of their relationship (a term he hated), he would simply have a brief affair with his *wife's* best friend. The only problem, really, was in determining which of two quite different women that person might be:

Cheryl, the blonde TWA stewardess, distrusted all men because of the ease with which she drew them to her side. Like Groucho Marx, she scorned membership in any club that would have her as a member.

Margaret, the junior C.P.A., had already been spinsterly at 23, distrusted all men because of the *difficulty* with which she drew them to her side but used the guise of sexless frump to hide her true identity—a closet sensualist who secretly believed no man was good enough for her.

Lance had always been willing to flirt with other women but never more. He was afraid of wounding Cathy, of being caught and damaging his marriage, although the prospect of exploring an unfamiliar female body was so exciting to him, he sometimes found it hard to breathe, and although the prospect of conceiving and executing a secret plot to bring it off was possibly even more exciting to him than that of the adulterous act itself.

For now, though, what he had to do was determine who was Cathy's closer friend, Margaret or Cheryl, and then steer that person into the sack at the earliest possible opportunity. That was the only course of action that seemed likely to bring peace to his fanatic, compulsive mind.

If Lance had been less of a compulsive, less of an extremist, less of a fanatic, the choice would have been easy: He would simply have begun plotting the seduction of the blonde TWA stewardess. But because of his fanaticism—his conscientiousness, as he chose to view it—he suspected that Margaret was actually the closer friend and therefore the more appropriate target of his retaliatory mission.

To settle the issue, there was one way to find out whom he would pursue.

“Hey, Cathy?”

“Hmmm?”

“How's your old friend Cheryl these days?”

“Cheryl? I don't know. OK, I guess.”

“She still living with that male stewardess of hers?”

“I think so. Why?”

“Oh, no reason, no reason. I was just thinking. Cheryl is a pretty good friend of yours, isn't she?”

“Sure. Why?”

“She's probably your *best* friend, wouldn't you say?”

“My *best* friend? Oh, I don't know. Certainly one of my *two* best. Her and Margaret, I mean.”

“Mmmm. You know, I always thought you liked her just a tiny bit more than Margaret, somehow.”

“Really? I don't know what would have given you *that* idea.”

“I don't know. Maybe it's just that I sense that you *admire* her more than Margaret or something.”

“Admire? Cheryl? No, I really admire Margaret a lot more than Cheryl. What's this about?”

“Wouldn't you say, though, that it's pretty much of a tossup? That Cheryl and Margaret are about equally close to you?”

“Not really, no. I'm really closer to Margaret. What's this about, Lance?”

“Nothing, really. It just happened to cross my mind that you were pretty tight with both Cheryl and Margaret, and I started wondering who you liked more, that's all.”

“I see.”

“Funny how I always thought you liked Cheryl better.”

“Yes, it is. I don't know why you would have thought that.”

“Mmmm. Let me ask you this: Did you *ever* like Cheryl better than Margaret?”

Cathy burst out laughing.

“Lance, will you tell me what this is all about?”

“Nothing, honey. I was just wondering, that's all. Can't a person wonder about his wife's best friends and not have it be *about* something?”

“Sure, but it's sort of weird, that's all. Spending that much time thinking who I like better, Cheryl or Margaret. It just seems kind of weird, you know?”

“I don't see what's weird about it. Why do you think it's weird?”

Cathy looked at him strangely.

“If I didn't know better,” she said, “I'd say you were deliberately trying to get me to say that I liked Cheryl better than Margaret.”

He had gone too far.

“Why would I ever want you to say a thing like that?”

“I don't know, Lance. *You* tell me.”

“Forget it,” he said.

The choice, willy-nilly, had been made. In order to save his marriage, he was now *forced* to sleep with Margaret.

One particularly balmy day in early

June, Lance decided to call Margaret. He chose a pay phone in the street. He dialed the number, and as it started to ring, his pulse suddenly started pounding in his throat. He realized he was seven years removed from the practice of calling women for dates, and he had forgotten what the rhythms sounded like. When he was in college, he often wrote out entire scripts before phoning girls for dates, usually reading his lines right off the paper. Happily, he'd outgrown the practice when he graduated.

On the fifth ring, somebody answered, but the voice didn't sound familiar.

“Is, uh, Margaret there?” said Lance.

“This is Margaret,” said the unfamiliar voice. Was it really Margaret or was it somebody masquerading as Margaret?

“Margaret?” said Lance.

“Yes?” said the voice.

“Oh,” said Lance, “hi, Margaret, it didn't sound like you.”

“Who is this?” said the voice.

Sweat suddenly prickled his forehead and the space between his shoulder blades.

“I'm sorry,” said Lance, “this is——”

At that moment, the driver of a passing cab gave in to the accumulated frustrations of having been able to move only three blocks in the past half hour and leaned on his horn for approximately 60 seconds.

“What did you say?” said Margaret.

“I *said* this is——”

The cabdriver, clearly an emissary from a god who did not approve of adulterous affairs, no matter how justifiable, gave the horn another 30 seconds.

“I can't *hear* you!” yelled Margaret.

“I'm sorry. This is. . . .” Lance eyed the cabdriver warily, then screamed: “*Lance!*”

“Jesus Christ,” said Margaret, “I think you punctured my eardrum.”

“I'm sorry,” said Lance. “I thought he was going to honk again.”

“Where are you calling from, Lance, the Holland Tunnel?”

“Ha-ha. No, from the street, actually. I just happened to be walking along Madison Avenue and I thought I would call you up and say hello.”

Now, *there's* an asshole way to start a conversation, he thought. Maybe I should go back to writing out scripts.

“I see,” said Margaret. “Well, then, hello, Lance. How's Cathy?”

“Cathy?” he said. The sweat began flowing out of glands he didn't know he had, drenching his clothing.

“Your wife?” said Margaret helpfully. “Tall, good-looking woman with large breasts and dishwasher-blond hair?”

“Ha-ha. Yes, I know the one you mean,” said Lance, trying to get into

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"She was a half hour late! How long could he be expected to wait for her, the miserable twat?"

the spirit of banter. "Cathy is fine. Saw her only this morning, as a matter of fact."

"Tell her I couldn't find the Ralph Lauren blouse she wanted," said Margaret. "Bloomingdale's had it in beige but not in mauve. Ask her to call me if she wants it in beige."

"I, uh . . . don't know if I'll be able to do that," said Lance. What was he supposed to say: "Oh, Cathy, when I was phoning Margaret to see if I could get into her pants, she gave me a message about a blouse . . .?"

"You what?" said Margaret.

"I mean, I . . . might forget," said Lance. Then it occurred to him that Margaret would now phone Cathy and repeat their conversation, and Cathy would ask Lance why he was calling Margaret, and . . .

"On second thought," said Lance hurriedly, "I'm writing it down. Here. . . ." He pretended to write on a piece of paper. "Bloomie's had . . . blouse in beige . . . not in mauve . . . call Margaret if . . . want in beige."

"Good boy," said Margaret.

"Listen, Margaret, the reason I'm calling—how's about lunch tomorrow?" Lance blurted.

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow's OK, I guess," said Margaret. "Just you and me and Cathy, you mean?"

"No, no, no," said Lance nervously, "not Cathy. You and me and . . . nobody."

There was a puzzled silence on the other end.

"Is this a surprise for Cathy?" said Margaret.

"In a way," said Lance.

"Well, sure," said Margaret. "Why not? Where do you want to eat?"

Lance was almost overcome with gratitude.

"How's about Maxwell's Plum? Sixty-fourth and First. About twelve thirty?"

"Fine," said Margaret.

"Oh, and don't mention this to Cathy," he said. "I mean, it would spoil the surprise."

When he hung up the phone, Lance was so drained of energy, he could scarcely walk.

Maxwell's Plum was ornate and cheery. A million dollars' worth of Tiffany lamps, art-deco figurines of naked ladies and sculptures of animals hanging from the ceiling looked down on

Lance Lerner as he waited in the darkest corner of the restaurant for the appearance of his wife's best friend, who was now 20 minutes late.

Had she misunderstood the arrangement? Hadn't he told her, "Maxwell's Plum . . . Sixty-fourth and First . . . about twelve thirty"? And hadn't she said, "Fine"?

Maybe she'd got the day wrong. No, he'd definitely said, "Tomorrow," meaning today. Maybe she knew what he had in mind and had called Cathy. Would she do that? No. If she were going to do that, she would have done it immediately, and he would have heard about it immediately, too. The fact that she hadn't called Cathy suggested that she was planning to come. Regardless of whether she knew what he had on his mind.

A waiter appeared once more at his elbow.

"You wish to order another drink, sir? While you're waiting?" he said in an amused, patronizing voice. Clearly, the fucking waiter was enjoying the sight of a guy nervously waiting for somebody who appeared to be standing him up. Clearly, the son of a bitch had never been stood up himself, the faggot bastard.

"Why, yes," said Lance, with a tone he hoped conveyed just the right mixture of disdain and boredom. "Another vodka and tonic will be fine."

"Very good, sir," said the waiter and minced off to the bar to regale his colleagues with accounts of Lance's stood-upness.

Lance looked at his watch for the 40th time. It was now one o'clock. She was a half hour late! How long could he be expected to wait for her, the miserable twat? He had half a mind to simply get up and leave.

"Hi, Lance. Sorry I'm late."

He looked up. It was Margaret, alive and intact. She looked like she'd been running.

"Well, hi," he said coolly. "I didn't think you were coming."

"I'm sorry," she said, sliding down onto the banquette. "I . . . got detained."

Was that it? Was that all he got after almost 40 minutes of waiting and having to be humiliated in front of an entire corps of waiters—I got detained? He was fast becoming so furious, he was not going to be able to speak at all.

"Monsieur?"

The waiter appeared with Lance's vodka and tonic and nodded to Margaret.

"I'll have a Tanqueray martini," she said. "Straight up."

"Very good, madame," said the waiter and withdrew.

Margaret smiled at Lance. He did not return the smile. She was wearing a tan blazer, a tan skirt and a beige silk blouse. She had a Dutch-boy haircut with medium-brown hair, flat brown eyes and horn-rimmed glasses. She wore practically no make-up—no lipstick or rouge and no perceptible eye liner. He did not find her the least bit attractive. For the first time, he thought she might be a lesbian.

"I'm really sorry I was so late, Lance," she said in a quiet, feminine voice he had never heard her use before. "I'll tell you the reason, but first. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and he thought she might be blushing.

"Yes . . . ?" he said.

"Well, first I want to hear why you wanted to see me."

"Why I wanted to see you?" he said stupidly.

He took his second drink and poured it down his throat.

"Yes," she said. She was looking at him very directly—almost sensuously, a slight smile on her face. And she was very definitely blushing. She *does* know why I wanted to see her, he thought. That makes it easier. And harder.

"Well," he said, beginning slowly, stalling for time, using the trick that all schoolboys learn when they don't know the answer to what the teacher has asked them, beginning the answer by restating the question, "why I wanted to see you was . . . I wanted to talk to you."

"About what?"

"About what? About a lot of things, actually. First of all, I wanted to talk to you about, uh, something that has been on my mind for quite a long. . . . You see, Margaret, although you and I have known each other for several years, for almost eight years now, as a matter of fact, I don't think we have ever talked—really *talked*, you know?—about things like, uh, well, like the kinds of things that, perhaps, you and I would have talked about, assuming that we had had the opportunity to talk about them. To really *talk* about them, I mean, you know?"

He was awash in perspiration. She was looking at him closely. The slight smile was still on her face.

"Lance, do you want to fuck me? Is that it?"

He exhaled sharply. Blood surged into his cheeks and forehead.

"Well, yes," he said, finding his voice now slipping into an odd, quiet and

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WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

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slightly manic tone. "The fact is, Margaret, I've always found you incredibly attractive, incredibly sexual. I quite frankly didn't think it was appropriate to even *have* such thoughts, much less to voice them, and I swear I never intended to, but every time you've been in our house and we've been physically close to each other, it's been all I could do to restrain myself from taking you in my arms."

"I know," she said quietly.

"What?" he said.

"I could tell how you felt about me," she said softly. "I'm afraid you weren't as discreet as you thought you were."

He fought the impulse to burst out laughing, deciding it would be a tactical error.

"You don't think that *Cathy* . . . ?" he began.

"Oh, no. No, no, I don't think Cathy noticed," she said. "I don't think Cathy would even *dream* that you—or *any* man of hers, for that matter—would so much as *look* at me, but I could certainly tell that you were interested."

"I see. And . . . how do you feel about that?" he asked cautiously.

She shrugged. "You're not the *first* of Cathy's men who's wanted to sleep with me," she said.

"I'm not?"

She shook her head. "Naturally, I feel some ambivalence about it," she said. "Cathy is, after all, one of my three closest friends. I wouldn't do anything to hurt her. And yet. . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Well, I knew what you were going to say to me today. And I guess I *was* pretty ambivalent about it—that's why I was so late. I left the office three times. I almost didn't come at all. I was going to telephone you at the restaurant and tell you I wasn't coming, that I didn't think it was right. But then I thought, What if that wasn't what you wanted to talk to me about, you know? I would have looked like an ass. Tell me, why did you finally call me *now*? After all these years of lusting for me in silence?"

"Um, well, because of a couple of things, I guess. First of all, I've discovered that Cathy is . . . I've discovered that Cathy is having a little . . . fling herself."

"What is this—evening the score? *She's* sleeping around, so you're going to do it, too, to retaliate?"

"No, no, no, nothing like that. Of course not. No, no. It's just that. . . ."

"It wouldn't be so hard to understand if that were it," she said.

"It wouldn't?" he said. "Oh, well, I mean, I suppose there must be an *element* of that in this, you know, but

it's certainly not the most important one."

"It isn't?"

"No. Of course not."

"Then what is?"

"The most important one is how I feel about *you*. This incredible attraction that I feel for you. How do *you* feel about *me*?"

She smiled again. "I find you a . . . reasonably attractive man," she said.

He snorted with laughter. "Jesus Christ," he said. "After all that, the most you can say is, 'I find you a reasonably attractive man'?"

Color came into her cheeks. "All

right," she said, "I fantasize about you a lot."

"You do? That's better. Tell me what you fantasize."

"Oh, I fantasize about a lot of things."

"C'mon," he said. "You can do better than that. What are you fantasizing right now? Right this second?"

Her face got redder. She started to say something so quietly that he could hardly hear her.

"What's that?" he said. "I can't hear you."

"I *said*," she said, "I am fantasizing that you are going to slide under the table right now as we're talking, pull

down my panties, bury your face in my pussy and lick me till I scream."

There was an immediate crash behind them. Lance looked around to see the waiter retrieving a tray that had once held several drinks. Lance was aware that the people at the tables on all sides of him had stopped talking and were pretending relentless interest in their silverware and ashtrays. He felt his penis begin to get hard.

"I'm sorry," she said, flustered. "I guess I shouldn't have been quite that honest."

"No, no," he said, "I really admire an honest answer."

The waiter was still picking up pieces of glass and ice cubes, hoping that there would be more.

"You haven't said how you feel about what I just told you," she said.

He checked the people at the adjacent tables and waited till his gaze forced them to resume their conversations. Then he turned back to the waiter, who was mopping up liquid as slowly as possible.

"How's about I just mail you a transcript of our conversation?" Lance said pleasantly. The waiter got very huffy and stood up.

"I'm sure I have better things to do than to eavesdrop on your asinine sexual conversations," he said and flounced away.

Lance leaned across the table toward Margaret. He was now aware of her perfume. She had never before, to his knowledge, used perfume.

"Can we go back to your apartment right now so I can do what you were fantasizing?" he said hoarsely.

Margaret looked away. Her breathing was beginning to be labored. She hadn't needed rouge after all.

"I don't know what I want to do," she whispered.

"You don't?" He was incredulous.

"I mean, I *do* know what I want to do. I just don't know if I *can*."

"Because of Cathy?"

"Because of Cathy. I don't know if I can do this to her. I *love* Cathy."

"*You* love Cathy? How about *me*? I don't love Cathy? I *worship* Cathy, for God's sake! Cathy's a goddamn *saint*, that's what she is."

"You're telling me? Cathy was my *roommate*, Lance."

"Your *roommate*? She's my *wife*, for Christ's sake! Margaret, I think we should leave here. I think we should go back to your apartment."

"I don't know if I can do that, Lance. I need time to think."

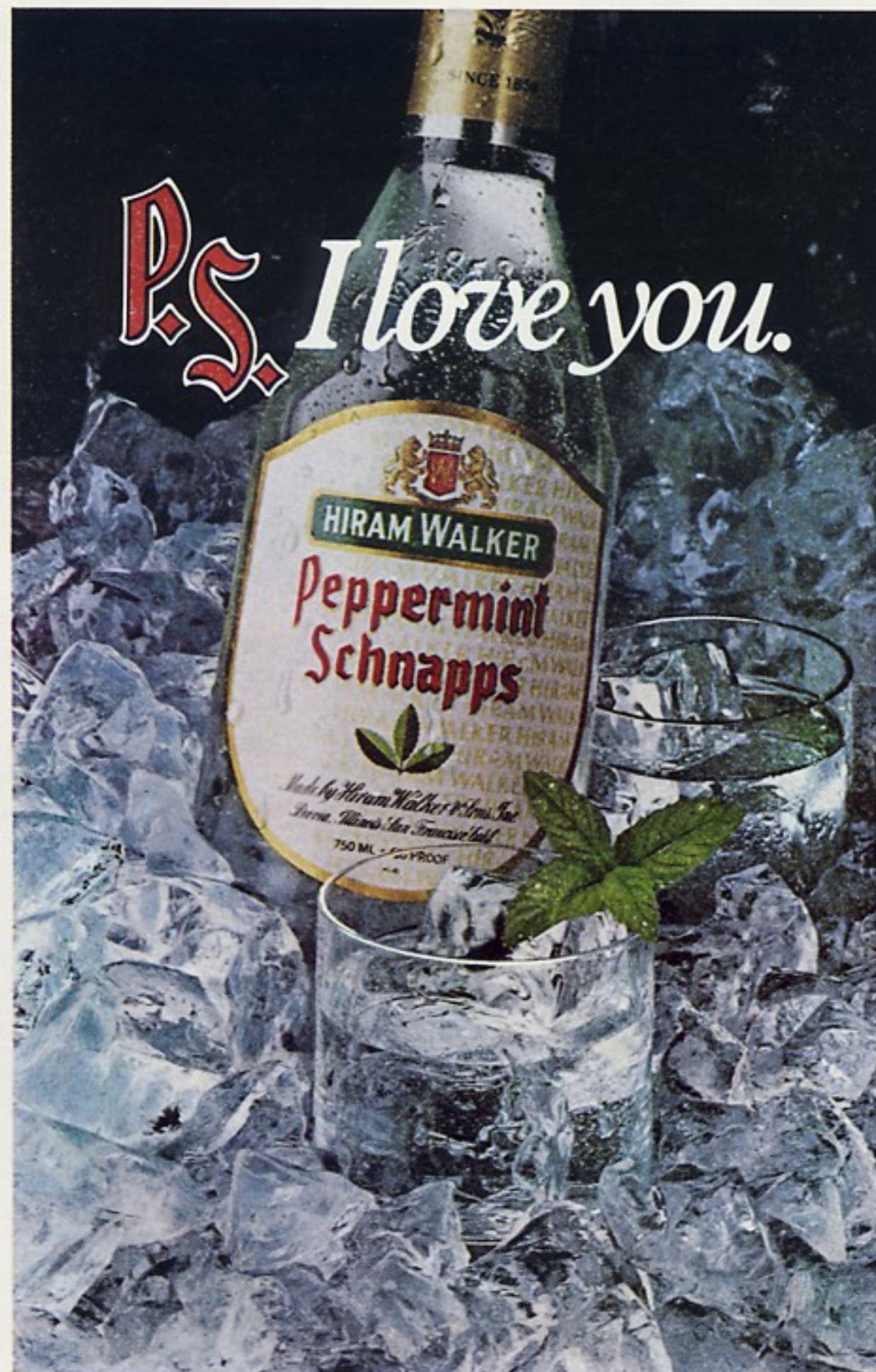
"OK, we'll walk there—you can think on the way."

"I need more time than that."

"How much more?"

"I don't know. A few days. Maybe a week or so."

"Can't you think any faster than that?"



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"Please, Lance. You have to let me get accustomed to the idea. It's going to take time. I'll let you know as soon as I've thought it through."

She got up.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"I'm very conflicted. I have to leave."

"But we haven't even ordered yet."

"I couldn't eat anything now, anyway. I'm too upset."

He got up and followed her to the door of the restaurant. Every head in the place charted their progress from table to door.

"When shall I call you? Is tonight too soon?" he said.

"Yes. Don't call for several days. Don't call me for a week."

"A week? I can't wait a whole week."

"Please, Lance. Wait a week. Promise me you'll wait a week."

The waiter, suddenly fearing that Lance was attempting to leave without paying, raced up to the door, waving the check.

"Just a moment!" he yelled. "Just a moment there, fellow!"

"A week, then," said Lance. "No later."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said the waiter unpleasantly, reaching the door and barring Lance's passage with his outstretched arm. Lance turned to face him, incredulous.

