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INTERVIEW

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GET MORE FROM LIFE—BUCKLE UP!

PLAYBILL

THE MEDIA are obviously panicky about AIDS, but we're not convinced that the public is—nor that it should be. If you're concerned about your chances of contracting the virus, you need facts, not hysteria. For a levelheaded look at what has become the most widely publicized sexual red flag since herpes (remember herpes?), see our *Viewpoint: Can Sex Survive AIDS?* You'll probably feel a lot better about the whole thing. But then, maybe you're not as worried about it as *Time* and *Newsweek* would have us believe. Since every major article we've read about AIDS emphasizes the fact that the use of condoms greatly reduces the likelihood of its transmission, we figured that there ought to be a big surge in condom sales. So we called **George Gori**, the vice-president of product development for Schmid, the oldest (102 years) manufacturer of condoms in the U.S. "Well, we're kind of surprised," said Gori, "what with all this publicity about AIDS and herpes, that sales haven't skyrocketed [not that Schmid hasn't tried to shoot Ramses sales sky-high; see *The Year in Sex*]. But, in fact, sales have only grown slowly—maybe one or two percent." In other words, most people aren't panicking? "Not really—only the people who ought to be, and they know who they are, if you know what I mean."

Meanwhile, life boogies on; and if you aren't too terrified of sexual contagion to do a little partying now and then, why not do it right? *Scientific Principles of the Party Tape*, by **Charles M. Young**, will tell you how to program the music for your next shindig according to the tastes of your guests. Cut it out. Save it. If the women at your party wind up huddled in one corner of the living room, whispering and giggling, you (and your buddies) will probably want to know what they're talking about. Presuming they're not discussing how pitiful your party tapes are (because you didn't pay attention to us), they're probably talking about the men present. Would you like to eavesdrop? Of course you would. So read *What Women Talk About When They Talk About Men*, by **Susan Squire**. You may discover that women understand men better than men give them credit for. Of course, we already knew that, which is why we've often asked **E. Jean Carroll** to profile famous men for us (remember her devastating February, 1984, encounter with actor **William Hurt**?). This time, we assigned the beguiling Carroll to visit hard rocker **John Cougar Mellencamp** at his Indiana homestead. Her account, *John Mellencamp, Daddy's Boy*, is classic Carroll: an unusual glimpse of an unusual personality.

You'll need a shot of *Winter Whiskeys* (by our drinks doyen, **Emanuel Greenberg**) before you read *Another Side of Rape*, by **Ransom Satchell**, a memoir that comes to grips with most men's deepest terror. When you finish that article, as thoughts of personal retaliation flood your mind (and they will, guaranteed!), take another shot and turn to **Jim Harrison's** *The American Way of Revenge*, which examines both the urge to retaliate and our national way of satisfying that impulse.

To round out the issue, we have **David** and **Victoria Sheff's** *Playboy Interview* with actor/film maker **Michael Douglas**, **Steve Oney's** *20 Questions* quiz of controversial private detective **Anthony Pellicano** (if you've ever wanted to disappear without a trace, this is *must* reading) and two outstanding short stories, **Lucius Shepard's** *Fire Zone Emerald* and **Julio Cortazar's** *Your Most Profound Skin*, the latter excerpted from the book *Around the Day in Eighty Worlds*, soon to be published by North Point Press. Another book you may enjoy is **Brett Weston's** *A Personal Selection*, due this fall from Photography West Graphics. For a sample of **Weston's** imaginative photos, see *By Water's Light*.

Our special thanks to illustrators **Cathy Barancik** (*Your Most Profound Skin*), **George Stavrinos** (*John Mellencamp*) and **Terry Widener** (*The American Way of Revenge*), and to Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda** (for his *hot, hot* look at *Lips*) and to Staff Photographer **David Mecey** (for his plentiful portfolio of the *Women of Alaska*). Our *very* special thanks to Playmate **Julie McCullough**, for being herself. Just looking at her warms us up.



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PLAYBOY®

vol. 33, no. 2—february 1986

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COVER STORY Nothing like a steamy cup of caffeine to get the juices going. Our stimulating cover, designed by Managing Art Director Kerig Pope and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, with hair by John Victor, make-up by Pat Tomlinson and styling by Perry/Hollister, Chicago, features Miss February 1985, Cherie Witter—the New Coffee Generation's best ad yet.



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Last fall, Hef made a comeback to Chicago. On the seventh floor of our headquarters (left), he met a cottontail cutout who recognized him—who wouldn't? At Steinmetz High (below), he found his name on the Roll of Honor, which salutes students who served in the Armed Forces. In our Photo Studio (below right), he shook hands with Staff Photographer David Mecey as Photo Director Gary Cole looked on. Later (right), Hef saw a mobile reminder of the start of something big. He left town with a suitcase full of memories for his forthcoming autobiography.



Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll, which dazzled our readers in January 1985, is now wowing cabaret audiences in *three dimensions*. The world's most beautiful rockers will be headlining at the Maxim Hotel/Casino in Las Vegas through the first half of 1986; they're planning gigs in Monte Carlo and at Honolulu's Outrigger Hotel. For those who don't get out much, Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll are now on video cassette, too.



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I DREAM OF GENIUS

The seven of us who appear in your pictorial *The Women of Mensa* (PLAYBOY, November) want to tell you what a wonderful experience it was for us. We were all genuinely thrilled by the fun and glamor of a PLAYBOY shoot; we loved our sets, which you tailored to fit our fantasies; and we were all very impressed by the professionalism and good humor of everyone we met. Both Jeff Cohen and Arny Freytag have found a place in our hearts. Thank you for a wonderful time we'll always remember.

Joy, Janel, Valerie, Elizabeth, Sheri, JoAnn and Donna

Thank you for the intellectual (and sensuous) *Women of Mensa!* I've always admired PLAYBOY for the personality and sensuousness it brings out in all the women it features. PLAYBOY doesn't play to the tune of "Beauty is only skin deep." Congratulations to Arny Freytag for his superb photography.

Raymond J. Lo
Amherst, Massachusetts

My congratulations and admiration to *The Women of Mensa*. After witnessing their beauty on your pages, I was fortunate enough to witness their brains on a recent *Donahue* appearance. They handled a tough, critical audience with ease and—more impressively—style. Congratulations for finally disproving the myth that you can't have both brains and beauty.

Karen Chillemi
Houston, Texas

About six months ago, I took and passed the test for admission to Mensa, but demurred when I was invited to join the organization, believing that its members were probably nerds and its women members probably rated a ten only in the brains department. Having viewed *The Women of Mensa*, (A) I apologize profusely and publicly to the organization and, par-

ticularly, its female members for my prejudice; and (B) I mailed my membership application today.

Robert B. Ryan
Buffalo, New York

BALLS "Я" US

"For the shot of Mensan Sheri Blair, we ordered 7000 rubber balls," said Senior Photography Editor and dapper jokester Jeff Cohen (below) in November's "Playbill." "The first 7000 readers who send me a nice letter will get one." Then came the avalanche—from Mensa fans, jugglers and hundreds of guys who claimed to be monospheric. Well, Cohen had the balls to go through with his offer, and he still has at least a couple left. . . .



AND WE LOVE L.A.

Thank you for sending me a copy of your first perfect-bound edition of PLAYBOY (October). I am enjoying the articles and pictorials, too.

Tom Bradley, Mayor
Los Angeles, California

STUNG

I was quite interested in Victoria and David Sheff's *Playboy Interview* with Sting (November). I have just come from one of his concerts—how refreshing to see



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a performer who is not only talented but intelligent, too! His lyrics are thought-provoking, his music is upbeat and each song is different. The band complements Sting but does not overpower his *beautiful*, resonant voice. But back to the interview: *Here* is a talented man who has his act together and is not afraid to take risks. He is definitely an inspiration for us ordinary people. I think I'm in love.

Sharon Isley
Charlotte, North Carolina

I was just as bored with the Sting interview as he was. Any rock fan knows most of the history of The Police, so why talk about the past? I'm more curious about what he's doing now—and so is Sting.

Joe Pecchio
New York, New York

THE ENFORCER

Carl Stone's *Pay Me Now or Pay Me Later* (PLAYBOY, November) is most on target when discussing the absent parents with whom Stone deals in his job as a child-support investigator. However, as an investigator and administrator for another child-support-enforcement unit in Colorado, I feel compelled to comment. Stone contends that the conduct of child-support-enforcement officers is not governed by a code of ethics or by concepts of justice and fairness. Nothing could be further from the truth. We are not mere "collectors" who engage in questionable practices but law-enforcement professionals whose mission is to enforce the laws that require parents to support their children. Stone makes the argument that child support is primarily for the benefit of the ex-wife. This misses the point, since child support is about *children*.

George Beacon
Delta County Department
of Social Services
Delta, Colorado

I just finished reading *Pay Me Now or Pay Me Later*. Remind me never to get a divorce.

Craig Lewis
Shreveport, Louisiana

SEX-RATED

Arthur Knight, with his usual elegance and expertise, makes *Sex in Cinema—1985* (PLAYBOY, November) as intriguing on paper as it is in your cable presentations. I applaud these efforts, as well as your wisdom in engaging Knight to bring it all to life. In all of Hollywood, nobody does it better.

Donfeld
Beverly Hills, California

SONNY'S DISPOSITION

Poor, poor Don Johnson (*20 Questions*, PLAYBOY, November). How could we "sex-starved" women do it to him? How could

we subject him to the humiliation of sex-symbol status? Could we be the same "sex-starved" women who allow him the luxury of strutting around in European pastels while cruising our Florida beaches in his jet boat? PLAYBOY, you have a knack for showing people as they really are!

Carolyn Chaple
Tampa, Florida

YELLOW JOURNALISM

Reg Potterton's parody *The Deregulated Yellow Pages* (PLAYBOY, November) is absolutely hilarious. Truly classic material. It's great to see that your writing staff is still the best.

J. J. Gaynes
Lemon Grove, California

USED DE LOREAN

Regarding PLAYBOY's interview with John De Lorean (October): You say it's the first since his trial. In its October 1984 issue, *Contemporary Christian* published an in-depth interview with De Lorean that did not go unnoticed, except by PLAYBOY. We're sorry you missed it.

John W. Styll,
Editor and Publisher
Contemporary Christian
Laguna Hills, California

Apparently, De Lorean didn't notice it, either, since he confirmed that ours was his first such interview and a library search of standard references failed to uncover Contemporary Christian. We're sorry we missed it, too.

MR. GOOD WENCH

As one who has been a fan of Ray Russell's writing for years, let me congratulate you for publishing *The Black Wench* (PLAYBOY, November), his best ghost story to date. That's saying a lot, because I consider Russell the finest living craftsman of the old-fashioned ghost story.

John Daniel
Santa Barbara, California

It's always a pleasure to read a Ray Russell story, and *The Black Wench* proves to be one of his best. Like the proverbial cask of amontillado, Russell grows chillingly better with age. You and he are to be congratulated on this, his 50th PLAYBOY contribution.

Craig Huebing
Junction City, Oregon

OUT OF THE SAUCEPAN. . .

Men, let me ask you something. What's the best way to boil a frog? No, you don't just boil some water and toss it in, because if you do, it'll jump right back out. What you do is put the frog in a saucepan of warm water and lull him to sleep as you crank up the heat. And that's what's been happening to us men. As Asa Baber states in his *Men* column "Sexist Witch-Hunt" (PLAYBOY, April), we have become scared

shitless at the prospect of being labeled sexist pigs. Meanwhile, as we were being lulled asleep in our saucepan, the feminists were cranking up the heat and boiling our ass. For many, it was too late: They were cooked. But thanks to Baber and such columns as "Intimate Ice" (*Men*, PLAYBOY, November), some of us are getting out of the saucepan in time. I nominate Asa Baber as the patron saint of manhood.

Brian Carter
Saugerties, New York

Not often do I read an article that offers so profound a glimpse into the man-woman dilemma. Thank you, Asa Baber, for "Intimate Ice."

E. M. Freedman
Guilford, New York

MYSTERY DATA

Here's my vote for Playmate of the Year—Miss November, Pamela Saunders. When I saw her in *The Girls of Texas* (PLAYBOY, February 1985), I knew I wanted to see her again. Thanks for a great magazine and tell Hef hi!

Tom Woolard
Miami, Oklahoma

Hey, gang, how come you omitted the bust measurement in the Data Sheet of Pamela Saunders, Miss November? She has nothing to be ashamed of.

Don Davis
Long Beach, California

As a statistician, I make it a point to categorize each Playmate according to height, weight, measurements, etc. Please do me a great favor: Tell me Pamela Saunders' measurements. I can't place her in my file until all stats are complete.

Greg Johnson
Rockford, Illinois

Since we told you her height, all you stat men could have derived perfect Pamela's 36-24-35 (see below) through the formula



$bwh = HPMc^2$, where *b* is bust, *w* is waist, *h* is hips, *H* is height, *PM* is Playmate and *c* is the speed of light.





Small Wonder

It's here, *pocket-size* radar protection.

Imagine a superbly crafted electronic instrument, powerful enough to protect against traffic radar, miniaturized enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award.

Small means nearly-invisible protection

That could only be PASSPORT. It has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a package the size of a cassette tape.

This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives from the experts.

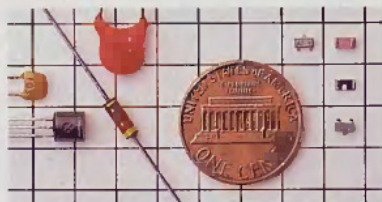
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The experts report excellent performance. Simply switch PASSPORT on and adjust the volume knob. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp glows and the variable-pulse audio

Small means the size of a cassette tape

begins a slow warning: "beep" for X band radar, "brap" for K band. Simultaneously a bar graph of Hewlett-Packard LEDs shows radar proximity.

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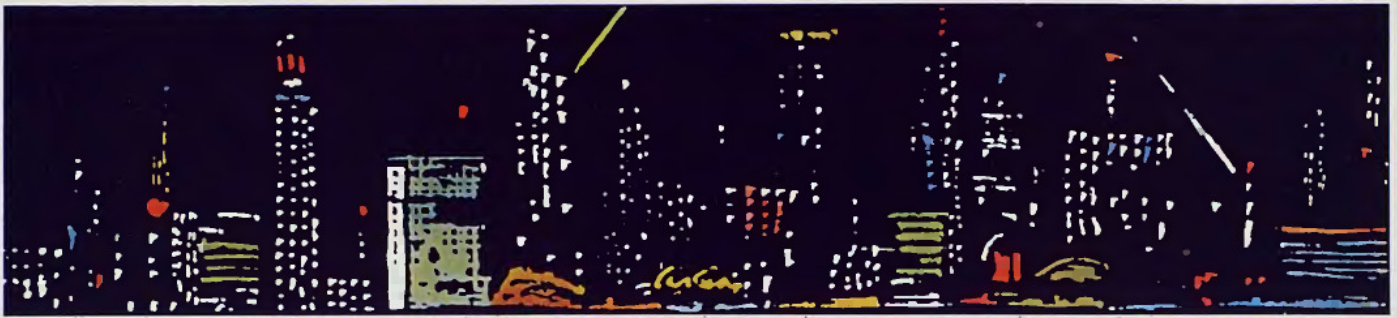
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE DATING GAME

"How to Succeed in L.A. Bars," a pamphlet of practical pickup hints gleaned from her surveys of men and women, written pseudonymously by a former L.A. Playboy Club Bunny, has some startling news that's sure to help you score: Men shouldn't be seen in the same bar too many times, while women may call the place home; married men will have better luck if they lie about it, but a woman remains just as attractive if she reveals that she is married; and it's OK for both men and women to be spotted leaving the bar with a person of the opposite sex. Whew!

Our favorite—and most stylish—sore-loser remark of the month: Chicago's first WBBS-TV Rock Star Bowling Tournament pitted the Four Tops against the Chi-Lites. The Chi-Lites, capitalizing on their home-turf advantage, won the Soul Bowl with a 205-193 score. The Four Tops' lead singer, Levi Stubbs, explained afterward, "We would have won, but we're legends. We usually get our butlers to do things like this for us."

Move over, Bitburg. Dachau, West Germany, best known for its concentration camp, is planning to give its visitors a free color guidebook to the Bavarian town in an attempt to upgrade its image. The book will highlight local features such as the Renaissance Wittelsbacher castle, the 19th Century painters' colony and the birthplace of poet Ludwig Thoma.

GRATEFUL DEAD-END

Well, if that's the way it's going to be, he may as well go to law school. A Houston judge ruled that a teenager may not attend any concerts by the Grateful Dead for the next five years. The judge handed down the sentence, along with a \$500 fine, to a youth who had taken LSD at a Grateful Dead concert. The boy expressed his disappointment, since he had planned to fol-

low the group around the country for two years after his graduation from high school next year.

The silliest garden product we've noticed is Zoo Doo—manure donated by animals from the Bronx Zoo. It's refined, or so our Gardener's Eden catalog describes it, and is combined with straw bedding and leaves. The catalog continues, "Zoo Doo is organic, composted, prime soil enricher that gives you healthier plants and prettier flowers. Clean and odor-free for use indoors and out. Increases soil aeration, water retention and organic soil content." A two-pound bag costs five dollars. Now you know who do that Zoo Doo that they do so well.

It used to be that a boy scout's motto described him as trustworthy, loyal and so forth. Now add deceitful. In an attempt to crack down on illegal liquor sales to minors, the Harris County, Texas, Sheriff's Department is recruiting 16- and 17-



year-old Explorer scouts to make cases against liquor-store clerks who sell alcohol to minors. During one weekend of the program, misdemeanor charges were filed against 24 convenience stores.

Those of you who want to flesh out your libraries with a really good Bible may now order a facsimile edition of the Gutenberg Bible from Midwest Library Services of St. Louis. The price, \$4500, is considerably less than the \$1,000,000 an original would command.

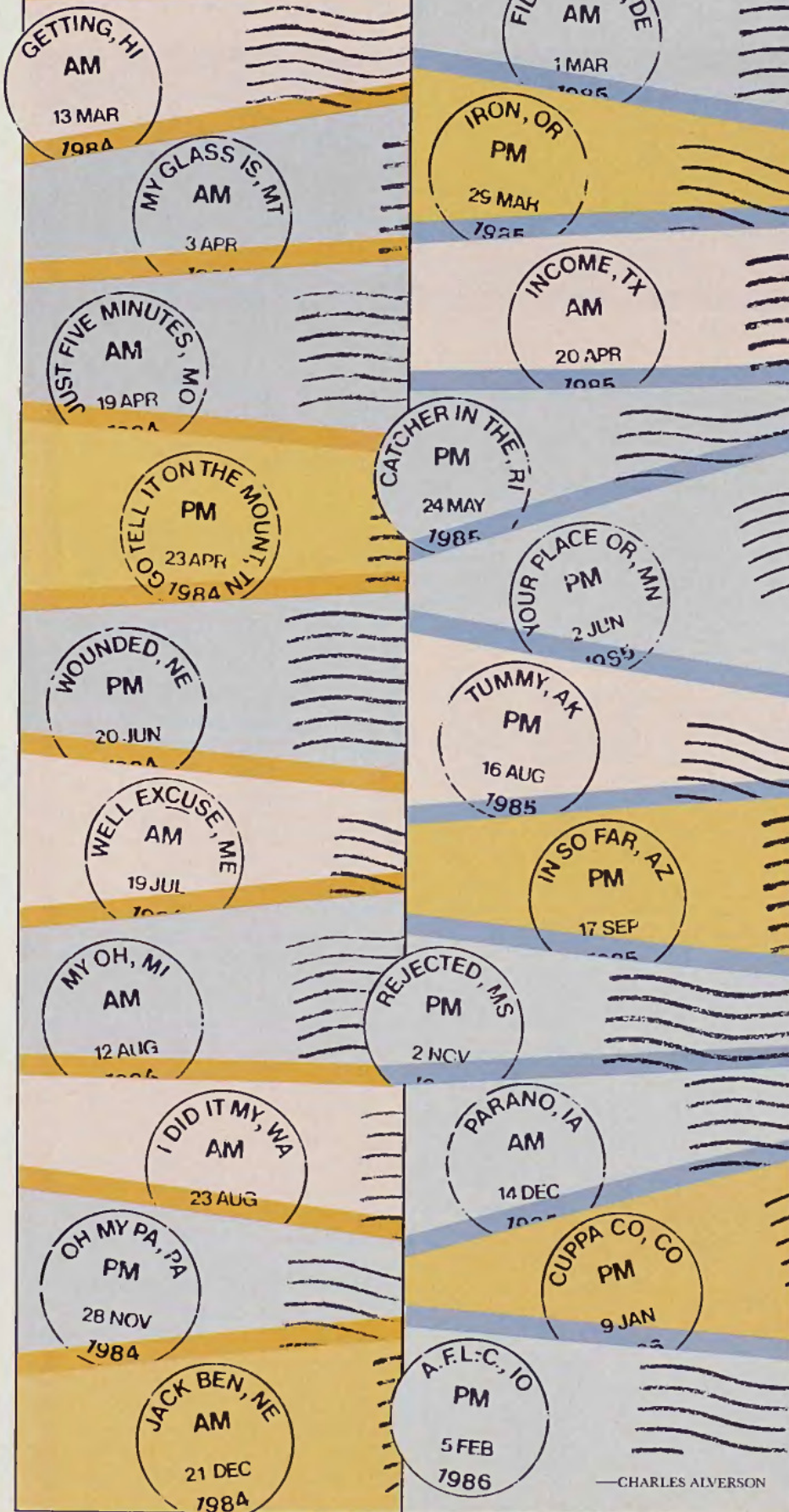
MOUSSE-HEAD MENACE

Hair mousse seemed like pretty harmless stuff when it came out a few years ago. Sure, it looked kind of funny when people used too much of it, but that didn't make it dangerous—or did it? But what happens to mousse after we rinse it from our hair and into our water supply? We suspect that scientists would agree that hair mousse behaves the same way in nature that it does in your hair—it makes things stiff. Our waterways are probably crowded with stiffened weeds and algae—permanently molded into shapes that restrict water flow. Fish, unable to bend their moussed fins to swim, will soon die. And with beavers and muskrats, it makes their hair look funny. Use mousse sparingly, and dispose of it properly.

The best put-down we've heard recently occurred during the divorce proceedings between a 14-year-old boy and his 17-year-old wife in Gallatin, Tennessee. The charge of cruel and inhuman treatment, pressed by Wendy Warden against her husband, Hal, was punctuated by her testimony that Hal behaved "like a ten-year-old" throughout their marriage.

There's no guarantee that this little gem is still going to be in business by the time you want to go there, but we noticed that the *Guinness Book of World Records* claims that the cheapest meal in the world is

MORE POSTMODERN POSTMARKS



—CHARLES ALVERSON

in—of all places—Paris. For five francs apiece (around 60 cents), 32 people can dine at Casa Miquel (48 Rue St. Georges, near Montmartre) on tomato or sausage to start with, sausage and beans or macaroni with meat, and fruit and cheese for dessert. A bottle of wine and a basket of *baguettes* are provided for every four epicures to divide as they see fit. Madame Maria Codina, the proprietor—and everything else—sums up her philosophy in a sign that hangs in the window: EAT MORE, EAT BETTER, SAVE MONEY. Amen.

Imagine, if you care to, leonine lust in the bush of Kenya. Having trouble? So did we until we saw a travel catalog's section on Kenya. There, in glorious color, is a shot of a Land Rover in the background and an amorous pair of African lions in the foreground. The caption, a perfect example of minimalist prose, sums it up: "Lions mating, people watching."

Memo to Cap Weinberger: There may be a cheap way to stop Soviet arms build-up. Our intelligence sources in Czechoslovakia inform us that a four-man Soviet tank crew on maneuvers there maneuvered its vehicle behind a rural pub, where the men spent their last few korunas on a bottle of Bohemia's finest beer. Then the crew chief traded his wedding ring for another bottle. Then, still thirsty, the four swapped their tank for two cases of vodka. (The pub owner also threw in a couple of pounds of herring and pickles, he later said, as a gesture of solidarity.) Two days later, police found the crew sleeping it off in the forest. Ten days later, they found pieces of the tank at a metal-recycling center, where the operator told them he'd just paid a pub owner a good price for a load of unusually high-quality scrap steel. So, Cap, how about equipping our front-line NATO troops with cases of high-quality potato punch? If the *Russkis* make the big push, we give them a choice: Either they trade their tanks for vodka, or we blow the hooch to pieces right before their eyes.

It's not easy writing clever advertising copy; but, on the other hand, it's not all that hard, either. As evidence, we offer these snippets from the Paris night club Lido's ad in *Ambassador* magazine: "Every year, more than half a million people come to meat on the Champs-Élysées both René Fraday and Donn Arden fabulous show and all the charme of Paris represented by the Bluebells Girls. The Lido presents its totally new revue 'Panache' a show that goes beyond the limits of stordelment with an erufing volcans, live camels and totally now attractions. . . . When the show begin the audiance is lowared in order to surprise the stage. . . ." Well, you get the picture. The point is that there are beautiful women out there on stage, some of whom have almost no clothes on, and French is a difficult language from which to appreciate the thoughts of other cultures.

BOOKS

I NEVER OUTGREW the need for an occasional dose of science fiction, but I did outgrow most of what passes for it—not because of bug-eyed monsters and space-opera plots, which I love, but because of the hasty clunkety-clank writing and the yank-'em-up cardboard characters. I came to want my favorite debased form to do what other literature does, to be *about* something, not simply action and imaginative diversion. I kept looking for these dumb space operas to be *profound*. They almost never are, of course, and those that try to be are often the worst. I'd pretty much given up on the form until a few years back, when I belatedly came upon Philip K. Dick and his 30 or so novels and found that he was an important American novelist who was virtually unknown because he worked the low-rent science-fiction streets. The discovery was lucky for me, because I was starving, I found, for just what his novels provided: aliens and angst, considered with black humor. But he died four years ago, and I've read them all now and find myself starving again—so over the past months, I've read a baker's dozen of recent science-fiction novels and started half a dozen more I couldn't finish to see how things are going—see if anybody out there comes close to being as good as P.K.D.

There's happy news—the aliens are still coming. In Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle's *Footfall* (Del Rey), they look like two-trunked elephants from outer space, and they are, by God, out to trample us. *Footfall* proselytizes too hard for things nuclear and the space program—at one point, a sympathetic military character essentially says, Gosh, if only we'd been allowed to build those neutron bombs we wanted, *then* we'd have something to throw at those Snouts—but otherwise, it's good fun and pretty well done, if perhaps not as engaging as Niven and Pournelle's earlier *Lucifer's Hammer*. Greg Bear's *Eon* (Bluejay) is a far more original handling of the aliens-are-coming theme. An enormous object called the Stone, vastly larger inside than out and home to several civilizations past and future (got that?), suddenly appears in orbit around Earth—and we're off. The story's ingenious unraveling brings to mind the *Pogo* saying "We have met the enemy, and they is us."

An oddball one I enjoyed was James Tiptree, Jr.'s *Brightness Falls from the Air* (Tor). It's set at a future resort on an exotic planet where tourists come to see shy, delicate-winged native humanoids that look like a mating of butterflies and Tinker Bell. When these creatures are tortured, their glands exude a chemical sweat that acts as a paradisiacal drug on people—a priceless contraband. After former horrors, the planet and the butterfly people are now protected—at least until a



S-f roundup: The aliens are still coming.

State-of-the art science fiction; Dr. Zinner's guide to safe sex.

new group of tourists arrives, two of them immediately suspicious. It's sort of like *Charlie Chan vs. the Nazi Torturers on Mysterious Island in Outer Space*—and quite likable, a whodunit of sorts, espousing pleasingly hippie-dippie values.

My penultimate favorite—and one I bet P.K.D. would have liked—is *The Memory of Whiteness* (Tor), by Kim Stanley Robinson. In fact, Robinson's first novel, *The Wild Shore*, won a Philip K. Dick Memorial Special Award. One of Dick's ongoing obsessions was music, with which this story of a master musician on tour through the Solar System in the year 3229 is so thoughtfully concerned that Norman Spinrad, on the back cover, compares it to Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*. I might not go nearly that far, but the novel is pretty interesting, integrating into its Philip Glass-on-Tour-in-Outer-Space-Pursued-by-Bad-Guys plot a meditation on what music means to us and where it fits into what passes for reality. It is a book *about* something, with a successful space-opera plot as well.

It was Brian W. Aldiss' Helliconia trilogy that really blew me away, though. The final volume, *Helliconia Winter* (Atheneum), came out last spring, and while the story is cynical enough that one could enjoy it alone, I recommend starting at the beginning with *Helliconia Spring* and *Helliconia Summer*. What a pleasurable long, strange trip it is. Helliconia is a beautiful Earthlike planet with a few crucial differences, the largest being the fact that a full

season lasts 2592 Earth years, plunging the planet into centuries-long, brutal ice-age winters that destroy civilization and all but kill off humanity; worse even, in other words, than those in Chicago. And the summers, of equal duration, become murderously hot, turning farms to desert, so the Helliconians are caught between fire and ice. They must share their planet with a number of other intelligent species—one of which, the phagors, is the sworn, ancient enemy of humans—but they need one another to survive the extremes of a Helliconia year. It's all so captivating and well done that such reviewish clichés as "Epic!" and "Stunning achievement!" leap to mind. The writing is careful and clean, even poetic at moments; and the adventures, however exotic, pertain to larger questions. I can only say that once I was on Helliconia, I didn't want to leave. —DAVID STANDISH

Herpes, chlamydia, syphilis, AIDS, N.G.U., P.I.D.—the stuff of headlines, guilt trips and sexual nightmares. The best known of the venereal ailments, they've succeeded in giving sex a bad name. Now Dr. Stephen H. Zinner has written what may be the coffee-table book of the Eighties. It is *STD: Sexually Transmitted Diseases* (Summit), subtitled "What You Should Know and How to Protect Yourself." It is filled with clear, no-nonsense descriptions of the diseases, along with helpful hints for preventing contagion. Misinformation decreases your chances of having a truly astonishing sex life. Dr. Zinner's book is a perfect antidote for the confusion and fear many of us have felt over the past few years.

Critical acclaim greeted Bill Granger's previous spy novels, but this one, *Hemingway's Notebook* (Crown), is tripe from start to finish. By page eight, we know that the villain will get his and the hero will get the girl; meanwhile, we'll get sex and violence, renegade spies, guerrillas in the hills, wacky 'Nam vets and the usual cast of tight-lipped twits who talk like people in comic books. The kindest thing to be said about *Hemingway's Notebook* is that it's a crime against trees.

It's only fiction and it asks us to swallow a conspiracy subplot that verges on the preposterous; but for all that, *A Talk with the Angels* (St. Martin's), by Desmond Meiring, is one of the most authentic political suspense novels in years, as timely and as alarming as today's headlines. Beautifully written by a former oil-company executive whose fluency in Arabic gives added weight to his credentials, it tells a story about modern Egypt and Islamic fervor that should be compulsory reading in the State Department.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MANY OF THE wearisome clichés of youth movies are met head on—and conquered—by the accomplished company collaborating on *Smooth Talk* (Spectrafilm). Director Joyce Chopra, making her first full-length feature from a short story by Joyce Carol Oates, has created a slight but suspenseful tale of sexual awakening in a California teenager who's muddling through her first long, hot summer of acute boy consciousness. "I'm not used to feeling this excited," mumbles 15-year-old Connie apologetically to one hard-breathing stud with a flashy set of wheels. The crunch comes for Connie when a mysterious, knowing stranger—almost a ringer for the James Dean posters in her bedroom—catches her alone at home on a warm weekend afternoon and tells her the time is *now*, that this is *real*, not just more larking around the shopping mall with her girlfriends to spot guys with cute buns. The tentative, tremulous, scary stirrings of desire are caught perfectly by Laura Dern (Bruce's daughter, who was also the blind girl in *Mask*), playing against some very effective sexual swagger by Treat Williams as a seducer with a touch of the poet about him. In fact, *Talk's* poetic flair is such that you may wonder, in the end, whether Connie has truly "done it" or has dreamed away the afternoon in a masturbatory fantasy. While the seemingly deliberate ambiguity is a drag, Dern creates a winsome portrait of a feverish child-woman rushing from adolescence a little too soon. ♫½

There's a shrewd, disarming air of glorified amateurism about writer-director Paul Morrissey's *Mixed Blood* (Sara Films-Cinevista). Trashy high camp shot through with sly social satire is the name of Morrissey's game, a game he perfected in the Andy Warhol school of cinema, and he plays it here as cunningly as he did in *Flesh*, *Trash* and *Heat* more than a dozen years ago. *Mixed Blood* is a handsome, almost perversely appealing view of gang wars in that part of lower-than-low New York known as Alphabet City because its borders encompass avenues A, B and C. Morrissey's slums look blitzed, aglow with graffiti and colorful, criminal teenyboppers. In this milieu, an "older guy" is about 15, old enough to be arrested and charged. The young fry are seasoned killers who peddle hard drugs like lemonade at street-corner stands while the cops wink.

Vibrantly dominating the scene and making sure there's more to the movie than greasy kid stuff is Brazilian star Marilia Pera, who plays Rita La Punta, the flamboyant big momma who functions as Fagin for a mob of bad boys. Many of



Williams *Smooth Talkin'* Dern.

Here's variety: teen desire, rock 'n' roll and a lurid *Red Rasputin*.

them have the trendy good looks of the toughs in TV commercials, but Rita makes them bathe regularly and change their underwear, in case they wind up hospitalized or dead. Thus, one gang moll in charge of decor bemoans the mortality rate, noting, "I'm sick of Day-Glo for these memorials." The emphasis is mostly on Rita's expendable young warriors, though there's a funny, stunted romance between her son (Richard Ulacia) and a blonde uptown bitch (Linda Kerridge) who has moved downtown for kicks. The music has an insistent Latin beat; the photography is exceptional and the violence extreme. To truly relish *Blood*, I'd say you need at least a strong stomach and a streak of wayward humor. ♫♫

The B-movie flavor and high energy level of *Thunder Alley* (Cannon) keep interest alive through an all-too-familiar showbiz-on-the-road movie about a young man with a guitar, trying to carve out a career in music. Shooting on location all around Tucson, Arizona, with Roger Wilson (the personable hero of both *Porky's* movies) as his would-be star, writer-director J. S. Cardone asks the straightforward question, How you gonna keep him down on the farm after he's seen his future as a rock idol? Wilson is persuasive both musically and dramatically, playing a rancher's son who puts barnyard chores behind him en route to the big time—helped one way or another by Leif Garrett as the lead singer he replaces, Scott

McGinnis as a buddy destroyed by drugs and Jill Schoelen as the loyal, loving half-breed girl back home. The group that Wilson joins on a tour of jerkwater joints is called Magic. While there's nothing truly magical about *Thunder Alley*, it's a four-square, tuneful talent showcase. ♫

That Was Then . . . This Is Now (Paramount), the fourth movie based on a novel by S. E. Hinton, a youngish woman who writes best sellers about teenagers, ranks roughly second-best of the lot, several paces behind *Tex*. Emilio Estevez, look-alike son of Martin Sheen, wrote the screenplay for *That Was Then*, carving out a meaty bad-boy role for himself and an even richer, more sympathetic one for movie newcomer Craig Sheffer. As two friends brought up together in the rough east end of Minneapolis-St. Paul, they're buddies whose relationship suffers when Bryon (Sheffer) finds a nice girl and Mark (Estevez) graduates from boyish pranks—joy rides and pool hustling—to take up truly dangerous games. Director Christopher Cain handles the familiar material with sufficient flair to keep audiences from yawning through yet another saga of troubled teens. ♫

Concert films, as such, are low on my list of favorite things. If you can't make it to a live concert, why not listen to the record instead? *Bring on the Night* (Samuel Goldwyn), with Sting, is a glittering exception to the rule. Directed by Michael (Coal Miner's Daughter) Apted, this enlightened documentary charts the birth of the pop superstar's new, all-black band and, almost simultaneously, the birth of his fourth child (with the singer himself at hand to cut the umbilical cord). Already in wide national release, *Night* constitutes an exciting short course in Sting appreciation, a look at his rare gifts as composer, performer, movie actor, musician and social critic. Here's a conscientious, innovative artist, over 30, who actually behaves like a grownup. And, yes, that's a cue for applause. ♫♫

Long suppressed in the U.S.S.R., the extravagant *Rasputin* (International Film Exchange) is the most lurid and raunchy slice of Russian history ever OK'd for export. The lecherous preacher, charlatan and mad mystic who cast a spell over Nicholas and Alexandra, the last czar and czarina, was a prime mover in the chain of catastrophes that brought on the Revolution. Played by Alexei Petrenko with uninhibited ferocity, Rasputin is a wild-eyed Muscovite Charles Manson. He seduces nuns and noblewomen, flaunts his decadence and plays treacherous power politics until he is murdered by some titled enemies in a tragicomic assassination of

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60 TOP HITS TO CHOOSE FROM

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FLASHDANCE	2018062	48 HOURS	2022092	THE WOMAN IN RED	7105172
THE SURE THING	3136012	STAR TREK III—THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK	2016082	TO CATCH A THIEF	7114162
COTTON CLUB	3100032	THE NATURAL	1649052	BALL OF FIRE	3139082
PLACES IN THE HEART	0978082	LAWRENCE OF ARABIA	1514072	THE ALAMO	0583052
STARMAN	1723042	THE AFFRICAN QUEEN	0511022	CRUISING	3500232
JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY	0980042	ON GOLDEN POND	0523162	A PLACE IN THE SUN	7132062
WUTHERING HEIGHTS	3126032	TRADING PLACES	2017072	YENTL	0895062
A NIGHTMARE ON ELM ST.	3288072	BREATHLESS	7116142	BLADE RUNNER	3104092
MICKI & MAUDE	1732032	BODY DOUBLE	1713062	WAR GAMES	0828002
THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING	0948052	CLEOPATRA (Taylor and Burton)	0579012	THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL	0576042
THE MALTESE FALCON	0894092	MAD MAX	7109132	THE GODFATHER	2023092
ROMANCING THE STONE	0894092	PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO	7136022	PORKY'S	075112
THE BIG CHILL	1527022	STRIPES	1513162	FORT APACHE	5526042
THE FLAMINGO KID	7135032	THE LONGEST DAY	0577032	CITIZEN KANE	5501032
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK	0910092	ALIEN	0002322	PATTON	0043092
STAR WARS	0564162	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS	1510192	WEST SIDE STORY	0505342
THE KARATE KID	1710092	BUTCH CASSIDY & THE SUNDANCE KID	0517302	DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER	0599072
THE SOUND OF MUSIC	0039212	BACHELOR PARTY	0926012	CABARET	4001272
JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT CHALLENGE	5260042	EASY MONEY	7107152	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534212

matchless ineptitude. Serious students of Russian history may quibble with this Harold Robbins-ish hell-and-gone interpretation of the decline of the Romanov dynasty, but director Elem Klimov certainly lets out all the stops. ♪

Well into its second decade on Broadway, the landmark musical *A Chorus Line* (Columbia) has taken a long time becoming a movie, largely because no one could find a workable way to adapt it. On stage, performed without intermission to sustain the magic, it is an intensely theatrical psychodrama spoken in sharp words and set to a smashing musical score by Marvin Hamlisch. The format—in case you've been on an extended space voyage and haven't heard—is a sort of endurance test for a group of dancers auditioning for a Broadway show. On screen, in a well-meant but generally misguided effort by English director Richard (Gandhi) Attenborough, *Chorus Line* seems to be littered with asides, intervals, flashbacks, pointless reaction shots and rather tedious exchanges between the omnipresent director (Michael Douglas, doing what he can with a perfectly thankless role) and a dancer named Cassie (Alyson Reed), who used to live with him but left to make it big in Hollywood. The time wasted on their dull romance stops *Chorus Line* in its tracks. The rest of the time, the camera darts around a cavernous theater—and peeks outside now and then, just to open things up, as if mere movement might add excitement to the spectacle of job-hungry dancers undergoing the third degree.

The performers, in their individual stunts, are more than adequate, though a cut below scintillating. Terrence Mann stands out as Larry, the dance captain in charge of the applicants, and Audrey Landers brightly manages the showstopping "tits-and-ass" number, a sexpot's ode to the benefits of plastic surgery. Vicki Frederick, Gregg Burge and a few others also manage to shine through the interruptions. But this erratic *Chorus Line* ain't got rhythm, razzle-dazzle or the honest poignancy of the original. Attenborough's version of an American classic may make future generations wonder what all the excitement was about. ♪

France's Jean-Luc Godard owes a lot to the outraged religious zealots, Catholic or not, who have picketed, pilloried and generously publicized his *Hail Mary* (Gaumont/New Yorker). Without such vocal opposition, Godard's modern retelling of the Nativity might have faded away unsung, just another trite and sophomoric exercise in boredom. Mary, a girl who pumps gas, and Joseph, a taxi driver she dates, are both puzzled when she becomes pregnant, though she swears that no man has touched her. A child is born. Another couple comes and goes occasionally, caught up in an irrelevant case of adultery. With no particular rhyme or reason but



Showstopper Landers in *A Chorus Line*.

A Chorus Line:
This time they
almost made it.

with reverent and sleep-inducing solemnity, lucky Jean-Luc makes molehills out of mountains. Yet his flair for provoking controversy earned a frown of disapproval from the Pope, no less. Lacking that sort of hype, *Hail Mary* wouldn't have a prayer. ♪

The Italian-made *Kaos* (MGM/UA Classics) is an omnibus movie in five parts, more than three hours long and freely adapted from the published stories of Luigi Pirandello. The most amusing of the lot concerns a man trapped inside a gigantic clay jar in the middle of a village piazza, and there's a spellbinding Gothic tale about a bride whose groom turns into a werewolf. I'd frankly had it after the first several episodes, yet all demonstrated the fine eye for detail characteristic of every movie by Italy's masterful writing-directing team the brothers Paolo and Vittorio Taviani. So bravo and basta! Enough is enough. ♪½

An exploding parakeet is among the special effects conjured up for *A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2* (New Line), with a brand-new family lodged in the accursed Elm Street colonial where blood baths are the norm. Five years have gone by, and the ghost of Freddy, the demented murderer, is back in residence, taking over the soul and body of an anxious teenager (Mark Patton). There's scarcely a particle of sensible plotting or motivation in *Elm Street Part 2*, which lightens its grislier details with giggles. And that makes it a god-awful-good bad movie that connoisseurs of schlock will find as outrageous as its predecessor. ♪

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Boys Next Door** Teenaged psychos on an L.A. tour in cold blood. ♪
- Bring on the Night** (See review) Sting making music and all that jazz. ♪
- Cease Fire** TV or not TV, Don Johnson exudes star power as a troubled Vietnam vet. ♪½
- A Chorus Line** (See review) But catch their act on stage, if possible. ♪
- Colonel Redl** Out of the closet, inside the Austro-Hungarian-army elite. ♪
- The Doctor and the Devils** Twiggy vs. grave robbers. ♪
- Eleni** Kate Nelligan, going by the book as a martyred Greek mother. ♪½
- Fever Pitch** Richard Brooks melodrama starring Ryan O'Neal as a writer hooked on gambling. Not Brooks's best bet. ♪
- Flesh & Blood** Swordsmanship, with lusty high style, by Rutger Hauer. ♪
- Hail Mary** (See review) Let him who is without sin stone Godard's cast. ♪
- Joshua Then and Now** Alan Arkin, with James Woods, in a comedy about Canadian Jews in a WASPish world. ♪
- Kaos** (See review) The Taviani brothers take five from Pirandello. ♪½
- Mixed Blood** (See review) Alphabet City seen through fashionable shades. ♪
- A Nightmare on Elm Street Part 2** (See review) More gore, but funnier. ♪
- The Official Story** Superb performance by Norma Aleandro in a wrenching political drama from Argentina. ♪
- Plenty** Streep, Gielgud and Sting show us that the player's the thing. ♪
- Ran** Kurosawa's breath-taking epic from Shakespeare's *King Lear*. ♪
- Rasputin** (See review) Something's rotten in Mother Russia. ♪
- Shoah** Nearly ten hours of the Holocaust revisited. Monumental. ♪½
- Smooth Talk** (See review) A virgin on the verge, or so it seems. ♪½
- Subway** Interesting to see *Greystoke's* nature boy, Christopher Lambert, as a laid-back punk in Paris. ♪½
- Sweet Dreams** Back to *Country* matters, with Jessica Lange as Patsy Cline. ♪
- Target** The CIA father-and-son tour of Europe; Hackman and Dillon as your genial gun-toting guides. ♪
- That Was Then... This Is Now** (See review) Estevez, here and there. ♪
- Thunder Alley** (See review) Either home on the range or let's rock. ♪
- To Live and Die in L.A.** Buckle up for a whirlash trip to the sleazy side. ♪½
- Twice in a Lifetime** Hackman finds love after 50 with Ann-Margret. ♪
- White Nights** Baryshnikov and Hines dance away the Cold War. ♪

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Good show ♪ Forget it

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MUSIC

DAVE MARSH

STEVIE WONDER has been making hit records since 1963, when the Beatles were idols only in England and Bob Dylan was still a cult figure in Greenwich Village. But he's not only the most senior member of the contemporary rock-and-soul pantheon, he's also the most able. Wonder's pre-eminence stems primarily from his expansion of the musical vocabulary of pop with such albums as *Songs in the Key of Life* and *Innervisions*, but he's also revered for, among other things, his social audacity, having led the fight against South African apartheid and the campaign to make Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, birthday a national holiday. On *In Square Circle* (Tamla), his first non-sound-track album in five years, he offers exactly what he has led us to expect—bright surfaces, unorthodox but unforgettable vocals, palpably danceable grooves, a touch of political animation: *Its Wrong (Apartheid)* should serve to get his music banned in South Africa again. He expands his music once more, using Afropop touches ranging from horns derived from Nigerian high life to choruses picked up from South African *mbwanga* to add flavor to what would otherwise seem a pretty ordinary batch of songs.

And that's just the problem. Wonder is a nonpareil writer of confectionary love songs (though his strange sense of language can make his lyrics a muddle), but his best records have had a sense of musical unity that he doesn't begin to reach for on this one. Even the best songs here (*Part-Time Lover*, *I Love You Too Much*, *Land of La La*) are rather perfunctory, as though Wonder had realized them so perfectly in his imagination that there was no excitement in performing them aloud. Even *Its Wrong* is more dutiful than exciting. *In Square Circle* contains enough danceable, melodic tracks to keep it lingering at the top of the charts for quite a while, but experienced Wonder watchers will find it far less gratifying than they had hoped.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The rock-and-wrestling connection—much ballyhooed by my part-time employer MTV—is that both are 95 percent posturing and five percent substance. In my experience, this ratio tends to hold for the rest of life as well, but it is easier to discern in rock and wrestling—which, I think, makes both activities such inviting targets for politicians across the ideological spectrum. There is good posturing, motivated by P. T. Barnum-style greed and the desire to have fun, and there is evil posturing, motivated by paranoia and the desire to look like a hero while weaseling on the MX.



Bailey and company.

In Square Circle with Stevie and in the ring with Roddy.

The Wrestling Album (Epic), by various stars of the World Wrestling Federation, is posturing at its best. For one thing, the producers—Rick Derringer, Joel Dorn, Dave Wolff and Mona Flambé (Cyndi Lauper's new alter ego)—were smart enough to know that funny music isn't funny. Serious music in a silly situation is funny. Hence, the musicians are playing crisp pop in various styles and are not competing with the singing wrestlers for exuberant awfulness. And, boy, are the singing wrestlers exuberantly awful. Particular standouts are "Rowdy" Roddy Piper's *For Everybody* (actually, *Fuck Everybody*) and Nikolai Volkoff's astoundingly slurred *Cara Mia*. The one exception is Derringer's *Real American*, which is serious we-are-an-embattled-minority-style nationalism, which is a load. But if the rest of this record gets any radio play at all, it could be one of the great party records of the year. If you can't get off on silliness this transcendent, you're probably a politician.

Being almost wholly ignorant of *salsa*, I am eminently qualified to tell other wholly ignorant Anglos that Rubén Blades is cool and that his *Escenas* (Elektra) is a delightful record, if somewhat more difficult to assimilate than, say, AC/DC. Where AC/DC would make a song out of two interesting riffs back-beaten to death and one transition, Blades takes a whole bunch of riffs and does more stuff to them. And that's about as technical as I get. Riffs I particularly dug seemed concentrated in

La Canción del Final del Mondo and *Muevete*, and I wanted to cry when I heard his duet with Linda Ronstadt on *Silencios*. Lyrically, the guy is much in the tradition of his literary heroes Albert Camus and Gabriel García Márquez—he's existential and you have to read him in translation.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Head Thompson Twin Tom Bailey says he's tired of complaining about the problems of the world, so on *Here's to Future Days* (Arista), he's decided to add to them instead. Yup, it's another one of those English positivity albums, and what hath Howard Jones wrought? What Bailey hath wrought is a much less graceful record than that horrible, negative old *Into the Gap*, which I always thought was pretty lightweight myself. Love is great stuff, but beware of rich pop stars telling you it's all you need—which Bailey does in so many words on this record.

ZZ Top's *Eliminator* was a loud boogie album in heavy-metal overdrive that sold 5,000,000 U.S. copies almost by accident after it found its legs on MTV. The follow-up, *Afterburner* (Warner), is nowhere near as modest or as pure—it's expressly designed to become the biggest-selling rock LP ever, and the only thing that holds its songs together is airplay potential. There's an imitation Glenn Frey ballad on top of an imitation AC/DC screamer, synthesizers and syndrums all over the place and—just to prove they haven't lost their sense of humor—a new dance called the Velcro Fly. In short, scattered stuff from three guys who've never exactly made eclecticism a byword.

In the Seventies, Tom Waits was an L.A. beatnik *manqué* who drank too much and made cult inroads in the let's-get-wasted market. But his music lurched from hip to bathetic, and he needed an editor more than Jack Kerouac. Now he lives sober in New York with his wife and kid, and for once, virtue has been rewarded. Rather than losing his edge, he's gained one: The jazzy accompaniment he usually favors has taken on a Weillish abrasiveness that underlines his almost Brechtian lyrical distance from the underworlds he once celebrated so soggily. His new *Rain Dogs* (Island), all 19 tracks and 53 minutes of it, proves that straightening up and flying right doesn't always turn you into a corn ball.

NELSON GEORGE

In the Seventies, Teddy Pendergrass and Al Green were two of popular music's most important voices. Pendergrass' husky, bombastic delivery powered the

FAST TRACKS



superb Philly-sound hits of Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes (*Bad Luck*, *The Love I Lost*) and established him as a sensuous solo artist (*Close the Door*, *Love T.K.O.*). Green's fluttering, breathy tenor was the inheritor of the rich Memphis soul tradition as rendered in such hits as *I'm So Tired of Being Alone* and *Call Me*. But Green became a minister after experiencing some sordid personal traumas; Pendergrass was crippled in an auto accident.

Today, both are seeking to reclaim their audiences. On *Workin' It Back* (Asylum), Pendergrass' growl has diminished; but on the title track, *Love Emergency* and the slowly building *Love 4/2*, he sings with a warm, supple charm, turning potential vocal limitations into heartening strength.

Green teams with his old producer, Willie Mitchell, to flaunt the arsenal of vocal swoops, slides and slurs that are his trademarks. *He Is the Light* (A&M) is an "inspirational" effort, but saints and sinners alike will be entranced by songs that recall the best of his secular music.

Inspiring in a different way is *Sun City* (Manhattan), a recording organized by sometime Springsteen guitarist Little Steven Van Zandt and producer Arthur Baker to protest the appearance of American artists in the South Africa-controlled resort, Sun City. The song—bright, tough and danceable—is a hip sequel to the maudlin *We Are the World*. Springsteen is again involved, but so are Miles Davis, Run-DMC, Ray Barretto, Peter Gabriel and Jackson Browne. The project began as one song and grew into seven cuts, including two superstar-studded mixes of the title song. Baker does a supersonic edit-and-splice adaptation, and the title single—the one on the radio—includes fiery cameos from Daryl Hall, Nona Hendryx, Kashif, Bobby Womack and others. This is as funky as propaganda gets.

SHORT CUTS

VIC GARBARINI

The Del Fuegos/Boston, Mass. (Slash/Warner): An urbanized Cougar/Petty on a bender.

The Roches/Another World (Warner): In spite of the gorgeous *Love Radiates Around*, the Roche sisters' delicate, quirky genius gets swamped in a glitzy production more suited to Carly Simon.

Todd Rundgren/A Cappella (Warner): The Runt finally brings together his Philly-soulized pop-naïf and technowhiz selves. The spacy stuff is typically self-indulgent, but the electronic semi-cappella do-wop/Gospel is a gas.

Divinyls/What a Life! (Chrysalis): Christina Amphlett and friends may be down-under Stones, Pretenders and Marianne Faithfull rolled into one, but here they sound oddly subdued and safe compared with their volatile debut album.



KNOCKING MORE THAN YOUR SOCKS OFF DEPARTMENT: By now, you wrestling fanatics ought to know all about *The Wrestling Album* (see the review on page 28), starring top grapplers Nikolai Volkoff, "Rowdy" Roddy Piper, Jimmy Hart, Mean Gene Okertund, Junkyard Dog and Hillbilly Jim. On it are such classics as *Captain Lou's History of Music* and cameo appearances by sports fans Rick Derringer and Meat Loaf. But the big thrill comes in the video, when 50 wrestlers sing a rousing chorus of *Land of a Thousand Dances*. Can a tour be far behind? In the words of the Jimmy Hart ditty, *Eat Your Heart Out, Rick Springfield!*

DEE'S DESIGNING HIS OWN LABELS: Dee Snider of *Twisted Sister* says the band's next album will have a self-imposed H rating, along with the following message: "This record has been rated H. It may contain words and phrases that require a sense of humor. If you lack this prerequisite, do not listen to this album."

REELING AND ROCKING: Watch for the movie *True Stories* next summer. It's David Byrne's directorial debut, and the sound track is by *Talking Heads*. Once this film project is launched, the Heads will go on tour for the first time in three years. . . . Cameras are rolling in London for a movie bio of *Sex Pistol Sid Vicious*, who came to a dramatic and ugly end. . . . **Bob Geldof** is still waiting for approvals from all the artists involved in Live Aid regarding movie rights. Geldof says at least 60 percent of them have told him they'd like to see a film version released. "It's a hold-your-breath situation now," he says. . . . An hour-long *Julian Lennon* video should be in your local video store as we speak. It includes concert footage, interviews and behind-the-scenes stuff. . . . Look for **Glenn Frey** to co-star with **Robert Duvall** and **Gary Busey** in *Let's Get Harry*, a movie about two brothers who team up with a mercenary to rescue a third brother from political terrorists. . . . Besides the film bio of **Little Richard**, **Michael Jackson** is also hoping to produce an animated feature called *Strawberry Fields*.

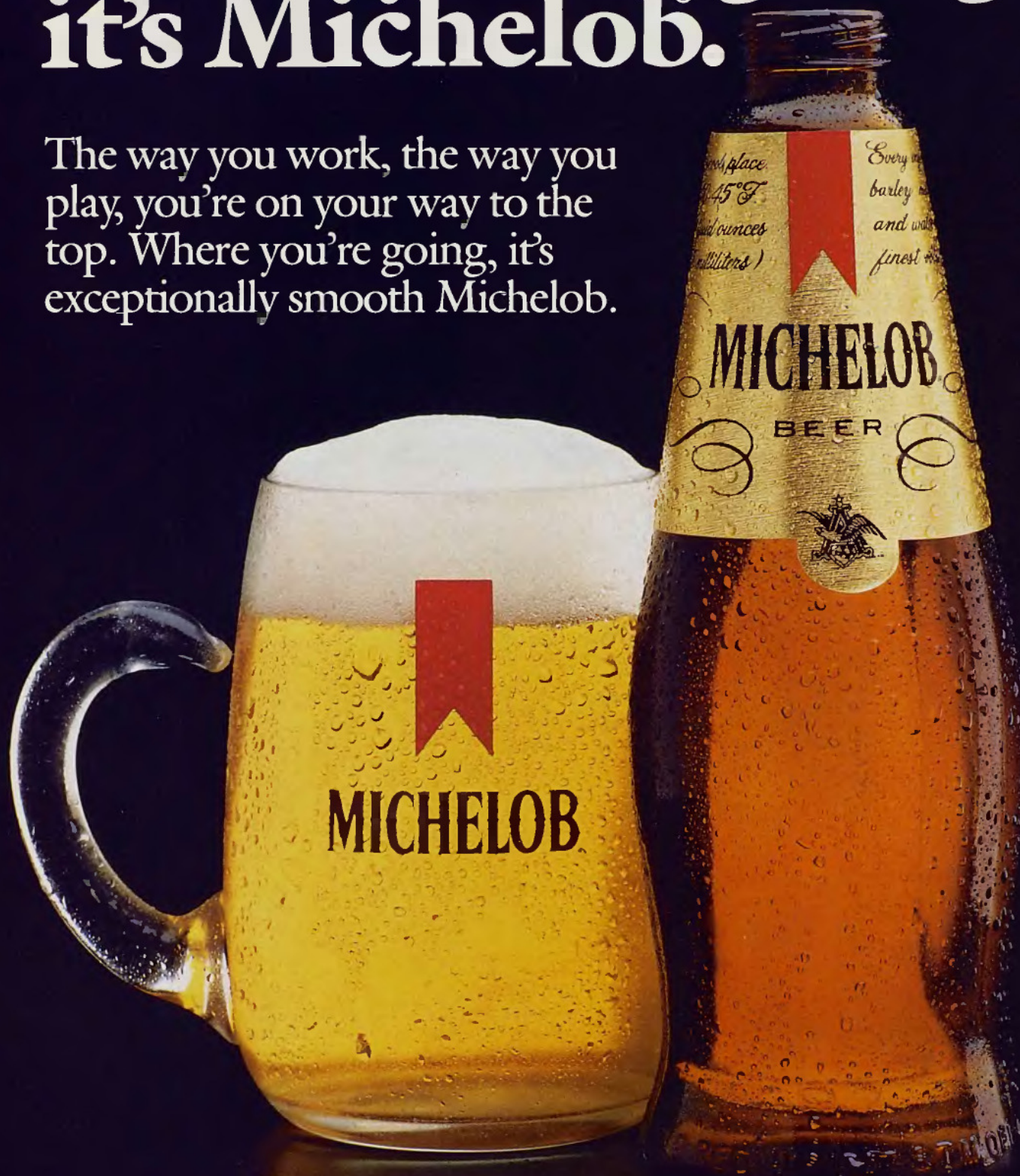
NEWSBREAKS: **Roger Daltrey** says he and **Peter Dinklage** are collaborating on an album written by Dinklage. It will not use **The Who's** name. Daltrey is expected to tour the U.S. this spring. . . . Any day now, a new, **Dave Edmunds**-produced **Everly Brothers** album will be in the record stores. . . . At last, **John Fogerty** is planning to tour.

