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A SNAPPY
INTERVIEW WITH
JOAN RIVERS

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X-RATED VIDEOS

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PLAYBILL

DEPENDING ON how you look at it, risk taking separates either the men from the boys or the foolhardy from the sensible. Thus, **Craig Vetter** is either a real man or a first-class bonhead. He is, after all, *PLAYBOY*'s risk taker par excellence, having distilled the essence of every acrophobe's nightmares in his legendary five-part series *Pushed to the Edge* in 1978. (In case you don't remember, Craig walked on the wing of an airplane, climbed an ice cliff, ski-jumped from an unholy height, sky-dived and almost but not quite jumped from one of Acapulco's famous high-dive cliffs.) His latest experiment in terror is rock-climbing, as you'll read in *Climbers* (illustrated by **Don Ivan Punchatz**), his profile of men whose goal in life is to be human flies. After reading it, you decide whether or not this is a sport for a rational human being. What do we think? We think Craig and his rock-climbing buddies are the kinds of guys you want at your side when the only way out of a bad situation is up. **Joan Rivers**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, is a risk taker of a different sort. Anyone in show business who invokes the wrath of **Johnny Carson**, as she did in signing up to host her own late-night talk show, is flirting with professional suicide. But, then, Joan, as our interviewer, **Nancy Collins**, has known for a long time, is used to taking professional risks. Collins, who has interviewed Rivers several times over the years, says that Miss "Can We Talk?" isn't hesitant to help others take chances, too, particularly in matters of romance. "She's a great matchmaker," says Collins, "and every time I've interviewed her, she has fixed me up with several doctors. She knows a lot of them because she likes to take good care of herself. This time, true to form, she called up the doctor who had done her suction vacuuming and set up a date for me. I said to her husband, **Edgar Rosenberg**, 'You know, I feel as if I've dated every part of Joan's body.'" And what did Collins think of Joan's doctors? "They were all great guys. She has great taste in men." A great guy is one thing, but a *dude* is another. To be a real dude means you've mastered the art of cool all the way to the freezing point. Read **Mel Green's Dudes** and maybe you, too, can become *verry* chilly. We can tell you one thing that a cool dude knows: which man-to-man matchups can determine the result of a pro football game. In *The Ones to Watch*, **Kevin "Cool Keed" Cook** prepares you to be a low-Fahrenheit football fan.

To prepare you to be a better buyer, Contributing Editor **David Rensin** asks *20 Questions* of consumer maven **David Horowitz**. **Susan Squire** visited a suburban video store to find out what kinds of people rent X-rated films and, as she reports in *Ordinary People* (illustrated by **John Alfred Dorn III**), learned that they're very much like your neighbors. Appropriately, this is also the month for our yearly review of *Sex in Cinema*, which has a brand-new layout and a new writer (Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**), as well, because the feature's usual author, **Arthur Knight**, has been vacationing in Australia. (Also redesigned is our new two-part *Playboy Music Poll*. Try it; you'll like it.) Two guys you've seen in movies star this month in our fashion and skin-care features. **Steve Guttenberg**, of the *Police Academy* films and *Cocoon*, wears avant-garde European clothes in *Steve Guttenberg, Get Serious! (But Not Too Serious)*, and **Dolph Lundgren**, the villain of *Rocky IV*, shows you how to pamper your epidermis in *Winning the Skin Game*, by Beverly Hills cosmetician to the stars **Nance Mitchell**.

Fans of good fiction won't want to miss *The Professional Soldier*, by **Francisco Goldman**, illustrated by **Braldt Bralds**. If you like great beauty, feast your eyes on Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag's** photos of **Devin DeVasquez**, our June 1985 Playmate, a recent winner on television's *Star Search*. Move on to this month's Playmate, **Donna Edmondson**, and enjoy the brainy beauty of **Céline La Frenière**, screenwriter for the film *Foreign Body*. Speaking of brainy beauties, **Cynthia Heimel's Women** column won't appear this month, because Cynthia has been busy putting the finishing touches on her soon-to-be-released book from Simon & Schuster, *But Enough About You*. For now, that's enough about us, too. Turn the page and start enjoying this issue.



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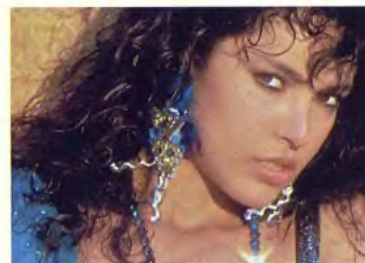

MINOLTA

PLAYBOY®

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COVER STORY

We knew Devin De Vasquez was star material when we published her June 1985 Playmate pictorial, and now the entire U.S.A. knows, thanks to TV's *Star Search*. The cover was produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski and photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda; Devin's earrings, by Jodi Kahn, are available through The Bonnie Roseman Company, L.A./N.Y. The Rabbit is so happy to see Devin that he's lightheaded.

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A GLEASON FOR ALL SEASONS

After reading the *Playboy Interview* with Jackie Gleason in the August issue, I can come to only one conclusion: The Great One definitely is! I found it especially interesting to read his praise of Art Carney. The man has class!

Ed Fleenor
Roanoke, Virginia

Bill Zehme's interview with The Great One is great, but why no mention of Gleason's Broadway career, specifically as a co-star of one of David Merrick's most beautiful productions, *Take Me Along*?

Take Me Along suffered a mediocre press, partly because the critics couldn't believe that Gleason, who played Sid Davis, could really act and sing. That he could, superbly, can be proved by listening to the original-cast recording. For reasons that are still obscure to me, the show dropped out of sight. Gleason should bank-roll a revival himself—he could still play a hell of a Sid Davis.

John Cooke Dowd
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Jackie Gleason maintains that he is not an alcoholic, merely a drinker. Then he says that the greatest cure for a hangover is more booze. What bullshit. Gleason has many of the earmarks of a chronic alcoholic. How ironic that an audience will laugh at the comic genius who drinks on stage but will crucify a pro athlete who has undergone substance-abuse rehabilitation.

A. M. Wellman
Keyser, West Virginia

CYNTHIA'S HARD LUCK

To the incredibly sensuous Cynthia Heimel: Ma'am, I am writing to explain a few things to you. First, though, three things must be said.

1. I enjoy your column immensely.
2. I read, reread and highly recommended your book *Sex Tips for Girls*.
3. I want you. I think lust is the key word.

I just read your *Women* column, "A Hard Man Is Hard to Find," in the August *PLAYBOY*. Two possibilities come to mind. The first is that it is a joke. The second, horrible to consider, is that it is not. If that column is serious, you are living in the wrong place. No woman can send out the sex appeal that you do in print and not have men killing for her. The city of New York may emasculate the men living there; never having been there, I can only surmise that. I can guarantee that this is not the case here in Houston.

I have an offer for you. Come to Houston. I will take you to dinner and then unleash every fantasy I have ever had about you on your body. The best that can happen is you will be incredibly satisfied. The worst is that you will have new material for a column. You can't, and won't, lose.

Jake Parker
Houston, Texas

THE CAPED CRUSADERS OF CAPITALISM

Laurence Shames, in *Yikes! Business Superstars!* (*PLAYBOY*, August), questions why business is going through changes at this time. The answer is very simple. Americans are mad as hell and we aren't going to take it anymore. I am referring to the fact that somewhere between the time that the first Ford Mustang rolled off the assembly line and the time that the Chrysler Corporation nearly went bankrupt, American business lost pride in workmanship. The amount of shoddy American merchandise showing up in all sectors of life was mind-boggling. There was a reason that, as Shames observes, the portrait of the average executive used to depict the head and shoulders of an unsmiling Episcopalian. The suit couldn't be shown because the lapels weren't sewn on straight, and the smile was crooked due to faulty bridge-work. American consumers are fed up and we are demanding dependability from those things on which we spend our hard-earned money. The Eighties businessman's vision of success is being defined by

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someone else, the customer; and if the businessman wishes to continue marching to the beat of his own drum, he'll be playing to an empty theater soon enough. Free enterprise doesn't mean a hoot if you can't pay the bills. So remember, behind all the so-called superstars, hoopla and myths of today's business world are the consumers, who have finally made themselves heard. Let's hear it for the little people!

M. A. B. Clawson
Houston, Texas

OLIVIA FANS

We enjoyed Olivia De Berardinis' illustrations (*Reincarnation*, PLAYBOY, August) very much, and we're interested in acquiring some of her prints. Where can they be purchased and are they affordable?

Richard and Michelle Loan
Milton, Florida

Two companies offer Olivia's affordable work, and they both advertise in the same August issue. Look at the UndercoverWear, Inc., ad on page 130 or the Robert Bane Ltd., Inc., ad on page 164.

THE MEESE RAN UP THE CROCK

Congratulations on excellent coverage of the Meese commission (*Inside the Meese Commission*, PLAYBOY, August). Robert Scheer's investigative report is enlightening, if a little frightening.

I wonder if the next step will be FBI files on all your subscribers. I'm the one who initially bought my husband his subscription, so I guess that makes me suspect. Actually, I'm not one of those left-wing radicals (though I do have a bit of Sixties romanticism in me), and I attend my local Unitarian-Universalist Church (well, a little radical) regularly with my young daughter (my husband works Sundays in a respectable grocery store). I don't even agree with everything I see in PLAYBOY (does anyone?). But I'll be damned (the Moral Majority may agree) if I can stand the way some people want to regulate my sex life, what I read and what I see.

I resent, as a taxpayer, putting out my money for such a biased farce as this commission has proved to be. And I doubly resent the "findings" being used to help the Government meddle in my life, imperiling my freedom of choice.

Rambo has long been available at our local video stores. I have no desire to rent it and I certainly don't want my two-year-old to see it, but I won't deny Reagan or anyone else his right to view it as often as he or she wishes.

The commission was repeatedly confronted with the issue of violence, not sex, as the primary problem but refused to be swayed from its original crusade to protect us poor folks (some of whom have even gone to college) from the terrible immorality of sex.

I only hope enough citizens are willing to speak up for their freedoms (as in your *Forum* letters) to prevent this travesty from going any further. If not, we may one day

find that George Orwell merely grabbed the wrong calendar.

Suzi Skutley
Santa Paula, California

I send you these wise words of one of our greatest American philosophers, with whom Attorney General Edwin Meese is obviously not familiar.

Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something.

—HENRY DAVID THOREAU

In Thoreau's eyes, I think, Ed Meese would be a good-for-nothing.

Jim Holman
Oak Harbor, Washington

In response to the letters in your August *Forum* condemning 7-Elevens for not selling PLAYBOY, I would like it to be known that I am an independent 7-Eleven franchisee and that you can continue to buy PLAYBOY at my store.

I believe in the individual's right to buy

*"I am an independent
7-Eleven franchisee, and
you can buy PLAYBOY at my
store. I believe in the
individual's right to buy
whatever he likes."*

PLAYBOY, cigarettes, beer or whatever he likes without others trying to impose their moral standards on the general public. So please don't boycott all 7-Elevens.

Tom Gomes
Auburn, California

Thanks for writing, Tom. And if any other 7-Eleven independent franchisees who feel as you do would like to write to us to let us know that PLAYBOY can still be purchased at their stores, we'll be glad to publish their names.

THEY SAY THE SUN DOES SHINE ON SAMMY

While I enjoy and appreciate your magazine in every way possible, I am writing this as a letter of protest. While reading the "Music" section (a personal favorite) in your August issue, I was appalled to see Charles M. Young's slanderous assault on Sammy Hagar. Before the aforementioned critic even begins to assess Van Halen's *5150* album, he makes the statement that he was prepared to hate it because the band's replacement for David Lee Roth, Hagar, is an asshole!

Hagar has been a fine vocalist since his first effort on vinyl in 1973. He sounds nothing like Robert Plant (another fine vocalist!) and any such comparison is laughable.

May I point out to Young that the big-

gest difference between Hagar and Roth is the fact that Hagar remains sober and remembers his lyrics while performing. Young, however, seems prone to worship drunken rambling.

Rob Savage
Belleville, Ontario

Fire Charles M. Young. He is obviously a moron. His review of the new Van Halen album is absolutely ridiculous. Where does Young get off calling Sammy Hagar a "mitigated asshole"? Sorry, Charley, but you are the asshole. Slammin' Sammy is a solid musician, a great live act and a true rocker. Hagar was jammin' with the likes of Ronnie Montrose when David Lee Roth was picking his nose in home room.

Kevin M. Lyons
Tustin, California

FABULOUS FABIAN

After viewing your August Playmate, we've decided you should designate a new title, Playmate of the Decade. No question, it's Ava Fabian! Her beauty is unsurpassed, and we feel she represents everything PLAYBOY means.

Despite the view of the Meese or any other commission, beauty such as this is meant to be seen over and over again! Many thanks.

K-Rogers Crew 504
Canton, Michigan



I have always been impressed with the manner in which PLAYBOY photographs and presents the ladies who appear in the magazine. I'm uniquely impressed with Miss August, Ava Fabian, not only for her obvious assets but because one of her turn-ons is a man in uniform. As an officer in the U.S. Army, I'm proud to defend not only this country but also the ladies who appreciate men in uniform.

If Ava would ever care for the company of an officer and a gentleman, I would be the first to volunteer. Please, one more picture of Ava, so I'll have a reminder of why I'm defending the American way of life.

Lt. Brian Birdwell
Fort Worth, Texas

In the name of patriotism, we're happy to fulfill your request, Lieutenant Birdwell. Ava certainly inspires us to stand at attention.



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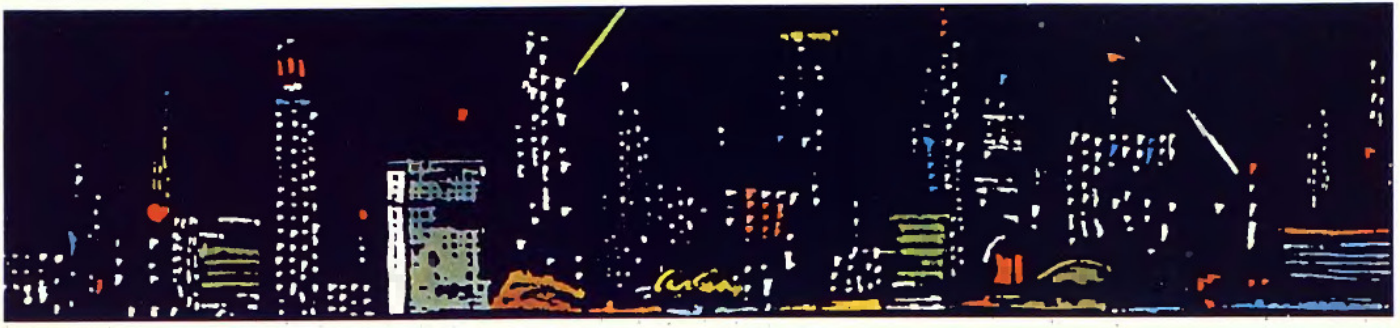


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Last August, we told you about the Yuppie/feminist chain letter that promised big bucks from an initial investment of one dollar. Now we've discovered another female-perpetrated chain letter that aims to reap the coin of a different realm, so to speak. It reads, "This letter was started by a woman like you in hopes of bringing relief to other tired and discontented women. Unlike most chain letters, this one won't cost you anything. Just send a copy of the letter to five of your equally tired and discontented friends. Then bundle up your husband or boyfriend and send him to the woman whose name appears at the top of the list. When your name tops the list, you will receive 16,877 men."

And here we thought feminist humor was an oxymoron.

MELLOW WARE

What do you get when you cross an acid freak with a nerd? The answer is the new Timothy Leary. He's dumped his old partner, Baba Ram Dass, for Boolean RAM DOS and forsaken LSD for an IBM. Leary has become a bytehead. He's designed a kind of personality-analyzer software that's supposed to shake up your stereotypes. It's being marketed as Mind Mirror, with the advertising slogan "Turn on, tune in, boot up." Feel as though you're having a flashback? There are other parallels between Leary's old and new interests: We tried Mind Mirror and found that the only way to exit is to take the floppy disk out of the P.C. and reboot—an electronic no-no.

THE BIG KILL

More than 1200 Americans have become millionaires via lotteries. Have they all immediately quit their jobs? No, only forty percent have done so. According to The Institute for Socioeconomic Studies, here's what the winners have done: 37 percent have kept on working; 24 percent have quit their jobs with no plans for

future employment; 16 percent have retired; 15 percent have reduced their working hours; four percent have changed jobs; three percent have quit their second jobs; and one percent have begun working longer hours.

IT BEATS THE RHYTHM METHOD

We don't know yet whether or not last year's Senate hearings on rock lyrics will produce any major changes in what's on the radio and on records. So far, there's been no Government intervention. But south of the border down Mexico, Colombia and Peru way, the United States has become far more involved in what teenagers listen to. For instance, a project funded by the U.S. Agency for International Development has produced a radio single called *Detente*, about chastity. Proving once and for all that teenagers don't really listen to lyrics, the record's climbing the charts all over Latin America. Heartfelt, if not hormone-felt, lyrics sung by the duo Tatiana and Johnny gush, "It's not

time to give ourselves everything" and "I say no, even though my heart is burning." Funny—we've always experienced the burn a little lower.

We've checked with teen-pregnancy experts at Planned Parenthood, and they think the song's a great development. Right now, 2,000,000 babies a year are born to teens in Latin America—so, hit it, Tatiana and Johnny.

American rock-'n'-rollers touring Europe are alarmed by the anti-U.S. terrorist threat. The band Dokken survived a fire-bomb attack on its bus in Germany. Could have been Qaddafi. Or it could as likely have been rock critics. Nevertheless, bands are taking some extraordinary precautions. We're told that when the notorious Butthole Surfers were booked in Yugoslavia, they billed themselves as a famous Mexican band. Could have fooled us.

TELL US ABOUT KOREA, DADDY

"They're all female. They wear slacks and *babushkas* and they tote little knapsacks in addition to your golf bags." Our just-returned friend Beckwith was raving about the caddies in South Korea. He was a smitten man.

"In their knapsacks, they carry little ashtrays, a load of dirt mixed with grass seed and a spatula. The ashtray is for your cigarettes; the dirt and grass seed are for your divots.

"Each time I hacked the fairway, my caddie would take her little spatula and scoop dirt from her little knapsack until she had filled the hole," gushed Beckwith, close to tears. We thanked him for his look at life on the Oriental links, but we wondered: Wasn't his favorite part when the caddie either cheered or gave comfort after every shot?

In case you've been wondering what to call an unmarried couple who live together, here are some tasteful definitions (all provincial usage) from *The Century*



MACHO

ACHIEVING THE NEW

Look at us—a generation of men raised to be sensitive, kind, intelligent and communicative. And now, who loves ya, baby? The rules have changed. What you want to be is macho. But it's not just the same old, same old macho. Even guys like Bogart or John Wayne couldn't cut it now. For one thing, they talked too much. Now, Rambo or The Terminator—these are New Macho guys: men of no words, men capable of violence in their sleep. That's the ticket. And now you, too, can be that macho guy. For a bold new beginning, just follow these helpful tips. You'll be biting the heads off snakes in no time.

Always speak as though you were talking to a dog: Take a cue from Sly Stallone, who wisely limits his vocabulary to a few monosyllables—and, hey, he always gets the girl. The communication of love is a simple language: heavy guttural moaning, a few grunted epithets and the occasional word. Stick to these ten—they'll convey anything you really need to say: (1) yeah; (2) no; (3) hey; (4) girl; (5) cat; (6) now; (7) more; (8) yeah; (9) die; (10) yeah.

Get in shape: Nowadays, you can work out at Nautilus, live on a diet from *Eat to Win* and still end up losing your girlfriend to an aerobics instructor. Don't let this happen to you! First, you're going to have to quit your job. Don't worry about the money—after you're in shape, you can always find work as a mercenary. Skip aerobics entirely and go straight to free weights. Bulk is the key here—so forget about old-fashioned concepts such as proportion and rest. Just work out eight hours a day, every day, and slam down about 12 pounds of raw meat per meal. Soon you'll be strong enough to bench press an aerobics instructor with your bare hands.

Eat right: The ancient Mayans believed that eating the heart of an enemy would give a warrior courage. Or maybe it was the Incas. The Aztecs? Who cares? The important thing is that they weren't Yanks, so they can all go to hell, anyway. The modern *macho* type understands the warrior traditions of the past but embraces modern nutrition to keep in peak physical condition. So, hey, try eating the heart of an artichoke. Same idea, right?

A word about your arsenal: A lot of guys still think it's incredibly cool to carry an Auto Mag .44 Magnum, just like Clint Eastwood. *Clint Eastwood?* Have you been at a Tupperware party for the past three years? Clint is a mayor now, for Christ's sake, and you'll recall that in the Dirty Harry movies, the mayor was always the bad guy. Eastwood is probably sitting at his

desk right now, poking at some zoning papers with a riot stick or bawling out some cop for roughing up a jaywalker.

Grow up—Magnums are history. The only way you're going to turn heads in this heavily armed culture is by packing some major ordnance. Uzis, MAC10s and AK47s are all a dime a dozen. Try a M203 grenade launcher. After all, today's well-outfitted men know that firepower is the difference between being dressed and being dressed to kill.

Put an "O" at the end of your name: Look, you were born in a Twinkie era. Your parents were Twinkies. They dressed like Twinkies, listened to Twink music and probably gave you a Twinkie name. The sad fact is, you aren't gonna make the A-Team with a name like Brian, Alan, Dwight or Steven. No way. Here's a simple test to determine whether or not your name is tough enough to make it in the world of New Macho. Just insert it in this paragraph:

"They counted on the liberals' backing down. They counted on the cops' running scared. They even counted on the Pentagon to turn its back. But they didn't count on _____."

Chris? Mike? Billy? *Craig?* Get real. Grown men will giggle when they hear your name. Your author should know. He feels ashamed every time he levels a village with his assault rifle. He pictures the survivors gathered around the carnage. As the smoke rises, a chieftain steps forward gravely. "There's only one man who could have done this," he says. "The one they call *Terry!* . . ." But *Terro*—now, that's *macho*.

A final word: These tips will get you started, but you're going to have to develop your own style for handling day-to-day situations. Be your own person. A lot of guys will use any excuse to shoot somebody, but maybe that's not right for you. Maybe you prefer to stab people or just plain blow them up. You're an individual; you have to decide for yourself—just like Rambo.

—TERRY RUNTÉ

Dictionary and Cyclopedia (1889). *Tally:* to live tally; to live together as man and wife without marriage. *Tallyman:* a man who lives with a woman without marriage. *Tallywoman:* a woman who lives tally.

The Indonesian office of food crops is offering \$1000 for a song singing the praises of the soybean. Thomas J. McKay suggests how certain musicians might have tackled the problem: *Scuze Me While I Kiss the Soy* (Jimi Hendrix); *Soy to the World* (Three Dog Night) and our favorite—*You're Soy Vain* (Carly Simon).

Second graders in a New York City public school were asked to list the ten greatest people who ever lived. The results, in order: New York's Mayor Edward Koch, Santa Claus, George Washington, Bill Cosby, Dwight Gooden, Pee-wee Herman, President Reagan, Fred Flintstone, the Ghostbusters and Brooke Shields.

Next time you doubt that legislators ever actually do any useful work, remember the headline that appeared in *The Veteran*: "SENATE PRESSES VETS' SUITS."

DATES FROM HELL

You know the feeling. You thought you'd done everything right, but somehow everything went wrong. You wonder, Is this how Bogey and Bacall did it? This month, we present another firsthand report from our tattered book of dates: The Neurotic.

"She lived in an apartment with absolutely no furniture in it, something she explained by saying that she wanted only perfect things around her and couldn't find any. As we sat and chatted, she offered me no refreshments, so I asked if she had any wine. She told me to look in the fridge, where I found six wineglasses filled with gelatin and nothing else. When we got to my car, a vintage VW convertible in perfect shape, she told me it didn't make the proper statement and that I should buy a BMW 525i, because it has a leather interior. She also told me my Velcro wallet was all wrong and that only leather felt right on the finger tips. Later, she told me that food gave her a headache and that she wanted to sleep with me, but we wouldn't have sex. That night, I learned the meaning of the phrase 'Lie there like a lox.' But the lasting lesson came the next morning, when she refused to use any soap that I had used, explaining, 'That's how women get vaginal infections.' Soap just hasn't been the same since."

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C A M C O R D E R

NELSON GEORGE

MOST OF THE best or, at least, most commercial albums this year have come from female vocalists. Add to that list three new ones by ladies with deeply contrasting styles. Jean Carne's roots are in jazz, but for the past ten years, she has made her living singing R&B. She has had some sporadic success, but somehow she could never find a comfortable niche for her idiosyncratic vocals. On *Closer Than Close* (Omni), Carne finds a soul mate in saxophonist/producer Grover Washington, Jr. On the title track, *Flame of Love*, *Lucky Charm* and a surprisingly effective reading of the pop chestnut *Everything Must Change*, Washington provides the right touch of supple funk, creating melow music spiced with salty grooves.

The key to Gwen Guthrie has always been the boogie. Although she enjoys a well-deserved reputation as a songwriter/background vocalist, it is through 12-inch singles such as *Padlock* that Guthrie has developed a cult following. On her PolyGram debut, *Good to Go*, Guthrie displays her allegiance to foot movement by turning the Bacharach-David ballad *Close to You* into a mid-tempo dance track. However, the album's highlight is a Guthrie composition called *Ain't Nothing Going On but the Rent*, a song as humorous in its avarice as Barrett Strong's *Money*.

We all know Madonna by now—wild chick with the cross around her neck, the ugly jacket and the omnipresent belly button, right? Well, no. On *True Blue* (Sire), Madonna is in a state of subtle transformation. She is still a self-assertive street girl, but her textures and lyrics are mature and sleek. *Papa Don't Preach* is Madonna the loose girl, all right, but one with a father she respects and the desire to start a family; *Live to Tell* is in the same vein. The arrangements here are more imaginative than anything else she has done to date. And considering she's previously been produced by Reggie Lucas and Nile Rodgers, that's saying plenty, particularly since Madonna coproduced *True Blue*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Something about Michael Stipe's voice makes the knots go out of my stomach, shifts my brain to pensive mode and makes me wonder, What does it all mean?—which I can't do for long without worrying that I'm becoming a pud, which puts the knots right back in my stomach. The only R.E.M. cut to date that transcends this sort of bowel churning for me is *Radio Free Europe*, one of the all-time great rock-'n'-Rorschach blots, by which all other R.E.M. product must be measured. So does the latest R.E.M. LP, *Lifes Rich Pageant* (I.R.S.), measure up or down?



Madonna wanna be grown-up?

Blue Madonna, solo El DeBarge and David Lee Van Roth.

Several cuts come close to up, particularly *I Believe* (a testament to I'm not sure what) and *Swan Swan H* (powerful but a lyric destined to be explicated in freshman poetry classes). Only song with party-tape potential is *Superman*, a cross between the Beatles' *Rain* drone and The Who's far-sighted paranoia in *I Can See for Miles*.

Malcolm Dalglish has figured out a way to muffle the strings of his hammered dulcimer on *Jogging the Memory* (Windham Hill) so they go plink instead of ploing, adding a whole new dimension to an instrument heretofore better suited to a barn dance than to the temples of a New Age meditation. Ploing fans should be advised that Dalglish does not plink exclusively, but neither do his diminished-chord ploings inspire any do-si-do. For those who want pure pensive mode without distracting lyrics and with more musical content than most New Age offerings.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Back when he had the guts to call himself Eldra, El DeBarge masterminded the exquisite family harmonies of DeBarge. But though the austere lilt and falsetto fantasy of its *In a Special Way* sold handsomely, the group never conquered the "pop" (that means white) audience. It was just too idiosyncratic—and too steeped in black harmony-group tradition. So on *El DeBarge* (Gordy), the young singer-songwriter-producer goes solo, hiring hack songwriter-producers such as Jay

Graydon and Peter Wolf to help him pass as one more ingratiating opportunist. It's a tribute to El's natural musicality and the indomitable sweetness of a voice a just God would have bestowed on a braver guy that this shamelessly ready-made synth-glitzy concoction simulates a winning innocence anyway. It's great summer music, a noncritic friend tells me. And that gets its weight just right. The videos for Graydon's Stevie Wonder-ish *Someone* and Burt Bacharach's Eldra-ish *Love Always* (and more) may even alert fans to the gorgeous *In a Special Way*—or to the El DeBarge album an angry God had damn well better order him to mastermind next time.

VIC GARBARINI

When David Lee Roth left Van Halen, his former bandmates slagged him off as a condescending, domineering bore. But *Eat 'Em and Smile* (Warner), Diamond Dave's new solo effort, pays Van Halen the ultimate compliment. Guess Dave figured if

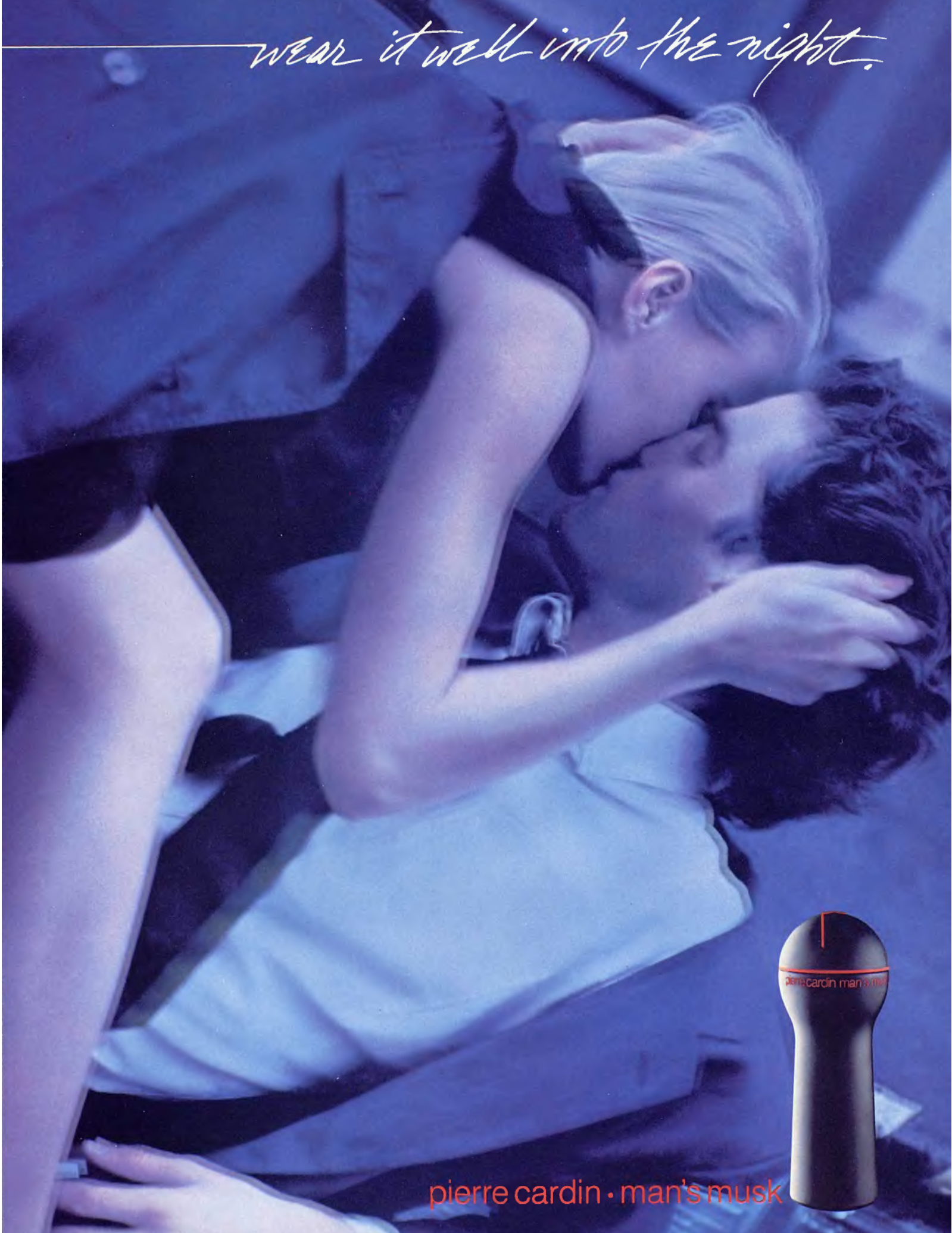
GUEST SHOT



PAKE MC ENTIRE is making noise on the country charts with the droll shitticker singles from his first album, *Too Old to Grow Up Now* (RCA). He says, "Tell 'em I'm no drugstore cowboy." Here's Pake on another original, David Lee Roth, and his debut solo LP, *Eat 'Em and Smile*:

"See, I listen to country radio, and they don't play David Lee Roth. The first time I ever heard of him was when my producer joked that he wanted me to be a country version of David Lee Roth. I'm impressed with him. He's a real fun-loving good-timer. He's an amazingly versatile singer. There are no dead lines in any of these songs—nothing could have been erased. There are some real hot guitar leads and rides. As for specific songs, if I put *Yankee Rose* in my show, I couldn't be still for a second—I'd have to dance. *I'm Easy* makes me reach for my jitterbug boots. And I can really appreciate this one line from *Goin' Crazy*: 'I'm going coconuts, but at least I'm going my way.'"

wear it well into the night.



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FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

| | Christgau | Garbarini | George | Marsh | Young |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|--------|-------|-------|
| El DeBarge <i>El DeBarge</i> | 7 | 7 | 5 | 7 | 6 |
| Eurythmics <i>Revenge</i> | 7 | 7 | 7 | 5 | 7 |
| Madonna <i>True Blue</i> | 4 | 9 | 8 | 9 | 8 |
| David Lee Roth <i>Eat 'Em and Smile</i> | 7 | 5 | 7 | 4 | 7 |
| Steve Winwood <i>Back in the High Life</i> | 3 | 8 | 9 | 6 | 6 |

PRETTY CHEEKY DEPARTMENT: A Cecil Beaton painting of Mick Jagger's bare buns was auctioned off to a dedicated fan for a bundle in England this past summer. Mick probably didn't pose; it's believed that someone snapped a photo and Sir Cecil painted from it.

REELING AND ROCKING: Michelle Phillips' book about *The Mamas and the Papas, California Dreamin'*, has been sold to the movies. . . . Debbie Harry will appear in *Forever Lulu*, a film shot in the U.S. by an Israeli director. . . . **Run-D.M.C.** plans to make another picture about rap music, despite negative feelings about its first, *Krush Groove*. "Krush Groove was too Hollywood," says Darryl McDaniels. "We want something to be real city." Look for *Tougher than Leather* in 1987. . . . Aretha has contributed new music to Whoopi Goldberg's latest movie, *Jumpin' Jack Flash*, which should be coming out as you read this. . . . At last, you can buy *Don't Look Back*, the D. A. Pennebaker film of Dylan's 1965 English tour. . . . Sean Penn hopes to star in a screen bio of folk singer Phil Ochs, who killed himself in 1976. Penn and Ochs's brother, Michael, are looking for a screenwriter.

NEWSBREAKS: José Feliciano is working on his autobiography, *Not Bad for a Kid with Rickets*. He hopes it will ultimately result in a movie. . . . Gregory Hines plans to play Jelly Roll Morton on the stage. . . . Do you know there's an Eskimo heavy-metal band called *Northern Haze*? . . . Michael Jackson's next album will be accompanied by a 15-minute film. . . . You'll have to wait until the spring of 1987 for a new *Tears for Fears* album. . . . Carl Perkins is working on a fall tour that would include Ringo and George and perhaps even Julian Lennon. Can you imagine? . . . David Bowie will be touring the world, beginning most likely

in Australia, after the first of the year. . . . Look for a new Tom Petty album. . . . The Pointer Sisters are doing a TV special. . . . HBO staged a Sixties revival at the old Fillmore West, with Joan Baez, Joe Cocker, Country Joe, Paul Butterfield, Carlos Santana, Al Kooper, Etta James, The Lovin' Spoonful and Sly and the Family Stone, among others, on stage. There was a light show, and Bill Graham introduced the acts, just as he used to do. . . . Cyndi Lauper has recorded Marvin Gaye's *What's Goin' On*. . . . David Lee Roth's new album, *Eat 'Em and Smile*, features Dave's cut of the Sinatra classic *That's Life*. . . . Research on teens and rock lyrics done at California State University at Fullerton found that the beat and the over-all sound of a recording are of greater interest to teens than lyrics are. Maybe two or three percent of all teens devote their full attention to lyrics when listening to music. Hear that, P.M.R.C.? . . . Sheena Easton's first husband, Sandi Easton, is now doing a drag show in clubs around England, and one of the females he's impersonating is Sheena. Sandi bills himself as "the other Sheena." A spokesman says Sheena's aware of her ex's performances but has no comment. . . . A tell-all book by Michael Des Barres' wife, a former groupie known as Miss Pamela, is scheduled for publication next fall. Miss Pamela apparently had some big-time flings with some big-time guys. Des Barres called the book "outrageous, really exciting." The title? *I'm with the Band*.

VERY BEST QUOTE OF THE MONTH: Here's the Godfather of Soul, Mr. James Brown, on why he'd rather drive a Lincoln than a Caddy: "For me, as a man working for the Afro-American struggle, Lincoln the man was important. I love Lincolns. I see them as a symbol of freedom." —BARBARA NELLIS

you can't keep 'em, you may as well clone 'em, because Roth's new band, led by whiz guitarist Steve Vai, is a rather blatant attempt to copy his former group's signature sound and an in-your-face answer to Roth's little problem of replacing the world's hottest guitarist. OK, I'll admit that Vai is a master technician, but so is the guy who repairs my air conditioner. Sure, Vai bends, swoops and soars up and down the scales real neatly, but there's a dimension missing here. You always know where he's going, whereas with Eddie there's a sense of some entirely unpredictable spirit that guides his random little dig-its into a realm of greater freedom. As for Dave, he doesn't sound half as clever without Eddie's gentle genius there to provide a foil. Roth controls this band, so the dynamic tension sparked by the clash of opposing temperaments is gone. To be fair, there are some excellent, maybe even inspired moments here. But Sammy Hagar's *gaffes* aside, it isn't hard to tell the original from the Memorex.

DAVE MARSH

Steve Winwood is one of rock's great child prodigies. *I'm a Man* and *Gimme Some Lovin'*, his teenage hits with the Spencer Davis Group, still sound ferocious 20 years after they were cut. His work with Traffic and Blind Faith established the blend of folk, blues and jazz that was the bedrock of Britain's "progressive rock" and sustains the likes of Genesis to this day. Since Traffic broke up the better part of a decade ago, he's made only three solo albums, the best of which is his new one, *Back in the High Life* (Island).

Winwood remains a remarkable singer: Of all the participants in the British Invasion, only Van Morrison and Eric Burdon could touch him for chops and soulfulness and for being the real progenitor of Phil Collins and Peter Gabriel. Now, with producer Russ Titelman, he has put together some of his hottest tracks in years. In fits and starts, this is fascinating music.

Unfortunately, what it isn't is a finished record. Winwood the songwriter is as limited as Winwood the performer is gifted. Even the best numbers here—*Higher Love*, *Wake Me Up on Judgment Day* and the title track—feel more like accumulated good ideas than anything honed. The result is as frustrating as it is intriguing.

Winwood's best work has always emerged from the pens of others (most notably Jackie Edwards and Jim Capaldi), but these days, he mostly writes with Nashville vet Will Jennings, who steers him into lyrical corners as well as musical ones. *Back in the High Life* is obviously meant to be some sort of statement about Winwood's reclusiveness and his reasons for going back out on the road this year, but you could listen for months and never penetrate those reasons.

TONIGHT, BE FRENCH.



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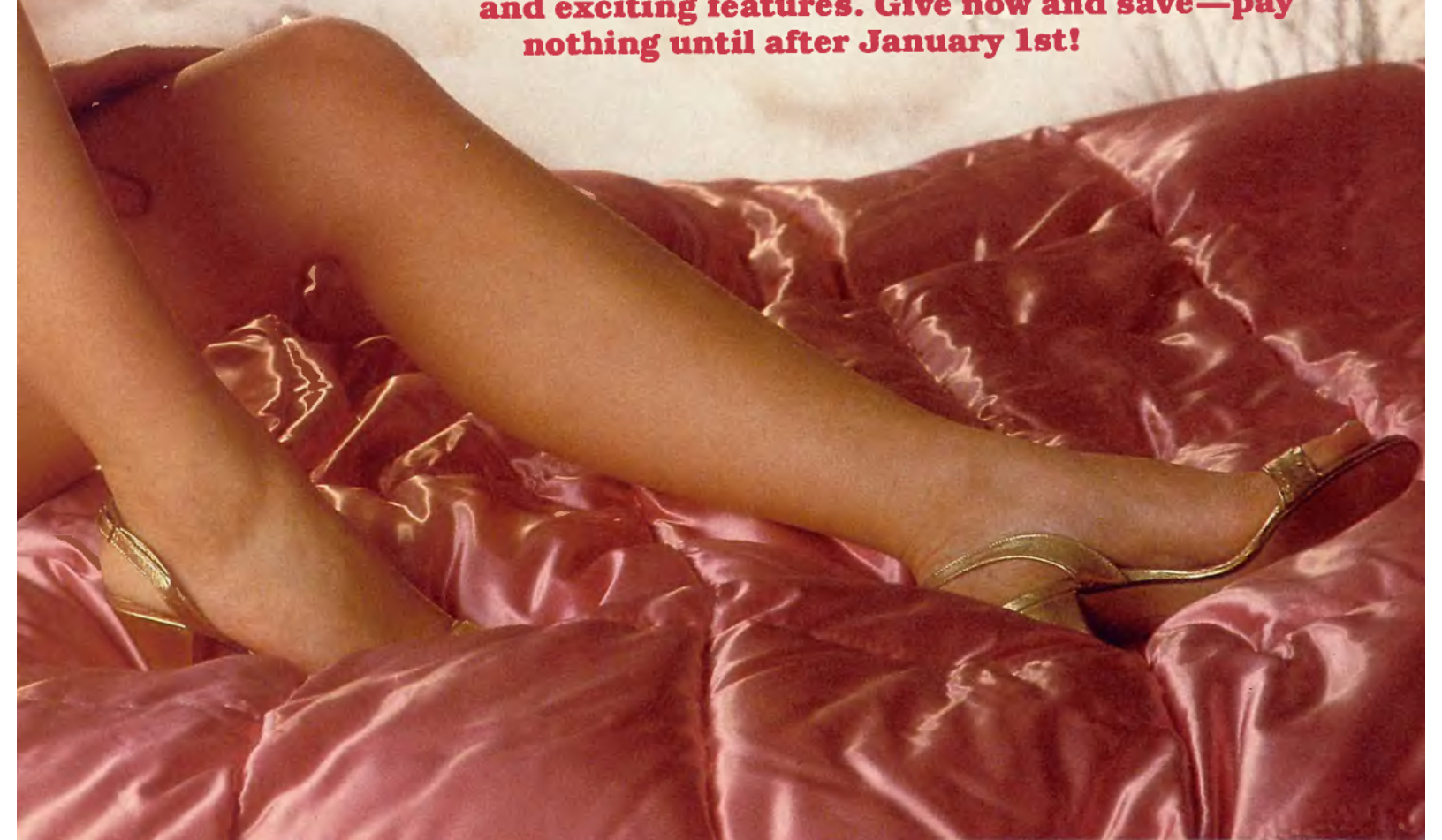
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ANTIDRUG CRUSADERS would be wise to cite *Sid and Nancy* (Goldwyn) as a powerful propaganda tool. A flaming hit at the Cannes festival last May, the story of Sid Vicious and his groupie girlfriend Nancy Spungen is an elegy for the hard-rock Romeo and junkie Juliet whose deaths gave the punk movement some bizarre dramatic stature. Strung out on heroin while holed up in Manhattan's Chelsea Hotel in 1978, Sid stabbed Nancy and was free on bail, charged with her murder, when a lethal dose of smack closed his case forever. The infamous Sex Pistols, energized by Vicious and Johnny Rotten, had already disbanded after their meteoric success at banging out bad manners and worse music for the slam-dance set. But who the hell was Sid Vicious, and why bother making a movie about him? "He embodies the dementia of a nihilistic generation," notes one wry wisecracker. Sid's and Nancy's brains are fried when they first meet in London, and it's downhill the rest of the way, from fix to fix, from shrill highs to suicidal despair. Always hopeless and harrowing—nauseatingly so, at times—the movie is redeemed to a great extent by director Alex Cox, whose first feature was *Repo Man*, already a cult classic. Here, Cox's snakily fascinating screenplay (written with Abbe Wool) has bits of macabre comic relief, socked across by performers who more than meet the challenge of seeming simultaneously vulgar, wasted and vulnerable. In the title roles, screen newcomers Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb soar out of anonymity, with effective backup by Drew Schofield as Rotten. Designed as much to be endured as enjoyed, *Sid and Nancy* is not a pretty picture and isn't meant to be—this perverse, brilliant subculture graffito thrusts the decline of Western civilization right under our noses. **★★★**

The ups and downs of a rich and famous family gathering at a beach house in Malibu lend the cachet of celebrity chic to *Blake Edwards' That's Life* (Columbia), with director Edwards' wife, Julie Andrews, co-starred opposite Jack Lemmon and close relatives coming out of the woodwork. *Life* was mostly filmed in and around Edwards' own Malibu pad and is frankly autobiographical. Lemmon portrays a highly successful California architect, about to become 60 (Edwards is 64), who is in a snit about his age, his health and his sexual potency. As the milestone birthday approaches, enter the family members, each with a problem to ponder. Andrews is a famous singer who's concerned that a polyp removed from her throat may be malignant (Edwards milks this waiting-for-the-lab-test mystery for all



Nancy (Webb) and Sid (Oldman) on the road.

Films wax biographical: One's harrowing, one's a flashy confessional.

it's worth and then some). Their visiting children are a *macho* TV star (played with verve by Chris Lemmon, Jack's son), a pregnant young matron (Jennifer Edwards, Blake's daughter) whose husband neglects her and another daughter (Emma Walton, from Andrews' first marriage, to designer Tony Walton), who studies saxophone at Juilliard and has just walked out on her lover. "Life is so short, Kate . . . you have to make every moment count" is Julie's motherly advice, delivered with her customary cool. That cliché pretty well sums up the sleek shallowness of the dialog. Perhaps overcompensating, Lemmon's agitated performance—all spurts and stammers—tends to push the material too hard. Felicia Farr (Mrs. Lemmon) plays a flamboyant fortuneteller who simultaneously restores his potency and gives him crabs. There are some choice bits of humor, but Edwards' flashy confessional comedy scores highest as a Hollywood home movie that lures the audience into a game of who's who. **★★**

British playwright Michael Frayn (whose *Noises Off* and *Benefactors* earned raves on London and Broadway stages) demonstrates his whimsical way with words in a pixilated comedy called *Clockwise* (Universal). John Cleese, a past master at Monty Python madness, maintains top form as a fussy headmaster whose perfectly ordered world crumbles one day when, en route to deliver an important speech at a conference, he misses his train.

Before journey's end, he steals a car and clothing, destroys a public telephone booth, impersonates a priest and has a fleet of police, parents and outraged victims on his trail. Although stretched pretty far, *Clockwise* is downright hilarious at least half the time, which earns it better than passing grades. **★★½**

Indian actor Victor Banerjee, starring in director Ronald Neame's *Foreign Body* (Orion), projects the same quality of eager, corruptible innocence that served him so well as the falsely accused rapist in *A Passage to India*. Having a far happier time with Céline La Frenière's impish screenplay (for more about the author, see "Foreign Body's" *Beauty*, page 144), Banerjee shows off his comic flair as Ram Das, an immigrant who goes to London from Calcutta, finds and loses a job as a bus conductor and winds up as a fashionable Harley Street physician—without bothering to get a degree in medicine. How all this comes to pass and how Ram Das repeatedly tries to lose his virginity cannot be adequately summarized here. He ultimately succeeds at everything, assisted by friends complementing his own natural exuberance, not to mention a wondrous traction machine that produces unexpectedly satisfying benefits for the bogus doctor's patients. Heading *Body's* blue-ribbon company are Trevor Howard, Geraldine McEwan, Warren Mitchell, Denis Quillley and other stalwarts, your guarantee of reliable British goods in a small but tastefully titillating package. **★★½**

The stylish, stunning look of *Manhunter* (De Laurentiis), shot at eye-popping angles by cinematographer Dante Spinotti, identifies it as the brain child of writer-director Michael Mann. He's the Mann who created TV's *Miami Vice*, and he brings the same visual panache to this suspense drama adapted from Thomas Harris' novel *Red Dragon*. William L. Petersen stars as an introspective detective who has already required psychotherapy because his method of tracking a serial killer is to project himself into that same homicidal mind-set. Petersen's performance is high-concentrate stuff, and *Manhunter's* eerie, unnerving momentum lasts for about half the distance the movie has to go. After the murderer (chillingly played by Tom Noonan) has surfaced, Mann's screenplay lapses into confusion and irritating intellectual pretentiousness. It's a designer thriller, done in white on white, but the result is dullish. **★★**

Justifiable suicide is the theme of *'night, Mother* (Universal), adapted by Marsha Norman from her Pulitzer Prize-winning play. The negative vibes of Norman's two-character tour de force, essentially a

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right-to-die debate between mother and daughter, create a dramatic event with scalding emotional impact but with marginal appeal to any among us who still consider life worth living. Actresses, of course, thrive on such golden opportunities, and *Mother* has a lode of showstopping scenes equally divided between Anne Bancroft and Sissy Spacek. As the beleaguered mom with a backwoods accent, Bancroft valiantly works up a sweat in a role that would have been a natural for Geraldine Page. Perfectly cast, Spacek exudes plain-Jane pathos as the epileptic young woman at the frayed end of everything—abandoned by her husband, out of touch with a wastrel son and unwilling to cope a day longer. "I'm tired, I'm hurt, I'm sad, I feel used," she explains before she loads a revolver and spells out appropriate funeral arrangements. Director Tom Moore does all he can to minimize the claustrophobic depression inherent to the piece. Nice work if you can take it. **YY**

An underdog team from a jerkwater Indiana town wins the state's high school basketball championship in *Hoosiers* (Orion). Behind the team stands Gene Hackman, as a veteran coach with a controversial past, making his own comeback. Behind Hackman stands stalwart Barbara Hershey, the fellow teacher who initially believes there are things more important than hoop competition. Not always standing but damned near running away with the picture is Dennis Hopper in a dynamic performance as one team member's drunken, occasionally redeemable dad. It's a notable achievement to steal a scene from Hackman, an actor whose bulldog grip on reality has kept many filmsier films from coming unglued. *Hoosiers* is handicapped by familiarity more than by anything else, despite all the local color soaked up by director David Anspaugh while shooting on location around Indiana, basketball's heartland. Do you need a hint about what happens when the score is tied in the final quarter with only 30 seconds to play? **RR**

Jazz fans, rejoice. The world of black bebop musicians bopping around Paris circa 1959 is transmuted into pure film poetry in French director Bertrand Tavernier's *Round Midnight* (Warner). Made in English, the movie stars jazz saxophonist Dexter Gordon, whose performance as an aging, boozy American musician abroad jumps off the screen no less forcefully than do his riffs on the horn. Playing a sax soloist named Dale Turner, Gordon is unforgettable when he wakes up to another bleary, burned-out day, wondering whether or not he'll make it to his next gig, and opens his basso-profundo voice box to croak, "I love Paris in the springtime." Turner and Tavernier's Paris is seen through a gray-blue haze of cigarette smoke at the legendary Blue Note, a club



Midnight's Gordon, Cluzet à table.

Jazz greats conquer Paris; Hopper steals *Hoosiers* from Hackman.

that was the European home base for the jazz greats of yesteryear. Dedicated to Bud Powell and Lester Young, *Midnight* is a vibrant labor of love loosely based on Powell's friendship with a loyal French fan, illustrator Francis Paudras. On film, Francis is played by François Cluzet, who comes across like a Gallic Dustin Hoffman—he's a graphic artist and one-man life-support system so devoted that he often sacrifices his wife, his daughter and his own peace of mind to the sax man's cause: anything to keep the guy going. There's scarcely any plot in the conventional sense, because the movie is all mood—richly atmospheric, lyric and leisurely in tempo, drenched in new and recycled jazz. Herbie Hancock at the keyboard, playing a band member named Eddie, is composer, arranger and conductor. The score, recorded live, is remarkable; but what sticks to your ribs even after the low blue notes fade is Gordon's shambling gallantry as a man who wearily sums up, "I'm tired of everything . . . except the music." **RRR**

Two seeming nerds employed in a novelty shop in Edinburgh have a surprising hobby. Off duty, they don disguises—one as a clown, the other as the Wolfman—and hold up tour buses in the Scottish Highlands. Stymied by sundry mishaps and natural ineptitude, the bumbling thieves (Vincent Friell and Joe Mullaney) become a popular attraction for foreign tourists, who queue up in hopes of being held up en route from glen to glen. Written by Ninian Dunnett and directed by Michael Hoffman, *Restless Natives* (Orion Classics) is as larky as a romp in the heather. **YY½**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- About Last Night** . . . Windy City singles scene à la Mamet, Moore & Lowe. **YYY**
- Aliens** Sigourney vs. big bug momma in outer space. **YYY**
- Blake Edwards' That's Life** (See review) All in the family of Blake and Julie. **YY**
- Clockwise** (See review) Time well spent with Python John Cleese. **YY½**
- Doña Herlinda and Her Son** Homosexuals made happy down Mexico way. **YYY**
- Extremities** Feminist vengeance—Farrah vanquishes would-be rapist. **YYY**
- The Fly** Based on the June 1957 PLAYBOY story and 1958 film, David Cronenberg's vivid spin-off gives new life to the term *ad nauseam*. **RRR**
- Foreign Body** (See review) Medicine man from Calcutta takes London. **YY½**
- Heartburn** Ephron's wry marriage manual recycled for Streep & Nicholson. **RRR**
- Hoosiers** (See review) Hackman, Hopper, Hershey on hoop circuit. **YY**
- Howard the Duck** Bang! Crash! Quack! Heavy-feathered and dated comic romp. Lucasfilm lays an egg. **Y**
- Manhunter** (See review) Turns soporific—but keep tracking actor William L. Petersen. **YY**
- Men** Sly German comedy about a cuckolded husband's sabotage of his rival. **RRR**
- The Men's Club** What'll they be when they grow up? We may never know. **Y**
- Mona Lisa** All hail Hoskins as ex-con smitten by enigmatic London whore. **RRR**
- 'night, Mother** (See review) Who ever said suicide is painless? **YY**
- Nothing in Common** Once more into the generation gap—but Gleason and Hanks keep father-son feud flashy. **RR½**
- Parting Glances** Pretty boys and witty boys of Manhattan's gay set. **RRR**
- Restless Natives** (See review) Tour-bus highwaymen in Scottish Highlands. **YY½**
- Round Midnight** (See review) Paris set to bebop and all that jazz. **RRR**
- Ruthless People** That kidnap caper, with Midler as the expendable wife. **RRR**
- Sherman's March** How a Civil War documentary gets sidetracked by sex. **RR½**
- She's Gotta Have It** Getting any lately? Three guys help her say yes. **RR**
- Sid and Nancy** (See review) Too much too soon for a famous punk two-some. **RRR**
- Spring Symphony** Schumann's music, plus passionate pianist (Nastassja Kinski), inspires something like aural sex. **RR**
- Stand by Me** Stephen King story about kids and a corpse. **YY½**

RRR Don't miss **RR** Worth a look
RRR Good show **Y** Forget it



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"EROTIC DRAWINGS" (Rizzoli), by Andrew Tilly, has 32 pages of color illustrations of the works of Picasso, Egon Schiele, Rodin, Aubrey Beardsley, Modigliani and David Hockney, among others. The pictures study men and women alone, together and with others of their own sex. It's a beautiful and provocative book.