"If you don't drop your arm this instant," said Lance, "I'm going to stick my fingers up your nose and rip it off your face."

By the time Lance reached home, he had almost recovered from the drinks at Maxwell's Plum. He let himself into the apartment and went to the bathroom to change.

"Honey, that you?" called Cathy from another room.

"No, it's the cat burglar," he said, swiftly removing his tie and jacket to avoid answering questions about where he'd been. Cathy came into the bathroom just as he was slipping into a denim workshirt. She grabbed him from behind and kissed the back of his neck.

"You're pretty cute for a cat burglar," she said, hugging him hard. "You want to fool around a little before my husband gets home?"

Lance winced, was about to make a bitter retort but stopped in the nick of time. Cathy turned his face around and kissed him on the mouth.

"Hey," she said. "Where've you been?"

"Out shopping," he said. "I had to get a couple things from the hardware store."

"Then why is there vodka on your breath?" she said.

"Vodka? On my breath?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, I smell vodka on your breath," she said.

He realized that Wolfschmidt had sold him out.

"Vodka," he said inanely, "has no taste. You can't smell it on somebody's breath."

There might have been one or two acceptable replies to the question she'd posed. This had not been one of them. The smile and the playfulness slowly dissolved.

"Where have you been?" she said.

"To the hardware store," he said. "I told you."

"They serve vodka now at the hardware store?"

"As a matter of fact, smartass, today they did. It just so happens that today was the Midtown Hardware store's twenty-fifth anniversary in business, and they were serving vodka and white wine and little canapés with red caviar and sour cream. I thought you'd be pissed at me for drinking on a day when I had work to do, but I may as well confess, since you've got the nose of a bloodhound. I admit it, Officer Lerner—I've been drinking."

He chuckled and tried to hug her, but she couldn't be jollied back into her playful mood. He knew he had made a big mistake.

Soon he would make one about 80 times worse.

True to his word, Lance waited an entire week, till June 14, before seeking out another pay phone and calling Margaret. In the intervening seven days, his apathy toward Margaret had reversed itself and hardened into a fine obsession. He replayed the fantasy she had described in the restaurant with endless variations. It was all he could think about.

He made love to Cathy and imagined she was her plain-looking friend. He had endless visions of Margaret—of her pulling down her panties under the table in the restaurant and his going down on her, of her slipping under the table to go down on *him*, and so on. The concept of making love to someone as beautiful as Cathy and having fantasies about someone as plain-looking as Margaret was ludicrous, though not, he suspected, at all unusual. Wasn't it George Burns who said that even if you were married to Marilyn Monroe you would still be out trying to pick up pigs?

By the seventh day following Lance's lunch with Margaret, he could stand it no more. He went out into the street and, after losing six dimes in the first two pay phones, finally reached her.

"Have you decided?" he said.

"Who is this?" said Margaret.

"Oh, I'm sorry. It's Lance."

"Oh, Lance. I didn't recognize your

voice. You're back in the Holland Tunnel, I see."

"Ha-ha. Look, you've had a week now. What did you decide?"

"Well, I don't know yet. I need a little more time."

"More time? How much more time?"

"Another week."

"Another *week*! I can't wait another week. Why can't you decide now? When can I see you?"

"I don't know, I don't know. OK, a week from today. Next Thursday."

"Thursday? The twenty-first? That's my birthday."

"So? How are you planning to celebrate it?" she said. "Is Cathy taking you to dinner or what?"

"I guess so. I don't know. It's my fortieth birthday. But I guess I can meet you before dinner for a drink. A drink and . . . whatever else you decide to do. OK, then, Thursday it is. What time Thursday?"

"Five thirty. At my place."

He chuckled.

"At *your* place, eh? Then I won't *ask* what you're planning to give me for my birthday."

Thursday, June 21. The first day of summer. Lance's 40th birthday. He studies his barely noticeable bald spot in two strategically placed mirrors in the bathroom and makes a mental note to consult a dermatologist about it—right after he consults a nutritionist about a more healthful diet and a program of vitamins and right after he renews his lapsed membership in the health club where he used to swim laps.

On the morning of his 40th birthday, he actually breaks down and reminds Cathy it's his birthday. Actually has to *remind* her. He inquires what she would like to do for dinner. She says it's up to him. Up to *him*. On *his 40th birthday*.

He is now doubly justified in fucking her best friend. It is only fitting that he will be doing it today. It is now 4:30. Feeling sorry for himself, he pours two quickie drinks and downs them before he leaves the house. He tells Cathy he is going to Bloomingdale's and Hammacher Schlemmer to buy himself some birthday presents and will be back at eight o'clock to take her to dinner.

He leaves the apartment and walks slowly uptown to Margaret's. He stops at a bar and has another drink. He tries to picture what he will be doing with Margaret only an hour from now. He tries to picture Margaret naked. The nonsense Margaret without her clothes. Without her horn-rimmed glasses. Without her dry accountant's manner. What will she feel like naked? What will she smell like? What will her dry accountant's body taste like when he begins to devour it with tongue and teeth? What

noises will she make, if any, in the throes of orgasm?

He arrives at her apartment. He looks at his watch: 5:25. He is five minutes early. He goes on up, anyway. Heart hammering in his chest. Pulse pounding in his pants. This will be his first woman other than Cathy in more than seven years. Will it be heaven? Will he even be able to get it up?

He rings the doorbell. She buzzes him in. He takes the elevator up. He pauses briefly before her closed door. Is this really what he wants to do? Fuck his wife's best friend on his 40th birthday? It is. His wife has given him no choice. He knocks.

It takes at least three minutes for her to come to the door.

"Who is it?" she says.

"Who do you think?" he says.

The door is unlocked. It swings inward. It is dark inside. She has drawn the blinds and drapes. He slips into her apartment. He reaches out for her, touches her shoulder. She pulls away, giggling. He thinks he smells bourbon on her breath—so she has had to sneak a couple of drinks for courage, too!

"Come here," he whispers.

"Not yet," she says, her voice retreating.

"Where are you going?" he says.

"To get something. Make yourself comfortable."

A door at the other end of the room opens, then clicks shut.

He sighs, sits down. He imagines her in her bedroom, pulling her dress over her head, stripping down to bra and panties or a flimsy negligee. The image is too much for him. He feels his penis begin to stiffen. The room is warm. He slips out of his jacket. Takes off his tie. He carefully removes his boots and socks and tiptoes across the living room to her bedroom door. He starts to knock, stops, has a better idea. He slips out of his shirt, slacks and undershorts. Stark naked, his now-hard-as-a-rock penis preceding him, he raps at her bedroom door.

"Here I come, ready or not!" he calls.

"Come on in," says Margaret in a strange, high, possibly ambivalent voice.

He turns the knob and walks into the darkened bedroom.

Blinding lights. And 40 people yell: "Surprise!"

In a perfect world, it would never have happened. In a perfect world, Margaret would not have perversely neglected to warn him in case Lance might at the last moment decide to do something spontaneous like this. In a perfect world, he would have entered the bedroom *before* taking off all of his clothing.

In a perfect world, he might have realized somewhat before the lights were

switched on that what he had mistaken for the evidence of an affair between Cathy and Les had been merely the clandestine arrangements for a mammoth surprise party.

Now time has stopped dead, and he stands staring into the faces of his wife and his best friend, who are holding a long, rectangular mocha cake with 40 lighted candles on it, flanked by Margaret and Cheryl and 36 other utterly paralyzed people who are all desperately wishing to be somewhere else.

There is total silence. No one so much as draws a breath. Forty mouths are open, afflicted with instant lockjaw. Eighty eyes bulge forward, staring at his nakedness, at his rapidly deflating erection. Eighty lungs are holding in their already used-up oxygen pending potential deliverance by means of the next words out of Lance's lips.

"I can explain this," he begins, wildly ransacking his mind for anything—anything at all in the memory core—that will get him out of this. "This isn't what it seems," he babbles, but by now those in the room have already sensed, as fans in the stands whose team is losing the championship game by a single point watch the basketball leave the hands of the team's star center and hear the final gun go off and know even though it has not even reached the zenith of its trajectory through the air that the ball will never in a million billion

trillion years go through that hoop but will bounce impotently off the rim and the game and the championship, if not their very lives, are lost, lost, lost, and their prayers have once more gone unanswered by an indifferent god.

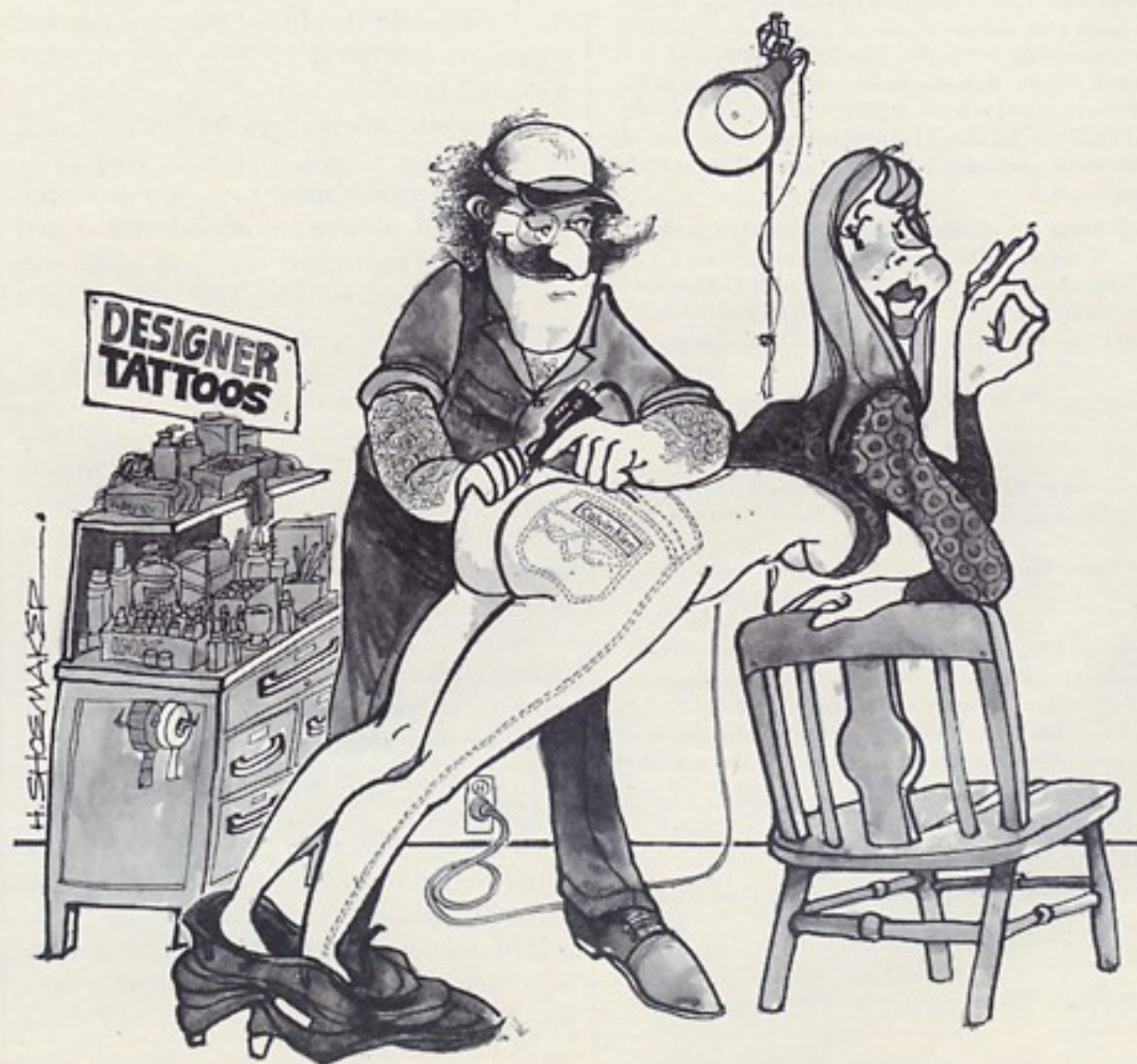
The next five minutes would be among the worst ever experienced by any person in the room who had not been in a major war. If a passing vendor had suddenly appeared with a tray of cyanide pellets and single-edge razor blades, he would have sold out his entire stock in 20 seconds.

"As you may or may not be aware," Lance continued, "Margaret's apartment happens to have a fairly heavy infestation of cockroaches. The instant I entered the living room, a roach dropped off the ceiling and fell into the space between my shirt collar and the back of my neck. . . ."

Both Cathy and Margaret had burst into tears. Everybody else, heads averted and mumbling unintelligible phrases, was pleading pressing engagements upstate and making for the door.

"As I happen to have an almost pathological aversion to cockroaches," Lance continued, his tone now approaching hysteria, "I immediately began pulling off articles of my clothing in a vain attempt to. . . ."

It was hopeless. Nobody was even listening to him anymore.





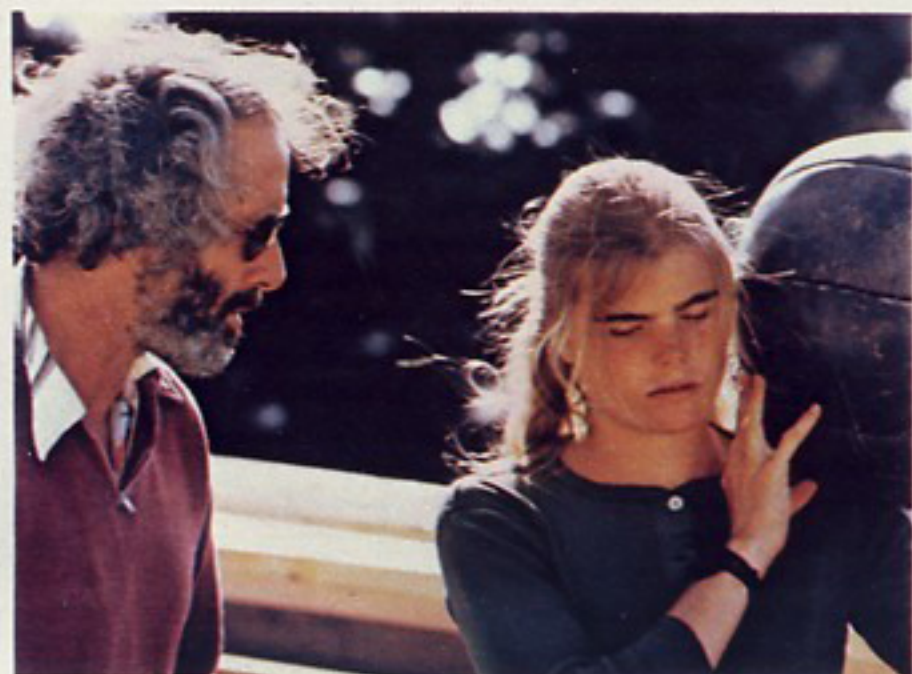
"Guess what, dear. While you were away, I discovered another erogenous zone!"



can mariel hemingway score in an erotic film about women's athletics?
 writer-director robert towne is staking his career on it

PERSONAL BEST

ROBERT TOWNE is taking a personal gamble with his new movie, *Personal Best*. Long known as the screenwriter of such films as *Chinatown* (for which he won an Oscar) and *Shampoo* (which he co-wrote with close friend Warren Beatty) and for his often unheralded work as a script doctor (he performed last-minute surgery on *The Godfather* and *Bonnie and Clyde*, among others), Towne has now turned to directing. *Personal Best*, based on his own script, captures the competitive and sometimes erotic world of women's athletics, focusing with candor on the triumphs and defeats—both on the track and off—of two young women training for the Olympics. Writer Rex McGee met

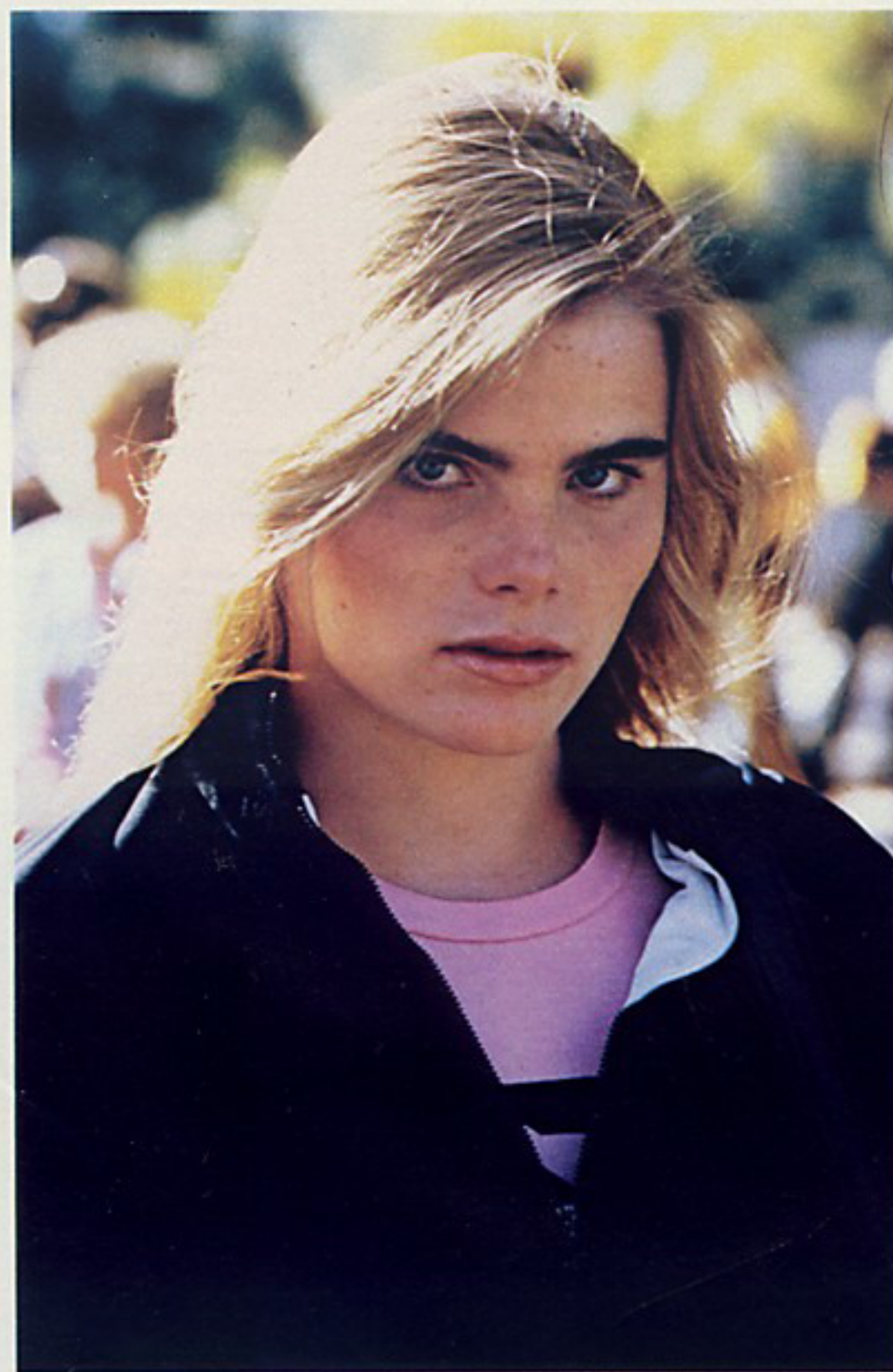


When it came to casting the two leads in *Personal Best*, Towne went with Patrice Donnelly (top left) and Mariel Hemingway (top right). "Notice how Patrice's nose goes down and Mariel's nose goes up," says Towne. "I liked that contrast." Above, Towne directs Mariel. "Lady athletes have a grace that even dancers don't have," he says.

with Towne several times during the filming: "Towne often seemed frantic—as befits any director, particularly a first-time one. Even when he sat down in his office and put on a Rickie Lee Jones album, the tension of the experience still came through."

PLAYBOY: Do you find all the attention you're getting unnerving?

TOWNE: I would like to propagate my anonymity as long as is humanly possible. I really think there's something to be said for the Bostonian, who believes that your name should be in the paper when you're born, when you're married and when you die. I think the great curse of a writer is the loss of anonymity. I hate (text continued on page 178)



For nearly a year prior to filming, Mariel spent four hours a day in training to become a convincing athlete. Her co-stars, for the most part, didn't have that problem—Towne cast real athletes (including Patrice, who was once the third-ranked pentathlete in the world) in the movie. "You wouldn't have some guy who had never danced play Nijinsky," says Towne. "So much of the beauty and drama is in the way they move." One of the few other professional actors in the film is *Urban Cowboy*'s Scott Glenn, who plays the girls' coach (above right). He not only is caught between the athletes' competition to make the Olympic team but finds himself in the middle of their love affair as well.