Fogerty says he hasn't changed much since his **Credence** days, except that he's having more fun and he doesn't "worry about which fork to use anymore." . . . **Don Henley** says there may be a chance that **The Eagles** will do something together this year. . . . If you're in Nashville, check out the multimedia exhibit documenting the life and career of **Willie Nelson** at the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum. . . . **Stevie Ray Vaughan** will play guitar on **Don (Miami Vice) Johnson's** album. . . . **Kareem Abdul-Jabbar** has signed a deal with MCA for his own jazz-oriented label. We hear that Kareem has already been inundated with demo tapes from aspiring stars and established artists. . . . Here's what Washington, D.C., go-go-music entrepreneur **Maxx Kidd** says about why the hot new sounds come out of D.C.: "You have to go back 40 or 50 years, when blacks started leaving the South, searching for better places to live. The first point of freedom was that 14th Street Bridge—Virginia into Washington . . . those people brought Gospel . . . blues . . . jazz . . . R&B. . . I'm not knocking Motown or Philly International, but you can feel the music here. It sounds like it comes right straight from Africa." . . . We hear that **Boy George** would like to work with both **Patti LaBelle** and **Joe Cocker**. . . . **Gene Simmons'** version of life on the road: "More power to anybody who gets up there and has a huge following by playing flutes or accordions. . . . I can't imagine anybody in **Culture Club** getting laid after the show, can you? . . . The world is certainly big enough for everybody . . . it doesn't affect the essence of what rock 'n' roll is all about." We say amen to that.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

The neighbors will have to excuse me for howling at the moon again, but it's time for another convention of hand wringers and textbook thumpers, a gathering of the N.C.A.A. phonies, and I know what to expect from them. They'll mostly be discussing college football's recruiting revelations of this past autumn and how they're going to clean up the sport with test tubes and library cards and a lot more of their breast-beating, evangelistic, public punishing of a group of poor kids, most of them black, who've developed a habit of taking under-the-table money from boosters and alumni in order to have a date and go to Arby's twice a month, while in the meantime, their touchdowns bring in millions of dollars of endowments. A ghastly state of affairs. What is the world coming to if an educator can't expect a halfback to bring great wealth to his college on an empty tank of gas?

Maybe the N.C.A.A. hypocrites will surprise me this time. Maybe they'll join the modern age and finally permit athletes to accept spending money aboveboard, like scholarship athletes on a "need basis" (ho, ho, ho) at an Ivy League school get to do. Wouldn't it be nice if the N.C.A.A. allowed as much as \$200 a month, which is the amount a kid can honorably receive if he plays football for Army, Navy or Air Force? Yeah, that's right. The Ivies and the Service academies can pay their players, but nobody else can. What the Ivies get for their money is another question.

I don't have much hope, but I keep dreaming of a day when these self-righteous rules makers will realize that college football is one of the best ways to ensure that America doesn't breed a society with nothing in it but technological experts and M.B.A.s. Actually, a brighter day will be the one when all of the major conferences and independents take a hike from the N.C.A.A., an organization that does little more than think up naïve rules and practice selective indignation and selective punishment to justify its existence.

Meanwhile, the N.C.A.A. likes to talk about integrity. When I last looked, integrity in college football recruiting was still backed up to its own goal line, the place where it's been residing since air was pumped into the first pig bladder. Every football coach knows this, even the coaches at clean old Michigan, clean old Stanford and clean old Yale. Most adult sportswriters know it, too—unless, of course, they've chosen the wrong profes-



THE DUNCES OF COLLEGE SPORTS

sion. Those who don't know it have simply never paused to wonder why the University of Michigan built a stadium that holds 101,000, why Stanford built one that holds 86,000, and why Yale built one that holds 75,000. I choose those three as examples only because they like to place themselves on such lofty pedestals.

What I'm saying is that the football coaches could run the programs better than the chemistry professors. They'd not only run them better, they'd run them cleaner, because they would have a set of realistic rules that allowed kids to have some spending money and some wheels of their own. And they wouldn't call it a social disease if a player were to have his palm hit with a \$100 bill by a happy alumnus after a game. The coaches know you can never police such activity, anyhow, so you might as well write it off as a tip.

Most experienced coaches know how to handle the N.C.A.A. They've known it since Bear Bryant or Frank Leahy first said to an investigator, "I don't understand the question." For the over-all good of the sport and the preservation of the athletic scholarship, coaches are forced to lie and evade. Power to them. As long as its rules are incorrigibly foolish, the N.C.A.A. deserves to be tricked.

This always works for a coach: "If there are any violations going on around here, I want to know about it. We're conducting

our own internal investigation and we'll turn our findings over to the N.C.A.A."

That's usually good for 26 months. It gets you through two winning seasons and two good recruiting periods and gives you time to doctor the car registrations and gag the songbirds.

This past fall, one coach handled things a bit differently. Moral fervor grabbed TCU's Jim Wacker by the throat, and it brought down the wrath of God and the media on the entire sport. When Wacker's once-in-a-lifetime running back, Kenneth Davis, and six other players confessed to taking money from boosters, Wacker kicked them off the team. In so doing, Wacker proclaimed himself the highest-minded coach in history, while the kids and their sugar daddies were tragically branded as criminals.

It remains to be seen whether Jim Wacker's bold act was holy or self-serving, or whether it will have any cleansing effect on the sport. (As I type, moral fervor has yet to reach Lincoln, Nebraska, Norman, Oklahoma, or any other fortress of ethical conduct.) The silly old romantic in me applauded Wacker but the realist cringed. I knew the people who'd laugh hardest out there would be some former all-Americans, who must have been astounded to discover that Davis—a great kid, and a poor one from a family of 12—was getting an average of only \$300 a month.

Thus began a sitcom around my home. You see, I'd written this novel, *Life Its Ownself*, in which I fantasized about TCU's buying football players to gain parity with those national powers who've always bought football players. Then it became known, thanks to moral fervor, that some TCU boosters had actually done this. Then it became known that they were old friends of mine. Then the media started pounding on my door.

"I'm going down to Fort Worth to cover the scandal," said a media person. "What should I ask those boosters?"

"Ask 'em how we ever expect to win if we don't come up with more money than that," I said.

That was my little joke.

What I said, seriously, was that we aren't talking about criminals here. The wrongdoing is everywhere, but it's only a result of hypocritical rules. Realists know that it used to take a bale of hay to buy a football player. Now it takes a car. In the real world, you don't call that cheating, you call it inflation.



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By ASA BABER

Are you ready for 1986? Let's talk about that for a minute. No, I don't want to hear your New Year's resolutions or your predictions for the economy. Come on, this is your old buddy Ace talking. Don't bullshit a bullshitter. I want to know what you *really* think about when you look ahead to the New Year.

You think about warmth and comfort and approval, right? You're wondering where those qualities will come from and in what abundance. Will 1986 be a good year? Who will be your partner in luck and love, and what will be the momentum of your sex life?

"My sex life?" you ask as if insulted. "My sex life is so fine it's divine, man. How can you even ask? Listen, I do OK, get it?"

Yeah, I get it.

You lie like a rug; that's what I get. You're like the rest of us. Your public image is that of a happy stud. "What? Me worry?" is the expression you carry on your face. But deep in your heart, there is a reservoir of confusion and uncertainty about your future. It's not something you can talk about, but it's there like a toothache in the middle of the night. The fact is that comfort, warmth, sexual expression come and go in your life. You live through unpredictable seasons. When it is cold, it is very, very cold. You wonder as the year turns how troubled it will be.

You're not alone, by the way. Take a look at your brothers-in-arms as they crack jokes and chug beer and pretend that all is well. The truth is that they're not really doing any better than you are. They get their water shut off, too. And, like you, they pretend that nothing severe is happening, their surfaces smooth, their emotions in turmoil.

No one wants to talk about it or name it, but there's an epidemic sweeping the Western world, an epidemic of rejection and dissatisfaction and discontent on the part of women against men.

I call it the Lysistrata syndrome, and I say it's general all over America. Women are the purveyors of it; men have to deal with the residue of it. The Lysistrata syndrome: Women withhold, men suffer, the temperature of the culture drops.

Two thousand, three hundred and ninety-seven years ago, a Greek named Aristophanes wrote a very funny play about sexual rejection. It is called *Lysistrata*. First produced in Athens at the beginning of 411 B.C., it tells the tale of a



THE LYSISTRATA SYNDROME

formidable woman named Lysistrata who decides to bring peace to the continually warring states of Athens and Sparta. "Ladies," Lysistrata says to the council of women she has gathered, "if we want to force our husbands to make peace, we must give up sex."

The women argue for a time. An earthy creature named Calonice opposes the plan: "Give up sex? Never! Lysistrata, darling, there's just nothing like it. How would that help end the war?"

"How?" Lysistrata replies. "Well, just imagine: We're at home, beautifully made up, wearing our sheerest negligees and nothing underneath and with our triangles carefully plucked, and the men are all like ramrods and can't wait to leap into bed, and then we absolutely refuse—that'll make them make peace soon enough, you'll see."

The women lock themselves in the Acropolis (which is also the state treasury and contains all the gold), refuse to sleep with their men, beat the crap out of those few hardy fools who try to break into their sanctuary. As you'd guess, by the end of the play, the men, all hobbling about the stage with unquenched erections, frantically agree to stop the war. Peace comes, the women cooperate and life goes on.

Sound familiar? Think history repeats itself?

Don't get me wrong. I don't think the

Lysistrata syndrome of today is based on anything as high-minded as a quest for world peace. Women are rejecting men out of pique, distaste, irritation, competitiveness, revenge, confused identity, fatigue, anger—you name it, they're displaying it. Athens and Sparta are at war again, this time under our own roofs.

So if you swagger around and pretend that you're getting yours at all times, pardon me if I smile. I happen to know better.

It's time for us to do something about our predicament, however. The Lysistrata syndrome is a pain in the penis, and we men had better get ourselves together or each New Year will find us as rattled as this one. New strategies are required, new tactics must be employed.

If you are a victim of the Lysistrata syndrome, you have three basic choices:

1. *The matching-funds ploy.* This approach takes discipline. You feign as much disinterest as your mate. You mirror your Lysistrata. You yawn when sex is mentioned. You pretend to go to sleep as soon as you hit the mattress. You talk about continence as a reasonable way of life. When directly approached, you plead a headache or a difficult day at the office. Neutrality is a mask you hide behind. You may be surprised at how soon Lysistrata becomes concerned and how soon your life warms up.

2. *The other-woman threat.* You've probably had some practice with this one. You splash perfume on your shirt, rub lipstick on your collar, take home matchbooks from the best singles bars. You write passionate letters to yourself, sign them with different women's names and leave them in your suit pockets, which also contain a package of condoms and crushed flowers. This tactic will get you either thrown out or back in favor—50-50 odds.

3. *The other-man threat.* This is particularly effective. You put a SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME sticker on your car. You hum *It's Raining Men* while your significant other tries to discuss issues of the moment. You stop commenting on her female colleagues and mention her male friends instead: "That George is really a hunk, isn't he?" you ask with a vague smile. This strategy has its risks, you understand, but please don't write to me if it complicates your life. There won't be a thing I can do.

Happy New Year to you. And to all you Lysistratas, too. Peace.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I was curled up on the sofa and Rita had settled into a nearby armchair. We were watching *Country* on cable. Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange's oldest child had just been buried alive under several tons of grain, courtesy of a tornado.

"What's going to happen?" I cried. "I can't stand it! Does he die?"

Rita scrutinized me closely. "I'm telling you this only because you have P.M.S.," she said. "No, he doesn't die. He'll be fine."

"Oh, thank God," I said, the tears welling up in my eyes. "That poor little boy."

"I really think," said Rita, "that there should be close-captioned TV for P.M.S. sufferers. It would say things like, HAVE A GOOD CRY, GIRLS: THEY LOSE THE FARM OF IT'S ONLY A MOVIE; IN REAL LIFE, THOSE TWO ARE COZILY IN SANTA FE, TOSSING MONEY INTO THE AIR OF EVEN TURN OFF THIS FILM IMMEDIATELY; YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY COPE."

"They lose the farm?" I yelped. "Oh, no!"

Now, as we all know, *Country* is a dull, plodding, mildly depressing movie. In the normal state of things, I would have clicked it off without a tremor. But P.M.S. is a mighty master. Once under its spell, a woman turns to jellied anguish.

P.M.S.: premenstrual syndrome. It begins at some point following ovulation and stops at the onset of menstruation. When fertilization doesn't occur, it seems that the female body decides, "What the hell," and drastically reduces the production of progesterone. Progesterone is a rampantly domestic hormone whose prime purpose is to ready and maintain the body for pregnancy. When it doesn't get what it wants, it slinks off in disgust.

Whereas estrogen, the other main female hormone, takes the longer, more optimistic view. If the egg isn't fertilized, estrogen steps up production, revving up the female sex drive and fine-tuning all the primary and secondary sex characteristics, in the hope that next month will be different, that the female in question will finally see the light and get her egg fertilized the way God intended her to.

All these hormonal pyrotechnics play havoc with the female's psyche. She frets. She cries. She falls into nameless furies. She realizes that there is no reason to live. She becomes convinced that she is hideously unattractive. Her body is having a mammoth temper tantrum, because yet again it is not going to have a baby, and she is helpless in its thrall.



P.M.S. UNMASKED

All this fuss over a couple of silly little hormones? you say. What's the big deal? you ask yourself. Please rethink. Without hormones, a man would never get a hard-on. He would have no chest or pubic hair and his voice would have the timbre of Goldie Hawn's. His muscles would be minuscule; he would never have to shave. Without hormones, a man wouldn't even care who won the world series.

Here is a partial list of P.M.S.-induced symptoms: depression, violent impulses, migraine, feelings of panic, fainting, epilepsy or seizures, blind spots, acne, itching, crying jags, bloating, stys, sore throat, cystitis, urethritis, food cravings, vomiting and hives. In the United Kingdom, P.M.S. is a justifiable murder defense.

Women randomly surveyed on the street have this to say about P.M.S.:

Jennifer T., real-estate broker: "I just walk around with tears in my eyes and think I may as well die, since it is impossible for me to ever come to terms with this world."

Emily P., magazine columnist: "Of course I get it, sometimes even to violent extremes. I think it's a bitch that it doesn't happen to men, though they have their mood swings, too, like maybe every two days when their sperm count gets too high. I often feel a sense of loss. I think it's the body expressing hatred toward men who don't fuck you and give you children."

Maggie W., actress: "I myself have been known to walk down the street, wanting to stab people in the eye. And I make such dreadful errors in taste! Of course I want chocolate constantly."

Lynn G., television producer: "It's the curse of my life. Once a month I wake up and realize I'm unbelievably fat, incredibly ugly and have a horrible personality. I'm astonished that I've walked around so long in ignorant bliss and that people actually talk to me without vomiting."


How can you, a man and a non-P.M.S. sufferer, help your loved one through this difficult time? How can you get through it with life and limb intact? The following are a few handy tips to help you along.

1. Make yourself a little chart. On the average, P.M.S. starts about a week before a woman gets her period, though it can be more like two weeks. Forewarned is forearmed. If your girlfriend bursts into racking sobs, screams, "You've never loved me, not ever!" then runs into the bedroom and slams the door, and you happen to know it is *that* time of the month, then you can simply take her a cup of cocoa, a plateful of bonbons and several brownies as soon as you hear the sobbing subside.

2. Offer her sex at every available opportunity. Masters and Johnson, that dynamic duo, have demonstrated that women are more easily and powerfully aroused while experiencing P.M.S. It has also been duly noted that orgasm is amazingly helpful in warding off many of the nastier symptoms. It's an ugly job, but someone has to do it. Why not you?

3. Try to help with her diet. She should eat little snacks constantly to keep her blood sugar up; she should take vitamins, especially B6; she should cut down on salt and caffeine to keep from becoming unbearably swollen. But should she grab the salt shaker from your hand or hurl the vitamins out the window, just make soothing, tender noises and duck.

4. This is not the time to say, "Honey, don't you think your clothes would look better on you if you lost five or ten pounds?" or "Myrtle, I've been thinking. You know I'm fond of you, but I feel that each of us would be happier if we had a little more space." Refrain from mentioning the appeal of Jamie Lee Curtis' legs. Don't discuss drowning kittens.

5. When in doubt, tell her you love her madly, that she is an uncanny combination of Mother Teresa and Marilyn Monroe. Then have sex. 

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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

For a while now, I've been working my personal relationships on the assumption that everybody knows everything at all times. A wild hypothesis, maybe; but I've tested this one in a lot of situations, and it pans out amazingly well. As far as I can tell, it's especially true between men and women; but it holds among all of us, really, and what it seems to mean is that you can cheat and lie or not cheat and not lie, and the only difference is that if you do, you'll be known for it, and if you don't, you'll be known for *that*, because people are never fooled unless they want to be.

The companies that are trying to sell us the new telephone technology, however, seem to believe that the people we know and work with are basically chumps, and that whenever it suits us, we ought to go ahead and just lie or half-truth them into whatever version of life we happen to be putting out at that moment.

Illinois Bell has been running a couple of ads lately that illustrate the chump theory perfectly. The first is for Call Forwarding, a phone feature that sends calls you would ordinarily receive on your home or office phone to some other location without the caller's knowing that you're away from the place he called. The television commercial for it opens with a man fishing happily off the end of a pier that's equipped with a pay telephone. He's used Call Forwarding to route the calls he would ordinarily receive at home directly to the dock, so that he doesn't even have to take his line out of the water to answer them. He gets three calls while he's out there, and he says things with double meanings to each caller. They're all lies about where he is and what he's doing.

The third is his masterpiece. It's his mother on the line: "Dinner?" he says. "Gee, Mom, I'd love to, but I think I'm catching something," at which point he flails back on the rod in a way that identifies him as someone who has never fished a day in his life before the filming of this commercial.

Then there's a radio ad for Call Waiting, an old office-phone trick, new to home service, that lets you put one call on hold while you answer a second. This vignette stars a teenaged girl. She's talking to a boy who wants a date. "Smelt fishing?" she says. "I'd love to. . . Oh, wait, I have another call." Then she puts the smelt boy on hold and takes the other call, which is from a hip-sounding guy who tells her to get right over because there's this incred-



LIE TECH

ible party going on. She says she'll be right there, then goes back to the geek waiting on the other line. "I'd love to go," she tells him, "but I'm allergic to smelt."

It's not really any wonder that the telephone company is pitching us its innovations on the basis of how much easier they will make it for us to cast our trivial web of social lies into the air. We use these gray little ruses instinctively and often—mostly, I think, so that we won't have to reveal to everybody we know exactly where each one fits into the hierarchy of that particular day. "Sorry, Mom, I'm fishing, and right now that's a whole lot more soothing to my soul than having dinner with you would be, and I think I have a bite, so I'm going to hang up now and rip the lips off this sucker" amounts to the kind of mindless honesty that only some tinhorn California guru who never has to answer his own phone would advise. Having to explain your feelings to everyone all the time would be worse work than having to snap your fingers to make your heart beat.

Answering machines fall into the same category of technomendacity. They have a monitoring capacity that lets you sort of duck down behind the wiring while the fool who's calling talks to a recording that has implied or told him outright that you're away. I have one of these, and I love it, because it's just never seemed to me that I ought to be available any time, day or night, to every drunk, stoner, salesman

or computer who happens to have two dimes and a nickel.

So it's not that I'm against lie tech, but before you give the phone company any money for its latest tricks, consider this: Because of the surreptitious nature of the stuff, you don't have to buy it at all. You can just pretend that you've bought it. All you have to do is add one more lie to the circuitry of your life.

Then, when your mother calls you at home, you say, "Gosh, Mom, you know I just got that new Call Forwarding gizmo, and I'm not at home in Chicago, I'm at the plant in Rantoul, so there's no way I can be there for dinner."

And the bubble-head party girl talking to the smelt fisherman says, "Hold it. I have a call waiting." Then she jiggles the hang-up button, covers the mouthpiece, waits 60 seconds, comes back on the line and says, "Jeez, that was the lab. This dose I got just isn't responding at all to the antibiotics, so. . ."

To mimic an answering machine, all you need is a cheap little tape recorder onto which you put a message that says, "Not here. . . . Beep." When the phone rings, you just hold the recorder up to the receiver, listen to whoever it is on the line and talk to him only if you want to.

There is a caveat that goes with all this, however: For every piece of tech, there's a piece of antitech out there, and as far as phone lies go, the antidote is a machine that measures the stress in your voice and can tell, more or less, if you're lying. I learned how to run one several years ago, and as far as I can tell, they work. One of the ways I tested it was by recording some of the Watergate hearings on television, and in that case it worked perfectly. But while I was using it, I discovered I didn't need to buy one of them, either. It didn't take \$3000 worth of technology to tell when Nixon's men were lying. All you had to do was listen to the evasive form of their answers, the way they stumbled, the strength and timbre of their voices.

In fact, that machine was one of the things that started me thinking that everybody knows everything. Which means that the only thing that saves us from being called liars several times a day is the fact that people don't *want* to know everything, so while you're pretending to tell them the truth, they pretend the truth is what they're hearing and we all get on with our lives as if everything were just the way it should be.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been married for 15 years to a wonderful wife who has given me two adorable little girls and more sex provided in more ways than one could imagine. The problem? Over the years, my wife and I have engaged in our multifaceted bag of sex tricks only with each other. However, in the past few years, we have been known to skinny-dip occasionally with friends or to hop into the hot tub without clothing and with friends. We play various card games in which the penalty for losing a round is the removal of a piece of clothing. I should also mention that we have taken a multitude of pictures and video tapes (just nudes) and have exchanged them for the same with our assortment of friends. I suppose you're still waiting for the problem. Well, here it is: My wife and I have had great fun at this and I could continue indefinitely, but she has thrown me a real blow. She wants to swap with our friends for sex one time to see if she has missed anything over the years. Being the great and understanding guy that I am, I haven't said no, but I haven't said yes. I'm not sure if I could handle this, because the institutional side of the marriage says to me that we have already extended ourselves far enough, but I want to keep her happy. Please comment.—S. F., Norman, Oklahoma.

It sounds to us as if you've been heading toward this moment for a long time. If you view this as another experiment, fine. You obviously trust each other, and our guess is that you could survive this fling. You might stand a better chance of pulling off a swap with strangers at a local swingers' club or a church group. That way, if things don't work out, you won't have to give up a friendship, too. However, we don't want to sound too enthusiastic about the plan. You obviously have doubts, and until you've worked them out, we wouldn't say yes.

This winter, I want to take my girlfriend skiing, and it's got to be somewhere both romantic and inexpensive. Got any ideas?—F. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

Actually, we've got an entire country: France. Most people think the Swiss and the Austrians invented snow-covered mountains, but we like our ski vacations with a soupçon of Gallic style. We're talking fresh croissants for breakfast. Ski instructors who look like Jean-Paul Belmondo and ski like Jean-Claude Killy. Chefs with black belts in puff pastry who wouldn't think of serving civilized people melted cheese for dinner. Fortunately for us (and you), the relative strength of the dollar makes France a good buy. That means that a company such as Jet Vacations, Inc., can offer week-long ski packages to nine French ski resorts at prices that make it cheaper to ski at Val d'Isère than at Vail. Although you really can't miss at places like



Courchevel or Mégeve, we suggest that you start at Chamonix, a charming village tucked into a valley so gorgeous it hurts your eyes. The skiing ranges from a beginner run to an 11-mile cruise down a glacier. We guarantee that your lady will fall for the atmosphere, the food, the town's small casino and the outdoor crepe stands (try the Grand Marnier crepes). You'll fall for the prices. We predict love in a cold climate.

My girlfriend and I have what we prefer to call an anomaly rather than a problem. I have always been a supporter of your advice, particularly because of your lack of insistence that "satisfactory" (read mutually exciting and fulfilling) sexual performance conform to predetermined norms. The requirement that a woman come in every sexual act puts a lot of pressure on the males of our enlightened generation. One of the things for which I most appreciate my girlfriend is her understanding attitude. Like most males, I was concerned about my performance. Early in our relationship, she noticed my uptight manner and told me not to worry about it: "Let it come whenever it comes." She was telling me to enjoy myself and that she was happy. Since then, I have relaxed and we have what we consider a very satisfying and fulfilling sex life.

That brings me to our "anomaly." My girlfriend regularly (95 percent of the time) comes during intercourse. She has even been able to come twice in a single lovemaking session (a source of great pride and joy), though exclusively in some male-superior position. We also enjoy various facets of oral and manual stimulation. The strange thing is that she does not come during cunnilingus. She does get very excited (including involuntary vocal re-

sponses) but does not reach orgasm. As I said, this is not a problem per se. She loves to have me go down on her, and I love spending long periods down there. She is never disappointed. She is not concerned, but I am curious. Is it possible that one may be able to have orgasm through intercourse but *not* through oral stimulation? Is she holding something back? Am I doing something wrong?

When we are apart, she occasionally masturbates, but not to orgasm. She reports that she enjoys thinking of me in this sense and that it is exciting. Her greatest excitement during cunnilingus comes from direct sucking (sometimes very rapidly) of the clitoris. I am never rough (no biting), and she never complains of sudden pain. However, after an intense few minutes, she will sometimes complain that she is "too excited" and that it is very hot down there, though she is unable to explain that phenomenon. What gives?—B. C., Hanover, New Hampshire.

Each individual has his own preferences in terms of sexual enjoyment and will respond differently to different forms of stimulation. In that sense, your girlfriend's preferences do not constitute an "anomaly" but are simply one version of a universal theme. When she complains of feeling overexcited during oral sex, we suspect that she means that her clitoris has become tender due to excessive direct stimulation. At that point, you should probably switch to other forms of sexplay or to gentle, indirect methods of oral stimulation. If you're having doubts about what she wants, all you have to do is ask.

OK, what's the big deal with electronic fuel injection? What's wrong with the old reliable carburetor, which the average back-yard mechanic could take apart and fix or replace when it went bad? Now you have to be an electronic engineer to figure out what's wrong, let alone fix it.—E. M., Champaign, Illinois.

Blame the Feds, not the auto makers, for that one. The old reliable carburetor has just about been legislated out of existence as emissions and fuel-economy regulations have gotten tougher and tougher through the years. It's not a very precise instrument for adding fuel to intake air, and it just can't cut it anymore—at least not with good drivability (no stalling and stumbling) and performance as well. First, auto makers added computer control to carburetors, with electronic feedback (from sensors "sniffing" the exhaust) to constantly keep the mixture adjusted just right. Then came more precise single-point, or throttle-body, fuel injection, essentially a simplified carburetor with a single computer-controlled injector nozzle inside, on the majority of domestic engines.

Now everyone is shifting to the much more precise (and expensive) multipoint, or

port, fuel injection, with a separate nozzle in each intake runner, just behind the valve. Although it's both costly and complex, electronic port injection is the ultimate fuel-management system for gasoline engines, and many high-buck imports have had it for years. No, you probably can't fix it yourself; and, yes, it may cost a bundle to have it fixed or replaced. But take heart: It's many times better at everything—power, torque, economy, drivability and fuel economy—than the old reliable carburetor; and, being electronic rather than mechanical, it should break or wear out a lot less often.

In previous columns, you've encouraged wine buyers to buy 1982 Bordeaux. Some of the ones you've mentioned—even the more modest ones—are too rich for my pocketbook. Any advice on how to cash in on this great vintage for those of us on a tight budget?—F. W., Toledo, Ohio.

Funny you should ask. Gault-Millau, the French restaurant-and-wine magazine, held a tasting for wine professionals of 70 of the 1982 Cru Bourgeois. Cru Bourgeois are, for the most part, highly regarded châteaux one step below the classified crus. Some even surpass their more exalted neighbors. Among the top-rated at this tasting were Château Haut Marbuzet, Château Meyner and Château Chasse-Spleen. Château Sestigan came in fourth; Châteaux Sociando-Mallet and Monthil tied at fifth place. Château La Tour de Haut Moulin, Cru des Gravières, Château Cap Léon-Veyrin and Château Maucamps followed, in that order. A few of these wines are not well known in the United States, but they are certainly worth looking for when they come on the market.

When I date a girl for the first time, I really like to impress her. When I do take one out and spend a lot of money on her, she won't let me kiss her or do anything else. When I call her for another date, she won't go out with me again. In another instance, when I didn't try to impress my date and spend a lot of money on her, she let me kiss her and do other things besides. Can you give me your advice on how to stop trying to impress my dates but still have them go out with me again?—C. S., Laguna Hills, California.

Did you ever wonder if perhaps you're trying just a bit too hard to impress your dates the first time around? Maybe you're giving the impression that money is no object, and this leads women to worry that you're trying to buy them or their affections. Or perhaps they're concerned that you'll feel they somehow owe you something for having lavishly spent money on them. Keep things a little simpler on those first dates and concentrate on selling yourself and your personality, as well as on getting to know your date a little better. Then, at the end of the evening, you'll probably have a better idea of where you stand. It also could be that you've been refused second dates simply because your date didn't feel there was any chemistry between the two of you the first time around. This hap-

pens sometimes, and skipping future dates is a lot more practical than making a second or third attempt that may make both of you uncomfortable. We all have to deal with this type of rejection at one time or another, and the key is not to take it personally and to hang in there—which is what we suggest you do.

I have often seen over-the-counter contraceptives cited as being 90 percent effective, or some other figure. Are the manufacturers talking about the chance of the product's failing per sexual encounter, per average sexual year, or what? If I use a form of birth control that is only 90 percent effective and use it ten times, it seems to me I'll be out of luck real soon.—R. C. C., Chico, California.

Statistics are only as meaningful as people make them. "Ninety percent effective" means that on the average, 90 out of 100 couples employing a given birth-control device—if they use it properly—will never experience an unwanted pregnancy in a year of use. The percentages you have been reading about are just averages designed to give consumers an idea of what is likely to work and what isn't.

I've invested in a new VCR with the super-hi-fi-stereo sound, and I plan to integrate this and my TV with my stereo system. Someone has said that I need another piece of equipment called an audio-video processor or that I must buy a new audio-video receiver that has the a.-v. processing built in. The stuff is sitting on the floor waiting to be hooked up as soon as I can resolve this problem. Help!—K. H., Charleston, South Carolina.

An audio-video processor can denote a switching amplifier that ties all signal paths together and routes them to various units in a system. The term also denotes a circuit in such a unit or in one of the newest a.-v. receivers that strips the audio off a video carrier and makes it available for listening and/or taping. The former function may not be urgently needed in a system that uses one VCR, one audio receiver and one audio recorder. It would be helpful in a more complex system. However, the audio-strip function will help get the best possible sound from a video source, regardless of how complex or how simple a system is.

If you own a recent, high-performing receiver and are not planning to use more than one VCR, you may not need the processor for switching. You always can add one later. If you are starting from scratch, or if your present receiver is in need of replacement, you might consider getting a new audio-video receiver that has built-in a.-v. processing. But whatever, get the stuff off the floor and start enjoying it.

I have a problem that I consider very serious, and I certainly hope you can help me. I'm a male, 20 years old and a virgin. One would say that I have a lot going for me, as I'm good-looking, smart and fun to be

with. I'm not shy; I just prefer to date virgins, and I seek someone special to make love with—no one-nighters for me. (You might say I'm old-fashioned in that sense.) I once dated a girl three years ago (we dated about four months) who wanted to make love with me, and although we must have tried 100 times, I just could never get it up for her. Then I found out she was sleeping with other guys, getting from them what I couldn't give her. So I ended the relationship. Since then, I've been very reluctant to get involved with anyone for fear that the same thing will happen again.

Now I'm involved with an 18-year-old girl I met through one of my good friends. We've been seeing each other for three months now, and the relationship is starting to get serious. It may be helpful for you to know that this girl has had sex before, though only a few times. She has told me that I'm very sensitive and caring and the smoothest lover she has ever had. But the problem is that I can't seem to get inside her. I can always get an erection when we are fooling around, and we frequently make love with our clothes on. The problem arises when her clothes are off. The moment I try to guide my penis into her, I lose most of my erection. It's really embarrassing, needless to say. The first night I tried to make love to her, I ejaculated prematurely. We haven't openly said anything about it yet, but I know she wants to help me. I'm always real careful to make sure that despite my problem, I satisfy her in some other way, usually with oral sex. This has happened a little more than half a dozen times in the past month, and now it's getting to the point where I'm afraid to undress her, because I don't want to start something that I can't finish. I feel so inferior to her in bed. Please let me have some idea as to how I can relax and solve this problem. If I need outside help, please tell me where to turn. I'm really crazy over this girl, and I don't want this problem to be the demise of another relationship.—J. F., New Brunswick, New Jersey.

It sounds as though you are suffering from first-night jitters, which experience (and experimentation on your own) should take care of. And if at first you don't succeed with your partner, try again, but don't make your erections the focal point of the evening. Continue pleasuring each other, and remember that casual stroking and oral stimulation are fine ways to finish an evening. We think that with a little practice, you're going to be just fine.

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



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

How do you handle sexual rejection?

I just don't take it personally. I figure we're not right for each other. I may ask myself for a minute, "What's wrong with me?" But that passes. If he doesn't want me, he's going to disappoint me in the long run, anyway. He's going to lead me on and reject me later. That would be much worse. I guess I like my independence. I like being on my own. I think every woman should experience that before she settles down. A woman has to know herself first. I don't think I'll get rejected by the right guy for me.



Lesa Ann Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Sexual rejection never bothered me too much, because I'm not insecure about my sexuality. If someone didn't feel like having sex with me at a particular time, I assumed it was bad timing, not some defect of mine.

But being rejected by someone you have loved over a long period of time can be devastating, especially if you're young and without sufficient self-esteem. Everyone has periods when she isn't feeling sexy. In an involved relationship, you have to ride with the ebbs and exult in the flows. It may be temporary. If it isn't, I don't get down on myself. I feel I've been consistent and it's his problem, not mine.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

If I'm the one doing the rejecting, there is usually a good reason. Say he's interested in having sex and I'm not; I say I'm not feeling well and want to go to sleep. Or I try to explain that I'm interested in being friends, not lovers. If I were the one who was getting rejected, I don't think I'd go to pieces. I'd figure he had his reasons. I wouldn't want to sleep with a man who didn't want me. I don't want anyone to do me *that* kind of favor. I like to feel good after sex, and that wouldn't happen if I thought some man was just going through the motions.



Patty Duffek

PATTY DUFFEK
MAY 1984

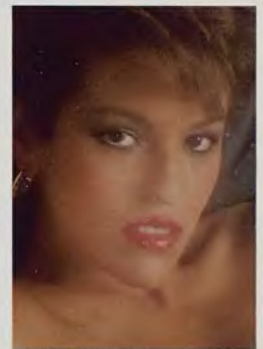
Well, that has happened to me. I was interested in a man, more interested than he was in me. We were friends and I wanted more. He didn't. Once I knew it, I pretended that I didn't really want to, anyway. But inside, I was really hurt. I kept asking myself, "Why? Is there something wrong with me?" I always assume it must be me. The truth is, that kind of rejection could be about bad timing, not about me. And in this case, it was. He was involved with someone else at the time. After it happened, he left a message on my answering machine: "It's not you, honest." I respected him a lot for telling me. Also, to be truthful, being a Playmate makes you feel pretty cocky and pretty special. Getting rejected can come as a big surprise.



Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

Nobody can stand feeling rejected, and sexual rejection hurts more than other kinds. I've never been rejected outright, knock on wood. But I have been in the position of caring about a man whose feelings for me changed. He just wasn't interested in the relationship anymore, period. I was really hurt, and I carried the bad feeling around for a long time, probably longer than I should have, but I couldn't seem to get over it. I asked myself all the questions: "What did I do wrong? What do I lack? Is it my physical appearance?" What? You didn't think a Playmate would worry about these things? Look, *all of us* worry about how attractive we are.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

I don't believe there is such a thing as sexual rejection if two people are in a relationship and honestly care about each other. I've never been in a sexual situation with someone I haven't cared about. Now, if a good friend came on to me, I'd sit down and talk to him. I'd tell him I'm involved with someone else and that I'm not interested in complicating my life. No sneaking around for me, but I'd want to keep his friendship if it were possible.



Debi Nicolle Johnson

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

POLICE POWER

As hostile as I am toward drug dealers, I find it worrisome that the Government is starting to use a Federal civil statute to not only seize but sell a suspect's assets before he even goes on trial. I imagine that this is being done at present in cases where guilt is fairly obvious; but I can see this law as one that will sooner or later be abused as police discover that merely charging someone with drug felonies permits them to destroy him financially, guilty or not. Indeed, this could become the weapon law-enforcement authorities use against people they do not have evidence to convict.

Alex Weinman
Olympia, Washington

We worry about that, too, because it's usually the abuse of authority that leads the courts to either forbid or require police practices that are later seen, correctly or not, as reducing their effectiveness.

THE SPORTING LIFE

Has it occurred to no one that the current flap over drug use by our supposed role models in big-league baseball and other sports may send the youth of America quite a different message than the one intended? From watching these guys perform, there's no obvious way of telling who's stoned and who isn't, who abuses drugs and who doesn't. It's not as if our heroized athletes are out there falling on their faces. I suspect that the message the average young sports fan gets is that you can make megabucks, do lots of drugs and perform just fine until somebody gets caught and snitches.

Tom Bouras
Chillicothe, Ohio

The reason athletes use drugs is that quite often, these are people who haven't ever had a great deal in life, and for the first time, they have money to spend. They've found their place in the sun. Because success in any sport has such a large element of luck and they believe that their good fortune is largely due to this luck, they become superstitious and scared that their luck will change. Athletes rely on drugs for continued success.

Further, the insecurity and fear of losing everything by virtue of falling in a slump create added apprehension that drugs can take away. Falsely, drugs remove them from the problem. And before they know it, they're hooked.

Dr. Joyce Brothers
Los Angeles, California

Such astonishing insight is what makes Dr. Brothers the popular psychologist she is today.

READ YOUR BIBLE

Last month, I mistakenly received a PLAYBOY intended for my sister-in-law. I looked through the magazine to see how it had changed since the days of my childhood, when I would sneak my father's copy out of its hiding place. I was so angered by a statement you made in the October *Playboy Forum* regarding those who are against abortion and who also believe in God that I had to respond. You state that "anti-abortionists deep down

"God does, indeed, consider women's feelings."

consider recreational sex to be a misuse of the genital organs that God intended for procreation only."

At first I thought I would let you remain in your chosen ignorance, but then I realized that you, unfortunately, have such great influence over so many people that I could not let your declaration go unchallenged.

Have you ever bothered to read the seventh chapter of *Corinthians I*? Obviously not. This is only one place in the Bible where our supposedly terrible God, Who believes that any pleasure a person experiences must be sinful (as you would have us believe), tells us that sex is to be shared between a husband and wife and that the

wife is not to deny the husband his conjugal rights—nor is the husband to deny the wife her conjugal rights. This clearly states that sex is to be shared and enjoyed, not just for procreation but for the pleasure and closeness it provides the participants. It also points out that God does, indeed, consider women's feelings and desires as important as men's.

Dianna Delgado
Miami, Florida

Wait a second. We didn't say that the Bible or a terrible God frowned on recreational sex; we said that that was the source of much anti-abortion sentiment. We're right in there with "Corinthians."

IS THERE LIFE AFTER LIFE?

Regarding the letter from Dr. C. Ralph Campo (*The Playboy Forum*, October) in which he discusses the effects of abortion on the cycle of reincarnation, I would like to know what constitutes research on reincarnation. Does Dr. Campo interview newly aborted fetuses or spend his working hours in cemeteries collecting pertinent data from the dead?

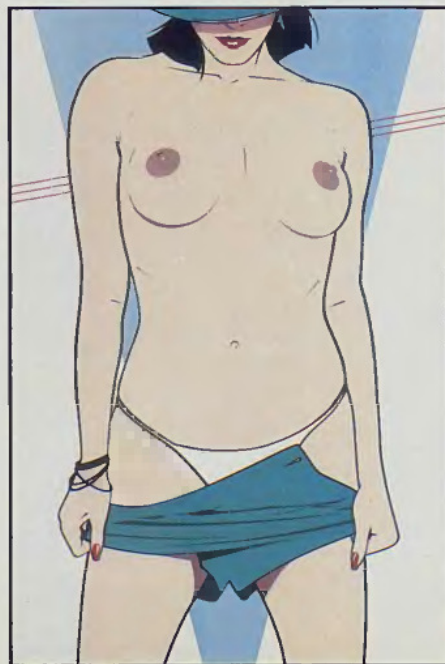
Abortion can be viewed from several spiritual perspectives: Perhaps it is no more annoying to a transiting soul than a missed bus might be to those in the flesh. It may be that the soul is forever deprived of corporeal life if its chosen body is aborted. A soul might choose several bodies, deciding only at the last minute which to occupy; thus, abortion would be insignificant in the scheme of things. It may be that there is no soul at all; we may well be nothing more than electrochemical interaction.

I don't claim to be a psychic—though I do believe that paranormal phenomena exist and exist subjectively—but I have been inside family-planning clinics, and the feelings there are nonjudgmental, helpful, kind and relaxed. The "dark clouds" Campo claims to see around abortion clinics are probably manifestations of his own feelings about what constitutes negative karma. We see what we want to see.

(Name withheld by request)
Campbell, California

Who is Campo, where did he get his doctorate and in what? The University of Psychic Sciences is neither accredited nor recognized as an institute of higher learning.

"Dr." Campo is concerned with the negative karma of abortion. My experience working with juveniles in social-service agencies and with adults in private counseling has shown me that most people with emotional problems were unwanted, unloved, neglected and frequently



abused children, as were many violent criminals. Now, *that* is negative karma.

James E. Faubel, B.A.,
M.A., D.D.Hon.
Molalla, Oregon

In regard to Campo's letter on abortion and reincarnation it's easy to see why most legitimate scientists won't give psychics the time of day.

Wilfred D. DeVoe
Boston, Massachusetts

TEPID LUST

It would seem we've heard from almost everyone in the interminable debate on the meaning of pornography. I think many of your readers would agree with Vladimir Nabokov, Eastern Europe's answer to Harold Robbins.

My copy of *Lolita* includes a section called "Vladimir Nabokov on a Book Entitled *Lolita*." In it, Nabokov says:

"Pornography" connotes mediocrity, commercialism and certain strict rules. . . . Obscenity must be mated with banality because every kind of aesthetic enjoyment has to be entirely replaced by simple sexual stimulation. . . . Style, structure, imagery should never distract the reader from his tepid lust.

That makes sense and pretty well sums it up for me.

Scott A. Meyer
Horsham, Pennsylvania

Not bad.

OPPOSING CENSORSHIP

It is no longer easy or wise to dismiss the Falwellians, Women Against Porn or Ed Meese. The friends of censorship are mounting one of the most serious threats to freedom in recent history, while those of us opposed to censorship tend to take freedom for granted and fail to speak out. I wrote to my Congressman, the usually liberal Tom Carper, to strongly oppose Meese's commission to "study" pornography. I got back a form letter thanking me for expressing my views *in favor of the study!* I was angered that I had been counted as a supporter, but I was more angry with the Congressman's apparent willingness to go along with the antisex, procensorship hysteria that seems to be sweeping the country.

Our Senators and Representatives need to hear from people other than the organized antiporn movement. I urge all PLAYBOY readers to write to their elected officials immediately.

Fred N. Breukelman
Dover, Delaware

A big thank you to Patrick Cox for writing, and to *USA Today* for publishing and to PLAYBOY for reprinting, the column on censorship and the legislation of morality (*The Playboy Forum*, October). I applaud

Cox's speaking out against repression of individual freedom, his comments concerning those who would dictate the sexuality of others and PLAYBOY's many exemplary efforts to protect our First Amendment rights.

David R. Steinman, Ph.D.
Clinical Psychologist
Austin, Texas

Our very own Attorney General has granted a considerable amount of money—\$734,371—to Dr. Judith A. Reisman to conduct a "content analysis" of three magazines: PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler*. *Film Comment*, in its October issue, points out that Dr. Reisman has declared Hugh M. Hefner to be "as dangerous as Hitler."

Such statements by the learned doctor suggest a less-than-unbiased analysis; but in addition, we are dealing with Attorney

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

For a conservative President to appoint an Attorney General who stands for law 'n' order is to be expected. But what are we to make of it when the highest law-enforcement official in the country objects to the most fundamental principle of the Anglo-American criminal-justice system? *U.S. News and World Report* interviewed U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese and came away with this:

Q. You criticize the *Miranda* ruling, which gives suspects the right to have a lawyer present before police questioning. Shouldn't people who may be innocent have such protection?

A. Suspects who are innocent of a crime should. But the thing is, you don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent of a crime, then he is not a suspect.

Meese read the interview before it was published, confirmed its accuracy and worried only that the first part of his answer might not be clear.

It would be one thing to have an Attorney General who did not believe in the presumption of innocence; he would be merely dangerous, if no more dangerous than a good many others in high public office. But to have one who so clearly admits to such a position . . . well, the only thing worse than dangerous and dumb would be dangerous and smart. At least we don't have that.

General Ed Meese, who has his own Commission on Pornography. Meese has some reservations concerning the Constitution, anyway. He believes that anyone arrested must be guilty.

It is obvious that the forces desiring to regulate what everyone else can read, see or do are happy with Meese, a latter-day Anthony Comstock. They know they have a friend in the Department of Justice and in the man who put him in office.

William Kirschner
Los Angeles, California

In the September 21 issue of the Salvation Army's house organ, *The War Cry*, PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* are listed as "pornographic magazines" containing in recent issues more than 2000 child-related cartoons, three fourths of which involve children in violent or sexual activities. According to Reisman, head of the Justice Department's \$734,371 study of pornography, many of the cartoons "depict gang rape or child victims, fathers sexually abusing daughters, Santa Claus murdering a child, etc."

I have rarely seen copies of *Penthouse* or *Hustler*, but I have for several years been a subscriber to PLAYBOY. For the life of me, I cannot recall viewing any cartoons remotely involving child pornography in PLAYBOY. Yet the implication in this article—citing PLAYBOY first in the list—is that your periodical is the greatest offender in this area or, anyway, just as offensive as the two other magazines.

Please comment on this Justice Department study and its validity, if any. I'm opposed to cartoons involving child pornography per se, but I'd have canceled my subscription to PLAYBOY long ago if I had considered it to be a conduit for such cartoons. Also, what about the allegation that copies of PLAYBOY are found at the scenes of "large numbers of sexually violent crimes"?

Dr. Ben W. Fuson
Louisa, Kentucky

We suppose the cliché about man bites dog applies here. It wouldn't be news if the other magazines published such cartoons, so we're included in the "top three" just to get the public's attention. The second allegation is pretty hard to picture and is unsupported but would make sense to the extent that violent sex criminals are men rather than women, who might leave behind Playgirl or Cosmopolitan. It's also convenient, unfortunately, to refer to all "adult" magazines as PLAYBOYS.

BUCKLE BATTLE

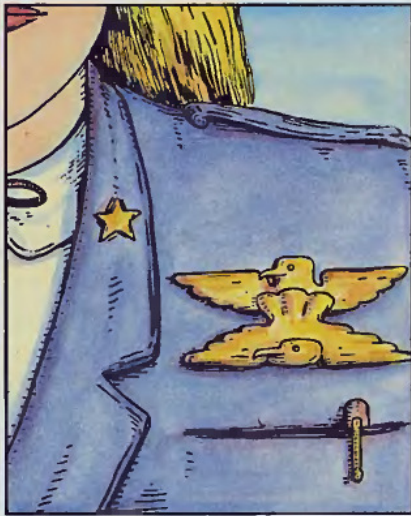
When Steven Cothrel discusses seat-belt laws (*The Playboy Forum*, August), I think he is a little off base.

I do agree that infringement on personal freedom is a bummer—if it causes us to give up something we enjoy doing. Maybe I've missed something, though, because I don't derive a whole lot of pleasure from riding in a car unbuckled. In fact, I feel

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HIGH TIMES

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—A stewardess for Air New Zealand has been trying to get her job back, with compensation and lost wages, ever since the airline fired her for what it called "sexually uninhibited behavior" on a flight between Auckland



and Honolulu when she was off duty. That behavior, the airline claimed, consisted of having sex with a passenger in the plane's toilet, kneeling the purser in the groin and then trying to fondle him, and sitting provocatively on a first-class passenger who was trying to sleep. The stewardess claimed not to remember the incidents and blamed them on too much booze at too high an altitude, where the effects of alcohol are greater than on the ground. An out-of-court settlement was reached, but the terms of the agreement were not made public.

HOOKERS' REVENGE

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA—After a three-part exposé of prostitution in the city, the Vallejo Times-Herald editorially demanded that police "clean up Sonoma Boulevard," a local hooker district. The police did so and then discovered that some of the women had moved their operations to the Times-Herald's parking lot, where they were operating out of a camper parked between two newspaper trucks.

THE GANG TO BANG

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS—A 20-year-old woman has been charged with prostitution after jumping into a police van returning from a training exercise and allegedly propositioning the department's entire SWAT team. She is accused of offering sexual services for \$20 each, saying that that rate represented a group discount.

PROVERBIAL HONESTY

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO—The Morelos state transit-police force is replacing 300 male patrolmen with women in an attempt, officials say, to reduce graft and corruption. Governor Lauro Ortega Martinez revealed the plan in his annual state-of-the-state message, saying he believed female transit police would be better because, "with their proverbial honesty, they will eliminate the demands and bribes that have been inflicted on citizens." He said also that he expected the women to be a little more conscientious, answering tourist questions with something more helpful than "Yo no sé" [I don't know] or "¿Quién sabe?" [Who knows?]. The women officers will be paid the same as the men they replace, the equivalent of \$100 a month, but men will retain the top jobs.

MULTIPLE OFFENDERS

NEW YORK CITY—Researchers at the New York State Psychiatric Institute have found evidence that may drastically revise the idea that most sex criminals are one-time offenders. A study of 411 sex offenders indicated that, on the average, each had committed 44 crimes a year since the onset of "deviant arousal." The New York group said that the figure of 1.4 sex crimes per person, based on early Kinsey data, greatly underestimated the actual number by not affording confidentiality to reporting subjects who were liable to additional prosecutions.

ISSUE ON TOP OF ISSUE

NEW ORLEANS—The Fifth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has upheld, nine to seven, the constitutionality of a Texas law prohibiting homosexual conduct even between consenting adults in private. The ruling not only asserts that a legislature has authority to pass laws according to its conception of the public moral interest but raises the issue of whether or not a prosecutor who is not involved in the case can appeal a legal decision to a higher Federal court. In this instance, a Dallas homosexual obtained a district-court judgment that the Texas homosexual-conduct statute was unconstitutional, and the state's attorney general declined to appeal. But a county prosecutor, acting on his own and supported by an antihomosexual group calling itself Dallas Doctors Against AIDS, which hired private attorneys to assist it, took the lower-court ruling to the appellate court, which overturned it and upheld the current state law. Because of conflicting appellate decisions, the U.S. Supreme Court has now agreed to rule on the extent to which the right-of-privacy doctrine extends to homosexual acts.

BACK TO THE FOLD

MILWAUKEE—Roman Catholic women who have had abortions are being invited to participate in an archdiocese-sponsored Church program intended to help them obtain forgiveness and reconciliation. "We led the pack in opposition to abortion, so we ought to lead the pack in reconciliation," said Vicki Thorn, the program's coordinator. "We've got an awful lot of walking wounded." She estimated that at least one third of Wisconsin's 20,000 abortions annually are performed on Catholic women.

GENERIC ADVICE

ATLANTA—Under revised guidelines aimed at reducing the spread of the AIDS virus without labeling people homosexual, Federal health officials now are recommending simply that any man who engages in sex with another man wait eight years before donating blood. The latest advisory, from the Food and Drug Administration by way of the National Centers for Disease Control, applies to men "who may have had only a single contact and who do not consider themselves homosexual or bisexual."

LOW-ALTITUDE FLYING

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Seven former students of transcendental meditation are suing the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi for \$9,000,000, claiming their guru caused them permanent physical and mental harm while teaching them to fly. The suit



claims they suffered "negative emotional, psychological and physical effects," in addition to disillusionment, when the flying turned out to consist of increasingly long periods of "hopping with the legs folded in the lotus position."



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RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

CAN SEX SURVIVE AIDS?

By ARTHUR KRETCHMER

DOES THE coming of AIDS mean the end of the sexual revolution? As the Editorial Director of this magazine, I've been asked that question often lately. Let's begin with part of the answer. The best-kept secret of the AIDS terror is the fact that if you are a healthy, heterosexual male and you don't take intravenous drugs or have sex with prostitutes, there aren't enough zeros on your pocket calculator to indicate the chance of your catching AIDS.

That doesn't mean we don't take AIDS seriously; we do. The possibility that sex—joyous, clumsy, laughable and reckless sex—has been twisted into what doctors call a "vehicle for transmission of terminal illness" is terrifying. But it is not as terrifying as we have been led to believe.

Senior Staff Writer Jim Petersen (a.k.a. The Playboy Advisor) says that the biggest health problem in the country right now is fear of AIDS. The second-biggest problem, he adds, is ignorance about AIDS.

It's no surprise that Jerry Falwell is working this street. AIDS almost lives up to Falwell's idea of a dream disease—one that would instantly strike dead anyone having sex not sanctioned by his church.

Falwell has been immeasurably helped by the print media—particularly *Time* magazine—which are marketing AIDS the way Procter & Gamble markets soap. I've seen sensible network-TV coverage, but *Time* has been shameless. Oddly, alongside a feature story called "The New Untouchables" was an underplayed sidebar headed "Not an Easy Disease to Come By," in which we learned that (1) AIDS was not an epidemic, (2) the virus was easily destroyed and (3) most people had nothing to fear.

One month later, *Time's* editors were again talking out of both sides of their word processors. In the midst of an article that called AIDS a "scourge that spreads panic," *Time* reported, deadpan, "On the face of it, the panic seems out of all proportion to the numbers involved."

If the panic takes root—and there are signs everywhere that it is doing so—we will dehumanize our social lives and destroy romance. If the people who thrive on inhibition get their way, the atmos-

phere will be so poisoned that you'll look at an attractive person across a crowded room and think, *Virus!*

If AIDS were a capricious fatal illness inextricably linked to sex, we could understand the hysteria. But it isn't. Associate Editor Kate Nolan, Petersen and I have spent months trying to separate the facts from the myths. What do we really know? Less than we'd like but a great deal more than the propaganda that's out there.

Nolan has a virtual direct line to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. She has tracked down a large number of virologists and epidemiologists who are working on AIDS research. They rarely agree about anything; in fact, they barely talk to one another. Nolan found three separate studies of AIDS and prostitution under way, but none of the doctors involved knew of the others' work. Each, however, was ready to report his conclusive results.

Petersen, a man with a cynical bent, has speculated that "AIDS is the best thing that's happened to the medical-grant business in years, so doctors aren't eager to squelch the AIDS hysteria. Viral research is the frontier of medicine. When we figure out this virus and its effect on the immune system, we will have the future of medicine. If it takes fear to make the Government release funds, so be it."

Nolan says, "In order to discuss AIDS, you've got to discuss bodily fluids. You've got to find out exactly what the people who have been infected did, and that information hasn't been forthcoming. In the cases of heterosexuals who have developed the disease, there are questions about sexual histories and drug habits that simply haven't been satisfactorily answered. We don't know what those people did to get AIDS."

Here is what we *do* know:

1. Blood and semen are the only bodily fluids that carry large enough concentrations of the virus to cause the disease, and—except in the rare cases in which the virus is transmitted by mother's milk to infants—a victim's blood stream must be invaded. You can't get AIDS from a doorknob, and no one has ever gotten AIDS from kissing.

2. The AIDS virus (HTLV-III/LAV) invades white blood cells and induces them to produce more AIDS virus. When the white blood cells are ravaged, the body's immune system stops working. At that point, the body becomes vulnerable to many illnesses, any one of which may become fatal. The virus may also directly attack the central nervous system.

3. Because the rectal walls tend to become ruptured during anal intercourse, semen containing the AIDS virus has a direct path to the blood stream—hence, the disproportionate number of male homosexuals who have been victimized by the disease.

4. Most heterosexuals who have the disease got it from infected blood transmitted through needles—either through recreational drug use or through transfusions. Drug use is one of the things that put prostitutes at risk.

5. While there have been 1472 reports of health-care workers who have come into contact with infected blood after pricking themselves with contaminated needles, only one has developed symptoms of the disease.

6. Many more people (perhaps as many as 1,000,000 Americans) have AIDS antibodies in their systems than have the disease. The presence of the antibodies does not necessarily mean that symptoms of the disease will appear, just as the presence of antibodies against hepatitis and herpes does not mean you're bound to get either.

7. As we go to press, early in November 1985, there have been reported 145 heterosexually transmitted cases of the disease (of which only 16 were transmitted by women to men) and 10,314 homosexually transmitted cases. Does that mean that AIDS is primarily a homosexual disease? No, it's a blood-contamination disease.