What's that they're chanting? *Row, Todd?* Who's this Todd, you may ask, and what's he rowing? That is, unless you're fortunate enough to know someone from Alabama to translate for you. Oh, it's *Roll, Tide!* To non-Southerners, Alabama is terra incognita—but Geoffrey Norman's *Alabama Showdown* (Holt), subtitled "The Football Rivalry Between Auburn and Alabama," goes a long way toward changing that. It focuses on the wonderfully intense and semicrazy football wars between those two schools and their legions of supporters, concentrating on the 1985–1986 season but ranging through the long history of those battles and the attendant stratagems, passions, tragedies and generally oddball behavior they produce. The sports anecdote is richly abundant, fun even for damn Yankees. But the book is larger than that. Through this football rivalry, Norman, who's a native son, manages to provide a portrait of this much-misunderstood state. As they say down there, go ahead: You owe it to yourself.

Novelist Jerome Charyn was born in the Bronx and worked his way through Queens and Brooklyn to Manhattan. When you read his novels, you'll detect a New York City toughness and vitality in his prose. Charyn owes the city a debt, and he has paid it by writing *Metropolis: New York as Myth, Marketplace, and Magical Land* (Putnam's). The 13 chapters of reminiscence and hard reporting afford fascinating glimpses of our premier city.

John Updike's novels generally have a wide appeal, but his new one, *Roger's Version* (Knopf), may be tough going for some. It's heavy on theology and science (one character is trying to prove the existence of God through computer technology), and Updike liberally sprinkles Latin footnotes throughout the first half. On the up side, there's a genial, though pompous, narrator lusting after his slatternly niece while pondering his perky wife's seduction of a born-again computer nerd. This is Updike's 11th novel; we've liked them all.

Wanna *really* scare yourself this Halloween? Forget horror movies. Go visit some *real* spooks with the aid of Arthur Myers' *The Ghostly Register* (Contemporary Books), an up-to-date compendium of supposedly haunted locations around the United States. If you're into celebrity



Erotic Drawings: Modigliani's Caryatid.

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a ghostly guide; Wilson's
America in paperback.

ghosts, the specter of John Wayne purportedly appears now and then on *The Wild Goose*, a yacht he once owned, now berthed at Newport Beach, California. If you're into more malevolent spirits, there's a two-story restaurant on U.S. 1 in Rockledge, Florida, where women entering the powder room often feel suffocated—sometimes paralyzed—and the toilets flush by themselves; a house in Greensboro, North Carolina, where the presiding ectoplasm is famous for giving people horrible-looking haircuts while they sleep; or a hunting cabin in Hancock, Wisconsin, where you're likely to be grabbed by a dark figure in the middle of the night and held down on your bed until whatever it is decides to let you go.

The British were the leading drug traffickers of the 19th Century, shipping thousands of tons of opium into China in chests marked with Queen Victoria's insignia and carried aboard ships protected in convoy by the Royal Navy. It has been estimated that by 1840, the Chinese addict population was between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000, at which point both countries went to war and Britain settled for the lease to Hong Kong.

The United States, with its rising addict population, is the 20th Century equivalent of China, but so many countries ship drugs to this country today—some with and some without their governments' connivance—that if we followed China's example, we'd have to go to war with half

the world, as well as with large drug-producing parts of the U.S. itself.

In *The Fix* (Tor/St. Martin's), subtitled "Inside the World Drug Trade," Brian Freemantle leads us through the stupefying numerology that defines the modern drug business; and if he fails to impress us with many revelations about the scumbags who profit from this deadly trade, it's not for lack of statistics. Unfortunately, the official habit of throwing money at the problem has had no effect. As one enforcement official says, "You know the problem with narcotics? You can't win: That's the problem." Read it and gnash your teeth.

If you missed Gahan Wilson's *America* when it came out last spring, you have another chance: The Fireside paperback version is now available. Wilson's cartoons have been a mainstay of our magazine. His *America* is a little different from Ronnie's, much funnier and more demented.

Re-Making Love: The Feminization of Sex (Anchor/Doubleday) is an odd book. Barbara Ehrenreich, Elizabeth Hess and Gloria Jacobs set out to show that the revolution in sexual attitudes was initiated by women—not men. They want to take credit for the sexual revolution before everyone forgets that it happened. The book has a peevish, carping shortsightedness in tone and content. This is a history of pop-culture/media notions of sex, written after reading news clips from *Ms.*, *New York*, *Cosmo* and the introductions to best-selling sex books. But the authors end up with paper about paper—not people. They start by analyzing young girls' peeing in their pants at a Beatles concert and conclude with young women peeing in their pants after discovering their G spots. In between, the authors attend a fundamentalist sex seminar (the best chapter), a fuckerware party and other events. Women have always been the gatekeepers of sex, and during the Sixties and Seventies, they let themselves go through the same gates. We have all benefited, and that's the real story of the sexual revolution. One these authors miss.

BOOK BAG

The All-Jewish Cartoon Collection (Perigee), by Mort Gerberg: This extremely nice Jewish boy appears regularly in our pages. So buy his own pages already. They're very funny.

O-Zone (Putnam's), by Paul Theroux: World traveler Theroux journeys into the future with this fat new science-fiction novel about a bleak America contaminated with nuclear waste (no bombs, just "accidents") and social corruption.



SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Despite all of the excitement being stirred up these days for America's impassioned but parochial fans of football and baseball, I feel it's my duty to point out that the biggest sporting event of 1986 has already taken place; and, frankly, my spirits are still soaring from watching on television this past summer as the riffraff of 24 nations had so much rollicking good fun at the *Copa Mundial*, the World Cup of soccer *futbol*, in Mexico.

Once every four years, the riffraff get to take a month off and go to an exotic land to wave flags, wear quaint regional costumes, sing, weep, fight, chant, litter and snarl traffic; and all in all, it gets the old batteries recharged. It enables them to rededicate themselves to their normal pursuits of dropping trays of food in restaurants and killing people in their taxicabs.

I don't know about the next person, who was here until a moment ago, but I was glued to the TV set throughout the whole affair in Mexico. I was glued to the TV set four years ago, when the World Cup was played in Spain, and four years before that, when it was played wherever it was played. The main reason I've stayed glued to my TV set through all of these soccer games is that I'm still looking for a color-coordinated goalkeeper.

In this space, I've spoken out rather bitterly at times about the attire of various sporting teams and athletes. My violent hatred of the see-through fish-net jersey now worn by most of our college and pro football teams is a matter of record. I've called for the imprisonment of all major-league baseball players who stretch the knees of their uniforms down to their ankles, obscuring the color of their socks. I've screamed in the night about the skimpy little collars and scrooching-up sleeves on the shirts worn by the great tennis players—Commies or otherwise.

But the biggest clothing mystery in sports is why the goalkeeper on a soccer team always dresses as if an airline has lost his luggage. It is a fact that when a soccer team's forwards, strikers and wingmen are all wearing red shirts and white shorts, for example, the goalkeeper will invariably be wearing a uniform of yellow, orange, blue, something in direct contrast with both his teammates and the flag of his nation. Sorry, but I find this terribly weird. Further, I see it as something that's stifling the growth of soccer, the world's most popular game, in our country. So what, I say, if the poorly dressed goalkeeper doesn't seem to



DRESSED TO DISTRESS

bother foreigners? I would remind you that foreigners also eat tripe and rabbit.

If you aren't as baffled as I am about the goalkeeper mystery, let me put it in perspective for you. What would you think if the catcher for the New York Yankees suited up in a red-polka-dot dress, or if the quarterback for the Green Bay Packers barked his signals wearing pink pajamas?

I'll tell you what you would think. You would think that the U.S.A. had capitulated to a foreign power and the editors of *The Washington Post* were sitting on the story because they hadn't been able to verify it with more than two sources.

I tried to get to the bottom of things last summer, while the *Copa Mundial* was in progress. I looked up an acquaintance who was the most feverish soccer fan I knew, a waiter in New York, whom I shall call, in order to preserve his identity, Humberto Vargas Evisto de Santos.

"Humberto," I said, "why does the goalkeeper in soccer dress so funny?"

"You must understand soccer," Humberto said.

"I understand soccer," I said. "A guy makes a goal, runs around the stadium shaking his fists, sinks to his knees and weeps while his teammates fuck him dog style. Tell me why the goalkeeper wears purple if his team color is green."

"The goalkeeper is the only one who can touch the ball with his hands," said

Humberto. "The referees must be able to recognize the goalkeeper."

"Let me suggest something," I said. "Suppose the team wears blue shirts and white shorts, OK? Why couldn't the goalkeeper wear a blue-and-white-striped shirt and blue shorts, for instance? That would make him easy for the referees to spot, but he'd still be wearing the colors of his country, right?"

"Not possible," Humberto said.

"Why the hell not?"

"Because he is the goalkeeper."

Having settled the issue to his satisfaction, Humberto asked what I thought of Diego Maradona, the greatest soccer player in captivity. Maradona was in the process of foot-dribbling the ball through various nations and scoring goals against numerous awkwardly clad goalkeepers to win the World Cup for Argentina.


"Maradona!" said Humberto. "Fantastic! He is the best athlete in the world!"

That was going a bit far, I felt. While I was aware that Maradona's left foot was Mozart and his right foot was Beethoven, the guy was 5'5" and 152 pounds. In my country, he'd be a jockey or, at the outside, a second baseman.

I thought of telling Humberto that I had once spent a winter in Diego Maradona, or that I had once tried the Diego Maradona and found the sauce too thick, or that I had a Diego Maradona hanging over my fireplace. But all I did was agree that Diego Maradona was fantastic, primarily because he was color-coordinated with his team.

My greatest uniform shock came when Argentina met West Germany in the World Cup final. I eagerly turned on the TV to watch the Argentines, in their familiar pale-blue-and-white vertically striped shirts and black shorts, do battle with the West Germans, in their familiar white shirts and black shorts with red-and-yellow piping. West Germany's colors, as I knew, were red, yellow and black. So what happened? Out came the teams, and the West Germans were wearing green shirts and white shorts. *Green and white?* Not the goalkeeper, the goddamn team!

"Green and white?" I yelled incredulously at the TV announcers. "West Germany? *Green and white?*"

No explanation. Nothing in the print media, either. So to this day, I do not know why, in the final of the *Copa Mundial*, Argentina wound up playing Michigan State. 



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The Unfair Advantage.

By ASA BABER

I thought it was a crank call at first, possibly one of my friends setting me up for a joke. "You can call me Jean," the woman said. "I read your column every month and I want to talk with you. You're missing something. You're putting women in a very narrow category, and I'm tired of it. Can we talk?"

"Do you have a last name?" I asked.

"Not for you," she laughed.

"Lunch tomorrow?"

"Lunch tomorrow," she said.

Jean turned out to be a beautiful woman in her late 30s, thin, well dressed, with green eyes and high cheekbones, a former model whose frankness left me trailing in the dust.

"You write as if women were all of one mind about erotica and pornography," she said as we sat down. "Why group us all together? We're not unanimously for censorship. Some of us use pornography to get turned on. It has helped me."

"Really?" I said, trying not to let my voice betray me. "Tell me about it." I took a drink of water and pretended to be cool.

"I love fantasy. I love sex. I know how to distinguish fantasy from reality. Most people do. I'm a very sexual person—am I making you nervous?"

"Of course not," I lied.

"You look like you're sweating."

"Of course I'm not sweating," I said as I wiped my forehead. Jean was tan and long-limbed. She smelled of lemons and tropical things.

"I'm going to be very blunt," she said. "You write for *PLAYBOY*. I should be able to talk straight with you about sex."

"Talk away." I waved my hand. "Hey, I'm used to this. Happens every week."

"You keep putting women in little boxes when you write about us. You assume that we all approve of the Meese commission, that we favor censorship, that we're not in touch with our sexuality. That may be true for some women, but it's not true for me—or for a lot of my women friends. Why don't you ever write about us?"

"I will, I will," I said.

"I said pornography has helped me. I mean that. My sexual history is probably a lot like yours. I was made to feel guilty about sex when I was young. I can remember my mother slapping my hands when she caught me playing with myself. I was only four or five. My mother's anger stopped me. I kept my hands on top of my sheets for a long time, even though I loved masturbation. Still do. So do you, right?"



WOMEN WHO LOVE EROTICA

"Right," I squeaked.

"Anyway, I felt very guilty about sex, and I was given almost no information about it. My parents never talked to me about it. The basic message was that sex was dirty and evil and that I should not be thinking about it. So I tried to control my thoughts. But I liked boys and I felt sexual and I ended up confused, frightened. Then, one day, when I was in my teens, I found my brother's porn collection. Wow! I'll never forget that moment. What an education! I mean, I learned how everything fit, where everything went, what people did together. And I let my fantasies go for the first time, really. I'd been afraid to fantasize, but those pictures turned me on, and I felt free to experiment with myself. I'm saying that I'm a woman who has responded sexually to pornography and that I'm not ashamed of that, OK?"

"OK," I said.

"So stop doing what the Meese commission is doing: Stop stereotyping women. We're much more complex than you've admitted; agreed?"

"Agreed," I said. I thought Jean looked like Daryl Hannah's older sister.

"Women should have the right to enjoy pornography if they want to. Our imaginations are as rich as yours. Why is such a double standard applied to us? Why does everyone assume we're automatically turned off by erotica?"

"Some women make a lot of noise about how turned off they are," I said. "And how turned off we all should be."

"But they don't speak for me. And those right-wing males who sound as if they're protecting me from my baser instincts? They don't speak for me, either. You know what they're afraid of? A bunch of horny women. We're dangerous: If we watch too much porn and get turned on, they may not be able to handle us. And if we read too many sexy books and magazines, who knows what might happen? That's part of their thinking, you know?" Jean paused. "The censors think we can't distinguish fantasy from reality. That has to be the basic thought: People have to be protected from that confusion. But when I watch an X-rated tape or look at pictures or read a book, I know I'm dealing with fantasy. I can tell the difference. As a matter of fact, I want to experience things in fantasy that I know I can't experience in real life. I want the freedom to do that. I need it. Take right now: I can imagine seducing you. That doesn't mean I'll do it, right?"

"Heaven forbid," I said. I tried to look pained at the thought.

"I can fantasize. I can entertain myself. I can see a video tape of people making love and I can enjoy it. At the same time, I know I'm not in it. I think women need this kind of empowerment. It should be OK for us to like erotica, to use it, to respond to it. There's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"I don't think so," I said.

"Face it: We're all voyeurs."

"Yep," I nodded.

"I like Nancy Friday's books. I like reading about other people's fantasies. It makes me feel less lonely somehow. I don't like violence in pornography. But I don't mind a little dominance. Two men and one woman? Love it. Am I making you nervous? I like talking to you about this. Are you having a good time?"

"Sure," I said as casually as I could.

"You look like you're having a good time," she said, smiling.

"Well, it's all in a day's work," I said.

"Sure, Baber," she said.

"You gotta do what you gotta do," I said. "I used to move freight and furniture for a living. Now I have to talk with beautiful women about their sex lives. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it."

"There's nothing dirty about it," Jean said, "and you love it."

She had me on both counts.



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START WITH MARTINI & ROSSI,
ADD ICE AND STIR EMOTIONS.

MARTINI & ROSSI

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

This is a serious question, so please do not laugh it off. My husband has just had braces put on his teeth. During oral sex, he has told me, he nearly drowns from my secretions. Can you please tell us if those secretions will discolor the metal in his braces or in any other way damage them? For example, will their acidity break down or corrode the metal despite good oral hygiene? These braces are costing us \$3500, so, obviously, we can't afford a second set—plus, we both are very shy and we would absolutely die if the orthodontist could look at the braces and tell what we do in the privacy of our home. Please answer if you can.—Mrs. L. M., Portland, Oregon.

Just when we thought we'd heard everything. Your husband would have to routinely perform cunnilingus on lemons to corrode his expensive dentakwork. Relax and enjoy.

I'm just about ready to buy a German luxury car, and I've heard of "gray market" Mercedes, BMWs and Porsches selling for thousands of dollars less than dealer prices. My instincts tell me there must be a catch. What is it?—J. R., Northbrook, Illinois.

In the early Eighties, a strong dollar created the gray market. High-status German cars were thousands of dollars cheaper over there. Certain models were not even available here. That was then; this is now. A lot of people encountered tremendous problems with bargain beauties; the Government cracked down; the dollar got weak. All this is not to say that no gray-market car is legit or worth the risk. There will always be a demand for rare exotics and specialty cars not otherwise available here, and there are legitimate small importers still meeting that demand. Just beware, and keep in mind the fact that U.S. safety and, especially, emissions standards are so exacting these days that very few mechanics or shops have the engineering knowledge or equipment necessary to bring a European-spec car into compliance with them. Anyone considering a gray-market purchase should definitely invest \$22.95 in the "Handbook of Vehicle Importation," from the Automobile Importers' Compliance Association (A.I.C.A.), 12030 Sunrise Valley Drive, Suite 201, Reston, Virginia 22091. Or call A.I.C.A. at 800-862-6666. And remember that if any new- or used-car deal seems too good to be true, it probably is.

Recently, my wife asked me if she could go with some of her friends to a male strip joint or an all-male revue—whatever you want to call it. I gave my permission, figuring there could be no harm in it. When she came home, I was still awake, and we talked a little about what had gone on. Then she asked me if I was hot to trot, and we made love. It was fantastic. Afterward,



we talked some more. It was then I found out that the women were allowed to stuff dollar bills into the men's G strings and that the performers went out into the audience and sometimes danced with the patrons. My problem is that I don't know if she made love to me or to one of them. If I were to ask or tell her my feelings, she would get upset and say, "There's the green-eyed monster again." She says she wants to go again, that the first time was fun. I love my wife very much, and I don't want to ruin her night, but it keeps me up at night wondering. I've been to go-go bars, and you can't touch those women or dance with them. Is it different at male strip joints? Should I be concerned?—W. P., New York, New York.

Arousal can come from many sources. If you try to police it or impose any restrictions, more often than not, it disappears. The novelty of your wife's first evening out with the girls was arousing—but she came home to come with you. That's the only thing that counts in this situation. We wouldn't worry. Just lie back and enjoy a woman who feels she is being risqué.

Why do you never publish any letters about food? I notice that the little box at the end of the column invites any reasonable questions about fashion, food and drink. Well, here's a question about food. Is there a diet that can improve your sex life? Will eating oysters make you more potent?—P. J., Chicago, Illinois.

Eating is nature's way of helping you stay alive; and once you've accomplished that, sex sort of just happens. Oysters are not really an aphrodisiac—it's just that if a woman can swallow them, think of what she will swallow later. However, since you insist on a sex

diet, we will refer you to Saint Barnabas, one of those fundamentalist food freaks. The Epistle of Barnabas used to be part of the New Testament. According to sex researcher John Money, old Barnabas felt that "if you eat the meat of the hare (or rabbit), you will become an adult lover of the underaged and you will be unclean, having anal intercourse with an adolescent boy, because these animals grow a new anal opening each year, one for every year they have lived.

"If you eat the meat of the hyena, you will become unclean and will practice seduction and adultery with both men and women, because this animal changes its sex every year; one year it copulates with males and the next with females.

"If you eat the meat of the weasel, you will commit unclean sexual acts with your mouth or have unclean sexual acts performed on you by mouth, because this animal conceives through its mouth."

We don't know what that "unclean" business is all about—Barnabas must be talking about a soul-food barbecue. But our recommendation: Eat weasel.

I am a 20-year-old college student from a large Southern university and have recently been involved with a 22-year-old woman whom I've grown to care for very much. When I met her, she was lonely, having not dated in a year, since she had been hurt by somebody. After a week of small talk, I asked her over for dinner. We enjoyed a good meal. Afterward, she made a very subtle pass at me while we were on the couch, so I proceeded to unbutton her shirt, lightly kiss her breasts and suck her nipples. All the while, I was stroking the crotch of her jeans. I once tried to unzip her pants, but she stopped me; so I, being concerned with her pleasure, continued the foreplay for about another ten minutes. At that point, her back arched, her nails dug into my neck and she moaned very loudly. I knew she was having an orgasm. It made me extremely happy to get the chance to make her happy. Now the strange part: We have not even come close to doing anything else sexually in the past month. If I ever mention our one time together, she cuts me off quickly. I do know she is from a strict and conservative family and is a devout Baptist. However, she is also very mature and open-minded. Now, my question: Why just that once and never again? I thought maybe she was making me prove myself, since I am two years younger; or did she do it just to get off? It did seem that that was why she did it. We have since grown apart, but I still like her very much.—K. R., Auburn, Alabama.

It sounds as if she felt bad after she felt good—a classic case of Southern discomfort. Her body wanted to and responded before her

mind/upbringing was ready. Since she won't talk about it or give it a second try, you may be loving a lost cause. Find someone who can respond, body and soul.

After ten years of an active sex life, I think I've tried nearly every form of birth control known to man except prayer. Over the years, I've used condoms, pills, spermicides, diaphragms, I.U.D.s and even the rhythm method with a number of female partners, both long-term and otherwise. Sometimes I think I'm involved in an ongoing science project. It seems as though each method has its good and bad points and what works for one partner isn't right for another. Lately, I've been seeing contraceptive sponges for sale in the drugstore near the condom counter. To short-cut my research, can you tell me whether or not the sponge is worth checking out?—P. A., Sacramento, California.

As you've noticed, contraception, like fashion, needs to be carefully selected and suited to individual needs. Safety, efficacy and convenience must all be examined. And on this basis, our considered answer to your question is: Yes, sponges are worth checking out, if for no other reason than to see how cute they are. They look like kneepads for Cabbage Patch Kids. What you've seen in the drugstore is the Today Sponge. It has been marketed in the U.S. since 1983, and about 1,500,000 women are now using it regularly. The sponge works in three ways: It's a drug-de-

livery system that releases spermicide for 30 hours; it absorbs and destroys sperm; and it physically blocks entry of sperm into the cervix. The sponge can be inserted up to 24 hours before sexual intercourse but shouldn't be removed until six hours after the last act of intercourse. It's effective for multiple acts of intercourse within the 24-hour period. Efficacy rates for the sponge are impressive, surpassing those for all other barrier methods. When used properly, it is 89 to 91 percent effective. The pill, the I.U.D. and tubal ligation are closer to 100 percent effective but may not always be desirable because of side effects or, in the case of tubal ligation, irreversibility. In addition to relatively dependable contraception, sponges now appear to provide protection against gonorrhea and chlamydia. And lab tests show that nonoxonyl-9, the spermicide in the sponge, inhibits the herpes virus and kills the AIDS virus within a minute in a test tube.

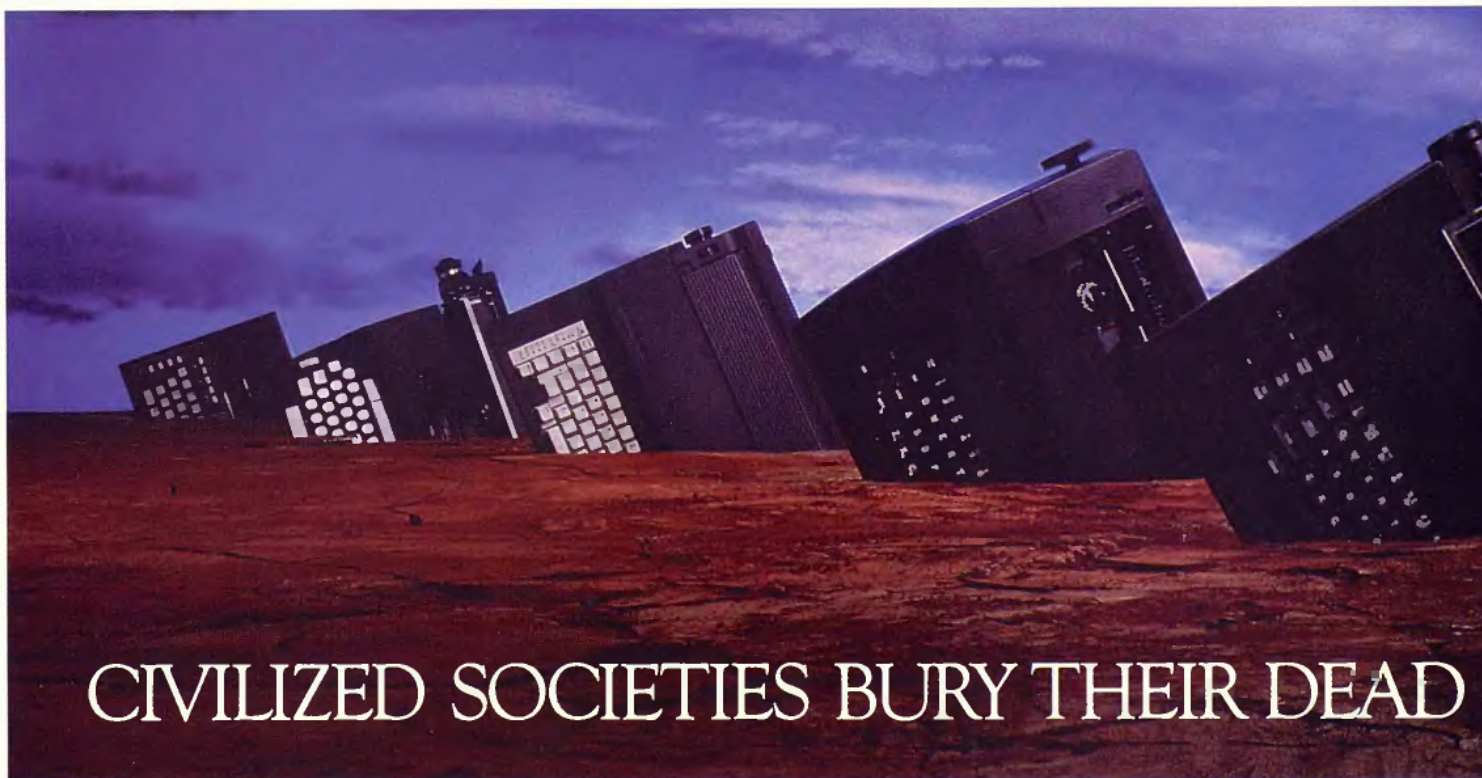
Consumers with whom we've talked about the sponge have either loved it or hated it. The happy customers say it's convenient, trustworthy and also works well as a make-up sponge. The critics say they have difficulty removing it, that the male partner can feel it during intercourse or that one or both partners are irritated by the spermicide. To discuss these and any other problems, the sponge manufacturer, VLI Corporation, has installed the toll-free 24-hour Today Talkline, 800-223-2329 (in California,

800-222-2329). As they say, trained professionals are waiting to take your calls.

I've recently been bitten by the shutter bug and want to learn more about photography. Are there workshops or seminars that take place in nice settings, or can I take classes from top pros? Right now, the subject is very confusing.—T. P., New York, New York.

There are literally dozens of photography workshops held all over the country. Our top picks, in terms of both setting and quality of the faculty, are The Maine Photographic Workshops in Rockport; the Friends of Photography (where Ansel Adams used to teach) in Carmel, California; the Owens Valley Photography Workshops in Somis, California; and two in Colorado—the Anderson Ranch Arts Center in Snowmass and the Wilderness Photography/Trinity Alps Workshop in Evergreen. Most offer a wide range of sessions on various aspects of photography; you can take an intro course, then move on to more advanced classes in both color and black and white. For addresses and information about any of the workshops mentioned above, contact your travel agent or check the listings in magazines such as The American Photographer or Popular Photography.

A friend of mine says that I should clean all the input and output plugs on my stereo. How and why should I do this?—D. A., Cleveland, Ohio.



CIVILIZED SOCIETIES BURY THEIR DEAD

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It seems that both metal plugs and metal-ended jacks can build up coatings of oxide that may short-circuit the signal. The result is a nagging, hide-and-seek sound source. Cleaning is not that difficult. Just twist the plug in the jack to scrape off the oxide. Your ears will thank you.

I recently saw a show on late-night TV covering the subject of how to keep your lover interested. One of the turn-ons suggested was to give your mate back rubs with a pair of fur mittens. The feeling must be fantastic. I would like to purchase such mittens—but, I have to admit, I would be a bit embarrassed to enter a furrier's and ask for an aid to enhance foreplay. I would appreciate any suggestions on how I might locate a pair of these sensuous devices.—B. H., Los Angeles, California.

What's the hang-up? Who says you can't buy fur mittens for perfectly legit practices, such as milking ticklish cows, robbing banks, attending formal-dress balls for werewolves, sneaking up on your gerbil? Are you assuming that every furrier and department-store employee saw the same show you did? And even if he did, so what? If you're that embarrassed about facing someone and asking for fur mittens, do your shopping by phone. Call the Pleasure Chest or your local sexual-paraphernalia store. No matter how you go about finding these mittens, there's no need to feel as if you're committing a crime.

Can you tell me the correct way to microwave a softball and cork a bat?—G. D., Marshall, Missouri.

The reason to microwave a softball—or, specifically, its core—is to make the ball livelier. Generally, the core should be heated for just a few seconds, but this varies, and microwaving too long can be dangerous. (Just go back a few letters and imagine what happens when people microwave their house pets. We don't want to lose any readers in a freak, nonsporting accident, hear, now?) Corking a bat involves drilling a deep hole into the meat end of the bat, usually with a three-eighths-of-an-inch-diameter drill, and filling it with cork to lighten the works and (supposedly) increase bat speed. A more likely result, however, is an increase in cracks. Similarly, you can drill a hole into the meat part of the bat and insert lead, a not-uncommon practice in the Chicago area, designed to add oomph to the swing. It goes without saying, however, that all of these practices are illegal and unsportsmanlike, and we don't condone any of them.

Have you heard of a sexual practice called gerbil stuffing? I've heard rumors that certain celebrities have had to go to emergency rooms for removal of cuddly house pets from their private parts. I know it sounds disgusting, but could it possibly be true?—T. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

Every few years, the collective unconscious goes bonkers and delivers a rumor such as

this. A few years ago, it was the one about the lady who dried her kitten in the microwave oven. Last year, it was about wrapping hamsters in duct tape, so they won't explode when you fuck them. This year, it's about gerbil stuffing. The Friend of a Friend Network claims that homosexuals and/or extremely strange heterosexuals are inserting manicured gerbils into their rectums. A squirming rodent is not our idea of sexual ecstasy. We don't know how popular the practice is (have you seen anyone farting fur?), but the rumor is rampant. While we are sure that there are people out there stupid enough to try this (medical literature is filled with reports of people who have had to have removed such objects as a turnip, a toothbrush holder, a water glass, a light bulb, soft-drink bottles, a steer's horn, cucumbers, apples, hard-boiled eggs, broom handles, soldering irons, bananas, salamis, carrots, whip handles, test tubes, baseballs, flashlights, grindstones and frozen pigs' tails), none of them reads "The Playboy Advisor."

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What are the most common mistakes men make in bed?

The big mistake men make is rushing. It takes a woman longer to get excited, and if a man is in a big hurry, he can miss the woman altogether. Other than that, I don't really know if you can make a mistake during sex. After all, there is no certain way to do it. Both people should be able to do what they feel like doing, but they have to be able to communicate those feelings or they can find themselves in a *big* misunderstanding. Both partners must be able to communicate their needs; otherwise, you get misunderstandings, but not mistakes. You have to talk. That's what makes sex interesting.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

Men aren't romantic enough. They don't know that romance is fun. They also move too fast—they don't take it slowly. I love sex, and I'd say I'm usually the leader. So if I don't like something, I often don't say anything, I just keep going. I guess a mistake in bed is when the guy doesn't go along with me. I really like to have my face and hair touched. I like to be talked to; I like it when a man says nice things to me. Having sex because you're frustrated or bored doesn't do it for me.



Teri Weigel

TERI WEIGEL
APRIL 1986

Let's see: lack of foreplay, not enough spontaneity or enthusiasm and not thinking about the other person's needs. I always think of a man's needs. If he gets really excited, you feel that excitement in return. That's what makes sex worth while. Another mistake is the lack of honesty. Some people are afraid to admit their little kinks for fear of being judged. If you can show your true feelings, it can set the mood for the night. Maybe you like to feel dominant once in a while or you're in the mood to be dominated. Sure, it takes courage to say so; but if you can, you just might get fireworks.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Remember, I'm French, so I tend to see these things culturally. A lot of men in this country are a little too basic, meaning just too quick. They often don't take enough time or are unimaginative. Now, I haven't slept with the entire world, thank God, so I know that there are many men for whom this criticism isn't true. French men are often more imaginative. They like to be thought of as good in bed, as *macho*. They want a woman to look at them with wonder, so they put a little more effort into their lovemaking. *But* they can be a pain in the neck in a relationship. That's the Latin part—passionate but sometimes difficult in the long run.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

For me, the guy who is too intense is making a mistake. He kisses too hard. He's showing off. He isn't gentle. I remember one man who had to show off during oral sex. It was like, "Let me rub my face, my nose, my head, my ears in it." It was too strong and too dramatic and too much of a show. It was meant to impress me, I know, but it didn't. The man I'm seeing now understands that he's not responsible for my pleasure. That takes the pressure off both of us, and we have fun. Our relationship is nice and tender, and we're both happier.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

They're too fast; they don't take enough time fondling, kissing, holding and embracing. Some men don't even bother to do those things at all. Then there are other men whom you have to guide. You have to tell them what to do. Another mistake: They don't last long enough. They come once and it's "Good night." Men should want the evening to go on and on, then wake up in the morning and have sex again. Both men and women have to find more variations in sex. They have to talk. Not *all* men make these mistakes, but an awful lot of them aren't paying enough attention.



Kim Morris

KIM MORRIS
MARCH 1986

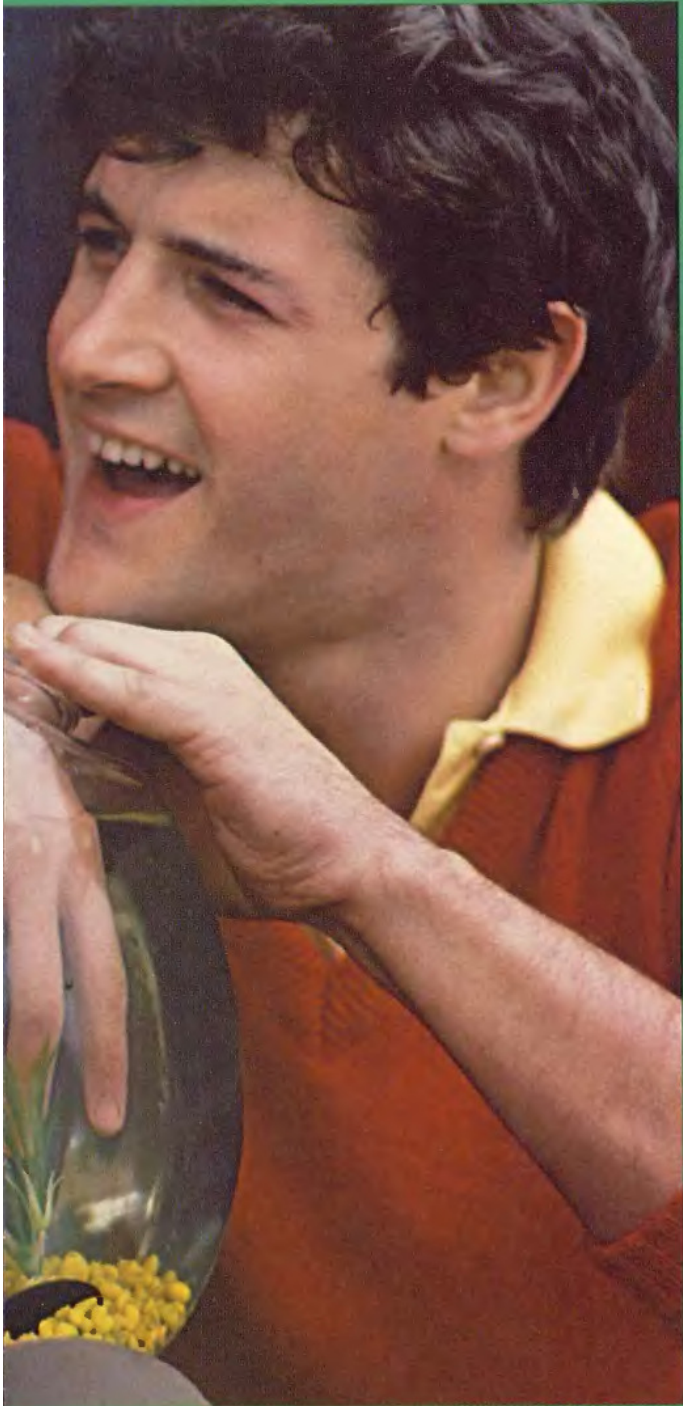
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COMMENTARY

THE HEAT GOES ON

Wal-Mart recently became the latest retailer to do the censorship shuffle by removing 32 rock-and-teen-oriented publications from its 890 stores throughout the South and the Southwest.

After pressure from television evangelist Jimmy Swaggart, the Arkansas-based department-store chain memored its magazine wholesalers to remove from its magazine racks such menacing titles as *Creem*, *Circus*, *Rolling Stone*, *Song Hits*, *Teen Beat*, *Tiger Beat* and *Teen Machine*, to name just a few.

Although a company spokeswoman denied any connection with the Reverend Mr. Swaggart's national-broadcast diatribe on the evils of rock music, in which the Wal-Mart chain was mentioned, the subsequent rock-'n'-rollover took place two weeks later.

Maybe it was business as usual, after all. A few weeks earlier, Wal-Mart had dropped rock-'n'-roll albums by AC/DC, Judas Priest, Eddie Murphy and Cheech and Chong—and still called its move a free-enterprise issue, not a censorship issue!

According to Swaggart, rock-'n'-roll music is dirty, corrupt, filthy, rotten; it is fostering adultery, drug abuse, necrophilia and

bestiality. And you can dance to it.

And now for a lesson in sexual McCarthyism: political science. First, take a natural anxiety, such as our concern for children. Then blow it out of proportion until it becomes fear. And then play upon that fear and wrap it around your own misguided agenda.

For the past few years, we have been assaulted by numbers. Groups proclaiming their concern for children grab microphones and minicams and assert that 1,500,000 children disappear every year. You've read the headlines. You've seen the pictures of missing children on milk cartons and at subway stops. You believe. When the Reverend Donald Wildmon cranks out newsletters filled with such alarming statistics as "Each year 50,000 missing children are victims of pornography. Most are kidnaped, raped, abused, filmed for porno magazines and movies and finally, more often than not, murdered," you believe. And when the same Reverend Wildmon writes you another letter, this time asking for money, and tells

you that "the latest craze in filth is now child pornography. Each year some 600,000 youngsters—some just babies—are kidnaped or seduced for pornographic magazine photos," you believe. The figures are frightening. If they were true, our schools would be empty. If they were true, PLAYBOY's staff wouldn't have time to publish a magazine. We'd be out in the streets, looking for our children.

Last year, reporters at *The Denver Post* stopped to question the figures, and what they found won them a Pulitzer Prize. The panic-inducing statistics are nonsense. The FBI reports that it investigated a total of 68 abductions by strangers last year and 69 the year before. Most of the 30,000 (not 1,500,000) children missing every year are runaways who return home within 24

hours. Most of the rest are taken by a parent in a custody dispute. Bill Carter of the FBI's public-information office said, "The high figures are impossible. More than 50,000 soldiers died in the Vietnam war. Almost everyone in America knows someone who was killed there. Do you know a child who has been abducted? That should tell you something."

What it tells us is that we are being lied to. The question is, Why? Look for a hidden agenda—with Wildmon, it's not hard to find. He has created a child-porn panic and is capitalizing on that fear to go after adult erotica. Wildmon would have you believe that the increase in pornography has resulted in an increase in child sex abuse. We

accept the assertion that there has been a dramatic increase in pornography. Has there been an increase in child sex abuse? Dr. Linda Gordon, a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, looked at the records of several social-service agencies from 1880 to 1960. She found that there was no evidence to suggest

such a change. In its rush to judgment, the Meese commission accepted the Wildmon charge that adult erotica leads to child sex abuse. (The possibility of this connection led to 7-Eleven's decision to drop PLAYBOY.) It accepted at face value testimony from Women Against Pornography and Oklahomans Against Pornography, two groups with the same regard for truth as Wildmon, that erotica as healthful as PLAYBOY had been used against children and had incited child molesters to commit their heinous crimes. Anecdotes make for great headlines and Presidential speeches, but what do the hard data show? Is there a connection, then, between adult erotica and child sex abuse? Well, two civilized countries with a higher regard for truth have studied the issue. Both Denmark and West Germany legalized adult pornography and, years later, re-evaluated that decision. In both countries, it was found that legalization of adult porn was associated with a dramatic

"Do you know a child who has been abducted? That should tell you something."

—BILL CARTER, FBI



F E E D B A C K

decrease in all sex crimes, particularly offenses against female minors.

The Meese commission sought no evidence that would disprove its own cherished beliefs. However, other branches of the Government were simultaneously investigating the problem. A Senate subcommittee on investigations looked into child pornography and found some startling figures. While alarmists have claimed that there are 100,000 to 1,000,000 pedophiles in the country, the Senate found that there are probably fewer than 2000 pedophiles nationwide. Since the passage of the Child Protection Act of 1984, the Justice Department has won 147 convictions against child pornographers, compared with only 64 convictions in the previous six and one half years.

What have we learned from this lesson in political science? That numbers trivialize the problem. Exaggerated figures do not accomplish anything—nor do legitimate figures that are ignored by the Government.

The Government is not interested in protecting children—otherwise, it would spend money where it counts. What follows are letters from people who quietly study offenders and victims, who work to find real cures. They need your help.

PORN AND PEDOPHILIA

Literature on the subject of pedophilia acknowledges the common presumption that the depiction of sexual activity may cause sexual arousal and engender sexual activity of one sort or another. When tested, however, the association between the stimulus (erotica or pornography) and the behavior (pedophilia) is not evident and may, in fact, suggest a negative correlation. Some of the most convincing data denying a causal relationship remain the Kinsey Institute's. In one study, Kinsey compared imprisoned sex offenders, other prisoners and a sample or control population and found no significant differences among



FOR THE RECORD

I think that although women want pornography very much, the climate for it right now is absolutely repressive. It's ironic, but I think feminists have helped create that climate. Look at Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon. I think they're fools. The legislation they're proposing [that would define pornography as "the graphic sexually explicit subordination of women, whether in pictures or in words"] is absurd. I regard my writing of pornography to be a real moral cause. And I don't want a bunch of fascist, reactionary feminists kicking in the door of my consciousness with their jack boots and telling me that sadomasochism isn't politically correct.

—ANNE RICE, author of
Interview with a Vampire

the three groups in their possession of, use of or exposure to pornography. Moreover, he found that child molesters were essentially unmoved by such stimulation. This is consistent with the findings of others that child molesters, in particular, are often aroused by materials that are not generally thought of as pornographic. In 1970, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography also concluded that there was no correlation, let alone a causal relationship, between exposure to erotica and immediate or delayed antisocial behavior among adults.

Additional evidence against a causal relationship exists in another statistically atypical sexual population. Repeatedly exposing homosexuals to pictures of nude females does not result in this group's engaging in heterosexual behavior, which further suggests that sexual imagery does not modify sexual-behavior patterns.

On theoretical grounds, there is reason to be concerned about the connection between sexually explicit stimuli and violence. However, my review of the research, coupled with conversations with experts and my own clinical experience and research in Sweden, Denmark, Japan and the U.S., suggests that there is no current validity to the hypothesis that exposure to erotica is associated with the immediate or later emergence of sexual pathology in general and pedophilia in particular. David A. Shore, Ph.D., Editor, *Journal of Social Work & Human Sexuality* Carbondale, Illinois

THE EXPERTS SPEAK

Since 1980, we have seen 130 cases of incest and child sexual abuse for evaluation and/or treatment. Of these cases, 53 involved the perpetrator. To date, there has been only one instance of abuse recurring during the two-year post-treatment follow-up period, this involving a stepfather who had returned

to the family.

While our success rate for 1985–1986 cannot yet be tabulated because of the follow-up period and pending cases, we expect the figures to reflect the program's previous high rates of success.

What is clear thus far is that most perpetrators are products of emotionally, physically and/or sexually abusive environments; most have communication-skills deficits and intimacy and self-esteem difficulties; many have sexual difficulties; and many have alcohol-and-substance-abuse problems.

Our program does not include data
(continued on page 46)

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

VISUAL SIGHTING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Fourth Amendment protection against warrantless search and seizure does not prevent police from aerial pot spotting, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled by a vote of five to four. In the majority opinion, Chief Justice Warren*



Burger wrote that "in an age where private and commercial flight in the public airways is routine, it is unreasonable for a respondent to expect that his marijuana plants were constitutionally protected from being observed with the naked eye from an altitude of 1000 feet."

DOMESTIC TERRORISTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*In response to continuing violence against abortion clinics, the National Organization for Women has filed a Federal lawsuit seeking to put anti-clinic militants under the same "domestic terrorist" restraints that have helped curtail the activities of the Ku Klux Klan. The suit seeks no monetary damages but asks for a nationwide injunction against anti-abortion leaders, contending that they have been traveling throughout the country organizing efforts to harass and intimidate people who operate legal abortion clinics and force them out of business. One of the principal defendants named is Joseph M. Scheidler, who heads the Pro-Life Action League, based in Chicago, and is the author of a manual titled "Closed: 99 Ways to Stop Abortion."*

Meanwhile, a bomb caused \$60,000 in damages to an abortion clinic in Wichita, Kansas, which was closed at the time of the explosion.

THINGS COULD BE WORSE

NEW YORK CITY—*Notwithstanding rising divorce rates, the American family seems to be weathering major changes in structure with its values intact. A nationwide survey conducted by Research and Forecasts of New York City found that the family remains important in the face of other social changes: "Rather than exemplifying a weakening of family ties, a majority of Americans continue to be an example of a family-oriented people, expressing the hope and conviction that family values will endure."*

Among other things, the study found:

- *Eighty-two percent of the respondents believed that most basic values are instilled by the family;*
- *Dual-career and single parents are equally confident that they are rearing their children properly, that it is important to spend time together and that fathers should spend as much time with their children as mothers do;*
- *Seventy percent of those surveyed said they were satisfied in their marital relationships.*

AIDS UPDATE

Grim Government projections say that within five years the total number of AIDS cases in the U.S. will be ten times the current figure of about 27,000 and that 54,000 will die of the disease in 1991 alone. The "good" news is that safer sex practices are paying off and that most individuals who will have AIDS in 1991 already are infected.

Other news, from the private newsletter "CDC AIDS Weekly":

- *New AIDS infections have declined dramatically in San Francisco, from 18 percent per year between 1982 and 1984 to between three and five percent in 1985, according to epidemiologists at the University of California at Berkeley, who attribute the decrease to greater awareness and better precautions.*

- *Followers of radical conservative Lyndon LaRouche have qualified a voter initiative that would allow California to quarantine AIDS victims and would compel testing of anyone suspected of having the disease.*

- *Dr. James Curran, director of the CDC's AIDS program, says he supports a test program similar to Australia's, which would provide sterile hypodermic needles and syringes to drug addicts to reduce the spread of the disease.*

- *A survey by The New York Times has found that many doctors are declining to report all the AIDS cases they treat, partly because of the stigma attached to the disease and partly because some insurance companies are reluctant to honor claims by AIDS victims.*

Meanwhile, Brent Nicholson Earle, a 35-year-old New York City playwright, has started a 20-month, 10,000-mile run around the perimeter of the continental U.S., with excursions into Canada, in hopes of raising \$10,000,000 for N.A.N., a National Aids Network education and service project.

TO HELL WITH HELL

Prominent religious historian Martin Marty has been tracking the issue by way of other people's polls and sees a decline in the belief in hell among contemporary Christians. According to his article in Lutheran magazine, he thinks that's not such a bad thing, since "much of our 'hell' has come not from the Bible and theology but from 'Faust' and cartoons, from folklore and popular cathedral art. It can go and 'damnation' can remain." He considers the Catholic Church's downplaying of hell and purgatory a major historical development that brings Catholics nearly abreast of Protestants, with the exception



of fundamentalists and TV evangelists such as Jimmy Swaggart. However, he finds that Swaggart's hell is reserved for "secular humanists and Soviet Communists, not for the nice people in the congregation or on the other side of the tube."

CARTOONISTS'

With a trained eye for absurdity, political cartoonists across America have declared open season on the Meese commission and the Supreme Court. Here is some of their best work, reprinted with permission.



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(By Mike Lane) The Washington Post Writers Group, Baltimore Evening Sun



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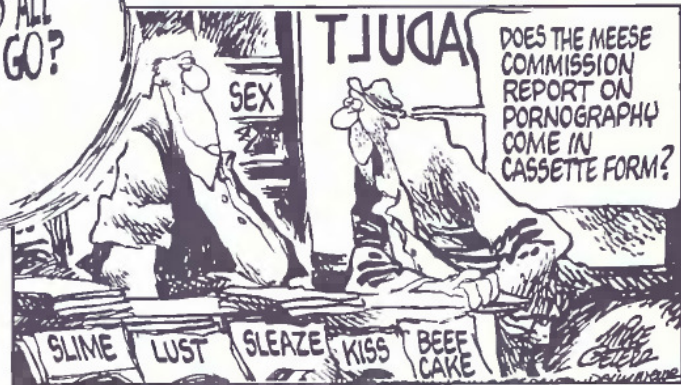
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HEY, WHERE'D ALL THE BUNNIES GO?



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Obscenity Is In The Eye of The Beholder



© By Bob Boze Bell / New Times

FEEDBACK (continued)

on the use of pornography, because the literature and our own clinical experience show no link between child sexual abuse and sexually explicit material. While it has been clinically noted that some perpetrators read or view sexually explicit material, many others object to pornography as immoral. In contrast to common belief, a great number of men who turn to their children for sexual purposes are highly religious or morally rigid individuals who feel that this is less of a sin than masturbation or seeking outside sexual liaisons.

Virginia Johnson-Masters
Masters and Johnson Institute
St. Louis, Missouri

WOMEN FOR PORNOGRAPHY

The opponents of pornography say pornography depicts women as mere sexual objects and that magazines

and movies showing women engaging in sex lead to discrimination and violence.

I disagree. Discrimination and violence have been around far longer than erotic magazines and movies. Discrimination and violence result from the inability of one to empathize with people of differing geographical, political, social, religious, racial, sexual or cultural backgrounds. Both men and women discriminate against and are violent toward each other. Both men

"A GREAT NUMBER OF MEN WHO TURN TO THEIR CHILDREN FOR SEXUAL PURPOSES ARE HIGHLY RELIGIOUS OR MORALLY RIGID INDIVIDUALS WHO FEEL THAT THIS IS LESS OF A SIN THAN MASTURBATION. . ."
—VIRGINIA JOHNSON-MASTERS

and women are guilty of failing to understand and accept each other.

Education, communication and interaction—not censorship—change stereotypes.

Are we to believe that an exposed breast or a thrusting hip is

sufficient enough to turn 52 percent of the population into sex slaves? More important, are we convinced that women are that thin-skinned and helpless?

As a woman trying to get a foothold in a patriarchal society, I have experienced discrimination. I know that stereotypes exist. I have had to prove over and over that I have the confidence and competence to "do the job." Banning pornography because of particular vulnerabilities females supposedly have will only make me and all other women appear delicate when we need to show that we have the courage and capabilities to deal with the demands of a competitive and complex world. Banning pornography to protect women will discredit us.

I am outraged over this pornography issue. I am outraged at the fact that these do-gooders are tearing down the image that so many women have worked so hard to construct—that women are strong and steadfast, not defenseless and dainty. I am so outraged, in fact, that I want to form an organization: Women for Pornography.

If you are a woman and you share my views, please write to me. I need to know that you are there. I need your support.

Melanie Holzman
P.O. Box 20579
Columbus, Ohio

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Contradictions

When the Supreme Court recently upheld the right of the states to regulate private sexual conduct, it inflamed people who believe in privacy, gratified people who dislike homosexuals — and gave new force to some striking contradictions in American attitudes.

These can be framed as questions:

Why is it that the people most outraged when government puts its hand in your pocket for taxes are often the people quickest to applaud when government sticks its nose into your bedroom?

Why is it that the people who believe most fiercely in capital punishment are often the same people who, proclaiming the right to life, most bitterly oppose abortion?

Why is it that the people most opposed to giving welfare assistance to distraught young mothers are often those who fight hardest against providing sex education and contraception to poor teen-agers?

The answer in each case is that these may not be contradictions at all. For what they demonstrate best is not inconsistency about life but consistency about punishment.

In this view, crime absolutely must not pay. The state should kill murderers, no matter that, oh dear, it sometimes kills the wrong man. Sin must not pay. The careless teen-age girl should bear the badge and burden of her shame, no matter how little she really knows about sex and no matter how incapable she, a child, is of raising a baby. To those of this Puritan persuasion, government has a sober duty. Far from getting off people's backs, it should impose a strict moral harness.

Others of us are left to believe that it is barbarous for the state, prone to error, to kill. We are left to believe — to know — that thousands of babies are conceived out of pathetic ignorance or a misguided hunger to be taken seriously. And when it comes to sexual conduct between consenting adults in their own homes — well, if that's not privacy, what is?

Government often must legislate and enforce morality, but whenever it does, it tilts inescapably toward conformity and vengeance. Yet when the very definition of life, liberty and happiness is in dispute, it is government's duty to tilt instead toward diversity and compassion.

FYI!

Men could use some protection from women. (And vice versa.)

Of course, there's no doubt whatsoever that men and women are the single best thing ever to happen to each other.

There are, however, complications.

The list of sexually transmitted diseases is long.

And growing.

And on the list are some diseases that are



very difficult to cure. Even impossible.

But happily for all concerned, there's a simple way to help protect yourself. It's called the Trojan® brand condom.

Use it properly, and the Trojan condom can help reduce the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases. (Your doctor can tell you more.)

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You should also know, the Trojan brand is highly respected, widely trusted, and the one that's used the most in this country.

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Instead of the pleasure they really are.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOAN RIVERS

a candid conversation with the queen of take-no-prisoners comedy about men, sex, movie stars, princesses and her tv shoot-out with johnny carson

The lady or the champ?

She's been called the funniest lady in America. She's also been called the most tasteless and grating comedienne in the country. With her fast, broadsword wit, she inspires epithets and rage in viewers—though these same people will avidly tune her in to see which poor movie star or princess is going to be skewered next. And now, after a bumpy career in the high-risk world of stand-up comedy and sit-down talk shows, Joan Rivers is headed for the confrontation of her life: a shoot-out with mentor Johnny Carson.

It may not be Gorbachev and Reagan, but it's as close as we're going to get to a TV-superpower face-off—Carson, frayed but still champion of late-evening television, challenged by a tough, snarling underdog whom people don't know whether to cheer or to boo. Much of civilized America knows by now of the celebrated departure of Joan Rivers from "The Tonight Show," where she was the permanent guest host. Indeed, there are undoubtedly fewer people who follow the U.S.-Soviet summit talks than who know that Rivers accepted an offer from the new Fox network to start her own talk show in the same time slot without—gasp!—even calling Carson to tell him about it.

Whatever the outcome of the talk-show wars, no one is neutral about Joan Rivers.

Newsweek calls her TV's "most outrageous funny woman," TV critic Ron Powers in *Gentlemen's Quarterly* says her comedy is that of "aging-airhead affluence," while *Ms.* magazine praises her as a woman of "febrile tenacity," whatever that means. She herself told *Time* that she was "the meanest woman in America," no doubt reflecting on some of the more memorable shots she has taken through the years at her favorite targets: Liz Taylor in her plumper days ("Mosquitoes see her and scream 'Buffet!'",), the queen of England ("gowns by Helen Keller") and even lovable Willie Nelson ("wears a Roach Motel around his neck"). The question now is whether a woman whose reputation has been one of abrasive humor, whose talk-show stints have been limited to a few weeks a year, can be credible competition for Carson, who has been a wry, soothing TV presence in America's bedrooms for 24 years—or whether she will wear out her welcome and burn out.

Born Joan Molinsky in Brooklyn in 1933, Rivers is the daughter of Russian immigrants, Dr. Meyer Molinsky and his elegant, if dissatisfied, wife, Beatrice. Both parents were obsessed with money—she with spending it, he with not. The strong-minded Beatrice generally won; and, as a result, Joan and her sister, Barbara, were raised in an atmosphere of finger bowls and private schools. A self-

proclaimed fatty as a child, Joan escaped into the world of make-believe, planning to emerge one day as a serious dramatic actress. She went to Barnard College, from which she graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1954, and then, at her parents' insistence, became a fashion coordinator for the Bond department-store chain.

