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# DEWAR'S PROFILE:

## THOMAS B. STEVENS

HOME: Lakewood, Colorado.

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Harpsichord and clavichord builder.

HOBBY: Skiing. "I didn't move out here from New Hampshire for a change of climate."

LAST BOOK READ: *Drums Along The Mohawk*, Walter Edmonds.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Completed his third instrument of 1985. "For somebody in my business, that's high-speed production."

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# PLAYBILL

SO WHAT DO YOU DO if you're a guy of average intelligence and you wind up on a blind date with a girl whose I.Q. is 200? Hope she loves you for your body, of course. But, seriously, our seven *Women of Mensa*, the national organization for people with extremely high I.Q.s, were, according to Senior Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen** and Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag**, a bit unusual. "Of all the women we've photographed for *Girls of . . .* pictorials," says Cohen, "these were by far the most enthusiastic and curious about *PLAYBOY*. Three of them brought cameras to make their own photographic records of the trip to our Chicago studios. It's amazing, but not a single model for *any* of our other pictorials has done that, as I recall." There's a bonus for those of you who've always wanted to own a prop from one of our pictorials. "For the shot of **Sheri Blair**, we ordered 7000 rubber balls," says Cohen, "and now I'm stuck with them. The first 7000 readers who send me a nice letter will get one of them."

Intelligence of a more volatile nature characterizes film actor **Klaus Kinski**, the subject of **Marcelle Clements' Klaus Kinski & the Thing** (illustrated by **Greg Spalenka**), excerpted from her forthcoming Viking Penguin book. Kinski confirms for those who have seen his uncanny performances (*Nosferatu the Vampire*, *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*) the fact that he's probably the most eccentric genius the world has seen since Salvador Dali. However, actor-singer-musician **Sting**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, takes a close second to Kinski when it comes to being *intensely* intense. As he said to interlocutors **David** and **Victoria Sheff**, "What I am interested in doing is seducing people with a pleasant melody and then kicking them in the teeth. I like doing that." Still, Victoria admits that she found him sexy. Speaking of sexy, *Miami Vice's* two stars, **Don Johnson** (Crockett) and **Philip Michael Thomas** (Tubbs), obviously are. You may think, after you read Contributing Editor **David Rensin's 20 Questions** with them, that they possess not a shred of humility. Don't be so quick to judge. Do women from across the country send you their pubic hairs? In *Modern Girls* (illustrated by **David Croland**), **David Seeley** attempts to fathom the deep psyches of those "sleek, heavily moussed" girls of the Eighties we like to look at but don't know how to talk to, partly because they always seem distracted. They *are* distracted. They're thinking about making it with people like Don Johnson. They're thinking about making it with gay guys. They're even thinking—abstractly, of course—about having a husband and kids. And that's when you have to be *very* careful about getting their attention, because if you do, you may wind up married. And divorced. And paying child support. Let **Carl H. Stone**, a professional child-support collector, describe the short hairs of the legal system for you in *Pay Me Now or Pay Me Later*. If you're looking for the money to keep up those payments, beware of too-trendy investments. As **David Owen** explains in *Riding the Trend Trend*, almost anything can be a trend if you can sell others on it.

Also in this issue, we have sultry Playmate **Pamela Saunders** and our annual hot pictorial review of *Sex in Cinema*, by **Arthur Knight**. If you'd like to see some of those pictures *move*, you should know that *Sex in Cinema*, currently celebrating its 20th anniversary in the magazine, is now a bimonthly feature on The Playboy Channel. To round out the issue, **Reg Potterton** predicts what your fingers might soon be walking through in *The Deregulated Yellow Pages*; our new *Fast Forward* feature takes a quick look at people who are making their own breaks; **Peter Nelson** tells the story of what happens to one guy who tries to pick up an Eighties girl in *Getting the Message* (illustrated by **Bill Rieser**); and **Ray Russell** gives us a good old-fashioned ghost story with a modern twist in *The Black Wench*, his 50th contribution to *PLAYBOY*. Oh, yes, don't forget to fill out your ballots for the *Playboy Music Poll*, then check out the *Playboy Guide: Skiing* and our winter-fashion feature so you can look as hip as you are. Tip number one: Don't wear T-shirts with pink sports coats unless you live in Miami.



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# PLAYBOY

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**COVER STORY** Meet cover girl—soon to be gatefold girl—Teri Weigel. Her cover, designed by Senior Art Director Len Willis and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, boasts make-up by Pat Tomlinson, hair by John Victor, styling by Perry/Hollister, Chicago and further fashion from Makins Hats, Ltd., Sungsport of Taranta and My Fashion of Chicago.

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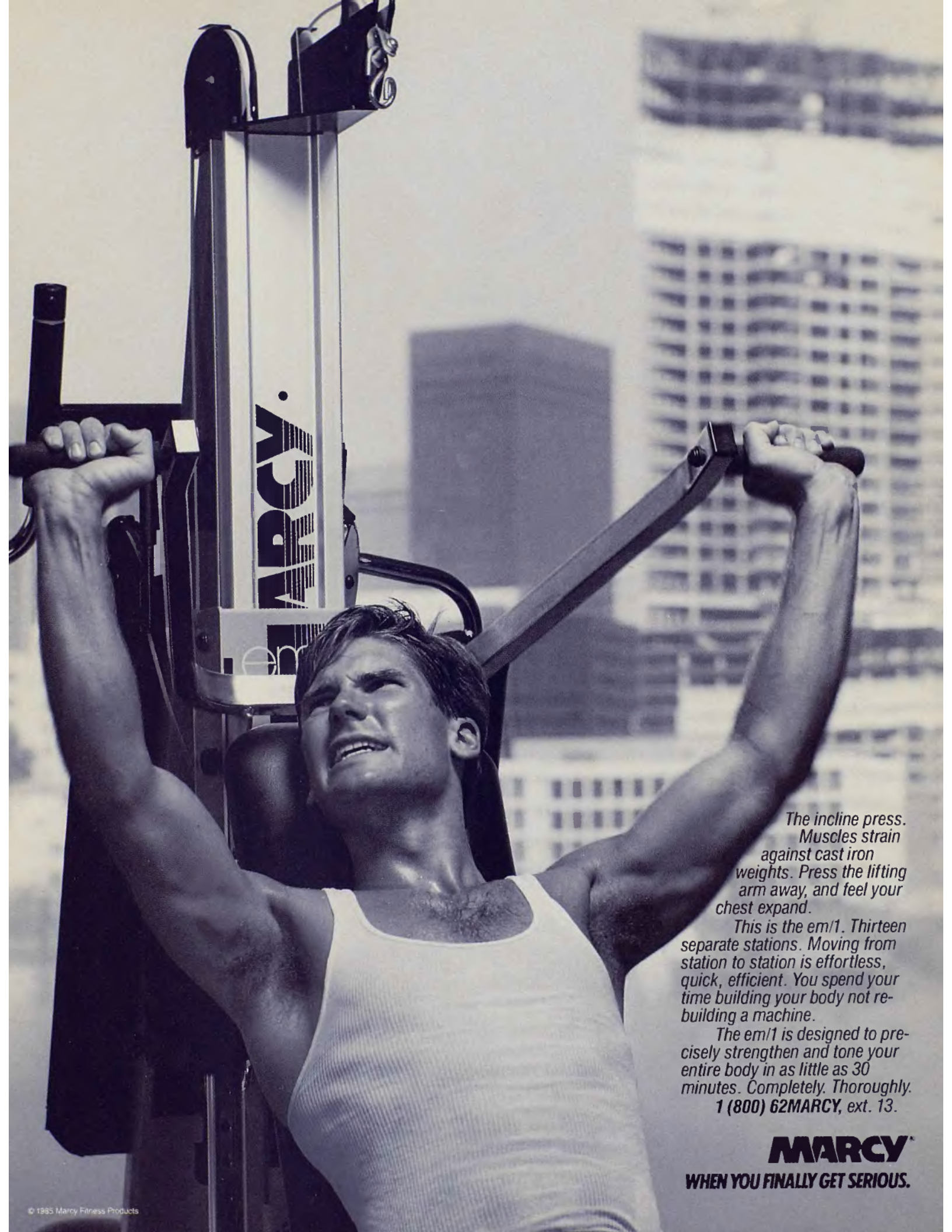
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## DEAR PLAYBOY



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### FIDEL PRESIDENTE

It's fascinating—captivating—to hear Fidel Castro speak in person, but reading his words in the *Playboy Interview* (August) shows how intelligent he really is. We should never underestimate him. The greatest question remaining is, How much of what he says does he truly believe, and how much does he say simply to keep his Soviet paymasters happy? We need to know whether or not Cuba is prepared to take the step from Soviet satellite to true independence.

Wendell J. Sherk  
St. Louis, Missouri

I am currently completing clinical training at UCLA School of Medicine, after transferring from St. George's University in Grenada. Having spent two years in Grenada, from 1982 to 1984, having developed close ties to several Grenadians and, hence, having had the opportunity to learn much about the state of affairs there, I must take issue with Fidel Castro's remarks regarding that tiny nation. Let's start with the airport that was being built at that time, primarily by Cuba. First, the runway had a big dip about mid-length that precluded safe landing by the large commercial carriers; second, there were no taxiways—i.e., no means for large commercial carriers to turn around; and third, the only hangars being built were about the size of a Cessna twin—or a late-model MIG. But, then, maybe Prime Minister Maurice Bishop's tourism experts were expecting a lot of tourists with a preference for little two-seaters. In regard to Bishop's popularity, it is currently much higher than it ever was from August 1982, when I arrived in Grenada, until his execution on October 19, 1983. Prior to his assassination, I heard only criticisms of his programs and of his associations with the Soviet Union and Cuba. Finally, regarding the medical students' alleged safety, consider the fact that the man who guaranteed it was General Hudson Austin. He was the man who, a week earlier, had

directed the troops that opened fire—with automatic weapons and without warning—on a crowd of several thousand civilians who had freed Bishop from house arrest. Immediately following the massacre, Bishop and several of his ministers were executed. For me, Austin's guarantees for our safety weren't reassuring. It was all the more ridiculous when, after nearly a week of 24-hour shoot-on-sight curfew, Austin approved our departure by commercial airline only—two days after the only commercial carrier serving Grenada had suspended all flights. Given our somewhat trapped perspective—after all, how were we to know if anyone was coming in to get us?—and a deteriorating foreign political situation, the arrival of U.S. forces was a relief. While armchair politicians and amateur philosophers back home intellectualized about whether the October 25 action was "invasion," "liberation" or "piracy," Grenadians termed it a "rescue connection." Ironically, their opinions on the matter have thus far received little media attention.

Jonathan J. Beck  
Los Angeles, California

If, as *Señor* Castro says, Cuba is such a wonderful place, how come so many Cubans moved here?

Manny Diez  
Miami, Florida

So Castro finds ambition, competition and struggle among men undesirable traits. Quite understandable, for an individualistic spirit—the desire of a man to distinguish himself from the rest of the herd—is incompatible with the philosophy of socialism. Castro would obviously prefer a docile man: one who would obey his ruler's slightest whim and sacrifice himself to his ruler's cause. The thousands who left Cuba once Castro's revolution was established did so because we did not want our minds and the fruits of our talents controlled by the state. We wanted to depend on ourselves, not on others, and we

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never wanted the state to depend on us. We are thinking, breathing individuals, not sheep, and we must remain so. Nevertheless, the sickle of socialism continues to cut a swath through history, because there are so many unfortunates who think that the individualistic spirit is wrong and must be defeated. Those of us who have suffered under socialism know better.

Roberto Santiago  
New York, New York

#### STATE OF SHOCK

I started reading your August issue and got only as far as Asa Baber's *Men* column ("Custody Is a State of Mind"). I have never written to a magazine before, but I wish to congratulate Baber on a sterling piece of writing. Having gone through a divorce without children, I have often wondered how I might have fared with the trauma of separation from them. Ladies and gentlemen out there, the next time you call humans intelligent, think of what we do to our kids in our moments of anger and pain. Then read Baber's column on rules for the divorced father. His words contain a strong message: Regardless of how you mess up your own lives, raise your children so that they carry as few of *your* scars as possible.

Paul R. Reed  
Newark, Delaware

#### EASY WRITER

The answer to Craig Vetter's question Why in hell would anybody want to learn to write? is To be able to write something nearly as brilliant as "Bonthead Writing" (*Against the Wind*, PLAYBOY, August). Vetter knows that quality is its own reward. He can complain about how rough it is to be a writer, but I'll bet he felt pretty good when he finished that "dopey little 900-word column." It's superb.

Robert Borden  
Boulder, Colorado

Craig Vetter, *Against the Wind*, column, about freelance writing, has a hell of a grain of truth, in it. I am tired of being put down, because I am a freelance writer. Damn it, writing, is the toughest job there is. Playing God, is on thing trying to sale your creations, is another. I don't think, people realize, just how, hard it is to make it in the high-fashion world, of freelance writing. Like a street corner's hooker, if your don't know how to put out your writing, then you might as well remain a virgin. Freelance writer, have the highest divorce, suicide, and alcoholic rates of any field. I am piss off when people ask me, what do you do for living? I say freelance writer, they say that nice, but where do you work, or they, say well why don't you work for the newspaper. Newspaper reporters, are nothing more then glorify stenographer. Most newspaper people don't know how to write, they not trained how to think, but just to take dictions. My advice for anyone who wanted to make it as a free-lance writer: One, you don't give

your writing away (by the way PLAYBOY, my fee for this letter is \$10,000,000. Give me a break, I am trying to start, my own magazine. Two. Find the daughter, of a Men magazine publisher, and marry her (will you Christie). Three. Forget it, and take up a easier, endeavor, such as running for president, of United States.

(Name withheld  
to protect the innocent)  
Mansfield, Ohio

#### DANGEROUS DAN

I thoroughly enjoyed Dan Jenkins' *Sports* column "Running Commentary" (PLAYBOY, August). I was covering the 1983 U.S. Open at Oakmont Country Club, and because of rain, the final round had to be completed on Monday. Early that morning, the hotel housing the media was filled with sportswriters like myself, trying to check out and then head for the golf course. While waiting in line, I spotted a jogger prancing into the lobby after completing his morning run. One of the other sportswriters yelled, "Look, a jogger! Let's kill him!" The response from the other writers was laughter, but they also nodded. I always wondered who had come up with that line, and now I think I know. Jenkins covered the 1983 U.S. Open for *Sports Illustrated*. I'm glad he took that line from 1983 and expanded on it in 1985.

Jim Riggs, Sports Editor  
*The Post-Journal*  
Jamestown, New York

#### YOU SHOULD SEE OUR DORM PARTIES

Dan Jenkins toasts slovenliness as a manly virtue and boasts of the size of his belly. Asa Baber poses as a fighter but whines. Craig Vetter plays the chain-smoking, liquor-swilling, oh-so-sensitive would-be poet. Except for Cynthia Heimel, whose honesty is as startling as it is refreshing, your op-ed pages read as if they are produced by the denizens of a dorm.

Dan Lewandowski  
Pittsboro, North Carolina

#### INNOCENT UNDIES

In the otherwise satisfactory *Hot Secrets*, by David Black (PLAYBOY, August), I am misquoted as dismissing "dressing up in lingerie" as "silly." I actually told Black the following: "A couple may share fantasies with each other and discover that what one of them thought was a wild-and-crazy thing, the other thinks is intriguing. It could vary from a specific experience like oral sex to something as simple as wearing interesting lingerie. . . ." To boil this down to "silly" puts an unnecessarily negative connotation on an otherwise innocent mechanism by which people experiment sexually.

Michael A. Perelman, Ph.D.  
Cornell University Medical Center  
New York, New York

#### VINO AND SPICE

While George Brett looks pretty good in his tuxedo and baseball cap (*K.C. at the*

*Bat*, PLAYBOY, August), I have to question his and Rich Davis' selection of red wine with barbecued ribs. Say it ain't so, George! For true B.B.Q. lovers, it's got to be a cool one from a returnable glass bottle. Wine upsets the combo of spices, don't you know. Besides, it's not nice to get B.B.Q. sauce on wineglasses.

Lew Wilson  
Mesa, Arizona

#### PUNCHY OVER JUDY

I never dreamed that sweet little mountain girl would grow into such a beauty. With *The Punch in Judy* (PLAYBOY, August), Judy Norton-Taylor has stolen my heart—again!

Jim Staschiak  
Columbus, Ohio

*The Punch in Judy* reminded me of a scene in the original *Waltons* show, "The Homecoming," that showed a depressed Mary Ellen (Judy Norton-Taylor) discussing her puberty with brother John Boy as he milked a cow. His response to her worries about her breasts was, "They'll grow." Well, it's apparent that little Mary Ellen grew up more than even John Boy could have envisioned.

Robert B. Rhodes  
Dearborn, Michigan

#### TRÈS CHER

I have always been astounded by PLAYBOY's Playmates, but August's Cher Butler blew my mind! What a classy, attractive lady. I would give anything to meet her. Hell, I'd give my left . . . never mind.

Brad Whitescarver  
Nacogdoches, Texas

*Too discreet, Brad. Your left arm? Left cerebral hemisphere? Cher appreciates the*



*thought, but she's pretty well set on the left side already.*



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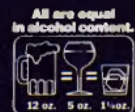


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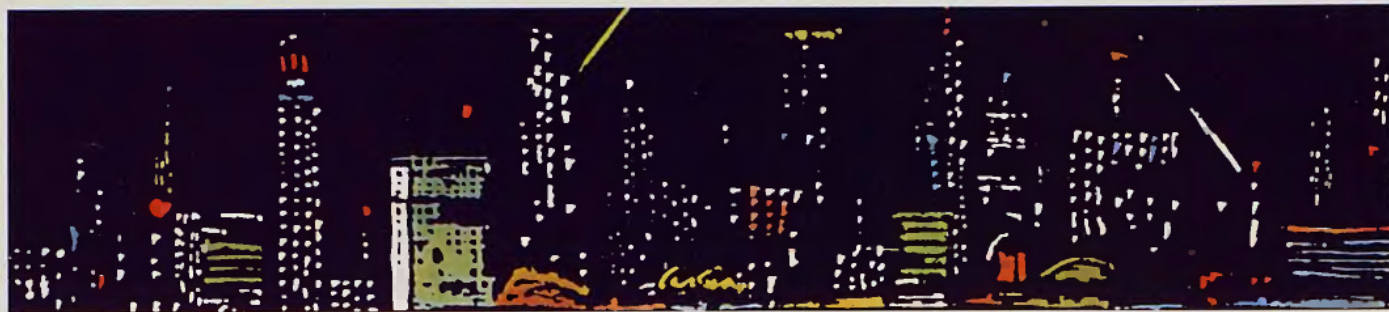
## By MUMM

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





# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## IT'S A SOW'S LIFE

The state of Lower Saxony in West Germany is very proud of the police force's newest drug agent, a 400-pound pig. Luise is reported to be "an ace at sniffing out cocaine." The corpulent narc recently ferreted out a stash located in the depths of a pile of steaming manure, something that your run-of-the-mill hound could never do.

"Now women have the chance to protect themselves," said a proud Harry Bouwhuis, an Oshawa, Ontario, butcher/inventor, as he unveiled his stainless-steel chain-link underpants. The pierceproof panties weigh in at about one and a half pounds, fasten with a padlock and cost \$180.

Our favorite ad this month reads: "Health Foods Business for Sale! In Wray, Colorado. Must sell because of ill health."

The Ohio Film Bureau wants all of us to know that its "charmingly picturesque, 150-year-old prison is now vacant and available for rent. At very reasonable rates. Ideally suited for exotic location shooting. Over 900 empty cells, each with a breath-taking view (especially the death-row wing). A modest 22-acre complex with over 15 buildings, surrounded by sturdy stone walls 24 feet high and one to three feet thick, making for a safe, secure neighborhood. Quaint, on-premise amenities include a psychiatric ward, infirmary, therapy room, gymnasium, dormitories and a slightly used electric chair." And if you have to ask the price, you can't afford it.

He did it his way: Frank Sinatra's *Come Fly with Me* was heard over Cuba's Radio Rebelde (Rebel) for the first time in decades. It was apparently Havana's first salvo against the challenge of U.S.-based Radio Marti. The singer and his songs were unofficially banned in the early Sixties because of his alleged friendship with the gangsters who had run much of

Havana before Castro's Revolution. Many Cubans over 40, though, are Sinatra fans and his discs on Radio Marti have caught their ear. Ole Blue Eyes apparently no longer makes the Revolution see red.

Make mine an insult: Danish police are confident they can differentiate between a classic derogatory gesture (a raised middle finger) and the Scandinavian sign language for a specific brand of beer. After a dozen gesticulators were arrested for offending an officer, the minister of justice was compelled to assure the public that police would handle cases on an individual basis. No word yet on whether or not that beer is available in the U.S.

Feel bad when you and your girlfriend go out for an evening of fun and leave your dog at the apartment with nothing to do but chew on your shoes? Get him *Arf!*—a 30-minute video cassette from Kartes Video Communications. He'll see a quiz show featuring a dog host and dog panelists, cooking and exercise shows with dog

hosts and a dog newscast. The sound track is almost entirely barking, but there are subtitles in English for when you want to peek in. The fun costs ten dollars—or the price of about 25 pounds of bones.

An Arlington, Virginia, woman was detained at a store for an hour, made to take off her jacket and sweater and lift up her blouse to prove that she had not shoplifted a basketball. What she did prove was that she was pregnant. She's suing the store for \$600,000.

The story's boring, but the headline suggests why they *talk* so much about women over there: "SMALLEST ORGAN DISPLAYED IN FRANCE."

"I started out as a screamer with no vocal technique," explains 30-year-old diva Diamanda Galas. "I'd put on a long black dress and go into art spaces and mental institutions, where I would stand with my back to the audience and make whatever sounds came to me—usually shrieking and screaming." Considered by some the Maria Callas of avant-garde music, Galas has performed recently in Europe and New York. "Although my work is very emotional and concerned with things that are larger than life, it is also very disciplined," she claims. "I prefer to call it 'intravenous electroacoustic voice work.'" The four pieces she performed in New York dealt with psychic states, such as extreme claustrophobia and schizophrenia. *Eyes Without Blood*, for example, is a reflection on love and murder. Even though music is her life now, Galas concedes, "The one thing I don't think I could live without would be the sound tracks to horror films. I love to play them in my car as I drive down the freeway."

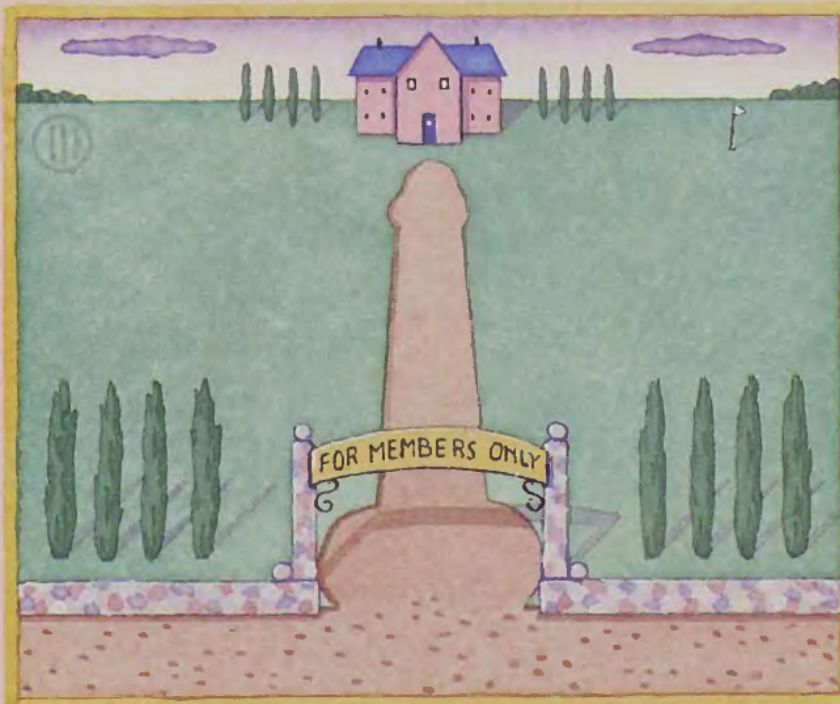
He must have blocked too many kicks with his head: A high school football



## FOR MEMBERS ONLY

*Giving pet names to penises is a male tradition going back to Alley Oop and his bonus erectus. Everyone knows about Chuck Berry's Ding-a-Ling, Robin Williams' Mr. Happy and even the President's Gipper, but do you remember Walt Disney and Thumper? Do you really know your appendage appellations? You know about Melville and Moby, Roy Rogers and Trigger, Gumby and Pokey, Nixon and Agnew, Galileo and the Big Dipper, but how about the Duke of Wellington and Beef Wellington? Bone up on this secret list and you'll never have to worry about holding your own at a party.*

PRINCE Vanity Six	WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. The Brobdingnagian Protuberance
BEAVER CLEAVER Lumpy	JONATHAN WINTERS Hefty
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN The Employee	DUSTIN HOFFMAN Little Big Man
MR. T Mr. P or sometimes simply Fool	T. S. ELIOT The Hollow Man
BRANDON TARTIKOFF The Peacock	ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON Long John Silver
TOM SELLECK Magnum Pee Eye	RICARDO MONTALBAN Rich Corinthian Leather
PINOCCHIO Woody	HARRISON FORD Hand Solo
WARREN BEATTY Happy	WAYNE GRETZKY Puck
GEORGE BURNS Sleepy	RONALD MCDONALD The Quarter-Pounder
BERNHARD GOETZ Grumpy	GEORGE WASHINGTON The Monument
JOHN DE LOREAN Sneezy	JESSE JACKSON Somebody
MICHAEL JACKSON Bashful	DAVE KINGMAN Donkey Kong
JOHN BELUSHI Dopey	FRED FLINTSTONE Bamm Bamm (Thank You, Ma'am)
JULIUS ERVING Doc	SMOKEY THE BEAR Only You



coach in Van Nuys, California, has been removed after several teachers complained that "he drew female genitalia on tackling dummies used in spring practice." In his defense, the coach said that the drawn lines "were to be 'attack points' for blockers." One can only wonder about their previous season's record.

Washington, D.C.'s, tenth annual Judicial Conference included this morning program: "Ten A.M.: Alcoholism and drug abuse among lawyers. 10:45 A.M.: Coffee break. 11 A.M.: Alcohol and drug abuse among lawyers (continued). 12-12:30 P.M.: Cash bar."

The *San Jose Mercury News*, in its vegetarian-cookery column, noted that Planned Parenthood of Santa Cruz County has put out a cookbook that devotes 40 pages to telling readers how "to use zucchini in a variety of ways."

### ROCK 'N' ROLL IS THERE TO STAY

On Hollywood Boulevard, right across from Mann's Chinese Theater, is the Museum of Rock Art. Along with tons of "original art" and photos, films, a video jukebox and a Fifties Scopetone machine, assorted gold records, tour jackets and "rare memorabilia," its display windows feature "one-of-a-kind" wax figures of Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly and Boy George. (It's also probably the only museum in the world that's open until two A.M. on weekends.)

Still, we can't help feeling that it missed a few of rock's seminal artifacts, and so we brazenly submit our list of Things We'd Like to See in the Rock Museum.

- The glasses Buddy Holly was wearing on the Day the Music Died (recently discovered in a sheriff's office near the crash site).

- The commercial Bill Graham once made for the milk industry.

- A print of the suppressed Rolling Stones documentary *Cocksucker Blues*, in which assorted groupies go down on assorted Stones during a memorable plane ride and Keith nods out a lot.

- The Cadillac Coupe DeVille that Wendy O. Williams of the Plasmatics dynamited on the stage of Ron Delsener's Palladium—causing the electrician's tape to melt right off her nipples. (We know where the hubcaps are!)

- Two tickets (unused) to the Powder Ridge Festival of 1970 and a complete set of hand-tooled rawhide whips belonging to Ike Turner.

- And just for good measure: a rare, limited-edition disc of The Rotters' 1979 punk classic, *Sit on My Face Stevie Nicks*; a Plaster Caster tribute to Wayne County—before he became Jayne County; several never-before-seen nude photographs of Karen Carpenter that Bob Guccione once refused to publish; a complete listing of Paul McCartney's financial holdings; a pillow filled entirely with clippings from Lionel Richie's mustache; and a matchbox containing Debbie Harry's entire wardrobe.



## Sorels. A legend from Tuktoyaktuk to Toledo.

Sorels have changed the footprint of winter around the world. From the remote village of Tuktoyaktuk in the Canadian Arctic, to the snow-belt cities of the Great Lakes – from the Atlantic seaboard, through the Rockies and twenty-three countries around the globe – Sorels are the boots that prove winter belongs to those who dress for it.

There are Sorels for work or play, for men, women and children. We know they're warm because this is the boot that stood on the North Pole at  $-63^{\circ}\text{F}$ . We know they're tough because this is the boot trappers in Alaska and lumberjacks in Canada work in.

Only Sorels are built like Sorels. Because wet isn't warm – Sorels'

natural rubber bottom is specially bonded to genuine, high-oil-content, top grain leather uppers for maximum water-repellency.

Even the laces and D-rings are made to never rot or rust. Inside, there's another warm story – Sorels' thick, boot-within-a-boot felt liner that's made with the same rich wool as a fisherman's sweater – it wicks away perspiration to keep you dry and warm. It cushions your foot for day-long trekking as well.

Design details are endless – like the welt that prevents brush from snagging where the leather joins the rubber.

Independent rows of stitching that preclude a chain-reaction unravelling.

Sorels will with-

stand the worst of man and nature. While they may cost a little more, they're one of the world's great values. For the name of your nearest store, write Kaufman Footwear, Dept. R, 410 King Street West, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 4J8.

Why buy just a boot when you can buy a legend!



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**NOT JUST A PAIR OF JEANS**

Jeans achieve the status of an old friend. And when your favorites wear out, it's hard to just toss them. Edlund Studios in Kentwood, Michigan, will help you preserve your jeans—and what you looked like in them—by means of a sculpture. For a one-of-a-kind, personal, signed and dated freestanding piece, send Edlund your jeans, a pair of sneakers and a photo of yourself wearing the same. What you get, then, is a true-to-life look at yourself from the waist down that you can place strategically in your living room, your den or your girlfriend's trophy room. The cost of this nutty narcissism is \$2500. If, however, you'd like a sculpture of someone else's jeans, that'll set you back only \$1200. We'd rather pap for the personalized ones—and we have a sensational young woman's 501s in mind.



**S C R I B B L E S**

**TERMINALS OF ENDEARMENT**

At their best, love letters work better than a floor-length coat once owned by an endangered species. But who has the time? Fairfield Software's Babble123 randomly selects preprogrammed sentence fragments, phrases and words and puts them together in some pleasantly plausible facsimiles of real emotion. Started as a programmer's gag, it gives you a choice of Flaming Passion, Friendly or Fading Fast modes, asks your squeeze's sex, then fires up your disk's sex drive. Letters start with such salutations as "Dearest Snogie" and "Love Slave" and generate such cogent queries as "How can you question my intentions when I let you use my VISA?" Babble123 lets your love light shine.

**MAJOR-LEAGUE BETTING**

What do ballplayers do during rain delays? The trendiest clubhouse games this year are tonk, which is similar to gin, and pluck, a cousin to bridge. But tonk and pluck, both too complicated to explain here, are still rookies next to an older, simpler game called liar's poker.

"Garry Maddox is the best I ever saw," says veteran Cubs shortstop Larry Bowa of the Phillies' center fielder. "He never lost at liar's poker. He's got one of those faces that make you believe everything he says."

Like blackjack, liar's poker

the digits on your bill and those on the unseen bills of your opponents. Say you're in a three-man game. If your serial number contains three fives, you might bid four fives—guessing that Bowa and Maddox have at least one five between them. The other players have the option of accepting your bid and raising—to five fives, for instance, or four sixes—or challenging you. If you're challenged and your bid proves successful, the others fork over their dollars. If not, you pay Larry and Garry a dollar each.

According to Bowa, an adept rookie can sometimes beat a veteran ballplayer. "There are some guys, like Ron Cey," he acknowledges,

**B A C K T A L K**



**SANDRA BERNHARD'S SECRET LIFE OF WOMEN'S HUMOR**

**WHY CAN'T WOMEN TELL JOKES?**

I just heard one that I thought was pretty funny, but I can't remember it. I can't remember a joke for five minutes.

**YOUR FATHER IS A PROCTOLOGIST. COULD HE HAVE MADE IT AS A COMEDIAN IF HE'D HAD A BREAK?**

My dad is outrageous and adorable, but don't let him near a stage. He doesn't have the best timing.

**IS IT POSSIBLE TO DEVELOP A FRIENDSHIP WITH ANOTHER COMIC, OR IS THE COMPETITION TOO GREAT?**

Two or three of my best friends are comics, but people steal things in this business. I don't even want to talk about characters that I'd love to do, because the stuff is too easily stolen. And people steal more than lines. They steal an *idea* and then ruin it so you can't use it.

**HOW DOES A FUNNY, YOUNG, INDEPENDENT WOMAN—A ROLE MODEL FOR OTHER YOUNG WOMEN—FEEL ABOUT PLAYBOY?**

If I'm going to be in PLAYBOY, I don't want to look like a goddamn dog. I want to look sexy, like everybody else. I loved the *Girls of the Southeastern Conference* pictorials. Some of those Crimson Tide girls are really into showing off their titties. They know exactly what they're doing. They're real smart-looking, actually. They're just a little too smart for their own good.



is easy to learn but difficult to master. All it requires is two or more ballplayers and their constant companion, money. Bets are made on the eight-digit serial numbers of dollar bills. The object is to construct a winning poker hand using

"who seem to lose all the time. When we get a game with Cey on an airplane, we ask the pilot to circle the airport so we can get in a few more hands." Cey may be called Penguin by the fans, but around the clubhouse he's known as Fish.

**MAG MAX**

Finally, there's a magazine as big as you are. ¡Aqui! (Here! in Spanish) is a 4' x 6' poster magazine devoted to a single image by a single artist. You can see it pasted up on the sides of buildings and hung on the walls of lafts all over art-conscious New York. Same of each issue's 500 silk-screened copies make it all the way to

Toronto and even Basel, Switzerland. Artists whose work has been featured include the magazine's founders, Julie Bradrick, David Humpson and Cliff Baldwin, as well as Barbara Kruger, Les Levine, Steve Gianakos and General Idea. While most other magazines just huddle in unneat piles, gathering dust, this one will hide cracks and will save you the trouble of painting your living room.



**DR. JOHN'S NIGHT SCHOOL**

Many of us suffered through piano lessons belaboring some of the silliest keyboard melodies ever contrived. And there's no surer way to stop a cocktail party cold than to sit down at the ivories and plunk out one of a lesser composer's tarantellas. Dr. John, the Night Tripper (known to his mother as Mac Rebennack), now teaches you *New Orleans Piano and the Roots of Rock*—five hours of instructional cassettes with score, plus his socko album *Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennack* (Homespun Tapes, Woodstock, New York). Even the most timid of the keyboardists around this office are now trading Professor Longhair licks during valuable working hours. Get the package, for about \$74, and you'll never hear anyone shout, "Shoot the piano player!"

**G I Z M O**

**BAG YOUR FACE**

Here's something not to sneeze at that will help hay-fever sufferers. Hammer Schlemmer offers this stylish Winkworth Hay Fever Helmet. Made out of nylon, it protects against dust, mold and other irritating particles so you can negotiate the outdoors in comfort. The battery-powered fan/filter, which attaches to your belt, pipes clean, unpolluted air to your head. Now, if they would also include a personal stereo and a supply of tapes as you wait for frost.



**H E L P F I L E**

**HOW TO NEGOTIATE LIKE A RUSSIAN**

American and Soviet diplomats spent the summer in Geneva, butting heads over issues ranging from offensive weapons to defensive postures. As usual, the only immediate benefactors of the daily tête-à-tête were Swiss restaurateurs. We don't want to go so far as to say that Boris and Natasha do it better than moose and squirrel, but let's face it: Russian negotiating techniques redefine the word hardball.

*Patience.* The Russians are great sitters. They love to create a deadlock. Their negotiators routinely sit, silent and motionless, for long periods of time. You have to admit it worked for Chernenko.

*Initiative.* Don't fail to express new views. One Rus-

sian officer, reluctant to make it appear that an adversary had taken the initiative, replied to an American proposal, "We will have no response. But soon we will be presenting a new position."

*Decor.* Feel at home with your surroundings. During the rule of Peter the Great, Russian delegates destroyed their host's furniture to show their independence.

*Decorum.* Be quick with the comeback or the put-down. Stalinists included outright personal insults in their negotiating repertory.

*Give and take.* The Russian version of now you see it, now you don't. Not that the U.S.S.R. is fickle, but it has been known to pursue a position fiercely for days, only to abandon it completely when it is not accepted. Never mind.

*It ain't over till it's over!* The Soviets capitalize on the intensity of the final stages of negotiations and will pounce at the first signs of weakness or fatigue. The bargaining doesn't end until the final signing. Adversaries are left waiting for hours with one or two points of an agreement left unresolved. Only at the last minute, sometimes at the airport, does a courier show up with the accord, ready to be signed, take it or leave it, with the outstanding issues resolved—in Moscow's favor.

*When Putsch comes to shove.* The Russians once held up a treaty for years over the inclusion—and then the exclusion—of a mention of dried peas. Their motto: "What is ours remains ours. What is yours remains negotiable."

—PHIL COOPER



# MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WELL, SUMMER'S gone and the silly season may give way to some autumnal movies about the honest-to-God problems of grownups. A real standout in the 1985 fall collection is producer-director Bud Yorkin's *Twice in a Lifetime* (The Yorkin Company), the kind of wholehearted human drama that makes people line up to see it, as they did for such pictures as *Ordinary People* and *Terms of Endearment*. Written by Colin Welland (author of the Oscar-winning *Chariots of Fire*), *Twice* deals with the tumult in the family of a Seattle steelworker (Gene Hackman) who falls in love with a barmaid while he's out with the guys celebrating his 50th birthday. "It's been a long time since I haven't known for certain what a day had in store for me," he declares as the embers of romantic longing start to glow again. Ann-Margret, as the barmaid, delivers another vibrant acting job in very solid company—with Ellen Burstyn brilliant as the emotionally devastated homebody wife and Amy Madigan occasionally bustling on to steal the show as the couple's oldest, married daughter, who wants Dad to suffer for his sins. Ally Sheedy and Darrell Larson flesh out the ruptured family circle, with Brian Dennehy registering potent disapproval as the hero's former buddy.

Better known as Norman Lear's producing partner in several TV-sitcom classics, Yorkin manages to juggle all the domestic upheavals without glibness and with delicate appreciation of the fact that there are no villains in the piece. At times, Burstyn's spurned wife may seem too ploddingly simple or the working-stiff husband a mite more articulate than your average moon-struck mill hand, yet *Twice in a Lifetime* finally conquers with a pivotal performance by Hackman—intense but seemingly effortless, as always—that is likely to mark the zenith of his impressive career. And the movie ends on a note of subtle, painful, honest poignancy that'll make you glad to forgive an occasional kernel of early corn. This corn is golden. ★★★

Flaws and all, a cheeky contemporary whodunit is more than welcome, and *Compromising Positions* (Paramount) squeezes some good giggles from Susan Isaacs' adaptation of her wry comic novel about a Long Island periodontist whose murder triggers scandal in suburbia. Seems that Doc Fleckstein (Joe Mantegna) has dabbled in pornography and has dallied, both carnally and photographically, with innumerable female patients. Susan Sarandon, charmingly flaky in a breezy mode that's a cross between Agatha Christie's Miss Marple



*Lifetime's family, coming untied.*

Line up for *Lifetime*, 1985's successor to *Terms of Endearment*.

and Myrna Loy in the old *Thin Man* movies, plays a bored young matron—retired from journalism by motherhood—whose busy husband (Edward Herrmann) does not want her tracking down clues. Neither does the handsome police lieutenant (Raul Julia) whom she has to convince of her own innocence: "Actually, I was trying to find a way out of my next appointment. But I wouldn't have gone *that* far." Judith Ivey, Mary Beth Hurt, Deborah Rush, Josh Mostel and Anne De Salvo are among the knowing screwballs at hand, all seasoned pros who can turn a sharp line of dialog into a deadly weapon. While they're sometimes left short of ammo, a worse problem is director Frank Perry's aimless and uninspired guidance. *Compromising Positions* cries for a touch of Hitchcockian high style and winds up being about half the sassy, fine-fettled comedy it set out to be. ★★★

Together again in the wake of *Splash*, Tom Hanks and John Candy perform nimbly as *Volunteers* (Tri-Star), a couple of Peace Corps cutups carrying New Frontier idealism to Southeast Asia circa 1962. Sort of. Actually, Candy plays a creep from Tacoma who appears to be inadvertently aiding Chinese Communists ("How's this going to look on my résumé?" he howls) and may be rebuilding the bridge on the River Kwai. Hanks does his Peace Corps duties by default, generally wearing a white dinner jacket; he's fresh out of Yale,

having connived his way into the program to escape a \$28,000 gambling debt and the wrath of his father. The sincere Jewish-American girl who tidies up after them is played by Rita Wilson, not really a Sigourney Weaver clone but close enough to make her nice company. Here, with Nicholas Meyer smoothly directing, Hanks, luckless in *The Man with One Red Shoe*, once more proves he's a guy who could restore screen comedy to the high, dry and stylish level where Cary Grant left it. ★★★

The prickly questions posed by *Agnes of God* (Columbia) concern faith vs. Freud. Do we look for a miracle of immaculate conception or ferret out the mystery male in the case of a devout, half-crazed young nun (Meg Tilly) who's accused of murdering the baby she bore in her convent cell? Like John Pielmeier's Broadway play, director Norman Jewison's movie version (adapted by the playwright) is part suspense drama and part religious debate—enhanced by terrific roles for three major actresses. Jewison gets everything he could want from Jane Fonda, in her element as a skeptical do-gooder court psychiatrist assigned to interview the girl; from Anne Bancroft, as the crusty, worldly mother superior who enters a tug of war for Agnes' soul, telling far less than she knows; and from Tilly, making quite a show of her flashy title role as a poor creature who is either a demisaint or the victim of a psychosis created by sexual abuse in childhood—or perhaps both. Such confrontations require endless, earnest talk. But it's always provocative talk, delivered by top-rank players in an austere and handsome drama that sends you home with points to argue rather than easy answers. ★★★

Two attractive, normal-looking teen-aged misfits on a homicidal rampage in L.A. are *The Boys Next Door* (New World). Working off the rage of rejection, the scarier of the duo is Roy (Maxwell Caulfield, British by birth but credibly California-suburban here), who says, "I got stuff inside me." His comrade Bo (Charlie Sheen, youngest son of Martin) seems less dangerous but supplies the proper lethal chemistry when he notes—as they roar off to the city after ripping up a small-town graduation party—that they're doomed to trade high school for dead-end factory jobs: "Walk in there Monday and run a drill press for the rest of our lives." Before Monday comes, they have left four people dead and several sorely wounded. These *Boys* are clearly antisocial beings bred on the fringes of a consumer society in which young studs usually play video



Break away to refreshing taste.

# COME UP TO KOOL



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**

Milds Kings, 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine ev. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

games to satisfy their lust for destruction. Roy and Bo are aesthetic cousins to the killers from *In Cold Blood* (1967) and from Terrence Malick's remarkable *Badlands* (1973), both based on real-life murder sprees (it was Malick's movie, ironically, that made Martin Sheen a star). Director Penelope Spheeris, whose 1983 *Suburbia* was a striking portrait of alienated punk youth, orchestrates the spontaneous combustion of violence with great skill. Her two young predators, increasingly frenzied, are like characters in a pop tragedy as they finally snuff out a wistful barfly (Patti D'Arbanville) whose sexplay with one of them seals her fate. I'm not sure that *The Boys Next Door* holds up as serious sociology, but it is taut, hypnotic and chilling—chock-full of evidence that Spheeris is a film maker who's here to stay. **★★½**

Here's a 16th Century extravaganza in which lusty knights charge around besieging castles, raping and looting at the drop of a drawbridge. Whether ardent feminists like it or loathe it, *Flesh & Blood* (Orion) is a vibrant, bawdy, wildly theatrical period piece about a damsel in distress who can hardly wait to be ravished, who joins her captors as they plunder the countryside and who generally manipulates to her advantage any male who comes her way hankering for carnal pleasure. Jennifer Jason Leigh (daughter of the late Vic Morrow) is the wily vixen Agnes, who'd probably walk away with the picture if she were cast opposite anyone less commanding than Rutger Hauer, the virile Dutch treat making his mark in movie after movie (most recently, *Ladyhawke*) as the likeliest cinematic swordsman since Errol Flynn. Australia's Tom Burlinson plays the young squire to whom Agnes is betrothed when Martin (Hauer) carries her off to claim her virginity, decidedly in the nick of time.

Dutch director Paul Verhoeven intended to depict 16th Century Europe as a plague-ridden epoch characterized by cruelty, avarice, disease, lechery and sudden death. *Flesh & Blood* delivers it all. So far, the sexiest movie of 1985, which has not been a vintage year for venerable. **★★★**

It's a sure bet that Meryl Streep's scintillating performance in *Plenty* (Fox) will make all the honors lists this year. David Hare's play was a hit in London and New York with Kate Nelligan in the central role, and Streep, far more vulnerable, brings a new dimension to the film version. She is almost constantly astonishing as Susan, an angry, complex modern woman whose idealism is shaped by her experience as a courier with the French Resistance during World War Two. After that, *nothing* about the years of peace and plenty that follow can measure up to her expectations—including the men and the



Streep has a proposition for Sting.

A sure-fire Oscar bid  
by Streep and meaty role  
for *Playboy* interviewee Sting.

careers she masters. *Plenty* looks at one woman's world through a prism that also reflects the decline of the British Empire from the immediate postwar years to the Suez debacle and beyond into the Sixties. Such psychological depth and political intelligence are rare in movies today.

Given an episodic work that spans nearly two decades, moving from England and France to Tunisia, Australian director Fred Schepisi does a fine job of minimizing the blatant theatricality of some scenes. Yet even staginess becomes an asset when the showstopping bits are played by a galaxy of Britain's brightest: John Gielgud, hilarious as a sardonic chief in the foreign service; Charles Dance (memorable from *The Jewel in the Crown*) as Susan's loyal, long-suffering diplomat husband; Tracey Ullman, earthy and vital as her eccentric, man-hungry roommate; Ian McKellen as a wry spokesperson explaining modern English diplomacy; Sam Neill as the heroine's wartime hit-and-run amour; and Sting (see this month's *Playboy Interview*), by no means least as the blue-collar Brit selected by Susan to father a bastard child. A pioneer feminist, Susan is scornful of all man-spawned enterprises; even as she solicits a sperm donor, she tells him, "Deep down, I'd do the whole damn thing myself." This is not an easy character to like, and *Plenty* might be depressing were it not for the slyly vitriolic humor and superlative quality of everyone's work. Ready or not, any adult moviegoer should rush to see Streep on her way to becoming a certified screen legend. **★★★★**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Agnes of God** (See review) Did she or didn't she? A nun's story. **★★★**
- Always** Sentimental ode to marriage on the rocks. **★★**
- Back to the Future** Family ties delightfully untied by a time machine. **★★★★**
- The Black Cauldron** Disney's animated adventure is heavy kid stuff. **★★**
- The Boys Next Door** (See review) On the town in L.A., in cold blood. **★★½**
- The Bride** Stinging Frankenstein. **★★½**
- Compromising Positions** (See review) The case of the horny periodontist. **★★★**
- Dance with a Stranger** Watch for Miranda Richardson, a blonde to remember. **★★★★½**
- Dangerous Moves** Power chess in Paris. Oscar's best foreign film of 1984. **★★½**
- The Emerald Forest** John Boorman's epic about a modern jungle boy. **★★½**
- Flesh & Blood** (See review) So far, 1985's lustiest. **★★★**
- Fright Night** None-too-serious fun and games with the vampires next door. **★★**
- The Heavenly Kid** Another time warp but foiled by *Back to the Future*. **★★**
- The Home and the World** Sexual politics in Satyajit Ray's modern India. **★★★**
- Insignificance** Nicolas Roeg spins a tall tale of Manhattan with four super-celebrities from the Fifties. **★★★★½**
- Kiss of the Spider Woman** Hurt, Julia and Sonia Braga in a vivid drama about survival behind bars in Brazil. **★★★★½**
- Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome** Going for broke in the postatomic age. **★★★★½**
- Mishima** Director Paul Schrader's salute to a Japanese literary icon. **★★½**
- Pee-wee's Big Adventure** Mishmash of small potatoes—junk food for addicts only. **★**
- Peril** Sex and violence à la mode. But only in Paris. **★★**
- Plenty** (See review) And there's Meryl where that came from. **★★★★**
- Prizzi's Honor** Love among the Mafia, with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner. **★★★★½**
- Real Genius** Computer whiz kids vs. the defense establishment. Winning. **★★½**
- Return of the Living Dead** Presumably a spoof of Romero, but no funnier. **★★**
- Silverado** How the West was won, according to Kasdan. Middling. **★★½**
- Twice in a Lifetime** (See review) Gene as a feeling philanderer. **★★★★**
- Volunteers** (See review) Hanks and Candy undo the Peace Corps. **★★★**
- Weird Science** Despite Kelly LeBrock as a computer-conjured woman, this teen trivia is rock-bottom rubbish. **★**
- Year of the Dragon** Final cut in Chinatown, courtesy of Michael Cimino. **★★½**

★★★★ Don't miss      ★★ Worth a look  
★★★ Good show        ★ Forget it





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—Matt Costello, Game News



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# BOOKS

**WOMEN CRIMEBUSTERS:** According to Raymond Chandler, the detective story came of age when Dashiell Hammett took murder out of the parlor and dropped it into the streets. What neither Chandler nor Hammett could have foreseen was that tough guys would have to make room on those streets for sleuths wearing mascara on their private eyes. Agatha Christie's extremely popular Miss Marple (whom Dodd, Mead celebrates this month with a profile by Anne Hart, *The Life and Times of Miss Jane Marple*, and *Miss Marple: The Collected Short Stories*) set the pace for hundreds of other spinsters and widows and prissy snoops. But just as the dilettantes gave way to the Hammett-Chandler men of action, so the fussy old ladies are moving aside for a new breed of female detective. Today's sleuthing sisterhood tries to exhibit rugged independence without sacrificing femininity or making too big a deal of it.

Who are the best on the beat? V. I. "Vic" Warshawski, Sara Paretsky's Chicago-based detective, is arguably the top of the line—attractive, intelligent, tough and vulnerable. In her third and latest caper, *Killing Orders* (Morrow), she bucks the Mafia, the Vatican and an international conglomerate. Marcia Muller's Sharon McCone, who has been at the game a bit longer than most of her contemporaries, has spent seven books on San Francisco's mean streets. Her newest one, *There's Nothing to Be Afraid Of* (St. Martin's), brings her into contact with the porno kings, fevered street preachers and Vietnamese refugees of that city's Tenderloin. The twice-divorced, 30ish Kinsey Millhone, Sue Grafton's contribution to the genre, lives in Southern California, has no kids and no pets and likes it that way. Her cases are alphabetical, the current one being "**B**" is for *Burglar* (Holt, Rinehart), a tale of arson, theft and murder. Ellie Gordon, who because of her smart mouth and fact-ferreting ways is billed as "a female Fletch," tries to clear a friend's name in *Shock Value* (Popular Library), the second novel by Karin Berne (the pseudonym of two Albuquerque-based women writers). The paperback original concerns murky doings in a nuclear power plant.

Two newcomers, both named Jane, are premiering this year. J. D. Mulroy, a Birmingham, Michigan, private eye, arrives this month in *Casket for a Lying Lady* (Dodd, Mead), by Richard R. Werry, one of the rare male authors writing about a hard-boiled female. J.D. classifies men as suckers ("unobtrusive, generally harmless"), mackerel ("socially integrated") and barracuda ("ambitious, demanding, impulsive"). The heroine of Abby Robinson's *The Dick and Jane* (Delacorte) is a photographer who moonlights in a gumshoe's agency. Part parody, part screwball comedy, her genuinely funny caper



Galápagos: The world according to Vonnegut.

A celebration of female supersleuths; Vonnegut's vision of evolution.

reminds us that for all their smart talk and cynical asides, the emerging women private eyes could and should use a good laugh every now and then. —DICK LOCHTE

The narrator of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, *Galápagos* (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence) is running character Kilgore Trout's son, Leon; and he's speaking to us 1,000,000 years from now. His story is about how the human race survived on Santa Rosalia—one of the more remote of the Galápagos Islands. It did so through the oddest, most ironic, most fortuitous set of coincidences imaginable—that is, except in Vonnegut's head. The story centers on what's billed as the Nature Cruise of the Century and the lives of the peculiar assortment of people who make the trip. They include a schoolteacher, the last members of the Kankabono tribe, the pregnant wife of a Japanese computer genius, a neutered dog and a German admiral of the Ecuadorian navy. The forces that shape their destiny include world-wide economic collapse and the most expendable of evolutionary frailties—the oversized, overactive human brain. Vonnegut, of course, keeps the tenuous threads of his story entertaining—and not without several shades of humor. Like his other work, this is an exercise with a "what if" perspective, one that is disturbing and moving—and beautifully rendered.

Robert Thorne, a retired foreign correspondent once posted in Moscow, is asked by a former lover to unravel a mystery: the

disappearance of her wealthy American father, a man with mysterious roots in Russia. That's the premise of Anthony Hyde's espionage thriller, *The Red Fox* (Knopf), which takes Thorne from Detroit to New Hampshire to Paris and finally to a tiny Russian village where all the sinister pieces of this beautifully crafted jigsaw puzzle fall into place. *The Red Fox* is Hyde's first novel, and it's the perfect book with which to settle down on a wet, nasty November night.

If there is a better world than this, maybe it's the one that Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding created way back when in the age of steam radio. If we're lucky, we'll all go there when they pull the plug on the current model; but meanwhile, we can read about it in *The New! Improved! Bob and Ray Book* (Putnam's), which presents all the evidence we need to realize that the boys are still crazy after all these years. Among the 50 or so subjects in this latest collection are the Winnebago Indian who runs for President as nominee of both parties, the man who invented the vent in the back of jackets, a commercial for a bank that's lost all its records, the tax expert who has two identities so that he can file a joint return, a manufacturer of artificial police dogs, the hobbyist who collects numbers from the stores where you take a number, the self-employed subway conductor and Tippy, the useless wonder dog. Great stuff, every blessed line. Who else would tell us what happens to voting machines between elections? And which other consumer advisors would suggest cutting family clothing bills by buying products that stunt children's growth? Ah, Bob; ah, Ray. If there were a Nobel Prize for making us laugh, you'd have been called to Stockholm a long time ago.

*The Nuclear Age* (Knopf), by Tim O'Brien, is one of the better efforts at the difficult task of describing our dance with universal death. Set in the year 1995, this novel tells the story of one William Cowling, a sort of Everyman, a husband and father who has lived with the madness of the nuclear nightmare all his life. "One day it will happen," he acknowledges; but unlike most of us, Cowling tries to do something about it. He begins to dig a hole in his back yard. As he constructs his primitive fallout shelter, he talks with his young daughter, reviews his life, yearns for his wife and thinks about death. O'Brien (winner of the 1979 National Book Award for his novel *Going After Cacciato*) presents a modest, believable, human picture of where we all may be ten years from now.

*Stanley and the Women* (Summit) is no fun at all for its hapless characters; but for the reader, it's an instructive and savage comedy of the blackest kind and the

strongest and most beautifully written novel yet from Kingsley Amis. This is the kind of work that in a just world would persuade lesser lights in the typing business to go back to their regular jobs. Here's Amis, chewing over one of his favorite themes: "Women were like the Russians. If you did exactly what they wanted all the time you were being realistic and constructive and promoting the cause of peace, and if you ever stood up to them, you were resorting to Cold War tactics and pursuing imperialistic designs and interfering in their internal affairs."

Chris Mead's *Champion: Joe Louis, Black Hero in White America* (Scribner's) not only provides blow-by-blow descriptions of Louis' fights, it's a sobering and often startling documentation of how much the news media contributed, both intentionally and unintentionally, to the perpetuation of racism not too long ago. And we don't mean just the Southern press: An article in *The New York Times Magazine* included a description of the great heavy-weight boxer as "a primordial organism, in temperament like a one-celled beastie." Among nicknames the press gave Louis that called attention to his race (the best known, Brown Bomber) were the Dusky Downer, the Shufflin' Shadow, Mike Jacobs' Pet Pickaninny, The Chocolate Chopper and The Tan Tarzan of Thump. Just before his fight with the gargantuan Primo Carnera, Louis held a press conference and members of the media showed up with watermelon for him to eat while they took pictures. He told them he didn't like watermelon.

#### BOOK BAG

*In Country* (Harper & Row), by Bobbie Ann Mason: Samantha Hughes is 17, lives in Kentucky and lost her father in the Vietnam war before she ever got to know him. This is the modest, beautiful, touching story of how she discovers, through the dead man's letters and diary—and with the help of her uncle, also a Vietnam vet—who her father was and what that war was about. A number-one novel.

*Cheeseburgers: The Best of Bob Greene* (Atheneum): It's tempting to say this is a rare collection. Or that it's well done. But instead, let's just say it's a tasty assortment of newspaper and magazine stories from one of the hottest writers in print.

*The Price of the Ticket* (St. Martin's), by James Baldwin: An outstanding collection of Baldwin's best essays, from *The Fire Next Time* to *Nobody Knows My Name*. These pieces still ring with the urgency of a five-alarm fire. If you missed them along the way, read them now.

*Love Life* (Knopf), by James D. Houston: At 32, Holly Doyle's world is shredding before her eyes. A common enough theme, but what makes this novel special is Houston's understanding of his female character and his ear for marital conversations.

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# MUSIC

## REVIEWS

DAVE MARSH

OVER THE PAST 30 years, while urban pop, black and white, has continually redefined itself, country music has held tenaciously to its old self-definitions. One result is that contemporary country has access to its own history in ways that other kinds of American pop don't—not that most Americans ever get to hear traditional country. For instance, **Lefty Frizzell: His Life—His Music**, a 14-disc boxed set, and Hank Williams' **Just Me and My Guitar**, a collection of recently discovered demos of some of his biggest hits, will be hard to find in almost any record store. The Frizzell set (\$135 plus shipping) is a definitive compilation of honky-tonk singing in the Forties by the man who defined it, in addition to giving Merle Haggard and George Jones their vocal styles; it's released on the West German label Bear Family. The Williams collection, which gives a fresh look at the genre's greatest composer, is available for \$10.98 by mail only from Nashville's Country Music Foundation, 4 Music Square East, Nashville, Tennessee 37203. (Your record shop can order these—if it will. Or try Down Home Music, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, California 94530.)

The recent country-chart success of such artists as Ricky Skaggs, the Judds and the Whites, all performing in modernized versions of traditional country styles, has inspired many others to make the same effort. **Can't Run Away from Your Heart** (Columbia) provides Lacy J. Dalton with stripped-down arrangements that show off her neo-honky-tonk style to perfect advantage, culminating in *Perfectly Crazy*, a whiskey-voiced tour de force. John Anderson's **Tokyo, Oklahoma** (Warner) means to remind us that rock 'n' roll also counts among country's roots: His version of *It's All Over Now* is equal parts Frizzell and Rolling Stones, and the rest of the album does its best to follow suit.

But country's Nashville production machine is as likely to seek convenient formulas as are the pop producers of Hollywood and New York. One result is ersatz country tradition, epitomized by **The Forester Sisters** (Warner), a debut album by performers who would like to sound like the Judds but more closely resemble the Lennon Sisters.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

X and Black Flag are the most prominent bands still around from the original L.A. punk scene—X signing with a major label in hopes of major acceptance, Black



What's X got to do with it?

Country tradition,  
California punk  
and, er, bebop funk?

Flag starting its own label in hopes of maintaining independence. Will X finally achieve that acceptance with **Ain't Love Grand** (Elektra)? I dunno. A compelling figure on stage, in gossip columns and on lyric sheets, Exene has not stretched her voice range or inflection much over the years. Bassist John Doe has a much more evocative voice, here displayed to good—but limited—effect around Billy Zoom's eclectic electric guitar (the guy should be nominated for the Most Generous Number of Riffs and Effects Per Song award). If you aren't an X fan, listen for *Burning House of Love* on the radio. If you catch fire, try the album.