Here is how Mathilde Krim, a research biologist who heads the AIDS Medical Foundation, explained the transmission of AIDS to *The Village Voice*: "The virus is very difficult to transmit, even under the ideal conditions of a laboratory. In order to infect, it must be freshly out of a live, transmitting cell, and it must almost immediately meet a specific white blood cell on its surface. In other words, there

must be an open cut with hot, fresh blood. It cannot be spread through ordinary physical contact."

One of the threats we hear most frequently is that we are sitting on a time bomb. When it goes off, the explosion will supposedly ravage the heterosexual community, just as it is now ravaging the homosexual community. The evidence presented to support this theory is the fact that AIDS victims in the U.S. are overwhelmingly homosexual, but in Africa, where it seems to have been around longer, it is a heterosexual disease.

Here's Nolan from the front lines: "I've talked with the virologists; they offer the party line—apocalypse now. The virus is going to break out into the culture at large. But the epidemiologists say that's not true. Circumstances for the epidemic that exist in Central Africa don't exist here. In Africa, AIDS is associated with prostitution and with poor hygiene. Central Africa is a needle culture. Everyone who's sick goes to a clinic. People don't think they've been treated unless they get an injection—even if it's aspirin. Needles are used and reused. The standards of cleanliness may be low. In order to have an epidemic, you have to have the conditions for an epidemic. We can avoid those conditions here."

Nolan continues, "The homosexual community was victimized because there was no information about the way the disease was transmitted. Individuals kept engaging in high-risk activities because they didn't know they were at risk. Add to that the difference in levels of activity: Before AIDS became widespread, the promiscuous homosexual male was far more sexually active than the promiscuous heterosexual male. Increased contact increased the spread of the virus. The projections assume that behavior won't change. Now heterosexuals and homosexuals have the option of keeping themselves at very low risk."

Most of us have a Clint Eastwood view of disease, and it has served us well. If you have a germ that kills, you kill it. Alexander Fleming's penicillin is the best example. But there are other worthwhile models. If you have yellow fever, you drain the swamp. If you can't kill the germs, you prevent the disease.

Here are some guidelines about AIDS. Ignore them if you are confident about your sexual partner. If you are not confident, this is the way to go.

For heterosexual men: Avoid the high-risk groups. Don't have sex with women who have sex with men who fuck men or with men who inject drugs. Use condoms. If you've ever had one break during intercourse, change brands. Don't reuse sex toys from one partner to another without

washing them first. Don't have sex with prostitutes.

For heterosexual women: Don't have sex with men who fuck men or prostitutes or with men who inject drugs. Refrain from anal sex. If you can't, ask your partner to use a condom and plenty of lubrication (something he should have been doing all along).

For homosexual men: Learn about "safe sex." Cruising in the gay community implies much higher numbers than in the straight community, so if you're not in a monogamous relationship, you should assume that you or your partner has been exposed. Mutual masturbation is fine. Oral sex is all right if you don't come in each other's mouths. Do not engage in anal-oral or anal-receptive sex.

"If you are a healthy, heterosexual male and you don't take intravenous drugs or have sex with prostitutes, there aren't enough zeros on your pocket calculator to indicate the chance of your catching AIDS."

This isn't a pretty discussion; but unless we confront reality, we're avoiding it. The show-business people who have admirably given their time and talent to raise money for research under the banner FIGHT AIDS might better use those dollars to purchase billboards that say, STOP AIDS! USE CONDOMS. That could save more lives in the next two years than new research.

People ask if *The Playboy Philosophy* is still relevant in light of the AIDS onslaught. The answer is yes and more so. Unlike the caricature version of the *Philosophy*—the one that's supposed to encourage one-night stands and keeping a score card of sexual partners—Hefner's *Philosophy* is about fearlessly examining society's inhibitions and accepting our individual sexuality. It is about enriching our lives. Hefner was trying to raise the curtain on sexual enlightenment; now we're facing a rerun of the Dark Ages.


In a recent issue of *New York* magazine, Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, who heads the Human Sexuality Program at New York's Cornell Medical Center, said that AIDS meant, "If you're a single woman, remember, no casual sex ever again. Wait until you know the other person. Know your partner. Know whether he's had a homosexual experience or used injected drugs in the past eight years."

While it appears responsible, there's a paralyzing undertone to that advice. It's a step toward recommending that single people shut down their sex lives altogether. Why, for example, do we have to go back eight years? It would take police-work to get the information, and there weren't enough cases of AIDS back then to have statistical impact today.

We need distinctions we haven't had to deal with before. It's a good idea to forget about anonymous sex, but how far do we have to go? When two people who have known each other for a while, who have flirted a little, decide to consummate their relationship in an evening that will live fondly in their memories, is that casual sex? When two people meet for the first time and spend an intense, nerve-tingling day and a half together, with no intention of buying a house, having children or taking a mortgage on a condo, is that casual sex? Is fear of AIDS being used to enforce virginity, abstinence and puritanism?

The sexual revolution was about understanding sex. It was about becoming unafraid. Men could express their sexuality without fear of reproof. Women could express their sexuality without being branded whores.

If we're going to come to grips with the AIDS panic, we are going to have to stare down some fear. While it is easy to scorn the parents we see on television who won't allow their children to sit in the same class as a victim of AIDS, the darker possibility is that those parents are going to start forbidding gay teachers to even enter the classroom.

There is a neurotic response to this illness that can't be overlooked: "I know it's unlikely, but what if it is me?" We require the courage to face the facts about the disease, modify our behavior, if necessary, and say it's *not* going to be us. Moreover, we require the courage to look at the victims and understand that they are victims. They have not committed sin, they have committed sex; and sex served as an accidental pathway to a tragedy. The message to the homosexual community should be that we are on your side, because we are all in this together. Until a medical breakthrough gives *Time* the chance to run its last AIDS cover story, we must defeat AIDS with our knowledge and our humanity. 

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the bottoms.

She likes
the tops.



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one taste they
agree on.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MICHAEL DOUGLAS

a candid conversation with the actor/producer about making movies in the eighties—and about risk, romance and growing up with spartacus as a dad

"Every kid has to kick his father in the balls."

That, movie fans, is a proud Kirk Douglas on his son Michael Douglas, one of the most popular actors—and most successful producers—of the Eighties. Although Michael will admit that being born the son of one of the most famous men in the world hasn't hurt him professionally, he has carved out a singular, though equally granite-chinned, reputation for himself: He was the force behind a couple of the most politically influential movies of recent times—"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "The China Syndrome"—as well as the actor-producer in one of the biggest romantic-comedy hits of all time, "Romancing the Stone," and what promises to be an equally popular sequel, "Jewel of the Nile." He is a reminder to some that the activism of the Sixties is not dead (though it is a good deal richer) and, to top it all off, he is—irritatingly enough—considered by most to be a good guy.

Although Kirk is not exactly unbiased, we thought we'd let his observations open this introduction. In a background interview, he told us how he saw Michael's development—and who were we to argue? We figured he knew; and besides, the man was Spartacus, for God's sake. Herewith Kirk:

"If I'd known what a big shot Michael was going to be, I would have been nicer to him when he was a kid. For one thing, Michael had a hatred and contempt for the world of entertainment when he was growing up; I thought he might make a good lawyer. I remember that he went through this very wild period in the Sixties. Once I visited him and he asked me to stay with him. Well, he was living in this ramshackle building, at the top of these rickety steps. He slept on the floor. There was a box spring for me. I said, 'Next time I come to visit you, I'll stay in the Biltmore Hotel. I spent my life trying to get out of places like this.'

"It amazes me now. Here he is on the California Board of Regents, yet he got kicked out of college one semester. After Michael finally made it out of college, he got a job as a lead on a TV show, 'The Experiment.' He did an excellent job. Then he got several leads in movies that didn't do very well. I agree with him that things happened a little too quickly. At first he thought, 'There's nothing to it.'

"'The Streets of San Francisco' was the first thing that gave him attention. When, after four years, Michael said he was going to quit to make 'Cuckoo's Nest,' I knew the show would not continue. He and Karl [Malden]

had developed a wonderful rapport.

"I did the play version of 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest' back in 1963, but I was never able to get a movie version of the book rolling. Michael wanted to have a go at it. I thought, 'Why not? I knew it would be a lesson if nothing else. The movie was phenomenal. I was a little disappointed that I didn't get to play the McMurphy role, but I can't complain. The picture made nearly \$200,000,000, and I have a piece of it. I made more money on that than I did on 'Spartacus.'

"I did warn Michael about Ken Kesey and told him and Saul [co-producer Saul Zaentz] not to hire him to write the movie. There was a lot of stuff about Kesey in the Sixties, but, hey, I knew him way before those guys did. I'm the one who argued with him that he was a cop-out, that he should get off his ass and stop being a guru and start writing. That's why I told Michael not to use him. I felt he was burned out. All he's done since then is 'Sometimes a Great Notion,' which is a lesser work, and some piece for Esquire about a cow. It's sad; I like Kesey. I'd like to see him.

"When 'Cuckoo's Nest' took five Oscars in 1976, including best picture, I was proud. I was watching on TV. I wasn't nervous,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GRUEN

"It was hard being Kirk's son. Christ, I saw my father nailed to a cross, as an artist who cut his ear off, and I'd think, 'How can I be a man—the man this man was?' It took me a long time to get through all of that."

"I guess I was a hippie in the Sixties. It was a very open time—free speech, meditation, marijuana. There was a communal feeling that's been lost. It's a spirit that's never left me and has made the strongest imprint."

"Forget love scenes. They're the most awkward, technically difficult situations. You've got to do acrobatics and contortions so the lighting is good. Sorry, guys, but love scenes are work."

'cause it had gotten so many nominations. And what's so terrible if you don't win? I've been nominated many times and I never won an Oscar.

"I've seen everything my sons have done. I do think that as an actor, Michael has not extended himself to his fullest capacities. I think he has dramatic qualities that he hasn't expressed yet. I used to kid Michael. I'd say, 'Yes, you're an excellent producer. But why are you always producing pictures that have such wonderful parts for other people? How about producing a movie for a wonderful actor named Michael Douglas? Your father's company developed "Spartacus," and there just happened to be a very good role for me. Same with "The Vikings" and "Paths of Glory." What's wrong with giving a good actor called Michael Douglas a part?"

We'll take it from here, Kirk.

Michael took his father's advice in producing "The China Syndrome" and co-starred in it with Jane Fonda. It is a thriller about an accident in a nuclear power plant. About three weeks after the movie's release, there was an accident at Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania, uncannily similar to the one in the movie.

Douglas then served as co-executive producer of "Starman"; but it was "Romancing the Stone," made for less than \$10,000,000 and grossing \$100,000,000, that put him over the top. With its crocodiles and the famous mud slide with co-star Kathleen Turner and Douglas slipping and sliding through slime and muck in the jungle, the movie is still one of the top-selling video cassettes. Since then, he has taken a lackluster role as Zach, the choreographer in "A Chorus Line," and, of course, the romantic lead in the current "Jewel of the Nile."

Douglas, 40, born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, was seven when his parents divorced. He went to live with his mother, English-born actress Diana Douglas, and his stepfather, novelist Bill Darrid, in Connecticut, where, he says, he "didn't do shit" in prep schools. He spent summers with his father—who had also remarried—on movie sets and in Hollywood.

He attended the University of California in Santa Barbara, where he was more interested in the social climate—this was the mid-Sixties—than in his studies. With a few stage credits under his belt and a resemblance to his father as either help or hindrance, he got leading roles in four forgettable movies. It took a big break in TV to turn things around—which led to four years as the sidekick turned co-star in "The Streets of San Francisco."

Off screen, Douglas has an unusual reputation for a Hollywood big shot. City magazine once titled a piece about him "The Nicest Guy in Town?" and, indeed, in a business known for everything but, his colleagues say that Douglas is decent and conscientious but tough. As filming of "Jewel of the Nile" was winding down, between a trip to London to complete the looping of "A Chorus Line" and the start of a short vacation, PLAYBOY arranged for David and Victoria Sheff to meet

with Douglas. Their report:

"You work hard when you're both a movie star and a producer. For nine months without a break on the set of 'Jewel of the Nile,' Douglas involved himself in everything from negotiating with Moroccan officials for the release of prop guns tied up in customs, to arranging to have water piped in so his actors could bathe, to averting a strike in one department by talking to each crew member involved. Then, on cue, he had to be Jack Colton, smiling his cocky smile, when the assistant director shouted, 'Rolling!'"

"In spite of fatigue, burnout and a small epidemic of the flu, Douglas, Turner, actor Danny De Vito and the rest of the cast turned out for the Survivors of Morocco party at the Regency Club on the beach in Nice, a sort of wrap party for 'Jewel.' He still seemed tense. When the second glass of champagne finally hit, Michael began to relax. As fireworks crackled in the sky, he and Turner danced a tango and he exchanged warm hugs with De Vito. But then the producer was asked about the schedule for the last day of shooting. And about film-transportation problems. Suddenly, there were all these little things. . . ."

*"The biggest advantage
of being
second-generation was
that you had no illusions
about what celebrity
was all about."*

"Several days later, we helicoptered into St.-Tropez (yes, this was a tough one), where Michael and his son, Cameron, met us and, together, we watched the finale of the annual St.-Tropez wind-surfing championship. We then headed to the hilltop château Douglas was renting to begin the interview session. In a room overlooking the vineyards, we talked for hours and then went to the beach, where, over paella and local rosé, we talked some more while Michael fended off exhaustion.

"Later, at another beach club, he seemed at last to be getting into the South of France style of life. With Cameron's polar-bear puppets on each hand, one puppet clutching a stiff drink, he was obviously in an ornery mood. He mused, 'It will be a long time before I act in and produce the same picture again.'"

"A month later, when we had a final session at his New York apartment, he was already planning his next acting/producing venture—a political thriller about Central America. 'But you said——' we probed. 'What the hell,' he replied with Jack Colton's grin. 'Changed my mind.'"

"One more thing. His old man's a pretty nice guy, too."

PLAYBOY: This has been a big year for you:

Besides playing a role in *A Chorus Line*, you've just wrapped *Jewel of the Nile*, which you produced and starred in. From the look of you, it seems as if it nearly wiped you out emotionally, as well. With all your other interests, why did you decide to do a sequel to *Romancing the Stone*?

DOUGLAS: Greed. That's a strong motivation. [Laughs] Truthfully, it was popular support. People just loved *Romancing*—the mix of action, adventure, comedy and, mostly, the romance between those two characters. People really wanted to know what happened to the characters Kathleen Turner and I played. *Romancing* opened very nicely and just kept going on and on and on, and all of a sudden, people started screaming, "Sequel!"

PLAYBOY: Despite the romance between the two characters, didn't you have to sue Turner for \$25,000,000 to force her into the picture?

DOUGLAS: Kathleen was under contract to do a sequel, but we got a late start on the script, and when she saw our first draft, she was very concerned. She had another picture she wanted to do that was filming at the same time. That's when the brouhaha began. She tried to force the situation so that we would postpone. I tried to remind her that we did pretty well on *Romancing*. I was losing movie opportunities as an actor, too, but I felt we should get this out of the way and move on.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a thought of doing it without her?

DOUGLAS: Reluctantly, because I thought Kathleen was great. But at some point, it becomes clear that nothing other than the material is irreplaceable. But, thank God, we got it resolved. We got a new script.

PLAYBOY: How did you pick Turner in the first place for *Romancing the Stone*?

DOUGLAS: There were a couple of other actresses being considered—one in particular—but I was concerned that she might be so crazy that I just couldn't take a gamble with her in the jungles in Mexico.

PLAYBOY: Could that have been Debra Winger?

DOUGLAS: Sounds like. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Once the situation on *Jewel* was resolved, how was it between the two of you on the set?

DOUGLAS: Kathleen is just great, and she's superprofessional. Once it was all over, we got together for drinks in New York, cleared the air and never looked back.

PLAYBOY: But that was just the beginning.

DOUGLAS: Yeah, it's been quite a year. [Sighs] The location of the shooting—Morocco—was the first problem, and we were ill prepared. Also, I totally misjudged the differences between filming in the jungle in *Romancing* and filming in the desert. During a *Chorus Line* break, I went over to look at locations for *Jewel*. It was about six weeks before we started

shooting—and I went to Morocco and realized that nothing was ready. That's when I seriously considered pulling the plug.

PLAYBOY: Did the time you spent on *A Chorus Line* distract you?

DOUGLAS: It was a combination of things. I am used to doing everything, and because I had delegated a lot of responsibility, nothing had gotten done. Everybody was sequestered in Nice and was putting off going to Morocco. I called all the department heads to Casablanca and tried to whip them all up and get things going. Then, two and a half weeks later, we had a tragedy: Our production designer and our location manager were scouting locations and were killed. We had two planes out over the Atlas Mountains. One of them didn't make it back. It was on the desert side of the mountain range when a storm hit. The plane hit the foothills about 30 miles from Fez airport.

PLAYBOY: Where were you?

DOUGLAS: I was in California. That really knocked us all for a loop. It had never happened to me before. You read about it happening on somebody else's picture.

PLAYBOY: Considering the incident on John Landis' *Twilight Zone* set, in which actor Vic Morrow and two children were killed, did you feel responsible for this accident?

DOUGLAS: Well, this was obviously different, but in the pit of my stomach, knowing I was forcing the situation, pushing, it bothered me. I pushed my departments into hiring the best people possible and then pushed us all into somewhat unrealistic situations. Although there was nothing I could have done about the accident, I couldn't help being bothered about it.

PLAYBOY: Any comments on the *Twilight Zone* incident?

DOUGLAS: There's a very thin line between accidents and negligence. Because I wasn't there to know what actually happened, I'd be a fool to comment. Whatever happened there, there is, simply, a risk in making action pictures.

PLAYBOY: You're one of the few people who *could* comment with any expertise. You're both an actor and a producer of action-adventure films.

DOUGLAS: [Pauses] When you are doing major stunts, you try to keep a cool head, because there's a lot of stuff going on. The key question on the *Twilight Zone* accident was whether or not the shot was changed in the middle of the sequence of events. What you do is rehearse a shot, figure out your angles and all that; you usually plan with an eye out for safety. You get into trouble if you start making adjustments in the middle of a shot. That's a little dangerous. So is that answer diplomatic enough?

PLAYBOY: OK. So it was crazy from the start on *Jewel*?

DOUGLAS: Where should I begin? Sun poisonings, people dropping like flies with illnesses, heat—135 degrees in the shade—hepatitis, possible cholera, the flash floods that wiped out locations, the language



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

problems—we were working with 16 nationalities—some crew problems, accommodation problems; shit, everything. I'm pretty good about keeping up a front, but in the last two weeks of filming, particularly in relation to Moroccan bureaucracy, I started losing it. Everything has to be signed by the king. It was insane. I should never have attempted this one after *Romancing*. . . .

PLAYBOY: Why? Same kinds of horror stories?

DOUGLAS: That movie we filmed in Mexico, which was great, though it rained. And rained. It happened to be the rainiest season in 35 years, and rain and mud buried us—almost literally. We had a very close call on that picture. We were shooting the sequence where the bus comes down and hits the jeep and then we go walking down the mountain and begin the mud slide. We got hit with a major tropical storm in the middle of the sequence. The road just gave way, and a rock about the size of a car came down exactly where the camera crew had been standing. One guy broke his leg. Another broke his arm. Kathleen is still scarred on her knee; she got caught up to her waist in mud. It was one of those things, an act of God, because if it had happened five minutes earlier, we would have lost 70 people. And that was the first week. Roads washed out regularly, so we would rebuild them; there were times when I would have 80 trucks dumping gravel. Yeah, it was a challenge. But not as much of a challenge as getting the film started, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: What about the famous mud-slide sequence in *Romancing*? How did that happen?

DOUGLAS: The slide was in there as a sequence in the script, but the ending—my landing face first between Kathleen's legs—came up on a story board. Stunt guys did most of the slide, but we had to do sections for close-ups. I did the last part of it in one take, but there was a lot of preparation—lining Kathleen up with her legs spread, taking careful aim—

PLAYBOY: That wasn't a double?

DOUGLAS: Oh, no. That needed my classic mud-diving expertise. [Laughs] I loved doing talk shows to promote the film and slurring the words "mud diving."

PLAYBOY: While we're at it, what about the scene in which you got stoned inside the wrecked airplane? Was that Mexican marijuana you were burning?

DOUGLAS: Sorry—just straw. That was a scene we added later on. My character, Jack Colton, was being shortchanged in terms of any kind of character development, and we realized we had to get some little pieces of information about who this guy was, where he was from, so we shot that scene after we finished the film. It was basically an ode to the Sixties, a combination of fantasies and dreams and finding one quick way of giving some idea of where this guy was from. His line about The

Doobie Brothers' breaking up sort of pegged him. But that was just wet kilos of straw.

PLAYBOY: It took you five years to get *Romancing* done. Why?

DOUGLAS: This was before *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and all of that, and I think it was a style that people couldn't get a handle on: "Come on, you have a thriller one scene and make people laugh the next or then go to schmaltz romance the next time. You just can't do that!"

PLAYBOY: Yet after producing *Cuckoo's Nest* and *China Syndrome*, both critical and box-office successes, to say nothing of all the Academy Awards *Cuckoo's Nest* won, it would seem you should have had no trouble naming your next film.

DOUGLAS: On the basis of my track record, I'm always quite surprised that I have to go through this process as if it were the first time each time. I'm not overly prolific; I'm very serious about the projects I take on—I treat these things like a torrid love affair. But the trouble I had—well, that's Hollywood. That's why I'm now in the process of structuring the situations that will eliminate outside financing. I'll be able to make the decisions myself.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you relate to Jack Colton—hanging out in the forest, trapping exotic birds. That doesn't sound like a person who can hustle his way through the business alleys of Hollywood.

DOUGLAS: I think I have a large split inside me between dropping out and taking care of business. Half of me is extremely lazy and remembers the good old days; the other half pushes relentlessly. That's one reason I enjoyed *Chorus Line* so much. Everyone else was running around dealing with crisis after crisis, the way I usually do. But because I was only acting, I sat around sucking on this big old cigar, looking at the beautiful ceiling of this theater and loving every minute of it.

PLAYBOY: The Zach character wasn't much of a challenge for you, was it?

DOUGLAS: Well, compared with the sort of sensitive, morally righteous characters I had played in the past—except for Jack Colton—here was a chance to play somebody obsessed and not very nice. It was also an interesting acting exercise. Ninety percent of the time, I had to concentrate on a bunch of cement bags on the stage, pretending the dancers were actually there.

PLAYBOY: Your first producing credit was *Cuckoo's Nest*. How did that come about?

DOUGLAS: My father bought the book after reading the galleys—before *Cuckoo's Nest* was even published. He read it in 1960 or '61 and had the book adapted into a play. It was his return to Broadway. This was before the book became a cult novel. By the time I went to college, in '63, '64, it was required reading. My father then tried to get it made as a movie and just couldn't get the project off the ground. He was seriously debating selling his rights to the book. This was about 1969. I had been out

of college, been in Europe for a while, was an off-Broadway actor. I had gone to Hollywood and starred in three movies that did not do very well at all, and I was not getting any offers. I was beginning to go into episodic TV—an episode of *Medical Center*, that sort of thing. Basically, my acting career was going nowhere fast. *Streets of San Francisco* was a little later. So I loved this story. I wanted it to get made.

PLAYBOY: What was it about the book that captured the imagination of a generation?

DOUGLAS: It was, in fact, a classic story: the story of an individual man fighting the system. Particularly in the Sixties, people identified with this individual trying to overpower the establishment and, at the same time, breathe life into a group of men who had been buried by the system. There were larger-than-life images in it, combined with the sort of hallucinogenic style, which a lot of us related to and had never seen before. It's just a great, great story. So I said to my father, "Look, I love this thing. Let me take it." I told him I would get the money he was looking for. Also, he originally wanted to play the part of McMurphy. By then, he had become a little older than the character, so his interest diminished because of that. Finally, he said OK. I think he saw it as an opportunity for me to learn about the business. I mean, this was a hell of an education. My saga began—and it was a long one.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

DOUGLAS: Rejection. Lots of it. Finally, after I had begun acting in the television series, I met Saul Zaentz, at Fantasy Records, who believed in the thing as much as I did. So the next step was getting a script.

PLAYBOY: Ken Kesey was hired to write the original script, wasn't he?

DOUGLAS: That was Saul's idea—we all loved the book so much, Saul thought we should give Ken a chance to write it. Ken came to Los Angeles. I was a major fan. Saul said, "Look, we're going to give you a percentage whether you write the script or not. But we would also like you to write the script."

Ken came in not believing in agents and contracts and all that, so we shook hands. He went ahead and we paid him more than members of the Writers Guild get, plus a percentage. He wrote a draft, which was interesting, though it maintained the hallucinogenic voice-over of the Indian character. Ken felt very strongly about it, but we felt it didn't work. That was the time he had a friend come down representing him, making all kinds of demands. We had a very awkward, uncomfortable meeting up in Eugene, Oregon. The business thing became a mess. I think it was really a cover for his disappointment that we didn't feel that his script was the way to go. We hired another writer and got a screenplay that was very good. With it, we got [director] Milos Forman interested. Neither Saul nor I had produced before,



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but we shared a vision for this thing.

PLAYBOY: How did you cast the film?

DOUGLAS: We decided to go with Jack Nicholson. There had been some other thoughts, including Gene Hackman and Marlon Brando, who both turned it down. We also discussed the possibility of Burt Reynolds. As right as Jack seems now, at the time there were a lot of questions. But Jack had always loved the book, too, and wanted to do it.

Casting Nurse Ratched was more difficult. Five of the biggest actresses turned the part down. Herein is the yang side of the women's-liberation movement: God forbid a woman plays an evil character, yet every actor knows that those characters are some of the best parts to play. This was a perfect example of the women's movement's affecting the women's attitudes toward roles. These women have been kicking themselves for not realizing that this villain is the kind of role that makes careers. Anyway, Milos had seen Louise Fletcher in a Robert Altman movie; she came in and read and was great.

PLAYBOY: And she won an Academy Award for it. What happened next?

DOUGLAS: We were having a lot of problems getting a location. State mental hospitals were concerned about the controversial nature of the book, which brought to light questions about lobotomies, shock treatments and all that. Of course, this was all a metaphor for the world; but in the meantime, the hospitals were very sensitive. We ended up in Salem, Oregon, where Kesey had set the book, because the director of the state hospital there loved and understood the book.

PLAYBOY: What was it like on the set?

DOUGLAS: Like a mental ward. Part of the arrangement we made with the hospital was to employ as many patients as possible, to give them extra money and a sense of responsibility. What I did not realize was that we were employing patients from the maximum-security ward—generally, criminally insane patients. We had an arsonist working with turpentine with the painters. He had tried to burn the hospital down a year before. We had a murderer working with the electricians. There were a couple of child molesters.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it have been easier to create a set in Burbank?

DOUGLAS: Maybe, but the realism of the location rubbed off. We gave the hospital director the script and asked him for profiles of the characters and their possible problems. Then he found patients in the hospital for the actors to hang out with. It created a tension, a realism. Jack came five days later than the rest of the crew. There were no names in the picture to speak of, and Jack didn't know any of the actors. We were having one of the group-therapy rehearsals, and we broke for lunch. In the cafeteria, Jack all of a sudden put his plate down, and I saw him walk outside, obviously upset, and I followed him out and

said, "Jack, what's wrong?" He said, "Man, these guys don't quit. I'm eating lunch and nobody breaks character, nothing. What's going on here?" [Laughs] I explained it to him.

That ward we saw was a film set, but behind the locked doors was the real thing. Same thing with *Jewel of the Nile*. Why did we shoot in the desert in Morocco instead of in Palm Springs? There is just something that you cannot fake. Never mind the problems of finding 5000 Moslem extras in Palm Springs. What's important is that the credibility comes through.

PLAYBOY: Was there a sense of the film's being as important as it turned out to be?

DOUGLAS: We knew something special was going on. We had no idea what. It was a really magical experience for all of us—for everybody except, unfortunately, Ken Kesey, and that has always hurt me, and it has probably hurt him a lot. It is the only thing about the film that I regret.

PLAYBOY: Did the film affect the people who were involved in it? How difficult was it to return to the normal world?

DOUGLAS: It was a very close, intense set. For the actors, it was emotionally exhausting. People didn't drop it when they said goodbye. I mean, midway through the picture, we found out that one of our actors, Billy Redfield, the guy who played Harding—Hard-On—was dying of leukemia. When he found out, he desperately wanted to finish this picture. He finished the picture and died six weeks later. . . . So, yeah, it was intense. But it was gratifying afterward, because of the response. There used to be a law in Florida that if someone showed abnormal behavior, he could be detained or arrested. After the movie came out, with the idea, as McMurphy pointed out, that these people were no crazier than the average asshole on the street, the law was rescinded, partly because of the film. There was a heightened awareness about the whole aspect of mental institutions.

PLAYBOY: What was the Academy Award evening like for you?

DOUGLAS: It was a bittersweet thing. I had been with Brenda Vaccaro for years, and we had just separated. She had been nominated that year for her supporting performance in *Once Is Not Enough*, which, coincidentally, my father had been in. So we went together, though we were not together. Jack had been nominated three times before and had not won. I persuaded him to go. We had nine nominations. As the night wore on, we had lost the first four. Jack was sitting there, going, "I told you." You try not to put importance on it, but it gets you crazy. But then the writers won. The director won. Then Louise won and, for her parents, who are deaf, she gave her acceptance speech in sign language, which was quite moving. Then, finally, Jack won. We won best picture, too, so, yeah, it was extraordinary. I remember Milos' saying, "Well, it's all downhill from here." Last year, I was presenting an Academy Award, and Milos

and Saul cleaned up for *Amadeus*. Milos came to me after the show and said, "Mikey D., Mikey D., heh? Ten years ago, we say, 'It's all downhill from here, Mikey D.' Well, we do it again." He was great.

PLAYBOY: So after *Cuckoo's Nest*, you were flying high. What came next?

DOUGLAS: I basically took off for a long time. Everybody was real happy to see me. When you have a hit, you are the most popular man in the world. I went around the world and just savored it. Jack and I went on a promotional tour for the movie. We had a blast. It was one of the things I learned from watching my father and watching the business itself: There is an obsession with keeping going. I have that, but I'm learning to relax a bit more. So, anyway, I did that until I felt it was time to return to work, to try to break out of television and get into feature films.

PLAYBOY: That was after you and Brenda split up. Your parents were actors, and *they* split up. Were the reasons similar?

DOUGLAS: Maybe. I don't know how patient I could be with anybody who had another full career, I'm sorry to say. I just find that my career is so consuming, I need some support and help. Actors tend to be self-involved. To have two together is very tough. Someone has to give.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife, Diandra, met soon after *Cuckoo's Nest*. You have Jimmy Carter to thank, right?

DOUGLAS: Yes. We met in Washington, D.C., at Carter's Inauguration. The night before, there was a big gala. I was there as one of the tens of thousands of Carter supporters who were personally invited to the Inauguration. It was real corny. I saw her across the crowded room. She was in a white dress and looked beautiful, and we started talking over hors d'oeuvres. She was with an escort, a sort of date, and they were going off to a private club afterward. I said I would meet her there. She said, "It's a private club. You won't be able to get in." I said [*shrugs, cocky*], "Hey. . . ." I mean, this was after *Cuckoo's Nest*. I went down and, of course, I couldn't get in.

Anyway, I thought, God, I want to see her. I had her telephone number, and I invited her to the Inauguration. We got married about eight weeks later. This was the last thing I was thinking about. I had been, uh, foot-loose and fancy-free the previous year and a half, running around, savoring *Cuckoo's Nest*. A lot of people showed up for the wedding just to believe it was happening.

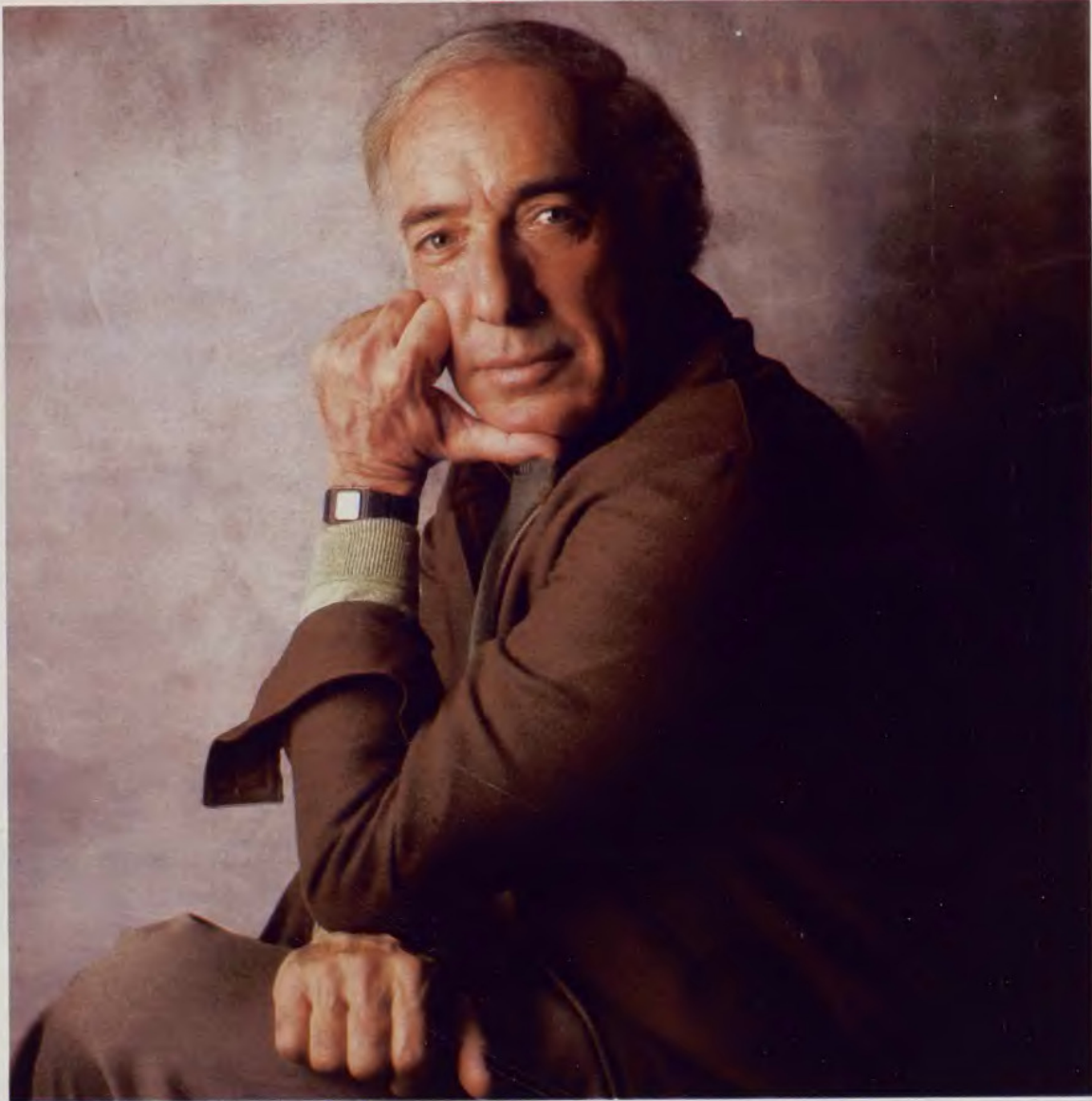
Meanwhile, on the business front, I felt I ought to try to keep the producing thing going. I started looking around. I set up this little company. A script came in through the mail called *The China Syndrome*, written by a documentary film maker from Chicago.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to it—the antinuclear theme?

DOUGLAS: So many things about it interested me beyond the obvious political

(continued on page 157)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?




Bud Yorkin

When he and Norman Lear brought Archie Bunker to television, he was called a trail blazer, a rebel. And now that he's produced and directed the critically acclaimed *Twice in a Lifetime* without the aid of a major studio, he's been called a risk taker.

"It never starts out that way," Bud Yorkin says. "But if I have a passion for something and I can't convince others of it, I'm going to push ahead anyway, no matter what. I've been doing that from the very beginning."

Bud Yorkin has also been reading *PLAYBOY* from the very beginning. "The magazine is about the good life," he says. And Yorkin, a passionate art collector and one of the most successful men in Hollywood, surely knows the territory. "It lets you in on what you're missing. Sure, you should have new ski boots or stereo speakers, and no one can write about things like that better than *PLAYBOY* in its own style."

Bud Yorkin, a man of style who knows how to blaze the hot trails and take the right risks. The sort of man who reads *PLAYBOY*. 

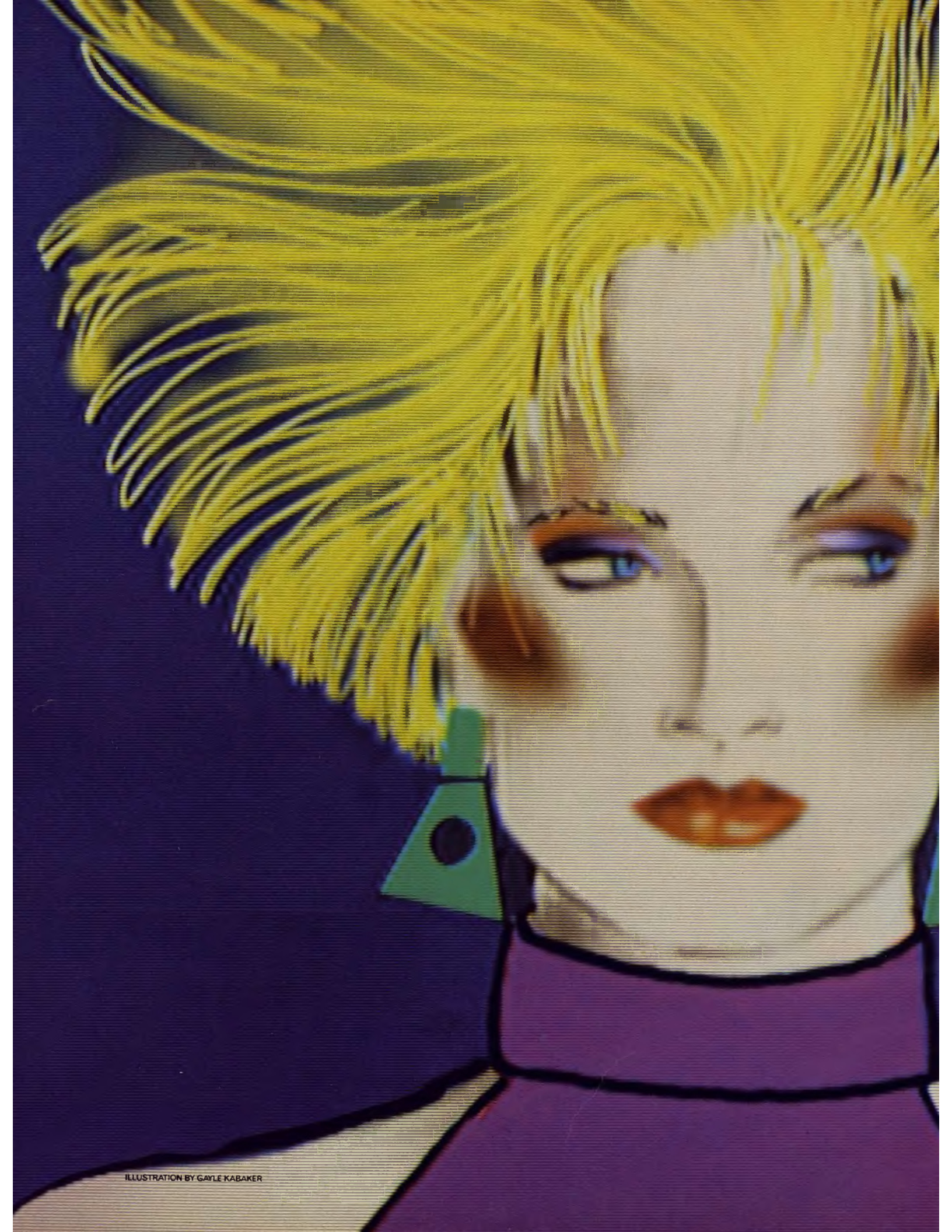


ILLUSTRATION BY GAYLE KABAKER

WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT MEN

*you guys want the truth?
are you sure
you want the truth?*

article

By SUSAN SQUIRE

MEN. CONSIDER this a cautionary tale. Women, whether with their closest friends or with utter strangers, are talking about you. In fact, the word *dissecting* may be more accurate. While you boys were spending your six-year-old summers torturing tarred frogs, we girls were side by side on our back-yard swings, wondering what it would take to make you stop torturing us. When you were 11 and playing little league, we



were setting one another's hair and scheming to get your attention. When you were 16 and greasing old cars, we were cloistered in one another's bedrooms, smoking clandestine cigarettes and wondering how far we should allow you to go with us. What else did we do at slumber parties but giggle and whine and worry about you? What else do we do now, at 20 and 30 and 40, careers or no careers?

What we say about you varies with our age, experience and marital status. But there are common denominators. For one thing, talking is usually synonymous with complaining. We are fearlessly and harshly judgmental about *you*, taking in every detail from the state of your fingernails to the state of your mind and scrutinizing them mercilessly. When we're not complaining, we're trying to second-guess your actions, interpret your words, manipulate your feelings or, as one 30-year-old woman put it, "make you more paranoid than you already are about us."

What, exactly, do we say?

Drawers. Jenny is 32 and has just slept with Tommy. "Thank God," she says, "he wore boxers and not those skimpy bikinis, sign of the narcissist."

"Oh, Jenny, *boxers*," groans Kathy, 34. "How fatherly. How preppie. How straight."

"Not fatherly at all. My father's were always solid white or light blue, the kind that came in packages. But Tommy's were striped in great colors. Designer boxers, made in Italy, no less." No one is surprised that Jenny checked out the label.

Deborah, 30, likes boxers, too, because "they make men's bodies look better, especially if they've got any belly." But she can't get her boyfriend, Steve, to wear them. She considers his unwillingness highly symbolic. "He insists on jockeys. He says he's worn them ever since he was out of diapers, and why switch now? But you know he has a problem making changes of any kind. Look how long he's been in that stupid job he hates."

It's not just the over-30s who like boxers. "They're the cutest," says Michelle, 22. "Bikinis are a definite problem. Jockeys are tolerable as long as they're just plain white. I went out with a guy once who had really ugly underwear, in this garish orange color. It was a complete turn-off. It indicated *very* bad taste. I never went out with him again."

"Ugh, what about guys with graying old jockeys?" shudders Cassie, 24. "Don't they realize that we notice? I would never wear dirty old underwear to go out with someone I thought I might sleep with. You have to wonder about the rest of him if he's that much of a slob."

"I won't go down on someone with yucky underwear," says Laurel, 27, "because I'm afraid he'll smell like dirty jeans. Or shit. But sometimes they do anyway, even with decent underwear. I hate

that. We're always worrying about how we smell; why don't they? They'd probably get head more often if they did."

"No underwear's pretty sexy," says Terri, 23. "If he's in jeans or shorts or something casual and takes them off and there he is. But it's weird if he's wearing a suit. Then it seems like he's trying too hard."

Body parts. "Please don't write about this," begs Paulina, 37. "My friends and I have told men for years that we don't really care about penis size, just so they won't get all paranoid about it. The women of this world do not need any more men who have erection problems."

"I look at their hands and especially their thumbs," says Wendy, 35.

"I look at their noses," says Lauren, 31. "Big Italian noses are pretty good bets."

"I've found that short, stocky guys have the thickest ones, and I'll take thickness over length," says Peggy, 30. "But there are guys who are not well endowed who know what to do with what they've got."

"In any case, I never let on to a man that there's something less than perfect about his equipment," says Karen, 34. "No matter what, I tell him he's got a beautiful one. That's the best way to get him to relax and really make love well. You have to be supportive, even if you're secretly disappointed."

"My friends call me the Size Queen," says Connie, 38. "Ten years ago, I wouldn't admit to it, because we weren't supposed to care, but now—what the hell. I care, I *care*. I look at his crotch, and if it's not bulging, I won't go out with him. I've made some mistakes, but usually I'm right. I tip my friends off, too. I'll be in a room full of people and I may say to a woman friend, 'Did you see the guy in the blue shirt?' and she'll always know what I mean, even though sometimes she's too scared to look. Once, I met one of my boyfriends' fathers and I went wild. He was 70 years old and wearing a caftan and I could tell it was *huge*."

Young women seem much more eager to discuss the kind of clothes a man wears or the car he drives than the dimensions of his love muscle, unless it is remarkably small or remarkably large. Says 22-year-old Colleen, "It just never comes up." So to speak.

Trade-offs. "I wouldn't mind a more exciting man who didn't fall asleep at ten o'clock every night and was more interested in sex," says Molly, 35, married eight years. "But what's the point of trading him in if there's no one else to go to? He's sweet and good to me, and I don't care to be on my own at this point in my life, thank you."

"Michael's not it for me; I know that," says Suzanne, 38 and single. "But I continue to see him because it's nice to have someone around, and I don't like to be without a man in the summer. I'll wait un-

til the fall to break it off."

"Sometimes I'm in tears because I'm so sick of being alone," says Norah, 37. "But I worry that I'll just settle because I want someone so badly. If he's halfway acceptable and has a fairly decent career, I don't care if he's not that ambitious. I'm prepared to pretend passion and sort of go into automatic pilot just to be done with this exhausting business of dating and then having the man disappear on me at the exact moment when I think things may work out for once."

Money, honey. Older women, such as Dina, 38, complain about men who won't pay their own way, who "sponge off you financially, come for the weekend and announce that they don't have much money, meaning you're going to pick up the dinner tabs and the groceries and provide the room as well."

Women in their 20s fully expect their dates to take care of all tabs and consider it an insult if they don't. "When the check comes, I'll say, 'What's my share?' or 'Can I help you with that?'" says Morgan, 23, "but I always expect him to refuse my offer. In most cases, I consider him a real dork if he accepts. The only time I insist on splitting the check is if I get halfway through dinner and realize I don't want to be with him. Then it's a signal to him that I'm not interested."

On the other hand, Isabel, 22, said of a recent date, "He wasn't that cute, but he took me to a great restaurant. That made me more inclined to sleep with him."

"My first date with this very rich guy was for lunch," says Nicole, 24, "and afterward, he took me shopping and bought me a \$600 leather outfit. I figured, So what; the guy can afford it. And he'd always take me to dinner at expensive places. But he ignored the little things. In the morning after we'd spent the night together, he would never ask to take me to breakfast, which I thought was very strange. Once, I was fixed up with someone else by a mutual friend, who warned me that the guy didn't have much money. The guy came to my door holding a white cane, wearing dark glasses and bearing this ornate tray with champagne in an ice bucket and a three-course Hungarian meal. I was impressed that he had put that much thought into the evening, much more impressed than I was with the guy who bought me the \$600 outfit. I mean, that's nice but boring. Anyone with lots of money can spend it, but just spending it on you doesn't show you that you're really special."

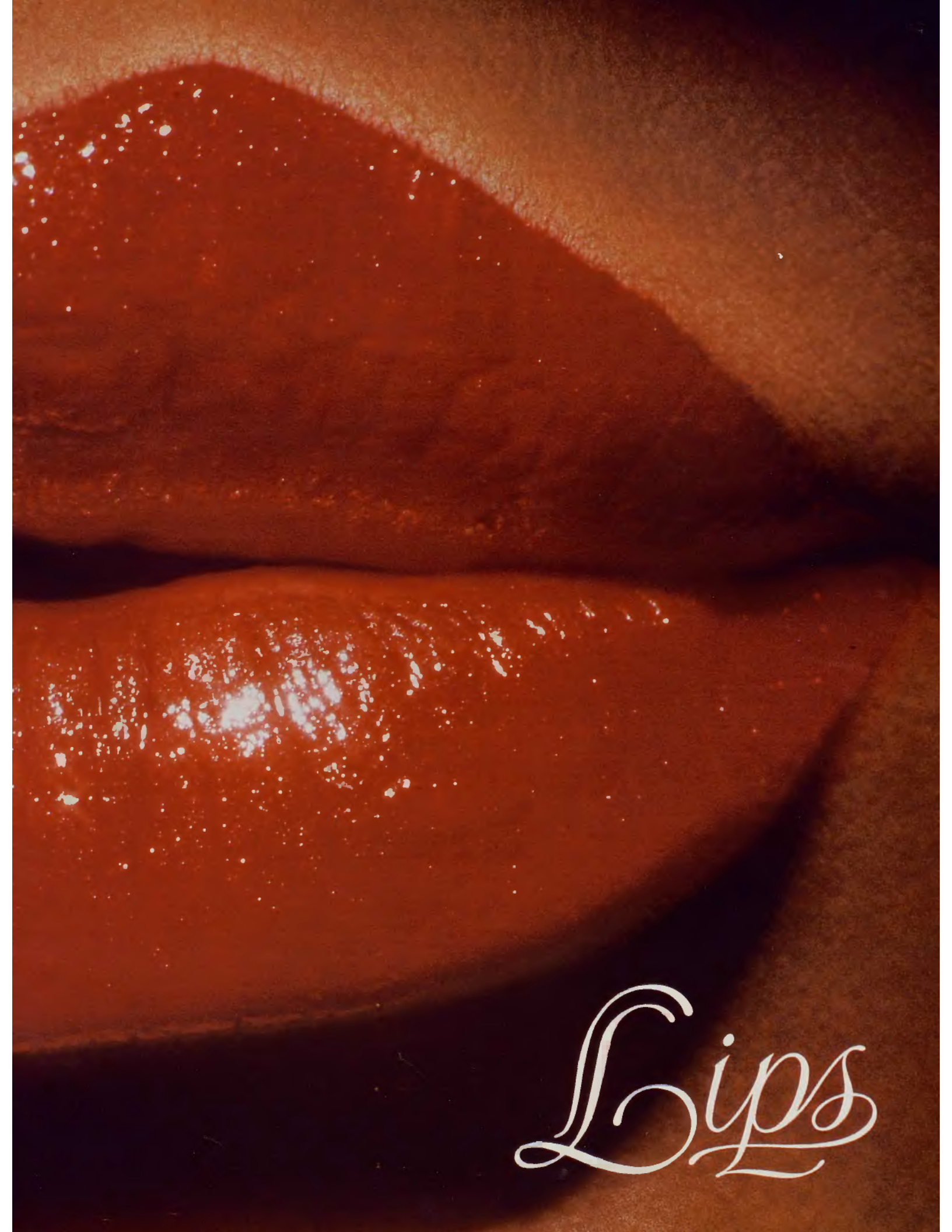
Sensitive man or wimp? "Where are the Cary Grants of today?" wails Suzanne. "I never come across men with any character, any real backbone. Mostly, it's married cowards who put their rings in their pockets. There's deception everywhere."

"I can't tell you how many 44-year-old
(continued on page 175)



"There's a lot of good will here tonight."





Lips



*H*er mouth. Full,
juicy, smiling
or pouting.

Kissing is the greatest act of intimacy. If she nibbles on you, she's making a commitment, confessing a need, asking a question. Lips make promises you hope she'll keep. Her mouth gives you a taste of things to come.







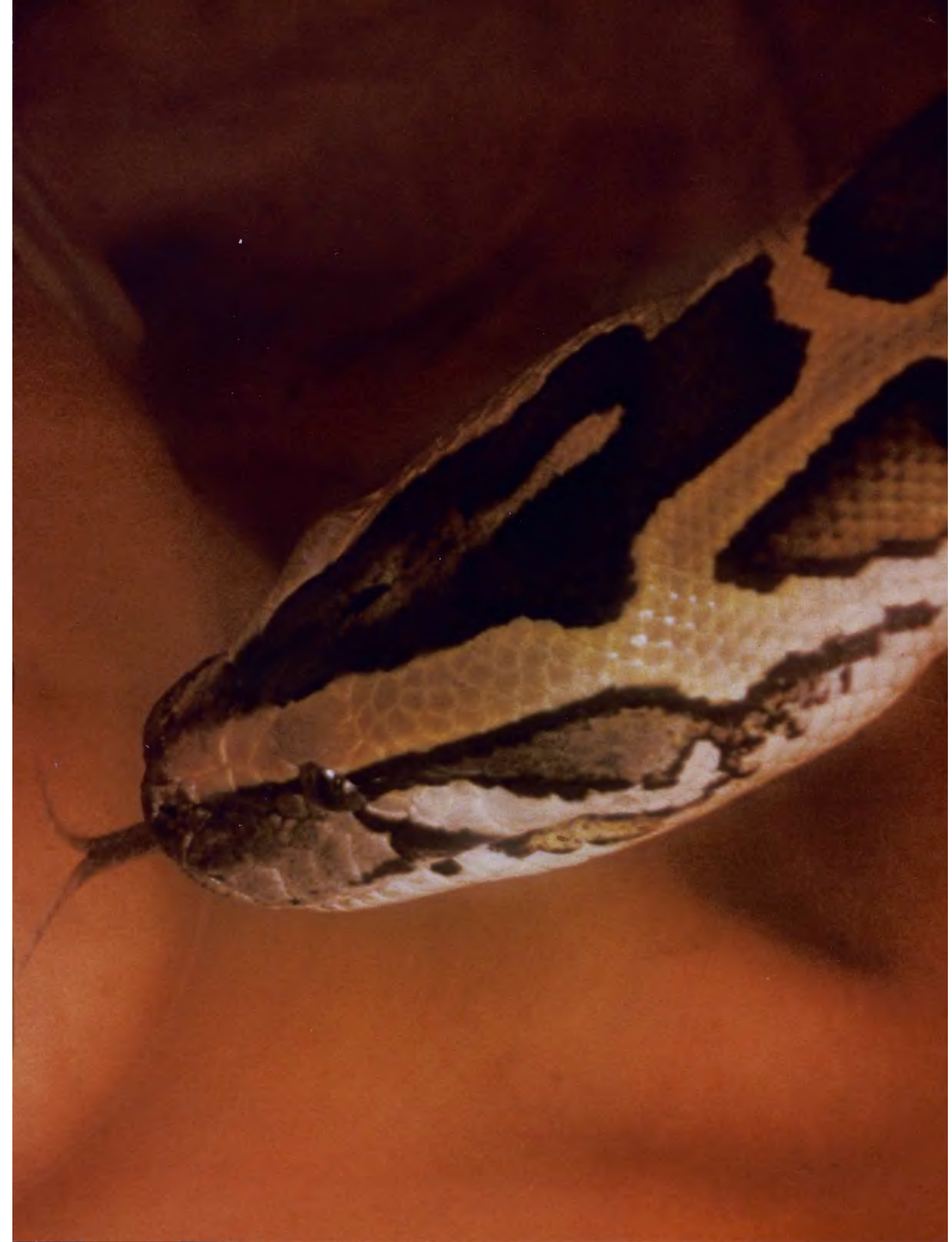
It's time to talk. She calls you late at night. Her voice is drowsy. She's deep in the sheets. Her mouth whispers into the phone. Her breath comes in shudders. She tells you about the things her mouth wants to do to your body. Your imagination is going wild. Whew! It's time for a cigarette.

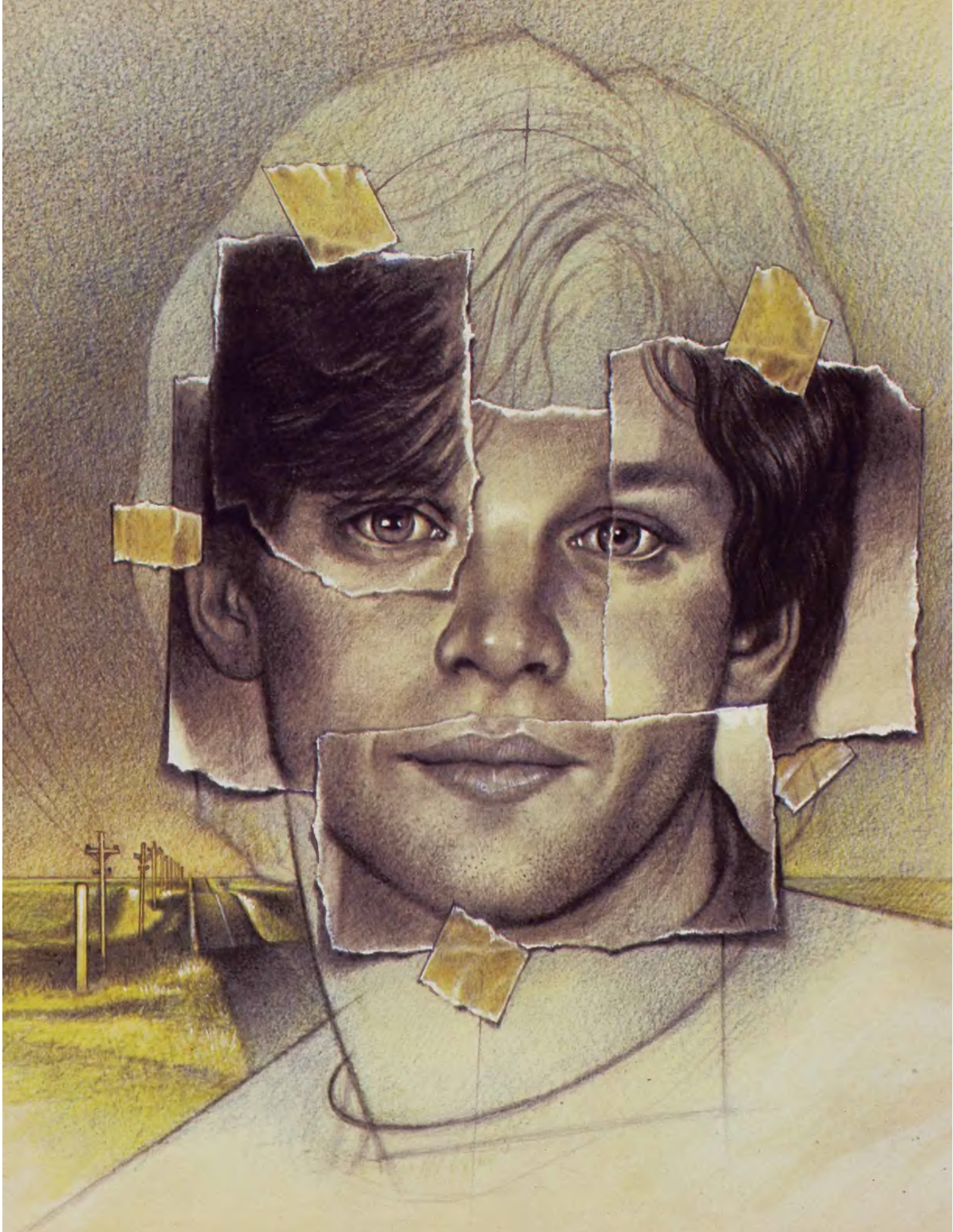




She's not teasing anymore. The room begins to spin. It's your turn to surrender. She sucks your fingers. Your heart pounds. She's dressed to kill, and she's going to get you. Slowly she unbuttons your shirt. Before you close your eyes, you take a last, lingering look at those incredible lips.







personality
By E. JEAN CARROLL

JOHN MELLENCAMP, --- DADDY'S BOY

"CHECK THIS OUT."