It was then that she met and married Jimmy Sanger, son of the store's merchandise manager. Six months later, they were divorced. Having tried things her parents' way, Rivers then decided to go for what she really wanted: show business. She paid her early dues by working in Greenwich Village "discovery" clubs while supporting herself with temporary secretarial work. By 1959, she was honing her comedic craft by performing in seedy burlesque joints up and down the East Coast. In 1960, she was booked on "The Jack Paar Show," the predecessor to "The Tonight Show," and she felt she'd gotten her big break. But Paar hated her and her career stalled. Four years later, after a short stint as one third of a comedy team billed as Jim, Jake and Joan, she was on her own again, a well-known face among the Village cast of aspiring young comics—Richard Pryor, Dick Cavett, Bill Cosby—looking for their big break in such night clubs as *The Bitter End* and *The Duplex*. Her day job was as a



"Johnny's wrapped in cotton by everyone around him. His staff hid my ratings from him. The reason I was bought by Fox was that my ratings were higher and my demographics were younger than his."



"Burt Reynolds has said evil, vicious things about me. I figure he had a bad day because his toupee was twisted or his caps might have fallen out or the heels of his boots could've been broken or his dildo was pinching."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"Princess Di is ready for that mother-in-law to go. At Andrew's wedding, the queen mother looked happy, Margaret looked soused, Princess Michael looked like a tall Nazi—just a typical family outing."

comedy writer for TV shows, including "Candid Camera."

By 1965, seven years after she had begun her elusive show-business journey, success was still nowhere in sight. Even Rivers' close advisor told her she was through: "You're too old," she says he told her. "If you were going to make it, you'd have done it by now." A month later, she was booked onto "The Tonight Show," which had turned her down seven times. After her appearance, Carson wiped tears of laughter from his eyes and proclaimed, "God, you're funny. You're going to be a star."

Rivers' career then took off—though she insists it was at the speed of a turtle. She began a prosperous career traveling around the night-club circuit and by late 1965 had recorded her first comedy album.

That was also when she met the other most important man in her life: producer Edgar Rosenberg, whom she married after a four-day courtship. Edgar went on to become a foil in Rivers' routines and, in real life, her chief advisor and supporter. (Their daughter, Melissa, was born in January 1969.) In 1968, she hosted a morning talk show on NBC, and the following year, she made her Las Vegas debut. But it was not until 1983 that she became a world-beater: After years of being one of several guest hosts for Carson, she was named permanent guest host, guaranteeing her the exclusive right to eight weeks a year of host duties while Carson vacationed.

When Rivers sat in Carson's seat, the ratings soared, but NBC, apparently, was not so enthusiastic; when time came to renew Rivers' contract last spring, the network told her, "We'll get back to you." In the meantime, Rupert Murdoch's new Fox Broadcasting Company, under chairman Barry Diller, got to her first, offering her her very own late-night show to rival Carson's. On May sixth, Rivers, in a press conference with Diller and Murdoch, announced her forthcoming show. The ensuing controversy continues to dominate the TV pages in newspapers and magazines, and her autobiography, "Enter Talking," enjoyed a run on the best-seller lists. We thought it an opportune moment to get Rivers' side of the brouhaha and to catch up with her life in general. Interviewer Nancy Collins, who has conducted several major magazine interviews with Rivers, exhausted herself with one final grilling, which Rivers claims is the last she'll undergo—"for a couple of years, at least." Here is Collins' report:

"Hanging out with Joan Rivers confirms the show-business cliché that there can be a near-schizophrenic split between the public and the private person. The comedienne who on stage personifies the acerbic put-down of the high and mighty is, off stage, vulnerable, sensitive, even sentimental. The Joan Rivers you see performing, she will tell you, is just a character, someone she says she would invite to her house for cocktails—but never for dinner. The Joan Rivers you see in private is quiet, thoughtful and soft-spoken. Although her notorious wit is always in evidence, she is

nevertheless capable of getting teary-eyed at the mention of such matters as the death of her mother ten years ago.

"For our interview, the hyperenergetic pace of a conversation with Rivers was considerably slowed down, the result of an operation performed a week earlier. It was medical procedure that will, no doubt, in time, make it into her act: a hysterectomy, tummy tuck and vacuum suctioning of her thighs.

"On her second day out of the hospital, Joan and I began our PLAYBOY conversations as she reclined on the canopied bed in the elegant master bedroom of her Beverly Hills home. Later sessions were held in the library, a room lined with books that actually look read—Rivers is a history buff. Throughout our talks, she was in her bathrobe, somewhat more sedate than usual, though restless because she couldn't go anywhere. But she always had her make-up on. The conversation careened from the silly to the serious, from the mushy to the tough-minded—which isn't a bad way to sum up the lady herself."

PLAYBOY: So—Joan Rivers, linchpin of a

*"If NBC wanted me, they
should have sent me a
Christmas card last year."*

whole new network. Is it heady, having so much responsibility?

RIVERS: Oh, it is! The king of France said, "L'état, c'est moi!" Right now, "Le network, c'est moi!"

PLAYBOY: We've seen a lot of Joan Rivers this past year—the huge controversy over your leaving the Carson show, a best-selling book, your new show. Aren't you flirting with overexposure?

RIVERS: We didn't mean this *Tonight* thing to blow up the way it did. It happened during a slow media week, so I became a media star for a second. I felt like Madonna. This kind of thing seems to happen every three or four years in my career; then it calms down. I don't feel overexposed, but certainly, the public has had enough of me—I've had enough of me.

PLAYBOY: The way you left *The Tonight Show* has become one of the most celebrated departures in show business. Clear it up for us. Why didn't you talk with Carson before you signed with the new Fox network? Why didn't you postpone the press conference for a day until you had time to reach him and tell him the news?

RIVERS: In our business, until a contract is signed, there is no contract. I defy anybody in any job who's making more than \$30 a week to jeopardize that job by walking away from it until the next job is secure. We couldn't tell anybody about the

deal until all the F's were dotted and the T's crossed—which happened on Monday, the day before the press conference. As soon as that happened, I called Johnny—I went through my hotel switchboard in Las Vegas, so I have my bill—and reached his secretary, who said, "Hold on. I'll put him on." And then the phone went, "Click." Tuesday morning, I called him from the make-up room at Fox, through the Fox switchboard. I got him on the line and then he hung up on me.

As for the press conference, it was Fox that wanted to have it right away. There were so many rumors on the street, not just about me but about who was going to be president of Fox, etc., that Fox wanted to make the announcements as soon as possible so the news wouldn't dribble out. In fact, no formal announcement had even been made saying there would be a network, so it was to be a two-pronged press conference, like Hungary and Austria, a two-headed empire—me and Fox.

But I had no idea there would be the hysteria. I don't know why NBC is so angry with me. I have done nothing. I was Johnny's guest host; they didn't renew my contract; I went someplace else. I didn't owe him. I didn't ask him for money when I left him. I didn't do anything.

PLAYBOY: When Fox offered you the deal, why didn't you go to NBC or to Carson and say, "Look, I've been offered this deal; do you want to meet or better it?"

RIVERS: That's tacky. That's groveling, coming hat in hand. I would never have done that. I have too much pride. If they wanted me, they should have sent me a Christmas card last year.

PLAYBOY: Freddie De Cordova, the executive producer of *The Tonight Show*, said that during the previous week, while you were hosting *The Tonight Show*, he had chatted with you frequently and you never mentioned a thing about your plans.

RIVERS: Nor had Freddie told me his secrets. We sat for a week in the dressing room talking, true, but the deal hadn't been completed. I wasn't going to tell Johnny's producer, "Hey, I'm thinking of leaving and going to another network and doing my own talk show." I would have been out the same day—which was just what happened to David Brenner. [Brenner, a frequent Carson guest host, announced his own syndicated late-night show and was reportedly taken off the *Tonight Show* guest list.] Did Freddie confide to me whether or not Johnny was renewing his contract? We never knew that Johnny renewed his contract with NBC until the day it was signed. We were never told. These are *not* my buddies.

PLAYBOY: In a similar vein, Peter Lassally, associate producer of *The Tonight Show*, has claimed that you offered him the job of producing your new talk show. True?

RIVERS: Peter's called producer, but we all

Get a taste of it.
Merit

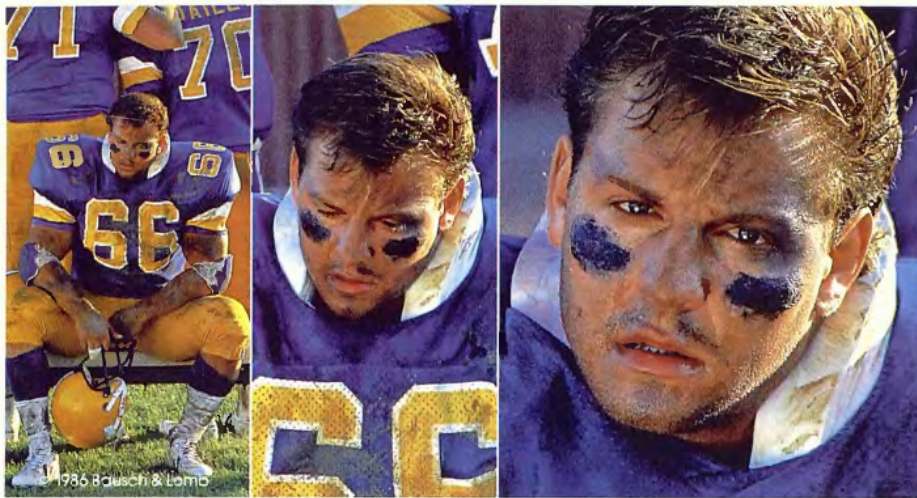
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know that Freddie is *the* producer. Yes, I know Peter has been saying that, and I'm terribly sorry, because it shows the insecurity on his part. Why would I offer a job to someone who for three years did nothing but argue with me over guests?

They're all frightened over at Carson. They all think they have to prove their loyalty to the king. It's very sad to hear a man like Peter, in his 50s with two grown children, say, "Look, Johnny. She offered me a job, but I'm staying with you." It's so pathetic that at his age you have to toady up to someone.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Carson expects toadyism from all his employees?

RIVERS: Johnny expects nothing, but he's had nothing *but* toadyism. They've all done it to him. I don't know what Johnny expects anymore. If we were going to raid Carson, which we're not, we would have made an offer to Freddie, who—out of the whole thing—is the one I miss: his sheer energy, wickedness and wit. I miss playing with Freddie. I called him before the announcement to tell him and said, "Of all the people, I want you to know I'm going to miss you." And I started to cry.

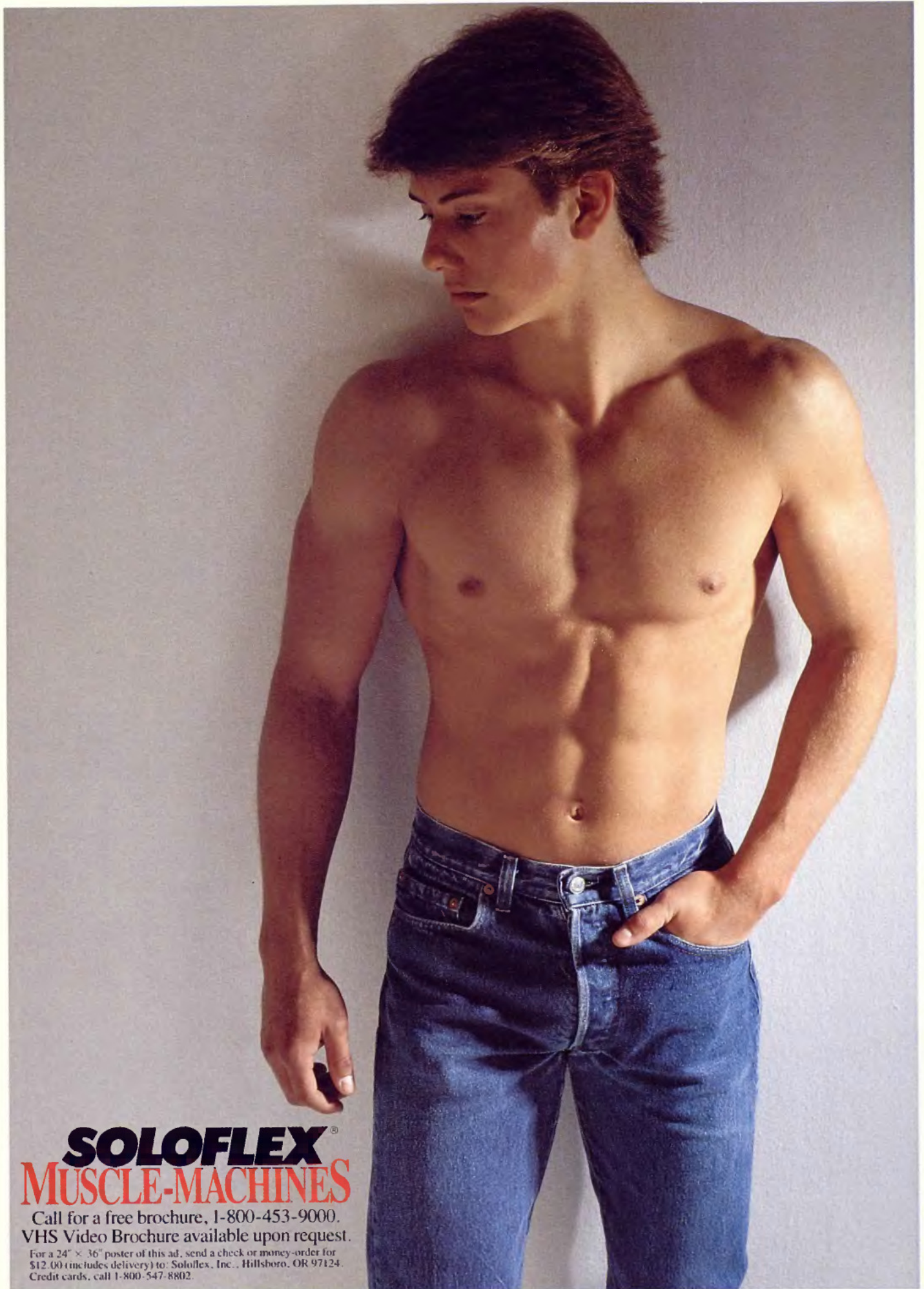
PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Carson now?

RIVERS: I always adored him and I still adore him. He was the one who said, "You're funny." I adored him for that and always fantasized this big, wonderful, warm relationship. I think he's tender, very feeling, very caring; but I also think he doesn't let anybody in anymore—except one or two people—to find that out. He's the money-maker for NBC, so they keep him wrapped in cotton.

The Tonight Show meant everything to me. I really did grow up through that show. I came on as a single woman. I got my fame from that show, I met my husband out of that show, I got pregnant on that show, had Melissa on that show, and America watched the whole thing evolve. But Johnny and I were never personally close. We were a little closer in New York, in the sense that his second wife, Joanne, had two big parties and my husband and I were asked to those. One was his 40th birthday, which was one of the most memorable evenings of my life. It was the first big star-studded party I ever went to. But we never sat down, the four of us, in the kitchen over a bowl of spaghetti.

PLAYBOY: You've said before that you and Carson weren't really close, and when you did, Joanne was quoted in *People* magazine denying your version of the relationship, citing examples when you and your husband had gotten together socially with the Carsons. She also told the *Los Angeles Times* that you were totally ambitious—"all career."

RIVERS: Joanne Carson has upwardly mobile intentions. This is her little renaissance, because nobody has interviewed her or cared to mention her since Truman



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Capote's death—which was lucky for her because it happened in her house. I had a feeling she pulled the body in. But this is now her little moment in the sun to say, "Look at me, Joanne Carson. Remember me?"

And, of course, she wants Johnny back. She made a big mistake. She hasn't seen me in 15 years. She faults me for being ambitious? I am, indeed, half career, but I've certainly built a private life. I certainly have a relationship, which is a lot more than the person slinging the mud. It's very sad. She's just an old airline stewardess whose legs have gone.

PLAYBOY: You dedicated your book, *Enter Talking*, to Edgar and Carson. Did you get any feedback from Carson on it?

RIVERS: You talk about hurt! I spent seven years writing that book. The first copy that came off the press, I didn't keep for myself, I had it hand-carried to Malibu to Johnny. Along with it, I sent a long handwritten note telling him how much I thought of him, how much I owed him. He never acknowledged it. Three weeks later, I was going on the show to promote it. The day before the show, they called and said, "Johnny wants another book for the table." So we sent it.

When I sat down with him on the air, we chatted about the first time I was ever on the show, and he said, "Oh, your stand-up was wonderful." I'd never done a stand-up. He didn't even know what I'd

done. Suddenly, you realize how little you mean in somebody's life. Then Freddie, from off camera, said to him, "Read the dedication. It's dedicated to you." And then you realize he hadn't even opened the book. They had blown up photographs from it for Johnny to hold up and he asked, "Are these in the book?" Seven years' work and he hadn't even opened the book!

PLAYBOY: Is Carson as cold as you imply?

RIVERS: He's very cool. You don't jump at him at a party and tickle him and say, "Guess who?" But no, underneath it all, there is a very warm person. Like I said, he's just so wrapped in cotton by everyone around him. For instance, his staff hid my ratings from him. My big advantage over him—and the reason I was bought by Fox—was that my ratings were higher and my demographics were younger than his. [NBC denies this.] You see, it's a business. All this emotion, this hysteria and hurt come down to money, because if the ratings slip on the Carson show, the money slips, so he can't get a \$40,000,000 deal next year.

There was trouble from the moment they brought me in. They were thrilled to have me and yet didn't really want me to succeed at the same time. It was a double-edged sword at NBC. They would have loved it if I had done just a little less than Johnny—which I can understand. When I started to do better than he, all the critics

suddenly said, "Joanie's here. Goodbye, Johnny." That was in *Newsweek*, *Time*, the *L.A. Times*. When all that started, they got worried that it would affect him and his ratings, because people were saying, "She's more fun to watch; she's doing better."

PLAYBOY: It doesn't sound as if there's any love lost between you and NBC, even though you'd been guest-hosting *The Tonight Show* since 1971. Why?

RIVERS: I thought NBC was my college. I was wearing NBC T-shirts. But it wasn't as if they'd discovered me or singled me out. Guest-hosting for *The Tonight Show* was not a sentimental thing: In the early days, they'd have George Carlin, Bill Cosby, me—almost anybody. If you could talk, they'd put you on. Even Peter Bogdanovich hosted once! Then they decided to have a black woman, so they found Della Reese. Toward the end, it got down to David Brenner, Carlin, Cosby and me. And it was Bill who finally called to suggest I be the permanent guest host.

PLAYBOY: Cosby did that before he had the clout of his own show?

RIVERS: Yeah, Bill is an incredible guy. When this last episode was happening, he called me in Las Vegas and said, "Go for it. Don't listen to them. Don't read what the press is going to do to you, because they've done it to all of us." He's terribly loyal to people; he's been through a lot of fire, too, which everyone forgets. Anyway, about 1981, NBC decided I wasn't right

It is a beautiful warmth that begins on the lips,



for them, so there was a two-year period when I didn't guest-host at all—just went in and did my spots. When they gave it back to me, that's when it all took off fast, fast, fast. But nobody was doing it out of kindness or love or "Let's give Joanie a break." It's a cold, hard business, and my numbers were better than any other guest host's. There's never been any love for me at any network. I've always been a person of the people. Nobody likes you—but you fill up 10,000-seat auditoriums.

PLAYBOY: You've intimated that another network during that period was willing to offer you the moon. Do you want to say now which one?

RIVERS: ABC. It was two years ago. They came to me and offered me a full-time daytime show, as many specials as I wanted and the hour before or after the Oscars or Emmys, depending. They said, "We'll make you queen of the network." We had a good laugh about that for a year. The money they offered was phenomenal. We had to hold secret meetings with them at hotels. It was always raining when we met. I wore lots of capes and Edgar disguised himself as a gentile. [Laughs] I finally said no, because I am not a daytime person and because I felt loyalty to NBC.

PLAYBOY: Let's see—the hour before and after the Oscars; isn't that Barbara Walters' territory? Are you saying ABC was willing to dethrone Walters for a new "network queen"?

RIVERS: Well, here we go again. It's a business. I like Barbara so much, but if I had taken what they were offering, it would've meant that she lost what she had. But it can work the other way: If in a year Fox says to me, "You're not working out; here comes Barbara," there's nothing I can do. The men who run Fox, [owner] Rupert Murdoch and [chairman] Barry Diller, did not call me because they liked the way my hair looked. They looked at the ratings over three years, the demographics, and saw success and profit.

PLAYBOY: Some critics have said you don't wear well; your style is too aggressive. They say it's one thing to do eight weeks a year on Carson, another to do five nights a week all year long. In fact, you once said that yourself, didn't you?

RIVERS: When I was starting out and wasn't as secure as I am now, I may have said that. But, I'm sorry to tell everybody, I may not be the best, but I'm as good an interviewer as anybody else. I can take a show and run it for 52 weeks with no problem. As for my abrasiveness, it obviously worked for three years, five times a week. And when we did a version of *The Tonight Show* in London, we were number one. If it doesn't do well, so what? I've got Las Vegas, concerts, another book, a movie.

PLAYBOY: Why has your leaving *The Tonight Show* caused such a controversy?

RIVERS: Because *The Tonight Show* and Johnny are an institution. I looked like I

was challenging him, which nobody's ever done before. It also had something to do with the child rising up to smite the father, which is not at all what my leaving was about. If I had been a man, if it had been a John Wayne movie, they would have said, "Well, he did his job on *The Tonight Show* and now he's going off to do his new job and God bless him." It's because a woman dares to leave a subservient position.

PLAYBOY: The press has been tough on you since the Carson episode. How do you react to some of the stronger criticism?

RIVERS: The press will continue doing that until I die—at which time, *The New York Times* will do what it did to Lenny Bruce. He was vilified by everybody, all the media. The day after he died, *The New York Times'* obituary included comparison to Swift, Rabelais and Twain. And I said, "This poor slob couldn't get a cabaret card"—which you needed in those days.

PLAYBOY: What is the format for *The Late Show Starring Joan Rivers*—four guests and an opening monolog?

RIVERS: I will come out and, obviously, do something, but it won't be the monolog. Johnny is king of the monolog. Besides, I don't want to tell boobie jokes anymore. What I'm good at is really talking with somebody; that's where the emphasis will be. Fox bought *The Tonight Show*, and so that's basically what I'll be delivering. Our show will have a younger, more contemporary look, though. I am more

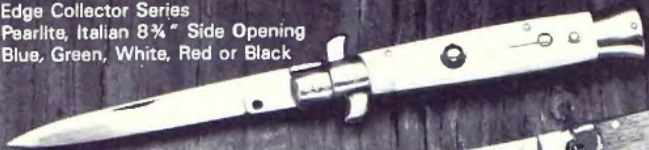
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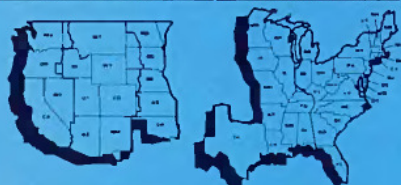
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interested in having a David Lee Roth than Johnny would be, because I know he's bright, articulate, weird and crazed, which makes for a good interview.

PLAYBOY: Will you be asking your friend Elizabeth Taylor to drop by?

RIVERS: I would never ask Elizabeth to come on the show. I have too much pride for that. But maybe she'll just pop on the show, look smashing and leave.

PLAYBOY: Do you think she'll get married again?

RIVERS: I see another two or three husbands for Liz in my crystal ball. The men still love her. But she's having a hard time in Hollywood. All the men over 40 have girls of 20. Even though she's spectacular, she's a bundle. When a man takes Elizabeth Taylor out, he's taking someone he must cater to, and they're not used to that.

PLAYBOY: Still, Bob Dylan raked up the courage to ask Elizabeth out.

RIVERS: Bob Dylan always makes me laugh. I go way back to the Village with him, when he was Bobby Zimmerman. He was serious then, too. He never wore a coat, always a jacket and scarf—that meant you were serious in the Sixties. Now he may write poetry to Liz and sit at her feet, but I don't think we have anything to really worry about as far as Liz and Bobby's making an announcement. She's not interested in a man who says he'll *make* something for her: "Look here, look at this scrape jewel case Bob made for me."

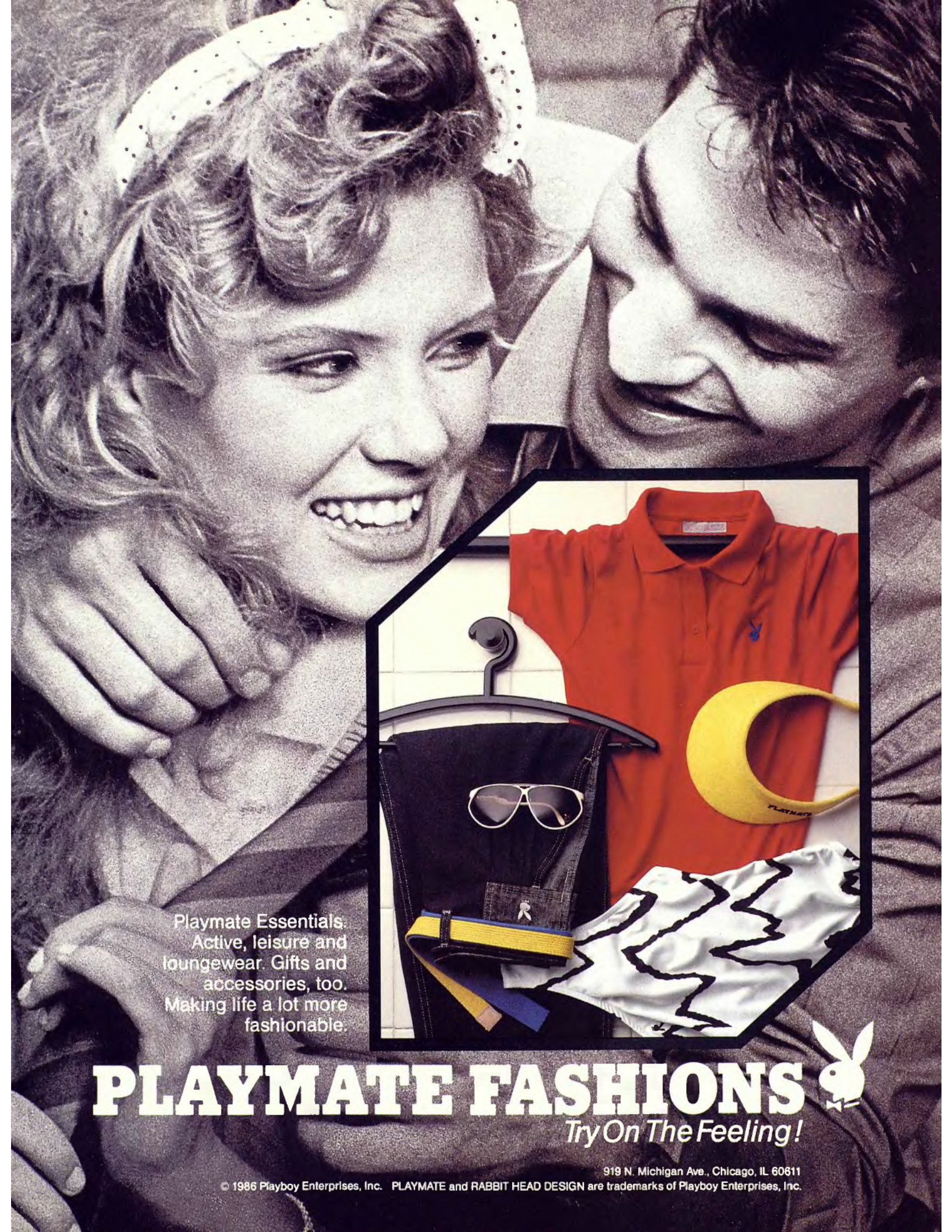
PLAYBOY: How do you really feel about Elizabeth? You've said that when your career took off in the early Eighties, it was the Elizabeth Taylor jokes that were the catalysts. You once said, "Liz pierced her ears and gravy came out."

RIVERS: Right. I was always doing the same comedy, always gossipy, but the Elizabeth Taylor stuff really hit a chord. That just turned the whole thing around. I like Elizabeth. She's done some terrific things that I don't think I would have done. When Edgar was in the hospital—after all the teasing and jokes I'd done—she sent flowers. And she picked up the phone and called. Then we sat next to each other the first time at a charity event, and I liked her. She was very funny. I also like her because I know how hard it is to diet. For me to lose three pounds, I have to undergo a general anesthetic. She also knows who she is. If you're going to be a star, god-damn it, be a star. Get out those white foxes, honey, and walk!

Now, Liz is definitely a man's woman. She prefers to be with men; but then, I prefer to be with men, too. If I walk into a room with 12 men in one corner and 12 women in another, I'm going to walk over to the men. I think they're more interesting; I have a better time with them.

PLAYBOY: What do you think men have done for your life—for your self-esteem?

RIVERS: They've destroyed it. [Laughs] Men have taken my self-esteem and



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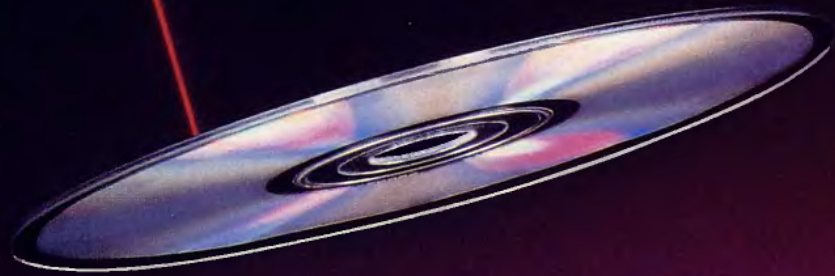


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flushed it away; it's somewhere in the mid-Atlantic right now. No man, except for my husband, has ever said anything nice about me or backed me up or come to my rescue. I've never been one of those women whom men helped. Nevertheless, I was crazed for men from the minute I saw them. I had my first serious romance when I was four. I apparently went crazy for a boy named Jack who was 16. I would make my parents get into the car and drive past the drugstore where Jack hung out.

PLAYBOY: You have a stock character, Heidi Abramowitz, who was such a tramp in high school that when she took off her braces, the football team sent a thank-you note to her dentist. But in real life, how old were you when you first made love?

RIVERS: Very old. Twenty-one.

PLAYBOY: Who was the guy?

RIVERS: David Titelson. He was a history student at Columbia and a poet.

PLAYBOY: Did you have qualms about taking such a big step?

RIVERS: Of course you had qualms. You couldn't go home and tell your mother; you couldn't go to your doctor and get a diaphragm. You really lived on the edge, counting 28 days.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel when you slept with David that you'd marry him?

RIVERS: Oh, yeah. Whenever you slept with a man, that was saying, "I pledge my troth." That was *it*. However, if we had gotten married, we would've killed each

other. Also, I think I was lousy in bed then. In fact, I'm sure I was. I hadn't heard of two thirds of the things you do automatically now.

PLAYBOY: How many lovers do you think it takes for a woman to get good in bed?

RIVERS: About five. At least it took five for me before I wised up and learned that "Roll over" isn't just an expression you say to a dog. Finally, I got my information from reading books; girls didn't talk to one another. Going down? I never knew what men were talking about.

PLAYBOY: Weren't the men in your life willing to help you improve sexually?

RIVERS: Not at all. What I didn't know, no one taught me. Did you know that not one man has ever told me I'm beautiful—in my entire life? Not one man.

PLAYBOY: Not even Edgar?

RIVERS: Not even Edgar—in any circumstance—even with the lights off. [Laughs] They've said other things, like "You're perky" or "You're fun" or "You're good in bed," but nobody has ever said to me, "You're beautiful. I love you and you're beautiful." Never.

PLAYBOY: Does that hurt your feelings?

RIVERS: Oh, I think that's what's made me the aggressive wreck that I am today.

PLAYBOY: You're also very bright, a Barnard grad. Are men intimidated by smart women?

RIVERS: Not when you're in bed, because then you're down to basics. You're not

doing jokes. And they still never said anything until after sex; then they said, "Honey, you'd better tighten up your thighs."

PLAYBOY: Has success made you feel sexier?

RIVERS: I got sexier as I had more money to change myself. We don't like that nose? Let's fix it. We don't like these teeth? Let's get them capped. Anybody who doesn't keep working on herself is a fool. If you get fat, a man will say, "That's OK, I love you for yourself"; but if you're in a restaurant, his eye will go to the thinnest girl there.

PLAYBOY: What, exactly, have you had done in terms of plastic surgery?

RIVERS: I've had my face lifted, my nose thinned; my eyes were done a long time ago, and now I just had a tummy tuck, but that was because I had a hysterectomy. I figured, if you're going to close it up, close and tighten. It's silly to put all that blubber back. And, oh, yes, I also had my thighs vacuumed this time around. I figured, if they're going to operate, I want to come out looking better than when I went in.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand why some people find your obsession with plastic surgery, with changing yourself, an indication that perhaps you don't like yourself enough, despite all your success?

RIVERS: Right. But you must look at yourself objectively and say, "These old things don't look good." If you can make yourself look better and feel better about yourself,

that's wonderful. And now that I've discovered vacuuming, it's just the beginning. When I look at my thighs, my arms are now screaming, "What about us?"

As for self-esteem, I certainly have more now than when I started, though that's not saying much. I still never feel I belong. I still never feel I have the credentials to work. Very low self-esteem.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RIVERS: Because of my own childhood. And the long road of getting to where I am now. They're out to shoot you down. They're out to shoot my show down already. The show is not getting a lift from anybody. By the time we go on the air, all the critics will say, "Johnny's still the king." So I can't have any self-esteem, because the press refuses to allow me to have it—the press, the powers that be, the inner circle, the chic-os. They would do the same thing to me on *The Tonight Show*. After a show, Peter Lassally would walk up to me and say, "You lost Detroit last night." He'd forget to mention that I'd won 14 other cities, 14 out of 15 cities in the overnights. And won them when all that Chernobyl business was heating up!

PLAYBOY: Speaking of hot items, are Sean Penn and Madonna still in your act?

RIVERS: Yes, and I'm praying for that marriage to work so they can stay in it. They're fun because they're so outrageous. I mean, Sean Penn fighting not to be photographed! Marlon Brando has earned the

right; Sean Penn hasn't.

PLAYBOY: Now that Debra Winger and Tim Hutton are married, will they be giving the Penns a run for their money in your material?

RIVERS: No. They're the poor man's Madonna and Sean. She's an earth mother. Certain women—who don't shave their legs or under their arms—make men go crazy. "So you don't bathe, Debra. I love you anyway." The woman's a throbbing bucket of lust. But at least they got married. God bless them. Better to be married five times than to have five relationships.

PLAYBOY: You've been married twice—once, at 23, to Jimmy Sanger, which ended in divorce six months later. You met your second husband, Edgar, when you were 32 and married him four days later. How did that happen so fast?

RIVERS: Edgar was Peter Sellers' best friend. He was looking for a person to rewrite a script that Peter and he were going to produce, starring Peter. Edgar knew the *Tonight Show* producer and asked him if he knew a good comedy writer. The producer said, "We just had a girl on last night who's very funny. Call her." So Edgar called and gave me the script to rewrite. We went to Jamaica to do the rewrite, and four days later, we got married.

PLAYBOY: Marrying a man after only four days was a very risky thing to do, particularly given your ideas about marriage.

RIVERS: Yes, but I just knew he was ab-

solutely correct for me. He was a businessman, in the business but at the good end of it. He was smarter than I was; I must have a smarter man. And, outwardly, he also had what I wanted: manners, the façade, the credentials to walk into any room. I didn't have to say, "Please take off those theatrical cuff links. Get rid of that 24-kt.-gold chain." He was just right for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a big wedding?

RIVERS: We had no wedding. I was working at The Bitter End, and we went to the Bronx, because our lawyer found a judge who would marry us. The Filipino navy had arrived the same day and were getting married en masse, so it was the only time that Edgar and I ever walked into a room and were the tallest couple. [Laughs] I'm 5'2" and Edgar's 5'5". Anyway, we got married that night and I went back to work.

We led two lives, his business and mine. I went to the Village to keep honing my craft, and at the same time, we'd be going out to dinner with the Rockefellers. They'd say, "What do you do?" and I'd say, "I'm a comedienne." Peter Sellers would call up and ask Edgar to please take some chocolate mousse over to Princess Margaret in London. After Carson, I was the hot girl in town. The career moved ahead but much more slowly than people realized. That's why, when I finally got to host the Carson show, Edgar went to Van Cleef & Arpels and had a little diamond

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turtle made up for me, because my whole career is like a turtle—it moves very slowly and carefully.

PLAYBOY: In your act, you joke a lot about Edgar and your sex life—or your lack of one. Is that the truth or just a routine?

RIVERS: Well, things diminish a great deal in 20 years. You settle in with each other and you get to be too comfortable.

PLAYBOY: Don't you miss the passion?

RIVERS: Of course you miss the passion. But then you also turn around and say, "Here is someone who has stayed downstairs until two o'clock in the morning reading and rereading all the lawyer's contracts." And that's OK with me. I'm lying in bed reading about Louis XIV and he's downstairs taking care of my business, saying, "I don't want to worry you. I'll call the lawyer tomorrow and take care of this." And we have the same tastes.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

RIVERS: We're both terrible snobs. We both love the formality of life. If we could afford livery, we'd have it. If we had made *Star Wars*—if my husband were John Edgar Lucas—you'd be talking to me right now at Versailles. I would've bought it and lived my fantasy. We also both read. Our drugs are books: Bookstores love us; we go in and buy, buy, buy. We like and dislike the same people. The only big bone of contention we have is that I like to travel and he doesn't. I don't want to go without him, but I will.

PLAYBOY: You have an agent and a manager, but you and Edgar effectively run your career together. How much control does he have over you?

RIVERS: I'd say 60 percent. He can control me easily. But I think totally for myself. I weigh everything he tells me and, although it's tremendously influencing, in the long run, I decide. We weigh everything. Nothing is done spur of the moment. With the new show, each talent coordinator's name, each secretary that we decide to put on staff is mutually decided. Nothing is "Oh, what the hell; let's go." That's why it's working. With Edgar, I've got someone protecting me all the time. I wouldn't know what to do without him—though when he had his heart attack, there was a good six-month period when I had to run things.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy that?

RIVERS: It was terrific. I found it very heady, exhilarating. I made the decisions, but it was twice the work. I had to be at those meetings. I made a lot of mistakes, because I'm not really a businesswoman. Just the other day, Edgar said to me, "If I die now, at least I know I left you with a great contract at Fox." And he really has. I wake up at night and think, God, I love my husband. I wouldn't know what to do without him. Now, he never pays me any compliments, never tells me, "You're beautiful." But that's his English reserve. Yet he'll turn to me and say, "I love you." And I'll say to him, "I love you," and he'll say, "Then make me a cup of coffee."

[Laughs] It's not mushy-gushy, it's just "You're part of my life." I couldn't have an affair and come home, nor could I have a husband who was doing that.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if you discovered Edgar was having an affair?

RIVERS: It depends. If I found out she was 21 and just a boopy-doop who was making him happy, listening wide-eyed to all the tales I've heard for years and am tired of, I'd say, "Well, that's great. That's like Franz Josef. Have your little European-type fling." But if I found out he was making my friend, I'd be furious: "Don't come into our group with your fly open!"

PLAYBOY: Do you think Edgar ever has had an affair?

RIVERS: No, I think I got the last honest man in America. I've seen people come on to him. We had a little masseuse in Malibu who just *had* to swim in the ocean—in her bikini—after she'd massaged him. I came home one day and said, "What is *she* doing out there?" And he said, "She just loves the ocean. Would you mind?" And I said, "You know what she gets when she gets you? She gets *you*." He likes long, leggy women. He doesn't know how he got Miss Dumbo here. But I don't want to be

*"We should get
tough, goddamn it! I'm
for Stallone's pictures.
I'm a Rambo-ette."*

divorced. I don't want to be out there.

PLAYBOY: If something happened to Edgar, would you remarry?

RIVERS: No, I would live with someone. I wouldn't believe that at my age, someone was going to marry me because he fell madly in love with me. He'd be marrying me because of what I have. If it didn't work out, I wouldn't want 50 percent of what Edgar had earned to end up going to some Chippendale dancer.

PLAYBOY: What kind of men do you like?

RIVERS: I *don't* like old-looking men. I can't lie. I can't say, "Oh, he's 65; isn't that just great?" You know everything's hanging out under that shirt. I love men in their prime—which is 40 to 55. That's when they're self-assured; their face is craggy, without that piece of rooster skin hanging. I don't like blonds; I like dark men who look a little beaten-up. He could be the Mafia, but he *does* own Standard Oil.

PLAYBOY: No blonds, eh? How about Don Johnson?

RIVERS: I had him on *The Tonight Show* before he was [deep voice] Don Johnson. He was just [nasal voice] Don Johnson. He was OK . . . a nice, slim man on a new program called *Miami Vice*. But nothing

radiated. The eyes did not lock. Johnny Carson used to have a name he used every time one of these guys—the hot one for that year—came on. Someone told me that when Don was on *The Tonight Show*, Johnny turned to somebody afterward and said, as he walked away, "Erik Estrada."

PLAYBOY: How about Sting?

RIVERS: He's terrific. But if he had two names, he'd be a much bigger star. People don't take him as seriously as they should. To have one name, it has to come from the public's love of you. Bernhardt became Bernhardt—she didn't say, "Call me Sarah." Poor Sting; he should be called Charley Sting. Or, better yet, Sting Bromberg.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fan of Mick Jagger's?

RIVERS: I would love to meet him. He's fabulously interesting just because of the time span. The first time I met him, we were both doing *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The Stones were in the next dressing room and, for no reason, they ripped apart a piano, broke it and destroyed it. I got so incensed that anyone would destroy a musical instrument that I ran in there and yelled at them that they shouldn't do this. Rough, arrogant English kids. How dare they destroy a \$35,000 Steinway? "Who the hell are you?"

PLAYBOY: What men do you find attractive?

RIVERS: Richard Gere, ten years older. John Travolta, if he ages well; Rock Hudson. I know he was gay, but he was a big, good-looking, powerful man. I like all that. I find Merv Adelson, Barbara Walters' husband, attractive—as I do Barry Diller. If I were single, I could easily see myself signing my name Joan Diller. "Barry, honey, your pancakes are getting cold." I also find Ed Koch attractive, because he's funny and smart. I do a joke and Koch knows that I'm doing a joke and laughs at it. Joan Koch, no question about it. "Ed, pancakes."

PLAYBOY: Ronald Reagan?

RIVERS: He's too old. Turkey neck. Now, Neil Simon is a very interesting man. Funny, good-looking enough, successful, and he gets every joke I make. I love that.

PLAYBOY: How about Sylvester Stallone? He's dark and rugged-looking.

RIVERS: I love him. I love him because he's vulnerable. When I had him on *The Tonight Show*, he sat there, with \$36,000,000 in the bank, and said, "I don't think I own my house. No matter what they tell me, I don't think I own it." And I know what he means.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Rambo and all the political jingoism?

RIVERS: I think Stallone's come at a time when this whole country—including me—is saying, "That's enough." I was thrilled when we finally sent planes over to Libya. We're a sleeping giant. We should get tough, goddamn it! So I'm for Stallone's pictures. I'm a Rambo-ette.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an opinion on the new Mrs. Stallone, Brigitte Nielsen?

RIVERS: He made a tragic mistake. And I think I should write and tell him. The few



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contacts I've had with her have not been pleasant. We were going to use her as a guest on *The Tonight Show*, and she insisted on being first guest. First guest is your main star. She should have been thrilled to come on as *fourth* guest. Either she's being badly advised or her ego is totally out of control. Besides, I don't want to hear that any woman left her 16-month-old child to be brought up by its father in order to be with another man. You just don't do that. But that's this town. You become successful and you get your tall, cool blonde.

PLAYBOY: Well, the former Mrs. Stallone, a short blonde, got \$32,000,000 from Sly in the divorce settlement.

RIVERS: That's not tragic. If you're going to break up, supposedly get \$32,000,000; while you're young and good-looking, you can put the pieces back together on the Riviera.

PLAYBOY: Let's stick with the ladies. Meryl Streep?

RIVERS: An incredible actress but no pizzazz there. When she was pregnant, Cher brought her to meet me. And here was this very quiet, mousy lady. Still, she's the best thing in films today.

PLAYBOY: Sally Field?

RIVERS: A good little actress. I'd heard she was very hurt by a joke I'd made about her on *The Tonight Show*, and I finally saw her at a party one night. So I went over to her and I said, "I like you, I really like you." She laughed.

PLAYBOY: How about Jessica Lange and Sissy Spacek—are they stars to you?

RIVERS: No, though I do wish Sissy would start wearing some eye make-up. They seem so serious. We all know that acting is an art, not just something you stand in front of the camera and do; but come on, girls, lighten up. Enjoy the other part; enjoy the limos; enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: One more observation, please. Cybill Shepherd?

RIVERS: Lucky, lucky, lucky, lucky. The luckiest woman in the world. A lousy career to start with, not a major talent by any means, washed up in the business, and then she moved away to marry an auto-parts dealer in Memphis. This life none of us wants to hear about. Then, suddenly, to come back as the glamor lady of television. I hope she knows and appreciates that she got a second chance. Joan Collins got it and, boy, does she know it. She's enjoying every minute the second time around.

PLAYBOY: Where does Joan Collins rank on your list of great living tarts?

RIVERS: Oh, she's the greatest of them all. And having the time of her life—going to Ascot, yet, mixing with the royals, wearing long black gloves with a bracelet over one glove at a dinner party. It just screamed Rita Hayworth and old Hollywood!

PLAYBOY: Who else are the great tarts?

RIVERS: Madonna, of course, very tarty. She raised her arm at the wedding to wave and I thought Tina Turner was under there. And Cyndi Lauper.

PLAYBOY: Bette Midler?

RIVERS: Bette is terrific, because she's really found her niche, which is wonderful, raucous comedy.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel in competition with Bette?

RIVERS: Oh, total competition. And she feels it with me. Originally, she didn't want her role in *Ruthless People*, so they brought me in and were going to give it to me, when she heard about it. Immediately, she said, "I'll take the role." I am to Bette what Tony Randall was to Cary Grant. If you can't get Bette, send Joan.

PLAYBOY: Burt Reynolds has said some pretty uncomplimentary things about you. How did this feud start, anyway?

RIVERS: He hates me, and I don't know why. He has said the most evil, vicious, horrendous things about me, but I've always liked him. I like anyone with humor, and he has a great sense of humor. I just figured he had a bad day because his toupee was twisted or his caps might have fallen out or the heels on his boots could've been broken or his dildo may have been pinching. He could have just looked at himself in direct sunlight and realized how old he really is. But, look, I have nothing against him. [Laughs]

Another one I don't get is Shirley MacLaine. She's very liberal and worked hard for women's liberation. Yet in Las Vegas, she once headlined and I opened for her. It was a first, a woman opening and a woman closing. But when they offered us four more weeks, she said no, she'd rather have a man open—and this was at the height of her marching for NOW. See, she's a businesswoman at heart and believed it was better business to have a man open her act. I think she's very smart, but I don't trust anyone who talks to people at the bottom of the sea.

PLAYBOY: What about political figures?

RIVERS: Politicians are hard. We all adored Ronald Reagan—and I still adore Nancy; I'm a major fan—until suddenly, one day, you realize the whole tone of the country has changed. It's become very frightening these days. We're getting too conservative. It's as if we've regressed. When I look at what the Supreme Court is coming down with, I get scared. You cannot come into my private life! You cannot come into my home! You cannot tell me what I'm allowed to do in the privacy of my bedroom or what I'm allowed to do with my body! You cannot tell me that life begins when you're a fetus! Anyway, life for a Jewish child begins the day he enters medical school. Basically, I'm apolitical—until something gets me angry. My first question is always, "How does it affect Israel?" When they were doing the benefit for the homeless, Comic Relief, Rodney Dangerfield had one of the funniest lines. They called Rodney to be on the show and he said, "Fuck the homeless. What have they done for Israel?" [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Any thoughts on Lee Iacocca?

RIVERS: Enough already. We know you're an immigrant's son; we know you're a self-made man; we know you turned Chrysler around; we know you want the best for the Statue of Liberty. We also know, however, that you want to be President.

PLAYBOY: Jack Gould, former television critic of *The New York Times*, called you "quite possibly the most intuitively funny woman alive." So whom does America's most intuitively funny woman find funny?

RIVERS: I change; but at the moment, my favorite is Robin Williams. There's nobody like him. His mind is just wonderful. I respect him because he does what I do. I've seen him get up at The Comedy Store, work out a whole Carson shot and then come on Carson and make it look like it's easy. He takes nothing for granted. He knows exactly what he's doing. Robin Williams is one of those people I'll wait in the rain to see. Richard Pryor is another, and I'll also wait for Bill Murray. And Lily [Tomlin], of course. I also adore Eddie Murphy, mainly because he has respect for his elders; he knows I'm going to die. One day we pull into a parking lot and another car screeches to a halt. Eddie, one of the major kings of comedy, jumps out, runs over, picks me up, spins me around, says, "Come over and meet my girl," takes me to the car, introduces me to the girl—and this kid has just made *Beverly Hills Cop* and has 72 retainers.

PLAYBOY: Do male or female comics respond to you better?

RIVERS: Male comics come in large groups to watch me work—not because the work is inspired but because they are encouraged by me. Female comics seldom come to see me. They don't think that what I'm talking about is pertinent to their lives today. And it isn't. It's pertinent to *my* life; that's why I'm talking about it. They're not a 53-year-old woman with a daughter in college and a hysterectomy. I'm not going to talk about the drug scene, because I'm not into the drug scene.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep track of jokes?

RIVERS: On stage, I just try to let it happen. In that respect, I learned a lot from Lenny Bruce. I know what I'm going to talk about, the areas, but I don't know how it's going to come out. It's like a deck of cards. You throw it up, you may catch this or that one, but you've got to get them all caught before they land. And that's how it comes out. You can't organize it. That's on stage. Off stage, I'm very methodical. I have every joke worked out and written down. Then I cross-index and cross-file them. I have lists all over the place of new jokes I want to try and files of jokes that I've tried in night clubs but not on television, for instance. Most of us are that way. David Brenner's file is on video tapes. Garry Shandling has notebooks. Bob Hope, they say, has a vault you walk into that is full of cross-indexed material divided into subject matter and when and where it was done. For a while I was very angry with

Bob Hope. He was saying things about me that were not funny. But now he's mellowed out, so you say, "He's 83 years old and still doing specials, so, by God, that's OK. And doesn't he look great!"

PLAYBOY: Hope said he found your humor nasty. You do realize that many people find it mean-spirited, don't you?

RIVERS: I know, and I stare at them when I hear that, because I don't know what they're talking about. I've said this before and I'll say it again: I do not pick on someone who can't defend himself. That's mean-spiritedness.

PLAYBOY: So all public figures are fair game?

RIVERS: You don't think so? Jackie Onassis, with her eyes on either side of her head like E.T., is not fair game? With her \$38,000,000?

PLAYBOY: How about the Karen Carpenter jokes?

RIVERS: All I said was she was skinny enough for David Brenner. The point I always made with Karen Carpenter was how everyone suddenly loved her the minute she died; but for two years before she died, not one person bought an album or went to see her. So why are we all so bereft over this poor girl?

PLAYBOY: Don't you think people eventually get turned off? Don Rickles was once



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the king of insult comedy, but many people think his career is practically over.

RIVERS: I don't think it's over. I think he's hysterically funny. The problem is, at the end of his act, he apologizes. He says, "I'm sorry. I'm not here to hurt you; I'm really a nice guy, this is all in fun." What I used to say at the end of my act was "If I've offended one person or made one person cry—sob—or upset someone . . . well, tough." And that's it. Don shouldn't cop out. I'll never cop out. But tell me one person I've been mean to that cared.

PLAYBOY: Well, we understand Princess Anne is in tears.

RIVERS: No, she's just out of breath from pulling the carriage at her brother's wedding.

PLAYBOY: You were in London for that wedding—Sarah Ferguson and Prince Andrew's. How was it?

RIVERS: Sensational. God bless Fergie for bringing back boobs and hips. Every fat farm girl should kiss Sarah Ferguson's chubby thighs. But she looked great. They had put her in all those things that make you look thin: They had her corseted in, the V in front going down and, to cover the rear end, the big bow—the old Judy Garland trick. And, of course, she had her initials over her boobs. The A was on the train, but the S was on her boobs. *Nobody* can borrow that dress.

PLAYBOY: How did Diana look?

RIVERS: Too thin. Listen, Diana is ready for that mother-in-law to go. She's ready to be queen. Speaking of which, the queen was not happy going in—no smile to the peasants going through that church door—because Sarah was eight minutes late. But, she looked great, the queen. The queen mother looked happy, Margaret looked soused, Princess Michael looked like a tall Nazi—just a typical family outing.

PLAYBOY: You also know that many people find your humor vulgar and dirty.

RIVERS: They're telling me I'm dirty when they're lining up to see *Ruthless People*. I watch George Carlin, who's brilliant, and every other word is fuck, piss, suck, and nobody says this man is dirty. I walk on stage and say one fuck and the whole review the next day is dedicated to "this filthy woman." You want to say, "Excuse me, let's watch Carlin or Robin or Pryor. What the hell are you *talking* about?" But that's because I am a woman. People don't want to hear it from a woman.

PLAYBOY: Your book, *Enter Talking*, was a best seller. Briefly, it tells the tale of your long and often humiliating struggle to make it as a comic, ending when you finally went on *The Tonight Show* and Carson said, "God, you're funny. You're going to be a star." How did you feel about the reviews of your book?

RIVERS: I was delighted with the reviews, but the thing I found most interesting was that women liked the book better than men. Every bad review I got was written by a man. I'm just too outspoken and opinionated for men. *The New York Times*,

which I've always respected, gave the book to a man who spent the whole review discussing not the book but why I wasn't as funny as Ed Wynn. And Andy Rooney—that three-minute filler at the end of *60 Minutes* who has never made me laugh—wrote an article about how he doesn't like me. He said he didn't find me funny. Tell me the last time you picked up the phone and said, "My God, did you see what that big fatso on *60 Minutes* said?"

PLAYBOY: You've always been the only woman in the club, the only really commercially successful woman in the man's world of stand-up comedy. Do you consider yourself a pioneer, a feminist?

RIVERS: I didn't realize what a liberated lady I was. I always said, "My life is liberated. Leave me alone. I have no time to join a movement, because I am the movement." I didn't have time to go up to anyone and say, "Go out and make it in a man's world." I just said, "Look at me and you can see what I'm doing." I never wanted to say that because I was a woman, things were harder for me or I was judged separately. It took two incidents—

"We women are objects. We were born to continue the species. Any woman who's intelligent knows that."

my book and this business about leaving the Carson show—to turn me around. With my book, as I said, women seem to understand it more than men. And when I left *The Tonight Show*, I got such good wishes, such support from women. I didn't realize how nice it was that women were behind what I did. It's wonderful.

I'm absolutely a feminist. When I started doing stand-up, I played these strip joints, these dives all over the country. At Barnard, I had taken a class with Margaret Mead. She was so smart—not a dresser, but so smart. [Laughs] She was married three times, so there was obviously something going on under that grass skirt. Anyway, I called her and told her I was going to play these crummy clubs and said, "Maybe we can find something out for women from this." So she said, "Let's do a little survey." She made up a list of questions that I passed out during each of my performances. Then I'd send Mead back the questionnaires with glass marks on them. [Laughs] The questions were "Who do you think should control the income in your family? Who brings in the income? Who stays with the children? Who makes the big decisions? Do you think women should work? Do you think

women should have equal say in money investments in the family?" Very basic things. This was the early Sixties. Anyway, when Mead tabulated all the answers, she said, "There's something happening out there, because ladies in Kansas City are saying, 'Even though I do work, I don't think I should tell him how to invest the money—or wait a minute. Maybe I *should* tell him.'"