Consistent with all its other albums, Black Flag's **Loose Nut** (SST) scares the hell out of me without conjuring up any jive occultism. These guys just look at how dismal your life is and promise to kill you for it. And then burn down your house. And waste anyone who looks at them sideways. The trick in listening is just to go with it, and pretty soon you'll be angry about your dismal life instead of merely depressed. Vocalist Henry Rollins has much to teach the world about rage (*Now She's Black* registers a ten on my howlograph), and Greg Ginn is the guitar equivalent to Vlad the Impaler. It is advisable to listen on headphones if you have a family, as Black Flag has been known to induce autism in small children.

Also from Southern California, **Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper** (RBI/Enigma) have developed a sound halfway between those

of Jonathan Richman and Wild Man Fisher, with a little country blues tossed in for extra sass, on their self-titled LP. They've got lots of blasphemous nonsense (*Jesus at McDonald's*) and incisive social commentary (*Art Fag Shuffle*). But what makes Mojo's guitar and singing along with Skid's washboard so distinguished is the groove. They've got more good beat and dance to 'em than any ten drum machines. Just the thing to cheer you up after Black Flag.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

**Fishbone** (Columbia): Sometimes you can judge a record by its cover, which is why I played Fishbone's 26-minute debut EP the moment I got it. Six black teenagers from L.A. whose jacket-photo dress and deportment suggest postmodern vaudevillians who've just admitted themselves to a mental hospital, they sound like . . . a polka band that doesn't yearn for the old country? I don't know, and neither do they yet, probably—the basic approach is akin to Specials-style *ska*. But, like most black teenagers, the Fishbone teens dig heavy guitar and know their Devo and George Clinton; and, like some other black teenagers, they think bebop was a great attitude. The EP is full of life, if a little all over the place. Worth the chance, I'd say.

**Ready for the World** (MCA): In the world of Prince clones, a tawdry place dominated by disaffected allies and guys who think it's commercial to wear purple, Ready for the World's Melvin Riley, Jr., has his own line. Harking back to such classic falsetto love men as the Chi-Lites' Eugene Record, Riley is above all sincere; but, like Prince, he's sincerely lubricious: The glorious "I even want your tongue, love" (from the first LP, *Tonight*) ranks with the master's "I want to come inside you," a real score from back when nobody knew who Prince was except for a few hundred thousand horny black girls. After breaking *Tonight* in its home town of Detroit, an early hotbed of Princeman, Ready for the World did this album for MCA. It includes several dance tracks that indicate that Gordon Strozier also studies up, and two more slow sizzlers that sound very much like—how about that?—*Tonight*. I like them anyway and only hope that next year we get a Madonna clone who's sexier than the original.

NELSON GEORGE

**Go Go Crankin'** (T.T.E.D./Island): Go-go, yes! Go-go, no? The jury is still deliberating on whether to declare this Washington, D.C.-born polyrhythmic

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# FAST TRACKS



**GOT TO BE THERE DEPARTMENT:** Motown is putting together a series of hourlong video cassettes of some of its legends, such as Diana Ross, Marvin Gaye and Michael Jackson. Also in the works are compilations featuring all-star Motown girl groups, the first of which will surface around Christmastime. If that's not enough excitement, look for a mini-series based on The Supremes in 1986. Remember, you "heard it through the grapevine."

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Jimmy Cliff returns to film for the first time in 15 years. He'll be appearing with Robin Williams and Peter O'Toole in *Club Paradise*. . . . David Lee Roth has finished co-writing a film comedy and will now try to get it produced. He also plans to duet with Belinda Carlisle on her album. . . . CBS's planned remake of the classic 1939 film *Stagecoach* will star Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings. . . . Stevie Ray Vaughan has recorded a James Brown song for the upcoming *Rocky IV*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Prince has given one of his unreleased songs to The Bangles to record. . . . You should have the Duran Duran trio album any minute now. That's one of the three Taylors, plus Rhodes and Le Bon, though David Gilmour joins them on guitar, Grace Jones raps and Sting sings backup on one cut. It will be different. . . . Keep your ears open for the hot New Wave folk band, the Washington Squares, in its debut album. . . . Air Supply's lead singer, Russell Hitchcock, says about touring, "I've dined at every Taco Bell in America." . . . Says Rita Coolidge about playing friends' videos in her new gig as a TV video jock, "I'm not there to favor my friends . . . but if I play a video by one of my friends and it becomes a hit, well, that's great!" . . . In the you-can't-always-get-what-you-want school of life, the Catholic Foundation for Human Life was pretty miffed when only 3500 tix were sold for an appearance by Mother Teresa in New Brunswick, Canada. Why, you ask? Because 10,000 people bought tickets to see Tina Turner instead. . . . Just when you think you know everything: A recent Gallup Poll of teens shows that Pat Benatar is the most popular female vocalist and Lionel Richie the most popular male. That's ahead of

Madonna, Prince, the Boss and *everyone*. . . . An executive of Kool and the Gang's label was quoted as saying the group is so "squeaky clean, they're boring." To which James "J.T." Taylor replies, "We're good, nice people and I can't see changing that for anything." Oh, come on, fellas, how about a beer? . . . Do you remember Bettina Koster from our January 1985 feature *The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll*? Go back and check her out. Aside from being a treat to look at, she's had one of the hot dance tunes this past summer: Her version of Cole Porter's *Love for Sale* has been called definitive. That's up to you to decide, but we especially like the whistler who accompanies her. . . . Look for a Stewart Copeland / Herbie Hancock / John McLaughlin tour any time now. If Sting can go jazzy, so can everyone else, right? . . . Just in case you were wondering: Amy Grant says she's not trying to convert her concertgoing audiences, but she is trying to be uplifting. . . . In an attempt to raise money for yet another cause, 16 groups are contributing tracks for an album being released in England to benefit Greenpeace. Peter Gabriel, Queen, Tears for Fears, Heaven 17 and Madness are among the bands included on the LP, which is expected to raise at least \$600,000. Can an American release be far behind? . . . Finally, we hear that Tina Turner and Mr. Jagger would like to do an album together if they can find the time. About their famous moment at Live Aid, Turner says that Jagger knew freeing one button would undo her skirt and that it was "sort of planned," but she was still surprised when he did it. As for the rest of us, it was one of the best five minutes in rock. Who else would have the guts to get on the stage with either one? —BARBARA NELLIS

music "the next big thang" or merely a curious regional infection. The basic go-go band consists of vast numbers of horn and percussion players whose raw attack is backed up by layers of rhythm that fly over, under and around a basic funk groove on bass. Chuck Brown and the Soul Searchers are gritty, grand and funny on this compilation album's best effort, *We Need Some Money*. Years on the D.C. scene have made Brown's band razor-sharp and have given his raspy voice a wonderful authority. Trouble Funk's kinetic *Drop the Bomb* is just as intense. But on record—in a way it doesn't in live performance—go-go sounds repetitive. Rhythmic ideas recur on each song. The same thing is true of reggae, but when reggae came to town, we Americans had never heard anything like it. Go-go is a close personal friend of good old P-Funk. So, what's new?

**Sly and Robbie / Language Barrier** (Island): Sly's last name is Dunbar and Robbie's is Shakespeare, and together they have been one of pop's hippest bass-drum teams for several years. Although their chops were developed on an endless stream of reggae records in the Seventies, Sly and Robbie have since laid tracks for performers of every description, including Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger. Today, Sly and Robbie speak the international language of hit records, but on parts of *Language Barrier*, the translations are a touch incomplete. Partly to blame is producer Bill Laswell, who stuffs every sonic gadget he can find into Sly and Robbie's grooves. Adding to the aural overkill are contributions by noted keyboard modernists Herbie Hancock, Afrika Bambaataa and Bernie Worrell. *Bass and Trouble* is the only cut that truly fuses Sly and Robbie's reggae roots with contemporary sounds, and it's the best cut here.

## SHORT CUTS

### VIC GARBARINI

**Billy Joel / Greatest Hits Volumes One & Two** (Columbia): In recent years, Joel has supplanted McCartney as our best white pop balladeer, and he's developed a heart-felt social conscience to match the Boss's. He's a singles rather than an album artist, so here's your chance to be smart.

**Pointer Sisters / Contact** (RCA): Last year's *Break Out* was the best pop-soul crossover since the Supremes. Here the Pointers try too hard to repeat the formula rather than the spirit, ending up shrill, overproduced and a bit hollow.

**Sister Sledge / When the Boys Meet the Girls** (Atlantic): This year's *Break Out*. Same synth-pop-soul formula, but the sisters never lose the feel amid the high tech. Sexy, inspired and eminently danceable.



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# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Call me cranky, Ishmael. Call me bewildered. Call me any time after lunch and explain to me why some people think college football is in trouble and why, since it's not, a lot of pious educators went to that special N.C.A.A. convention in New Orleans this past summer and nodded approvingly while Wartburg, Illinois Benedictine, Rensselaer Poly or what have you told Alabama, Oklahoma, USC—anybody else who matters—what to do with their football programs. That's what the convention was all about; don't gloss it over with high-minded fervor. Somehow, I get this feeling that the N.C.A.A. won't be content until the Ohio State Buckeyes and the Michigan Wolverines romp into a stadium and flog one another with copies of Proust on the same Saturday that Muskingum College plays Otterbein on national TV. OK, call me pissed. Ever since the pious educators announced that they were going to "take charge" of their athletic departments to prevent future "scandals," I've been wondering why the N.C.A.A. should be allowed to exist. I can come up with only one reason: to make me smite my forehead and blow spit bubbles through my lips.

The N.C.A.A. can't seem to learn that if it weren't for college football, endowments would end up like fossils. I'm still astounded by the fact that there were delegates from 840 institutions at the N.C.A.A. convention. The figure lodged in my throat. (I once lodged in a throat during a trip to the Balkans, and it's no fun.) *Eight hundred and fucking forty?* Christ, there are only 120 schools in this nation that play grown-up football—and even that figure has stretch marks on it!

Who is this Gang of 120? Well, it's your basic Pac 10s, your Big Eights, your Southwesterns, your Big Tens, your Southeasterns, your A.C.C.s, your major independents—the same universities that happen to know the most about Nobel laureates, paleontology, Aristotle, John Stuart Mill and all of that other bluebook shit. So what were the big guys even doing in the same room with those 720 other social climbers? Maybe they thought that Walter Byers, the Genghis Khan of the N.C.A.A., didn't have enough paperwork to keep all his stoolies busy.

Things are finally clear to me. The Gang of 120 needs its own organization and a new set of rules that don't scream with naïveté. They also need to get over the guilt of having once been called "foot-



## REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PASSED

ball factories" by a bunch of pipe-smoking twits who think John Barth is witty.

It may interest many of the delegates who attended the N.C.A.A.'s "tent revival" to know that the major universities have been educating their students quite nicely for several decades now. They've policed themselves pretty well, too, often calling attention to their own infractions. The fact is, no president of a major university will stand by and let an overzealous alumnus ease a snappy roadster into the garage of a prospective running back. If the president catches an alumnus in this act, he won't invite him to the good parties. That's how you punish your overzealous alumnus. You waste his blazer.

Nevertheless, the presidents were conned by the N.C.A.A.'s dupes into imposing a "death penalty"—a ban on competition—on any school that's deemed to have excessively violated recruiting rules that are antiquated at best and silly at worst. "Excess," I gather, will be defined by some chemistry professor who once saw a game between Amherst and Bowdoin.

*What?* You gave that boy a box of T-shirts? You bought that kid four cheeseburgers? Coach, you actually had that youngster in your home? Death penalty.

Understand what this means. A Texas, a Nebraska, a UCLA, whoever, may well be ordered to give up football for a period of time if some N.C.A.A. snooper finds too

many Juicy Fruit wrappers on the floor of a halfback's dormitory room. Happily, I suspect that the death penalty will never hold up in court, but that's where the N.C.A.A. seems determined to lead college football: from the playing fields to the courtrooms. And they call it progress.

Let me set something straight. I'm not in favor of cheating, but I am in favor of being realistic. With that in mind, I have a question for the educators. While they're so deeply concerned about the "dangers" of college football, about the "cult of winning" and the "call of professionalism," how do they feel about all the term papers, test questions, fake I.D.s and grams of cocaine that are sold daily to thousands of nonathletes on America's campuses by everybody from fraternity brats to resident advisors? Any penalties in mind for those entrepreneurs? Guess not.

I see the future the N.C.A.A. has planned: Notre Dame and USC meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum. The Irish have armed themselves with copies of *Finnegans Wake*. The Trojans each carry a volume of *Kristin Lavransdatter*. The players take turns reading aloud. Last team awake wins. It ties in with the past. We all remember how Red Grange evaded tacklers by reciting passages from Turgenev. We all remember Knute Rockne's famous pep talk: "Aww right, men, let's win one for Hans Castorp."

Didn't the college presidents learn anything from the Ivy League's de-emphasis? Before the Ivies cleansed themselves, they had given us Walter Camp, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Pudge Heffelfinger and Fritz Pollard. Princeton's Team of Destiny. Sid Luckman. Legends, pageantry, loyalties, purpose. They'd given us college football. And what have they given us since de-emphasis? Timothy Leary.

Tell you what. I'm forming a new N.C.A.A., the National Collegiate *Alumni* Association. There'll be delegates from only 120 universities. Mostly, they'll be insufferably rich and powerful, guys interested in building new libraries, fine-arts and science complexes—but only if a school has a competitive football team.

My new organization will be dedicated to the humiliation, torture and ultimate dismissal of any university president, chancellor or trustee who doesn't want to see his football team go to a bowl game.

I have a battle cry for us: "Eighty thousand people never filled a stadium to watch a fucking math quiz!"



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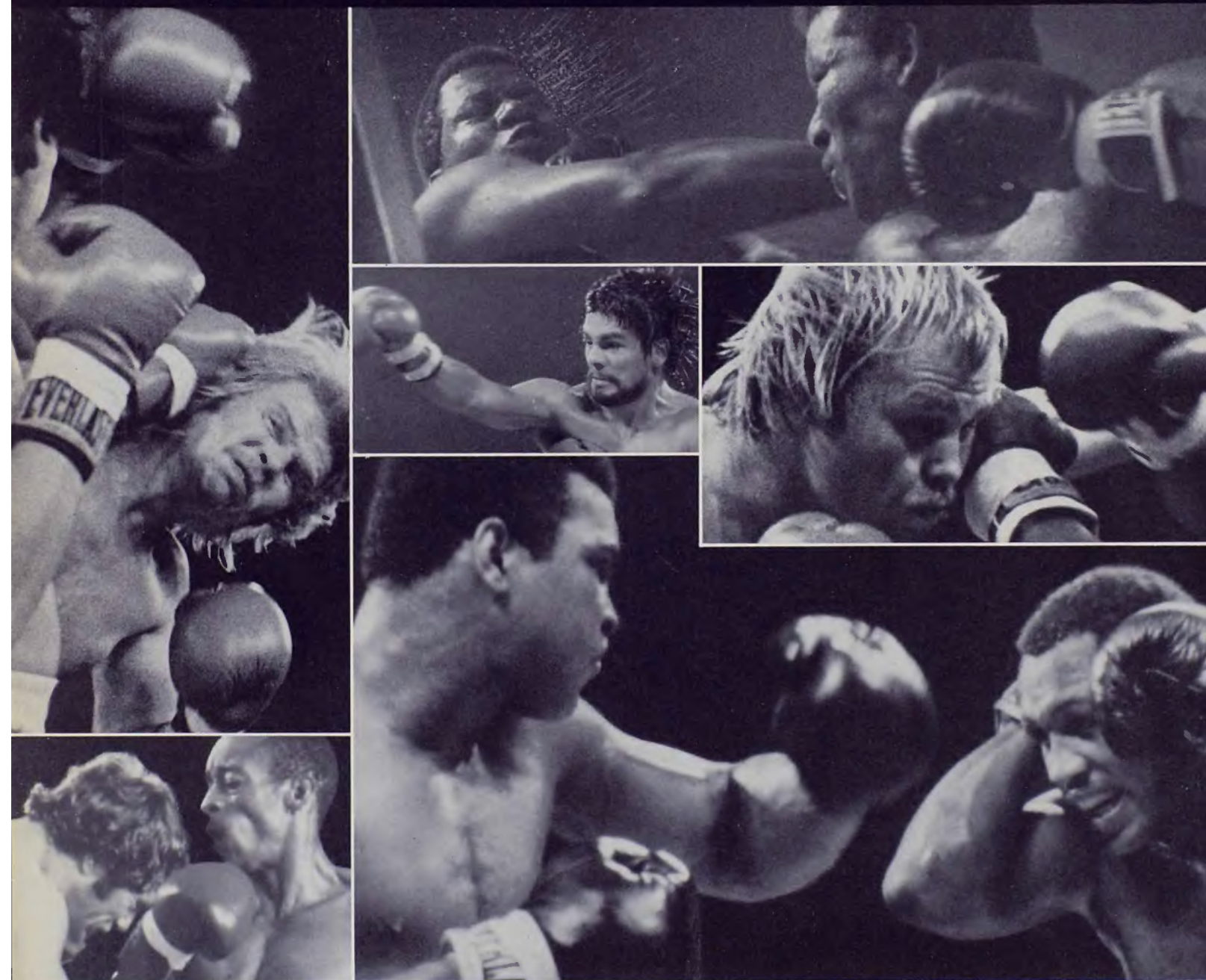
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By ASA BABER

**I**t's been a great evening. You've taken the woman of your choice out on the town. You've been a good companion, if you do say so, listening carefully to her, talking about yourself, joking and laughing, being a friend.

You've also been a considerate lover this evening. You take your time, luxuriating in the ballet you two are choreographing. And when it's over, you lie back, thinking that you've given everything you could possibly give. You've been tender, vulnerable, strong, passionate, mindful of her needs, imaginative, humorous, loving. In your mind, it's a ten out of ten, and you drift into a happy sleep.

For about two minutes.

"Are you asleep?" she asks incredulously.

"Huh? Me? No," you say, sitting up suddenly. You clear your throat.

"How can you sleep? I want to make plans. Let's talk," she says.

"Talk?" you ask.

"Yes, talk. About us."

"Us?" you ask. "We're fine, aren't we?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," she says.

"No, I don't," you say. You are truly baffled. "We had a great time, didn't we?"

"That was just sex."

"Just sex? Oh, excuse me. I thought we had an evening together."

"We did," she says, nodding. "But for you, the best time was the sex."

She may have you there, but you don't want to give it to her. Sex is one of life's high points for you, yet you're a little ashamed of that. Sex is a major release, a creative expression of warmth and beauty, a place of refuge. But when challenged about your love of it, you do tend to cover up.

"I want some communication," she says. "I want some intimacy. You don't know how to be intimate."

"I don't?" you ask, shaking your head.

"Sex isn't intimacy. Why do men think they've been intimate when they get laid?"

"Because it seems intimate to us," you say. "Doesn't it seem intimate to you?"

"Sure," she says casually, "but it's not *everything*. God, with men, it's *everything*. Men don't know how to love. They really don't."

You sit there in bed, puzzled and tired. You've heard it before and you know you'll hear it again: Men don't know how to be intimate; men don't know how to love. You



## INTIMATE ICE

feel like pulling the sheet over your head and hiding from the world. You've done your best, but it hasn't been good enough. That's the message you're getting.

Questions about men and intimacy fill the air these days. Take a look at a book called *The McGill Report on Male Intimacy*. It promotes the idea that women are creators of intimacy and men are ice cubes.

"Why aren't men more loving?" it asks. "Are men constitutionally incapable of intimacy, or do they consciously choose not to be close? . . . A woman's behavior is an open window to her feelings. . . . Love means many more things to women. Love has many more roots and covers a richer, fuller emotional range for women than it does for men."

Sooner or later, we're going to have to come up from under the bedclothes when such statements are made. As males, we've been too quick to feel guilty, too silent under attack.

Here are some of the things you can say in your own defense—right in your own bed. But be careful: Feminists have had total control of this subject for 20 years. Who knows what they'll do if you suggest some of the following?

• *Intimacy is not the gift of either sex.* The sad fact is that most of us hide from one another most of the time. Intimacy involves risk, revelation, unpredict-

able rewards. Few of us know how to handle that.

• *The idea that "a woman's behavior is an open window to her feelings" flies in the face of most male experience of women.* Those supposedly open windows into the feminine heart are usually covered with drapes, curtains, fans, shades, gauze, screens, fog from fog machines and scrimms of many colors. Most men do not see women as open souls, easily deciphered. Just the opposite, as a matter of fact.

• *Talk is cheap.* Some women operate on the theory that the person who does most of the talking is, by definition, being loving and intimate. Men know better. Men know that talk is often chatter, and aggressive chatter at that, on the attack and unrevealing. The silent partner can be the more loving partner.

• *For too long, women have defined warmth and love in their own terms—and then expected us to live by them.* Male trust, warmth, friendship, love may be expressed in different ways from what most women would wish. But communication between the sexes is a 50-50 proposition, and women should not assume that unless things are done their way, they remain undone.

• *Sex is central to our lives, and for us, anyway, it is intimate.* The current clichés about male sexuality are absurd. Making love is an intense and focused activity for men, never casual. We are vulnerable, open to mockery, needful, highly sensitized—and at the moment of orgasm, we know we're giving and dying, reacting and exposing, paralyzed and expendable. In that time, there is nothing we can do to defend ourselves, and we assume that we're giving a gift to be that helpless in that time. We don't see ourselves as plundering or exploiting or using. Sex and love are tightly interwoven for us. If they are totally compartmentalized for most women, who has the problem?

• *Intimate ice is the human condition.* We float somewhere between love and self-absorption, all of us, male and female. We play our cards close to our chests, then share, then become frightened and withdraw, then try to share again. It ain't easy. We can go from cryogenic to tropical in the wink of an eye, the blush of a smile, the curl of a lip.

But isn't it fun?

And aren't we all supposed to be in this together?



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# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

There's seven of us," said Jake. "So how do we divide the teams?"

"Well," I said, "we'll just take the three cleverest and most erudite. They can play against the four more thickheaded. Cleo, Rita and I will take on you four guys."

"You guys are dead meat," said Rita.

"That's sexist," said Fred. "You women can't be left for a second without perpetrating some kind of sexist remark. Men are *not* stupider than women."

"Now, Fred, we were just joking; you know that," wheedled Cleo.

"I do not know that," said Fred. He stood up and his left hand swept the Trivial Pursuit cards onto the floor. I lit a cigarette and waited. When Fred gets clumsy, it means he's preparing a major speech.

"I mean," Fred sputtered, "I mean we've got to watch everything we say, or else we're male-chauvinist pigs. We can't joke, we can't tease you. Every bloody thing we say is minutely examined for sexist slurs; every bloody thing we do comes before the women's liberation review board. But women! Women can say anything they goddamn like. And we're just supposed to grin sheepishly and bring you a cup of tea when you insult us. I'm fed up!"

"I love Englishmen. They have such a way with words," said Rita.

"Don't bloody patronize me!" shrieked Fred.

"Hey, Fred, my man," said Lenny, "let 'em talk. Then they'll see who's boss."

"I already know who's boss," said Ian, rolling his eyes toward Cleo.

"Do you, darling?" Cleo cooed. "We'll see later, in bed. Roll the die."

The game commenced after a skirmish involving who got which disk. We wanted the fellows to have pink, just to prove how liberated they were. But they howled and Fred threw the pink disk out the window.

"Who was the only boxer to defeat Jack Dempsey twice in title fights?" Jake asked as we landed on orange.

"How are we supposed to know that?" asked Cleo. "What a ridiculous question. Who's Jack Dempsey?"

"I know," said Ian.

"I know," said Jake.

"I don't bloody know," said Fred.

"Come on, girls, answer," said Lenny.

Rita stared off into space and twiddled her red hair. "Gene Tunney," she said. "It's gotta be Gene Tunney."

Jake looked at the back of the card and blanched. "Rita," he said sternly, "admit



## EXTREMELY TRIVIAL PURSUITS

that you were cheating."

"I will admit nothing of the sort," snapped Rita, "and you better shut up or I'll tell your sweetheart where you were last Friday night."

"Ah, roll the die," said Jake.

"Where were you last Friday night, Jake?" I asked casually.

"Nowhere, honey. She's just playin'. Roll that die."

I rolled the die. "A beige question."

"Beige? Beige?" said Ian. "Why would you call that *beige*? That's brown."

"Men don't understand the nuances of color," Cleo said.

"Men know better than to use wimpy decorator terms for everything," Lenny said.

"Where were you last Friday night, Jake?" I asked.

"I can't tell the orange from the brown from the pink," said Fred woefully.

"I didn't know you were color-blind, Fred," said Rita.

"Not only am I color-blind, I am going bald. My hair is coming out in handfuls. And why? Because of my blasted mother. Male traits passed down through the female. Do women go bald? Hah!"

"But I think baldness is very attractive in a man," said Cleo.

"Do you, my sweet?" asked Ian.

"It's not our fault, Fred," I said.

"Course it is," said Fred. "Women

have all the power. They call the shots. Even genetically."

"Ahem," said Jake, reading a card. "What Judith Rossner novel was made into a film starring Diane Keaton?"

"*Looking for Mr. Goodbar!*" Cleo, Rita and I chorused.

"Roll again," said Ian glumly.

"That girl in *Mr. Goodbar* certainly didn't have all the power. Do you think she wanted to be raped and murdered?"

"Well, she *was* a slut," said Lenny. "Just kidding, ha-ha."

"Why is it," said Cleo, "that if a man fucks a different woman every night, he's some big-deal cocksman, but if a woman does it, she's a whore, a tramp? I heard this Madonna joke yesterday: 'Is that a picture of the Grand Canyon, Madonna?' 'No, that's me at the gynecologist.'"

"The double standard is still alive and well in 1985," Rita mused.

"Hey, we're on green here. Ask us a question," Lenny growled.

I looked at the next card. "Where was Jake last Friday night?" I asked.

"That's not a real question, is it?" asked Fred. "No, it couldn't be."

"Answer me, Jake," I said, "or I'll shoot you."

"Men," said Rita. "Can't live with 'em, can't shoot 'em. Tell her, Jake, before someone else does."

"Aw, shit, I ran into Lurene at the Lion's Head last Friday, had a couple of drinks with her. No big deal."

"Lurene," said Fred thoughtfully. "Isn't that the one with the giant knockers who you used to live with?"

"Could we get back to the game here?" asked Lenny.

"Oh, for Christ's sake!" I shouted. "Who invented the mercury thermometer? Did you sleep with her? Oh, God, you didn't sleep with her, did you?"

"Thomas Edison!" said Fred.

"Course I didn't," said Jake. "I didn't even want to. Just some drinks."

"Gabriel Fahrenheit!" said Ian. "We win! Way to go, guys!"

"All right!" said Lenny, beating his chest and emitting a Tarzan yodel.

"Excuse me," said Cleo. "You don't win; you haven't made it to the center."

"Who has?" said Jake. "And who cares? Oh, damn, I feel a wave of existential angst coming on."

"Hey, Jake, my man, it's just a game," said Lenny.

"How I wish it were," said Jake soulfully.





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# AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

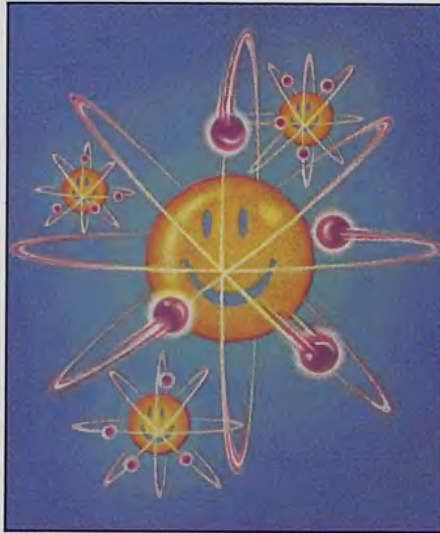
I think it's important to bust your brain now and then, to give it something it can't chew, the way you might slip a ball bearing into an old man's bowl of peas, then sit there and listen for the grisly music that is the shattering of his last natural molar. For me, it's therapy like no other to make the intellect a hopeless idiot, a handful of meat that's final measure is best taken on a butcher's scale.

There are several ways to do it. You can take the body onto steep rocks or steep waves and just plain scare your brain out of business with the real proximity of quick death. It's a good method and I recommend it, but it's useless on those deep-blue midnights when you're a thousand miles from beach or mountains and there is no sleep because your nervous little mind insists on wrestling with one of that day's greasier questions, like, "How, in the name of hell, could she have taken what I said *that way*?" On those nights, you need a technique to undo the intellect that you can use while you stare into a glass of milk or whiskey. For that work I like a good cosmic paradox or other profound riddle as the steely among the roughage.

The first of those that I remember hearing was "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" and I liked it. Took me a couple of months to solve it, too. This was in the period that led up to those brief but glorious moments in which I thought I knew *everything*, so there's no surprise or shame in the fact that my little mind stepped up and reasoned that it had to be the chicken, because, on this hungry planet, if it had been the egg, something would have eaten it before it was 20 minutes old.

Several years later, a Jesuit took me aside and asked, "Can God make a rock bigger than He can lift?" And I thought, hot damn; this ought to take a year or so. I still don't have an answer to that one, because I like the question too much, but I'm tempted to believe that if the God of the Jesuits had any sense of humor, He could make a rock that would give Him a hernia.

Then I discovered Zen and it became clear that if you really wanted to humiliate your brain, you had to talk to an Oriental. The most famous of the koans is, of course, "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" I loved it, and the breakthrough here wasn't so much the question as it was the teacher's response when the student tried to answer. The kid would barely get



## A LITTLE TASTE OF BAMBOO

his mouth open and the old *roshi* would beat the juice out of him with a bamboo pole by way of saying, "Listen, hopeless punk: Questions and answers are not two different things, and if you would start paying the right kind of attention, you would realize that every answer contains the next question; every question, the next answer." One of my favorite ancient Zenmasters was so famous for his bamboo batsmanship that I've often thought you could probably make yourself several million yen going from temple to temple selling 60-inch Unmon autograph-model bamboo sluggers.

I'm still a sucker for Zen, and at a certain point it began to occur to me that the only people in our culture who are paying the particular kind of attention that gets you into the hard-won golden zone of utter nonsense are the scientists. I've suspected them of a sort of felony mysticism ever since my high school physics teacher asked if a tree falling in the wilderness with no one to hear it made any sound. Then I read a book called *The Tao of Physics*, and another, *The Dancing Wu Li Masters*, and all my suspicions were confirmed. As far as I can tell, physicists get a little taste of the bamboo every time they go to work, and the brain breakers that come from them are all the more stupefying and lovely because we send these people out there

after fact, not paradox.

Consider this crack from Niels Bohr, one of physics' Babe Ruths: "A physicist," he said, "is just an atom's way of looking at itself."


OK. Sure. Why not? If you accept the fact that our brains, like everything else in the universe, are made of atoms, maybe all we think we know about subatomic physics is simply the product of a bunch of atoms' getting together to make a mathematician's brain that finally yelled "Look at us." A little spooky, but I can handle that. Except that when you start to take an atom apart, it turns out to be made of stuff that behaves in ways that things here in our elephantine world do not: Particles and waves become the same thing at the same time, and when you go looking for them, they are there sometimes and not there others, until all you can finally say about the pieces of an atom is that they have "a tendency to exist."

That's about the place I lose these people, because although I tend to cut in and out on some levels, *I exist full time*, yet I'm made of these things that seem to come and go. Add to that nonsense the idea that to observe any of this subatomic business, you have to bombard the parts of the atom with rays that change what's going on, the way a flashlight beam changes the behavior of a roach work gang, so that you can't ever know what they were doing before you started looking.

I usually skulk back to Zen pretty early in these explanations. There's no math to it, for one thing, and there are at least a few Zen characters who put these things in a perspective that makes it seem OK that my brain is so easily busted. The poet and Zen slugger R. H. Blyth is one of them, and there are two particular lines of his that make me proud to be the fool I am.

"If we cannot solve these problems," he said, "it must be because the universe is a warm thing which the stone-cold intellect can only partly understand."

And the kicker, the notion of his that drifts my broken brain off to sleep more perfectly than any other, is that "the problem, insoluble intellectually, is solved every day by life itself."

As the Zennists sometimes say as they struggle to point their devotees toward the light—KWATZ!—which I have always taken to be the sound of bamboo striking a nearly empty skull. 

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the family touch.

# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**S**omething is puzzling me. I love sex. I'm in good health, tall and lean, and I get my share of women. My problem is that it seems to be all I think about: sex, sex and more sex. Let me describe my typical day. I wake up sometimes as early as 5:30 A.M. to watch *Bodies in Motion* on ESPN. It's an exercise show with sexily dressed women. At six o'clock, I watch *Morning Stretch*, with Joanie Greggains; at 6:30, it's *20-Minute Workout*. I then get dressed for classes, and for the next couple of hours, I will constantly be on the lookout for girls in revealing shorts, low or, rather, high miniskirts, anything that will give me a cheap thrill. I go down to the gym hoping to see some pretty girl in shorts stretch out. If I'm walking to class and a girl passes me in a short pair of cutoffs, with her ass hanging out, or if she's in a mini, I'll follow her up a flight of stairs just to get a glimpse. Sometimes it helps when I have a girlfriend, because then I say, "What the hell; I'm gonna get laid tonight. I don't have to follow her." I once read somewhere that an obsession becomes harmful only when you let it interfere with your normal life. If that's true, I'm in big trouble, because I'll do almost anything to sneak a look at a woman's thighs. Then I'll feel bad about it, because I know that I could be doing something more constructive. I love sex itself, and many of my girlfriends have accused me of having only sex on my mind. I'm not into anything kinky, though; it's just that I think I may be too voyeuristic. Have you ever heard of a problem like this?—D. A., Clarion, Pennsylvania.

*We've never heard of anyone's dying of terminal horniness, but there's always a first time. Studies have shown that men think about sex every ten minutes or so throughout the day; that and the raging hormones of adolescence can make for a lethal combination. Our prescription: Force yourself to concentrate on the tasks at hand, such as your studies, and be sure to allow time for cultivating intimate relationships with the opposite sex rather than lusting from afar.*

**I**'m shopping for a new car and plan to trade in my old one. Is that a good idea, or is it worth the time and trouble to sell the old boat myself?—R. O., Boulder, Colorado.

*Would you rather sell at wholesale or at retail? Depending on the car in question, the difference can be substantial: several hundred dollars, even \$1000 or more. That extra cash is definitely important to us at new-car time, so we've never traded. There are pros and cons, though. If your old sled is rough and would take a lot of work to put into decent shape, you may be better off just unloading it*



*for whatever the dealer (or the junkyard) will pay. But if it looks and runs OK, by all means invest a little time and earn the extra bucks.*

*Here's the way the game is played: Wash and wax the car, clean and vacuum the interior and make any minor, inexpensive repairs that will help it make a better impression. Also, clean up under the hood (with steam or a commercial engine cleaner) and in the trunk, if necessary. Now take it to a couple of dealers to see what they would pay. (Remember that a dealer trying to sell you a car may offer more for your trade than it's really worth, but he's planning to make up the difference on the price of the car he's selling.)*

*With two or more serious dealer offers in hand, you know about how much your car is worth on the wholesale market. Now check the local classifieds to see what others are asking at retail for cars of the same model and year. Somewhere between wholesale and advertised retail, depending on the car's condition, is what you can reasonably expect to get. Dealers and lending institutions also have "blue" books and other guides to the wholesale and retail values of used cars. If one won't let you see them, another probably will. If you're in a hurry to sell, price your car well under the competition, place your ad and get ready for the phone to ring. If not, price it a little higher and leave more room to negotiate. In any case, a fair price for any car is what the buyer's willing to pay and the seller's willing to take.*

**M**y boyfriend and I had an exciting experience while I was giving him head, and I'd like to tell you about it so you can explain why it happened. On the evening in question, I had decided to eat my boyfriend and take my time doing so, as he was slightly hornier than usual. While I

was enjoying myself eating him, I would pull and suck gently on the head of his penis on the upstroke. Often I would rub my tongue in tiny twirling circles on the tip. I could feel him readying for orgasm. As he got beyond the point of resisting, I ceased the oral stimulation so I could feel him squirt his cum into my mouth. I noticed that his orgasm was not as powerful as usual. I had just enough time to swallow once, then suck slightly to ensure I'd swallowed every drop, when he grabbed my head. It was obvious that he needed more oral stimulation, so I quickly resumed it. I could feel him growing harder; I knew he was going to have another orgasm; and when he did, I got quite a mouthful—I had to swallow while he was still coming. He was exhausted. I was surprised and excited, as I had always wanted to return the favor of multiple orgasm to him. I didn't think it was possible, so I had never bothered to try. Now that I did it, I don't know how to do it again. We do have a theory: that it may have happened because I ceased stimulation just before he came. We will try out our theory, but we would greatly appreciate any information or suggestions you might have on the matter. I love making him feel good, and this is almost as good as what he does to me.—Miss J. M. D., Detroit, Michigan.

*Ejaculation and orgasm are not necessarily simultaneous in men, and what may have happened in the situation you describe was your partner's ejaculating before he actually climaxed. Then, shortly thereafter, he had a full orgasm and ejaculated again. This is one of those delightful experiences that happen under ideal circumstances—with the right partner, perhaps after extended foreplay and maybe (but not necessarily) following a fairly lengthy period since the previous orgasm. There is no way to guarantee that this will occur on a regular basis, or even to know whether or not it will happen again, but the two of you should have a lot of fun trying.*

**I** own a turntable that has leveling feet. This seems like a good idea, except that I find I can get the base perfectly level with the rotating platter itself off level, or the other way around. So level with me: How important is the leveling, and which part of the turntable should be made perfectly level?—L. D., St. Paul, Minnesota.

*Essentially, the rotating platter (on which the record rests) should be level so that the various forces impinging on the tracking stylus and the record groove will be satisfactorily balanced for optimum tracking and, thus, the best possible sound. If getting that part balanced causes the turntable base or the top surface of the chassis to become unbalanced, there may be something amiss with the entire*

unit's inner suspension, or—more likely—the support on which it is resting may be severely uneven. We would advise that before you attempt to level the ensemble by using those leveling feet under it, you first get the shelf or cabinet top or whatever the entire unit sits on as level as possible. One approach is to turn all four leveling feet to their minimum positions. Place the turntable on the support and then level the base by inserting snips of folded cardboard under the feet as required. When you have achieved reasonable leveling, use the rotating feet to get the leveling perfect with respect to the platter. Chances are, you then will find little or no discrepancy between a level platter and a level turntable base.

Last summer, I met a very sexy woman at the beach and we've been together, mostly in bed, ever since. The only thing that turns me on as much as seeing her nude is the sight of her in one of the bare-minimum bathing suits she loves to parade around in. Since it's too cold now for the beaches of Cape Cod, where we live, I figure the best idea would be to take her away to some tropical isle where we can swim all day and screw all night. One small problem, though: The cost of a week in the sun for two will probably give me a stroke. If the Caribbean is beyond my budget, where can we go for a hot time?—T. P., Hyannis, Massachusetts.

*First of all, are you sure you need the sun? It sounds like the two of you generate plenty of heat just by friction. Even so, you really don't have to rule out the Caribbean if you are a bit clever. That's because there are two travel periods in the islands: high season, which runs from mid-December to mid-April, and low season, which stretches across the eight other months of the year, including November and early December. During that entire off-peak interlude, prices of hotels, private villas and charter yachts plummet, generally from two thirds down to just half of prime-time rates. What doesn't decrease is the pleasure of being in the Caribbean—especially if you head south after the rainy season ends but before the tourist crush and sky-high prices kick into gear. As far as the weather is concerned, the hurricane season in the Caribbean officially runs from June through November, though there is a significant drop in storms by the last ten days of November. Not only are things generally all clear by December but if you're really worried about having your tropical idyl turned into outtakes from "Key Largo," remember that some islands in the very southernmost Caribbean virtually never get in the way of storms (why do you think Aruba looks like a desert?).*

As for getting there and saving money, some of the best deals are the air-fare-and-lodging packages offered by the major U.S. airlines that serve the islands—especially American, Pan Am and Eastern. National carriers such as Air Jamaica often come through with real bargains, too. In November, TWA will start flying to several of the

most popular Caribbean destinations, and all that extra capacity could easily spark a fare war. Our advice is to keep your eyes open and your suntan lotion packed, and don't forget to wash all the sand off before you go inside.

My situation is as follows: I am 33 years old, married for seven years and divorced for three. I am a white-collar worker earning \$27,000 annually. Approximately two and a half years ago, I asked my girlfriend, who was then 22 and earning about the same salary, to move into my apartment. We had dated for only a few months and had never slept together, but she needed a place to live and I wanted the companionship and we hoped the relationship would grow. Immediately, I found out that she had little need for a sexual relationship. I was permitted to have sex with her once a week and then only in the missionary position. Oral sex—either giving it or receiving it—was taboo to her unless she was very drunk. As time went by, the frequency of our sexual activity went from once a week to once a month. She never desired foreplay, and I was not allowed to touch or fondle her at any time. Occasionally, we took showers together, but even that grew to be distasteful to her. At present, I am able to receive manual stimulation from her about twice a month, if she is in the mood to give it. I argue with her constantly and our arguments always center on the topic of sex or lack of it. Her contention is that she does not require it. I became used to having sex on a frequent basis while I was married and do not wish to change that facet of my life. I had hoped to marry this girl, but I cannot plan on a life of abstinence. She has stated that if I desire a sexual relationship so badly, I should seek it from another person. She also says that that would not bother her.

My apartment is relatively close to her place of employment. She is given a ride to work almost every day by friends. If she were to move out, she would have no place to live except her family home, which is 25 minutes from her work, and she would have to drive herself every day. Sometimes I wonder if she isn't staying with me merely as a convenience. At this point, I need some constructive advice. Many times I have thought of asking her to leave, but the thought of being without her seems worse than the terrible way things are now, and I think she senses this weakness in me.—D. K., Prospect Heights, Illinois.

*It sounds to us as if you've got a roommate, not a lover. Sex is important to a relationship. Ask her to leave and then get on with your life. (No sex—for a while—is better than bad sex every now and then.)*

I have noticed that it is the style for a man wearing a three-piece suit to leave the bottom button of the vest undone. It has an amusing effect on me, as I think the man either was careless in dressing or has a

paunch that makes buttoning it uncomfortable. However, I note that all the advertisements for designers' clothing picture the vest that way. What is the reason?—C. F., Grants, New Mexico.

*We believe this is one of the few innovations in fashion that evolved for the sake of comfort. Leaving the bottom button undone on a vest is certainly more comfortable for the wearer when he is seated. Not only does it prevent the material from being crumpled but it prevents the vest from binding at the waistline, as it would if it were buttoned.*

My husband and I wanted to share our solution to a sexual problem that must be plaguing every pregnant couple in America (perhaps the world)—namely, how to find a comfortable position for having sex during the last five months of pregnancy. While I was pregnant with our second child, we discovered a position so fantastic that we continue to use it now, years later. It eliminates the problem of placing weight on the woman's sensitive tummy and allows close contact between the couple despite the baby who's literally growing between them. Here's what we do: After foreplay, when I'm turned on and mostly ready, my husband and I both lie on our backs. He scoops one arm under my back and pulls me partially on top of him, my back next to his chest, while I cuddle him close with my arm around his shoulders. Turning my body at a slight angle to his, I reach down and help him slip inside me from beneath. He's able to fondle my breasts with his free hand, and our mouths can meet in a deep, exciting kiss. (He can also bury his face in the breast closer to him, which he finds very stimulating.) My favorite part in all this is that, by being face up with him inside me, I have easy access to my most sensitive region and can manually bring myself to a satisfying climax. My husband sometimes pulls me directly on top of him and says he loves running his hands up and down my breasts and stomach as he reaches his own orgasm. This may sound like a gymnastics exercise, but it's really fun and comfortable once you've tried it a few times. We highly recommend it and hope this suggestion will help other pregnant couples enjoy lovemaking at a time when it otherwise might be very uncomfortable.—Mrs. J. S., Los Angeles, California.

*Thanks for the tip.*

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



# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

**Is sexy underwear an enhancement to a sexy life?**

I think sexy underwear reflects your attitude about yourself and your feelings toward sex. One night, I went out to dinner in a red, clingy dress. I wore red underwear, as the man I was with later found out. I had on a bright-red G string. It matched my dress. He was wowed. I also think camisoles are sexy. I do try to coordinate my outfits and my underwear. If I'm wearing something that clings, I don't wear garters. They'd show. But if I'm wearing a full skirt with a real tight waist that shows a bit of knee, I'll wear garters and the whole bit. When you wear a full skirt and move around, like when you're dancing, it shows them off a little bit. I like this question. It's a neat one.



*Liz Stewart*

LIZ STEWART  
JULY 1984

Sexy underwear makes me feel sexier. If I'm wearing a lace G string, I feel a lot more erotic than I do in my old workout underwear. I don't like anything that makes my clothes lumpy or bulges out. I like matching sets of little silk outfits with a bit of lace, like G-string bottoms and a bra. Something that's sexy and small but not just a couple of strings. There has to be something to see. Some underwear isn't functional at all. I have things that only go under a robe at bedtime; I could never wear those things under clothes. But if my underthings make me feel sexy, I project that.



*Roberta Vasquez*

ROBERTA VASQUEZ  
NOVEMBER 1984

I like lingerie, but I don't wear it under clothes. I prefer it in the boudoir. I think it makes women feel feminine. I like garter belts, because I have good legs. I like to be in stockings and shoes, without a bra. I think high heels make a woman feel very feminine. I like to keep it simple. I like black or skin-colored stockings. Nightgowns are meaningless. They're uncomfortable, and I can't sleep in them. But panties are wonderful. I don't have to take them off to make love. It's always fun to have a little something on and in the way. At least socks. Something to break up the nudity. One should be completely natural only out in nature, you know.



*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

I think so. I love sexy underwear. I wear it under my jeans when I go to work. I feel that it's a little luxury, and just knowing it's there gives me a thrill. It puts a little pep in my step. Then if I'm meeting my lover in the afternoon or in the evening, it's a nice surprise for him, too. Off come the day clothes, and underneath, I've got on this really cute, sexy outfit. I like leather and lace. Since I work in the fashion industry, I know how to mix and match. I know what will make me look long and thin or a little bustier. I also think of the man I'm wearing it for and the situation I'm going to be in. If I'm going out dancing or for a hot night on the town, I think leather. If I'm going to be home, I go for something lacier.



*Lesa Ann Pedriana*

LESA ANN PEDRIANA  
APRIL 1984

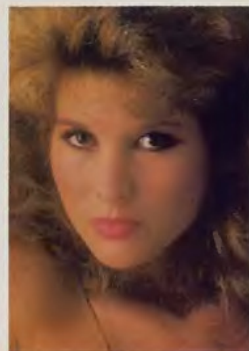
Sure. Sexy underwear makes me feel very feminine. Just having silk against my body feels good. Plus, it looks cute. I'm a plain type of person, so I don't go for anything too wild. I love little lacy camisoles with panties. You don't need sexy underwear for a sexy life, but you do need a sexy body or a sexy attitude, or at least someone else who thinks you have a sexy body. Otherwise, it doesn't matter what kind of underwear you've got!



*Venice Kong*

VENICE KONG  
SEPTEMBER 1985

I wear sexy underwear all the time. I'm a saleswoman. I have to wear business suits all day. Under wool and cotton, I wear satin and lace and peekaboos. It makes me feel feminine. I need that feeling, and it's a turn-on to men, too. You know, at the end of the day, when I strip off the outer layer, it's for my lover's eyes only. He likes that. He also likes satin sheets, music, candles, incense, anything that adds stimulation to our personal life. My favorite underthings are garter belts and stockings. I haven't had any complaints from him about those things, either.



*Debi Nicolle Johnson*

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON  
OCTOBER 1984

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



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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

## MISSING SOLDIERS

Michael Delp's "The Black Wall" (*The Playboy Forum*, August) compels me to make an observation concerning the Vietnam War Memorial. More than 2400 names on that Black Wall belong to men who are not known to be dead—they are missing. Considering the past behavior of the government of North Vietnam and its policy of holding prisoners, it is extremely likely that there are still thousands of captive Americans who are not receiving the attention that the American Government and people owe them.

My father is one of those missing men, and it would not disappoint me to see that wall open up and even one man walk out of its V. President Reagan has called accounting for these missing men a national priority, but I and the families of the 2477 others missing wait, 12 years later, to learn what has happened to our loved ones.

Harry K. Amesbury  
Apopka, Florida

## EASY RIDER?

Never, in 12 years of professional go-go dancing, have I seen anything like this: A police sweep called Operation Easy Rider temporarily closed most of the go-go bars in town after a six-month narcotics investigation.

What did the go-go-entertainment business have to do with narcotics distribution? Very little, it turns out, until the Washington, D.C., undercover narcotics detectives, dressed as bikers, took their own cocaine into the clubs and distributed it themselves. Months later, after securing the confidence of dancers, waitresses, bartenders, doormen and customers, the cops spent \$85,000 of the taxpayers' money to buy back the very drugs that they had taken in to begin with! Most of this money was spent \$25 at a time, buying quarter grams of cocaine from the now-defendants, and the largest purchase was for only \$525—pretty strong indication that there is simply no large-scale narcotics operation out of any one of the bars.

This was not a narcotics roundup at all. Operation Easy Rider was begun by the police and the D.C. Alcoholic Beverage Control Board in response to complaints by neighborhood organizations that wished to restrict a form of entertainment that's been in this city for many years.

Two of my friends were taken from the stage while dancing by officers who had warrants in hand but waited to serve them at the moment of maximum vulnerability and embarrassment, while they videotaped customers, who were not allowed to leave. Because of the potential embarrassment to their families, several businessmen who were subjected to this

harassment considered lawsuits against the authorities but changed their minds.

One bar does not admit anyone in a biker jacket, because of trouble with bikers years ago. Since that policy frustrated the undercover officers dressed as bikers, the police harassed all persons leaving the establishment at closing time. How would you have liked to have been a customer in

---

*"Operation Easy Rider . . .  
closed most of the  
go-go bars in town."*

---

the place, minding your own business, when that happened?

Clearly, the adult-entertainment business itself is under fire. I know the Moral Majority intends to prevent consenting adults from enjoying healthy, normal, spirited sex. For that matter, these same people who object to others' exercising their right to the pursuit of happiness have the right not to patronize go-go bars, just as they have the right not to buy your magazine. I wish they would exercise it and leave the rest of us alone.

Perhaps your D.C.-area readers will be enlightened as to what really happened. After all, we've left 1984, haven't we?

Susan Marsh  
Washington, D.C.

*Contemporary news accounts confirm most of the above. The D.C. police official with whom we talked said he'd never heard of the operation but declined to give his name.*



## LOW BLOW

In her article *Who's in Charge Here?* (*PLAYBOY*, July), Susan Squire deals the usual low blow (pardon the pun) when she implies that Judaeo-Christianity stamps oral and all other nonprocreative sex as deviant. Squire is apparently mistaking the Victorian distaste for everything sexual for part of the Judaeo-Christian tradition, a misunderstanding picked up by the general culture.

Actually, the teaching that the body in general and sex in particular is evil was a form of Docetic Gnosticism, one of the earliest heresies condemned by the Church. Catholicism's proscription of all nonprocreative sex is a very recent product of the later Vatican Councils, based on a faulty interpretation of *Genesis* 1:28.

As a minister and an amateur Hebrew scholar, I would like to set the matter straight. If the reader is interested in the attitude of the Bible itself toward oral sex, rather than a popular misunderstanding about the Judaeo-Christian tradition toward it, I direct him or her to the *Song of Solomon*, chapter seven. In his description of his beloved (verse two), the lover says:

*Your navel is a rounded goblet  
That never lacks blended wine.*

Connoisseurs of cunnilingus can appreciate the Biblical metaphor of mixed wine and know the lover wasn't talking about his lady's navel. Unfortunately, most Biblical-translation committees prefer to read the Hebrew word *srrk* as *sarrak*, "navel," rather than *sirrak*, "vagina," though most know better. I suspect they lack nerve.

I advise Squire to read the Bible before taking the usual cheap shots at it. A joyous celebration of human sexuality is the true Judaeo-Christian tradition.

(Name withheld by request)  
Lexington, Kentucky

*Sometimes when the "Dear Playboy" editor is feeling particularly generous or has run out of space—whichever comes first—he forwards to this department a letter he thinks raises an issue relevant to "The Playboy Forum." Hence the above. To show our appreciation, "The Playboy Forum" will now publish a pair of letters picking on two of our regular columnists that would ordinarily go to "Dear Playboy."*

## SUFFERING SEXISM

Cynthia Heimel usually shows sensitivity and awareness in her *Women* column. Her July column, however, runs rampant with prejudice and insensitivity.

Instead of demolishing John Gordon's facts in his article *What Else Do Women Want?*, as Heimel claims, she merely presents us with her own "petulant mélange

of demifacts and high-pitched fears." She fails to acknowledge the fact that men are victims of sexual discrimination, because she's afraid the spotlight might be taken away from women if people started to realize just how terribly men are treated.

Take a walk through Arlington National Cemetery and try to imagine that all those graves belong to women. Horrifying? I'll bet that for every woman who didn't get a job or a promotion because of sexism, there is a man buried at Arlington who lost his life prematurely for the same reason. If he doesn't lose his life prematurely, maybe he'll lose his kids through divorce, along with a house he still must pay for, in addition to paying alimony and child support.

The kind of sexism men endure profoundly affects their lives. But for some reason, women's issues still take precedence, and just mentioning that not all men get a fair deal is considered sexist and antiwomen.

Cynthia, you say an attack against sexism is an attack against inequality. Why must you consider equality for men as an attack against women? I think your double-standard slip is showing.

Paul Sollar  
Royal Oak, Michigan

#### MACHO MOZART

Howdy! Well, I shore as hell enjoyed Mr. Asa (I guess Asa is a man's name) Baber's article on that there *Amadeus* flick (*Men*, PLAYBOY, July). Everyone down here in Texas knows that ol' Wuffgang Mozart was a *real man*, not some giggly wimp. My great-great-granddaddy Johann "Joe Bob" Johnson knew ol' Mozart, and he said ol' Wuff (Mozart liked to be called Wuff, not Wuffgang) never giggled, an' if you ever said he did, he'd kick yer ass!

No, sirree. Jus' 'cause ol' Wuff wore them funny wigs and played a vialin an' wore all them ruffles, don't you try an' 'masculate him. He was a real rednecked, double-barreled, shit-kickin', goat-ropin', mean, ass-kickin' country *hombre*. An' he didn't giggle like some sissy-ass wimp foreigner.

'Sides, what's a bunch of wimp fruits at a Yuppie magazine know about real men, anyway? Come on down to Dallas an' we'll show ya how ta do it!

Billy Bob Johnson, Jr.  
Dallas, Texas

P.S. Don't get no ideas 'bout me jus' 'cause this letter is word-processed; my secartary done that.

P.P.S. By the way, jus' what kinda wimp name is Asa, anyway?

P.P.P.S. An' another thang: If Asa's a girl, you tell her to go find herself a husband an' have some babies 'stead a writin' articles for a wimp nudie magazine.

*In the movie we saw, Mozart mostly played the pianer.*

#### LONG MAY SHE WAVE

*Touché*, PLAYBOY! Your editorial responses to two letters ("Up the First") in

July's *Playboy Forum* are outstanding.

Edward McLeary's comment that PLAYBOY never "waves the flag" is unfounded—one look at July's cover should erase that notion.

I'd also like to say that I could be considered a right-winger, yet I hold the freedoms of speech and press near and dear to my heart.

Dennis Cushman  
San Diego, California

In response to criticism by *The American Sentinel*, which you call a "goofy right-wing newsletter" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), you ask, "Isn't it odd that we never seem to find any staunch right-wingers who defend [the First] Amendment?"

### UNBRIDLED PASSION

*As our regular readers are aware, "The Playboy Forum" is always pleased to have a little sport with any region of the country that calls attention to itself by way of its citizens' bizarre behavior. Texas and California, for instance. Texas goes into the lead for this month—maybe for this year, maybe for all time—with the following news story, reprinted in its entirety from the Houston Chronicle. It was sent to us by Pete Szilagyi, ace reporter for Austin's American-Statesman, who says his own town is quite civilized and that only around Houston do people carry guns and fuck horses.*

A man caught having sex with a horse has been sentenced to ten years' probation and fined \$10,000 for trying to kill its owner during a gun battle in which the female horse was killed.

Clemmie Jackson, 41, was sentenced Thursday by a jury in State District Judge Ted Poe's court that had convicted him of attempted murder.

Jackson was also sentenced to 120 days in prison, 20 hours' per month community service and to pay restitution of about \$9000. He also will be required to attend a Baylor College of Medicine program for sexual offenders.

Prosecutor Joan Campbell said John Richardson went to a small horse barn at King and Sayer on January 26 to feed his horses and saw Jackson standing on a bucket behind the horse.

Jackson, nude from the waist down, was having sex with the horse, Campbell said. When he saw Richardson, she said, Jackson grabbed his gun from a horse trough and fired at Richardson.

The prosecutor said Richardson, who had a gun with only two bullets, fired at Jackson, then tried to run away but was shot in the buttocks.

Richardson, 42, underwent surgery for his wounds and more is scheduled. It was not determined who killed the horse.

Permit us to draw your attention to the fact that Phillips Publishing, publisher of *The American Sentinel*, was the second largest contributor to our legal fund for *Lowe vs. SEC* [challenging the SEC's authority to ban publication of a financial newsletter], which was the leading First Amendment case for the current Supreme Court term. Numerous newsletters, including others that you might characterize as right wing, contributed to Lowe's legal expenses.

Lowe's brief was supported by virtually every organization traditionally associated with freedom-of-the-press causes, from the American Civil Liberties Union and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to professional groups representing editors, reporters and publishers, including the Newsletter Association.

In fact, only one organization that likes to be thought of as a crusader for freedom of the press was conspicuous by its failure to support Lowe. That organization, of course, was the Playboy Foundation.

Glen King Parker, Chairman  
Freedom of the Press Committee  
Newsletter Association  
Washington, D.C.

*We supported Lowe; we just didn't give money. It's the Playboy Foundation's long-standing policy to limit financial aid to those cases of merit that are not able to obtain funding from the many sources you mention.*

#### PORN WAR

I have gotten quite weary of all the hoopla about the supposed effects of pornography. I trust that reason and sanity will prevail and that I can continue to receive my subscription to PLAYBOY, as I have over the past seven years. Yellow caution flags always go up in my head when I hear such fanatics as Falwell and Swaggart tell us how we should be living. Less dangerous, but nevertheless still askew, are *Dear Abby* and other charlatans who attempt to provide some righteous path for us to follow. I pay these people little heed, other than to listen in order to know my enemy.

Michael Fiorito, M.S.  
Anaconda, Montana

*If the enemies of pornography made a few distinctions, it would be one thing; we could share their disgust with much of the material sold and circulated today and concern ourselves with only the First Amendment issues raised by censorship, which has always proved to be a greater threat to society than the material it was intended to suppress. But the would-be censors have cast their net so wide that it includes anything with erotic content, and they're getting away with it, as indicated by the fact that you used their terminology in reference to PLAYBOY. Erotic we are; at least we hope so. But the sexuality we celebrate is the opposite of porn. And the fact that the anti-porn crusaders don't know the difference*



*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT

LOS ANGELES—California's 1982 prostitution law has been used to convict a producer of sexually explicit films. Specifically, the defendant was found guilty on five counts of pandering under a law that defines a panderer as "any person who



procures another person for the purposes of prostitution" or for providing sex in return for money. The five women involved in the filming had had no previous prostitution arrests, considered themselves actresses and testified that the purpose of the on-camera sex was to make a movie, not to provide pleasure. The prosecution argued that the law contained no exemption for performers and that they were guilty of prostitution because they had been paid.

## SKIN DEEP

Studies conducted by a New York University psychologist confirm that personal attractiveness and success tend to go together because of social biases, but there seems to be an exception for professional women who are particularly pretty. Writing in *The Journal of Applied Psychology*, Dr. Madeline Heilman reports that in managerial jobs or jobs thought to require male characteristics, good looks are an asset to men but can be a handicap to women. In tests with pictures, respondents were inclined to believe that a less attractive woman in an executive position was there on the basis of skill and talent.