He pulls back the cover.

"Oh, my God!" I say.

His hair flops down like a veal cutlet. "You gotta look at it from this side."

"Oh, my Lord!" I shout.

"Is this cool, or what?" says John.

We are standing in the garage behind John Mellencamp's house in Bloomington, Indiana.

"The chrome!" I yell.

"It's just like the old-fashioned kind," says John.

We are looking at his '78 custom Harley Low Rider. Then we look at his FXRS and his wife's '68 441 Victor, which is the type of bike John had when he was a kid in Seymour, Indiana, before he was a rock-'n'-roll star, and his old BSA, and then we go into the other garage and look at his '56 salmon-colored Corvette.

"It's cool," says John.

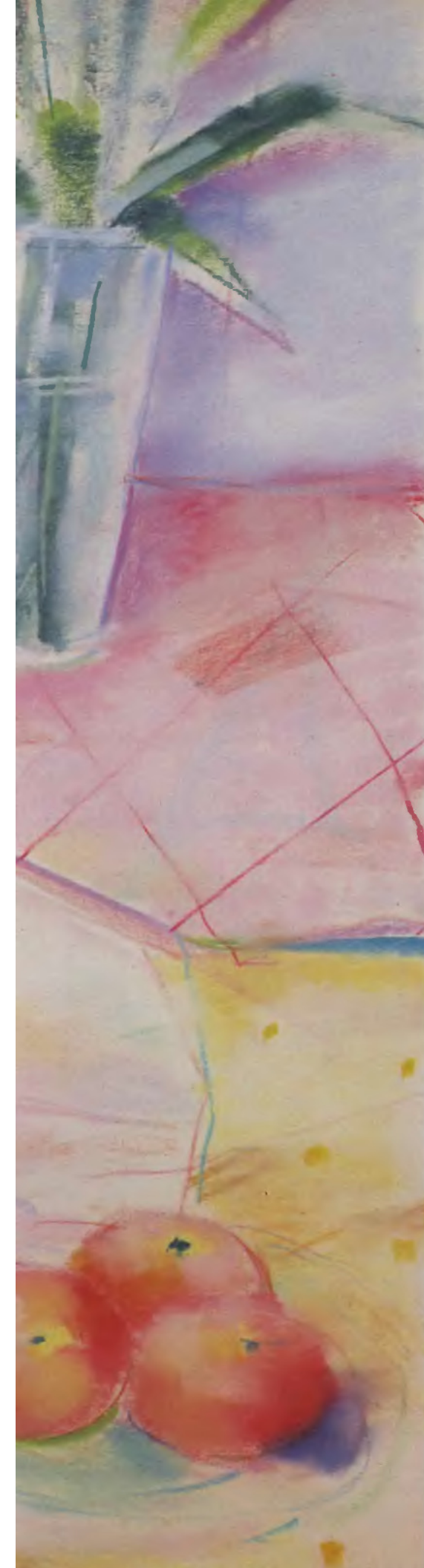
"Do you run around in it?" I say. *(continued on page 80)*

even rock-'n'-roll stars have parents



YOUR
MOST
PROFOUND
SKIN

fiction **By JULIO CORTAZAR**



*Fathom its gilded secret
Where all is but a fleeting flame
Which bursts and blooms into a
charmed rose
From which springs an exquisite per-
fume*

—APOLLINAIRE, "Les Collines"



VERY AMOROUS memory retains its *madeleines*, and I want you to know, wherever you are, that mine is a fragrance of blond tobacco that carries me back to the ripeness of that night, to the luminous moment of your most profound skin. Not the tobacco that one inhales, the smoke that papers one's throat, but that vague, equivocal scent that the pipe leaves on one's fingers, which at a certain moment, with some distracted gesture, raises its whip to summon your memory, the shape of your back against a sail of white sheets.

Don't look at me out of your absence with that rather childlike gravity that makes of your face a young Nubian Pharaoh's mask. I think we always understood that we would give each other only the pleasures and casual excitements of drink and empty midnight streets. But I retain more of you than that; in my memory you reappear nude, turned over: Our more precise planet was that bed where slow, imperious geographies were born of our travels, of welcome or resisted departures, of embassies with baskets of fruit or hidden bowmen; and with each pool, each river, each hill and plain, we won new territories amid the obscure murmurings of allies and enemies. O traveler of yourself, machine of forgetfulness! And now I pass my hand across my face with a distracted gesture and the fragrance of tobacco on my fingers brings you back to tear me away from my accustomed present, to show your antelope form once again on the screen of that bed where we traced the interminable paths of an ephemeral encounter.

With you, I learned parallel languages: the one of your body's geometry that filled my mouth and hands with tremulous theorems, the one of your different speech, your insular language that often confused me. With the tobacco scent, a precise memory now returns that holds the entirety of a moment that was like a vortex. I remember that you said "Don't" and I didn't understand, because I thought that nothing could trouble you in that tangle of caresses that made of us a skein of black-and-white coils, in that slow dance where we each pressed against the other to relent to the soft pressure of muscles, of arms, revolving slowly and unraveling to form yet another skein, repeating the passage from top to bottom, rider to colt, archer to gazelle, like hippogriffs face to face, dolphins arrested in mid-leap. Then I knew that your complaint was

another word for modesty and shame and that you could not satisfy this new thirst as you had the others; you pushed me away in supplication, with that manner of hiding your eyes, of putting your chin against your throat to keep all but the black haunt of your hair from entering my mouth.

You said "Please don't," and from where you lay on your back you looked at me with eyes and breasts, with lips that traced a flower of slow petals. I had to open up your arms, to whisper an ultimate desire with my hands that passed over the sweetest hills, feeling you relent little by little and turn on your side to offer the silky wall of your back, where a thin shoulder blade was the wing of a fallen angel. I troubled you and from your hesitation would be born the perfume that now returns me to the modesty that preceded another accord, the final one, that carried us to another trembling response. I know that I closed my eyes, that I lapped the salt of your skin, that I descended, turning you back, feeling your mid-section like the taper in a pitcher where hands are thrust in ritual offerings; at a certain moment, I became lost in the hidden, narrow path that denied my lips their pleasure while everywhere, from your highlands and low countries, your modesty murmured in abandonment of its final resistance.

With the fragrance of the blond tobacco on my fingers rises again the stammer and the tremor of that dark encounter; I know that my mouth sought your trembling mouth, the only lip that still encircled your fear, the ardent pink-and-bronze contour that admitted my farthest voyage. And as always, I didn't feel in that rapture what memory brings back to me now through a vague scent of tobacco, but that musky fragrance, that exquisite shadow forged a secret path out of its necessary momentary forgetting, an unnamable game of flesh that hid from awareness the movement of the most dense and implacable machines of fire. There was no taste or scent then, your most hidden country appeared as image and contact, and only today my fingers tainted with tobacco bring back to me that moment when I stretched across you to slowly reclaim the keys of passage, to ravish the sweet space where your modesty preserved its final defenses, when with your mouth pressed into the pillow you sobbed in supplication, in deep acquiescence, your hair spread over the pillow. Later, you understood and you were no longer ashamed; you ceded to me the city of your most profound skin from many different horizons, after fabulous sieges, negotiations and battles. In this vague vanilla of tobacco that today taints my fingers opens the night of your first and final hesitation. I close my eyes and breathe in the past the fragrance of your most secret skin; I don't want to open them again to this present where I read and smoke and imagine I'm still alive.





BY WATER'S LIGHT

*the famed nature photographer captures
another kind of beauty—underwater*

photography BY BRETT WESTON



"A friend suggested I photograph underwater nudes," says modern master Brett Weston. "I love water and shadows and light. I didn't know what would happen until I watched through the glass. Nature is slow to change, but these forms were fleeting, like a person's face. You can't say, 'Hold that.' It's gone. All I can do is capture that moment."

BRETT WESTON's swimming pool is painted as black as a darkroom. At one end is an optically perfect window through which the 74-year-old photographer, huddled in a hot concrete room, aims his lens at the submerged figure: a nude woman, her body swathed in flickering patterns of refracted light. The world-renowned photographer clicks the shutter, and the moment is frozen.

Weston, son of master nature photographer Edward Weston, is one of the most avidly collected of modern-day photographers. He's known for abstract yet precise shots of landscapes and of natural and man-made scenery. Less known is that, for the past seven years, he has been photographing underwater nudes—and, except for the first photo overleaf, this is their first publication.



"I'm on the outside, looking in, like being at an aquarium. I am a Peeping Tom. I've used many models. Dancers and gymnasts are best. My favorite was a very fine swimmer, like a seal, olive and at home in the water. It was exciting, but almost everyone can look interesting in the water, because of the distorted, exaggerated light."



"Photographing women is a detached experience, for the most part. The sexuality is there, but it is secondary to the form. I'm not on the make, though I've had a couple of girls pose who were friends, and I'd jump into the water with them—then to the bedroom, with champagne, fire and soft music. But normally, they're just form and beauty."



JOHN MELLENCAMP

(continued from page 73)

"I'm 22 years old and I got a wife. I got a child. I got a couch you can't sit on."

"No."

He shakes his head sadly. He wears all black. "No, it's too old and fragile." He starts to smile. He has a split between his front teeth. The nice, thick, greasy flop of hair, boy's hips, big shoulders. "When I was a kid," he says, "I didn't want to do anything but play guitar, ride around on motorcycles, get drunk, smoke cigarettes, chase girls and act stupid."

He lights a cigarette and smiles.

"What do you do now?" I say.

"Now I'm smarter," says John. He cackles tenderly. "Only problem is, I had to get older to do it."

At this point, you should put on a John Cougar Mellencamp song. While it is playing, I will tell you that John J. Mellencamp, second son of Marilyn Lowe Mellencamp, a Hoosier woman of fashion, and Richard Lee Mellencamp, executive vice-president of Robbins Electric Company, was born on October 7, 1951, in Seymour, Indiana, with a tumor the size of an acorn squash on the back of his neck; survived; married at 17; divorced; fell for a California girl; rose to fame with *American Fool*, the best-selling album of 1982 (with *Hurts So Good* and *Jack & Diane*), *Uh-Huh* (with *Pink Houses* and *Authority Song*), which sold 2,200,000, and the recent *Scarecrow*; and now he lives in Bloomington, home of Indiana University.

"So when did you go to school down here?" says John. "Yeah, yeah, I know, I know: 'Fuck me; go to hell.'"

We are done looking at the motorcycles and are out riding around in the hills in his wife's BMW.

"See, you don't know," says John, happily, "if I'm driving you out here to rape you or. . ."

"Oh, pooh."

"You think, Where is this guy taking me?"

"I was up here lots of times with Fred Schmidt, the Olympic butterfly, when I was at school here," I say, "and Tom Van Arsdale."

John turns his head.

"Tom Van Arsdale?" he says with wonder. "Wait a minute." He looks at my face.

"How old are you?"

"Oh, well, gads."

"No, wait!" he says. "Tom Van Arsdale! Tom and Dick Van Arsdale played basketball for Indiana in 1964!"

"Well——" (Laughs)

"Well, you shouldn't have brought that name up," says John, tickled. "OK, let's say"—he puckers up his lips and glances

out the side of his right eye—"say, you were nineteen in 1964, so in 1974, you were twenty-nine, and in 1984, you were thirty-nine. So you are"—he turns pale, no doubt from dismay—"forty years old."

I shrug my shoulders.

"You are forty years old!" he screams.

His voluminous forelock drops on his eyelid.

"Yep."

"Jesus Christ!" He slows down the car.

"I hope I look that good at forty."

"Oh——" (Flattered)

"You are forty years old!"

He takes his foot off the gas.

"Yes, forty years old," I say.

He slams on the brakes.

"Get the fuck out," he says.

John has the sideburns Scotch-taped on, and he's upstairs with the Julie London album. Ooooooh. She has the real low dress on. And those real big tits sticking up.

This is John's earliest memory of wanting to be a singer.

He is playing at the Beta house in Bloomington, he is playing at Alpha Chi Omega, and he knows that having a bigger P.A. system and playing at Alpha Chi Omega doesn't mean nothin'. There ain't nobody going to fly down to Bloomington, Indiana, to see John Mellencamp singing at a toga party and think, Hey, this guy's really got it! So he gets in the car and drives to New York. Well, the corporate music guys wouldn't know a hit record if it binged them on the dick.

"What'd you wear?" I say.

"Jeans and a T-shirt," says John.

"Didn't you have a getup?"

"No. I didn't have any getups."

And no money. Back to Seymour. He has just enough cash to drive down to Louisville. Little record company down there, and John goes in and plays them his tapes. They say, Boy, you suck. And John says, Well, that's it. Says, I've had it. I'm 22 years old and I got a wife. I got a child. I got a couch you can't sit on, 'cause everybody who sits on it gets the crabs. Says, I gotta get a real job. And he literally walks in the front door after driving back from Louisville and the phone rings. It's David Bowie's manager, Tony DeFries. He says, Come to New York, John, and we'll make you a star.

"And they put make-up on my face," says John, "and changed my name and stole my songs, and it was downhill from there, all the way. And I'm just now start-

ing back. Just in the past couple years. I've just started living all that shit down."

It is a nice day, and we are still out here riding around because John is looking for his friend Bill Bane, who is up here logging, and he says what he likes about Indiana is his family and friends. "I never feel comfortable anywhere else," he says. "I never feel secure. It isn't like home—wait! There's his car!" He rolls down the window. "Hey, Bane!"

He stops the car and listens for a saw.

"You hear anything?" He leans his head out the window. "I don't hear anything. Maybe he's picked up a ride." He starts the motor. "So, you and Tom Van Arsdale. You were a cheerleader, and he was a basketball star, and you guys had a big sex scene."

"Oh! No! Please! I graduated a virgin! Good heavens!"

John is cackling like a mandrill and throwing up dust. "I'll bet it pissed those guys off," he says.

"Well, as far as Fred Schmidt goes," I say, "he was training for the Olympics and took so much wheat germ, he had five wet dreams a night."

"Jesus Christ!" shouts John. "I don't think I've had five in my life!"

"He won a gold medal," I say.

"No. I don't think I ever fucking had five wet dreams in all my life!"

"Oh, you did."

"No. I'm serious. I mean, I had some. I mean, I'd have liked to, but—hey, you know, you should act more mature for your age."

"If I were more mature, I wouldn't be here," I say.

"Naw, naw," says John. He dips his sunglasses down and hangs back in the seat and chuckles in a soft, velvety, twangy voice. "I'll tell everybody," he says. "The whole world is going to know. That's how I'll get even with you. I'll give another interview and say, 'Yeah! I had this interview with this girl from PLAYBOY.'" He booms the car along. "That bitch was forty years old! I couldn't believe it."

John is always writing a song he can't write. *Jack & Diane* was not going on *American Fool*. John hated that song. Spent too much time laboring over it. Had thousands of verses. Damn thing was like an epic. Last minute, the guys in the band talked him into putting it on the album, and John edited it down to three verses. Took the beginning verse, the middle verse and the end. Became the number-one song in America. The original was a lot more tragic than it turned out on the record.

"Did you know Jack and Diane?" I say.

"I knew millions of them," says John.

"We're all Jack and Diane."

"Sooner or later," says John.

"John wrote songs in junior high

(continued on page 139)

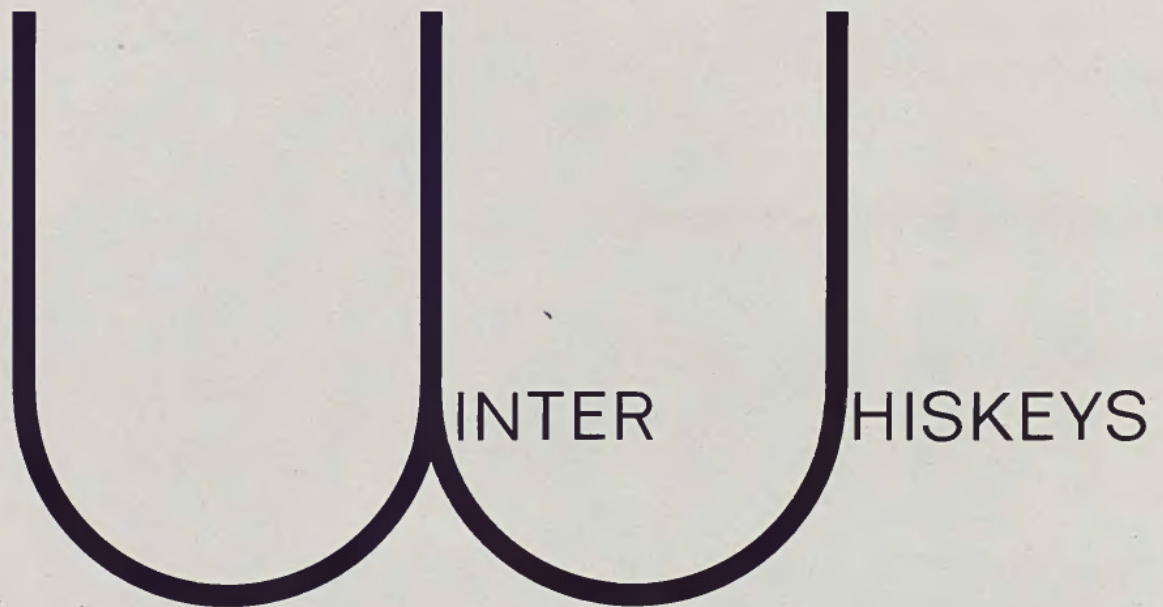


"How come we always have to watch what you like?"

*frigid-weather cockle warmers
to get you through the long, cold night*

drink

By EMANUEL GREENBERG



BRITISH SPIRITS MAVEN John Doxat—author of *Stirred, Not Shaken* and the *Complete Drinker's Companion*—changes his alcohol intake with the weather as faithfully as he changes the oil in his motorcar. Come the first cold snap in autumn, he “abandons gin and vodka” and switches to whiskeys. Doxat’s law is neither capricious nor eccentric. Most of us modify our fuel consumption with the seasons—though not, as a rule, as rigidly as this opinionated English scribe. Raw, nasty weather definitely calls for something richer and fuller, something with backbone to it—a drink that will send the blood coursing. What we’re talking about are the titans of the back bar, the stalwart, generously endowed dusky infusions known to seasoned sippers as winter whiskeys.

Since Ireland lays claim to being the first to distill (continued on page 148)





RETURN OF THE COVER GIRL

miss julie shows some inside moves



I'VE ALWAYS FELT that I have little eyes, a mouth full of teeth and ears that I call elf ears. They kind of poke out." That's *her* opinion. We certainly didn't notice any flaws when Julie McCullough showed up for our salute to *The Girls of Texas* last February. In fact, we tucked her ears under a Stetson and put her on the cover. It was the first time she'd ever seen a copy of *PLAYBOY*. Although she was born in Hawaii, Julie was then, and is now, living in Texas. But as the daughter of a Marine Corps lifer, she has moved

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



*While Julie's uniform (top left), from *Warbabies in L.A.*, isn't exactly what you'd call regulation, it's certainly appropriate for a "military brat." And as the rest of the pictures show, she looks great in mufti, too.*





"This sounds kind of silly, but I've always liked to be just cuddled. I like holding hands and little kisses. I always like to be hugged. I enjoy that a lot. That makes me feel so warm." She says it more convincingly than Leo Buscaglia.







"No, no, I have nothing against sex. I think it has its place. It sounds old-fashioned, but if I make love to someone, I want it to be someone I'm in love with, someone I really care a lot about." Chalk one up for romance.



around a lot. "It bothered me when I was younger; but as I look back, I appreciate it, because it taught me how to get along with different types of people. If you make good friends, you never lose them." During most of her childhood years, Julie thought she wanted to be an artist. "I really love to draw," she says, "but I could never see myself as a starving artist. So I realized art would have to be more of a hobby than a career. And then, in high school, I started entering pageants, and I got (text concluded on page 174)



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Julia Sporelli McCullough

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Julie Michelle McCullough

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 1/30/65 BIRTHPLACE: Honolulu, Hawaii

WHAT'S YOUR MOST DANGEROUS SECRET? Although I enjoy water sports, I can't swim

WHAT'S THE MOST BORING DATE YOU CAN IMAGINE? A blind date; they usually brag too much or don't talk at all

WHAT PERFORMERS DO YOU ADMIRE? Johnny Carson, Sally Field, Bruce Springsteen, David Bowie

WHAT'S YOUR IDEAL MAN? Someone with lots of love to share, hard-working (no matter the career choice)

WHAT SCHOOL COURSES WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE OVER? French, Drama, Typing

WHAT'S YOUR BIGGEST FLAW? Wasting too much time

WHAT'S THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD? an actor/actress - because you can be anything you want to be - or at least "act"

Age 12

Age 15

Age 19 like it.



West Virginia Snowbound



Teenage Tomboy



Taking a bite of the bunny



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The Ozarks family sent their daughter to New York City to visit her cousin. After a day of sight-seeing, the two decided to commemorate the occasion with a professional photo.

In the studio, the photographer made a few adjustments in the girls' positions, then disappeared behind the camera under a black cloth.

"What that boy a-gonna do?" the country girl asked.

"He's going to focus," her city cousin replied. "Bofus?"

The *Revised Sports Dictionary* defines *mixed doubles* as Boy George playing tennis alone.



Alice was becoming frustrated by her husband's insistence that they make love in the dark. Hoping to free him of his inhibitions, she flipped on her reading lamp one passionate night—only to find a dildo in his hand.

"Is *this*," she asked, pointing to the instrument, "what you've been using on me for the past five years?"

"Honey, let me explain."

"Why, you sneaky bastard!" she screamed. "You impotent son of a——"

"Speaking of sneaky," her husband coolly interjected, "maybe you'd like to explain our three kids."

The *Revised Sports Dictionary* defines *tailback* as what a player gets when he gives a hooker \$100.

When the new arrival at the mental ward said he was Napoleon, the psychiatrist decided to let him confront a gay patient on the ward who also claimed to be the emperor. After the two patients had spent some time alone, the shrink called the new arrival into his office.

"Can you tell me your name?" the doctor asked.

"I," the new patient said, "am Napoleon the First, emperor of France."

The doctor called in the other patient, who appeared disheveled but happy.

"And who are you?" the doctor asked hopefully.

"*Sacrebleu!*" the other said. "You do not recognize the Empress Josephine?"

Despite acts of great heroism, three British soldiers returned from the Falkland Islands without being decorated. Their captain called them into his office to explain.

"Bit of a cock-up in the medals department, chaps," he said. "So the regiment has decided to give you ten pounds sterling for each inch of measurement between any two parts of your bodies. Private, which measurement for you?"

"Tip of me toes to the top of me head, sah!"

"That's £720. Well done, private. Corporal?"

"Tip of one hand to the tip of the other, me arms outstretched, sah!"

The captain took the measurement. "Six feet, two inches—£740. Very good, corporal. Sergeant, how about you?"

"Tip of me prick to me balls, sah!"

"Very well. Drop your trousers, then." The captain put his tape measure at the end of the man's penis, then looked up and asked, "Where are your *balls*, sergeant?"

"Goose Green, Falklands, sah!"

I don't think the women's movement has made a damn bit of difference with most men," Lisa complained. "My guy couldn't possibly live without me. If I don't cook, we don't eat. If I don't clean house, we live like pigs."

"I go for the Rambo type," Jenny said. "If I don't cook, we eat nuts and berries. If I don't clean house, he burns it down. And I can always throw the jerk out and know that, somehow, he'll survive."

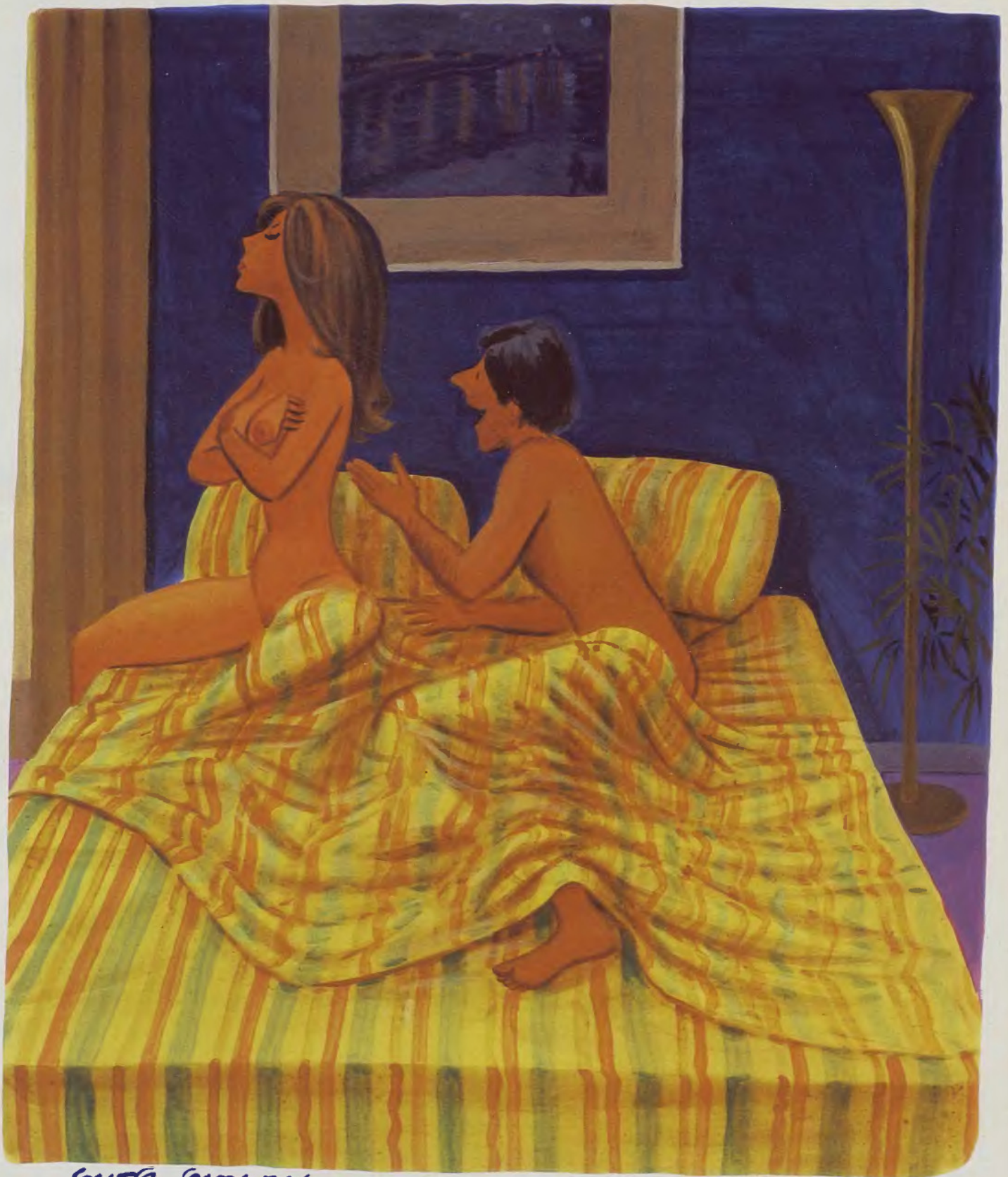


The *Revised Sports Dictionary* defines *two-point conversion* as breast-implant surgery.

We hear that the IRS, responding to public demand for an honest tax code and a reduced Federal budget, will accomplish both goals by adopting the following 1040 short form:

1. How much money did you make last year?
2. Send it in.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



BURKE BROWN

"From the moment we met, I could think of nothing but making wild, passionate love to you. And that's probably why I can't remember your name."

FIRE ZONE

*the queen's lonely, man.
who she's gonna settle
for comes down to you
and me. and can't
nobody beat me in my
own back yard*

EMERALD

AIN'T IT WEIRD, soldier boy?" said the voice in Quinn's ear. "There you are, strollin' along in that little ol' green suit of armor, feelin' all cool and killproof . . . and wham! You're down and hurtin' bad. Gotta admit, though, them suits do a job. Can't recall nobody steppin' onna mine and comin' through it as good as you."

Quinn shook his head to clear the cobwebs. His helmet rattled, which was not good news. He doubted that any of the connections to the computer in his backpack were still intact. But at least he could move his legs, and that was very good news, indeed. The guy talking had a crazed lilt to his voice, and Quinn thought it would be best to take cover. He tried the computer; nothing worked except for map holography. The visor display showed him to be a blinking red dot in the midst of a contoured green glow: 11 miles inside Guatemala from its border with Belize, in the heart of the Peten rain forest, on the eastern edge of Fire Zone Emerald.

"Y' hear me, soldier boy?"

Quinn sat up, wincing as pain shot through his legs. He felt no fear, no panic. Although he had just turned 21, this was his second tour in Guatemala, and he was accustomed to being in tight spots. Besides, there were a lot worse places he might have been stranded. Up until two years before, Emerald had been a staging area for Cuban and guerrilla troops; but following the construction of a string of Allied artillery bases to the west, the enemy had moved their encampments north and—except for recon patrols such as Quinn's—the fire zone had been abandoned.

"No point in playin' possum, man. Me and the boys'll be there in ten, fifteen minutes, and you. (continued on page 164)

fiction

By LUCIUS SHEPARD



ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



A full-page photograph of a man with dark hair, wearing a grey double-breasted suit jacket, a light blue shirt, and a dark red tie. He is holding a newspaper open with both hands and looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

SUCCESS STORY

F. HARLAN BATRUS
INVESTMENT BANKER
ALEXANDER JULIAN
DESIGNER

A general partner at Lazard Frères & Company in Manhattan, Batrus specializes in bond trading and sales—an occupation calling for discipline on many levels, including one's choice of wardrobe. Here, Batrus has been dressed for success by Alexander Julian. He's wearing a double-breasted mini-checked suit, about \$675, a cotton shirt, about \$80, and a silk tie, \$42.50.

*a quartet of hot designers
pick winning business looks
for four corporate winners*

fashion By **HOLLIS WAYNE**

IF YOU'RE A SUPERHERO, it's easy. Your role in life allows for grandiose displays of self-expression. Darth Vader has it down pat, and so does Superman. But if you're a titan of industry or a captain of commerce, dressing for success is serious business. And serious men's-fashion designers have taken this into account. Jeffrey Banks says, "The dark suit is still important in dressing for success." Pierre Cardin thinks that the key to successful dressing is the silhouette: "My new jacket shape gives the man a visible V silhouette that enhances his masculinity." Robert Stock says, "For me, it's fabrics. My silhouettes are classics that have long been acceptable in the business world." Alexander Julian thinks that the power look requires a few subtle-color stripings, with underlying patterns on top of traditional blues and grays, "to give a man individuality." All four designers picked their first choice in spring 1986 business looks, which are worn here by executive movers and shakers who definitely like the view from the top.

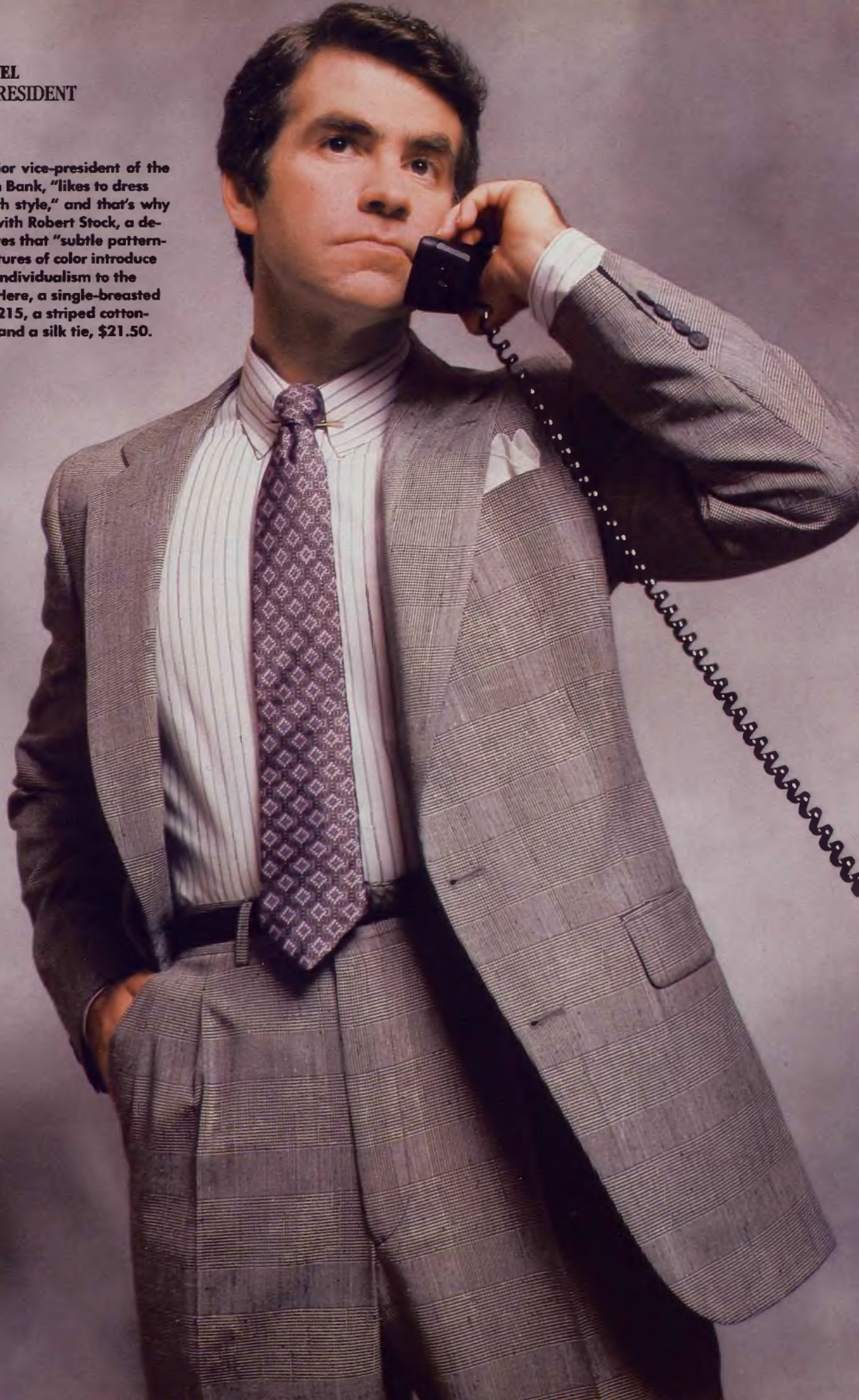
NICHOLAS J. DE MARCO
COORDINATING DIRECTOR
PIERRE CARDIN
DESIGNER

De Marco, who's the coordinating director for Cardin U.S.A., wears clothes designed by his boss, and not because he's a company man. "I believe a positive mental attitude and physical fitness go hand in hand," says De Marco, "and I like what I wear to convey both." His wool shadow-plaid suit, \$325, striped cotton shirt, about \$35, and silk tie, \$30, make a fashion statement we like.



FRASER P. SEITEL
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT
ROBERT STOCK
DESIGNER

Seitel, who's senior vice-president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, "likes to dress conservatively with style," and that's why we teamed him with Robert Stock, a designer who believes that "subtle patterning and new mixtures of color introduce an expression of individualism to the business world." Here, a single-breasted glen-plaid suit, \$215, a striped cotton-blend shirt, \$30, and a silk tie, \$21.50.



DONALD K. ZUCKERMAN
ATTORNEY/RESTAURATEUR
JEFFREY BANKS
DESIGNER

Zuckerman enjoys the best of two worlds: He's an attorney specializing in liquor law and the principal owner of the Metropolis restaurant and the Ritz night club in New York. As an attorney who also spends time in his own night spots, he dresses with conservative flair. The Jeffrey Banks wool pinstripe suit, \$400, spread-collar shirt, \$45, and silk tie, \$30, get him through the day and night.



a man is brought up to believe he's his woman's protector. when he fails at that, they both carry the scars

ANOTHER SIDE OF RAPE

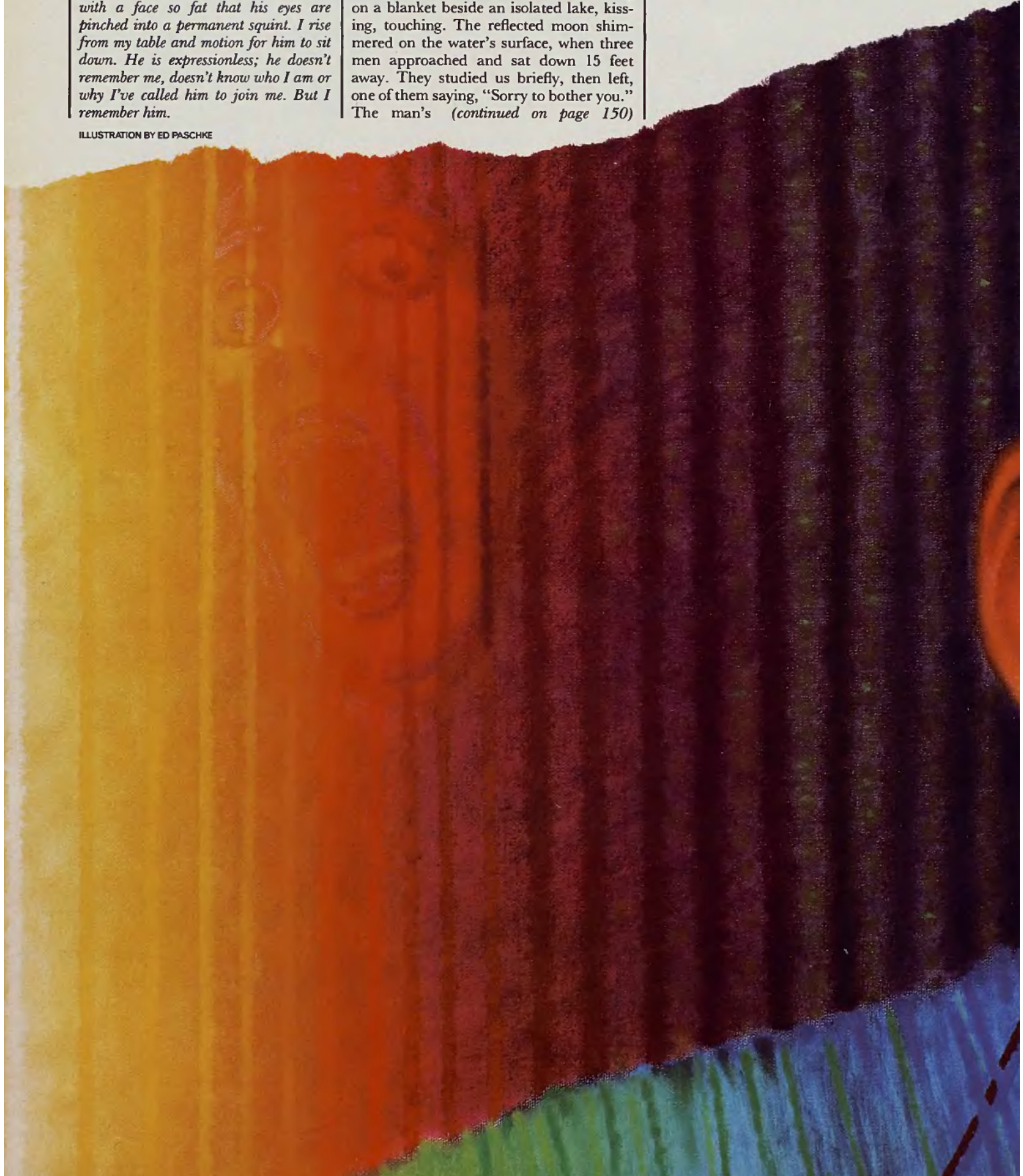
I watch as the man who raped my girlfriend 15 years ago walks toward me in this trendy bar. He is now bloated, with a face so fat that his eyes are pinched into a permanent squint. I rise from my table and motion for him to sit down. He is expressionless; he doesn't remember me, doesn't know who I am or why I've called him to join me. But I remember him.

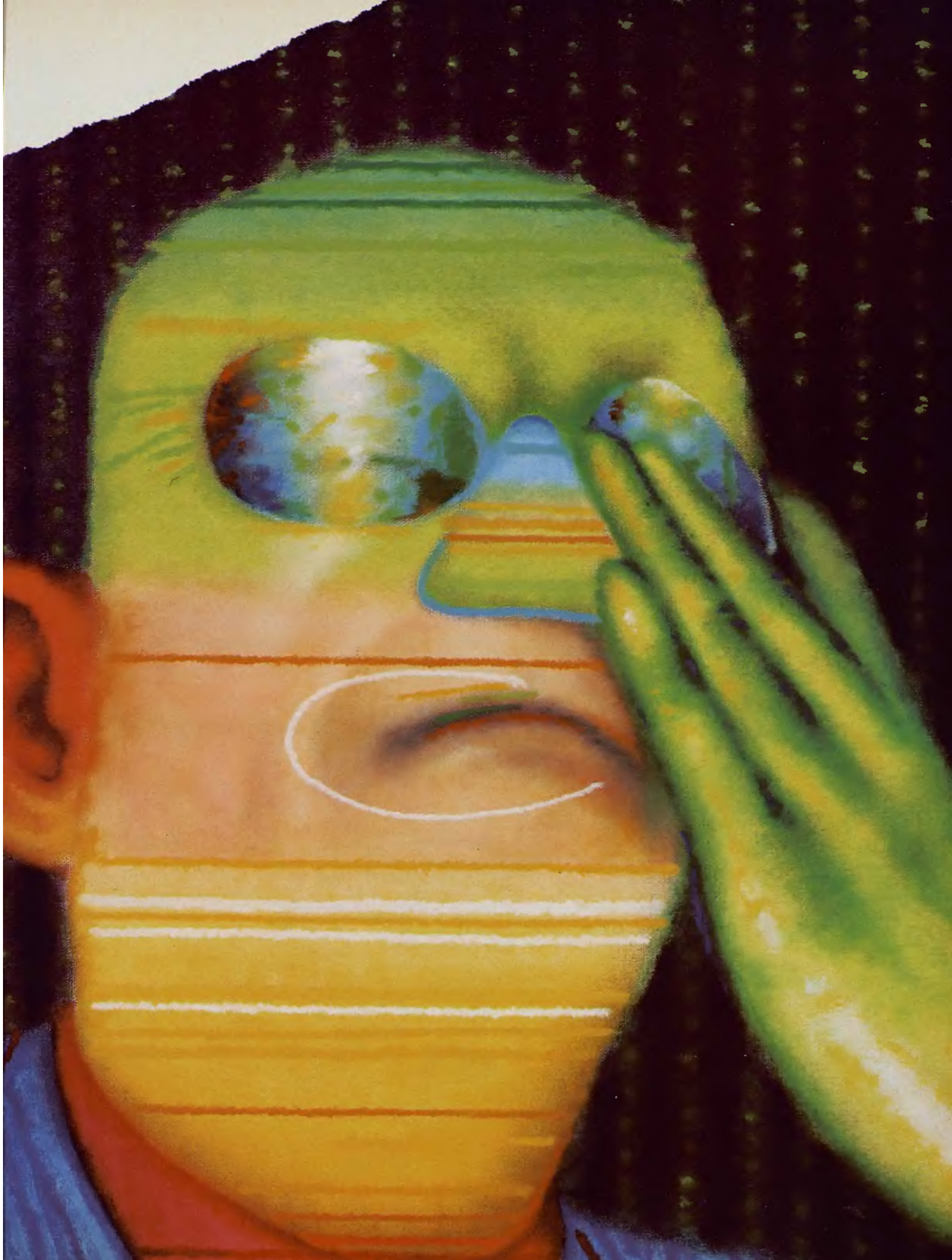
LAURIE AND I were sophomores at the University of Iowa when it happened. It was a cool Sunday night and we were lying on a blanket beside an isolated lake, kissing, touching. The reflected moon shimmered on the water's surface, when three men approached and sat down 15 feet away. They studied us briefly, then left, one of them saying, "Sorry to bother you." The man's (continued on page 150)

memoir

By RANSOM SATCHELL

ILLUSTRATION BY ED PASCHKE







20 QUESTIONS: ANTHONY PELLICANO

*the private eye who dogged the deLorean and belushi cases
talks about the tools of his trade—guts, guns and gizmos*

Anthony Pellicano may be America's most tenacious private detective. An expert at locating missing persons, he is also a wizard at criminal-defense work, corporate spying, electronic surveillance and the relatively new science of audio forensics. In 1983, Pellicano gained notoriety by assisting John DeLorean's attorneys in puncturing the cocaine-smuggling charges against the car manufacturer. Now, through an ongoing association with DeLorean lawyer Howard Weitzman, Pellicano is working on another headline-making case: He is gathering information to use in defending Cathy Smith, the former heroin addict and self-described groupie who is expected to go on trial for the murder of comedian John Belushi. Steve Oney talked with Pellicano in the detective's Los Angeles office. He reports, "In L.A., it's impossible to think of private eyes without thinking of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, but there could be no one less Marlowesque than Pellicano, a wiry Mensa member who operates out of a suite high above the Sunset Strip. The heart of the business isn't a file cabinet containing a bottle of Jack Daniel's but an impressive electronics center—computers, spectrum analyzers, microscopes, pieces of equipment so revolutionary that in some cases, Pellicano has had them longer than the FBI."

1.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Cathy Smith is not guilty of murdering John Belushi and that you'll be able to blow holes in the prosecution's case?

PELLICANO: They have a very weak case to start with. The Government has admitted that its case is based on what Smith said to two journalists from the *National Enquirer*—who paid her to get an interview. If you listen to it, she was extremely inebriated at the time, and she was being fed liquor by those people. Any admission that she made as far as injecting Belushi is a moot question. But did she give him the fatal injection? I took her through my own interrogation, which most people find to be very effective, and I found that she did not. And we're going to be able to prove that she wasn't the last person to see Belushi alive, either. A lot of people in the entertainment field are going to get shook up as a result of this case. Not because of any involvement in his death but because they lied, tried to hide the fact that they used drugs themselves and might have been involved in some activities they wouldn't want the public to know about. If they had told the truth, Cathy Smith

probably wouldn't have been brought to trial.

2.

PLAYBOY: In the DeLorean case, you took on the chief Government witness, James Timothy Hoffman, and, along with the defense, helped discredit him. What did you do and how did you do it?

PELLICANO: In the beginning, DeLorean and his lawyers made all kinds of comments about a British secret-service operation, an FBI operation, a Secret Service and CIA conspiracy to get DeLorean because the British government was mad at him. When I got on the case, I immediately said, "That's all bullshit. The reason they're after DeLorean is that somebody told them something that they believed." Because of my work with CIA-type people, I knew that if they had wanted to get rid of DeLorean, you'd never have seen him again. But Hoffman had conned these people. And we just exploited that. He conned not only DeLorean but also the United States Government. They were so zealous and eager to get DeLorean that they overlooked what Hoffman truly was. The Government should learn a valuable lesson from this: When you deal with a person who is informing, he's informing for a reason, and that reason leads him to say things that may not be true.

3.

PLAYBOY: You once remarked that DeLorean was no saint. If he could have gotten away with funding his company through drug dealing, do you think he would have?

PELLICANO: Sure. But I don't think that he would have thought of it as funding it through drugs. He had approached everybody to try to get money to save his company. Along came these people who said that they had all this money and could get him money through a venture-capital bank account. To save his company, he sat and listened. He didn't give a shit where they got their money. He was desperate. When you finance your car and take a loan from a bank, do you ask the bank where it got the money? And listen, there are movie deals and corporations being built on the assets of drugs right now. There are taxes being paid from drugs. So the U.S. Government is partly funded from drugs.

4.

PLAYBOY: You've made your name by tracking missing persons and claim you put

together a streak of nearly 4000 successful cases. Tell us about your most nagging failure—the one that got away.

PELLICANO: The most perplexing case involved Elaine Graham, the 29-year-old wife of a Southern California doctor, who disappeared in 1983. With a random disappearance or murder—where somebody pulls somebody else off the street, kills him and leaves him lying somewhere up in the mountains—it's virtually impossible to find the victim. We would never have found Elaine Graham had it not been for a girl who was out hiking with her boyfriend. As she was going down this steep crevasse, she lost her footing and slipped. And when she fell to her knees, she found a skull—Elaine Graham's skull. I made a mistake in logic on the case, because I had never experienced a random kidnaping. My logic was fighting with my imagination. Mrs. Graham had done a lot of things the day she disappeared that suggested she was unhappy. She had tears in her eyes when she left her baby. She left early, though normally she was habitually late. Everything on that day led me to believe that she had just had it. I've had cases similar to that where women run away from their husbands. My suggestion to Dr. Graham was that we look for her as if she were alive, because if she had been, we would have been able to let her know that everything was OK to come back. Unfortunately, she wasn't.

5.

PLAYBOY: If you were approached with a renowned missing-person case—say, the case of Jimmy Hoffa—what would you do that no one has yet done?

PELLICANO: I wouldn't get involved with Jimmy Hoffa. In order to find remains, you have to have something to find. I believe he's a liquid now.

6.

PLAYBOY: Not all the disappearances you investigate involve victims abducted against their will. Some people—in fact, most of us at one time or another—would simply like to vanish. If you had just stifled a loan shark and impregnated a Mafia don's daughter, how would you hide?

PELLICANO: The only way to disappear is to continue to travel, never staying in one place more than two or three days; never using your name; never giving people any name; never *(continued on page 144)*



some things in this world
are just too important to
be left to chance

Scientific Principles of the Party Tape

essay

By CHARLES M. YOUNG

MAKING A PARTY TAPE is, first of all, only for the stronghearted. Those who dare small deeds and live small lives should content themselves with white-wine spritzers, Cheez Whiz, Triscuits, discussion of office politics and everyone home in time for *Letterman*. But for those who would risk all to win all, there can be no higher calling than the successful party tape. To see joy in the faces of your friends, to profess humility as they slaver their gratitude at the end of the evening, to infuse your enemies with envy so heavy they'll have to walk on their kneecaps, to have beauteous women wonder what you would play during sex (that's another essay)—these are the rewards of a good party tape. Why? Because people want to dance, want to stomp Death itself into your linoleum.

And the risk? To see hatred in the faces of your friends, to grovel before the cries of "Turn that shit off!", to hear your enemies suggest early retirement to the local disco, to have beauteous women know that your flaccid record collection is a direct reflection of your manhood—these are the consequences of a bad party tape. Why? Because people who are primed to dance and cannot dance to your bad party tape will stomp *you* into your very linoleum.

Let us now define our terms: A party tape shall henceforth mean a cassette tape scientifically formulated to induce humans in attendance at a particular party to engage in dancing behavior. Only science can save us from the bad party tape, and by science I mean the selection of songs that you know by empirical observation will cause dancing behavior. Unfortunately,





you invited
'em

Party Mix:

humans vary widely in the songs they prefer for dancing behavior, so the nascent partyologist must therefore start here:

1. *Do a demographic study of the humans who will be in attendance.*

Music appreciators fall into four personality types: Extroverted Traditional, Extroverted Avant-Garde, Introverted Traditional and Introverted Avant-Garde.

ExTradS are the most numerous group in America. For them, music is a communal experience, and they derive comfort from turning on the radio and knowing that many thousands of other ExTradS are listening to the same song. ExTradS believe a popular song is a good song.

ExAvants are the most influential group in that magazine editors look at their behavior, declare it a trend, and pretty soon ExTradS are engaging in that behavior without knowing why. For ExAvants, music is also a communal experience, but it is defined by its separateness; that is, ExAvants don't care what they are dancing to as long as people with less status are darcing to something else.

InTradS experience music in a deeply personal way. At some point in their lives, usually during pubescence, they discover Truth listening to a particular artist or type of music and then spend the rest of their lives trying to re-experience that Truth. InTrad taste is distinguished by its narrowness; *only* mid-period Uriah Heep (or early Merle Haggard or doo-wop or Miles Davis or anything) is Truth.

InAvants live by this dictum from the Danish theologian Søren Kierkegaard: "When truth conquers with the help of 10,000 yelling men—even supposing that that which is victorious is a truth—with the form and manner of the victory a far greater untruth is victorious." InAvants, in other words, like bands only when they are the first to discover them and distrust those same bands when ExTradS start filling up football stadiums to see them.

Several psychologists at the New York Institute of Dance have recently started work on the PLAYBOY Multiphasic Music Appreciation Test, which should be administered by the lay partyologist to his guests before (continued on page 172)

track one

45 minutes of ExTrad music.

OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE: If you're sick of it, they'll dance to it. On the other hand, no one should have to listen to *Beat It* again until 1993.

St. Elmo's Fire (Man in Motion), by John Parr. Bad movie but great tune to open four-song Inspirational Anthem segment. Very sincere, bordering on schmaltz—the correct atmosphere if you're looking to get laid by an ExTrad woman.

Small Town, by John Cougar Mellencamp. Lyric makes the ExTrad feel righteous, because he grew up somewhere. Other types may get hooked by insistent backbeat on the snare.

Glory Days, by Bruce Springsteen. See above.

Rock & Roll Girls, by John Fogerty. Continued stoic philosophy but greater emphasis on the possibility of present-tense joy.

Let's Go Crazy, by Prince. Pure present-tense joy. A world in which there is no venereal disease.

Delirious, by Prince. Let's stay crazy. Possibly a mistake with ExTradS, because this got less air play than some other cuts on 1999. High adrenaline should compensate.

Raspberry Beret, by Prince. More moderate tempo for dancers less aerobically inclined.

Start Me Up, by The Rolling Stones. Their best rock-'n'-roll dance song in this decade. Riff never fails to get everyone moving.

My City Was Gone, by the Pretenders. If *everyone* is moving, you've got momentum, and you can drop in something less obvious. Breathy Chrissie Hynde vocal and relentless bass sustain the Stones mood.

Shout, by Tears for Fears. Hypnodirge here recorded for purely scientific reasons: I have seen girls dance to it.

Jesus Hits Like an Atom Bomb, by Lowell Blanchard and the Valley Boys (from the *Atomic Café* sound track).

Time to signal the end of the tape with something that sounds different. This sounds *very* different.

(Note: For older or especially horny ExTrad crowd, place slow songs before and after the Prince segment.)

track two

45 minutes of ExAvant music.

OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE: If ExTradS have heard it, it's vulgar.

Jam-Master Jammin', by Run-DMC. Use the 12-inch single remix, not the album cut. The catchy metal guitar added to the single can trick resistant white people into dancing to unfamiliar black music.

The Show, by Doug E. Fresh. Has been known to induce brawls and furniture destruction, as well as dancing, in New York City clubs.

Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight, by Dominatrix. A couple of years old but one of the most hypnotic dance-club hits ever. Even people who've never heard it will dance to it, which is ultimate partyology.

King David's Melody, by Augustus Pablo. Slow, hypnotic instrumental on melodica for reggae fans. Particularly effective if your attendees are more stoned than drunk.

I & I Survive, by the Bad Brains. Political reggae, especially satisfying for Correctoids.

Chant Down Babylon, by Bob Marley. See above, plus some nostalgia value.

I Got You Babe, by UB40 and Chrissie Hynde. Familiar cover with reggae beat. May fool some non-reggae aficionados back onto the dance floor.

Take Me to the River, by Talking Heads. Semifamiliar cover by white guys who don't screw up black music. Try to get opening cymbal crash on last beat of *I Got You Babe*.

Double Oh-Oh, by George Clinton. Very intense funk with good melody line after gradual pickup from reggae segment.

Drop the Bomb, by Trouble Funk. Washington's go-go movement was much influenced by Clinton's various Parliament/Funkadelic aggregations in sound and satirical humor.

Bicycle Built for Two, by John Fahey. Ancient oldy on solo guitar says it's time to flip the tape.

(Note: Being a mass taste, Talking Heads create the illusion of being avant-garde, which is immensely satisfying to college students. The partyologist always goes for mass taste, even when he's trying to be ahead of it. Actually, the real trick with ExAvants is to put a guy at the door who'll tell them they aren't hip enough to come in and must wait on the porch with the Japanese tourists. Then play anything you feel like and they'll think it's fashionable.)

Ready, Cassette, Go!

now make 'em dance

track three

45 minutes of InTrad music.

OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE: Your InTrads must be homogeneous (e.g., Springsteen InTrads will not get along with Zeppelin InTrads). Arbitrarily, we are here programming for glitter InTrads. *Suffragette City*, by David Bowie.

Anyone as distanced from his emotions as Bowie is can be dangerous at a party where you want people to gator in their own vomit. This song, however, is so adrenalized that Bowie's chronic irony doesn't fuck it up.