PLAYBOY: Despite what you say about feminism, some people think you don't really like women, that that comes through in your jokes about how a woman should do anything—including undergoing plastic surgery—to get a husband. They say you turn women into objects and therefore degrade them.

RIVERS: But we *are* objects. We're on earth for one reason—to procreate, which means we are sexual objects. The only reason you and I were born is to continue the species. Once we've done that, it's all over and we can wither and die. So we are objects, and there's nothing wrong in saying that. Any woman who's intelligent knows it's true. These women who say I make objects out of them—don't they watch their weight? Are they getting their hair done? You can say I degrade women if you're a woman who's never exercised, never had her hair cut, never worried about how she looks in an outfit. But the only woman who could say that to me and mean it is Mother Teresa—preferably on my new show.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people felt that *The Tonight Show* had a good combination working for it—the juxtaposition of Johnny and you, the relaxed host and the brittle one. That's over now.

RIVERS: No, now there will be the same juxtaposition simply by turning your dial. Johnny's too soft for you tonight? Fine. Click over to me.

PLAYBOY: What if the show doesn't work? What will that say to you about your own style, how the audience feels about you?

RIVERS: It will say that I've got a great contract with Fox and I'm going to be a very rich lady by the end of it. Don't worry. We took care of that end, too; I did not jump into the abyss for nothing. If it doesn't work, I'll continue to do night clubs; and if it *really* doesn't work, I'll retire and go back to my first love—anthropology. I know it sounds stupid, but even if the show doesn't work, I'll have all this money coming in from Fox for three years, so wouldn't it be nice to look at the Great Wall of China while I can still see it? Go to Hong Kong while there's still a Hong Kong? There's so much I'd like to do that I haven't had the time to do. So . . . no, I'm not worried. [Makes face] Unless they tell me I can't take my hairdresser and nail girl on an expedition. Now, *that* would worry me.



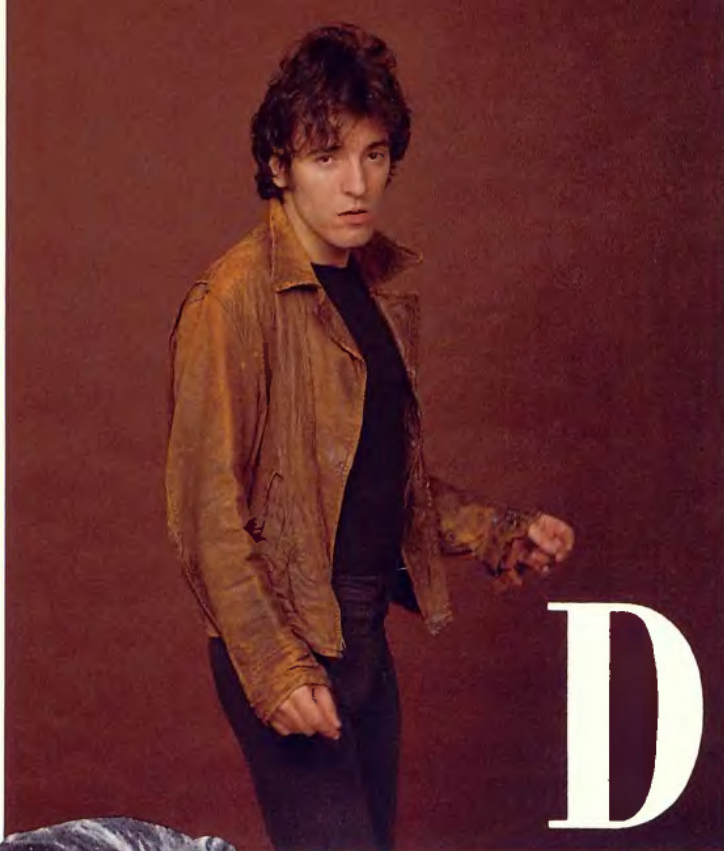
A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red cap and a red and black plaid jacket, is lying on a rocky surface. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

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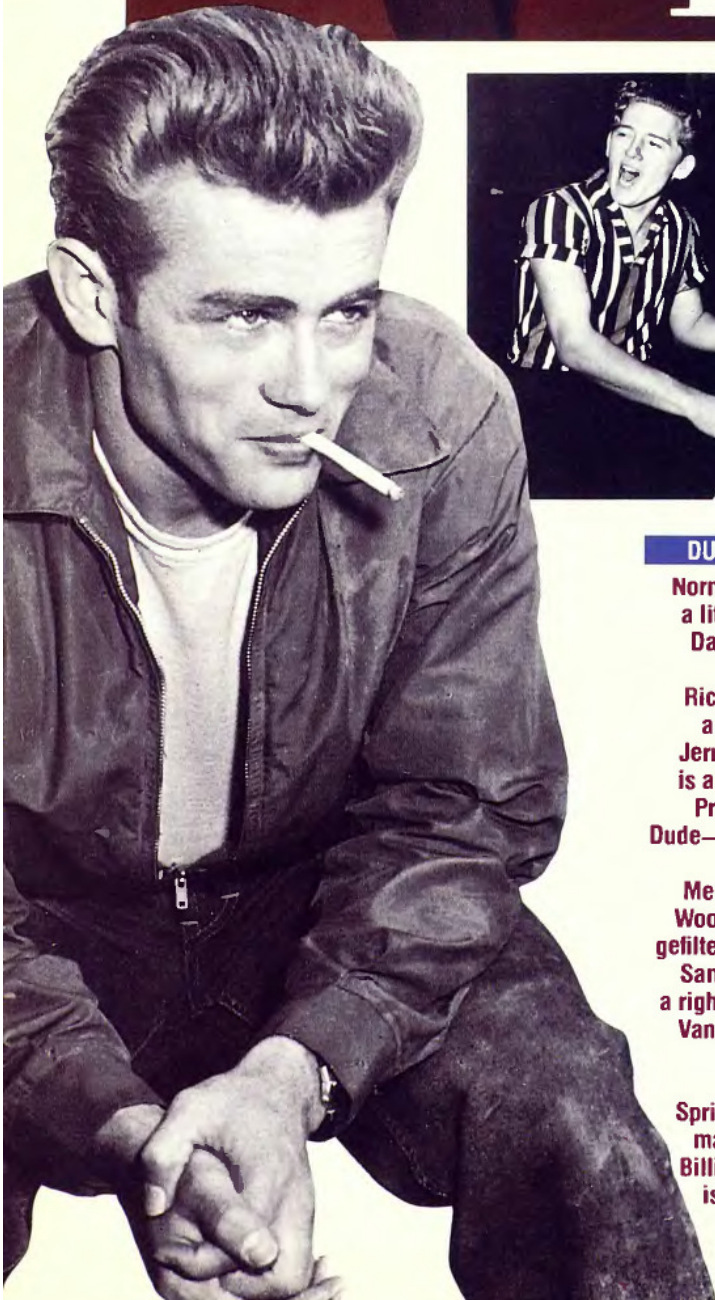


the art of
the cool
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filled with the dull



article By MEL GREEN

D UDES



THIS IS dedicated to Dudes—the followers of Dudeism. Dudeism is the philosophy of those who live in harmony with the great universal cool; from which all things flow and to which they return once they have cruised around their groove in the world.

Dudeism, or the way of the Dudeist, is the purest expression of universal cool. Walking, talking, even standing still, the Dude is cool. Everyone has known a Dude. The first kid in kindergarten to wear long pants, ride his tricycle down the slide and write his name by peeing on the alley wall was a young Dude. In high school, the Dude always came late to class, sat in the back balancing his chair on one leg while striving to carve the perfect pair of breasts on his desk with a Bic pen *and* passed.

Take shit from no man, woman, child or small mammal

—FROM THE DUDE-ITUDE

DUDE LIST

- Norman Mailer's a literary Dude.**
- Dan Rather's a news Dude.**
- Richard Pryor's a black Dude.**
- Jerry Lee Lewis is a killer Dude.**
- Prince is not a Dude—he's something else.**
- Mel Brooks and Woody Allen are gefilte-fish Dudes.**
- Sam Shepard is a righteous Dude.**
- Van Gogh was a crazy Dude.**
- Bruce Springsteen is a married Dude.**
- Billie Jean King is very close.**

A Dude manages to arrive at the party just as it's peaking, somehow giving the impression that things pick up when he walks in the door. He gracefully rescues an attractive woman from a Dull conversation with a guy who has one long eyebrow and a pinkie ring. Together, they quietly split the party before the keg starts pumping foam.

Those who don't have the snap, crackle or courage to hang with universal cool must live out their lives in the dark realm of the Dull, condemned to being punched by time clocks, wearing discount clothes and slowly dying of food poisoning from eating the soggy Goldfish crackers in third-rate discos and other singles' holding tanks.

But to contemplate the miserable is to strain the eyes, and Dudes aren't into strain. So slip on your shades

If you're gonna stay cool, you gotta put something down—you gotta make some jive. Don't ya know what I'm talkin' about?

—MARLON BRANDO,
The Wild One

MARLON BRANDO

In *The Wild One*, he was a biker Dude.

In *On the Waterfront*, he was a street-fightin' Dude.

In *Last Tango in Paris*, he was a sexy Dude.

In *Apocalypse Now*, he was a fat Dude.



and let's cop some golden rays of universal cool and see what's happening!

THERMODYNAMICS OF COOL

Cool is directly proportional to the amount of pressure. The greater the pressure, the cooler the Dude. In situations of extreme pressure, a Dude drops from cool to cold. As in the following conversation:

A: He's a cold Dude, chilled out.

B: Very chilly—a frosty Dude.

A: Absolutely. The Dude's sub-zero, packing major ice—he could've dropped the Titanic.

B: He's way North, totally polar—I mean, capped.

When a really cold Dude dies, it is said that he "sleeps with the Eskimos."

Frostbite is what happens when a Dude puts a dull jerk in his place with a few righteous remarks.



THE OUDE-ETTE

She's got it down. The knack. The way. How to talk and what to say. How to hang and when to split. Her clothes are right—the perfect fit. She's happening now, a sure shot, a steady gaze; she's up to the minute and in on the craze.

DUDE-ETTES

**Cyndi Lauper
Annie Lennox
Marilyn Chambers
Sigourney Weaver
Olive Oyl**

POSTURE

The early Dudeists were often ridiculed and ostracized for their casual slouch—a posture utilized for sustained contemplation or just hanging out. Frequent finger combing of the hair has always been used by Dudeists to stimulate thought. Spontaneous dancing, with or without music, is essential to keep the attitude loose and to prevent the Dull from entering the body.

In addition to body language, the Dude maintains a constant state of verbal alertness. He's never at a loss for a bizarre association, such as "Her hair was babooning down her back."

As always, the important thing is to eliminate the Dull. But—and this is very important—the Dude knows that too much of anything can become Dull. That includes being cool, so a Dude will occasionally make some intentional blunder that endears him to others.

Dudes and marriage: It happens. *Why?* Because there are Dude-ettes in the world.



DUDES AND SEX

"A dude kisses slow."

—Kathy, waitress at the Troubador

Dudes are very advanced sexually. They don't talk about sex, they do it—though they enjoy talking about it *while* they're doing it.

At 13, the curious Dude has already skimmed the *Kama Sutra*, scoped *The Joy of Sex* and purchased large quantities of tinted rubbers from the neighborhood filling station. But as a man, he comes to appreciate the basics: He knows that no amount of acrobatics, batteries or chemical stimulants can replace a good kiss and a deftly controlled missionary position. However, a little leather is OK—the Dude

has been known to keep his boots on.

Dudes see sex as a dance, not a race—finishing first doesn't mean you've won.

A FEW HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE OUDE

Prehistoric: Fire was discovered by a Dude when he lighted his cigarette. Later that day, he discovered oil for the wheel.

The Dark Ages: A very dull time for Dudes. The plague and the Inquisition—too much pain and too many questions. Most Dudes headed for the Bahamas.

The discovery of America: Columbus establishes cruising as a viable profession.

America the free: The British split, the slaves are freed, *reggae* hits the charts.

Turn of the century: Henry Ford, tired of Dudes' borrowing his car, mass-produces the Model T.

World War Two: Combat boots really catch on.

The Fifties: Rock-'n'-roll years. Elvis, Brando and Dean consecrate blue jeans and grease.

Special mention—Walt Laggard: Little is known about this early American Dude, who invented the Laggard Leisure Shoe, which eventually became the loafer—a major step for Dudeism.

DUDE DREAMS

Dudes rarely talk about it, but occasionally they will have a bad dream. These dreams were studied by a group of very Dude psychologists. Here are two typical Dude bad dreams:

It is a rock-'n'-roll concert. The audience is eager, clapping for the show to begin. The Dude is backstage, letting the tension build. As it peaks, he grabs the mike, screams and leaps on stage only to discover that instead of legs, he has little wheels—and they squeak.

A Dude is on his Harley, fighting his way up the north face of Mount Everest. It hasn't been easy. He squeezed his last beer 12 miles back. The sky clears and he can see the peak up ahead. With the last of his strength, he pops a wheelie and conquers the summit. There he finds his mother sitting in a rocking chair, surrounded by a news crew. Suddenly, the Dude realizes he's only three months old and his diapers need changing. As his mother cleans him up, he can't help noticing that he's not a boy at all—he's a TV dinner.

THE WEIROEST OUDE DREAM

A Dude is sitting across the table from Meryl Streep. It hasn't been easy. Even hanging a spoon from the end of his nose has failed to get a laugh from her. Suddenly, just as the chocolate soufflé arrives, Meryl drops her napkin and goes into labor. The waiter politely ignores this and asks if they would like a dollop of whipped cream. The Dude hurls the table aside and leaps to her aid. He can't believe his

eyes—she's turned into Indira Gandhi. The baby pops out, wearing a suit and clutching a piece of chalk. It's Mr. Springer, the Dude's eighth-grade English teacher.

SITUATIONS

The Dude always seems to be able to get away with things that other people simply don't have the imagination to deal with.

At a party, an obviously inebriated girl asks the Dude if he will walk her home. The Dude complies. However, halfway down the block, he notices that her panties are falling down around her knees. Which of the following does the Dude do?

- A. He does his best to ignore them.
- B. He pulls them up for her.
- C. He pulls them down for her.
- D. He removes his underwear and offers to trade with her.
- E. He turns himself in to the police.

The Dude asks a girl to dance and she declines:

- A. "It's all right—I won't make fun of the way you dance."
- B. "Yeah, I never accept charity, either."
- C. "I guess I have to give that money back to your dad."
- D. "Shit! Now who am I gonna cast in my movie?"
- E. "Oh, well, another lonely night on the yacht."
- F. "What is it with us Kennedys?"

Dudes know the answers. If you're not one, ask one.

VALLEY DUDES TALK ABOUT IT

"Quota on the madness, Dude. Let's kick back and scope some random nasties."

"These bitches are too legal, Dude. Screen that growth she's hanging with."

"Lunar eyes and rocket tits."

"Absolutely worthy."

"I'm popping a chubby."

"Let's pound another brewsky."

THE DUDE APARTMENT

No Con-Tact paper or wallpaper with floral prints, recipes or fuzz.

No clear-plastic paperweights with some poor creature embedded in them.

No hotel towels or empty imported-beer bottles as decorator items.

Anything black.

Nothing that is supposed to look like something other than what it really is—plastic wood, for instance. A real dead tree is better than a plastic "live" one. The one exception is large fake boulders—there's just something about them.

Futons are cool. Almost anything Japanese except hara-kiri is cool—but, then again, if things get really dull. . . .

Dimmer switches on everything, including the television.

Stereo, of course—anything from

300-watt public-address speakers hooked up to a Sony Walkman to a fierce little ghetto blaster splattered with paint.

Dudes living alone tend to fall down a little in the refrigerator department. It is customary when visiting a fellow Dude to immediately check out his fridge. The contents can range from a half-eaten pizza to a forlorn beer and a 12-volt car battery.

DUDE WORDS

Metal, blue ruin, later, pistons, go, packed, state of the art, juxtaposed, matt, alternative action, glandular mode, really?, serious, postpunk, beat, fully loaded, way gone, Beta, CD, EP, Bullet Naff, swell, zoned, apocalyptic, destruct-o, stuccoed, shranked, killer, shark attack, chowder, cactus eyes, shooters, flake, spicy, orgasmic, hyper, totally fucked, severely fucked, way fucked, slam fucked, refucked, reptile, nasty, man overboard, industrial salsa, technopop, automatic pilot, cruise control, jet trash, rain dog, beast, hog, horrorshow, thrashed, anal, righteous, bitin', bashed, ghetto breath, lizard, spanked, spanky, spank action, horrendous, absofuckinlutely, blah, blah. . . .

DUDE DUDS

- Faded jeans (of course)
- Anything black except for garters
- Leather jacket (never suede and never fake)
- White T-shirt (with no stupid sayings)
- Old boots, cowboy boots, rubber boots, motorcycle boots, work boots, climbing boots, steel-toed boots, combat boots, ski boots, lead boots, snake boots, hunting boots, ice boots, fire boots, space boots, flood boots, fallout boots, wood boots, skunk boots, beer boots
- Sunglasses

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE—THE DUDE-ITUDE

The following make up the Dude-itude, or the attitude of the Dude.

1. By all means and under all circumstances—remain cool.
2. Take shit from no man, woman, child or small mammal (this can also apply to appliances, vehicles and plants).



3. Never wear a jogging suit.
4. Eliminate the Dull wherever it is found.
5. Never cause gridlock.
6. Always carry sunglasses.
7. Avoid winter.

The idea is to have a ball.
—MARLON BRANDO,
The Wild One

Trade Mark
 With
Engel's Quick Way
 (Patented)

"Art Corners"

NO PASTE REQUIRED—NO MUSS—NO FUSS
 This is the only method of picture mounting that is fast, simple, convenient and does not injure the picture. It is the only method of mounting that is safe for the picture and does not require the use of any apparatus.

Gold or Silver Per Package of 50
PER PACKAGE OF 100—10c
 In Canada 15c
 In England 6d



*On Fox River
 Carey 1917*



Patri 19

S vintage-watch words to the wise
**SEEMS LIKE
 OLD TIMES**



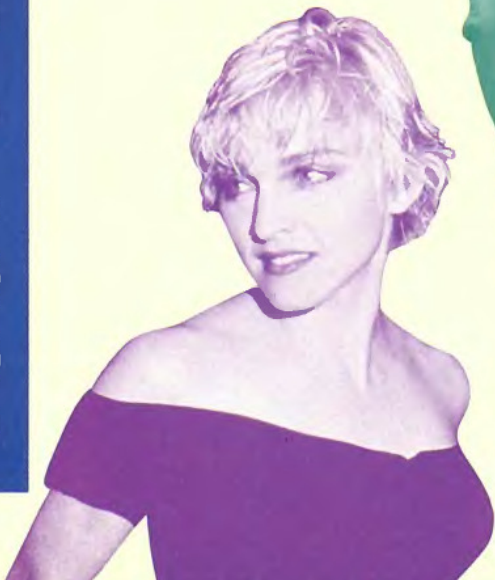
The latest movement in the wrist-watch biz is back to the future as manufacturers resurrect vintage looks coupled with contemporary workings. From left to right: Railroad watch with 24-hour dial, by Bulova Watch Company, \$125. Piping Rock watch from the Twenties, by The Hamilton Watch Company, \$295. Alexander Julian's Fifties-style Colours watch, distributed by Swank, Inc., \$60. Above it: Pasha de Cartier, a limited-edition reproduction of the first waterproof watch, set with sapphires, from Cartier, Chicago, \$11,700. Sectorial watch with linear dial that shows hours and minutes in a double row, from Tourneau, New York, \$695. Modern-classic wrist watch with a lightweight case, by Calvin Klein Watches, \$225.

1987 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL

you've got your
jan hammers and
your sledge ham-
mers. you've got

your bad boys, your nasty boys, your cowboys and your Pet Shop Boys. You've

got your *American Girls* and your *Mary Jane* girls. And now you've got to make some choices. Time again to join the annual revel that we call the Playboy Music Poll. We provide the ballot. You do the work. On the first part of the ballot, write in your choices for the best. On the second part, write in your Hall of Fame selection. For the rest, use the numbers provided—or, if you choose, write in nominees on that part also. Simple. Then just pop your ballot in the mail to us. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1986. For results, see our April 1987 issue.



THE YEAR'S BEST:

1. ROCK LP
2. JAZZ LP
3. R&B LP
4. COUNTRY LP
5. MOVIE SOUND TRACK
6. ROCK SONG
7. JAZZ COMPOSITION
8. R&B SONG
9. COUNTRY SONG
10. DRIVING SONG
11. MAKE-OUT SONG
12. NEW ARTIST
13. COMEBACK ARTIST
14. MUSIC VIDEO
15. TELEVISION-SHOW
BANDLEADER
16. DRESSED
17. UNDRESSED
18. LIVE ACT
19. PERFORMANCE BY A MUSICIAN
IN A TV COMMERCIAL
20. *FRIDAY NIGHT VIDEOS* GUEST
HOST
21. DANCER
22. ALBUM COVER
23. LIVE RECORDING
24. WAY TO HEAR RECORDED
MUSIC: LP, CD, TAPE
25. CHARITY CONCERT EVENT



THE YEAR'S BEST

Write in the full name of your choice in each category.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____
11. _____
12. _____
13. _____
14. _____
15. _____
16. _____
17. _____
18. _____
19. _____
20. _____
21. _____
22. _____
23. _____
24. _____
25. _____



B A L L O T

TOP PERFORMERS

Below, write in the NUMBERS of listed candidates you choose. If your choice isn't listed, then write in the name.

POP/ROCK

Male vocalist _____

Female vocalist _____

Instrumentalist _____

Group _____

JAZZ

Male vocalist _____

Female vocalist _____

Instrumentalist _____

Group _____

R&B

Male vocalist _____

Female vocalist _____

Instrumentalist _____

Group _____

COUNTRY

Male vocalist _____

Female vocalist _____

Instrumentalist _____

Group _____

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

_____ (write in your choice)

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, Phil Collins, 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.

(Mail ballot to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)



B A L L O T

**CHOOSE THE TOP PERFORMERS BY NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT.
TO VOTE FOR SOMEONE WHO'S NOT LISTED, WRITE IN THE FULL NAME.**

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. Bono
2. Phil Collins
3. Peter Gabriel
4. Sammy Hagar
5. Billy Idol
6. Mick Jagger
7. Huey Lewis
8. John Mellencamp
9. Robert Palmer
10. Prince
11. David Lee Roth
12. Bob Seger
13. Bruce Springsteen
14. Sting
15. Steve Winwood

Female Vocalist

1. Belinda Carlisle
2. Whitney Houston
3. Janet Jackson
4. Joan Jett
5. Patti LaBelle
6. Cyndi Lauper
7. Annie Lennox
8. Katrina Leskanich
9. Madonna
10. Maria McKee
11. Stevie Nicks
12. Sade
13. Carly Simon
14. Grace Slick
15. Tina Turner

Instrumentalist

1. Roy Bittan
2. Eric Clapton
3. Phil Collins
4. Stewart Copeland
5. Thomas Dolby
6. Edge
7. Howard Jones
8. Mark Knopfler
9. Keith Richards
10. Steve Stevens
11. Peter Dinklage
12. Edward Van Halen
13. Stevie Ray Vaughan
14. Tina Weymouth
15. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Dire Straits
2. Eurythmics
3. Genesis
4. Daryl Hall & John Oates
5. Billy Idol
6. Huey Lewis & the News
7. Metallica
8. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
9. R.E.M.
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. Afrika Bambaataa
3. James Brown
4. El DeBarge
5. James Ingram
6. Jermaine Jackson
7. Michael Jackson
8. Rick James
9. Michael McDonald
10. George Michael
11. Billy Ocean
12. Jeffrey Osborne
13. Prince
14. Luther Vandross
15. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Anita Baker
2. Aretha Franklin
3. Nona Hendryx
4. Whitney Houston
5. Janet Jackson
6. Chaka Khan
7. Gladys Knight
8. Patti LaBelle
9. Madonna
10. Teena Marie
11. Alison Moyet
12. Pointer Sisters
13. Diana Ross
14. Sade
15. Deniece Williams

Instrumentalist

1. Clarence Clemons
2. George Clinton
3. Phil Collins
4. Robert Cray
5. Charlie DeChant
6. Herbie Hancock
7. Rick James
8. Stanley Jordan
9. Stuart Matthewman
10. Mtume
11. Prince
12. Lionel Richie
13. Jamaaladeen Tacuma
14. Dave "Hawk" Wolfsky
15. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Ashford & Simpson
2. Black Uhuru
3. DeBarge
4. Earth, Wind & Fire
5. The Fat Boys
6. Gap Band
7. Isley Brothers
8. The Jets
9. Gladys Knight & the Pips
10. Kool & the Gang
11. L. L. Cool J
12. Mtume
13. Rene & Angela
14. Run-D.M.C.
15. Whodini

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Ray Charles
5. Bob Dorough
6. Billy Eckstine
7. Michael Franks
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. Jean Carne
5. Betty Carter
6. Ella Fitzgerald
7. Lena Horne
8. Whitney Houston
9. Cleo Laine
10. Tania Maria
11. Carmen McRae
12. Sade
13. Sarah Vaughan
14. Dionne Warwick
15. Nancy Wilson

Instrumentalist

1. Stanley Clarke
2. Billy Cobham
3. Miles Davis
4. Jack DeJohnette
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Herbie Hancock
7. Chuck Mangione
8. Branford Marsalis
9. Wynton Marsalis
10. Pat Metheny
11. Sonny Rollins
12. David Sanborn
13. Wayne Shorter
14. Grover Washington, Jr.
15. Sadao Watanabe

Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Crusaders
3. Michael Franks
4. Free Flight
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Hiroshima
7. Bob James/David Sanborn
8. Stanley Jordan
9. Jeff Lorber Fusion
10. Chuck Mangione
11. Spyro Gyra
12. Sting
13. Weather Report
14. World Sax Quartet
15. Yellowjackets

COUNTRY

Male Vocalist

1. John Anderson
2. Johnny Cash
3. Lee Greenwood
4. Merle Haggard
5. Waylon Jennings
6. George Jones
7. Pake McEntire
8. Ronnie Milsap
9. Gary Morris
10. Willie Nelson
11. Kenny Rogers
12. Ricky Skaggs
13. George Strait
14. Hank Williams, Jr.
15. Dwight Yoakam

Female Vocalist

1. Rosanne Cash
2. Lacy J. Dalton
3. The Forester Sisters
4. Janie Fricke
5. Crystal Gayle
6. Emmylou Harris
7. The Judds
8. Loretta Lynn
9. Barbara Mandrell
10. Kathy Mattea
11. Reba McEntire
12. Juice Newton
13. Dolly Parton
14. Judy Rodman
15. Tammy Wynette

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

Group

1. Alabama
2. The Bellamy Brothers
3. Charlie Daniels Band
4. Exile
5. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
6. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
7. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
8. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
9. Oak Ridge Boys
10. Restless Heart
11. Sawyer Brown
12. Southern Pacific
13. Statler Brothers
14. The Whites
15. Hank Williams, Jr. & the Bama Band





"For God's sake, Martin—we've got Puritans!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

REVVIN' DEVIN

HAVING TROUNCED THE
COMPETITION ON *STAR SEARCH*,
MISS DE VASQUEZ HAS
HER EYE ON NEW HORIZONS

THE ROUTE to the top isn't easy. When the crew of *Star Search* came to Chicago, every model in town turned out for the audition. Devin DeVasquez, *PLAYBOY*'s June 1985 Playmate, was one of the last in line. "I got to the door just in time to hear the producer say, 'I'm sick of seeing girls!' I poked my head around the door and said, 'Just one more.' They called me back to compete, but I was busy doing the *Playmate Play-offs* show for The Playboy Channel. I sent flowers to the producer and asked him to think of me in the future. Apparently he did. One of the other girls they had chosen dropped out, so I got a call late in the season, went on—and won."

And you thought Ed McMahon's biggest thrill in life was getting to sit next to Johnny Carson? Ed (below), announcing Devin DeVasquez' victory on *Star Search*, said, "We knew she was a winner."





Winning on *Star Search* surprised Devin. "I was flattered. More than 68,000 people auditioned for *Star Search* that year. I thought it was terrific just to get onto the show. I was self-conscious about my little-girl voice, but it ended up being to my advantage. I was so nervous, it was hard to be anything but myself. The audience saw the real person." *Star Search* is the number-two show in syndication—second to *Wheel of Fortune*—with an audience of 22,000,000 plus. So now, our Miss June has more fans to add to the millions who saw her in *PLAYBOY*. "Being in the magazine was a very positive thing for me," she told us. "Nowadays, when I read about 7-Eleven and the Meese commission and hear what they say about *PLAYBOY*, I think, Hey, that's *me* they're talking about. Who are they to judge? I feel proud to be part of history."

As champion in *Star Search*'s "spokesmodel" category, Devin won \$100,000. Has her life changed? "I bought a car, put the rest of the money away and forgot about it. It's given me an umbrella so that I can pursue my acting career." To that end, Devin has moved to Los Angeles. "It's a change. In Chicago, everything is in one place. Out here, it takes an hour to drive anywhere."





Devin has decided to focus her energies and, though she still does commercials, has cut down on her modeling. She posed for a signature poster for Starmakers, a *Muscle & Fitness* cover with Carl Weathers. She had a small part in a cable movie called *Walk on the Wild Side*. The *Star Search* victory also brought some work: She hosted a *Star Search* show in New York's Radio City Music Hall and appeared on *Entertainment Tonight*, CNN and a variety of talk shows. Now when she talks of her career, she talks of projects that are in the air. She may do a small part on *Miami Vice*. She has had three call-backs for a role in a comedy horror film. She might go into a studio soon to cut some tracks. "In this business, you're only as good as the last thing you've done. Being a *Playmate* was special. Winning *Star Search* was special. Now I'm on to other things." We're confident they'll be special, too.







THE PROFESSIONAL

SOLDIER

FICTION

BY FRANCISCO GOLDMAN

Ana's elegant beauty and ferocious aura stunned the soldiers—they had never seen anything like her

THE NICKED, lead-colored barrel of Wili's rifle protruding over the jeep's front seat seemed covered with tiny, silvery wings in the blazing sun. Jorge and the dog were sitting in the back.

The dog was a German shepherd named Ana. Jorge put out his hand to touch Ana's dense winter coat, and it felt dry and even hotter than the air. Incredible, he thought, that only a few days before, he'd still been over there, on the other side of the world, training with the dog, marching for hours over the broken snow of a rock-hard landscape and fording a swift, nearly frozen river.

He tapped Ana's nose. It was damp and cool, but her breath was heavy and warm. He took off his cap and wiped his slick brow with his arm. On the front of the cap was a small, shield-shaped pin that depicted a Germanic soldier who didn't look anything like Jorge, standing next to a proudly seated dog that very much resembled Ana. That pin—if he was killed, it would be what they'd send home to his mother, unless the enemy reached him first and plucked it as a souvenir. He stared at it glumly. Then he put his cap on again.

The jeep was parked in front of the brigade headquarters in Wiwili, and they were waiting for the driver to come out and take them up to Wamblan, where Jorge and the dog were going to be stationed. They had been transferred up from Managua the previous day.

"How was it over there?" asked Wili, who was a sublieutenant stationed in Wamblan. "Did you like Berlin?" *(continued on page 94)*







WINNING if you think men's skin-care products are for sissies, tell it to dolph lundgren

THE SKIN GAME

modern living

By NANCE MITCHELL

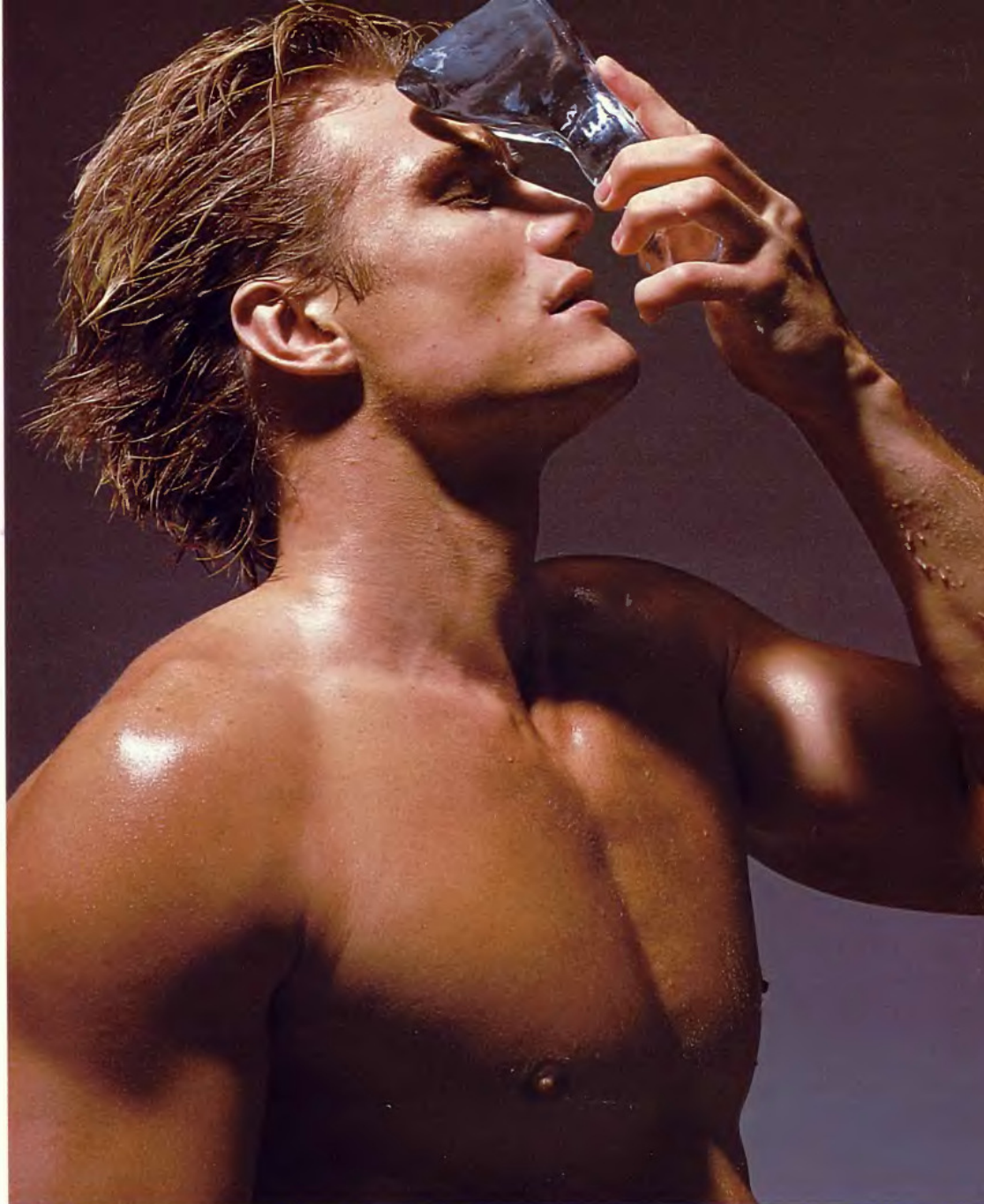
YOUR STOMACH is as washboard tight as Dolph Lundgren's (well, almost), and your wardrobe is the best of *Miami Vice*. It's not that you're so vain; you've just realized that competition, whether for love or for money, has heated up, and there's no reason to neglect what literally stares the prospective amour or boss in the face: the skin. Well, skin is skin, so the requirements for its care are essentially the same whether it's male or female. You don't have to buy an arsenal of products or waste a lot of time fussing. Consistency is the byword when it comes to maintenance. The ladies pay attention to your skin: Why not provide them with a healthier eyeful?

THE BASIC REGIMEN

There are three important steps in a daily regimen that takes about five minutes twice a day: cleansing, toning and moisturizing. That's it. Once that becomes second nature, you can add exfoliation and masks (more about them later).

Your skin type and habits determine your regimen. Take a moment to study your skin under strong lighting. Do you have any broken capillaries around your nose and cheeks? A dermatologist may be able to zap some of them, but what are you doing to cause them in the first place? Too many saunas? Too much alcohol? Too much exposure to extreme cold? Check where the lines on your face are forming and deepening. What habits (grimaces, tics, mannerisms) are ironing these into your visage?

If you're prone to breakouts around the jaw line, is it because you often prop your head up with



your hand at your desk? Are you a heavy coffee drinker? Caffeine is extremely dehydrating and can cause dry flaky patches. Assess how much damage any of your personal habits may be causing your looks.

Finally, try a blot test to pinpoint your skin type. Cleanse your face thoroughly before going to bed, and then, before washing in the morning, press a single sheet of white, unscented tissue onto your face. Hold it up to the light to see the map of oil spots. You can then determine whether you need products designed for oily, dry or normal skin. This test does not permanently establish your skin type, however. Age and such variables as weather can cause it to change from month to month.

Cleansing: Think in terms of

Opposite page: Masked mon Dolph Lundgren (*Rocky IV* and the upcoming *Masters of the Universe*, a summer-1987 release in which he'll star) gets set to make the rest of us green with envy at his peerless skin. Why go for pecs, cuts and obliques if what stores the challenger in the face sogs? A tightening mask every so often removes sallowness and dead skin cells—an anti-aging investment—while improving circulation and tone. Above: Ice is nice, quelling redness, swelling and minor irritation with a quick once-over. When it comes to skin savvy, saunas, heat, too much sun and even hot water kick oil-producing glands into high gear and loosen elasticity, giving you basset-hound jowls and a general hound-dog appearance that's anything but a howling success with the ladies. Let cooler heads—and temperatures—prevail.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VICTOR SKREBNESKI



cleansing rather than scrubbing, especially if you have skin problems. (Abrasives, contrary to what you may have heard, have a nasty way of spreading infection.) Use cool to tepid water rather than hot; hot can be harmful and doesn't clean any better than cool.

Think of your face as starting from the clavicle (collarbone) up. Don't stop at the jaw line, particularly since your ears (and the back of your neck) are more exposed than most women's and require extra care.

I recommend cleansing lotions rather than soaps, because they tend to be less harsh and less likely to leave a residue; but many men prefer soap. At least select a brand that has no detergents or deodorants and is specifically formulated for the face.

Cleanse in the morning and at night. If your skin is very dry, you may wish to use your soap or lotion only at night and rinse your face with tepid water in the morning.

Toning: Follow cleansing with a liquid toner (astringent for problem skin, a nonalcohol formula for normal-to-dry skin) to remove any residue. Don't use rubbing alcohol, which is too harsh. Soak a cotton ball in toner and use circular motions. If you have a beard, a clean cotton towel will prevent an unsightly lint trail. Avoid the areas around the eyes and mouth, since they're prone to dryness.

If you work out, leave a bottle of toner in your gym bag. Swabbing some over your face, chest and neck after exercise is a great refresher. You don't need cotton—squirt some into your hands and splash it on, or use the edge of a clean cotton towel.

Moisturizing: Ever see what happens to wet leather left in the sun? But if you slather on oil to seal the water in, the leather stays soft and supple. That's how moisturizers work. Water provides the true hydration, but it must be sealed in by an emollient in order to work.

Lighter oils come in bottles, sometimes with a pump, and should be used if your skin is in the slightly oily-to-normal range. (If you have very oily skin, skip this step; ask your dermatologist for advice.) Men with normal-to-dry skin can use a pump lotion, with a heavier cream for the eye, mouth and neck areas.

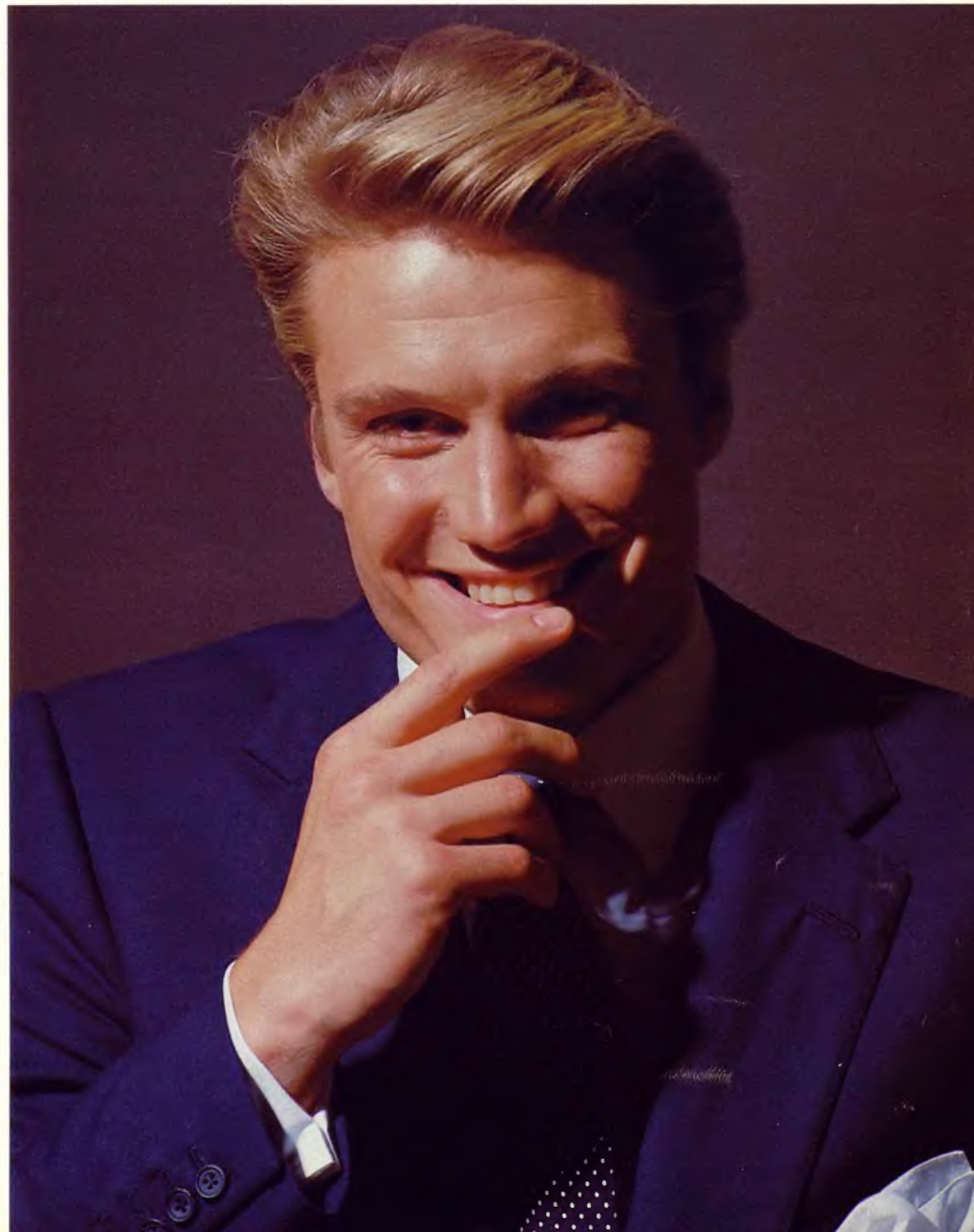
Creams contain heavier oils and come in jars; they don't pour. Skin in the dry-to-extremely dry range would benefit from over-all use of these or an occlusive agent such as

petroleum jelly (though many men find it too greasy for daytime wear).

Whether you use lotion or cream, moisturize after toning, or more often if your skin is very dry.

Exfoliating and using masks: Exfoliation is the process of sloughing off the dead skin cells on your epidermis in order to stimulate the growth of fresh new cells. You do it naturally on the lower half of your face by shaving (a possible reason men don't wrinkle as readily or early in these areas as women do). It's a powerful weapon in the fight against wrinkles, sallowness, yellowing of the skin and superficial blemishes. (If you have problem skin, have exfoliation done by a professional cosmetician or dermatologist, *(continued on page 163)*)

Opposite page: Lundgren exchanges his boxing gloves for Ditalos of Italy rubber-fingered mitts that massage in cleansing lotion before toning and moisturizing. Using them twice daily gives anyone a fighting chance to combat the aging effects that sneak up over time to blind-side you. (*Playboy's Guide to Saving Face*—a random sampling of excellent products, from soaps and shaving mousses to eye-wrinkle gels—follows later in this article. It gives you an overview of what to look for in the men's-cosmetics section of your favorite store.) Below: Eat your heart out, Rocky. This is the mug you tried to pound into hamburger? Maybe it's time you hung up your gloves and took up knitting. With consistency, proper skin-care products and maintenance, even the underdog ends up a winner.



"Is there much combat around Wamblan?" he blurted, instantly regretting the anxiety in his voice."

"You can't imagine such a city," said Jorge enthusiastically, though he'd spent only one day there, followed by nine at the canine-corps training base, which was in a frigid rural area near the Polish border. What he remembered mostly about Berlin were multitudes of pink-faced people and pink-gray buildings and the unearthly sensation of being in a place where all the streets were paved.

"And the snow," said Jorge, widening his eyes. "The snow is beautiful."

Wili slowly shook his head and hissed "Phisssst" through his teeth. "The only country they've ever sent me to," he said, "is Honduras."

Jorge smiled. He liked Wili and was glad he was going to be one of his officers. Wili was the type who made you feel less afraid. Under thick, arched brows, his eyes showed an expectant, confiding humorlessness. His face had the shape of cherubic plumpness, but his deeply browned skin looked hard and taut and his chin was evenly stubbled. Jorge's face was smooth. He was 16 and Wili was five years older. Lately, Jorge always felt wide-eyed, and he was: He looked as if he even listened with his eyes, and as if he were easily enthralled by what went by. His ears stuck out like damp, overdone potato chips, and he was so thin that when he rolled up the sleeves of his uniform, it didn't take long for them to unravel around his elbows like falling socks.

"That dog," said Wili, resting his chin on his arm and gazing thoughtfully at Ana, "is a tank."

"Ana isn't used to the heat," said Jorge. She was panting and had been shedding from the moment they'd landed in Managua. Wherever Ana sat or lay down, she left it looking like she'd just had a haircut.

"A very elegant tank," said Wili.

Ana's muscular back and barreling ribs were black, so that if you looked at her from the front, the protruding black flanks did resemble a kind of armor-fortified saddle, a tank dog. Her chest and legs were tobacco-brown, and when she sat, her front legs resembled long, sinewy human arms.

Ana yawned, emitting a weary whine from the back of her throat, and her tongue fell out, fat, pink, dripping saliva. She panted as if she'd just finished a hard run but otherwise did not really seem so discomforted by the heat. She sat as erect as a stone lion, with her ears as prominent as black steeples, and her eyes, black pupils in tea-colored coronas, were, as

usual, alert. Whenever Jorge noticed the dog's alertness, it automatically affected him like a command; he became alert, too; it was a kind of mimicry. He stared in whatever direction the dog's heavy, conical, bearish face was pointed, and he always saw the same thing: a transparent emptiness waiting one step ahead of Ana and several steps ahead of himself, waiting to be filled in by her perfected canine talents. A supposedly infallible sense of smell was the dog's main military talent—that and endurance.

"Is there much combat around Wamblan?" blurted Jorge, instantly regretting the anxiety in his voice.

"Hah," said Wili. "We're four kilometers from the border. Them and us, we can practically hear each other thinking."

"Well," said Jorge, "Ana can smell a *Contra* at least a kilometer away."

"Ooof!" said Wili. "Ana will be turning circles."

"But they won't be able to get close," Jorge loyally persisted. "I mean, they won't be able to surprise us."

"*Compa*," said Wili, "if that were true, then everybody would have these dogs, and instead of war, we'd have thousands of sons of whores wandering around unable to get within a kilometer of each other. The war would look like this"—and he pointed both of his index fingers down and squiggled many little circles twirling away from one another.

When the soldier who was driving came out, he was carrying a rifle with the clip in and a belted bullet pouch. He was a chubby, light-skinned adolescent in a neatly pressed uniform, with cheeks that looked like pink sponges oozing water over the rest of his face and small, dark eyes that went startled as Ana emitted a low growl at his approach—which Jorge quieted by touching her hard nape.

"Don't worry, *compa*, Ana just doesn't know your smell yet," said Jorge.

"There's been an ambush on the road to Wamblan," said the soldier, glancing distrustfully back at the dog as he got into the jeep. "We've been on the radio. The T.P.U.s were coming down in trucks and they were ambushed"—the Tropas Pablo Ubeda was a special counterinsurgency battalion and Wili said it'd been on a two-week mission around Wamblan; the soldiers stationed at Wamblan were army regulars—"and the ones from Wamblan came down right away for the fighting."

"*Putá*," said Wili.

"*Putá*," said Jorge, trying to echo the tough-sounding nonchalance of Wili's

drawled "Whore," but his came out like a whisper. Wili detached one of the clips from the harnesslike straps he wore and slid it into his rifle. Then he gave the rifle a shake. Jorge had a .45 pistol in a hip holster, and on missions with Ana, it was the only weapon he'd carry. But not having a rifle now made him feel suddenly childish and dependent.

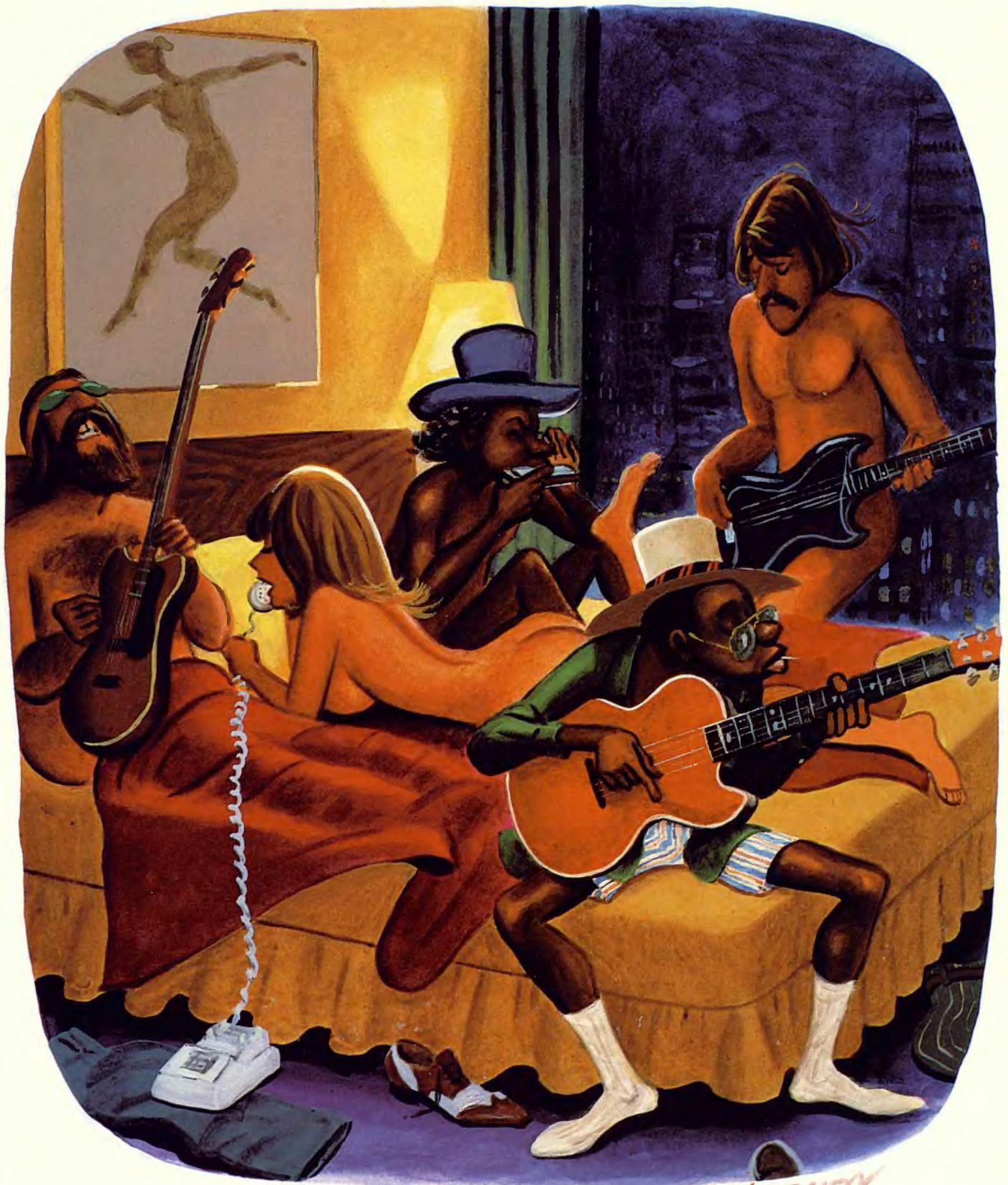
The driver, whose name was Severo, started the jeep, and soon they were rolling down a steep, muddy road toward the river at the northern edge of Wiwili. The river was high and wide, its brownish currents gleaming. Women were washing laundry on flat rocks near the shore, their skirts pulled up and knotted between their thighs, and a dark-skinned girl up to her waist in the water turned her naked back to the jeep and went on soaping her hair with her elbows high. Ana was casually attentive to the stunted, mustard-colored dog chasing the jeep, yelping and sniveling, as Severo drove along the bank a short way before turning into the river where he knew the crossing would be shallowest. The jeep plowed in like a bull; and Ana stared down, seemingly perplexed for once, as the floor filled with murky water. Jorge could feel the jeep verging on floating and fighting the currents as if swimming with animal tenacity.

"Even through a river like this," Jorge announced excitedly, "Ana can track the enemy."

On the other side, there were two roads, one running along the river and the other climbing into the forested terrain—that was the one they took, and it just went up and up, while the land around it fell away with increasing steepness, so that after two hours of driving, the road was nothing more than the muddy spine of a ridge, lined on both sides with the tops of trees rising from the forest floor below. For Severo, driving was like clawing his way to the top. The jeep's wheels collapsed through muddy chunks in the road; the hood was always tilted at an angle. Occasionally, the wheels got stuck and they spun and shrieked as if trying to burn the sinking mud into glass and, finally catching, leaped forward as if trying to fly.

Stretches of road were so precariously narrow and soft that one careless or unlucky move would have toppled them over the side. But sometimes the road evened out for a while, and the forest floor elevated gradually and presented a dark, lushly tangled underbrush. They passed very few huts or peasants along the way. The forest was like cloud banks, hiding everything and nothing but more of itself, and Jorge concentrated on it expressionlessly, too spooked by the possibility of ambush, at first, to pay much attention to the conversation and laughter in the front, where Wili was passing the time by bragging.

(continued on page 146)



Buckle Brown

"Not tonight, baby. I've got the blues."



SOLD ON DONNA

miss november
sells real estate.
in other ways, she's just
an old-fashioned girl



"I was really tempted to put AVAILABLE on the sign instead of SOLD," says Donna, referring to the shot at right. "Why? Because I'm available." Below, Donna pals with friends at UNCG and, far right, trucks with Dad, a driver for Dairymen, Inc.



According to Donna Edmondson—Miss November and newly licensed real-estate agent—the difference between a house and a home is simple: "The home is what everyone dreams of having," she says, "and the house is what everyone dreads buying." Is that an old saying? we ask. "Nah," laughs Donna. "I think I just made it up."

Not unlike the dream houses she'll soon be selling, everything in this dream *girl's* life is mapped out to blueprint perfection. Born 20 years ago in Greensboro, North Carolina, she has decided to stay put. With her brand-new license in hand, she considers the quiet Bible Belt town she has come to love the perfect place to hang her shingle. "I'm a hometown girl. I have connections here."



"I'd never modeled professionally," says Donna—looking every bit the natural. "And suddenly I'm a Playmate. I even set a record by doing my centerfold in one day. In the real-estate world, that's a 'cold-call close': an on-the-spot sale!"



Donna considers herself religious ("I go to church every Sunday—well, maybe I miss one Sunday a month") but has little use for "Falwell types," who, she says, "don't scare me. They'll never succeed in taking our freedom." In high school (where the yearbook staff dubbed her MOST LIKELY TO BE A BUNNY), she collected scrapbooks full of scholastic awards, held down a job and still found the time to play first base on the girls' softball team. Her interest in real estate began when her father was losing money on time-share investments. "So I went to real-estate school, took the state exam and passed on the first try. Now I can help Dad, selling him stuff he can own."