## HAZARDS IN THE HOME

MINNEAPOLIS—A woman who contracted herpes from her boyfriend has received a \$25,000 out-of-court settlement under the man's homeowner's insurance policy. The insurer agreed to pay the

maximum amount under the liability clause after the plaintiff's attorney argued that herpes constituted "bodily injury" just as much as would an injury incurred in a fall. He made the point that while the relationship was consensual, the woman's catching the disease was not, and going to trial might result in an even larger settlement for her.

## ZIP

LOS ANGELES—Researchers at the City of Hope medical facility have found evidence that some compulsive exhibitionists may be suffering from a genetic disorder called Tourette syndrome and may respond to treatment with haloperidol, a drug presently used to control such other manifestations of the syndrome as tics, constant blinking and involuntary grimacing. Higher dosages of the drug apparently inhibit the exhibitionism impulse by decreasing cerebrospinal-fluid levels of homovanilic acid—a breakdown product of the brain chemical dopamine.

## PRENATAL PERSONHOOD

PHOENIX—The Arizona Supreme Court has ruled unanimously that a viable fetus, even though stillborn, is a person under the law for purposes of making a wrongful death claim in a malpractice suit. In a decision that the plaintiffs' attorney said would set an important precedent, the court held that "there is no logic in the premise that if a viable infant dies immediately before birth it is not a 'person' but that if it dies immediately after birth it is a 'person.'" The court rejected the idea that the law would permit recovery of damages only if an injured fetus survived or died after birth.

## SEX AND VIOLENCE

Ongoing research tends to confirm that movie depictions of violence seem to have a desensitizing effect on viewers but that this is a problem encountered far more often with R-rated movies, television soaps and prime-time shows than with even the most explicit porno films. Addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Edward Donnerstein of the University of Wisconsin indicated that film entertainment in general often perpetuates old rape myths but added, "We've found no effects for sexual content alone." Professor Joseph Scott of Ohio State University reported that a three-month study found X-rated pictures to have "the least violence of any type of movie" and said that another study had found "no relationship" between the states that ranked high-

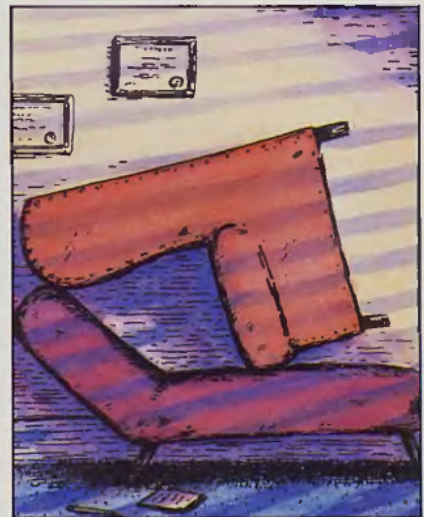
est on the availability of sexual movies or magazines and the rates of reported rape. Professor Murray Straus of the University of New Hampshire cited studies that have found that the *Ladies Home Journal* and similar mass-circulation magazines have "more violence than *PLAYBOY*." However, visiting UCLA law professor Catharine MacKinnon, who wrote the anti-pornography statute pending in Los Angeles, countered that the "distinction between sex and violence is a false one."

## LOSS OF LOVE

SAN FRANCISCO—The California Supreme Court has agreed to decide on whether or not a man whose live-in girlfriend was killed in a car accident can sue for "loss of consortium" as though the couple had been man and wife. The case is on appeal from a lower-court decision that "marriage is that fine, bright line by which the strength of a relationship may be tested," but this decision is in conflict with the ruling of an appellate court in another district that such a suit is possible if the plaintiff can prove that his "'stable and significant' relationship with another person possessed the characteristics of a marriage."

## THE DOCTOR IS OUT

NEW YORK CITY—As of last May first, psychiatrists who treat their patients with sexual therapy are no longer covered for malpractice under the insurance plan offered by the American Psychiatric Association. A 1977 study revealed that 5.5



percent of the doctors had engaged in sexual relations with their patients, a practice that the A.P.A. deplored but had not directly addressed in the insurance policy available to its members.

tells us they are part of the problem instead of the solution. We guess they are desperately in need of sexual fulfillment.

#### A MATTER OF MURDER

In a recent ruling, the Supreme Court made it easier to dismiss from juries those who oppose the death penalty. I believe this is a grave disservice to all Americans. As one commentator said, it is now easier for prosecutors and juries to commit murder.

Many Americans support a concept of justice with mercy that deplores putting people to death. Some hold that position with religious conviction, recognizing that

the fifth chapter of *Matthew* explicitly rejects eye-for-eye and tooth-for-tooth justice. Others oppose the death penalty for humanitarian reasons, believing that justice built on violence and revenge is no justice at all.

Most people assume that the recent surge in executions and incarcerations represents progress toward a judicial system that "means business." I fear that we are increasingly looking for scapegoats on whom to cast our angers, our fears and our need to do violence. Such scapegoats can be found among the outcasts in our society, which is ever more divided between

affluent and poor, powerful and powerless and comfortable and broken. Possibly fueling the need for revenge is the fear engendered by a rapidly escalating arms race.

The Supreme Court ruling will give added legitimacy to a practice that reflects the darkest side of the human character. I believe that the Court has acquiesced to the howling mob rather than stand on moral courage. We will become more brutalized and divided, and with each successive execution, human life will be cheapened even more.

I address one urgent plea to the Supreme Court, to get-tough judges and death-

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE PLAYBOY FOUNDATION

*twenty years of putting our money where it counts*

One score and three years ago, our founder brought forth in these pages The Playboy Philosophy, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that sex is OK. Hugh Hefner's philosophy was not, curmudgeons pointed out, as fully developed as, say, Jefferson's. But Hefner was a man known for going all the way. He realized that the freedom to enjoy healthy, happy sex can't exist in a repressed society, and he soon began tackling forms of repression—and oppression—outside the bedroom. In 1965—20 years ago—the Playboy Foundation was created to put the muscle of money behind his evolving philosophy.

Since then, the Foundation—the activist arm of PLAYBOY—has itself evolved, but it has never lost sight of its original principles.

The Foundation's first victory was getting a West Virginia disc jockey—jailed for receiving a blow job—released from a ten-year prison term. Later in 1965, when PLAYBOY became the first major national magazine to advocate abortion rights, the Foundation participated in the work of several organizations whose efforts led ultimately to the landmark *Roe vs. Wade* case. The Supreme Court's 1973 ruling in that case guaranteed the right of women to obtain legal abortions—a right that is now being attacked by Messrs. Reagan and Meese. In 1966, the Foundation funded the nation's first anti-Vietnam-war referendum, which won voter support by a wide margin. In 1969, it provided initial financing for the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Operation Breadbasket (now Operation PUSH) and, in 1971, was instrumental in the founding and the funding of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML).

In 1975, it established the Playboy Defense Team, the nemesis of prosecutors who (in some states still) would jail people for such crimes as consensual oral sex.

Over the years, the Foundation has awarded \$300,000 to the revolutionary Masters and Johnson Reproductive



Biology Research Foundation; provided the Mansion West for a fund raiser for the National Organization for Women's E.R.A. campaign; set up Chicago's first 24-hour crisis-intervention hotline for young people, which later became the nation's official coordinating center for runaway youths; supported the Center for Constitutional Rights during the epochal Chicago Seven trial; helped strike down a Draconian "crimes against chastity" law in Massachusetts; made support grants to the NAACP's Legal Defense and Education Fund to oppose capital punishment; awarded a legal research grant to the National Gay Task Force; funded the American Civil Liberties Union's Women's Rights Project; assisted 25 states in the passage of legislation allowing the use of marijuana for medicinal purposes; supported the American Library Association's Freedom to Read Foundation in a successful

suit against censorship; funded AIDS research at the New York University Medical Center; helped the Citizens' Leadership Foundation's drive to register poor and minority voters; backed the production of *The Times of Harvey Milk*, winner of last year's Academy Award for best feature documentary; and (as we say on magazine covers) much, much more.

Actually, a single anecdote may suffice to show what the Playboy Foundation stands for. In 1969, some students from Iowa's Grinnell College were arrested for indecent exposure; they had dropped their drawers as part of a vociferous anti-PLAYBOY protest. The students then asked the Foundation for assistance in their defense—and got it.

For the past two decades, in fact, the Foundation has been one of the nation's most committed voices, most consistently raised in the defense of people's rights. Everyone's rights. Huge mainstream philanthropic organizations such as the Ford Foundation disburse more millions—and much more red tape. The Playboy Foundation exists as an alternative, defending the rights of the unrich, the unconventional, the unpopular; sometimes it demands no paperwork at all. Like Voltaire, it may not agree with what you say, but it will defend up one side and down the other your right to say it.

"The Playboy Philosophy," Hef wrote, "is predicated on our belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society."

The Playboy Foundation, after 20 years, stands as powerful evidence that the man meant what he said. We at the magazine are proud of the muscle in our activist arm.

—KEVIN COOK

dealing juries, to prosecutors and legislators who find political gain in promoting the death penalty and to my fellow Americans: In God's name, stop the killing!

Thomas E. Sagendorf  
United Methodist Clergy  
Marietta, Ohio

As far as I am concerned, execution is far too easy a punishment for most crimes, at least for felonies. It is just another case of the mollicoddling of criminals by lily-livered wimps. Our wholly owned subsidiary has developed equipment and techniques that will revolutionize our court system (as well as our schools), will help bring discipline back to our society and provide methods for properly dealing with criminals.

Like all true-blue Americans, I have no use for those quiche-eating faggots who call themselves *civil* libertarians. Along with all other true patriots, I am a *civic* libertarian. In other words, I believe we should give the state a free hand in the matter of justice. After all, it knows best. Any reasonable person would agree that our judicial system could be sped up and unclogged rapidly by the simple expedient of combining indictment and conviction. Let's face it—*where there's smoke, there's fire*. And in the unlikely event that a defendant is innocent of the particular crime of which he is accused, no big deal. He is almost certainly guilty of some other crime for which he has never been punished. Further, combining indictment and conviction will free us from the inefficient and time-consuming jury system. This will have the added benefit of aiding the cause of women's liberation, by liberating them from this onerous duty. Ladies shouldn't have to worry their pretty heads over such matters as this.

Allan S. Hjerpe  
Topanga, California

*Probably, we should mention that the above letter reached us festooned with witty stickers and on the fairly gaudy letterhead of the "Pacoima Moat & Drawbridge Service Specialists in Crocodiles, Piranha and Green Scum," which promises "Yesterday's Answers to the Problems of Tomorrow."*

#### GAMBLER OF THE MONTH

I have a bet with two girls who live in my apartment building that I can get their names in *PLAYBOY* just by writing a clever enough letter to *The Playboy Forum*. What kind of deal can we make?

Jerry C. Gould  
Edison, New Jersey

*What kind of deal have you got?*

#### SEXSATONAL

First, *Time* magazine branded herpes "THE NEW SCARLET LETTER." Then *Time* claimed that the sexual revolution was over (ironically, with a cover illustration by former *PLAYBOY* contributor Arnold Roth). *Life* is peddling paranoia, with its cover declaring, "NOW NO ONE IS SAFE FROM AIDS."

When people ask me if I read magazines

like *Time*, I say, "Naw, I read *PLAYBOY*. It's more objective." Naturally, they think I'm kidding. I'm not.

Wilfred D. DeVoe  
Boston, Massachusetts

#### MENTAL FLOSS AND MORE

I was tickled by Susan Riesman's letter on mental floss in the June *Playboy Forum*.

I am an artist, and in 1983 I designed a piece of art titled *Mental Floss: For Morning Fuzziness and Afternoon Cobwebs*. This was one of six pieces in a performing-art exhibition titled *The Rest Room*, which was performed at the Phoenix Art Museum and was cosponsored by the Arizona State Art Commission and the Arizona Women's Partnership. In the video film, the actresses actually did appear to put floss through one ear and out the other.

Enclosed is a photo of another of my creations that appeared in the same exhibition. It's *Whampax!: For Rape of the Soul and Other Aggravating Assaults*.

Nancy Robb Dunst  
Phoenix, Arizona

According to Susan Riesman, "confusion, anxiety and a host of negative mental reactions to everyday life" corrupt minds with "mental-plaque build-up."

I can't imagine why a sensible person such as Riesman, backed up by her scientific research team, would waste any time reading published letters written by a bunch of fuzzy-headed idiots unless, perhaps, there were some fascination with either the letters or the idiots.

A long while back, there was a series of so-called dirty stories going around. In one, a door-to-door salesman asked a young boy where his mom was and the boy answered that she was working in a whorehouse up the street. The salesman said, "Oh, she's a prostitute," and the kid said, "No, a substitute; she only works weekends." The salesman scratched his head and said, "Why, I'm a son of a bitch." The kid said, "So am I, but I don't go around ringing doorbells and telling everyone."

I guess the companion to the old quotation "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" is "Mental-plaque build-up is in the mind of the beholder."

Al Albert  
Canton, Ohio

*Albert, we assume, has been sitting in Canton for months, maybe years, reading "The Playboy Forum" in the hope of finding some excuse—any excuse—to send us that joke. And we have Riesman to thank for it.*

#### MILK AWARD

I understand that the Playboy Foundation gave a grant to the makers of the documentary *The Times of Harvey Milk*. This wonderful film has been a great inspiration to me; being gay is no crime, and *Milk* has passed that message along.

The film certainly deserved its Oscar. Thank you for being a part of this effort.

Jeffery Brehm  
Chicago, Illinois

#### FETAL FALLOUT

Let's examine the practical side of the proposed constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion on demand. If we ignore what we have learned about when intelligent life begins and pretend that it begins at conception, are we prepared to jail for child abuse all expectant mothers who smoke or ingest medicines, excess sugar, alcoholic beverages, certain soft drinks, tea and coffee? Are we prepared to investigate every case of miscarriage? If at six weeks a woman discovers that she is pregnant, can she be arrested for having gone to a party the week before? If the Constitution is changed, we had better be prepared for all of this; it is the only possible interpretation the courts can render.

Edward A. Hite  
Bowie, Maryland

#### ORGAN MEMORY

All organs of our bodies are equipped with organ memory, we have discovered, which enables them to perform their assigned functions when needed. Each organ has a memory span of varying length. The penis has a very long memory, rivaling that of the heart. The slightest contact or erotic thought will immediately cause it to rise and say, "I am ready for duty. I know exactly what to do."

On the other hand, the clitoris has an organ memory only slightly longer than that of the appendix. After careful coaxing and massaging, the clitoris will awaken to say, "I seem to recall something like this before . . . but I'm not quite sure." After a concentrated effort, it can be brought out of its amnesia to become fully active, exclaiming, "Yes, yes! I'm ready, I'm ready!"

Of course, the actual memory span of each organ is directly related to its owner. These descriptions are based on the average person. An above-average woman would have a much shorter clitoral-memory-response time. An above-average man would have a perpetual hard-on.

Michael McCary  
Centralia, Missouri

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



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That's why the heart of the new Fisher FVH-840 High Fidelity Video Recorder is a Quartz Synthesized Digital Stereo Tuner. It is practically identical to the tuner in our \$1000 High Fidelity Television Receiver, and borrows its advanced technology from our top-end FM-stereo audio tuners.

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Frequency response is very flat from 20-20,000 cycles, dynamic range is better than 80 db and signal-to-noise ratio is greater than 80 db. This video recorder's audio recording and playback quality is superior to most studio audio recorders. And, you can record (on a single tape) 8 hours of the highest quality audio sound you've ever heard.

### STEREO BROADCASTING IS HERE

This year, television stations throughout the country will begin

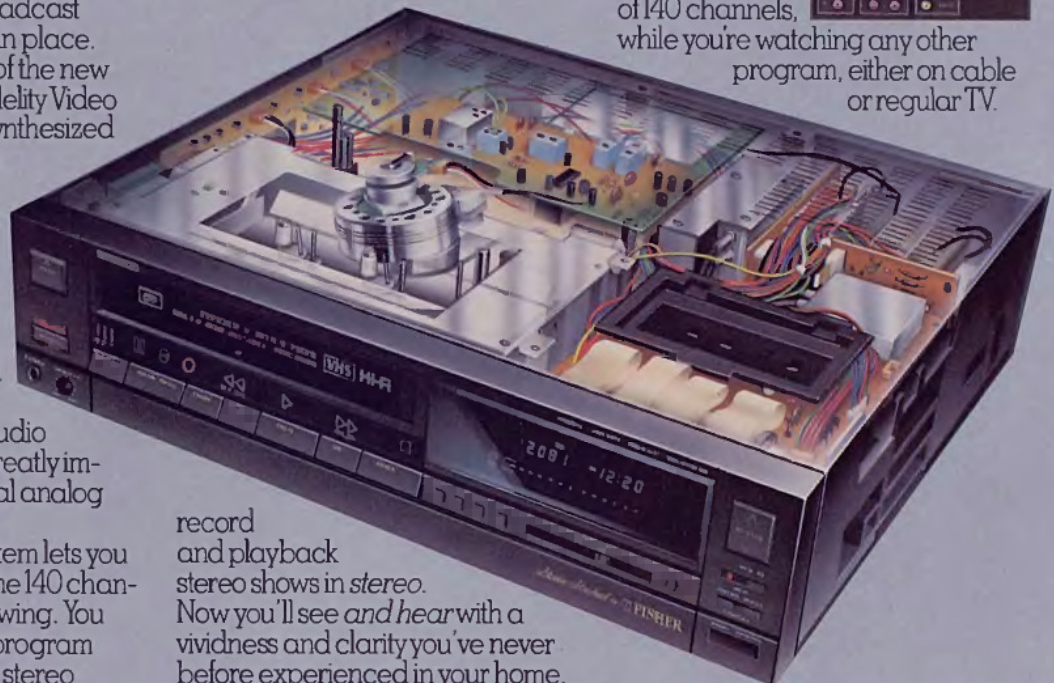
broadcasting MTS stereo sound.

So the new Fisher FVH-840 Video Recorder has an MTS stereo decoder built-in. It lets you receive,

visual effects. It is *cable ready*\* so

you can record one cable program from any of 140 channels,

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record and playback stereo shows in *stereo*. Now you'll see *and hear* with a vividness and clarity you've never before experienced in your home.

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If you have recently purchased a stereo television, like the Fisher High Fidelity Television Receiver, the Fisher Hi-Fi Stereo Video Recorder is the perfect complement to it.

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### 8 HEADS

Fisher's Hi-Fi Video Recorder was designed and built using state of the art electronic technology.

The 8 head complement includes four video heads, two VHS Hi-Fi heads and two linear stereo heads for recording, playback, video, audio, VHS Hi-Fi and special

A built-in microcomputer lets you automatically record up to nine different shows, on different channels, at different times, over a two-week period.

The Fisher High Fidelity Video Recorder is ideal for use in a Fisher Audio/Video system or with any of Fisher's high fidelity audio component systems and television receivers.

At \$1000, the Fisher High Fidelity Video Recorder just might seem a small price to pay for perfection.

\* Some cable companies "scramble" pay-cable programming. If your cable company "scrambles" certain channels, you will have to use a cable company supplied decoder box. Consult your cable company about proper installation.



**FISHER**  
THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE.

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: STING

*a candid conversation with the red-hot british pop star and actor about rock 'n' roll, politics, sex, love, old partners and fresh starts*

When you're a skinny English kid with a name like Gordon Sumner, living near the docks in Newcastle, a poor coal and ship-building town, it's only natural to yearn for a little glamor, a little excitement. So, lugging your first guitar, your young wife and your new baby, you head off to London with a new name—they call you Sting, because you wear yellow-and-black pullovers—and form a rock-'n'-roll band. It's been written before.

Not many years later, your band, The Police, is one of the hottest in the world. A song you write and sing—you call it "Every Breath You Take"—is the number-one song of 1983 after selling more than 1,000,000 copies. You try acting, too, and you land roles opposite the hottest (Jennifer Beals) and the best (Meryl Streep) actresses in the world. Enough glamor? Enough excitement?

Cut to: Paris' Mogador Theater, where the last of the opening-night S.R.O. crowd has finally filtered out, more than an hour after Sting's last encore, a sparse guitar-and-voice version of his hit "Message in a Bottle." No one could have predicted the audience's reaction to his solo Paris debut; he intentionally stacked the cards against himself. Not only would the crowd be hearing new songs by Sting, significantly sans Police, for the first time (performers usually rely on tried-and-true hits for successful live performances) but

he would play to a predominantly French-speaking audience. To prepare, Sting had rehearsed some French phrases—"Merci beaucoup! Merci beaucoup!"—but those new songs, lyrically complex, were, of course, all in English.

After three songs, the verdict was already unanimous. As Sting led his band of all-black musicians, schooled in jazz, not rock, into a new song called "If You Love Somebody Set Them Free," the lyrics might as well have been in Swahili for all the audience cared; they went berserk, rose from the plush theater seats and rocked.

After the opening-night performance, Sting finally emerges into the theater lobby to the celebratory party. All eyes and a dozen-odd lenses turn toward him. His smile is still cautious, though triumphant, and his stance is characteristically confident. He works the crowd like a politician—an incumbent politician. He shakes the hands of record-company execs, embraces his musicians, winks toward the interviewers who have been following him for weeks. Besides PLAYBOY, whose reporters have tracked him from New York to Montreal to the rehearsal chateau outside Chartres and now to Paris, Newsweek is considering a cover. The French press has demanded access. And the British. And Rolling Stone. The photographers need exclusive shots. One,

known as Mad Max, had Sting prancing about in the fountain outside the Pompidou Center. Another needs time in his hotel suite.

This massive attempt to cover Sting is only one layer of the pressure to capture every moment of his life. Michael Apted, the British film director ("Coal Miner's Daughter"), has been commissioned to document Sting's latest project, his solo musical foray, for a feature film. The film could be called "Who's Covering Whom," for the film maker's half-dozen cameras are focused on the press, while the press is writing about the filming and everyone (press, French and English film crews, record-company personnel and execs, musicians, band crew, photographers, friends, family, fans) is focused on Sting. Although the first concert is over, it's no time to relax—the cameras are rolling.

Oh, and by the way, it looks as if Trudie Styler, Sting's pretty blonde girlfriend, wants some time with him, too. She makes her way to him through the crowd, holding her large belly with one hand, clutching her midwife's arm with the other.

"The contractions are beginning," she tells Sting. Her due date a week away, Trudie has gone into labor with Sting's fourth child. Sting hugs her and smiles. There is a hint of glee. Or madness. As if he planned it all.

For most of the night, Apted's huge crew is



"With the Live Aid concert, we saw how the media can be used for good. And we learned to bypass the political process. In fact, we learned to hold it in some contempt, since government has been unable to confront starvation."



"I can't say I've sinned because I failed to be monogamous. As the chemicals in a relationship become acclimated to one another, the chemical reaction between people lessens, and you have to shake it up to get it again."



"In rock 'n' roll, the blueprint for disaster is clear. That book has already been written—Elvis Presley, Sid Vicious, Jimi Hendrix. The blueprint for survival hasn't yet been written. That's the one I really want to write."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BENNO FRIEDMAN

standing by. If Trudie's contractions speed up, they are to head to the hospital, where cameras are already poised to film the birth.

The baby—a son, named Jake—is not born until two days later. Although Jake missed opening night, the timing is still good—he is born at 12:30 in the afternoon, several hours before the second show at the Mogador. APTED's crew is on hand. Glamor. Excitement. Gordon Sumner finally has it.

In the town of Wallsend, where Sting was born in 1951, his father was a milkman, his mother a nurse. He was playing guitar at nine and in his first band at 17: a Dixieland jazz band in which he played double bass. While working as a teacher and moonlighting in clubs, he met Stewart Copeland, the drummer in a band called Curved Air and a son of Miles Copeland, the ex-CIA agent who wrote "The Game of Nations" and "The Real Spy World."

When Sting left his home town for London, he, Copeland and, later, guitarist Andy Summers formed a band they called The Police. Sting's song "Roxanne," banned by the BBC (it's about a prostitute), got them a manager, Miles Copeland (Stewart's brother), and, with Miles's help, a record deal. Four platinum albums and one gold single later, The Police, with their distinctive, reggae-influenced rock, have sold more than 40,000,000 records and were called by at least one enthusiastic critic "the most important music group to appear since The Beatles." Hyperbole aside, since their first album was released in 1979, The Police have been one of the most consistently innovative and exciting bands to emerge from England—or anywhere—in the past decade.

At the peak of their success ("Synchronicity," their most recent album, won three Grammys and remained on the charts for almost a year), Sting announced that he was leaving the band, at least temporarily, to make a solo album. He recruited top jazz musicians and recorded "The Dream of the Blue Turtles," which shot up to number two three weeks after it was released. Sting also appeared in the British segment of last July's world-wide Live Aid concert, performing his old hits before being joined by Phil Collins and Branford Marsalis for one of the event's highlights: a Collins-Sting duet of "Every Breath You Take." And the 24-city tour he began last August has been a sellout.

Meanwhile, his two latest movies were released. When Sting was struggling in London, his wife, actress Frances Tomelty, helped him get his first movie role, a minor part in The Who's "Quadrophenia." It was the start of an acting career that included the lead in "Brimstone and Treacle" and smaller parts in "Dune" and several minor films. Today, he earns \$1,000,000 a film and has made his own documentary of "The Dream of the Blue Turtles" Paris performances.

PLAYBOY sent Victoria and David Sheff to speak with the busy man. Their report:

"Since Sting was booked in New York with costume fittings, newspaper interviews and meetings, we asked him where he wanted to begin our sessions. 'Do you jog?' he asked.

The idea of trying to discuss his answers to our many questions while holding a tape recorder and jogging through Central Park—well, no thanks.

"So we hung around while he conducted his New York business, such as a meeting with his manager to decide on the new album-cover photo. 'I want something interesting,' Sting reported afterward. 'Miles wants something that will, as he puts it, "make the girls go wet."'

"Which brings up the issue most women mentioned when we said we were interviewing Sting: sex. At a fitting in New York, Sting emerged from a dressing room in a gorgeous Giorgio Armani suit—gray silk with flashes of black—without a shirt. There was his famous chest. To set the record straight, the female half of this 'Interview' team was not unimpressed. The male half said, 'What's the big deal?'

"Over the weeks, Sting's playful side emerged, counterbalancing the over-all impression we had of him: that he is arrogant and always serious. He teased his assistant, Danny Quatrochi, about his resemblance to

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*"I hate most of  
what constitutes  
rock music—which  
is basically  
middle-aged crap."*

---

Julio Iglesias and quoted from 'This Is Spinal Tap' as well as from Arthur Koestler. And he told us a story about his trouble with New Zealand customs. As a joke, a friend had given each of the Police members foil-wrapped Preparation H suppositories, and the customs agent was eyeing one he had found in Sting's suitcase. 'What do you do with this?' he asked. Now, Sting has a thing about customs—he despises the concept of immigration controls, he says—so it was not without relishing the moment that he said, nonchalantly, 'You stick it up your ass.'

"He was nearly thrown into prison on the spot but managed to talk his way out of that one, though fast talking is not the only way out for him. There were times when we were frustrated—make that furious—at being postponed and juggled along with the million other things in Sting's outrageous schedule. But as we listened to the man's music during rehearsal or performances, the frustration would recede.

"So what's next for Sting after the fall tour and editing work on the film? He is going to take a break and go scuba diving in the Red Sea. He jokes, 'I'm wondering if it's going to part for me.' We wouldn't be surprised."

PLAYBOY: We've been sent to clear up a few important things. Is it true that you've had

a sex-change operation?

STING: Yes, it is. I can see this will be the sort of interview where the truth comes out. So, yes, I've become a man. I was once Miss October in PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: On a more recent note, you were also part of the biggest rock concert in history—Live Aid. How did it feel?

STING: Extraordinary. It sounds like a cliché, but it really was a wonderful day for rock 'n' roll. Even if no money got through, I think the symbol of good will and cooperation and togetherness was so important, it was useful in itself. Beyond that, however, we also raised so much money that I'm confident it will get through, which makes it that much more important. Everyone said it was our generation's Woodstock, and it was, but I think it was more important than Woodstock.

PLAYBOY: Why?

STING: Because it dealt with a wider range of things: We saw how the media can be used for good. We learned how much we can accomplish if we bypass the political process. In fact, we learned to hold the political process in some contempt, since governments have not been able to confront the issue of starvation. Yet here were people who got together, galvanized by [organizer] Bob Geldof, and did something. We've always heard that rock 'n' roll could change the world. That's starting to mean something.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about the money's not getting to the African people?

STING: Not really. This is the most publicly accountable charity in history because of the high profile of everyone involved. Everyone is watching what will happen. Any of us can ask where the money has gone and will be answered in detail. If one penny is missing, we know whom to hang.

PLAYBOY: Do any special moments at Live Aid stand out for you?

STING: Before this experience, when British musicians got together, there was a lot of prejudice and fear of one another—all of that dissolved. The English rock scene has always been pretty gladiatorial: You all hate one another. Unlike the U.S. part of the Live Aid concert, all of us in England shared the same backstage area, so I was standing there with David Bowie and Freddie Mercury and, of course, Phil Collins, with whom I did a set, and all of us were sharing the same piece of sheet music—so this was very special.

PLAYBOY: Let's get some quick impressions of your peers in the music business, since the experience is fresh in your mind. What do you think of Bowie?

STING: An original. Most modern bands are facsimiles of David Bowie. A lot of singers are imitators of David Bowie. I have great respect for him.

PLAYBOY: Mick Jagger?

STING: I like Mick. But knowing him, I find it hard to judge his work. My prejudices evaporate. And rock 'n' roll is too



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hard a life for me to come down hard on people.

**PLAYBOY:** Peter Townshend of The Who?

**STING:** Peter Townshend shows us it's all right to grow up. There is dignity after rock 'n' roll.

**PLAYBOY:** Prince?

**STING:** Prince is a great musician, but I worry about his losing his sense of humor, about the deification syndrome in rock 'n' roll. I hate to see people trapping themselves in their own ivory towers. He's said he'll never tour again; to me, that's death.

**PLAYBOY:** Michael Jackson?

**STING:** One of the rewards of success is freedom, the ability to do whatever you like. To lose your freedom instead—which is what seems to have happened to Michael—is tragic. I don't know the guy, but to lead such a rarefied life seems tragic.

**PLAYBOY:** How about—

**STING:** Perry Como?

**PLAYBOY:** We were going to mention one more name—Paul McCartney.

**STING:** I worry about McCartney, too. I think he isn't sure what to do anymore. There is fear of growing up in rock 'n' roll, of progressing, of experimenting, of incorporating what one has learned. McCartney is a genius in many ways, but I think he should push himself to do work that's more serious. His Beatles work was as important as Lennon's was—more important, in some cases—and he is one of the people in the world who could take more risks. If you have already accomplished a certain amount, you want to move ahead and break new ground. Another thing about McCartney: I thought his choice of song for the Live Aid concert was a bit odd. He did *Let It Be*—but the whole point of the concert was to do something, to change things, to *not* let it be.

**PLAYBOY:** You criticize McCartney for not doing more serious music, but you've been criticized for being *too* serious—even pretentious—in your latest album.

**STING:** Yeah, there has been some of "How dare he write songs that mean anything? Who does he think he is?" That worries me. We've become too conditioned to think of pop music as standing for nothing. But the greater response in England has been that people are affected by the political messages in the songs. So far, the biggest response has been to *Russians*, where I sing, "I hope the Russians love their children, too." The record company wanted it to be the second single from the album, but I didn't want to bum people out during the summer. I thought I'd wait for fall for that. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** And yet, your image is also a good deal *less* serious than that. You haven't missed many opportunities to sell your sex appeal, for instance.

**STING:** I'm not that conscious of my image—I don't think I am really responsible for it. I cannot control what is written about me or every picture of me that appears. To a certain extent, one tries to manipulate one's image in the press, but

things happen that you have no control over.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe, maybe not. Boy George says you claim you don't want to be a sex symbol, yet you parade around without a shirt all the time. How do you plead?

**STING:** I don't like wearing shirts.

**PLAYBOY:** And there's that shot of you in *Dune* wearing a space diaper—

**STING:** Yeah, the flying underpants. At first, I refused. "I'm not fucking wearing that. It's ridiculous." "Come on, Sting, it will be phenomenal." I finally said, "All right, I'm going to go for it. I'm going to come out in that thing and be as gay as you can possibly imagine." So I did. I think I got away with it, actually. But I never chose that costume.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you can't control your image, but, again, you've used sexuality for all it's worth, haven't you?

**STING:** We're here to please. [Laughs] It has very little to do with my work, but if your image is not sexy enough, then people won't listen. It's part of the game.

**PLAYBOY:** Getting back to your political lyrics—do you think people realize what they're hearing with your stuff?

**STING:** It's something I do really well. I can disguise an idea inside a curtain that is innocuous. I like being number one on the charts, but I also like surprising people. For instance, *Every Breath You Take*—that is a truly insidious lyric dressed in a lovely song. Everybody was going around singing it like it was *love*. But it's a song about control and ownership and surveillance. I've had people write to me, "You've written our song, Sting. You've really written a song for our relationship." Fuck, *no!* That kind of double-edged thing is really what I am interested in doing—seducing people with a pleasant melody and then kicking them in the teeth. I *like* doing that.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it work if they don't know they are being kicked in the teeth?

**STING:** For me, yeah. The irony is too much to bear, almost. If someone just wants to get high to the music or listen to it while they are jogging, well, fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you've written jogging music, too—*De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da*. Fairly dumb lyrics, wouldn't you say?

**STING:** Some of my favorite rock-'n'-roll records are complete garbage. Little Richard songs; *Do Wah Diddy Diddy, Da Doo Ron Ron*. . . . There's a whole genre of things that don't make any sense, really, but I love them. What *De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da* tries to do is intellectualize them. I think the reason they work is that these songs are basic innocence. If you write a song with a political message, then you're guilty of politics. You are guilty of trying to sway people and, therefore, you are guilty of propaganda, of trying to influence, pervert, subvert. That song was basically saying, "I have nothing to say to you, and the most innocent thing I can say to you is nonsense." It was just a plea for innocence. Yet I went on to do songs that aren't innocent at all and are meant to

influence people.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as *Russians*.

**STING:** I feel strongly that it's not the time for *De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da*. Things are too serious.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it a pop star's place to sing about nuclear politics?

**STING:** My justification is that I can be the victim of nuclear politics, so I've got as much right as anybody to say what I feel. People can disagree with me. Of course, I hope they become concerned about issues, but if they don't, they don't.

**PLAYBOY:** On the other hand, you can also sound preachy. One reviewer of your current album asked, "Didn't the Sixties end a few years back?"

**STING:** Isn't that attitude a little terrifying? Time is running out. I look at my little girl and think, What am I going to tell her in ten years' time? That I did nothing—I just sort of sat back and let it happen? None of us can do that. We are going to have to have answers when kids ask, "What the fuck have you done? What did you do in the war?" I'd be bored doing anything else. I hate most of what constitutes rock music—which is basically middle-aged crap. So if this doesn't sell because it's political, it doesn't sell. I think I've done a good piece of work. I think it will be a big hit, frankly. I'm not worried. My instinct tells me it's going to be big, despite the political climate. Maybe because of it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you have to meet the expectations of that huge audience out there? Your group's previous album, *Synchronicity*, was one of the top-selling albums in both 1983 and 1984.

**STING:** Your accountants tell you, "Look, Sting, you've got this big captive audience; at least right now you have. You should really capitalize on the formula that got you that audience in the first place and make us all a lot of money so we can pay our mortgages off." And I say, "Right. I've got this captive audience, so now is the time to do something that is going to test people and test me at the same time."


**PLAYBOY:** Except that your recent songs aren't disguised. People aren't going to go around humming, "I hope the Russians love their children, too" without hearing your message.

**STING:** That's OK with me. . . . *Do the Russians love their children?* I actually started making inquiries about it after I thought of the song. Most people think of Russians as these robotic, ugly creatures who live under the boot and wear gray all the time. Do they love their children? I didn't know. So I wanted to find out. I met the head of Soviet studies at Columbia. A friend of mine designed a system that receives signals from Molniya, the Russian satellite, and he can get live Russian television. So we sat at Columbia University watching Russian television on a Sunday morning.

I'm no fan of the Soviet model. But you know what I saw? I actually saw people—real people. Children, women who weren't



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ugly. Attractive people who had souls. I consider myself a liberal and well informed, but I was shocked. If I could be shocked by what I had seen on Russian television, I realized most people would be. It's absurd, really. It's like asking, "Do black people have souls? Do Chinamen have only one leg?"

I'm not a fan of governments of any sort. I think, Why give yourself a name just because it's water that surrounds a piece of land? I am very unpatriotic. I hate borders; I hate customs. I hate the whole idea of immigration. It doesn't seem right. We belong in the world. The idea of dying for your country is anathema to me, and I'd rather shoot my own children than have them do that. It all makes me very angry. I know a big part of my taxes last year went to buy missiles. Kids bought my records and I had to give a large portion of the money away to put missiles in the ground in England. That makes me feel really angry.

**PLAYBOY:** Besides the political content of this album, the big media issue has been whether or not this solo project means the end of The Police. Why is it such a big issue?

**STING:** I don't know. It's sentimentality, as far as I am concerned. People don't like to see change. They have this idea that a band should always stay together, almost live together, and always be seen together.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you once compare The Police to The Who as a group that would continue to be vital by experimenting, by branching out into other projects—films and such—and by discovering and promoting others?

**STING:** I don't remember saying that, but it sounds like a reasonable thing to have said. I think I was also quoted as having said that a band could last for five albums, and then it wouldn't be valid anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** The Police have had five albums. Have The Police stopped being valid?

**STING:** I don't know. I have to say that the album I've just done is my best work as a writer and as a singer. That it didn't coincide with being a Police album is beside the point.

**PLAYBOY:** A critic called The Police the most important band to come along since The Beatles. Do you buy that?

**STING:** I don't have to buy it; someone else said it. I don't know. What does it mean? It sounds great, doesn't it? [*Mockingly*] Yes, fine, I agree! I think it's wonderful. Yes, we are the most important band to come along since The Beatles. *More* important.

**PLAYBOY:** What did The Police have going for them?

**STING:** The songs, of course, are the most important. But the band was unique in the way we worked together. We had a sort of sparse, easily identifiable sound. Stewart [Copeland] is one of the greatest drum-

mers in the world. We had a lot going for us, an awful lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Some people feel that the sum of the parts of a group like The Beatles or the Stones is greater than the individual parts. Do you think that applies to The Police?

**STING:** Certainly it was an important chemistry. Friction can be creative. I think the reason The Beatles were such a wonderful group is that they had two songwriters of almost equal stature sparking each other off—amazing competition, and that is why they were such a phenomenon.

**PLAYBOY:** And The Police?

**STING:** We'll see, won't we? It's not as if bands are made in heaven. I mean, it's bullshit. We played some great stuff with that band, but we're playing some great stuff with a completely different set of musicians, a different sound.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you decide to move on?

**STING:** The Police played Shea Stadium. Where do you go next? You fall into the rut of doing the same things or you shake things up and try something new and start all over—and play a little theater in Paris. You go back to start again. You take new risks—sort of like Sisyphus.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you use jazz musicians for your new material?

**STING:** Basically, I had never been in a rock band until 1975. I played in these jazz bands, and I love the spontaneous, fluid energy in jazz. Actually, it's not so much the musicians' jazz background as it is the



fact that they are black and they have a black way of playing. The old cliché about black people's being looser and fluid and graceful is true in music.

**PLAYBOY:** How are the dynamics of this band different from those of The Police?

**STING:** In many ways it's easier, because everybody's position in the group is well defined. There are no gray areas. I write the music, produce it and the band plays within the parameters that I set. That's a more direct way of working than having a sort of *carte blanche* where everybody gets a chance to throw material in, which is fine if the material is good, but. . .

**PLAYBOY:** But with The Police, you wrote most of the songs, anyway.

**STING:** I just turned up with all these great songs, and they tended to sweep everything else aside. Still, it was a band and we all had input and we all made decisions.

**PLAYBOY:** Were your partners open and objective enough to allow you to become the chief songwriter?

**STING:** They couldn't stop it from happening. The songs were so good. There were struggles between me and the rest of the band in regard to material. The Police are three people contributing material. Although it was mainly my material used on the records, all of us wrote songs. The first part of doing a Police album involved deciding what songs we were going to use, which was always a painful, nerve-racking process, because 30 songs are brought to a

session and only ten can be used on an album. It took a certain amount of diplomacy and cruelty, plus objectivity, to decide what the numbers would be.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't everyone believe his songs were the best?

**STING:** You have to ask the other members of the group. That's what I thought about my own work. I mean, when everyone heard *Message in a Bottle*, there was no contest, really. You don't argue with *Message in a Bottle*; you don't argue with *Walking on the Moon*, *Don't Stand So Close to Me*—they are hit songs, and they are hit songs as soon as you hear them, no matter who wrote them. But with a solo album, there is none of the emotional clutter. It's mine, which also means I am the only one who can take flak for it if it is a failure. That's part of the increased risk. With The Police, there were three of us. In a film, the actor can blame the director.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about your film career. You'll have three movies released this year.

**STING:** Yes. *The Bride* came out in August, *Plenty* came out in September and the film of this album will be out in November.

**PLAYBOY:** Not that we'd descend to gossip, but inquiring minds want to know—just how hot are things between you and your co-star in *The Bride*, Jennifer Beals?

**STING:** I'm like her older brother.

**PLAYBOY:** Yeah, sure. A newspaper column described "the incredible electricity be-

tween Sting and Beals. . ."

**STING:** Hey. [*Shrugs*] She gives me a lot of shit about being her older brother—and she's such a brat. I love her dearly. She's a great girl. We got on very well.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you seen *Flashdance*?

**STING:** It was OK.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you pleased with *The Bride*?

**STING:** It was a great script—a very clever idea. I get killed again, as usual, and don't get the girl.

**PLAYBOY:** There are few actresses of the stature of Meryl Streep, with whom you acted in *Plenty*. Were you intimidated at the prospect?

**STING:** Well, I think she's the best. I particularly liked *Silkwood* and *Sophie's Choice*. She is great fun to be around, not heavy or ponderous. She's very easy to get along with. Very lighthearted. She's too good an actress to let you know what she is, really. She's not one of the Method actresses—different off camera from what she is on camera. She's very easygoing, and when the cameras roll, she's right on the ball. You really have to pull your socks up to stay in the same game with her.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you've gotten such parts because you are a pop star?

**STING:** My first parts had nothing to do with it. I can walk into a room and convince people I can do it. I think I have a certain presence or something. I got seven jobs in a row. I didn't fail once. I just walked into the room and was given the



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job, and there were rooms full of male models and actors waiting outside who had already been seen and hadn't gotten the job. This was before The Police, before I was famous. I had made two movies before The Police had a hit record: I did *Quadrophenia* and a film called *Radio On*.  
**PLAYBOY:** But since then, you have gotten major roles that actors with a great deal of experience haven't gotten—an offer of a lead role on Broadway, a film opposite Streep. Are you saying your pop-star status wasn't responsible?

**STING:** I just think you have to be intelligent about it. There are certain things you need to be highly qualified to do and it would be foolish to try—I'm not sure I'm ready for a lead role on Broadway. It's flattering to be asked to do these things, but you have to keep a perspective, and I'm not stupid.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel any suspicion that these parts are coming to you because of your marquee value, and that you may not be up to them?

**STING:** I'm sure it crosses the minds of the people who offer me the roles, but it's up to me to prove to them and to the general public that I can do my job. I choose parts I feel I can handle but also ones that are a challenge. I can only read scripts and choose the right people to work with.

**PLAYBOY:** Was *Dune* a good script?

**STING:** [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Then why did you do it?

**STING:** I really wanted to work with David Lynch. I was a big fan of *The Elephant Man* and *Eraserhead*. I had great doubts about *Dune* from the first time I read the script, though. But I thought that if anyone could pull it off, Lynch was the one. Visually, he did a great job. It was wonderful. As a narrative, though, I found it confusing. But that's the problem with trying to translate a massive, complicated book into one or two hours.

**PLAYBOY:** What was it like on the set?

**STING:** It was like being on *Dune*, like being on another fucking planet. It was in Mexico, for starters, which is another planet. Some of it was pleasant, some of it was very unpleasant—hard physical work. I didn't feel I was creatively involved. I felt I was a coat hanger for a nice costume.

**PLAYBOY:** What moral did you draw from that?

**STING:** That I should trust my instincts. However, it was very good for me in some ways. I certainly got a higher profile than I would ever have expected. I don't think it's done me any harm, ultimately.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get into films?

**STING:** It was when we had no money and my wife was an actress and had an agent for whom she occasionally worked—for the odd play or odd television appearance. At the time, I looked fairly extraordinary. I had this shock of blond hair that stuck up and had green bits on the side of it. The agent sent me for an ad and I got the job. And I did about seven of these things—doughnut ads, loads of ads—and they

paid quite well, couple of hundred quid for a day's work. Then she sent me for a movie, which was *Quadrophenia*.

**PLAYBOY:** What were you doing at the time?

**STING:** It was after college; I was hanging around for a while until I got a phone call from this nun who had taught my sister. She was looking for a qualified teacher who was unemployed—and I was both. I was recruited to teach nine-year-olds. I taught for two years.

**PLAYBOY:** How about your own education?

**STING:** I had a strange education, really. I never felt like I belonged in my school. I was always a bit of an outcast, except that I was a champion athlete—a 100- and 200-meters champion—and that gave me a certain amount of cachet in school. I was on scholarship and was educated with kids from rich, middle-class backgrounds. That really gave me a taste for upward mobility—toward money. I mean, I was with kids who had no holes in their trousers! The other big lesson was that I learned to change my accent; in England, your accent identifies you very strongly with a class, and I did not want to be held back.

**PLAYBOY:** You were born in Wallsend, near Newcastle. What was it like?

**STING:** I lived very close to the shipyard. Ships used to loom over my house—great, massive supertankers three stories high that would blot out the sun completely by the time they were built. Every time a ship was launched, I would go to the dock and watch the ritual—the bottle of champagne and ribbons. It's a very moving ritual, going away. It was a symbol for my life, really—going away, leaving.

**PLAYBOY:** What did your parents do? Were you close?

**STING:** My father is a milkman; my mother is a nurse. It wasn't really a close family, but I'm not ungrateful for anything that happened to me, really, because I like who I am.

**PLAYBOY:** Loneliness is a theme in your songs, from *So Lonely* to *Message in a Bottle* to *O My God*.

**STING:** Yeah, though a song like *Message in a Bottle* is more than just a plea for attention. It's a metaphor. The guy on an island sends a message out to say that he's alone, and he gets all these messages back saying, "Well, we're alone!" So we're all in the same boat or on the same sort of island. But as for me, yes, sometimes I feel lonely—completely and utterly alone—and sometimes I feel very happy and close to the people around me. I don't think it's a unique situation. I think if anyone has two or three really good friends, he's really lucky. It's a normal number of good friends. I have just about that many.

**PLAYBOY:** But apparently you remember your childhood without fondness.

**STING:** I was unhappy—very much aware that I didn't belong at home or in my town or in the school. I wouldn't be a kid again. It was a pretty aggressive environment to be brought up in. It gave me an edge, learning how to fight and handle myself.

**PLAYBOY:** What musical influences were there?

**STING:** There was jazz. I listened to Count Basie; Miles Davis, whom I've since met; Weather Report; Thelonious Monk; Charlie Mingus. By the time I got out of college and was teaching, I knew I could play and write songs. I knew I was talented. I just had to wait for the opportunity. Teaching was great in that it allowed me my free time. I finished early during the day and I had a lot of holidays, so I would play around town in various bands.

Then I got married and decided I'd gone as far as I could in my town. The only thing to do was really to go to London, seek my fortune there. It was a cliché and I did it. I was married, with a kid, no money, no prospects, nowhere to live, and just went to London and hoped for the best. I seemed to be right about my dreams.

**PLAYBOY:** What was happening in London's music scene?

**STING:** That was the year of punk, which was a kind of galvanizing phenomenon for everybody. The rock industry had been dominated previously by dinosaur groups, faceless corporate rock. You couldn't get in. Then The Sex Pistols kicked the doors down. They paved the way for The Police.

**PLAYBOY:** How did The Police get together?

**STING:** I had met Stewart Copeland earlier in 1976. He had turned up at a club in Newcastle. He was with a band called Curved Air, and he spotted me and got my number from someone and phoned me up. We had vague plans about forming a group, a New Wave group, but that was pretty much a sort of fairy tale—it wasn't the reason I went to London at all. I thought, If nothing happens, I'll find this Stewart guy and see what happens. So in London, I was signing on the dole every Wednesday and looking for somewhere to live a lot of the time. We were staying in a friend's living room, with a dog and a baby. We tried a few squats. Stewart was in a squat at the time. [Laughs] Pretty seedy. So Stewart and I were just messing around in this flat with guitars. We formed The Police with another guitar player and later switched to Andy [Summers].

**PLAYBOY:** So you formed The Police and began acting in commercials on the side?

**STING:** [Yawns]

**PLAYBOY:** We don't mean to bore you.

**STING:** It's all this history. I'm interested in what I'm doing now. I feel the music is the power that's happening. Everything else feels like. . . . Do I have to?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes.

**STING:** [Sighs] OK. So with my wife's occasional actress jobs, we managed to keep our heads above water in the 18 months of obscurity I spent in London. Miles Copeland, Stewart's brother, was managing some bands. We played some other songs for him and he wasn't that impressed, but when he heard *Roxanne*, he



decided to act as our manager. He immediately went to the record company and said, "Release this single. You don't have to give us any money; just promote it and see what happens." So we started off on the right footing, really—not owing anybody anything. That gave us complete creative control over whatever we did. It gave us a good royalty rate. We had a hit record, which was perfect.

**PLAYBOY:** Your signature song, a staple of your concerts, is *Roxanne*. Do you tire of it?

**STING:** I'll always play *Roxanne*.

**PLAYBOY:** Because you have to—your audience expects it?

**STING:** No, because I love it. It was our first hit record and it is a song that doesn't seem to wear thin. It is right out of left field, and it was then. It didn't belong to any sort of fashionable period. I think it is a song that is almost a standard—"a standard," he modestly said. Some songs will come and go with the vagaries of fashion. But *Roxanne*, I think, will stay.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you come to write it?

**STING:** *Roxanne* is the lady Cyrano de Bergerac falls in love with. *Cyrano* is a play I've always loved, and I've always loved the name *Roxanne*. I wrote that song in Paris. It was the first time I had been there, and we were staying in a very shabby hotel and there were hookers on the street. I had never seen that before—in England, they don't have hookers on the street. So I was deeply moved and affected by these women who looked so beautiful—at a distance. When you get close up, they're not quite as beautiful—some of them are men, in fact. But I was inspired to write a song about a prostitute, wondering how I would feel if one of those girls were my girlfriend.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the music? *Roxanne* was hailed as the first reggae-influenced pop song.

**STING:** It was certainly influenced by reggae, but what made it unique was the very minimal construction. Very stark, which allowed my voice to sing out—to stick out on radio like a sore thumb. It was a time of high-gloss, dense production. . . . You know, it's hard talking about this old stuff. There's been so much written about it, I find it hard to go over it again. I'm bored with telling it. Talking about The Police is bizarre for me, now that I'm doing something else.

**PLAYBOY:** Bear with us; this one's for the record, and there are a few people out there who don't know the story. The rise of The Police was relatively quick, wasn't it?

**STING:** This idea of a quick rise is wrong. It wasn't quick. We made our moves carefully and quietly, then we made the next one and the next one, and eventually we got there. When we got there, it was like we had always been a big group, because we had always behaved as if we were special. We'd never support another act. We'd always headline, no matter what the venue was. We were offered lots of tours of America with bigger bands, as

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**PLAYBOY:** When did it dawn on you how big you had gotten?

**STING:** It just seemed to happen with a kind of logic and progression; if you look at it from the outside, yes, our rise was meteoric and phenomenal. But I remember every day and every night. It was bloody hard work. It wasn't for money as much as for something in the back of our heads that promised some vague, inexplicable glory. I don't know whether I'd go through with it again. I don't know whether I'd put myself through those times even if I knew success would come of it—or maybe I would. I mean, we played for three people at first.

**PLAYBOY:** Literally?

**STING:** Literally three people. There were a couple of instances where the audience was embarrassingly small, and to sort of take away the pomp and ceremony, I actually got off stage and introduced myself to the members of the audience and them to

one another: "This is Charlie, Brenda. Why don't you all sit at one table?" So they'd all sit at one table and we'd perform for them. We were just billed as this band from England. We had no record out in America or anything. We couldn't get gigs in England, so we'd just come over to see America and see what happened. We put a show on every night. And we were great. We *killed* the three people in the audience.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you end up after your first U.S. tour?

**STING:** After 12 weeks of touring, I brought my wife back ten American dollars. I said, "That's it."

**PLAYBOY:** What happened next?

**STING:** During the U.S. tour, The Police had a hit, so we went back to England as conquering heroes. Weird. Also, *Quadrophenia* came out the same time in England. It was suddenly like this explosion. I was famous overnight. I went from nowhere to being really big.

**PLAYBOY:** Big or not, rapid change seems crucial in your life. For instance, either your feelings about love have changed or you're schizophrenic. Last year it was "Every breath you take, every move you make . . . I'll be watching you." Now it's "If you love somebody set them free."

**STING:** That's actually the reason I wrote *If You Love Somebody Set Them Free*, as an antidote to that. It virtually contradicts everything in *Every Breath You Take*. I think love has something to do with allow-

ing a person you claim to love to enter a larger arena than the one you create for them. We fall into the trap of finding someone we think we love and then locking it up, or being locked up ourselves by that. And I think we have to be bigger than that. I think our souls have to be larger. Of course, I'm as jealous and small-minded as anybody else. [Laughs] On the other hand, I can't really change my life to accommodate people who are jealous. I don't see why I should.

**PLAYBOY:** Unless you found a person for whom you *wanted* to change.

**STING:** I am what I am.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe in monogamy?

**STING:** It's becoming fashionable again that you have only one person to relate to. I'm not sure it's terribly good for you. It's just so rare to find someone who can be all things to you; that's a lot of pressure. I think this stoicism about one man, one woman may be heroic to some people, but I have no regrets about any of the women I've had relationships with. Whether or not the relationships failed miserably, I learned a lot from the situations and gave a lot and can't regret it. I can't say I've sinned because I failed to be monogamous. It's a matter of chemicals in a relationship—as the chemicals become acclimated to one another, the chemical reaction between people lessens. There's a less-violent coming together. It's as if you become addicted to orgasm, addicted to a

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violent, strong sensation, and when it ceases to be powerful, you must shake your situation up to get it again.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you're advocating intense short-term relationships. When things pass the new, exciting stage, do you move on?

**STING:** No, I just don't think you should have any hard-and-fast rules about it. I think you should know what you're getting into. I can't fly a flag for monogamy or whatever the opposite is; it depends on the person and on the situation.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't accept marriage as a symbol of commitment or as providing a family for children?

**STING:** Well, I have four children who are being well looked after—they have their shoes on and a nanny and food. I'm not much of a family man, really. I'm just not that into it. I love kids, I adore them, but I don't want to live my life for them.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you feel responsible to them beyond their care and feeding?

**STING:** I don't want to say to them, "I gave the best years of my life for you." Oh, God. I think they'll respect me more if I do what I want to do and do it as best I can and make sure they are looked after and have enough attention.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it hard for you to maintain a relationship with a woman because of the pop-star lifestyle?

**STING:** You have to choose your ladyfriends very carefully—women who do not care

about your being a pop star, for starters, or your being rich.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there times when all the pop-star stuff gets to be too much?

**STING:** There are times when you don't want to do it, yeah. But generally, it is quite a pleasant, confirming experience. We spend much of our childhood and adolescence craving attention. I have attention now. I've had my nightmare time, too, but it's part of the game, I suppose. I survived it—barely.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you talking about the break-up of your marriage?

**STING:** It was a nightmare, a horrific, endless nightmare, and I couldn't see any way out but to get out—I went to Jamaica. I wasn't talking to the press, but they made interviews up. They harassed me at home and they harassed my wife and my mistress and they harassed my children. They had photographers out behind the house one day—fuck knows what for. They were just idiots.

At least the golden-boy image got well tarnished, which is freedom for me. I didn't ask for it in the first place. That was a creation and invention of the press, too—suddenly this blond kid from Newcastle who's a schoolteacher becomes successful. He never smokes, he's very athletic, he's married, with a kid, and he and his wife seem to be in love. Golden boy. And I'm up there saying, "I didn't ask for this." But when the whole bubble

burst—my affair with Trudie [Styler]—it was an excuse for the press to hang me from the neck. So I became the Devil for a few months—always a philandering, drug-taking Devil, totally evil. I just had to sit through all that bullshit. But now I'm glad of it, glad I've been through that mill, frankly. Luckily, my son was just a little too young to be bothered with it. I'll never forgive the press, and I know the people directly responsible for it. Anyway, anyone who reads that stuff and believes it is a moron. None of my friends who read it believe it. It's written by morons.

**PLAYBOY:** What brought you out of that period?

**STING:** Well, I had placed a lot of faith in my marriage. Once that went, there was a vacuum; and if I hadn't filled it with something, I think I would have gone the way of all flesh.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you fill it with?

**STING:** A more spiritual way of dealing with the world. I went into Jungian analysis and I read books. It is an awareness of something larger than the sort of mechanical universe we live in. It took crisis to open me up to the possibility.

**PLAYBOY:** Jung and that branch of psychology have obviously affected you a great deal. You named a Police album after Jungian authority Arthur Koestler's *The Ghost in the Machine*, which is headier stuff than you find in most rock 'n' roll.

**STING:** Koestler was a great popularizer of

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*please try Carlton.*

very difficult scientific ideas. He introduced me to Jung's ideas. I would never have read Jung if I hadn't read Koestler. He has been criticized for being a Jack-of-all-trades and a master of none, but, God, we need people like that, because the scientific community and the lay community have never been so far apart. We have people making executive decisions at a government level who don't even know the second law of thermodynamics. Who does? So, anyway, those explorations were personal revelations to me, and they also have given me so much more to draw on.

**PLAYBOY:** How have these revelations affected your life?

**STING:** The most significant effect was the realization that I can use the demons inside me to create. I don't have to suffer and be miserable to create. I thought I did. I thought the only way to operate was by creating conflict, tension, putting pressure on myself and other people. But now I think differently. I think there is a way of inspiring yourself from inside in a positive way. It's a very negative thing to have to live through crisis in order to write and perform. It's self-destructive and a bit of a cliché. Once you get inside it, there's no way out except madness, and I really don't want to become mad. I'm very much afraid of being mad—that's my one fear.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a candidate?

**STING:** For madness? Um, I have been. As an artist, you are sort of forced to look into that side of yourself by the nature of what you do, and if you look too closely, you tend to be drawn into it—the dark side of yourself, really, the shadow, in Jungian terms. You have to be able to control the shadow and get to know it and not be overwhelmed by it. Your shadow is very creative. It's when you are most in touch with your feelings and emotions, your essence.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you go so far as to sabotage a relationship to stir things up?

**STING:** I think I've been in great danger of doing that, both in my personal relationships and in my relationships with the people I make music with. I seem to thrive on friction, or I have in the past, and I have deliberately set out to cause friction. I am sure there are other more gentle and, I hope, more profound ways of doing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Such as?

**STING:** There's no one thing. I've grown. I consider myself an adult now. I write and perform as an adult—not as a petulant schoolboy, though I can still lapse into that sort of mind-set. I've also started to use my dream life much more than I ever did. I thought I never dreamed. People would say, "What did you dream last night?" I'd tell them I never had a dream in my life. It was only when I went through a serious crisis that I ended up in Jungian analysis, that I was aware of this other creative world that was inside. Now I can use that for inspiration. And it's just as horrific and just as shocking as anything you can imagine.