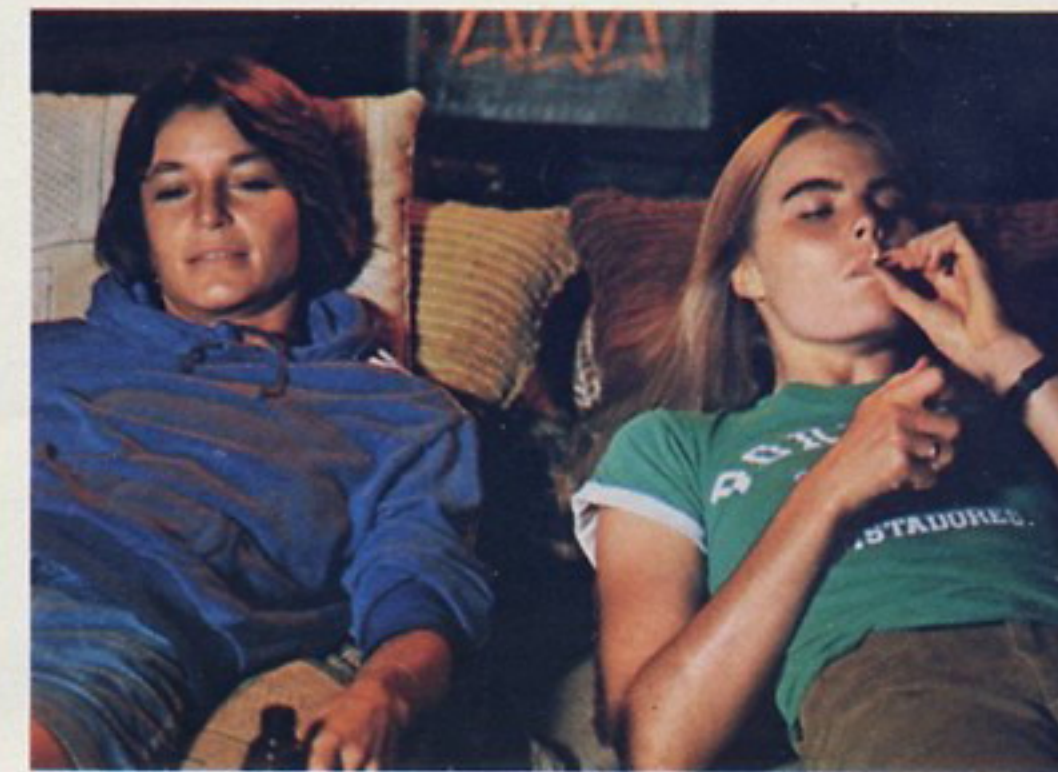
Maribel leaves Patrice and falls into bed with a swimmer, played by yet another nonactor, Kenny Moore (below and bottom). Once an Olympic runner, Moore traded his track shoes for a job with *Sports Illustrated*. Towne talked him into the film and out of his clothes.



"What I wanted to show in the steam-room scene [above] was how these girls relate to one another and how they can bullshit about guys," explains Towne. "I think they look great just hanging out."



The sequence below shows how, in typical girl-meets-girl fashion, Patrice and Maribel get stoned, arm wrestle to prove who's tougher and end up as lovers. "I view it as not at all lesbian," says Towne. "It's just another version of a couple of kids playing doctor."



Below left, the coach sees signs that the girls' love for each other might blunt their fine competitive edge. At one point (below), Patrice risks losing a major race to offer help to a sick Maribel.

PERSONAL MARIEL

IT BEGAN, interestingly enough, when writer-director Robert Towne saw a picture in a magazine of Mariel Hemingway jumping on a trampoline. He was looking for someone to star in his production of *Personal Best*, and he was convinced that acting talents were not enough to bring off the role. "Films about athletes have never really captured what athletics is truly about—which is movement," he explained. "And I'd

been told that Mariel was a cross-country skier and a good athlete."

Few, if any, articles about Mariel have failed to mention her almost tomboy fascination with sports—from skiing to running to horseback riding, hiking, bicycling, camping and tennis—so it was a natural assumption for Towne to make. "He figured I was athletic," recalled Mariel wistfully. "So did I. I thought this running and jumping would be easy to do. I didn't know it was going to be so difficult."

By the time she found out, it was too late. She had already

embarked on her third feature film and her first starring role outside of TV. It meant, as getting a job always does, leaving her family in Ketchum, Idaho, as well as entering into a rigorous training program that began a full year before the first frame was shot. And it also meant a controversial role as a young Olympic hopeful who, in the process of discovering her sexual identity, falls in love with another woman.

It would be difficult to find a less likely candidate for controversy. As befits someone who has spent almost all of her life in the less-than-thriving (continued on page 184)



Mariel's co-workers in *Personal Best* were so impressed with her flexibility, which comes from a combination of athletics and dance, that they nicknamed her "Stretch." That's considered a step up from her childhood days, when her long legs were so knock-kneed that kids gave her the name "Spider."

PERSONAL MARIEL

(continued from page 109)

"Never mind the Hemingway name; Mariel remains as ingenuous as a woman nearly six feet tall can be."

metropolis of Ketchum (population: 2200) with her family (father, Jack; mother, Puck; sisters, Muffet and Margaux), Mariel seems small-town from her love of the outdoors and the simple life to her high, girlish voice, which makes her sound much younger than her 20 years. Never mind the Hemingway name (grandpa Ernest died before she was born), the Oscar nomination for *Manhattan* or the pictures of her partying with sister Margaux at Studio 54; Mariel remains as ingenuous as a woman nearly six feet tall can be. As a New York reporter once discovered, she's so sweet that she was even reluctant to speak ill of a fictional character in one of her movies.

Of course, critics have pointed out that it's just that quality that has made Mariel successful as an actress. That, of course, and luck. It was Mariel's older sister Margaux, a jet-set fashion model, who wanted the career in movies. When Margaux finally landed the role that was supposed to make her a star, she used her influence to get Mariel a small,

if appropriately cast, part as her younger sister. The film was *Lipstick*, a schlocky look at rape, and both the picture and Margaux got bad reviews. But most critics found a bright spot in Mariel, then 15. "I couldn't get over how good she was in that movie," recalled Towne. "And I thought it took a great deal of something to be good in *that* movie."

A TV movie called *I Want to Keep My Baby* followed, but it was her role as Tracy, the sexually precocious 17-year-old who falls in love with 42-year-old Woody Allen in *Manhattan*, that created the Mariel mystique. Besides her Oscar nomination, she created a sensation at Cannes (first by getting sick during the screening of her movie, then by being one of the *paparazzi's* favorite subjects) and found herself sought after by all sorts of trendy types who'd never set foot in Idaho. It was a life she liked, but only in a limited way.

"Most of my friends aren't in the film industry," she explained. "I don't go on dates that much—they make me very

nervous. And I don't go to parties or anything like that. I'm not real social."

While she'd bask in the limelight occasionally in New York or Los Angeles, she spent most of her time with her family ("My best friends," she calls them), riding, hiking, camping and waiting—for a good script.

The phone call from Robert Towne ended that. Mariel began her training while she was still at home—first by running, then by pumping iron and learning to master the high jump, long jump and shot-put. Towne lined up a coach in Los Angeles, who made her work four to five hours a day. "I did all the workouts the other athletes he coached did, only at a lower level, not so intense," she said. "I wanted every muscle group to show, so it was a lot of hard work. But I did become bigger and more muscular."

The training continued not only during filming but during some lengthy breaks as well. *Personal Best* was shut down once by last year's actors' strike and again, later, when a business feud erupted between Towne and the film's executive producer, David Geffen. "I just kept on training," Mariel shrugged. "We all knew at some point it was going to be finished." Once the strike was settled and Geffen and Towne had signed new contracts, Mariel was back on location working, although, she admitted, "it was

hard to get my rhythm back."

While Mariel was fine tuning her athletic ability, most of her co-stars were nervously learning how to act. Towne chose to cast real athletes rather than actors in nearly every role—including the pivotal part of Mariel's lover, who was played by Patrice Donnelly, a member of the U. S. Olympic team in 1976. The supporting-cast list reads like a program for a stellar track-and-field event: Jane Frederick, two-time Olympian pentathlete and current U. S. heptathlon champion, and such American record holders as Deby LaPlante (100-meter hurdles), Jodi Anderson (long jump), Pam Spencer (high jump) and Maren Seidler (shot-put).

"It was my belief that rather than try to get athletic actors, I'd use real athletes, because athletes are performers, too," explained Towne. "They perform in front of crowds, they get psyched up to do things and they repeat, repeat, repeat, the way an actor has to repeat. Sixty percent of their performance as actors was already covered, because 60 percent of the performance was athletics. You were placing them in a steam room, a workout room, on the track—things with which they were so familiar that they'd fall right into it and start being themselves despite themselves. They couldn't help giving real behavior."

"I really enjoyed working with the athletes," said Mariel. "It turned out to be a swap, because they helped me get out there and make a fool of myself running and jumping. It was great."

Having a group of nonactors forced Towne to take some rather unusual steps. For the scenes in which Mariel and Patrice spend an evening getting stoned, then arm wrestle and later end up in bed, Towne outfitted both actresses with tiny earphones so that he could talk to them while filming was actually taking place.

"I find that distracting actors under certain deeply embarrassing conditions actually improves concentration," maintained Towne. "It was a way of shutting out the world."

"It tended to bother me a bit," confessed Mariel. "It was great for the arm-wrestling scene because it gives you the feeling of being away, which was good, since we were supposed to be high. But you were listening to something in your ear and saying your lines. Overall, I didn't like it so much."

But that was the only part of filming the lesbian love scenes that seems to have bothered Mariel. "It never seemed like a strange thing to me. It seemed like friendship," she said. "Patrice and I were good enough friends that we didn't feel weird about it or anything. It turned out OK."

As soon as *Personal Best* wrapped, Mariel was back in Idaho and the great outdoors, immediately dropping her intensive training regimen. "I still ski and run," she said, "but I don't do any of the track-and-field workouts and I don't do as much weight training as I used to. I'm not in an athlete's shape and I'm not as big as I was, but I'm definitely keeping in shape."

This time, her stay with her family will be shorter. In a rather unusual—for her—move, Mariel set her sights on a new part and proceeded to fight for it rather than wait for opportunity to come knocking in Ketchum. Her goal: the lead role in *Star 80*, director Bob (*All That Jazz*) Fosse's impressionistic biography of the late Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, which starts filming in May. It's a part she wants very much.

"When I heard Bob was doing it, I got in contact with him and kept badgering him to read me for the part of Dorothy. He finally did, after quite a while. Then I read again. It wasn't so easy.

"It was unusual for me to really fight to get a part," she smiled, still waiting for the official word. "But it was very exciting. And it was a good thing for me to have to do."

fiction By GARDNER DOZOIS

I DON'T GO to bars much. I don't even like most bars. Still, every now and then, like tonight, I'll want to put down a few drinks after work, to fortify myself for life in the haven of domestic tranquility I call home. And I do know one fairly decent place, on a shady side street near the institute and the museum. It's quiet, dim enough to avoid the glare but not so dim as to become Hernando's Hideaway, drawing a clientele of professional people and technical people, with a scattering of footsore tourists.

I was all the way at one end of the bar, which was somewhat crowded tonight, and had just gotten outside my first solitary drink, staring glumly at myself in the mirror and feeling like Philip Marlowe during one of his whinier paragraphs, when the man came into the bar and sat down beside me on the only unoccupied stool.

He was wearing a well-cut but somewhat rumpled suit and wire-rimmed glasses, and his hair was just a bit longer than the modish nape-of-the-neck length that is now the mark of conformity. He was somewhere in his late 40s or early 50s, with one of those smooth, rubbery faces that made it difficult to tell which. I had seen that young-old face somewhere before, though I couldn't remember just where. He flagged down the bartender—who said something to him in the jocular tone that bartenders reserve for regulars—and was served a healthy double knock, which he immediately poured down his throat, all at once, as if it were iced tea. He set the glass down, had it refilled and tossed it off again. Then—while the bartender was pouring his third drink—he took off his wrist watch and held it up close to his face with both hands. "Five hours to midnight," he announced aloud to no one in particular, "more or less." He dived into his third drink. The watch he put carefully down on the bar in front of him. It was one of the newest and most expensive of digital watches, with more controls than the cockpit of a 747, and must have cost at least \$500.

I had been watching all this out of the corner of my eye, mildly intrigued. He felt my eyes on him. He scowled, tossed down the rest of his drink and then turned his head toward me. "Do you know anything about quantum mechanics?" he asked in a conversational voice. "About the electromagnetic generation of instabilities? About runaway oscillation? About black holes?"

"Not a damn thing," I said cheerfully. My field is computer graphics.

"Good," he said. He fell silent, staring into his glass, and after a few moments, I realized that he wasn't going to say anything more.

"Why did you ask me that?"

"What?" he replied absently. He was staring at his watch in a preoccupied way, occasionally ping-ponging the dial face with a fingernail.

"If I know anything about black holes."

He turned to look at me again, hesitated, and then called for the bartender to give him another drink. I let the bartender hit me again, too. When our glasses were full, he raised his to his lips but took only a small sip this time before setting it down again. "When I was at school," he said ruminatively, glancing at me again, "there was, appropriately enough, a rather sophomoric little game that we used to play occasionally at parties. It consisted of asking everyone there what they would do if they knew—knew without the possibility of a doubt—that the world was going to come to an end that evening. A stupid game, but if enough people answered, you began to notice some interesting patterns."

"Such as?" I said. My years as a doper had given me great tolerance for non-linear conversations.

He smiled approvingly at me. "After a while, you'd notice that there were really only three basic answers to the question. Some people would say that they'd spend their remaining time screwing, or eating an enormous meal, or getting drunk, or stoned, or listening to their favorite music, or walking in the woods . . . or whatever. This is basically the sensualist's reply, the Dionysian reply. Other people would say that they would try to escape somehow, no matter how hopeless it looked, that they'd spend their last moments searching frantically for some life-sparing loophole in whatever doom was posited—this is either the pragmatist's reply or the wishful thinker's reply, depending on how you look at it. The remaining people would say that they would try to come to terms with the oncoming doom, accept it, settle their own minds and try to find peace within themselves; they'd meditate, or pray, or sit quietly at home with their families and loved ones, cherishing each other as they waited for the end—this is basically the Apollonian reply, the mystic's reply." He smiled. "There was some blurring of categories, of course: Sometimes the loophole-seeking response would be to petition God to intervene and stop the catastrophe, and sometimes there would be a sensuous edge to the lavishness of the orgy of meditation the contemplatives were planning to indulge in . . . but, for the most part, the categories were valid."

He paused to down about half of his drink, swishing it around in his mouth before swallowing, as if he were about to gargle (concluded on page 194)

ONE FOR THE ROAD

if you knew the world's biggest secret, would you tell?



ONE FOR THE ROAD

(continued from page 110)

with it. "The next question we'd ask them," he said, "was even more revealing. We'd ask them: If you were the only one who *knew* that the world was about to end, would you tell anyone else? The mystics almost always said that they would tell, to give people time to prepare their souls; at the very least, they would tell those people they loved the most. Some of the loophole seekers said that they would tell, give everyone a chance to find their own loopholes; some said that they wouldn't tell, that their own chances for survival would be better if they didn't have to contend with a world-wide panic; and some said that they'd just tell a small circle of friends. Almost all of the sensualists said that they would *not* tell, that it was kinder if everyone else—and particularly their loved ones—could enjoy their last hours without knowing the shadow that was hanging over them—though at least one sensualist said that the only sensuous pleasure he would get out of the whole thing would be the fun of telling everyone else the bad news..."

Moving with exaggerated care, he polished off his drink and set it carefully back on the water ring it had made on the bartop. He turned to face me again. "Would you tell anyone, if you knew?"

I thought about it. "If I did, would there be anything anybody could do to

stop it from happening?"

"Nothing at all."

"Any way that anybody could escape from it?"

"Not unless they can figure out a way to get clean off the planet in about five hours' time."

"In that case," I said, fingering my chin, "in that case, I don't think I would say anything."

"Good," the man said. "Then I won't, either."

He got up off the stool and strode out of the place, leaving his \$500 watch on the bar.

The bartender drifted over to see if he could con me into a refill. "Who was that weirdo?" I said.

"Jeez," the bartender said, "I thought you knew him. That was Dr. Norman Fine, from over at the institute."

Then I remembered where I'd seen that young-old face: It had been staring at me out of a recent *Time* cover, accompanying an article that hailed Norman Fine as one of the finest experimental physicists in the world.

It's been about an hour now, and I keep looking at Dr. Fine's watch, toying with it, pushing it around on top of the bar with my finger. It's a damned expensive watch, and I keep thinking that soon he'll notice that it's gone, that he'll certainly come back into the bar for it in a moment or two.

But I'm starting to get worried.



"Don't wrap it. I'm in a hurry."



"Yessirree, folks! Come one! Come all! There are thrills aplenty under the big top!"



PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST, PART II

*the second segment of our two-month preview
showcases the latest looks in casualwear*

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

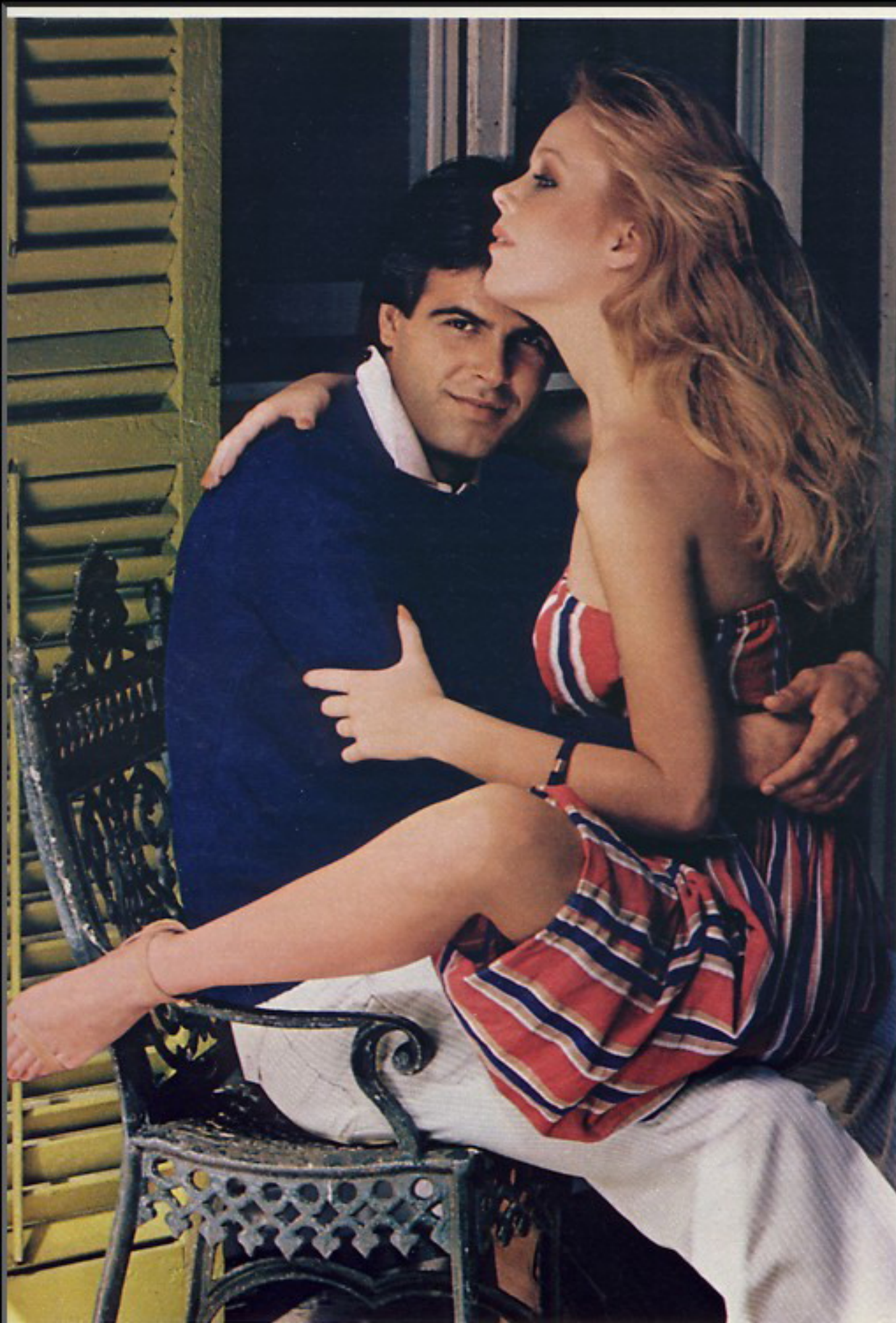
IN MARCH, Part I of our *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* focused on what's new in warm-weather suits and sport coats. This month, we've returned to the designer drawing board for Part II—a look at coming trends and colorful innovations in casualwear. While the color white has always had it made in the shade come the hot months, this year menswear designers have rediscovered the tennis set's favorite hue and are serving up a volley of eye-catching styles. The classic tennis sweater has also bounced back for a rematch, but its solid-white background has been replaced by shades that have a bit more sock to them. The look is especially effective when teamed with white shorts. Turning to fabrics, cotton, in styles ranging from

Left: The whites of spring—a white cotton twill jacket, about \$60, coupled with a white cotton knit shirt, about \$24, cable-knit V-neck, about \$58, and double-pleated slacks, about \$43, all by Sal Cesarani for Cesarani. Right: More winning whites, including a cable-knit crew-neck, about \$132, and white cotton slacks, \$69, both by Bobbie To.