O

n the subject of men, Donna admits a certain lack of experience: "Men are wonderful," she practically whispers, "but I haven't really let one close enough to me that I can talk about sex the way some girls can. Virginity isn't something you discuss. I'm not ashamed of still having mine, mind you. It's just not something I really want to talk about—except, of course, with the man who takes it away from me. I thought about that when I posed for my layout—imagining the kind of sex I'll *one day* have. I don't know when or where it will happen. But I *do* know it'll be with somebody I know and love. And if the time is right. . . ." She smiles. "I can't wait to find out what he looks like."





"Although I've lost most of my Southern accent," says Donna (who, pictured here, would put even Scarlett O'Hara to shame), "I can bring it back and lay it on thick. You know, I cay-un talk lak thay-us. That's good in business. You give 'em the sad eyes and the accent, and you've got yourself a deal."

T

he men at my office are looking at me a little differently," laughs Donna, "now that they know they're going to see what's under these clothes. But I don't mind," she adds. "Every woman likes to be looked at—not gawked at but looked at." And everybody looks at Donna. "Even other girls in high school would stare at me in the locker room. I was called Jugs. And today, when I'm on the beach, I'm sure people think these are fake—that I had a boob job or something. My mom has very large breasts, too; Dad was always trying to get her to pose for PLAYBOY. She never did, so he suggested I try..." And then, with that sunny Southern smile: "And I made it!"



"I didn't go with anybody in high school," admits Donna. "The only time I had a boyfriend was when I was four. He pushed me off the sliding board and I needed 13 stitches in my chin. He wasn't my boyfriend after that. Still, I do love men."





Diana Chambers

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Donna Edmondson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 127

BIRTH DATE: 2-1-66 BIRTHPLACE: Greensboro, NC

AMBITIONS: To build my empire around real estate. And to find the greatest source of happiness!

TURN-ONS: The beach, pasta, foreign cars, animals (especially cats) + being with my family.

TURN-OFFS: People who lie and take advantage of others, drugs and divorce.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Great Expectations, The Greatest Salesman in the World, One Minute Manager.

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL EVENING: I haven't had it yet... I'm still waiting!

FAVORITE PLACES: Myrtle Beach, SC, the Playboy Mansion and my bedroom in my new home.

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT: I was swimming in the ocean and a very rude wave took my top off. (I spent the next hour searching for it.)



My first prom!



Look at those cheeks!



I'm always smiling!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When corporate layoffs cost him his job as a company pilot, the middle-aged aviator applied for a job with a major airline. After filling out a psychological-evaluation questionnaire, he was told to wait until the psychologist could see him.

Finally, he was called into his office. "Mr. Hall, I would like to clarify one of your answers," the psychologist said. "After the question 'When was the last time you had sex?' you answered, '1955.' Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"You haven't had sex since 1955?" the psychologist exclaimed. "Isn't that a bit unusual?"

"Not really, sir," the applicant replied, glancing at his watch. "It's only 2100 now."



"You make no effort to satisfy me," Marilyn complained to her husband after another unsuccessful attempt at lovemaking.

"Yes, I do," Henry protested. "But it would help if you encouraged me. Why don't you tell me when you're having an orgasm?"

"Because, Henry, you're never there."

"Dean, I need a raise," the college football coach pleaded.

"Hell, Coach," the dean shrugged, "you make more money than the entire English department. How can I justify giving you a raise?"

"I'll show you what I have to put up with," the coach replied, opening the office door and calling in the team's star running back. "Son," the coach said to the player, "run over to my office and see if I'm there."

"Sure, Coach."

Twenty minutes later, the winded athlete returned. "No, sir, Coach," he panted, "you ain't there."

Thanking the player and sending him back to practice, the coach turned to the dean and asked, "Now do you understand?"

"I sure do," the dean agreed. "The dumb son of a bitch could have phoned."

The elderly spinster explained to the young attorney drawing up her will that she wanted to spend \$90,000 on a lavish funeral and the remaining \$10,000 on a gigolo to appease her sexual curiosity.

After discussing his personal finances with his wife, the attorney volunteered to be the old woman's stud for hire.

At the conclusion of his scheduled weekend with the woman, the lawyer phoned his wife: "Honey, I won't be home until the end of the week. She's decided to let the county bury her."

As her fellow hooker was about to be wheeled into the operating room for a heart transplant, the concerned woman grabbed the cardiologist by his sleeve and asked, "What are her chances for recovery, doc?"

"Oh, I'd say pretty good," the doctor replied. "After all, she hasn't rejected an organ in twenty-eight years."

What does the president of South Africa have in common with a ballerina with static cling? A Tutu he can't control.

A married couple and a single man were marooned on an island that contained little vegetation save a single enormous palm tree. The men took turns climbing the tree to scan the horizon for possible rescuers.

After three months of isolation, the single man was horny as hell, and although the woman seemed willing to satisfy him, there was little chance for privacy.

While manning his perch atop the tree one day, the single man came up with an idea. "Hey, you two," he shouted down. "Stop that fucking!" The married man was bewildered, since he and his wife were sitting ten feet apart.

The next day, the married man climbed the tree. After searching the sea for ships, he directed his gaze at the figures directly below him. "Well, I'll be damned," he muttered. "It really *does* look like they're fucking!"



When a novice angel mistakenly took two men to heaven before their times, God offered to send them back to earth for two weeks as anything they wished. The first wanted to be President of the United States. With a snap of God's fingers, he vanished. The second smiled rakishly. He wanted to be a stud. With a snap, he, too, vanished.

Two weeks later, God ordered the angel to bring back the two men.

"But how will I find them, Lord?"

"The first should be easy," God replied. "He's in the White House."

"What about the second man?"

"That's going to be a little tough," God admitted. "He's on a steel-belted radial somewhere on I-90."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



"Don't wait up for me, Poindexter. Miss Wilson here says she's looking for twelve inches of the Yukon she bought from the back of a cereal box when she was a little girl, and I promised to show her at least half of them tonight."



NEW! NO RINSE FORMULA
Spic Span
SO CLEAN IT SHINES

Ronzoni
JUMBO PACK
HOTELLE 124

Wheat Chex
JUMBO PACK

LEAN
1/2

vitamin fortified cereal
corn flakes
quality guarantee

AJAX
GAIN
Clean-Smelling
For Laundry So Clean...
It's Bursting With Freshness!
NET WT. 4 LB. 8 OZ.

Tide
UNSCENTED
NEW! TUBS CLEANING
EASY TO OPERATE
NEW! TUBS CLEANING
UNSCENTED

Tide
Economy Size
REGULAR

20 QUESTIONS: DAVID HOROWITZ

the new, improved consumer's friend speaks out on troublesome sex toys, diaper alarms and the threat of "natural goodness"

Consumer advocate David Horowitz' nine Emmys, nationally syndicated show, "Fight Back! With David Horowitz," best-selling book, "Fight Back! And Don't Get Ripped Off," and plentiful honors from consumer, civic and religious groups make him an imposing combatant in an interview. But Contributing Editor David Rensin found him unpretentious, though fervent; witty and inexhaustible. Said Rensin later, "I'm going to give him a call before I make any major purchases."

1.

PLAYBOY: Who gets ripped off the most?

HOROWITZ: Senior citizens. They fall for every scam you can possibly think of, because their education did not teach them basic consumerism. My mother is 82 years old, but she's very aware, because she learned on the streets. She still lives in New York; she still fights with the grocer and the fruit merchant and the butcher. When I say fights, I mean she's out there asking questions. People in their 30s, 40s don't ask questions. Kids today are very concerned about television commercials: They want to know why the pictures on the outside of the boxes don't look like the products inside. They ask *why* we should buy these things. There's a whole new generation growing up.

2.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine a world in which you wouldn't have a job such as yours?

HOROWITZ: No. When I started, about 15 years ago, management said to me, "Do you think you can do this on a regular basis without repeating yourself? How can you get all these different complaints?" And I said, "If you had five people doing this and you solicited for mail, you would never, ever run out of ideas." There is an endless amount of material that hasn't ever been touched. It's like a vast warehouse of some unexplored natural resource. As long as people are on this earth, there's going to be a new consumer problem every day: a product that doesn't work, a new kind of scam or a new investment scheme.

3.

PLAYBOY: Why does American business want to rip off the consumer?

HOROWITZ: It doesn't. Business is in business to stay in business and not give people the business; otherwise, it's out of business. In fact, I think corporate America is

starting to wake up a little bit. Consumerism is now becoming a priority of major corporations. But that has nothing to do with hyping to sell a product. Salesmen will do anything they possibly can, within the legitimate guidelines that are placed on them by the Government and by their own voluntary standards, to make a sale.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's your gut feeling—was Coke forced to bring back the original formula or was it all planned beforehand?

HOROWITZ: As a guy who was brought up on the streets of New York, a Bronx kid, I'm very suspicious about this whole thing. I feel that somewhere in the bowels of Madison Avenue, some guys got together in a little dark room with a green lamp shade, sat around the table and one said, "I've got a great idea to make Coke a word that will be on the lips of everyone in the world for months and years and to increase our sales and our marketing in a way that we never thought possible. We'll announce that we're going to change the formula. Now, think about that. If people love the new taste, they'll go crazy. If people love the original formula, they'll go nuts. Then what we'll do is bring back the old Coke, which we'll call something like Classic Coke, and we will now have more shelf space at the supermarket."

5.

PLAYBOY: Defend "new and improved."

HOROWITZ: It's another one of these Madison Avenue hype terms that are just jokes. And people fall for it. The Federal Government says that in order to label a product NEW AND IMPROVED, you can only call it that for a limited period of time and that something must actually have been done to change the product. But if a product is new and improved, what was the old stuff—crap? What does new and improved mean? Does it mean that they put in a new ingredient that's going to get your wash a little whiter? Who's going to tell the difference? Does it mean that they put a scent in the soap powder that's going to make your wash smell a little better?

We are psyched out by the advertising industry. There are surveys in which you're actually wired up and they determine how a television commercial you're watching translates into what you buy at the supermarket. We're conditioned more than Pavlov's dogs. They can condition us to buy anything, to respond to words. Organic is one. People buy organic sham-

poo. They buy organic food. You know what the word organic means? Legally, absolutely zip. Hypoallergenic is another one. I wear more make-up than most women, and I happen to be allergic to mascara. I'm still trying to find out which ingredient I'm allergic to, because even though I use hypoallergenic mascara, my eyes puff up. So I don't use mascara. I use eyebrow pencil—and my eyes still puff up.

I can go with this list forever. Vitamin enriched is another. Healthful. And the clincher, natural goodness. The only way we can reverse this trend is through awareness and information. That's the kind of advocacy that I'm really behind.

6.

PLAYBOY: Who does the shopping in your family?

HOROWITZ: It's split. Because of time constraints, I cannot buy everything for the house. My wife has to buy the meat and the fish and the poultry and some of the fruits and vegetables. But I buy all the other stuff—the canned goods, the soap powder, all the hardware and stuff like that. When I go into a market, the people who are shopping there love me. The people who are running the market are suspicious and scared. They want to know what the hell I'm doing there. What I've done in the past year or so, to make sure that our produce is really fresh, is have my own garden.

7.

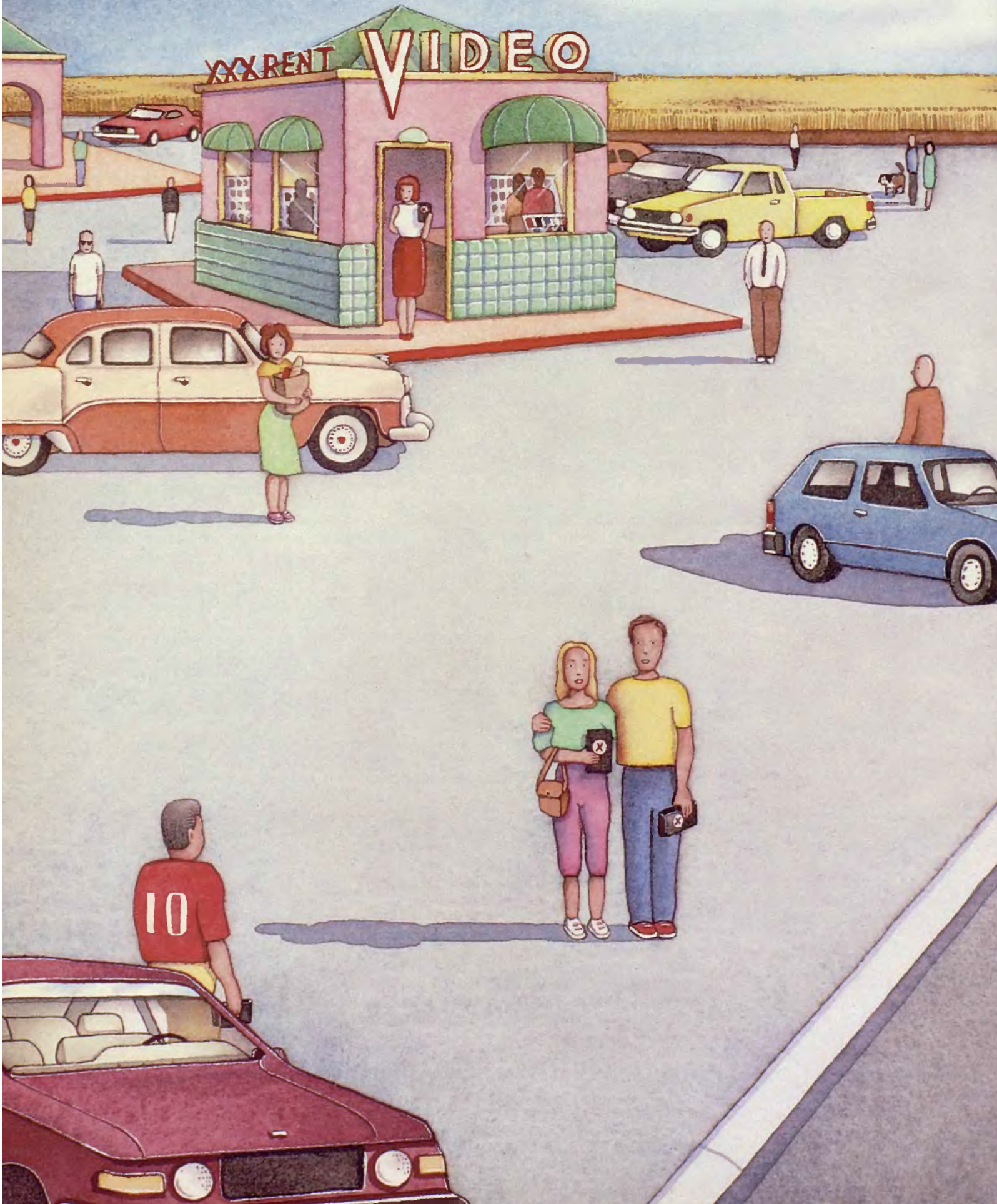
PLAYBOY: When you and your wife fight, who wins?

HOROWITZ: We don't win in fights. My wife and I have a really nifty relationship in terms of getting into disagreements or spats. She will tell me exactly how she feels. I will tell her exactly how I feel. This could be with raised voices, or it could be calmly. We do not throw things at each other. We sit down across a table or stand up eye to eye and just have it out. At the end of that minute and a half or two minutes or three minutes, it's over. And we walk away from it.

8.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about yourself that the rest of us still have to find out?

HOROWITZ: That's a tough one to answer. People think I'm a suit-and-tie man. I like to dress like that, but the real me is torn jeans and a T-shirt and sneakers with no socks, or *(continued on page 156)*



they work. they raise families. they shop. they also rent x-rated videos. why is it any of ed meese's business?

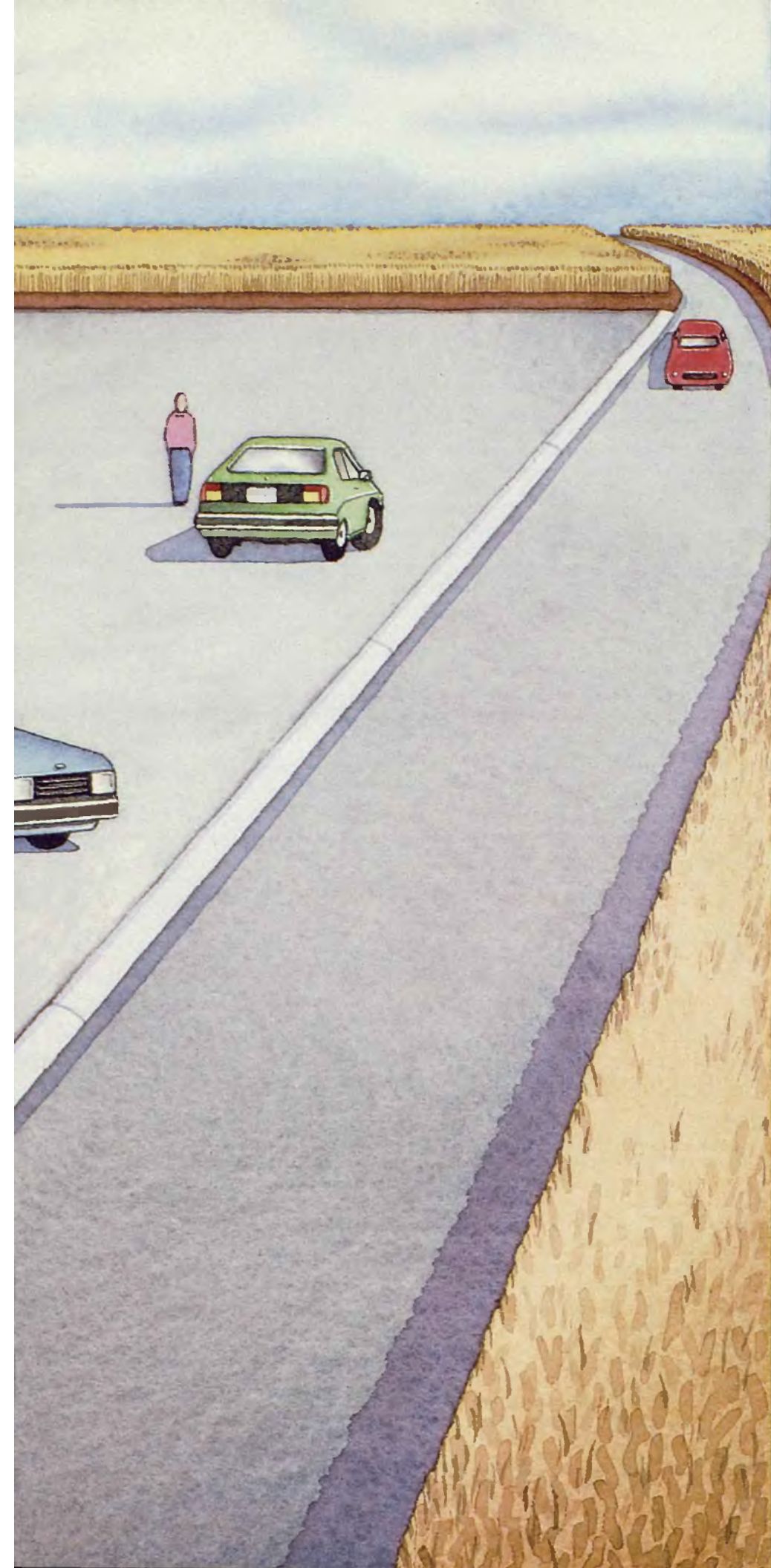
ORDINARY PEOPLE

article

By Susan Squire

Even before Attorney General Edwin Meese's famous porn commission had published a single word, Meese warned that pornography was "available at home to anyone, regardless of age, at the mere touch of a button." He added, "We are dealing with a general tendency that is pervading our entire culture, including the culture known to very young children." His commission has since reinforced his early prejudices about the availability of erotic material. Still, despite all the rhetoric, we're a country of individuals. The best recent example of that was the Maine referendum in which voters defeated by a margin of 72 percent to 28 percent a proposition that would make selling or promoting obscene material a criminal offense. We wanted to get behind the politics and prejudice and find out what is really going on in the privacy of American homes. According to Lester Baker, president of the Adult Film Association of America, 65,000,000 Americans rented or purchased X-rated video cassettes in 1984. Given that figure, we decided to focus our inquiry into the home use of X-rated movies not on fast-lane New York or L.A. but on the Midwest, where God-fearing, hard-working average citizens presumably reside and go quietly about their business. Are these "normal" Middle Americans responsible, sane viewers, or do they turn into violent werewolves at the touch of the VCR button, as Meese and company would have us believe?

We picked Bellwood, just outside Chicago, found the town's full-service video store and



hung out there one weekend to see for ourselves just what the VCR-equipped households of America were screening—and why.

A HARD RAIN is making a mud ditch of Mannheim Road, the main drag of the middle-class, ethnically mixed Chicago suburb known as Bellwood. And it's seven o'clock on a Friday night, the end of another long week for Bellwood's industrious citizens—all in all, a night to stay in. But Claudia Degan, a 38-year-old housewife, and her husband, Robert, 39, a factory supervisor, are negotiating their 1985 Buick down flooded Mannheim to Precision Video & Audio. (We have changed names and identifying details, with the exception of those of Precision Video's owners.) There's one more errand before settling in for the night. They're about to rent their first X-rated movie.

Now they're standing in front of a glass case of video tapes, the most secluded of three rows of cases separated by aisles. As they study the titles on the cassette boxes displayed behind the glass, Claudia is giggling and Robert is grinning as wide as a man can grin without giggling himself.

"My son's gone off to Baltimore to visit his wife's parents," explains Robert, "and he said we could borrow his VCR for the weekend. When he dropped it off, I was lying on the couch, watching *Knight Rider*. I'd come home from work feeling a little sick, like I was getting a cold. But then Claudia said, 'Let's go rent a real sexy movie.' I felt fine after that." As soon as their son pulled out of their driveway, they were off to Precision. They don't have much time; in a reverse of Tom Cruise's situation in *Risky Business*, they've got to be done with the "watching and whatever" before their teenaged daughter gets home from a party.

"We're going to rent two movies, a scary one for her and a dirty one for us, and we'll hide ours when she gets home and tell her we rented only one," says Claudia. "We don't really need any movie for good sex. We've been married 21 years and we've raised three children and we still like to do it a lot. But I want to try one of these movies. Maybe it will be exciting."

Claudia's searching the display cases for *The Little French Maid*: "My girlfriend told me about it. She said it had some cute guys." But they can't find the film, and the store has no listing of it. Eager to get home—it's already 7:30—they ask Dan, a salesperson, to recommend something. He gives them *Sex World* ("It's good for beginners," he says). The couple pay in cash for the rental and promise to report their reactions the next day, when they return the tapes. "Unless we're still in bed," Claudia says, ogling her husband.

Eight P.M.: Maureen Schuyler, 26, a stylish woman who works as a medical secretary, asks Sid, one of Precision's owners, to recommend a porn movie. She and her

husband, Ralph, 27, a foreman at a steel company, are having friends over. Maureen and Ralph have been renting X-rated films once a week, whether for company or for themselves, ever since Ralph suggested it "out of curiosity" a couple of years ago, when they purchased their VCR. "Before that, we'd watch The Playboy Channel," Maureen explains. "It doesn't sound nice to say we see them just for the purpose of sex, but that's what they're for when we're alone. We've been married nine years, and after a while, you need a little inspiration."

Later, Ralph tells me that he selected the first film out of a catalog when he recognized the names of actors he'd read about in men's magazines. "I usually decide when we'll watch one," he says, "but sometimes Maureen will push for it. That's a turn-on for me—that she's the one who suggests it." Ralph says the films have been "occasionally boring but pretty educational. I've learned about technique, and it's given me ideas about what women might like. We'll be watching some scene and I'll say to Maureen, 'Is that something you want me to do?' and if she says yes, we'll try it."

When they have a tape and they're not having friends over, Maureen and Ralph wait until their two small children are asleep, then Maureen will put on some "nice lingerie" and they'll head down to the basement family room, where the VCR is set up in front of the sofa. They'll "create an environment—light some candles, have a glass of wine," says Maureen, and settle in on the sofa to watch. They fast-forward until they get to a good scene, and "soon," she says, "we start to make love right there on the couch. We never bother to go up to the bedroom."

Maureen leaves the store with two films: something for the kids and *Lustfully Seeking Susan* for the grownups.

The sale and rental of X-rated movies is a small fraction of Precision Video's business. The 20,000-square-foot store stocks all manner of electronic entertainment equipment and accessories, from the basic to the wholly high-tech. Despite the vastness of selection and space, Precision has the feel of a friendly neighborhood hang-out. On weekends, babies in Snugglies sleep in strollers and teenagers check out albums as well as one another while their parents ponder major purchases. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, a Precision employee keeps an old-fashioned popcorn wagon spewing fragrant kernels at the store's entrance, then scoops them into paper bags and gives them out to customers. Huge framed posters of Rambo and Indiana Jones hang overhead as you walk through the door; Springsteen croons *My Hometown* from the CD player on display at the front counter.

Sid Radomski is in charge of video tapes

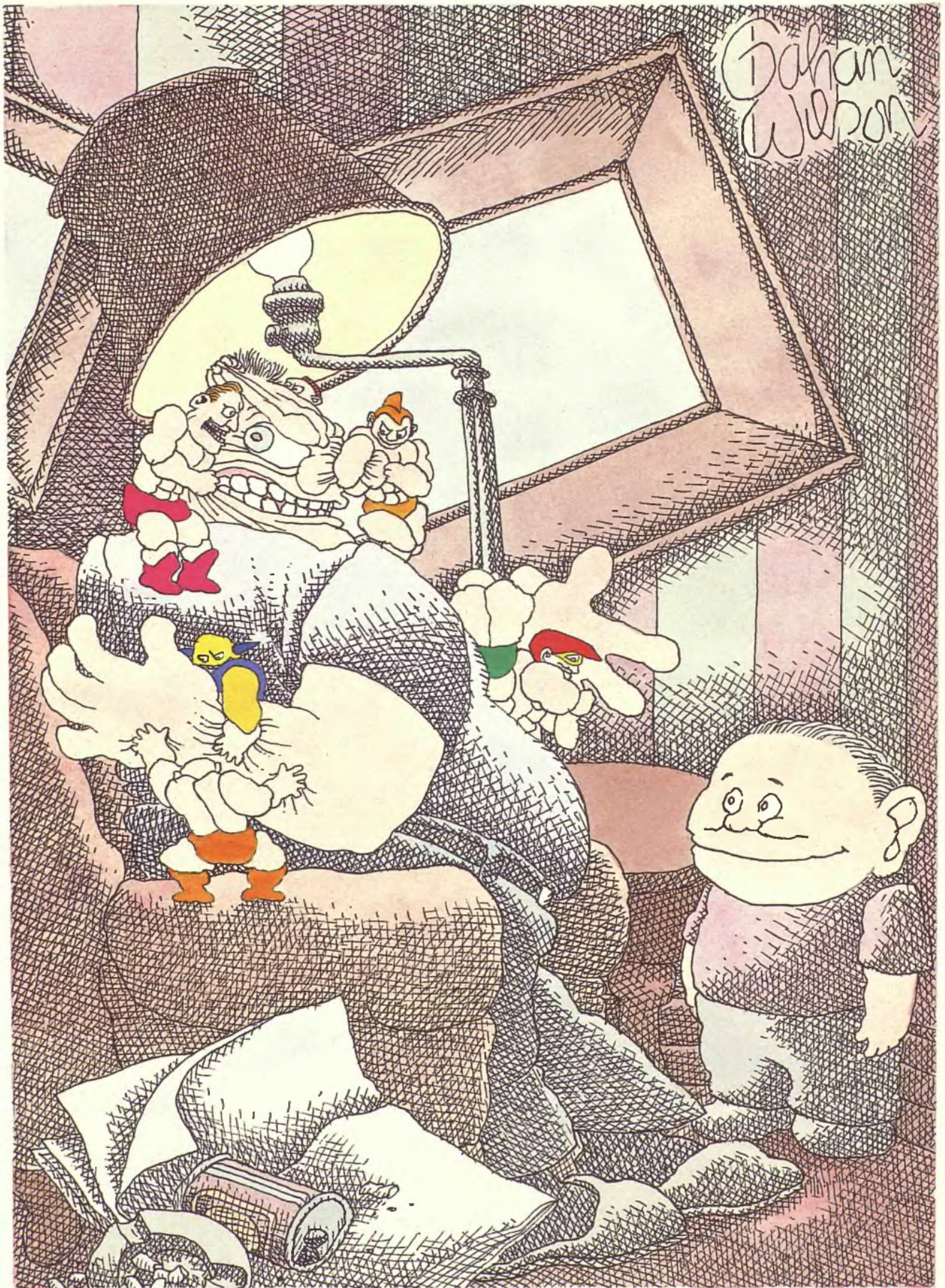
and accessories; the equipment is her husband, George's, territory. She is careful to keep the adult movies at a discreet physical and emotional distance from the overall GP ambience of the store. She even flicks off a tape of *Trading Places* playing on the VCR near one of the front cash registers when Jamie Lee Curtis looks as if she's about to take off her shirt and flicks the monitor back on only when the potentially offensive scene is over. "You don't want to make people upset with you, so I keep the X films in a separate aisle that doesn't face anything. People shouldn't just stumble upon dirty pictures while shopping for a stereo with their kids." She hasn't always been so discreet: In 1980, at another location, the adult films were housed on two open shelves in front of the store. A female customer objected to their prominent placement and complained to the police, who confiscated \$40,000 worth of merchandise. Although Precision won back the merchandise in court, it's not an experience Sid cares to go through again.

Sid, the mother of three sons, is a hefty, hustling 39-year-old blonde who works in the store seven days a week. She deals cautiously but jovially with customers in the selection of X-rated films. "People come to us for recommendations, and if they're new to porn movies, we have to win their trust and confidence. These people are conservative. You don't want to give them something they can't handle, or they'll never come back. So the first time, you give them something with lots of variety but nothing specialized or kinky, and then, when they come in to return it, you ask them questions to find out what they liked or didn't like, which gives you guidelines for what to try out on them next. Whether they're single or married, male or female, most of them want straight sex, no animals, no violence, nothing like that. They may know the names of stars they like, which helps with the selection, but no one remembers titles; people say, 'What have you got in Marilyn Chambers?' The women are more knowledgeable than the men and tend to be more specific about what they want."

The staff scan tapes with which they're not familiar on fast forward to check content so that a customer looking for "regular" stuff doesn't unwittingly wind up with hard-core S/M or worse. "We never recommend weirdo stuff unless someone specifically asks for that or we know the customer well," Sid says.

Saturday morning, 9:30: Stan Woodie, the affable 37-year-old cabby who's driving me to Precision, wears a baseball cap and says "All righty" a lot. Divorced a year ago, he "dates around," especially on Saturday and Sunday nights, because he can get to work late on Sunday and Monday mornings. He rents at least one porn

(continued on page 159)



"I'm sure you want little Jimmy to have a complete set of 'Muscular Heroes of the Cosmos,' now, don't you, Mr. Bennett?"



KODAK EPR 5017



STEVE GUTTENBERG, GET SERIOUS! (BUT NOT *TOO* SERIOUS)

European avant-garde attire gets the old Steve ho

Left: Although Guttenberg's new movie is a serious whodunit, this European-inspired fashion look is no mystery. He's dressing down his wool houndstooth double-breasted suit, by Bill Kaiserman, about \$700, by combining it with a cashmere crew-neck, by Malo, New York, \$350; a lambskin *plongé*-leather double-breasted mid-thigh-length jacket that reverses to cashmere, by Hubert Aimetti, about \$1300; and (hidden behind his hand) a silk twill scarf, by Hermès, \$130. Above: At \$5600, Guttenberg's suede zip-front *blouson* ski jacket is clothing as art rather than functional; it's worn with a matching wool/polyester/alpaca crew-neck, about \$400, and scarf, about \$100, plus a pair of wool/polyester/alpaca pull-on pants, about \$350, all by Claude Montana; leather athletic shoes, by Reebok, \$54.95; and cotton slouch socks, by Playboy Hosiery by Gilbert, about \$6.

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

ALL MEN'S CLOTHING is not created equal. But a few European designers have inspired a mode of dressing that tries to contradict that statement. They're taking the best elements of tailoredwear, such as a classic wool overcoat, and dressing them down by adding, say, a red hooded sweat shirt to achieve a whole new look of elegant casualness. It's a look that's *modified*, so to speak; to convey what this trend is all about, we felt that we needed an actor in the process of modifying his screen image. We thought of Steve Guttenberg, because after his comic performances in films such as *Diner*, *Cocoon*, *Police Academy* and, most recently, *Short Circuit*, he's hoping people will take him seriously in his new movie, *The Bedroom Window*, a mystery co-starring Isabelle Huppert and Elizabeth McGovern. If Guttenberg was working on modifying his screen image, he'd look good in modified clothes. So we called him and said, "Steve, we'd like you to model for a fashion feature on mixed dressing." He said, "I don't go that way, guys." We said, "Not *cross* dressing, Steve, *mixed* dressing. Get serious! But not *too* serious." And that's exactly what he did. But, then, having a chance to rub face with Isabelle Huppert would make any man serious.



Above: Remember the Forties films in which a boxer would work out in hooded sweats and then cover them with a classy overcoat? That's what is shown here—the unexpected combination of an elegant Italian wool single-breasted overcoat with a peaked-lapel collar and raglan sleeves, by Giorgio Armani Couture, \$785; an acrylic/cotton sweat shirt, by The Gap, \$19; and a cotton/wool chevron-patterned scarf, by Ron Splude, about \$25. Guttenberg liked the look so much, he was fit to be tied. Right: Guttenberg tips his comic chapeau to a serious wool plaid three-button sports coat featuring an elastic waist, about \$675, that's been dressed up by combining it with a white-cotton fitted dress shirt, about \$330, and a multicolor striped square-bottom tie, \$52, plus a pair of gray-wool stretch slacks with tapered legs, about \$350, all by Jean-Paul Gaultier.





unichatz



C LIMBERS

our reporter joins
yosemite's
ratheads in their
quest to get vertical

SOMETIME BACK before the first white man laid eyes on Yosemite Valley, probably in spring, with the falls spilling the high country melt in roaring plumes and pretty ribbons over the tall granite rims, Columbia Rock let go of a boulder the size of a farmhouse and dropped it 1000 feet into a grove of cedar and pine, as if to mark the spot as dead center in the world for those who were going to love to climb rocks.

It's called Columbia Boulder, and it's surrounded now by Sunnyside Campground, the climbers' camp. Not that they ever call it Sunnyside; to climbers, it's Camp Four, and every spring they gypsy in from everywhere with their ropes and their ambitions; and then, every day, for whatever time they've stolen, they go

article

By **CRAIG VETTER**

ILLUSTRATION BY OON IVAN PUNCHATZ

after these rocks like the lizards that live in them.

It always feels good coming into Camp Four, listening to climbing babble in four or five languages, with wood smoke in the air, big, fat blue jays begging around from table to table, haul bags and coolers hanging from the trees out of the bears' way. And last year, when I walked in, there was a particular site not far from the entrance that struck me as the perfect signal that I was back among my favorites of all athletes. The tent was Army-green nylon, and on the ground in front of it was a weathered chaise that would have hung your butt in the dirt had you sat in it, would have given you a perfect view up the magnificent face of Cathedral Rock across the valley, an all-day climb if you're a great climber—no climb at all otherwise. And next to the blown-out lounge, jammed into the ground at a particularly goofy angle, was a dusty-pink lawn flamingo. I never did meet the owner of that tent, but I didn't have to. Camp Four in spring is always full of the spirit that planted that bird—a lunacy so deep that there is nothing crazy about it.

Doug Robinson and I went into the valley on an early evening near the end of May, and at the first curve in the road that let onto a big-rock panorama, we stopped just to look. Robinson was badly smitten with the love of rocks a long time ago, and for him and all rock-climbers I know, it's a passion that starts before and goes beyond just the climbing of them. I think it's mostly unconscious, and it draws them first to admire the line of the stone, then its feel in their hands and under their feet, and even its smell and taste as they hunch, crawl, hang and pull themselves along. Whether the rock is 2000 feet high or 20 makes no difference to the essence of these feelings, really. The moves you have to make to overcome the puzzle of any particular rock are the same at any height. Only a fall puts the difference in the bargain—or the thought of a fall.

That evening, as we sat on a roadside stone wall, the Merced River was 100 feet below us, and south down the valley was 100,000,000 years of its stunning work and the work of the glaciers that followed its trough: El Capitan, 3000 feet of stone shoulder; Cathedral Rock, flanked by its sharp spires; Sentinel, the ragged tooth; and behind them all, at the head of the valley, Half Dome, out there looking more like a thunderhead than a mountain in the pink light.

Robinson has been in the valley to climb just about every summer for the past 20, enough time to have seen some of these monsters change. He pointed to a ramp of rubble and scree that reached down to the river from halfway up a great hump called Elephant Rock.

"Chuck Pratt first climbed that around 1960, before that slide, a route that will

never be repeated," he said.

These rocks are alive.

Then, because we wanted to be on the rock that day, if only for a short climb, we raced the sunset to Glacier Point Apron and scrambled up an easy little route on Monday Morning Slab. Last light caught us about 150 feet up, so we sat and watched the campfires get vivid below the trees on the valley floor. Royal Arches was smack across from us, and we eyeballed the route we'd taken up its wide face several years before. We tried to guess from what point, two days earlier, a young climber had fallen to his death. We had only the sketchiest story: big guy, no ropes, no hardware, found dead at the base in the early morning.

Sounded like a free-solo death, Robinson thought. Free-soloing is a relatively new phenomenon in climbing, and it's just what it sounds like: a trip alone, with no rope or other safety gear, hand and foot up the rock, just like the first tree you ever climbed. Except that a certain few climbers are by now doing some of the longest, damndest climbs in Yosemite by this style in which a single failure of rock, muscle, nerve or savvy means a death fall. It is the new outer zone of rock-climbing, and over the past couple of years, a 28-year-old named John Bachar has emerged as its premier character.

"Bachar can do it," Robinson said, "because of his intense shape and his nearly perfect sense of his limits. He got a lot of press a couple of summers ago, and there are a bunch of climbers out here now reaching for the dangerous edge he treads. Unfortunately, in climbing, judgment develops more slowly than physical skill."

We rappelled from our little catbird seat down a near vertical in the dark. I was excited at the prospect of a week on these famous rocks and a little apprehensive, too. Although I love this sport, I am still beginner enough that at least once every climb, I get scared. Sometimes badly. Sometimes worse than that. Backing off Monday Morning Slab without light enough to see the ground and barely enough to see my feet was the moment that night.

The history of climbing in Yosemite, from its first hemp-rope ascents through the big-wall assaults of the Sixties to the hairy free solos of the Eighties, reads like a goddamn soap opera. The most famous of its episodes came in 1970, when Warren Harding and Dean Caldwell made the first continuous ascent of El Capitan. They were 27 days on what they called The Wall of the Early Morning Light, and in order to cross its long blank sections, they drilled hundreds of bolts into the rock. It was an astonishing climb—the last and most difficult of the great walls to be done without retreat, the kind of feat you might expect to go into the books without criticism or quibble.

But nothing ever goes into the annals of climbing without some bitching from somewhere, because among climbers, it is never simply a matter of what summit you've reached but of how you reached it. Did you lay siege to the rock or take it in one nonstop alpine stroke? Did you haul yourself up by rope and *piton* or go by hand and foot only? Did you follow the natural curve of things or engineer a forced line to the top?

When Harding and Caldwell stepped over the rim of El Cap, the grumbling was most intense from Royal Robbins, the first man up Half Dome, sometimes called the finest climber of them all—passionate, competitive, a friend of theirs. Robbins didn't like all the iron they'd pounded into the rock. In fact, "El Capitan had been raped," he said, and he was afraid the example was going to "encourage further heartless rapes, instead of taking the rock with love." So, two months later, he and Don Luria began a second ascent of the same route, and as they climbed, they chopped Harding's bolts out of the rock, a rough equivalent of going after *Huckleberry Finn* with a blue pencil. Not far up, however, Robbins had a change of heart. The route, despite the bolts, was too beautifully difficult to erase, so he and Luria stopped chopping and, in six days, finished the climb as Harding had authored it.

When Harding heard what they'd done, he laughed, called Robbins an alpine Elmer Gantry, said the only reason to climb was for fun and that once you were on the rock, you were free to get up it any goddamn way you wanted to.

By now, time and technology have turned Yosemite climbing away from the use of hammer and bolts to gentler, more aesthetic methods of protection, and when Robinson and I laid our gear at the base of Manure Pile Buttress that first evening, it included nothing that would leave our trace on the rocks. Instead, we carried aluminum chocks, stoppers and nuts (hardware that we could wedge into the cracks) and nylon slings to loop over nubbins and then take up after us. It's called clean climbing, and this rock—with its long cracks, its ledges and its less-than-vertical faces—is perfectly suited to it.

Manure Pile is about 600 feet high, and there are seven guidebook routes on it that run in difficulty from 5.6 to 5.9 on the Yosemite Decimal Scale, a variable measure that climbers share and argue over in an attempt to describe how hard a climb is in something like objective terms. The problem, of course, is that there's nothing objective about climbing. Everything depends on the animal and the spirit that's in jeopardy, and with that in mind, here's my translation of these numbers.

• 5.1 to 5.6: Careful crawling over rocks

(continued on page 174)

SEE OUR
NEW CARS THAT
TALK TO YOU



"I don't understand. . . . All it did when I sat in it was moan."

Sex
in
CINEMA
1986



article

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WHITHER EROTICA?
FOR MOVIEMAKERS,
IT HAS BEEN A YEAR OF
DECIDEDLY MIXED SIGNALS



GREEN MOGULS, who pride themselves on being able to spot trends, must be having nightmares trying to figure out what's been going on in America's popcorn palaces this year. In an increasingly prudish social and political climate suggesting to some the dawn of a new ice age, has sex—once prized as an audience lure—actually become box-office poison? The answer, seemingly, is yes—and no. On the one hand, *9½ Weeks*—by any standard, one of the most unabashedly erotic movies of 1986—met with a tepid response from the filmgoing public. Blasted by the majority of critics, Adrian Lyne's stylish but decidedly skin-deep version of an autobiographical novel by Elizabeth McNeill (PLAYBOY published an excerpt in April 1978) co-starred Kim Basinger and Mickey Rourke as a couple edging into the sadomasochistic games people play. Controversial from the start, Lyne's film was dumped by one uneasy distributor, was cut and recut, debated and delayed. What finally came out under MGM's label ultimately became as celebrated for the sizzling footage taken out of it as it was for the hot stuff left in. Audiences could only guess at what was missing that gave the European release greater box-office clout. In Italy alone, *9½ Weeks* racked up record-breaking grosses with little added beyond (text continued on page 132)

SIMMERED DOWN: Elizabeth McNeill's autobiographical novel *9½ Weeks*, excerpted in PLAYBOY in 1978, is a steamy tale of sadomasochistic obsession that was previously considered by many to be unfilmable. Adrian Lyne's screen version leaves out the rawest parts but, as demonstrated by Kim Basinger and Mickey Rourke in these film scenes, does retain plenty of eroticism.





LOVE AMERICAN STYLE: Despite the bluenose brigade, moviemakers still examine sex in the Eighties. Alan Alda dallies with Michelle Pfeiffer in *Sweet Liberty* (top left) while she reads between the lines; our 30th Anniversary Playmate, Penny Baker, tempts Treat Williams in *The Men's Club* (above left). Debra Feuer (off



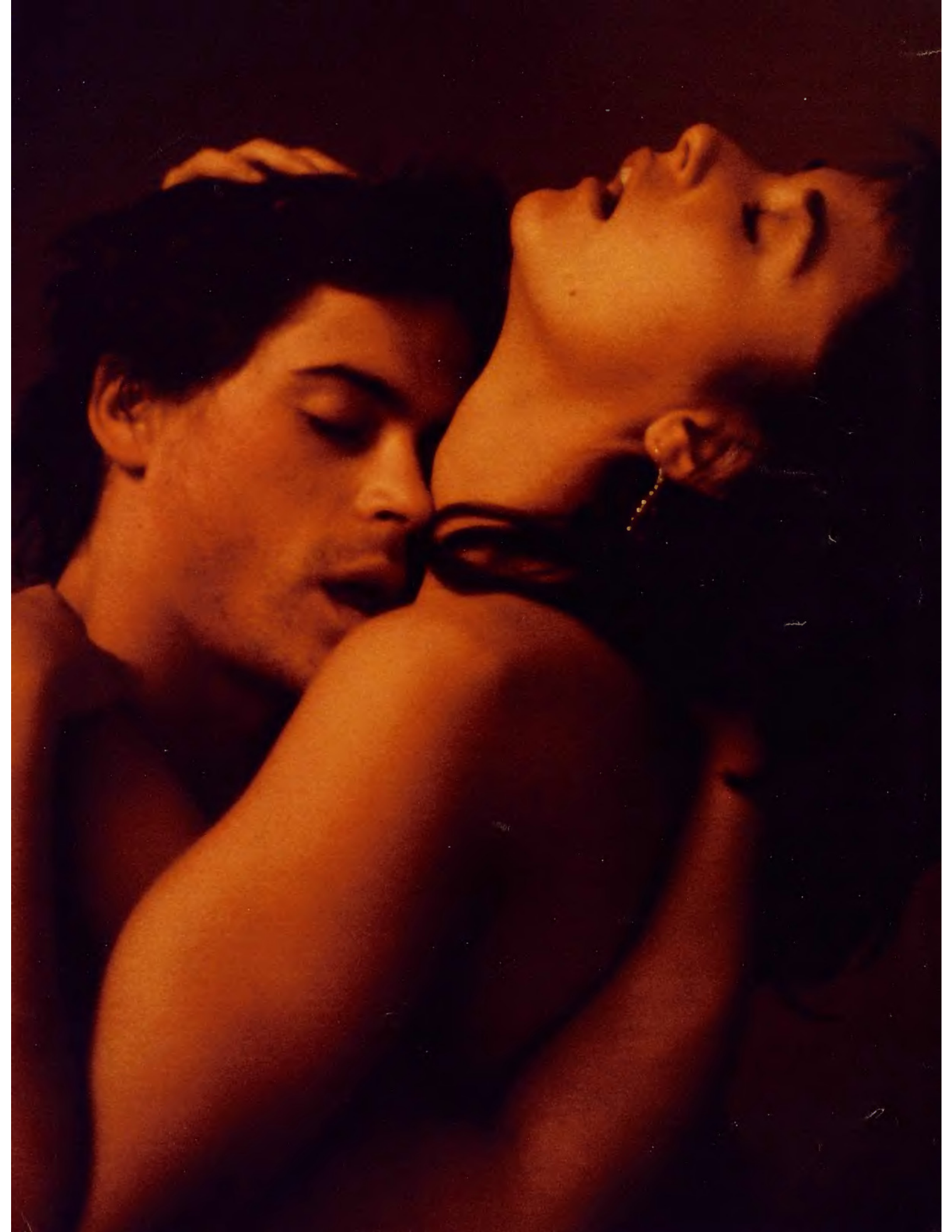
EMPTY CLOSETS: Homosexual relationships, once taboo on screen, then milked for laughs, are now being taken seriously—even in a comedy such as Mexico's *Doña Herlinda and Her Son*, with Arturo Meza and Marco Antonio Trevino as a pair of gay lovers (above).



screen, Mrs. Mickey Rourke) is counterfeiter William Dafoe's moll in the downbeat *To Live and Die in L.A.* (top right), while life is played for laughs by Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal in *Running Scared* (above right). Rob Lowe and Demi Moore spend a good portion of *About Last Night* . . . (opposite) joyously in the sack.



RIISING EXPECTATIONS: Despite a glut in shot-on-video porn, some X-film makers continue to insist on a quality look. One such: Chuck Vincent, who describes his *Voyeur* (above, with Stephen Reynolds, Sherry St. Clair and Anthony Casino) as an adult *Rear Window*.





DIFFERENT FOLKS: Our friends from overseas sent us hotter fare this year, including the British-made *A Room with a View* (top), with Julian Sands flashing Daniel Day Lewis, Helena Bonham Carter and Rosemary Leach; and a sensational Italo-French remake of *Devil in the Flesh*, with stars Federico Pitzalis and Maruschka Detmers (above) reported to have gotten thoroughly into, and off on, their work. Another French-Italian co-production, *Salomé* (right), reveals King Herod (Tomas Milian) in a compromising position with a princess (Valerie Racz). Jason Connery, Sean's son, is the hero of *La Venexiana*, based on an Italian literary classic about a young man in search of erotic adventure. He finds it with a sex-starved widow (Laura Antonelli, below).



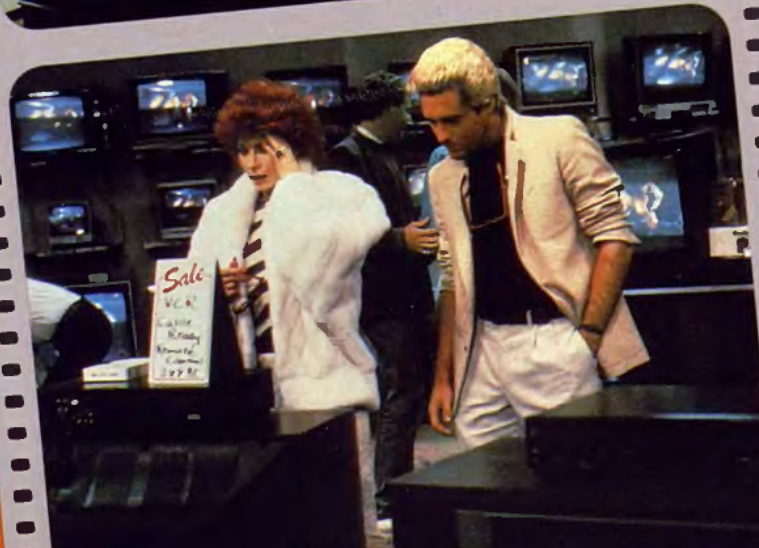


DIFFERENT STROKES: There's a whiff of the kinky in many of this year's releases, not least of them *Vamp*, with Grace Jones and friends as vampires employed as strippers in a sleazy club. At left, a painted Grace writhes on a sculptured chair. *A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge* treats audiences to a bit of demonic possession, as Mark Patton, inhabited by Freddy, longs for girlfriend Kim Myers (top). The joint's still jumping at the Bates Motel in *Psycho III*; just ask Juliette Cummins and Jeff Fahey (above). Great flights of fancy occur in Terry Gilliam's *Brazil*, described by one reviewer as "half dream, half nightmare"; but the scene below, with Jonathan Pryce and Kim Greist, didn't make it into the final print.





AUTO EROTICISM: Although the principal story line of the hilarious summer hit *Ruthless People* revolves around the kidnaping of Bette Midler by a hapless couple wearing duck masks (Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater, above), a fertile subplot involves the video-taping of some hanky-panky between a public official (William G. Schilling) and a hooker (Jeannine Bisignano) in a parked car on lovers' lane (right). Matters get even more complicated (below) when Anita Morris, mistress of Bette's husband (Danny DeVito), believes the tape actually shows him murdering his missing wife. All comes clear when Morris and her stud (Bill Pullman) inadvertently plug the tape into all the monitors in a video store (bottom).





two key scenes that seemed nastier, but not much naughtier, than the rest. In one, Rourke forces Basinger to crawl across the floor, picking up paper money. In the other, he challenges her to a possibly deadly game of pill swallowing. The U.S. version, after pruning, shaped up as a fairly elementary course in bondage, with some stunning compensations: Basinger in a striptease sequence to make your tail bone tingle; the cooled-out love scene when Rourke caresses her torso with an ice cube; Kim blindfolded while Mickey pops gooey delicacies between those gorgeous lips; etc. All with merely minimal nudity, understand. This is a swank Yuppie fantasy, not a skin flick, and will probably achieve its greatest success as a videocassette classic for horny homebodies. Or semihorny homebodies; MGM/UA Home Video's cassette attempts to walk the line between the U.S. and international release prints by including some, but not all, of the controversial footage.

As if to contradict the sex-doesn't-sell pundits, along came *About Last Night* . . . , full of nudity and bedroom action, which found an eager audience as well as a slew of favorable reviews. This engaging, trendy hit about Chicago's semiswinging singles, freely adapted from David Mamet's one-act play *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, shows and tells plenty. As a couple who meet for a one-night stand but end up living together, Demi Moore and Rob Lowe manage to climb out of their clothes often enough—in bed, in the shower or in the kitchen, while prowling around naked for a midnight snack. Gingerly photographed, to be sure, with plenty of fast cuts from the now-you-see-it-no-you-don't school of editing. Otherwise, little was omitted from *Last Night* en route to the big screen except the sex in its original title—and that turned into a real problem. Warned by exhibitors and admen that a movie called anything like *Sexual Perversity* would be refused advertising space in some cities, Tri-Star Pictures quickly succumbed to pressure and ditched Mamet's title. In the film industry, unadvertisable and untouchable are roughly synonymous.

Two more of the year's top grossers, Sydney Pollack's Oscar-winning *Out of Africa* and Steven Spielberg's *The Color Purple*, both late-1985 releases, were front runners at the box office, but both depicted the flaming passions of the original material on which they were based at a temperature well below lukewarm. *Africa* starred Meryl Streep as the fiercely unconventional Danish author Isak Dinesen (nom de plume for Karen Blixen). Justly acclaimed as one of moviedom's great actresses, Streep has become almost as famous for playing love scenes fully clothed. Small wonder that *Africa*'s smoldering romantic highlight is the moment, out in the untamed wilderness, when Rob-

ert Redford, playing Blixen's dashing real-life lover, washes Meryl's hair. Wow. (Streep fans did see a bit—but not much—more of her in 1986's *Heartburn*, in which she's bedded and betrayed by Jack Nicholson.) Spielberg was even more restrained in filming his pretty but pallid *Color Purple*, based on the best-selling novel by Alice Walker. A central motif of the book is an explicit lesbian love affair between the heroine, Celie (Whoopi Goldberg in the film), and a liberated blues singer named Shug (Margaret Avery). Moviegoers unfamiliar with Walker's uninhibited original might never suspect that Celie and Shug actually go to bed together. After allowing them a sisterly kiss, Spielberg shows us a set of wind chimes all atinkle to symbolize what happens between two lusty women in love.

The way of all flesh, for an increasing number of American moviemakers, seems to follow a direct line from the shooting script to the cutting-room floor. This creeping self-consciousness prompted public comment from Kathleen Turner, an outspoken actress who warmed up *Body Heat* and *Crimes of Passion* before her torrid teamwork with Jack Nicholson in *Prizzi's Honor*. Last spring, Turner let off some additional steam to a London newspaper interviewer: "America is so puritanical and hypocritical . . . it seems that anything to do with sex is taboo. Should I pretend I am scandalized about playing a prostitute or pretend that 224,000,000 Americans don't have orgasms? Good sex belongs in the cinema just as much as a good gag."

We say hurrah for Turner; but meanwhile, the scissors snip on—their prime target, the nude scene. Many were shot but few chosen for *The Men's Club*, a dead-serious but disappointing fall release starring Roy Scheider, Treat Williams, Frank Langella and Harvey Keitel as a bunch of macho buddies who meet for a session of male bonding and wind up in a brothel. The editorial ax also befell a scene in *Fire with Fire*, co-starring Virginia Madsen and Craig Sheffer. She's a Catholic schoolgirl, he's an inmate from a nearby detention camp for wayward boys; and their climactic assignation in a graveyard crypt reportedly revealed more graphic glimpses of lost innocence than preview audiences cared to see. With or without skin, the entire movie turned out to be expendable. Ditto *Hell Camp*, a survivalist epic featuring Tom Skerritt, Lisa Eichhorn and so much gratuitous nudity and violence that the distributors have apparently shelved it as a file-and-forget fiasco.