**PLAYBOY:** For example?

**STING:** I was in my back garden. It's a small, narrow garden, with walls and ivy all around it, and there are flower beds, beautifully cut lawns and little zigzag pathways and plants, roses—really rather nice. In the dream, in one of the walls, this big hole appeared, and out of it crawled these four enormous, prehistoric blue turtles with these wonderful scaly necks and fantastic heads. They were kind of drunk on their own virility, very athletic and *macho*, and they were showing off in my back garden, doing back flips, jumping on tables and smashing glasses. And in the process of this athletic, drunken display, they completely destroyed my beautiful garden. In the dream, I wasn't pissed at this. I was even enjoying the fact that the garden was being wrecked. I was sort of into it. It was such a wonderful spectacle.

Well, it was this dream that made me realize that I had to do this record—I had to stir things up. The garden was my safe life in The Police. The turtles were Kenny, Omar, Branford and Darryl, the musicians I am working with now. That's why the album is *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*. The fact that the turtles destroyed the garden was to me a confirmation that I was on the right track—what I was doing was the right thing for me. And I wrote this wacky piece of music to go with it, this sort of ersatz jazz. It makes sense after you've heard the dream.

**PLAYBOY:** How has this self-discovery affected your personal life?

**STING:** I am far more secure. I don't have to torture the people around me. I don't have a close-knit coterie of friends, I have about three very close friends who know me very well; but apart from that, there is a huge variety of people I know and I have friendly relations with. I think it is wrong and very unwise to limit your sociability to what you feel safe with, or people you pay. I have friends who are as esteemed and powerful in their own worlds as I am in mine, and I enjoy their company more than anything else.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you always this serious?

**STING:** Me? Serious? I'm a complete maniac. I really do have my moments of madness, though few people are privy to them. It takes one of the people close to me to bring me out of myself. I've been known to roll on the floor for half an hour—it comes out in the studio sometimes, like in the song *The Dream of the Blue Turtles*, which started with me rolling around for 20 minutes—completely and utterly mad, cackling, for no apparent reason. It's a side I show to only a few friends.

**PLAYBOY:** We ask not just because of this *Interview* but because a lot of your songs are very serious and melancholy.

**STING:** I think I have a voice that lends itself better to melancholy than it does to "Let's have a party" songs, though I can do those. Still, I think you can get the wrong impression about me from my work

and think I'm always a bit down. I'm not that way at all. I'm fun-loving. I like messing around, but it has never stopped me from switching over. I really don't know whether I would choose the Van Gogh or the Paul McCartney school of art. Is there anything in between? *[Laughs]*

All in all, I've emerged, I think, in pretty good shape. I didn't take the other ways out—drugs, which are always there as a crutch, always around you, especially in rock 'n' roll. The rock-'n'-roll cliché: "Hope I die before I get old. Live now, die young, have a beautiful corpse." I've been through all that. I almost did leave a beautiful corpse.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that period—the breakup of your marriage, your drug use—tied up with success?

**STING:** Yeah, you have all that worldly power and those riches, and your inner self just collapses under the weight of it all. "What's the point of this?" you ask yourself. "Why in the hell am I using all this energy and ultimately achieving unhappiness?" Very serious crisis. Why should I be rewarded with all this money and attention and everything that goes with it? It's weird for me, though I work bloody hard for my money. The attention is hard to take. Suddenly, you have a hit record and a huge following, and if you are a responsible person and you are asked responsible questions, you have to attempt to be coherent about them. If you ask me about nuclear power, I'm supposed to have a reasonable answer. I don't know if I'm qualified to have a reasonable answer on every issue, yet I can't just say, "No, no, I don't know anything about it." I have to say what I believe.

Before I was famous, I could vanish; it was quite easy. Now it is much more difficult. It can be a nightmare. I can vanish, because I have money. Even so, I sometimes wake up at night in a cold sweat. I'm objective about who I am, what I am, what I've done, but sometimes you look at yourself and say, "I'm this; I've done this and people know me as this." Fame means the image is virtually forever. "Didn't you used to be so-and-so? Didn't you used to be that?" People will never treat me as someone with no past. I think that in rock 'n' roll, the blueprint for disaster is a clear one. That book has already been written—Elvis Presley, Sid Vicious, Jimi Hendrix. The blueprint for survival hasn't yet been written, in my opinion, and that's a much more original route. I'd like to write it. That's the one I really want to write.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you write it?

**STING:** Yes, and it will be just like my songs. The issues may be very serious and ponderous, it may sometimes seem desperate and pointless, but they're about the glimmer of hope—the light at the end of the tunnel. Which we hope isn't a train. *[Laughs]*



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article **By DAVID SEELEY**

MY GIRLFRIEND was very modern. She wore plastic jump suits and red Fiorucci boots, she went dancing every night till two a.m., she read *i-D Magazine* and listened to *Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark*, and she had no idea what she wanted to do with her life. When she began, through no fault of her own, to systematically smash my heart to bits last spring, I began hanging out every night at a place called On the Air. It was a little New Wave bar we used to go to together, full of sleek, heavily moussed modern girls who

**m o d e r n g i r l s**

*along about dawn, he began to suspect there was such a thing as too cool*



were becoming more and more of a mystery to me. They were all very Eighties, cooler than Madonna, hipper than hip. I'd lean against a wooden rail and watch comforting U2 videos splash against the screen, drinking screwdrivers and trying to figure things out. Like, what do women want? How can we understand them? Is this my fourth or fifth screwdriver?

Luckily, I could always count on Justine and Suzi. They were roommates and waitresses at On the Air, and they took care of me, bringing me drinks and waving off my money and being careful not to ask me how things were going with my girlfriend. Justine and Suzi were 19 and 24 and as ultrahip as girls can get. They were mini-New Wave celebrities in the Dallas scene, and sometimes they tried to explain to me what modern girls were all about. One evening, I asked them if they'd let me follow them around on a long Saturday night and write about what they said and did and danced to. I told them it might be helpful to many people and would place a grave responsibility on them, and they were both eager to do what they could.

"We'll take you to the Twilite Room and the Starck Club," Justine said. "We'll buy some ecstasy and go shopping for toys at four A.M. We'll even tell you about orgasms!"

I said I couldn't wait.

Our Saturday night was balmy. Late April breezes were rustling up from the Gulf and swirling around in the curve of the U-shaped apartment building where Justine and Suzi lived. I knocked on their door. Loud music was coming from inside. I knocked harder.

The door flew open and Justine stood there, panting, in a camisole and a pair of French designer jeans. "Come on up!" she said, already running back up the stairs. "I'm on the phone, and Suzi's in the shower." I had to pause a minute, though, from the sheer spectacle of their apartment. Apparently, a burglary had taken place. There was almost no furniture, and the carpet was covered with an amazing layer of tossed-aside things: clothes, newspapers, records, glasses with drops of wine in them, candy wrappers, Sweet 'N Low packets, lipsticks and a plastic armadillo with a bikini bottom draped on its face. The kitchen appliances were covered with fabric-paint graffiti, and there were Magic Marker messages on the walls (FOR JENNI-FER'S SHOWER MARCH 14—LINGERIE).

"Up here," Justine called. I bolted up the steps to her room, where the theme from downstairs continued on a grander scale. She had transformed her boudoir into a walk-in closet, with all her clothes scattered in mounds on the floor. She was sitting on a sort of precipice in the northeast corner, twisting a camouflage-colored bra in her finger tips, talking dramatically to some guy on the phone. ("Well, honey,

I swear ah just don't know.")

Justine and Suzi were in a transition period. Just a few days before, On the Air had been closed by its landlord for non-payment of six months' rent. Accusations were flying—people were blaming the club's demise on everything from cocaine to comped drinks. But the saddest thing was that Justine and Suzi had lost their forum, their stage. In the dark, skintight recesses of On the Air, they had maneuvered nightly through cool crowds, with trays of drinks perched on their finger tips and sleek new dresses hugging their hips. On the Air had been their element, and it was gone.

"I'm trying not to think about it," Justine said as she hung up and lit one of her trademark English cigarettes. "I'm trying to decide what to wear." She kicked at a pile of blouses and opened a door to reveal a stuffed closet. "I don't know if I should be innocent in white or deadly in black," she said. She picked up something from the floor of the closet, and as she did so, her breasts swelled against her camisole. "Hmmm . . . what do men like women to wear?"

As nonchalantly as possible, I suggested that what she had on looked just fine.

Justine just put her hands on her hips and laughed. "You child," she said. "You poor, sweet child!"

Suzi called out hello from her bedroom. She and Justine are nearly inseparable, but they're very different. Justine is wild, suggestive, nearly six feet tall, and she has the careless, outrageous aggressiveness that comes with being both cool and 19. Suzi is soft-spoken, fragile; strikingly beautiful but in a calm, gentle way. It's as if her face were sculpted and the artist had put something sad into her blue eyes.

"Suzi just got back from Oklahoma," Justine said. "She was visiting her parents. Don't I look like a queen in my room?" She sank back down onto the thronelike mound of clothes, running her hand through skirts and lingerie as if she were testing the waters of a pool. "Dirty underwear. It's my life."

"Justine!" Suzi called from her room. "Could you open my door a second, please?" Justine went out into the hall, and I heard Suzi say, "Is this too sleazy without a slip?"

"No, you look beautiful. You make me sick."

"It's not too sleazy?"

"No. You look like an angel."

Justine came back in, dialed the phone. She had directed me to a safe spot on her bed where I could sit without messing up anything. "Hi, Mom, how are you?" she said. "Remember how I told you I was going out with David and Suzi tonight? Well, what do you think I should wear?" She took a drag of her cigarette, listened and waved her hand impatiently. "Well, that's you. You went to Smith. You're sensi-

ble. What color should I wear, white or black? Yes, Mother, I'll wear something flattering."

She hung up, decided to wear something deadly in black and fished a bottle of Soave Bolla out of a corner. It had been propped against the wall, and a cork was bobbing around inside it. Justine had taken a few swigs when she noticed me watching the cork. "You want some? Suzi! Do you want some wine?"

She found three plastic cups on the edge of the bathtub and rinsed them out in the bathroom sink, but by the time she measured the wine into the bottoms of the cups, it hardly seemed worth the effort. "I know," she said, brightening. "Go buy us some champagne. We'll be all ready to go when you get back."

When I returned with two cold bottles, the girls were putting on make-up. Justine, in a scooped-out black dress, was painting her nails with pink Wet & Wild, her stereo blasting out *Seventeen Seconds*, by the Cure. Ten feet away, in Suzi's room, a stereo was playing, less loudly, *Love Song*, by Simple Minds. Suzi was in a lotus position on the floor, facing a big round mirror leaning against the wall. She closed her eyes, brushed make-up across her face in delicate strokes, surveyed the results.

"It's so weird to be back from my parents'," she said. "It was so quiet there, in a clean house." Her prim, angelic outfit turned out to be a long white-cotton Twenties dress. Suzi's room was neater than Justine's but not by much. Fashion magazines were spread out all over, imported British monthlies that, when you opened them and turned a few pages, had photographs of girls who looked just like Suzi. The only orderly thing in the entire apartment was Suzi's suitcase, which lay open on her bed. Inside it, her clothes were neatly folded, her socks carefully rolled into identically sized balls.

"I hate that mushy song," Justine said, walking in and scowling at the Simple Minds album. "It's so stupid, like, 'I want to trust you, / I want to be close to you.'"

"It's nice," Suzi protested. "It's romantic. You don't like it because it's not sleazy enough for you."

"I'm sorry, but romance is dead in the Eighties," Justine said, gulping some champagne. "That's why men suck now, because they forgot what roses mean. It's just 'Hey, baby, wanna fuck?'"

"You'll like this song by Depeche Mode," Suzi said to me. "It's called *Somebody*, and a cute guy with blond hair sings it. It's pretty."

Justine made a face. "It's sappy, it's mushy, it sounds like shit! It's too desperate, too gross. It's like Norman Rockwell." Then she ran into her room and turned her Cure tape full blast.

While Suzi painted her eyelids with a tiny brush, Justine showed me a list of

(continued on page 156)





Dedicini

*"My wife thinks I'm home cooking."*



*they're beautiful, they're sexy and  
they have the bright stuff*

# THE WOMEN OF MENSA

IT'S BEEN SAID that the brain is the most erotic organ. But how do you photograph intelligence? We found seven ways. The women at left and on the next ten pages are card-carrying members of Mensa, the exclusive organization for people with enormous I.Q.s. These women have great figures. How about an upper measurement of 174, which is Donna Howell's I.Q.? Two years ago, Donna, then a candidate in The Great 30th Anniversary Playmate Search, conferred with Senior Photo Editor Jeff Cohen about a problem bright women share: People can't see their beauty for their brains. Let's do something about it, replied Jeff; see if we can find some more out there like you. With Donna's aid—she helped recruit through a letter in the *Mensa Bulletin*—we assembled a cast of whiz persons who are out to prove that intelligent women sometimes take off their horn-rims. And more.

## MENSA BRAIN TEASERS

Just how smart are these women? Here's a quiz that Mensa prepared for us that our voracious thinkers would consider a light snack. If you suspect that you, too, may be Mensa material, take the quiz. Then score yourself according to the guidelines on page 148. Be sure to use a timer—bonus points are awarded for a quick finish. Want to join Mensa? Send nine dollars to Mensa, Department 7, 2626 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11235. They'll send you their take-home exam.

1. Which of the lower boxes best completes the series on the top?



(A) (B) (C) (D)

2. Which two shapes below represent mirror images of the same shape?



(A) (B) (C)

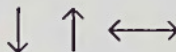


(D) (E)

3. Complete the following analogy:



are to



as + - 0 are to:

(A) + - 0 (D) 0 - +  
(B) 0 + - (E) + + 0  
(C) - + 0

4. I am a man. If Joe's son is my son's father, what relationship am I to Joe?

(A) His grandfather (D) His grandson  
(B) His father (E) I am Joe  
(C) His son (F) His uncle

5. Which word does not belong in the following group?

(A) Knife (C) Smile (E) Lovely  
(B) Swan (D) Feather (F) Thought

6. Find the number that logically completes the series: 2, 3, 5, 9, 17, . . .

7. What number comes next in this series?  
9, 16, 25, 36, . . .

8. Complete this analogy with a five-letter word ending with the letter H.

High is to low as sky is to - - - - H.

9. In the grid below, two of the numbers in a line (across and down) produce the third. What is the missing number?

6	2	4
2	?	0
4	0	4

10. Complete this analogy with a seven-letter word ending with the letter T.

Potential is to actual as future is to  
- - - - - T.

For quiz conclusion and answers, turn to page 148.



## ELIZABETH ROGERS

**HOME:** Atlanta, Georgia

**AGE:** 23

**OCCUPATION:** Graduate student in psychology, North Carolina State

**BEST QUALITY:** "I don't play games with people. I don't have to; I'm confident."

**AMBITION:** "I plan to get my Ph.D. and study human cognition—how people learn. Also, I plan to get more software for my Macintosh."

**BEST TRIVIAL PURSUIT CATEGORY:** Green (science and nature)

**RECENT ACCOMPLISHMENT:** "Eighth-degree orange belt in Tae Kwon Do. That's a low belt, but I've been studying for less than a year. It means a lot."

**FANTASY:** "People view sexuality so intensely, almost painfully. People should discover sensuality. The beauty of sensuality is that it doesn't necessarily involve physical sex. Half of the fun in life is innuendo. I like the idea that intelligent men will be looking at me here, but that doesn't mean I want to sleep with them."

**PERSONAL FAILURE:** "I tried to get my boyfriend into this pictorial. He's a Mensan, too."



**I.Q.: 135**



## JANEL KILLHEFFER

**HOME:** La Selva Beach, California

**AGE:** 34

**OCCUPATION:** Co-owner of Pasatiempo Inn in Santa Cruz

**HOBBY:** "I race Porsches. It's a fabulous physical thrill. When you're going that fast, you're really in contact with the car. When your car skitters sideways, you want to brake, but that's the worst thing you can do. You have to be tough enough to hold the wheel and resist braking. After a race, my shoulders are sore and sometimes even bruised from the safety straps."

**ON BRAINS AND BEAUTY:** "A lot of people expect Mensans to be nerds. It's intimidating to people that I have both brains and a body; nobody likes a superperson. I have never felt that beauty is a drawback. I'm going to miss it when it goes away. When I'm old, I'll get out my PLAYBOY shots and show them to my grandchildren."

**FANTASY:** "I told PLAYBOY I wanted to pose in an Egyptian setting, because I've always loved Egyptology. I just got back from a study cruise on the Nile. Egypt is a very spiritual country. Egyptians believe in *ma'at*, the quality of everything's being in order. I wish my life were more in *ma'at*. I don't have an inherent sense of order."



**I.Q.: 142**



## JOY JOHNSON

**HOME:** Orlando, Florida

**AGE:** 25

**OCCUPATION:** Real-estate investor and sports-car dealer

**FAVORITE MENSA JOKE:** "Define the universe. Give three examples."

**ON BRAINS AND BEAUTY:** "I get stereotyped because of how I look. People see blonde and think, Bubblehead."

**CURRENT ACTIVITIES:** "I'm putting together a book of brain teasers and I'm about to earn my black belt in Tae Kwon Do."

**FANTASY:** "My husband has always said that if I were an animal, I'd be a cat. So here I am."

## I.Q.: 152

## DONNA HOWELL

**HOME:** Orlando, Florida

**AGE:** 20

**OCCUPATION:** Anchor woman/reporter for WDBO radio, Orlando; host of cable-TV show *On Cue*

**HOBBIES:** "I like mindless activities: aerobics, bicycling, working out on Nautilus equipment."

**FAVORITE ROCKER:** "Billy Idol. He's easier to exercise to than Neil Diamond."

**FANTASY:** "I like the abstract. My fantasy setting is mystical, ethereal and otherworldly. It ain't on planet earth. It reminds me of the set from Billy Idol's *Eyes Without a Face* video."

## I.Q.: 174







## SHERI BLAIR

**HOME:** Atlanta, Georgia

**AGE:** 30

**LEAST FAVORITE PASTIME:** "Just sitting down and watching TV makes me crazy. I prefer high-pressure learning."

**ON BRAINS AND BEAUTY:** "You may have a real high I.Q. You may be beautiful. But if you aren't spiritually developed, you really don't have anything. God is the source of higher intelligence. I think of God as infinite intelligence."

**GOALS:** "To become a professional entertainer. I sing, dance and act. To become financially independent. Otherwise, to put my life in God's hands and leave it there."

**BEST THING ABOUT JOINING MENSA:** "My grades immediately improved. I had always been a B student. After I joined Mensa, I started pulling straight A's."

**FANTASY:** "I have a special thing for red balloons. I have dreamed of walking into a room that was filled, wall to wall, with balloons. For the shoot, we discovered that the balloons broke when I lay down on them, so we compromised with little red plastic balls. I loved it."











## VALERIE COEL

**HOME:** Lexington, Massachusetts

**AGE:** 29

**EDUCATION:** B.S. in physics from Vassar, M.S. from MIT

**OCCUPATION:** Applications engineer at a major CAD/CAM firm

**TRANSLATION:** "CAD/CAM is a computer-aided design-and-manufacturing system. I have to talk customers through problems in using the system."

**HOBBY:** "I perform in a rock-'n'-roll band."

**ON BRAINS AND BEAUTY:** "In high school, I went to my prom with the number-one academic achiever in the school. He was a real nerd. He had picked me for my brains, and I was insulted. I thought there should be more to me than just my intelligence. But as it turned out, I discovered a soul mate. He wound up asking me, 'Why does everybody think I'm just an encyclopedia?'"

**ON MENSA:** "Mensans don't necessarily do intellectual things. Sometimes the gatherings turn out to be orgies at somebody's house. Sometimes we play cutthroat Trivial Pursuit."

**FANTASY:** "Normally, I sing in front of an audience. In my fantasy, I get to do what I usually would not do in real life: The audience turns me on, I get excited, and the pictures indicate how it turns out."



# I.Q.: 163



## JOANN HARJES

**HOME:** Roseville, Minnesota

**AGE:** 27

**OCCUPATION:** Student at the University of Minnesota, majoring in mass communications

**ON BRAINS AND BEAUTY:** "A high I.Q. is a pretty big advantage. My appearance can work for me, but when it comes down to taking care of the actual business at hand, it doesn't amount to a hill of beans. Beauty is a sales tool. It's just the packaging; it's not the real stuff."

**BEST TRAIT:** "I'm a hard worker."

**WORST TRAIT:** "I cringe at the thought, but here it is. When things aren't going my way, I'll rationalize that people who don't agree with me aren't very bright."

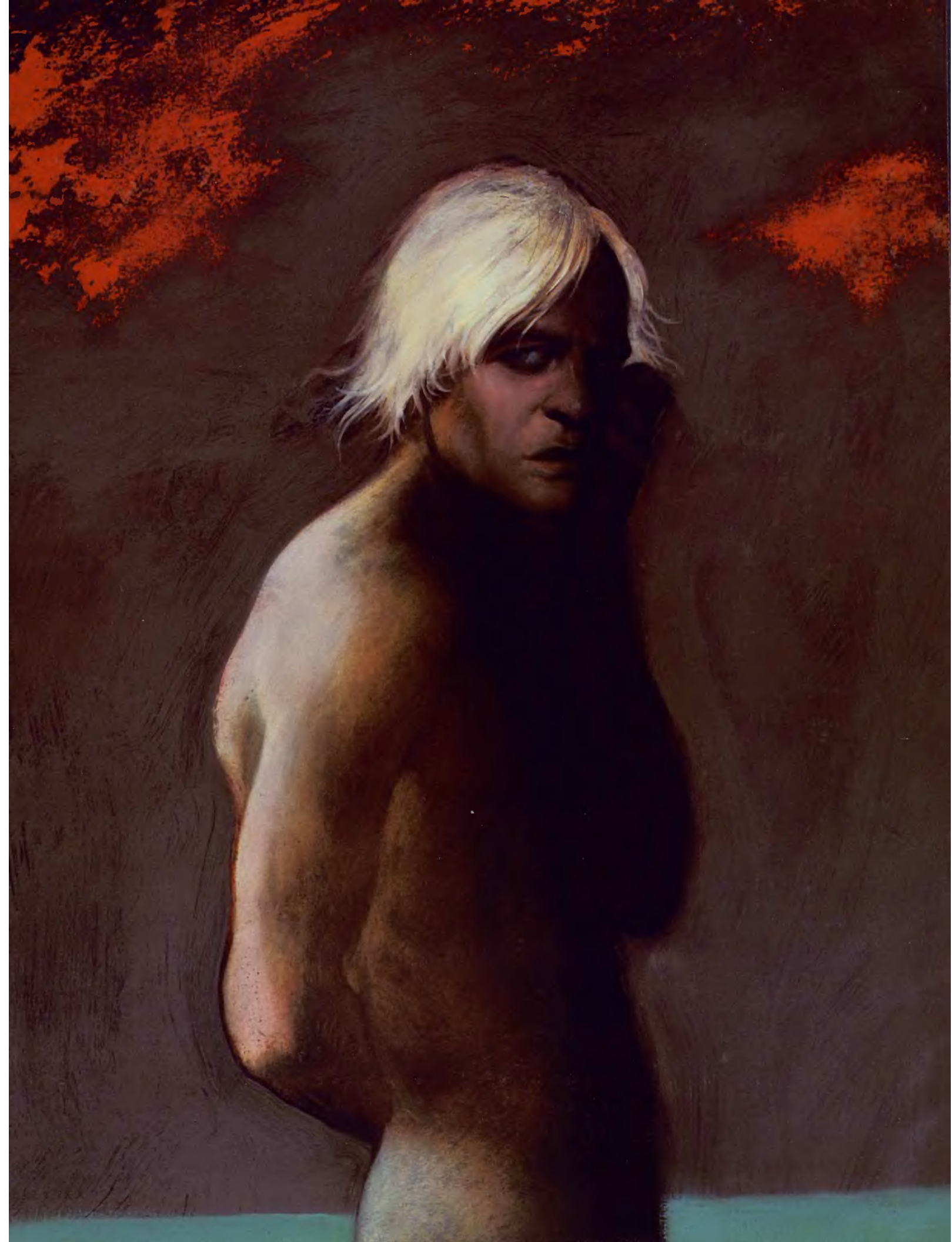
**ON BEING IN PLAYBOY:** "When I first heard about the project, I laughed. I couldn't think of a better group to pose with than my fellow eggheads! Who says you can't be both sexy and smart? The older I get, the better these pictures will look. At a certain point, they'll come out of the book and go up on the walls. By the time I'm 100, they'll be a shrine."

**FANTASY:** "Most of the time, I'm kind of off the wall, so I wanted this to be rather elegant. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to be something that I'm usually not—serious."

# I.Q.: 150







# KLAUS KINSKI



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## THE THING

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*is this man of strange and explosive power really the world's greatest actor?*

*personality*

**By MARCELLE CLEMENTS**

I GUESS I'll have to call it the "thing." I can't think of a name for it. During one of our conversations, I tried to pin Klaus Kinski down for a name, and he reminded me of the fairy tales in which people die when they find out a forbidden name. "But anyway," he said, "there can be no word to express this thing, this secret. Because this secret, which is not actually a secret, it is very simple, but it includes, includes, endless, endless, almost everything, you know. The thinking about it and being conscious of all this means at the same moment changing everything, like in nature, changing and changing and changing, endless, always, never-ending movement, you see."

I don't know whether or not I'll be able to explain the "thing" to you, though I believe that I understand it perfectly after spending some time with Kinski. It is not so much any specific thing he said, any one word he uttered; it is the accumulation of many words, images, metaphors, examples that he used, but also gestures, facial expressions, tone, the settings in which we talked and, above all, the moods he can generate when all those are combined.

Kinski speaks elliptically; he calls it

"telegraph style." Sometimes his meaning is clear only by inference. But in talking with him, I soon understood how skillful he is, by instinct, at leading one to leap from an image to an idea. I realize now that Kinski could have talked to me in this seemingly inexact manner about the quantum theory and I would have learned a great deal of physics. In fact, in a way, that is exactly what he talked to me about: the emission and absorption of energy in nature. This was my first important lesson about what it is the "actor" does.

So most of the time when we talked together, we referred to it as "this thing."

I know, though, that other people would have names for the thing. Some might call it talent, because it is the energy out of which artists create. But some might dismiss this "thing" of Kinski's as nonsense or would simply call it insanity. I believe it is the pain of the exposed, hypersensitive psyche. In trying to convey its essence to me, Kinski sometimes also called it the force, or the power, or nakedness, or receptivity, or the incarnation of all that is alive. Sometimes he used the phrase "participation in the universe." In the East, there is a tradition of seeking such a merging. Indeed, Kinski admits that certain of



**THE MANY FACES OF KLAUS KINSKI** (clockwise from upper left): *Fitzcarraldo* (1982); with daughter Nostassia and her mother; *For a Few Dollars More* (1967); *Venus in Furs* (1969); *Operation Thunderbolt* (1977); *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* (1972); *Nosferatu* (1979); *Woyzeck* (center, 1978).

the states he sometimes enters resemble meditation and embody some of the tenets of yoga. "But," as he puts it, "I don't need anybody to tell me how to be alive."

The next thing he said was "Faster!" Or, rather, he yelled, "FASTER!"—which made my heart leap for the 100th time that

afternoon, since I had only just learned how to drive. I also have a terrible fear of heights, and we were, at that moment, heading toward the ocean on what seemed to me to be a precipitous mountain road.

"Can't you see there is someone behind us? Why do you go so SLOW? Just GO!"

"But I'm going to drive over the cliff," I protested.

"No, no. Look, you have much room. Let him pass. I can't bear this, to have people stick on other cars' ass. Why won't they pass? It is unbearable. Stop. STOP!"

(continued on page 178)





*"I feel like a woman, Emile—fetch me a long blonde wig!"*

# THE BLACK WENCH

"MAINWARING," said Bud Kallen from the back seat of the humming car. "So that's the way you spell it over here." He folded up the deed he'd been studying.

"Yes," replied Nigel Sloane, a slim, silver-haired man as smooth as the Bentley he was driving. "But not *pronounced* Maine wearing, as you did. We pronounce it Mannering. . . ." He turned to the young woman in the passenger seat to his left. "Which, I take it, is the way your late mother *spelled* her maiden name, Mrs. Kallen?"

"That's right," Elena Kallen answered. She was a beautiful young woman with large brown eyes and sable hair. "Americans said it wrong so often that my great-grandfather Humphrey changed the spelling when he settled in the States right after the First World War."

"Sensible of him."

"Settling in the States?" asked Bud Kallen.

"Simplifying the name," said Nigel Sloane.

The Warwickshire countryside, as green as broccoli in the midday sun, rolled majestically past the window as Sloane guided the car around a subtle bend in the road.

Elena was saying, "The name died out when my mother married. She didn't have any brothers. And her unmarried sister died a long time ago. That must have made it hard for you to find me."

"A bit," Sloane admitted. "But we are a diligent firm, Mrs. Kallen. We kept on the scent until we discovered that Helen Mannering, the granddaughter of Humphrey, had married a gentleman attached

to one of the Central American consulates in your country, a Mr. Enrique Castillo, and that their union had produced two offspring: Henry and Elena. If your brother had not been killed in Vietnam, he, being the elder, would have been my passenger today. As fate decreed, however, you are the closest surviving blood relation of Sir Giles Mainwaring. Therefore, according to the terms of his will, you are the legatee of his entire estate, including Mainwaring Hall."

Bud said, "I guess it'll be Kallen Hall from now on, right, honey?"

Before Elena could respond, Nigel Sloane said frostily over his shoulder, "It has been called Mainwaring Hall since Jacobean times, Mr. Kallen."

Sloane addressed Elena: "There will, of course, be a heavy toll in death duties—what I believe you call inheritance taxes—but even after the Inland Revenue has taken its ton of flesh, there will be a substantial cash settlement. And then we must not forget Mainwaring Hall itself, which we could arrange to sell for you, should you decide not to live there."

"Why would we decide that?" asked Elena.

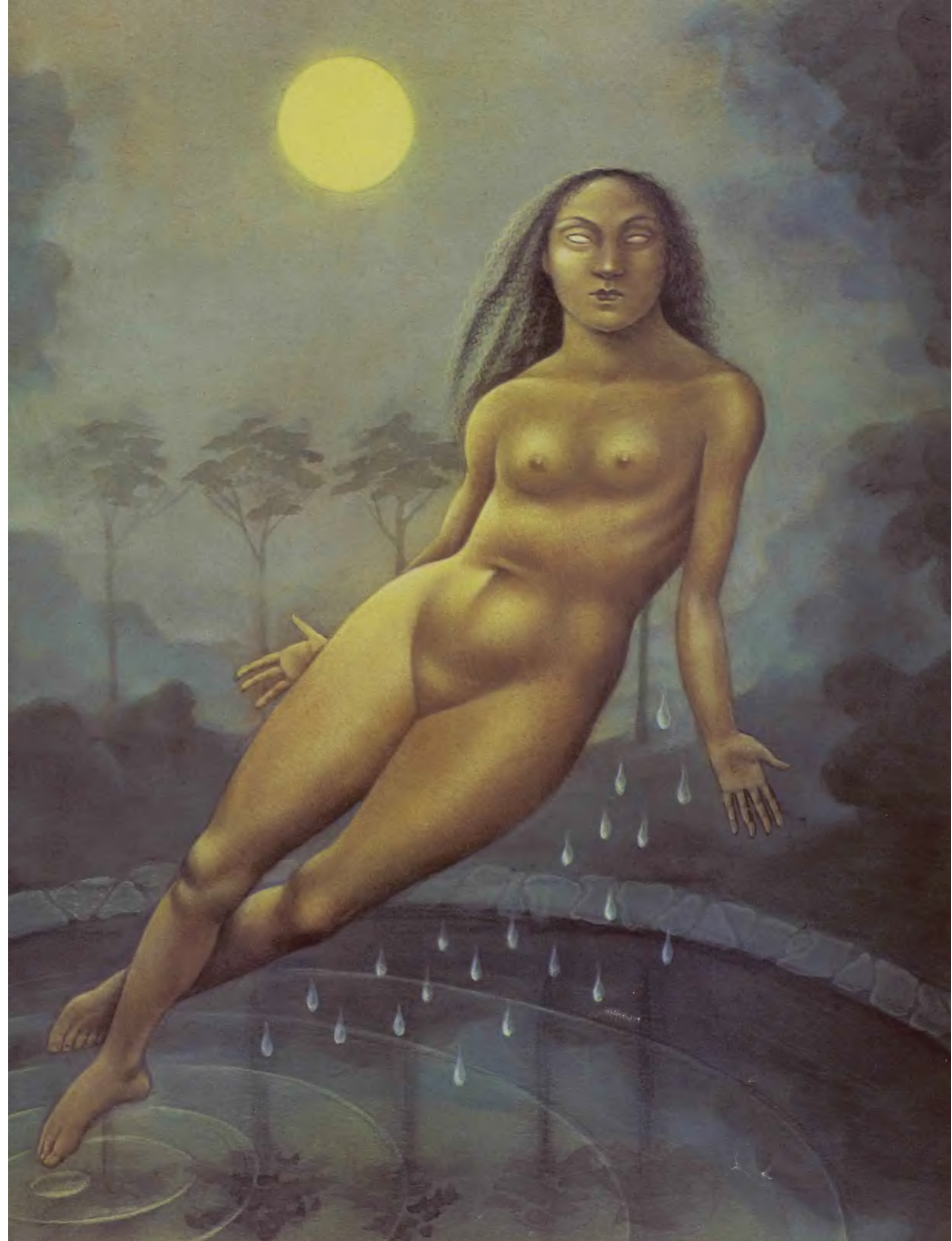
"Well, for one thing, it's so very large for two people, and for another . . . but there, see for yourself." The car slowed down. To their left in the middle distance, looming in the center of spacious grounds, stood an enormous old house, an uneasy mixture of late Perpendicular Gothic motifs and crudely misused classic details. It seemed to grow out of the earth from roots almost four centuries old, as if it had been not so much built as *(continued on page 167)*

*they'd inherited a wonderful old english manor—they'd also inherited its ghost*

*fiction*

**By RAY RUSSELL**





# HOW SWEDE IT IS!

*the 9000 turbo, a saab story with a happy ending*

## *modern living* By JAY KOBLENZ

YOU MIGHT REMEMBER back in the Sixties having seen that first upside-down bathtub going down the road and having an engineer friend who wore a miniature slide rule for a tie clip tell you, "Oh, that's a Saab. They still make two-strokes in Sweden." Then there would have been more tech talk about how this company used V4 engines that had the high-pitched whine of a dirt bike and how you had to tell the station attendant to put oil in the gas tank. Well, this Saab story has a much happier ending, because Saab has a new beginning.

Saab's first all-new car since 1968 hits the automotive showrooms this month, and in getting it there, the company has pulled off the ultimate Yuppie slick trick of the year—it's gone mainstream. Saab! Mainstream! Since production began in December 1949, conventional has not been a word that has ever formed on a Saab body designer's lips. Previous Saabs do have character, though the term isn't always used positively. But while the 9000 Turbo is right in step with contemporary automotive looks, it retains the three qualities that all Saabs share: efficiency, comfort and logic.

We had the opportunity to test-drive the European version of the 9000 in its natural habitat, Scandinavia, some months ago. That version didn't have U.S. emission-control equipment, so its horsepower was 175, as opposed to the 160 hp we'll see when it hits the States. While Saabs have always had front-wheel drive, the 9000 is the first since 1956 with the motor mounted transversely (sideways). This allows for a more direct power transition to the front wheels and makes the 9000 seem more potent than the 900, which has equal engine output. And while the 9000 is big (it's the first Saab rated "large car" by EPA specifications), it's a very easy car to drive. Our test route through Finland

and Norway provided hundreds of miles of narrow roads that would have shaken the screws out of lesser machines. Since most of the driving was done north of the Arctic Circle, we didn't have the opportunity to test the air conditioning, though the 9000's heater was flawless.

We also had no opportunity to learn about the 9000's interior lighting. The sun never sets above the Arctic Circle in early summer, and only occasional snowfall reduced visibility, while snow on the road reduced traction. Front-wheel drive made the most of what grip was available. At one point, however, slush from snow blown across the road sent us upside down into a ditch. Since we were doing about 60 mph at the time, it's definitely a testament to Saab's stubborn Swedish upbringing that not a single pane of glass was broken. Furthermore, after the upended vehicle was righted, the windows still rolled up and down electrically, and the only repair called for was a single tire change.

When not upside down, the 9000, with all its Swedish smarts, is a wonderfully comfortable machine. The interior is available in cloth or leather, a sun roof is standard with leather, the five-speed gearbox is a major improvement over the 900's and the rear seats fold flat, giving you access to the rear hatch. The 9000's top end is about 140 mph—as if you'd ever see it. Audi, BMW, Mercedes, Peugeot and Volvo have a sexy sister to contend with that's priced in the \$22,000-to-\$25,000 range. (For a profile view and technical specifications, see page 150.) Sure, the 900 series of Saabs continues, but how are you going to keep all those upwardly mobile movers and shakers down on the farm after they've seen the 9000? You know the answer—and so do all those other guys, still wearing slide-rule tie clips, who are lined up at the dealership, waiting to get their hands on a new-generation 9000 Turbo.





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# RIDING THE TREND TREND

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JUST POINT THE WAY—ANY WAY—AND MILLIONS ARE SURE TO FOLLOW

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**T**HERE IS another way to look at present economic events," Paul Hawken, a professional trend spotter, wrote in 1983 in a book called *The Next Economy*. "We have entered a period between economies, or, to be more precise, between economic structures, and the troubled economy reflects the passage from one structure to the next."

Like most great writing about trends, this pronouncement is devoid of meaning—or, to be more precise, devoid of meaning structures. Although we are currently not in an economy, we are beset by economic events, but we are also *in* an economy, and a troubled one at that, though another economy is coming. What could be worse? Or better?

Hawken continues, "Current economic problems are no more a sign of failure than adolescence is the failure of childhood. While coming of age may not be the most apt metaphor for our crisis, it at least expresses the trauma that can accompany rapid change when proper understanding is lacking." Which is to say, our situation is like adolescence; also, it is not. Fortunately, though, help is at hand. With "proper understanding" (the

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*article* By DAVID OWEN

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trend spotter's euphemism for "copies of my book"), the traumatic failings of the current intereconomic (non-) economy, which are nonetheless not failings at all, though they are problems, can be properly understood.

The ability to spot trends quickly and accurately is becoming increasingly important. Like virtually all sweeping statements about trends, this one is both obviously true and demonstrably false. Although the ability to spot trends has never been more (or, in many ways, less) critical than it is now, the urge to publish books about trends is stronger than ever before (though it has always been just as strong). We are on the doorstep, if not in the final throes, of a cataclysmic information explosion.

And yet, this is completely untrue.

There are two kinds of executives: those who make decisions and those who make speeches. Trends are the bread and butter of the latter variety, and John Naisbitt is their patron saint. Now a trend in his own right, Naisbitt is the author of *Megatrends*, the best-selling 1982 book that, according to its publisher, is still "a must for everyone who cares about tomorrow." With a few sad exceptions, of course, that includes everyone. Last year, Naisbitt took time out from prognosticating to provide a megablurb for the paperback edition of *The Next Economy*: "Paul Hawken's brilliant analysis will make all who read it see the world differently."

All, that is, except John Naisbitt, who already saw the world in pretty much exactly the same brilliant way Paul Hawken sees it. "We are living in the *time of the parenthesis*, the time between eras," Naisbitt wrote, supplying his own emphasis, in *Megatrends*. Big-league trend spotters almost always describe the world as being in a sort of vague intermediate state between the past and the future, the better to keep their books in print. Since the future never gets any closer, the day of reckoning can be postponed indefinitely.

Although writers such as Naisbitt and Hawken are fond of claiming that the world is now changing faster than it has ever changed before, that change is never so rapid as to make their predictions obsolete until many years later, after every conceivable spin-off has been sold. Naisbitt has translated *Megatrends* into a mini-industry. He holds seminars for corporations, gives speeches at \$15,000 a whack, consults, has lunch with the President and publishes the quarterly *Trend Report*, the monthly *Bellwether Report*, the fortnightly *Trend Letter* and the bi-weekly *Trend Notes*. (Not bad for a fellow convicted of bankruptcy fraud in 1978.)

Naisbitt says that he has formed his opinions about "the America we are becoming" by spending a dozen years clipping 2,000,000 articles from 200 or so local

newspapers and distilling them into trends. "Out of such highly localized data bases," he has written, "I have watched the general outlines of a new society slowly emerge." Naisbitt calls his method content analysis. According to him, his staff carefully sifts through its daily mountain of newsprint and separates it into piles of articles representing individual themes. It is the size of those piles that constitutes evidence of trends. "If all the local news space devoted to drug use and abuse during the year 1970 were equated to 100," Naisbitt explains, "the amount of space devoted to that subject during the year 1979 dropped to eight, although it has risen since." Naisbitt's faith in his system derives from his professed belief that the people who put out newspapers have essentially no control over "which stories will appear in the paper" and that the pages of, say, *The Fresno Bee* therefore provide a sort of unsmudged window on the trend-spewing soul of America.

That, to be polite, is utter bullshit. As Emily Yoffe pointed out in *Harper's* in 1983, he hires another company to do most of his clipping for him. That company—NewsBank, of New Canaan, Connecticut—is mainly in the business of supplying clippings to libraries. "Our typical user is a high school student doing a paper on something," NewsBank's president, Daniel Jones, told Yoffe. High school students aren't interested in plowing through the collective unconscious of American journalism, so NewsBank is highly selective in what it clips. "We take only a few articles from each newspaper," Jones said. "The articles have to have substance and not be so local in nature that they wouldn't be interesting." What this means, in effect, is that Naisbitt can't christen a trend unless NewsBank has identified it first as the sort of thing that might turn up in a teenager's homework assignment. (Naisbitt is apparently an old hand at embroidering the facts. In *Who's Who*, he claims to have served as a special assistant to President Johnson. But according to a recent issue of *The Washingtonian*, he did no such thing.)

Once Jones has spotted a trend for him, Naisbitt reduces it to a teasingly vague aphorism and prints it in boldface type:

- **We must put down our old industrial tasks and pick up the tasks of the future.**
- **Money is information in motion.**
- **Biology is replacing physics as the dominant metaphor of society.**
- **Strategic planning is worthless—unless there is first a strategic vision.**
- **If you don't know what business you are in, conceptualize what business it would be useful for you to think you are in.**
- **Trends, like horses, are easier to ride in the direction they are already going.**

All of these are either self-evident or

absurd. ("Pick up kids, groceries, tasks of the future," scrawls the busy executive on the cover of his copy of *Megatrends*.) Many could be rearranged without discernible effect: Information is money in motion; a strategic vision is worthless—unless there is first strategic planning; physics is replacing biology as the dominant metaphor of society; if you don't know what business you are in, call your doctor.

The advice in *Megatrends* is so fuzzy that it can magically be used to explain or justify almost any business decision. That is why the book is so popular among executives who spend a lot of time on the rubber-chicken circuit. A vice-president who used to have to write separate speeches for meetings of his company's production, sales and marketing staffs can now get by with a single all-purpose oration pinched from *Megatrends*. For three years now, it has been nearly impossible to attend a convention or a corporate meeting anywhere in the United States without hearing at least one presentation based on Naisbitt's book. In the fall of 1982, I attended the annual conference of the College Entrance Examination Board. Henry G. Cisneros, the incomparably trendy, Harvard-educated *chicano* mayor of San Antonio, was scheduled to give a talk called "Access to Higher Education in an Urban Environment." Instead, he summarized the contents of *Megatrends*.

Although billed as forward-looking, *Megatrends*, like all such books, is drippingly nostalgic. The values it celebrates are the cozy, old-fashioned ones that underemployed executives have always embraced. Naisbitt flatters businessmen by telling them what they already believe and claiming that it's a vision of the future. They like him because he forms his opinions about the world the same way they do: on the basis of half-true, half-grasped anecdotes and tidbits of information.

Naisbitt is now gearing up for a new media onslaught. He offered a preview not long ago in *The New York Times*: "Nineteen eighty-five will be the year in which American business discovers what a handful of companies already know—to survive in the new information-electronics economy, they must reinvent themselves. . . . While this fundamental change transforms our economy, we will go through the process of reinventing the world we live in. . . . The message for the business world is that it is time to reinvent the competition for economic development. . . . Companies everywhere are being reinvented around people. . . . Top-down, hierarchical, authoritarian management styles give way to a networking style of management in the reinvented corporation."

I have a hunch we're going to be hearing more about reinventing things in the next few years. Could I be on to something? Maybe so. One of Naisbitt's favorite new

(continued on page 163)





*Buck Brown*

*"Y' know, it's funny how certain sounds can take you back over the years. I had this big ol' Chevy, and your mother and I——"*



**A**LTHOUGH YOU probably won't find much on them in the medical books, growing pains are a very real and probably unavoidable affliction—and not just of the very young. Pamela Saunders could tell you about a few she has experienced recently. Right out of high school, for instance, she found herself hip-deep in Dallas night life, serving drinks in a bar-restaurant. When she talks about that period, there is fatigue in her voice. "I think I grew up fast when I (text continued on page 100)



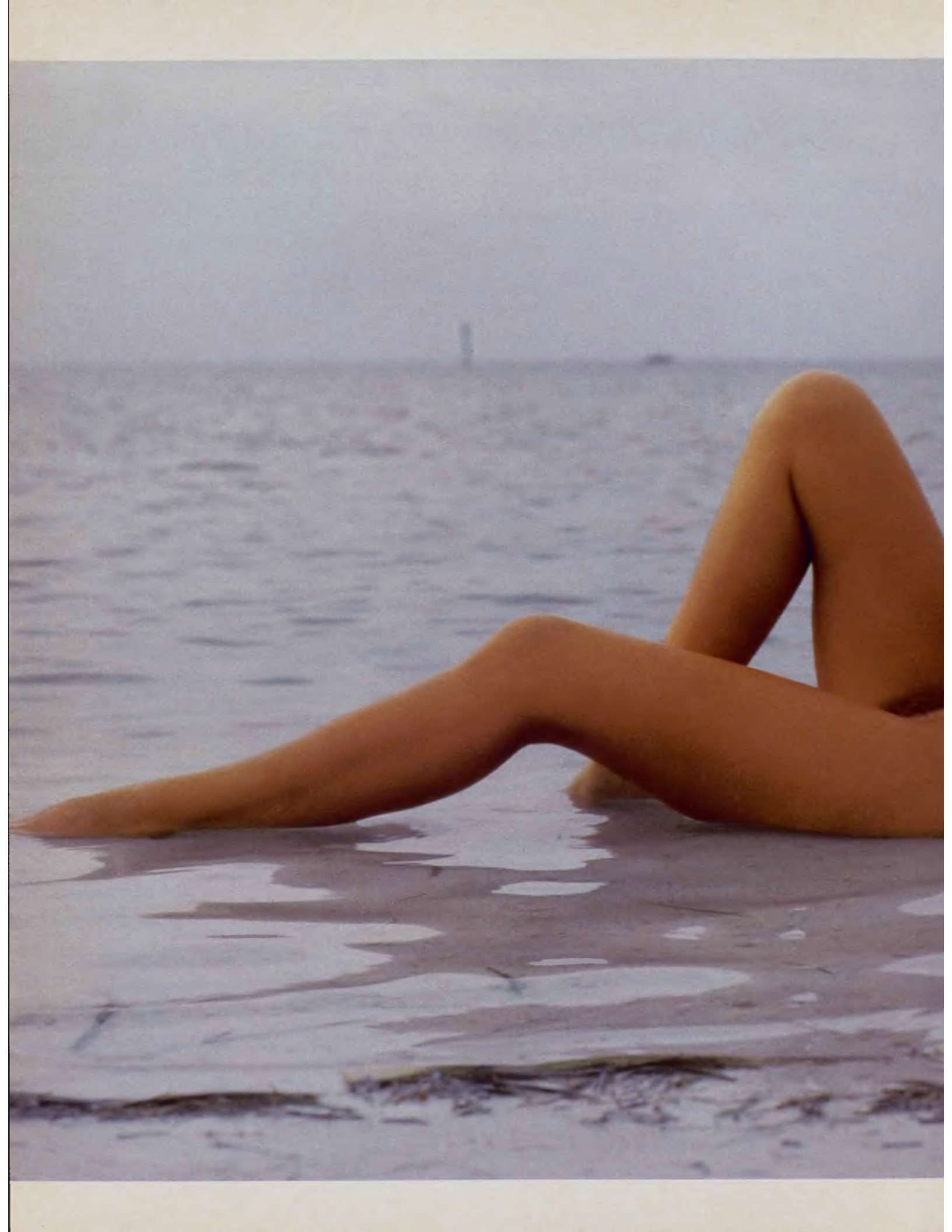
# DEALING WITH DALLAS

*miss saunders is  
hardly a plain ol' girl from plano*

---

*"I never could get guys interested in me. Now we'll see what happens. Now I'm in PLAYBOY, they'll probably flock around."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS







worked in the bar, because I was around older people. I got involved with them; they were my best friends, you know. I knew their drinks and what they wanted to eat." Pam had come in from Plano. "It's next to Richardson," she explains and, when pressed, offers, "That's about 15 minutes away from Dallas. That's where I grew up from the eighth grade on." Girls in Texas who aren't married five minutes after high school graduation are called spinsters. Pam somehow couldn't round up a hubby but did manage a tentative arrangement. Luckily, that's really all she wants right now. "I love men to death," she declares. "But, you know, they aggravate me. I let men get to me, and I've got a nervous stomach. I don't think I want to get married. I guess working in a bar ruined me—you know, watching the way some of these married men act." Pam medicates her nervous stomach with a steady diet of beer and junk food. She knows it's wrong and she pays for it, but, as she says, "You do it because you crave it. You wake up going, 'Ummmmm, burrito and hot (text concluded on page 104)

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*On a Florida fishing trip with her father (top), Pam just may be the biggest catch of the day. At the tables in Dallas (above), she deals blackjack in a make-believe casino for a local charity.*











*"I think I'm learning to cope. Now, when I break up with someone, I think, Just give it some time and it will all be over. And that's true. But when you're young, you don't see it that way. You get depressed. Now I go out and do something."*

---



sauce!" And I'll go off to Taco Bueno and pig out. And then I'll go home moaning, "Ohhhhhhhhh." Pam's more outgoing than she used to be. At school in Plano, she recalls, "I'd rather get a zero than give an oral report. Now I think that is so stupid, but then I was so clammed up that I couldn't do it." Meeting people and having them like her changed Pam's outlook on life. Now she dreams of having her own bar-restaurant. She has quit serving drinks and works occasionally as a pizza maker; on weekends, she deals blackjack at charity functions. Pam says she's good at it. "I like to challenge guys. I'm a better backgammon player than most of them. I suppose they think girls, especially blondes, are stupid. Well, you know," she says, laughing, "I'm not a true blonde." Since she'd drifted into a soul-baring mood, Pam decided to confess all. "Yeah, well, I am a klutz. I fall down stairs, spill things. I have to watch myself out on a date." Might not klutziness, like her shyness, go away? Pam offered her own theory, then rejected it. "I think it's nerves, too. When I'm nervous, I start knocking things over. No, I'm a klutz; a slob, too, probably."

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Pamela Anderson*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pamela Annette Saunders

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 7/9/63 BIRTHPLACE: miami, Florida

WHAT REALLY EXCITES YOU? Red and purple, Full moon, Romantic men, bubble baths.

WHAT WOMAN WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET AND WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO HER? Barbra Streisand. I would say, "It is an honor to meet you."

WHAT MAN WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET AND WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO HIM? Rob Lowe. I would say hello and probably just smile.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ANYONE? To make love on an airplane.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO BE IN TEN YEARS? Working in my restaurant and living on a farm full of animals.

WHAT DISH WOULD YOU MAKE FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND AFTER A FIGHT? Scampi.

WHAT PERFORMERS DO YOU ADMIRE? Bruce Springsteen, Joan Rivers, Eddie Murphy, Tina Turner.

WHAT IS YOUR MOST ROMANTIC PLACE? On the beach or in a hotel room in Hawaii.



I'm really that old



It's time for dancing



I finally did it



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Because of the distance between them, the chief of the surveying crew was using hand signals to communicate with his newly hired female crew member. He pointed to his eye, then to his knee and finally pumped his fist up and down in front of him.

Seeing that, the woman signaled back by touching her eye, grabbing her left breast and pointing to her crotch.

Thoroughly confused, the chief approached and said, "Didn't you understand? Eye kneed the hammer."

"I understood," the pretty survey tech replied. "Eye left tit in the box."



The *Komputa Sutra* defines **INTERFACING** as a French kiss.

As Lester drove through the boonies, he happened onto a hovel he had seen two years before. On the porch sat the same slovenly family, playing checkers and swatting flies.

"You probably don't remember me," he said, pulling up in his customized convertible, "but I came by here in 1983, asking for directions."

"Ah remember," the father replied. "Yuh told us how skinny we was. Yuh said our shack weren't fit to live in and yuh started cryin'. Then yuh give us a hunnerd-dollar bill."

"After so long, you remember!" Lester beamed.

"We named our last baby after yuh," the father said.

"No kidding?" said Lester, overwhelmed. "Could I see him?"

"Shore," the father agreed, turning to his wife. "Honey, go inside and bring out li'l Citified Dipshit."

The *Komputa Sutra* defines **FORMAT** as the reason Miss Kitty undressed.

**Q.:** Why don't sharks attack divorce lawyers?  
**A.:** Professional courtesy.

The *Komputa Sutra* defines **DATA PROCESSING** as the old in-and-out.

After living in a lumber camp for two weeks, the young logger became restless. "What do you do around here for fun?" he asked his foreman.

The foreman took him into a woodshed. "You fuck the hole in that barrel," he said.

The young man tried that and liked it, so the next day, he asked if he could exercise the privilege every day.

"Every day but Friday," his boss told him.

"Why not Friday?"

"Because, my boy, Friday's your day in the barrel."

The *Komputa Sutra* defines **FLOW CHART** as a schedule for the rhythm method.

"Have you served on a jury before?" the court clerk asked the groupie.

"No," she purred, "but I've tried plenty of men."

The *Komputa Sutra Literary Supplement* defines **OKIDATA** as what Steinbeck needed to write *The Grapes of Wrath*.



In a Madrid restaurant, the American tourist asked the waiter to bring him the same dinner being enjoyed by a man at the next table—a large helping of rice smothered in gravy, topped with two hefty meatballs. The waiter explained that this delicacy was served only between five and six o'clock, immediately after the daily bull-fights. The tourist, eager to taste the house special, agreed to return at the appropriate hour.

Arriving at five the next day, he was quickly seated and served; but to his disappointment, his rice was topped with two tiny meatballs. Calling the waiter over, the American complained, "The meatballs you served yesterday were much bigger."

"Sí, señor," the waiter said. "But *el toro*, he does not always lose."

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.



Rowland  
Wilson

*"Walters, there's no room in the air-traffic-control room for practical jokes."*

I was scoring points with this beautiful blonde—like Dr. J one on one with Mickey Rooney

*fiction*

By Peter Nelson

I VE ALWAYS BELIEVED in waiting at least five minutes before falling in love with a woman, but in her case, I knew I'd have to make an exception. Who can explain these things? I wanted to marry her. I wanted to give her world-famous children, build her a home in the meadow, donate my kidneys to her parents, carve her visage in the Rock of Gibraltar with my teeth, climb into a clothes dryer full of razor blades just to be near her dirty laundry. She had northern lakes for eyes, full Cupid's-bow lips, a smile that could turn ball bearings to butter, palomino hair, an elegant neck, outstanding breasts, a real darling little pooter, so tight you could mill wheat with it, gams that made a ballerina's legs look like turkey wattles, and there was something in the way she carried herself that suggested royalty, the confidence of a princess, the power of a gypsy dancer—in short, I thought she was real cute. I had to meet her.

There was a problem. She had an escort, a date. He was a nothing, a mannequin, a monodimensional cartoon of a man, a contrived zombie, hollow, probably a doctor or a lawyer with a Jaguar parked outside and a nice house somewhere and, OK, somewhat handsome, I suppose. But when she looked my way and our eyes met, briefly, I swear that for the first and only time in my life, I had a psychic experience, an ESP message as clear as a bell. I (continued on page 151)

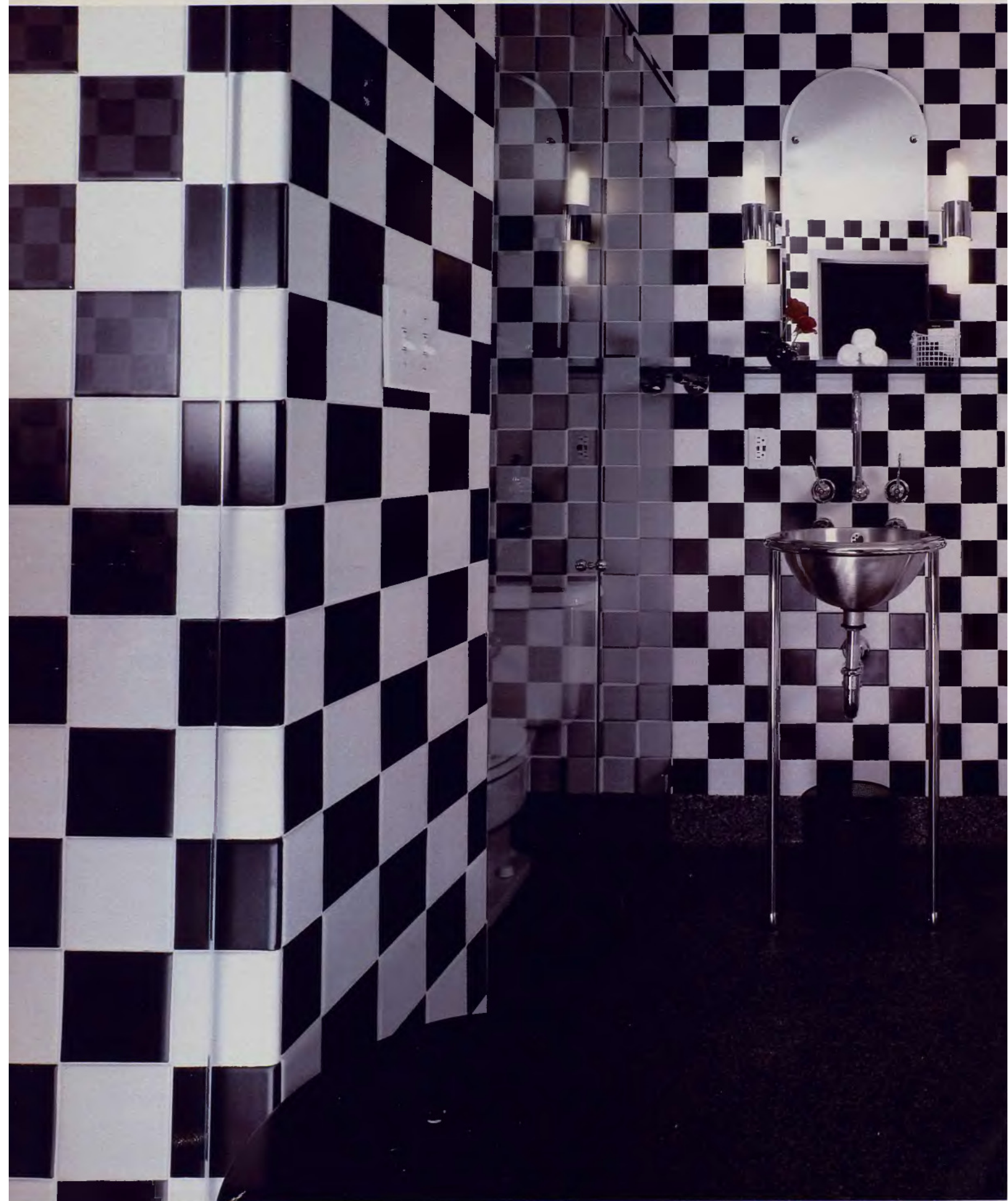




# Getting the Message



*Prison*



# PLAYBOY BY DESIGN

*when you're hot, you're hot;  
and right now, the gallic  
high-tech decor at  
manhattan's morgans hotel  
is the hottest act in town*

**W**ORLD-CLASS HOTELS are never in short supply—especially in cities like Manhattan. So when disco denizen Steve Rubell and his partners purchased the Executive Hotel at 237 Madison Avenue, in the untrendy Murray Hill section, and renamed it Morgans, after the Morgan Library, which is a block away, skeptics snickered that it would take a miracle between 37th and 38th streets for it to succeed. Succeed it has—and what a success! A stay at Morgans is considered the hottest night in town, thanks in part to the eye-popping decor of French designer Andrée Putman. Working with her signature palette of gray, black and white, Putman redefined Morgans' guest rooms and public spaces, placing them along the cutting edge of opulence and austerity. Best of all, there are ideas there that *you* can take home. Morgans is a nice place to visit, and we wouldn't mind living with the sexy design ideas we found there, either.