Above: Easy does it in a polished-cotton poplin double-breasted snap shirt-jacket with an elasticized waist, \$82, worn over polished-cotton poplin shorts, \$65, both by Bech Thomassen; and a cotton two-button pullover with a Henley collar, by Henry Grethel, \$22.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI



Above: Musical chairs for two, anyone? Why not, when our guy is wearing a cotton knit crew-neck pullover with diamond Jacquard front and rib trim, \$80, teamed with a cotton short-sleeved two-button shirt, \$36, and multicolor pastel-striped cotton slacks with belt loops, besom pockets and straight legs, \$80, all by Valentino for Chesa. Right: The same barefoot boy with cheeks at hand has now slipped into something even more casually comfortable—a Durene cotton cable-stitched V-neck pullover with multicolor striped rib trim, \$100, that he's combined with a cotton knit two-button short-sleeved pullover shirt with striped rib trim, \$30, and a pair of pleated cotton twill walking shorts with belt loops, quarter-top front pockets and two besom back pockets, \$50, all by Lynn Novak for Justin Ltd.

sheet-weight slacks to duck-cloth out-jackets, has proved to be a material asset not only for its coolness but because there's a trend back to natural fibers over synthetics, especially in the summer months.

This same interest in naturalness extends below the belt as well, inspiring a greater array of shorts of all cuts and colors. Casual slacks, too, are springing up in splendid diversity; pull-ons with elastic or drawstring waists, looks with pleated or plain fronts and styles with straight or tapered legs that sometimes lead down to strapped or elasticized cuffs give you alternative pairs of pants to choose from when your jeans are in the wash.

Summing up, the end result of all these divergent influences on your summer wardrobe will be an uncluttered, sensible and casually athletic look that we bet you'll like. The ball's in your court, Bunky. Serve up a fashion ace.

Right: Oh, oh, oh, what a multicolor striped cotton long-sleeved crew-neck sweater with rib trim, \$47.50, can do—especially when the same lucky guy has also pulled on a pair of royal-blue cotton twill slacks with elasticized drawstring waist, on-seam side pockets and straight legs, \$34, both by Merona Sport.







Dodgers





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR/KERRY MORRIS

*it's no accident california dreamer
linda rhys vaughn is wise beyond her years—
she never stops moving ahead*

SMALL WONDER

LIKE MERCURY, Linda Rhys Vaughn is hard to pin down. Californian by birth, Californian by nature, she lives a gypsy's rapid life like a small, hurried trickle of quicksilver.

"My dad was a cowboy," she explains, "and he worked in the feed lots. We moved from feed lot to feed lot, wherever the jobs were. I still like to keep moving."

We'd heard she was on a whirlwind tour without a schedule, so we flew into Los Angeles International Airport and stepped right into her contrail.

We tracked her to Beverly Hills, then followed her down the Pacific Coast Highway to San Diego. From there, the trail led to Ramona, which sits in a cluster of hills under stars that seem too clear for Southern California, and from there to a vacated motel room in Escondido. We found her, at last, at the bottom of a ski slope in Lake Tahoe. Tahoe was where



"I really do wear lacy things and English riding attire—I'm a romantic. I like full skirts, black boots and tons of petticoats. If I had an interesting lunch date, I'd wear a garter belt and hose. That's pretty conservative, isn't it? And I'm the only one who knows they're there. Usually."



"Last week, I got to do a fantasy sequence on film. It was like a dream—for a while. I was riding my favorite horse, in the nude. But when you aren't wearing any clothes and you're riding on a sweaty horse, it can get slippery. He got hyper and started bucking. All I could think was, Oh, my God—there are stickers down there!"



"I want to have children and a house someday, but I also want to experience everything I can before then. I think each woman should have a chance to do that sometime in the early part of her life. She should experience all she can and she should never be afraid. I used to be scared to death, but that was before I was 19. Not anymore."



she lived. For then, anyway.

"I moved up here last September just to be in the snow. There's not much to do but ski and party," she says. "Everyone goes to a Mexican/Irish restaurant called Carlos Murphy's—when somebody scores a touchdown on *Monday Night Football*, they serve 50-cent kamikazes. The limit's five. I never know who won or what the score was, but it's good to be away from the city."

She's not a great deal taller than a ski pole. She weighs 98 pounds. Her young girl's face and fast smile draw stares whether she is at the top of a slope at Tahoe or on the streets of Los Angeles—a previous stop on her staccato agenda.

"I'm an experimenter. I can't judge anything without trying it," she asserts. "One time, my mom went on vacation, and I was about the age where I wanted to get out on my own. So I took my chance while she was gone and moved to L.A. with \$50 in my pocket. I was 19. I (text concluded on page 246)



"Most people who have to move a lot as children get terribly shy, and that's the way I was even before I started going to school. Eventually, I kind of overcame the shyness."





"I have always wanted to be a fine equestrienne. So I compete and pick up a trophy every now and then. The relationship of a girl and her horse is one of the most important elements of all. It's very special. My favorite horse is an Irish stallion, a Connemara Pony. He's really good, and we both love the action. And there's fox-hunting in San Diego, so I get to go there and put on my formal riding clothes."



"My mom is one of the people I respect the most. Her strength may be the best thing about her. She's my campaign manager—she thinks I ought to find somebody to take care of me, but she's awfully supportive of almost everything I do. When I go home to Ramona, she lets me ride my horses or sit with my dogs for hours. I'm still a good girl—a little mischievous, but innocent, happy and down to earth."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Linda Rhys Vaughn

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Linda Rhys VaughnBUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34HEIGHT: 5' 1/2" WEIGHT: 98 SIGN: LeoBIRTH DATE: 8-11-59 BIRTHPLACE: Grovermont, CalifAMBITIONS: Study hard to become an actress
and return to college.TURN-ONS: Wide open country, Big Dogs,
Sports Cars, Sexy Lingerie, My Horses.TURN-OFFS: Closed Minds, War, People who
don't have anything nice to say.FAVORITE BOOKS: Anything by James Michener,
Monte d'Arthur, Mary Stewart's Merlin trilogyFAVORITE PERFORMERS: Faye Dunaway, Sally Field,
Harrison Ford, Dudley Moore.FAVORITE SPORTS: Rodeo, Polo, Fox Hunting, "Indoor Sports"IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, Masculine, Unselfish,
Someone who makes my knees shake!SECRET FANTASY: To take a midnight ride with
someone special to a secret place I know.

3 mo.
Kinda Chubby!



3yrs. dressed up
w/brother George.



16yrs. King & I
The Competitors!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You said you were a Libra on the cusp of Scorpio," the girl told the fellow, surveying him with a smile as they left a bar for his apartment, "but right now you look more like a Taurus with penis rising."

The bad news about California's Med-fly problem is, unfortunately, that when the last of the little buggers is exterminated, some 10,000,000 relatives will wing it from the Mediterranean for the funeral.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgy directions* as balling bearings.



For some time, a loudmouthed drinker had been taunting an obviously gay fellow down the bar, who finally exploded and invited the bully to step out into the alley. Laughing, the taunter headed for the side door. Before his challenger did so, though, he asked the bartender for two ice cubes, which he popped into his mouth. "Numbing your teeth before he punches you?" the bartender inquired.

"No, my dear man," replied the gay, removing the ice to talk, "I'm going to coldcock the big bastard!"

*I refer," says a cocksman named Watt,
"To my phallus in heat as my 'hot';
And the name of the game,
I explain without shame,
Is contained in the phrase 'hot to twat.'"*

Cable television reputedly has plans for an X-rated late-night offering—to be called the *Dick Cavity Show*.

While the young man was still undressing in the motel room, his date lit up with the remark, "I always have a cigarette *before* sex."

"You shouldn't, you know," her bedmate-to-be warned with forced jocularly. "Those things stunt your growth."

"Don't you ever smoke?" she asked.

"No," he replied as he removed his shorts.

"So," the girl commented, lifting her gaze, "what's your excuse?"

If you thought my designer-jeans commercials were suggestive," a young actress-model told her interviewer, "wait'll you see my endorsement of cherry pop!"

You most certainly kept your royal cool, Your Majesty," remarked the lady in waiting admiringly, "when that ruffian attempted to frighten you on your horse with his gunfire."

"Not to have worried," responded the queen graciously. "After all, my dear, the prince consort has been shooting blanks in our bed-chamber for years."

*In the West once, a passionate lass
Was considered a great piece of ass!
But when rustlers fled town,
She preferred to go down
As she headed them off at the pass!*

The office cocksman had just begun to lay his line on the brand-new stenographer when the veteran female employee got into the act. "I guess you haven't been appropriately introduced to Grant, have you, Kitty?" she said sweetly. "One of the monuments around here is Grant's tumescence."



Solby Newman

An old woman in the West Virginia hills received a letter from her grandniece, who had gone off to the big city to seek her fortune. Puzzling over the writing and the contents, she reported to her husband, "Annie Mae says here that she's got herself a job in a . . . a . . . a . . . it must be in a 'message parlor.'"

"I reckon cityfolk must leave word there fer their neighbors and kinfolk—not havin' back fences," commented her husband. "Does Annie Mae say how much they pay her?"

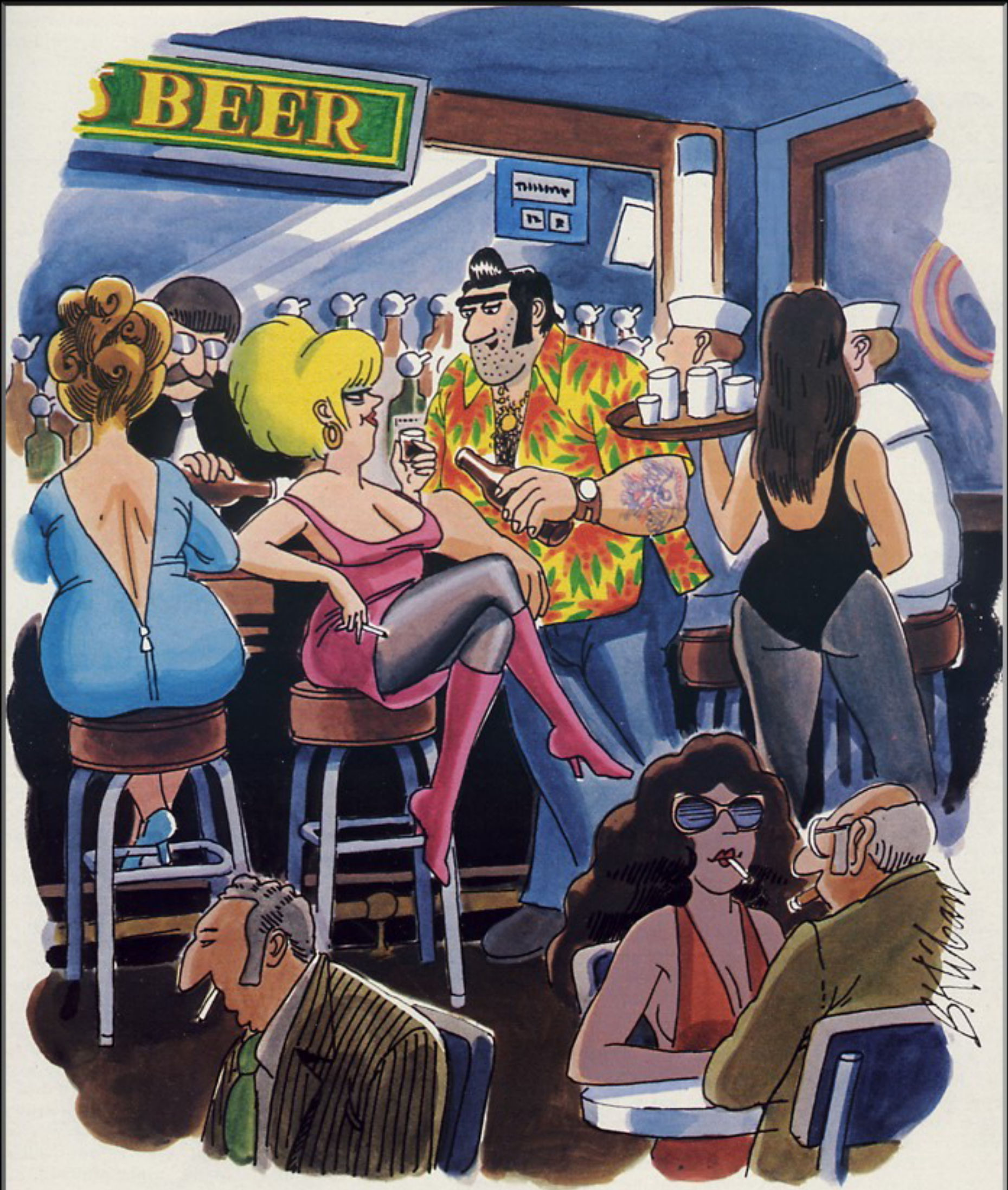
"That's the part I just cain't take in, fer the life of me, Paw," answered his wife. "She says she gits thirty-five dollars fer a hand-delivered message and sixty dollars if she *blows* it to 'em!"

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.



JOHN
DEMME

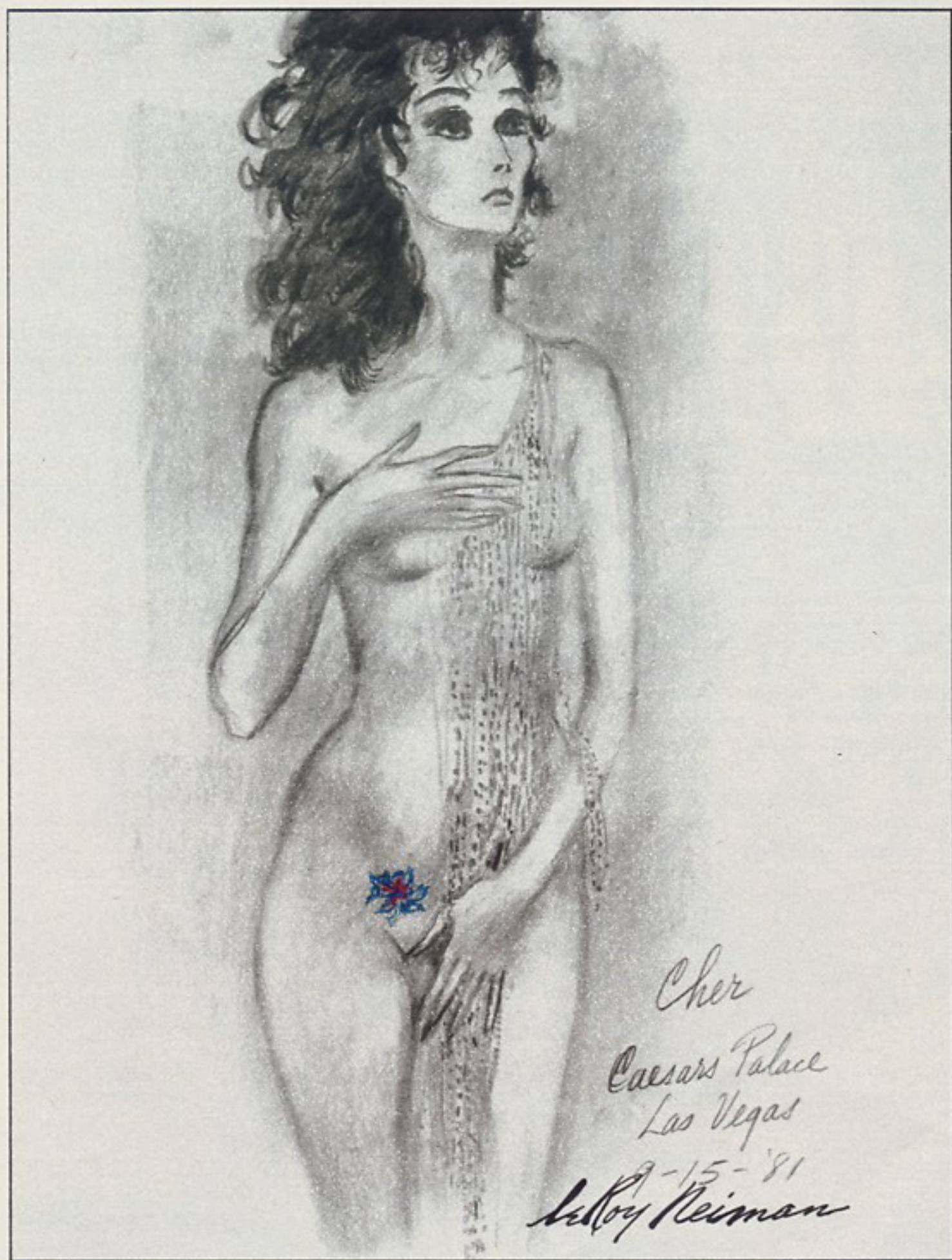
"Old salts never die—they just keep getting saltier."



"You're a real pig, Alice. . . . I like that in a woman!"

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •



*Cher
Caesars Palace
Las Vegas
9-15-'81
Leroy Neiman*

I PRACTICED tattooing in my grade school days in Minnesota, using classroom pen and inkwell, charging fellow students five cents an image. Years later, tattoos are much in evidence. Last year, I saw them in the Maud Adams/Bruce Dern movie, on the Rolling Stones' album *Tattoo You* and—I discovered—on Cher's shapely body. Backstage after a Las Vegas performance, I complimented Cher on a fine tattoo on her left ankle and she revealed a more personal example—a delicate tiger lily on her lower torso. She told me she would like to have modeled for Modigliani, but, as she assumed a classical pose, I was reminded of Botticelli's elegant Venus. —L.N.

PARIS MATCH

HELMUT NEWTON



henriette goes to france and france goes for henriette

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED to our Georgia peach, Henriette Allais, since we first saw her. That was in March 1980, in the centerfold of our favorite magazine. As Miss March, she conjured up visions of Scarlett O'Hara: fiery, sensuous, with more than a hint of Dixie in her

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Life as a model has been good to the former orthodontist's assistant from Georgia. Her face and figure are in demand by the world's top photographers. In the inset on the opposite page, Henriette (on the left) draws editorial duty for French Vogue.