In one strikingly frank sequence in *8 Million Ways to Die*, a nude Alexandra Paul, as a doomed hooker, entices Jeff Bridges by purring seductively, "I want to show you something . . . the streetlight
(continued on page 137)

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

This month's rendition of *Batgirl* is by the late Alberto Vargas, whose work spanned and chronicled six decades of American history. Born in 1896 in Arequipa, Peru, Vargas emigrated to New York in 1916 and three years later began to make a name for himself painting lush, lifelike water-color and airbrush portraits of girls in the Ziegfeld Follies. In 1932, when Hollywood had become America's dreamland, Vargas moved there and worked for motion-picture studios, painting promotional posters and portraits of movie stars, including Alice Faye, Marlene Dietrich and even Shirley Temple. His fame in Hollywood caught the notice of the editors of *Esquire* and, in 1939, he signed a multiyear contract with that magazine to paint monthly pinup girls, the forerunners of the latter-day gatefold girls. His exposure in *Esquire* (which temporarily renamed him Varga) brought Vargas national attention; and soon his girls, with their classic combination of sensuousness and innocence, were reproduced on calendars and playing cards and in advertisements for swimsuits and cosmetics. In 1959, having departed *Esquire* when he was refused a raise in salary, Vargas was enlisted by Hugh Hefner (who, six years before, had quit his job at *Esquire* for the same reason) to contribute his extraordinary talents to PLAYBOY. That association continued until the late Seventies. For the first time since his death, Vargas' original works have been offered for sale to the public, and the response of the art world has been overwhelming. A Vargas retrospective exhibit in 1985 garnered international reviews, and an exhibit last summer at the San Francisco Art Exchange attracted collectors from around the world. Two of his paintings sold for a total of \$550,000, a sum beyond the reach of most of us; all the more reason for PLAYBOY to share its collection of Vargas originals with you, our readers. We'll be publishing more in the future, so be on the lookout for them. The lady on the flip side is precisely the kind of woman Vargas would have painted if he'd known her. She's Paulina Porizkova, one of the world's most popular and highly recognized fashion models. Paulina, who often appears under her first name alone, has been photographed by such star lensmen as Richard Avedon, Francesco Scavullo and, in this particular shot, E. J. Camp. She has graced the cover of nearly every fashion magazine, including *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, and was the star of the 1984 and 1985 swimsuit issues of *Sports Illustrated*. You may also remember her as the focal point of the *Cars*' angst in the video of their 1984 pop hit *Drive*, directed by Timothy Hutton.





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





Vargas

"The director has a sure-fire formula for hits: Defy authority, destroy property, take people's clothes off."

makes my pussy hair glow in the dark . . . cotton candy." Yet this tough-minded melodrama about an alcoholic ex-cop involved with dope, whores and homicide is said by insiders to have been considerably cleaned up for mass consumption. Sex was eradicated *in toto* from *On the Edge*, with Bruce Dern as a veteran California runner bidding for a comeback in a big race. This time, healthy exercise outpaced erotica so thoroughly that director Rob Nilsson cut every trace of a romantic subplot between Dern and Pam Grier, and Pam's role went with it. Even *Extremities*, starring Farrah Fawcett as a vengeful woman who subdues a vicious would-be rapist (James Russo), is so discreet that the camera politely looks away when he orders her to undress.

A handful of high comedies have managed to combine pillow talk with fairly candid photography. Most lavishly praised of the lot is *A Room with a View*, director James Ivory's Edwardian period piece adapted from the novel by E. M. Forster. Maggie Smith heads the fine English company as a maiden lady chaperoning her cousin (Helena Bonham Carter) on a trip to Italy, where the girl is impulsively seized and kissed in a sunlit Tuscan meadow by a handsome, passionate young swain (Julian Sands). The veddy British suppression of basic biological urges, at least in polite society, is played like chamber music when *Room with a View* moves back to the stately homes of England. Momentarily shedding its elegance, Ivory's masterly comedy of manners features an exuberant bit of male nudity—when the hero, the vicar and the heroine's younger brother, all skinny-dipping and romping around a country pond, bump into a trio of proper Edwardians out for a stroll.

Nick Nolte, briefly showing his backside beside the swimming pool in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, provides further evidence that the film flashers of 1986 are apt to be masculine. Director Paul Mazursky's recycling of a French comedy, another blockbuster hit, offers Nolte, buns and all, as a derelict who is taken in by an affluent California householder (Richard Dreyfuss) and becomes a kind of sex therapist for the entire family. He seduces his benefactor's wife (Bette Midler), their daughter and the Hispanic maid, who had previously been her employer's private stock. As a Beverly Hills matron rediscovering orgasm while pretending to learn relaxation exercises, Midler gives her all and has plenty left over. In *Ruthless People*, a

far ruder and raunchier slapstick farce directed by the waggish trio responsible for *Airplane!*, Midler stars once more, as a kidnapped heiress whose husband (Danny DeVito) won't pay her ransom. Here, only the language is explicit, except for a lovers'-lane bit featuring a play-for-pay hussy with heaving bosoms. A video tape of her heaving them at a client in a parked car becomes a tool for blackmail, helping thicken a plot that shrewdly capitalizes on midsummer madness.

In *Wildcats*, with Goldie Hawn playing a female football coach at a Chicago high school, the team jocks take it all off—helmets carefully placed over crotches—in a deliberate attempt to shake their new boss's composure. Do you doubt for a moment that Goldie gets them back into those jockstraps, thence onward and upward to win the all-city championship? While Paula Kelly strips down to her glittery G string in Richard Pryor's autobiographical *Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling*, Pryor handily steals the show with an instant replay of Kelly's act, doing bumps and grinds in pasties and false eyelashes.

Summer also brought *Sweet Liberty* and *Legal Eagles*. The former, written and directed by and starring Alan Alda, concerns a college professor whose historical novel is savaged by a rowdy Hollywood film crew. Saul Rubinek portrays the director who has a sure-fire formula for churning out hits: Defy authority, destroy property and take people's clothes off. On the third count, Alda himself fudges with some self-conscious cuteness that the Reverend Jerry Falwell's maiden aunt might not wag a finger at. Michael Caine, as a womanizing superstar, and Michelle Pfeiffer, as his career-minded leading lady, who has a brief fling with Alda, give *Liberty* a welcome smattering of spicy sophistication. In *Legal Eagles*, Robert Redford and Debra Winger—as Manhattan lawyers colliding over a slight case of art fraud and murder—create viable sexual chemistry from time to time. Although the picture is reminiscent of a vintage Hepburn-Tracy comedy, its formula feels forced. Part of the problem is Redford, a cinema icon too squeaky-clean to bed Daryl Hannah (as a zany SoHo performance artist) on his own initiative. *She* has to make the move. Redford succumbs, then spends the rest of the movie being coyly sheepish about it. Oh, where are the studs of yesteryear?

The one hot-weather movie that has unequivocally spanned the generation gap is Rodney Dangerfield's *Back to School*. While Rodney manages to discover a nude

beauty behind a shower door and even seduces an English professor (Sally Kellerman), his low-grade humor as a gross collegian is more verbal than visual but good for guffaws from every age group. Otherwise, youth films have carefully veered away from the 1985 bumper crop of movies dwelling *ad nauseam* on puberty rites. Since teeny-bopper sex hasn't pulled them in this time, Hollywood is trying to woo the kids with everything else, from hockey to horror to dewy-eyed innocence. Writer-producer-director John Hughes, the acknowledged high priest of teenage America's mores, made out with *Pretty in Pink* (which catapulted Molly Ringwald onto the cover of *Time*) and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, two substantial successes dealing with such momentous subjects as prom night and playing hooky. *Youngblood*, with Rob Lowe as a hockey player on the rise, swiftly came and went; Lowe's bedroom shenanigans with his coach's daughter didn't seem to help.

One of the oddest of all efforts to please every age group was *Howard the Duck*. Howard gets into bed with his favorite human, Lea Thompson, shortly after she has discovered a tiny condom (or ducky rubber?) in his wallet. Their affair isn't consummated, nor did the horny *Howard* score high with viewers of any feather.

Youth may be served the most generous dollops of sex, drugs and punk rock in *Sid and Nancy* (reviewed in this issue), Alex Cox's grim, graphic drama about the Sex Pistols star who killed his girlfriend and subsequently died of an overdose. Not much of a turn-on in any department.

Lewdness is uncomfortably combined with horror in *Vamp* (Grace Jones plays one of the surprises in store for three college boys who go to find a stripper for a frat party and discover a colony of vampires). The chills are tongue in cheek in *The Toxic Avenger*, a cult favorite about a skinny little nerd (Mitchell Cohen) who's the object of ridicule at a health club. After accidentally landing in a truckload of toxic waste, he emerges from the yucky green stuff—hideous but humongous and invincible—to right wrongs, captivate a blind girl and tear asunder the beautiful bodies of health nuts who had once sniggered at him in the sauna (among them former Playboy Bunny Jennifer Baptist). At this writing, *Friday the 13th, Part VI: Jason Lives* was still unreleased but a sure bet to offer the usual quotient of horny couples in jeopardy when that bloody perennial, Jason, is brought back to life by a bolt of lightning. *Psycho III* is not likely to be taken seriously by anyone old enough to recall Hitchcock's 1960 original, but this sequel to a sequel, with Tony Perkins directing and starring, does bring some flaming youth out to the Bates Motel to shed their clothes and their inhibitions, followed by the usual bloodshed. The

(continued on page 167)

sports **By KEVIN COOK**

N.F.L. '86

**THE
ONES
TO
WATCH**

This is the sound of noses breaking, of cleats digging frozen turf, of taped hands tearing face masks, of shoulder pads battering ribs. It is the sound of Butkus hitting Grabowski, Kramer drilling a hole for Starr, Tatum and Atkinson blind-siding Stallworth and Swann, Nitschke's teeth gnashing as Sayers disappears; and it echoes when today's greatest players collide. It is the sound of the crowd shrieking hate or approbation. This is another way of looking at the game. This is a look at the matchups that the people who know the game best—the N.F.L.'s players and coaches—will be watching this year, collisions on which games and seasons will hinge. These are the pivotal gridiron battles of 1986.

JOE KLECKO

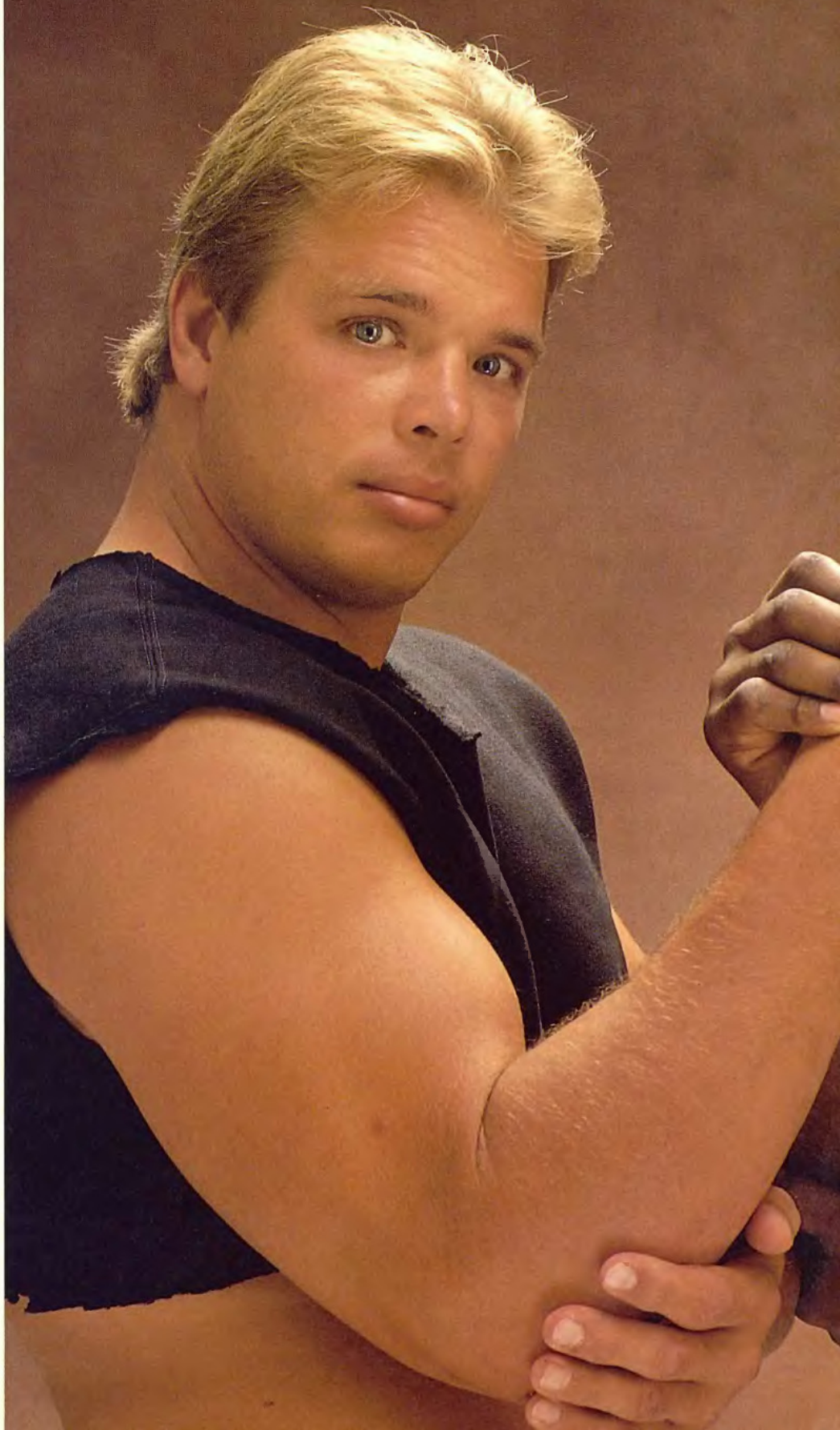
Nose tackle, New York Jets

6'3", 265 pounds

Tenth-year pro from Temple

All-Pro 1981, 1983, 1984, 1985

First defensive player in N.F.L. history
to make All-Pro at three positions



DWIGHT STEPHENSON

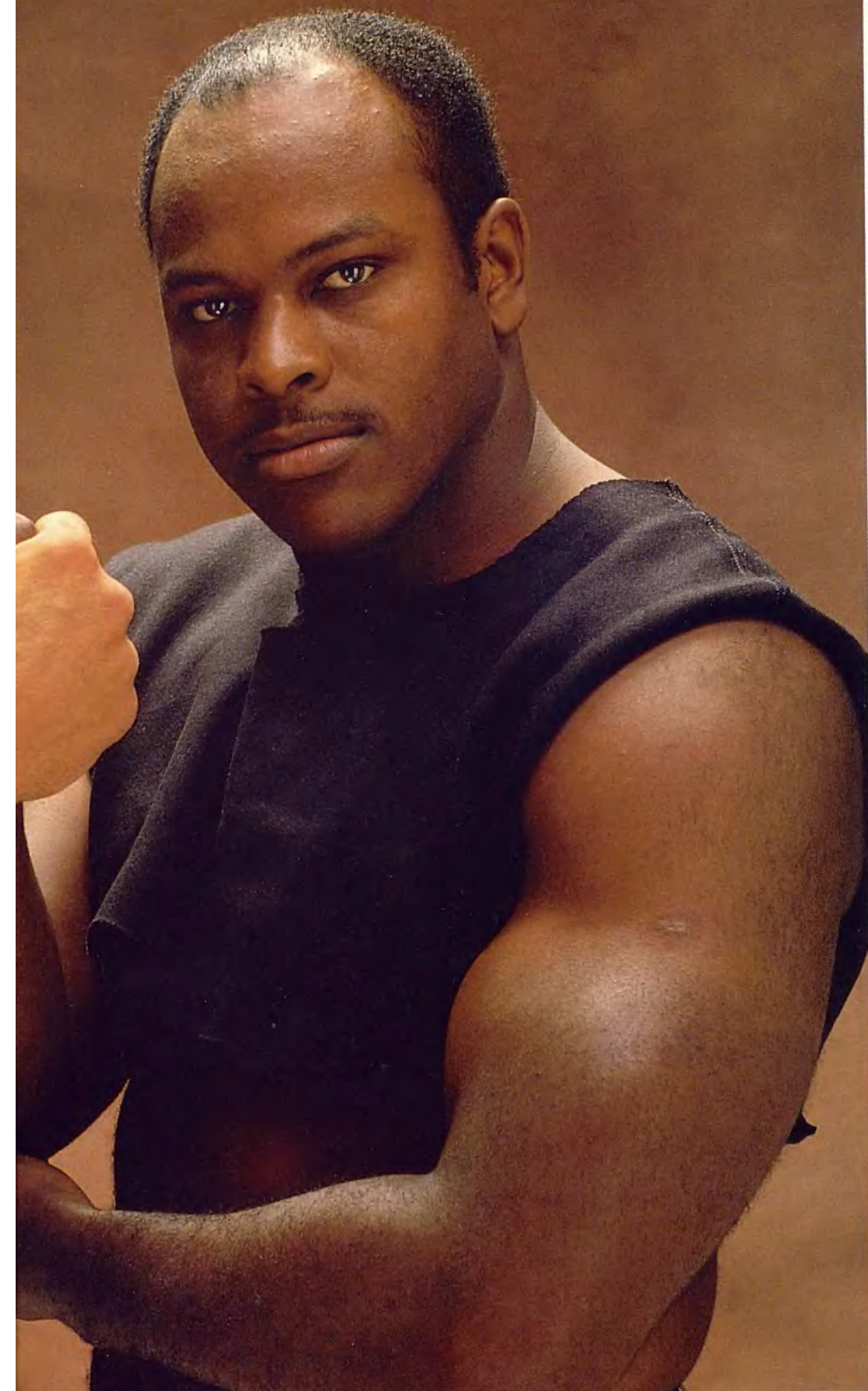
Center, Miami Dolphins

6'2", 255 pounds

Seventh-year pro from Alabama

All-Pro 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985

Anchored offensive line that allowed
fewest sacks in the N.F.L. in 1985



**this season,
try watching
the game within
the game as
the toughest,
the strongest and
the fastest go
one on one
in the n.f.l.'s
best matchups**

This is the battle for Dan Marino's hide. Center Stephenson will get help with Klecko from the rest of the Dolphins' offensive line. Klecko will mix finesse and ferocity to get past the league's best center. There may be blood. Klecko lives to read his team's fortunes in the opposition quarterback's entrails; Stephenson is Marino's health insurance. Stephenson and company allowed only 19 sacks last season. Klecko and sackmate Mark Gastineau had more than that all by themselves. He and Stephenson met twice in 1985. Klecko won one and Stephenson won one. The Jets won one and the Dolphins won one.

"The game we won, we sacked Marino only once," says Klecko, "but we kept the pressure on him all day. We stayed in his face."

"The first game with them last year, I had a bad game, one of my worst," (concluded on page 172)

MIKE HAYNES

Cornerback, Los Angeles Raiders

6'2", 190 pounds

11th-year pro from Arizona State

All-Pro 1985

Four interceptions in 1985; 39 career interceptions

MARK DUPER

Wide receiver, Miami Dolphins

5'9", 187 pounds

Fifth-year pro from Northwestern State, Louisiana

All-Pro 1983, 1984

35 catches for 650 yards in 1985, including
217 yards in one game



Duper is compact; his speed comes from mysterious sources. Haynes is lean and *looks* fast. They match up like the edges of a twin-track razor. When they meet at full speed in the open field, other players step back to watch the show. The last time they matched up was in 1984. Haynes's team won.

"I remember an interception he made in that game," Duper says, laughing. "I cut outside. Marino threw inside. Mike Haynes took the ball and went 90-some yards. I tried to catch his ass, but no way."

Haynes is gracious. "That was a miscommunication between Duper and Marino," he says. "Duper cut away from the ball and I caught it. My concern at that point was not to be caught by him. He's a proven speed burner. But I got away. My adrenaline was so high on that play, it almost ruined me for the rest of the game."

"I beat him for a touchdown at the end of that game," Duper adds, getting even. Duper is the *(concluded on page 172)*

MARCUS ALLEN

Running back, Los Angeles Raiders
6'2", 205 pounds
Fifth-year pro from USC
Heisman Trophy winner 1981
N.F.L. Most Valuable Player 1985

KARL MECKLENBURG

Linebacker, Denver Broncos
6'3", 230 pounds
Fourth-year pro from Minnesota
All-Pro 1985
Led Broncos with 13 sacks in 1985



Allen and Mecklenburg get along fine off the field. On it, they get along like the gazelle and the lion. "We hung out last year at the Pro Bowl and had a good time," says Allen, who carries no grudge against Mecklenburg for the savage open-field hit he put on Allen two years ago. In that game, Raiders Q.B. Jim Plunkett overthrew Allen, who leaped for the ball. He was stretched out, vulnerable and oblivious to the Broncos' budding monster man. Mecklenburg crushed him. The hit, which soon became known as The Hit, crumpled the N.F.L.'s premier ball carrier and turned out his lights. It also cemented Mecklenburg's reputation as one of the league's hardest hitters.

When Allen's name comes up, Mecklenburg shrugs off The Hit. Off the field, at least, he prefers praising Allen to burying him. "There was a play last year that showed how good Marcus is," he says. "I had a good shot at him, but he put a referee between us; I ran over the referee and Marcus went sixty-one yards." Allen, the elegant running back, is the N.F.L.'s (concluded on page 172)



The television generation grew up.

Remember the excitement when you first started watching TV?

Although the picture was black and white, the sound fuzzy, and the choice limited, it didn't matter because it was all so new and so mesmerizing.

Today, however, with network TV, cable TV, satellite TV, MTV,[™] stereo TV, video games, home computers, and VCRs, the entertainment possibilities are so vast that the quality of television rests on the quality of your television set.



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It's a series with everything from built-in VCRs to built-in computers, even a 36-inch rear projection TV

whose picture rivals the best direct-view sets.

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THE ONE AND ONLY.



B "FOREIGN BODY'S" B E A U T Y

screenwriter celine la freniere

has talent. and that's not all

By CÉLINE LA FRENIÈRE

"Foreign Body" (see "Movies," page 22) is a romantic comedy about a young man from India who seeks prosperity and sexual awakening in London. What you see here is not an actress from the movie but its scriptwriter. How did she come to pose for PLAYBOY? She's a writer. We'll let her tell the story.

IT'S FOUR A.M. at Lee International Studios in London. Two hundred male extras of Asian extraction are boarding buses to go on location. Their destination? Although the script calls for Calcutta on a hot summer day, the scene will be shot in midwinter on a shipping dock in Bristol, more than two hours away. Feelings run high among the men. For just one day, they will share in the magic of making a movie with legendary director Ronald Neame and their idol. (text continued on page 186)



It's obvious from these photos that Céline La Freniere, author of the screenplay for *Foreign Body*, is well qualified to pose for the film's mock *PLAYBOY* cover (inset, above). During shooting of the Orion release, now arriving on American screens, Céline pauses for shop-talk (above) with director Ronald Neome and his son Christopher, executive producer.



PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER (continued from page 94)

"I was a spy; if those shitheads ever win, they will kill me. So I am fighting for my life."

"Wili," laughed Severo, "you're such a bullshitier."

"No," said Wili. "You can't even imagine the life I've already lived. On top of everything else, I have a black belt in karate. . . ."

Wili claimed to have been a center fielder on the junior national baseball team, a guerrilla, a university student for two years following the triumph of the revolution, and then to have been sent into Honduras for nearly as long to spy on *Contras* and CIA agents.

Wili was so breathless, he was warbling; it was as if he were turning his past into a song. Jorge was struck by the notion of a past so full of adventure and heroics that it could fill in a song; where would his own song begin?

"So now, instead of going back to the university, I am here. And do you know why? Because I was a spy; if those shitheads ever win, they will kill me. So I am fighting for my life. I can't let others fight for my life. . . . I have women everywhere. Severo, if you knew how to touch a woman like I do, hah, I bet you wouldn't even be here; you'd have run off to Miami by now to make a fortune as a gigolo."

"Bullshitter!" shouted Severo. "*jode-dor!*"

Wili laughed loudly and patted Severo's arm.

"Were you really a spy?" asked Jorge.

"Of course. And you?" asked Wili, turning his head sideways and looking at Jorge out of one amused eye. "Is that really why you went into the army? To train dogs?"

"The dog was ready. They had to train me," said Jorge. "I'd hoped to become a helicopter pilot."

The road had been flat for a while when Severo pulled the jeep over and stopped.

"Look," he said. "I think the ambush happened about ten kilometers from here."

"I don't hear anything, do you?" said Wili. "The fighting must have stopped."

Severo shrugged. "It should have by now. But let's wait a little."

So they all got out of the jeep, urinated onto the road and stood there, listening for the faraway sound of resumed combat.

After they'd been waiting awhile, Wili's face suddenly went still, and he held his breath and slightly cocked his head in concentration. "Here come the trucks," he said finally.

Jorge was puzzled.

Severo was staring at the ground, and at least a minute went by before he looked up

and said, "Now I hear them."

"You hear trucks?" Jorge was bewildered to the edge of panic.

Wili grinned. "After you've been up here awhile," he said, "you'll even be able to tell the time with your ears. And if you've left a girl at home, you'll be able to hear it all the way up here the minute she forgets about you."

Jorge didn't have a girl.

But finally he heard the faraway rumbling of army-truck engines. It was not Ana's purpose to pay attention to the sound of trucks, and she stood passively and did not lift her head to look up the road until they were already in sight. The trucks bore down through the dark trees with the captivating force of a huge iron train. There were three trucks, the first two jammed with jostled soldiers wearing the light-green, brown-speckled uniforms of the T.P.U.s, and the third was less crowded. They had to slow down to squeeze past the jeep, but they didn't stop. The driver of the first truck leaned out the window and shouted, "Go ahead, it's all clear! We can't stop; we have wounded!"

The first two trucks passed, and then came the third, with one soldier standing up in back, resting his rifle on the roof of the cab; a few others were sitting on the benches inside the fenced sides, but Jorge couldn't see into the back as it passed, because the rear gate was up.

"Wounded *compas*," said Wili matter-of-factly, "and also dead *compas*."

The three soldiers were solemn-faced as they listened to the noise of the trucks fade.

Dead, thought Jorge. And what is that? He stared down the empty road.

They got back into the jeep and hadn't driven far when they came upon the truck that had been hit in the ambush. How odd it looked. A propelled grenade had ripped open the flat steel in front like a monstrous, pinching claw; bullets had punched shiny holes through the cab, and the frame around what had been the windshield was grotesquely twisted. War had exposed the baffling flimsiness of a once-sturdy-looking truck, transforming it into a big, somehow ridiculous scrap of torn metal at the side of a road.

Ana became rigid—smelling the enemy? The quivering nose was held high, and she got up from the jeep as if to follow some tantalizing scent into the air. When they got out, the dog paced a restless, tugging semicircle in front of Jorge. He pulled the leash taut and commanded her to be still.

But he wondered if it weren't foolish to be standing out in the open like this.

Wili was wandering casually up the road, his rifle slung from his shoulder and his arm resting on top of it.

In the back of the truck, the floor planks were sprinkled with the discharged bullet casings, and more glittered in the road—the ambushed soldiers had had to fight their way off the truck through a hornet swarm of enemy fire and down into the cover of the forest.

Severo picked up one of the brass casings, sniffed it, then blew across its top, making it whistle. The dog stared. Severo looked at her and dropped his hand from his mouth.

Wili came walking back down the road.

"Evidently, they screwed up their ambush," he said. "That's what I think. Instead of waiting until they had all four trucks inside the ambush, they hit the first. Stupids. In the end, they were the ones who were surprised—by everyone coming down after."

When they entered Wamblan an hour later, it was dusk and the sky had clouded over. The forested hills surrounding the town cast shadows that seemed dissolved into the light, giving it a greenish, watery translucence. Wamblan was too deep in the war zone to be at all thriving anymore: Much of the population had left, and its few shops sold little that wasn't grown nearby. Wili said you couldn't even get beer or cigarettes anymore. The base was at the far end of town, where it took up a short side road. There was another grouping of barracks and a watchtower on a cleared hill overlooking a quietly flowing green river. Soldiers were milling in the muddy, puddle-gleaming road in front of the crumbling buildings of mud brick and pastel-enameled stucco, some of which were painted with slogans of the revolution and bright murals. It was almost a festive scene—the first thing Jorge thought of was soldiers waiting to go in to a dance. When Severo cut the engine, Jorge heard their chatter and laughter.

Of course, the army regulars of Wamblan were happy—they'd fought in a battle and none of them had been killed. Four of the T.P.U.s had been killed, and several wounded, but the rest of it had gone just as Wili had said. One soldier had a bandage wound around his head from a bullet that had grazed him, and though he stood in the midst of the celebration with the rest, he had a stunned, quiet expression.

"We killed fifteen——"

"No, twenty-five!"

"We killed a lot. They stand up when they shoot!"

The soldiers surrounded the jeep, and their voices excited Jorge as being still raw

(continued on page 150)

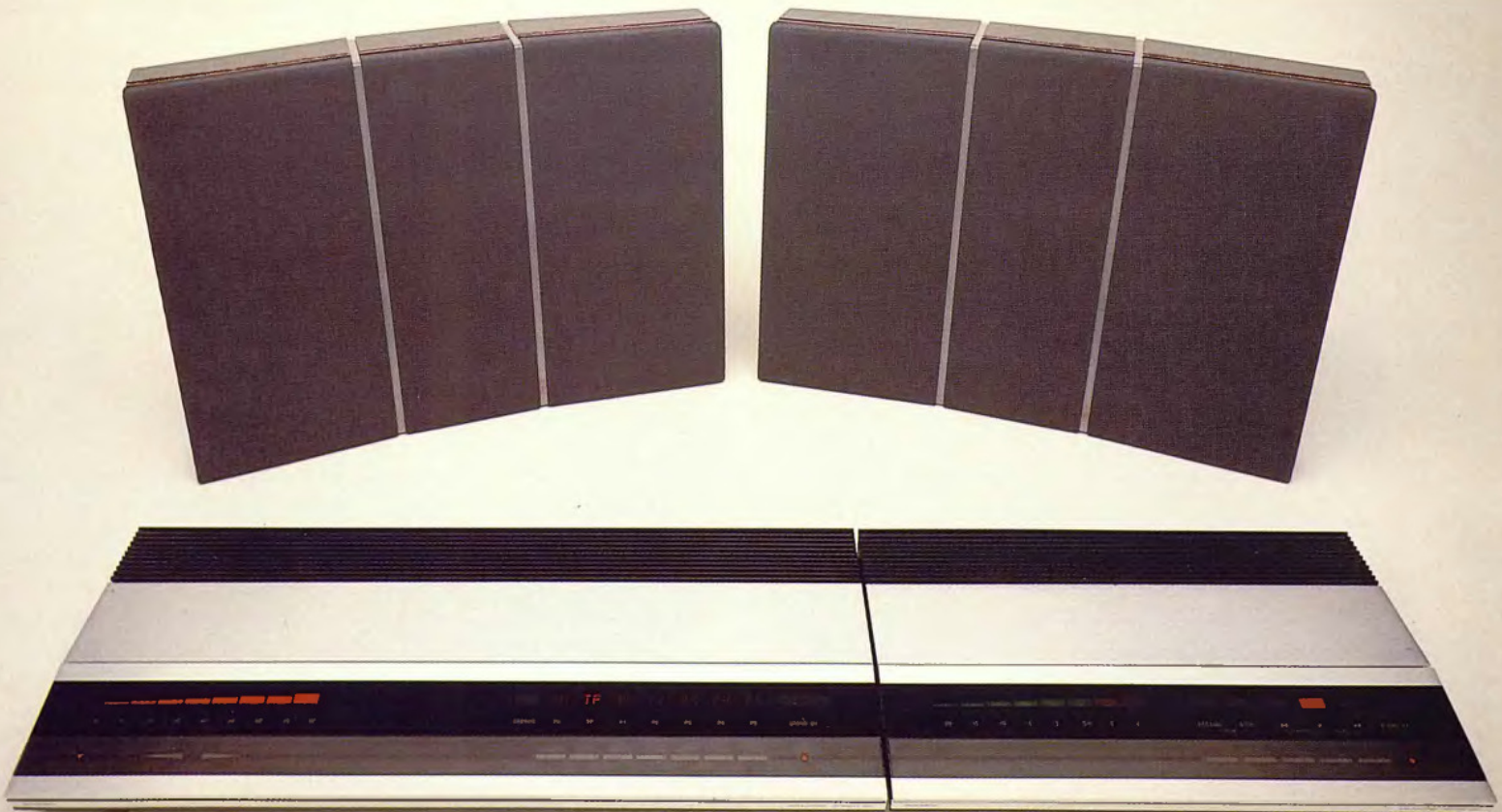
STATE OF THE AUDIO-VIDEO ART

eight products for which
we're all eyes and ears

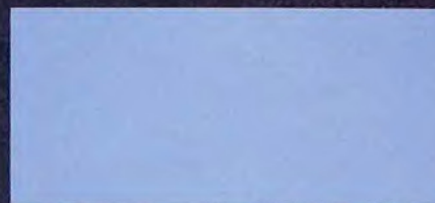
MANY PRODUCTS are called for display at the Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago, yet few are chosen to appear in *PLAYBOY*, because we just don't have the space. So what are our criteria for picking the eight pieces of audio and video equipment pictured on these pages? Some perform smart multi-functions, some are technologically unique and some just look as if they'd be so much fun to own that we couldn't resist featuring them. About \$10,000 buys the lot. Put it on American Express.



Above: JVC's supercompact VideoMovie, a mini-VHS camera/recorder that weighs only 2.9 pounds, utilizes regular one-half-inch VHS tape and has such nifty features as autofocus, \$1495. Below: Bang & Olufsen's remote-control Beosystem 3000 includes the receiver and tape deck shown—plus a compact-disc player, turntable and remote control not shown, \$2197. (The additional Model RL 60.2 speakers, \$450 a pair.) Additional speakers and infrared Master Link remote control extend remote operations and listening capacity to four rooms.



Above right: Yamaha's DSP-1 Digital Sound Field Processor is an unusual piece of fidelity equipment that brings to your own listening room the acoustic "personality," or sound field, of 48 musical environments, from a small jazz club to a 1000-seat auditorium, plus six-channel Dolby Surround circuitry (the audio process that gives movie sound tracks their sonic sock), \$849. Below right: Quasar's slick 26-inch Delta color TV, with a cabinet whose contours follow the lines of the tube, has lofty intentions; in fact, it's ideal for today's floor lifestyle, as the picture tube has a ten-degree slant, thus enabling the urban loft dweller to position the set directly on the floor, on a lowboy stand or on a stand that also accommodates a VCR, \$1899.95, not including stands. Below: Any similarity between the RX-CD70 and a cheapo boom box is purely coincidental; this portable sound machine (it measures about 30 inches long by seven inches high by nine and a half inches deep with the speakers attached) has dual cassette players with dual autoreverse and a replay system that allows for both sides of tape one and then both sides of tape two to be played consecutively and repeated (plus one-touch dubbing and two-speed dubbing capability). In addition, the unit's compact-disc player has 15-step random-access programmability, a repeat key and two-speed search with cuing sound. An FM/AM/FM stereo radio and two-way detachable speakers complete the package, by Panasonic, \$599.95. As the song goes, "Who could ask for anything more?"





Above left: The laser's edge—Luxman's easy-to-use Model D-408 compact-disc-and-Laservision player automatically adjusts to whatever type of audio or video disc you wish to play, \$1300, including a wireless remote control. Left: Sharp's new VC-T64U VCR features a unique card timer that detaches from the unit, thus enabling you to program from your easy chair for up to 14 days/five events. The card timer is then slipped back into the unit for unattended recording. Other features include HQ (high-quality) technology, a 13-function wireless remote control and video search that operates at 15 times the normal speed, \$599. Above: This 27-inch Sony Trinitron is one P-I-P of a machine—P-I-P standing for picture-in-picture, as this model incorporates two tuners for simultaneous viewing of two channels. In addition, P-I-P offers a still-picture function for freezing the action of the inserted picture and a strobe feature that lets you display three time-lapse sequential TV pictures while the action from the inserted picture continues in the fourth corner, as shown above, \$1700.



“U.S. ARMY was stamped into his fork. Their eating utensils came from captured enemy knapsacks.”

and vibrant with the important experience of battle.

Ana's thoroughbred beauty, her shaggy bulk and ferocious aura impressed and even amazed them, they who came from a country of mutant mongrels and hairless pariahs. Jorge and the dog stepped down from the jeep, and the soldiers crowded around.

“That looks like a circus animal!”

“*Elegante!*”

“What does it do?”

Jorge knelt by the dog, one hand on her nape, murmuring soothingly. Of course it made Ana nervous to be surrounded by so many new soldiers. But it was a good thing for her to familiarize herself with their scents right away, in order to distinguish them from the enemies' later.

“This dog tracks the enemy,” explained Jorge.

“Oh, you need a big dog for that,” said an eager soldier who seemed no older than 14. “Don't you?”

“And a very specialized nose,” said Wili, bemused and touching his own nose. “Made in the German Democratic Republic, no less.”

“Yes, the nose. Germany,” said the young soldier, nodding vigorously. “Germany, how could it not be? Things like that have to be better over there, right? Our dogs are not useful. No, they're not useful.”

“It's just a nose,” said another soldier. “Our dogs have noses. We could teach our dogs to have such noses, right?”

“But that is too much dog just to hold

up a nose,” said another.

“Show us a trick, *compa*. Can this dog do tricks?”

Ana growled—it was all too much for her—and several of the soldiers jumped back and got laughed at by the rest.

“That dog has shark's teeth!”

“*Elegante!*”

The base had been informed of the dog's arrival days in advance, and Jacinto, the commanding lieutenant, had already had a chicken-wire pen constructed. The pen had a tin roof, a gate that locked, and it was under a tree, next to an outhouse.

“It's possible that this was a mistake,” said a soldier. “What if the stink ruins the dog's nose?”

“No,” said another seriously. “All dogs like bad smells.”

Then Ana was in the pen, pacing in circles, pantherlike, over the dark dirt. She found her spot to sit down, straightened up and stared back at the soldiers.

For the first time that day, Jorge could relinquish his tight hold of the leash. It was a silently draining job in itself, just holding that leash all day. He folded it up and stuck it under his belt, by his holster. His freed hand floated.

Later, after he fed Ana and was shown to his bunk, Jorge went into the mess, which was nothing more than a wooden shed with an iron stove where a local peasant woman dished out servings of red beans, emaciated chicken parts and *tortillas*. The mess was crowded with soldiers, and there Jorge met Jacinto. The broad-

shouldered lieutenant was easily the tallest man in the battalion. There was something of the stillness and depth of the forest in his dark, Indian-featured face and large, candid eyes, something of its transparent solitude; though in his 20s, he'd been a commanding officer at Wamblan for four years. Jacinto's words had an unforced, simple precision and grace, and whenever he spoke, the others fell silent. Even Wili was deferential around him. Watching and listening to Jacinto, it was suddenly obvious to Jorge why the word *elegante* was so popular among the troops at Wamblan. It was Jacinto who had imposed on them the conscious theme of *elegante*. They used the word so often that it seemed to run through them like a common current, uniting them as much as the color of their uniforms. When Jorge noticed that U.S. ARMY was stamped into his fork, one of the soldiers remarked that many of their eating utensils came from captured enemy knapsacks; they were superior eating utensils, he said; they were elegant, and it was an elegant joke to be eating with them.

“We'll go after them tomorrow,” said Jacinto, and Jorge's heart jumped. They were going after the enemy tomorrow.

Candlelight reflected off the greasy, plastic-sheeted table. Outside, the tree frogs had erupted into a loud, relentless, hammering racket. It was, to Jorge, truly an unworldly sound, as if an evil wind from off the moon had rained a plague of tree frogs into that forest. He'd never heard so much noisiness coming from the night all at once, and it made him feel how remote and faraway—far away from everything but war—Wamblan really was.

One of the soldiers went to get his tape player and his three American rock-'n'-roll tapes. Then they listened to the tree frogs drowning out the music from the little tape player. They talked and found more things to refer to as elegant. The soldiers thought Jorge's canine-corps pin was elegant, and they passed his cap around.

Ana sat up in the pen, her eyes opaquely glowing in the dark. Green fireflies shifted over the grass all the way down to the black, shining river; on its opposite bank, the forest rose steeply, a somber-looking monument full of tree frogs; at the top of that long hill, the tree line made a sharp-etched blackness against the night-flooded layer of clouds weighing down. Stepping into the pen, Jorge felt himself stepping into the transparent emptiness in front of Ana's nose. It seemed precisely to fit the pen and was all the more tangible because he was holding his breath against the outhouse smell; and when he exhaled, it was as if he could see his breath disappearing into it. What was that emptiness, he thought, but the mystery of what would happen tomorrow when he finally followed the dog into it?

Ana watched him with enlarged, black-gem pupils as he crouched in front of her, whispering the usual friendly words.



“OK, say we experience a total meltdown and 200,000 people die. That leaves us approximately 100,000 customers. We triple their rates and we're back on our feet again.”

"Schneeball, Schneeball," he singsonged; it meant snowball in German and was just a thing he'd gotten into the habit of saying when no other words came to mind.

He rubbed the dog's neck, plunged his fingers into the dense, furry folds under her jaw, thumpingly patted the sturdy chest.

At dawn, 31 soldiers left in the back of a truck to return to the site of the previous day's ambush. It had rained heavily during the night and the forest was misty in the early heat. Jacinto had appointed Wili to lead the patrol. Most of the soldiers were armed with automatic rifles and extra clips, some had grenade launchers slung over their backs and two carried heavy machine guns on their shoulders, cartridge belts draped around their necks. Jorge sat on a spare tire in the back, holding the leash, Ana seated between his knees.

"You look like a cookie," Wili said, and then he mimicked Jorge's bland, apprehensive stare.

As soon as they'd all climbed down from the truck and into the forest, Jorge could feel through the leash how Ana was being pulled along by the hundreds of invisible enemy boots that had fled through the wet, soft underbrush almost 24 hours before. There wasn't any special urgency to the dog's pulling, nor had her nose yet become attached to any singu-

larly pursuable trail. They walked awhile, to the very edge of where the fighting had spread, where, without Ana, the soldiers would have had to fan out and read with their eyes for some sign of the enemies' flight. Then they walked a little more before Wili received his first lesson in the dog's magical talent. Although Jorge knew it was inevitable, it still struck him with the force of a new revelation when Ana led them struggling through layers of thick vegetation and into a narrow, descending footpath of mud oozing up through flattened weeds and grass.

"Here?" said Wili, gaping, as if it were just too easy to be true.

"At least some of them went this way," said Jorge as calmly as he could. Inwardly, the thrill he felt was indistinguishable from his fright.

"Of course," said Wili. "It's a path."

It was a perfect path, walled by vegetation, and down they went into it, single file, Ana leading the way and Wili right behind Jorge. Before long, Ana's loping stride began to lengthen. Then the dog swerved off the path, through a layer of sun-dappled leaves, and, as if it were the exact and only thing they'd been looking for all along, she plunged her nose into a wet piece of cloth surrounded by flattened and recently hacked-out branches. Wili probed the cloth with the end of his rifle: It was blood- and rain-soaked; it was the bottom half of a pants leg cut away from

an enemy uniform.

"Putá," said Wili. "This one got it right in the shin, and they cut the cloth off to tend to his wound."

He looked at the dog with an almost offended expression.

"The ones who stayed with their wounded will have to go slow," said Wili. He thought a moment and added, "And who knows how many there are?"

"How far is it to the border?" asked Jorge. He felt full of confidence in the dog now.

"About thirty kilometers," said Wili. "But the land goes up and down like a son of a whore."

They pushed on. For hours, they followed the dog along that ancient, twisting path that had probably been used by trappers, remote farmers, the mule trains of smugglers and even warring armies 60 years ago and before. The more they descended, the hotter and more tropical it became. The suffocating, bilious-green air steamed amid trees with tremendous, shaggy, dark trunks, paler, crooked palms, a disorder of vines and piled growths of drooping leaves; the bright-red, spiky sheaths of parasitical plants sat on branches like burning flames. Occasionally, small birds hopped quietly from one twig to another, too wearied by the heat to disrupt the heavy daytime silence of the jungle. Jorge's boots sucked green mud, and he heard 60 other boots doing the

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same in a long line behind him. A constant mask of sweat stung his eyes: Ahead of him, there was only the bouncing, plumed cobra of Ana's tail, the hinged churning of her rear legs driving the long, prowling torso forward as she opened up her private tunnel through the jungle.

And so it went, as Wili had said, up and down like a son of a whore, out of the jungle and into the fierce sun as they marched along high, grassy ridges and saw hillside after hillside of lush, deserted pasture and the occasional farmhouse—and the hills going on and on, blue in the distance, all the way into Honduras. Half the sky was limpid blue and half of it, to the north, was an oncoming, slow-motion stampede of purplish clouds.

The dog led them off the path again, into a hilltop grove, where they found shaved sticks stuck into the ground in the pattern of some ancient, rudimentary device for reading the stars. They were from the makeshift lean-tos the enemy had camped under the night before. There was a barely damp cigarette-rolling paper clinging to a weed. Ana sniffed it and hoisted her head up, with the paper stuck to her nose. The soldiers grinned and giggled. It was the first funny thing Jorge had ever seen the dog do.

"Look, it won't come off," joked a soldier, pretending to try to peel the paper from Ana's nose, though he kept his hand well away. "Now the nose won't work anymore. It's a new kind of mine just for dogs. The bastards."

Ana shook her head and the paper fell off.

"Hah," said a soldier. "This dog can do anything."

They were down in the jungle again when it began to rain. The shimmering, driving rain fanned a rich breeze as it pushed through the broad leaves; it vanquished the heat, turning the jungle into a shivering, bright-green blur. It soaked through Jorge's uniform, drenched his skin and tired limbs, washed the sting out of his eyes and ran in fresh sheets over his face, over his lips. The rain was pure pleasure. It rained so heavily, and for so long, that its effect became trancelike. Jorge felt full of rain in a jungle full of rain. Ana flowed along the path like a fat black water snake.

But then the rain stopped. Jorge felt his uniform turn to warm, heavy mud. Steam rose from his shoulders and thighs. His wet boots began to chafe against the parts of his feet that already felt rubbed and raw. He stumbled over a slippery tree root and then over a loose stone in the mud. He felt the debris of the jungle sticking to his skin, deposited there, it seemed, by the swarms of tiny insects that had filled in the empty spaces left by the rain. He itched all over. He was stumbling more and more and wasn't sure, at first, if it was because he was becoming too tired or because the

dog was pulling harder. Ana's tail swung rapidly back and forth. With every step she took, she seemed to be trying to pounce, catlike, on some speedily burrowing mole beneath the path. He pulled up short to slow the dog and felt his arm just about wrenched out of its socket; he tumbled forward again.

"I think they're close," gasped Jorge.

"How close?" hissed Wili behind him.

"Maybe very close," said Jorge.

Wili was right on Jorge's shoulder now; Jorge could see the barrel of his rifle protruding. And glancing back, he saw how all the humor had drained out of Wili's face. Wili was staring with a kind of mute consternation and frenzy into the jungle ahead of Ana.

The dog had warned them. And now the enemy was behind every broad leaf and trunk; the enemy had even squeezed behind every dangling liana and was clinging to the back of every black cloud of hanging moss.

"Close," whispered Jorge. How wrong to be walking in front, he suddenly thought, his vulnerable belly and pounding heart exposed, unshielded, to the enemy. Was it possible that for the next two years of his life, this was what he was going to be doing? He, Jorge, a boy? Walking alone in front? A long line of soldiers behind him, waiting like a mousetrap set to spring if the enemy took Jorge?

Ohhh, thought Jorge. Oh, no.

But now was when he was supposed to find bravery in his ability to hold tightly to the leash, to remain alert and attentive, trusting and calm.

Of course I'm ready to die! he thought. But how much better to be an ordinary soldier with a rifle, somewhere in the back of the line.

Then Wili kept ordering Jorge to stop; and each time Wili moved ahead, his rifle ready, he listened to the jungle, then gestured with his hand and several soldiers came forward and disappeared into the foliage on both sides of the path, going to scout for an enemy ambush. They were gone for minutes at a time.

And Ana waited rigidly, panting, her tongue hanging out the side of her mouth like a fresh cut of bright-pink ham. She stood waiting on the path, her path, the one path she'd singled out from all the paths in the jungle. And only to Ana was the enemy something more than invisible.

When the soldiers came back, the quiet column moved forward again; then, after a while, they stopped again, did it all over again. For an hour, they kept up in this painstaking way. It was late afternoon, and already the light in the jungle was beginning to dim. Wili seemed not to care if he was letting the enemy get ahead. He seemed to have fallen into a battle between the dog's unrelenting pursuit and his own habit of engaging in careful stalking tactics.

We won't catch the enemy now, thought

Jorge. And his exhaustion overwhelmed him.

Why chase the enemy at all? he thought. Suddenly, it seemed a bit senseless, almost a comedy, to go tracking the enemy all day, knowing you might not catch them.

But wait, he thought. You have to chase the enemy, because what are you supposed to do, just let them come in and kill?

Then he felt himself on the verge of an important insight: Yes, it wasn't worth it to Wili to catch the enemy unless he was sure he could take them by surprise. So at this rate, they might go on patrol after patrol before he actually got it the way he wanted; they might walk thousands of kilometers, over weeks, months, continually refining their tracking strategies, their ears and their eyes, and waiting until they'd turned the jungle into one big trap for the enemy.

So it wasn't necessarily easy to get killed in war, even if you had to walk in front!

Elegante, thought Jorge.

It must make the enemy crazy, he thought, to know that they were always being pursued by soldiers who would attack only when they were sure that only their enemies would die.

Then maybe Wili doesn't like the dog, he thought suddenly. The notion alarmed him, and as he brooded over it, his lower lip hung heavy. But the dog helps, he insisted. The key was to thwart the dog a little, hold her back a little, as Jorge was doing.

They came to a river. It was a fairly wide, swift blue-green river digging its own deep, narrow valley through the jungle. On both banks, ash-yellow, green-spotted, symmetrical tree trunks made a pretty, gilded tunnel for the river. The fading light of the day filtered through the bowing leaves like long, pale-gold, translucent streamers.

Wili sent four soldiers across to scout the other side and let the rest take a break. The soldiers filed quietly down from the path and spread out on the bank. Jorge, emotionless with exhaustion now, slumped back against one of the yellowish trees. He closed his eyes, listened to the peaceful murmuring of the river. It made him think nostalgically of the rain; the rain seemed already to have happened some other day. Then he remembered that now-distant morning when the German officers, who were always looking for ways to display the hardness of their Germanic-Communist-canine spirits, had swum naked in the nearly frozen river with the dogs, tossing sticks back and forth. . . .

The memory of it must have made him smile, because he heard a soldier say, "You're happy with this dog, aren't you? Yes, this dog is useful. She doesn't get tired, does she? No, she doesn't get tired."

He opened his eyes and saw the very young soldier stroking the top of Ana's

heavy, silent head.

"She could go like this for a week," said Jorge, "and not even have to eat."

When the soldiers signaled from the other side, the rest went across. Jorge unhooked the leash and the dog eagerly splashed in. Ana was a driven swimmer. Most of the soldiers had no trouble with the currents and powered themselves across in a straight line, their weapons held over their heads. But Jorge, holding up his pistol, felt the river flooding heavily around his waist and felt his boots constantly slithering on the slippery, rocky bottom; several times, he had to strain with all his might to keep from being pulled downstream. He was finally about to step up onto the bank when he relaxed, forgetting that the currents were strong where it was shallow, too, and they tripped him: He fell back into the water with a vision of the dog bounding off. When he scrambled up, some of the soldiers were grinning goofily at him. But the others were looking upriver, far from where the path resumed its climb into the jungle.

"The dog ran away," said Wili softly, pointing up at where Ana had vanished into the dense foliage behind the yellowish trees.

Then all the soldiers were gaping toward that spot.

"She's supposed to wait," said Jorge, fear sweeping through him with a terrible chill.

Wili gazed at him, almost cross-eyed with bewilderment. He seemed to have no idea what to do.

"And won't the dog come back?" asked Wili.

"I think yes," said Jorge.

"Ah," said Wili, as if relieved, and that was all he said.

They waited, all of them with their weapons ready. But there was no sign of Ana. There was only the murmuring of the river, the darkening jungle rising up before them and the first evening chattering of the birds.

"Well," said Wili expressionlessly.

"Do you want me to call the dog?" asked Jorge.

Wili shook his head no. And then he quickly pointed out eight soldiers and told them to spread out and to make their way quietly and slowly up through the jungle. He told the rest to wait and to be ready.

"Jorge," he said. "Come."

Wili, with Jorge behind him, entered the jungle at the precise spot Ana had vanished into it. Hunched over, they crept stealthily through the pathless, dark, quivering green. Jorge felt warm, wet leaves sliding like caresses against his face. He wanted to bury his face in each caress and hide forever. He was surrounded by endlessly winding foliage and shadow, and somewhere in all this was Ana.

Why not just go back without the dog? That was the absurdity of this predica-

ment: No matter how great the danger, it seemed unimaginable to go back without the prize animal. How would he explain having lost Ana to Jacinto? He might even find himself sentenced to clean outhouses with the deserters and draft dodgers at one of the main military bases; it would be an understandable punishment. Somehow, he had failed; somehow, there on the riverbank, Ana had forgotten all about Jorge. Was it possible that Wili, who he was sure now despised the dog, was going after Ana just to try to save him from a completely dismal fate?

Up ahead, in front of Wili, he saw the light glowing intricately through a wall of vegetation. It was the edge of a clearing. Wili reached it first, on his knees and one hand, his other arm cradling his rifle. Then he motioned for Jorge to get down. And Jorge flattened out and stayed that way, buried in wet jungle.

Then he heard Wili whisper, softly, as if all the air inside him were slowly being drawn into that one word, "Puuulaaa."

Son of a thousand whores, *what?* Jorge silently screamed.

Wili turned his face toward him, his face partly obscured by leaves, but Jorge saw one of his eyes: dark, wide-open, as if haunted. Wili put his finger to his lips and gestured for him to come forward.

And Jorge floated up through that last bit of jungle on his hands and knees, gripping his pistol tight; and then he peered through that final, dense curtain of swollen leaves into the clearing formed by the sun-blotting shade of an immense jungle ceiba, and he could not believe what he saw: At the foot of the huge, dark trunk, between gnarled, spread roots, in clover-like weeds, in black-green, almost phosphorescent light, Ana was straddling an enemy soldier, her tail hanging limp. The enemy soldier lay flat on his back, his motionless arms and legs sprawled wide. The pants leg of his uniform was cut away and his shin was bloodily bandaged.

They dared not move a muscle. Jorge felt his check involuntarily begin to twitch.

Ana raised her head, her black ears stiffening, and she stepped gingerly off the enemy soldier and looked back over her shoulder at the spot where Jorge and Wili were hidden, and her snout was dark with blood.

And blood rose like a small, sloppy fountain from the fang-torn hole in the enemy soldier's throat.

"Shit," whispered Wili.

Jorge watched in openmouthed, breathless horror as the dog came loping toward them.

Ana pushed her bloody, conical nose, her glowing eyes through the leaves, and Jorge felt the dog's warm breath on his face, and the noise of her panting filled his ears.

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FAST FORWARD



Sick of nice-guy comedy? Meet **Sam Kinison**, 32, a comedian angry enough to make Qaddafi seem like a Rotarian. Kinison virtually stole a recent HBO young-comedians special when he picked up imaginary sand and began to scream at an imaginary starving Ethiopian. "See this?" he asked. "It's sand. One hundred years from now, it will still be sand.

We have deserts in America; we just don't *live* in them. Why don't you live where the *food* is?" It's edgy stuff—especially for a preacher's son. Even David Letterman has mimicked the opening of his act, in which Kinison finds some hapless audience member who is thinking of getting married. Kinison leans close to him and tells him, "Remember this face." He then breaks into a scream so tortured that, as Jay Leno has said, "You know this guy has been *married*."



She's been called an East Village version of famed photographer Diane Arbus. **Nan Goldin**, 32, manages to capture moments that initially seem mundane but become interesting when viewed through her camera. Using herself, her friends and her lovers as subjects, she delves into the smoldering and intensely personal world of urban relationships; and in her

first book, *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency*—just out—she captures everything from battered women to joyfully copulating couples. "I'm obsessed with documenting my life and the lives of people around me," she says. Her friends have become used to her ever-present camera. "Being photographed becomes part of the relationship that people have with me," she maintains. "I want to remember every detail of what I do, and these photos are my public diary."