PRODUCED BY PHILLIP MAZZURCO



Above: The Cathedral Room in Morgans cleverly weds the bath with the bedroom. (The john is in a separate room just around the corner.) Left: Morgans' penthouse bath features dual stainless-steel sinks of the type airlines use and checkerboard walls that are anything but square.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

*article*  
**By CARL H. STONE**

# PAY ME NOW OR PAY ME LATER

**THINK OF ME** as a hired gun, a hit man with a Government salary. I don't break kneecaps, though, or litter the landscape with bodies. I don't take the lives of my victims, just their pay checks and bank accounts. I collect past-due child support—in round figures, \$250,000 in the past three years. I work cheap, too. For \$25, your ex-wife can have your name added to my list.

I deal in results, not rhetoric. I don't give notice and there are no hearings. Most men don't know I exist until payday and 65 percent of their check is *gone*. If a man is laid off, I snatch his unemployment check at the same rate. Then I take his bank account, all of it—even a joint account with a new wife.

My official title is investigator. I work for the Child Support Enforcement Unit (CSEU) of the Larimer County Department of Social Services, in Fort Collins, Colorado. The Internal Revenue Service may have a reputation as *the* gang of Government goons, but the CSEU is gaining on them.

My conduct is not governed by a code of ethics (continued on page 124)

*it doesn't matter to the child-support collector—he knows he's going to get your money in the end*



M. ARISHMAN



## 20 QUESTIONS: DON JOHNSON AND PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS

*lieutenant castillo said, "get them." so we did*

**O**f all the cop/spy superhero duos to charge off the screen and into America's living rooms, Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas (a.k.a. Detectives Sonny Crockett and Ricardo Tubbs) have certainly done it with the most style. Their Eighties version of fraternity under fire has helped boost "Miami Vice's" fortunes as much as the show's heralded visual and musical panache. They are post-macho guys' guys. Our guy, Contributing Editor David Rensin, nabbed Thomas and Johnson for their first off-the-cuff interrogation. Said Rensin, "I wore vintage faded jeans, an unironed mauve cotton shirt, a thin black-satin tie, Air Jordans and a sharkskin sports coat I had picked up for five dollars at a Beverly Hills garage sale. Don and Phil looked OK, I guess."

1.

PLAYBOY: How would you explain the success of *Miami Vice* to an NBC affiliates' meeting ten years from now?

THOMAS: Our sense of style. We had the technology, the talent and the timing. Our show dealt with the Eighties. Our music was on time. Even our stories, though they had been done for years, came in a new package: Versace suits and pastel colors. Our characters didn't fit the norm, either. For instance, in one episode, I stood on my head doing yoga during a stake-out. You don't usually see *that*.

JOHNSON: It's like an idea I came up with eight years ago: a rock-'n'-roll *I Spy*. Then, I wanted to put a rock star on the road as an undercover agent who was against drugs. He would travel the world and do concerts that would be simulcast, in reality, on FM stations the night the show aired. People thought I was crazy. I don't want to break my arm patting myself on the back, but I think it was just too grand for most to see. As a matter of fact, I told our executive producer, Michael Mann, about it, and he liked my idea of FM simulcasts. He talked to NBC and they didn't object. We were even going to air the pilot in stereo via FM stations, but it became too much of a hassle for the bureaucracy to handle.

2.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about your first meeting?

JOHNSON: I will always remember watching this very, very handsome black man with the most incredible skin and green eyes and enormous energy and thinking, God, someone slip this guy a mickey! [Laughs]

THOMAS: I was already going down in the

elevator when I was asked to read with Don. They asked if we wanted time to study our lines, but we decided to go cold. We looked at each other and it was like an explosive, compulsive new affection. It just hit. Kajung! Afterward, there was no question in my mind that we were the ones who would be chosen. We tore up the motherfucker. He is a Sagittarian and I'm a Gemini. Exact opposites—fire and air. We had instant chemistry.

3.

PLAYBOY: What changes has *Miami Vice* made in your life that will last forever?

THOMAS: I've just climbed Mount Olympus. Steven Spielberg calls and wants to talk to me about being in his next movie. I get calls from Nancy Reagan. The queen of England wants me to go over. I've become greened, like money. I respect the position. I'm enthusiastic, as opposed to excited. Enthusiasm comes from the Greek *entheos*, which means "God-inspired." I don't think I'm a big shit, though, because the higher I climb on the ladder of success, the humbler I get. I know you're only as good as your last two minutes and 45 seconds. I don't run from people who want autographs. I stay and sign and take that energy back with me and am creative. I'm smart enough to know the power of all this. They say that as long as people have something to believe in, the gods will exist. And as a major star, you become a little G-O-D. I recommend fame, but with fortune. Otherwise, it's a bitch.

JOHNSON: Philip is better at this than I am. If you don't like your marriage, you can get divorced, but there's no antidote for what's happened to us. However, I do recommend fame highly. It's the best drug I've ever had—and with no hangover. But I'm trying to get used to the fact that I will now go through life with those charming little cheap Japanese instant cameras stuck in my face all the time. There are times when I want to take all the money I make and buy all those cameras and throw them into the East River. This thing has obviously grown faster than I have, and it seems like I'm playing catch-up much of the time. And I think I'm handling it pretty well. But I've already gone through the crazy stuff that happens to people who become successful early. I've already partied, thank you. Major partied.

4.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your fan mail.

JOHNSON: Once, I got a letter from an

English teacher in Kentucky. I was very moved, because she had picked up every nuance of my Sonny Crockett character, and she described what his life must have been like. It was really eloquent. I wrote back and ended the letter, "Please don't grade this paper." And then there are those letters from women who include phone numbers and pictures and say that they've saved their money and are taking a vacation in Miami and would it be possible to spend a couple of hours with me, doing whatever I'd like.

THOMAS: I get thousands of letters. They come from all over—London, Australia. Most are very intelligent. I also get beaver shots and requests from chicks in the Army for posters of me with my chest showing. Fat girls write, "I've lost 30 pounds and I'm preparing for you. You're the handsomest man I've seen on earth. During your love scenes, I'm having sex with my husband but thinking of you." I take it all with a grain of salt, because even if I were the most sexual man in the world, there's no way I could fuck all the women who want to be fucked by me. The wildest stuff, though, is pubic hairs. Actual hairs. It's phenomenal.

5.

PLAYBOY: *Miami Vice* may be the only cop show that a guy can watch *with* his girlfriend. Do you two consciously play to women?

JOHNSON: On the set or off? On the set, yes. I'm aware that a large part of our audience is sex-starved females—and to hear females tell it, they're all sex-starved, anyway; glance at the cover of any female-oriented magazine. I, for one, am trying to solve the problem.

THOMAS: Do I play to the chicks? All the time. I flirt a lot. And I know that by touching those nerves and doing certain things, I make chicks respond.

6.

PLAYBOY: Then you ought to be expert enough to tell us whether women ought to be interesting or pure.

THOMAS: Both. I don't like uninteresting anything. I like someone to give me a run for my money. And pure? I like someone who looks good, smells good, tastes good. You wouldn't want to be involved with someone with B.O.

JOHNSON: [Laughs] Yes. [Laughs] Wow, that's a good one. Hold that thought. [Laughs] Women who are interesting are most definitely not pure. But I like all

kinds—period. I don't even know if what I want is sex in the classic way—it's sort of a desire to melt into women and then out of them. I can be satisfied just to be near a woman and smell and touch her, to hold her hand, to watch her. But this is very hard in a world that by and large sanctions monogamy. It's murder on relationships.

## 7.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about when you pull the trigger?

JOHNSON: There was one scene we did that caused more uproar and got more mail—pro and con—because we pulled the trigger. It was in an episode where we shot from the hip. We were up against the wall, making up scenes as we went along. Michael Mann wrote the scene and gave it to me over the phone. I was trying to rescue a little girl being held hostage by this guy. Michael told me, "This is what happens. The guy says, 'If I twitch, she's gone.' Your line is, 'Maybe you won't even twitch.' Then you blow him away." I wanted to suspend time, and the way I read the line was what made it sell. I went, "Maybe . . . you won't even . . . twitch." Boom! The cadence threw him—and the audience—off. It was devastating. But, then, the violence in our show is not cartoon violence; it's real—which I think is a deterrent and not an encouragement. When someone goes down, he bleeds and stays down. And because we use a process called step printing, in which you print the same frame twice, it appears as staccato slow motion, which heightens the reality and the violent tone. I'm immersed in character and weighing the rights and wrongs—legally and morally—of what I'm about to do when I pull the trigger. Well, morality is not a question that Crockett answers. It's what he does.

## 8.

PLAYBOY: What's atop your TV-cop-show hit parade?

JOHNSON: *M Squad*, with Lee Marvin.

THOMAS: *The Adventures of Superman*. He was able to leap tall buildings at a single bound, faster than a speeding bullet. *Mighty Mouse*, too. They were both undercover. [Laughs]

## 9.

PLAYBOY: Who are the most unforgettable real-life undercover cops you've known?

JOHNSON: One is one of the DEA agents who busted John De Lorean. We became very good friends. He told me fascinating stories about working the Texas/Mexico border on a drug bust, about how the Mexican authorities were completely ruthless, corrupt animals, and I would eat that stuff up. He described the adrenaline rush before a bust and what it was like to live undercover for weeks and to party with a guy and get close to him and know the

whole time that you were going to nail him to the wall. The undercover cop is also acting—only it's the big acting in the sky. If you fuck up, you don't get a bad review; you get shot.

THOMAS: I've talked to some who are insane. They do some wild shit. They're like a surgeon who enjoys cutting up people because he likes the flow of blood. I've heard stories about some cats who took a house in a shoot-out and blew some guy's arm off. They went in, picked it up and laughed, saying, "Isn't this funny? The fucker's arm. Get his ass out of here!" They treat criminals like animals. They have a license not only to kill but to cut your nuts off and mutilate your face—and all because you broke the law.

## 10.

PLAYBOY: As undercover cops, your characters are trained to be suspicious. In reality, do you trust people easily?

JOHNSON: No. I have to practice giving people the benefit of the doubt. It's my business to read people. I'm pretty good at telling when someone is feeding me a line of shit. But I've made mistakes in judgment.

THOMAS: I've been called a sucker for trusting people easily, but I love people. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." If I love you, I will do anything, within reason. I'm not one to put chains on and ask questions. I love a woman who feels that way, too.

## 11.

PLAYBOY: Although Crockett and Tubbs are tight friends, with all the trappings of TV cop partners' camaraderie, Johnson and Thomas had never met before *Miami Vice*. Is there pressure to be buddies? Describe the stages through which an off-camera friendship grows.

JOHNSON: We had a long conversation while doing the pilot. We were sitting in my Miami hotel suite for a couple of hours. It was twilight. We had a view of the bay, and we were talking about how beautiful the city was and about spiritual things. We both knew what was at hand and what kinds of pressure we were going to deal with. We knew that people would be jealous of our relationship—on and off screen—be threatened by it and want to tear it apart. So we agreed that the moment either one of us felt slighted—which is never going to happen—we would discuss it. From then on, we knew that we had to be not only friends but each other's protectors. And part of that protection is to allow ourselves the space we need after spending 18 hours on the set. We don't pressure each other to have dinner together or to meet each other's families. We could ask, but we wouldn't demand it.

THOMAS: We also trained with each other. I told Don about my goal, EGOT, which

stands for Emmy, Grammy, Oscar, Tony—I want to win or be nominated for each award in the next five years. And he told me about dreams he wanted to develop. So we made an effort to work out together, to jog together before the sun rose, to learn our lines together. We trained with policemen in undercover work. Don knows a lot more about guns than I do, so he taught me about weapons. During the making of the pilot, we practically lived together. We worked on Saturdays and Sundays—and you don't get *paid* for those days. And we always gave each other space, because we didn't want to force a relationship. We just wanted to be together so we could find out how we functioned. We didn't have to, but we knew this was our shot.

## 12.

PLAYBOY: If the two of you could change places for just one show, what would each of you do to improve, expand, modify the other's character?

THOMAS: I would play Sonny a little more insane. I would like to see him go over the edge. I say this because the real undercover cops we've met are nuts. Other than that, I'd have more chicks. [Laughs]

JOHNSON: I'd like to see me get more chicks, too. [Pauses] That's a dangerous question. Philip's character is a very bright, highly sophisticated, urban black man. He is knowledgeable about the art world, architecture, film, culture in general. It's probably one of the most attractive role models a black man has been able to portray in years. I'd like to see more of that. But the one thing Tubbs does not do as much as Crockett is make mistakes and deal with them in a human way. I think we need to see more vulnerability in Tubbs.

## 13.

PLAYBOY: What's the latest book you've read all the way through? What reading material is on your night stand?

THOMAS: The last book was *2150 A.D.*, by Thea Alexander. I also read the Bible a lot and books on computer programming, since I do that for my music. And I study books on philosophy, religion, higher learning, law and spaceships.

JOHNSON: Mine would be either *Interview with the Vampire* or *The Hamlet*, by Faulkner. On my night stand is *Decisions*, which is appropriate for my current situation, don't you think? And I keep a copy of Shakespeare by my bed at all times, because it's the best sleeping pill I know. When I started getting sober, I read everything Jack London wrote, even his letters about his letters. Then I got really crazy and started reading the books of some of the films I'd made, such as *From Here to Eternity*. It was like cleaning up unfinished business. And I'm a major

(concluded on page 150)



**A**DMIT IT: Ever since Ma Bell hung up in a huff, the world's finest phone service has gone to the bowwows. Sure, deregulation's been *great* for Cliff Robertson, but what about Mr. and Ms. Subscriber?


Maybe one thing it could do for the rest of us is provide the kind of phone book the modern world needs and deserves—which is why we offer this sampling of the best of the worst from. . . .

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*humor* **By REG POTTERTON**

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 SNERYE, OTTO ..... 815-8338

Joe Krishna's Club Nirvana ..... 618-2121  
 (See our ad this page)

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 B'HITLER, KEVIN ..... 312-0180  
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 CARNEN, CAP'N ..... 815-8639

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SHEE'ITS ..... 212-5880  
RED BRIGADES ..... 912-5700  
SHINING PATH ..... 217-3200  
UNIVERSAL CRETINS ..... 815-0030

► Tuition

ACADEMY OF EATING ..... 618-1116  
FLOWER ARRANGING FOR  
ASTRONAUTS ..... 212-1414  
INSTITUTE FOR FOREIGN ACCENTS ..... 812-3056  
SCHOOL FOR PSYCHO BABY  
SITTERS ..... 317-5551  
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(See ad for details)  
TAP DANCING FOR ALIENS ..... 218-0628

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Officers' Panty Hose!!!  
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► Witch Doctors

GAGOO ..... 217-3710  
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lumberjacks, women who look like Karl  
Malden, weird guys, strutting machos,  
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# PAY ME NOW

(continued from page 116)

*"In one day, we took this guy's check, his car, his boat and his house. Then . . . we threw him in jail."*

or even by the concepts of justice or fairness, only by the statutes of law. More than once, I have collected child support in the name of a dead woman from a father who had custody of their child and was providing for him. Logic fails, law prevails; unlike love, child support is forever.

CSEUs exist for every county in the country, operating under Title IV-D of the Social Security Act. Between 1976 and 1983, CSEUs brought in more than 10.8 billion dollars in support payments. In some jurisdictions, they are branches of the district attorney's office or are part of a family or domestic court. Some states bypass the court system entirely, handling child-support issues through an administrative process. Most often, as in Colorado, the CSEU is attached to the Department of Social Services. No matter how the CSEU emerges at the local level, its roots are in the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, at the Federal Office of Child Support Enforcement.

Ostensibly, the CSEU is concerned with the welfare of the child. Its real concern is money. The Government estimates that it spends 20 to 30 billion dollars per year to support single-parent families. From 1970 to 1981, the number of single-parent families increased 97 percent, and Uncle Sam estimates that by the Nineties, only half of the children in America will grow to adulthood living with both of their natural parents. The Census Bureau further reports that in 1983, 7.1 billion dollars of the 10.1 billion dollars owed in child-support payments was paid. The Child Support Enforcement Unit has been given the job of closing this gap.

Collecting child support isn't a hard job. The office where I work is typical of any Government office you might stumble into. The heat works in the summer, the air conditioning in the winter. The walls are an institutional tan; my desk is a Government green that's 20 years out of style. A filing cabinet and a telephone complete my equipment.

On the far wall hangs a large, round clock. Like the clocks in grade school or the one just outside the principal's office in high school, it functions not so much to tell you the time as to remind you that you have obligations, that much of your life, as measured by the movement of its hands, belongs to someone else.

It is Monday morning, five to eight, and the telephone is already ringing. I swallow a mouthful of doughnut, take a quick sip of coffee and pick up the receiver.

"Child Support; can I help you?"

The fellow on the other end of the phone isn't happy.

"You goddamn sonsabitches can't do this to me! It ain't right and it ain't fair!"

"Do what, sir?" I reply evenly.

"The boss just called me in and says you got a garnishment on my pay check! I ain't gonna let you get away with this!"

"Well, sir, you don't actually have a lot to say about it at this point; the garnishment is an order of the district court. If you'll calm down, I'll explain how we can set you up on a payment plan. . . ."

The line goes dead as he slams down the phone. I don't have the slightest idea whom I've been talking to.

It doesn't matter. From the sound of his voice, payday can't be too far off; and when he sees what's left of his check, he'll call back. My job is to enforce an existing order for support, and the procedure is simple and straightforward. I obtain a judgment. I garnish. I use the garnishment as leverage to set up a wage assignment—a payroll deduction.

I don't have to give notice that I'm getting a judgment—a past-due child-support amount is automatically considered a judgment. The father received notice at the time of the divorce hearing, and no further notice is necessary. When I ask the court for an order of judgment, all I'm doing is identifying time periods and amounts and receiving an official go-ahead to collect the money.

"Garnish everybody at least once. It makes a believer out of them!" Those were my instructions at the very first training seminar I attended. Bob Nanto, an extremely successful child-support-enforcement specialist from the state of Utah, had been borrowed by the Feds and sent to Colorado to train our enforcement units. It didn't take me long to figure out how mean I was expected to be. Bob chuckled as he related the details of one collection: "I think we got his attention. . . . In one day, we took this guy's pay check, his car, his boat and his house. Then, so he'd think we meant business, we threw him in jail."

My child-support garnishment is different from a garnishment for a consumer debt. A regular garnishment can take no more than 25 percent of a man's income. A child-support garnishment takes at least 50 percent and can take as much as 65 percent. The usual garnishment must be served on the employer at regular intervals, because it is good for only a fixed period of time. A child-support garnishment

is good until it is released or until all the money is paid.

The phone rings again.

"This is Sally; I'm Vern's new wife. You got a garnishment on his pay check and now we can't pay the rent, and we've got a kid of our own to feed, and I can't work, 'cause I'm pregnant, and I'm due in three months, and the doctor needs money. . . ."

I can tell by the edge in her voice that she's trying hard not to lose control. I let her talk. When she's done, I take a deep breath and begin my explanation as gently as possible.

"Sally, I have to talk with Vern. It's his pay check; it's his debt. Before I can release the garnishment, I'll have to have his signature on a wage assignment. When can he come in?"

"Can't I take care of it?" she asks. "If he takes off work, he'll lose a day's pay. . . ."

"I know, but if Vern comes in and we can reach an agreement, I can have the garnishment lifted before he gets paid on Friday. If he can't make it in, he's going to lose half his check again, and that's going to cost more than a day's pay. See if his boss won't kick him loose at noon so it only costs him half a day."

She is crying now, very quietly, but she says she'll try. I hang up and reach for another case folder. I'm halfway through a judgment when Mr. Smith arrives in the lobby and begins to cause a scene.

Interviewing techniques are another subject Bob Nanto covered at the training seminar, right down to the furniture in the room. I show Mr. Smith into an interview cubicle, close the door and ask him to be seated at the far side of a table that occupies half of the tiny room. He stands his ground and starts to yell again, but I cut him off.

"Sit. Or leave."

He hesitates, then folds himself into the chair I've pointed to. He's seated behind the table, in a corner, with his back to the wall. I'm leaning back in my chair, with the door at my shoulder. I have the high-ground advantage, and he knows it. I stare him down for a second or two.

"Now, then, what can I do for you?"

I already have a good idea. The piece of paper he's holding is a notice sent out by the IRS as part of its Project Intercept. He has just learned that the \$700 refund he thought he had coming is coming to me instead.

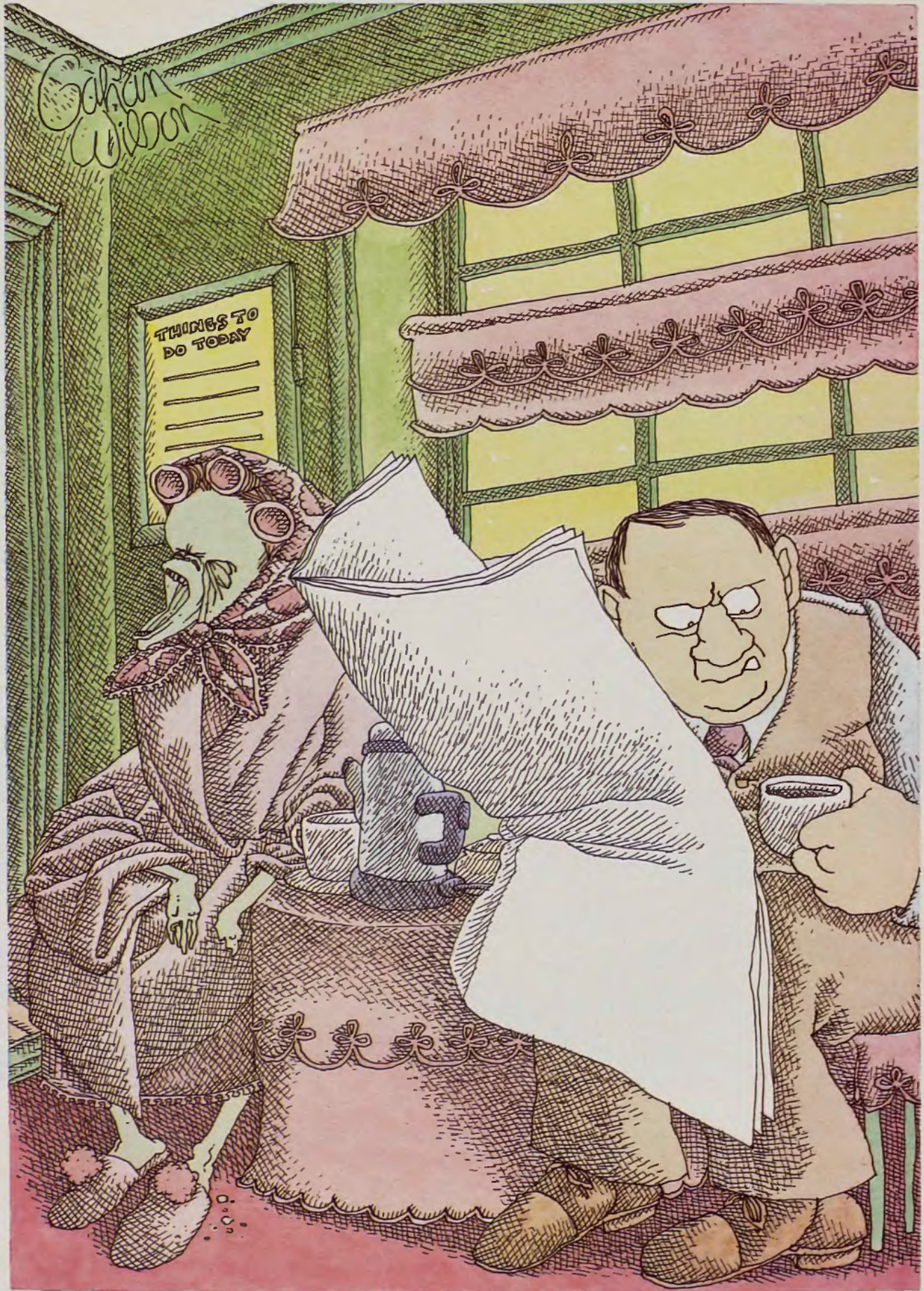
"What is this shit? My kid turned 18 three years ago."

"Well, sir, sometime in the past ten years or so, you failed to pay a chunk of your child support. . . ."

"I got hurt on the job and couldn't work for a year and a half."

"And the county has a judgment against you for that amount. That judgment is good for 20 years, and then it can be

(continued on page 192)



*"This coffee seems a little staler every morning, Edwina!"*



MOVIE LOVERS ARE STILL DOING IT, BUT THIS YEAR IT'S DONE  
WITH LASERS, IN TEEN LOCKER ROOMS OR IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES

**article By ARTHUR KNIGHT** "Please don't touch me," cautions the alluring alien female, warding off the young man's advances. "We're not like humans, Jack." Suddenly, a dazzling laser-beam light show is zipping and zapping in and out of the waters of a Florida swimming pool. It's a climactic scene from the hit movie *Cocoon*; and although actor Steve Guttenberg seems to be enjoying his sample of extraterrestrial sex—"If this is foreplay, I'm a dead man," he gasps—the audience may be excused for wondering, Is that all there is? In 1985's film fare, the answer often is yes.

Hollywood's mainstream movies for 1985 have been notably short on traditional sexual encounters. We're not alone in noting this. As Lynn Hirschberg, looking at the summer's release schedule, was moved to comment in *(text continued on page 196)*



**MATING GAMES:** Screen sex is extramarital, interracial—even interspecial—but seldom explicit. In *Cocoon* (above), human Steve Guttenberg and alien Tahnee Welch unite in a light show. Also mixing it up: Grace Jones and Roger Moore in *A View to a Kill* (top right), and Dira Paes and Charley Boorman in *The Emerald Forest* (center right). In *Desperately Seeking Susan*, Madonna gets high with Mark Blum (bottom right), whose wife (Rosanna Arquette) is making it with Aidan Quinn.





**LOOK, MA, NO ZITS:** Teenage comedies, as director Jeff Kanew observed in *Time*, are still "basically about guys trying to get laid." The latest in the *Porky's* series, *Porky's Revenge* (left) has an advantage: our own Miss September 1984, Kim Evenson, flashing her high school commencement exercises. Less known examples include (clockwise from top right) *Loose Screws*, a *Screwballs* sequel in which Alan Deveau (with camera, playing a character named—honest—Hugh G. Rection) and pals convince bespectacled Karen Wood and a group of her friends that they need physicals; *Cheerleaders' Wild Weekend*, an epic almost instantly converted to cassette, about the kidnaping of a busload of rally girls; *Hot Resort*, fun and games on St. Kitts, here with Linda Kenton and James Dietz balling on a banquet table; *Hot Chili*, with Bea Fiedler engaging in poolside piccolo practice; and *The Bikini Shop*, featuring Michael David Wright as heir to a bathing-suit business.







**X-TASIES:** Keeping it in the families are the Mitchell Brothers, whose *The Gräfenberg Spot* (above) teaches Harry Reems about female ejaculation (with help from Rita Erotica and Nina Hartley), and newcomers the Dark Brothers, whose *New Wave Hookers* (below) features Ginger Lynn, here with Steve Powers and Tom Byron.

**BODIES BEAUTIFUL:** Staying in shape is a must for ecdysiasts, either in real (that's exotic dancer Sara Costa in the pseudo-documentary film *Stripper*, upper left) or in reel (actress Margot Kidder in *Little Treasure*, above) life. *Pumping Iron II: The Women* (below) profiles female bodybuilders, including Rachel McLish, in the black bikini, and Carla Dunlap, in white. Jake Steinfeld, known as body sculptor to the stars, is one of many Hollywood notables showcased in *Into the Night* (at near left, he's with Sue Bowser). And Hollywood's best-built male body is exposed by owner Sylvester Stallone in *Rambo: First Blood Part II* (far left).





**EXOTIC EROTICA:** Sizzling imports include (clockwise from top left) *Harem*, an English-language French production, with Nastassja Kinski abducted into sheik Ben Kingsley's seraglio; *Mata Hari*, filmed in Hungary, with Sylvia Kristel as the titular spy; *The Bay Boy*, a Canadian coming-of-age story starring Kiefer Sutherland (here about to lose his virginity to



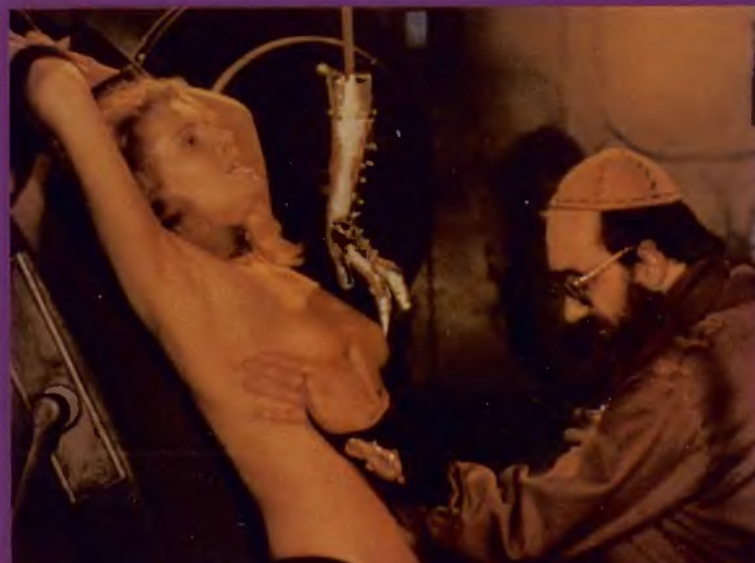


Isabelle Mejjias); *The Protector*, with top Asian star Jackie Chan in a thriller from Hong Kong (here Irene Britto and Cindy Yeung pose as masseuses); *L'Amour Braque*, with Sophie Marceau and Francis Huster as lovers in France; and *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, teaming Brazil's Sonia Braga with Raul Julia (here in a scene omitted from the finished film).





**YOU BRING OUT THE BEAST IN ME:** Savage passions are unleashed in a variety of genres, including the horror-film spoof. *The Return of the Living Dead* is writer-director Dan O'Bannon's homage to George Romero (the graveyard ghouls above left are Linnea Quigley and Mark Venturini). Tina Turner, as Auntie Entity, exudes raw star power in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* (above right). Leo McKern sheds his *Rumpole of the Bailey* image to help Michelle Pfeiffer escape an evil spell in the medieval romance *Ladyhawke* (below left), while in *Barbarian Queen* (below right), Arman Chapman manhandles captured villager Lana Clarkson. Just now reaching local screens is arguably the year's most vivid release, *Flesh & Blood* (opposite page), in which Rutger Hauer kidnaps a virgin bride-to-be (Jennifer Jason Leigh) who clearly turns out to be a take-charge sort of damsel.





# 1986 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

the heat  
is on

AFTER AN EXOTIC YEAR of material girls, smooth operators and Caribbean queens, it's now time to pick the winners in the annual Playboy Music Poll. It may not be as exotic as the music, but it's fun, so take a few minutes to sharpen your pencils and register your votes. You'll find our suggestions at right; if we've missed your favorite, a write-in is fine. But if you're voting for someone whose name appears on the list, please help our ballot counters and use the number given beside the name. When you've finished side one, flip the ballot over and make your choices for Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1985. For results, see our April 1986 issue.





**LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1986 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL  
BY NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT**

**VIDEO**

**Best Music Video**

1. Bryan Adams / *Heaven*
2. Phil Collins / *Sussudio*
3. Duran Duran / *A View to a Kill*
4. Eurythmics / *Would I Lie to You?*
5. Howard Jones / *Things Can Only Get Better*
6. Madonna / *Into the Groove*
7. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers / *Don't Come 'Round Here No More*
8. Power Station / *Some Like It Hot*
9. David Lee Roth / *California Girls*
10. Bruce Springsteen / *Glory Days*
11. Sting / *If You Love Somebody, Set Them Free*
12. Tina Turner / *We Don't Need Another Hero*
13. U2 / *Pride in the Name of Love*
14. Wham! / *Everything She Wants*
15. Paul Young / *Every Time You Go Away*

**POP/ROCK**

**Male Vocalist**

1. David Bowie
2. Phil Collins
3. Glenn Frey
4. Billy Idol
5. Mick Jagger
6. Billy Joel
7. Julian Lennon
8. Huey Lewis
9. John Cougar Mellencamp
10. Tom Petty
11. Prince
12. David Lee Roth
13. Bob Seger
14. Bruce Springsteen
15. Sting

**Female Vocalist**

1. Pat Benatar
2. Whitney Houston
3. Chrissie Hynde
4. Cyndi Lauper
5. Annie Lennox
6. Katrina Leskanich
7. Madonna
8. Maria McKee
9. Olivia Newton-John
10. Stevie Nicks
11. Linda Ronstadt
12. Sade
13. Carly Simon
14. Grace Slick
15. Tina Turner

**Guitar**

1. Jeff Beck
2. Eric Clapton
3. Ry Cooder
4. Edge
5. Mark Knopfler
6. Jimmy Page
7. Keith Richards
8. Carlos Santana
9. Steve Stevens
10. Andy Summers
11. Peter Dinklage
12. Edward Van Halen

13. Stevie Ray Vaughan
14. Joe Walsh
15. Ron Wood

**Keyboards**

1. Roy Bittan
2. Phil Collins
3. Thomas Dolby
4. Judy Dozier
5. Brian Eno
6. Billy Joel
7. Howard Jones
8. Jerry Lee Lewis
9. Prince
10. Todd Rundgren
11. Paul Shaffer
12. Benmont Tench
13. Allen Toussaint
14. Dave "Hawk" Wolinsky
15. Stevie Wonder

**Drums**

1. Carmine Appice
2. Phil Collins
3. Stewart Copeland
4. Mick Fleetwood
5. Chris Frantz
6. Omar Hakim
7. Bill Kreutzmann
8. Russ Kunkel
9. Stan Lynch
10. David Teegarden
11. Tony Thompson
12. Joe Vitale
13. Charlie Watts
14. Max Weinberg
15. Pick Withers

**Bass**

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Donald "Duck" Dunn
3. John Entwistle
4. Bob Glaub
5. Darryl Jones
6. John Paul Jones
7. Greg Lake
8. Phil Lesh
9. Paul McCartney
10. John McVie
11. Lee Sklar
12. Jamaaladeen Tacuma
13. Garry Tallent
14. Tina Weymouth
15. Bill Wyman

**Composer/Songwriter**

1. David Bowie
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. David Byrne
4. Bob Dylan
5. Daryl Hall & John Oates
6. Billy Idol
7. Billy Joel
8. Mark Knopfler
9. Cyndi Lauper
10. Annie Lennox & David Stewart
11. Ric Ocasek
12. Lionel Richie
13. Bob Seger
14. Bruce Springsteen
15. Stevie Wonder

**Group**

1. Cars
2. Dire Straits
3. Duran Duran
4. Eurythmics
5. Daryl Hall & John Oates
6. Billy Idol
7. Kinks
8. Huey Lewis & the News
9. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
10. Rolling Stones

11. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
12. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
13. Talking Heads
14. U2
15. Van Halen

**RHYTHM-AND-BLUES**

**Male Vocalist**

1. Philip Bailey
2. George Benson
3. James Brown
4. Peabo Bryson
5. James Ingram
6. Jermaine Jackson
7. Michael Jackson
8. Rick James
9. George Michael
10. Billy Ocean
11. Teddy Pendergrass
12. Prince
13. Smokey Robinson
14. Luther Vandross
15. Stevie Wonder

**Female Vocalist**

1. Bunny DeBarge
2. Aretha Franklin
3. Nona Hendryx
4. Whitney Houston
5. Chaka Khan
6. Gladys Knight
7. Cheryl Lynn
8. Madonna
9. Teena Marie
10. Alison Moyet
11. Pointer Sisters
12. Diana Ross
13. Patrice Rushen
14. Sade
15. Deniece Williams

**Composer/Songwriter**

1. Nickolas Ashford—Valerie Simpson
2. Frankie Beverly
3. George Clinton
4. Grandmaster Flash
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Michael Jackson
7. Rick James
8. George Michael
9. Ray Parker, Jr.
10. Prince
11. Lionel Richie
12. Smokey Robinson
13. Nile Rodgers
14. Womack & Womack
15. Stevie Wonder

**Group**

1. Ashford & Simpson
2. Black Uhuru
3. Commodores
4. DeBarge
5. Earth, Wind & Fire
6. Gap Band
7. Isley Brothers
8. Jacksons
9. Gladys Knight & the Pips
10. Kool & the Gang
11. Parliament/Funkadelic
12. Prince & the New Power Generation
13. Rene & Angela
14. Sister Sledge
15. Womack & Womack

**JAZZ**

**Male Vocalist**

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Ray Charles
5. Bob Dorough
6. Billy Eckstine
7. Michael Franks

**B A L L O T**

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

**VIDEO**

BEST MUSIC VIDEO \_\_\_\_\_

**POP/ROCK**

MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

GUITAR \_\_\_\_\_

KEYBOARDS \_\_\_\_\_

DRUMS \_\_\_\_\_

BASS \_\_\_\_\_

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_

GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**RHYTHM-AND-BLUES**

MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_

GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**JAZZ**

MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

BRASS \_\_\_\_\_

WOODWINDS \_\_\_\_\_

KEYBOARDS \_\_\_\_\_

VIBES \_\_\_\_\_

GUITAR \_\_\_\_\_

BASS \_\_\_\_\_

PERCUSSION \_\_\_\_\_

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_

GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

**COUNTRY**

MALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

FEMALE VOCALIST \_\_\_\_\_

STRING INSTRUMENTALIST \_\_\_\_\_

COMPOSER/SONGWRITER \_\_\_\_\_

GROUP \_\_\_\_\_

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

### PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, David Bowie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Michael Jackson, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Townshend, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

HALL OF FAME CHOICE \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Name and address must be printed above to authenticate ballot.

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

### PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY LP

BEST RECORD PRODUCER



8. Al Jarreau  
9. Bobby McFerrin  
10. Milton Nascimento  
11. Lou Rawls  
12. Gil Scott-Heron  
13. Frank Sinatra  
14. Mel Tormé  
15. Joe Williams

#### Female Vocalist

1. Patti Austin
2. Angela Bofill
3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
4. Betty Carter
5. Ella Fitzgerald
6. Lena Horne
7. Sheila Jordan
8. Cleo Laine
9. Janet Lawson
10. Tania Maria
11. Carmen McRae
12. Della Reese
13. Jane Siberry
14. Sarah Vaughan
15. Nancy Wilson

#### Brass

1. Herb Alpert
2. Terence Blanchard
3. Lester Bowie
4. Donald Byrd
5. Don Cherry
6. Miles Davis
7. Jon Faddis
8. Maynard Ferguson
9. Dizzy Gillespie
10. Freddie Hubbard
11. J. J. Johnson
12. Chuck Mangione
13. Wynton Marsalis
14. Doc Severinsen
15. Clark Terry

#### Woodwinds

1. Chico Freeman
2. Stan Getz
3. Benny Goodman
4. Dexter Gordon
5. Johnny Griffin
6. Branford Marsalis
7. Gerry Mulligan
8. Sonny Rollins
9. David Sanborn
10. Wayne Shorter
11. Zoot Sims
12. Grover Washington, Jr.
13. Sadao Watanabe
14. Paul Winter
15. Phil Woods

#### Keyboards

1. Kenny Barron
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Chick Corea
4. George Duke
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Bob James
7. Keith Jarrett
8. Kenny Kirkland
9. Lyle Mays
10. Oscar Peterson
11. Michel Petrucciani
12. Cecil Taylor
13. McCoy Tyner
14. George Winston
15. Joe Zawinul

#### Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Walt Dickerson
4. Victor Feldman
5. David Friedman
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Lionel Hampton
8. Jay Hoggard
9. Bobby Hutcherson
10. Milt Jackson
11. Mike Mainieri
12. Buddy Montgomery
13. David Samuels
14. Keith Underwood
15. Tommy Vig

#### Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. George Benson
3. Kenny Burrell
4. Charlie Byrd
5. Larry Coryell
6. Al DiMeola
7. Herb Ellis
8. Jim Hall
9. Stanley Jordan
10. Earl Klugh
11. John McLaughlin
12. Pat Metheny
13. Joe Pass
14. Lee Ritenour
15. Ralph Towner

#### Bass

1. Ray Brown
2. Mike Bruce
3. Joe Byrd
4. Ron Carter
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Bob Cranshaw
7. Art Davis
8. Eddie Gomez
9. Charlie Haden
10. Percy Heath
11. Fred Hopkins
12. Cecil McBee
13. Monk Montgomery
14. Jaco Pastorius
15. Miroslav Vitous

#### Percussion

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Billy Cobham
4. Norman Connors
5. Jack DeJohnette
6. Steve Gadd
7. Ronald Shannon Jackson
8. Elvin Jones
9. Ralph MacDonald
10. Steve McCall
11. Alphonse Mouzon
12. Buddy Rich
13. Max Roach
14. Lenny White
15. Tony Williams

#### Composer/Songwriter

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Stanley Clarke
5. Chick Corea
6. Miles Davis
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Bob James
9. Keith Jarrett
10. Quincy Jones
11. Michel Legrand
12. Chuck Mangione
13. Gil Scott-Heron
14. Grover Washington, Jr.
15. Joe Zawinul

#### Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Ray Charles
3. Crusaders
4. Maynard Ferguson
5. Free Flight
6. Herbie Hancock
7. Hiroshima
8. Jeff Lorber Fusion
9. Chuck Mangione
10. Manhattan Transfer
11. Oregon
12. Buddy Rich
13. Spyro Gyra
14. Weather Report
15. World Sax Quartet

#### COUNTRY

##### Male Vocalist

1. John Anderson
2. Johnny Cash

3. Larry Gatlin
4. Lee Greenwood
5. Merle Haggard
6. Waylon Jennings
7. George Jones
8. Ronnie Milsap
9. Gary Morris
10. Willie Nelson
11. Kenny Rogers
12. Ricky Skaggs
13. George Strait
14. Steve Wariner
15. Hank Williams, Jr.

##### Female Vocalist

1. Karen Brooks
2. Rosanne Cash
3. Lacy J. Dalton
4. The Forester Sisters
5. Janie Fricke
6. Crystal Gayle
7. Terri Gibbs
8. Emmylou Harris
9. The Judds
10. Loretta Lynn
11. Barbara Mandrell
12. Kathy Mattea
13. Reba McEntire
14. Dolly Parton
15. Tammy Wynette

##### String Instrumentalist

1. Chet Atkins
2. Roy Clark
3. Ry Cooder
4. Amos Garrett
5. Johnny Gimble
6. David Grisman
7. John Hartford
8. Sonny James
9. Charlie McCoy
10. John McEuen
11. Bill Monroe
12. Jerry Reed
13. Earl Scruggs
14. Ricky Skaggs
15. Doc Watson

##### Composer/Songwriter

1. Bobby Braddock
2. Rosanne Cash
3. Rodney Crowell
4. Dean Dillon
5. Merle Haggard
6. Tom T. Hall
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Willie Nelson
9. Dolly Parton
10. Billy Joe Shaver
11. Shel Silverstein
12. Sonny Throckmorton
13. Mel Tillis
14. Don Williams
15. Hank Williams, Jr.

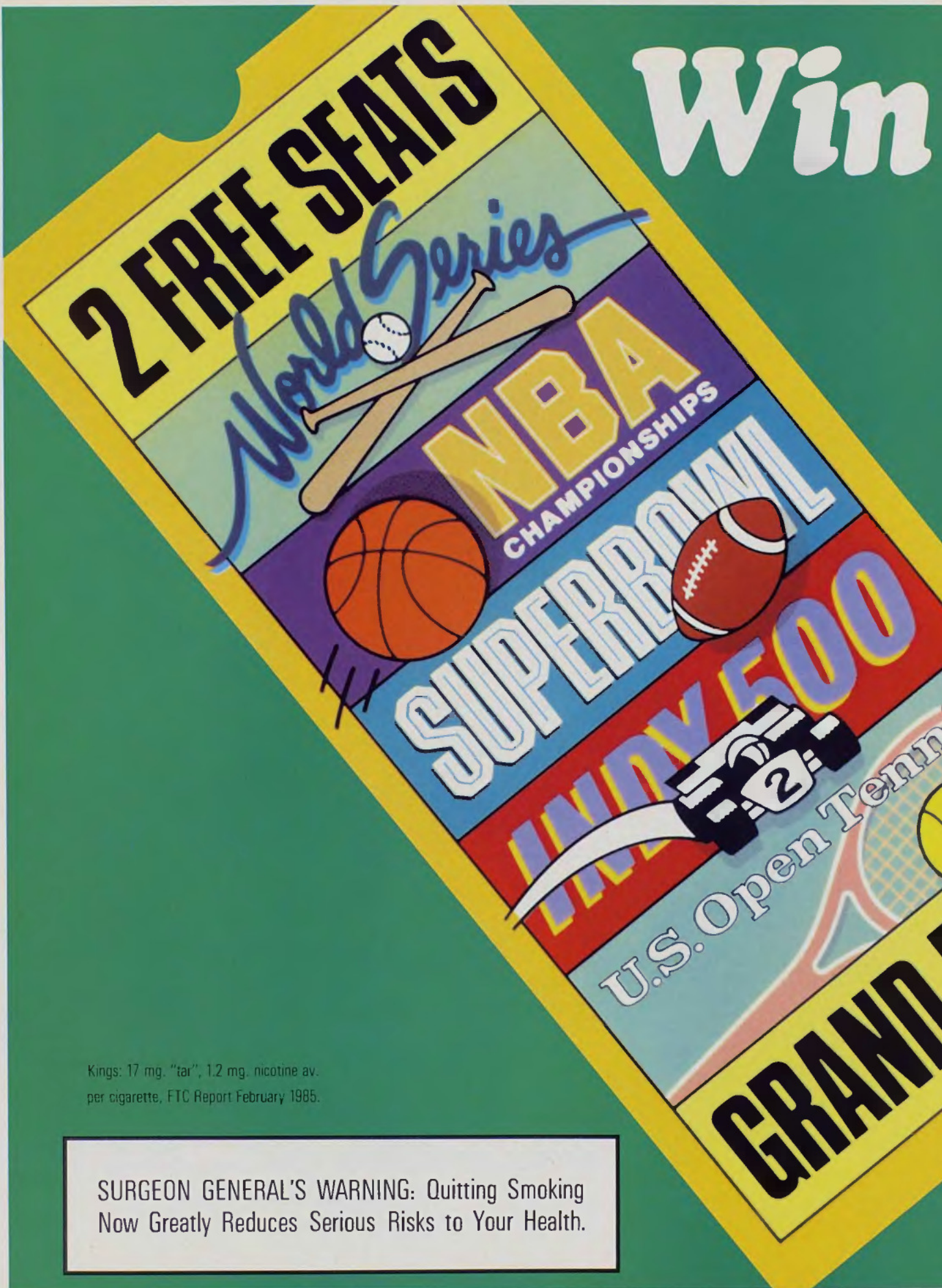
##### Group

1. Alabama
2. The Bellamy Brothers
3. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
4. Charlie Daniels Band
5. Exile
6. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
7. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
8. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
9. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
10. Oak Ridge Boys
11. Restless Heart
12. Southern Pacific
13. Statler Brothers
14. The Whites
15. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band





*"While they were at it, the guys fine-tuned the vibrator in the glove compartment."*



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INDIANAPOLIS 500

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- INDY 500
- WORLD SERIES
- US OPEN FINALS
- NBA CHAMPIONSHIP
- NCAA BASKETBALL FINAL FOUR
- NHL STANLEY CUP FINALS
- PRO BOWL—HAWAII
- WORLD CUP SKIING
- ROSE BOWL

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**OFFICIAL RULES:** 1. To enter, complete the Official Entry Form indicating your choice of the FIVE sporting events you would like to attend should you be selected as a grand prize winner. Include with your entry an empty package of Newport cigarettes or the words "NEWPORT SUPERTICKET" hand printed on a 3x5 piece of paper. Mail to NEWPORT SUPERTICKET SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 2253, Hillside, NJ 07205. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be received by November 30, 1985 to be eligible. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. 2. All trips consist of air transportation, hotel, \$500.00 spending money plus 2 tickets to the sporting event(s). Super Bowl '86—New Orleans, 3 nights, 4 days; NCAA Basketball Finals '86—Dallas, 4 nights, 5 days; INOY 500 '86—Indianapolis, 3 nights, 4 days; US Open Tennis Finals '86—NYC, 3 nights, 4 days; World Series '86—city to be determined, 3 nights, 4 days; NBA Basketball Finals—city to be determined, 3 nights, 4 days; Stanley Cup Finals—city to be determined, 3 nights, 4 days; Pro Bowl—Honolulu, 4 nights, 5 days; Rose Bowl—Pasadena, 3 nights, 4 days; World Cup Skiing—Aspen, 4 nights, 5 days. 3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from all eligible entries received by Marden-Kane, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final and binding. First entry selected will be awarded trips for 2 to the five sporting events selected on the entry form. The next 35 names selected will receive trips for 2 to one of the sporting events selected at random. Lorillard reserves the right, subject to availability, to offer substitute prizes of comparable value. Winners will be notified by mail and will be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and Release which must be returned within 14 days of receipt. 4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., 21 years of age or older except employees and their families of Lorillard, its affiliated companies, advertising agencies and Marden-Kane. No transfer of prizes. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the prize winner. Void where prohibited and restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. Odds of winning depend upon the total number of entries received. Not responsible for late, lost or misdirected mail. 5. For a list of winners send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to NEWPORT SUPERTICKET SWEEPSTAKES, c/o Marden-Kane, Inc., P.O. Box 2253, Hillside, NJ 07205.

## PLAYBOY GUIDE


# SKIING THE SKY

*helicopter skiing used to be for daredevils. now it's your turn*

SINCE HANS GMOSER started dropping people off on the tops of mountains 21 years ago, an estimated 10,000 skiers have sampled the delight of helicopter skiing in Canada and the U.S. That makes heliskiing one of the most elite sports in the world. The people who returned from the trip wanted to keep the experience to themselves, so they embroidered their stories at night the way their tracks had embroidered mountains during the day. Helicopter skiing developed a reputation of being for *macho* experts only. The people at Canadian Mountain Holidays faced the problem of how to qualify skiers. A guide explained, "We tried fitness tests, self-evaluation, motor-vehicle-type tests and mountain

ratings. Finally, we found that we could take skiers who had come by accident, who had won raffle tickets to go helicopter skiing, and get them down the mountain." The philosophy shifted—an intermediate wouldn't hold up a group of savage ego skiers if everyone was an intermediate. Now C.M.H. is offering 20 heliski weeks for intermediates (prices range from \$1219 to \$2397). You have to be strong, regularly engaging in some form of physical-fitness regimen (hell, half the country runs marathons), and you have to have the right attitude. If you fall and view it as a failure, a day in the mountains can be a nightmare. If you learn, you'll be making turns by the end of the day. By the second day, you'll





be looping turns down the mountain with the best of them. If you aren't ready to commit to a week in the wilds of Canada, you can go to Alta or Snowbird for a week of Utah powder lessons and then fly with the Wasatch Powderbirds as a present to yourself (cost per day—\$275). We took these photos on a bluebird day last spring. As you can see, it was as much fun as you can have with your clothes on. The Powderbirds offer the best powder and corn-snow skiing in the U.S. For more information, write to Wasatch Powderbird Guides, P.O. Box 57, Snowbird, Utah 84092, or Canadian Mountain Holidays, P.O. Box 1660, Banff, Alberta, Canada TOL OCO—and then head for the hills.

We call this picture *Five Easy One-Pieces*, or maybe *Powderbirds in Paradise*. High-tech fabrics give maneuverability and warmth without bulk. From left to right, Jennifer Wilson is wearing a Kitex Topaz. Lisa Gibbs is wearing a Head Luminary made of Entrant. Kay Kucera is resplendent in a Skimer Dolly. Mike Pauldine

and Brent Willingham, looking late for a court appearance, are dressed, respectively, in a Skimer Tonic (\$380), with Gates 204 gloves (\$70), and a white-and-granite Bogner Ablestar (\$568), with Bogner Profi gloves (\$78) and Ballé IREX 100 glasses (\$54). Are you sure the guide said this was the easy way down?

## PLAYBOY GUIDE

# FAST-TRACK FASHION

*hot colors come into the cold*



Winter used to be the season for navy blue and basic black, to go with the bruises. Now you find bright sail colors. The Winterstick is a surfboard for snow or for zero-gravity aerobatics. Above, Scott Jacobson gets a little air; the high-visibility Katmandu suit (\$370) and gloves (\$70) are from Anzi Besson. The signal-red racing goggles are from Carrera (\$32). At right, he tries his hand on a Windski 380CS mounted on a pair of Head Super Gs, dressed in bib pants (\$190) and knitted sweater with windproof lining (\$150), both from SOS, Sportswear of Sweden; 4028 mountaineering glasses, by Vuarnet-France (\$74); and snow sneakers, Roffe's Great Little Shoes (\$47).





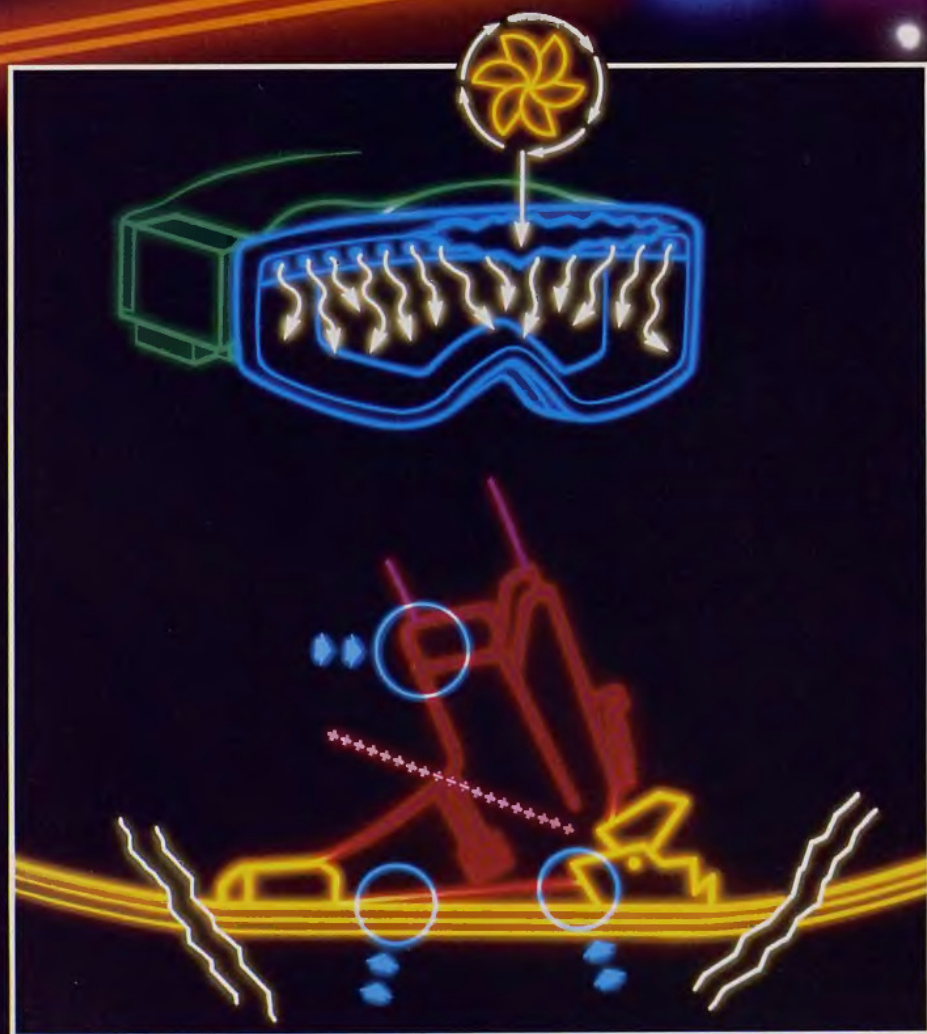
Gentlemen, choose your weapons. Charles Hazzard, above left, likes to do Telemark turns on a pair of skinny skis. He skis the old-fashioned way, but that doesn't mean he dresses that way. The Sarajevo suit is a one-piece nylon/Lycra outfit from Odlo (\$175). When you ski like Mike Pauldine (above, middle and right), you tend to go through several suits in a day. (Just kidding, folks.) The middle suit is a Narco one-piece made of Tactel, from Ellesse (\$390). The gloves are Gates Outer Limits (\$70). At right, he's casual and just pretending to be out of control in a TF-8000 Fila one-piece (\$490). Below, we have the charge of the light brigade. Mike Chew is wearing a one-piece Gore-Tex suit, from Nils (\$310), with Serus' SG2000 Entrant/leather gloves (\$55). Kay Kucera is wearing a pair of Silver Gore-Tex pants, from CB Sports (\$95), with Maser's Jet-Anja turtleneck (\$49); and Gore-Tex gloves, from Gordini (\$44). Brent Willingham is wearing a men's Foster with Thinsulate, from Roffe (\$210); and GCS #1 (glove-component system) gloves, from Grandoe (\$100). *Da Kind!* The principle behind these suits is simple: By layering thin polypropylene underwear under turtlenecks and sweaters, you stay dry and warm. The outer layer is waterproof, windproof and breathable. The result: high-tech fashion that can save your life on a winter's day.



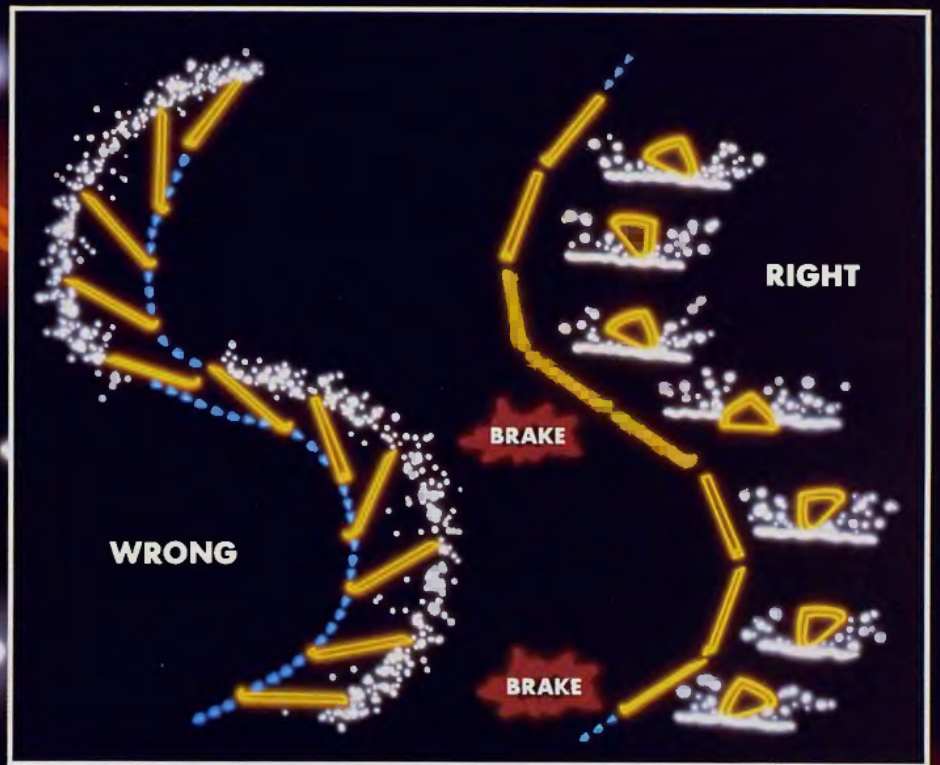
# HOW TO SKI POWDER

*the experts reveal their secrets*

Some skiers believe that powder skiing is for experts only, that it is extremely demanding. If you believe that, fine. It will keep the slopes empty. We'll have the powder to ourselves while you're negotiating icy moguls back East or avoiding the crowds on a catwalk. Powder is resilient. You have to slow down to ski powder. The moves are unhurried, as they are in a space walk. The analogy holds. This is weightless skiing. You keep your hands forward, using the poles as batons to set your rhythm and to keep your body facing downhill. You relax. The more you relax, the more you fly. Powder skiing is as easy and as natural as breathing.