HELMUT NEWTON

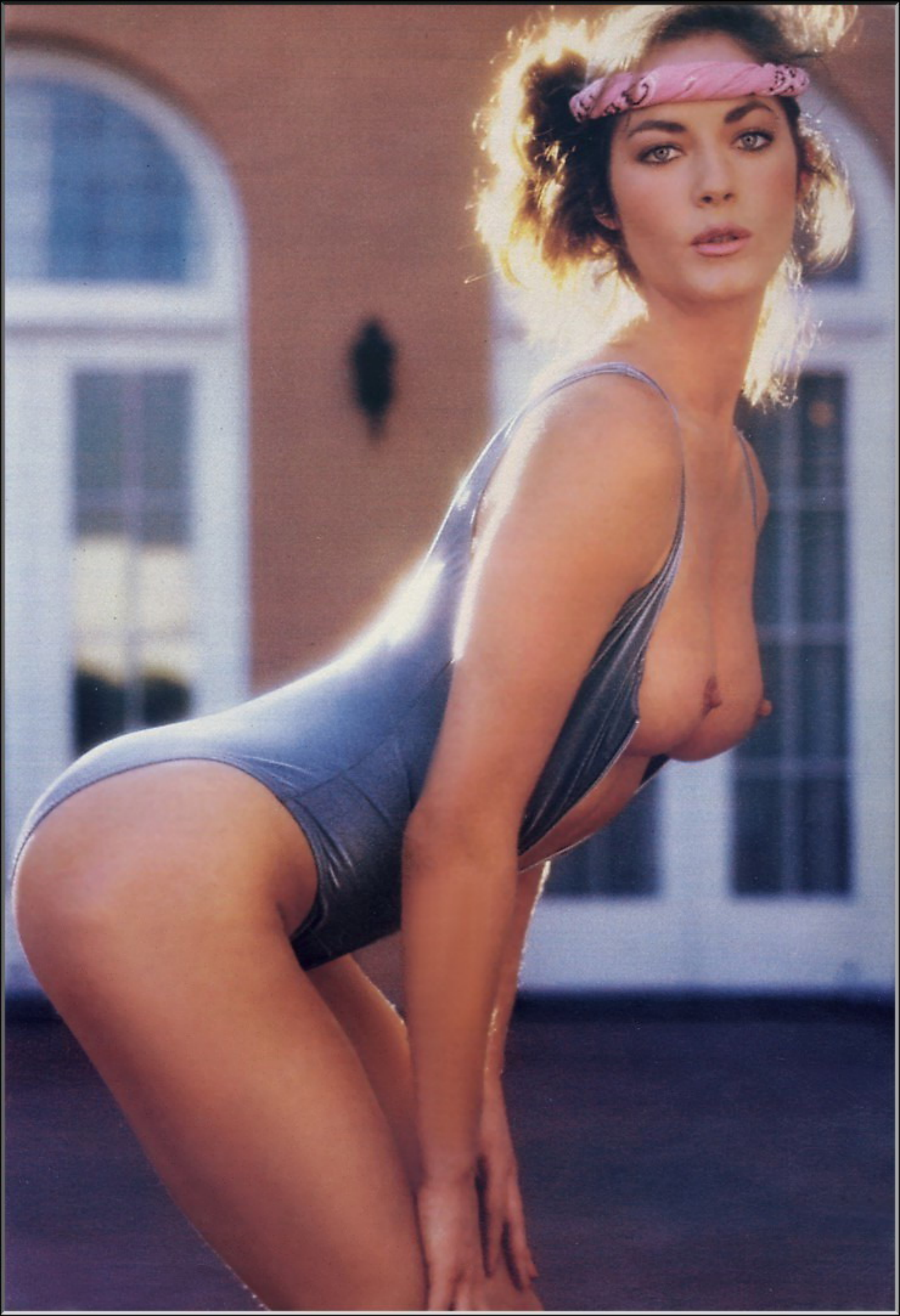


Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus has been wanting to shoot Henriette Allais ever since he saw her in our March 1980 gatefold. "We met shortly after that, and we knew that at some point the two of us should get together and take pictures," he recalls. Almost two years—during which Henriette went to France to seek fame and fortune—intervened, but she and Marcus connected at last, happily.

voice. But that was two years ago. When we saw her again recently, there were changes. The fire and sensuousness remained, but there was more strength, more self-assurance, more vision. The accent had taken on a definite foreign tone that gave a clue to her transformation. For the past year and a half, Henriette has worked, played and grown in Paris. She chucked everything for the modeling game and leaped in headfirst. Paris welcomed her with open arms. Before long, Henriette was one of the busiest models in the City of Light. That's no mean feat; the number of girls trying to make it there is legion. But if, like Henriette, you're chosen, there's nowhere to go but up. "Paris is the best place to get a good portfolio together," she declares. "The competition is very stiff. About 60 percent of the models are American girls. The French photographers like them because they are big and tall. The reason I've been so successful is that they can't categorize my look. It's so changeable. I can go from totally innocent to totally sophisticated to totally sexy." A girl who

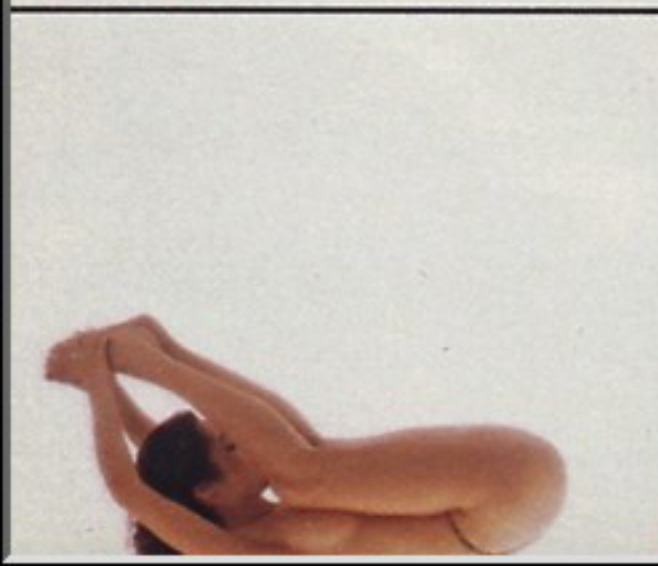
"The intensity of Henriette's eyes makes them magic," Marcus avers. At left, Henriette shifts gears for a surreal yet romantic high-fashion shot by famed photographer Helmut Newton for the French *Vogue*. "Newton, Francis Giacobetti, André Berg all went nuts over her," says Marcus. "That's unusual, because most photographers don't want to talk to you if you've been shot by someone else."







The figure studies on these and the preceding page by PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus underscore the wide range of effects that can be achieved by a talented lensman using the same model. Henriette clearly enjoys the challenge, adding movement and life to an essentially static medium. Near right, Henriette as we first saw her in the March 1980 centerfold. Her ambition then: to be a model.



can convey sexiness with her body is gold in Paris, whether she's on the runway or featured in product ads, fashion or creative photography. For the French audience, inhibition is out and libido is in. "I've seen some of the most beautiful and sensuous commercials ever on prime-time television," Henriette says. "If you go for an audition, it's common to be asked if you mind showing your breasts." The Gallic penchant for the erotic is quite all right with Henriette. "I don't feel at all inhibited about being sexy," she says. "There are many good photographers in the U. S., but they are limited in what they can shoot. They get locked into formulas. And, after all, it's 1982. Women have got to stop the cheesecake and start being more seductive." What's the differ-

ence? "It's mostly in the eyes," Henriette says. "For instance, I like to laugh, but not when I'm trying to seduce someone. To get the proper look, you have to use your eyes, actually talk with them." Being a sought-after model can play havoc with one's private life, but Henriette has it under





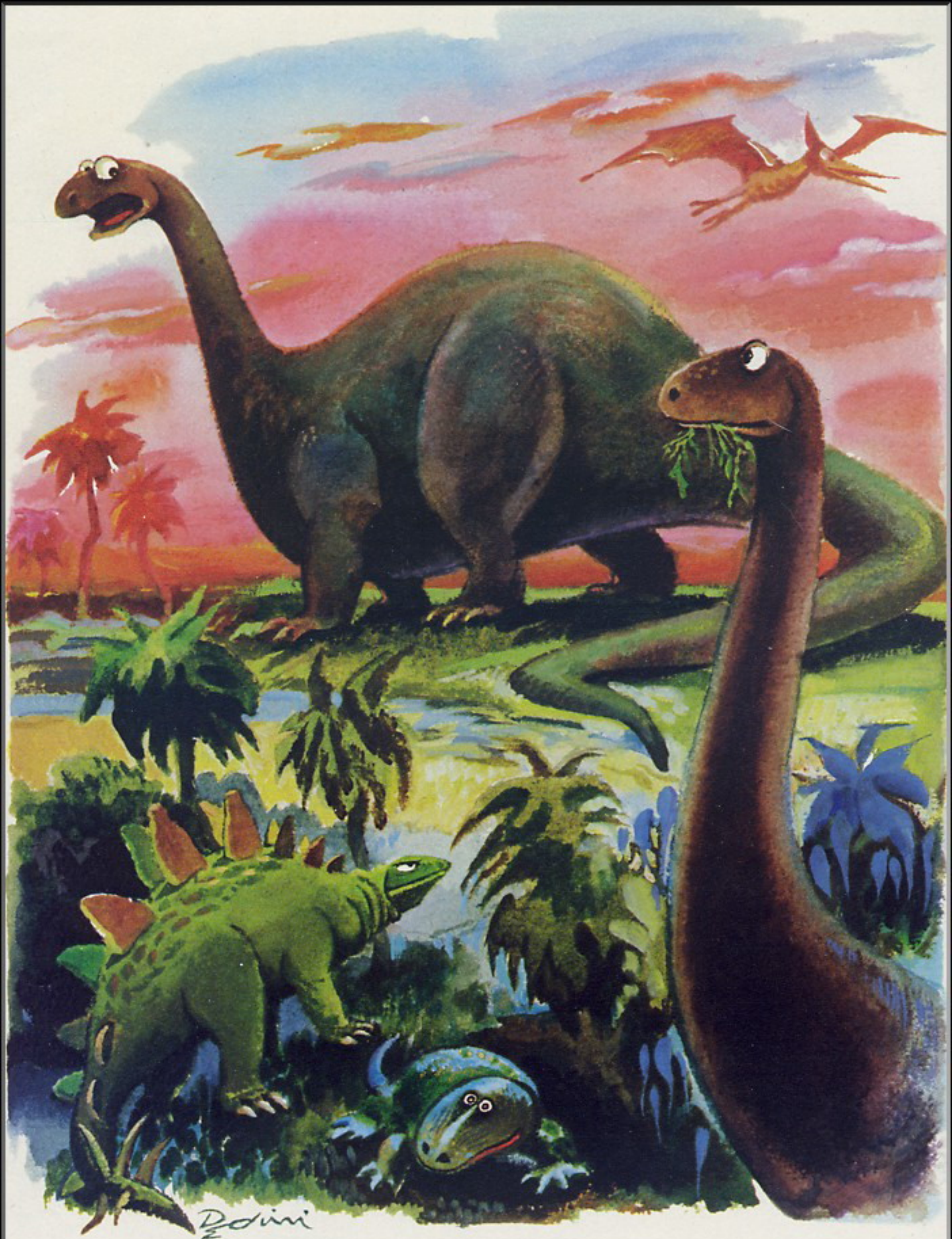
Working in front of Marcus' camera, Henriette produces shots that are unequivocally erotic. "She projects an intense sexuality when she works," the photographer notes. "Henriette is a body artist; what she does with her body in front of a camera is her art."

Hot or cold, clearly Henriette has what it takes to make one sit up and take notice. When last seen, she was off to Martinique for a little R&R; then it's back to the States for more work. Though that's hardly the term for something that gives her, and us, so much pleasure.



control. "When I left the South, I found that things were very different in the big cities, where people ask you how much money you have and what kind of car you drive. I don't care about that stuff. I could be a millionaire by now with all the offers I've gotten. People want you to go with them on their yachts or to be their mistress. I turn them down because I don't want to be held down. Even in my marriage, I don't like that. If my husband feels he has to get away, he goes, and the same for me. It took me a long time to get out of the trap of being in love with someone and thinking he had to be there all the time. You just can't own another person. It's not fair. It's not human."





"Don't worry about me. I'm a survivor!"

the optical illusion

Ribald Classic

from *Contes et Nouvelles en vers*, by Jean de la Fontaine, 1665

The master did another maid require
And found a pretty serving-girl for hire.
She pleased his eyes so happily, he thought
She might, with luck, by amorous snares be caught.
He proved correct; the wench was blithe and gay,
A buxom lass, most supple every way.

At dawn, one summer's morn, the man was led
To rise and leave his wife asleep in bed;
He stepped into the garden where he found
The servant girl collecting flowers around
To make a nosegay for his better half
(Whose birthday 'twas), set in to joke and laugh,
And, getting close, the flowers to appraise,
The servant's neckerchief he'd slyly raise.
Who, suddenly, on feeling of his hand,
Played at resistance, breathed a reprimand.
But since these liberties were nothing new,
They soon went on to other frolics, too;
She threw the nosegay at the gallant's head;
He shook them off and kissed the maid instead.
They romped and rattled, played and skipped around,
Until at last she fell upon the ground.
And he, to comfort quick and sympathize,
Sank gently down between her snowy thighs.

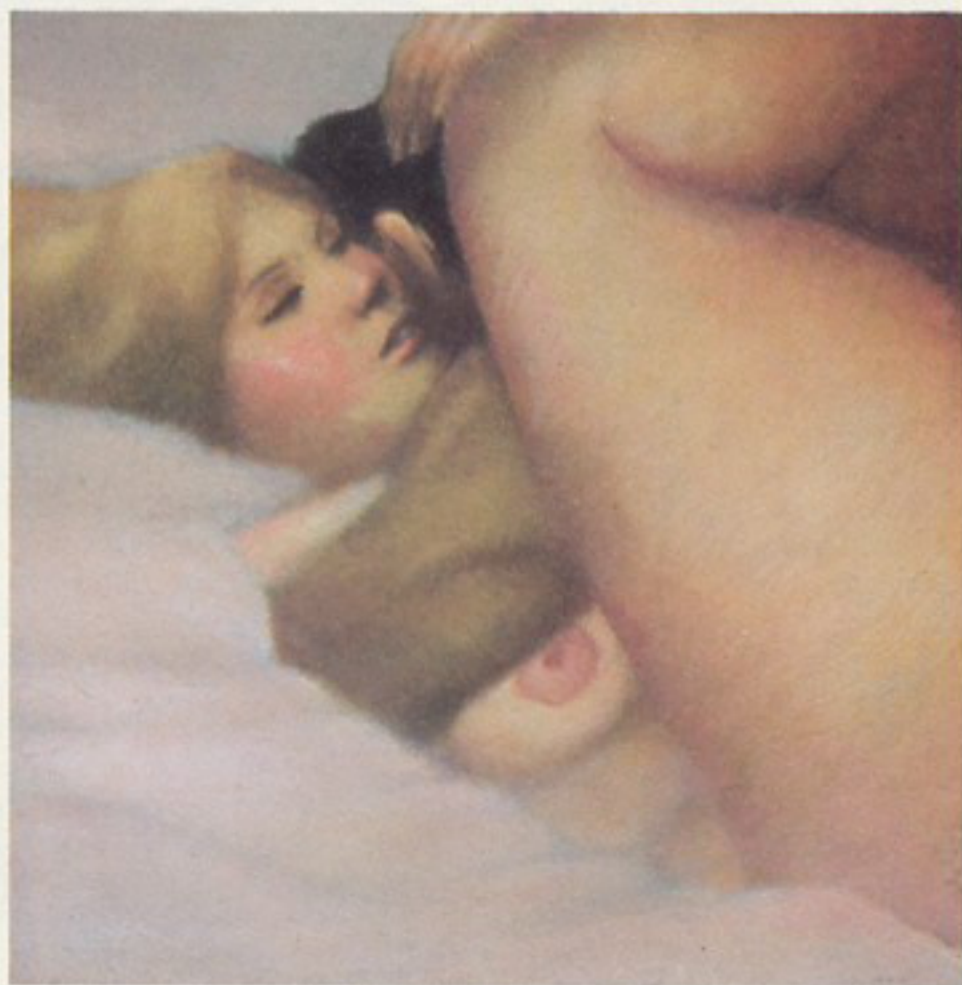
Unluckily, a neighbor's prying eyes
Beheld their playful pranks with much surprise.
She, from her window, could the scene o'erlook.
When soon the gallant noticed this, he shook
His head: "Alas, our frolicking is seen
By that old haggard, envious, prying quean.
But have no qualms, my dear." He chose
To run and wake his wife, who quickly rose.
He kissed her fondly, whispered his intent
And to the garden walk they straightway went.
He laid her down beneath the cherry's shade
And so the amorous scene was thus replayed,
Which highly gratified the lady fair,
Who, later, in the evening, would repair
To her good neighbor, and they'd kindly share
Whatever news or gossip filled the air.
At once that neighbor, with an air dumfound,
Told what she'd seen that morn upon the ground.

"My poor, poor dear! My innocent! Oh, shame!"
With looks of gleeful woe cried out the dame.
"I love you much, and thus I must detail
What I have witnessed—and the scene bewail.
Will you continue to employ that trull
Who steals your love and makes your man a gull?
At once I'd kick her from the house, I say;
The strumpet should not halt another day."
The wife replied, "You surely are deceived;
A simple, virtuous wench, by all believed."
"Well, I can easily, my friend, suppose,"
Rejoined the neighbor, "whence this good word flows,
But look around you, be convinced! This morn,
From my own window (true, as I am born!),
Within your garden, I your husband spied
At frolic with the servant girl betide.
Tossing the nosegay like a pretty ball
Until their sporting ended in a fall."

"But listen," cried the wife, "and be aware
You are deceived—myself alone was there."

NEIGHBOR:

"But patience, if you please, attend, I pray:
You've no conception what I meant to say.



The playful pair was actively employed
In plucking amorous flowers—they kissed and toyed."

WIFE:

"'Twas clearly I for her whom you mistook."

NEIGHBOR:

"Until the flowers for flesh they soon forsook
And handfuls of each other took instead,
Lolling beneath your cherry tree outspread."

WIFE:

"But still, why think you, friend, it was not I?
Has not your spouse with you a right to try
What freaks he likes?"

NEIGHBOR:

"Out there, upon the ground?
My skirt hiked up, awry, my hair unbound?
You laugh——"

WIFE:

"Indeed I do, 'twas I, myself."

NEIGHBOR:

"She wore a flannel petticoat, this elf.
Be patient and remember well, I pray,
If this was worn by you or her today?
There lies the point. You must believe
Your husband did the most one could conceive."

WIFE:

"How hard of credence! 'Twas myself, I vow."

NEIGHBOR:

"Oh! That's conclusive. I'll be silent now.
Though, truly, I have always thought my eyes
Are pretty sharp, and I feel much surprise
At what you say. In fact, I could have sworn
I saw her romping thus this very morn.
Excuse the hint and do not turn her off."

WIFE:

"Why, turn her out? The very thought I scoff;
She serves me well."

NEIGHBOR:

"And very well was taught.
Forgive me, friend, for my unseemly thought."

—Retold by Jem Buller

POLL WINNERS

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND group

WILLIE NELSON composer/songwriter,
male vocalist

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

ROY CLARK string instrumentalist

POP/ROCK

PAUL McCARTNEY bass

MICK FLEETWOOD drums

ROLLING STONES group

PAT BENATAR female vocalist

BILLY JOEL keyboards

CARLOS SANTANA guitar

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
male vocalist, composer

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES



GEORGE BENSON male vocalist

DIANA ROSS female vocalist

COMMODORES group

STEVIE WONDER composer

BUDDY RICH percussion
LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

STANLEY CLARKE bass
MANHATTAN TRANSFER group

JAZZ

GEORGE BENSON guitar



GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. woodwinds

CHUCK MANGIONE composer,
brass

AL JARREAU male vocalist

CHICK COREA keyboards

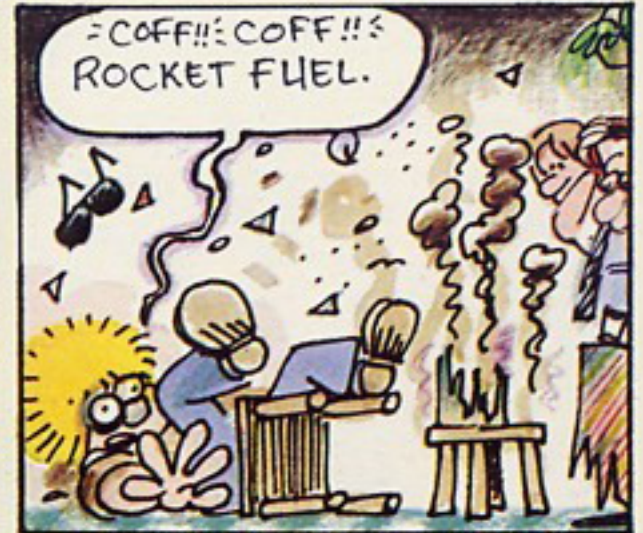
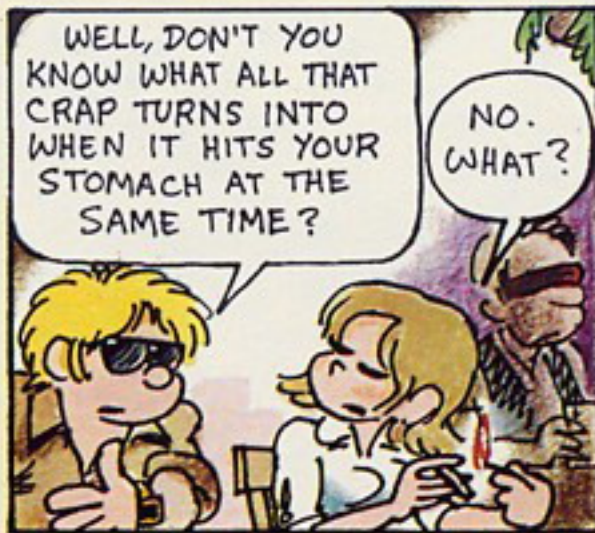
JONI MITCHELL female vocalist

PLAYBOY



CRUISER

Christopher Browne



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard





That was a nice restaurant. Thanks, Joe.

Still mad at me?



It's just that I hate it when you get horny regardless of how I feel. And then you expect me to get turned on just because you are.

I shouldn't have grabbed your breast like that.



I need a lot more from you, Joey. I need security, a sense of future, a feeling that we're partners.

From now on, Betsy, I promise to control my urges.



I should be improving my life... like my friends are doing. We should do things. All you want me to do is put out.

We'll go to plays, poetry readings, museums, Japanese restaurants



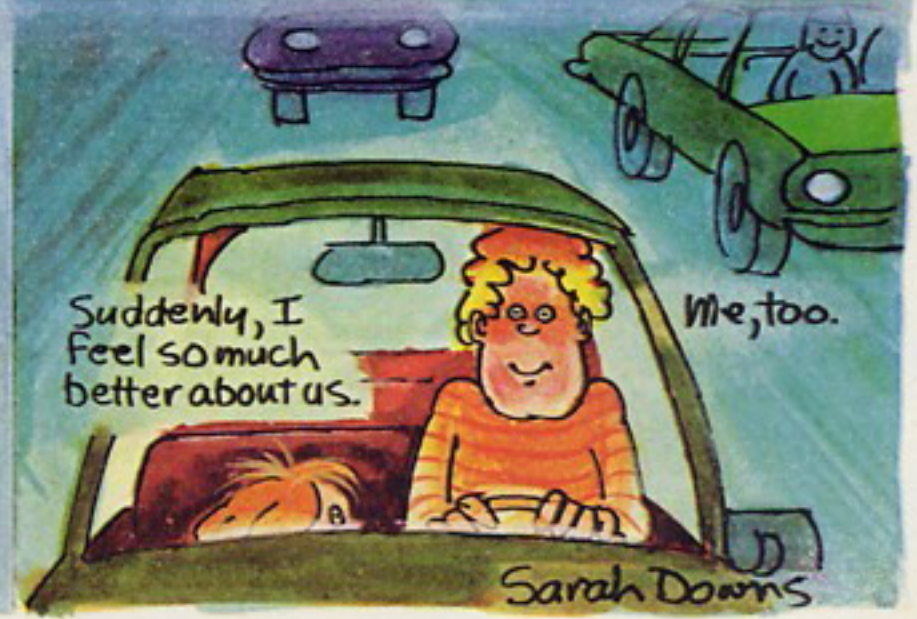
And we can have Hank and Anne over to my place for drinks.