Rebel Rebel, by David Bowie. A high percentage of women in their 20s lost their virginity to Bowie, so you can never have enough of him.

Sorrow, by David Bowie. New mood for contrast. Even people who are annoyed by his normal quaver (like me) think it's nifty here.

Rock and Roll Part 2, by Gary Glitter. Trance-dance chant-along.

Do You Wanna Touch Me (Oh Yeah), by Joan Jett. Trance-dance chant-along cover. Adrenaline up a notch, maintaining high hormone level.

I Love Rock 'n' Roll, by Joan Jett. Adrenaline down one, hormones up one. Air-guitar classic for guys who would rather flail than dance.

Jeepster, by T. Rex. *Bang a Gong (Get It On)* is too obvious after egregious cover by renegade Durans. Besides being irresistibly catchy, riff is silly.

Mama Weer All Crazee Now, by Slade. More silliness, of which there is never enough on the dance floor.

Rock and Roll, by Led Zeppelin. Adrenaline can rise no further. One of Zeppelin's few danceable songs and then only by those who want to dance extremely fast.

All Right Now, by Free. Adrenaline way down, compensatory hormones way up.

You Shook Me All Night Long, by AC/DC. One of the very few metal bands that are at all danceable, AC/DC therefore rates with people who cut their musical teeth on glitter.

Highway to Hell, by AC/DC. Bon Scott's finest moment before he took the highway himself. Great sing-along.

All People That on Earth Do Dwell, by Kenneth McKellar at Paisley Abbey. Church music signals highway back from hell and time to flip tape.

track four

45 minutes of ExTrad Ignoramus music.

OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE: If you were sick of it back then, it'll sound good now.

Brown Sugar, by The Rolling Stones.

The rock-'n'-roll dance song of the Seventies. Even ExAvants who roll their eyes at the opening chords will dance to it.

(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction, by The Rolling Stones. The rock-'n'-roll dance song of the Sixties.

Street Fighting Man, by The Rolling Stones. Creates the illusion among older Yups that they weren't sellout wimps in their youth.

Bring It on Home to Me, by Sam Cooke. ExTrad Ignoramuses are entering the heart-attack years; a slow song after the Stones is a public service.

Can I Get a Witness, by Marvin Gaye. Gaye's voice has an amazing effect on women of all ages.

Baby Love, by The Supremes. Gentle sing-along of moderate tempo for those who distrust too much adrenaline.

Reach Out, I'll Be There, by The Four Tops. Now that the shy and retiring have entered the dance floor, we crank the adrenaline to a more intense level.

Think, by Aretha Franklin. This song never fails to pick up the momentum.

The partyologist should have a tape cued to this song at all times so that when another segment fails, he can turn to this immediately.

Do the Funky Chicken, by Rufus Thomas. I am the only person I know who is nostalgic for this song. But when I get drunk, I enjoy flapping my elbows, scratching my feet and clucking.

Stand By Me, by Ben E. King. A ballad—when I'm done dancing the funky chicken, I'm in the mood to rub my body against any available woman.

Shout, by The Isley Brothers. So fast, it coulda been thrash. Time for gator or superintense jitterbug.

Keep a Knockin', by Little Richard. So fast, the faint of heart will leave the entire dance floor to you.

At the Hop, by Danny and the Juniors. So fast it's too bad it was prep rock.

A Teenager in Love, by Dion and the Belmonds. Unrequited love is never simple. If you're 85 and have a case of the unrequiteds, you're a teenager in love.

In the Midnight Hour, by The Rascals. The back beat is just about the greatest ever recorded.

Symphony Number Nine, by Beethoven. Time to flip the tape.

track five

45 minutes of InAvant music.

OPERATIVE PRINCIPLE: InAvants don't want other people to dance to their tape, because they're all a bunch of assholes.

The Collected Works of Yoko Ono, by Yoko Ono. No one can clear a room faster.

(Final note: Don't be intimidated by the number of songs you will need. If you research your demographics properly, you can get by with a few judicious purchases that belong in your record collection anyway. Much of the best dance music of the Fifties and Sixties is available on a wide variety of compilations that will provide several worthy cuts per usually discounted album. For newer stuff, buy singles unless you're in love with the artist. Your other option is to pay a d.j. to come to your home with his two turntables and several boxes of records. This can save you some time, maybe some trauma and probably not any money. You must also research the d.j. to make sure you're not hiring an inveterate InAvant for an ExTrad crowd. If he's a bad d.j., the risk is pretty much the same: Your friends will leave early. If he's a good d.j., the payoff is much lower: Your friends are going to congratulate him on his good taste, not you. In party tapes, as in life, we may conclude that if you invest no guts, you glean no glory.)







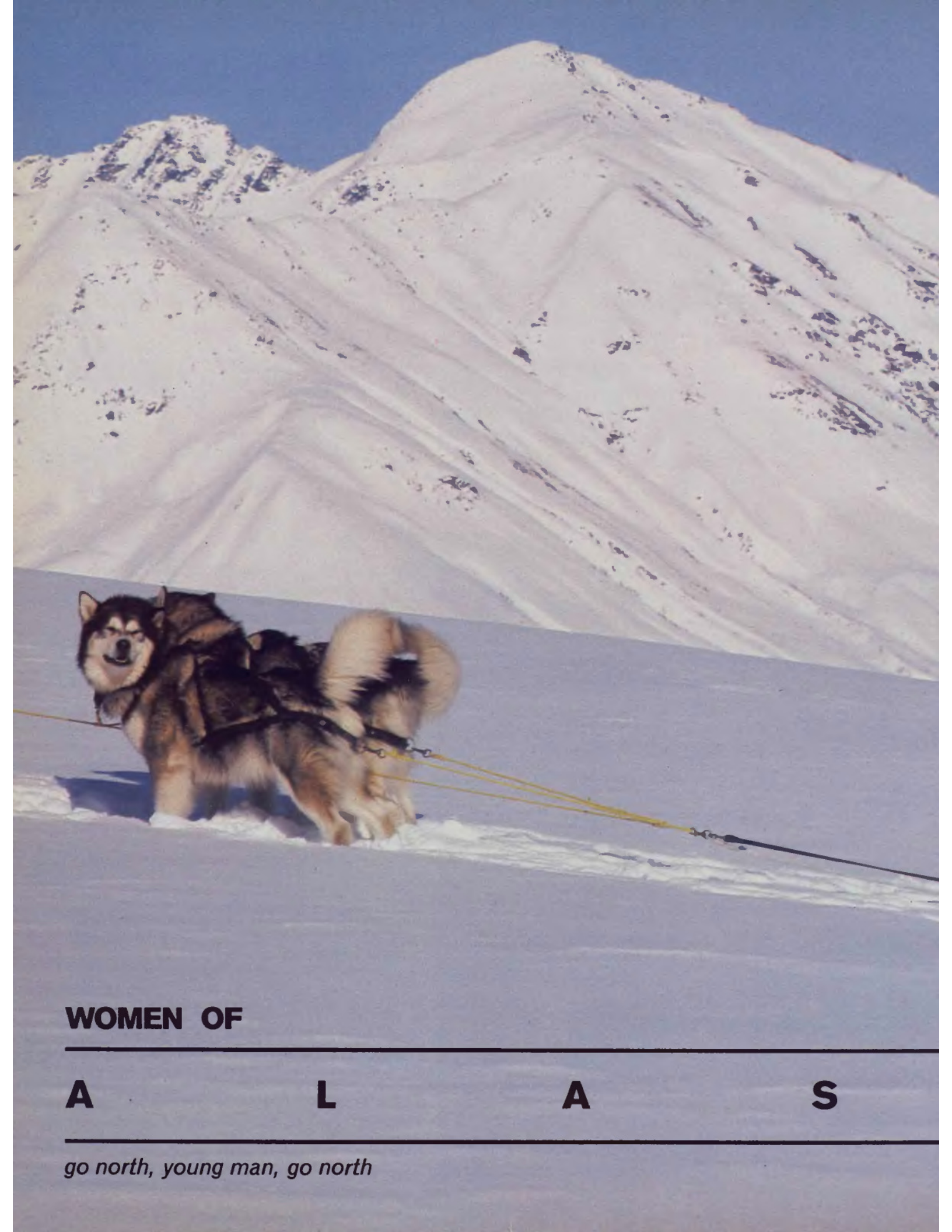
The American Way of **REVENGE**

and how it compares to the real thing

EVERYONE WANTS REVENGE, but scarcely anyone does anything about it. This is probably a good thing; in fact, this “good thing” is thought of as the social contract, wherein there is an implicit agreement by all to behave themselves, and incidents of misbehavior are to be dealt with by specifically designated authorities.

Unfortunately, nearly all of life is lived between the lines. An ungovernable passion in us that is capped by the sheer tonnage of law will squeeze out somewhere. On a certain, albeit low, level, many of us regard the idea of capital punishment with mixed pleasure, but pleasure nevertheless. Some of us actually cheer outside the prison walls. In terms of gross receipts, Clint Eastwood has made a lot of people feel good. True, the mass has always loved the easy or childish stroke; only a nation in the most otiose moral stupor would turn out in droves for the profound silliness of *Rambo*. It's the kind of thinking that makes South Africa not all that bad but Nicaragua truly evil.

But before I get too high-minded, I should add that I'd like to see Stallone-Rambo sneak into Lebanon and deal with those crazed shitsuckers who beat, then shot the young Navy man, Stethem, to death on the civilian American Airlines flight last June. The word civilian is important here. When an acquaintance of mine had his head, arms and legs chopped off as the result of a dope deal gone awry, I was upset—but then, business is business, as we are so fond of saying. It was the equivalent of war, and he was a soldier. Stethem, however, was flying home with a planeload of tourists when he was jumped on the face so relentlessly that his mom couldn't recognize him. More recently, a group of terrorists shanghaied a Mediterranean cruise ship, shot an old Jewish tourist named Klinghoffer and pitched him overboard in his wheelchair. The readily imagined visual is not pretty—the body would float for a while, but the chair would sink immediately. If I were to stop writing at this moment, (continued on page 126)



WOMEN OF

A L A S

go north, young man, go north



K

A

CITY GIRLS are one thing, Alaskan women another. Have you ever noticed how the songs of George and Ira Gershwin and Cole Porter always seem to be about women climbing into and out of taxicabs? Elegant, bejeweled, fancy women are fine, if the lighting is right. In Alaska, women

Head 'em up, move 'em out. Cynthia Roxanne Eubanks takes a dog team for a run up Hatcher's Pass. Her husband is a gold miner. Looks like he struck it rich.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MCEY



have probably known the animals whose coats they are wearing. Can you imagine any of these ladies buying snail forks at Henri Bendel? Are they less captivating because they don't fit the chichi stereotype of a *Vogue* cover? High heels just don't cut it here in the tundra. These women have taken the notion of femininity to a new frontier. We like the contrast of hot with cold. We think of women at home in a world where the nights



Debra Lee Johnson (above left), who has lived in Alaska for 18 years, is a vice-president of a dairy-distribution firm in Anchorage. She enjoys snow skiing, fast cars, clear skies—and playing pool. You have to do *something* indoors in the long winter. We found Romona Shatswell (above right), an aspiring artist, behind the bar at the Red Dog Saloon in Juneau. She told us, "It has a sawdust floor, bears on the wall and a really great crowd."





Getting away from it all in Alaska means chartering a bush plane from K2 Aviation and heading for Mount McKinley. Lisa Sinclair (left) is ready for the wild. She is a licensed emergency medical technician. Above, the girls of The Great Alaskan Bush Company, a strip club that's an institution in Anchorage, display their home-grown product. Tokyo-born June Bongirno (below) is the new owner of Sugar's Sandwich Shop in Juneau.





are six months long. Goose down and goose bumps. PLAYBOY has been sending its staff to Alaska for a long time. We've photographed porn star Constance Money on a float plane and a lady forest ranger on a glacier. Ansel Adams showed us the black-and-white wonders of the wilderness. Here, PLAYBOY's David Mecey and Stephen Wayda add color and some of God's most beautiful creatures. Let the rest of the world take taxis.



One gets the idea that women in Alaska spend all their time outdoors. Who needs *Miami Vice*, anyway? Her job at a health club in Anchorage offers Laura Reno (above left) a fringe benefit: keeping in shape for skiing, hiking and kayaking. When she's not writing poetry, Julie Ann Peterson (above right) works out with free weights so she'll be prepared for cross-country skiing or hiking in the area around Talkeetna.



Kelly Newby (above) works in her family's commercial-fishing business in Anchorage. She enjoys horseback riding and camping with her boyfriend. Pilot Pamela Torver (below) likes winter camping at Swan Lake at the foot of Mount McKinley. You have to get there by plane or by snowmobile. Angella Jensen (right) is a senior in telecommunications at the University of Alaska in Anchorage. Her hobby is video and still photography.





REVENGE (continued from page 115)

"The anger has to be a blow to the solar plexus or the groin: One has to stew, brood, agonize."

walk into the bathroom and connect myself to a digital blood-pressure machine, the results would not be pleasant.

Why all this brooding and seething on both a personal and a national level? Despite the mood swings of a nation in disarray, probably no one is going to bring a living POW back from the jungles. And to get out of the level of comic-book mythology, it is doubtful that any recourse can be had in Stethem's death, nor any offered by our Government, which is so lame and ineffectual in such matters. The fact that the Egyptian plane carrying Klinghoffer's murderers was escorted to Italy, only to have the ringleader set free, only illustrates our bungling. It is obvious that we should be commissioning all the hot items to the Israelis on a piecework basis. Teddy Roosevelt launched a number of warships to secure the freedom of a single, solitary American citizen named Perdicaris, captured by a Moroccan sultan. "We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," said Teddy. But then, this is no longer a rough-riding world, and if you can't hear a computer whirring in the background or don't watch the news, you are blessedly infantile.

Revenge, frankly, can't be understood on a political level. The news of the most striking horror conceivable can enter Washington at midnight and be extruded the next morning in the studied inanities of a press conference. Revenge is human. Moving back in time, literally as far from a press conference as one can travel, after Bighorn, some Cheyenne squaws drove awls into Custer's very dead ears so he might be more attentive in the afterlife. Custer had been warned before his folly. This is getting closer. Our hearts are territorial, and the things closest to our hearts—our love for another, the deepest of friendships, our sense of our own dignity and even our sense of justice—are so hopelessly fragile that some of us strike out wildly in defense.

But Americans have never made an art of revenge as have the Sicilians, Corsicans or Mexicans. We shuffle and blunder, wanting to be largehearted in victory. We want to be simple-minded frontiersmen who get the job done.

The first revenge story we are likely to hear concerns the fabled dick in a jar. Apocryphal or not, this story is ubiquitous. I recently heard it in bars and service stations in Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa and Wisconsin. I first heard it in Reed City, Michigan, probably in 1948 or 1949. A group of boys from ten to 12

would hang around a gas station on their Schwinn balloon-tire bikes, listening to advice from a not-very-bright World War Two veteran. Coca-Cola was a nickel a bottle, and there was the chance we would see Rochester from the Jack Benny radio show pass through town on his way to Idlewild, a black resort, in his huge limousine. Anyway, the pump jockey might show us his "kraut booty," as he called it, including a bayonet with dried blood on it, the blood of an American boy. Mingled with the usual stories of Nazi girls' fucking for chocolate bars was a horrifying tale.

"This buddy of mine over in Luther a few years ago was screwing this rich doctor's wife. She was a spitfire, and no man could handle this crazy bitch. The doctor found out about his wife's cheating. The doctor was sad, because there is no medicine to control a woman hungry for dick. The doctor started drinking and became mad as hell. He tracked his wife and my buddy to their love nest, a deer camp over near Leroy, south of Rose Lake. The doctor peeked in the cabin window and saw that the two lovers were all fucked out and asleep. He snuck in and chloroformed the both of them. He took a surgery knife and lopped off my buddy's cock and balls, then sewed up the hole in his crotch. He put the cock and balls in a jar of vinegar so they could be preserved, like pork tongues or dill pickles. He left the jar on the night table and went on home. So hours later, my buddy and the woman wake up feeling like they been operated on, but a woman, as you might know, has nothing to cut off. She sees the jar and the jig is up."

"Did the guy die?" we asked.

"Course not. My buddy had to move to Detroit, because everybody knew. The nuts and bolts of the story is, he is now a girl. He sits down to pee and has taken up religion, because the simple fact is, that boy will never fuck again."

"What happened to the jar?" someone asked inappropriately.

"Got me by the balls. Might still be there in the cabin."

This fruitcake, peculiarly American tale served to make me forever wary of doctors' wives. The most beautiful of them may as well be wearing a fright wig and an Elmer Fudd mask. Perhaps in the safety of a submarine. . . .

Of course, our banal story of rube or bumpkin revenge is a mere skeleton of classic revenge. Much of our mental makeup is a stream of rehearsals of threats, real or imagined, an inventory of resentments

that we moderate or else become psychotic. Classical revenge demands a purity of hatred against a backdrop of a specific code of honor usually found only in cultures that have not lost their traditional underpinnings—Sicilians, Corsicans, Mexicans again come to mind. In the United States, such notions are usually limited to rural areas of the South and West and to cities with large ethnic populations. In Detroit a few years back, there was a shoot-out between a group of Albanian cousins and brothers over a question of honor that left the police and the criminal element gasping. With the exception of the Belushi brothers, Albanians win the inscrutability contest over the Chinese.

Revenge doesn't thrive on situational ethics. You can scarcely kill your wife for unfaithfulness if you belong to a swap club. Moral waffling doesn't lend itself to the kind of sharply delineated code of ethics that is the breeding ground of righteous anger. Any wrong committed against you where your first impulse is to call the police or a lawyer is not fit material for revenge. The anger has to be a blow to the solar plexus or the groin: One has to stew, brood, agonize. As Faulkner might have it, the grief must grieve on universal bones.

Perhaps there is something identifiable in our history that makes us clumsy at our revenge in comparison with the Latins. The Romance languages suppurate with blood and intrigue, from the peasantry to the highest Church levels, while English (as spoken in America) has given the world explicit notions of the frontier, the gun fight and the quick-draw artist. Anyone in southern Europe knows it's smarter to shoot your enemy, good or bad, in the back. If you are right, why endanger yourself? The following little story from France is a wonderful example. (This and the other anecdotes are true, with situations and locations changed for obvious reasons—the legal profession has so trivialized human concourse that it can best be understood as a nationwide smear of Krazy Glue preventing freedom of movement. Much of future revenge will center on the legal profession.)

An old man in France told me this one evening over a goblet of Calvados. "During the occupation of France, there was a reasonably successful farmer near a small village in Normandy. This farmer did his best to ignore the Germans, had a wife and two teenaged daughters and a son away at war. The farmer raised pigs and fed them primarily on beets and beet greens. Scarcely anyone knew that he and his family provided a safe house for members of the Resistance and for Jews trying to escape from the country. There was an envious couple in town and, as an aside, the husband had been thrashed by the farmer for trying to molest one of his daughters when she was a child. The

(continued on page 134)



"So much for your idea of having a pet!"

THE YEAR IN

SEX

what went on (and off) in 1985

TALK ABOUT sending mixed signals: Society in 1985 appeared to be in the throes of sexual schizophrenia. Consider: Just when rock musicians were developing a social conscience and even getting married, some politically well-connected Washington wives were shrilly accusing rock 'n' roll of turning the nation's kids into sex-crazed delinquents. The Reverend Jerry Falwell's *Moral Majority Report* inveighed against "the infiltration of sex into the American home"—instead, presumably, of keeping it on the streets, where it belongs—but as far as we know said nothing about the display of born-again Christian Cathleen Crowell Webb's semen-stained panties on national TV. Network censors OK'd family-planning spots only if there were no references to contraceptives, but ran Calvin Klein's steamy perfume ads intact. A Gallup Poll showed that more than half of the

American public believes premarital sex is OK, but busybodies came close to shuttering a privately funded clinic at a Chicago high school because it offered contraceptives to students. We didn't hear so much about herpes in 1985—the best story on that subject was the one about the \$10,000 a female sufferer collected from her lover's homeowner's insurance. AIDS, the year's big story, seemed to be propelling victims out of the closet and onto the obituary pages at a frightening rate. The panic reached such levels that the media claimed that people just weren't Doing It anymore. So we were cheered when a Scottish scholar informed the British Association for the Advancement of Science that humans are earth's horniest mammals—"10,000 times more sexually active than the rabbit"—and estimated that there are a billion acts of sexual intercourse per year in Britain alone. Now we know why there'll always be an England.

SPIN ONE FOR THE TIPPER

Prominent Washington wives, notably Senator Albert Gore's, Tipper, and ex-ad-agency owner Pam Howar (inset), are censoring rock groups such as W.A.S.P. (that's lead singer Blackie Lawless, left), demanding warning labels on records.



DID THE CURSOR MOVE FOR YOU, TOO?

Adele Aldridge of Magnetic Arts, 215 Bridgeway, Sausalito, California 94965, couldn't tout her Erotica software in computer mags, so we'll oblige.



SUN BLOCKERS FOR KNOCKERS

Here's the latest development on the nation's clothes-optional-beaches battle front: Sun worshipers in Florida, around the Fort Lauderdale area, are sporting Kinis, colorful adhesive pasties, to keep from getting, ah, busted by the law. They come in three sizes from St. Tropez Sun Products, Inc.



HAIL, MARY, FILL 'ER UP

Some 4000 demonstrators picketed the New York opening of Jean-Luc Godard's *Hail, Mary*, starring Myriem Roussel (above) as Mary, a gas-station attendant engaged to a cabby.



CANOE BELIEVE IT?

Here's a switch: Detroit mayor Coleman Young wants the loincloth (welded on by prudes in 1961) removed from this statue by sculptor Carl Milles before returning it to a renovated Cobo Hall.

TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT, WHAT IF IT EJACURATE?

Celebrants make the good times roll with a giant phallus at Japan's annual Jibeta fertility festival, which is held at the Temple of Kawasaki Daishi, near Tokyo.



STOPLESS

The photograph below arrived on our desk with a caption alleging it to be part of a serious study of the fashion industry in St.-Tropez. We—and, *sans doute*, the photographer—were more intrigued by the *double-entendre*.



A RUBBER A DAY . . .

Grandpa used to call them safes, and prophylactics figure heavily in gay-oriented safe-sex campaigns designed to combat the spread of AIDS, the ailment that has affected thousands and panicked millions via cover stories in nearly every major U.S. magazine (above right). The motherly character at right symbolizes the L.A. CARES (Los Angeles Cooperative AIDS Risk-Reduction Education Service) campaign, which also published "Mother's Handy Sex Guide," an explicit brochure blasted as obscene by county supervisors. The campaign also includes educational billboards, television spots and special video clips to be shown at gay bars.

Paradise Lakes Resort Hotel



UNZIPPED CODES

Postal service to this Florida clothing-optional resort has resumed after an 18-month lapse during which the local postmaster complained that "the sight of naked bodies is offensive to our mail carriers." Now residents must promise to cover up en route to the mailbox.



... ON THE OTHER HAND

Contraception is still the condom's main function, but some people don't want to talk about it. TV censors even nixed an information offer from the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. So manufacturers find inventive ways of getting the message across: a plane circling Wrigley Field, a Condom Awareness Day at Berkeley.



GIVING HAT

That's using his head: An English bobby preserves decorum at the British Open golf championship as an unemployed stalker, 26-year-old Michael Stock, rushes onto the 18th green. Say, mate, could this be the reason they call it Open?

GETTING A HEART ON

Here's the latest in sexual gadgetry: the Heart Throb, a joy-button buzzer that can be worn alone or during intercourse. Batteries, amazingly, are included with the product, which was designed by a woman who got bored with her career in the computer field. It's available from Contact Sports, Inc., P.O. Box 641, Cupertino, California 95015.



MY PHARAOH LADY

The current spectacular in the topless but otherwise elaborately costumed tradition of the famed Parisian night club Lido features, according to our correspondent from the Champs Élysées, "Egyptian, Christmas and Tahitian themes." We conclude that the scene at right is from the Egyptian section of the Panache revue, possibly taking place just before Cleopatra makes an asp of herself.



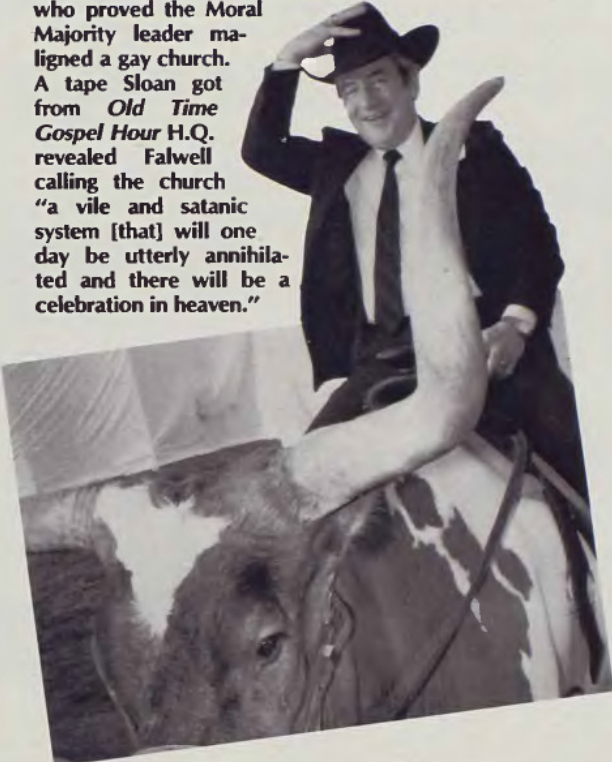


MS. CONGENITALITY

A contestant in the Ms. Nude '85 pageant (above) sashays around in lieu of a talent competition, which entrants unanimously vetoed. This year's event, taped for *Sexcetera . . . The News According to Playboy*, took place at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, where an impatient audience first endured male strippers.

JERRY'S BUM STEER

A judge ordered Jerry Falwell to pay \$5000 to gay activist (and ex-Bible-college classmate) Jerry Sloan, who proved the Moral Majority leader maligned a gay church. A tape Sloan got from *Old Time Gospel Hour* H.Q. revealed Falwell calling the church "a vile and satanic system [that] will one day be utterly annihilated and there will be a celebration in heaven."



HIX NIX CHIX PIX

When Jackson Hole, Wyoming, residents complained the phone-book cover below was sexist, the directory company offered stick-on replacements with a bucking horse—while collectors snapped up the original.



YOUR BACK SEAT OR MINE?

More than 3000 California singles have signed up for membership in the Freeway Singles Club, which, for \$35, offers stickers with identifying numbers. See somebody you like on the highway? Write to his or her number in care of the club, which forwards all letters. At least one marriage has been credited to the service; founder Ruth Guillou, a Huntington Beach widow, plans to expand to 18 states.



COMING HOME

Adult theaters are hurting, but sales and rentals of sexy video cassettes are booming. Sharing the Critics' Adult Film Awards best-picture honors: *Good Girl/Bad Girl* (right), starring Joey Silvera and Colleen Brennan, and *Raw Talent* (bottom right), with Cassandra Leigh and Jerry Butler. Sweeping the Adult Film Association of America's awards was *Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star* (center right), with John Leslie and Hillary Sommers. Porn's first miniseries, *Taboo American-Style*, is an incest saga in four episodes. That's Tom Byron and Raven in the brother-and-sister routine at center left. *Sex Drive* (bottom left) is a racy take-off on *Pump Boys and Dinettes*.



PLAYBOY'S TIPS ON ADULT FILMS

Chances are, you're already familiar with the adult-film field. But if your idea of a porn movie stars masked Latin lavers balling blowzy blandes in sleazy launders, you've got a surprise coming. Today's films, many aimed at couples who watch at home (making liberal use of PAUSE and FAST FORWARD buttons), often boast plots and production values of a quality that, if not matching Hollywood's, stands up to mast TV. Here are some others we liked: *Trashy Lady*: Gangster trains gun moll. *Corporate Assets*: J.R. should have these girls in his executive suite. *The Grafenberg Spot*: The Mitchell Bros. return, with a splash. *Bordello*: Brothelkeeper fights take-over. If it's unadulterated heat you're after, rent anything by the Dark Bros. (*New Wave Hookers*, *Let Me Tell Ya 'bout Black [or White] Chicks*). To introduce a lady to the explicit-sex genre: *Every Woman Has a Fantasy*, *Urban Heat*.



REVENGE

(continued from page 126)

"The media and the arts offer nothing in terms of revenge. The ethics are frankly too blurred."

couple, Vichy types, caught wind of the farmer's Resistance activities and reported them to the Germans. The Germans raided the farm and found two Jewish children, whom they summarily bayoneted. The farmer and his wife were forced to watch while their pigs were killed, their daughters raped and strangled. The Germans then held a barbecue.

"When the son returned from the war, he heard the story but was wise enough to delay his revenge, allowing the couple to think they had gotten away with their betrayal. In 1947, the son and two of his friends bound and kidnapped the couple. They took them to an abandoned quarry where a large cave had been partially filled with a ton or so of beets and a dozen pigs. The son and his friends returned in a few weeks with a dozen villagers. They all toasted the well-gnawed bones of the couple and had a fine pig roast there in the quarry. I cherish the moment the pigs finished the beets and began chewing on those swine. May they be eaten in hell forever."

This is a wonderful piece of classic revenge for not altogether obvious reasons: The son waited in order to give the couple a sense of prosperous grace—revenge, as they say in Palermo, is a dish best served cold—and, more important, the punishment precisely suited the complexion of the crime. There on the dark floor caked with pig shit, you can feel the first bite. Bullets would have been peaceful and unearned bee stings in such a case.

Of course, revenge is frequently capricious and childish. A man shoots a recalcitrant cigarette machine. A drunk with a cleft palate was teased and mimicked by snowmobilers in a bar I occasionally visit. He demolished a dozen of their machines with his three-quarter-ton pickup. A friend in San Francisco was justifiably enraged by his landlord. He bored a hole in the roof and gave the landlord's apartment a several-thousand-gallon hosing that, unfortunately, streamed through the floor into his own apartment.

And at a certain point, there is a baffling stupidity to anger. Years ago, when I learned that my sister's first husband had slugged her, I made inquiries to find out how I could get him murdered; but I was on a Guggenheim grant and could scarcely handle the seven-grand fee. I settled for a phone threat. Years before that, I set-out to murder the drunken driver who had killed my father and sister; but he, too, had been killed in the accident. I suspect that affairs

of the blood and those of love bring us closest to the flash point.

Another acquaintance is a commercial fisherman from Seattle: "I came home from two months at sea. It was barely after dawn when I got to the house. I was too young to know that it's only good etiquette to warn your wife that you're coming home. I took off my boots and tiptoed up the stairs, horny as could be.

"Well, she wasn't alone, and you know who was with her? My best friend! Well, I slipped my .38 out of the dresser drawer and looked down at them through the sights, wondering which one to kill first. I heard my three-year-old daughter cough in the next room. My wife looked beautiful, and I thought of all the good times I had had with my friend Bob. I knew this kind of thing could happen with friends on both sides of the fence, though I didn't know why. Just proximity, I guess. So I was standing there and I suddenly pressed down on his neck with my free hand until his eyes were popping. I jammed the .38 in his mouth up to the cylinder and cocked the pistol. My wife woke up, but she knew enough not to say anything. She was rigid as ice. I lifted the barrel up hard against his palate and ripped the pistol out, with his teeth coming out with the sight. I can say he will never forget me. I walked out of the room, kissed my daughter goodbye, and now I'm here in Corpus Christi."

There are certain people whom one does not advise to seek professional help, a marriage counselor or a minister. They are neither better nor worse than the rest of us, but they are there. To say that such people have atavistic notions of justice is mostly to provide fodder for the modern-living pages of newspapers, where not much can be lost because there was never much at stake. I tried to persuade this man to go back to Seattle and make amends with his wife, and all he did was break into tears and walk out of the bar—and this was ten years after the event.

Naturally, the origin of the taboo of adultery is that the social contract in small communities demands it in the name of order. Modern urban life weakens the taboo a great deal, but many men and women remain distinctly unmodern. I remember telling a feminist that a traveler in the 18th Century had noted that an Indian tribe in the upper Midwest punished a squaw for adultery by letting everyone ceremonially fuck her in public. If she lived through it, fine. Before the feminist could go for my throat, I added that

the guilty man was executed immediately.

The nastiest piece of instant revenge I've ever heard about was told to me by an old Sicilian living in New York. "Back in the early Sixties," he said, "there was this old *capo* out in Brooklyn who was semi-retired. He owned a little restaurant and loved to cook. He was a very rich man, but he would put on an apron and cook me his favorite dish, a *cacciatore* made with pheasant and sausage and the ripest of fresh tomatoes. Without the ripe tomatoes, you have nothing, you understand? His youngest son was a bum, almost a hippie. He wanted the old man to get into the heroin business and the old man refused. So the bum makes a deal by getting 200 grand from this lawyer, saying his dad, the *capo*, will back up the deal. So the son fucks up the deal because he's got no muscle, and the lawyer is out the money, which anyway came from a crooked public-construction deal. The lawyer forces the son to take him to see the father. Right in the father's own house, at the kitchen table, the lawyer loses his temper because the old man won't back his son. The lawyer calls the *capo* a flea-bitten old dago, a greasy wop. The old man pretends to be sad and depressed. He shuffles around behind the lawyer's hard-backed chair, grabs him by the hair and snaps his head back, stunning him. He bites out the lawyer's goddamned Adam's apple! Chews it right out! He spits the Adam's apple in his son's face and tells him he'll do the same to him if he brings any more lawyers into the home. The lawyer bleeds to death and the *capo* tells the son to clean up the mess; he told me this story while we were eating dinner. I wanted to ask him if he brushed his teeth afterward, but he's a dignified old man."

This would have made an additional, effective scene in *The Godfather*—but then, true violence is rarely done well by Hollywood, where the texture of the scenes are too stagy and neurotic, lacking the immediacy of a neighborhood bar fight, with the screaming and the spilled blood smelling like sheared copper.

In fact, show business, publishing, the media and the arts in general offer nothing in terms of revenge. The ethics are frankly too blurred for a solid push-off. Years ago, Steve McQueen was visiting the ranch of Tom McGuane and noticed a sign in the kitchen reading, GETTING EVEN IS THE BEST REVENGE. McQueen, a man of sharp edges, thought the sign went a bit far. Once, in a state of pointless rage about Hollywood, I asked the director Bob Rafelson, how he could possibly get fired, sue the studio, then go back to work for the same studio while the suit was pending. This man is not known for his wisdom, but he cautioned me that things in the movies moved too quickly to hold a grudge. Hollywood is not Latin America, where you might sit for three years eating mangoes and drinking

rum until you decided to shoot the man who called your sister a whore.

People at large don't realize that publishing and the reviewing media are a microcosm of the movies, the boxing world, ward politics, a Serengeti water hole and South African racial postures and, as such, don't merit the ivy-laden respect they manufactured in the past. The most wildly unjustified bad review is simply a bad review, akin to someone's saying your child is ugly. Sometimes your child is ugly; but then, what a job is this sitting there telling people their children are ugly, especially when the viewpoint is last week's Gotham attitude. In any event, duels are no longer fought over such things.

But this is not to say that classic revenge can't occur in business, just that it's less than likely in the media and in show business, where, as Aristophanes would have it, "whirl is king." I can readily imagine the intrigue involved in a corporation like General Motors, where there are several thousand young, hyperintelligent M.B.A.s who all want to be the C.E.O. In first-class compartments, you see these people speaking to one another in short, clipped barks, manicured like bench-bred dogs. But business revenge lacks resonance without some added quality. An American saw dictates, "Don't go into business with your best friend." The following, told to me by a retired sheriff in South Dakota, is a ghastly example.

"Two boys grew up on farms in eastern Nebraska just after World War Two. They wanted to be cowboys, so they left school at 16 and went to Montana, getting jobs on an enormous ranch near White Sulphur Springs. One, named Dave, was smaller, craftier and more imaginative. The other, named Ted, was slower but of normal intelligence, ruminative, a reader of Western novels and a first-rate steer wrestler.

"By their mid-20s, they made the down payment on a small cattle-hauling business and stockyard by virtue of Ted's rodeo winnings and savings. Dave had spent his money on ladies and flashy pickup trucks, but he was the brains behind the newly acquired business. Ted stayed away from the paperwork, having full trust in Dave, because they had been partners since they were kids. As the business prospered, they married cousins and added a farm-equipment dealership and a grain elevator to their holdings. Ted acted as foreman and trouble shooter, while Dave stuck to the office, taking up golf and buying a Cessna. They pretty much stopped seeing each other socially, what with Ted's refusal to learn correct grammar or join service organizations.

"Things came to a head when Ted broke his ankle on a cattle chute. During his short convalescence, he talked it all over with his wife, and they decided to try to sell their half of the business to Dave and find a ranch to buy. They were sick of the vagaries of modern life, and Ted wanted to

get back to the life he'd come West for.

"The upshot was that a meeting was arranged, and when Ted arrived, Dave had two local lawyers and an accountant with him. Everyone seemed a tad embarrassed to explain to Ted that he owned nothing on paper and had no legal demand for any moneys from the corporation. But in consideration of his hard work, they had decided to give him a check for 50 grand, which would fulfill any claims he might have against Dave. Ted wasn't such a fool that he couldn't immediately figure that the 50 grand was about five percent of what the company was worth. He tried to look at Dave, who naturally averted his eyes. Then Ted picked up the check, tore it in half and walked out.

"Well, everyone in the area knew what had happened, but there were enough new and prosperous people moving in that Dave didn't lack for buddies. Ted moved north with his family and became top

hand, then foreman on a big ranch owned by a rich dude from Chicago.

"Then one day, about a year later, Ted calmly walks into a Rotary meeting where Dave was speaking and slaps the shit out of him in front of everyone. This beating took place once a year for seven years, including once on December 30th, and on the following January third, when Dave got out of the hospital. So last year, Dave sells out and moves to La Jolla, California. Dave couldn't stand the behind-the-back laughter and the simple fact that every tavern in town had a calendar pool with a lot of money on his next beating. The upshot is that I got a call from a detective in La Jolla. Seems that Dave was sitting on the beach with a flashy girlfriend. Down the beach comes a cowboy who beats the shit out of him, right in front of all these fancy people. The detective was trying to figure out what was happening, because when they let Ted out of jail in the



"I hope you don't mind . . . it's not for me, it's for my daughter."



TO MAKE VEGETABLES TRULY EXCITING, LE MENU DINNERS BELIEVE YOU HAVE TO LOSE A LITTLE SLEEP.

It's 4:30 a.m. and darkness lies over the countryside like a blanket. At this hour, even the roosters are fast asleep. A silent figure stands at the edge of the field. Rubbing his hands together to ward off the chill, he inspects a long, shadowed row of crops.

It's a familiar scene for Bob Jones, one of the vegetable buyers for Le Menu™ dinners. He grew up on a farm. Now he visits farms to determine if the crops are good enough for Le Menu.

He knows vegetables the way someone who has felt the dirt between his fingers knows them. Things you or I wouldn't dream of: like when the frost is on the pumpkin and there's a nip in the air, that's the time to buy cauliflower. Cauliflower actually looks different in the fall and winter, extraordinarily white, with a texture that's firm, yet tender to the touch.

Since Le Menu buyers know so much, it's not surprising their standards are tough, tougher in fact than government Grade A vegetable standards.

The government allows an occasional brown speck on a Grade A carrot. Le Menu thinks that's too permissive.

The government says a green bean can be a few hours past its prime. Le Menu will send an old bean like that packing.

Le Menu buyers go all over the world looking for vegetables this good. Our baby carrots, for example, are found in Israel, Northern Europe, and the Pacific Northwest. Weighing only a couple of ounces at delivery, these babies are prized for their sweet, delicate taste and tenderness.

Baby carrots are twice as costly as ordinary carrots, a fact that sends our accountants into conniption fits. But our Le Menu buyers wouldn't have it any other way.

What Le Menu does with vegetables is pretty remarkable too. The glaze we put on our baby carrots or the sweet red peppers that liven up our green beans are just a few of the extra touches that make Le Menu vegetable recipes special.

At Le Menu, we take vegetables every bit as seriously as we take the rest of our dinners. After all, if Bob Jones can get up at 4 a.m. to look at cauliflower, it's the least we can do.



THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING SPECIAL ON LE MENU™

morning—Dave wouldn't press charges—all Ted would say was that the price of beef had dropped from 70 to 51 in the past ten years. So I told the detective the story. He said to tell Ted to stay out of La Jolla. I said he could tell Ted himself when he came out there next year but that I'd be real careful if I was him."

There's a purity here, but perhaps it's a bit too relentless. Maybe not. I know that Dave upped his offer over the years from the original 50 grand, but to no avail. I have no idea whether or not Dave's attitude is that of a smart guy or a penitent or if he's considering a move to London, Deauville or Tibet. The squeamish sensation can come from the question, At what point does the transgressor become the victim? The backwall is that a modestly intelligent man, if sufficiently cautious, can destroy anyone he wishes.

And then there are stories that are pointlessly foul: "This farmer's wife was going to divorce him because he was all the time beating the hell out of her. Once, at a church picnic, he shoved her face down into a hot bowl of scalloped potatoes and a couple of us brethren couldn't stand it and kicked the shit out of him. Well, this farmer knew if she divorced him, he'd have to sell the farm to pay the divorce settlement, so he goes up to Minneapolis and hires this ex-con. He probably got the idea on TV, but he tells the ex-con he'll pay him five grand to rape and rough up the wife. The farmer gives the ex-con a date to do the job while the farmer is supposed to be in Grand Forks."

"The ex-con is suspicious, even though he has been given half the money up front. So when he comes to town, he leaves a note under his pillow in his motel, knowing if things go well, he'll be back in an hour. He goes out to the homestead and rapes the

poor lady. While he's in the saddle, the farmer—who was supposed to be away—shoots him through the window three times with a 30.06. Naturally the slugs went through both bodies.

"So the farmer drives off to the sheriff's office and collapses on the desk with the rape story. The bastard is still weeping when the deputy shows up with a note from the only motel in town and the farmer goes ape shit. It was real sad we couldn't have hung him right there."

This is a transparently disgusting piece of low life. As a tonic, I offer a story told to me by a French count about his own father, an eccentric gentleman, now dead: "I think I told you that my father was an ace in both wars, in addition to being an inventor and a *bon vivant*. As a young pilot during World War One, he was flying out of the Dordogne. The situation was indescribably tense, and between missions he played with his two friends, Joseph, a crow he had owned for years, and Simon, a kit fox. He even took those two for plane rides. Everyone in the barracks loved these animals, except for an officer who was my father's immediate superior. This officer was a nasty character who hated my father because he was a count and because he was very successful with the girls in the neighboring town. One day while my father was on a mission, this officer returned to his room to discover that the crow and the fox had tipped a good bottle of wine off his desk and had eaten some smoked sausages and bread. The animals had also shit on the floor. The officer flew into a rage and strangled both animals, hanging them from the doorknob to my father's room.

"When my father returned from his mission, he pretended to be only mildly upset, though he was grief-stricken. He buried the animals together and mourned them in

private. Even after the war, he visited the grave of his beloved friends, Simon and Joseph. Anyway, all the pilots in the barracks—including the guilty officer—kept waiting for my father to do or say something, but after a month or so, they were lulled into thinking the incident was over.

"One evening, my father shared a bottle of good brandy with the officer, and they decided to go to town and visit some girls. On the way back, when the officer was feeling drunk and well fucked, my father threw him off a high bridge down into the river and the rocks far below. The body was found the next afternoon, and it was assumed that the officer had fallen over the rail while drunk. Everyone knew what must have happened, but no one said a word."

This story has a lovely purity to it, despite the question of whether or not the death was merited, or if any death is ever truly merited. I recently heard a hick radio preacher say that AIDS was "God's judgment on the homos," as if God were the drum major in the band composed of Reagan, Falwell, the Pentagon and the U.S. Congress. "Vengeance is mine . . ." saith the Lord," or someone said that He said it. It's hard to put the money on a bet you're not going to collect until dead.

Years ago, I wrote a novella, *Revenge*, in a collection called *Legends of the Fall*. The story concerns the nearly implausible anguish between two friends, an American fighter pilot and a Mexican *barone*, caused by an act of betrayal. The relatively innocent woman over whom they are fighting dies. I don't think good novels are written for dogmatic reasons, to offer principles of right conduct, and I certainly didn't figure out the soul of revenge other than that, like many other forms of human behavior, it destroys innocent and guilty alike. As Gandhi said after Hiroshima, "The Japanese have lost their bodies, now we will see if the Americans have lost their souls." This is the kind of question Melville filed under "the whiteness of the whale."

On the way back from Montana last summer, I stopped at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. The site of the murder of Crazy Horse was closed due to "budget restrictions." I felt a surge of anger akin to a lump of hot coal under the breastbone. The scene of one of the most momentous events in the soul history of the nation was closed while gaggles of tourists wheezed through the cavalry horse barns. I would gladly have given up my own life to see a few thousand mounted Sioux come over the hill and torch the whole place. You can get consciousness and a conscience free by reading history. It awakens a desire in you, thought by many childish, to see parity on earth with no hope of heaven.

And if in weak moments you hope for heaven, you want to see the bittersweet surrealism of Crazy Horse riding double with Anne Frank on Ruffian, riding through the cosmos from the Southern Cross to Arcturus, from Betelgeuse to the morning star.



The Neutered Dog's Private Hell

"I did the day-to-day—all the things a mother does, but noooooooo. He is not a mother's boy."

school," says Marilyn Mellenkamp, John's mother. "Oh, his room would just be full of songs he'd written. And his Sears and Roebuck guitar would be up there. And I'd go up and clean his room and I'd throw all his stuff away. He'd say, 'Mother, where are all those songs?' I'd say, 'John. . . . Well, he'd write up 50 on a weekend; give me a break! When I'd leave that room, I'd have stacks of songs every place. And I'd read them. And I thought, God, what garbage, John! And, you know, I'd just take them down and put them in the incinerator. And he'd come in and he'd say, 'Mom, what'd you do with that stuff up in my room?' And I'd say, 'John, I can't have all that stuff up there. I burned it. God! Give me a break!'"

A film crew is in Bloomington, shooting John's new videos for *Scarecrow*, and an MTV crew is in Bloomington, shooting the film crew shooting John's new videos; but tonight it is just the film crew shooting John sitting with his guitar on a front porch of a house at a crossroads a couple of miles outside town for the *Lonely Ol' Night* sequence, and he is wearing his I.D. bracelet, black jeans, white shirt with the collar up and a bolo.

After they do a couple of takes and everybody applauds, Lori Weintraub, the senior vice-president of MGM/UA, walks over and says, "John, I like that bolo!"

"Good," says John. "I'm going to wear this bolo in all my videos. Then I can sell bolos at my concerts, just like Madonna."

The MTV people have left town, and the video crew has shot John singing in a graveyard among the tombs and a nice segment with Bill Bane felling a tree, and now everybody has had lunch out in the yard under the trees at John's parents' house in Seymour. The place is big and old—three stories, a football field, terraces, a tennis court. "People think John gave me this house," says Marilyn Mellenkamp. "I say, 'Hey! John lived here when he was little. Give me a break!'"

Marilyn has invited me down to the basement while the guys are outside playing football.

"All right, now," she says. "Is your tape recorder on?"

"No."

"OK. Is it on now?"

"Yes."

"OK. I'll just start." She sits up, a small, dark, well-built woman in a short plaid golf skirt, pearls and a gold Rolex. She starts off talking about "John's operation." We are seated on a couch under some of John's gold records.

"You see, right from the beginning," she says, "John had this rebellious attitude. So when he got to be a teenager, he *really* got into it with his father. It was almost *embarrassing* that they could get into it so much. John would just mouth off to him so bad, and Richard would just get into it with him—really, *really* quite physical. But you know how it is *now*?"

She leans forward.

"No. How?"

"John's a *daddy's* boy. He idolizes his daddy. Richard writes his checks and handles his business. But *I* was the one who took care of John all those years. I did the day-to-day—all the things a mother does, but *noooooooo*. He is not a mother's boy."

I am not feeling real comfortable and want to go upstairs and watch the guys in the band and the video crew play football. "Well, you know," I say, "John is not a woman's man. Let's go up and—"

"Noooooo." She juts out her lips.

"Women are there to *serve* him. To suit his needs. But I didn't have enough *time* to wait on him. I had five kids."

"Well——" I have had too much for lunch and my esophagus is getting nervous. "He has a great wife in Vicky, now," I say. "And Cil, his first wife, is great, too, John told me. He said she is wonderful. So we don't need to worry."

"Oh, I get *along* with Vicky," says Marilyn. "But Vicky's got more energy and ambition than I have. I would *never* do some of the things she does for John. I would tell him to get *screwed*. I have seen that girl work for him 16 hours a day! I mean *work*!" She slams her hand down on her knees and her calves bounce together. "And Cil." She leans forward. "Cil is very nice, but she wasn't the one for John! She is a *real* mother image. I think the mother image for a wife is very bad. I told her——"

She glances at her foot, crosses her legs, leans over and brushes a piece of fluff off her golf sock.

"I told her myself when she married John—he was only 17—I said, 'Just as soon as he becomes a man——'"

"*Jean! Are you down there?*"

My stomach jumps. It is Cil calling down the basement stairs from the kitchen. I look at Marilyn in alarm.

"*Do you have the keys to the white rent-a-car? Lori has to be driven to the airport!*"

Marilyn looks up at the ceiling and pushes out her bottom jaw.

"*They're on the dashboard!*" I shout. Cil and John are divorced but are friends, and Cil is his production coordinator.

"OK. Thanks!"

"*I'm coming right up!*" I shout.

Marilyn fusses anew with her sock.

"Well, I better go up," I say.

"Cil will handle it," says Marilyn, pleasantly. "I said to her, 'As soon as John becomes a man, he's going to go off with somebody he loves better and leave you, and you're going to be out in the cold.' And Cil sat up there in the kitchen and cried. And it was *just* like I predicted."

"Well, I gotta go up and see about the car," I say.

"Don't worry about it," says Marilyn, smiling. "Now. Do you want to ask me any questions?"

John goes with Billy Gaff, Rod Stewart's manager, after leaving DeFries, and Gaff sends John to London. Says John should run over there and make records, 'cause he doesn't have a record in the United States. So John goes over and the Sex Pistols are on television and cursing and John is reading about it in the papers. Trying to buy a turkey for Thanksgiving. Has to pay like 80 bucks for it. Still has the feathers on it.

"Tell me about the crowds who came to see you at the Marquee. Did they have spiky hair?" I say.

"The crowds were about four or five people," says John.

"Did they love you?"

"They *hated* me. It was a *nightmare*. It was just one fiasco after another. It was the most skeptic, hateful period of my life. I didn't *like* the record business. I thought it was sleazy. They *hated* my music in London. I came back from England on July Fourth; I remember that!

"See, I've never *had* a breakthrough. I've just been taking little baby steps. And I think I'm still taking them. But you've got to struggle. If you've got it made, well, then, *that's* it. It's over."

"See, what happened," says Richard Mellenkamp, John's father, "when John was a kid, he was the biggest kid of the bunch. And he was always the bully. He always bullied all the rest of the kids and beat the shit out of all the other kids. Then, when he came to high school, he just stayed about the same size he is now. And everybody grew up and started beating the shit out of him."

The guys finish the football game and the film crew shoots the band out on the highway, and then everybody goes down to the Seymour drive-in so they can shoot the band's families, and John jumps on one of the guys' motorcycles and rides around and hitches me up behind and we ride down to the fishing access.

"Your mother has been having a little talk with me," I say when we get there.

John lights a cigarette and scowls.

"*Everybody* in the family's got personality," says John. He is tired from preproduction and shooting three videos in six days, and his complexion looks whitish, with

yellow circles under his eyes, and there is a queer, strained expression on his face.

"MTV shot three hours with her," he says.

"Uh-oh," I say.

"Before they left, we came to an understanding," says John.

He looks over at the river.

"What?" I say.

"They are not going to use it."

He cackles softly, as is his wont, but there is that look on his face and his hair hangs down like a piece of felt. Some of the guys in the crew drive up in the van with the director and John and I get into the van, and John tells the director what the next couple of shots are going to be, and the director says, "Yes, Mr. Fellini! No, Mr. Fellini!" and suddenly I remember the time a couple of months ago when I asked John what he was afraid of, and he said, Well, everything, you name it, he was afraid of it, and I said, Well, are you afraid of women, and John said, Well, he wasn't afraid of nothing, too, at the same time, and I said, Well, are you afraid of women, and John said, "I've been with women my entire life; I can't do *anything*."

The crew films the Seymour congregation coming out of church for the *Small Town* sequence, and Fay Cummins, the producer, a pretty woman who lives in Los Angeles, looks at the tall, blond Indiana farmers coming down the walk and grabs John's arm. "And you're all *heterosexuals!*" she cries. "*You're all heterosexuals!*"

"John was born with a physical defect," says Marilyn. "It looked like a huge mushroom. It was full of blood and muscles and veins and things, and it grew out the back of his neck. It was watery. Like a bag. The

doctors told me he had a 50-50 chance to live and they were simply going to have to cut this off and it had grown down *into* his spine and they were going to pull the threads out. But *one* slip and he would be paralyzed! And he was only five weeks old. But he was *tough!* So after the surgery was over, the doctors said it looked like a success but that John could go into convulsions and die, or he might never walk, and I was going to have to be prepared that John might never turn out to be normal.

"So in about six weeks, Grandma and I brought him home from the hospital. And every time he made a *sound*, we just bowed and scraped to him. I mean, we did not let him cry. We did not let him do *anything*. I lived right next door to my mother-in-law, and one of us had him all the time. And by the time he was two and a half, we realized we had *one spoiled kid!* Don't you think we didn't know it! He was a spoiled brat. And here we thought he was going to die!"

The *Lonely Ol' Night*, *Small Town* and *Scarecrow* videos are in the can at a combined cost of \$85,000, and John is in such a good mood he is treating the film crew to tattoos at Kevin Brady's All-American Tattoo Studio on South Walnut. Kevin is the Tattooer of the Stars and has tattooed Billy Idol and John and Sean Penn, and he is a big tall man with silver earrings, and John runs around the studio, yelling, "Hey, Kev! How 'bout this!" After a while, he calms down and merely stands behind Kevin for an hour, advising him, and ruffles through seven or eight issues of *Tattoo Magazine*, looking for tattoos for 19 people, and then he runs for more paper towels, and at 12:30 A.M., he throws his weight behind the decision of the assistant director to get a tattoo of a "shark wearing

Ray-Bans." At 1:30 A.M., he flops down on the chair behind Kevin's desk.

"Now, this is *genuine* fun!" says John, gazing happily around the room.

"At your expense," says Fay.

"Yeah," says John, smiling. "But *they* got to live with it."

"I warned him a dozen times! I said, 'John, if you don't quit using that word'—he was about six—I said, 'It's so *unbecoming!*'" says Marilyn. "I said, 'If you don't stop using that word, I am going to wash your mouth out with soap. I will *not* tolerate that *word* in my house, John.' So he would try to watch it, but out of the blue, somebody would be talking and John would say, 'Aw, *fuck!*' So one day, I just took him into the bathroom and soaped up the soap bar and made him stick out his tongue. I said, '*Do it!*' And he stuck it out, and I shoved the bar in as far as I could get it. The bubbles started foaming up, and I just kept washing."

"As soon as she took it out, I said, 'Fuck you,'" says John. "And I've been saying it ever since."

It would be great to ride forever. But Bane never turns up, and it is getting late, and the sun keeps appearing and disappearing behind the hills and casting rays of orange light across the fields, which are, in fact, beautiful, and John heads the BMW toward home. "You got a nice place to go back to," I say.

"You know, it's *odd*," he says, scratching his ear. "Most people see me living in a trailer, and to tell the truth, it *was* hard for me when I started making money. I almost didn't *want* it. I'm just now starting to get a handle on it. I mean, it's nice. You get a lot of dough. But what do you do with it?" He laughs. "Isn't that stupid?"

"What do you do with your spare time?"

"*Spare* time?" says John. He draws his head back like he has just heard something he can't believe. "I don't *have* spare time. Sometimes, you know, on weekends, I'll stay in bed till ten or eleven."

"That's good," I say.

"I feel so *guilty*, though," says John. "I can't stand it. *I can't stand it.*"

His face darkens. His shoulders spread out and his voice drops to a whisper.

"I like time to go slow," he whispers.

"My younger sister and I compared our rears," I say, "and hers looks better. That's where time goes. And there is nothing we can do about it."

"Yeah," says John, smiling. "My old girlfriends have started getting fat."

He removes his sunglasses, and his eyes flash very blue.

"I mean, our time is coming," he says. "I mean, this is *it*. We're in our fucking prime. And after this. . . ."

He looks for a moment at the world in the sunlight, then he puts his dark glasses back on and drives on down the road.