Starting a fourth network is not unlike forming a third political party—the fact that it always fails never discourages newcomers. The latest attempt is by media tycoon Rupert Murdoch, who, after buying 20th Century Fox Studios and TV stations in six major markets, realized he had both the facilities to make shows and a way to get them to 23 percent of

the country. To turn these assets into an actual network, he hired **Jamie Kellner**, 39, a former CBS exec, as president and chief operating officer of Fox Broadcasting Company. Kellner has never run a network, but he quickly assembled a team of executives and spirited Joan Rivers away from *The Tonight Show* (see this month's *Playboy Interview*) as Fox's first move in becoming a TV competitor. "It will take some time before that happens," Kellner admits, "but when you start a venture like this, you have to think very long term."



Connoisseurs of teen films still speak reverently about *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, the first of the current spate of youth movies to make teens seem as human as they could ever seem. *Fast Times* also launched a group of unknowns toward stardom, including Sean Penn, Judge Reinhold, Phoebe Cates, Eric Stoltz, Anthony Edwards and **Jennifer Jason**

Leigh. Leigh, 24, got numerous offers of work—typecast, of course, as a kid. "I turned those roles down," she says, "and made a conscious effort to choose parts that interested me." The results have been eclectic, from *The Hitcher* to *Flesh and Blood* to her current role as a hooker in *The Men's Club*. "I'm drawn to offbeat films," she says. "A lot of the scripts that haven't appealed to me have gone on to be incredibly successful commercially."



DAVID DOAK Δ

the great left hope

"Politics is like boxing," claims David Doak, 38. "You've got to keep your opponent off guard and make your next move before he has a chance to hit you back." And Doak should know, since Democratic Party insiders consider him to be the savviest political consultant currently working the smoke-filled rooms.

For example, on campaigns Doak has personally managed, he has batted a clean 1,000—his were the only winning states for Jimmy Carter in 1980, and he got the first Democrat in 16 years elected to a major office in Virginia. More impressive has been his ability to repackage Democratic candidates and make them appealing to more conservative voters, disassociating them from the rusty, dated image of a Tip O'Neill or a Walter Mondale.

"An unknown candidate is like a painter's blank canvas," he explains. "Whoever can paint his client's portrait first is the one who's better off." It's a skill Doak picked up in the courtroom, as a Missouri public



BENNO FRIEDMAN

defender. "I learned what it takes to prove a point of view to 12 people. Campaigns are like trials, except you have to convince millions." Doak quit practicing law and went into full-time politics in 1979. "You get more sustained satisfaction out of campaigning, and you can affect more things."

For 1986, his company, Doak, Shrum and Associates, has an impressive record so far—the firm's clients went three for three in the spring primaries. Maine's Jim Tierney and Pennsylvania's Bob Casey both won the chance to be the Democratic nominee for governor in November, and Alan Cranston is the Democratic nominee for Senator in California. Doak, however, is already eyeing the 1988 Presidential race, which he hopes will include his friend and client Joe Biden, the up-and-coming young Senator from Delaware.

Doak is now hunkering down for the last weeks of the November elections, a time that he says is equaled only by the last 30 seconds of a murder case, when the jury enters the courtroom to deliver the verdict. "This is when everyone pays attention," he says. "Preparation is critical, or it can all slip away from you. I like to think of myself as well prepared."

—SUSAN SQUIRE

▽ NILE RODGERS

platinum prince

"I don't think of myself as an idol maker," says record producer/arranger Nile Rodgers, 34, shrugging. "It's not as if I work with an artist and his career suddenly *happens*." However, one can easily forgive confused record-company executives for thinking otherwise after they consider Rodgers' platinum-selling encounters with the likes of Madonna, Mick Jagger, David Bowie, the Thompson Twins, Duran Duran and Grace Jones, not to mention his own success during the disco boom as a founder of Chic. One record-company honcho goes as far as to call Rodgers "an insurance policy" that virtually guarantees a hit album.

"That puts an enormous amount of pressure on me," Rodgers complains. "As seriously as I take my work, I have to tell myself, 'Look, Nile, it's only *pop* music—go in and make the best damn record you can and forget all this insurance garbage.'

"Producing an album is like being a football coach or a film director," he explains. "You have to get to know the artist outside the studio, using your sensitivity, technique and character to bring out that personality in the music. I really pride myself on being able to retain the artist's character.

"My ultimate goal isn't to make records that will last for all time. It's much more selfish: to make records that'll make a kid with a box to his ear dance down the street feeling good." —STEPHEN REBELLO



GEORGE LANGE

"Marketing sexual products is a megamillion-dollar business. So you can't turn your back on it."

cowboy boots. I'm a cowboy. Not an urban cowboy but a real cowboy with a real horse. The thing that I enjoy doing most, aside from being with my family and stuff like that, is spending time alone with Caesar, the kissing horse. I like to get on Caesar's back. I have a communication with that animal that is phenomenal. We really have good times together. I love my horse. I mean, I love my wife and kids, but I really love to spend time alone with my horse.

9.

PLAYBOY: With your high media profile, why don't you run for office?

HOROWITZ: I wouldn't be as effective as a politician, because I'd have to be out there raising money, taking it from lobbies. Any politician who says to me, "I don't take money from any special-interest groups" is full of it. They all do. I sat next to a guy once, someone for whom I have absolute respect, and I asked him how he felt on an issue. And he said, "I don't feel any way on this issue." And suddenly he was handed an envelope across the table. He opened it in front of me, and there was a check for \$5000, made out to his campaign. And I said, "How do you feel about

the issue now?" He said, "I'm in favor of it."

10.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever do commercials?

HOROWITZ: If I accept, I'm through. However, I'm asked to speak before business groups, and they pay me. That's different. They don't place any restraints on me. And they love it. It's as though they're a bunch of masochists. But they also expect me to give them some consultative information about how they can improve.

11.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been asked to investigate the claims made by sex-aid manufacturers?

HOROWITZ: I have had problems on sex aids. A guy told me that he had ordered a blow-up doll that was anatomically correct. It had a vibrator in the right area, it had breasts that moved, it was heated and so on and so forth. He wanted the passive model, the blow-up doll with the hands at the side. Instead, he got the S/M model, with the arms and legs stretched out that you can tie down to the bed. And the guy was very upset. He went to the company and asked for either his money back or a

passive-model doll. It was one of these outfits that were operating out of a P.O. box somewhere, and the guy got no response. We tracked down the operator of that company through the P.O. box number, went to the individual concerned and said, "This guy is entitled to get his passive-model doll or his money back." He got the passive model.

12.

PLAYBOY: Is the area of sex aids one that really could do with some sort of quality control?

HOROWITZ: The Direct Marketing Association, in New York, represents all the legitimate mail-order companies in the country that want to belong. If you ever have a problem with a mail-order outfit, whether or not it's legitimate, complain to the company first, then go to the D.M.A. If you request it, the association will also try to get your name off mailing lists. [Write to Mail Order Action Line, D.M.A., 6 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017.] The D.M.A. now represents some of these sexually oriented-product companies. If you don't get your vibrator or your blow-up doll or your *Story of O* video cassette or your restraints or whatever you're ordering, you complain to the D.M.A. Of course, I don't know who would—most people would be embarrassed to say, "Hey, you know, I ordered restraints," or "I ordered the knock-down dungeon for my closet, and the thing didn't arrive. And I really would like to either get my money back or get the product." We also handle problems with exaggerated claims for love potions or for the French ticklers that will give you 400 percent more satisfaction than you're getting now. We do these things, but we don't make a point of doing them as a way to bring in viewers. It's a legitimate concern, because the marketing of sexual products is a megamillion-dollar business, and there are legitimate companies doing it. So you can't turn your back on it. It's relevant. People use this stuff.

13.

PLAYBOY: If you get a dud audience for your show, what do you do to get it going?

HOROWITZ: I have dud audiences all the time. People come to my show after they've waited on line in 95-degree heat to see *The Tonight Show*. They've been wrung out. Sometimes, you know, Johnny has a fantastic show. They laugh themselves sick, and when they come to my show at eight o'clock at night, they're wiped out. I have people who love my show and still sit there sound asleep. So my producer, Lloyd Thaxton, and I warm the audience up with our Las Vegas lounge act based on consumerism. I mean, we tell jokes. We comment on the day's consumer news. I ask the audience for questions. They ask, "Why do you look different made up from the way you look normally? You look so much better without make-up on." And I say, "Well, the reason for that is our



"We were just passing by, on our way to the Soviet Union to ask for economic aid, and we thought, Hey, let's drop in on the good old U.S.A.!"

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CAMEL LIGHTS
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make-up guy," and I bring him out and introduce him. "Our make-up guy works on this show only on Thursday nights." "Where is he the rest of the week?" "Over at Forest Lawn."

14.

PLAYBOY: What recent product would make your all-time joke list?

HOROWITZ: The diaper bell that detects wetness in a baby's diaper. Can you imagine a kid growing up with this? This is Pavlov again. Every time the kid pees as an infant, the alarm goes off. So now he grows up and doesn't hear the alarm. He absolutely freaks out; he thinks there's something wrong with him. He has to have a bell in his pants in order to go to the john. I mean, it's ridiculous. And yet people buy this crap. Stuff like this is sent to me all the time.

15.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to have told P. T. Barnum?

HOROWITZ: That he was underestimating mankind when he said, "There's a sucker born every minute." You can break the minute down into infinitesimal measurements, and in each little measurement there's a sucker born. People who get ripped off have given a little of their self-respect away. It's almost like losing at dice or roulette. When you lose, you feel like a sucker. The real basis of consumer reporting is trying to keep people's self-respect intact. The reasons viewers like to watch shows such as *60 Minutes* or *20/20* or *Nightline* is that they love to see how people get taken and how much of their self-respect is lost—and they like to see the heroes, the reporters, come back and restore it and punish the guilty.

16.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about a memorable sales tactic that really drove you up the wall.

HOROWITZ: We tested a floor detergent, and it flunked. So the guy from the manufacturing company got on the phone to me, and he was really pissed. I mean, he was *pissed!* He said, "You so-and-so, want to know something? You didn't use the right formula for dirt." And I said, "You're putting me on. The right formula for dirt? What is dirt?" He said, "Our formula for dirt is what you would find behind a refrigerator that hasn't been moved for five years. You know, we use a little salad oil, some hair, some dust. That's our formula for dirt." So I said to the guy, "You mean to say that America should have a formula for dirt? That your product will work if everyone has the same formula for dirt?" Well, the guy got huffy, hung up the phone, didn't talk to me for five years and went around bad-mouthing me in the advertising industry.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever fear for your safety?

HOROWITZ: Not really. I don't draw kooks or nuts, though some corporation may say, "Hey, let's take care of this guy; let's set him up." When we did an exposé a while back, one of the insiders in that company, who was our Deep Throat, called our office and said that the head of his company was going to get two private detectives "to shadow you to try to dig up some dirt on you." I said, "What kind of dirt do they want to dig up?" "Well, to find out whether you're a homosexual." I said, "Oh, well, there are a lot of homosexuals out there. That doesn't make it bad." "Or to find out whether you're screwing around with another woman, cheating on

your wife. Or to find out if you're into drugs or if you steal or if you're on the take—to discredit you." I said, "Hey, go to it. I'll even give them my tax returns, which are audited every year. You can have anything you want." That was it.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any advice for Ralph Nader?

HOROWITZ: Aside from getting a different colored suit and tie? I respect Nader. He was my hero when he wrote *Unsafe at Any Speed*. Some of his groups now, such as Public Citizen, and his health-research group in Washington, are doing a fantastic job. But Nader has been undercut by all those Washington political animals. Now he's a consumer advocate in search of a cause. And I wish he would loosen up a little bit and go back to being *the* Ralph Nader and do the kind of stuff that he did as a muckraker 15 years ago. He's become like a grasshopper, jumping from issue to issue rather than really getting into something and fighting for it.

19.

PLAYBOY: You were a Vietnam correspondent. Did we get ripped off in Vietnam?

HOROWITZ: Yes. I went over to Vietnam at the age of 26, wanting to see what war was like. I was a student of history and of all the great reporters who came out of war scenes. I went over there as a hawk and came back as the quintessential dove, because I saw the lies. I saw us violating the 1954 Geneva Accords. I saw military advisors actually fighting. I arrived there shortly after Diem was assassinated, and I saw the beginning of the end. I saw a country that really needed a military dictatorship in order to survive; that needed what the North Vietnamese were doing in North Vietnam. After Diem was assassinated, it was kind of like Sodom and Gomorrah. There was nothing on which to center the culture. There was no government, there was no morality, just a hodgepodge of people all trying to survive. And Saigon was an isolated island compared with the rest of Vietnam. I'm not saying this on the side of the Viet Cong, because the Viet Cong were not fun people to deal with. That was the other side of it. But what I saw over there was a part of history that we should not have been involved in.

20.

PLAYBOY: If you could be a Disney character for a day, which one would you be?

HOROWITZ: I really like Donald Duck. Donald has a personality. I mean, he gets emotional [*quacks a little*], he gets upset. Donald Duck is basically a real honest guy, a sweet guy, a very trusting guy who falls into all these problems because he's trying to do something positive. Some of the other Disney characters, such as Pluto, have the personality of a schlub. But Donald's a *mensch*.



ORDINARY PEOPLE

(continued from page 114)

tape a week from Precision, "just to have on hand for a hot one.

"Some girls, you don't mention it to them, even after you've slept with them, because they think the movies are anti-women. But others, you can't hold them back once you've got a good one in the machine. There's this one, *Fire Storm*. There's a scene where this girl has three men, and it's made every woman who's seen it with me go crazy. I try to have that one around all the time, and I know exactly where the scene is. I fast-forward as if I'm just fooling around. I don't let on that I know what I'm looking for."

Stan has learned through experience to preview the films before trying them out on dates. "Certain things turn them off immediately, like obnoxious men with big cigars or too many lesbian scenes or, especially, scenes where the woman in the movie doesn't like what's happening to her. Anything like that and the mood is ruined and you won't get laid, even if she started out being real excited at the idea of watching a film." Stan is careful to "have three or four tapes stacked next to the VCR, and only one of them is X-rated. The others are just normal movies, so it looks like a natural assortment of things." The VCR is purposely not in the bedroom: "It's all part of the natural

effect I try to get. You're a lot more likely to get a girl to say 'Sure' to a porn film if she's sitting on the living-room couch. It doesn't seem as obvious as if you were in a bedroom." Stan usually pops the question this way: "Ever seen one of these movies? My sister and brother-in-law watch them all the time, and she said this was a really good one." Stan, of course, has no sister.

Eleven A.M.: Porn films have long been a part of Paul Leone's recreational-activities roster. Now a strapping 42-year-old ex-varsity football player, he works variously as an account executive, a music producer and a photographer. He and his first wife, whom he married at 18, used to watch eight-millimeter stag films together.

Now he's on the sixth year of marriage to his second wife, Ann, 32; they live with their Shih Tzu, Avedon (named for Paul's idol, the fashion photographer), in nearby Oak Park.

Five years ago, Paul bought a VCR and suggested to Ann that they rent X-rated movies. "She rooted me on but insisted I would have to be in charge of going out and getting them."

Ann also makes Paul pick up batteries for her vibrator, as well as for her girlfriends'. "I feel silly going into stores asking for such things," Ann says later. "I don't want to put myself in a situation where I'm Little Miss Feminine going through a rack of dirty films, with guys making dirty jokes. It even embarrasses

and one of her favorite fashion magazines, *Vogue* or *Mademoiselle*. I'll have a couple of Scotches and a copy of *PLAYBOY* or *Penthouse*. After an hour or so, I'll say, 'Hey, I rented a new movie,' and she'll tell me, 'Great; put it on.' I'd watch them any time, but she has to be in the mood."

Once the film is on, "I get hornier sooner than he does," says Ann. "We start playing with each other about 20 minutes into it, and we never get through the whole film—though if we're both really exhausted from work that day, we may get lazy and use the vibrator.

"Paul's learned stuff, too. At first, he kept bringing home John Holmes movies just because he's so big, but I explained that it's the whole person who gets to me.

I'm not just into a size thing. Holmes is too skinny, and I don't like his face; it always looks the same. If I saw that guy in a bar somewhere, I wouldn't look twice. Any creep on the street can stick a big one into a woman, but that's not what does it. It's the way he wraps his arms around you, the way he makes it special, his voice, how much passion he shows. I'll take John Leslie or Jamie Gillis over Holmes any day."

Paul estimates that 80 percent of their lovemaking is accompanied by a porn movie. "It was good before," says Ann, "and now it's even better. You find yourself getting more passionate from the sights and sounds of people on the screen." Ann and Paul never have

friends over to watch X films. "There's not a couple I know that I'd be comfortable watching a dirty movie with. It's too intimate," Ann says.

One of the couple's favorite films to date is *The History of Blue Movies*. "I loved it," Ann says, "because it wasn't fake; it was actual footage of real people, and it all seemed so innocent. In the early scenes, people wore bloomers and their hair in buns, and they were fucking and it looked really funny but also really erotic. . . . There was a scene in the Sixties with a woman just talking about what turns her on. She's wearing that heavy blue eye shadow of that era and a hippie long skirt, and she's got long hair, and her legs are

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me to be in the grocery store with Paul, who has a loud voice, when he asks me, 'Honey, do we have this *PLAYBOY* at home?'"

The Leones, who watch porn films three times a week, prefer to see "straight stuff and threesomes with two girls and one guy." The latter, Paul explains, is a mutual fantasy that every once in a while they contemplate carrying out in real life; but as yet, they've always "chickened out." On X-rated nights, they follow a ritual: "First we gotta relax. We're both in sales [Ann, an ex-model, sells cosmetics in a fashionable department store], and it can get pretty treacherous out there," says Paul. "Ann likes to unwind with a joint

A SURVEY FROM THE HEARTLAND

the results of our own x-rated exit poll

Most scientific research on people who watch X-rated movies takes place in labs. People are hooked up to machines that measure various responses from arousal to discomfort. Well, 99.9 percent of the millions of men and women who rent X-rated movies every year are watching them at home, hooked up only to their erotic impulses and their curiosity.

When Susan Squire spent the weekend at Precision Video & Audio in Bellwood, Illinois, talking with people who rent X-rated movies, we also left a one-page questionnaire with the owners to give out to anyone who wanted to respond. We got back 109—77 from men and 32 from women.

The answers were revealing. Erotic films are clearly a couples' activity: 68 percent of the men and 59 percent of the women who rented tapes said they were married. Whatever their marital status, almost no respondents said they watched the films alone: 57 percent of the men and 50 percent of the women said they watched with a spouse; 13 percent of the men and 22 percent of the women watched with their lovers.

Why do we watch X-rated movies? To develop callous attitudes? Sorry, no: 69 percent of the men and 59 percent of the women said that they watched to become sexually stimulated, which probably explains the answers to the question we naturally asked next. About half of the men and women said that watching such movies *always* led to sex, and almost as many said it *usually* led to sex.

We wondered if the movies ever produced negative reactions. Surprisingly, 48 percent of the men said they had felt denigrated by adult films, compared with 19 percent of the women. About half of the women said that they had felt disgusted or depressed. As for the theory that porn leads to hostility or violence, only two percent of the men said they had ever felt hostile after seeing an X-rated movie, and not one man said he had been violent (one woman, however, admitted to violence).

The Reverend Donald Wildmon likes to say that erotic movies are harmful to relationships. The people who actually use them disagree: The overwhelming majority of men and women said that those films are not harmful.

Feminists often charge that porn films present an unrealistic view of sex. Not according to the people who watch them: 57 percent of the men and 56 percent of the women said the films

were realistic. In an odd turnaround, though, 56 percent of the women and 48 percent of the men also admitted that films might create unrealistic expectations of sex—but until you try what you see, you don't know whether or not it's unrealistic.

In general, the good news is that erotic films work. Two questions centered on spreading the news. And here an odd difference between the sexes emerged.

Nice girls don't—tell, that is. Almost 87 percent of the men said their friends knew they watched X-rated cassettes. Only 59 percent of the women had told friends. About 84 percent of the men said they did not feel guilty about watching X-rated cassettes; only 59 percent of the women made that claim. This is *private* entertainment.

And sexual stereotypes emerged in one other area of questioning. Women have always been the gatekeepers of sex, men the initiators—in other words, he says please and she says yes. A large minority of the people we surveyed (48 percent of the men and 38 percent of the women) said it was the man who decided to watch the film and chose which film to watch. However, almost a third of the women said the decision was the woman's, and 28 percent said it was mutual. The women may have thought that the decision was theirs, but 44 percent of the men said it was mutual. Only five percent of the men said the women decided. We can see a lot of arguments starting out there in video land.

Some critics have said that porn movies are a symptom of sexual distress, that they reflect a cultural malaise, a loss of desire.

Nonsense. Almost 84 percent of the men and 69 percent of the women who rented tapes said they were satisfied with their sex lives, and since 58 percent of the men and 40 percent of the women are making love more than once a week, we can see why.

Are X-rated cassettes addictive? Nineteen percent of the women and 13 percent of the men said they watched every day, which means that erotica is slightly less habit-forming than soap operas. More than half of the men and 28 percent of the women indulge weekly; 34 percent of the women and 23 percent of the men settle for a monthly night in.

Ordinary pleasures aren't always dull.

spread and she's talking dirty and playing with herself. There was another scene that showed a little struggle, a woman who didn't want to go down on this guy, and all her emotions were written on her face. Then another woman comes in and starts going down on the guy, and the first girl gets jealous and pushes the second one off and does it herself. It was exciting, because it could happen to you in real life. You don't want to do it, maybe, but you like the guy and some other girl comes in and you're damned if you're going to let *her* do it instead of you."

Noon: Tim Perry, 36, and wife Susie, 29, are from Moline, Illinois, a few hours from Bellwood. They had business to do in Chicago and, on their way back, they stopped at Precision, as they often do, to check out the porn selection. "Where we live, there's not too much choice," says Tim. Both come from "very repressed" Midwestern Protestant backgrounds, and one of the reasons they enjoy watching porn films a couple of times a month is that "seeing people who like having sex makes me realize that it's good," says Tim. "I'm always trying to get over what I was taught, that sex is dirty if it gives you pleasure."

They started watching porn at the beginning of their five-year marriage, at Tim's instigation. They search for films that will accommodate their differing fantasies: Susie can't get enough of watching "blond, blue-eyed guys" (Tim has dark hair and dark eyes), while Tim likes to see "busty women" (Susie is not well endowed). Still, "what it boils down to is good-looking people enjoying life and sex, whether or not it's all an act. It gives me a feeling of freedom," says Tim.

"I can shut off the voice in my head that says you're condemned to hell if you enjoy it for one minute," adds Susie.

Tim feels that it's OK to watch porn films with a woman as long as you're married to her, "but if you were just dating someone, it would be too threatening. She would think that was all you wanted."

Both Perrys are fascinated by the people who act in the films. They're curious about the players' double life. "Do they go home to a husband or wife; and if they do, aren't they too tired to have sex with them?" Susie wonders.

Tim can't get over the fact that "beautiful, desirable women do it for a living. I'd like to know their lifestyle and how they were brought up. To know that they're clean, intelligent, interesting people—it's like knowing where the universe ends."

One-thirty P.M.: Carl Norris, 36, has a sad air and a crisp, close haircut. He has come to Precision to rent his monthly porn tape. Carl hasn't had a woman in a long time, though he'd like to for the companionship as well as the sex. But he's been wiped out emotionally and sexually since his last girlfriend betrayed him with a friend of his and left him, three years ago. "It doesn't matter what film I get here," Carl says. "I do it only to see if my

equipment's still working."

Two P.M.: Phillip King, a 39-year-old physician, is dressed, in a blazer and slacks, more formally than the rest of Precision's Saturday clientele. He and his wife, Molly, a psychiatric nurse, saw their first porn film together while still in college—"In those days, they were called art films."

Married 17 years, they consider themselves discerning consumers who view porn films for "entertainment, not stimulation. We've been to nudist camps and made love all over the house, but an X film hasn't had anything to do with that." If regular TV programming is "particularly mediocre on a given day and we want a change of pace," Phillip may flick on a porn film on his VCR, located in the basement rec room. Sometimes, the film will provide the focal point of an evening with friends—"a sort of modern substitute for playing bridge."

Phillip is usually the one who selects the films at Precision, because Molly "would be too embarrassed to do it." As a black man, he'd like to see "more regular black folk—I'm tired of seeing Caucasian couples banging away, or else it's some black stud, like Johnny Keyes, screwing some frail white chick, as frail as possible, since most of these films are made for the sexual fantasies of middle-class white males."

Phillip often comes in to Precision with his teenaged son, and although he doesn't attempt to hide the type of cassette he's renting, he says he "wouldn't feel right about watching one of these movies with my son. But he doesn't seem interested, anyway. I worry that I may have a real weirdo on my hands, because all he wants to see on the VCR is violence. Maybe he should be looking at sex instead."

Two forty-five P.M.: Maggie Leary, 30, and Donna Pines, 32, are hunting for the "perfect porn movie" for an all-girls Sunday afternoon. Tomorrow, their boyfriends are going to a football game with the husband of their friend Jennifer. It was Jennifer's idea to have them rent a film and take it to her place—she's the one with the VCR. The plan, says Maggie, is to drink screwdrivers, "get high and goof on these things, then jump on our boyfriends' bones when they get back from their game. The guys think it's a great idea."

Jennifer, the only one of the trio who is not an X-rated-movie virgin, can't be at Precision, because she works Saturdays as a restaurant hostess, but she's made the selections *in absentia*. "Jenny says there's usually too many women in these movies, so the best ones to get with lots of men are *The Dancers*, which is about male strippers, and a new one called *Stud Hunters*, which is about a woman photographer who photographs naked men," says Maggie. But when they get to the glass case, they get confused.

"Some of the pictures look great. That one over there looks really good, in fact,"

Donna says, pointing to *Raw Talent*.

"Let's stick to what Jenny said," Maggie insists. "Remember, she told us the pictures lie, and if we go by them, we'll end up with something stupid or with just women." They are still staring into the case 15 minutes later.

Three-thirty P.M.: Theresa Morgon, 29, an assistant bank manager and the mother of a four-year-old daughter, is rocking back and forth in her red-laced blue tennis shoes in front of the X-rated case. She's finishing up a Saturday afternoon of errands, and Precision is her last stop. She'll get a kiddie film for her daughter and a porn film for herself and her husband, John, 32, who works in the same bank as she does. "Usually, we come in together to select these things once a week, but he's busy today," she says. Once, they made a bad choice—"something with animals in it; we turned it off right away"—but other than that, "it's been a good thing for us, especially me."

Theresa explains, "I never really saw why people like sex so much. I'm not too relaxed with it. It embarrasses me. But there's something about these movies, the good ones, that helps me loosen up. I pretend to be the girl in the movie, as long as the girl is Marilyn Chambers or Seka."

"Terry never refuses me sexually," John says later, "but it's hard to be making love to someone who wishes she were doing something else. With the right movie, she's able to lose her hang-ups a little. I was surprised she would even watch one, the first time, but I think she really wants to want sex, and that's why she tried it. It was her idea. It was the day we got our VCR, last

summer, and she said she wanted to see what a sex movie was like."

Their first movie was *Behind the Green Door*, the Marilyn Chambers classic of the early Seventies, involving a languorous kidnaping, a big black stud and lots of prapic men lowered on trapezes for Chambers' consumption. According to Sid, the store doesn't recommend *Door* to neophytes, because "it's a little rough for first-timers," but Terry had a friend who'd seen it in a theater and liked it. The Morgons have rented it three times.

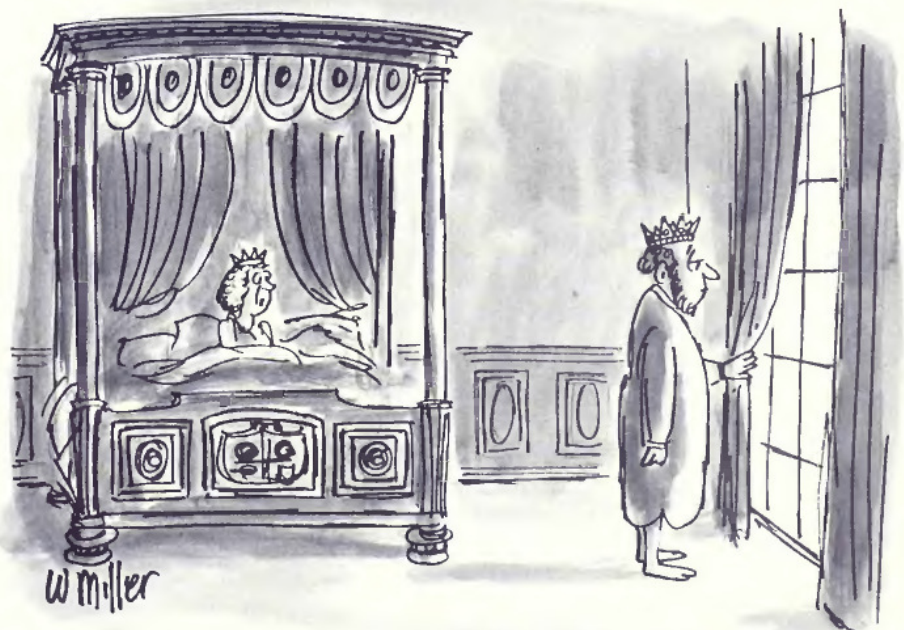
John likes scenes of mutual oral sex, while Theresa's favorite is to see women on top of men. "Those are the most common scenes in these movies, so we both get juiced," notes John. Do they play copycat? "Nah. It's still straight missionary for us. I don't like her to be on top, and she doesn't like any kind of oral sex."

Five P.M.: Claudia and Robert arrive to return *Sex World* before the store closes at six. "We really liked it." Claudia is clearly enthusiastic. "It put us in the mood to make love."

"Yeah," agrees Robert, "but we were just about to start when our daughter came home early and we had to hide the tape. It was one night when we hoped she'd miss her curfew, but she's such a good girl. And now we have to give back the VCR."

Sex World definitely won't be the last adult film for Robert and Claudia. "We made a decision to get a VCR for the whole family this Christmas instead of presents for each person," says Robert.

"Santa's coming," says Claudia.



"*Maybe we could get by on less and they could use more?? . . . Hey! What side of this bed did you get up on?*"

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Is 2 months' salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?

SKIN GAME

(continued from page 93)

or proceed very cautiously, as you risk spreading the infection by rubbing your face.)

Many exfoliants are on the market, but some are quite abrasive—ground apricot hulls or nutshells—and are likely to red- den or tear the skin. Gentle effectiveness, not sanding, is the aim. The following home treatment will suffice until you've found a product in your drugstore or skin-care salon that suits you.

Table salt without iodine (not coarse or kosher salt) works, because, unlike most available exfoliants, it melts before it becomes too abrasive. Cleanse your skin before exfoliating, and then pour some salt into your palm and use a damp finger to apply it to the skin.

Avoid the areas around your eyes and lips and use light, circular motions over your face, neck and chest until the salt melts, remoistening your fingers as you work.

Do not rub too hard, and don't stay in any one spot too long. Keep moving your hand over your entire face and neck, as well as behind your ears. Continue adding small amounts of salt as it dries or is absorbed.

Rinse thoroughly afterward, and follow with an ice cube run lightly and quickly over exfoliated areas (optional). Then add a thin layer of moisturizer if you have normal-to-dry skin.

Try exfoliation all over—skin isn't just on your face and neck. I often suggest that couples treat each other to a massage variation by exfoliating each other's backs. It has all the sensuous pluses of a massage, as well as a skin-cleansing bonus.

For a full salon treatment, follow exfoliation with a mask. Masks are generally either *hydrating*, to replenish and feed the skin, or *tightening*, to absorb oils and temporarily firm the pores. Clay or mud masks are often designed for normal-to-oily skin, while brands with heavy oil content are suitable for normal-to-dry. Some masks can even be brushed on and peeled off. All varieties aid in removing dead skin cells, and if you don't have time for a cat nap, a ten-minute mask has been known to work wonders in restoring (at least for the afternoon or evening) vigor and firmness to skin punished by lack of sleep or life's minor vices.

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY

Here's a quick rundown on your specific skin-care needs:

Shaving: Never shave when your skin is dry. Unsoftened whiskers are like wire; but when softened by warm water or steam, they'll absorb one third of their weight. Their expansion reduces the force necessary for shaving—meaning less irritation. Right after showering is an ideal time to

shave. If that's not possible, at least give your face a two-to-four-minute preshave soaking by splashing with tepid water and cleansing lotion. Commercial preshaves are either oily or astringent—one to lubricate, the other to dry and stiffen the hair. Choose one compatible with your skin type.

If you have dry skin, choose a shaving cream full of emollients. If your skin is oily, use a lather (such as mentholated cream) that has an antigeasing formula. You may also lather up with your regular mild face soap.

Use short, light, minimal strokes when shaving. Work in the direction of growth. For some men, this may mean a number of patches veering off in slightly different directions, particularly on the neck. Don't make the mistake of thinking that going against the grain gets more of the whisker; instead, you're increasing your chances of getting ingrown hairs. Pulling the skin too taut while shaving can likewise cause whiskers to spring back into the skin.

Save the most sensitive or contoured areas (such as the chin) for last. When you've finished, rinse thoroughly and pat dry instead of rubbing your face with a towel.

If you suffer from razor burns or rash, run an ice cube over your face quickly and with even pressure. Avoid styptic pencils; the ingredients have been known to scar some men.

If you shave with an electric razor, use a pre-electric shave, which has a high alcohol content to make the whiskers stand on end, as well as lubricating oils to allow the razor to glide. You should still soften the skin by washing first and rinse off thoroughly after shaving. If you have normal-to-oily skin, finish with an astringent to remove any traces of the pre-electric shave.

If you shave twice a day, try to use an electric razor at least once to reduce the chances of irritation.

If you have problem skin, try both blade and electric razors to see which best avoids nicking pimples. Some men grow a beard; others find that that only aggravates the trouble. In any case, give yourself a breather as often as possible by letting your beard grow on weekends. Rinse with cold water after shaving (ice particularly irritated sections to reduce redness or swelling) and finish with an astringent.

Black men, and those with very curly hair, are especially bothered by shaving bumps—inflammations of the hair follicles that can easily turn into ingrown hairs. The coarse hair curls backward and re-enters the skin. In severe cases, your dermatologist may recommend electrolysis—a method of using a needle and electrical current to zap individual follicles and eventually destroy the hair bulb. A (concluded on page 166; see sidebar on page 165)

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PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SAVING FACE

A staggering array of new skin-care products for men has forever changed what the well-dressed face is wearing. Here's our buyer's guide (all prices are approximate).

PACKAGE DEALS

Start out with the basics: cleanser, toner, moisturizer. Each of these lines provides everything from soaps to masks. Begin a no-frills regimen with the products designed specifically for your skin type and add exfoliants and masks as you wish later on.

Clinique: Allergy-tested, fragrance-free line. Face soap (\$8.50/six ounces); Scruffing Lotion, an exfoliant (\$8.50/six ounces); M Lotion, a nongreasy moisturizer (\$9.50/two ounces). Plus: Cream Shave, Face Scrub, Non-Streak Bronzer, Touch Stick (for blemishes).

Requisites, by Royal Copenhagen: Special products for all skin types. Oily Skin Cleansing Lotion (\$11/6.5 ounces); Oily Skin Moisturizer (\$14/1.6 ounces). Plus: Dry Skin Cleansing Cream, Dry Skin Moisturizer, Deep Pore Cleanser.

Lancôme: Programme Homme includes Gel Moussant Visage, an oil-free cleansing gel with emollients (\$10/4.9 ounces); Fluide Protecteur moisturizing lotion (\$17.50/3.4 ounces).

Jan Stuart: Normal-to-oily and normal-to-dry formulas. Combines shaving and cleansing procedures to help men avoid double washing. Cleansers: Herbal Shaving/Cleansing Creme (\$10/four ounces), normal-to-oily; Collagen Shaving/Cleansing Creme (\$10/four ounces), normal-to-dry. Toners: Eucalyptus After Shave/Astringent (\$10/four ounces), normal-to-oily; Aloe After Shave/Toner (\$10/four ounces), normal-to-dry; plus many other products.

The Gruene Natural Skincare and Shaving System: A simple, four-step program that comprises Daily Cleansing Scrub (\$11.50/four ounces); Aloe Cream Shave (\$7/four ounces); Aloe Aftershave, an alcohol-free toner (\$8.50/four ounces); and Moisture Formula, a greaseless lotion (\$14/two ounces).

Skin Maintenance for Men, from Paco Rabanne of Paris: This comprehensive line includes Cleansing Bar (\$12/5.3 ounces); Facial Toner C2 (\$15/3.4 ounces); Facial Scrub C1 (\$15/1.7 ounces); and Maintaining Color Tone E2, to promote outdoor color while protecting you from sun and weather exposure (\$22/1.7 ounces). Dr. Fernando Aleu, president of the company, has also developed the *Discipline Skin Care* line for men and women, which includes Only Soap (\$8) and other products.

Lauder for Men: A line that includes Daily Cleansing Bar (\$10/five ounces); Face Scrub (\$9.50/three ounces); Close-Shave Cream (\$7.50/four ounces); Skin Comfort Lotion (\$12.50/1.75 ounces); and Clean-Face Tonic (\$9.50/six ounces).

FINISHING TOUCHES

Once you've made a cleanse/toner/moisturize routine second nature, you may want to experiment with specialty items.

Lip Relief, by Requisites: Nongreasy, with jojoba oil (\$8/1.2 ounces).

Eye Wrinkle Control Gel, by Requisites: Special conditioning for eye area (\$15/.5 ounce).

Enzyme Derma-Layering Powder, by Nance Mitchell: Activated by water, this nonabrasive exfoliant sloughs off dead skin cells, makes expression lines less crisp (\$40/1.5 ounces).

Moist Skin Lotion, by Nance Mitchell: Oil-light, with sun screen. Excellent after-shave (\$12/two ounces).

Mousse à Raser "Extraordinaire," by Lancôme: An emollient-rich shaving mousse (\$10.50/5.25 ounces).

Teint Sport, by Lancôme: Sport-tint gel with moisturizers and sun screen (\$10/1.7 ounces).

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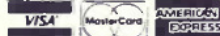
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number of sessions are usually necessary, depending upon the hair texture and the size of the area, but it can be expensive and time consuming, and there's no guarantee that it will work.

After-shaves: Don't splash too much aftershave and cologne on your face. Both products are loaded with alcohol, and you may be aging your lower face and neck beyond their years.

Many fragrance-free shaving gels and balms now come with moisturizers and emollients (some in easy-to-use pump bottles) for those with normal-to-dry skin. Talcs, meanwhile, absorb oils and perspiration on the skin. But don't overdo, or you'll look as if your face has been floured. Too much can also clog pores.

No sweat: Sweating is a skin cleanser rather than a skin clogger. Perspiration is an excretion of mostly water, various salts and minerals and acidic waste products. Although women actually have more sweat glands than men, men sweat more out of fewer glands. The problems—from odor to breakouts—start when sweat left on

the skin triggers a bacterial build-up.

Your athleticwear is another bacterial breeding ground; anywhere that moisture is trapped is susceptible. Change clothing and towels as often as you work out, and wear socks with a lining of polypropylene that will absorb perspiration. Common-sense cleanliness—a shower and thorough drying after exercise—should do the trick, but if you're still troubled by odor or nervous sweating, use talcum powder to dry problem areas.

COLD-WEATHER CONSIDERATIONS

Harsh winter conditions and artificial indoor heating can result in severe drying. There's a natural loss of moisture when it's cold, because the air can't hold the humidity. You can combat this by buying a humidifier and turning down the heat. Most office buildings are terribly overheated in winter.

Wash your face less frequently in winter, and although long, hot showers are tempting during a cold snap, try to limit them. Excess washing strips your skin of its natu-

ral oils. You may also need a heavier moisturizer than you would use in summer. Don't lick your lips to moisten them; that only compounds chapping. Carry a lip balm instead.

When skiing, protect yourself with warm clothing and moisturizers that contain sun screen.

PROBLEM AREAS

Acne is primarily a genetically and hormonally caused affliction, with men more apt than women to suffer severe cases. Diet has long been a scapegoat, but current research has shown that food shouldn't be accorded the lion's share of blame. Everyone reacts differently to specific foods; chocolate or seafood, to name two of the oft-blamed, may trigger a reaction in one person but not another. (Coffee, alcohol, tea and spicy foods, however, have been credited of late with inducing *acne rosacea*, a form of adult acne.)

It's difficult to convince acne sufferers that overdoing treatment exacerbates their problem, because a "more is better" thinking prevails to an insidious degree—if some washing or drying agent works, then using more will mean a faster cure. But too much drying traps the infection under your skin. Since the oil and debris cannot be exuded through the pores, they spread around underneath. And scrubbing too hard or too frequently can break pustules open and spread the bacteria.

Bathroom surgery, or pore squeezing, is also a sure-fire way to push the bacteria deeper. Keep your hands off your face. Consult a dermatologist for proper treatment, which could be oral antibiotics, topical treatments or anti-inflammatory injections. If your problem is severely cystic, ask him or her about Accutane, an oral treatment related to vitamin A that has had remarkable results in many cases. Make sure your doctor advises you of the drug's side effects.

THE SEXUAL CONNECTION

There's quite a debate raging over how much stress and emotional well-being have to do with skin, particularly regarding acne; and while their effects may vary from person to person, I've seen many cases in which a divorce, severe job pressure or other personal trauma reflected directly on the way a man looked.

There have been experiments in which groups with skin problems were divided equally, with half being sent to dermatologists and half to psychologists—and *both groups* demonstrated equal recovery rates. I've also noticed that men who embark on a healthy and happy sex life and satisfying personal relationships can actually correct a skin problem. Carry yourself with a good attitude, learn to handle stress and keep reaffirming that you're attractive. Not only will it work wonders for your skin, it will bolster your demeanor and sense of self-confidence.



SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 137)

wages of sin?

There have been other throwbacks. *Police Academy: Back in Training* is precisely as gross as its predecessors, but the third time around, no one seemed to care. *Reform School Girls* features Wendy O. Williams, Sybil Danning and the obligatory shower-room sequence—in which, inexplicably, Wendy and Sybil don't appear—parodying all those earlier epics about nubile tarts behind bars. *Smooth Talk*, based on a Joyce Carol Oates story, is conventional but memorable for a limpid, perceptive performance by Laura Dern (daughter of Bruce) as a 15-year-old girl whose sexual awakening is accelerated by a swaggering stranger (Treat Williams). The camera, however, records this virgin's moment of truth by showing us an empty convertible parked in a meadow—the defloration is presumably under way out of sight in the tall grass. So much for the strong stuff. The titles told just about everything junior Jacks and Jills needed to know about *High School*, *Wimps*, *Valet Girls*, *Class of Nuke 'Em High* (more toxic avenging), *Girls School Screamers* and *Sizzle Beach U.S.A.*, movies probably destined to be rushed into the video-tape stores after pit stops at local drive-ins.

For the over-30 crowd, infidelity has been a recurrent plot theme, perhaps conveying a subversive hint that all is not so well in our holier-than-thou society. Both *Heartburn* and *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* make marital hanky-panky a pivotal issue. So does Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters*, a cunningly orchestrated and superbly acted human comedy about many urban foibles, including those of Hannah (Mia Farrow), her errant mate (Michael Caine) and her sister (Barbara Hershey), with whom he's having an affair. *Just Between Friends* co-stars Christine Lahti and Mary Tyler Moore as two women whose palship is strained when the newly widowed housewife (M.T.M.) discovers that her closest friend was her late husband's lover. In *Twice in a Lifetime*, Gene Hackman plays a 50-year-old steelworker who takes up with an attractive barmaid (Ann-Margret), dumping his mid-life crisis squarely into the laps of his loyal wife (Ellen Burstyn) and family. One compelling sequence of the post-World War Two drama *Desert Bloom* lands Jon Voight in hand-to-hand combat on the home front when his wife (JoBeth Williams) learns he has made a pass at her slinky sister (Ellen Barkin). There's a quick-as-a-wink flash of nudity at the very outset of *Violets Are Blue*, with Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline as youngsters just out of school. And that's as blue as it gets visually, even though years later, Sissy, now a world-famous photojournalist, returns to woo Kline away from his wife (Bonnie Bedelia). None of these films depicts its adulterers *flagrante delicto*, but all did, at



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

least briefly, lure substantial numbers of adults away from the home wreckers at work on *Dynasty* and *Falcon Crest*.

Gay love stories, treated with heartwarming humor and maturity, emerged as another major trend of 1986. Director Bill Sherwood's *Parting Glances* asserted itself as a stunning, outspoken sleeper about a homosexual couple in Manhattan. Facing a temporary separation, Michael and Robert shower together, visit friends (most notably, a sardonic chum who is stricken with AIDS), go to a party and clear up some of the mixed signals that befog the air between all lovers, gay or straight. There's less subtlety in producer-director Donna Deitch's *Desert Hearts*, a lesbian romance set on a dude ranch near the divorce mills of Reno. Sometimes overwrought, sometimes downright corny, *Hearts* also has a tentative touchy-feely love scene that gets right under the skin of its female protagonists. In this finely tuned tango for two exceptional actresses, Helen Shaver plays the uptight Eastern divorcee reluctantly attracted to a vivacious change girl (Patricia Charbonneau) from one of the local casinos. Their graceful scenes together make up for a few clumsy moves elsewhere.

The homosexual lovers in *My Beautiful Laundrette*, made in England and cleaning up on both sides of the Atlantic, have no statement to make about alternative lifestyles. Their matter-of-fact romancing is merely a fringe benefit of an impudent comedy more often concerned with the way Pakistani immigrants adjust to London, where one of the lads (Gordon Warnecke) takes over a run-down coin-wash

joint and invites his punk paramour (Daniel Day Lewis) to help.

Far and away the most blithely sophisticated gay film of the year is *Doña Herlinda and Her Son*. Made in Mexico, where it still has not opened commercially, the movie drolly spells out the play-by-play manipulations of a placid, wealthy matron who refuses to despair over the fact that her doctor son, Rodolfo, has a male lover. *Doña Herlinda* invites the boy to live with them. She also arranges for her son to meet a nice girl, marry and father a child, then adds wings to her house so that everyone can be happy in a multisexual *ménage à cinq*. Among the movie's many scenes of intimate fondling from bed to sauna, the brashest shows Rodolfo locked in carnal rapture and urging his lover to hurry because he has just learned that his wife has gone into labor. Almost as audacious is *Ménage* (originally titled *Tenue de Soirée*), which jolted audiences at the Cannes festival and was promptly acquired for U.S. distribution. Directed by Bertrand Blier, its hero is Bob (Gérard Depardieu), a gay burglar who becomes obsessed with a balding, middle-aged man named Antoine. Soon Bob lures both Antoine and his wife (Miou-Miou) into a life of crime and finally has his way with Antoine, whose wife doesn't seem to mind. "Getting it up the ass isn't so serious," she observes, "but getting to like it is." There's little explicit action, though the film's language is no-holes-barred from beginning to end.

Foreign imports have traditionally outstripped America in exploring the outer limits of eroticism, and the current year's crop is no exception. Besides the exam-

ples already cited, we'll be seeing France's *Betty Blue*, a Parisian sensation with sultry Beatrice Dalle in a bizarre serio-comic love story by Jean-Jacques Beineix (who made *Diva*). Often unclothed as a perennial baby doll whose boyfriend (Jean-Hugues Anglade, also *tout nu* a good share of the time) adores her despite her pouting, peevishness and occasional fits of violence, Dalle has already been hailed abroad as the new Bardot—though *Betty Blue* starts off with a highly explicit sex scene to which the original BB might have said *non*. Marthe Keller and a slew of top French actresses appear nude or seminude in *Femmes de Personne*, a soap-operatic "woman's picture" set in a medical center. If asked to go equally far in a relatively minor film, nine out of ten Hollywood starlets would be making noises about firing their agents. Greece's *Bordello*, featured in the Greek edition of PLAYBOY, caused a furor at home with its uninhibited displays of flesh and tomfoolery. Freely based on the life of Madame Hortense (the character portrayed by Lila Kedrova in *Zorba the Greek*), proprietress of a notorious Cretan brothel in the 1890s, *Bordello* is described by director Nikos Koundouros as "a film about schizophrenia and necrophilia." Film buffs and voyeurs may check it out in a festival collection of Greek movies currently touring major U.S. cities.

From Italy, *La Venexiana* is a good bet to stir Stateside interest, if only because this filmed erotic classic stars Jason Connery (son of Sean) as a handsome young blade seeking love and adventure during a night on the town in Venice. Among his conquests is a sex-starved widow portrayed by Laura Antonelli. Laura manages to see a lot of Connery, who shows considerably more of himself than Daddy ever has. Another newsworthy Italian epic was *Devil in the Flesh* (*Il Diavolo in Corpo* over there), director Marco Bellocchio's remake of a landmark French film that was considered sensationally sensuous back in 1946. "Sparks fly in all directions," according to *Variety's* reviewer, who cited "an electrifying performance" by Maruschka Detmers as a young woman having a torrid liaison with a high school boy (Federico Pizzalis). During a celebrated oral-sex scene, Bellocchio reportedly left his two stars to themselves and let the cameras roll. Still, it's doubtful that we will ever see the results uncensored.

Down under, the bustling Aussies produced yet another version of *Devil in the Flesh*, its sexual content undivulged at this writing. Meanwhile, New Zealand star Bruno Lawrence paraded around starkers, as they say, in a postapocalyptic drama called *The Quiet Earth*. No big deal? You won't catch Paul Newman dropping his drawers for art, and Richard Gere's once-famous buns have been largely under wraps since *Breathless*.

Hard-core pornography is the one movie realm in which Americans are the



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unchallenged leaders, in quantity if not always in quality, despite the militant efforts of the Reagan Administration to bring a permissive society to heel. It's too soon to tell, of course, whether the U.S. Supreme Court decision supporting state laws against sodomy will have a ripple effect of repression. Theaters showing X-rated movies have been shrinking in number, forced out of existence not by Edwin Meese but by video stores, where the same sexual schlock can be taken home on rental tapes and viewed for a fraction of the cost, not to mention in more convenient surroundings. A turnaround appears to be in the making, however, with the glutted cassette market producing a new breed of knowing consumers who demand more for their money than mass-produced smut. Jimmie Johnson, president of California's Pussycat Theater chain, predicts, "The business is going to wind up with major exhibitors, because today's producers are learning it's necessary to shoot on film, then showcase a movie in theaters before releasing it on cassette, for the simple reason that the prestige of a theatrical first run in major cities boosts cassette sales. We're shaking the bad apples out of the tree, eliminating lousy theaters and cheap quickie films. Now the major question is, Will the courts let us survive?"

In 1986, one of the hottest-selling adult videos was *Taboo American Style*, winner of the Adult Film Association of America's award for best picture of 1985. Actually a four-film series with superior production values, *Taboo* is a raunchy family saga that closely follows the format of TV's steamy nighttime soaps, adding fellatio, cunnilingus, varied positions, hand jobs and whatever else it takes to keep customers titillated. Instigator of the action is Raven, as Nina Sutherland, a jerk-'em-around Jezebel who becomes a Hollywood superstar and sex object handled by her dad, brother and numerous supporting players, if not quite a cast of thousands.

The cream of the 1986 porn crop includes *Blonde Heat*, starring Seka as still another insatiable Hollywood icon. Likely to succeed, too, is *Every Woman Has a Fantasy Part II*. A slick, randy retread of last year's smash hit about wives in a consciousness-raising group that evolves into something like hands-on sex therapy, *Every Woman Part II* drops the group for some experimental gropes by an actor (John Leslie) and his wife, an author (Lois Ayres), who spice up their love life with role playing.

Another revisited classic, *The Devil in Miss Jones III: A New Beginning*, has even less to do with the original. Starring Ayres again, as a deceased slut on an odyssey through hell, this hot-and-heavy hard-core flick is typical of the Dark Brothers—aggressively anal and odious, as well as patently offensive in its attitudes toward women. Not surprisingly, *Miss Jones III* ends abruptly with a plug for *Miss Jones*

IV: The Final Outrage. However, the headiest excitement in current X films is likely to be *Behind the Green Door—The Sequel*, which has confronted the menace of AIDS and herpes by promoting "safe sex" in its orgies (as reported in *Playboy After Hours* in June) through the use of condoms, spermicides and latex gloves. Better safe than sorry, indeed, though such prophylactic prudence—also on view in *The Red Garter*, a Hyapatia Lee vehicle—may well raise hell with the traditional come shots so dear to the hearts of dirty old men. While San Francisco's Mitchell Brothers could not hire Marilyn Chambers for the follow-up to their history-making *Green Door* sexual fantasy, they found a substitute, Missy Manners, to perform as Gloria—a stewardess with a feverish imagination, who picks up where Chambers left off in 1973.

From now through year's end, what is displayed on screen should tell how the scales are tipping between freedom of expression and Government-sanctioned repression. The Meese commission's report on pornography (already disclaimed and derided as the most salacious book of the decade) may well intimidate Hollywood, yet the erratic pendulum of public opinion unflinchingly swings both ways. The commission's investigators who equate sex with violence conveniently ignore the obscenity of violence itself, but the moguls making and selling movies will no doubt continue to measure community standards by box-office receipts.

There are already some indications of easing attitudes. As we went to press, *Top Gun*, with Tom Cruise zooming to stardom in a rowdy action drama about U.S. Navy combat pilots, was the year's top-grossing film. It's instructive that its producers, after the first wave of previews, felt it necessary to keep the film on ice while they added some mildly steamy love scenes between Cruise and co-star Kelly McGillis. In a matter of days, *No Mercy* should arrive at your local theater, teaming Kim Basinger, as a Cajun gal, with Richard Gere in a pairing that may contribute further warming effects to an off year. After that, Basinger has a third imminent shot, this time opposite Bruce Willis in Blake Edwards' *Blind Date*, written by the author of *Ruthless People*. In a temporary move from MTV to *52 Pickup*, with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret, Vanity is generously unveiled as a prostitute caught up in a case of blackmail and murder. Lovers of exotic adventure can whet their appetites with Joan Chen in *Tai-Pan*, based on James Clavell's epic novel about intrigues among the ruthless European traders ravaging the China coast more than a century ago. Chen ("the Elizabeth Taylor of the Far East") plays May-May, Bryan Brown's ambitious mistress, barely veiled in her working clothes as a concubine. So there's hope. But all in all, 1986 will most likely have to be logged in our books as the Year of the Prig.



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"If Meck contains Marcus, the Broncos can knock the Raiders off the top of the A.F.C. West."

KLECKO/STEPHENSON

(continued from page 139)

Stephenson says. "The second game was better. But playing against Joe, I can't say I did great either time."

Klecko plays nose tackle in a cocked position (like a gun). He lines up slightly to one side of the center, which invites double teaming but also creates openings for his fellow entrails reader Gastineau. Last year, the Jets allowed the fewest points in the A.F.C. and Klecko led the Jets' line with 96 tackles. If you're a center, there is only one thing worse than Klecko in your face—Klecko in your quarterback's face.

Stephenson is quick and strong but not as quick and not as strong as Klecko. He uses rock-solid determination, guile and his most prized piece of intelligence—how far he can push the rules—to keep savage sackmen out of his quarterback's den. He is unknown to most fans. He is known among defensive linemen.

Klecko: "Dwight is very strong. And witty—a smart player. You have to change up on a player like him; you have to use strength and finesse. He has quick hands, and quick hands are the way you win on both sides of the line. Sure, he holds. Holding is part of life in the N.F.L."

Stephenson: "Joe Klecko is superstrong. He's very quick. He's very smart—he'll set you up. He'll put himself at a disadvantage just to make you think you've got him. Then, all of a sudden, he recovers and he's by you."

New York Jets at Miami, Monday, November 24.