Smith double-lens goggles, at left, with a built-in fan resist fogging. Until recently, Hans Gmoser skied on leather boots. Now he wears a pair of Salomon SX-91s, illustrated here, that feature adjustable flex and forward lean. In powder, you ski your boot, not your ski. You do not sit back to keep your ski tips up. Instead, you try for a three-point pressure against your shins, heels and toes. To bring the tips up, increase the pressure on the heels, but carefully. Put pressure on the big toe of your outside foot and the little toe of your inside foot and drive your knees in the turn.



Are you ready for the powder and the glory? Here's how to tell. If you skid your turns (above left), scraping your edge to slow down, you will die in powder. If you carve a turn, putting weight on the edge and letting the ski make the turn, you are ready. In powder, you bank the ski (above right) to create a turning surface with the bottom of the ski. Generate a rhythmic up-and-down motion (below), which helps keep you loose and balanced. Some skiers raise their outside arms to bring their skis to the surface. Pretend your skis are a single ski and distribute your weight evenly between the two.



# WOMEN OF MENSA

(continued from page 73)

11. If it were two hours later, it would be half as long until midnight as it would be if it were an hour later. What time is it now?

12. Two of the shapes below represent mirror images of the same shape. Which are they?



13. Statistics indicate that men drivers are involved in more accidents than women drivers. The only conclusion that can certainly be drawn is that:

- (A) Male chauvinists are wrong, as usual, about women's abilities.
- (B) Men are actually better drivers but drive more frequently.
- (C) Men and women drive equally well, but men lag more total mileage.
- (D) Most truck drivers are men.
- (E) There is not enough information to justify a conclusion.

14. In the following set of numbers, a rule of arithmetic applies across and down so that two of

the numbers in a line produce the third. What is the missing number?

6	2	12
4	5	20
24	10	?

15. If  $A \times B = 24$ ,  $C \times D = 32$ ,  $B \times D = 48$  and  $B \times C = 24$ , what does  $A \times B \times C \times D$  equal?

- (A) 480
- (B) 576
- (C) 744
- (D) 768
- (E) 824

16. What word do the following letters make when they are unscrambled?

LELEINSOVS

17. Find the two words nearest in meaning to each other.

- (A) beam
- (B) lump
- (C) giggle
- (D) ray
- (E) collection

18. If Jim turns right or left at the stop sign, he will run out of gas before he reaches a service station. He has already gone too far past a service station to return before he runs out of gas. He does not see a service station ahead. Only one of the following statements can be positively deduced:

- (A) He may run out of gas.
- (B) He will run out of gas.

- (C) He should not have taken this route.
- (D) He is last.
- (E) He should turn right at the stop sign.
- (F) He should turn left at the stop sign.

19. Which of the four lower selections best completes the series on the top?



20. If an airplane travels at an average rate of 500 miles per hour, how long will it take to complete 20 trips, of which five are for 1000 miles, five for 1500 miles, five for 2000 miles and five for 3000 miles?

- (A) Two days, 18 hours
- (B) Two days, 21 hours
- (C) Three days
- (D) Three days, three hours

**Mensa Quiz Answers**

1. (C) Delete the horizontal line in the asterisk as it was deleted in the circle.

2. (D) and (E)

3. (C) Positive and negative change positions, while neutral remains in the same place.

4. (C)

5. (E) The other words are all nouns.

6. (33) The difference between the numbers is progressively multiplied by 2 and added to the next number.

7. (49) 9 is 3 squared, 16 is 4 squared, 25 equal 240.

8. Earth

9. (2) In each vertical and horizontal row, the second number is subtracted from the first.

10. Present

11. (Nine P.M.)

12. (B) and (D)

13. (E)

14. (240)  $24 \times 10$  and  $12 \times 20$  both equal 240.

15. (D) You don't have to determine the values of A, B, C and D. Just multiply  $24 \times 32$ .

16. Loveliness

17. (A) and (D)

18. (A) Just because Jim doesn't see a service station doesn't mean there isn't one.

19. (D) The ball gets larger in each box and the triangle stays the same size. The ball and the triangle keep alternating positions.

20. (D)



"Oh . . . by the way, so is my period."

**Scoring**

Give yourself one point for each correct answer. You receive an additional five points for finishing the test in less than 15 minutes, three points for finishing in less than 20 minutes and two points for less than 25 minutes. If you scored:

20-25 points—you are a perfect candidate for Mensa.

15-19 points—you are in the higher percentiles of the population and definitely a Mensa candidate.

10-14 points—nothing to be ashamed of. It's a respectable score and you should try the standard Mensa test.

Fewer than 10 points—forget about joining Mensa, but don't stew about it. Some of the most successful people don't have exceptionally high I.Q.s, either.



# A to B in 0.2 secs!

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**QUICK REVERSE**

## JOHNSON AND THOMAS (continued from page 120)

*"People say, 'You're guys, not cops.' People have named their goldfish after us. It's a good image."*

Mark Twain fan. And Faulkner. And Tennessee Williams, God rest his wicked soul.

14.

PLAYBOY: Imagine for us, if you will, Lieutenant Castillo's private life.

JOHNSON: [Big laugh] We've discussed this at great length and make jokes about it all the time. We say he's into little boys or that he hangs out on school grounds and picks up teenaged girls. My favorite thing is to do a Castillo. [Does this] You walk up to a wall, face two inches away, put your hands in your pockets, don't blink, don't smile and say, very directly, "Find them." Eddie Olmos has the character down so well that he doesn't even have to talk anymore. All he has to do is look.

THOMAS: People are amazed that he's so friendly off screen. At home, Castillo probably sits in the Zen position, puts on a kamikaze headband, lights candles and chants. I've never met a cop remotely like him.

15.

PLAYBOY: You're television's newest clothes-horses, and viewers are very familiar with your choices in outerwear. Do you have any input on your wardrobe? Do you get to keep it?

THOMAS: I get no input on the wardrobe, but I'm extremely happy with it. I get to keep it only if I buy it. [Laughs] You don't get anything from *Miami Vice* that you don't earn.

JOHNSON: I can keep all of the wardrobe I want. But although the audience sees it for

only five or ten minutes at a time, I sometimes have to wear it for days or weeks. So by the time the show is over, the outfit is dead to me, even though the actual fashion hasn't hit the streets. In fact, I wore a variation of my *Miami Vice* clothing long before I did the show. I figured a T-shirt, jeans and a sports coat were right for anything short of meeting the queen.

16.

PLAYBOY: The groundwork for *Miami Vice*'s success was probably laid, to some extent, by the popularity of Brian De Palma's film *Scarface*. What's your favorite scene from that movie?

THOMAS: I liked the one where Angel got his arm and leg cut off by Hector, the guy with the chain saw. That was one of the most violent scenes in memory. Also, at the end, when my man Pacino had that pile of cocaine on the desk and he was frozen from head to toe, and then he got shot. In real life, you do not die like that. After the first couple of hits, life is gone.

JOHNSON: My favorite moment is also the rip-off scene in the tiny South Beach hotel on Ocean Avenue, with the chain saw. Hector was Al Israel, who has been on our show. With my checkered past, I could relate to the rip-off—very well. So I thought it was done nicely. In fact, a good friend of mine, Steve Bauer, was in the scene as Manolo. We met when we were both in the TV series *From Here to Eternity*, which was his first gig in Hollywood. I kind of took him under my wing and said, "Hey, pal." How was I to know that

he would end up marrying my ex-wife? [Laughs] I think I trained him too well.

17.

PLAYBOY: Who is your best friend?

JOHNSON: Probably Patti [D'Arbanville]. I trust her implicitly. She unconditionally cares about me and I about her. We have the obvious problems that come from any kind of relationship, only ours are a little more public. But one reason we're able to maintain our relationship is that we're not married. A lot of times, in a marriage, you end up living someone else's idea of what it's supposed to be like, some storybook thing. As I said about partying, I've partied. I've also been married.

THOMAS: God. I spend a lot of time in meditation on the Creator.

18.

PLAYBOY: What do you do in your spare time?

THOMAS: I'm a workaholic. I write and produce music all the time, even on the set between shots. I've spent more than \$100,000 of my own money on my album, which came out last June. I took that chance because I believe in myself and because you can expect the unexpected from me.

JOHNSON: I take Ken dolls and the like, and after making cutouts of various items, I sculpt miniatures of memorable *Miami Vice* busts! [Laughs—then shows us he's not kidding]

19.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the on-screen relationship between Crockett and Tubbs is a model for adult male bonding in the Eighties?

JOHNSON: It's something I didn't plan on having happen. I also didn't plan on everyone's picking up on it, but people did. I have gotten very bored with traditional male relationships—no touching, no holding, no genuine closeness, none of that stuff that might be misconstrued, you know. And that's the way most actors have portrayed them—out of fear. I have no fear of that, so I can allow myself to be as close, open, vulnerable, weak or gentle as possible toward my partner or friends. And I'm gratified that people have begun to pick up that it's OK for men to be close without thinking they're light in their loafers.

THOMAS: It could be true. People come up to me and say, "You're guys, not cops." People have named their goldfish after us, and dogs. It's a good image.

20.


PLAYBOY: What's the toughest job in the United States?

THOMAS: Being poor.

JOHNSON: Nancy Reagan's. [Laughs] I'll probably get in trouble, but I think it must be very tiring to keep saying, "Dutch, wake up. Wake up. The Joint Chiefs are waiting for an answer."



(continued from page 90)



**SAAB 9000  
TURBO:**

**TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS**

Under the 9000's hood is a transversely mounted, two-liter, four-cylinder turbocharged engine with 16 valves that develops 160 hp. The gearbox is a five-speed manual. There are disc brakes on all wheels and the steering is power-assisted rack and pinion. Length: 15'2". Weight: about 2950 pounds. Zero to 60 in about eight seconds. Top speed: about 140 mph. Price: \$22,000 to \$25,000 (estimated). Warranty: three years or 36,000 miles.

## Getting the Message (continued from page 112)

*"In affairs of the heart, a good bartender is a liaison, an advisor; and this was a good bartender."*

heard her say simply, "Help me."

Help me.

I've never been one of those people who refuse to get involved. I asked the bartender if he knew who she was. He gave me the once-over, determining if I was an all-right kind of guy, which I am, and then he nodded. In affairs of the heart, chance encounters such as this, a good bartender is a liaison, an advisor, and this was a good bartender. He said he thought her name was Whitney. Was she a model, I had to know, a movie star, a goddess—was she *real*? He smiled and said she was real—he believed she worked in an office.

"There has to be a way," I said to myself. I make my living writing persuasive copy, persuading people to buy things, using words. And there had to be a means of getting the words to her, if fate were all it was cracked up to be, and it had to be destiny that brought us together. I never do anything unless it's inevitable, and this was.

I took a pen and wrote a note on a cocktail napkin. I got the barmaid to take it to her, explaining that she shouldn't let the blonde's companion see the note or it would ruin the surprise. The note said:

You may be unaware of this, but the man you're with is a *clone*. DO NOTHING SUSPICIOUS. I'm from the future, and I know these things. Meet me outside the rest rooms in ten minutes. Trust me. I work for the Xyglin League of Planets, the FBI, the CIA, the Harvard Alumni Association and the *Love Boat* show.

A Friend

The barmaid believed in love and was a willing messenger. She slipped my note under a blank second napkin, with just a corner of my handwriting exposed. My heart raced. Would the blonde laugh? Would she tell the goon she was with? Would he come over and beat the crap out of me? He was built like a Percheron, though he didn't look nearly as bright. I'm small and have a bum knee—I could neither flee nor fight. I was putting my life in her hands. That's how much I believed in her.

She discreetly read the note. She chuckled to herself when she was done. The lummo asked her what was so funny, and I read her lips, telling him, "Never mind." It could hardly have gone better.

"If you don't mind my nosing in," the bartender said, "what'd your note say?" I told him.

"Writing notes on cocktail napkins is an art form," I said. "I've been doing it since I was five. I should write a how-to book.

I'd make a fortune."

I boast to bartenders. So what? They expect it. They're disappointed if you don't.

"Watch this," I said. I took another napkin from the stack and wrote:

Actually, I am a medical student from a prestigious nearby university. I couldn't help noticing that your boyfriend is a carrier of bubonic plague. I would be happy to give you an examination. This is not a come-on—my main concern is for humanity. Meet me outside in five minutes.

A Friend

"Not bad," the bartender said. "Try it." He called the barmaid over and told her to deliver my billet-doux, as covertly as before, to the blonde. Whitney read the

second note, holding it under the table, out of view from the clodhopper, smiled, crushed the note in her hand and stuffed it behind her in the booth. She looked around the room, while her date rambled on, analyzing the commodities market, reciting the phone book—whatever it was. I could see he was boring her to tears.

"See that?" I said. "She's dying to meet me—she can't stand not knowing who it is."

"Who what is?" the man on the barstool next to me asked.

"The blonde over there," I told him. "She's been giving me the eye ever since she walked in."

"She's gorgeous," he said. I grabbed another napkin.

"Now I let her know which of us hunks is me," I said.

Actually, do you see the well-dressed, handsome, wealthy-looking man at the bar? He's my bodyguard. I'm the guy on his left. I have to dress this way to throw off suspicion. Whatever he might have told you, the man you're with is a hit man for the Mafia, and he's after me. He always takes a



*"He's been that way ever since he picked up that female impersonator by mistake."*

woman with him when he makes his contracts. DO NOTHING.

In 30 seconds, I'm going to walk out the door. Follow me—your life could depend on it. My bodyguard will detain your date long enough for us to get away. I'll explain everything.

A Friend

This time, Whitney laughed out loud. Again, the doofus with her asked what was so funny, and again, she told him it was nothing. She looked straight at me. I smiled my top-of-the-line designer smile, the one I save for special occasions. I was scoring points like Dr. J one on one with Mickey Rooney.

"That got her attention," the guy next to me said.

"Give me a break," I said. "She wants me and she wants me bad."

"So go over there," the bartender said.

"The trick is to get them to meet you somewhere," I said. "If the guy she's with should happen to be some rich husband, then we're going to need his money to fly off to St.-Tropez. Trust me; I know what I'm doing." The bartender handed me another napkin.

"Make your next move, Ace," he said. I love it when bartenders call me Ace.

I considered. I could tell her that two policemen had just asked me if I knew who her companion was, that she didn't look to me like the type to get involved with drugs, though her date did, and that if she wanted to avoid going to jail, she could meet me by the pay phone and we could

duck out back. Nothing is more romantic to a woman than the idea of being a fugitive on the lam with someone. Even so, I sensed it was time to get serious.

All kidding aside, there's no time to explain, but the wife of the man you're with just went into the ladies' room, honest. If you want to avoid an ugly scene, pretend you left something in the car, and I'll meet you in the parking lot. I can give you a lift home if you need one.

A Friend

"What do you think?" I said, showing it to the bartender first.

"Definitely a winner," he said.

"Go for it," the man beside me said.

This time, my beautiful blonde read my missive, closed her eyes, shook her head, perhaps blushing—it was too dark to tell—then looked at me as if to say I should be ashamed of myself. I looked at her as if to say, "I should be, I know, but I'm not."

"I believe she's definitely warming to you," the guy next to me opined.

"Why shouldn't she?" I said. "Now I bring out the big gun."

"What's that?" the bartender asked.

"Sincerity," I said. "Someone asked Laurence Olivier what the secret to great acting was, and he said, 'Sincerity—once you can fake that, the rest is easy.'"

I wrote my last note carefully, measuring my words. I was taking my best shot, shooting the moon, betting my wad, all my eggs, in for a penny, and the fate of the nations hung in the balance.

Dear Whitney,

All kidding truly aside, I have to meet you. I don't know why, but I felt sincerely, profoundly moved the minute you walked in. Beneath this obnoxious-joker mask is a nice guy who would like a little time with you to express himself. I never believed in magic before, but then, I don't believe how attracted to you I feel, either. How can I see you? What should I do? I have no choice but to put it in your hands.

Tom at the bar

"If this works, that's not the only place I'll be putting it in," I told my new buddies, my allies in this endeavor. My friends wanted to know what my final note said. "I hate to disappoint you, boys," I said, "but this one is personal."

Again, my heart raced. To add to the drama, just as the barmaid delivered my note, the palooka, the only obstacle between me and the girl of my dreams, rose and went to the cigarette machine. Whitney read my message and looked at me appraisingly. Clearly, she knew she was making an important decision. Then she took a pen from her purse and wrote something on her own cocktail napkin. Just when I thought my heart could pound no harder, it jumped into double time. Whitney gestured to our go-between and handed her the reply, pointing at me. The barmaid laid the napkin, words down, on the mahogany before me. Both the bartender and the guy next to me leaned toward me.

"Do you mind?" I said. "This could be extremely private."

I lifted the napkin as though it were my last hole card and I'd just bet the farm, slowly, letter by letter, word by word, until its contents were revealed to me. It said:

All kidding aside, really, Tom at the bar:

1. The man I'm with is my brother.
2. The man next to you is the bartender's brother.
3. The bartender is my husband.
4. You should probably leave.

Whitney

"See ya later, boys," I said, slapping a ten-dollar bill onto the bar. "Keep the change."

"Going somewhere?" the bartender asked.

"Yeah, she's meeting me," I said, "back at my karate studio, where I teach. Plus, I left my pit bull in the car, and he's probably dying to get out." I left in a hurry. I didn't stop for a block and a half. I had to ask myself, had it been the truth? Or had I simply been bested, beaten at my own game? If it wasn't one kind of truth, it was definitely another. I've always believed life is too short and too precious to worry about the difference. Cut your losses and go home. That's what I've always said.



"You're right, Mac—it is a bowl of roaches."





# Small Wonder

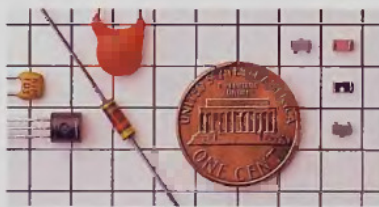
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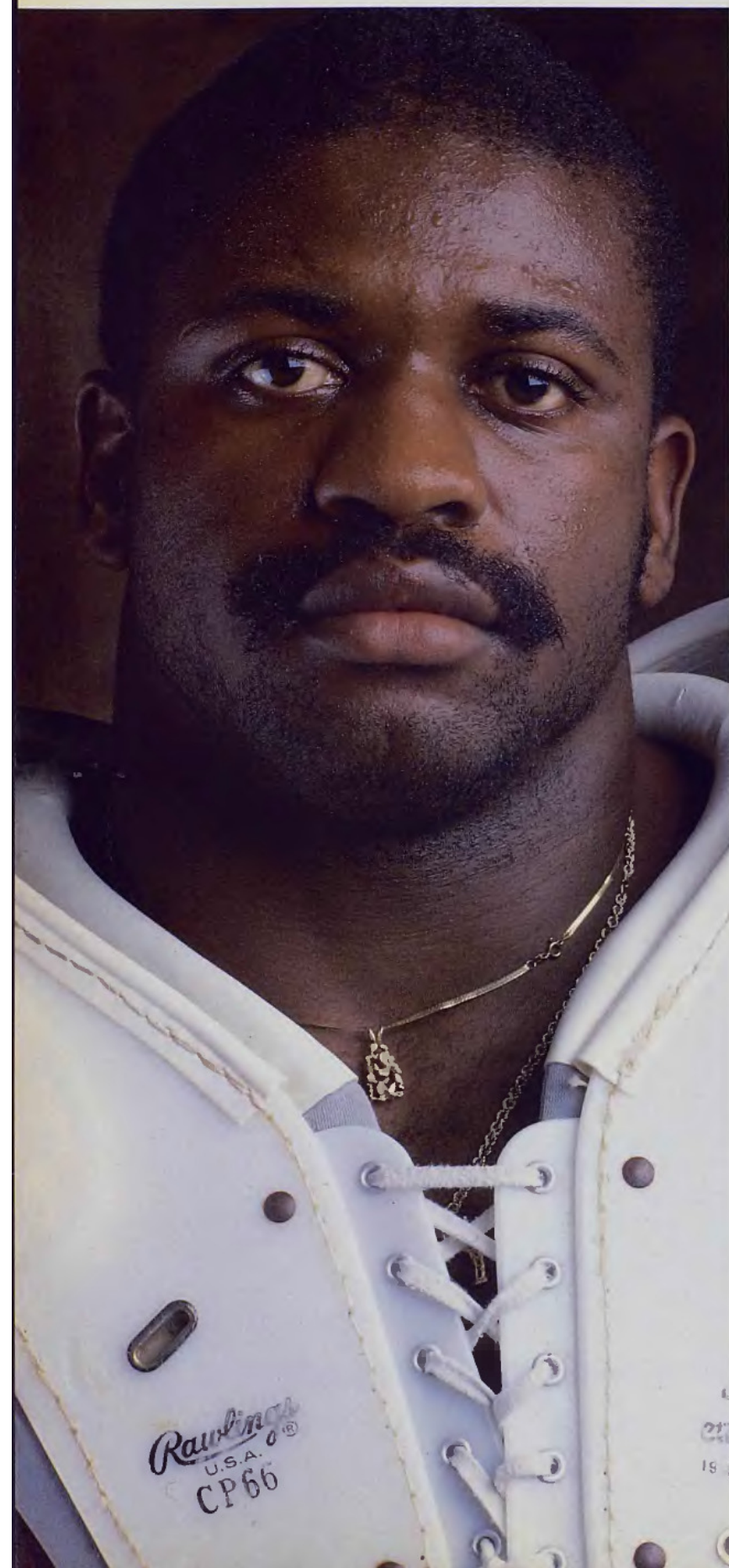
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# FAST FORWARD



## ◀ KENNETH DAVIS *horned-frog hero*

It took Mark Twain to get jumping frogs some ink. Now running back Kenneth Davis is doing the same for another species of Ranidae. The Horned Frogs of Texas Christian University, riding Davis' broad shoulders, have jumped off football's endangered list for the first time since the days of Sammy Baugh.

"I don't have any trouble with the nickname," says the most famous Horned Frog. "As far as teasing from other teams—they haven't tried it with me. I like horned frogs. They're not the kind of mascot you run across every day." Unless you're driving in Texas.

One of 12 Davis kids from Temple, Texas, Kenneth does his driving through defensive backfields—he averaged eight yards a carry last year. Beyond a Mack-truck chassis that goes from zero to 60 in no time at all, his secret is the power of positive dreaming.

"Before a game—honest—I'll try to have visions," he says. "I'll get the ball, say, and go to the side line. Then I'll look out the corner of my eye and see the fans start to rise. Before our game against Baylor, I had a vision of myself breaking a long one. Then I took a pitchout and went 75 yards—just the way I'd seen it in my dream. It's wild."

Which is how N.F.L. scouts go about picking 5'11", 215-pound Heisman Trophy candidates. Next year, they'll be dangling megabucks under Davis' nose.

"The first thing I'll buy will be a whole lot of concrete," he says, smiling. "My mother wants a concrete driveway and walkway and *everything*." —KEVIN COOK

## ◀ PETER COYOTE

*edging toward stardom*

"I'm 44 years old and I've lived about 17 lifetimes," maintains Peter Coyote, with only slight exaggeration. He has been a mime, a radical, a psychedelic gypsy and a politician, but his latest incarnation—as an actor—is undoubtedly his most successful. In a slew of films, from *E.T.*, *Cross Creek* and *Heartbreakers* to the current *Jagged Edge*, he has garnered a quiet reputation as an actor of surprising versatility. Insiders often refer to him as a latter-day Robert Duvall, which excites even the unflappable Coyote: "That's the single most thrilling thing I've heard as an actor."

The road to such accolades has not been without a few detours. "The Grateful Dead paid for me, Ken Kesey and two Hell's Angels to go to London to see what the Beatles were *really* about, he recalls. He spent the next few years living in his truck or in communes and eventually took a job teaching acting to ghetto kids. He made a slow *segue* into politics after then-governor Jerry Brown appointed him to the California Arts Council. "And I had a kind of epiphany. I realized I didn't have to stay on the fringes. I wanted to measure myself on the big board."

He continues to measure up handsomely. Still, he keeps his home in Northern California, avoiding even a hint of Hollywood. "As a friend once told me," he says, "'Peter, don't buy your own poster.'" —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

RON MESAROS

## SETH GODIN ▶

*micro lit*

According to the message on the computer screen, you are trapped in an underground cave. You have only one match. After considerable thought, you slowly type in, STRIKE THE MATCH. The disk drives whirl for a moment, then a new message pops up: A SMALL BREEZE HAS COME UP. BLOWING OUT YOUR MATCH. TOUGH LUCK! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO NOW? This is the new world of computerized interactive fiction, a form of digital entertainment that is touted to change the way we respond to literature. It actually makes the reader a character in a fictional story. He moves the action along by giving the computer instructions and, through a cannily crafted program of answers, the computer responds as if it actually knew what was being said.

Leading the way in bringing these tall tales to high tech is Spinnaker Software, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, with its Telarium line of interactive-fiction programs. In a little more than a year, Seth Godin, 24, Spinnaker's product-development manager, has managed to assemble a stable of writers that would be envied by any conventional publisher. Works by Michael Crichton, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert A. Heinlein and Ray Bradbury have already been digitized, along with a series of Perry Mason mysteries by Erle Stanley Gardner. Some are written specifically for the computer, such as Crichton's *Amazon*; others are adaptations, such as Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*. Godin says his products are not merely elaborate video games but "go for the emotions, allowing you to pretend you are the lead character and forcing you to think as he does."

Although Telarium racked up more than \$2,000,000 in sales during its first three months on the market, the kick for Godin isn't the commercial success—it's rubbing elbows with his boyhood idols. "I was always a science-fiction buff, and just talking with these men is a dream come true."

—ROBERT E. CARR



JIM SCHNEPP

*"I don't care if it's in the shower or on a rug with cat fur, we do what we wanna do."*

contenders for her "royal throne." On a wall between the bathroom and the bedrooms, in purple and red Magic Marker, were lists of dozens of names of men Justine and Suzi wanted to sleep with and/or marry. Most were celebrities, such as Mike Peters of The Alarm and Mick MacNeil of Simple Minds. Others were famous only around Lower Greenville, the funky Dallas neighborhood the girls lived in. All the names had little boxes beside them, and some of the boxes were notched with check marks. A scoreboard by Justine's door awarded 50 points for celebrities, five points for "gay boys."

"I'll tell you about modern girls," Justine said, twirling her empty cup around so I'd pour more champagne into it. "The only thing they want to have in life is fun. They live in dives, work yucky jobs, nothing glamorous, but it pays bills, and they have money for drugs, money for clothes, money to buy the pill each month, 'cause naturally fun equals sex, sex, sex. Modern girls are liberated; that's the key. I mean, we shave our armpits, but that's about it. No more of this tradition. And modern girls are good in bed; right, Suzi?"

And they're not hung up about anything. They get bummed with men occasionally, but their over-all attitude is 'Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.'"

"I think they're more open during sex," Suzi said, sitting on the carpet in her doorway, taking little sips of champagne. "It's more mutual fulfillment. Before, the guys were like, *errrrr*"—she jerked her hands up in the air and scrunched up her face. "They were just all out for what they wanted, and you could lie there like a dead dog and they probably wouldn't care."

"But now we gotta get something out of it, too," said Justine. "Like, we'll get on top, we'll do positions we like, we'll find out ways—I don't care if it's in the shower or on a rug with cat fur, we do what we wanna do. Also, girls will buy guys flowers, too."

"What about modern guys?" I asked. "What are they like?"

"Usually, they're artistically inclined," said Suzi. "They run a wild art shop or a wild clothing store or a video bar, or they're video jocks or they work for the arts, and their hair is like . . . it's never parted in the middle or to the side, it's

kind of disheveled. And I love baggy boxer shorts on guys. I like baggy pants and suspenders and rolled-up T-shirts, or else the James Dean kind of rebel look." She slipped a single black O ring onto her right wrist, then twisted a string of tiny fake pearls around it.

"So what if you met this perfect guy . . . what would you do?"

"For me, the ideal date would be sitting outside at a French restaurant," said Justine, "wearing my Korean Ray-Bans, drinking wine and having a cigarette in my left hand, talking to an ideal guy. He's got a suntan and disheveled hair and a cigarette and a goofy leather jacket, with nice Italian shoes with nice white socks. He'll talk about Camus or some great artist and talk about silly things, like what your roommate did to you when you were asleep. Then he'll take the half-wilted carnation out of the vase and give it to you."

"In a way, I'm so traditional," Suzi said. "To me, an ideal date would be to go on a picnic and have a basket with fruit and cheese and a bottle of wine. Just sit around and talk and relax and enjoy each other's company. Just to be with somebody."

The champagne was all gone. "Do you think we should go out somewhere?" Justine said. "It's only 11."

I'd borrowed my best friend's 1966 turquoise Tempest. It moves around corners like the Love Boat and roars like a Greyhound bus, but it has nice lines and a tape deck. We drove it to the Inwood Lounge, a sleek, high-tech bar with soundproof windows through which you can see foreign films playing at the moviehouse next door. There was running water along the walls, a revolving hologram of Marcello Mastroianni smoking a cigarette and a center table where Justine and Suzi sat drinking Bailey's on the rocks. They had said their hellos to half a dozen people on the way in, including a razor-thin bartender with a curly spit of black hair dangling down his forehead.

"That's Tony," Justine said. "He programs all the music they play here." Above the hum of the crowd and the rush of nearby water, a song by Bronski Beat was playing. Modern music.

Justine was running our table, switching topics of conversation every 90 seconds. ("David, did you know I've had three Greek guys in a row? It's incredible. . . . Suzi's been a vegetarian for six years. Me, six months. . . . I'm moving to England and getting married this year. Just wait.") Then she froze, looked sideways and made a face.

"A guy just walked by who always bothered me," she said. "He always came into On the Air and tried some line on me. He's the kind of guy who wears skinny ties and goes, 'I'm New Wave!' All I could do was laugh at him." She took a drag of her cigarette and glanced at her roommate. "You're talking a lot, Suzi."



*"The films indicate that we can take advantage of their left inside linebacker, their right cornerback and several of their cheerleaders."*

"I'm sorry." Suzi sipped at her Bailey's, looking over toward Justine's inept suitor. She'd been staring for a long time in the direction of Mastroianni's holographic image, seemingly in another world.

When she got up to go to the bathroom, Justine leaned over and whispered, "Suzi's depressed."

"What about?"

"I don't know. Probably this guy Bud. You know, that blond-haired guy who looks sorta like a British rock star? She's been going out with him for a few months, and he's a real jerk. I don't like him. You can't joke with him, and Suzi and I joke so much. And besides, he's fucking around."

We decided that just wouldn't do. We were getting drunk, and we wanted to be happily drunk. We wanted Suzi to be happily drunk. Justine stabbed her straw into her drink. "Our mission: Cheer up Suzi."

The lounge was fully stocked with upscale New Wavers. Models with electrified hair stood under neon lights and posed like friezes, clutching napkin-wrapped drinks. As Suzi maneuvered her way back to our table, the neon seemed to spotlight her face and her long white dress, which swayed gently with each step.

"Doesn't Suzi look pretty tonight?" Justine asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Hey, Suzi, tell David which one of us is sexier."

Suzi sat down and smiled, rolling her eyes. "Justine will tell you she's ten points sexier and I'm four points bitchier."

"It's true! The *Cosmo* quiz told us! I'd used every position, so I'm 10 points over you."

"But you're five years younger than Suzi. How could you be so far ahead?"

"I've learned enough between 18 and 19 to last a lifetime," Justine said. "At 14, I learned that men sucked; at 15, men sucked; at 16, men sucked *dicks*; at 17, I found out all men were gay; at 18, men sucked; and at 19, men are all getting married."

"I'm going to make a call," Suzi said. "This is too depressing."

"Depressing? Everybody falls in love with you! It's always 'Where's Suzi?' I can't even have a boyfriend without him falling in love with Suzi!"

We watched Suzi walk off toward the phone. "She's probably going to call Bud," Justine said, shrugging her shoulders. Then she pouted and looked provocatively toward the bar, so our waiter would come ask what she wanted.

By 12:30, we'd gravitated downtown to the Twilite Room, the only hard-core-punk club in Dallas. It shared a block with a bail-bond place and a porno movie-house, and it was crowded with a mix of scuzzed-out young punks with violent haircuts and crucifix jewelry, drunken, aging punks left over from 1978 and SMU frat rats shooting pool. Justine introduced me to a blonde in her late 20s. "This

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is Terri," she said. "She used to run that vintage clothing store Shady Lady. Now she's teaching me to be one."

We decided we were getting too buzzed; we needed something refreshing, like a few bottles of cold Mexican beer. A sexy bartender in a black prom dress pulled the tops off a few Coronas, and I took them back to where the girls stood lounging by the jukebox. Justine asked for a quarter to play *The Day the World Turned Day-Glo*, by X-Ray-Specs, and we leaned against the wall, sipping our beers. Our attempt to cheer up Suzi had backfired, and now all three of us were feeling pretty bummed. Maybe it was from drinking wine and champagne so early. It was stuffy and loud, so we retreated to a quiet spot, a fire escape that looked down on the grimy eastern edge of downtown. We sat down, clinking our bottles on the wrought iron, and Justine and Suzi talked about men. It wasn't like earlier in the night, though, when they had seemed like Eighties versions of Ann-Margret in *Kitten with a Whip*. Now they weren't joking around.

"It's weird how I met Bud," Suzi said. "We were giving away albums at On the Air, and I was throwing them down from the v.j.'s window, and I hit Bud on the head." She looked tired. She pulled her knees up to her chin and looked down at some Mexicans pulling up to the bail-bond place. "I told myself when I started dating him, 'Don't fall in love with him,

because that's the only way you can have a happy relationship with him.' I mean, he's a nice guy, but he has a lot of problems, and until he works them out, he won't be a good boyfriend—you know, someone who's able to give in a relationship. But *nooooo*, what do I do?"

"Does he know you love him?"

"No, I've never told him that. See, what's so stupid is I have a hard time admitting my feelings, because I don't trust men. Because I've been hurt so much."

"Why do we get stuck with all these bum guys?" Justine yelled. "We deserve so much better. I think that Suzi and I are two of the nicest, most ideal people to go out with, 'cause we're honest when we want to be. And we respect guys more than anyone I know."

"Like, with Bud," Suzi said, "it's how he treats me . . . a lot of the time, it isn't the way you'd treat somebody you really cared about. It's like I have a really bad self-image at times, or else why would I put up with that?"

I was astonished. "But there must be millions of guys asking you out all the time! Nice guys, great guys."

"It seems like nobody ever asks me out," she said. "I've been stood up more than any girl I know."

"I don't understand why you'd go out with someone who makes you feel that way."

"It's because," Justine said, "there's no

one else special to go out with who makes her feel important, and she's too good a person to feel lonely all the time."

The problem, the girls agreed, was just what Justine had figured out at 14: Men suck. They chanted it together, like a mantra, so loud that a couple of punks looked up at us from the sidewalk below.

"That says it right there," Suzi said. "I really respect men who are intelligent, who aren't into themselves or how they look. But every guy I've gone out with who was smart has been dry and boring, and then the ones I'm attracted to who are rebellious and fun, like Bud, are always promiscuous and not willing to have a relationship. It's, like, I give up, I really do. If somebody were to come along who was really caring, it would be 'Bye, Bud.' But right now, I'm just kind of waiting in there."

We talked a long time, about how Suzi didn't meet her first boyfriend until she was a shy sorority girl at Oklahoma State, and then, after two years, when they'd made plans to get married, she found out he was gay. And how none of the guys took Justine seriously, since she was only 19. And how they both loved to buy *Brides* magazine so they could look at the bridal gowns, and how they sometimes stayed up late at night talking about what they wanted to name their kids.

"I want to get married within a year," Justine said. "Preferably to Mick MacNeil

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of Simple Minds.”

“I don’t think I’m ever going to get married,” Suzi said, touching her Corona bottle with her finger tips. “I’ve always wanted to, but I don’t think I ever will.”

It was approaching two when we climbed into the Tempest and drove across downtown to the Starck Club, the chicest, coolest club in Dallas. Created by the French designer Philippe Starck, it’s the kind of place where Grace Jones gets flown in to perform for the city’s slumming café elite and the top crop of New Wavers who used to go to On the Air. A line of BMWs and Porsches ringed the place; we had to wait awhile before a valet took the keys to the Tempest, and then the girls strode quickly up the Starck steps, slipped past three dozen people teeming against a velvet rope and swept inside with me in their wake, never slowing down as an alert doorman recognized them and whipped up the last rope between us and Starck’s pulsing interior.

It was all smooth gray cement and cloudlike couches and curtains, packed with a writhing ant farm of night people.

“You know what we need?” Justine said.

“Ecstasy.”

We’d discussed this on the drive over from the Twilite Room. Since it was too late to get a drink, taking ecstasy was our only hope of slipping out of our gloomy moods into something more, um, comfortable. This was April, back in the good old days, when 3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine wasn’t yet illegal. We knew it was supposed to mess up your blood pressure and destroy brain cells, but this was Saturday and that was a price we were willing to pay.

Justine went off into the crowd, looking for some, while Suzi and I made our way to the bar. Amazingly, there were still a few seconds left to get a drink. We got four kamikazes for the girls, a double screwdriver for me.

Justine reappeared with two tanned, smiling guys who could have walked out of an episode of *Miami Vice*. “These guys will go get us some X, but they want to see your money,” she whispered to me.

I slipped some 20s out of my jacket pocket and one of them said, “A-OK!”

Justine’s trip alone through Starck seemed to have revitalized her. She shot down her kamikazes and waved at people and kissed an enormous but infinitely graceful black guy who was wearing a tux and waiting tables. His name was Michael. He bussed Suzi, too, and gripped my elbow with his free hand as we were introduced, then went back into the breach to pick up glasses. It was nice meeting someone friendly there—sometimes, places like Starck can be just too cool to take. The *Miami Vice* guys came back with the X, three flat white tablets wrapped in a single piece of toilet tissue. I gave them three 20s and we took

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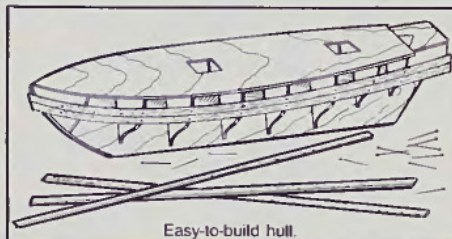
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the X as casually as if it were aspirin.

Justine had barely swallowed hers when she yelled, "Yoo-hoo! Bart!" and ran over to retrieve Bart Weiss, the former video-program director at On the Air. She gripped the arm of his black-leather jacket and said, "You've got to dance with me. But wait here a minute." Suzi and Bart and I stood around talking for a while. A song by the Thompson Twins pumped from the dance floor, which was in a big pit in the middle of the place, and I found myself thinking about my girlfriend.

"It's *really great* being around people in such *very good* moods," Bart said. He had his own reasons to be bummed—On the Air was closed, and he was going through some rocky times with a woman he'd been dating for years. He was at Starck to have fun, to drink and dance with someone like Justine, but the sight of him made Suzi and me mope even more.

Justine came back, stripped off Bart's jacket, draped it on Suzi's narrow shoulders and turned him out toward the dance pit. "Well," she said, turning back to me, "I've conquered one man tonight."

Suzi and I leaned over a rail and watched them dance in the throbbing recesses beneath us. Justine swirled around so her black skirt would revolve, and her cigarette orbited around her, like a tracer bullet in the dark. After a while, we wandered back to the spotlighted stage and sat down on the steps, our chins in our hands. Every now and then, someone would come up and say to Suzi, "Excuse me, but I just wanted to tell you you look absolutely beautiful," and she'd smile politely and say, "Thank you."

I found a napkin and wrote Suzi a note: "So . . . is your life going the way you want it to?"

She read it, gestured for my pen above the noise of a New Order song and wrote back, "No—not at all." When I wrote back asking her to tell me her troubles, she wrote, "I can't—I wish that I could, but I'm sworn to secrecy."

Time passed. The X was kicking in big time. But instead of brightening our nights to the 120th power, it just seemed to make things more bleak. "I don't think we're in party mode," I wrote to Suzi, "and we're certainly not in *Depeche Mode*."

"I think," she wrote back, "we're in *bummed mode*."

Suddenly, with a calm, romantic detachment, I wondered whether or not I was in love with Suzi. I knew the X was part of it—you can fall in love with bright, shiny objects when you're on X—but I'd wondered about this before, without it, during those long, late nights at On the Air. I'd always dismissed it in the bright, sober light of the mornings after—I knew I was too straight, and maybe too plain, for her. The guys I always saw her with wore complicated leather jackets, tied bandannas around the calves of their boots and never seemed to smile. Their jaws were always dusted by a three-day growth

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of beard, and they regarded the world around them—or at least On the Air—with boredom and purposelessness. They made me feel too grounded, too true to life, almost like Ward Cleaver.

And yet . . . I'd always sensed in Suzi something deeper, more yearning, than the cool posings of the people she hung out with. She sometimes seemed bored by the whole scene, or at least resigned to it. Sitting on those steps, I remembered another explanation Justine had offered one night. "Sometimes," she'd said, "Suzi just doesn't like herself very much. It's something that happens with people who are perfect. They're real hard on themselves, and then they can't be happy. And that makes them not be perfect anymore."

I was in the middle of writing Suzi a long, important note when she suddenly stood up, dropped Bart's leather jacket to the floor beside me and walked away without a word. I watched as she stepped through clouds of cigarette smoke lit by bright spots of light, between people who had already paid tribute to her and up to a

guy with disheveled blond hair, a guy who looked like a British rock star. Oh, yeah, Bud. I looked down at my napkin—the ink from my long, complicated note had seeped through it. She couldn't have read it, anyway.

When I caught up with Justine, it was after four and she was still dancing, this time with three gay guys. One of her partners was wearing an ascot and a black-linen suit; he held out his white hands like fans in the air while he danced. Justine was a little drunk. She fell down once while I watched them slink around to Tears for Fears, and later she knocked over a chair on her way to the bar. "That guy's name is Travis," she said, dabbing her forehead with ice water and pointing to a guy who'd said hello to her. "I met him at some frat party at SMU. I had a whole bottle of champagne to myself, and he wanted some."

Justine waved to someone else, showing all her teeth as she smiled. She seemed to have limitless energy, but I was fading

fast. I'd been foraging through Starck, looking for Suzi, for what seemed like forever, and I'd promised myself once again that this was the last time I'd ever do X.

"Have you seen Suzi?" I said.

"She went off to have breakfast with Bud," Justine said, making a face.

"Oh."

She led me back to the bathroom marked FEMMES, a needless distinction, since half the people inside were *hommes*. It was a huge room, all mirrors and stainless steel, with a cloudlike couch in the middle and stalls behind swinging doors. A refugee from El Salvador handed cotton towels to people who barely acknowledged her—they were too busy gaping at their frightful four-A.M. reflections in the fluorescent light.

"I'm so bored," Justine said, pursing her lips before the mirror, "and my hair looks like rat fuck." Then she straightened and put her long gold necklace between her teeth, like a bit.

I had dreamed of walking out of Starck and having the Tempest brought up so I could stroll outside with these two incredible modern girls on either arm, climbing into that turquoise cavern to the oohs and aahs of an adoring crowd. But when Justine and I got outside and stood together on the steps, waiting in line for a valet, I just felt like I'd been in a war or something. I saw someone I knew, and he asked me how things were going. Instead of saying, "I may feel worse than I've ever felt in my life," I shook his hand and said, "Oh, I can't complain."

Justine decided she wanted to go to Denny's for an egg and some hot tea. When we got there, the hostess and waiter did a *Hello, Dolly!* routine with her and gave her her usual corner table. On a whim, I ordered a Grand Slam Breakfast—I thought it might be what I needed. While we picked at our food, Justine talked about how *Heroes*, by David Bowie, was the most important song in the world. She talked about her plans to write a book called *Justalonia's Guide to Sex*. She talked about how she wanted to be "Andy Warhol famous" and how she thought men should wear skirts to night clubs. "It's the newest thing," she said. "It's the androgynous look of the Eighties."

By the time I drove her home and saw her to the door, it was getting close to dawn. A train was going by a long way away, a pickup loaded with Sunday papers pulled up to the curb and Justine kissed me good night on the cheek. I went back to the Tempest and steered it west. I was in something my grandmother used to call a state. As far as I knew, I hadn't learned anything that could help me understand my girlfriend, that could help me understand women or anything at all. All I knew for sure was that I wanted to get home, fall onto my bed and go to sleep for a long, long time.



"We're taking up a little collection to have my daughter's boyfriend's balls cut off. . . ."



## THE TREND TREND

(continued from page 94)

themes is that executives in the near future "will give more and more credence to intuition and hunch." In other words, increasingly accurate, computer-generated, electronically transmitted information, which Naisbitt says will be supremely important in the coming New Economy, also won't be important at all.

Late last year, *Newsweek* tracked down the 13 dumbest people in America and assigned the 14th to write about them. The result was the epochal "Year of the Yuppie" cover story, perhaps the greatest trend story ever told. "It is on the move again," the first of half a dozen separate articles began, "that restless vanguard of the baby-boom generation, continually re-inventing [!] itself as it conquers the undefended decades of the 20th Century."

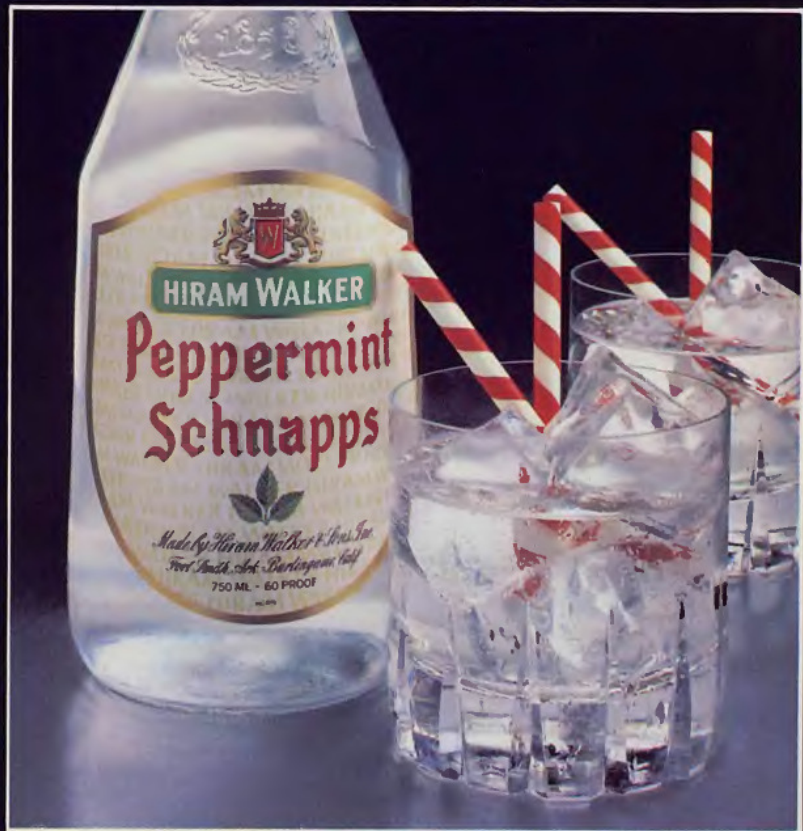
Continually reinventing excuses to write cheery articles about wealthy white people, *Newsweek* steadied its reportorial gaze on a handful of overpaid young assholes and found that their hearts were made of cheese: "How many lives have been shaped by that first taste of brie: brie ripened to the color of a week-old newspaper left on the radiator, brought just to the point at which the lasciviously bulging middle can be greedily scraped onto a cracker without getting any of the chalky white rind . . . a generation once notorious for discovering new ways to make itself feel good has, not surprisingly, found the habit hard to break." Only the magazine that gave us the Hitler diaries could assert that thousands of young Americans are addicted to a kind of cheese and then declare that this is "not surprising."

The indisputable star of the Yuppie story was Carrie Cook, a 25-year-old associate producer in an ad agency in Boston. Cook said things to *Newsweek* that she will surely spend the rest of her life regretting (assuming she actually exists): "I'm totally infatuated with the world of real estate. It makes me feel smart and it gives me more control over my life. . . . If I thought it was a close election, I might not have voted for Mondale. I had the best of both worlds. I could vote my conscience and still come out ahead financially. . . . I don't think earlier generations of young people were as consumed by time as we are. We seem to be moving every minute. If we lose our appointment books, we're through. Too often, we are so preoccupied with the destination, we forget the journey." Cook also revealed that she had submitted a script to *Saturday Night Live* and had devoted scarce leisure hours to inventing a device for spreading suntan lotion.

On the strength of those and other fatuities ("Our marriages seem like mergers, our divorces like divestitures," mused Rob Lewis, a 28-year-old Denver attorney), *Newsweek* posited the existence of a class of venal ex-hippies and cobbled together the

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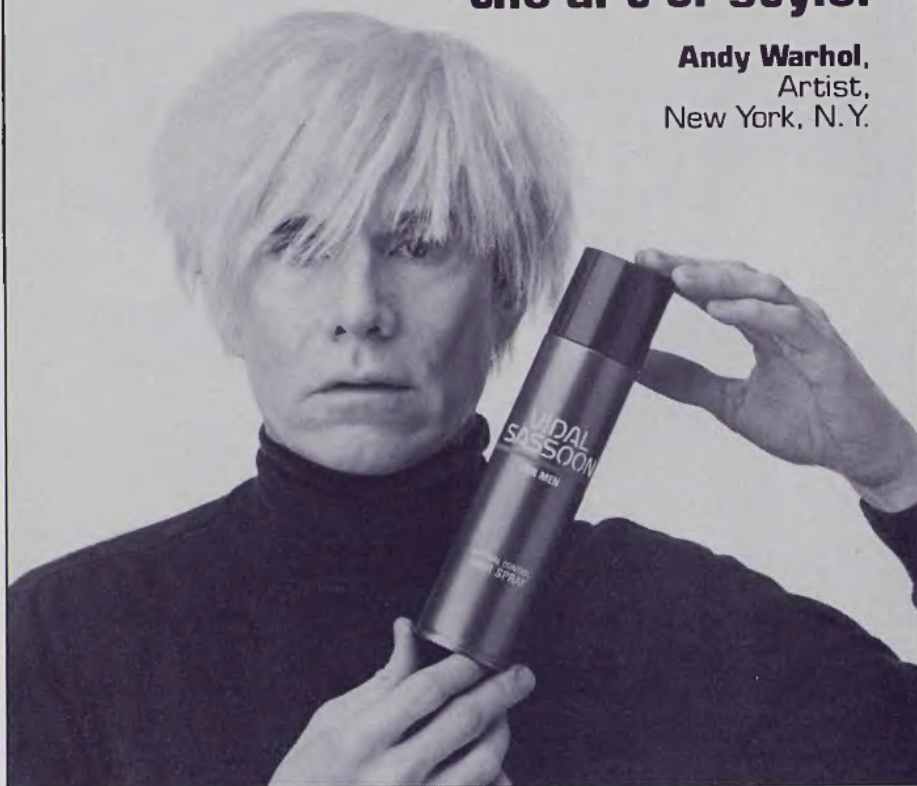


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**Bill Wadhams,**  
Lead Vocal, "Animotion,"  
Los Angeles, Ca.



stupidest news-magazine cover story since *Time's* penetrating investigation into America's love affair with ice cream.

Writing in *The New Republic* a short while later, Alex Heard pointed out that the Yuppie story obeyed his "important Law of Trend Inversibility: . . . Given like social conditions in the United States, if so assigned, the same reporters, writers and editors, in the same time period, could have written an equal and opposite cover story: 'Still Caring After All These Years—The Sixties Generation Keeps Goin' and Growin'.'"

One of America's most important sources of silly trend stories is the "Living" section of *The New York Times*. "Living" writers can hardly write about anything without claiming that it's sweeping the nation. In one such article last January, the *Times* declared that ambitious Americans in their 20s and early 30s were suddenly hurrying through their meals, even sometimes eating them "on the run."

"The phenomenon, which seems to be spreading throughout the United States, has excited the food-service industry and caused Chinese take-out restaurants and streetside vendors alike to flourish," observed the nation's newspaper of record. "Some call it eating, as opposed to dining. Sidney W. Mintz, an anthropologist at Johns Hopkins University, describes it as 'brief meallike interventions throughout the day.'" (Poor Professor Mintz, sitting in Baltimore, eagerly awaiting his big interview with *The New York Times*. At last the phone rings, and . . . it's the "Living" section asking him to define *snack*.)

"Whatever the reasons," continued the *Times*, "the evidence is clear that more people, especially those under 35, are eating smaller meals more and more frequently throughout the day—mostly on the run, more often than not alone." Like most "Living" trend stories, this one easily satisfies Heard's inversibility requirement: "Under the Gun at Work, Ambitious Young Professionals Declare Mealtime a Cease-Fire Zone." It is also completely ridiculous. Busy people have always eaten badly and in a hurry. Frozen dinners were invented not for overachievers in the Eighties but for housewives in the Fifties. "Chinese take-out restaurants and streetside food vendors alike" have been urban fixtures for years.

The snack article exemplifies one of the distinguishing characteristics of most trend stories: the tendency of trend spotters to mistake the changing circumstances of their own lives for full-scale national epidemics. It's as if some young editor on the "Living" section of the *Times* noticed that she and her friends don't have as much time to eat as they did when (A) they lived at home and their mothers did all the cooking or (B) they were in college and had only to present their identification cards in order to be fed. Rather than realize that the haste with which she now eats her meals is merely the

result of the fact that she is now a busy grownup fending for herself, she makes a bold deductive leap and assigns a story concluding that America's social fabric has been rent.

Toward the end of its Yuppie story, *Newsweek* buffed up its crystal ball and imagined an *Ozzie and Harriet* future for its herd of high-rolling baby boomers: "They'll make a fetish of restoring the asbestos shingles on their tract houses, surrender weekends to scraping the rust from authentic back-yard swing sets. They'll build brick barbecues as big as houses and sizzle steaks as big as hubcaps. Every so often they will sit on their patios with a nice highball, and think back to those crazy Eighties, and wonder: What really was the big deal about brie, anyway?"

*Newsweek* said that this vision had been inspired by someone named Carol Colman, of "an influential trend-spotting group" called Inferential Focus. The Yuppies-in-the-yard formulation struck me as having precisely the proper mix of evident truth and palpable absurdity, so I called Colman and asked about her firm.

"We do a lot of work on creativity," she told me. "We put on seminars for creativity, and we try to get our clients to understand the strength of being right-brained instead of just being left-brained and analytic." Brain balancing is only a side light, really. Most of Inferential Focus' business has to do with something called business inferential scanning—B.S., for short. B.S. consists of reading "almost 200 publications a month," Colman said, and then having hunches about what may happen in the future.

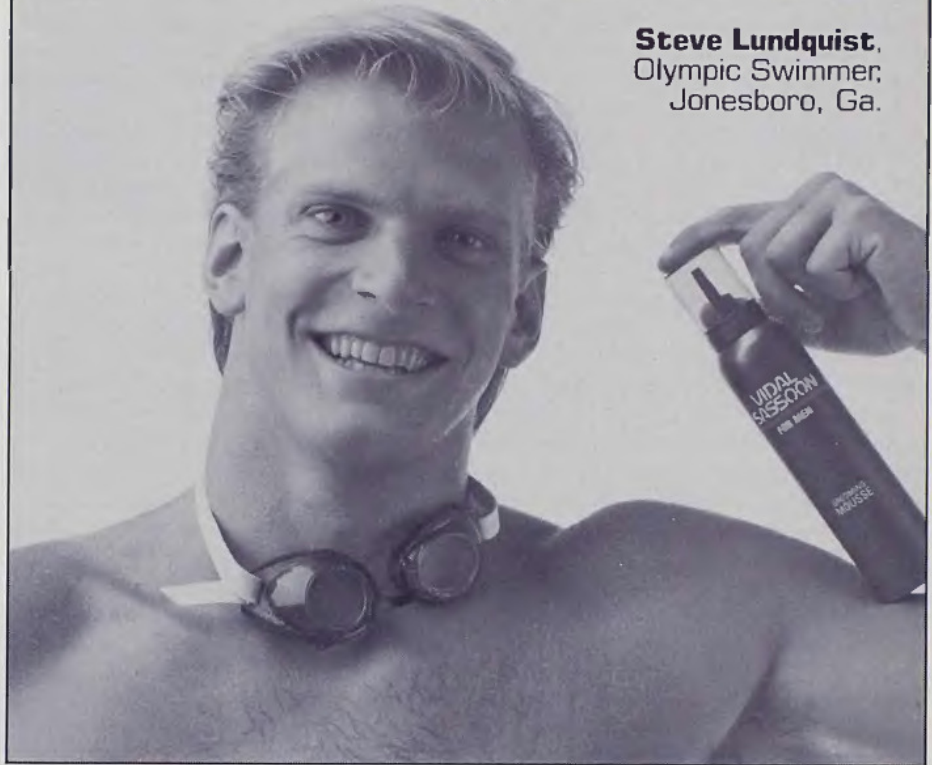
Am I imagining things, or is there a growing trend toward reading 200 or so publications a month? Colman assured me, though, that B.S. is a very different bird from whatever it is that Naisbitt does. Rather than merely count articles, the staff of Inferential Focus—which consists of Colman and three partners—"searches for the unusual, for departures from the 'norm,'" according to one of the firm's publicity releases. "The staff explores anomalies, or events that fall outside of expected patterns. It pieces together its findings, based upon facts that don't fit or that are missing when they should be present. Finally, when the intelligence gatherers have assembled an informational mosaic, they communicate their findings."

Findings are communicated in the form of quarterly oral presentations and more frequent newsletters. The entire package costs about \$24,000 a year. Colman told me that the firm's 150 or so clients are mostly money managers and Fortune 500 companies, though she wouldn't name names. The firm's guiding premise is that professional investors are blinkered by their reliance on hard data, financial analysis, spread sheets and the like ("left brain") and don't pay enough attention to hunch and intuition ("right brain").

"Back in 1979, we saw a little four-line

## "Vidal Sassoon Grooming Mousse for men... everything else is all wet."

**Steve Lundquist,**  
Olympic Swimmer,  
Jonesboro, Ga.



## "If it's good enough for them, it's good enough for me. Because if they don't look good, I don't look good."

**Vidal Sassoon,**  
Chairman of the Board,  
Vidal Sassoon, Inc.,  
Los Angeles, Ca.



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story in *The Wall Street Journal* that said the Saudis were changing their inspection process for all incoming cargo," Colman told me. "They cut the size of the cargo boxes in half and they doubled the size of the doors and they said they were going to inspect them 100 percent, up from 80. We look for anomalies, and that looked strange to us. We were saying, 'Hmmm, they already inspect 80 percent; why are they going to 100?' It suggested to us that they were really fearful of an insurrection, and we called our clients and said, 'What you might do is invest in gold, because if the Saudis are that paranoid, they're going to be taking their money and putting it into gold.' And a few months later, the price of gold doubled."

I may be hopelessly mired in the left side of my brain, but this strikes me as kooky for at least five reasons: (1) The Saudis don't control the price of gold; (2) if "Saudi paranoia" had become so virulent as to be reflected in the country's official cargo-inspection policy and noticed by *The Wall Street Journal*, wouldn't Saudi businessmen probably have noticed this as well and *already* made the switch to gold (assuming that gold buying was their inevitable response to political uncertainty?); (3) you can correctly predict trends in the price of gold 50 percent of the time by flipping a coin; (4) if you put no time limit on your prediction, you can be right 100 percent of the time; (5) if the Inferential Focus method is really so great, why is the firm in the business of selling advice rather than of buying and selling gold?

Colman and her partners have a point when they say that most money managers and other business people rely so heavily on quantifiable facts and figures that they often forget to use their brains (either half). To repeat a traditional metaphor,

they spend so much time looking at the trees—or just the leaves—that they miss the forest. But Inferential Focus and similar firms offer little more than a slightly different version of the same fallacy. A four-line story in *The Wall Street Journal* is a twig, not a glimpse of the woods.