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FAST FORWARD



◀ BONNIE MOORE *a leg up on stardom*

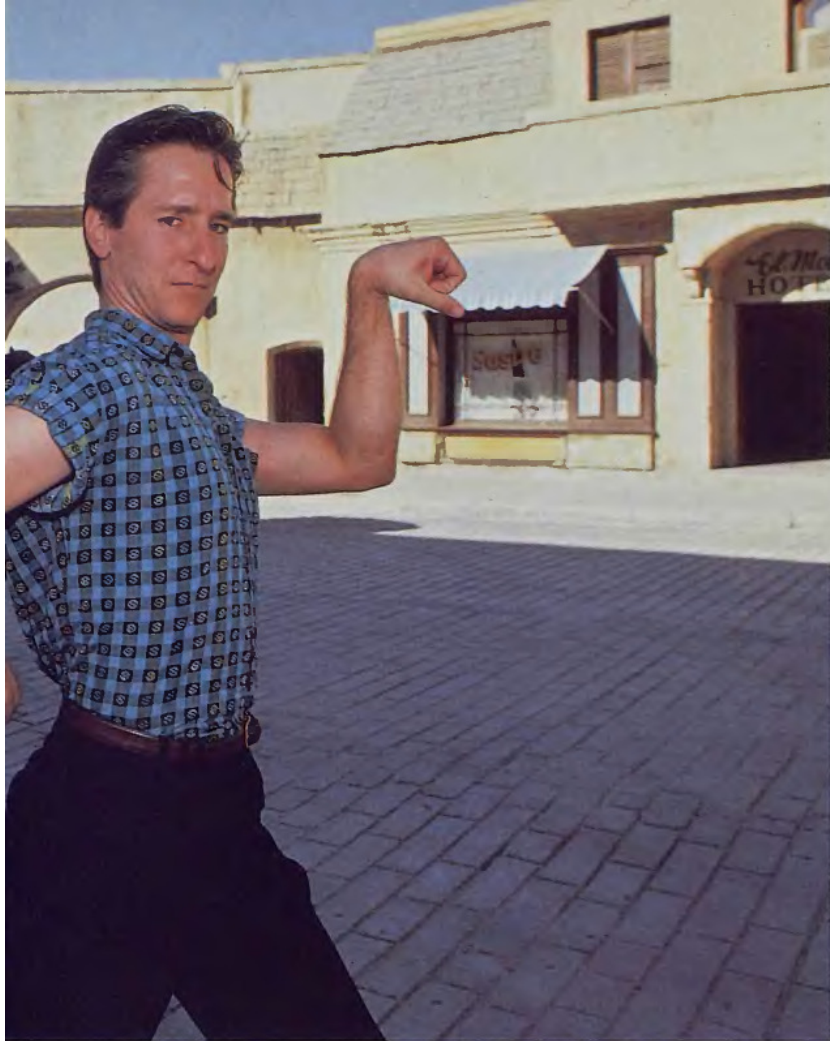
At six, Bonnie Moore insisted on tagging along when her eight-year-old sister enrolled in ballet school. "I just wanted to do what she was doing," says Moore. That game of copycat paid off recently when Moore was plucked from the *corps de ballet* (otherwise known as the back row) of the American Ballet Theater by choreographer Kenneth MacMillan to dance the principal role of Juliet in his much-talked-about *Romeo and Juliet*.

It's almost unheard-of for a *corps* member to dance the principal role in a three-act ballet, but Moore pulled it off, garnering raves from tough New York critics. Overnight, the 20-year-old was one of the most provocative new talents in the world of American dance, but not without a price: Many of her fellow dancers were jealous.

"It was an extremely audacious move of MacMillan's," explains A.B.T. ballet mistress Georgina Parkinson. "If I were a principal dancer in the company, I'd have been furious, too."

Not all her colleagues were angry. Moore ended up falling in love with one of them—John Turjoman, her on-stage Romeo. "It's so clichéd and corny that we laugh about it," she says, smiling. "But really, when we're dancing, I'm thinking Romeo, not John."

Was she thinking Misha when she danced opposite the A.B.T.'s creative director and noted heartthrob, Mikhail Baryshnikov, last summer, as one of a select group chosen by Baryshnikov himself? "Of course not," she insists. "I've never looked at him that way. He's my director—and besides, he's a bit too old for me." —SUSAN SQUIRE



RON MESAROS

▷ MICK GARRIS

gilt by association

Mick Garris presented an Oscar, sort of, at the 50th Academy Awards. He punched R2-D2's buttons backstage as the *Star Wars* droid handed out an award. At various times a singer, receptionist, publicist and host of a local cable-TV show—but a writer since he was 12—Garris, 34, finds himself living every screenwriter's dream. He works all the time and he knows *Steven*.

"A year ago, I was on food stamps," he says, sitting in the office of the story editor of Spielberg's NBC series, *Amazing Stories*. The amazing thing is that the office is *his*, and in it he writes scripts, doctors those by others and consults with Spielberg and guest directors like Clint Eastwood and Martin Scorsese on *Amazing* episodes.

"Steven had been a guest on my cable show. He didn't know I was a writer, because I was determined not to be another asshole with a script in his pocket. But later, my agent sent him one, and he liked it."

Their relationship isn't limited to the small screen—which may be a good thing, considering the show's shaky start in the ratings. The two collaborated on Spielberg's next feature film, and their association has landed Garris four more movie deals, including the chance to direct.

"It's nice to be able to turn down work, saying, 'Sorry, but I'm doing this other thing with Spielberg,'" Garris says, "but I realize it's all bullshit. You're the flavor of the month for a month. I drive the same Honda I had last year. The difference is that now it's parked right outside my office window."

—KEVIN COOK

▷ ANDREW VACHSS

"flood's" angry author

"I don't consider it paranoia," says author-lawyer Andrew H. Vachss, speaking of the constant state of snarling suspicion in which the gumshoe protagonist of his acclaimed first novel, *Flood*, spends his unshaven days and undreaming nights. Vachss's private eye, a guy named Burke, operates in a slimy Lower Manhattan dockside hell populated by various baby rapers, gunrunners, pimps and snuff-film magnates. His client wants him to find the man who raped and murdered her best friend's child, and as the story unfolds, the full ugliness of exploiting kids swells and oozes like a lanced boil. Understandably, Burke won't even pay a social call without toting an assortment of small arms, Mace, flares and tear gas. "Paranoia is fear for no good reason," says Vachss. "These are sound, healthy adaptive mechanisms."

Unlike most detective writers, Vachss, 43, has firsthand knowledge going back 20 years, when, as a Government health investigator, he was assigned to track the spread of venereal disease, "doing fun things like taking blood samples at three A.M. in moving cars." Vachss found that the deeper he dug into the underworld of clap, the more he found the infection passed along to kids of both genders who were nowhere near the age of puberty, let alone consent.

Their plight became Vachss's obsession. He belatedly put himself through law school and now limits his practice to defending the victims of sexual abuse and representing the state in cases where abusers or kiddie-porn dealers are up for crucifixion. But it may turn out that Vachss's most valuable *pro bono* work will be done through his novels. He has at least two more planned on the same theme—one on the organized-crime angle and another built around Government complicity. "I'm not just looking to raise consciousness," he says. "I want to make people mad."

—LAURENCE SHAMES



POMPEO POSAR

"If somebody wants to kill you, there is no chance that you're going to get away . . . you're going to die."

talking to anybody or being friendly with anyone. When I look for someone, I don't look for the person I'm hired to find; I look for the one person who knows where that person is and get him to tell me. So a fugitive has to be constantly traveling. Your car is cold: Its license plates are stolen; it has no registration. You can travel forever with that car. Just steal another set of plates in every state you enter, so that you have in-state plates. As long as you don't violate any laws, nobody will stop you.

7.

PLAYBOY: What are the most common mistakes people make who try to disappear?

PELLICANO: They end up doing the same things they did before. They domesticate. They find a friend or another person they can get close to, and they start telling their secrets to him. They never change their date of birth. People change their names, but that date of birth is a very personal thing to them. They sometimes apply for Social Security or use their real Social Security number. And very often, they communicate with family—and that's the biggest mistake.

8.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in a tough ethnic neighborhood in Cicero, Illinois. You were kicked out of high school and caused a little trouble. It's not a background that suggests either your present occupation or the fees you exact, which can run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. How did you get into this business?

PELLICANO: In the military, I was a cryptographer—a person who codes and decodes secret messages. When I got out, there was nothing for me to do, because the majority of people who were doing crypto work were in cosmetics or toy manufacturing, where they were transferring coded information by telephone or telegraph. It wasn't all that thrilling to me. I wandered around, doing a bunch of things, until I was hired as a collector at Spiegel, the mail-order house. And I became very, very good as a skip tracer, locating people who had run out on their debts. Later on, I was looking for a guard who was missing, and I went through the Yellow Pages and there were all these ads under DETECTIVE AGENCIES. I picked out one of them, and I said, "Train me or allow me to do your missing-persons cases, because I'm the best." I had a small ego at that time, too. They gave me a case and said, "If you solve this, we'll hire you." I did, and I

decided that this was the business I wanted to be in. The major factor was that I would be finding people to make other people happy. For all those years in the collection business, the people I found were not happy that I had found them. But now I'm able to reunite people with their loved ones and, boy, that's when it's really good.

9.

PLAYBOY: In your years as a collector, what was the best excuse you ever heard for not paying a bill?

PELLICANO: God. You hear every excuse in the world, from "My wife just had a baby" to "My mother died." The one that made me pause was when people were honest and said, "I just don't want to pay you."

10.

PLAYBOY: We've learned about private detectives from fiction and television. The stereotypic P.I. has a contempt for authority, a healthy libido and a quick trigger finger. With that image in mind, when was the last time that a beautiful, leggy blonde like Evelyn Mulwray of *Chinatown* appeared at your door late at night with a problem?

PELLICANO: I can remember only a couple of occasions when beautiful women walked into my office. And the problem was always the same: They wanted me to find out if their husbands were cheating on them. What bothers me about private-eye shows is that the detectives always have a gun, there's always a shooting, there's always a life-threatening situation. And, Christ, if that were the truth, you wouldn't make it past a week as a private investigator. If somebody wants to kill you, there is no chance that you're going to get away. You can hire all the bodyguards in the world, have all the electronic security systems that are available. I never carry a gun, because a weapon is a physical solution to a mental problem. If a guy has a gun pointing at me, he's going to shoot me. If somebody wants you dead, you're going to die.

11.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you use imagination in cracking cases. How?

PELLICANO: I learn all I can about a person, and I try to *be* that person, to think as he thinks. And that's how I find people. I become them. I'm probably better than any actor in Hollywood. But my acting

isn't to impress an audience. It's to get someone to tell me what I want to know.

12.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the new devices in the world of corporate espionage that may make us even more uneasy about our eroding privacy?

PELLICANO: There is a bugging device, the transmitter part of which is computerized. It has ten frequencies on which it transmits randomly. Imagine ten flagpoles, each with a different flag on it. Then imagine a video screen that shows the image of each flagpole, one at a time. So you scan very slowly: one, two, three, four, five, in time. Now you mix it up and scan from one to six to four to three, back to six, to one, only doing it in nanoseconds. If I were trying to detect a transmission generated in this way—just one little spike—a spectrum analyzer just couldn't pick it up. That's how this new transmitter works, only with sound. It's undetectable. Well, not undetectable if you know what to look for, but to the common person, it's virtually impossible. That's a little scary. In the near future in technology, everything is going to be light-transmitted—including your telephone calls. Well, God, there will be ways of tapping with light that *will* be virtually undetectable.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's the best bugging job you've ever seen?

PELLICANO: The jobs I like are where there's a lot of imagination, where the guy doing the bugging will throw in ten diversion devices—three that you can find easily and seven that take a lot of time. In one case, I had gone through my normal routine and cleaned this place up and I found four devices. But I sat there and said, "I *know* there's something else." I was in the company president's office, trying to figure out what to do. We had taken the walls apart. Then I remembered hearing piped-in music in the halls and in other offices. But in the president's office, I didn't hear it. And I looked up, and there was a speaker. I walked out of the room, found the president and whispered in his ear, "I hate this music. Why do you have this stuff playing?" He said, "I love this. I had this installed." So I knew something was up. I said, "Well, why don't you have it in your office?" He said, "I do." We walked into his office, and there was no music coming out of his system. I traced the wires back from his speaker. His wire went through to a tape recorder. A speaker is nothing but a microphone in reverse, and the guy who bugged his office had used his speaker to listen to his conversations. He was clever.

14.

PLAYBOY: Most of the corporate surveillance work you do involves protecting

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companies' secrets from business spooks. Have you worked the other side of the street? If the money were right, would you attempt, for instance, to discover Coca-Cola's formula?

PELLICANO: I've been asked to do that about ten times. And to be honest with you, it's not that hard to do. There are two or three people in the Coca-Cola Company who know the exact formula for the syrup. But what Coca-Cola did for years, that it recently stopped, was to introduce phony waste products into the plant's outflow and order ingredients that it wasn't using, just to throw people off. But there's been nobody willing to pay the couple of million dollars it would take to get the formula. And there's no way you could do it legally. Anyway, I've never done any business sabotage. It's called poisoning. I do antipoisoning. It's more gratifying to me to catch people spying than it is to spy.

15.

PLAYBOY: What measures do you take in your personal life to protect your valuables and to elude prying eyes?

PELLICANO: If you have a lot of valuables, don't keep them at home. Put them in a safety-deposit box in the biggest bank you can find. If you keep them at home and somebody knows they're there, you won't have them long. As far as bugging goes, because of the nature of the cases that I encounter—organized-crime cases, defense work—I assume that I'm being monitored 24 hours a day. I just live with it—in the same way I live with this nose I have. I don't do anything to try to find out if I'm bugged or wire-tapped. I live by a Sicilian saying: "Silence is a friend that will never betray you."

16.

PLAYBOY: This is the era of no-fault divorces, yet you handle a tremendous amount of lucrative detective work investigating adulteries. Why?

PELLICANO: It's the nature of the human being. In California, all the adultery in the world isn't going to change the nature of a settlement. But people want to *know*. They know from their feelings or through an admission, but they want the proof. They also want to know who the other person is. Ego has a lot to do with it. If it's a woman, she wants to know, Is the other woman young? Is she pretty? Women especially want to know for those reasons, because they may still love their husbands, and if they know who the other woman is, they can act differently, dress differently or behave differently to entice their mate back into their arms again. For every person who wants to get a divorce as a result of an adulterous affair, there are five who want to be back with their spouses.

17.

PLAYBOY: If a person wants to cheat, what should he do to avoid getting caught?

PELLICANO: He shouldn't lie, because lies are what get the other person suspicious. And usually, people lie about the silliest of things, like where they've been. For instance, if you were at a bar with a woman, say you were at that bar. If your wife asks who with, say with a bunch of friends. There are other stupid mistakes guys make. If they go out with a woman, they'll shower and put massive doses of cologne on themselves. And they'll come home and get into bed with their wives and wake them up by the smell of the cologne, which is out of character. Or they'll come home after "a night with the boys," and their teeth are sparkling white from brushing. There's even a little tooth paste in the corner of their mouth. Why would a man brush his teeth that late at night, and where would he get the toothbrush?

18.

PLAYBOY: You don't carry a gun, and though you're a black belt in karate, you try your best to avoid getting into fights. In the final analysis, is the life of a private eye a dull one?

PELLICANO: I have the attention span of a hyperkinetic six-year-old. Put me on a surveillance assignment and I'll go crazy. I have to use the warped part of my imagination to think of things to make it interesting. When I find best friends cheating, I have the most fun, because it disgusts me. A woman hired me, and I found that her husband was cheating with his best friend's wife. I caught them at a motel one night. I got the room across the hall, and I was trying to decide what to do to have some fun. So I called up the husband and told him to meet me. He got to the hotel, and I frisked him. I had told him that his wife was cheating with another man, but I didn't tell him with whom. So he says, "How do you know?" I say, "The other guy's wife hired me." He says, "Where are they?" I point across the hall. This guy was big, burly. He looks at me and asks, "What do I do?" He was mad. I say, "Knock on the door." So while he's knocking, I call the police, tell them that I'm the hotel manager, and that I've discovered a guy using phony credit cards. I say, "Come right away, and you can get him." Meanwhile, this guy is pounding on that door. Then he hears a sheepish voice from the other side: "Who is it?" He says, "The manager; open up." So the door opens, and this guy sees his best friend in Jockey shorts, his eyes about the size of watermelons, and his wife, who's got a sheet wrapped around her. He starts chasing his wife; then he starts chasing this fat little guy in Jockey shorts down the hall, through the dining room, right into the arms of the police. I didn't think that was good enough, though. So while he's at the station, I let the air out of his tires. When the police bring him back, he knows he's a beaten man. He's got his key in his hand, and he walks to the car and notices that

it's six inches shorter than it used to be. He steps back, looks at the tires and he sits down in the middle of the road and starts to cry. It might sound a little cruel, but that's what I do to keep from going crazy.

19.

PLAYBOY: You're an expert in tape forensics. How can the study of tape recordings help solve crimes?

PELLICANO: There was a group of men who were charged with rape and murder. This was the so-called Art Museum Murder in Philadelphia. As a result of the confession of one of the alleged rapists/murderers, eight men were convicted. One of these eight men relentlessly denied during eight years of imprisonment that he had had anything to do with it. Lo and behold, a tape recording came forward, and I was asked to analyze it. In this tape recording, I heard two confessions, the first radically different from the second. To make a long story short, the tape was recorded at a city hall that had a clock with bells that would ring at the hour and at the half hour. Before the closing of the tape, which meant the stop/record signature, there was a bell for two o'clock. Fifteen minutes later on the tape was a bell for three o'clock, which meant that there were 45 minutes of missing time. I was able to prove that. And these people went to jail as a result. The guy who hired me is now out.

20.

PLAYBOY: After years of dealing with distraught parents and lovers who have lost a child or a spouse, you must have grown somewhat inured to tragedy. Is there one case that managed to break your heart?

PELLICANO: When I'm in a case, I'm purely emotionless and logical, sometimes too logical. But I've had some cases that have brought tears. My most vivid example is the case of a girl named Robin Reade, who disappeared in Hawaii. There had been many detective agencies hired to find her, and a lot of law-enforcement people. But what was so heart-rending was what the parents went through to find their daughter. They were relentless in their search. They even went to psychics and were unable to find her. Thank God I was able to. Robin got in with a bad crowd, and she O.D.'d on cocaine almost the same way John Belushi did. The guy in whose house she died panicked, wrapped her up in a rug, carried her to the side of a mountain and buried her in a shallow grave. I inspired him to tell me where he buried the body. How I did it is for your imagination. I've never been more touched in my life than when that mother wanted me to take her to the side of the mountain and show her where her daughter was buried. Boy, that took a lot out of me. It was days before I got over that one.





"I don't mind your playing the aggressor, dear, I just wish you wouldn't refer to it as Trivial Pursuit."

WINTER WHISKEYS (continued from page 82)

"Black Bush is a round, mellow, spectacularly smooth whiskey that has become something of a legend."

the water of life (Bushmills, founded in 1608 and located near the northern coast of Northern Ireland, in County Antrim, is the world's oldest licensed distillery), it's appropriate to start our spirited quest in the Emerald Isle. Indeed, Irish whiskeys do reflect the skill and finesse that come with centuries of hands-on experience. One, Black Bush, is singularly suitable for duty in wintertime—or any other time, for that matter. Like all Irish whiskeys, Black Bush is triple distilled; but there are differences, too. The malt whiskey that goes into Black Bush is aged in *sherry* casks before being combined with a small amount of grain whiskey and then returned to the cask for additional aging. The result is a round, mellow, spectacularly smooth whiskey that has become something of a legend in its own time. According to the Bushmills distillery, Black Bush is available in a number of cities, including New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and New Orleans. Chicago is just around the corner and, in fact, New Orleans was included as a market only because one local fanatic assembled more than 100 signatures of eager would-be customers and formally presented the petition to the company. What savvy export manager could say no to pressure like that?

Other cold-weather bets from Ireland are flavorful, medium-bodied Paddy, malty, robust Power's, regular Old Bushmills (in the same vein as Black Bush, though somewhat lighter), Jameson's and Jameson 1780. The last, though not as

subtle as Black Bush, has a burnished quality that makes for easy drinking—not surprising, since this whiskey is aged in oak for 12 years.

Bourbon is the American whiskey, born, as they say, with the Constitution. As a group, bourbons—with layers of flavor that penetrate the body and unchill the marrow—are much more intense than American blended whiskeys. Before the age of central heating and draft-free houses, bourbon helped our forebears through grim winters on the frontier. It was also the civilizing, socializing drink of leisure moments. Those lusty first efforts became the prototypes for today's Benchmark, Jack Daniel's, I. W. Harper, Maker's Mark, Ten High and other contemporary brands. The higher-proof bourbons are particularly effective as cold-weather palliatives. Loftiest of all is Old Grand Dad 114 Barrel Proof Bourbon; Old Weller is a hefty 107 proof; Ezra Brooks, Eagle Rare and Wild Turkey bourbon hit the hydrometer at 101 proof; and all bonded bourbons are a full 100 proof. There's also a snappy Wild Turkey straight rye at 101 proof.

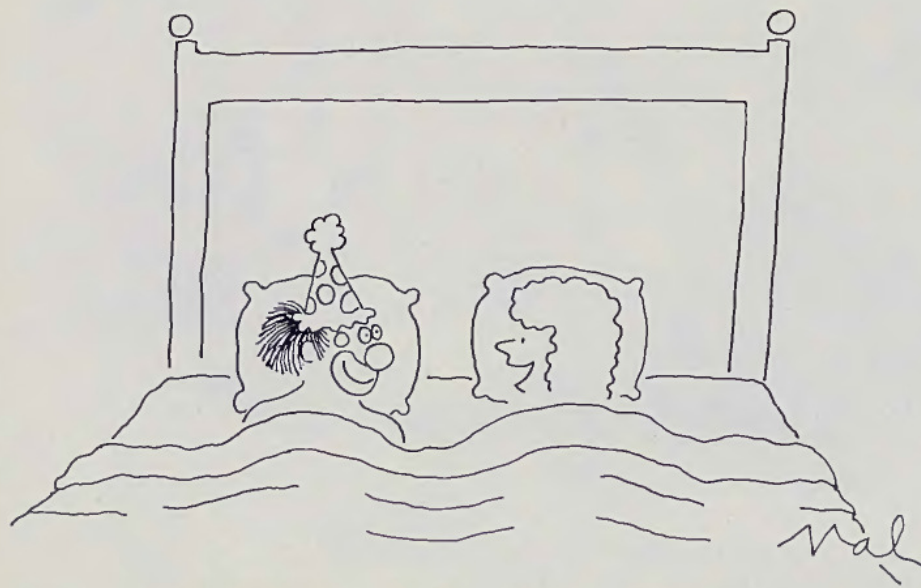
As far as we can tell, nobody has ever written a song about Glasgow in winter, and for good reason—the climate is hellish. Only one thing makes it tolerable: the native nip. No, not the popular blended Scotch—which is a combination of grain and malt whiskeys—but the bold, burly, *straight* single-malt whiskey. This is the original usquebaugh, that fraction in a blend that imparts the distinctive Scotch

tang and tone. To sample a single malt undiluted with grain whiskey is to know what true Scotch really is. The vast proportion of malt whiskeys are from the Highlands. They're relatively delicate, flowery and lightly peated. Among the interesting examples available in the States are Cardhu, Glenfiddich's Still Master's Crock, The Glenlivet, Glenmorangie, Macallan 17 year and Mortlach.

Islay, off the southwest coast of Scotland, is the other important malt-whisky sector. Islay malts are quintessential winter whiskeys—fat and redolent—with a pronounced peat reek. Laphroaig, a prime Islay, may be the biggest, smokiest, most pungent of all Scotch whiskeys. Laphroaig 10 is the easiest to find. The 15-year-old Laphroaig, only recently introduced here, is mellow and nectareous. It's in limited supply—but worth finding. Talisker, from the Isle of Skye, strikes a neat balance between Highland and Islay malts.

Ordinarily, you wouldn't think of liqueurs as frost fighters, but there are exceptions to every rule. In this instance, the exception is the category of whiskey-based liqueurs. Among them are potions heavily laced with Scotch, Irish, Canadian and American whiskeys. It's hard to believe that anything with such enchanting taste would also have the firepower to stoke your furnace. But these smoothies are deceptive. They tend to run higher in proof than other liqueur categories, most of them registering a cozy 80 proof or better. And they're pleasantly balanced, the alcohol bite mitigating the forthright liqueur sweetness, leaving the palate refreshed.

Drambuie, Glayva and Lochan Ora are the leading Scotch-based liqueurs. They are marked by tastes of honey and herbs, along with light, peaty scents. Ireland's contribution to the cause is Irish Mist, a beguiling merger of Irish whiskey, heather honey and native herbs. It's in the same organoleptic ball park as the Scotch liqueurs but more aromatic and complex. The United States is represented by several whiskey liqueurs. Wild Turkey and Jeremiah Weed are solidly based on bourbon. You can detect vanilla and citrus notes commingled with the bourbon. Wild Turkey also hints of spice. Rock and Rye is a venerable whiskey liqueur that seems to have been forgotten—unfortunately. The bottle, however, is unforgettable, containing large sugar crystals and fruit segments—which account for the fruity scent. Southern Comfort, whose formula is kept secret, comes in both 80 and 100 proof. The significant Canadian entry in the whisky-liqueur sweepstakes goes by the evocative name of Yukon Jack. Presumably, it will keep your heart warm and your socks dry, even under Klondike conditions; at 100 proof, it should. Yukon Jack is quite sweet, but the Canadian character comes through. George M. Tiddy's Canadian liqueur, 72 proof, is essentially a



"This has been the happiest lay of my life!"



It's Unanimous

(Even the competition says ESCORT's the one to beat)

It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

At least they agree on one thing. ESCORT is the one they have to measure up to.

A modern classic

ESCORT was a radical piece of electronic engineering in 1978 when it was introduced, the first practical use of superheterodyne technology to warn of police radar. *Car and Driver* magazine said, "...the radar detector concept has finally lived up to its promise."

Since then, our engineers have never stopped refining that technology. ESCORT may look the same on the outside, but it never stops getting better on the inside.

Standard of comparison

Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

A glit-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, "The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."



These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

ESCORT's reporting system combines an alert lamp, a variable-rate beeper that distinguishes between X and K band, and an analog meter, all to give an instant indication of radar strength. Ask if our warning takes the panic out of radar.

ESCORT is sold in one place only, the factory that makes it. This lets you deal directly with experts. Any of our staff of over 60 sales people will be glad to answer any questions you may have, about ESCORT or about radar in general.

We've been solving people's radar problems since 1978. How can we help you?

Try ESCORT at no risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor.

ESCORT \$245 (OH res. add \$13.48 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada

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By mail send to address below. Credit cards, money orders, bank checks, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 18 days.

ESCORT[®]
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-007-A14
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

restrained version of Yukon Jack.

Everything has its style, and these brown boomers are meant to be sipped neat from a snifter, poured over ice or taken with a light splash. They'll also add character to winter cocktails—such as the ones that follow.

IRISH JIG

Pour $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. Irish whiskey and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Irish Mist over ice cube in small old fashioned or roly-poly glass. Stir briefly.

SCOTCH FLING

Pour 1 oz. single-malt Scotch and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Scotch liqueur over ice cube in small old fashioned or roly-poly glass. Stir briefly, to chill. Twist orange peel over drink, then drop into glass.

BOURBON STOMP

Pour 1 oz. bourbon whiskey and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bourbon liqueur over ice cube in small old fashioned or roly-poly glass. Stir briefly, to chill. Twist lemon peel over drink, then drop into glass.

IRISH HANDSHAKE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Irish whiskey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. triple sec
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cream
Nutmeg, optional

Shake first three ingredients briefly with cracked ice. Strain into small wineglass. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg, if desired.

HIGHLAND MIST

Twist a strip of lemon peel over small old fashioned or cocktail glass; drop peel into glass. Pack glass with crushed ice. Pour Highland malt whisky over ice, to taste. Serve with short straw.

BROWN BELT

$\frac{1}{4}$ ozs. bourbon whiskey
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dark crème de cacao
Pour over one ice cube in old fashioned or roly-poly glass. Stir briefly, to chill.

KLONDIKE GOLD

1 oz. Yukon Jack
3 ozs. hot apple juice, or to taste
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lime
Sugar (optional)
Cinnamon stick
Pour liqueur and apple juice into mug. Squeeze in juice of lime. Add sugar, if desired. Stir. Garnish with cinnamon stick.

THE O'HARA

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Southern Comfort
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. lime juice
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. grapefruit juice
Lime wheel
Shake first three ingredients briefly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with lime wheel.

DUBLINER

$1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. Irish whiskey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. dry vermouth
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. sweet vermouth
Lemon wheel
Shake first three ingredients briefly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Hang lemon wheel on rim of glass.

Bears hibernate and geese migrate to escape the winds of winter. But Homo sapiens, the thinking animal, has a more sensible solution. He lays in a generous supply of winter whiskeys and cheerfully waits for spring.



"No matter how often I fly, I still dread take-offs and landings."

ANOTHER SIDE OF RAPE

(continued from page 106)

inflections told me that he was black. We're white. "No problem," I said.

The year was 1970, and I believed that the political-and-cultural revolution was not far away, that all black people were my friends. We stayed.

Five minutes later, two of the men returned. They must have car trouble, I thought. I noticed this time that the men were big, one of them much heavier than my 135 pounds, and they came strangely close to us. "Do you want to share your girl?" the larger one asked. Jesus. "Do you want to share your girl?" he repeated.

"No," I said, hoping that their asking meant that they would leave. He then turned to Laurie and asked her if she wanted to fuck them. Her head was bowed, she didn't look up, and she said in a choked voice, "No."

According to the police report that would be filed in a few hours, we were only six feet from the lake's edge.

In my fantasies, I have the presence of mind to whisper for her to run into the lake. As she races into the water, I hurl myself at the men's feet in what we used to call a road-block in sand-lot football. I take out the closer one; the other one doesn't reach her in time. The lake isn't deep, but they are too cool to wade in after her. She is safe.

But that is only a fantasy.

"Well, you're going to fuck anyhow," he said, and he motioned to the man standing next to him, who smiled as he slowly poked forward the curved end of a tire iron he'd been hiding behind a leg. I rose, my breath coming fast. I took a step toward them and was met by the man with the tire iron, who pushed me to the side and said he wanted to talk to me. The other man walked behind Laurie, who was kneeling on the ground, grabbed her by the neck and pulled her over backward. He choked her and then stopped and started feeling her, telling her to just let him take off her clothes, just let him see her body, just let him do it. She pleaded with him to stop as he pulled her pants off.

"I can take you without this," the man with me said and threw the tire iron down between us, just a few feet away. He weighed at least 30 pounds more than I. I took a step forward as I told him I didn't want to fight and managed to locate the tire iron with a foot. He was about a yard away, his fists poised, unaware. I knew that if I went for the iron and failed, he might kill me.

My fantasy is always in slow motion. I grab the tire iron and feint a blow to his head. Both of his hands come up to ward off the blow and to grab the iron away from me, but instead I swing it low with all my strength,

Editor's note: All names and locales and some details in this article have been changed to protect the privacy of the people involved.

hitting the sweet spot of his knee from the side, breaking his leg. He falls heavily on the ground, writhing in pain. I walk slowly, purposefully, toward the other man, his eyes widening in fear as I approach, as I cock the iron like a bat and bring it down, time after time after time.

But that is only a fantasy.

He was too quick, too close, or I was too slow; as I grabbed the iron, he was on me. We wrestled, both holding the iron; but he soon was on top, choking me with it.

He let up and got off me. "If you move again, I'll bust your head," he said. He made me kneel with my back to Laurie, about ten feet away from her. I didn't move. He was standing behind me; I knew that if he decided to hit me, I would have no warning, no chance.

Laurie was a frenzy of screams and pleas that she was a virgin, that she didn't want to get pregnant; then she was silent. All I heard were the man's low-pitched grunts and the rustle of people struggling. I tried to calm myself. I remembered to make a mental picture of the men for the police. I wondered what they would do with us when they were through. I was sure they wouldn't just let us go. I shivered; none of their likely options was desirable.

Several minutes passed, and then I heard the sound of urination directly behind me. The man with the tire iron was pissing. I decided to run to my car, which was parked about 100 yards away, to get help—there was nothing I could do where I was but listen to Laurie's cries, and if I could escape, they would have to split. But I felt as if I were abandoning her; I felt as if I were running in gelatin; I could hear her cry out, this time to me—she didn't know what I was doing.

The prosecution asked Laurie during the trial: "Did [the defendant] strike you?"

"Yes. . . Ransom had started running off. Then I started yelling again and [the defendant] slugged me on the right side of my face up by my eye."

Not running to get help but running off. Those words seared me during the trial, and they sear me now.

The man with the tire iron tackled me within 15 yards. He told me that if I moved a muscle, he would hit me with the iron. I asked him not to get on Laurie when the other guy was through. He didn't answer but asked what she looked like, if she was pretty. I knew better than to say that she was. He then asked if I wanted to get on her, too.

This is a casual act to these two men, I suddenly realize. They believe that they are merely exercising their male rights, that after they're done with her, I'll also take my turn, and when I'm done with her, we'll shake hands, hail fellows well met, and go our separate ways. And since I've taken my turn, no one will report it to the police, and she's probably secretly enjoyed it all, anyway.

But that is their fantasy.

I told him no. I looked over at her; the man was on top of her in a push-up posi-

tion, his groin area directly over her head.

The man with the tire iron prodded me and told me to strip. I did, knowing what this might mean. I heard later from a cop that the man's brother was doing time for raping another man.

Before I found out his plans, though, a set of car lights appeared in the parking lot. Soon a flashlight was coming toward us, and I wanted to yell, but I could feel the presence of the man with the tire iron next to me. We both watched as the flashlight came closer and shined on me, then on him, then on Laurie.

"What the hell is going on here?"

Our two assailants were a blur of motion.

"Look out; this one's got a tire iron!" I yelled.

But they didn't attack him; they raced toward his car's lights, the only way out.

"Get 'em, Hank!" he yelled. There were people by his car, but the two men sprinted past them.

I whipped into my jeans and idiotically—they were already 150 yards away—took a few strides in their direc-

tion. "Get 'em!" I screamed, but no one was going to catch them tonight, not the police with their many cars that soon rushed to the scene, not the helicopter that was soon flying low over the lake, searchlight slicing the night sky. And not me.

I went back to Laurie, who, covered by our blanket, was crying as she put her clothes back on. I held her, just as I'd held her so many times before, but this was different—this was no longer the embrace of two teenagers eager to enjoy each other's touch. It was tainted. She trembled in my arms. The flesh around her right eye was cut and swollen horribly where she had been hit.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," was all I could say.

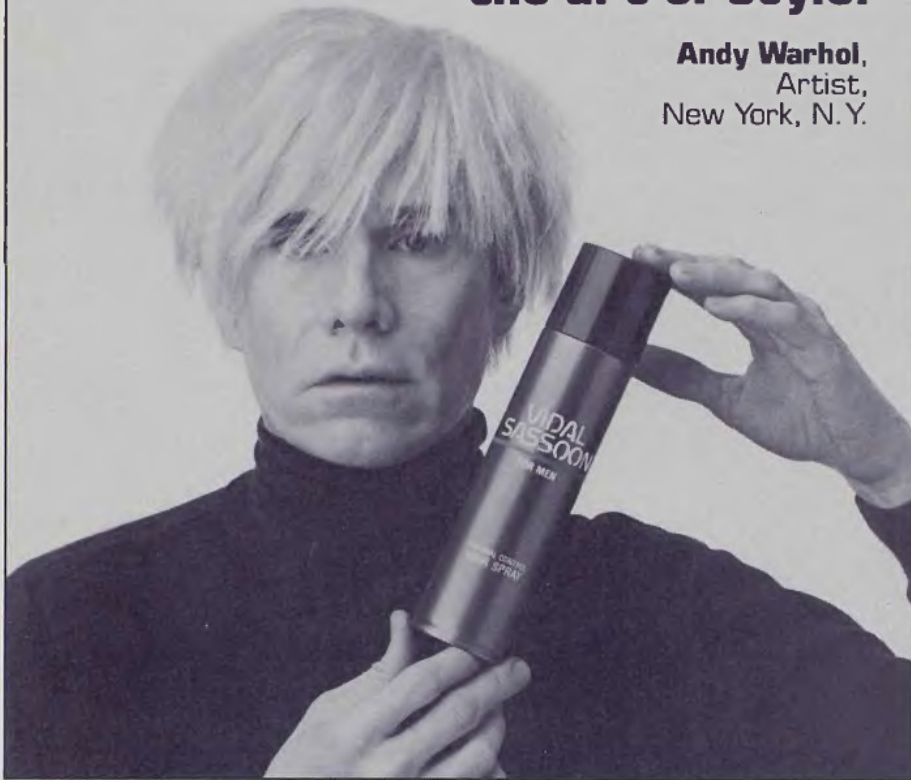
The police came and led us back to their car to take our story, and as we passed the motor home of the man who had rescued us, I noticed a bumper sticker that read, AMERICA. LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT. Irony abounded: We had been assaulted by blacks, whom I saw as the vanguard of the revolution, and saved by a right-wing red-neck who later complained to me about



"And this is for the 1983 military budget."

“Vidal Sassoon Natural Control Hairspray for men—the art of style.”

Andy Warhol,
Artist,
New York, N.Y.



“I wish I could control my fans the way Vidal Sassoon Grooming Gel for men controls my hair.”

Bill Wadhams,
Lead Vocal, “Animotion,”
Los Angeles, Ca.



the “nigger bastards.” My naïveté was ripped away that night.

We were taken to police headquarters, where we looked at mug shots of convicted sex offenders, but we didn’t find anyone who looked like our assailants. Later, the police photographer came to take a picture of my girlfriend’s facial contusions. He asked if I had any injuries. I had a couple of bruises by my collarbone where I had been choked with the tire iron, but it seemed ridiculous to mention them when Laurie could barely see.

“None to speak of.”

He said nothing, but his eyebrows lifted.

“So what would you have done, you son of a bitch?” I wanted to say but didn’t. “Were you there?”

“They had a tire iron,” I said weakly.

He said nothing as he snapped her picture, then walked away. The guilt had started.

I felt it a few days later when one of my fraternity brothers—a house jock—told me that no one would ever rape his woman in front of him. “They’d have to kill me first,” he said.

“Well, that wouldn’t be so smart,” I said, “because if they killed you, then they’d sure as hell have to kill your girlfriend, too.”

“I don’t care,” he said. “They’d have to kill me.”

“Then you’re a fucking idiot,” I said and turned away. It was a hell of a lot easier to say you’d make a suicide charge than it was to make one. But I couldn’t help wondering if he had meant what he said.

And I felt the guilt, as well as a new awkwardness, every time I was with Laurie. Our relationship had subtly changed, even though we struggled to keep it the same. I didn’t know what to say to comfort someone who had gone through this, and my inexperience was intertwined with the fact that I had been there and unable to do anything to help her. She told me that I couldn’t have done anything differently, but that was little solace, because I knew that she wouldn’t show or say anything to the contrary. There was nothing she could say to make me feel better—I wouldn’t believe her—and there was nothing I could say to soothe her. We had lost the ability to help each other.

We waited to hear from the police.

Their internal reports show that the first break in the case came six days later, when a woman phoned to report that she knew the two men who were involved in the assault and gave their names. She said that one of the men had come to her house that night, breathing very hard, and had asked her roommate for a ride home. The roommate, who knew the two men through her boyfriend, complied. The informant told the police that she was calling because she didn’t think it was right for anyone to do what they had done, and because she felt sorry for the girl.

The police had enough evidence to

arrest both men when their girlfriends, who had both been lying to protect them, decided to tell the truth. Both men then confessed. The man with the tire iron pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two to three years in the state penitentiary. The other man, despite his confession, pleaded not guilty. There would be a trial.

The conviction of the man I'll call Lester Rath hinged on whether or not Laurie and I could identify him and on whether or not his confession would be admissible as evidence. Both aspects were complicated; although we had both identified him prior to his arrest from pictures we'd been shown, neither of us had identified him in the line-up at police headquarters, and so he was set free until his girlfriend finally broke his alibi a few days later. And his confession was legally suspect because of a question as to whether or not he had waived his right to have his lawyer present at the interrogation.

It was basically on my testimony that the conviction was decided—Laurie testified that she had some doubt about whether or not Rath was the rapist, because she had only glanced at the men, and that while her assailant was facing her, she “was either looking up at the sky or off to the side or had [her] eyes closed.” My identification of Rath during the trial was somewhat stronger than I really felt it to be—it had been dark that night and I hadn't seen him all that well, despite my identification of him from the pictures—but the police had told me that he had confessed, and by the time of the trial I didn't give a damn about civil liberties and legal technicalities. I knew he was guilty and I just wanted him in prison, and I was willing to testify that I was more certain than I really was.

The jury believed me and found Rath guilty. The state Supreme Court later sustained his conviction, dismissing his appeal that his confession should not have been admissible, noting that I had identified him, and with my identification the case would have been sufficient to support a guilty verdict without his admission. I still have no regrets about my testimony.

I later learned that Rath had been one of the most celebrated high school football players in Iowa a few years earlier. He had been recruited by many major universities, but he didn't have the academic standing to play. One of the University of Iowa coaches had arranged to have him attend a junior college to raise his grades, but he soon flunked out, ending his football career.

I was sitting in the courtroom's front row on the day he was sentenced to two concurrent five-year terms. He glared at me when he was led out, and he scowled and swore under his breath.

But he was free in two years.

The day I left that courtroom, I vowed to forget about the event, the men, the trial. But I did not, could not, forget.

I hung a black blanket over my fraternity-house window to shut out the sunlight

“Vidal Sassoon Grooming Mousse for men... everything else is all wet.”

Steve Lundquist,
Olympic Swimmer,
Jonesboro, Ga.



“If it's good enough for them, it's good enough for me. Because if they don't look good, I don't look good.”

Vidal Sassoon,
Chairman of the Board,
Vidal Sassoon, Inc.,
Los Angeles, Ca.



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and to enable me to sleep 12 to 14 hours a day. I skipped classes, my grades went to hell and I went into a depression that lasted for months. I drifted away from Laurie and didn't even have the grace to break up with her. I just quit calling.

And I'm still sorry.

Much later, I learned that the dissolution of our relationship wasn't unusual. Although there has been very little research on the effect rape has on couples (whether or not the male is present during the assault), the single study that has been completed shows that most couples suffer from moderate to major maladjustment following a rape. The study, carried out by the Marriage Council of Philadelphia, notes that the final outcome of rape is often "that a large number of victims and their male partners silently suffer in unsatisfying marriages or simply dissolve their relationships in despair." It stands to reason, in the instances when the man in the relationship is present during the assault, that the effect of the rape is intensified. This doesn't excuse or justify my behavior after the assault, but it does, perhaps, explain it.

The only lengthy study to focus completely on the male's response to his partner's rape was made by Kenneth Stone, whose dissertation at Boston University identified what he calls the second-victim rape-trauma syndrome. The symptoms include "initial denial and shock often followed by anger and guilt; a strong desire to take quick and concrete action; feelings of confusion and frustration with regard to

effectively aiding the initial victim; decrease in self-esteem . . . [and] obsession with revenge. . . ."

I, too, suffered from those symptoms, especially a marked obsession with revenge. In 1976 Rath was convicted of slugging a referee after a high school football game. His address was published in the newspaper, and I made a habit of driving around his block at night, peering in his windows from the street as my car crept past his house. It had been years since the rape, but I still couldn't shake my anger. It would have been so easy, I thought, to lure him to his door, pull out a gun and, as his eyes widened in panic, blow him away. I finally decided that my life had too many possibilities for me to go to prison for murder, but I swore that if I ever got a terminal disease, Rath was a dead man.

What makes a man react this way? Why was I unable, if not to forget, at least to put the incident behind me? No doubt my reaction was in part due to the fact that I, like almost every male, had been taught that the protection of any woman I was with was my first responsibility; the other part is that there is a powerful, primal impulse that affects a man whose female companion is sexually attacked, especially in his presence. I know that I've never thought of the assault as having been directed against only one human being while I, another human being, was held at bay by someone with a weapon; the assault was against my girlfriend, and I, the man, was unable to protect her.

After the rape, I experienced an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness that almost seemed to become a part of me.

Fifteen years later, that sense of powerlessness has faded, but it hasn't disappeared. I'm reminded of it in mundane settings: I was walking recently at night with the woman to whom I'm closest, and we heard footsteps not far behind us. I turned and saw that it was only a teenaged boy, yet my friend kept turning every few seconds to see whether or not he was gaining on us. She was clearly afraid. After we turned off and he walked on, I said, "It was only a goddamn kid."

"Yeah, I know, but . . ." and her voice trailed off. Neither of us said anything more.

She has told me that if we were in a situation similar to the assault in 1970, she wouldn't want me to do anything differently from what I did that night; she could live with being raped, but it would be difficult for her to live if I were killed. But I know that if that situation ever happened again, I would fight until I dropped, even though, rationally, I would know that my chances against them were terrible—especially if they had a gun—and that I would be gambling with both of our lives. But I know my anger would be too strong for me to control, even though I might be, in my own words, "a fucking idiot."

I won't go through that again.

Dr. Carolyn J. Hursch, author of the book *The Trouble with Rape*, wrote in a letter to me:

We all experience "downers" now and then—loss of job, coming off second best in verbal repartee, public humiliation by a superior—and the response to such situations is an almost uncontrollable need to right the wrong. We strive to find a better job, to respond more swiftly and smartly the next time, to publicly prove the superior wrong. But in the situation you describe, there is no second chance. The attackers (with luck!) may go to jail, but due process is impersonal and does not erase the personal injury to one's pride. The girlfriend may express her understanding of one's powerlessness—but this contributes nothing to the view of one's own manhood. The scar remains and, on bad days, continues to throb.

She is right; I haven't really healed. For years, every time I went home to visit, I would look up the names of our assailants in the phone book to see if they were still in town. Rath always was. At some point, I decided the only way for me to get a second chance was to confront him.

On the day I finally meet him, all I really know about Lester Rath is that in 1970 he was big and he was brutal. Is he still? Will he blame me for sending him to prison? My family and friends have told me this is a dangerous mission, but I want to prove that I am not afraid of him. The fact that the situation may be dangerous is



"Don't be silly, Nadine . . . you'll always be number one on my automatic dialer."

what makes it worth doing. Nevertheless, it does occur to me to wonder whether or not he will be carrying a gun.

I have told him my name on the phone and mentioned that I was working on an assignment for PLAYBOY—told him that I wanted to interview him. I haven't told him why and he apparently couldn't place my name. He sounded suspicious but agreed to meet me the next night in a downtown bar.

I arrive at the bar early; I want to find an isolated table but one still in full view. Twenty minutes later, Rath walks in, wearing jeans and a sea-green surgical smock that hangs over his enormous belly. Later he will tell me he has gained 70 pounds since the assault. That seems a conservative estimate.

I stand and motion him over. I feel a mixture of anger and uneasiness. He stares at me impassively as he clumsily pulls the chair out, sits down and lights a cigarette.

I'm careful to start by assuring him that I won't use his real name for the article and that I just want him to answer a few questions. He doesn't move or say a word. I look him in the eye.

"I was the man at Coralville Lake in 1970," I say. "That was my girlfriend you assaulted."

He shifts in his chair but doesn't speak, moving only to puff on his cigarette. A waitress asks if he wants a drink and he does. I hope this means he's planning to stay, but he says nothing until a couple of minutes after she delivers his order.

"What questions you got?"

I'm relieved. The obvious question to start with is why he did it.

He pauses, sucking on an ice cube. "That was a long time ago. I really don't know myself. It was a certain event that happened—I did my time, I had a jury trial, at which you and the girl identified me." He takes a drag of his cigarette. "So I felt kind of bad about that. Because you didn't know if it was me or Barker."

I tell him I knew the difference between the two men because he was so much bigger than Barker.

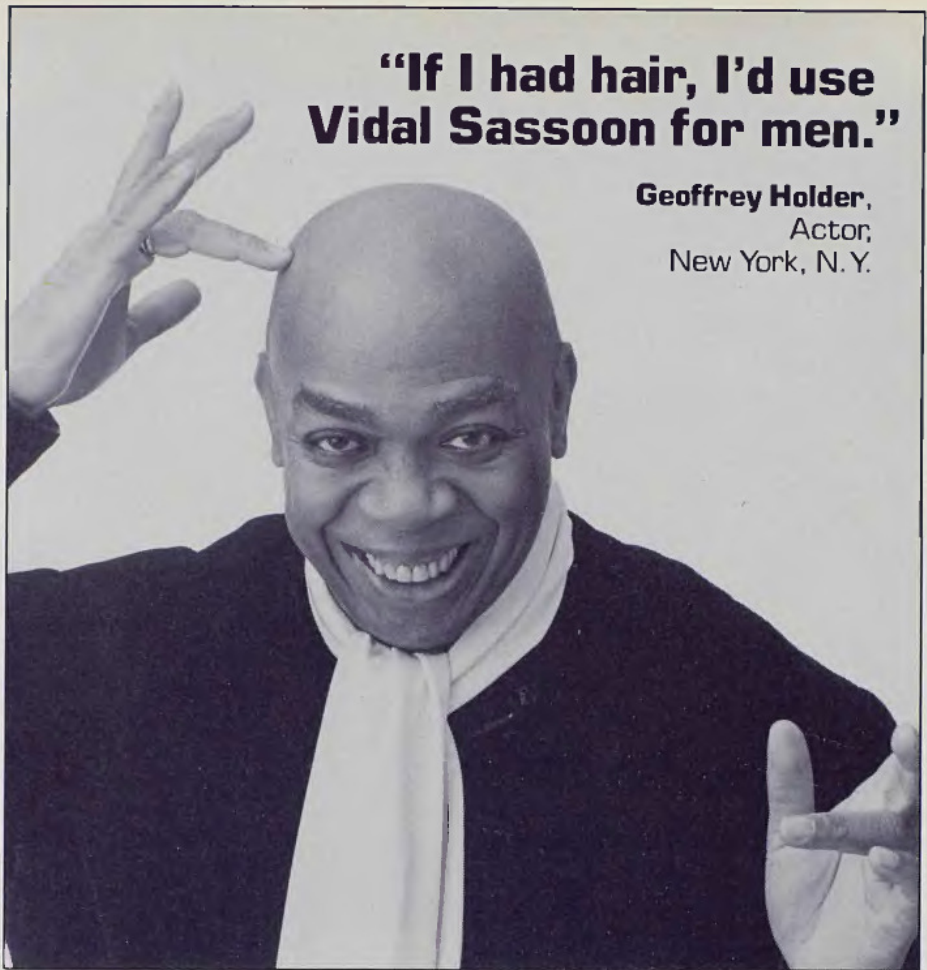
"I wasn't then." That is his first lie. Laurie, according to the police reports, said that the larger of the two men had attacked her, and I remember noticing a striking difference in size between our assailants. When I later call Barker in Hawaii, he will confirm that the other man was bigger than he was.

"But you were the one with my girlfriend, right?"

"No, I wasn't. Barker was the one with the girl. I was there and I participated, but I wasn't the main factor." That is his second lie. Barker was arrested after his girlfriend identified his bone-pick comb, which, according to the police reports, had been found nine feet to the east of where Laurie was raped, the same spot where I'd scuffled with him. The man who raped Laurie had never been in that area. Barker later tells me on the phone that Rath is

"If I had hair, I'd use Vidal Sassoon for men."

Geoffrey Holder,
Actor,
New York, N. Y.



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lying, and although Barker tells me several lies of his own—for instance, that he didn't have a tire iron and that he was surprised when Rath assaulted Laurie—there's no question that Rath, not Barker, raped her. It seems that both men have repeated these lies to themselves so many times that they may actually believe them; maybe it's the only way they can live with themselves.

I ask Rath why, if he was the one with me, he confessed to being the one who assaulted Laurie.

At the trial, Rath testifies that after he was arrested, he was asked by a detective if he had been at Coralville Lake that night. From the transcript: "Yeah, I was there," you know. . . . [The detective] said, "Did you force a girl?" you know. I said, "Yes. Sort of." You know. He said, "You pull her panties down?" I said, "Yeah. Kind of. Uh-huh." He said, "Make her blow you?" I said, "Well, like, she was starting to, you know."

He tells me that Barker persuaded him to make a false confession by telling him that the courts would go easier on him, because his record wasn't as bad as Barker's. He says that he confessed out of friendship for Barker.

This stuns me. And it won't be until later, when I've had time to analyze his remarks, that I realize he is lying.

"That's amazing," I say.

"I'm hip."

I ask what they would have done to us if we hadn't been rescued.

"Nothing, probably. I ain't violent." Right.

"We were told by the police that there might have been another man watching from the trees that night. Is that true?"

"Couple of them."

I ask whether he blames himself for

what happened to his football career, and he says he does, that he was good enough to have played pro football. "I don't blame nobody but myself," he says. "It's easy to blame someone else."

He seems uncomfortable, nervous. Through most of the interview, he sucks on an ice cube; which makes his speech slurred, as if he were drunk. His answers are also often rambling and incoherent, and he frequently stares into the distance, refusing to meet my eyes. I feel that if this is a test of wills, which in some ways it is, I'm winning.

As we talk, I begin to see him less as an adversary than as someone to pity. He is a physical wreck who reminds me more of the big, fat kid who always gets teased than of the high school football star. He tells me that he's unemployed. He says, "I want to tell you that I'm sorry about what happened. I know that it messed up my life and maybe hers and yours, too. . . . I'm just sorry it happened to you or anybody." I show him the color picture taken of Laurie's face that night, which I had taken from the trial exhibits. He looks for a long time, seemingly saddened by it, and says the rape was a bad thing. My anger lessens. He says he wants to get a sociology degree so he can "save people."

I probably should end the interview now—he honestly seems to regret the rape, and I have whatever satisfaction there is in hearing his apologies, as well as the revenge of seeing how pitiful he has become. But it isn't enough. Even though I know I couldn't have prevented the rape, I'm still haunted by the fact that I didn't do everything that I could to stop it—I wasn't willing to sacrifice my life. And I'm haunted by it even though I know that such a sacrifice would have been futile,

even though I know, logically, that I had no real choice. I ask him what he would have done if he had been my size and in my place.

He pauses to take a drag on his cigarette. I want him to tell me that there was nothing I could have done, that I would have been a fool to fight them and that, in my place, he wouldn't have done anything differently. He doesn't comply.

"The body don't make the man," he says. "If I'd have been you, we'd still be fighting."

"So you think I gave in too easy?"

"For what you had at stake, you did."

He is no longer looking away.

"You, or whoever was with me, had a tire iron in his hand, though."

"I didn't have nothing in my hand." That isn't a lie, because he wasn't with me. Barker had the tire iron.

I argue with him, saying that both Laurie and I saw the tire iron, that I had gotten it in my hands and that I think it's strange that he doesn't remember it. He replies that the incident was 15 years ago and it wasn't the best event of his life.

"If you assume," I persist, "that the person with me had a tire iron, would you then say I put up enough fight?"

"You know, my man, I'm going to tell you something." His condescension infuriates me. "A weapon like a tire iron can only swing one time, and then I'm looking for a hit back."

"So if you had been me, and the other person had a tire iron, you still would have fought?"

"Oh, yeah."

I forget his apologies. I'm angry about getting a lecture on courage from a man who overpowered a woman weighing 100 pounds less than he did, whose accomplice had a tire iron and who had two friends waiting in the trees. That is the most cowardly act I've ever seen.

I'm also suddenly aware of the absurdity of asking for some sort of absolution from—of all people!—the man who attacked us, particularly when absolution is something that I haven't even been able to grant to myself. I realize that there is no second chance and that I will have to live with the event the rest of my life, perhaps never completely coming to terms with it.

But there is one thing I won't have to live with, and that is letting the interview finish with his having the upper hand. I have one last question to ask, one that I've thought about for days and one that I know carries with it a certain risk.

"Have you considered," I say, leaning forward so that my eyes meet his, "that I'm not writing an article at all, that I just wanted to lure you here?"

His eyes widen in fear—for the first time in 15 years, my fantasies are in sync with reality—as I speak slowly, deliberately. "Have you considered that I'm really here to get revenge?"



"Mix us some drinks while I slip into something more likely to bridge the gender gap."



“After ‘China Syndrome,’ I received every wacko, off-the-wall script about every problem in the world.”

issue. It was a great horror movie, a movie about man against machine, a movie about an individual fighting the system. It had an interesting social message with all the aspects of a great thriller. Jack Lemmon had strong beliefs in this area, and he was interested.

PLAYBOY: How did Jane Fonda get involved?

DOUGLAS: The original script had two documentary camera guys who worked together. I was going to do it with Richard Dreyfuss. Dreyfuss fell out. At the same time, Jane had been developing the Karen Silkwood story, long before the production that ended up being made with Meryl Streep. The studio suggested I talk with her about combining the films. She was instrumental in getting it a green light. So we had the script rewritten for Jane.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to act in the film yourself?

DOUGLAS: It took me a long time. I'm a little thick in the head. I realized that I was putting my acting career aside. I was spending energy on this picture, anyway, so I would be foolish not to act in it.

PLAYBOY: Did you think a movie about a nuclear melt-down would be commercially successful? Didn't you expect resistance?

DOUGLAS: Well, General Electric was a sponsor for a planned Barbara Walters TV special on which Jane and John Wayne were to be two of the three guests. General Electric pulled out its sponsorship. Meanwhile, we all decided to sell the picture as a thriller. We tried to duck the political issue as much as possible.

PLAYBOY: That hardly seems possible.

DOUGLAS: You let your social messages fall where they may, but you get in a hell of a lot of trouble if you start preaching before you start moving people. I like to think it was an exciting picture. If it could accomplish other things, too, all the better.

PLAYBOY: You couldn't have planned the timing, but the Three Mile Island accident happened right after the release of the film. How did you feel?

DOUGLAS: We were blown away. Later, Aaron Latham did an article comparing the film's computer print-out of our sequence of events, which was really just for us and to help the actors with the technical job, with the Three Mile Island accident's. The incredible similarities will make you religious in 30 seconds. I know that they deeply shook up a lot of people in the nuclear-power industry. The technical advisors on the film, who were being ostracized, felt a certain vindication, too. We came out three and a half weeks before the accident happened. We were under heavy attack about being irresponsible Holly-

wood lefties. People said it couldn't happen and that we were mind-fucking, playing with people's heads.

PLAYBOY: The industry said that?

DOUGLAS: And the public. The picture was doing well, we were under attack and then this thing happened. I'm not religious, but there was something about it that was uncanny. It was the closest thing to a religious experience I've had in my life. We had educated ourselves about the possibilities of this kind of nuclear accident, and then it was happening in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. We were terrified. There is a line in the movie when the experts are discussing what would happen in a melt-down, and they turn to each other and say—before the Pennsylvania accident happened—that it would destroy an area the size of Pennsylvania.