HAYNES/DUPER

(continued from page 140)

speed-burning, game-breaking half of the Dolphins' luxury receiving duo (the other half of Mark II is Mark Clayton). He would have been an All-Pro for the third time last year had he not missed seven games with a fractured leg. In his return to the line-up, he caught eight passes for 217 yards and beat the Jets with a 50-yard finger-tip touchdown grab in the last minute. With Marino at the other end of his patterns, Duper is the most dangerous receiver in the game.

Haynes, who teams with Lester Hayes in the game's finest defensive backfield, is football's foremost practitioner of the bump and run.

If he bumps Duper hard and runs with him step for step, Haynes may have a game like the one he had against the Dolphins in 1984—two interceptions, one for a Dolphins-sinking touchdown. If Duper

has time to maneuver, Haynes will need all his adrenaline.

Duper: "Haynes is a great cornerback. It's his stop and go that makes him great. A lot of guys are fast, but he has catch-up speed—you think you have him beat, and he uses the time the ball is in the air to catch up."

Haynes: "Wide receivers today are so fast. Duper is one of the fastest. It's just me and him out there. I have to lock in on him and concentrate, and I have to assume every play is a pass. With Miami, you know every play probably is a pass."

Duper: "We can move the ball. We can march up and down the field on them."

Haynes: "I focus on his belt buckle. The head and shoulders can move, but that part of the body can't move much. And I look for idiosyncrasies—little things he does that will tip off what he wants to do next. Of course, I won't say what they are, but I've picked up a couple."

Duper: "I like it when cornerbacks bump and run. But if you don't watch Haynes, he'll bump you high—on the head or the shoulder pads. You have to be slippery. You can't let him get his hands on you."

Haynes: [Grins] "He says I hit high? Only by accident."

Los Angeles Raiders at Miami, Sunday, October 19.

ALLEN/MECKLENBURG

(continued from page 141)

reigning M.V.P. His 1759 yards' rushing led the league last year. His 2314 total yards—including 67 catches for 555 yards—broke Eric Dickerson's N.F.L. record. He scored 14 touchdowns—and gained 100 or more yards in each of the Raiders' past ten games. He remembers The Hit but considers it part of the game. He is seldom hit hard.

Mecklenburg, a converted defensive end who still lines up opposite the tackle in passing situations, was moved to linebacker two years ago and became an All-Pro the following year. The Broncos used a throwaway draft pick on him in 1983, partly on the strength of his score on the N.F.L.'s intelligence test (yes, it has one). It was the highest recorded that year. Last year, Mecklenburg, the only man in the N.F.L. who has played seven defensive positions, set a team record for sacks, had two four-sack games, forced five fumbles and led the A.F.C. with 11 tackles in the Pro Bowl. He is smart, and he hits hard.

If Meck contains Marcus, the Broncos can knock the Raiders off the top of the A.F.C. West.

Mecklenburg: "What makes Marcus so

good is his vision. He sees the entire field. It's hard to get a clean hit on him—you have to try to hem him in. I've been playing linebacker only a couple of years, so guys with Marcus' ability trick me more than they should. He'll act like he's turning in to take a pass, get me looking at the quarterback and then take off."

Allen: "I never think, Hey, that's Ronnie Lott or Karl Mecklenburg over there; I better go the other way. There's no time for that. I have to view the entire field and react. He who hesitates is lost."

Denver at Los Angeles Raiders, Sunday, November 2.

THE OTHER ONES TO WATCH

Sunday, October 5, Minnesota at Chicago—Tommy Kramer vs. Mike Singletary: Q.B. Kramer calls offensive signals for the Vikings; middle linebacker—deluxe Singletary calls defensive signals for the Super Bowl champs. Will Samurai Mike merely intercept and/or sack Kramer, or will he grind his bones to make his bread?

Sunday, October 12, Washington at Dallas—Curtis Jordan vs. Tony Dorsett: If promising safety Jordan has to make too many tackles on T.D., the Redskins will have to play catch-up. If Jordan is free to roam, upset.

Monday, October 20, Denver at New York Jets—John Elway vs. Mark Gastineau: Two of the A.F.C.'s best teams square off. Q.B. Elway sets up; defensive end Gastineau's eyes light up. Here comes Klecko, too. See John run.

Monday, October 27, Washington at New York Giants—George Rogers vs. Lawrence Taylor: Last year, linebacker Taylor invaded the Skins' backfield and retired Joe Theismann. This year, Washington's Q.B. Jay Schroeder may find discretion the better part of valor and hand off to Rogers. If the Skins are to play Giant killers, ex-Saint Rogers will have to escape the league's most devilish linebacker.

Sunday, November 2, Philadelphia at St. Louis—Buddy Ryan vs. E. J. Junior: Not a physical matchup, just a telling clash between the Eagles' new head coach and the Cards' best defensive linebacker in a decade. Can Buddy devise an offensive plan to match the talents of Junior—a force on the order of Ryan's old student Singletary?

Sunday, November 9, Seattle at Kansas City—Ken Easley vs. Stephone Paige: Strong safety Easley, who is death on the run, will be needed to help cover wide receiver Paige, who gained 309 yards (38.6 per catch)—a league record—in last year's final game.

Monday, November 17, San Francisco at Washington—Ronnie Lott vs. Art Monk: Another fight between a premier receiver and an all-purpose defender. Skins Q.B. Schroeder is in for a Lott of trouble.

Sunday, November 30, Cincinnati at Denver—Anthony Munoz vs. Rulon Jones: If a player as good as Munoz were anything

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but an offensive lineman, everyone would be able to pronounce his name (*Moon-yoz*). Defensive end Jones is no weakling; but Munoz should handle him, and Bengals Q.B. Boomer Esiason's rating should rise.

Monday, December 15, Chicago at Detroit—Jay Hilgenberg vs. Eric Williams: In his debut as a nose tackle last year, converted end Williams singlehandedly smoked the Vikings. In the Bears' Super Bowl year, Hilgenberg kept Jim McMahon safe from animals like Williams. Eric is quick; he'll hunt Bear in the backfield with a high-caliber weapon—his body.

Friday, December 19, Los Angeles Rams at San Francisco—Doug Smith vs. Michael Carter: No-names? Rams center Smith

made the Pro Bowl last year; Niners nose guard Carter is the next great defensive force in the N.F.L. If the N.F.C. West title hangs on this game, watch Smith's hands and see how many of Carter's jerseys he destroys.

Sunday, September 7, through Sunday, January 25—Jim McMahon vs. Pete Rozelle: Sure, it's a mismatch, but savvy and intelligence don't count for everything in the N.F.L.—McMahon also has style. Will the commish ever understand his league's need for a little outrageousness? Tune in this season for the pageantry, the bellicosity, the headgear of the best rebellion since Cain mouthed off to God.



CLIMBERS

(continued from page 122)

that could hurt you only if you did something truly stupid.

- 5.7: Some clinging, but plenty to cling from.

- 5.8 to 5.9: Sweaty clinging, sometimes on the perfectly vertical, to nubbins and rugosities that are too damn small.

- 5.10 to 5.11: Gymnastic zone in which there is no rest or forgiveness.

- 5.12 to 5.13: Just never mind.

Robinson started up a 5.7 crack called After Seven, while I belayed him from the ground. I watched and tried not to go to school on the holds he was using, because I know very well by now that to ape his moves without his gifts is just a quick way into trouble. About the time he got to the crux of the pitch, a dozen or so high school students, in the valley on a seminar, sat on some nearby rocks and began asking me how the rope and the rest of the hardware worked. They watched Robinson while I told them, and then one of them asked, "Don't you ever get scared?"

"He won't; not on this climb," I told them. "But I will. If it's fear you want to see, stick around. I'll swear, whine, maybe even weep if you're lucky."

They thought I was kidding.

About 100 feet up, Robinson got onto a ledge next to a pretty little oak, tied himself to it and yelled down that I could climb. The first ten or 12 moves were up a crack that fit me as perfectly as my fancy new \$90 climbing shoes, and I felt good and probably looked good to the kids on the ground. Then, just before I reached the branch in the crack that was going to be the gnarly heart of the pitch, a teacher came out of the woods and told his students it was time to go.

"Not yet," they said, almost in a chorus. "We want to see him get scared."

The teacher dragged them off anyway, and it was just as well, because the kind of performance I stepped into doesn't want an audience. All of a sudden, nothing fit. I was about 35 feet up, with three moves to make through the crux. I tried a couple of dumb maybes and pulled back from them. Then I got desperate and muscled myself into the middle of the problem by a move that was as foolish as it was ugly: I still couldn't see or feel the way up, and all the strength I hadn't squandered was going into just hanging there. I yelled at Robinson that I was going to fall, and then I did, though falling doesn't quite describe it. It was more as if the crack spit me out, but I didn't go far—three feet, maybe—before Robinson caught me with the rope. I got back onto the rock, thought about it for a minute, made another angry, graceless little try and this time I beat it, but there wasn't a shred of satisfaction to it.

When I reached the ledge, I was utterly disgusted with myself and asking out loud why in hell I bothered to play this difficult sport if I didn't have the heart for it. We





Photo/Herbert Migdoll
Monitor picture The Joffrey Ballet in John Cranko's "The Taming of the Shrew."

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sat there while I grumbled and calmed down; then I told Robinson that I didn't want any more that evening. He said, "Fine," and as we pulled things together for the hike down a side trail, a curly-headed blond guy in red shorts stepped up to the bottom of the pitch we'd just done. He was shirtless and tan. He had a chalk bag and a pair of climbing shoes hanging from his belt, and that was it. No rope.

I said, "Doug, I think we're in for a little free solo here," and I was right. Then, while the lone climber sat at the foot of the rock to change from running to climbing shoes, I ran down the trail so I could watch him from the ground.

By the time I got there, he was maybe three moves into the climb, and already he looked like water running uphill. He was dancing, making a fool of gravity, the way Fred Astaire danced. He paused only to reach back into his chalk bag with one hand, then the other, and even that fit the rhythm of his progress. He moved through the crux as if it weren't there, except that what I had done in three moves, he did in six elegant little steps and reaches that obliterated the problem by paying it a sort of Oriental respect. It took him about two minutes to reach the oak ledge and swing up over it. It had taken me nearly 30, and where I had collapsed into a sweating heap, he looked up, chalked his hands and kept climbing—not as if he were late for something but as if he were on his way to tea with an old friend. Robinson and I watched him for about 450 feet before he disappeared over a hump where, like a wizard, he left a puff of chalk dust in the wind where we'd last seen him.

On the way down the trail to our car, I went on about the pure silkiness of what we'd just seen, and Robinson agreed that whoever he was, he was a great climber. Then he said, "But that's Yosemite in spring. There are probably a dozen guys in this valley right now who could have done that."

I was still trying to get used to the idea that there was even *one* who could have put on that show.

In the parking lot, we coiled the rope, sorted the hardware, changed our shoes; and before we were finished, the solo man strolled out of the woods and then to his car, which was just behind us. He sat and strapped a large ice bag to his elbow.

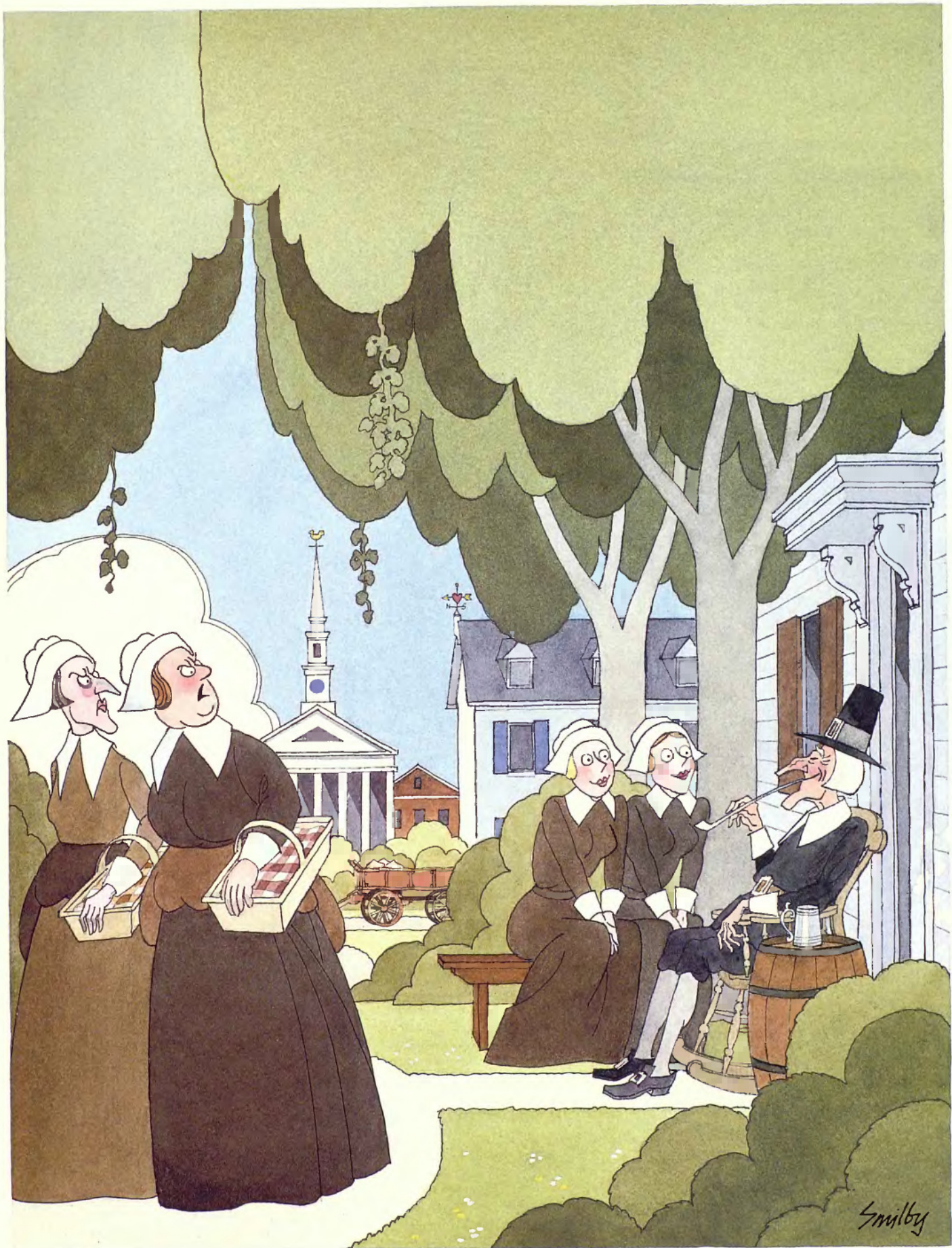
I walked back and said, "Nice job."

He smiled and said thanks. I told him it looked as if he knew Manure Pile pretty well and he said, "I ought to. I've climbed it about a thousand times. I could do it blindfolded. It's a great little warm-up."

I guessed that he lived in the valley and he said yes; and when I asked if he worked here, too, he said, "No, I just climb."

When I got back to our car, Robinson was having a flash of recognition. He looked at me and said, "That's John Bachar."

Then both of us walked back, and Bachar and Robinson, who had known



"To hear him talk, not only did he come on the Mayflower, he came on Plymouth Rock, he came on the beach, he came at the first Thanksgiving, he came. . . ."

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each other off and on for years, talked about old friends, then about the Spanish climbing shoes that are the rage in the valley and for which Bachar is a distributor. We'd heard rumors that he had tendinitis in his elbow; but when we asked, he said no, that it was worse than that: articular capsulitis, which heals more slowly. He thought he was back up to about 75 percent of his peak condition. Then, with a wry smile, he said, "Learning to live with the ice bag."

When I said something about his speed up the climb, he told me he had just been cruising. "Rick Cashner and I speed-climb this rock sometimes," he said. "We race each other. It's a great aerobic workout. He holds the record—eleven minutes—and I was a few seconds behind him that day."

Around five o'clock, a weary bustle begins to gather up in Camp Four. Sun-burned climbers straggle in from all over the valley, drop their gear, light a dinner fire. You see them supine on foam pads, looking up the rock or into the trees overhead, adrift in a hard-won, spent glow. Or they catch up with friends and trade stories about what it was like up there on Crack-a-Go-Go, or on Mr. Natural, Peruvian Flake, Separate Reality, Outer Limits, Lean Years, Crack of Doom, Sea of Dreams, Gravity's Rainbow.

"Five point ten, my ass. You're out there smearing and pinching and it's overhanging, and, I mean, it's animalistic."

Sometimes, just the telling of the tale can hurt you. "I damn near knocked myself out," a kid from Phoenix told me. He'd been on a 5.12 crack called Hang-Dog Flier that afternoon, and he'd taken a nasty ten-foot fall that had banged him pretty good, but that wasn't where he'd injured himself. He had gotten the bump he was telling me about in camp as he was describing his fall to a pretty climber girl at the site next to his. She'd watched as he threw his arms out for dramatic effect, then cranked his head back full force and bashed it into a boulder he'd forgotten was behind him.

"Feel that," he said. I reached up under his hair to a knob you could have pulled yourself up on. His name was Jason Sands, he was a carpenter, about 25 years old, it was his fifth trip to Yosemite; he had two weeks off, but he was going to stretch it to three. He figured he could get away with it because his boss was a climber, too. He was shirtless and had the hard, lean chest, arms and shoulders most climbers wear; and as we talked, he reminded me of surfers I'd known in the Sixties, with their deep tans, long hair and quiet, no-tomorrow swagger. Some of these guys come into the valley with no money and no campsite. If they're broke, they sometimes go canning, picking up empty aluminum cans, which are worth a nickel each at the recycling center. If they have no authorized place to sleep, they go out of bounds, which will get you a night in jail if the

rangers catch you, and they usually do.

Sands and I watched as the evening's bouldering began on the big rocks that stud the eastern edge of the camp. The climbs on them are seven or 15 moves long at most, but some of these little routes demand the outrageous gymnastics that characterize the top end of this sport nowadays. In a way, work on these boulders presaged the style of modern rock-climbing, because once the grand obvious had been done—El Cap, Half Dome and the others—Yosemite climbing was forced on to the more technical, smaller, subtler, harder problems. So hard, in fact, that Bachar and the other best around here have built rough-hewn workout areas so that after six or eight hours of climbing, they can round off the day with weight-belt pull-ups (100 at a time) or by walking a slack rope for balance or hanging by their fingers and toes from medieval-looking wooden contraptions. The entire regimen is Olympic in intensity, and dangerous: Bachar's elbow injury, for instance, came not on the rocks but in an outdoor gym. And he is not the only one of the champions who is climbing hurt these days. The territory these men have opened up is literally tearing their muscles from their bones.

The boulders in Camp Four provide another kind of warm-down from a day's climbing and something more—a chance to show your monkey, a few feet off the ground, to anyone who wants to wander over and watch. Reputations are made on rocks all over the valley, but Camp Four, after dinner, is where you strut your stuff. These are the ego hours.

Columbia Boulder is the prince of rocks in camp, and it's inevitable that at some point every evening, someone will stand on its northeast side and look his way up the 11 or 12 moves to its flat top, which sits 20 feet up under a toupee of fallen brown cedar needles. Climbing it by eye is as close as most will ever get to doing this little route, because these seven yards are the pure, mean essence of rock-climbing at its 5.13 cruelest: an arc of rock that sweeps up and then back out over your head in three tiers that make a route that most spiders would walk away from. The face is black with the stain of old campfires, and across it is chalked a streak of lightning, a sort of pictograph that commemorates the first ascent.

The first man or woman up a route gets to name it; and after all the years of trying by all the climbers who camped here, it was a guy named Ron Kauk who finally grappled through the last move and onto the top. He called it Midnight Lightning; and for two weeks, he was the only man in the world who could climb these 20 feet. Sometime later, Bachar made it, and not long after that, a crucial bump he was hanging from broke off; and without that knob, even Kauk couldn't make it. At that point, Kauk began what would be a year away from climbing; and over that time,

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Bachar found a way up without the knob. Kauk returned, and after several weeks or months (nobody quite remembers), he relearned it, and then, for almost six years, they were the only two. Even now, seven years later, there are only eight or nine men who have ever made the climb.

The night Sands and I talked, four of those men were in camp, but it was a lanky young Oklahoman named John Frank who started the evening's round of attempts up the humbling little stretch of granite. He said something like "Here goes nothing," laughed, then stood for a minute taking deep drafts of air to pump himself for the try. Then he chalked his hands, stepped into the first move and reached immediately for the second, because once you've started, your body is already out past dead vertical and any hang time will sap you for the upper moves that are the crux. Frank used all of his considerable 5.12 talents to get about ten feet, came off with a scary suddenness and landed upright only because he made a catlike gyration in the air. He and Sands talked about the two-finger hold he'd missed; and while they did, other climbers began to drift over—half a dozen at first, then 20—and by the time Frank had made four tries, there were 50 or so spectators, some of them beginning to kibitz.

"Bachar mantles it," said a small, baby-faced guy, referring to the move Frank couldn't get past. "I just put my foot in the seam."

He turned out to be Kurt the Kid—Kurt Smith, from Lake Tahoe, one of the guys who've made it. He had just taken a year away from climbing because his body was wasted. This was his first week back, and he was pretty sure he wasn't yet in shape to do it; but he stepped up anyway, asked for someone to spot him, then looked up at the chalk splashes that mark the route. When he started climbing, it became clear that what he lacked in size, he made up for in strength and will and rock smarts. He got himself cleanly to the eighth move, blew three blasts of air—somebody in the crowd yelled, "Fire it!"—then pulled himself with one arm toward a hold so small you couldn't see it from the ground. He got it but couldn't hold, and he landed in a small explosion of dust. About that time, a rathead-looking climber on a BMX bicycle rode past the edge of the crowd, making very convincing chimp sounds. Probably the guy with the lawn flamingo, I couldn't help thinking.

About then, Kauk sauntered over from the rescue site, an area in Camp Four reserved for the best climbers, who pay nothing for the space in return for being on call in case of trouble in the rocks. He was wearing red warm-up pants, no shirt, and his shoulders were dusted with chalky finger marks where he had been slapping at mosquitoes. He was carrying a rough walking stick, which gave him the vague

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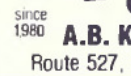
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air of a mountain aristocrat, and as he and Kurt the Kid talked about how to beat the crux, he used it as a pointer. There was something unmistakably professorial about the scene, and Kurt the Kid was listening hard, as was some of the crowd, because although there is no real way to rank the champions of rock-climbing, this fraternity knows very well who they are.

The Kid made four more attempts and gave it up. Then Dave Cosgrove, another of the men who'd done the climb, made the best try of the evening. He came off in the final move to loud sounds of disappointment from the gallery.

As the crowd drifted away, four Japanese moved to the rock, pointing and talking among themselves. Then the smallest of them put one hand up as if he were going to start the climb, another of them said something, then all four of them laughed so hard it bent them at the waist.

A couple of mornings later, I stopped in Ahwahnee Meadow, sat in the sun and opened my map so that I could name the falls for myself, relax and watch the birds go overhead in small stanzas. At least that's what I thought I was there for. It turned out I had taken a loge seat for an act of geological violence the likes of the one that had dropped Columbia Boulder into Camp Four.

I'd been there about ten minutes when I heard a sharp crackling, then a cannonlike boom from the general direction of Stair Step Falls, exactly across the valley. I saw the small beginnings of a dust cloud coming up from the steep gullies between the pillars and buttresses near the crest of the mountain; then the sound of all hell cutting loose reached me, a rumble that shook the meadow, and I watched as mammoth boulders and 100-foot trees fell, rebounded off a lower apron, then smashed into a massive spray of rubble that settled finally onto the scree slopes 2000 feet below.

I stood, as did the half dozen other people in the 100-acre meadow. Don't let there be any climbers up there or anywhere near was my first thought. I didn't expect there would be. It's not a heavily climbed part of the valley, and there were none, it turned out. Still, it's not the sort of event any climber ever needs to see—or maybe it is, was my second thought. Just so you never forget that this valley is still inventing itself, that these rocks that seem so eternally still and solid are alive.

The thing went on for two long minutes. Then silence. Nothing. Not even the chatter of the birds. A thunderhead of dust grew till it hid the entire mountain, then took 15 minutes to rise and dissipate.

I was still buzzing with the experience when I caught up with Sands and Frank at the base of Royal Arches, and I asked them if they'd seen it. No, they said, but they'd heard it.

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hands taped like boxers so that hanging in the sharp 5.12 crack wouldn't tear them up too badly. The route was about 100 feet long, with a vicious overhang all the way and a nice 50- or 60-foot fall waiting at the high crux if anything went wrong up there.

Eight or ten of their friends and a Japanese couple were scattered on nearby rocks to watch as Frank led off. Sands belayed him and turned Talking Heads to full volume on their tape machine.

It was hard climbing from the first, with no place to rest, and Frank climbed slowly but well, setting protection every few feet. It took him 45 minutes, hanging by his fingers and shoes, to go 30 feet. Ten minutes later, he reached a spot where he could haul himself just off the route onto a sloping ledge by using one arm, one leg and his cheek to lever himself up. After a short rest, he got back down into the crack, took his first try at the crux, missed, fell about ten feet and swung back into the rock hard enough that we heard the wind go out of him. He swore and pulled himself back onto the ledge for another breather. He made three more tries to get over the top, but he had less energy for each, and finally, he gave up, pulled on the rope to get a higher purchase, stepped through the last two moves and he was there. He'd climbed beautifully, but he wasn't very happy about it, because by the ethics of free-climbing, the game is over the first time you use your protection to advance,

or even to balance yourself.

At a campfire the night before, a climber from Flagstaff had talked to me about just that thing. His name was Rand Black, and he'd been climbing for 17 years, since he was four. Just the year before, he'd taken a fall that had flipped him over backward and smashed his heel bone into five pieces. He said he could have saved the plunge if he'd just grabbed the rope, which he didn't, because his climber's code told him not to. He said it wasn't a total loss, though. It had left him with an unnaturally large bump on his heel, which made his left climbing shoe fit *perfectly*. "And I learned something from that climb," he told me. "I learned never to let ethics hurt you."

With Frank on top belaying, Sands climbed quickly and smoothly, removing the chocks and stoppers as he passed them. Then, at the crux, Frank took up the slack exactly as Sands made his move and the taut rope pulled him off. He fell five or six feet, banged the rock and then swore at Frank. He made two more tries, exhausted himself and finally used the rope to finish the climb the way Frank had. The two of them came down arguing about whether Sands had fallen or been yanked off.

As they coiled their rope, the Japanese couple who'd been watching rigged themselves for the same climb. The woman belayed from the bottom while her partner hung himself in the crack and moved out and up. Just about halfway, he took a

30-foot screamer, which left him hanging spread eagle upside down, with his hardware draped over his face. Sands grabbed his camera, took the picture, then yelled, "Nice photo."

"Thank you," said the Japanese, still swinging.

The next afternoon, I caught up with Werner Braun in the Camp Four parking lot, which is his home pretty much all year. He sleeps in his van, which is against the law for everyone else in the valley, but Braun has a working arrangement with the rangers that earns him an exemption from that statute: He's one of the men who bring the dead down from the high faces. Braun has been in Yosemite for eight years and is sometimes called "the Zen master."

"I didn't mean to stay this long," he told me. "I was on my way to be an engineer. I just turned out to be a climber."

By all accounts, he is one of the very best, a sometime free-soloist, though he refuses to acknowledge the climbing feathers that go with his reputation. "I figured out a while ago how to keep from getting hurt," he told me as we talked about the danger of climbing without ropes. "I just don't care. I climb for fun."

We talked about the ascent of Lost Arrow Spire that Kauk and Jerry Moffit were going to do live for ABC in two weeks. Braun had been hired to help carry video cameras to the adjacent rim, and I asked him if he knew who had made the first free climb of the beautiful pillar. It was a soap-opera question, pure climbing gossip. Bachar had told me that a certain famous climber was claiming to have been the first when he knew very well that Dave Shultz had done it before him. "True?" I asked Braun.

"Who cares?" he said. "It just doesn't matter."

When I asked him about the kid who'd fallen off Royal Arches, he didn't know anything about it. It had been a lucky season so far, he said; no major rescues. The year before hadn't been so quiet.

"Last fall, we got a freak snowstorm and had three major rescues going at the same time," he said. "We were flying down the valley to one of them in a helicopter, and as we passed El Cap, I looked out the window and saw two Japanese guys dead on the Nose Route. One of them had fallen, and the other was stuck and froze to death. It was a shock. We didn't even know they were up there."

A ranger pulled up in his car, and we asked him what he knew about the Royal Arches fall. It wasn't a climber, he said, but a hiker who had evidently wandered off a lower cliff around dawn. "Big, well-developed guy," he told us. "Looked like he might have been a football player. Had a couple of full beers in his pockets."

Robinson and I spent our last afternoon back on Manure Pile. I'd climbed most of the week with my usual baggage of fear



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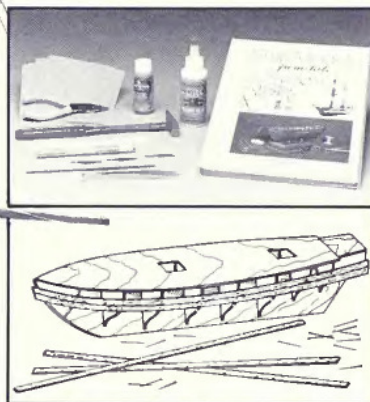
Even if you've never built a model before, you can experience the relaxing pleasure and pride of accomplishment that is offered by this fascinating hobby. You can build the *Swift*. The secret's in our kit, designed especially for the first time modeler, with pre-cut parts that make assembly easy. Clear, large scale plans and instructions that virtually take you by the hand and guide you every step of the way through hours of the most relaxing fun you'll ever have. And when completed - a museum quality model you'll display with pride, with gleaming brass fittings, walnut planked hull, delicate rigging - lifelike in every detail.

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You don't have to make the fittings - we've done that for you. Our kit contains ready-to-use blocks and deadeyes of rare, yellow boxwood. We include eyelets, bracers and belaying pins - over 70 parts of solid brass! Even the cabin door hinges are brass, as are the 250 miniature nails you'll use to fasten the planking to the hull and deck. And, since the original wooden *Swift* had no plastic parts, our kit doesn't either - anywhere!

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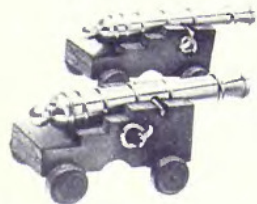


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and hesitation, but I'd felt some small improvement; and before we left, I wanted to get back on this rock to see if I couldn't get at least a step or two nearer Bachar's spirit, and Braun's, and the spirit of all the other young climbers I'd been with for the week.

There were shouts of "On belay!" echoing through the woods when we got to the base, as there usually are around this well-climbed rock. Robinson wanted to lead me up a more difficult route than After Seven, a 5.9 crack called Cocksucker's Concerto. It's adjacent to another route called The Nutcracker, which Royal Robbins put up and named because of his love for classical music. C.S. Concerto, as it is called in the guidebook these days, was another top climber, Yvon Chouinard's, answer to Robbins' route-name poetry when he put up a new climb next to it.

As I stepped onto it, I told myself not to care so much, to think about climbing, not falling, to dance a little, to picture Bachar and his *Tai Chi* rhythm, to do it for fun and to quit if it wasn't. And damned if it didn't work. For the first time ever on the rock, I didn't have one desperate moment, not a drop of adrenaline. Instead, I took my time, looked for the graceful line up, listened to the birds, admired the pretty little flowering succulents that live in the dirty

cracks; and when I rested, I looked out at Sentinel Falls and down at the shadows of the broken clouds sliding across the valley floor. It was a halting, stoop-shouldered little dance if you compared it with Bachar's, but a dance nonetheless; and on top, Robinson and I laughed, and he congratulated me.

On our way out of the valley, we stopped by the road, and through a pair of big binoculars, we found Frank and Sands 1000 feet straight up on the face of Sentinel. Even through the glasses they were tiny, but they seemed to be moving well, six hours from the bottom, an hour or so from the top. And as I watched them up there, giving scale to this magnificent face, I remembered something that Sands had said in camp one night when I asked him what it was like to be on El Cap for days at a time.

"At first," he said, "you miss your friends. You want to be down in camp, partying with them. Then, about the second day, something happens and you get to love it up there."

"What is it?" I asked him. "The solitude?"

"Not so much that," he said. "I just like being vertical."



"FOREIGN BODY"

(continued from page 144)

Indian actor Victor Banerjee, fresh from his success in *A Passage to India*.

At ten A.M. the same day, I'm standing on an enormous crate, one of the props, so as to get a full view of the scene. Our extras, their breath showing in the cold, have been made up and costumed in flimsy cotton dhotis and sandals. The lucky ones are the Sikhs, who, for religious reasons, wear turbans, which help keep them warm. Patricia, the unit nurse, is frantically handing out hot-water bottles and steaming cups of soup in an attempt to prevent the extras from turning blue.

One of them, a dashing Indian in an officer's uniform, has spotted me. He swaggers in my direction and, flashing a set of perfect white teeth against his smooth coffee-cream complexion, inquires, "Are you one of the stars in the film?"

"No," I reply, rather flattered, and wait for him to ask what I really do. He doesn't. Instead, he starts chatting me up, telling me all about his former life in India and about his parents, his grandmother, his brother, not to mention his ugly sister.

From the corner of my eye, I see executive producer Christopher Neame approach. "It's just as we thought," he informs me. "We'll need your narration over the long shot." Now realizing that I wrote the screenplay, the man in uniform, perhaps feeling that he's overstepped his position, sheepishly saunters back to his colleagues. I want to call after him: "Hey, wait a minute. Don't go away. Tell me more about your ugly sister and about..." Too late. He's already vanished. I take out my writing pad and make notes for the requested voice-over.

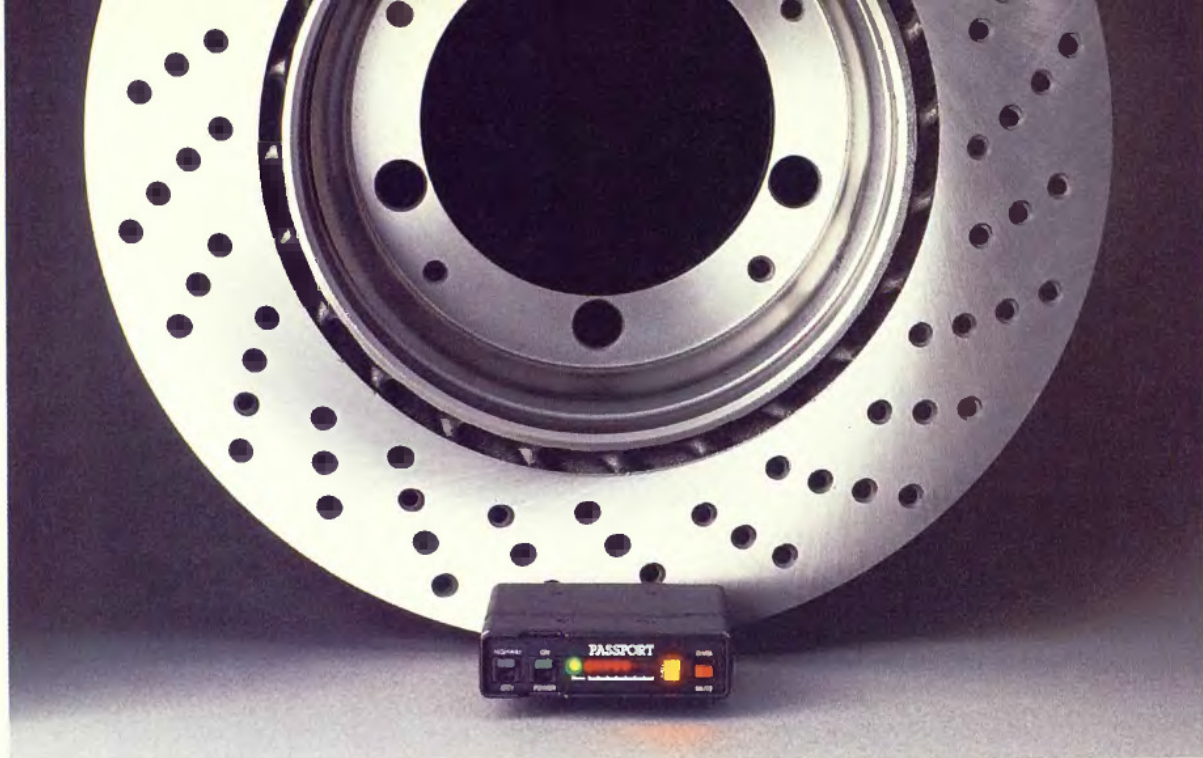
In midafternoon, as I watch the scene finally being shot, the story begins to take life. Before me is Bristol, looking more like India than India itself. On the word "Action!" from the director, the extras, mindful not to breathe in the cold air, start loading or unloading cargo, buying or selling, begging or just mingling around Victor Banerjee.

Banerjee plays the leading role in *Foreign Body*, a romantic comedy about a young Indian named Ram Das who purchases false papers to come to London in his desire to seek love and fortune and, he hopes, lose his virginity along the way. Initially, all he finds is rejection on all counts. In his passionate search for romance, Ram Das gets involved in a series of contretemps and ends up posing as a doctor in Harley Street, London's renowned physicians' quarter.

When I stop to think of it, it isn't too farfetched that director Ronald Neame chose me to adapt Roderick Mann's book. After all, I am a foreign body myself. I was born in the north of Quebec in a small gold-mining town. When it ran out of gold,



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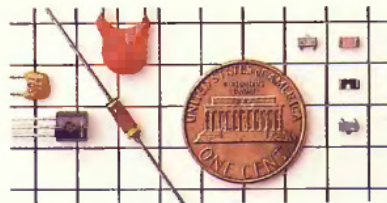
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my father, a smalltime gambler, chose to move on to bigger and better things. That ambition took him and the family to Montreal, then to northern British Columbia, where, at the age of 16, I learned English. After graduating from school, armed with a basic knowledge of the English language and a dubious talent, looking reasonably attractive (see pictures), I decided to make Vancouver my home and resume an acting career that had started in French Canada when I was 12.

I was 19 and had been starring in a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation comedy series for the better part of a year when one day, the producer arrived at the studio in a particularly bad mood. Her nostrils flaring and her face growing a bright red, she threw the show's latest script at me. "Now look what you've done," she said rather bitterly. "The writer just quit because of your constant

criticism of his work. From now on, *you* write the scripts!"

Only ignorance and perhaps a certain degree of arrogance made me do it, but I remained on the payroll of the government of Canada as a scriptwriter for two interminably long years, bashing out 13 episodes per series. I then wrote a documentary series and commentaries, did interviews on subjects on which no 21-year-old had any right to have a serious opinion and progressed to awful films. One of them was a rather infamous disaster movie that was so big and so disastrous that the publicity surrounding it almost sent me into oblivion.

Between jobs that paid the bills, I would lick my wounds and write stories about women yearning for love, about their need for friendship and their desire to accomplish something important. Eventually, I was able to draw male characters,

which helped me understand and resolve relationships from my past. For years, in the privacy of my modest apartments near the University of British Columbia in Vancouver and on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood, I lived a double life. It never occurred to me that those personal stories would ever interest anyone but myself, until I met Ronald Neame.

I suppose you could say that the ghost of Judy Garland brought us together. I had sought Neame out as part of my research on a screenplay I was writing about her. He had directed Garland in her last picture, *I Could Go On Singing*. He also happened to have made two of my favorite films: *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and *Tunes of Glory*. I took to him immediately and, apparently, he to me. In time, he became my friend and mentor. He read my sad and funny little stories and, to my immense surprise, liked them and suggested that we form a production company with his son Christopher.

Diligently, we started to revise several screen projects of mine. We counted 35 refusals on *Foreign Body*. It took Orion Pictures' head, Arthur Krim, for whom Neame had made several pictures, to give us the go-ahead. From then on, things moved rapidly to location and scouting, casting, rehearsals and several rewrites. On the day I handed in my final draft, I felt both happy and sad. I had done a good job, but my part in the project had come to an end. It was everybody else's job now to make the film happen.

Then, out of the blue, I was brought back to *Foreign Body* in a rather offbeat way. The script called for a picture of a pretty girl on a PLAYBOY cover. When Ronnie and Chris half-jokingly suggested that I pose for it, I surprised them both by accepting. And then Marilyn Grabowski, West Coast Photo Editor and Playboy V.P., approached me about doing a layout for the magazine. I was genuinely flattered. Besides, the idea appealed to the writer in me. This was an opportunity to experience something new.

Having the photographs taken was almost as major a production as making the film. Several weeks and 400 pictures later, Marilyn finally presented me with the proofs, all carefully divided into A, B and REJECT categories. I studied the model as if she were someone else. "She looks pretty good," I said. Marilyn had the good grace to smile and agree.

Seven P.M. It's a wrap! It's been a long day for everyone. Battered and exhausted, our extras line up for a most deserved dinner. Very kindly, the production has provided a car to take me home. As the car pulls out, my Indian friend waves at me. He doesn't look quite as handsome without his splendid officer's uniform. "Good-bye," I wave back, "see you in the movie!"



"Well, please look again. There seems to have been a mix-up!"

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ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

EXERCISE

Toro, the Minneapolis company whose name is synonymous with the two dreaded suburban chores of lawn mowing and snow blowing, has muscled its way into the workout-machine market with the Isopower, an electronic machine designed to exercise 17 major muscle groups of the upper and lower body. The heart of the

Isopower is an electronic control module that's as easy to use as a pocket calculator. You punch in your resistance level and the control module does the rest; there are no weights to change, and five sets of snap-on attachments are part of the package. A complete workout involves ten setups. Hey, you pumping-electronic-iron man! It's time to mow the lawn.

The Isopower by Toro measures 58" high by 60" deep by 42" wide (that's less than 25 square feet), weighs about 250 pounds and has only one moving part. Its ten basic exercise setups: (1) leg extension/curl; (2) leg curl; (3) chest press; (4) hip adduction/abduction; (5) chest cross/rowing; (6) pullover; (7) hip-back/abdominal flex; (8) shoulder press/lat pulldown; (9) inclined chest press/rowing; and (10) biceps curl/triceps extension. If these don't get you into shape, it's time to throw in the sweat towel, Arnold. And all for the price of a stripped subcompact car—\$5695.

DAVID MECEY



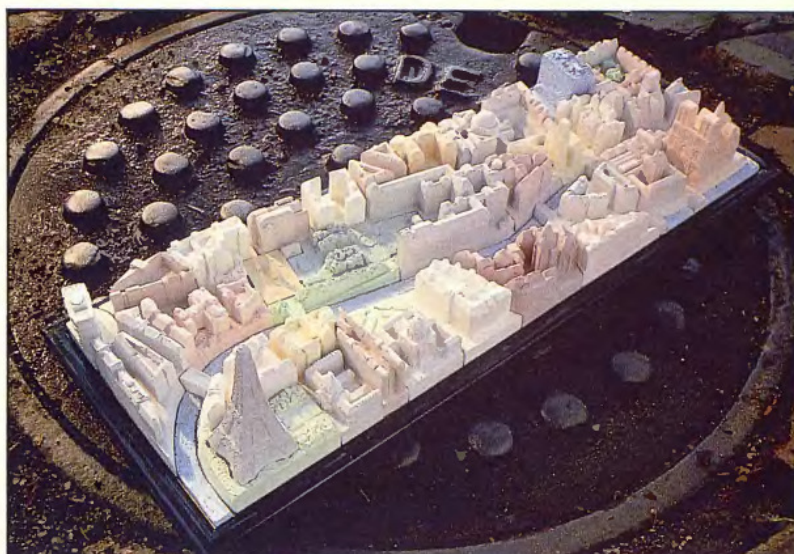
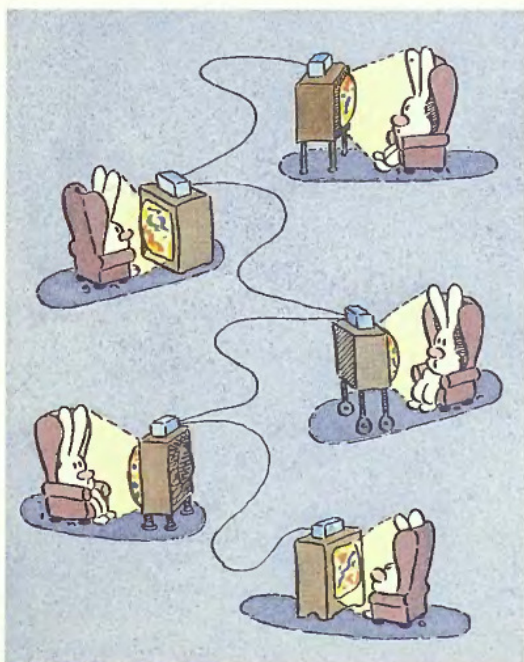
THE GAME OF SEX

"At your tenth high school reunion, an old girlfriend informs you that you have an 11-year-old son. Do you tell your wife?" That's just one of the milder questions in *Sexual Dilemmas, The Game of Adult Decisions*, which TDC Games, 4N240 Cavalry Drive, Unit D, Bloomingdale, Illinois 60108, is selling for \$22.50, postpaid. As each person draws a dilemma card, others predict what his or her decision will be. Play it with your wife.



ALL EARS FOR THE RABBIT

Rabbit Systems are multiplying like, well, rabbits in homes with a number of TV sets—and we can understand why. The VCR-Rabbit transmits a video/audio signal from your regular TV channels, cable hookup or VCR to up to five other TVs in the house. An additional unit enables you to change your VCR via remote control from another room. The price at most electronics stores is about \$89.95 for a transmitter, one receiver and minithin connecting wire. Hop to it.



PIECES OF THE URBAN ACTION

Finding your way around Paris can be confusing, but solving a Paris city puzzle is fun—and when you finish, you'll have an elegant sculpture, about 21" x 8", that will hold its own right next to your Picasso ceramics. Created in Italy by designers Johnny Dell'Orto and Paolo Costa, city-sculpture puzzles are made of gesso, a substance that painters use to treat their canvases. The 40 or so pieces that make up each puzzle are artisan-crafted and no two are exactly alike—which makes the assembled city a wonderfully unusual work of art. C.R. Fine Arts, Ltd., 249 A Street, Studio 35, Boston, Massachusetts 02210, sells Paris for \$185, postpaid. A Plexiglas display box is \$50 more. About a dozen other cities, from New York to Venice, are available.



GTA—ALL THE WAY

American Motors Corporation recently introduced its 1987 entry in the pocket-rocket category of subcompact cars at a press preview in Ucross, Wyoming (population, 26). And the wild West became a little wilder as journalists from auto and general-interest magazines—including *PLAYBOY*—took to the wide-open spaces. Available in a two-door sedan as well as the nifty convertible shown above, the GTA is powered by a two-liter, 95-hp four-cylinder engine mated with a close-ratio five-speed gearbox and performance suspension. The last stuck to the twisty Wyoming roads like a burr to a burro, helping turn in a 0-to-60 time of 9.9 seconds. Estimated prices for the cars (as we go to press) are \$8999 for the two-door, \$12,899 for the convertible. Cheap thrills.

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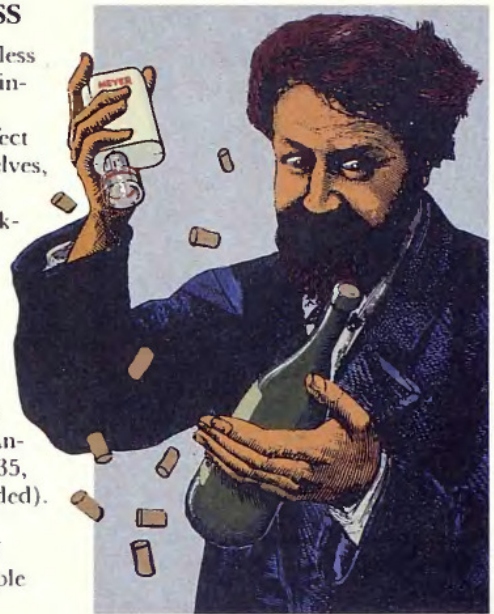
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CORKS GO CORDLESS

The Wine Key, the first cordless electric corkscrew, is finding instant acceptance among oenophiles in search of the perfect pull; and after trying it ourselves, we can see why. All you do is press a button and the corkscrew is driven into the cork. Press it again and the cork pops out of the bottle. Then press it once more to release the cork. The Wine Key is available from Meyer Corporation, U.S., 700 Forbes Boulevard, South San Francisco, California 94080, for \$35, postpaid (batteries not included). Of course, it's rechargeable. We went through a couple of cases of vintage Château Apple Dapple just checking it out.



THE RIGHT FRIGHT

There's a new breed of mask makers out there, and one of the best is John Dods Studio, 234 George Street, New Brunswick, New Jersey 08901. Moon Man (up front) proves there is somebody up there who looks as if he loves green cheese (\$125). At \$375, the limited-edition Gothic Alien (right) is for serious collectors only. (His monster hands cost \$98.) And don't let the silly grin on that Venusian Mutant fool you; he'll tear the flesh right off your skull! He's only \$125. Scream, gang, scream.

THE INTERNATIONAL CITIZEN

Citizen, the wizard of inexpensive watches, has just launched a new product, the World Timepiece Alarm & Calculator, that should find a place on the desk of every international armchair traveler. Measuring only 2½" x 3½", the wedge-shaped World Timepiece displays at a touch the time in 24 cities, with New York, London and local time permanently displayed. It's also an electronic beeper alarm and a solar calculator with three memory keys—all this for about \$25 in major stores. And if the unit's wedge shape isn't right for you, Citizen also makes a wallet-size version for your designer suitcase.

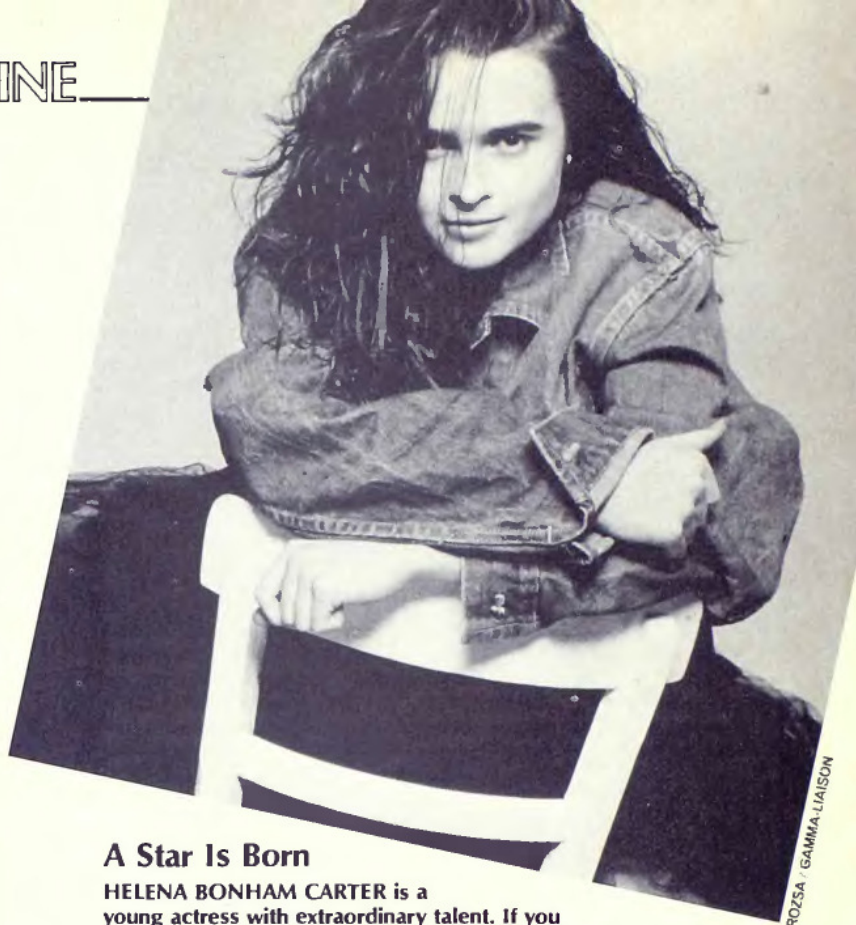


Jeepers, Creepers, Where'd Ya Get Those Peepers?

Like Ruth Gordon (opposite page), British model ANELISE NESBITT is sporting some offbeat glasses. The specs are a hot item in England these days, and so is Anelise. We're all for a fashion statement that won't interfere with natural beauty. And you?



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ROZSA / GAMMA-LIAISON

A Star Is Born

HELENA BONHAM CARTER is a young actress with extraordinary talent. If you saw her recently in *A Room with a View*, you know what we mean. Her next role, as Sally Bowles, will be performed for a British TV miniseries and will reach us eventually on PBS. Since she's played so many period women, we thought you'd like to see her in a more contemporary pose, just hanging out.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Tom Waits for No One

Musician/now stage actor TOM WAITS did a gutsy thing last summer. He wrote and starred in a musical play, *Frank's Wild Years*, that had a sold-out run from Chicago's famous Steppenwolf Theater. He hopes to move it on to New York and London. Waits, as a Las Vegas lounge lizard, was right on the money and a delight to behold.



Giving Peace a Chance

Here's our update on the Amnesty International concerts that took place in six American cities last summer: By every measure, financial and political, they were a success, thanks in great part to these four troubadours, from left to right, BONO, JOAN BAEZ, STING and PETER GABRIEL. Amnesty's director, John G. Healey, is pleased that the tour made more than \$2,000,000; but, more important, says Healey, "Average Americans understand what Amnesty stands for and that they can do something about injustice." Music made the difference.

Not Dressed for Success

If clothes make the man, actor HOWIE MANDEL is in big trouble. What's he up to besides *St. Elsewhere*? You can look forward to *Bobo* on the big screen. Howie plays the title role of a loser who is separated from his family at birth and raised by dogs. Yes, dogs. Twenty-five years later, he discovers he can inherit his father's fortune if he can get his act together and convince anyone of his real identity. Believe us, after *Bobo*, Howie needs lamé.



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What a Cut-Up!

English model RUTH GORDON looks very good, even wearing a pair of scissors. When you're starting out, getting noticed is the main point. Looking sharp can't hurt.

COMING NEXT: THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 33RD ANNIVERSARY ISSUES



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PLUS: FICTION BY **TOM MCGUANE**, **JOYCE CAROL OATES**, **JOHN UPDIKE** AND **BILLY CRYSTAL**; **"INSIDER TRADING,"** THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE **DENNIS LEVINE** CASE, BY **JOHN D. (CONFESSIONS OF A STOCKBROKER) SPOONER**; VISITS BY **JEAN PENN** WITH **"THE KIDS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL,"** AMONG THEM **DWEEZIL** AND **MOON UNIT ZAPPA**, **GUNNAR** AND **MATTHEW NELSON**; **"HAITI AFTER BABY DOC,"** A MOODY LOOK AT THE HEMISPHERE'S POOREST COUNTRY, BY **HERBERT GOLD**; **"LIFE IN THE DUMB LANE,"** BY **REG POTTERTON**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; A BOLD NEW LOOK AT **"SEX STARS OF 1986,"** BY **JIM HARWOOD**; **"BOB BOZE BELL'S CHRISTMAS STORY"**; AND OTHER GOODIES PACKAGED FOR YOUR HOLIDAY ENJOYMENT

"HOMAGE TO MM"—WE WERE SURPRISED (AND DELIGHTED) TO DISCOVER MORE PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED PHOTOS OF OUR FIRST SWEETHEART OF THE MONTH, **MARILYN MONROE**

BRYANT GUMBEL REVEALS HOW THE *TODAY* SHOW WORKS AND **DON JOHNSON** TAKES US WELL BEHIND THE SCENES OF *MIAMI VICE* IN A PAIR OF SOCKO **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS**

KOKO, THE SIGNING APE, CARRIES ON A PERFECTLY BEASTLY CONVERSATION IN **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"BLINDSIGHT"—ON THE SATELLITE WORLD OF VALPARAISO, AN EYELESS MAN HIRES A GUIDE FOR A TRIP INTO OBLIVION—BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

"FILM ALL MONSTERS"—ESPECIALLY IF YOU CAN SHOOT THEM, AS WE DID, IN THE COMPANY OF COME-LY **BARBARA CRAMPTON**, STAR OF *RE-ANIMATOR*



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