What the hell... sex isn't the only thing in life.



I'll even cook dinner for them.

Yeah, why not. We can even try a Platonic relationship.



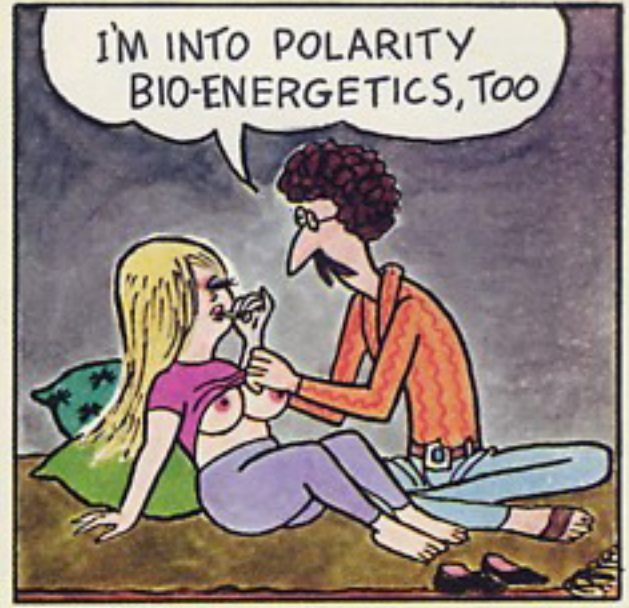
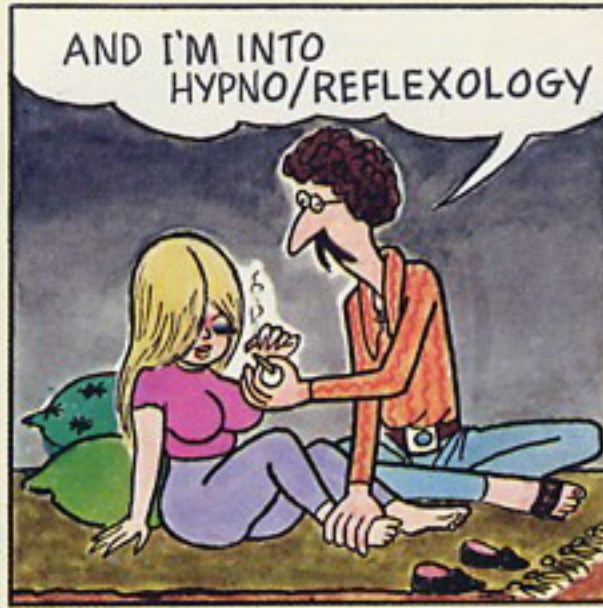
Suddenly, I feel so much better about us.

Me, too.

Sarah Downs

HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. Delmar

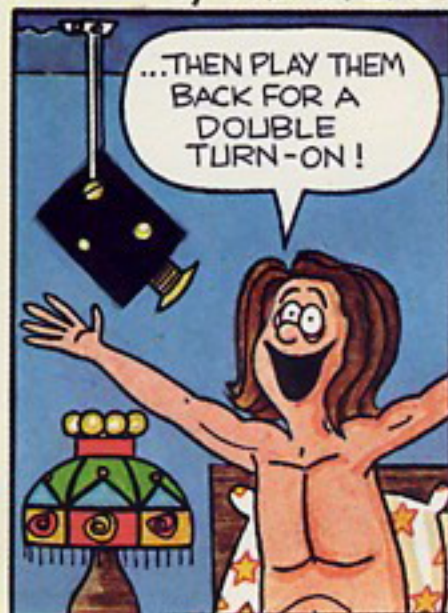
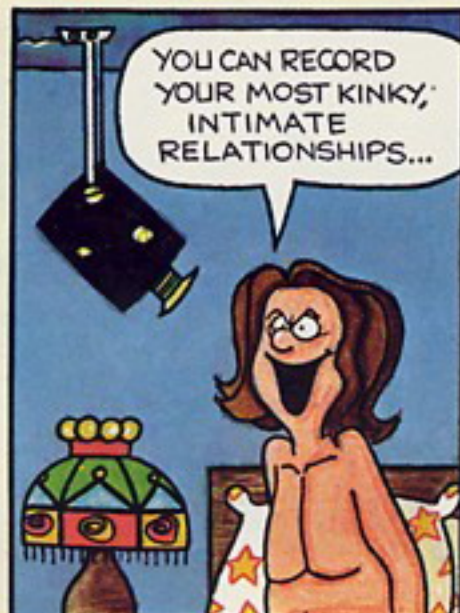


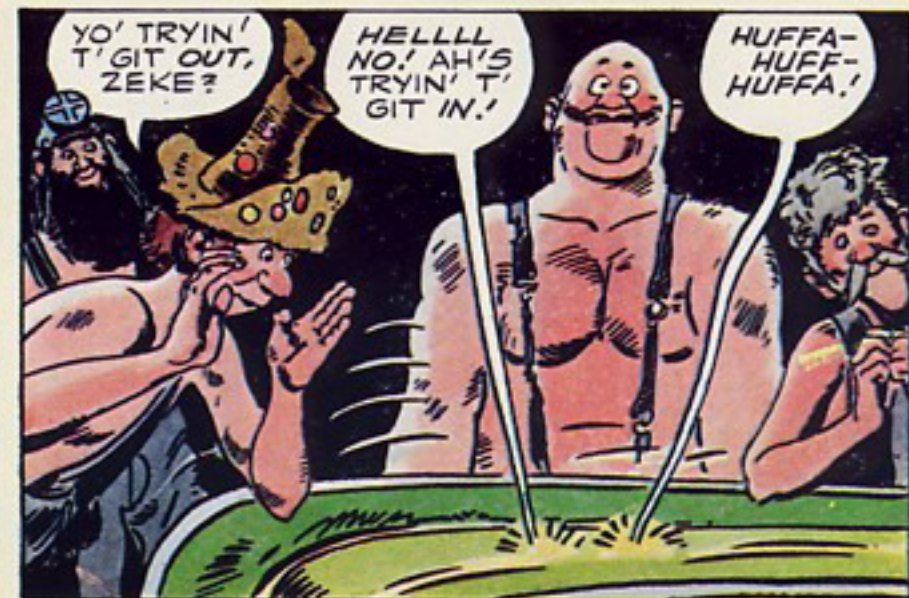
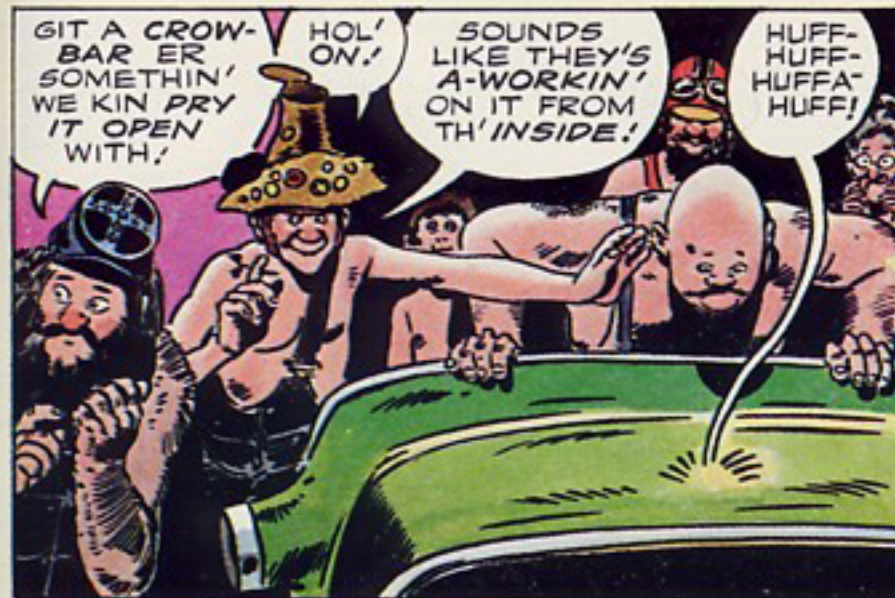
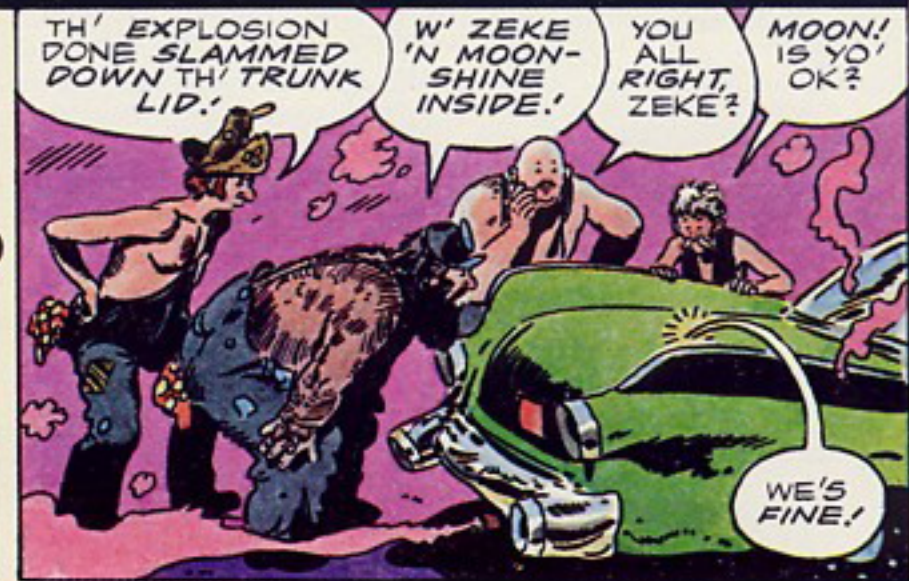
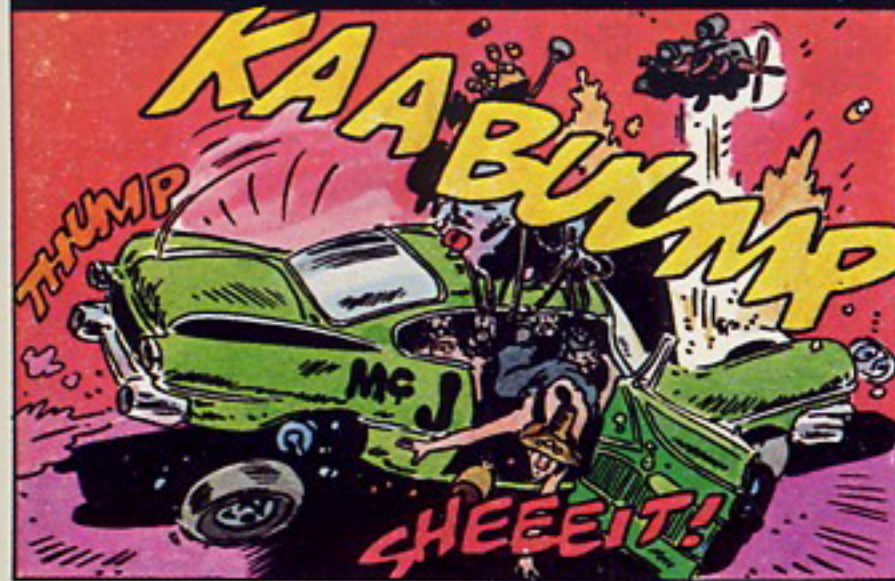
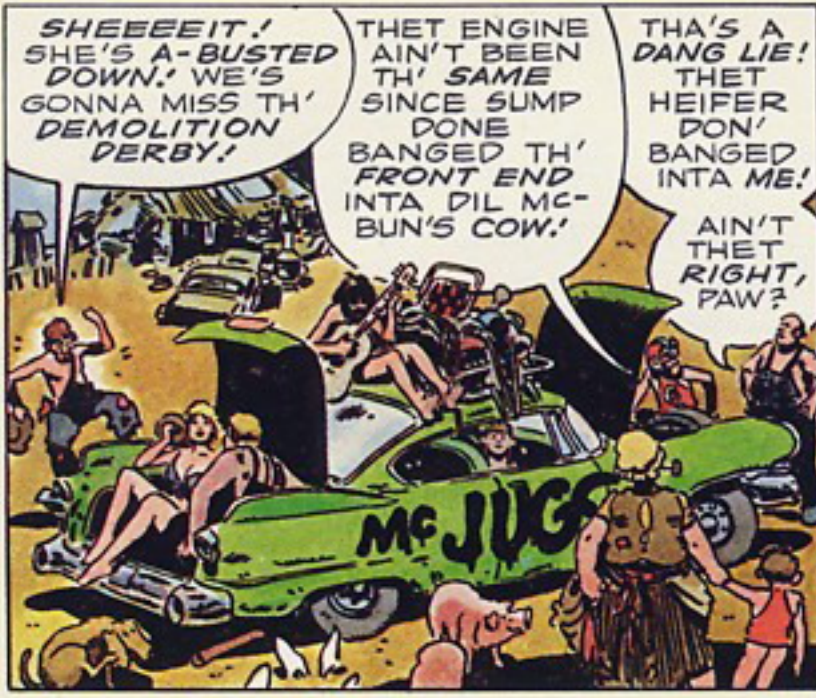
SUZY Q AND MIDNITE

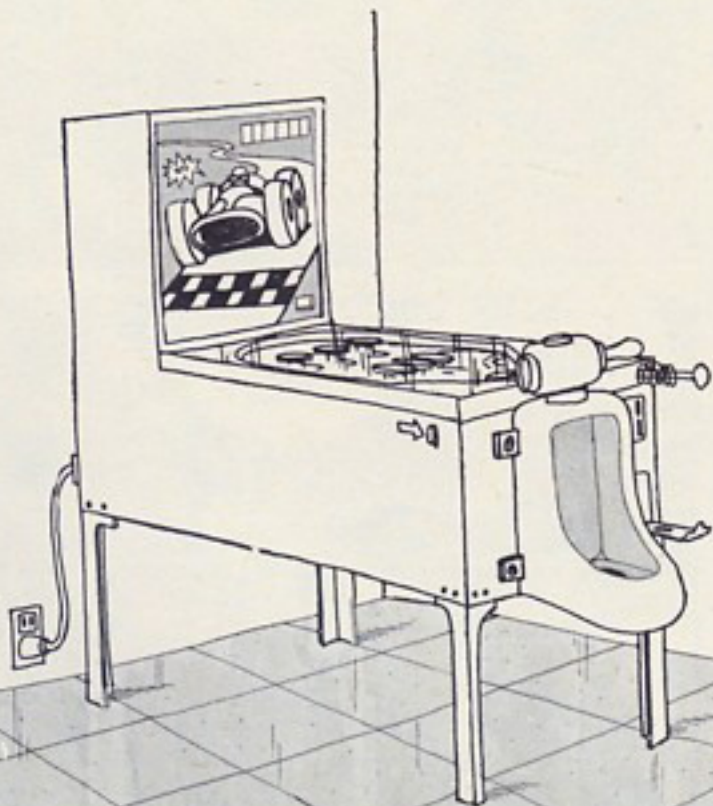


THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



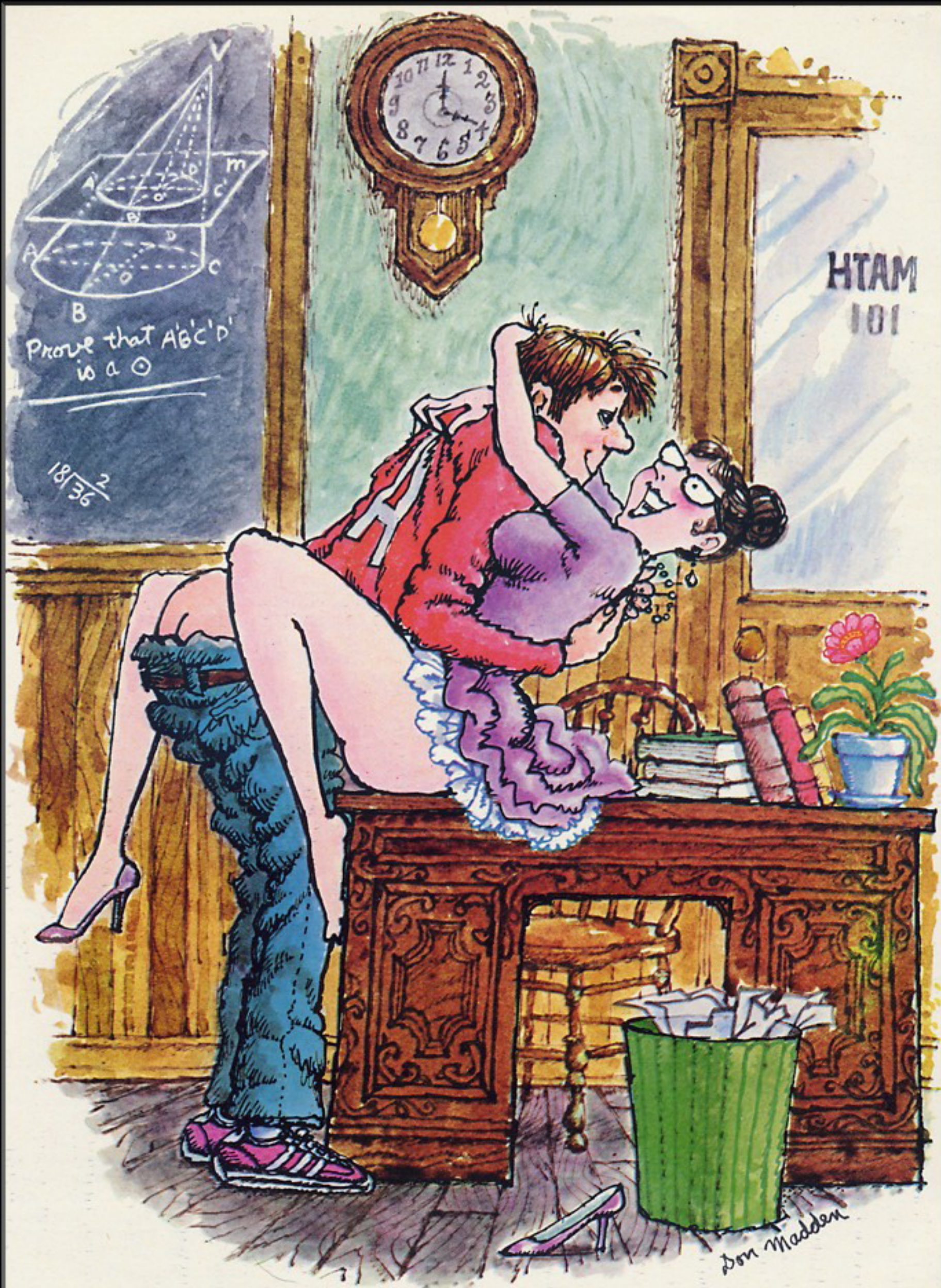




CREED



"He rammed me intentionally, officer, because he disagrees with my bumper sticker!"



"And remember—neatness, accuracy and originality count!"