PLAYBOY: You could never have bought that much publicity, obviously.

DOUGLAS: Well, in fact, it hurt the box office considerably. What was an edge-of-the-seat thriller had become the nightly news. It was very scary, and people didn't want to see it. It only intimidated them. I think, though, that along with Three Mile Island, the film did some good, changed some minds about the nuclear issue.

It also raised people's expectations about what I could do. After *China Syndrome*, I received every wacko, off-the-wall script about every problem there was in the world. It got to be very depressing.

PLAYBOY: But you have no problem with using your fame or position to speak out on political issues.

DOUGLAS: There is something to be said about actors and politics. Reagan brought it home. I remember once, I was with Robert Mitchum at some public gathering, and I saw the total idolatry that surrounded him. I asked him, "What is it with you, man?" He lowered his glasses and said, "I've got the common touch." Well, Ronnie has the common touch.

But about using your notoriety: There was a lot of cynical coverage of Jane Fonda, Sissy Spacek and Jessica Lange when they testified on the farm crisis in Congress. But have you ever seen more attention drawn to a Congressional hearing? It was great, because I am very concerned about the farming problem, too. We have to think about what is going on before it's too late. All these farms are going under, being foreclosed. Who is buying them? Large, multinational companies. If things happen similar to what happened with oil—controlled by these same kinds of multinational corporations—I think we are really going to be shocked at some of our food prices in a few years.

PLAYBOY: Would you make a visit to Congress for an issue you believed in?

DOUGLAS: I would. I think you have to be careful not to spread yourself too thin, but you have to do what you can. I don't want to get too politically heavy here, but I am very concerned about some of the mistakes our country is making regarding Central America. I'm involved in trying to encourage discussion on this issue.

PLAYBOY: Since you speak out on the subject, how do you explain to people what's happened recently in Nicaragua?

DOUGLAS: I don't say the *Sandinistas* of Nicaragua are absolutely right in their policies, but we seem to have forced some of it. When you put a country that size—with fewer than 3,400,000 people—up against the wall, I don't know why we're so surprised by what is happening. I'm sad to see that we don't recognize that, just as we had our Revolution 200 years ago, there are other countries, not on our timetable, that are striving to achieve their own independence.

If American troops actually become involved in Central America, we are going to see a lot of Americans going down there to fight on the other side. It will cause a very awkward situation. There is a large group of Vietnam veterans who are concerned that their children, 20 years after Vietnam, might be in the same situations they were in in Vietnam. They are now down there, working on educating people. I believe that part of the problem is that people are confused; many people can't tell the players without a program. I helped found the Committee of Concern to try to inform people about Central American issues without turning them off.

PLAYBOY: Even though your politics aren't popular in the Reagan era, you manage to speak out without giving too much offense. In fact, your image, as reported by the press, has been that of a nice guy making both popular and socially relevant films. It all seems too good to be true. Is it?

DOUGLAS: It's actually pretty funny. My friends know the truth. . . . Part of it is that I choose to do my work—even the business—in a different way. I don't think there's any reason not to conduct oneself in a diplomatic, socially conscious manner. At the same time, if I have to take care of business, I do so; but being unkind to my fellow man doesn't do anything for me—unless I get crossed. Then watch out. If I'm crossed, as certain people in the business will tell you, I'm unbearable and unrelenting; but until I'm crossed, I like to conduct my life in a civilized manner.

The image is also because of my roles—but after all the good-guy roles I've played, I'm ready to play a bad guy in some film. I think the reason we like bad guys is that they don't give a shit. All the decorum is stripped away, all the social graces—which I'm in the mood for now.

PLAYBOY: Even so, the image doesn't seem to be that different from the man. How have you, as the child of two movie actors,

managed to avoid being totally screwed up?

DOUGLAS: Yeah, my kind of road is covered with a lot of suicides and overdoses and everything else from people in my position. I think it probably has to do with my family. My father was a son of Russian peasants. He worked hard his entire life and, after going to college, decided to become an actor. My mother is English. She used to hide under the covers at night as a child, reading plays and books, and dreamed about being an actress; at 16, she lied about her age and went to New York to become an actress. This Russian peasant met this Englishwoman from a well-to-do family, and they fell in love.

To me, all this is a microcosm of what America is all about. I was blessed because of my parents. I learned a love of acting and also some basic values from them. Then, when their careers took off, things got more difficult, and finally they got divorced. But they divorced amicably. Even during that difficult and painful time, I have memories of my father visiting me and kissing my mother on the cheek. They agreed they couldn't stay together, but they continued to respect each other.

My father was remarried, to a lovely French lady named Anne. They've been married a little more than 30 years. My mother was remarried, to a wonderful guy named Bill Darrid. They've been married 27 years. I basically grew up with my mother and my stepfather away from Hollywood, in Connecticut. They maintained almost Victorian standards. My memories are of how thoughtful he was to her and how considerate he was of us. My father was highly immersed in his career—movie stars made three or four pictures a year then. Still, I visited him often, and the attention I got from him and Anne was very special. At the same time, Kirk was never afraid to come down pretty hard when we deserved it. Sometimes, divorced parents have this guilt, and so they always give in to the kids. He used to say, "I yell and scream because I care."

PLAYBOY: Did your mother continue to pursue her career after they split up?

DOUGLAS: Oh, yeah. Up to this day, she acts at a summer theater in Santa Maria, California. My father had all the attention, but Diana never stopped. She acted because she loved the profession.

PLAYBOY: There must have been another side; it can't have been as easy being Kirk Douglas' son as it sounds so far.

DOUGLAS: It was hard. Christ, I saw my father as a gladiator, nailed to a cross, as an artist who cut his ear off—and he would be shown doing these superhuman things. I'd think, How can I possibly be a man? How can I be the man this man was? Jesus, look at this guy! . . . It took me a long time to get through all of that to a sense of myself—but, I mean, Spartacus? Van Gogh? Sure, why not?

PLAYBOY: What's the first picture of your father's that you remember?

DOUGLAS: *Champion*, in 1949—I was four or five—had a big impact. Then I remember *Lust for Life*, in '55, '56. I was 11. My brother Joel was eight. I remember going to the theater and running out, screaming because we saw him cut his ear off.

PLAYBOY: Your son, Cameron, must feel some of that with your work.

DOUGLAS: Well, he's not convinced I really work. I do all the stuff he loves to do: action, fighting, sword fighting. . . . God, it's amazing. I look at myself sometimes and realize, This is so silly. I'm in my 40s now. I'm 40, playing make-believe. When someone asks Cameron what his daddy does, he says, "He goes, 'Bang-bang, you're dead,' and he falls down and pretends he's hurt." It's all very child-like. . . . Anyway, there seems to be a difference in the way Cameron has reacted to all this, I'm happy to say. Maybe it's the fact that Diandra and I are together as a couple—whatever—but the difference is that Cameron is bursting with confidence. I was much more withdrawn.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to get over some of the awe, and was there always this image of your dad as Spartacus?

DOUGLAS: He had that intensity, and that anger was inherent at that particular time. He was larger than life. He had a rage.

PLAYBOY: Caused by what?

DOUGLAS: He was just a driven, crazy Russian. I think he had a lot of mixed feelings about his work, about his role as a father. His father was not around a lot when he was growing up, and I think he felt guilty for the time he was away from us.

PLAYBOY: What kind of relationship do you have with him now?

DOUGLAS: To this day, he cannot stop giving me advice, which I adore him for. He treats me as a peer, but a peer he likes to give advice to. I'll say, "Dad, I'm forty years old. Relax; it's too late. I'm tainted. It's no good; you've got no chance." The only thing that changes is that now I can give a little advice back.

I remember a woman's asking him if he was jealous of his son's success. He looked at her as only he could and said, "Only a woman could ask that question." I think there is a truth to that. It's different for mothers and daughters. I was talking to this woman, who shall remain nameless, and I congratulated her on her daughter's recent success and she gave me a look like a lethal dart. It's different for a father about his son, I think. There's the continuity, a sense of immortality. But he's just great. He's always had a really good sense of humor, the ability to laugh at himself—especially with the aid of his sons. And we all do very good imitations of him.

PLAYBOY: Well? How about your Kirk Douglas imitation?

DOUGLAS: [Does the Kirk Douglas look: teeth clenched, jaw thrusting out] "Son! You see, son! It's like this, see!"

PLAYBOY: Do you both acknowledge your physical resemblance?

DOUGLAS: *Romancing* was the first picture

where we noticed it. I think it's probably because before that, I sort of shied away from the kind of parts that he had played. But that was getting kind of limiting, because he played *everything*. Anyway, when he saw some of the sequences in the movie for the first time, he was floored. It was the first time he could see what people were talking about. He said, "You looked pretty good." [Laughs] Anyway, I'm very fond of him. I've gotten closer to him now that I have my own son. I really see how nuts they can make you sometimes, and how torn you get between your involvement with your own work and with your son.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your own childhood. What about your education?

DOUGLAS: I went to a private school back East—blue blazers and gray-flannel shorts—until I was 11 years old. Then, because my mother was under contract in California for a year, I went to California and went to a junior high school in West L.A. It was a tough school. They had killings. Kids carried knives. I remember the first girl I ever kissed was there. She had her mouth wide-open. Yuuuck. Couldn't believe it. Nobody told me anything about this. I had a duck's-ass haircut. I remember hiding behind the dashboard of my mother's Ford Crestline convertible so my hair wouldn't get blown in the wind.

PLAYBOY: Did you get into trouble?

DOUGLAS: Normal stuff. I got alcohol poisoning once on a quart of gin. I thought I was going to die. I couldn't drink gin until I was an adult. Midnight hot-rod stuff. Drag racing, hot-wiring cars, stealing parts for cars. I was not a good student. I really had not much interest.

PLAYBOY: Then?

DOUGLAS: I went back to Connecticut. Even when I was away, I kept my membership in the Downshifters Hot Rod Club in Westport. Used to race C-class dragsters on weekends. Well, I didn't drive myself. I was in the crew. But later, in California, I did race Formula III cars for a season. I almost got kicked out of my prep school at the end. We brought a cow down from a pasture and took it into the main reception hall of this swank private school.

PLAYBOY: No girls?

DOUGLAS: No girls. This prep school was very close to Yale University, so my junior and senior years, I would sneak out on weekends to go to parties down there. I remember it being a little unhealthy, like animals: Mount them on Friday night, get wasted for a day and a half. It was a little weird. So then I went to a college advisor, who was sort of like a travel agent—he'd thumb through these college brochures—and I happened to notice a campus by the sea, the University of California at Santa Barbara: three girls to every guy. I flunked out after one year. I just could not handle the discipline of doing work and dating.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember those days as good old times?

DOUGLAS: Oh, it was the best time, the best. The school didn't actually kick me



"Goldang it, deputy, I asked you to round me up a little pussy!"

out. It just said, "We think you need to take a break for a while." So I took a year off and worked in a gas station for a while. I was a Mobil Man of the Month. I loved it. There was the greatest sense of accomplishment. I loved cars—right?—and there was a work ethic that was very rewarding. I would wash the windows, check the oil. I learned so much about women. They'd leave their skirts up just to see if I were watching or not. Then I'd hang out and have beers with the guys.

PLAYBOY: You were slumming?

DOUGLAS: It probably was rebellion, in the sense that I was like a regular person. Then I'd go off to work on my father's pictures.

PLAYBOY: Doing what?

DOUGLAS: At first, I used to just hang around. Then I got jobs—I was a gofer getting coffee for people on the sets. I was a gofer on *Spartacus*. I went in and said something and I remember my father's saying, "Michael, never interrupt the director when he's talking." I was floored. Next I became the assistant director, then an assistant film editor on *Lonely Are the Brave*.

PLAYBOY: Do you have memories of the actors your father was working with?

DOUGLAS: Yeah, because a lot of them were around the house, too. They had a lot of fun. They also hold up very well. I find . . . Diandra and I are both surprised because we have found that we would rather spend an evening with people of that generation than with a lot of our own peer group. They're very bright, really witty and fun.

PLAYBOY: Who, for instance?

DOUGLAS: Billy Wilder, for one. I see Lancaster a fair amount. Gregory and Veronique Peck.

PLAYBOY: You were telling us about your summer jobs.

DOUGLAS: Yeah. . . . There was another summer I spent, in Europe, on a picture called *The Heroes of Telemark*. I was, like, 16, 17. My father was staying in this suite in a hotel and had to go to France. That was a period in my life when I was lonely, uptight and real concerned about being dignified. I went out one day to the London zoo. I visited the monkey cages, and for some reason, every monkey in the place was masturbating. There was something so human about these monkeys' sitting on top of rings, jerking off, reaching through cages and helping each other out. I broke up laughing. Well, every time I get too serious or too uptight, I have this vision of a bunch of monkeys looking out at everybody as they jerk off.

That was also the summer the assistant director on the picture asked me to go out and see a new rock group at a local club. He wanted me to invest, but I declined the offer. The band was The Who.

PLAYBOY: That's some way to grow up—wiring hot rods and hanging out on Kirk Douglas' movie sets. Did you feel schizophrenic?

DOUGLAS: It's just the way it was. And believe it or not, it didn't feel that abnormal from my end. Even though Hayley Mills was my date at my 16th birthday party. [Laughs] Actually, I got off more on her and Annette Funicello than on being around Kirk Douglas' movie sets.

PLAYBOY: Hold it. You actually dated Annette?

DOUGLAS: No, but like every other guy in America, I remember when she first broke out in her sweater on the *Spin and Marty* show. Oh, fabulous. . . . Yeah, I agree, in retrospect, it *was* something. That's one of the reasons we just decided to move out of California. Everybody looks at California as being where it's all happening. Kids are so hip at ten years old. I just visited it from time to time, which maybe saved me. It's all relative. Growing up, we all struggled. As Kirk always said, "Hey, we've *all* got problems."

PLAYBOY: When did the sexual revolution hit you?

DOUGLAS: Remember *Oh! Calcutta!*? That was the first time I got a hard-on. [Hums] "When I come, I come like a river." Anyway, I was in Santa Barbara at a wonderful, joyous time. I worked out a deal with five girls who lived together. I would share dinners with them. Cost me five dollars. Kirk asked, "Didn't you at least buy them a bottle of wine?" I said, "No way! I'm paying them five dollars." All five were stunning in the way only a good California girl can be. It was just a very open time, combined with all the best qualities of free speech, meditation and marijuana. It was a time when you didn't hide drugs. There was a communal feeling that's been lost. I guess I was a hippie. I was strongly involved in the student meditation society, and I had a lot of great Renaissance velvet shirts. My folks were probably a little concerned; I wasn't the best of students and tended to look for alternative lifestyles. I think it's a philosophy and spirit that's never left me and has made the strongest imprint on my life.

PLAYBOY: Were you involved politically?

DOUGLAS: Yeah, against the Vietnam war. We started silent vigils in front of the library—things like that. Then I slipped into this guerrilla-theater group. It was basically class disruption—a guy would run into the classroom and another guy would run in and shoot him. We had blood bags and everything. The idea was to get a visceral reaction—to make people feel that somebody was actually being killed up close, not just on the other side of the world. Then we'd announce how many people were killed each day and dash out before the teacher could arrest us. Sometimes we had to fight our way out.

PLAYBOY: Was it really political or was it getting swept up in the social climate?

DOUGLAS: It was a combination of the two. Yet, at the same time, I was living with a guy who was a member of a fraternity, and I went to some fraternity parties—*Animal House* stuff. Atrocious things, like a pig

party: You invited these girls over and the guys would vote on who was the least attractive girl and then crap in her purse. Real mature stuff.

PLAYBOY: You were draft age, right?

DOUGLAS: My lottery number wasn't that high—meaning I was eligible—and I had some problem with my back. I did some work with orthopedic surgeons, and I got letters and a brace. I'm not particularly proud of that now, but I knew I didn't want to fight in that war.

PLAYBOY: What parts of the Sixties stuck with you?

DOUGLAS: I haven't analyzed that, but it's an interesting question. There was certainly a communal spirit. There was a spiritual side, a sense of trying to find a rhythm of life, whether it was through hallucinogens or music. There was an idealism. I think a lot of it did stay with me. As corny as it sounds now, there was a sense of brotherly love that was unique and quite extraordinary. It wasn't just that, of course. A lot of bad asses also found they could grow their hair long and put on beads and think they had found sucker heaven. Then drugs took on another dimension—from being something to share and to experience in the context of that time to becoming a big, money-making entity. But in all that, there was a joyousness, joyfulness and idealism. There was a seriousness about being idealistic.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea what it all meant in the historical process? Was it, as *The Big Chill* asked, all fashion?

DOUGLAS: I think it's on its way back. I think we're just beginning to see the re-birth of the Sixties. We're going back to paisleys.

PLAYBOY: What's the significance of that?

DOUGLAS: Well, paisley was the easiest pattern to start hallucinating on. [Laughs] No, that's the trivial side. But look at the music world, for instance. I'm seeing much more of a social consciousness emerging. The film industry should be ashamed of itself. The Live Aid events have been remarkable. Bob Geldof [Live Aid's organizer] may very well win the Nobel Peace Prize this year. It made my heart proud to see that almost every one of those fuckers up there was my age. These guys are still going strong.

I think two things are happening: There is a phenomenal curiosity among today's youth about the Sixties. They really recognize that something special was going on then. On the other side, the people who lived through the Sixties are now in a position of power. Whether they are principals of schools or heads of companies, I don't think they have forgotten the things we learned in the Sixties.

PLAYBOY: In any case, you were saying you weren't much of a student.

DOUGLAS: Yeah. When I returned to school in Santa Barbara, I signed up for the theater department, just because I had to have a major and I figured it was the easiest thing there was. No, it was not out

of any burning, longing desire to act. In '67, I left school and went to New York. Ron Cowen, the author of a play called *Summertree*, wanted me to revive a part I had played in a summer theater. I auditioned about five times and got the part. The next day, they decided I didn't have the part and I'd have to audition again. So I went back to school to study theater.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents encourage you?

DOUGLAS: They were carefully neutral.

PLAYBOY: Your break came with the part of Lieutenant Steve Keller in *Streets of San Francisco*. How did that begin?

DOUGLAS: I had made three or four miserable pictures that were all failures, and I had just started getting episodic television—an episode of *The FBI*, which was produced by Quinn Martin, who was planning to produce *Streets*. He had Karl Malden set, and they were looking for a side-kick. Karl and my father had been in summer stock together many years before. They changed their names the same summer. Karl's name used to be Mladen Sekulovich. My father's used to be Issur Demsky. Those things made a difference when they were considering me for the part of the second banana.

PLAYBOY: Second banana?

DOUGLAS: At first, I was always two steps behind Karl, in soft focus.

PLAYBOY: What did that show do for you?

DOUGLAS: Well, I will always be indebted to Karl, because he really taught me a lot about discipline. He was a workaholic. We got into the habit of working on the next week's script between rehearsals. And, meanwhile, I kept my eyes and ears open. I used to stick close to the production manager of the show. When a script came in, I would watch how it broke down. I watched the producers and directors. That's basically where I got all my production experience. After the first year, Karl got the producers to let the kid do what he wanted. In other words, he made me much more of an equal.

Karl and I became good friends, but it took a while. I remember the first episode we ever did. We were getting to know each other a little bit, kind of being polite. We were on top of Nob Hill, right in front of the Fairmont. The light was going to be quick. We were doing a scene where we dashed off in the car. We jumped into the car, put the gum ball on the roof and took off. As always, I was behind the wheel. We heard, "Action!" and we jumped into the car and I wheeled around the corner, and we were going so fast that as we got over the top of the hill, we were airborne. All I know is that I had enough time in the air to stop and look at Karl. He was looking over at me, ready to murder. Thank God, our wheels were straight; we sort of sc-r-eeched to a stop. I thought I was fired. He was screaming, "That's not driving! You call that driving?" [*Shrugs*] I had only one accident the whole four years, and I used to drive all the time. He got

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used to it. He used to get his foot up on the dashboard and hold on tight, and I would fly. You've got to do something to release energy sometimes. . . . I put him in more four-wheel slides and spins—

PLAYBOY: As a child of the Sixties, did you have qualms about playing a cop in 1971?

DOUGLAS: There was an element of that. Most of my parts before that had been hippie draft resisters. After I'd been playing my TV role for a while, when I went out socially, I'd walk into a party where people were in different degrees of debauchery, and they would look up and, more than once, flip out: "A cop!" Anyway, the character seemed to grow on people—as did the show. Whatever it was, to this day, people seem to love the show. It's in syndication and seems to go on forever.

PLAYBOY: With all that exposure as Lieutenant Keller, was it difficult for you to finally shed the role?

DOUGLAS: I don't think I've yet gotten over that role, though I'm optimistic. It certainly gave me a notoriety that one would never get in a film. I did 104 episodes over four years. There were a minimum of 25,000,000 people watching once a week. If you get 25,000,000 people to see one film, it's a phenomenal, smash success. So the kind of exposure you get in TV is hard to match with feature films.

PLAYBOY: When you finally broke away from TV to films, were you afraid of being compared with your father as an actor?

DOUGLAS: I was a young, insecure actor who in hindsight probably should have stayed in New York and done a lot more training. In general, I was savvy enough to know I didn't get a job *starring* in a picture because of my father. Maybe on your first film they can get some press off of it, but it isn't worth the responsibility of casting you in a multimillion-dollar film.

I also knew what a strong persona my father had, so I think I tended to avoid any personality comparisons. Early on, I'd find myself censoring myself—even with gestures or expressions I might naturally have as a son—for fear that it might inspire, "Aha, that reminds me of Kirk." That was the most limiting aspect of it in hindsight, and it's something I've come to grips with only in the past few years.

I'm still not entirely comfortable in front of a camera. For a long time, it was like an X-ray machine at a dentist's office. I was always aware of its presence and got used to it only over time.

PLAYBOY: So what do you do? Just take a deep breath and switch it on?

DOUGLAS: It depends on the part. If I'm not sure what I'm doing, then I definitely close up. I like the idea of opening up, but to me, that means pushing emotions. It's just like an interview like this. It is scary to open up, but if you push yourself to do that, you will achieve more, and it's the same thing as an actor. I feel comfortable opening up when it involves extremes of emotion. On the other hand, it takes another kind of confidence to allow your-

self to do nothing. My father always complimented me by saying that, on *The Streets of San Francisco*, I could do nothing better than anybody else. [Laughs] There were pages and pages of scenes where I sat there listening with my arms folded, nodding, just listening to what was going on. He said I could do nothing better than anybody he'd ever seen.

PLAYBOY: You need an excuse to open up?

DOUGLAS: Oh, yeah, a movie is an excuse to open up. It definitely allows you an opportunity to show emotions that you might find more difficult to show in real life. It gives you *carte blanche*, and I love the opportunity. I'm lucky enough to live out fantasies, so I think I'm always somewhat reserved in my feelings in my life—my English upbringing or something.

PLAYBOY: Do the pitfalls of celebrity make you wary, too?

DOUGLAS: The biggest advantage of being second generation was that you had no illusions about what it was all about. Growing up with my father and mother

*"We're all establishment.
All of a sudden, you
turn the corner and you've
been sucked in."*

and being surrounded by the other stars, you saw their vulnerabilities and their insecurities, saw their good times, their bad times. I have no illusions about who I am. I haven't changed at all. People's reaction and response may change, but I haven't. It's more difficult for your son, for your wife and for friends around you.

It ain't a bad life—you just have to try to remind everybody of that. One of the major disadvantages of being the son of a famous parent that I felt growing up was that your peer group had more knowledge of you than you had of them. So they made certain assumptions about you before they got to know you. I would get all this weird behavior directed toward me, which made me smell my armpits to see if I had B.O.

PLAYBOY: How have things changed in Hollywood? Would it be more or less difficult to make a *China Syndrome* or a *Cuckoo's Nest* today?

DOUGLAS: On one hand, it would be more difficult. Studios have become more and more conservative as films cost more and more to make. Right now, the industry seems to be sequel crazy. They don't want to see pictures unless they've got a sequel, which means a relatively sure thing. On the other hand, outside the studios, there appears to be a rejuvenation of low-budget, independent films. This hasn't happened in about 15 years.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it ironic that the upstarts in the film industry—Spielberg and

Lucas being the best examples—are now the heart of the industry?

DOUGLAS: We're all establishment. All of a sudden, you turn the corner and you've been sucked in.

PLAYBOY: You're not just establishment; you've also become a romantic leading man—that's closer to classical.

DOUGLAS: I know; there just aren't many romantic leads now. There are a lot of guys playing with guys—male buddies—or guys playing alone: the loner types. But there are not many actors who complement women now. You have adversary situations with women but rarely equal situations with them. I look back at the Forties films and see how many couples there were—films where there were much more equal male and female parts. For *Romancing the Stone* and *Jewel of the Nile*, we looked a lot at *It Happened One Night* and *The African Queen*. It seemed that those kinds of wonderful relationships just don't exist now—though I think some of it's coming back.

It's the part after the first infatuation, the craziness, that makes for real romance. One of the things that strike home when I look back at the relationship of my mother and stepfather is how well they treated each other, which makes me much more aware of how well we tend to treat strangers and how poorly we tend to treat the person closest to us. We tend to treat the person closest to us with a lack of sensitivity and with thoughtlessness, while we make these grand gestures to strangers for our own self-image. It now seems to be coming back around. It's the realization of the stuff that holds water in the long run. When **PLAYBOY** does a pictorial, for example, there's a reason you usually start off with the woman's clothes on. There's a reason you tell us a little bit about the person—you give us her sense of humor, what she likes to do—we're getting to know her. We ultimately get completely exposed to that person. Sex obviously plays an important part, but those other stages are more interesting to me.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, you've filmed some fairly intense sex scenes with your leading ladies. We shouldn't finish before you've told us how you keep things professional. At least a few of our readers might be willing to trade places with you for a love scene with, say, Kathleen Turner.

DOUGLAS: Forget love scenes. Love scenes are the most awkward, technically difficult situations. For instance, if you're on top of a woman in a love scene, it's very hard for the camera to get angles. You've got to do acrobatics and contortions so the lighting is right and the camera angles are right. Sorry, guys, but love scenes are work.

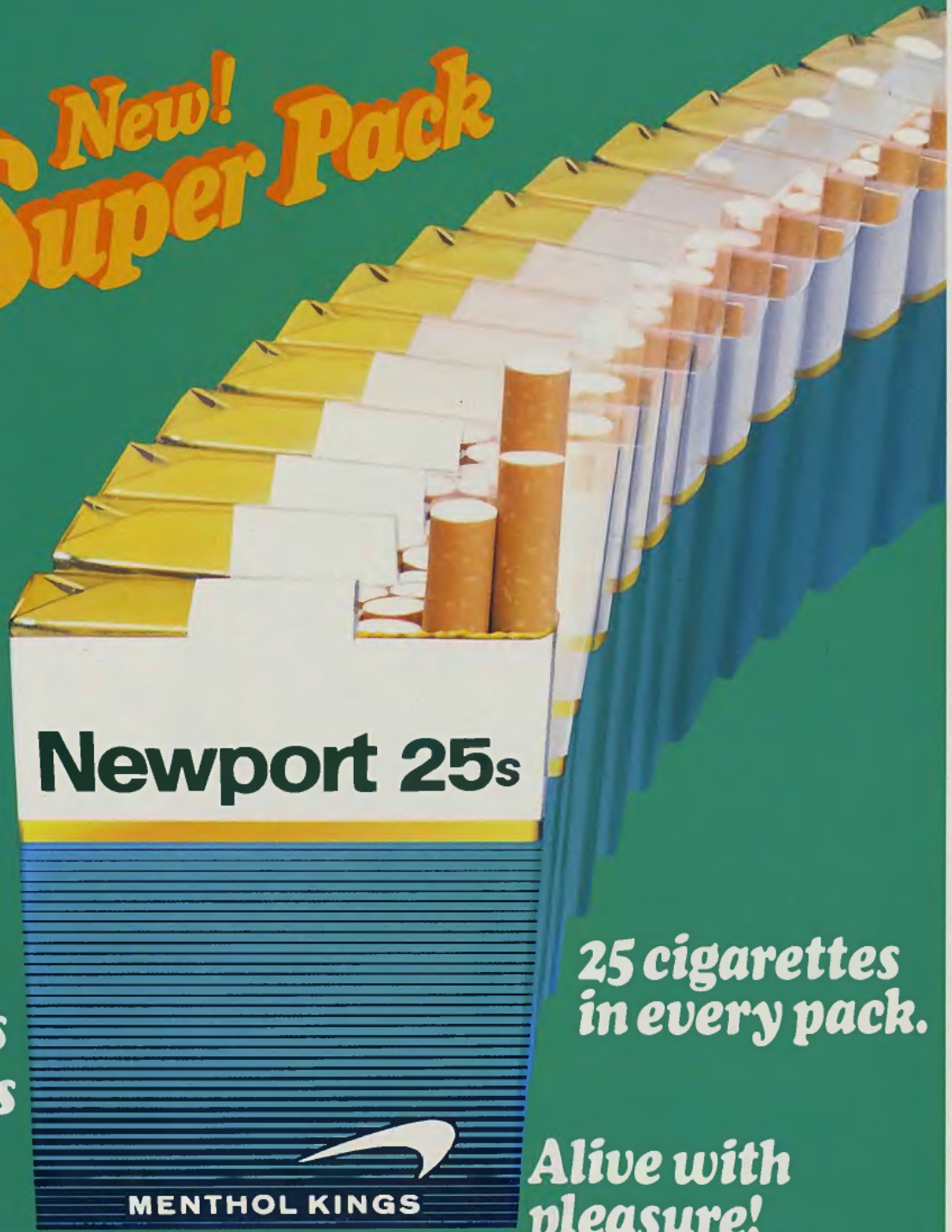
PLAYBOY: So what are you telling us—that you're just feigning passion?

DOUGLAS: Well, we've all done that, haven't we? [Laughs]



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"I got bad tidin's, Quinn Edward. 'Pears like guerrillas took out your buddies."

gonna have to talk to us then."

Ten minutes. Shit! Maybe, Quinn thought, if he talked to the guy, that would slow him down. "Who are you people?" he asked.

"Name's Mathis. Special Forces, formerly attached to the First Infantry." A chuckle. "But you might say we seen the light and opted outa the Service. How 'bout you, man? You gotta name?"

"Quinn. Edward Quinn." He flipped up his visor; heat boiled into the combat suit, overwhelming the cooling system. The suit was scorched and shredded from the knees down; plastic armor glistened in the rips. He looked around for his gun. The cable that had connected it to the computer had been severed, probably by shrapnel from the mine, and the gun was not to be seen. "You run across the rest of my patrol?"

A static-filled silence. "'Fraid I got bad tidin's, Quinn Edward. 'Pears like guerrillas took out your buddies."

Despite the interference, Quinn heard the lie in the voice. He scoped out the terrain, saw that he was sitting in a cathedral-like glade: vaults of leaves pillared by the tapering trunks of ceibas and giant figs. The ground was carpeted with ferns; a thick green shade seemed to well up from the tips of the fronds. Here and there, shafts of golden light penetrated the canopy, and these were so complexly figured with dust motes that they appeared to contain flaws and fracture planes, like artifacts of crystal snapped off in mid-air. On three sides, the glade gave out into dense jungle; but to the east lay a body of murky green water, with a forested island standing about 100 feet out. If he could find his gun, the island might be defensible. Then a few days' rest and he'd be ready for a hike.

"Them boys wasn't no friends of yours," said Mathis. "You hit that mine and they let you lie like meat on the street."

That much Quinn believed. The others had been too wasted on the martial-arts ampules to be trustworthy. Chances were, they simply hadn't wanted the hassle of carrying him.

"They deserved what they got," Mathis went on. "But you, now . . . boy with your luck. Might just be a place for you in the light."

"What's that mean?" Quinn fumbled a dispenser from his hip pouch and ejected two ampules—a pair of silver bullets—into his palm. Two, he figured, should get him walking.

"The light's holy here, man. You sit under them beams shinin' through the canopy, let 'em soak into you, and they'll

stir the truth from your mind." Mathis said all this in dead earnest, and Quinn, unable to mask his amusement, said, "Oh, yeah?"

"You remind me of my ol' lieutenant," said Mathis. "Man used to tell me I's crazy, and I'd say to him, 'I ain't ordinary crazy, sir. I'm crazy gone to Jesus.' And I'd 'splain to him what I knew from the light, that we's s'posed to build the kingdom here. Place where a man could live pure. No machines, no pollution." He grunted as if tickled by something. "That's how you be livin' if you can cut it. You gonna learn to hunt with knives, track tapirs by the smell. Hear what weather's comin' by listenin' to the cry of a bird."

"How 'bout the lieutenant?" Quinn asked. "He learn all that?"

"Y' know how it is with lieutenants, man. Sometimes they just don't work out."

Quinn popped an ampule under his nose and inhaled. Waited for the drugs to kick in. The ampules were the Army's way of ensuring that the high incidence of poor battlefield performance during the Vietnam war would not be repeated: Each contained a mist of pseudo endorphins and RNA derivatives that elevated the user's determination and physical potentials to heroic levels for 30 minutes or thereabouts. But Quinn preferred not to rely on them, because of their destructive side effects. Printed on the dispenser was a warning against abuse, one that Mathis—judging by his rap—had ignored. Quinn had heard similar raps from guys whose personalities had been eroded, replaced in part by the generic mystic-warrior personality supplied by the drugs.

"'Course," said Mathis, breaking the silence, "it ain't only the light. It's the queen. She's the one with the light."

"The queen?" Quinn's senses had sharpened. He could see the spidery shapes of monkeys high in the canopy and could hear a hundred new sounds. He spotted the green-plastic stock of his gun protruding from beneath a fern not 20 feet away; he came to his feet, refusing to admit his pain, and went over to it. Both upper and lower barrels were plugged with dirt.

"'Member them Cuban 'speriments where they was linkin' up animals and psychics with computer implants? Usin' 'em for spies?"

"That was just bullshit!" Quinn set off toward the water. He felt disdain for Mathis and recognized that to be a sign of too many ampules.

"It ain't no bullshit. The queen was one of them psychics. She's linked up with this little ol' tiger cat—what the Indians call a

tigrillo. We ain't never seen her, but we seen the cat. And once we got tuned to her, we could feel her mind workin' on us. But at first, she can slip them thoughts inside your head without you ever knowin'. Twist you round her finger, she can."

"If she's that powerful," said Quinn, smug with the force of his superior logic, "then why's she hidin' from you?"

"She ain't hidin'. We gotta prove ourselves to her. Keep the jungle pure, free of evildoers. Then she'll come to us."

Quinn popped the second ampule. "Evildoers? Like my patrol, huh? That why you wasted my patrol?"

"Whoo-ee!" said Mathis after a pause. "I can't slide nothin' by you, can I, Quinn Edward?"

Quinn's laughter was rich and nutsy: a two-ampule laugh. "Naw," he said, mocking Mathis' corn-pone accent. "Don't reckon you can." He flipped down his visor and waded into the water, barely conscious of the pain in his legs.

"Your buddies wasn't shit for soldiers," said Mathis. "Good thing they come along, though. We was runnin' low on ampules." He made a frustrated noise. "Hey, man. This armor ain't nothin' like the old gear . . . all this computer bullshit. I can't get nothin' crankin' 'cept the radio. Tell me how you work these here guns."

"Just aim and pull." Quinn was waist-deep in water, perhaps a quarter of the way to the island, which from that perspective—with its three towering vine-enlaced trees—looked like the overgrown hulk of a sailing ship anchored in a placid stretch of jade.

"Don't kid a kidder," said Mathis. "I tried that."

"You'll figure it out," Quinn said. "Smart peckerwood like you."

"Man, you gotta attitude problem, don'tcha? But I 'spect the queen'll straighten you out."

"Right! The invisible woman!"

"You'll see her soon enough, man. Ain't gonna be too long 'fore she comes to me."

"To you?" Quinn snickered. "That mean you're the king?"

"Maybe." Mathis pitched his voice low and menacing. "Don't go thinkin' I'm just country pie, Quinn Edward. I been up here most of two years, and I got this place down. I can tell when a fly takes a shit! Far as you concerned, I'm lord of the fuckin' jungle."

Quinn bit back a sarcastic response. He should be suckering this guy, determining his strength. Given that Mathis had been on recon prior to deserting, he'd probably started with around 15 men. "You guys taken many casualties?" he asked after slogging another few steps.

"Why you wanna know that? You a man with a plan? Listen up, Quinn Edward. If you figgerin' on takin' us out, 'member them fancy guns didn't help your buddies, and they ain't gonna help you. Even if you could take us out, you'd still have to deal

with the queen. Just 'cause she lives out on the island don't mean she ain't keepin' her eye on the shore. You might not believe it, man, but right now, right this second, she's all round you."

"What island?" The trees ahead suddenly seemed haunted-looking.

"Little island out there on the lake. You can see it if you lift your head."

"Can't move my head," said Quinn. "My neck's fucked up."

"Well, you gonna see it soon enough. And once you healed, you take my advice and stay the hell off it. The queen don't look kindly on trespassers."

On reaching the island, Quinn located a firing position from which he could survey the shore: a weedy patch behind a fallen tree trunk hemmed in by bushes. If Mathis was as expert in jungle survival as he claimed, he'd have no trouble discovering where Quinn had gone; and there was no way to tell how strong an influence his imaginary queen exerted, no way to be sure whether the restriction against trespassing had the severity of a taboo or was merely something frowned on. Not wanting to take chances, Quinn spent a frantic few minutes cleaning the lower barrel of his gun, which fired miniature fragmentation grenades.

"Now where'd you get to, Quinn Edward?" said Mathis with mock concern. "Where *did* you get to?"

Quinn scanned the shore. Dark avenues led away between the trees, and as he stared along them, his nerves were keyed by every twitching leaf, every shift of light and shadow. Clouds slid across the sun, muting its glare to a shimmering platinum gray; a palpable vibration underscored the stillness. He tried to think of something pleasant to make the waiting easier, but nothing pleasant occurred to him. He wetted his lips and swallowed. His cooling system set up a whine.

Movement at the margin of the jungle, a shadow resolving into a man wearing

olive-drab fatigues and carrying a rifle with a skeleton stock—likely an old M-18. He waded into the lake, and as he closed on the island, Quinn trained his scope on him and saw that he had black shoulder-length hair framing a haggard face; a ragged beard bibbed his chest, and dangling from a thong below the beard was a triangular piece of mirror. Quinn held his fire, waiting for the rest to emerge. But no one else broke cover, and he realized Mathis was testing him, was willing to sacrifice a pawn to check out his weaponry.

"Keep back!" he shouted. But the man kept plodding forward, heaving against the drag of the water. Quinn marveled at the hold Mathis must have over him: He *had* to know he was going to die. Maybe he was too whacked out on ampules to give a shit, or maybe Mathis' queen somehow embodied the promise of a swell afterlife for those who died in battle. Quinn didn't want to kill him, but there was no choice, no point in delaying the inevitable.

He aimed, froze a moment at the sight of the man's fear-widened eyes; then squeezed the trigger.

The hiss of the round blended into the explosion, and the man vanished inside a fireball and geysering water. Monkeys screamed; birds wheeled up from the shore-line trees. A veil of oily smoke drifted across the lake, and within seconds a pair of legs floated to the surface, leaking red. Quinn felt queasy and sick at heart.

"Man, they doin' wonders with ordinance nowadays," said Mathis.

Infuriated, Quinn fired a spread of three rounds into the jungle.

"Not even close, Quinn Edward."

"You're a real regular-Army asshole, aren't you?" said Quinn. "Lettin' some poor fucker draw fire."

"You got me wrong, man! I sent that ol' boy out 'cause I loved him. He been with me almost four years, but his mind was goin', reflexes goin'. You done him a favor, Quinn Edward. Reduced his confusion to

zero"—Mathis' tone waxed evangelic—"and let him shine forevermore!"

Quinn had a mental image of Mathis, bearded and haggard, like the guy he'd shot, but taller, rawboned: a gaunt rack of a man with rotting teeth and blown-away pupils. Being able to fit even an imaginary face to his target tuned his rage higher, and he fired again.

"Aw right, man!" Mathis' voice was burred with anger; the cadences of his speech built into a rant. "You want bang-bang, you got it. But you stay out there, the queen'll do the job for me. She don't like nobody creepin' round her in the dark. Makes her crazy. You go on, man! Stay there! She peel you down to meat and sauce, motherfucker!"

His laughter went high into a register that Quinn's speakers distorted, translating it as a hiccupping squeal, and he continued to rave. However, Quinn was no longer listening. His attention was fixed on the dead man's legs, spinning past on the current. A lace of blood celed from the severed waist. The separate strands seemed to be spelling out characters in some Oriental script; but before Quinn could try to decipher them, they lost coherence and were whirled away by the jade-green medium into which—staring with fierce concentration, giddy with drugs and fatigue—he, too, felt he was dissolving.

At twilight, when streamers of mist unfurled across the water, Quinn stood down from his watch and went to find a secure place in which to pass the night: Considering Mathis' leering about his queen's nocturnal temper, he doubted there would be any trouble before morning. He beat his way through the brush and came to an enormous ceiba tree whose trunk split into two main branchings; the split formed a wide crotch that would support him comfortably. He popped an ampule to stave off pain, climbed up and settled himself.

Darkness fell; the mist closed in, blanketing moon and stars. Quinn stared out



into pitch-black nothing, too exhausted to think, too buzzed to sleep. Finally, hoping to stimulate thought, he did another ampule. After it had taken effect, he could make out some of the surrounding foliage—vague scrolled shapes, each of which had its own special shine—and he could hear a thousand plops and rustles that blended into a scratchy percussion, its rhythms providing accents for a pulse that seemed to be coming up from the roots of the island. But there were no crunchings in the brush, no footsteps.

No sign of the queen.

What a strange fantasy, he thought, for Mathis to have created. He wondered how Mathis saw her. Blonde, with a ragged Tarzan-movie skirt? A black woman with a necklace of bones? He remembered driving down to see his old girlfriend at college and being struck by a print hung on her dorm-room wall. It had shown a night jungle, a tiger prowling through fleshy vegetation and—off to the side—a mysterious-looking woman standing naked in moon shadow. That would be his image of the queen. It seemed to him that the woman's eyes had been glowing. . . . But maybe he was remembering it wrong; maybe it had been the tiger's eyes. He had liked the print, had peered at the artist's signature and tried to pronounce the name. "Roo-see-aw," he had said, and his girl had given a haughty sniff and said, "Roo-so. It's Roo-so." Her attitude had made clear what he had suspected: that he had lost her. She had experienced a new world, one that had set its hooks in her; she had outgrown their little North Dakota farming town, and she had outgrown him as well. What the war had done to him was similar, only the world he had outgrown was a much wider place: He'd learned that he just wasn't cut out for peace and quiet anymore.

Frogs chirred, crickets sizzled, and he was reminded of the hollow near his father's house where he used to go after chores to be alone, to plan a life of spectacular adventures. Like the island, it had been a diminutive jungle—secure, yet not insulated from the wild—and recognizing the kinship between the two places caused him to relax. Soon he nodded out into a dream, one in which he was 12 years old again, fiddling with the busted tractor his father had given him to repair. He had never been able to repair it, but in the dream, he worked a gruesome miracle. Wherever he touched the metal, blood beaded on the flaking rust; blood surged rich and dark through the fuel line; and when he laid his hands on the corroded pistons, steam seared forth and he saw that the rust had been transformed into red meat, that his hands had left scorched prints. Then that meat engine had shuddered to life and lumbered off across the fields on wheels of black bone, plowing raw gashes in the earth, sowing seeds that overnight grew into stalks yielding fruit

that exploded on contact with the air.

It was such an odd dream, forged from the materials of his childhood yet embodying an alien sensibility, that he came awake, possessed by the notion that it had been no dream but a sending. For an instant, he thought he saw a lithe shadow at the foot of the tree. The harder he stared at it, though, the less substantial it became, and he decided it must have been a hallucination. But after the shadow had melted away, a wave of languor washed over him, sweeping him down into unconsciousness, manifesting itself so suddenly, so irresistibly, that it seemed no less a sending than the dream.

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At first light, Quinn popped an ampule and went to inspect the island, stepping cautiously through the gray mist that still merged jungle and water and sky, pushing through dripping thickets and spider webs diamonded with dew. He was certain Mathis would launch an attack today. Since he had survived a night with the queen, it might be concluded that she favored him, that he now posed a threat to Mathis' union with her—and Mathis wouldn't be able to tolerate that. The best course, Quinn figured, would be to rile Mathis up, to make him react out of anger and to take advantage of the situation.

The island proved to be about 120 feet long, perhaps a third of that across at the widest, and—except for a rocky point at the north end and a clearing some 30 feet south of the ceiba tree—was choked with vegetation. Vines hung in graceful loops like flourishes depended from illuminated letters; ferns clotted the narrow aisles between the bushes; epiphytes bloomed in the crooks of branches, punctuating the grayness with points of crimson and purple. The far side of the island was banked higher than a man could easily reach; but to be safe, Quinn mined the lowest sections with frags. In places where the brush was relatively sparse, he set flares head-high, connecting them to trip wires that he rigged with vines. Then he walked back and forth among the traps, memorizing their locations.

By the time he had done, the sun had started to burn off the mist, creating pockets of clarity in the gray; and as he headed back to his firing position, it was then he saw the tiger cat crouched in the weeds, lapping at the water. It wasn't much bigger than a house cat, with the delicate build and wedge-shaped head of an Abyssinian, and fine black stripes patterning its tawny fur. Quinn had seen such animals before while on patrol, but the way this one looked, so bright and articulated in contrast to the dull vegetable greens, framed by the eddying mist, it seemed a gateway had been opened onto a more vital world, and he was for the moment too entranced by the sight to consider what it meant. The cat finished its drink, turned to Quinn and studied him; then it snarled,

wheeled about and sprang off into the brush.

The instant it vanished, Quinn became troubled by a number of things. How he'd chosen the island as a fortress; how he'd gone straight to the best firing position; how he'd been anticipating Mathis. All this could be chalked up to common sense and good soldiering . . . yet he had been so assured, so definite. The assurance could be an effect of the ampules; but then Mathis had said that the queen could slip thoughts into your head without your knowing—until you became attuned to her, that is. Quinn tasted the flavors of his thoughts, searching for evidence of tampering. He knew he was being ridiculous, but panic flared in him nonetheless and he popped an ampule to pull himself together. OK, he told himself. Let's see what the hell's going on.

For the next half hour, he combed the island, prying into thickets, peering at tree-tops. He found no trace of the queen, nor did he spot the cat again. But if she could control his mind, she might be guiding him away from her traces. She might be following him, manipulating him like a puppet. He spun around, hoping to catch her unawares. Nothing. Only bushes threaded with mist, trembling in the breeze. He let out a cracked laugh. Christ, he was an idiot! Just because the cat lived on the island didn't mean the queen was real; in fact, the cat might be the core of Mathis' fantasy. It might have inhabited the lake shore, and when Mathis and his men had arrived, it had fled out here to be shut of them . . . or maybe even this thought had been slipped into his head. Quinn was amazed by the subtlety of the delusion, at the elusiveness with which it defied both validation and debunking.

Something crunched in the brush.

Convinced that the noise signaled an actual presence, he swung his gun to cover the bushes. His trigger finger tensed, but after a moment he relaxed. It was the isolation, the general weirdness, that was doing him in, not some bullshit mystery woman. His job was to kill Mathis, and he'd better get to it. And if the queen *were* real, well, then she did favor him and he might have help. He popped an ampule and laughed as it kicked in. Oh, yeah! With modern chemistry and the invisible woman on his side, he'd go through Mathis like a rat through cheese. Like fire through a slum. The drugs—or perhaps it was the pour of a mind more supple than his own—added a lyric coloration to his thoughts, and he saw himself moving with splendid athleticism into an exotic future wherein he killed the king and wed the shadow and ruled in hell forever.

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Quinn was low on frags, so he sat down behind the fallen tree trunk and cleaned the upper barrel of his gun: It fired caseless .22-caliber ammunition. Set on automatic, it could chew a man in half; but, wanting to conserve bullets, he set it to fire

single shots. When the sun had cleared the tree line, he began calling to Mathis on his radio. There was no response at first, but finally a gassed, irascible voice answered, saying, "Where the fuck you at, Quinn Edward?"

"The island." Quinn injected a wealth of good cheer into his next words. "Hey, you were right about the queen!"

"What you talkin' 'bout?"

"She's beautiful! Most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"You seen her?" Mathis sounded anxious. "Bullshit!"

Quinn thought about the Rousseau print. "She got dark, satiny skin and black hair down to her ass. And the whites of her eyes, it looks like they're glowin', they're so bright. And her tits, man. They ain't too big, but the way they wobble around"—he let out a lewd cackle—"it makes you wanna get down and frolic with them puppies."

"Bullshit!" Mathis repeated, his voice tight.

"Uh-uh," said Quinn. "It's true. See, the queen's lonely, man. She thought she was gonna have to settle for one of you lovelies, but now she's found somebody who's not so fucked up."

Bullets tore through the bushes on his right.

"Not even close," said Quinn. More fire; splinters flew from the tree trunk. "Tell me, Mathis." He suppressed a giggle. "How long's it been since you had any pussy?" Several guns began to chatter, and he caught sight of a muzzle flash; he pinpointed it with his own fire.

"You son of a bitch!" Mathis screamed.

"Did I get one?" Quinn asked blithely. "What's the matter, man? Wasn't he ripe for the light?"

A hail of fire swept the island. The cap-pistol sounds, the volley of hits on the trunk, the bullets zipping through the leaves, all this enraged Quinn, touched a spark to the violent potential induced by the drugs. But he restrained himself from returning fire, wanting to keep his position hidden. And then, partly because it was another way of ragging Mathis but also because he felt a twinge of alarm, he shouted, "Watch out! You'll hit the queen!"

The firing broke off. "Quinn Edward!" Mathis called.

Quinn kept silent, examining that twinge of alarm, trying to determine if there had been something un-Quinnlike about it.

"Quinn Edward!"

"Yeah, what?"

"It's time," said Mathis, hoarse with anger. "Queen's tellin' me it's time for me to prove myself. I'm comin' at you, man!"

Studying the patterns of blue-green scale flecking the tree trunk, Quinn seemed to see the army of his victims—grim, desanguinated men—and he felt a powerful revulsion at what he had become. But when he answered, his mood

swung to the opposite pole. "I'm waitin', asshole!"

"Y' know," said Mathis, suddenly breezy, "I got a feelin' it's gonna come down to you and me, man. 'Cause that's how she wants it. And can't nobody beat me one on one in my own back yard." His breath came as a guttural hiss, and Quinn realized that this sort of breathing was typical of someone who had been overdoing ampules. "I'm gonna overwhelm you, Quinn Edward," Mathis went on. "Gonna be like them ol' Jap movies. Little men with guns actin' all brave and shit till they see somethin' big and hairy comin' at 'em, munchin' treetops and spittin' fire. Then off they run, yellin', 'Tokyo is doomed!'"

For 30 or 40 minutes, Mathis kept up a line of chatter, holding forth on subjects as varied as the Cuban space station and Miami's chances in the A.L. East. He launched into a polemic condemning the new statutes protecting the rights of prostitutes ("Part of the kick's bein' able to bounce 'em round a little, y' know"), then made a case for Antarctica's being the site of the original Garden of Eden and then proposed the theory that every President of the United States had been a member of a secret homosexual society ("Half them First Ladies wasn't nothin' but guys in dresses"). Quinn didn't let himself be drawn into conversation, knowing that Mathis was trying to distract him; but he listened because he was beginning to have a sense of Mathis' character, to understand how he might attack.

Back in Lardcan, Tennessee, or wher-

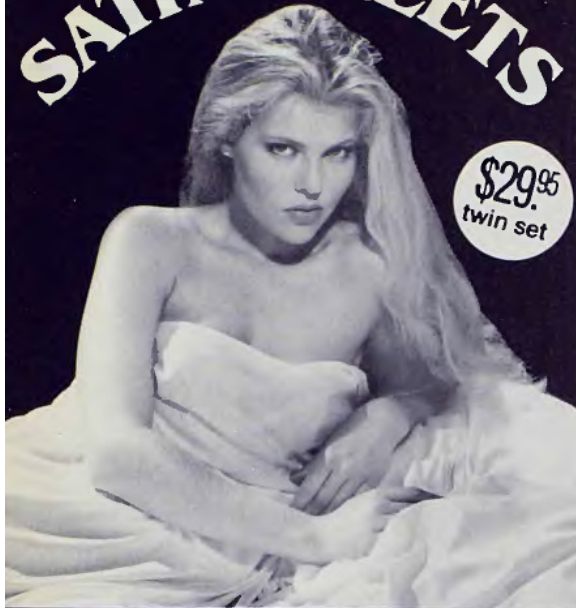
ever, Mathis had likely been a charismatic figure, glib and expansive, smarter than his friends and willing to lead them from the rear into fights and petty crimes. In some ways, he was a lot like the kid Quinn had been, only Quinn's escapades had been pranks, whereas he believed Mathis had been capable of consequential misdeeds. He could picture him lounging around a gas station, sucking down brews and plotting meanness. The hillbilly con artist out to sucker the Yankee: That would be how he saw himself in relation to Quinn. Sooner or later, he would resort to tricks. That was cool with Quinn; he could handle tricks. But he wasn't going to underestimate Mathis. No way. Mathis had to have a lot on the ball to survive the jungle for two years, to rule a troop of crazed Green Berets. Quinn just hoped Mathis would underestimate him.

The sun swelled into an explosive glare that whitened the sky and made the green of the jungle seem a livid, overripe color. Quinn popped ampules and waited. The inside of his head came to feel heavy with violent urges, as if his thoughts were congealing into a lump of mental *plastique*. Around noon, somebody began to lay down covering fire, spraying bullets back and forth along the bank. Quinn found he could time these sweeps, and after one such had passed him by, he looked out from behind the tree trunk. Four bearded, long-haired men were crossing the lake from different directions, plunging through the water, lifting their knees high. Before ducking back, Quinn shot the two on the left, saw them spun around, their rifles



"I take it you're not in the mood. . . ."

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flung away. He timed a second sweep, then picked off the two on the right; he was certain he had killed one, but the other might only have been wounded. The gunfire homed in on him, trimming the bushes overhead. Twigs pinwheeled; cut leaves sailed like paper planes. A centipede had ridden one of the leaves down and was still crawling along its fluted edge. Quinn didn't like its hairy mandibles, its Devil face. Didn't like the fact that it had survived while men had not. He let it crawl in front of his gun and blew it up in a fountain of dirt and grass.

The firing stopped.

Branches ticking the trunk; water slopping against the bank; drips. Quinn lay motionless, listening. No unnatural noises. But where were those drips coming from? The bullets hadn't splashed up much water. Apprehensions spidered his backbone. He peeked up over the top of the tree trunk . . . and cried out in shock. A man was standing in the water about four feet away, blocking the line of fire from the shore. With the mud freckling his cheeks, strands of bottom weed ribboning his dripping hair, he might have been the wild mad king of the lake—skull face, staring eyes, survival knife dangling loosely in his hand. He blinked at Quinn. Swayed, righted himself, blinked again. His fatigues were plastered to his ribs, and a big bloodstain mapped the hollow of his stomach. The man's cheeks bulged: It looked as if he wanted to speak but was afraid more would come out than just words.

"Jesus . . . shit," he said sluggishly. His eyes half-rolled back; his knees buckled. Then he straightened, glancing around as if waking somewhere unfamiliar. He appeared to notice Quinn, frowned and staggered forward, swinging the knife in a lazy arc.

Quinn got off a round before the man reached him. The bullet seemed to paste a red star under the man's eye, stamping his features with a rapt expression. He fell atop Quinn, atop the gun, which—jammed to automatic—kept firing. Lengths of wet hair hung across Quinn's faceplate, striping his view of branches and sky; the body jolted with the bullets tunneling through.

Two explosions nearby.

Quinn pushed the body away, belly-crawled into the brush and popped an ampule. He heard a *thock* followed by a bubbling scream: Somebody had tripped a flare. He did a count and came up with nine dead—plus the guy laying down covering fire. Mathis, no doubt. It would be nice if that were all of them, but Quinn knew better. Somebody else was out there. He felt him the way a flower feels the sun—autonomic reactions waking, primitive senses coming alert.

He inched deeper into the brush. The drugs burned bright inside him; he had the idea they were forming a manlike shape of glittering particles, an inner man of furious

principle. Mats of blight-dappled leaves pressed against his faceplate, then slid away with underwater slowness. It seemed he was burrowing through a mosaic of muted colors and coarse textures into which even the concept of separateness had been subsumed, and so it was that he almost failed to notice the boot: a rotting brown boot with vines for laces, visible behind a spray of leaves about six feet off. The boot shifted, and Quinn saw an olive-drab trouser leg tucked into it.

His gun was wedged beneath him, and he was certain the man would move before he could ease it out. But apparently the man was playing bird dog, his senses straining for a clue to Quinn's whereabouts. Quinn lined the barrel up with the man's calf just above the boot top and checked to make sure it was set on automatic. Then he fired, swinging the barrel back and forth an inch to both sides of his center mark. Blood erupted from the calf, and a hoarse yell was drawn out of Quinn by the terrible hammering of the gun. The man fell, screaming. Quinn tracked the fire across the ground, and the screams were cut short.

The boot was still standing behind the spray of leaves, now sprouting a tattered stump and a shard of bone.

Quinn lowered his head, resting his faceplate in the dirt. It was as if all his recititude had been spat out through the gun. He lay thoughtless, drained of emotion. Time seemed to collapse around him, burying him beneath a ton of decaying seconds. After a while, a beetle crawled onto the faceplate, walking upside down; it stopped at eye level, tapped its mandibles on the plastic and froze. Staring at its grotesque underparts, Quinn had a glimpse into the nature of his own monstrosity: a tiny armored creature chemically programmed to a life of stalking and biting and, between violences, lapsing into a stunned torpor.