On September 14, 1983, Inferential Focus sent its clients a report called "Focus: Baby-Boom Changes." Its premise was that Yuppies were moving away from the self-absorption of the Seventies (represented by "jogging, health, self-fulfillment and self-enrichment") and returning to "traditional" values. "Poker games with regular members have returned as a social event," the report asserted, citing a *New York Times* article from several months before. "These small-stakes games offer 'the basic thrill of unwinding after a hectic day.' Notice that the rationale for these games is the same as that used in the Seventies to justify jogging; but that this more gregarious and less individualistic activity points back toward more traditional social values."

Now, I happen to remember that *Times* article. It was a standard phony-trend story based on interviews with a handful of the reporter's friends. One of those friends also happened to be a friend of mine; and, as a matter of fact, our weekly poker group was one of six mentioned specifically in the story. Since I am, thus, part of the data on which Inferential Focus based its conclusions about changes in American society, I feel entitled to comment.

First of all, our poker game was nothing new; it had been going on for several years. The same was apparently true of other groups mentioned in the article, one of which was said to be nine years old. Second, our group was made up of people who, generally speaking, had not found it

possible to "justify jogging" in the Seventies or any other decade. Third, far from being busy fast trackers looking for a chance to unwind, the members of our group were almost exclusively lazy, semi-employed free-lance writers looking for an excuse to stay up all night smoking cigarettes and drinking beer in the middle of the week. Fourth, the *Times's* poker story was published not on April 15, as the Inferential Focus report stated, but two weeks earlier, on April Fools' Day.

Of course, none of that necessarily means that Inferential Focus was wrong in asserting that American society was changing. (When has American society ever *not* been changing?) But it does mean that the firm's hunch was just that, a hunch, and not a "conclusion" based on business inferential scanning or any other hokey "method" of extracting secrets from the nation's newspapers.

I wouldn't go so far as to call it a trend, but it does seem to me that American businessmen are increasingly susceptible to this sort of witch doctoring. The trend sleuths at Inferential Focus properly look askance at most of what passes for financial analysis in the business world, but all they can offer in its place is a third-hand reworking of other people's misconceptions. Carol Colman and her partners may live in cerebral harmony, but the published sources on which their business depends are put together by left-brained drudges.

Content analysis of the *Megatrends* variety is similarly contaminated. As John Naisbitt would know if he *actually* read 200 newspapers a month, much of American daily journalism could just as easily be known by its older title: plagiarism. *The New York Times* publishes a story about snacking Yuppies, the story is reprinted widely by newspapers belonging to the *Times's* syndicate, a nonsubscribing newspaper swipes the idea and publishes its own snack story, one of the wire services picks it up and flashes it out to a few hundred more newspapers, a local television station steals it from there and, finally, a couple of weeks later, you see it on the front pages of *USA Today*. It never ceases to amaze me that executives who think the press is a left-wing conspiracy, and who complain bitterly about the quality of the skimpy local paper they are forced to read, and who say that they have never been quoted accurately by a reporter, will nonetheless fork over good money to read a book that claims to be nothing less than a distilled and concentrated rendering of all that they despise.

Incidentally—about that poker game I mentioned earlier. Several months after the *Times* story but well before Inferential Focus published its report, my buddies and I stopped playing. If you know what's good for you, you'll do what we did and put your money in gold.



"Surely you don't want to go through the rest of your life as a lefty."

# BLACK WENCH

(continued from page 88)

planted. It sucked its strength from the soil and the air, squatted on the landscape like an exotic bloated organism, surveying its dominion with the unblinking eyes of its many windows.

"Must be an expensive place to keep up," said Bud.

"Precisely," said Sloane, agreeing with Kallen for the first time all day.

"But we have money now," Elena reminded her husband. "You heard Mr. Sloane."

Sloane drove slowly through the open gates, up a curving path past trees and hedges, formal gardens and weathered stone statuary of indeterminate age. "Warwickshire is Shakespeare country, you know," he said. "Stratford, if you care for that sort of thing, is a pleasant motor-ing journey from here." At length, the car drew up to the main entrance of the mas-sive house.

"It's in pretty good shape for its age," Bud commented.

"Restoration and renovation through the years," Sloane explained, "not to men-tion added wings and what not. Very few of the modern conveniences, though, I fear. No central heating, air conditioning, television antennas. . . ."

"No phone?" asked Elena.

"Oh, yes, Mainwaring Hall is on the telephone. And electricity has been laid on. It also has one other contemporary feature that should interest a Californian couple like you: a swimming pool."

"Really?"

Sloane nodded. "Sir Giles had it installed some twenty years ago, when the doctors prescribed swimming as healthful exercise for his heart. He tried it once, said he loathed the chlorinated water and never got into it again."

"Well, I'll give the pool plenty of use," said Elena. "I love to swim."

"Yeah," said Bud. "I'm more of a scuba-diving nut myself."

"Not much opportunity for scuba diving around here," said Sloane. "Shall we look at the interior?" They climbed out of the car and walked up to the formidable oaken portal. As he lifted the heavy brass knocker and struck it sharply several times against the thick door, the solicitor said, "There's been only a skeleton staff here since Sir Giles died."

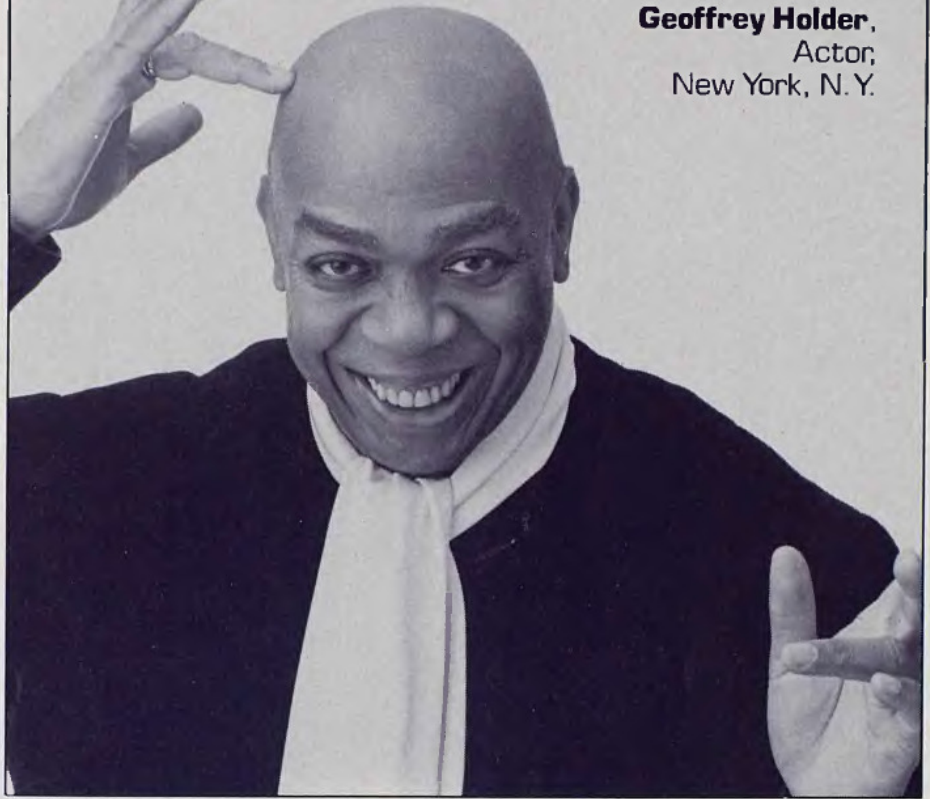
"And here's one of the skeletons now," murmured Bud as the door was opened by a cadaverous and very old butler.

"Ah, there you are, Coles," said Sloane as the aged manservant blinked first at the solicitor, then at Bud, then at Elena and, with a long, lung-emptying sigh, toppled forward, as if bludgeoned, into the arms of a startled Nigel Sloane.

"Help me get him inside," Sloane said to Bud, and the two men clumsily carried the inert butler into the house to the first

## "If I had hair, I'd use Vidal Sassoon for men."

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available chair, an ornate relic of wood at the foot of the no less ornate staircase. Into this chair they deposited their load as gently as possible, while Elena hovered behind them, uttering helpless moans of sympathy.

The butler's eyelids fluttered several times. He lifted his head from his chest.

"Now then, Coles," said the solicitor, "do you know me?"

"Mr. . . . Sloane. . . ."

"Well done. These two young people are your new master and mistress. . . ."

He seemed reluctant to look at his new employers, so Elena said, "I think introductions can wait. He should go and lie down until he's feeling better."

Sloane endorsed that idea, and in moments the housekeeper, Mrs. Thayer, who was temporarily doubling as cook, was summoned to convoy the butler to his quarters. While she was thus occupied, Sloane conducted the Kallens on a quick, informal tour of the first floor: main hall, galleries, staircases, dining room, library, drawing room, billiard room. Richly carved walnut paneling covered every inch of every wall: Representations of spaniels, squirrels, woodcocks, partridges, pheasants all stood out in vivid relief. The library was spacious enough to accommodate, in addition to endless shelves of books, no fewer than six commodious sofas for browsing and lounging. Sloane, as he led them through the rooms, kept up a running commentary: "As you see, the doorways, fireplaces and the like are all framed with classic forms, and both inside *and* outside there is a wide use of gables, pilasters and S scrolls. . . ."

"Can we see the pool?" Elena asked.

"To be sure. And then we can stroll out to the stables."

"There are *horses* here?" she marveled.

"Not for some time," Sloane said. "Just motorcars. A Mercedes, a Jaguar, a bright-red Ferrari that will probably suit *you*, Mr. Kallen, and a very, *very* old Rolls-Royce."

"Who drove the Ferrari?" Bud asked.

"Why, Sir Giles. He was quite the dashing old gentleman."

He led them out a back entrance of the house to the pool—which was empty and dry, its floor carpeted with dead leaves. Elena groaned with disappointment, but Sloane said, "Not to worry. I'll arrange to have it cleaned and filled for you. Leave everything to me."

Mrs. Thayer appeared from the house at that moment. "Excuse me, sir," she said to the solicitor, "but Mr. Coles would like to speak to you. Can you come upstairs?"

"Now?"

"Please."

"Oh, very well." He told the Kallens how to find their way to the stables and followed Mrs. Thayer into the house.

The stables were larger than they had expected, and their walls were covered by the biggest magnolias Elena had ever seen. All the cars were there, conforming to

Nigel Sloane's spoken catalog, and sure enough, Bud was drawn to the red Ferrari. As they were leaving the stables, Elena said, "Hey, look at this. . . ."

She pointed to a group of four words cut into the wood of a dark and cobwebbed corner of the stables. The letters were crude but worn smooth at the edges, their depths engrained with dirt, bespeaking the passage of unnumbered years since they had been carved there. The words were:

**BEWARE THE BLACK WENCH**

"Probably a horse," said Bud. "An ornery black mare that threw her riders."

In the house again, Nigel Sloane told them that the ancient butler, Coles, had announced his intention to retire from service. He wished to leave immediately.

"It's difficult for the old boy to adjust to new young masters," said Sloane. "He served Sir Giles for almost fifty years! And, to speak frankly, I think you will be better off with a younger man in the post. I'll put you in touch with one or two good employment agencies. You'll be wanting a cook, as well, and gardeners, of course . . . other servants, too . . . leave all that to me and Mrs. Thayer."

Tea was prepared and served by Mrs. Thayer in the drawing room after the Kallens had seen the rest of the house. Finishing his tea, Sloane said, "I should be getting back now. If you have any questions, if there is anything I can do, anything at all, please have no hesitation in telephoning. You have my number." He addressed these remarks to Elena. "And if you should reconsider and wish to dispose of this valuable property at an attractive price. . . ."

"I wouldn't dream of it," she declared. "I love the place, I belong here, I'm a Mainwaring. Why should I get rid of it? Is it haunted or something?"

Bud said, "Sure it is. All these old English houses have ghosts, don't they?"

Nigel Sloane chuckled. "Your husband is right. All old English houses are reputed to harbor ghosts, and Mainwaring Hall is no exception."

"Really?" squeaked Elena. "Ghosts?"

"Just one. So the old wives' tales would have it, at any rate."

"But what's it supposed to be like?"

"The ghost of Mainwaring Hall?"

"Yes! Tell us! I'm dying to know!"

The solicitor sighed. "Oh, dear. Well, then. It's purported to take the form of a naked woman, a black woman, which is why it's known as the Black Wench. . . ."

Elena and Bud exchanged quick glances. "Some versions say that its presence is *felt* rather than seen, felt as a cold wet hand or an expanse of clammy bare flesh . . . but I'm upsetting you, Mrs. Kallen."

"No, no! Please go on."

"The Mainwarings of old, some say, were heavily invested in the African slave traffic as early as 1620 and made the bulk of their wealth by financing the capture,



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transport and sale of the poor wretches to the American colonies. This conveniently accounts for the apparition's color, you see . . . a female slave who died in some cruel manner, perhaps, flogged or what you will, and who blamed the Mainwarings for her harsh fate. . . ."

"How long has she been haunting Mainwaring Hall?" Elena asked.

"The first recorded sighting was by Sir Edred Mainwaring in 1624. She allegedly came to him in the library late one night while he was reading his Bible, this naked black woman, glistening as if covered with perspiration from head to foot and, in Sir Edred's words, 'reeking with the stench of hell.' He was a religious man, and he believed that she was 'asweat from the fires of perdition,' whither she'd been sent as a demon, or succubus, to tempt him to damnation with her naked body."

"Wow," said Bud. "If a guy has got to see a ghost, that's the kind of ghost to see, huh?"

Sloane said, "I take your meaning. Sir Giles, after Lady Mainwaring had passed away, once told me that he wouldn't have minded an occasional visit from a naked wench. But I don't think he was ever favored by the black lady's attentions. As far as Sir Edred is concerned, a modern psychiatrist would no doubt say that he was having a sexual fantasy but that his religious convictions wouldn't allow him to enjoy it without pious distortions. I do hope I haven't offended you, Mrs. Kallen, or frightened you."

"No, of course not. Goodness, I don't believe in ghosts."

"Very sensible," said the solicitor as he rose to leave.

"Do you?"

Nigel Sloane smiled. "I've always admired what Sir Osbert Sitwell said when he was asked that same question," he told her. "Only at night."

That evening after dinner, Bud killed some time at the billiard table, but he soon grew bored without an opponent. He roamed restlessly through the library and several other rooms, finally joining Elena in the drawing room, where she was writing postcards to friends in the States.

"It isn't exactly L.A., is it?" he said. "Or London. I *liked* London, what we saw of it on the way in. Theaters, movies, restaurants, gambling casinos. It's alive. Not so dead quiet, like this place. We'll have to get a TV."

"If you want to."

He rested on the arm of her chair and, with an excruciating attempt at an English accent, whispered in her ear, "I say, my deah, what about initiating the mahster bedroom?"

She giggled. "It's early."

"Almost ten. And this country air"—he yawned theatrically—"makes me sleepy. . . ."

"We *have* had a busy day." She, too, was overcome by a yawn. "Give me ten minutes to get ready, then come up."

He bowed deeply from the waist. "As you wish, milady." She left the room.

The master bedroom boasted two adjoining sitting rooms where husband and wife might dress and undress in privacy, visible to no eyes other than their own and those of their valet and maid. To the sitting room with the more feminine decor, where her bags had been unpacked by Mrs. Thayer, Elena now retreated and took off her clothes. When she was without a stitch, she admired herself in a tall old looking glass, smiling with a total absence of false modesty. Her body was sumptuous and full-bosomed, satin to the touch, with the olive skin of her father and a curly nest at her center like a swatch of soft fur. Her brushes had been set out on the dressing table. She selected one, but instead of sitting down to brush her dark hair, she did it standing up, nude, in front of the full-length mirror, watching her breasts bob and quiver as she brushed the gleaming thick mass in long strokes. Once, she winked at herself.

Downstairs, Bud impatiently waited only six minutes, not ten, before climbing the staircase to the master bedroom. The lights were already off, but he had no difficulty discerning the curved shape under the coverlet, thrown into relief by a cool wash of moonlight from the windows.

"My little eager beaver," he muttered playfully as he began to undress, letting the clothes fall to the floor. Nude in the moonlight, he was a well-proportioned, muscular young man and, at the moment, spectacularly virile. "Here I come, ready or not," he crooned and climbed under the coverlet.

She was lying on one side, her naked back to him. He pressed the length of his body to hers, then immediately recoiled.

"Damn, you're cold!" he complained. "And you're all wet—soaking. What did you do, take a cold shower and come to bed without toweling off?"

"What did you say, dear?" Elena asked as she walked through the door from her sitting room, clad in a filmy nightgown.

"Christ!"

Bud sprang from the bed as if kissed by a scorpion.

"What's the matter?"

He crouched naked in the dark, on the carpet next to the bed, gasping. "Who . . ." he said in choked fragments, "who's that . . . in the bed?"

"Nobody!"

He stretched out a trembling arm and pointed toward the bed. "I felt her . . . she's *there*. . . ."

Elena snapped a switch, flooding the room with light. "Where?" The bed was empty.

"She *was* there!"

"Who?"

"How the hell should I know? I thought it was you. And then . . . you walked



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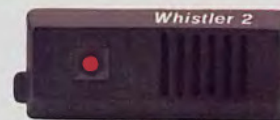
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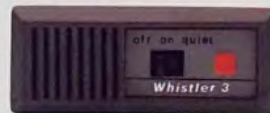
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through the door. . . ." His face was chalky.

She handed him his robe. "Come on, dear, get up off the floor. Put this on. You had a dream; that's all."

He got to his feet and wrapped himself in the robe. "A dream . . . no . . . couldn't be. . ."

"Sure, don't you see? You got into bed to wait for me, and you dozed off just for a few seconds and dreamed I was already in bed beside you."

"Cold," he said. "She was cold. Naked and wet." He yanked the coverlet all the way off the bed. "If it was a dream," he said, "how do you explain *that*?"

On one side, the sheet was wrinkled from top to bottom by the long, sodden stain of a drenched and recent occupant.

Bud Kallen refused ever to sleep in that bed. He claimed it was "clammy," even after the sheets had been changed, even after the mattress had been replaced. The young couple slept in one of the other bedrooms, he clinging to his wife all night, every night, like a child clinging to his mother.

It was not a conjugal embrace. His virility had been shattered that night. Elena began to feel it was her fault.

"No, honey, it's not you," he insisted one morning at breakfast. "It's this damn house. Why don't we sell it? Sloane said he could get us a good price for it."

"Sell the house?" she wailed. "Just when we've got the pool ready again, and a TV, and a new butler and a cook, and—"

"What's that got to do with it? The pool and the TV antenna are good selling points—"

"I don't *want* to sell it. Don't you understand?"

"But why not? The cars alone are worth a mint, even if we keep one or two of them. That classic Rolls? It's a collector's item. And those priceless paintings! Gainsboroughs and Constables and—"

"You're not a Mainwaring; that's why you don't understand. But I am."

He laughed metallically. "You're a *Kallen*; that's what you are. And before that, you were a Castillo—a spick, for Christ's sake! Don't pull that lady-of-the-monor stuff with me."

Her dark eyes had brimmed with hurt and fury. Now she tore away from the table, knocking over her coffee cup, and ran weeping from the room.

He found her huddled on a stone bench in the garden, her tear-streaked face held in her hands. He talked to her gently and contritely, apologizing, asking to be forgiven. He could be persuasively charming when it suited him. By the time they had returned to the house, she had agreed to invite Nigel Sloane to dinner at Mainwaring Hall sometime that week.

Two evenings later, the solicitor was enjoying an excellent meal prepared by

their new cook: turtle soup, halibut mousse, beef Wellington, fresh asparagus vinaigrette, with appropriate wines from Sir Giles's well-stocked cellar.

Coffee and cognac followed in the drawing room, and as Sloane touched a flame to a Havana cigar, he said, "Am I to understand that you have had second thoughts about selling?"

Bud thought it politic to let Elena speak. She said, "That's the word, Mr. Sloane. Thoughts. Just thoughts for now. Could we talk about it?"

"Of course. Any particular reason?"

She shrugged. "No."

Bud rubbed his arms and said, "Chilly in here. We ought to have a fire. I'll ring for the butler."

"Dear, you'll broil us alive. *I feel fine.*" Her smooth arms and back were bare in her dinner gown. "The cognac will warm you up."

Sloane returned to the subject of selling. "Yes, we can certainly investigate one or two interesting avenues of possibility." He smiled. "But you two seemed to have been settling in so nicely. Haven't seen the Black Wench, by any chance?"

"No," Bud said, too quickly.

Elena asked, "Have you ever known anyone who *has* seen her?"

"Ah," replied Sloane, "one can never say that one has known somebody who's seen a ghost. The most one can say is that one knows somebody who *says* he's seen a ghost."

"And did you ever know anybody who said he saw the Black Wench?"

"In point of fact, yes."

"Who?" asked Bud.

"Coles."

"What? That old guy who quit the day we got here?"

Sloane nodded. "A few years ago, Sir Giles told me—laughing as he did so—I believe old Coles has gone dotty. Claims to have seen the Wench. In the billiard room, of all places. Called him by name, he says. Gave him quite a turn. I told him to stop knocking back the cooking sherry or I'd sack him."

Bud leaned forward. "How did Coles describe her? Was she naked? And black?"

"I don't know. I didn't cross-examine him." His cigar had gone out. As he rekindled it, he said, "I wouldn't place too much importance on that word black, you know." A long plume of smoke unfurled from his mouth. "Or naked, for the matter of that."

"What do you mean?" asked Elena.

"Well, black hasn't always meant the same thing, when applied to the color of people. Samuel Pepys, in his diary, refers to the wife of a Mr. Hater as 'a very pretty, modest, black woman,' but she was certainly no Negress, simply a woman of dark complexion. Shakespeare, in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for example, calls 'black' characters who are obviously what we would call

white. And in four or five sonnets about his beloved Dark Lady, he calls *her* black, though it's now believed that she was of Italian descent. The same is true of the word naked, which in older parlance sometimes meant clad only in underclothing. So," he concluded with a twinkle, "Sir Edred's 'naked black woman' may have been no more than a late-night ladylove of his steward's, a scullery maid, more than like, thoroughly English if a touch swarthy, and caught in her skivvies on the way back to her own bed. Wandered into the master's library by mistake, no doubt."

Elena smiled. "More cognac, Mr. Sloane?"

"Just a drop, perhaps. Thank you. Now, then: A sale of this property could begin with an auction of the paintings, motorcars and other valuables; or, on the other hand—"

"I've changed my mind," she said. "Talking to you has helped me think more clearly. I don't want to sell, after all."

When Nigel Sloane had left, Bud held his temper until he was certain all the servants had gone to bed. Then he exploded, "*What the hell's the matter with you?*"

"He was so sensible," said Elena. "So levelheaded. He let me see that so-called ghost for what it really is: nothing at all. A servant girl in her underwear. A senile butler who'd been hitting the bottle. I'm not going to give up all this for some fairy tale."

"*All this?* This white elephant? This drafty old museum?"

"I have a right to change my mind."

"*What mind?* You dumb spick!"

"That's the second time in less than a week you've used that word. I know you're sexually frustrated, and I'm sorry for you, but—"

"Just *shut up* about that! Getting out of this damn house is all the cure I need!"

She turned and walked away.

"*Where are you going?*" he shouted.

"For a swim," she said and ran swiftly upstairs, where she stripped, pulled on a skimpy black bathing suit and tripped quickly downstairs again on bare toes, out to the moonlit pool. The night silence was cloven by a splash when, as sleek as a dolphin, she dove cleanly into the water.

She swam the length of the pool, her arms slicing the water in strong, graceful strokes; then she reversed, swimming back toward the other end again. The exercise and the bracing effect of the chill water calmed her, draining the anger and tension from her body and mind.

But then her heart was jolted by something she saw in the moonlight, moving toward the pool. It was luminous in the lunar glow, with the opalescence of bare flesh, vaguely human in outline and yet not human.

Not human, because—although it had two arms that hung at its sides, two legs that were bringing it nearer and nearer the



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pool—it had no face.

She tried to scream but could only whimper.

Where a face should have been, there was an oval void, eyeless, soulless. . . .

It drew even closer.

Suddenly, she laughed with relief and recognition. It was her husband, in his swim trunks and scuba mask. The oxygen tank was strapped to his back.

"Bud, you idiot!" she said affectionately. "Scuba diving in a swimming pool?"

Without a word, he dove under the surface of the water. She giggled at his eccentric foolery, grateful that he'd chosen this bit of clowning as a way of making up.

She felt her ankles seized by his powerful hands. She laughed again. They had often played like this back home, when they were young surfers on the beach at Santa Monica. She kicked coquettishly, not really wanting to free her legs from his grasp.

She was pulled down, under the surface.

He continued to hold on to her ankles with hands that gripped like steel clamps. She kicked frantically now, coquetry forgotten, roiling the water, struggling to escape. Fear rushed into her very bone marrow as water filled her nostrils, her mouth. She beat upon him with her fists, but he eluded her. She tried to rip off his oxygen tank, his breathing tube, but he was too quick and too strong for her.

Freezing thoughts stabbed her. Why was he doing it? Because she wouldn't sell? Even if she had sold, would he have done it later anyway, to get all the money for himself? If only the servants hadn't gone to bed. If only their quarters overlooked the pool. But there was no one, no help. . . .

The awful pressure of water was in her lungs, and it hurt. It *hurt* to drown, she realized through her panic; there was *pain*—hideous, nauseating fear and *pain*.

But soon the pain ebbed, and a numbness set in, and a softness, and a darkness. . . .

When she emerged from the pool, she staggered away aimlessly, unsure of her own intentions. She felt giddy, everything looked distorted, she didn't walk normally, she felt as if she were floating. Well, that wasn't surprising, she told herself, after what she'd just been through. She was lucky to be alive.

Had she lost consciousness at some point? She couldn't be sure. How long had she been held under water?

She found herself nearing the stables, and the horses whinnied and reared.

Horses? She peered at the animals. Yes, there were horses in the stables, all right. No cars. Although that puzzled her, she knew there had to be a logical explanation, and she made her way toward the house.

She still couldn't see clearly. The house looked different, somehow. It wavered before her eyes, throbbing and pulsating. She wandered without purpose into the strangely mist-softened billiard room, startling old Coles, the butler. . . .

"Coles?" she said aloud. But *he* shouldn't have been there. He'd left Mainwaring Hall the day they'd arrived. In that moment, Elena knew she was dreaming. And that explained the horses in the stable. She hoped it explained Bud's attempt to kill her, too. Please, God, let *that* be part of the nightmare.

The house twirled and grated—or was it the world, the universe?—and a wave of dizziness swept over her; a vast roaring filled her ears; she felt as if she were in the center of a tornado's raging dark funnel. The feeling passed.

She entered the library. A gray-bearded man sat at a desk, reading an immense book by the light of a guttering candle. He looked up at her. His eyes bulged. His mouth fell open.

"Who art thou?" he croaked. "Dost seek to tempt me? Avaunt, thou black devil! In the name of Jesu, I charge thee, take thy nakedness hence!" He fell back in his chair, trembling.

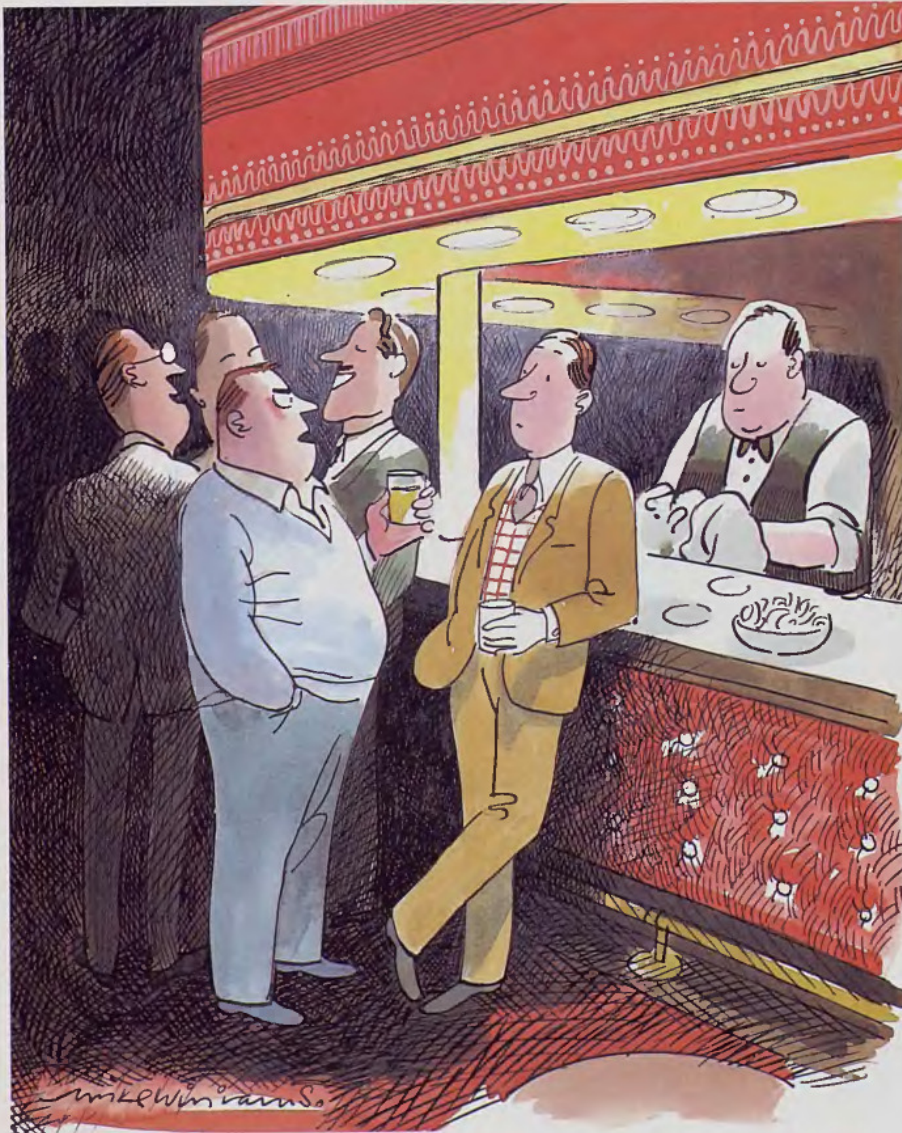
Elena backed out of the dimly lit library, shattered by the vivid reality of this dream, and moved toward the undulating staircase. She felt she was not climbing it so much as riding it, as she might ride a smooth, silent escalator. Her bare feet could not even feel the stairs; but that was the way of dreams.

When she entered her husband's sitting room, she saw his wet swim trunks and scuba gear in a heap on the floor.

(And lightning flashes of knowledge seared her.)

His back turned to her, Bud was now dressed in crisp pajamas and robe, fluffing his hair with her blow drier.

(She came to know that time is not a river flowing in one direction but a whirlpool spinning round and round; that a spirit released from the prison of flesh can spiral unfettered into past, recent past,



"What really irritates me about women is the way they always leave the toilet seat down."



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distant past, years, centuries before its own death, its own birth.)

Bud stuffed the damp scuba gear into a duffel bag, threw it into a cupboard, picked up the phone and dialed. "Is this the police?"

(She knew why Coles had fainted at the door upon seeing her the day they arrived: He had recognized her from the earlier sighting in the billiard room some years before.)

"This is Mr. Kallen at Maine Wearing Hall. Something terrible has happened out here. . . ."

(She knew how naked her scantily clad body must have looked to Sir Edred in his 17th Century study; how black her olive skin and dark hair were by his standards.)

"An accident in the swimming pool . . . my wife . . . I'm afraid she's. . . ."

(And finally, she knew that none of this was a dream; that she had been murdered; that the legendary ghost of Mainwaring Hall was no scullery maid or African slave girl; that she herself, Elena Kallen, was,

always had been, forever would be the Black Wench.)

A split second before he felt her, he smelled the pungent chlorine of the pool—Sir Edred's "stench of hell"—and then she reached out and laid a hand of ice upon his shoulder.

With a cry, he spun around and saw his wife, glistening with the water that had killed her. Water trickled from her ears, her nostrils, her gaping mouth, ran in a rivulet between her breasts, snaked down her tapered legs into a puddle at her feet. Howling, Bud Kallen leaped backward, pressed his spine to the wall and slid slowly down the flocked wallpaper until he was huddled on the floor, eyes distended, moaning, vomiting, fouling his clothes, a mass of quivering, whining terror.

When the police arrived and woke the sleeping servants, they found two bodies: those of Elena Kallen, drowned in the pool, and her husband, on the floor of his sitting room, dead from a massive coronary. The telephone was still in his hand.



## KLAUS KINSKI

(continued from page 86)

"OK," I said, lurching a few feet closer to what I thought was certain death.

"Just let him pass," he said. "It's true, for you it would be easy to go over the cliff."

"I knew you'd be irritated by my driving," I muttered.

"Irritated!" he said. "I HATE it!"

But he was being good-natured in his own way. By then, I'd become accustomed to his yelling. Tricks of the print medium cannot—capital letters cannot—convey the intensity of Kinski's voice when it rises, as it often does. And in the several long telephone conversations we'd had before I went to see him in Northern California, I'd been frightened by it. "Why should I do any interviews? It is all *shit*," Kinski would crescendo. "Why me? Because I am what they call an actor? It is me or someone else, a murderer or a conductor, anybody, anybody, anything, that can be *consumed*. They consume everything—art, executions, hamburgers, Jesus Christ. It is all supermarket talk. It is consumer SHIT to fill up their pages."

"Well, that's true," I said, but I hastened to point out that this case would be different, that our talks would not have to be structured like routine interviews, that he would have freedom—

"Freedom!" he interrupted, as he almost always does. "*Freedom!* That's what every shitty ruler promises you before he takes over!"

"Well, it might be fun for you to—"

"Fun?" repeated Kinski in a suddenly weary voice, faintly, as though he'd turned away from the phone. "There is no *fun*."

Later, when I knew him better, I would come to realize how little fun there was to be had in the fulfillment of his professional obligations.

"I am like a wild animal who is behind bars," he said. "I need air! I need space!" It sounded almost like a plea.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I don't mean to—"

"Don't be sorry," he said impatiently but not unkindly. "Don't be sorry, OK?"

You can witness Klaus Kinski having a mood swing within a minute, within a *sentence*, as his mind conveys him from an infuriating image to a soothing one to a humorous one. If you watch his face while he speaks, you will see it become a mask of ire, his glance menacing as he spits out words of contempt and outrage. Then, suddenly, there'll be a smile so gentle that something will constrict in your chest. It is impossible not to respond.

He's so close to the surface, I had thought during one of our first long telephone conversations. But after I'd spent some time with him, I sometimes felt there was no surface at all. I think of him now as exposed consciousness, as fragile as a human organ taken from the protective case of the body. I think that's why, between films, he lives alone, in a cabin in



"But you're home, son. That's all that matters!"

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the middle of his 40 acres of forest in Northern California. Only his nine-year-old son, Nanhoi, comes for the weekend, twice a month. "I love him," says Kinski, "more than anything in the whole universe."

Kinski often goes for weeks without speaking to another human being. He reads no newspaper. He watches no television: "I climbed up to the roof and smashed down the antenna," he explained. He keeps few possessions. When he has finished reading a book, he uses it to start a fire in the hearth that is his sole source of heat. He cuts his own hair; he grows his own vegetables so that he will not have to drive into town. The animals in the forest do not threaten him as do people and their societies, nor do the storms, the wind, the trees. In the cabin, surrounded by vegetation through which there is no path save that made by the passage of his own body, and in his forest, he is safe. Except from the thing.

Kinski was about five years old when he first felt this thing. He says he can recall looking at a dog or a tree or a whore on the streets of Berlin and hurling his own consciousness into the creatures or even the inanimate objects, not pretending to be but *becoming* the dog or the tree or the whore. "Incarnating" is what he came to call it later, not playing a role. Being, not acting. He detests the word entertainer: "What does that mean, this word entertainer? Entertain what? Who?"

He also hates the word actor and mocks the European critics who have called him "the greatest actor of the 20th Century" or "the only genius among us, the only prince of the grace of God."

Not surprisingly, he loathes all critics and refers to them as "the masturbators."

He loathes most directors, too.

"Do you think other people—directors, for example—understand this thing we have been talking about?" I asked him.

"Directors in general understand shit," he answered.

It is now part of his legend that he has turned down offers of roles from Fellini, Pasolini, Ken Russell, Steven Spielberg and others, the given reason usually being that he wasn't offered enough money. "I make movies for money," Kinski asserts, "exclusively for money." And so, most of the several hundred films in which he has appeared would be described, by any standards, as trash; others as some of the greatest of any time. Kinski says it is his terrible destiny to be an "actor" and, therefore, to appear in movies, and that there is not much difference between the trash and the so-called art films. Almost always, he says, the latter are merely pretentious and, what's worse, pay less. "So I sell myself for the highest price. Exactly like a prostitute. There is no difference."

Kinski hates pretentious trash much more than the many so-called spaghetti Westerns he has made, which have

brought him a large audience and, as he puts it bluntly, the most money. Of course he turned down Russell and all the others. Why, he asks, should he work with someone like Fellini, who will pay him less and who treats actors like marionettes?

He is somewhat less harsh when he speaks of the German film maker Werner Herzog. Although Kinski was already widely known in Europe for his stage and film work, it is his roles in the Herzog films that are now, in Europe and in this country, invariably joined with his name: *Aguirre, the Wrath of God, Nosferatu the Vampire, Woyzeck* and *Fitzcarraldo*.

Both men have been quoted as saying that they work together by a kind of telepathy. Herzog, says Kinski, gives him no instructions. "In all of my scenes," says Kinski, "I am the one who does it." But their fights are notorious, and they are said to have come to blows on the set. There is an anecdote about an altercation Kinski and Herzog had during the filming of *Aguirre*, when they had already spent several months in the Peruvian jungle. In the course of an argument, Kinski is said to have announced that he was leaving. Herzog has been quoted many times in the ensuing 15 years as claiming to have then pulled out a gun and said, "Before you reach the bend in the river, there will be eight bullets in your head, and the last bullet will be for me."

Kinski comments, "This story is so shitty, because he didn't even have a gun to pull! Besides, there is no gun with *nine* bullets! And *I* was the only one with a rifle."

In the decade and a half since they first worked together, the two men have sometimes gone years without speaking. But then Herzog will telephone Kinski in the middle of the night and ask to meet him in yet another strange part of the world, for yet another strange cinematic enterprise, and Kinski will agree. "He is a less big asshole than the others," says Kinski.

And Herzog, though he once diagnosed Kinski as a paranoid schizophrenic, has more recently suggested that it is all the others who are crazy: "He has an exacerbated sensibility inconceivable for the rest of us." There, Herzog is also talking about the "thing." And, in fact, Herzog has a name for it. He calls it an "instinctive formulation," and he says that what Kinski has is genius.

It is in Herzog's films that Kinski is most tormented by this thing that, in devouring him, allows him to convey an extraordinarily complete identification with his character.

The torment is not conjured on the set, as in Method acting ("Completely worthless shit," Kinski says), but is lived through as soon as he reads the script and lasts long after the film is completed. Kinski appropriates another's feelings as he dons his costume. When he first read the script of *Aguirre*, he said, "I didn't think anything. I just *was* Aguirre. It was

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as if you say, 'Oh, yeah.' Like you remember, you remember the 16th Century, you remember yourself in the 16th Century."

His film roles imprison him. "Sometimes," he says, "my heart hurts so much, I beat it with my fists. I try to run. But you cannot run away from this. You cannot run from it. Wherever you run, it waits for you. Even when you think you have escaped it, it is there, where you have run to. It waits for you, to ambush you. It is like those vines called lianas, those tropical creepers that grow around you and strangle you. You cut off one branch, but there is another that grows. You leap over the wall of one ghetto and find yourself in another ghetto." That's why, he says, the good films imprison him as much as the bad ones. "It is only a different kind of cage."

In articles about him, there is a much-repeated quote: "I am like a wild animal born in captivity, in a zoo. But where a beast would have claws, I was born with talent." In recent years, such articles have seldom omitted the word legend. Kinski's legend is that of the masterful but embattled anarchist artist who does not seek prestige and shuns respectability. He rejects awards "if they're not changeable into cash money. It is the Nobel Prize I want," he says, laughing. "It's worth \$400,000.

"You can call it my consciousness of using my talent like a whore uses her body: to pay the price."

His autobiography, not yet published in this country, was a best seller in Germany and France. It was variously described as "ordurous" and "pornographic," deemed "the work of a magician," "atrociously lucid" and was compared to Rimbaud, Céline and Henry Miller.

The account of his childhood in Berlin between the wars vividly re-creates a life of hunger, cold and filth, of six people sleeping on a maggot-filled mattress in an unheated room, of incestuous sexuality, of stealing to eat. The sensuality of the adolescent and adult Kinski is not for the queasy. Explosive, compulsive, combining brutality and tenderness, his erotic sensibility is articulated in defiant detail. "Don't you dare to judge me!" its author seems to be saying.

He recounts his desertion from the German army and his subsequent incarceration in a British prisoner-of-war camp, where homosexual favors were traded for cigarettes and where he first went on stage, aptly enough, as a prisoner performing for prisoners. Then he spent years sleeping in the parks and on the pavements of the capitals of Europe; in winter, he shared the hobos' street stoves, hands and feet protected by rags, sleeping on subway grates for their intermittent wafts of warmth. But during the day, the young actor worked on his diction and began to perform in Shakespeare, Ibsen, Cocteau and his own adaptations of Dostoevsky.

Spectators went to the cabarets of Berlin

where Kinski, barefoot, recited Villon's poetry and collected money afterward in his hat. From there, it seemed like a natural trajectory to the one-man "recitals," which lasted as long as four hours and for which Kinski filled the biggest sports arenas of Europe. By then, movie offers were proliferating. Kinski turned down some 40 of them, because he felt the roles did not have enough scope. Then there was an about-face. Headed for a distinguished image as a celebrated artiste, he began to accept any offer that was made, solely on the basis of salary. "I realized it didn't matter," he says. "I could not do what I wanted, anyway, in this fucking ghetto, and I wanted money, because I had never had any. And I learned that people do almost everything for it."

Then came years of sumptuous profligacy: palazzi in Rome, caviar diets and huge domestic staffs, Ferraris and Rolls-Royces given away when Kinski decided he no longer liked their colors or the way a door closed. In Italy, he was a top box-office draw and began doing "guest appearances," working on a film for a few days, one day, a few hours—which enabled producers to feature his name on the marquees and brought him the cash he needed to support his extravagances.

But by then, his pattern of deserting what he had been able to conquer was established: Adored in Italy, where he had lived for a decade, he left everything behind and moved to France. He stayed there for only a few years, long enough to become a star of the French cinema (though with *Aguirre* he had already conquered the French public).

Then, he moved—incongruously, it seemed to me, but perhaps not—to California. And that is where, with some difficulty, I made contact with him.

"You have to protect yourself, your body, your being," he told me. "You cannot treat it badly; you have to keep it, not only to keep it but to make it sensitive, as sensitive as possible. Since I was born I have been like this, till today. Nothing changed. Even more, even worse. Once, about 25 years ago, I was in an apartment or somebody gave me a room to live in, I don't know what, and next door, they put on the radio, so I struck the wall with my fist, but they did not put the radio down, so I took a tool and banged and banged until I made a hole through the wall." Kinski suddenly laughs. "It was like a comedy movie," he says. Then, as suddenly, he becomes stern again. "I didn't laugh then," he says. "And then I left, of course, the apartment, because they didn't let me live there anymore. When I come back here from the airport . . . most of the time, when I travel, I leave my car at the airport, even some weeks it costs me some hundreds of dollars; I don't care. But once, I took a taxi. I hate those, what do you call them, limousines. They stink and

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their drivers have been driving dead people to the cemeteries. I hate those. OK, I took a taxi, and now this guy had a radio on. First of all, he had this thing EE-AAAH-UGGHH-ACHHHHHHGGG—these machines, how can somebody all day long hear this? He must be already deaf. I don't know what. And then I say, 'Do you need this?' I say, 'this machine?' And he looked at me, like maybe I am crazy or whatever. I say, 'I just come from Tokyo, Hong Kong, long flight, I am exhausted.' I said, 'Look, just half an hour. Do I have to listen to that crap? Can you turn the radio off?' And he was even willing. He turned around, and he said, 'But it's the news.' I say, 'I don't need this.' I say, 'I don't want to, I have never listened to it, never in my life.' I said, 'OK? I am almost on the border. I need to stop. I have to get out of your car.' And he switched it off, but saying, as though really surprised and almost sorry for me, 'How can you know what's going on?' There, you see: THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!"

I came to appreciate Kinski's explosions of anger at the media, at the entertainment industry, at the girl behind the McDonald's counter who says, "Next!" and expects you to respond in the same rhythm ("I will NEVER be 'next!'"), at sluggish telephone operators, at government, at lines in the bank, at traffic signs ("There is a sign that says, RIGHT LANE MUST EXIT. Right lane MUST exit! MUST! And I say to myself, 'MUST? Fuck YOU!'"), at all the words and structures of our society that limit and regiment the individual. In fact, I found that no matter what mood I'd been in when I began talking with him, I always felt much better afterward. It wasn't just the words or the examples he used, though these were often colorful; it was his conviction, his tone and his delivery, his projection. And it happened every time, whether I expected it or not, whether I was prepared to analyze it or not. It was a visceral reaction to the preternatural expression of his power and his rage. This, too, was for me an important lesson about what it is the "actor" does.

Of course, I had no control over these conversations, which Kinski conducted entirely according to his fancy. It is out of the question for him to be controlled by anyone, let alone a journalist. One of the conditions of our meeting had been my promise that our talks would be unstructured and could ramble freely, but I had underestimated Klaus Kinski's disregard—indeed, unawareness—of structures and conventions, journalistic or otherwise. He followed none of the rules of the interview situation—not one, not even the most basic. "I don't want to talk too much about myself," he would suddenly declare—notwithstanding the fact that I'd come several thousand miles to hear him talk about himself—and would launch into an anecdote about Eleonora Duse or Van Gogh or Paganini, a

synopsis of a Dostoevsky short story or a long disquisition about a Holbein painting or about Jesus Christ in his grave, which he had for his own reasons decided was germane to our discussion. He refused to sit in a quiet room with a tape recorder; all of our conversations took place in cars, at the beach, in noisy restaurants. But, to be precise, he didn't *refuse* anything: I never had a chance to ask him. He would simply announce our schedule for the day. On some days, he would call me at my motel room to tell me that he couldn't talk at all, that it was impossible for him to see me. He'd been tortured through the night by insomnia or by one of his terrible nightmares. "I am completely destroyed," he would tell me. And I soon realized that it was almost always hopeless to ask him any direct questions; if he didn't interrupt them, he argued with their wording or with their relevance, or would simply digress to another topic. Then, suddenly, he would pause, perhaps because he had come to a natural lull in his own discourse: "You," he would say, "you don't talk," and he would request a question. But usually, before I'd gotten a sentence out, he'd be off again, because a single word in some dependent clause had reminded him of an idea he wanted to explore or dispute.

"What? What is it you want to say?" Kinski queried when he saw me open my mouth several times.

"There was something you mentioned the other day," I began, "about how money is freedom—"

"I never said that," he assured me.

"You did," I replied. "You said—"

"No, no. I never said money is freedom! I said money *buys* freedom. BUYS! What does that mean, money is freedom? This is ridiculous: Money is freedom. It means nothing. What do you think, that a dollar in a savings account is freedom? Maybe you have understood nothing I have said. You are trying to make me sound like an American average citizen."

His arguments in response to my questions were often semantic. Kinski hates words; he resents having to use them to express himself; he finds them untrustworthy, confining, reductive.

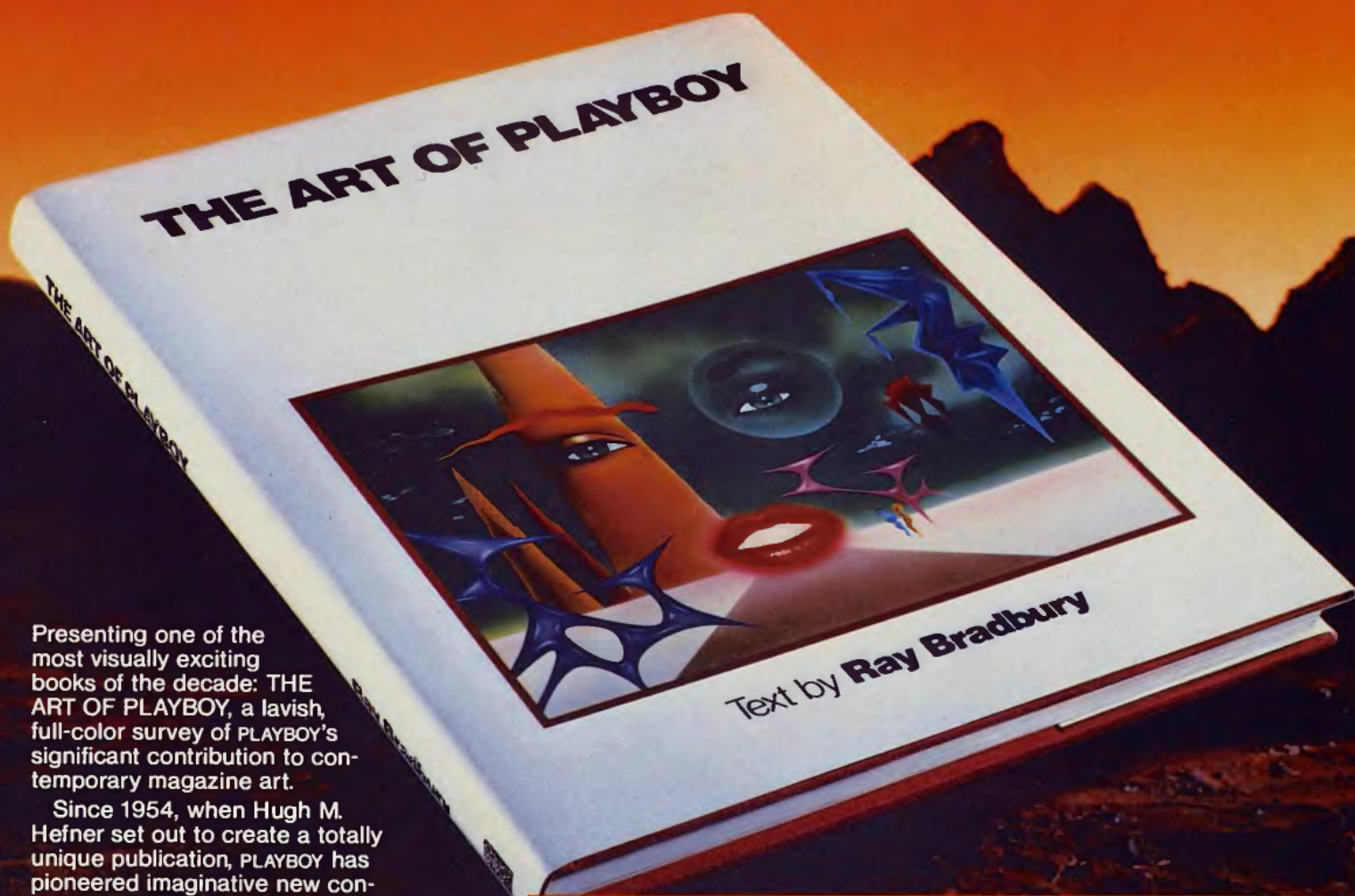
"Experiencing the ocean is an experience of liberty," he told me, for example. "When you talk about the ocean, is it liberty? Even looking at the ocean is not liberty. It is like a wounded bird looking at the sky and saying, 'Why are my wings broken?' Or even worse: putting a bird cage near the window so that the bird can see the sky. But, of course, it's much better to look than not to, even if it hurts. But words—words are not enough!"

"But sometimes," I said, "you can put them together to evoke a certain feeling."

"But this is a consolation for cripples," said Kinski. "Yes, sometimes, spontaneously bringing words out can be out-screams—outscreams of joy or pain or whatever you want. Or sometimes you can describe. But you aren't *there*. When you



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are there, you *are*. With words, you *aren't*. It is true what Rimbaud said once; it's absolutely true; I proved it. He said, 'If you think a book is strong enough, try it at the ocean, in the wind, at the waves. If the book can resist the ocean, the elements, then it exists. Otherwise, throw it away.'

The night I arrived, we'd had a conversation while driving in from the airport and at a Vietnamese restaurant, though it had been, in my view, somewhat desultory and without a tape recorder. That was before I understood that all of our conversations would be desultory and most would be without a tape recorder. But overnight, Kinski thought of some of the subjects we had discussed, and it came to his mind, he told me the next day, that this "thing" should be the subject of my article about him. We were speaking on the phone. It was one of those days when he had called to say he couldn't see me. However, he then proceeded to talk with me on the phone for about four hours. I

know it was four hours, because I was turning over my third 90-minute tape when I realized my tape recorder wasn't working.

Afterward, I tried to write what he had told me when he'd started explaining this thing to me. He had given me examples, images that he thought I would grasp. The "thing" was comparable, by analogy, to the power of kung fu, he had told me. He had mentioned Bruce Lee, for example, and how it is possible to observe that the concentration, the energy that the kung-fu artist taps into begins long before the point of impact and continues afterward. He talked with me also about how this thing that enables you to create is the thing that makes you suffer, suffer so much that you hate your fate, which has driven you to it, because it is not a choice. You start doing it and then you cannot stop, and the more you do it, the more it makes you suffer. And you cannot get rid of it once you have felt it. You cannot kill it, no matter how much you hate it for

making you suffer. You try to kill it, but it is like the snake with 100 heads; there is always another head.

It was the best single explanation he ever gave me. I knew this, even then, after we hung up and I played the tape back and listened to the droning buzz of the faulty connection that had drowned out most of his words. I knew I would never get this from him again and that I couldn't even ask him. He had already told me how he felt when a director asked him for another take when he had already, according to his judgment or his instinct, done the take. "Those assholes!" he had expostulated. "ASSHOLES! Do you ask a car crash for another take? Do you ask a volcano for another take? Do you ask the storm for another take?"

But none of this was much consolation to me the day I sat in my uncannily ugly California motel room, staring at the tape that had only the buzz on it. Well, I thought, I can't ask him to do another take, but maybe I can get him to repeat some of those things. You see, I still hadn't completely gotten it: There would never be any repetition.

The next day, however, I was in high spirits, despite a harrowing ride on the highway, when I finally reached the little town where he'd given me an appointment. "From there, we will go to the ocean," he had announced on the phone that morning. He had seemed in a better mood, too.

Fortunately, I had allotted two hours for what I'd been told was a half-hour ride, so I was a few minutes early despite all the time taken by my seemingly endless wandering through the incomprehensible maze of California roads, not the least part of which had been spent going around in circles because of those infuriating RIGHT LANE MUST TURN RIGHT / LEFT LANE MUST TURN LEFT signs. I had sometimes attempted to tell myself, "Must? Fuck you!" like Kinski; but whenever I tried it, other drivers would honk at me, even when it had nothing to do with them, from across an intersection. That taught me a thing or two about how people will react when you don't follow the rules by which they themselves are willing to be bound. This has nothing to do with traffic safety, you understand. But it led me to some thoughts about the price Klaus Kinski pays for his defiance of as many rules as he can manage to disobey, because of his preference for this thing.

I was mulling this over when he arrived at our meeting place. There was something wrong with his car, he told me; we would use mine. I started to get out on my side, expecting him to drive. "No, no," he said. "You will drive." I had already warned him that my driving was still somewhat uncertain, that I had just gotten my license. But he wouldn't drive a piece of shit like this, he told me, casting an indescribably scornful glance at my rented subcompact car. And in any event, he told



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me, he won't drive a car other people have driven. The latter fact did not surprise me much, as he had already told me that he won't read a copy of a book anyone else has read and that, in fact, one of the reasons he hates old houses and hotel rooms is that he can sense the lingering presence of their former occupants. Still, it was with dread that I got back into the driver's seat, turned on the ignition and inched from my parking space toward the road, and then stopped to see if any cars were coming.

"Further! Further!" complained Kinski, who had obviously made a quick assessment of my driving skills and had concluded that I could use some coaching. "How can you see anything? You must go on the road. Now, just go! GO!"

I floored the accelerator and drove off in a flurry of gravel. If this made me even more nervous, it seemed to affect Kinski not a bit. In fact, he simply sat back, though it did seem to me that he maintained a high degree of, shall we say, alertness throughout our ride. I suddenly remembered a passage from his book in which he describes driving his Ferrari on the Italian highway at more than 100 miles an hour, closing his eyes and counting to ten. If he could take that, I figured he could take this, too.

At the first red light, I got out my tape recorder, set it against the windshield and turned it on. But I soon abandoned any hope of getting him to repeat anything he had said the day before. He began right where he'd left off.

"What I was telling you yesterday," he said, "this is why the ultimate acting is to destroy yourself."

"I wanted to ask you——" I said.

"The more I think about it," he told me, "the more it makes sense to me. You are too far on the left. Look how much space you have on my side. An article including everything that we said, so it's not just talking about somebody that is what you call an actor. You cannot separate it."

"I wanted to ask you a question," I said.

"What?" he said, for once.

"About anger," I said. "I wanted to ask you——"

"Why are you cluttering up your article?" he said. "This has nothing to do with what we have been talking about."

"You know," I said, casting a quick glance toward my tape recorder to see if the meter needle was moving and, of course, drifting into the next lane. "You know," I said, "I have been thinking about this, and you are taking over my article, exactly the way you take over your scenes in Werner Herzog's movies."

"Where are you going?" said Kinski.

"Sorry," I said and careened back into my own lane.

"Of course," he said, "it's obvious that you should write about this. You cannot write in a story everything about me."

"Well," I said, because I know very well that I have a tendency to clutter up my articles, "you may be right."

"Of course," he said.

We headed toward the mountains. The road became sinuous as we climbed.

"Why are you so worried?" he asked.

"I'm not worried," I said.

"You looked worried," he said. "Why? This is what you need. This is what is important to know. This is the essence, this thing. This is what journalists were trying to get out of me for 20 years. And I never thought of it in this way before, but last night, because of our conversation, I thought, This is what is essential; this is the fundament. It is obvious that this is what you must write. Don't keep mixing in these other things."

"But——" I started to say.

"It only confuses," he said. "What are you doing? You are too far on the left again."

"But you need a framework," I said. "You need——"

"A framework. What is this, a framework? You don't need a framework. They told you you need this. You don't need this. You need a painting, not a frame. You are going too slow. Just go."

"Well——" I started to say; but then I gasped as I was suddenly jolted backward, because Kinski, having decided the car was too sluggish on the steep road, had without warning shifted down.

"That's better," he said as we picked up speed. By the time I recovered, I had lost my train of thought.

"At first, I felt this thing coming up in myself," he continued, "just really physically growing in myself and happening, but it was a jungle, so I couldn't distinguish things so much. I knew there were, in myself, the souls of millions of people who lived centuries ago—not just people but animals, plants, the elements, things, even, *matter*—that all of these exist in me, and I felt this. OK, this pushed and pushed and pushed. OK, that was the beginning. . . . And through the years, it became clearer and clearer, this thing; it started to separate itself. I could make it come when I had to concentrate on, let's say, a person I had to become—this thing became stronger. And took more of me. In this moment, I let it do it, because I wanted, I *had* to be this person. And as I was led to doing it, there was then no way back. And the more I tried to do it, the more I hated it. But there was no way back anymore; it was always going farther and farther and farther. Until one day, when I was walking through the streets of Paris, I started crying, because I could look at a man, a woman, a dog, anything, and *receive* it, anything, everything; there was no difference between physical and psychological. I felt like I was breaking out, breaking up, receiving everything, every moment, even things I did not see. There is no turning back from this. But this danger is the power you have. It is this same

power that lets you hold an audience when you are on a stage. Then it is a concentration, the same concentration that in kung fu is used for the kick that kills or to break a table with your hand. It means that you are sure of the power and that you relinquish yourself to it."

Kinski hesitated for a moment.