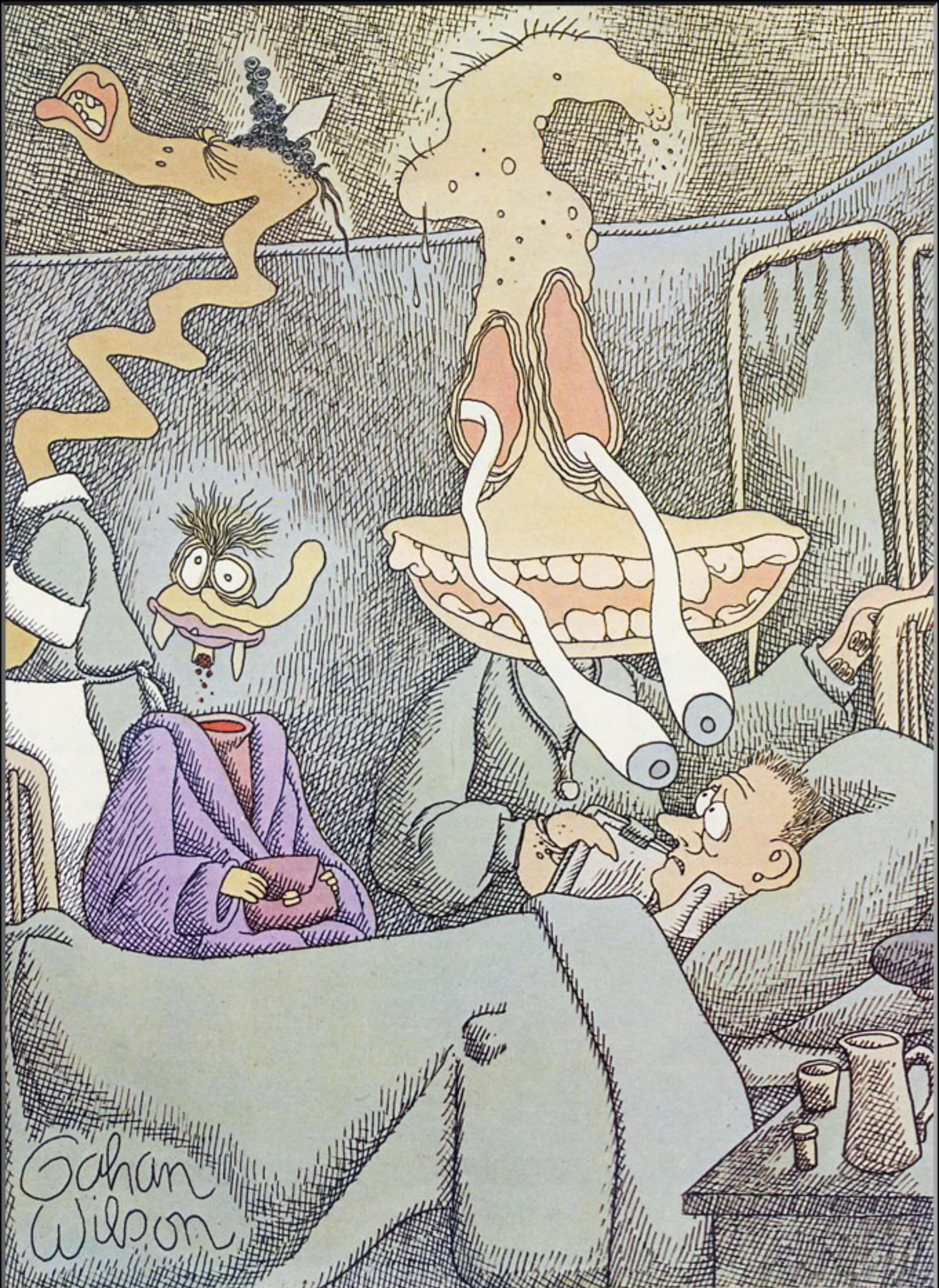


"Hey, baby! . . . You're lookin' good!"

INTERNAL
REVENUE
SERVICE



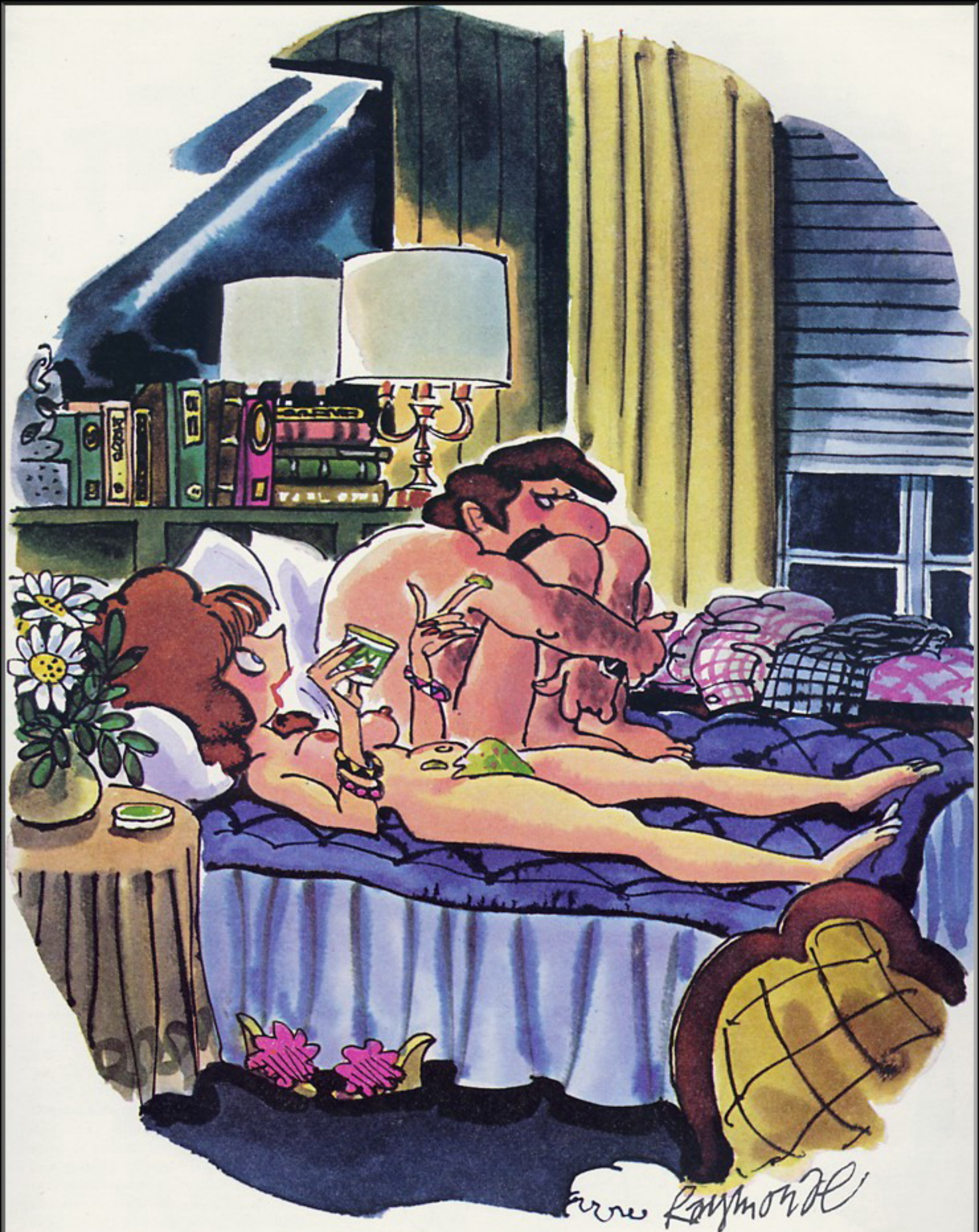
*“Uncle Sam does not try to
'screw' people, as you put it, and you will pay
dearly for saying that.”*



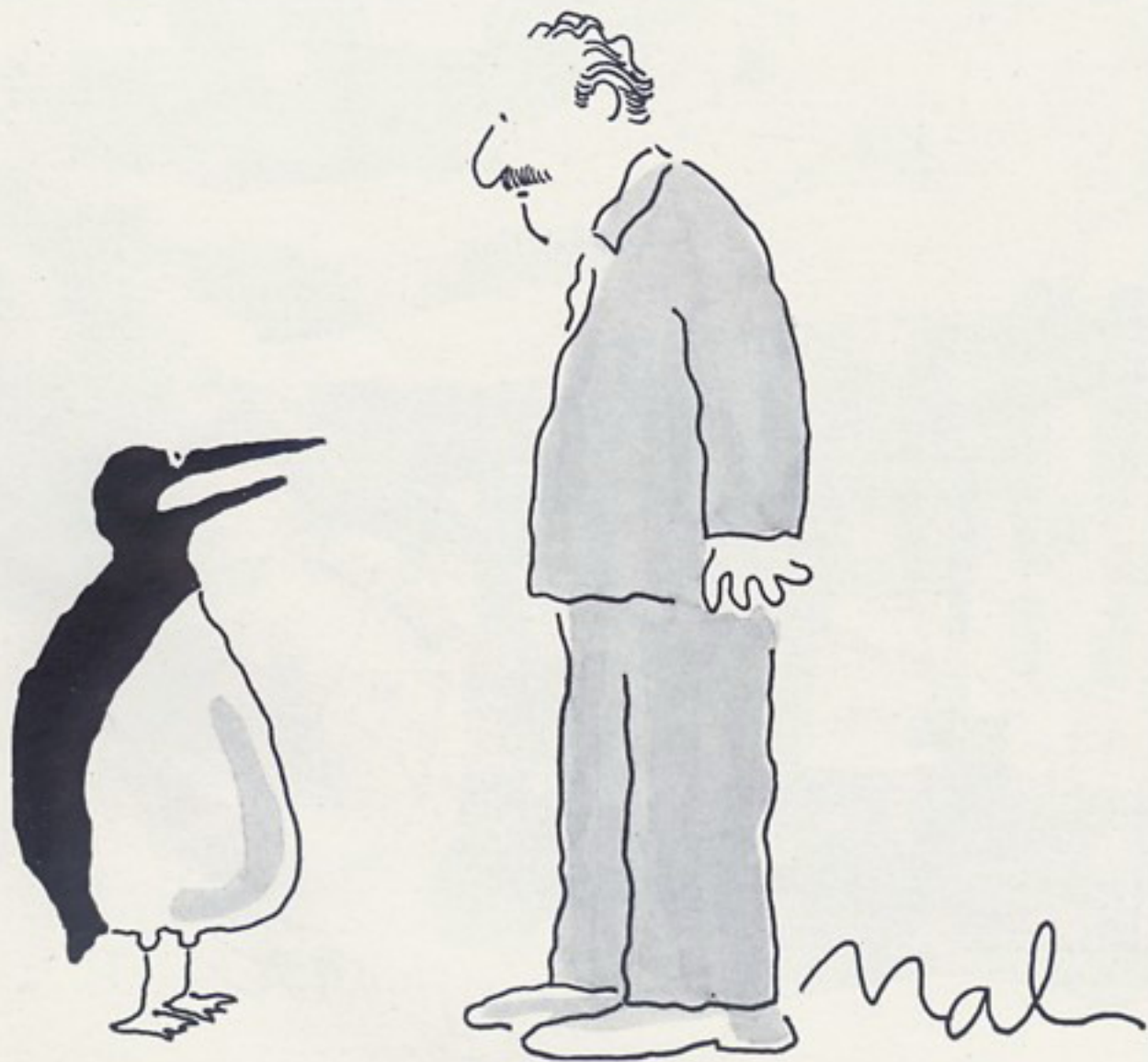
"Now, those pills you just took may produce some visual side effects."



*"Well, Senator, you're just going to have to choose:
the N.R.A. or me."*



"How do you know you don't like lime-and-pecan yogurt if you've never tried it?"



*"I moved to L.A. because they don't have any
singles bars in Antarctica!"*



*"I'm not asking for much. Just a guy to
put an end to my fake orgasms."*



"Stewardess—a large brandy, please, and would you bring me another passenger."

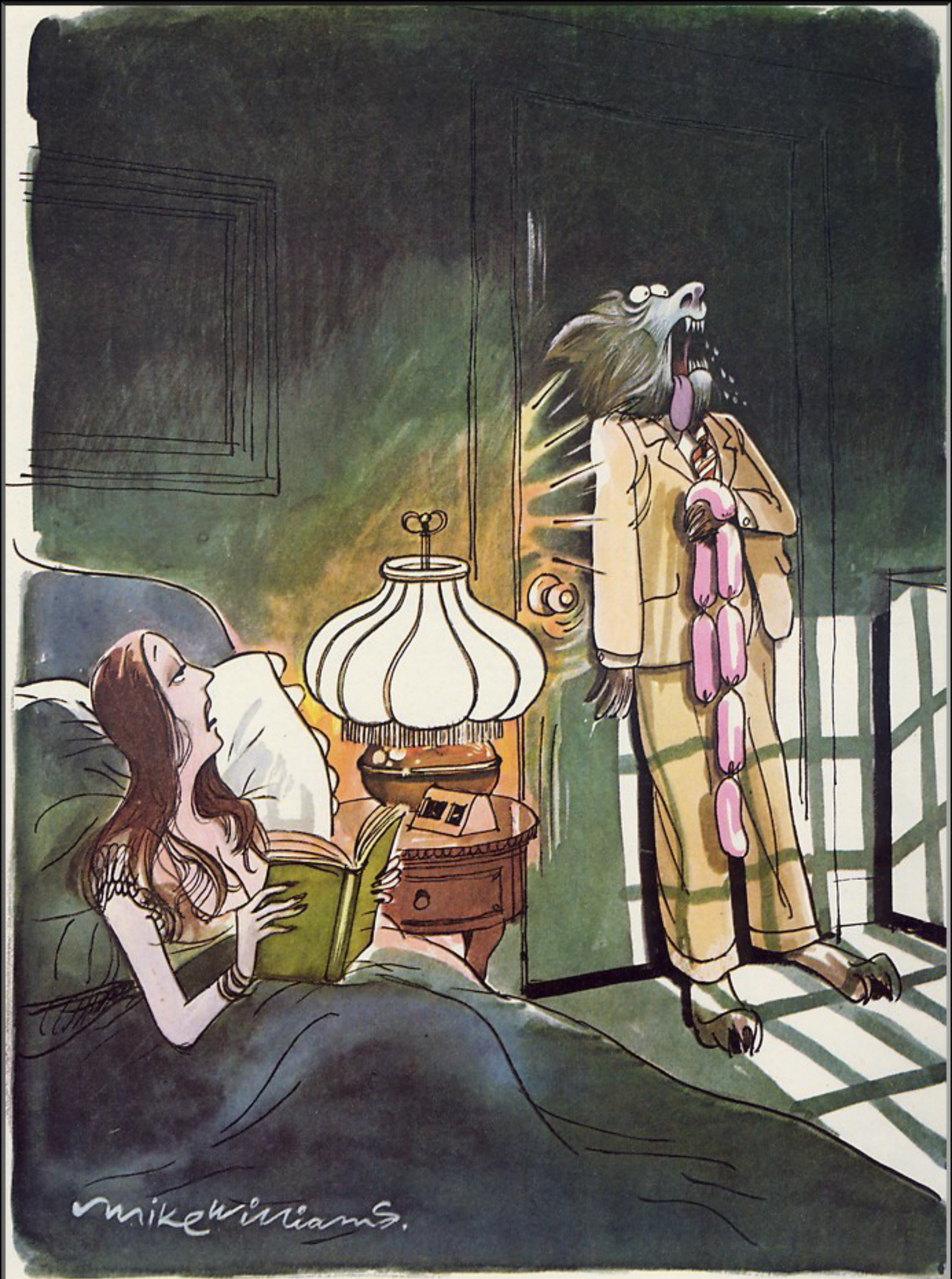
TONITE
★ FEMALE ★
MUD BOXING
in
WET T-SHIRTS
on the
MECHANICAL
BUCKING BULL
with
DIRTY TALKING



"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. First Nighter!"



"Oh, sure, it probably looks good to you at the moment; the pay is decent and the hours short, but I tell you, boy, it's a thankless job."



"Let's face it, Ralph. You just don't have that killer instinct."



*“Oh, Betty, I just know we’re going
to get lucky tonight.”*

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



FREEMOUNTAIN TIME

Freemountain Toys, those nutsy, freethinking folks at 23 Main Street, Bristol, Vermont 05443, who created the hats decorated with feelers, antlers and horns that we featured back in April 1979, have returned to their wacky drawing boards and come up with a whole new line of loony lids guaranteed to get you committed to the local funny farm. *Star Wars* junkies will be all eyes for a Yoda-eared hat (\$14.95) that out-appendages even Mickey Mouse. Other spaced-out species include a unicorn cap (\$9.95), a knit rooster hat (\$8.50), and a super ram hat (\$11.95). One size fits all; the prices are postpaid and Freemountain picks the colors.

DO THE TROT, TURKEY

You say your best girl just put your life's savings on the nose of a horse named Steroid and it's still in the starting gate? Instead of diving into a fifth of Old Stomach Pump, take your frustrations out on My Tantrum Mat, a 10½" x 16" vinyl pad on which anyone who can't cope can stomp his little tootsies until the pain goes away. Best of all, Thurston Moore Country Ltd., P.O. Box 1829, Montrose, Colorado 81402, sells the pad for only \$4.95, postpaid. At that price, there's nothing to get mad about.



GAMES PAUPERS PLAY

The Internal Revenue Service, of course, has been playing stick the taxpayer for years, but now turnabout is fair play—at least at the gaming table—in *Stick the IRS*, a new board game created by a California tax attorney and a securities broker-dealer. The winner (aside from Courtland Playthings, One Palo Alto Square, Suite 280, Palo Alto, California 94304, which sells the game for \$21, postpaid) is the player who best uses his income and tax shelters to pay the least amount of income tax. Just like real life, eh, gang?

TOY SOLDIERS ON PARADE

When Eugene Field wrote about the little toy soldier's being covered with rust, he wasn't referring to the parade of tiny troops that publisher Malcolm Forbes has amassed in his Museum of Military Miniatures in Tangiers. Forbes' collection, one of the finest in the world, is showcased in a new Doubleday book, *Toy Armies* (\$22.95), by Peter Johnson, which also chronicles the history of tin and lead soldiers. Parade rest!



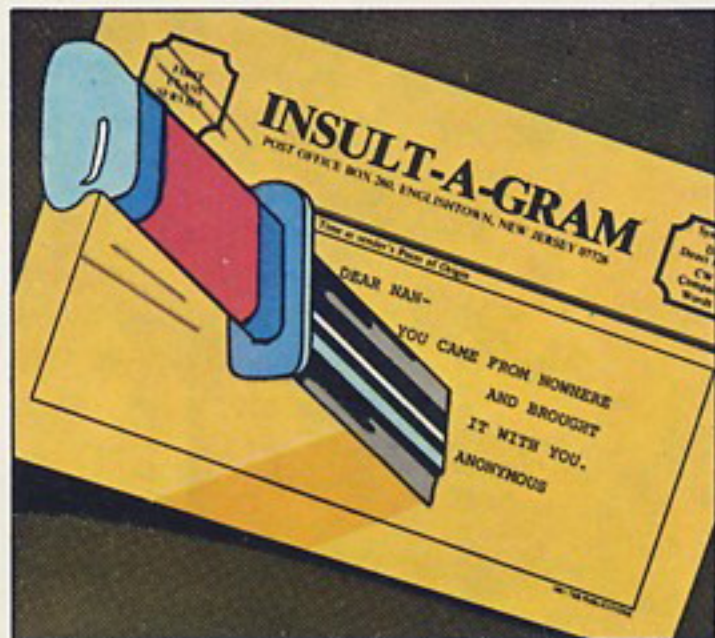
STAMPING OUT DULL STAMPS

Anybody who believes the phrase *rubber stamp* is still synonymous with corporate nonthink had better check out the \$2 catalog of a company called Elbow Grease, P.O. Box 25056, Richmond, Virginia 23260. Inside are 105 of the craziest stamps you've ever seen, from OH YEAH! (\$6) and FOOT MAIL (\$5) to MAN WITH NO DREAM BUT A GREAT HAIRCUT (\$6), all shown here. The last would look especially good stamped at the bottom of your next resignation letter.



HAVE INSULT, WILL TRAVEL

Don Rickles would love this: A company called Insult-A-Gram is offering a form with 33 categories (from crank to snob) on which you indicate the type of obnoxious person you'd like to have them insult through the mail. Or you can vent your own spleen in 15 words or less via an Insult-A-Gram. (Insult-A-Gram's address is P.O. Box 260, Englishtown, New Jersey 07726.) No, you don't have to sign your Insult-A-Gram—just the \$3 check for the service.



THE WILD WEST

We've all seen the bronzes of Frederic Remington, which capture the rugged, lonely essence of the wild West in terms of bucking broncos and stalwart cowpokes. Midwestern sculptor R. E. Orr also has a vision of the wild West—an erotic vision, that is, as depicted here in this limited-edition 17"-tall bronze statue of a cowgirl who's so lovely, you want to reach out and caress her. The sculpture, which sells for \$2500, is part of a series of five available from Orr's Santee Studio, 1021 West 14th Street, Willmar, Minnesota 56201. For Orr, it ain't the end of the trail.