"Quinn Edward?" Mathis whispered.

Quinn lifted his head; the beetle dropped off the faceplate and scurried for cover.

"You got 'em all, didn'tcha?"

Quinn wormed out from under the bush, got to his feet and headed back to the fallen tree trunk.

"Tonight, Quinn Edward. You gonna see my knife flash . . . and then fare thee well." Mathis laughed softly. "It's me she wants, man. She just told me so. Told me I can't lose tonight."

Late afternoon, and Quinn went about disposing of the dead. It wasn't something he would ordinarily have done, yet he felt compelled to be rid of them. He was too weary to puzzle over the compulsion and merely did as it directed, pushing the corpses into the lake. The man who had tripped the flare was lying in some ferns, his face seared down to sinew and lace-works of cartilage; ants were stitching patterns across the blood-sticky bone of the

skull. Having to touch the body made Quinn's flesh nettle cold, and bile flooded his throat.

That finished, he sat in the clearing south of the ceiba and popped an ampule. The rays of sunlight slanting through the canopy were as sharply defined as lasers, showing greenish-gold against the backdrop of leaves. Sitting beneath them, he felt guided by no visionary purpose; he was, however, gaining a clearer impression of the queen. He couldn't point to a single thought out of the hundreds that cropped up and say, "That one; that's hers." But as if she were filtering his perceptions, he was coming to know her from everything he experienced. It seemed the island had been steeped in her, its mists and midnights modified by her presence, refined to express her moods; even its overgrown terrain seemed to reflect her nature: shy, secretive, yet full of gentle stirrings. Seductive. He understood now that the process of becoming attuned to her was a process of seduction, one you couldn't resist, because you, too, were being steeped in her. You were forced into a lover's involvement with her, and she was a woman worth loving. Beautiful . . . strong. She'd needed that strength in order to survive, and that was why she couldn't help him against Mathis. The life she offered was free from the terrors of war but demanded vigilance and fortitude. Although she favored him—he was sure of that—his strength would have to be proved. Of course, Mathis had twisted all this into a bizarre religion.

Christ!

Quinn sat up straight. Jesus fucking Christ! He was really losing it—mooning around like some kid fantasizing about a movie star. He'd better get his ass in gear, because Mathis would be coming soon. Tonight. It was interesting how Mathis—knowing his best hope of taking Quinn would be at night—had used his delusion to overcome his fear of the dark, convincing himself that the queen had told him he would win . . . or maybe she *had* told him.

Fuck that, Quinn told himself. He wasn't that far gone.

A gust of wind roused a chorus of whispy vowels from the leaves. Quinn flipped up his visor. It was hot, cloudless, but he could smell rain and the promise of a chill on the wind. He did an ampule. The drugs withdrew the baffles that had been damping the core of his anger. Confidence was a voltage surging through him, keying new increments of strength. He smiled, thinking about the fight to come, and even that smile was an expression of furious strength, a thing of bulked muscle fibers and trembling nerves. He was at the center of strength, in touch with every rustle, his sensitivity fueled by the light-stained brilliance of the leaves. Gazing at the leaves, at their infinite shades of green, he remembered a line of a poem he'd read once: "Green flesh, green hair and eyes of coldest

silver. . . ." Was that how the queen would be if she were real—transformed into a creature of pure poetry by the unearthly radiance of Fire Zone Emerald? Were they all acting out a mythic drama distilled from the mundane interactions of love and war, performing it in the flawed heart of an immense green jewel whose reality could be glimpsed only by those blind enough to see beyond the chaos of the leaves into its precise facets and fractures? Quinn chuckled at the wasted profundity of his thought and pictured Mathis dead, himself the king of that dead man's illusion, robed in ferns and wearing a leafy crown.

High above, two parrots were flying complicated loops and arcs, avoiding the hanging columns of light as if they were solid.

Just before dusk, a rain squall swept in, lasting only a few minutes but soaking the island. Quinn used it for cover, moving about and rigging more flares. He considered taking a stand on the rocky point at the north end: It commanded a view of both shores, and he might get lucky and spot Mathis as he crossed. But it was risky—Mathis might spot *him*—and he decided his best bet would be to hide, to outwait Mathis. Waiting wasn't Mathis' style. Quinn went back to the ceiba tree and climbed past the crotch to a limb directly beneath an opening in the canopy, shielded by fans of leaves. He switched his gun to its high-explosive setting. Popped an ampule. And waited.

The clouds passed away south, and in the half-light, the bushes below seemed to assume topiary shapes. After 15 minutes, Quinn did another ampule. Violet auras faded in around ferns, pools of shadow quivered and creepers seemed to be slithering like snakes along the branches. A mystic star rose in the west, shining alone above the last pink band of sunset. Quinn stared at it until he thought he understood its sparkling message.

The night that descended was similar to the one in the Rousseau print, with a yellow-globe moon carving geometries of shadow and light from the foliage. A night for tigers, mysterious ladies and dark designs. Barnaced to his branch, Quinn felt that the moonlight was lacquering his combat gear, giving it the semblance of ebony armor with gilt filigree, enforcing upon him the image of a knight about to do battle for his lady. He supposed it was possible that such might actually be the case. It was true that his perception of the queen was growing stronger and more particularized; he even thought he could tell where she was hiding: the rocky point. But he doubted that he could trust the perception—and besides, the battle itself, not its motive, was the significant thing. To reach that peak moment when perfection drew blood, when you muscled confusion aside and—as large as a constellation with the act, as full of stars and blackness and primitive meaning—you were able to look

down onto the world and know you had outperformed the ordinary. Nothing, neither an illusory motive nor the illusion of a real motive, could add importance to that.

Shortly after dark, Mathis began to chatter again, regaling Quinn with anecdote and opinion; and by the satisfaction in his voice, Quinn knew he had reached the island. Twenty minutes passed, each of them ebbing away, leaking out of Quinn's store of time like blood dripping from an old wound. Then a burst of white incandescence to the south, throwing vines and bushes into skeletal silhouette . . . and with it a scream. Quinn smiled. The scream had been a dandy imitation of pain, but he wasn't buying it. He eased a flare from his hip pouch. It wouldn't take long for Mathis to give this up.

The white fire died, muffled by the rain-soaked foliage, and finally Mathis said, "You a cautious fella, Quinn Edward."

Quinn popped two ampules.

"I doubt you can keep it up, though," Mathis went on. "I mean, sooner or later you gotta throw caution to the winds."

Quinn barely heard him. He felt he was soaring, that the island was soaring, arrowing through a void whose sole feature it was and approaching the moment for which he had been waiting: a moment of brilliant violence to illuminate the flaws at the heart of the stone, to reveal the shadow play. The first burn of the drugs subsided, and he fixed his eyes on the shadows south of the ceiba tree.

Tension began to creep into Mathis' voice, and Quinn was not surprised when—perhaps five minutes later—he heard the stutter of an M-18: Mathis firing at some movement in the brush. He caught sight of a muzzle flash, lifted his gun. But the next instant, he was struck by an overpowering sense of the queen, one that shocked him with its suddenness.

She was in pain. Wounded by Mathis' fire.

In his mind's eye, Quinn saw a female figure slumped against a boulder, holding her lower leg. The wound wasn't serious, but he could tell she wanted the battle to end before worse could happen.

He was mesmerized by her pervasiveness—it seemed that if he were to flip up his visor, he would breathe her in—and by what appeared to be a new specificity of knowledge about her. Bits of memory were surfacing in his thoughts; though he didn't quite believe it, he could have sworn they were hers: a shanty with a tin roof amid fields of tilled red dirt; someone walking on a beach; a shady place overhung by a branch dripping with orchids, with insects scuttling in and out of the blooms, mining some vein of sweetness. That last memory was associated with the idea that it was a place where she went to daydream, and Quinn felt an intimate resonance with her, with the fact that

she—like him—relied on that kind of retreat.

Confused, afraid for her yet half convinced that he had slipped over the edge of sanity, he detonated his flare, aiming it at the opening in the canopy. An umbrella of white light bloomed overhead. He tracked his gun across eerily lit bushes and. . . There! Standing in the clearing to the south, a man wearing combat gear. Before the man could move, Quinn blew him up into marbled smoke and flame. Then, his mind ablaze with victory, he began to shinny down the branch. But as he descended, he realized something was wrong. The man had just stood there, made no attempt to duck or hide. And his gun. It had been like Quinn's own, not an M-18.

He had shot a dummy or a man already dead!

Bullets pounded his back, not penetrating but knocking him out of the tree. Arms flailing, he fell into the bush. Branches tore the gun from his grasp. The armor deadened the impact, but he was dazed, his head throbbing. He clawed free of the bush just as Mathis' helmeted shadow—looking huge in the dying light of the flare—crashed through the brush and drove a rifle stock into his faceplate. The plastic didn't shatter, webbing over with cracks; but by the time Quinn had recovered, Mathis was straddling him, knees pinning his shoulders.

"How 'bout that, motherfucker?" said Mathis, breathing hard.

A knife glinted in his hand, arced downward and thudded into Quinn's neck, deflected by the armor. Quinn heaved, but Mathis forced him back and this time punched at the faceplate with the hilt of the knife. Punched again, and again. Bits of plastic sprayed Quinn's face, and the faceplate was now so thoroughly cracked, it was like looking up through a crust of glittering rime. It wouldn't take many more blows. Desperate, Quinn managed to roll Mathis onto his side, and they grappled silently. His teeth bit down on a sharp plastic chip, and he tasted blood. Still grappling, they struggled to their knees, then to their feet. Their helmets slammed together. The impact came as a hollow click over Quinn's radio, and that click seemed to switch on a part of his mind that was as distant as a flare, calm and observing; he pictured the two of them as black giants with whirling galaxies for hearts and stars articulating their joints, doing battle over the female half of everything. Seeing it that way gave him renewed strength. He wrangled Mathis off balance, and they reeled clumsily through the brush. They fetched up against the trunk of the ceiba tree, and for a few seconds they were frozen like wrestlers muscling for an advantage. Sweat poured down Quinn's face; his arms quivered. Then Mathis tried to butt his faceplate, to finish the job he had begun with the hilt of his knife. Quinn ducked, slipped his hold,

planted a shoulder in Mathis' stomach and drove him backward. Mathis twisted as he fell, and Quinn turned him onto his stomach. He wrenched Mathis' knife arm behind his back, pried the knife loose. Probed with the blade, searching for a seam between the plates of neck armor. Then he pressed it just deep enough to prick the skin. Mathis went limp. Silent.

"Where's all the folksy chitchat, man?" said Quinn, excited.

Mathis maintained his silent immobility, and Quinn wondered if he had gone catatonic. Maybe he wouldn't have to kill him. The light from the flare had faded, and the moon-dappled darkness that had filled in reminded Quinn of the patterns of blight on the island leaves: an infection at whose heart they were clamped together like chitinous bugs.

"Bitch!" said Mathis, suddenly straining against Quinn's hold. "You lied, goddamn you!"

"Shut up," said Quinn, annoyed.

"Fuckin' bitch!" Mathis bellowed. "You tricked me!"

"I said to shut up!" Quinn gave him a little jab, but Mathis began to thrash wildly, nearly impaling himself, shouting, "Bitch!"

"Shut the fuck up!" said Quinn, growing angrier but also trying to avoid stabbing Mathis, beginning to feel helpless, to feel that he would have to stab him, that it was all beyond his control.

"I'll kill you, bitch!" screamed Mathis. "I'll. . ."

"Stop it!" Quinn shouted, not sure to whom he was crying out. Inside his chest, a fuming cell of anger was ready to explode.

Mathis writhed and kicked. "I'll cut out your fuckin'. . ."

Poisonous burst of rage. Mandibles snapping shut, Quinn shoved the knife home. Blood guttered in Mathis' throat. One gauntleted hand scabbled in the dirt, but that was all reflexes.

Quinn sat up, feeling sluggish. There was no glory. It had been a contest essentially decided by a gross stupidity: Mathis' momentary forgetfulness about the armor. But how could he have forgotten? He'd seen what little effect the bullets had. Quinn took off his helmet and sucked in hits of the humid air, watched a slice of moonlight jiggle on Mathis' faceplate. Then a blast of static from his helmet radio, a voice saying, "You copy?"

"Ain't no friendlies in Emerald," said another radio voice. "Musta been beaners sent up that flare. It's a trap."

"Yeah, but I got a reading like infantry gear back there. We should do a sweep over that lake."

Chopper pilots, Quinn realized. But he stared at the helmet with the mute awe of a savage, as if they had been alien voices speaking from a stone. He picked up the helmet, unsure what to say.

Please, no. . .

The words had been audible, and he

realized that she had made him hear them in the sighing of the breeze.

Static fizzling. "Get the hell outta here."

The first pilot again. "Do you copy? I repeat, do you copy?"

What, Quinn thought, if this had all been the queen's way of getting rid of Mathis, even down to that last flash of anger; and now, now that he had done the job, wouldn't she get rid of him?

Please stay. . .

Quinn imagined himself back in Dakota, years spent watching cattle die, reading mail-order catalogs, drinking and drinking, comparing the queen to the dowdy farm girl he'd have married, and one night getting a little too morbidly weary of that nothing life and driving out onto the flats and riding the .45-caliber express to nowhere. But at least that was proved, whereas this. . .

Please. . .

A wave of her emotion swept over him, seeding him with her loneliness and longing. He was truly beginning to know her now, to sense the precise configurations of her moods, the stoicism underlying her strength, the. . .

"Fuck it!" said one of the pilots.

The static from Quinn's radio smoothed to a hiss, and the night closed down around him. His feeling of isolation nailed him to the spot. Wind seethed in the massy crown of the ceiba, and he thought he heard again the whispered word *Please*. An icy fluid mounted in his spine. To shore up his confidence, he popped an ampule; and soon the isolation no longer troubled him but, rather, seemed to fit about him like a cloak. This was the path he had been meant to take, the way of courage and character. He got to his feet, unsteady on his injured legs, and eased past Mathis, slipping between two bushes. Ahead of him, the night looked like a floating puzzle of shadow and golden light: No matter how careful he was, he'd never be able to locate all his mines and flares.

But she would guide him.

Or would she? Hadn't she tricked Mathis? Lied to him?

More wind poured through the leaves of the ceiba tree, gusting its word of entreaty; and intimations of pleasure, of sweet green mornings and soft nights, eddied up in the torrent of her thoughts. She surrounded him, undeniable, as real as perfume, as certain as the ground beneath his feet.

For a moment, he was assailed by a new doubt. "God," he said. "Please don't let me be crazy. Not just ordinary crazy."

Please. . .

Then, suffering mutinies of the heart at every step, repelling them with a warrior's conviction, he moved through the darkness at the center of the island toward the rocky point, where—her tiger crouched by her feet, a ripe jungle moon hanging above like the emblem of her mystique—either love or fate might be waiting.





"There's only one drawback. It has an outside toilet."

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The Party Tape

(continued from page 112)

the party to avoid tragedy later; but it will be several years before results are ready for publication. In the meantime, the lay partyologist must do some serious thinking based on my preliminary findings to determine which personality type characterizes the majority of his friends. This is crucial, because each type hates the three others. Viewed by the others as an unwashed herd whose taste stinks up the charts, ExTrads are mystified by music they haven't heard recently on the radio. Viewed by the others as twits, ExAvants think music that has made it to the radio is already passé. Viewed as geek ayatollahs, InTrads despise radio except for the one hour a month that the local listener-supported station does its mid-period-Uriah Heep show. Viewed as half-baked reformers with a minimal grasp of reality, InAvants don't have enough money to own a radio and envy those who do.

The situation is complicated by two important subgroups: ExAvant Politically Correctoids and ExTrad Ignoramuses. Correctoids are white people who refuse to dance to anything that is not currently popular among black people, while Ignoramuses are familiar with no popular music since they moved out of the dorm.

In any case, majority rules.

2. Invite every human you know.

All of them. No kidding. No matter which personality type predominates, they will not dance unless you create an intimate space, which means more people than you have room for. If there really is an excess, your acquaintances will leave and your friends will stay. You can also count on ExAvants not to show up unless the invitation looks very exclusive. And the InTrads will stay home with Uriah Heep, unless you're throwing a Uriah Heep party, in which case three InTrads who share your taste and one InTrad who wants to argue will show up (InTrads feel more comfortable at panel discussions than at parties).

3. Get a good stereo.

If you turn up a lame sound system, you get distortion, and that has a subliminal effect on the crowd. They will want you to turn it down and get back to office politics. Clear sound at high volume, by contrast, has an exhilarating effect. Your system must also include a cassette deck. If you rely on a turntable to program your party, your records will get scratched and covered with dip. Furthermore, if you succeed in getting your friends to dance, the vibration will make the needle jump, another powerfully negative subliminal.

4. To make your tapes, allow a full day or several hours a night over a week.

When there is potential to dance until dawn, you will need four to six hours of music. Depending on your attention to detail, you will need two to four times as

much recording time as the length of the tape itself.

5. Program in segments.

When people hear music they want to dance to, they immediately want more of the same. If they do not hear more of the same, they get angry. But if they hear too much of the same, they get bored. Your tapes should therefore be arranged in ten-to-30-minute segments of songs related by genre, theme or feel. Which genre, theme or feel is determined primarily by your guests and, to a much lesser extent, by you. The serious partyologist does not use his party to educate his friends. You want to educate, go teach music appreciation. Musicology is *not* partyology. For example, I once had a friend (basically an InTrad) who felt it a terrible injustice that Lynyrd Skynyrd and Wet Willie didn't have more fans in Manhattan. Maybe this *was* a terrible injustice, but nobody wanted to know about it at his parties, which were so boring I'm falling asleep just remembering them. Most of the time, people will dance only to music with which they are familiar.

I prefer my cassettes at 45 minutes per side, though I know serious partyologists who go for 30 per side. The advantage of 45 is that if it's a good tape, you get a chance to build maximum momentum, because you are switching less. Longer tapes fewer in number mean less confusion, as all cassettes look alike in the dark. Less switching makes it easier to get people tired enough to appreciate a slow song, always a consideration when dealing with an out-of-shape crowd or a bunch of singles who want to rub their bodies together. The sole advantage to 30 per side is that you spend less time on fast forward and reverse when searching for a particular song.

6. Gear the segments to the predominant personality type.

A friend of mine once asked me to program her party, and from her description of the invitees, I deduced that they would be ExTrad Ignoramuses in their 30s. This would be a snap, I thought, showing up with three hours of late-Sixties dance music of the sort used in the sound track for *The Big Chill*. It turned out that the crowd was mostly ExAvant Politically Correctoids and—Lord God in heaven—did they get ugly upon the discovery that I had only 20 minutes of rap and reggae. Sorta takes the shine off the shindig when people are calling you a racist. Hey, half the music *was* black; it was just *old* black. But they wouldn't listen to reason. So I cranked the volume with the bass boost up, blew my friend's speakers and left. Brute force is all Correctoids understand.

Fortunately, my friend's speakers were still under warranty, and she was able to return them as defective the next day. And instead of trashing the stereo at parties attended by large numbers of people in

disagreement with my programing, I now take a cassette cued to the singer of the Naked Lady Wrestlers (available on the *Not So Quiet on the Western Front* punk compilation from Alternative Tentacles) denouncing his audience: "We know we present the quality music! And we don't give a shit who likes it [or] doesn't like it! It's just that you people are gonna hear the music that I deem necessary for how-ever fuckin' long I feel like it!" That shuts 'em up every time.

The matter of race and party tapes is nonetheless delicate. As a practical matter, party tapes of all one race get boring rather quickly, even if your invitees are all of one race. Getting the right mixture of black and white on your tape can help lead to that joyous we-are-all-one feeling that will move your party from the OK to the legendary blowout category. The problem at a predominantly white party with a median age over 28 is figuring out which black music to go with. ExTradS, ExTrad Ignoramuses, InTradS and many InAvants know hip-hop and most current funk only through being awakened at three A.M. by black teenagers with boxes on the street corner. They will not dance to it, because they don't understand it; they associate it with rage and insomnia. On the other hand, ExAvants, Correctoids and some InAvants associate it with revolution and/or fun at the local dance club.

Depending, then, on the age, race, geographical origin, political leaning, economic status, religious belief and personality type of your invitees, you will want to select segments that appeal alternately to each group within your party and, within each segment, to pick songs that have the best chance of connecting with the other personality types. A typical 45-minute side might start with Girl Rock That Recently Dented the Charts: Eurythmics' *Would I Lie to You?*, the Pointer Sisters' *Neutron Dance*, Katrina and the Waves' *Walking on Sunshine*, Pat Benatar's *Ooh Ooh Song*. This is pure ExTrad music. Each song has a driving, relentless beat and conveys joy. Each song has killer hooks familiar to anyone who listens to radio or watches MTV. Note that the first song in particular kicks ass (the first song of all segments *must* kick ass). Note also that none of these female singers acts like a wimp, which will have a salutary effect on any women who feel like wallflowers.

If you're planning to use this tape late in the party, now is the time to drop in a slow song such as Sade's *Smooth Operator*, which makes ExTradS feel like *Miami Vice* characters. If you're planning to use the tape early in the party, when dancing momentum is just being established, don't play this; your invitees will get mad at you for putting in a slow song. Give them a fast segment, sung by males for contrast.

If your party is heavy on ExAvants and Correctoids, you might want to lay in that rap segment. I'd suggest Run-DMC's *King of Rock*, because the heavy-metal guitar makes it more accessible to ExTradS.

Then you might want to try something slightly more exotic, such as Doug E. Fresh's *The Show*. I would then close the set with *Dominatrix Sleeps Tonight*, a dance-club instrumental with a hypnotic melody over the usual synthesized drums.

But if your party is heavier on ExTrad Ignoramuses and InTradS, you might want to give them a flash from the past: a set from Otis Redding's *Live in Europe* or maybe three or four of the Dave Clark Five's greatest hits. For a final segment, you might bring it back to the present with Currently Popular Older White Guys (Phil Collins, John Parr, Huey Lewis).

Other possible segments: Early Beatles Cover Tunes, Phil Spector Girl Rock, Middle-Period Rolling Stones, Current Stones, Modern American Roots Rock (Los Lobos, R.E.M., Jason and the Scorchers), Jangly Guitars from the Sixties (Byrds, Bobby Fuller Four, Hollies), Protopunks with Guitars (Barbarians, The Leaves), Current Blue-Eyed Soul from Britain (Culture Club, Paul Young), Greatest Hits of Anyone from Motown, Black Guys Who Have Crossed Over (Prince, Michael Jackson), Black Guys Who Have Not Crossed Over (George Clinton, Rick James), Dementia from the Fifties (Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard) and dozens more.

Segments to avoid: Paul McCartney's Greatest Hits as a Solo, Disco Nostalgia, Almost Everything That Sold Over a Million Copies in the Seventies, Art Rock Except for Talking Heads, Stuff with a Lot of Tempo Changes, Helen Reddy's Comeback Try, Punk Rock Unless Your Invitees Are Punks, Songs That Mention Jesus.

Once the partyologist has mastered the

genre segment, he may want to try a set organized by theme and feel. This is dangerous and is not recommended for unskilled hands. You might, for example, get inspired late one evening and decide to do a Small Hot-Rod segment consisting of *Little Deuce Coupe*, by the Beach Boys, *Little Red Corvette*, by Prince, and *Little GTO*, by Ronny & the Daytonas. This music does not contrast; it grates. It is further hindered by the high percentage of women who think that hot-rod music is for dickheads. On the other hand, I am very fond of a Knock segment I once programed, particularly a *segue* from Little Richard's *Keep a Knockin'* to Amii Stewart's psychedelic disco cover of *Knock on Wood*. The production couldn't have been more different, but the insanity and crashing high hats in both songs made them an inspired pairing.

7. Experiment judiciously.

A party tape that is too familiar is boring, and occasional experimental songs must be worked in for novelty and for the sake of scientific research on future tapes. New songs should be placed late in segments so that they benefit from momentum established by more familiar songs. Suppose, for example, you did a Contemporary-Guitar-Based-Rock segment that started with *Don't Worry Baby*, by Los Lobos, and *What I Like About You*, by The Romantics. Both songs have been proved effective at inducing dancing behavior, and you'd have enough momentum to drop in something like *Livin' on Love*, by the Del-Lords. This song has an extremely infectious beat and melody but is sung by a band that, through no fault of its own, didn't sell enough albums the first time



"Next time, let me lead."

around to become a household word. If the tune works, you will have another empirically proved song for your next party tape and your friends will be subliminally conditioned to a worthy new band. If it doesn't work, you conclude either that your friends are tired and need to sit one out or that the song simply doesn't induce dancing behavior and you must throw it onto the ash heap of musical history.

8. *End with something surprising.*

When you're down to the last 30 seconds of tape, do not start another song. Premature truncation will cause irritation among your invitees. Instead, put on some nondance music (such as Beethoven) or spoken word (Nixon's drooling resignation speech when he was pumped on Valium) to signal that the tape is over.

9. *Write down the contents of each tape and put the list in your pocket.*

Inevitably, some segments will fail. Your duty as a partyologist is to press FAST FORWARD and find something that does work. This is much easier when you know where to search.

Segment failure can be quite traumatic when some asshole tries to take over the stereo with his lousy idea of a party tape. Although I have been tempted to punch guys like this out, it is best to let them have the stereo. Unless they have read this essay, they will quickly screw up, and your return will be much more triumphant.

10. *Mollify the nabes.*

After all this thought and effort, your party tape stands in terrible danger of being ruined by a neighbor demanding that you shut up so he can sleep. Party tapes must be played loud, so there can be no compromise. The only way out is to invite the guy to your party up front. If he doesn't want to come, slip him a few bucks for a hotel room. If he's a salesman, buy

something so he looks on you as a valued customer. Or give him a sleeping pill. Do anything. But get rid of him.

11. *Remember the partyologist's code of ethics.*

The point at which your invitees achieve joy through dancing behavior is the point at which your collection of invitees becomes a crowd. A crowd is a separate organism, single-minded and stupid. Ever see a standing wave at a football game? That's as smart as crowds get. This is OK, because being stupid is fun. Madison Avenue, however, has in the past year discovered the value of ExTrad Ignoramus music (it's all over television) for creating this crowd psychology. If you play a popular song from someone's youth, that person will enter a "state of heightened suggestibility," or a state of semitrance in which you can make him buy or vote for something as well as dance. This works essentially through false nostalgia; that is, a great old song creates the delusion that a person had fun in high school. The moral partyologist will not take advantage of this delusion by selling his invitees life insurance. The principles of partyology should be used only for the promotion of fun.

12. *Make an announcement.*

Keep the volume down when your friends arrive, so they can talk and get comfortable. Sometime around midnight, the partyologist will sense a point at which things must escalate to the wild and crazy (crowd ignition) or remain forever at the level of cocktail chat. Turn the stereo off and tell the invitees who want to talk to go into your bedroom. Then turn the stereo back on and crank the volume up all the way with the most empirically kick-ass song you have.

It is now time to forget this essay and dance.



COVER GIRL

(continued from page 92)

a couple of Miss Photogenic awards. And everybody would tell me, 'You should try modeling; you should try modeling.' And all of a sudden, it's like, 'Hey!'"

PLAYBOY's cover picture, and the less covered picture inside the magazine, caused a furor in Julie's home town of Allen, a rural community 26 miles north of Dallas. A local pastor, announcing that he planned to preach a sermon on the subject, was quoted as saying—we kid you not—"The easiest thing to do is jump on Julie." He went on to say that he saw her appearance in PLAYBOY as part of a larger problem, that of "general moral disintegration in the fiber of the nation."

Fortunately, Julie's family took a cooler view. "I think it's the best publicity she could get," her stepdad told reporters.

So now it appears that Miss McCullough has the modeling bug. After all, a cover is the professional model's dream, and she had hit the jackpot her first time out. "That's what I want," Julie admits. "I want more covers. I want covers of other magazines as well."

Although modeling is hard work, Julie has found that it has fringe benefits—such as the trip to Venice at carnival time that she got to take as part of a PLAYBOY pictorial shoot. You'll see the results in next month's issue.

Does Julie look forward to a high-powered career? "Success, to me, is being happy at what I do," she says. "It's important to me to be able to achieve something on my own. I don't necessarily have to be rich. All through high school, I worked as a grocery-store checker. I liked knowing that whatever money I had, I earned. I still do. I don't like people giving me things."

It's hard to imagine how Julie could avoid being given things. Long, hard stares, for instance. Or a yellow Lamborghini. But she's cautious in her affairs and definite about her standards.

"I want an open and honest relationship with a partner who wants just as much out of life as I do. If he doesn't, we'll have nothing in common. I don't want a partner who has no enthusiasm for his career or anything else."

Such alliances are usually made with serious futures in mind, but balloon mortgages and the prospect of years of paying for orthodontia don't scare Julie one bit.

"Yeah. I want a few kids," she says wistfully. "I've always been real family-oriented. I want to be the grandmother whose house everybody will come to for Christmas. That's the way my grandma's house is now, and I want to be just like her." If Grandma's like you, Julie, introduce us.



"You can't exactly blame her; it is only a three-day cruise."

"The way a man kisses is evaluated carefully by women of all ages as a clue to the way he will make love."

emotional cripples are running around out there," says Sally, 35. "They expect you to wait on them like you're their mother—they have a prince complex. They think the world centers on them, and that's why the relationship usually ends. Either you get fed up with them or they find a better mother somewhere else."

Alison, 30 and recently married, believes that "behind every man who thinks of himself as a great lover is a *major wimp*." She says of her ex-live-in boyfriend, "He made a big deal of all the women he'd had in the past, to show how desirable he was, but he was one of the most sexually insecure men I've ever known and obviously uncomfortable with women. If I didn't feel like having sex one night, he would hound me incessantly and demand to know why. He couldn't accept the fact that I just wasn't into it at the moment. Of course, the more he bugged me, the more I denied him, and then he'd insist we stay up all night discussing it. He made such a big deal about it, which only belittled him in my eyes. A man who feels threatened by a woman who turns him down sexually has problems."

Many women who've lived with men—especially domineering men—complain that the minute they get sick, they turn instantly into whimpering two-year-olds. "It's like being sick is his only relief from having to be the big, strong, *macho* guy all the time," says Trisha, 31, of her husband. "If he'd relax with his *macho* trip in normal life, maybe he wouldn't have to turn into a petulant infant the second he gets a sore throat."

Taking care of business. "I have a job; he has a job; we make about the same money," says Stephanie, 34. "But it's assumed that I'll carry much more of the practical burdens of marriage—paying bills, running our social life and investments and, I'm sure, caring for the kid if we ever have one. Yet I'm also supposed to tolerate his moodiness and constantly reinforce him when he's having difficulties at work. He pretends to be helpless about things he's perfectly capable of doing, just to get out of doing them. His needs are to be tended to first; mine are always secondary. We're just like a mother and child. That's one reason I've been ambivalent about starting a family—sometimes I feel like I already have a kid."

Doing it. "He kissed like a frog!" Susie, 23, is describing her date of the night before, to the howls of her friends. They ask her what she means, and she starts making frog faces and fish faces. Men who don't know how to kiss—who are slobbery or don't use their tongues well, for exam-

ple—are always game for ridicule. The way a man kisses is evaluated carefully by women of all ages as a clue to the way he will make love.

"I hate guys who immediately stick their tongues down your throat," says Meg, 25. "That tells you all you need to know about their other techniques."

"Fred was the best kisser I've ever been with—the best of everything sexually," says Lucy, 31. "He was so creative. He'd run his tongue over my gums or suck my lower lip or pull my tongue into his mouth, but everything real slow and deep. He's also the only guy I could stand to let near my ear—everyone else would just slurp and drool into it and then wonder why I wasn't beside myself with passion."

"Let me tell you about Alan," says Kim, 24. "He's Yale undergrad, Harvard Law, great firm, great-looking, lots of money, the whole bit. In bed, he's a total moron—acts like he's about nine years old, grabbing and fingering me like we're back in high school with five minutes to go in the back seat, and then he says, 'You have *incredible boobies*.' Boobies! What kind of baby word is that? Just 'cause of that, I won't go out with him anymore."

"After sex," says Maria, 22, "Ron would do these stupid routines, like standing before the mirror nude and doing the Richard Gere *American Gigolo* act when he thought I wasn't watching. Men shouldn't reveal their vanity like that."

Barbara, 26, voices a common complaint about an ex-lover that cuts across lines of age and circumstance: "He'd always reach for the box of Kleenex afterward and would literally throw it onto my stomach, as if I were the maid and I was supposed to clean up."

The older the woman, the more accepting she is of boyish, though not crude, behavior in bed. "Sex can be so dreary and serious with men over thirty," says Diana, 29. "They're hung up about their performance, your performance, their ex-wives, their fathers, God knows what. It's nice when you can have fun in bed. When a man is really playful and uninhibited, it can be very endearing and very sexy. One of my favorite lovers would occasionally instigate a pillow fight before sex. Seems childish, but we really let loose, and the sex was always intense afterward."

Haven't I seen you somewhere before? "They have this habit of handing you their business cards and saying, 'Call me, let's have lunch,'" says Linda, 26. "I say, 'I always lose business cards, so if you want to get in touch with me, you'd better call me; I'm listed.' Am I supposed to be im-

pressed by the fact that they're some executive somewhere?"

"My friends and I have to put up with such obnoxious behavior," says Rachel, 24. "We're constantly being hit on by guys in their 20s who are successful and have an inflated sense of themselves and live a high lifestyle. They assume you're thrilled to be with them. They'll take amazing liberties; they'll hug you in a restaurant or try to run their hands up your leg. I'll say, 'Get your hands off me,' and they'll say, 'Hey, mellow out.' That makes me furious. Since they'll grab any pretty woman in the room, it's not even flattering."

Marianne, 25, says, "You don't want to hurt their feelings if you can help it, but sometimes they force you to be mean. The other night, I was at a club and this guy asked me to dance and I said no. The more I said no, the more he hassled me, so I said, 'You're boring; leave me alone.' He kept asking, and finally I used this line I got from a friend of mine: I said, 'You have a small dick, asshole.' I mean, wouldn't you think a guy would slink away after that? But not this one. It was so pathetic. The guy had no pride, or else he was the biggest idiot in the universe."

The old double standard. "Girls are damned if we do and damned if we don't," grouses Lisanne, 22, who's a year out of college. "Guys are into this nice girl/bad girl thing, especially cute Yuppie guys with money, because usually girls fall all over them. Like, this one guy, Ted, who's known for screwing any woman who's not horribly fat or really old. He slept with a friend of mine and then told all his friends, 'Don't sleep with her; she's a slut.' If anyone's a slut, he is."

Ashley, 22, an unusually confident college senior, and her friends retaliate in the old-fashioned way: They play hard to get. "My criterion for having sex is how much of an effort a man makes to be with me. He has to run the gantlet even if I know right away I want to sleep with him. I start the game between the first meeting and the first date. Take this one guy I met at a party. I gave him my number but made sure not to leave the party with him, because I wanted him to sweat for my company and I didn't want to be talked about. He called a few days later. My roommate answered the phone, and I told her to tell him I was out, even though I was sitting right there. I wanted to see how soon he'd call back, because that's a clue to how much he wants to see me. He called the next day, so I got on the phone and agreed to go out with him." Ashley, who lost her virginity at 16 with "a much older guy," will require at least four "very well thought out, very creative dates" and "no hassling" before she'll consider sleeping with a man, though she'll definitely allow some "fooling around, but never to the point of being naked."

Lisanne and her roommate, Joni, 23, say the double standard is maintained only by young men. "Older" men (over 30),

according to Joni, are "less judgmental about sex, and they bide their time about it. They come on real worldly and sophisticated and try to intimidate you. They'll say, 'Come on, let's be grownups about this. Don't think you can get away with all the cute games you play with your little boyfriends. You and I knew from the start where we were heading.' I try to ignore them or pretend I don't know what they're talking about, and since they're always trying to act cool and detached, they usually don't push it."

Hang-ups. Annie, 36, has "specialized" in younger guys since she was 30; her current boyfriend is 22. "They have less experience to get anxious about, so the sex is usually better, even if the two of you have nothing to talk about. You've heard the joke about the woman who had sex with a 17-year-old—you know, if you have seven seconds, I'll tell you about it. But a sweet young guy who comes fast seems full of desire and really turned on, while men my age have slept with 3000 women and have had so many problems it's like, 'Hey, what a drag.' There are men who do multiplication tables in their head so they can last a long time and make you come, but they haven't the faintest idea how that works or that they're driving you up a wall. They don't understand that sometimes you're just not gonna come, no matter what, and in the meantime, you can lose all the skin on your vagina."

Betsy, 24, reports a "weird" experience with this "rich Palm Beach guy, about 30, the silent type, who seemed to fancy himself a James Bond. Sexually, he could go for, like, three hours and never come. I'd call my girlfriends and ask them if it was my fault, what did it mean, and none of them could figure it out. My male friends said it had never happened to them. I'd say sarcastically, 'Do you think you're the Bionic Man or something?' and he seemed to think that was a compliment. We made love three times on different occasions, and he never came. I'd get bored, sore and tired and think, There has to be an end to this, but there never was. So it's not my dream to have a man who's endlessly hard." But then, Betsy, like many younger women, hasn't yet come across a man who's endlessly soft.

"It makes me angry when they can't get it up. It's so goddamned irritating," says Jennifer, 33. "Especially when they try to persuade you to go to bed with them and then they can't do it. It feels like a tease—a cunt tease. It makes me want to scream. But you can't scream, because all your life you've been taught that men's sexual egos are fragile and you have to pamper them, and it could be dangerous if they had a sexual breakdown in your bed. You're supposed to be understanding and supportive.

"It's not that I can't be sympathetic; I'm sure if I were a man, there'd be lots of times I couldn't get it up, just because some days can leave you feeling burned

out. But most men won't consider the fact that being flaccid also indicates ambivalence about being with you. They refuse to acknowledge the ambivalence. They always say it's because they're too tired or too drunk. And, of course, always, *always*, it's the first time it ever happened to them—which you know is a lie, or you have to think it's a lie; otherwise, it means there's something wrong with you."

Women try to talk about a man's sexual problems in generalities, because (A) unless he's a jerk (or you are), you don't want to expose him to your friends, because it's just too cruel, and (B) his failure to perform seems to denigrate you as well. Nevertheless, indiscretions do happen. "Remember Robert?" asks my friend Ricky, 29. Of course I remember Robert. Ricky had regaled me with tales of his wondrous lovemaking, his chivalry, his adoration of the female body, his enthusiasm about cunnilingus even during her period. But they'd stopped going out a few years back, so it seemed safe to talk now. "You know this image he had of being this manly Italian Romeo. It turns out he was just . . . flagging. There were times it was halfway there, but not enough to work with. But I wouldn't tell anyone, because I was embarrassed. I was sure it was just me, since he had this great reputation.

"I told a friend of mine to be sure to fuck him if she ever had the opportunity, because he was so terrific, but the truth was, I wanted to find out if he had that problem with her, too. She did fuck him, and I asked her how he was, and she said, 'Great, even though he was really drunk at the time,' which usually means even the best of them are in trouble. Then I knew it must be me. But now I wonder . . . maybe she said he was fine because she didn't want me to think it was *her*. Maybe that's how the myth of his being a sexual god gets maintained."

The other woman. Other women tend to be older women. "Doesn't he realize how manipulative she's being, with all that if-you-leave-me-I'll-never-emerge-from-the-house-again crap?" explodes Tanya, 30. She is talking about Carl, her married lover, and his wife, Felice. Carl has told Felice (who knows, or pretends to know, nothing about Tanya) that he's unhappy with the marriage. Felice has countered by getting hysterical. Now he's all torn up and guilty. Keeps saying what a saint she's been all these years, and now all she does is cry and it's all his fault. "My biggest fear," Tanya says, "is that she's stopped taking birth-control pills without telling him, and she'll manage to get pregnant, and then he'll never leave her. Carl insists that she would never try to trick him. He says it's 'not her style.' But men are so obtuse about women."

Jean, 34, tells about the time she helped her married lover, Mark, run a few Saturday errands, including a drop-off of his wife's castoff clothes at the local Salvation Army outpost. "Of course, I checked out

all her stuff. She didn't have very good taste—too many pastel colors, too many synthetic fabrics. But later that day, I went back alone and bought one of her blouses and took it home and played voodoo with it. I mean, I literally stuck pins in it and chanted evil prayers. Sick, maybe, but it gave me some satisfaction, which this kind of affair doesn't give much of."

Alana, 28, spotted her lover's live-in girlfriend at a shopping center. "The first thing I noticed," Alana says, "was how *shlumpy* she looked. She didn't have on any make-up, and she was wearing a very structured, tailored, boring beige jump suit and flat sandals. So I decided that next time I saw him, I'd dress like the opposite of this woman he says he's tired of. She's very strong and athletic and healthy-looking, so I went all out to look frail and feminine and soft, but also sexy, not mannish, like her. I wore high heels and a white-gauze dress and make-up. He couldn't wait to rip my clothes off."

Tricks. "Guys are so oblivious. They make it easy for girls to do sneaky little things," confides Jessica, 23. "Like, you get up while they're still sleeping, wash your face, brush your teeth, put on mascara and then go back to bed and make believe you woke up that way. And my friends and I always make sure to have male friends call us when guys we're dating are over, so they'll know we're in demand and will try harder. Of course, I never tell my male friends the real purpose, 'cause that would ruin the trick for another girl who might be dating one of them. I always play back my answering machine if a guy is over and make believe that any guy's voice on the machine is someone asking for a date. If a girlfriend calls while I've got a guy over, she'll say, 'You've got someone there?' and I'll say, 'Yeah, Thursday night sounds great for dinner.' Then I hang up and smile sweetly."

The answering-machine game isn't limited to youthful players. Maggie, 34, resorts to it on occasion, "but only when I'm feeling insecure about Jon," her boyfriend of six months. One night, Maggie and Jon returned to Maggie's apartment after seeing a movie. They'd been fighting that day, and Maggie was feeling unloved. She immediately checked her machine, in her bedroom, and saw from the flashing light that there were several messages. "I waited till Jon went into the bathroom, which is right next to the bedroom, and I turned the volume down low until I heard a male voice. Then I turned it up high and, sure enough, Jon heard it and asked me who it was. It was actually a gay friend of mine, but I told Jon it was Tony, my ex-lover, which got Jon jealous. Once I saw he was jealous I felt better."

Rita, 30, gets nervous when her boyfriend, Paul, goes out bar hopping with his buddies, so she takes certain precautions. "On those nights, I make up an excuse to

see him just before he goes out; usually, I pretend I left something at his place that morning. I go over there dressed very seductively, and I either get him to make love to me or I give him a great blow job—all so he's less horny when he goes out and maybe less likely to pick someone up." As further insurance, whenever Rita spends the night at Paul's, she makes sure to "carry perfume in my purse, and when he's out of the room, I dab it on his sheets. That way, long after I'm gone, he'll smell me. And so will any other woman who happens to be there."

"Sometimes I'm so sexually bored with Peter," says Bonnie, 32, of her husband, "that I'll purposely try to hurry things up. I'll speed up my body movements and make lots of noise to get him close; and if I have to, I'll fake an orgasm so he'll know it's OK to have his. I'll draw on every little trick I know about turning him on, like stroking the skin between his balls and his anus or holding his balls as he thrusts, so he'll come faster."

Carolyn, 26, describes the methods she used to find out if Phillip, her almost-live-in boyfriend of one year, was cheating on her. "He seemed preoccupied when he was with me, he didn't want to make love that often and when he did, it was half-hearted. He snapped when I asked him what was wrong, and he seemed to be having a mysteriously large number of emergency meetings at his office.

"I stopped at nothing to find out what he'd been up to, which turned out to be exactly what I'd suspected. I had a key to his apartment, and when he was out, I'd go over and go through all of his pockets, his trash cans and especially his answering-machine tape. If I heard women's voices on the tape, I'd call the numbers they left to figure out if the call was business or personal, what type of voices they had and stuff like that. If I found phone numbers lying around on pieces of paper, I'd tear them up. If I found receipts in his pockets for nights when he was supposedly working late, I'd try to get him to slip up. Soon enough, he did."

Mr. Cool. "Next time around," says Barb, 32 and divorced, "I want someone who can talk. I'm so sick of silent men. And even the noisy ones can't seem to express their feelings. I can't stand not knowing what's going on inside the head of someone I live with. My husband complained that I asked too many questions, but maybe if he'd volunteered more information, I wouldn't have had to ask so many."

Younger women who are simply dating around aren't as concerned about deep emotional communication; in fact, as one 25-year-old put it only half-jokingly, "I don't want to know too much about them—I don't want my illusions spoiled yet." But young women do complain about men who won't talk.

"Some guys use openness as a line," says Denise, 22. "They pretend to be interested in you and what you're thinking and

pretend to confide deep secrets to you about themselves—things like fear of failure or their relationship with their fathers. But once you sleep with them, they close up."

"I can't stand men who aren't willing to get into a good conversation with you," says Marilyn, 27. "It's a sort of passivity, a lack of energy or curiosity that's very unattractive. You can meet a man at a party who assumes that you'll lead him to your bed with no particular conversational effort on his part. That kind of man usually turns out to be sexually passive as well—passive in general about relationships, even with his own friends."

What do women want? "A man who takes the trouble to select one single perfect flower for me rather than grab the bunch with the rubber band around it."

"A man who can perceive the nuances of a situation, who can be sensitive to the undercurrents of what's going on instead of just the obvious things."

"A man who doesn't freak out if I start crying about something, especially if I'm crying about him."

"A man who's in control but who's subtle about it. A man just a little stronger

than I am."

"A man who doesn't try to hit you over the head with his goddamn logic."

"A man who knows where the clitoris is and doesn't yank at it like it's a bottle cap."

"A man who will drop everything to give you emotional sustenance when you really need it."

"A man who calls when he says he will and shows up when he says he will."

"A man who is turned on by everything you do in bed."

"A man who invites you to dinner, cooks it himself, brilliantly, doesn't try to rope you into helping him by acting incompetent and refuses your assistance if you ask, leaves the dishes in order to carry you into his bedroom à la Clark Gable, makes love to you passionately and slowly and afterward holds you and talks to you into the night."

"A man who knows exactly what I want all the time without my having to tell him."

Of course, if we had all that, we wouldn't need to talk about you. And that would be a *real* problem.



"We met at the new blubber restaurant downtown."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



MAIL-ORDER ARDOR

The cover of Voyages' catalog is a romantic still life of a champagne bottle, two glasses and a wrapped gift on a night stand next to a satin-sheeted bed. But if what's inside the gift box has been purchased from Voyages, the occupants of the bed will have a night that's anything but still. Voyages sells tasteful and original sex toys—and even its lingerie, such as the Birds of Paradise feather bra/bikini (\$38.50), pictured here with rabbit-fur mitts (\$49.50 each), is a turn-on. Voyages' catalog is \$3.50 sent to Voyages, 330 Townsend Street, Suite 16, San Francisco 94107. And they offer customers free counseling on simple sex problems and suggest products that may better get you through the night.

PLAYING FOOTsie

Blake Carrington would love this: a Chairman of the Board model Foot Couch made of tufted kid leather on a marble base that will support your Gucci loafers in a style to which you've always wanted to become accustomed. The Foot Couch Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010, sells the Foot Couch for \$35—and if that price is a step out of line, they also have an oak/leatherette J. R. Ewing model for \$17. Save it for sneakers.



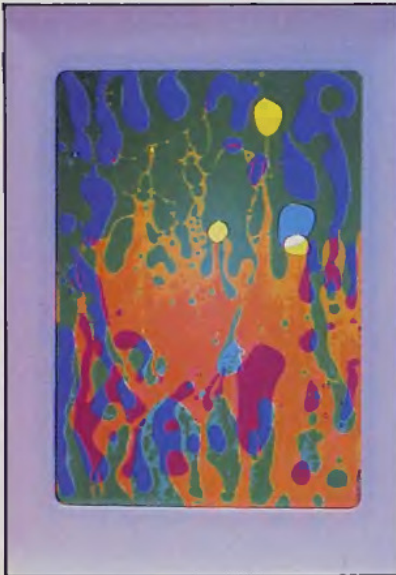
THE SPY'S THE LIMIT

From the demented minds at TSR, Inc., who conceived the famous role-playing game Dungeons & Dragons, comes Spy Ring, a "party in a box" in which each guest is given the role of a secret agent with a mission to fulfill. You may be a traitor, or you may have secrets to sell. Then, whenever you think you've accomplished your sneaky goal, you tell the host and then get on to something more important, such as uncovering the phone number of the blonde leaning over the punch bowl. Spy Ring sells for about \$17 at game stores. It's a cheap excuse to throw a party.

ELUSIVE IMAGE

"Riding a wave of the 21st Century renaissance" comes the 3-D Light Gallery, a store in the DeWitt Market Place, Seneca Street, Ithaca, New York 14850, that specializes in holograms of every description, from jewelry to custom artwork. Two dollars gets you a color catalog and a sample hologram. *Stocking Tops*, the 8" x 10" one pictured below, sells for \$100, post-paid. Or there's *Nude Behind the Door*, which is only \$60. Take two!



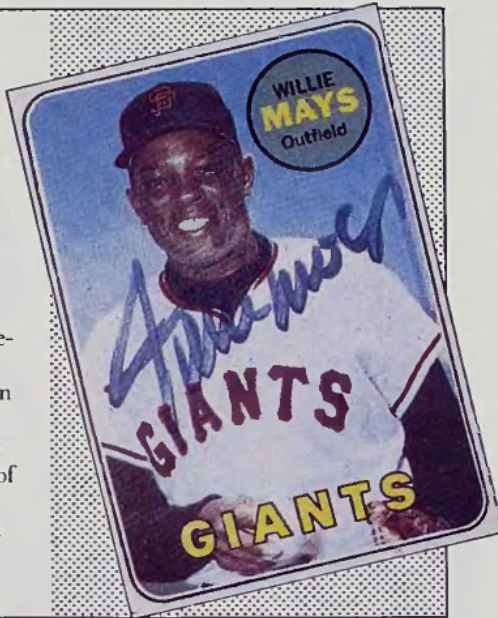


GO WITH THE FLOW

Apparently, the psychedelic Sixties will never fade away, for along has come Nimbus, a colorful kinetic plaything containing oils, glycerin and water in layers of cyan (which is a color between green and blue), magenta and yellow that ebb and flow every time you flip Nimbus' 9" x 7" frame. (The actual color panel is 5" x 7".) Groton Limited, 43 Bradford Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742, sells Nimbus for \$25, postpaid. No, it doesn't come with a free subscription to *High Times*.

IT'S THE TOPPS

The *Topps Baseball Cards* book is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to bubble-gum-chomping followers of the great American pastime. Between its hard covers, organized by year, are more than 21,000 full-color reproductions of Topps cards from 1951 through 1985, plus life-time statistics of more than 4000 baseball players and even year by year quizzes to see how well you retained all that info printed on the flip side of the cards. Available in bookstores for \$79.95—including a foreword by Willie Mays. A sure hit from Warner Books.



EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES

Roseland of California is a service whose time has come—and not any too soon, what with Valentine's Day about to make its move on your little black book and your wallet. Roseland guarantees overnight delivery of a dozen one-day-old roses (most roses sold in flower shops are four to five days old) to almost anywhere in the continental United States for \$36.95, including shipping. The service, 1-800-84-ROSES, is just a phone call away—and, of course, you put the purchase on a credit card.



YACHTSA LUCK

You'd think that the Aussies would settle back and let us lick our wounds after they took away The America's Cup in yacht racing several years ago. But noooooo; now they've gone and added insult to injury by releasing a limited-edition (10,000!) 40" x 25" *Killer Keel* poster. It's a sellout down under, but masochists here can still obtain one for \$25 sent to KK Enterprises, G.P.O. Box 993H, Melbourne 3001, Australia. Skipper Dennis Conner should order a dozen.



CREATURE COMFORT

Sly Ubcreet is the Monster Under the Bed. He guards the gateway between daylight and the dark world where monsters live. A friendly but eccentric soft sculpture, Sly demands respect. He enjoys saltines in bed, and he's a hopeless toe sucker. *Your* toes. His creator, Chareen Kinser Designs, definitely isn't a sucker: Sly costs \$200 sent to Grand Designs, P.O. Box 14154, Chicago 60614. Fortunately, he's a limited edition. We don't want too many of his kind around.



Our Funny Valentines

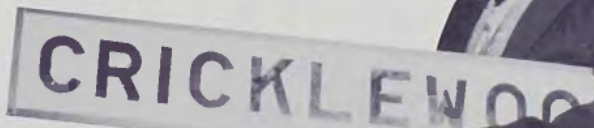
Can we pick the starlets, or what? On your left, PAT DEPRIET, who recently appeared on the big screen in *Centerpoint*, and on the right, TRICIA BROWN, an actress, stunt woman, fire eater and wrestler, who did Ruth Gordon's stunts in *Maxie* and appeared in *Fear City*. A bouquet of roses to each.



© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN / SHOOTING STAR (2)

Pushing It to the Maxi

And you thought the gang in *Frankie Goes to Hollywood* was *outré*? Meet THE MAXIS and keep your ears open for their soon-to-be-huge hit, *Maxi Goes to Cricklewood*.



© 1985 PIP / LCI



© 1985 JOHN HARRELL

Casting Crouch

Rock's bad boy, DAVID LEE ROTH, is going the movie-mogul route. His first movie, *Crazy from the Heat*, calls for 150 women, described in the casting-call fliers as having "an unusual character face or a beautiful body, or if you have an unusually beautiful face or a character body." Here are a few shots of the producer at work.



© 1985 SUZE RANDALL / U.S.A. HOME VIDEO

Sybil Danning

SYBIL DANNING isn't stepping out with Rambo. She's the hostess for a new action/adventure series of home videos, called Adventurevideo. You can expect everything from martial arts to Westems. Go, Sybil!

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

Boys in the Bath

This rowdy gaggle of musicians is BON JOVI, and it includes David Bryan, who went under so we could get this shot. The boys deserve to relax. Their record *7800° Fahrenheit* went gold, they toured the U.S., Japan and England, and now they're back in the studio, working on a follow-up album. Cheers.



© 1985 ROSS MARINO



Brooke Shields

Is the winter getting you down, bunky? Here's our *Grapevine* pick-me-up, BROOKE SHIELDS. When our Miss Brooke isn't out hyping her book, *On Your Own*, or selling her new line of sports clothes, or hanging out with current flame George Michael, she hits the beach. Very gracefully.

NEXT MONTH



REAL DEVIL



LOCKUP BOOK



DISTAFF D.J.S



BUNNY VALENTINE

SALLY FIELD TALKS ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD, HER BATTLE FOR HOLLYWOOD RECOGNITION, COMING OF AGE AND COMING TO TERMS IN A STARTLINGLY CONFESSORIAL **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE DEVIL IS REAL"—SETTLE DOWN FOR ANOTHER GOOD TALE OF LOW-LIFE SKULDUGGERY, THIS ONE INVOLVING COUNTERFEITING, FROM THE PEN OF NOVELIST **GEORGE V. HIGGINS**

"EXECUTIONERS"—NOW THAT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS BACK IN VOGUE, SOMEONE HAS TO PUSH THE BUTTON. MOST DON'T WEAR BLACK HOODS ANYMORE, BUT THEY MAY BE PULLING THE WOOL OVER THEIR OWN EYES—BY **JOHNNY GREENE**

"NOUVELLE PLASTIQUE"—EVERY BUSINESS IN AMERICA IS TRYING TO HOOK YOU ON ITS CREDIT LINE. CAN WE EXPECT THE VATICAN EXPRESS CARD (DON'T LEAVE ROME WITHOUT IT) AND SIMILAR GOODIES?—BY **KEVIN COOK**

"CARNIVAL IN VENICE"—THE CITY'S COBBLESTONES AND CANALS EXUDE ROMANTIC INTRIGUE. A SENSUOUS PICTORIAL VISIT

"A VALENTINE TO BUNNIES"—HIGHLIGHTS OF A QUARTER CENTURY AND A LOOK AT WHAT'S SURPRISINGLY NEW IN PLAYBOY CLUBS (ALL THIS AND RABBITS, TOO)

"YOUNG MEN, OLD MONEY"—WHERE TO TAKE STOCK OF AMERICA'S FUTURE CORPORATE TITANS? TRY THE DARTMOUTH CAMPUS DURING FRATERNITY RUSH WEEK—BY **E. JEAN CARROLL**

"THE LOCKUP BOOK"—THEY MAY HAVE GONE THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, BUT THESE TWO CAN'T LET LOOSE OF THEIR BOYHOOD BASKETBALL RIVALRY. A TAUT TALE BY **GREG DONALDSON**

"THE JOCK AS PRESIDENT"—IS THE PROSPECT OF AN EX-GRID STAR OR A FORMER BASKETBALL PLAYER IN THE OVAL OFFICE DAUNTING? MAYBE NOT. A THOUGHTFUL VIEW BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY GUIDE: THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"; **ANDREW TOBIAS'** QUARTERLY REPORT ON COMPUTER FINANCIAL GAMES; A ROCKING "20 QUESTIONS" WITH **DAVID BYRNE**; "WOMEN OF THE AIRWAVES," A STATIC-FREE PICTORIAL; **BROCK YATES'** TEST DRIVE OF THE FERRARI TESTAROSSA; AND THE PROVERBIAL MUCH, MUCH MORE

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

THOMAS B. STEVENS

HOME: Lakewood, Colorado.

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Harpsichord and clavichord builder.

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

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

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

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love music, but I've always been better at building things. For me, this is really the best of both worlds."

QUOTE: "Louder may get you heard first, but it doesn't guarantee you'll play something worth hearing."

PROFILE: Individualistic, but very respectful of tradition. "Low-tech is a lot more sophisticated than people think."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label." "On the rocks. What could be more 'well-tempered' than that?"



VANTAGE

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