"It should not be necessary to explain things," he said. "I don't know . . . maybe it comes from this fucking occupation that they call 'art.' I don't know what the meaning of that is. And they call me 'actor,' and I know this is shit, OK, because it just means that some idiot, absolutely imbecilic, cretin, illiterate director can say what he wants to me, can even harm me. So I say to him, 'FUCK OFF!' Or I go home or whatever. And then they say, 'He is mad; he just happens to be an artist.' These people who do not see the terrible things and therefore do not see the beautiful things, either. But I cannot dump, *dump* this thing. They think you can dump all this and be an actor. Then they say, 'Good job.' Do you say 'Good job' to an earthquake?"

Kinski paused. "I am dying of hunger," he said.

We stopped at a little fast-food place at the beach, an absurd gray structure that had been weathered to look quaint against the background of the ocean. I watched him stand at a counter and eat a chili dog, using a plastic knife and fork. "These beans are disgusting," he said. "They are hard. Look at this sign, *HOMEMADE*. What does this mean, 'home'? Does it mean that the beans are even more disgusting than others? I don't understand their signs. I don't WANT to understand their signs. This *HOMEMADE*, it's supposed to tell you these disgusting beans are good. These fucking signs! Signs everywhere that lie."

Kinski paced back and forth along the beach while I traipsed along behind him with my useless tape recorder: There was a howling wind that whipped our hair and our clothes and that I knew would make this tape inaudible, too.

It was cold this day, already autumn. We couldn't see the horizon; the gray of the ocean merged into the sky. Even the sand seemed gray in that light. Behind us were more grays, those of the cliffs, and then the brown of the mountains. It was the only time I saw Kinski not dressed in white; he had on a bright-red windbreaker, the only splash of passionate color in the mist.

Kinski talked and I listened until I started shivering in the relentless wind.

"Let's go back," he said.

We sat for a while in the parked car. It seemed almost silent now, away from the beach.

"Why do I continue making movies?" he said in reply to a question I'd asked hours earlier. "Making movies is better than cleaning toilets."

"Do some roles leave you cold?"

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"In a way, everything concerning a movie leaves me cold, and everything involves me. For a smaller one, you just give a smaller kick."

I remained silent.

"I don't know. Why have I had this life? If I knew, I wouldn't have done it. Do you know what I mean? You cannot even say, I cannot even tell myself, 'Why did I do it? I shouldn't have done it.' It's ridiculous."

"It wasn't a choice?"

"It wasn't my choice."

He sighed.

"So it means," he continued, "the only thing I can say is 'OK, shit!' Just like saying 'Shit!' to yourself. You say 'SHIT' ten times when you hurt yourself. You say 'SHIT.' Nobody is there. You just say 'SHIT.' So I could tell myself, 'Oh, shit, why, WHY, why did all that happen to me? Why was I not a bird on the ocean? You know? Instead of this, you know?' This I could say, but just to myself. SHIT! It doesn't even make sense after a while when you say 'Shit' from morning to eve-

ning, but there was a time when I could not stop. It was like a tic. I said 'Shit' all the time. SHIT!"

For the first time in his presence, I felt afraid. Not of him but of the furor of that younger self he was reincarnating in the small, cramped space where we sat, yet another cage to be filled with that power and rage that I finally understood to be his furor at his own fate. And I saw that same vein stand out on his forehead that I had seen on Aguirre's, and the same intensity in the set of his jaw: It was not the rage of helplessness, it was the rage of defiance.

Kinski opened his eyes, which had been clamped shut, and then looked away at the ocean. In the car, the silence seemed new. Well, it wasn't a silence. There was still the wind, the sound of a sea gull's wings flapping. It only seemed like a new silence to me, because I had watched a man say "Fuck you" to his own pain.

Kinski stared steadfastly at the ocean.

"I don't know," he said.

"Why do you live alone?" I asked.

"I didn't choose solitude," he answered. It was unusually brief for him.

"Because in your book," I said, "you seemed capable of such love."

"Yes," he said. "Love is the salvation." He sighed again. "I didn't choose to be alone. But I cannot explain this. I could be with a woman in a bed, for weeks even, and it would seem to me like three seconds. Or 300 years. There is no time sense because of things that are going on in you. I don't know, there is no explanation of this. But every time, even with someone I . . . But whenever I was with a woman, I always sort of want another one. So there was always another one. I can't explain this, but it means that these women, they were not sharing my solitude. I wanted to stay with somebody, but I couldn't, it wasn't possible, because of this thing moving in myself. I had to learn this. I didn't want to be alone, but I had to learn that the dimensions of my feelings are too violent. I had to learn this. It is what I was just telling you before. Why? Why am I like this? It is the same as 'Why wasn't I born a fisherman?' This is not a choice. There is not a why. Look at this bird there. Why does he fly to the left? Why?"

We watched as the gull flew out of our sight, toward the mountains. A few hundred feet away, on the road leading to the beach, a truck pulled up and some men got out, carrying pneumatic drills and jackhammers. They set to work, and it was the sounds of the drills and the hammers that now reached the car.

"Look at them!" exclaimed Kinski. "They are not happy if they don't hammer. They hammer, they hammer; it is unbearable. That is why you have to go away. It is not a solution, but you have to go away, to protect your feeling of life, where people won't shock you and hurt you. They hammer everywhere! Everywhere they can possibly hammer! They hammer in your brain! Hell, these idiots, they come with their hammer, where people are sitting, to hammer, to hammer, to hammer! Let's go."

I started the car without stalling it, mercifully, and drove away. We headed back toward town and I got more driving tips from Kinski and we talked some more about the thing. We've had other conversations since, but it is at the ocean that I remember him best. Even though many of his words were torn from his mouth by the sea breezes and were hurled toward the ocean or the mountains or buried in the sand, Klaus Kinski led me to grasp, with what I felt was perfect clarity, the definition of an ineffable force of nature, because he seemed to be both a part and an expression of it, even though now, when I listen to my tape, there are only fragments of speech, meaningless by themselves, and what I can hear, mostly, is only the screaming of the wind and the detonation of the waves. This is the most important lesson I learned about what it is, ultimately, the "actor" does.



Saul Zaentz

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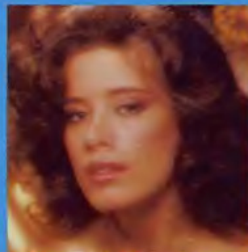
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(continued from page 124)

renewed for another 20. The county would rather not wait that long, so I've been assigned to collect on the judgment. You are working now?"

"Yeah, I got on at Kodak last year. How much more do you say I owe, anyway?"

I glance at his file and give him the good news.

"A little over \$300. Do you want to go ahead and pay that off?"

"Nah, you can get it out of my next year's tax return."

I shrug my shoulders and show him to the door. I haven't told him the bad news. Since he was kind enough to tell me where he's working, I will immediately garnish his check to collect the other \$300. By the end of the month, it will all be over but the shouting. His child-support debt will be paid and I will have closed another case. I walk back to my desk, file the garnishment and go to lunch.

Interstate enforcement of child-support orders is a shambles. An unfortunately large number of men now live in different states from their ex-wives and therefore consider themselves immune from the burden of child support. Sometimes yes, sometimes no. When I get back from lunch, there's a message from a Mr. Jones in New York. He would like to talk with me because I've taken half of his check. Court systems are slow and frustrating, especially when courts in two states are involved. I try to bypass them whenever possible. One way is through Project Intercept, which is usually good for a year or two; then the man ups his deductions until there is no refund to take.

For Mr. Jones, the situation is called a double whammy. Divorced in Colorado, he left the state with a \$400-a-month child-support order, looking for a new life and a new job. When he got to New York and didn't pay his support, a reciprocal action was filed with the court system there. The judge in New York lowered the amount of child support to \$100 a month. Mr. Jones has made his \$100 payment faithfully for the past three years.

Unfortunately for him, the New York order applies only to collection efforts in that state. The Colorado order hasn't been affected. Under the Colorado order, I've established a judgment on the arrearage of \$3600 each year. Whether or not I have jurisdiction over Jones is no longer important, because he has taken a new job with a company that also does business in Colorado. I've served my garnishment on the company's registered agent in the state of Colorado, and I have Mr. Jones by the short hairs to the tune of \$10,000. Long distance—sometimes it's better than being there.

Child-support payment is never a guar-

anteed thing, however. The stack of mail on my desk is mostly from other states, inquiring about cases that have been referred to me for enforcement. There's also a letter from John's father. John was a tougher case to convince than most. I garnished him until he was broke before he finally agreed to a wage assignment. I thought the situation was taken care of, but John worked only two weeks before he was injured on the job. He spent a week in the hospital, a month recovering and was due to return to work in a couple of weeks. The envelope contains a note and a copy of a death certificate. At two o'clock one morning, John rode his motorcycle off the edge of a winding mountain road. He won't be paying any more child support.

Wednesday afternoon, Sally is in the waiting room and Vern is with her, holding a darling, blue-eyed little boy. I lead them to the interview cubicle and they sit. No power plays are necessary this time. Even the child is quiet, sucking a thumb, gazing around with wide and innocent eyes. Vern's eyes are downcast and he doesn't have much to say. He is wearing painter's coveralls. The paint spatters are barely dry. Vern is a workingman, not a dead beat. He is in trouble with his support payments because he never understood them in the first place. I give him my handout sheet, which lists general child-support guidelines.

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2. Payment of support must be made as it becomes due. Failure to secure or denial of rights of visitation is not an excuse for nonpayment. The aggrieved party must seek relief through a proper motion filed with the court.

3. The payment of support takes priority over payment of debts and other obligations.

4. A party who remarries after dissolution and accepts additional obligations of support does so with the full knowledge of his or her prior obligations and will be given no consideration for those obligations when accused of "contempt of court" for failure to make the payments as ordered.

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Vern has made some of his payments. But he has paid his ex-wife directly, in cash, even though the order stated specifically that payments were to be made



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through the registry of the court. I point out the important words *AS ORDERED*. He shows me half a dozen receipts. He thought he had more, but he couldn't find them. I give him credit where I can and explain that he'll have to pay the balance, even if that means paying some months over again.

I can't change his current amount of support, but I do have some control over the monthly payment on the amount past due. Normal procedure is to double the man's payment and collect one month's past-due in addition. Vern can barely afford the current payment. When he offers \$50 on the arrears, I nod my head.

"Sold!" I say. "I'll have the papers ready to sign Friday."

After two years of contested divorce and a bitter custody battle, Charlie's decree became final last month. He can't make this month's support payment because I've already garnished his check. Charlie was \$7000 in arrears before his first payment was ever due. Colorado law is specific—any money paid by the state for the benefit of his children becomes a debt in Charlie's name. When his wife left him, she went on welfare.

She didn't tell him. I couldn't. That information is a Government secret, protected under the Privacy Act. When Charlie got to court for his final hearing, the county attorney was present to obtain judgment for all Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) amounts paid out. Charlie should have gotten an order for child support, even a temporary one, as soon as his wife left. That would have limited his liability to the amount of the order instead of the AFDC amounts, which in Charlie's case were more than twice as much.

AFDC isn't the only trap for the unsuspecting. If you are even *thinking* about splitting the blankets with the mother of your child, watch out. I operate under the Colorado statutes, but the cases I handle come from all over the country, referred here when Dad moved to Larimer County. Each state has its own twist, but certain points are nearly universal.

You get only one day in court—*be there*. It doesn't matter if you have to work that day; it doesn't matter if you have to travel from another *state*. If you don't show up, you may be found in default. A default order was issued in Phil's case for \$500 per month. Had he been in court, he probably would have been ordered (on the basis of other orders from the same court) to pay \$200 per month. Get out your calculator and decide how much Phil could do for his kid with the \$300 difference each month—if he didn't have to pay it to his ex-wife.

And while you have your calculator out, tell me you can't afford a lawyer. If your lawyer saves you \$100 a month, he'll pay

for himself in a year or two. If he helps you avoid escalator clauses or alimony payments (which now can be collected along with your child support), he may pay his way before the ink is dry on your decree.

I'm not a lawyer. I'm not offering legal advice. I *am* an investigator. My investigator's advice is this: *Get a lawyer*. If you really do live in another state and can't make it back to court, get one lawyer to appear on your behalf and a second lawyer to make sure the first one doesn't forget. Look for an attorney who normally handles domestic cases—and is familiar with the judges who will hear your case and the court in which it will be heard.

Once you've been ordered to pay child support, cover your ass. *Pay it*. Pay it through the registry of the court. If your support isn't ordered through the registry, see your lawyer about modifying your order. It's cheap insurance. You may also find it easier to write a check each month to the Clerk of the Court than to write *her* name again 12 times a year.

If you lose your job, look for another one. If you can't find one that will cover your payments, get a second job. Try a day job, a night job, a Saturday job and a Sunday job. If you pay the support, there is nothing else your ex-wife can do to you. If you don't, you may have to deal with me—or someone worse. There are tougher kids on the block: Colorado's cost effectiveness was ranked 30th in the last Government survey, taken in 1983.

Get your lawyer to work immediately if there's a valid reason, such as long-term illness or injury, that you can't make the payments. Future payments *may* be abated or excused. If you have insurance, workmen's compensation, unemployment benefits or any other source of income sufficient to pay the child support, your payments will probably remain the same.

If you're already in the hole, stop digging. Don't wait for me to find you. It's true that enforcement efforts in some jurisdictions are so ineffective that you may never have to pay. But since you probably won't know that your case is being investigated until it catches up to you with one hell of a bang, maybe you should ask yourself the *Dirty Harry* question: *How lucky do you feel today?*

If you start now, you may be able to finance a lawyer to help you make a deal. If you offer your ex-wife a lump-sum payment for a large part of the past-due amount, along with a payroll-deduction plan to keep you current, she may go for the bird in the hand. I won't. If you can't come up with a lump sum, try a wage assignment for current support and a second one for a payment on the arrears.

What are your chances of going to jail? If you're dealing with me, you won't have that privilege. Some states have apparently decided to try high-visibility enforcement tactics, arresting fathers with

past-due amounts. I think such tactics are stupid. I don't want you in jail. In jail, you can't pay your support. In jail, you're warm and dry. In jail, you eat three times a day. In jail, you're a burden to the taxpayers. In most places, you won't go to jail unless *you* do something stupid, such as getting frosty with the judge. I want you on the outside, sleeping in your car, living on the street, if necessary, until you decide to see things my way.

That may be sooner than you think. New Federal laws are scheduled to take effect in October. These laws make automatic what I've been doing all along. All new orders requiring payment of child support will contain provisions for making your employer deduct those payments from your check. I won't have to obtain judgment. I won't need to garnish. Next to the other deduction boxes on your pay stub will be a box for your "fatherhood tax," the automatic withholding of your child-support payment.

Friday morning, Vern and Sally are in to sign the wage assignments.

"What about the visitation?" Sally asks. "Vern hasn't seen his little girl in a year."

Vern's order for visitation is specific—every other weekend from Friday night at five to Sunday night at six. I suggest to him that he obtain a certified copy of his court order, notify his ex-wife, as required by the decree, then call the police to request that an officer be present when he goes to pick up his daughter. If he has the certified copy of the order *signed by the judge* to show to the officer, most police departments will provide this "civil standby." All the cops I know would rather keep the peace than pick up the pieces. If that doesn't work, Vern will have to go back to court.

If you aren't getting your visitation, you'll have to do the same. Your visitation has nothing to do with your child-support payments. You have an agreement with the judge to make the payments; your ex-wife has an agreement with the court to allow visitation. Don't try to take things into your own hands and enforce your visitation rights by refusing to pay the support. You'll somehow have to find the money to take your ex back to court. If you think it less than fair that a woman is entitled to my services to collect support while you have to hire your own lawyer to go after visitation, so do I, and you have my sympathy. I don't have any better answers for you, though.

Child support is a problem that can be reduced to dollars and cents. Any money not paid can be collected with interest. Visitation, on the other hand, is a nebulous situation at best. Unless your ex flat-out refuses to let you see your kid, denial of your rights is very difficult to prove. If she remarries and moves to another state, she isn't "preventing" you from seeing your

offspring. Even if you live just down the street, you're still in a secondary position. If you've planned a special weekend, complete with dinner at an expensive restaurant, nothing can stop her from delivering the child half an hour late, in dirty clothes and stuffed full of peanut-butter sandwiches. In the words of the philosopher E. Sagner, "Life is a bitch—then you die."

Life does have its moments, however. Sharon is my last appointment of the day. She's 19 and in her second year of chemical engineering at Colorado State University. Last week, she asked for my help in finding her father. Her parents were divorced when she was seven, she moved with her mother to Colorado, and she hasn't seen or spoken with him since.

"The bum never paid my mom any support," she says, "and Mom won't go after him. She says she suffered too much the first time in court. I need money for school, though. Now that I'm in college, maybe he'll pay it to me, instead."

Technically, I can locate a father only at the request of the mother. But on a hunch, I bent the rules. I took down what information she had—she thought he was somewhere in California—and I told her I would contact her. It took me 45 minutes to find him, but I didn't call Sharon until today. I also accessed his court records, and I've been waiting for the hard copies to arrive in the mail.

The first sheet of paper I hand her has the information she wanted—her father's address and phone number. The second sheet is a long computer print-out, and it brings a puzzled look to Sharon's face.

"What is this?"

"A payment history from the court in California. It shows that each month, for 11 years, your father sent a check to the court. The court, in turn, sent a check to this address in Denver."

"That's Mom's address. . . ."

Her voice trails off, and for a long moment, she stares blankly at the print-out.

"I'm still going to call him," she says with a half-smile. "But I guess I'll just say hi. Maybe he'll let me see him. . . ."

It is after quitting time when I get back to my desk. The telephone is ringing anyway. Vern's ex-wife is on the phone, and she is furious. Yes, she wanted the money, but somehow it never occurred to her that when I forced Vern to pay his support, he might insist she keep her part of the bargain, too. He is on his way over to her house to pick up his little girl.

Oh, well. I'm on my way downtown for a cool one. If I meet you in the bar, don't take a swing at me. Pull up a stool. Buy me a beer. Ask me about my ex-wife. I do this job for one reason and one reason only. It pays my child support.



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

## Sex in Cinema (continued from page 126)

*"How much spice do today's audiences want? It's a question that has held up the release of '9½ Weeks.'"*

*Rolling Stone*: "There's one thing I have to say straightaway: There just isn't enough sex."

Even the teenage sex comedies, long the repository of pubescent nudity and single-entendre jokes, seem to have lost much of their appeal. Symptomatically, Martha Coolidge, director of 1983's acclaimed *Valley Girl* and of 1984's flop *The Joy of Sex*, reported that she decided to eliminate a major sex scene from her 1985 picture *Real Genius*, with Val Kilmer and Gabe Jarret. "It wasn't essential to the story," she declared, "and, besides, it's not what the public is buying."

Just what the public is buying remains as enigmatic to studio executives as ever. No one would have dared predict the runaway momentum of Sylvester Stallone's *Rambo: First Blood Part II*—particularly after the lackluster returns on his pairing last year with Dolly Parton in *Rhinestone*. Yet, backed by an ad campaign that promised little more than Stallone's well-oiled musculature, *Rambo* immediately soared to the top of the box-office charts.

On the other hand, there were probably high hopes for *Perfect*, with John Travolta as an investigative reporter researching a story on Los Angeles health clubs and Jamie Lee Curtis as an aerobics instructor who resents being researched. The studio was obviously pinning its faith on its stars.

The fact is, of course, that stars do sell tickets, but only when they are backed by a story—or are cast as characters—that can interest a wide audience. Clint Eastwood, for example, has an almost infallible sense of what is right for him, as evidenced again in his most recent success, *Pale Rider*. Playing an itinerant preacher who is also pretty handy with a six-shooter, Eastwood wins the open adoration of married Carrie Snodgrass and her

nubile, impressionable daughter, Sydney Penny. In view of the fact that Eastwood has seldom been a shrinking violet about sex scenes on the screen, it may be significant that in *Pale Rider* he fends off the daughter; and when he does indulge in a quick grapple with Snodgrass in the bushes, the scene is so dark that one can barely make out the bushes, much less the activity beyond them.

Veteran director John Huston is only slightly less discreet in his handling of the love scene between Jack Nicholson and a gorgeous, dangerous Kathleen Turner in *Prizzi's Honor*, one of the surprise successes of 1985. It's a mad, passionate thrashing of naked limbs that begins on the bed, then crashes to the floor—but photographed so darkly that one is never quite sure who is doing what to whom. What really keeps the home fires burning in this torrid, action-packed but frequently outrageously funny film is the tension between love and money, and the growing realization that both can kill.

*Witness*, another of the year's surprises, also made it to the top without any of the supposedly obligatory love scenes. Harrison Ford plays a tough Philadelphia cop given refuge by an Amish widow (Kelly McGillis). Their mutual attraction is almost immediate, but Ford is sensitive to the clash of cultures that separates them. Even though—in a scene that pulses with sensuality—the woman knowingly permits Ford to eye her nude in her bath, he rises above temptation, leaving her to the Amish farmer who loves her (dancer Alexander Godunov, making his American film debut).

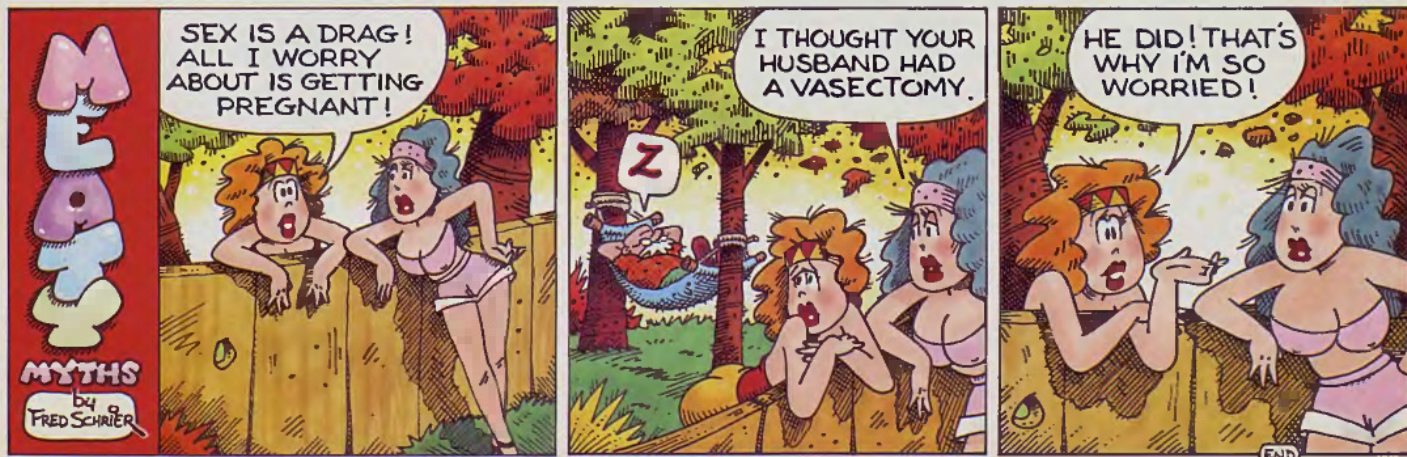
Quite a different clash of cultures is the subject of John Boorman's sprawling, exotic *The Emerald Forest*, an adventure tale played out against the lush imagery of the Amazon rain forests, its scenery con-

siderably enhanced by scads of dusky maidens skittering about in their native undress: It's the old *National Geographic* approach to nudity. Essentially, *Forest* is the story of an American engineer, working in Brazil, whose son (ingratiatingly played by Boorman's own son, Charley) disappears into the wilderness. By the time the distraught father finally locates him, the boy has gone thoroughly native.

Paul Verhoeven's vivid, violent *Flesh & Blood* is also an adventure movie, this one set in the 16th Century, when life was cheap and morality seemingly nonexistent. Rugged Rutger Hauer plays a warrior leader who, cheated of his promised share in the taking of a castle, gets his revenge by murdering his double-crossing lord, then making off with the beauty (Jennifer Jason Leigh) who was intended for the lord's son. The odd thing is that when Hauer inevitably rapes her, she gives every sign of enjoying it and soon is ruling the castle with him, until the son sacks it, at which point she is just as ready to run off with him. Like all of Verhoeven's movies, going back to *Turkish Delight*, *Flesh & Blood* is spiced with sex.

But how much spice do today's audiences want? It's a question that has held up the release of *9½ Weeks*, by British director Adrian Lyne, for more than a year. The script is based on Elizabeth McNeill's semi-autobiographical novel about a divorcee (Kim Basinger) who ultimately discovers that she can't handle her tempestuous affair with a kinky, sadistic Soho art dealer (Mickey Rourke); the problem for the producers was how much of this story, which appeared in *PLAYBOY* back in April 1978, they could show today, when films are becoming so circumspect. Their picture has been in and out of the cutting rooms half a dozen times since the completion of principal photography in August of 1984.

No such difficulties beset Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan*, which quickly established itself as one of the more successful summer entertainments, thanks largely to its two leading ladies, Rosanna Arquette and Madonna. Rosanna is a bored housewife who derives



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*"Gee, I don't think I'll ever get all the leaves out of my panties."*

a vicarious delight from reading the personal ads in the papers, particularly those headed "DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN." Susan is a freewheeling lady, a gangster's moll on the lam with some priceless jewelry that she doesn't know is hot. Arquette, after a blow to the head, regains consciousness thinking *she's* Susan; while she's making time with a good Samaritan (Aidan Quinn), the real Susan moves in with Arquette's husband. It's synthetic and only moderately spiced—which is what 1985's audiences seem to go for.

The success of a modest little feature such as *Susan* may portend that the youth-oriented, spectacular special-effects movies are losing a bit of their grip. Not that Steven Spielberg, George Lucas & Co. are being forced out of business—not with such movies as *The Goonies* and *Back to the Future*, all of them tales that might have been spun at the Disney studio a few years back, still playing to hefty crowds. The aforementioned *Cocoon*, directed by Ron Howard, has been neatly calculated to span the generation gap. Its quartet of amiable aliens, headed by beefy Brian Dennehy, includes Raquel Welch's beautiful daughter, Tahnee, and personable Tyrone Power, Jr., but the show is virtually stolen by a gaggle of oldsters, among them Don Ameche, who by accidental contact with the aliens are so rejuvenated (sexually and otherwise) that they're soon bounding about like a bunch of horny teenagers.

On the other hand, literally dozens of science-fiction adventure films headed straight for the tubes. Most prominent among them—and, at \$22,500,000, the most costly—was *Lifeforce*, in which astronauts return to earth unwittingly carrying a deadly cargo: vampires whose elec-

tromagnetic force reduces ordinary people to hideous zombies. The fact that one of them, statuesque Mathilda May, strolls through the entire picture without a stitch of clothing proves ultimately more ludicrous than lubricious. *Creature* is an obviously lower-budgeted attempt to cash in on the same premise (including the naked lady), with Klaus Kinski as a mad scientist. In *Re-Animator*, yet another deranged scholar, Jeffrey Combs, brings the dead back to life. But once they're alive again, they turn mean. The grisly climax finds beautiful Barbara Crampton stripped and strapped to a table, awaiting the lustful onslaughts of a decapitated doctor.

At such points, it becomes a bit difficult to differentiate science fiction from the straight horror movies; but, again, the law of diminishing returns seems to be taking effect. As well it might: Who needs a fifth version of *Friday the 13th*? Or even a *Halloween II*? Certainly not enough hardy souls to push either picture onto *Variety's* weekly chart of the 50 top-grossing films. Writer-director George Romero, however, has built such an avid cult following for his grisly zombie movies, independently produced on a low, low budget, that all he has to do is announce a new one and the faithful will arrive. The new one for 1985 is *Day of the Dead*—and, if anything, it's more gruesome than its two predecessors, *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead*. Fans of this sort of thing will probably be even more amused by Dan O'Bannon's spirited send-up of the genre, *The Return of the Living Dead*, which pays full homage to Romero but also plays around with the notion of pitting a bunch of today's hardcore punkers against the ghouls. It's fun—especially when the zombies, having had their fill of punks, call in the cops because

they're still hungry. Perhaps O'Bannon will one day have his own cult following.

Teen sex comedies, though numerous, are showing signs of aging. Neither *Porky's Revenge* (the third outing for the series) nor *Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment* created the slightest stir at the box office. Nevertheless, a dozen or more lightweight, lightheaded, low-budget entries followed in their well-traveled footsteps. Oddly, and sadly, this genre seems to be the final refuge for sexual high-jinks on today's screens, even though the sex generally takes the form of adolescent pawing and chasing after naked girls. *Hot Resort*, for example, sets up a contrived rivalry between the horny kids who staff a St. Kitts hotel and its preppie guests, all vying for the favors of the lovely ladies languishing poolside. In *Paradise Motel*, local Lothario Robert Krantz befriends young Gary Hershberger because his father owns the resort and Krantz wants free access to its deluxe honeymoon suite, the better to seduce a parade of high school cuties.

The distressing thing about these movies isn't merely their slipshod indifference to plot, their dim-witted jokes or their sophomoric attitude toward sex; it's their attitude toward the women themselves. Never before, with the possible exception of some hard-core pornos, have the girls been so blatantly manipulated. They exist to be ogled by the boys, undressed by the boys, bedded by the boys—and dismissed by the boys. The guys may be total wimps, the girls sexy and delectable, but they cheerfully subject themselves to any indignity that the boyfriend (or his helpful scriptwriter) may dream up. In some of these pictures, the girls don't even have names. The boys may be called Mike or Tony or Joe, but the girls are identified—even in the credits—as The Blonde, Cocktail Waitress, or simply The Girl.

In contrast, relationships provide the very core of the ever-increasing number of coming-of-age pictures of the past few years. Although many of them deal with initiation into sex, they are not essentially sex films; nor, even though they often have their amusing moments, are they essentially comedies. In Rob Reiner's *The Sure Thing*, for example, college freshman John Cusack sets out for California to spend Christmas vacation with a "sure thing" (Nicollette Sheridan), sharing a ride with prim, proper Daphne Zuniga, who has already rebuffed his advances on campus. But as the trip goes on, the two come to care for each other, and Cusack learns the difference between a sure thing and the real thing.

The real thing is the central concern of Daniel Petrie's largely autobiographical *The Bay Boy*, the story of his own coming of age in Nova Scotia during the mid-Thirties. In one crowded year, young Donald Campbell buries his handicapped brother, fends off the advances of a homosexual priest, witnesses a particularly



"Gosh, and I was so nervous about coming to your apartment."



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shocking murder and loses his virginity. Kiefer Sutherland (son of Donald) is first-rate as the boy, Liv Ullmann even better as his work-worn mother.

Somewhat less solemn is *St. Elmo's Fire*, starring today's teenage heartthrob Rob Lowe. It looks at the problems of a group of recent college grads, all close friends, who begin to wonder what went wrong with their lives. The reasons include drugs for lovely Demi Moore and a lot of casual sleeping around, mostly with the wrong parties, for everyone else. If there's no sleeping around in *The Breakfast Club*, it's only because the five principals have been ordered to spend a whole Saturday confined to their high school library for some minor infraction of the rules. They start out by disliking one another intensely but are finally drawn together by the discovery that they all have one thing in common—they hate their parents. In *Vision Quest*, young Matthew Modine is understandably distracted from his high school wrestling by sexy Linda Fiorentino: By the end of the picture, the boy has made out nicely on both the mat and the mattress.

Despite a shrinking theatrical market, the production of outright sexploitation movies shows no sign of slackening—partially because they can be made on the cheap, partially because of the producers' growing confidence that their downside is protected by the booming video-cassette and cable markets. One doesn't look to these pictures for production values or major stars. What they offer is action—often quite violent action—and plenty of T and A, generally introduced with a hilarious lack of motivation. In *Certain Fury*, for example, willowy Irene Cara stands naked in a shower for minutes on end, just waiting for a doped-up Nicholas Campbell to burst in and rape her. A shower scene also serves as the pretext to

undress pretty Betsy Russell in *Tomboy*, in which she plays an auto mechanic with racing aspirations. Co-star Kristi Somers, as a would-be actress, doesn't even need a pretext; she disrobes whenever anyone suggests that there might be a part for her in a movie. One expects plenty of nudity in a Sylvia Kristel movie, and, indeed, in *Mata Hari* she appears topless under the credits and at least once per reel after that—notably in a saber duel with a buxom rival. But it's all so routine, so measured, as to recall the line from *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*: "Here come those tired old tits again." The same may be said of Harlee McBride and Sybil Danning in *Young Lady Chatterley II*, a follow-up to the 1978 movie that also starred McBride. The notion of McBride's doing a Lady Godiva act to prevent her property from becoming the site of a nuclear power plant would surely boggle the feeblest mind, and the remaining horseplay isn't any more enlightened.

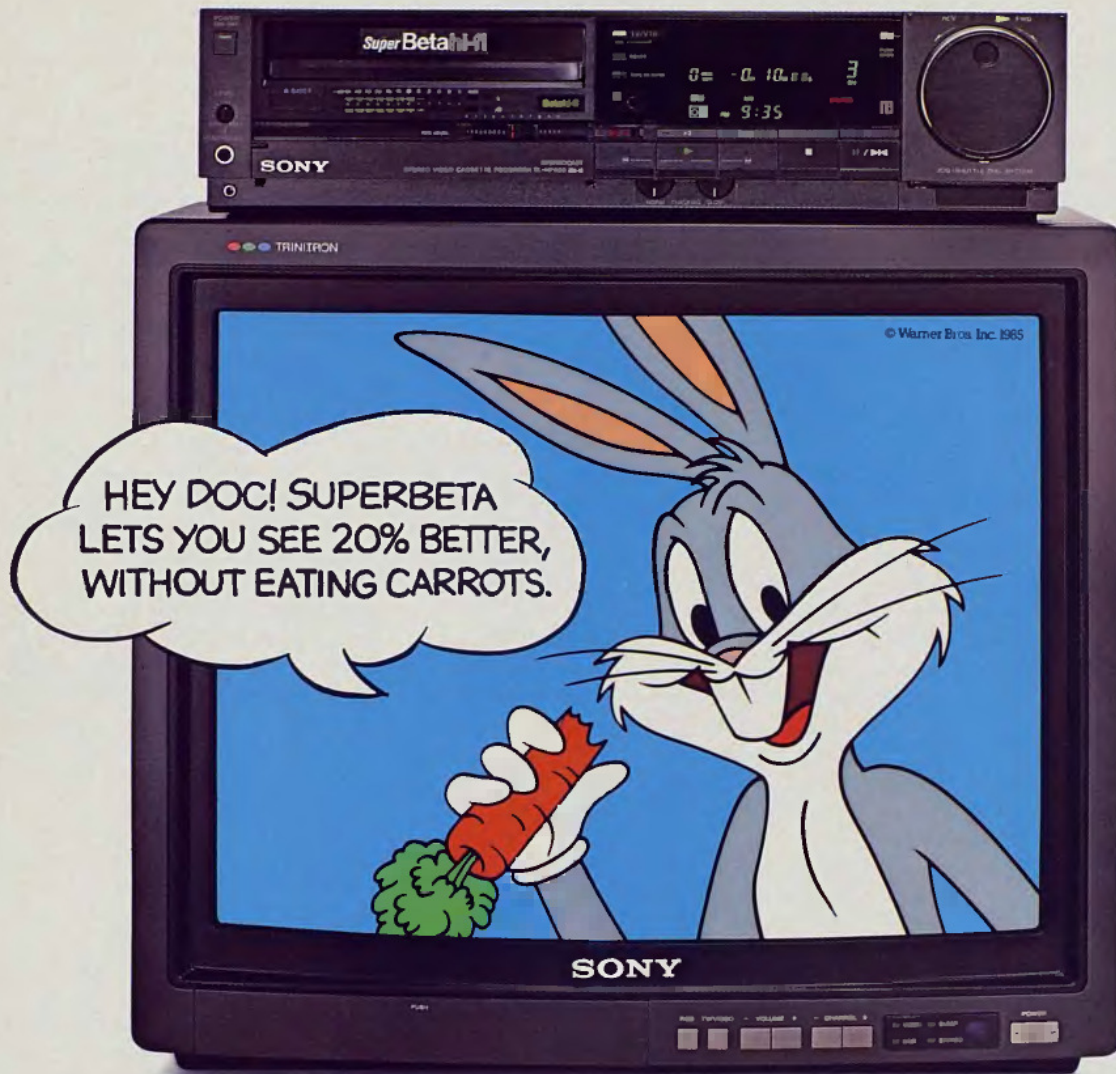
Somewhere toward the bottom of the barrel are *Bad Girls Dormitory* and *Hellhole*, both capitalizing on the promise of sex and sadism in a women's prison. One trouble with sexploitation is that it hovers uneasily on the fringe between main-line movies and outright pornos. *Hellhole*, for example, offers for marquee bait such familiar names as Ray Sharkey, Marjoe Gortner and Terry Moore, all of whom have known finer hours. Presumably, none of them would consider going hard-core, so these attractions are booked for the lower half of double bills in second-rate houses, then sold for late-night cable viewing. But the porno producers are also invading this market—and, more important, the cassette market as well. The canner producers are beefing up plots and production values along with their sex scenes, knowing that the latter can be cut (or re-edited) for R-rated theatrical release

and for cable but can be sold intact on cassettes, which now account for at least 40 percent of their business. (At this point, most of the lower-budgeted pornos are being shot in two or three days on video tape for cassette sales only, skipping the theaters entirely.)

Which makes a movie like *Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star*, winner of this year's Adult Film Association best-picture award, all the more interesting. It could stand on its own in terms of story, performance and direction, even if its numerous sexual encounters were made less explicit or some of them were eliminated. (Producer Billy Thornberg and director Anthony Spinelli, in fact, originally aimed the film for general release under the title *It's Called Murder, Baby*, shooting the hard-core footage to cover their bet.) With luscious Lisa De Leeuw, a sizzling redhead, in the title role and the ubiquitous John Leslie, his hair slicked down, as a Forties private eye whose services are required—in more ways than one—to solve a blackmail case, the film generates an excitement that makes its amorous interludes seem positively intrusive. Perhaps the year's most ambitious—and outrageous—porn entry, however, is *The Gräfenberg Spot*, produced by the San Francisco-based Mitchell Brothers. The spot, at least in the film, is that part of the vagina that, when properly stimulated, emits an ejaculation more impressive than that of the male. Veteran porno star Harry Reems discovers this vulnerable area in blonde Ginger Lynn, one of the newest, hottest and shapeliest of the current crop of sex kittens—and the discovery makes her *wild*. (Reems has privately stated that Ginger is the hottest girl he has ever played opposite—and it shows on the screen, distinctly.) He appears opposite her again in *L'Amour*, this time teamed with sultry Angel, another of the newer crop of porn stars. In fact, one is struck by how often the same faces (not to mention tits and penises) turn up in these movies: Reems, Leslie, Jamie Gillis and Eric Edwards among the nonstop males, Ginger Lynn, Amber Lynn (no relation), De Leeuw, Tracy Lords and voluptuous Candy Samples (bra size 48EE) among the women. But the hottest woman in the field remains Chicago-based Seka, a slim, blonde beauty who apparently will do anything for a price—and that price runs into six figures per film, plus a percentage of the profits. "And she's worth every penny," comments adult-film distributor Dave Friedman. "Theater owners are always calling us to ask when they can get the next Seka movie. She really sells tickets."

For sex in mainstream film making, however, one was obliged in 1985 to look increasingly abroad—a curious reversal, since not long ago it was the American product that was considered too strong for the foreign markets. Outstanding is the Australian *The Coca-Cola Kid*, directed by Yugoslavia's renegade Dusan Makavejev and co-starring our own Eric Roberts with Italy's volatile Greta Scacchi. In one





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scene, Roberts, seduced by Scacchi's sultry charms, strips her of her Santa Claus costume and makes love to her amid a veritable explosion of feathers. (Reported Scacchi rather tartly after the film's premiere in Cannes last spring, "I would rather have spent three days in bed with anyone but Eric Roberts.") Also from Australia comes *An Indecent Obsession*, based on a novel by Colleen (*The Thorn Birds*) McCullough, which includes a steamy homosexual interlude, along with several more conventional encounters; and *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, with Tina Turner in a wild wig and chain mail playing opposite Mel Gibson as mistress of an underground Bartertown where everything, including human life, is up for grabs.

*Kiss of the Spider Woman* is one of the year's more unusual attractions, partly because it's a U.S.-Brazilian coproduction, partly because it introduces William Hurt as a homosexual who, jailed for molesting a young boy, gradually worms his way into the affections of cellmate Raul Julia, a political activist. Hurt beguiles Julia by inventing facsimiles of old-time movies with lively Sonia Braga (who is also Julia's girlfriend) starring as the recurrent sex symbol in these fantasies. First unveiled at Cannes, the movie is every bit as offbeat as its title indicates.

*Brazil*, despite its title, hails from England; it's an Orwellian black comedy presided over by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam. The title derives from the once-popular samba, cuing the flights of fancy of our hero (Jonathan Pryce), a civil servant in some grim, 1984-style bureaucracy of the not-too-distant future. He comes to

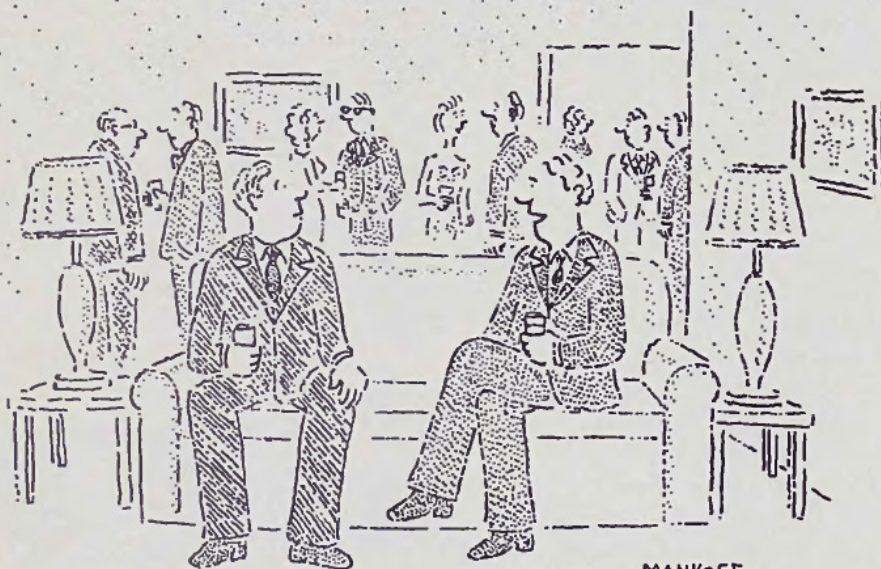
grief when he falls in love with a beautiful young girl suspected of terrorist activities. Newcomer Kim Greist is the girl of his dreams, while Robert De Niro and Python's Michael Palin contribute to his nightmares. Two closely related English films are Joseph Losey's *Steaming*, based on Nell Dunn's stage success, and *She'll Be Wearing Pink Pajamas*, lighter in tone but also concerned with a group of women of mixed backgrounds who come together for mutual help and sympathy. In *Steaming*, the setting is ladies' day in a steam bath that local authorities are threatening to close; in *Pink Pajamas*, it's an outdoor survival course for women in England's beautiful Lake District. Both contain considerable nudity and extraordinarily frank discussions of sexual problems; but in neither is there any sense of voyeurism or exploitation. Quite the contrary, both films seem designed to give audiences greater insights into women's problems and, for women, especially, a greater respect for their own sex. Vanessa Redgrave and Sarah Miles head the cast of *Steaming*; Julie (*Educating Rita*) Walters stars in *Pink Pajamas*.

France's perennial bad boy, Jean-Luc Godard, was represented by two films this year—one of which, *Hail, Mary*, promptly landed him in hot water with the Catholic Church, the other, *Detective*, with French critics. *Hail, Mary*, unseen here at press-time, is reportedly an updating of the Christ story, with Mary the virginal daughter of a gas-station proprietor and Joseph a lowly cabdriver. No sooner had the picture opened in Paris than there were street demonstrations against it, and

stink bombs were tossed into the Champs Élysées theater where it was showing. Feelings escalated on both sides in April, when, without having viewed the film, Pope John Paul II condemned it, asserting that it "deeply wounds the religious feelings of believers." The following day, *Il Popolo*, the official newspaper of Italy's Christian Democrat party, countered with a review praising the film for "the constant sense of mystery Godard conveys and the gentleness with which he recounts the extraordinary love story involving Mary, Joseph and God." Characteristically, Godard's response was simple: "Being a Protestant, I'm not at all disturbed by the Pope's intervention." *Detective*, on the other hand, was roundly criticized for its old-fashioned plot (and its unsatisfactory resolution), for the lack of clarity in its characters and for its extreme loquacity, with Godard holding forth on everything from the commercialization of sex to the reasons France is a second-class nation. In other words, a typical Godard movie.

Such films, of course, rarely play outside the art-house circuits in this country. There they have been joined this year by several domestically produced documentaries of more than routine interest. Best of the lot is *Pumping Iron II: The Women*, an eye-boggling report on female bodybuilding that poses the crucial question: Which is more appealing, feminine curves or bulging biceps, pectorals and thighs? Adroitly filmed by director George Butler and an enormous camera crew, it reveals the arduous preparations of an international female contingent in competition for the 1983 Caesars Palace World Cup, with attention focused primarily on Lori Bowen, Carla Dunlap, Rachel McLish and Australia's awesome Bev Francis. Just who deserves to win is a matter of taste that even the Las Vegas judges had difficulty with, but the picture has already stimulated a realization that beauty doesn't have to be traditional.

Challenging in quite another, more searching way is *Streetwise*, a gritty, dispassionate documentary on the way of life of a dozen or so Seattle street urchins, kids from 13 to 17 who are already pimps, prostitutes and pushers. The film, directed by Martin Bell, unfolds their separate stories without editorial comment; but what emerges, apart from any bitterness that our society would permit such degradation to exist, is a sense of wonder at these kids' resilience, their ability to survive, their will to do so when everything seems hopeless. They share a remarkable camaraderie, offering their meager possessions—a scrap of food, a cigarette, a joint—to one another with true generosity, forming friendships that are based on trust in a world that has rejected them. *Streetwise* preaches no moral, nor does it pull any punches; it's more powerful and more moving than any fiction film of the year.



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# PLAYBOY

## ON-THE-SCENE

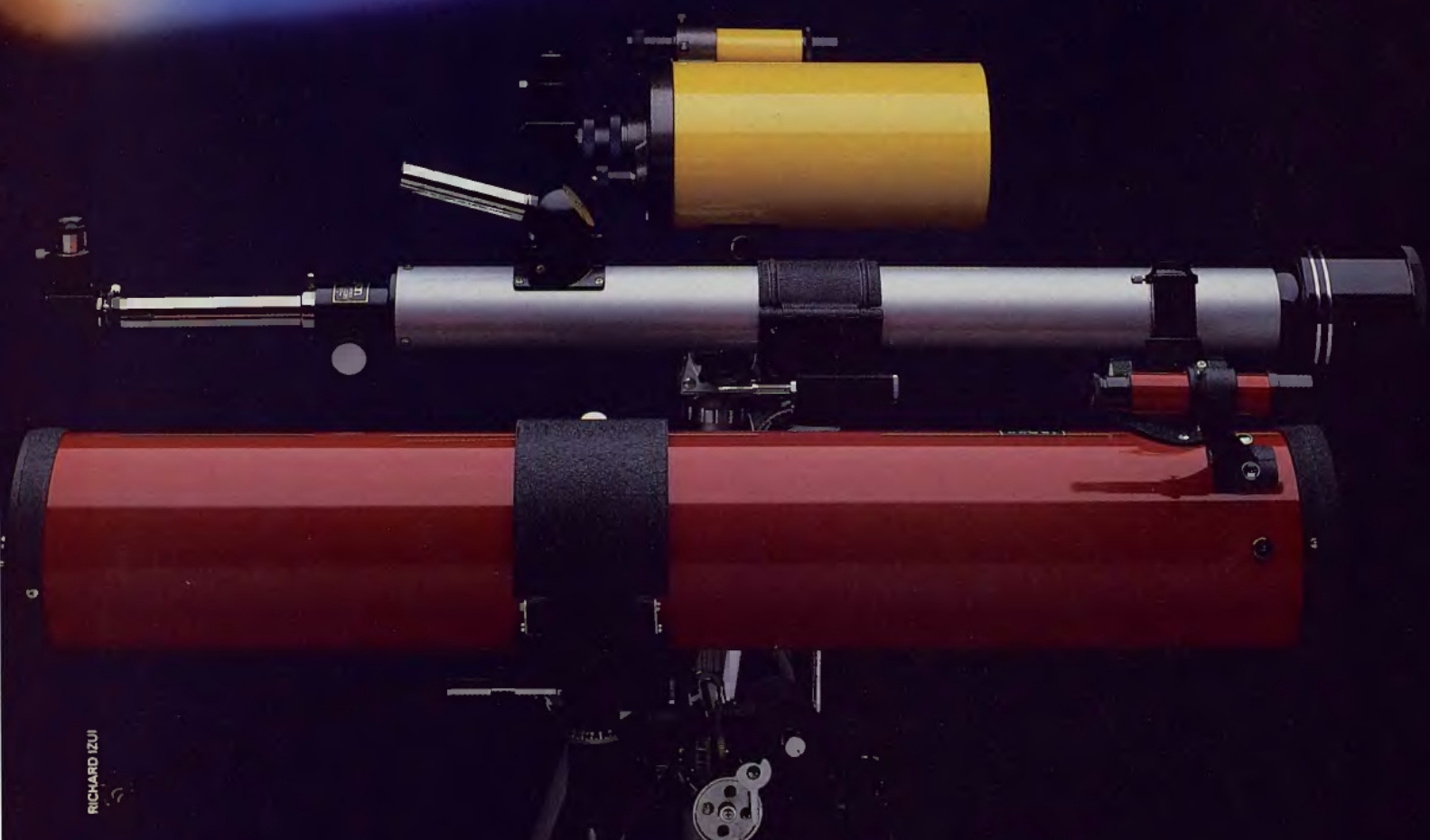
*what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen*

### COMET CHASERS

**T**he event happens only every 76 years, and you'll not want to miss it this time around. Halley's comet, that famous sky burner, is due to be visible in this hemisphere from about November to April; and to facilitate comet chasing, we've assembled a sampling of scopes. The heavens, to be sure, move at a slightly slower

pace than an episode of *Miami Vice*, but that doesn't mean the pyrotechnics are any less grand. And what happens when Halley's comet passes out of view? Well, you can always train the optics on that high-rise across the way where another heavenly body—perhaps that yoga instructor you've been dying to date—contorts to the music of the spheres.

**Below:** The compact yellow telescope is a five-inch Schmidt Cassegrain model that sets up quickly on its own sturdy tripod and comes with such goodies as a Porro Prism and an adapter that accepts standard, still and video cameras, from Norm Thompson, Portland, Oregon, \$1200. Below it is a Discoverer Astronomical telescope with 454X of power, plus a large selection of accessories, from Jason Empire, Overland Park, Kansas, \$374. Bottom: A Lunagrosso Reflector 450X scope with a four-and-one-half-inch mirror and a cosmos of components, by Tasco, \$500.



## FASHION

**H**ere's a formula to take the work out of building a business wardrobe. We've dressed our model in a single-breasted herringbone suit, by Dimitri Couture, \$825, and combined it with a cotton shirt, by Valentino Uomo, \$47.50, and a silk tie, by Dimitri Couture, \$40. To back up this basic look, we then chose four alternative shirts in colors, patterns and collar styles that go equally well with the suit, plus a sampling of ties. (You should have at

DOUGLAS KEEVE

least two ties per shirt.) This season's ties to bind are paisleys and foulards. A sampling of pocket squares that pick up colors from your ties, plus belts in black, Burgundy and gray, also offers flexibility. Oxfords and tasseled loafers are shoe-ins, while patterned socks are knee to knee with solids as a solid business choice. If you do wear a patterned sock, the accent color should be as dark as (or a bit darker than) the color of your shoe. Happy shopping. —HOLLIS WAYNE





Ties from top to bottom: Silk rep tie, by Resilio, \$22.50; silk foulard, by Hathaway, \$17.50; plus 14-kt.-gold tie tack, by Avedon, \$57; silk crepe de Chine, by Fumagalli, \$35, shown with 14-kt.-gold tie bar, by Louis Tamis & Sons, about \$250; wool rep, by Valentino Cravatte, \$35; and silk paisley tie, from Don Loper by Superba, \$20. Shirts, clockwise from 12: Cotton striped buttondown, by Addison on Madison, \$52; striped shirt, by Nino Cerruti, \$28; cotton-broadcloth shirt, by Ike Behar, \$76; cotton pin-dot shirt, by Hathaway, \$44, with 14-kt.-gold-and-onyx cuff links, by ABL Jewelers, \$795. Pocket squares, top to bottom: Silk foulard, \$11, white cotton, \$5, and silk club print, \$11, all by Imperial. Leather tasseled loafer, by Timberland, about \$90, holds a paisley-patterned sock, by Interwoven, \$7.50; a Burgundy sock, \$6.25, and a black/gray sock, also \$6.25, both from Christian Dior by Camp Hosiery. Belts, top to bottom: Black alligator, about \$135, and embossed calfskin, about \$28, both by Henry Grethel; plus gray crocodile, by Gubelin, \$150. Other accessories: Lizard card case, by Polo/Ralph Lauren Leathergoods, \$145; 14-kt.-gold-crest ring, by Krementz, about \$950; gold-plated watch, by Mark Cross, \$600; and amber glasses, by Tura Eyewear, \$70.

DENES PETOE



## SCRUPLE PUPIL

Your lover has appeared in a nude centerfold. Do you leave him/her? It's all A Question of Scruples, the new adult challenge game that poses 247 moral predicaments about which players must answer "Yes," "No" or "Depends" and then be challenged by fellow hypocrites. Scruples is available at J. C. Penney and game stores for \$18. By the way, if you answered "Yes" to the question above, maybe you ought to cancel *PLAYBOY* and subscribe to *Reader's Digest*.



## OH, DIANA!

If you're a victim of terminal weirdness, Diana's Cards are the perfect way to reach out and touch someone with your affliction. These postcards are strange; and if you want to see what we've seen, you're going to have to lay out \$20 for about 70 cards. (Diana's Cards is a tad free-spirited when it comes to exact counts.) The address: 23 North Fair Street, Warwick, Rhode Island 02888. Don't say we didn't warn you.



## SEXUAL STAMPING GROUND

Quacky Stamps have balls—also penises, pussies and other X-rated appendages and orifices reproduced in rubber. The stamp pictured here, appropriately named Sunset Strip, is one of the tamer offerings—and, at only \$10.50 sent to Quacky Stamps, P.O. Box 90775, Los Angeles 90009, is a frivolous way to begin a collection. Other ladies in the \$2 catalog include A Touch of Trash, Afternoon Delight, Tight End and Reclining Babe; when teamed with such erotic exclamations as "It's So BEEig!" "Beat It," "Ooooh! I Think He Did!" "Censored" and "Kiss My . . ." they make for interesting combinations. Quacky will even reproduce your own dirty little design at prices ranging from \$6.50 to \$11, depending on size. Back to the drawing board, Casanova.



## EEK! THE GEEK!

Yes, all you procrastinating ghouls out there, you can still get your hairy claws on a truly bizarre mask for Halloween; but to do so, you'll have to call (219-362-4321) or write to (613½ Michigan, La Porte, Indiana 46350) a company called Death Studio in one blazing hell of a hurry, as netherworlders are rapidly surfacing to snatch them up. The Geek (that's the one with the features all scrambled) originally appeared in the Jacksons' *Torture* video, \$60, postpaid. Others include a Gargoyle (from the TV movie *Gargoyles*), \$57; the Jinn (purple, ponytailed fellow), \$55; Bite (no nose or mouth—yeech), \$43; and the punk rocker, Dr. Skank, \$50. C.O.D. orders will up the cost a bit. Better order quick, creeps.

### LAYING TILE

Some artists who paint on ceramic tile give great flowers or fish. Meredith Gordon gives great nudes—and if they don't get your heart started in the morning, nothing will. Prices are about \$10 per tile, but her company, Tile Art, 941 26th Street, Santa Monica, California 90403, will fill you in on all the slippery details. Yet another reason to linger, soaking slowly, in your shower or tub.



### CALL TO ARMS

You've got your BMW and your personalized license plate. Now where do you take your upwardly mobile ambitions? How about putting your family crest where your money is—namely, on a 3 3/4" polished-steel badge that you affix to the grille of your status wheels. Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories (where else?) at 200 South Robertson, Beverly Hills 90211, is where to buy it. A badge is \$63, postpaid.



### THE WILL TO SURVIVE

"Outward Bound on a computer" is how a chillingly realistic new game, *Wilderness: A Survival Adventure*, has been described. It pits anyone who owns an Apple II with 48K of main memory against the elements in a life-and-death struggle to walk away from a plane crash in the rugged Sierra Nevada mountain range. Electronic Arts is the distributor, and it freely credits the input of the U.S. Air Force Survival School manual. Or you can play the *Lost City* scenario and search for a priceless statue of gold. All this outdoor fun is only \$52.95, postpaid, from Electronic Arts, 2755 Campus Drive, San Mateo, California 94403.



### PLAYING BALL OLYMPIC STYLE

Now that the shadows are long on the 1985 baseball season, we thought we'd give all you diamond addicts a little something to carry you through until next spring. It's the official 1984 summer Olympics baseball poster, which was originally created as a giveaway to select celebrities and is now available to bleacher bums as well as box-seaters for only \$10 sent to Why Not Posters, Ltd., P.O. Box 1316, New York 10028. About 86 legendary items of baseball lore are shown. A smash hit!



### LET THERE BE LIGHTHOUSES

The United States Lighthouse Society, a nonprofit historical and educational organization dedicated "to the preservation of one of the most important symbols of our maritime heritage," has turned on closet beam buffs from Sausalito's Point Bonita lighthouse to the one on Lake Cobbosseecontee, Maine. Membership in the society is \$15 a year and includes a quarterly magazine, the *Keeper's Log*, plus membership card and certificate. Wayne Wheeler, the keeper of the flame, is the person you write to at 130 St. Elmo Way, San Francisco 94127. More good news, old salt: Your membership is tax-deductible.



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### Just for the Halibut

How hip are you? This is ANGELO CHRISTOPHER MOORE, one sixth of FISHBONE, a hot L.A. band. He sings, plays sax and has been described as Buckwheat on acid. The music hits all the spots from ska to reggae to New Wave and even to jazz. Fishbone says its ultimate goal is not to be stereotyped. No chance!

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### Heidi Has No Reservations

Actress HEIDI BOHAY is in her third season behind *Hotel's* reservations desk, and she got there the hard way, by appearing in more than 30 commercials and lots of guest shots on other TV shows. She deserves a few relaxing bubbles.

### Ask Not for Whom LaBelle Tolls

PATTI LABELLE is a piece of work. If cats have nine lives, Patti's got ten. Just to refresh your memory, her first incarnation was in Patti LaBelle and the Bluebells. Remember *I Sold My Heart to the Junkman*? Then she formed LaBelle, with Sarah Dash and Nona Hendryx. Lately, you've watched her tear up the TV on Motown's Apollo show and at Live Aid. She can make you feel good all over. P.S. Let's hear it for her hairdresser.

## Two Scoops of Das Hagen

We hear that NINA HAGEN is getting a grip on herself. We are such great reporters that we wanted you to be the first to see what she came up with—in color, no less. Nina has had a very busy fall, taking this act to South America and Europe. Paris is still reeling.

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## Thighs and Whispers

You can see what's under BRIGITTE LAHAIE's garters if you catch her movie, *Joy and Joan*, which has been described as a mixture of *Emmanuelle* and *The Story of O*. Are you ready for the plot? The story opens in Bangkok, where Brigitte's character, Joy, is fleeing an Asian prince. She meets Joan and they fall in love. They are joined by Joy's boyfriend and life gets more complex. You get the drift.

MERVELLEC / GAMMA LIAISON



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## He's Got the Whole World Near His Hand

NICK ASHFORD and VALERIE SIMPSON have been writing and performing together for 20 years. They've enjoyed each other so much that ten years ago, they got married. We hear they're writing a Broadway musical after a full summer concert tour, including the obligatory stop at Live Aid. Since the rock life isn't known for its longevity, when we caught them in a fast squeeze, we wanted to say, "Bravo!"



# COMING NEXT: THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 32ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUES



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**"HELLO, BARBI"**—WELCOME BACK TO MISS BENTON, ONE OF **PLAYBOY'S** ALL-TIME FAVORITES

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