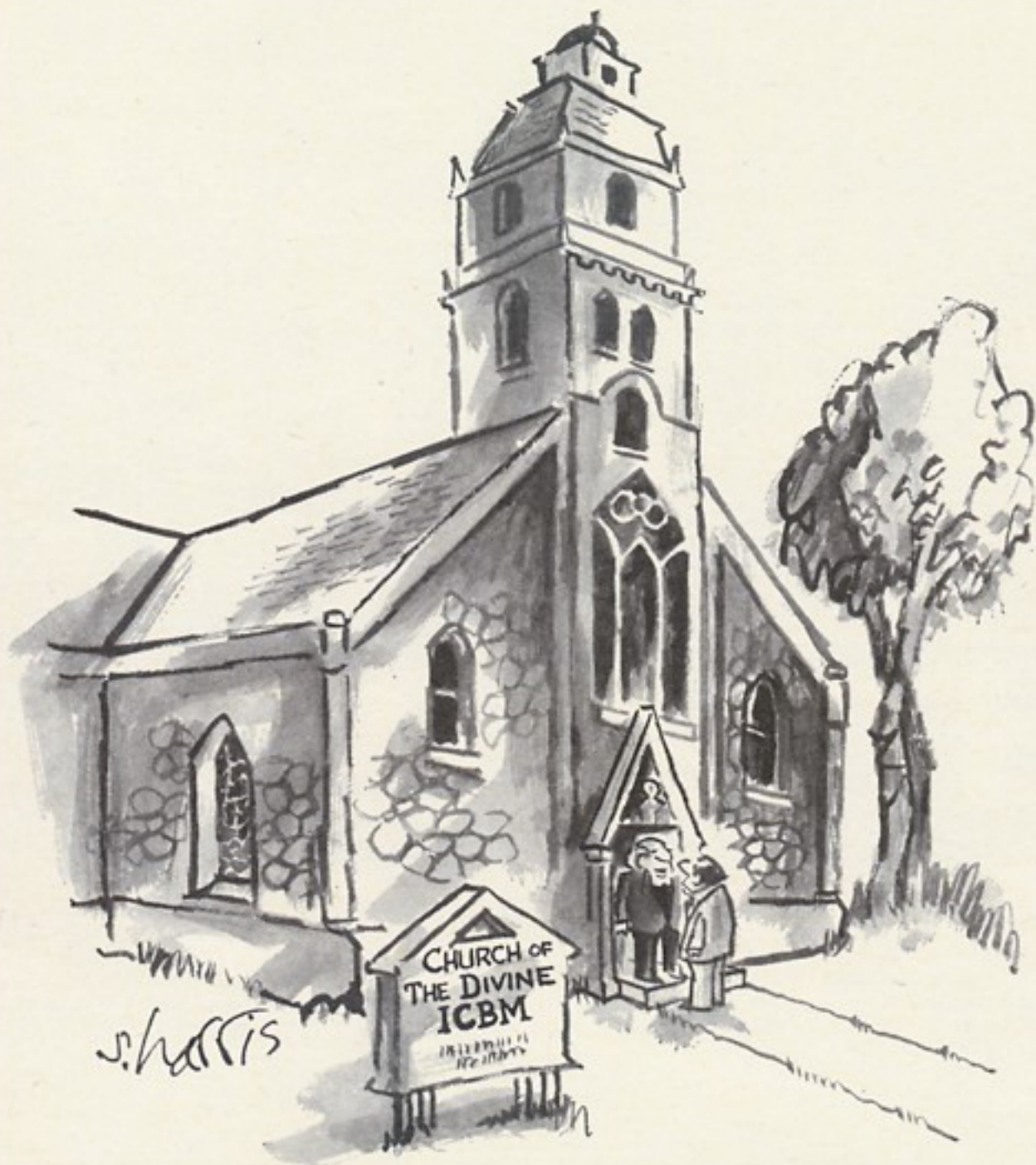
CALAMARI, HERE WE COME

As the tentacles of *Playboy Potpourri* extend across the land, seeking out "people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement," we've met another set of tentacles reaching back. A group called Friends of the Calamari has opened the Squid Shop, a store located in the Santa Cruz Art Center, 1001 Center Street, Santa Cruz, California 95060, which—get this—sells postcards, cookbooks, glassware and more, all paying homage to the lowly squid. They also publish a catalog that a squidophile would be a sucker not to send for.

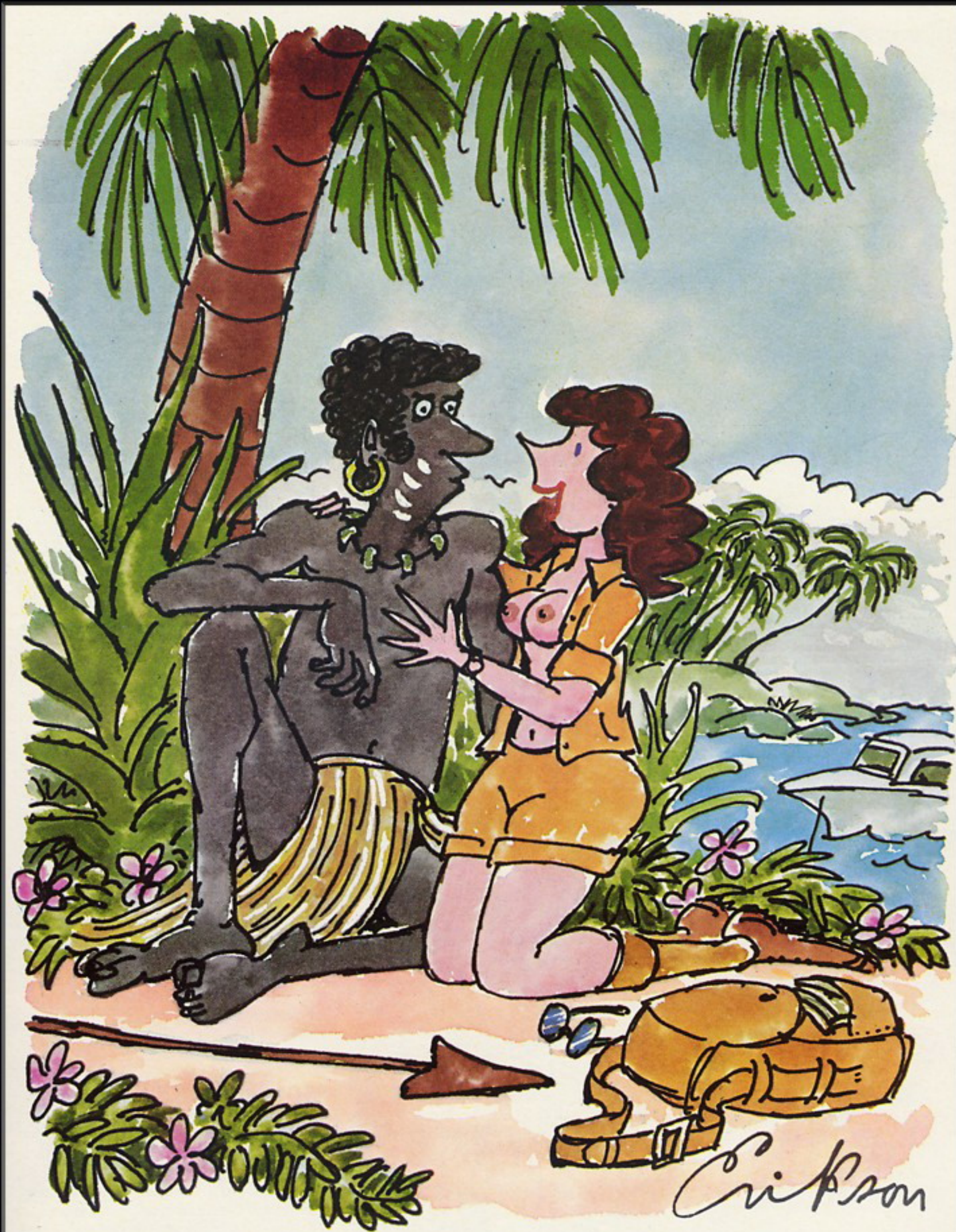
THE SPIES HAVE IT

With all the whodunit magazines now available, it's elementary that a spy enthusiast would introduce a periodical for fans of the espionage genre. Hence comes *The Dossier*, the official journal of The International Spy Society. A year's subscription (four issues) costs \$12 sent to Richard L. Knudson at State University of New York, English Department, Oneonta, New York 13820. Good news for Bond buffs: The next issue includes a racy feature on his cars, plus a look at the Beretta pistol. Nobody does it like James.





"Actually, we're part of the military-industrial-theological complex."



"Regina Boffington's my name. Sexual anthropology's my game."



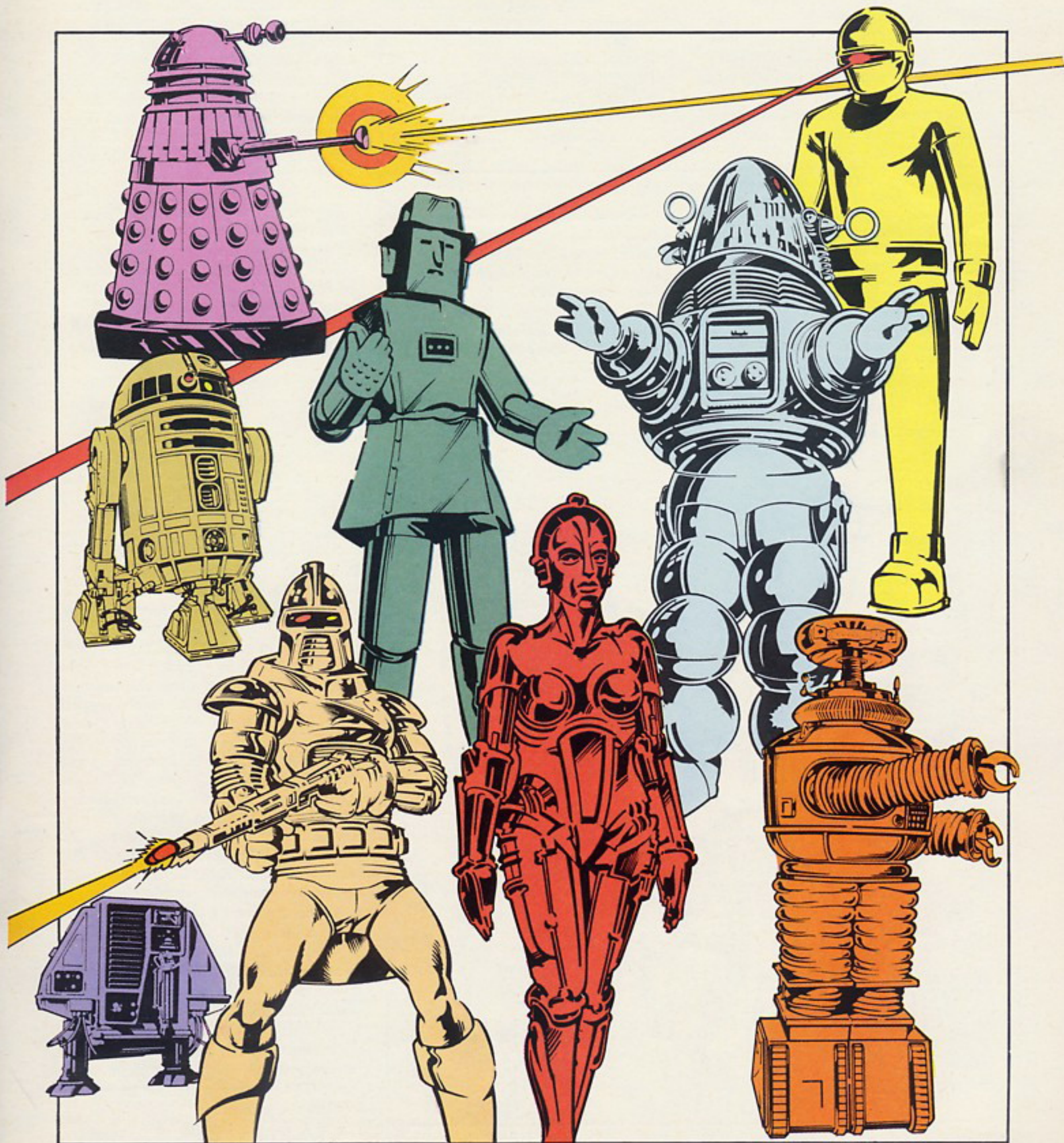
EMER BROWN

"OK, sonny, y'wanna sell me a car or not?"

PLAYBOY PUZZLE

DATE THAT ROBOT

They came from outer space, from worlds in the future...to become legendary superstars right here in our galaxy. Yes, all of the remarkable robots pictured here have appeared in major TV and movie productions during the past 55 years—but when? Can you guess in what order they made their stellar debuts on earth?



1. Maria, from *Metropolis*, 1927.
2. Unnamed robot from *The Phantom Empire*, 1935.
3. Gort, from *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, 1951.
4. Robby the Robot, from *Forbidden Planet*, 1956.
5. A Dalek, from the British TV series *Doctor Who*, which began in 1963.
6. Unnamed robot from *Lost in Space*, TV series that began in 1965.
7. One of three identical robots, Huey, Dewey and Louie, from *Silent Running*, 1972.
8. R2-D2, from *Star Wars*, 1977.
9. A Cyclon, from *Battlestar Galactica*, TV series that began in 1978.





© 1991 RKO PICTURES

Woman for All Seasons

Here's a quick peek at perfection. RAQUEL WELCH feels as good as she looks after a successful run subbing for Lauren Bacall on Broadway last winter. The audience loved her, the critics weren't cruel and with husband, ANDRE, in tow, Raquel felt confident enough to let one of her concealed assets emerge.



Wet and Wild

She's Constance, the bitch, on *Flamingo Road*, and she's naked as a jay bird in this bathtub scene from her movie, *The Seduction*, co-starring Andrew Stevens and Michael Sarrazin. MORGAN FAIRCHILD's is the celebrity breast of the month.

Pickin' and Grinnin'

By the time you read this, RICHARD PRYOR's new concert film should be playing at a theater near you, and that's good news for those of us who think he's at his best playing himself. Pryor prepared for the film by working out new material in clubs in L.A. Here's a demonstration of how he saved the family jewels from the fire.



© 1991 A. R. K. BROADCASTING/FACTS AND FIGURES



KEVIN MAZUR/FACTS AND FIGURES

Mighty Oakes

RANDI OAKES co-stars in NBC-TV's *CHiPs*. We think she's a lot cuter than Erik Estrada. Poised here for a *Battle of the Network Stars* competition, Oakes made us forget about the score. Even if she didn't win, we're awfully glad she showed.



© 1991 ROBERT A. MANNING

Black Magic

No polkas from GRACE JONES. The queen of S/M rock is as interested in effect as she is in music. So just when you'd expect her to slap on the handcuffs, out pops the accordion. For the price of a ticket, Jones redefines your idea of a concert.

Melody in Harmony

MELODY THOMAS is a shady lady on the TV soap *The Young and the Restless*. She had some steamy scenes with former First Son Steven Ford, who played bartender to her stripper. Acting since she was seven, Thomas has appeared in movies, TV and is a classically trained pianist. She can play with us any time.



EDIE ZIMMERMAN

If the Pants Fit, Wear 'Em

God knows, he tried, but ROD STEWART's network-TV concert didn't measure up to the Stones' night of cable glory. He did pick up some new underwear but had nothing sexy to put in it.



© 1991 LYLE R. COOPER/FACTS

MARKET REPORT: BARE-ISH

We thought we had a fairly well-rounded portfolio until we opened *The Wall Street Journal* to find that the American Stock Exchange was touting a brand-new listing: "FrdHly" was selling at a brisk 12¾ per share. An Amex-placed ad on the listings page cleared up the mysterious designation. It was our old friend Frederick's of Hollywood going, well, public.

FrdHly, up until now, has been selling over the counter, so to speak. But with 136 boutiques in 33 states and the world-famous Frederick's catalog business booming, it was clearly ripe for the big time. If you've been out of town the last few decades, you won't know that Frederick's is a manufacturer of imaginative lingerie, sportswear, dresses and what the trade calls foundation garments. The line includes dive-bomber décolletage, maximum-freedom panties, ersatz body parts and push-up, push-out, squeeze-together and quick-release brassieres.

A call to Frederick's headquarters revealed the strategy behind the move: first, to attract investors to the \$39,000,000 business; second, to gain the prestige needed to move into more shopping malls. FrdHly, you see, is testing the idea of a chain of stores dubbed Private Moments, featuring "moderate to higher-priced" designer labels such as Halston, Dior, Lisanne, Vassarette and Vanity Fair.

But are unmentionables a good investment? We called our local E. F. Hutton and cupped our ears. Unfamiliar with the new issue, the all-business broker there deadpanned, "Well, the apparel business is cyclical. It goes up and it goes down. Something will catch on one year and it'll be gone the next, like designer jeans. It seems to be selling at about the right price now but could easily go to 16. But before

I could say yes or no, I'd have to study the prospectus—

and, naturally, you'd have to look at the product."

Well, E. F. Hutton can take all the time it wants. We know a glamor stock when we see one.

BEYOND THE VALLEY OF THE SEXUAL DOUBLE-ENTENDRE

No one ever accused rock 'n' roll of showing good taste or, for that matter, restraint. A few years ago, the words salacious, perverted and devilish were



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regularly tossed around in conjunction with the medium. Now, as our Reaganized (rhymes with agonized) culture turns its clock hands backward, the Boston rock group Human Sexual Response is trying to bring back an old American tradition—Rock 'n' Roll 'n' Rebellion. And bless their souls, they're dispensing sexual themes.

Take, for instance, their public performances. Above right is a shot of the group attired, so to speak, for a Los Angeles appearance last fall. Is this the sort of thing that's going to get them a prime-time sitcom? At the same function, a panel of judges shown above—Pasadena's KROQ-FM radio personality Raymond Banister, nudie star Candy

Samples, band member Dini Lamot and TV figure Elvira, Mistress of the Dark—awarded prizes for the best-costumed members of the audience. The prizes? A "Human Sexual Weekend" at Hollywood's Tropicana Motel and an evening at a private club.

What do they sing about? (They do sing.) Sex. In sort of a Rhetoric 101 final-essay vernacular. Perhaps their movement has reached its apex with the song *What Sex Means to Me*, a slightly paranoid homage to sex and decadence on their Passport album *Figure 14*.

We're not sure where they're headed, but we thought you should be warned. It could be that this is merely



what happens to Eastern preppies when they arrive in Lotusland.

MUTATE OR DIE: GONORRHEA FACTS

In recent years, science has waged a war of attrition against gonorrhea. Antibiotics have become the first and only line of defense, but every time scientists come up with something new to blast at it, gonorrhea has an uncanny knack for developing new strains that resist the cure. In recent years, the most effective agent against penicillin-resistant gonorrhea has been spectinomycin.

Now comes Claforan, with a new set of credentials and a clean bill of health from the Food and Drug Administration. Administered with one shot, the antibiotic provides a 24-hour cure for gonorrhea, including the resistant strains. So far, it's been shown to be 100 percent effective. Among its other advantages, "Claforan is generally well tolerated," reads the FDA-approved description of the drug—a virtual gush, coming from that agency. Spectinomycin, on the other hand, causes discomforts, including nausea, dizziness, fever, insomnia and rashes, not commonly reported as Claforan side effects. Now, if Claforan can beat the next gonorrhea mutations, its manufacturers just may have something.

For April Fools' Day, we found a porcine send-up of your favorite magazine, complete with Pig Head logo, a Littermate and the "Playboar Interview." In real life, *Playboar* is a Canadian trade journal for hog farmers. We can assume it tickles their ribs, but, quite frankly, it isn't exactly hog heaven to us.

USE DINK COUNTERS
* WITH DINKS OF ALL
SIZES AND COLORS
* ONLY THE BEST IN THE
* ONLY THE BEST IN THE

FRUITS EXPENSIVE
* ONLY THE BEST IN THE
* ONLY THE BEST IN THE
* ONLY THE BEST IN THE
* ONLY THE BEST IN THE

NEXT MONTH:



REAL MEN



JAPANESE GIRLS



POLICEWOMAN



SMARTEST SPY

"THERE ARE NO SNAKES IN IRELAND"—RAM LAL, THE VICTIM OF AN ULSTER BULLY, EXACTS HIS OWN PECULIAR REVENGE. A CHILLING TALE BY **FREDERICK FORSYTH**

"THE SMARTEST SPY"—YOU MAY NEVER HAVE HEARD OF **BOBBY RAY INMAN**, DEPUTY DIRECTOR OF THE CIA. LEARN WHY MANY OF HIS COLLEAGUES DON'T LIKE HIM, AND WHY YOU SHOULD, IN THIS REVEALING PROFILE—BY **ROBERT SAM ANSON**

BILLY JOEL, WHO HAS GONE FROM HICKSVILLE TO HITSVILLE AS ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP POP STARS, TALKS ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS MUSIC AND HIS FEUDS WITH THE PRESS IN A NOTEWORTHY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE BEST LITTLE BOONDOGGLE IN HOLLYWOOD"—IT ALL STARTED AS A *PLAYBOY* PIECE; THEN IT BECAME A BROADWAY MUSICAL. BUT THE **BURT REYNOLDS—DOLLY PARTON** MOVIE VERSION OF KING'S *BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS* MAY BE ONE FLICK KING WILL MISS—BY **LARRY L. KING**

"POLICEWOMAN"—A LADY COP FROM THE MIDWEST DOFFS HER BADGE (AND A LOT MORE) IN AN EYE-OPENING PICTORIAL

"REAL MEN DON'T EAT QUICHE"—HAVING TROUBLE FINDING YOURSELF IN THIS POST—ALAN ALDA WORLD? SOME GUIDELINES FOR THE MODERN MALE—BY **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

"THE GIRLS OF JAPAN"—IN WHICH *PLAYBOY*'S INTREPID PHOTO STAFF LIFTS SOME OF THE VEILS FROM THE MYSTERIOUS EAST. EIGHT PAGES OF NIPPON'S BEAUTIES

"POPPA SUPERDUDE"—IF YOU'RE AN AGING D.J. TRYING TO REKINDLE AN OLD FLAME, MAKE SURE YOUR POWDER'S DRY. A WRY VIGNETTE BY **JOHN CLAYTON**

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"—A REPRISE OF THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY OF '81, PLUS *PLAYBOY*'S ALTERNATIVE OSCARS