

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1986 • \$3.50

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ON SEX, SCI-FI

AND THE SHUTTLE

20 QUESTIONS:

HOLLYWOOD'S

TOP GUN

TOM CRUISE

ONCE AND FOR ALL

THE BOTTOM LINE

ON EXERCISE

HENRY MILLER'S

LAST FLAME,

BRENDA VENUS

PUTTING KICK IN

WINE COOLERS

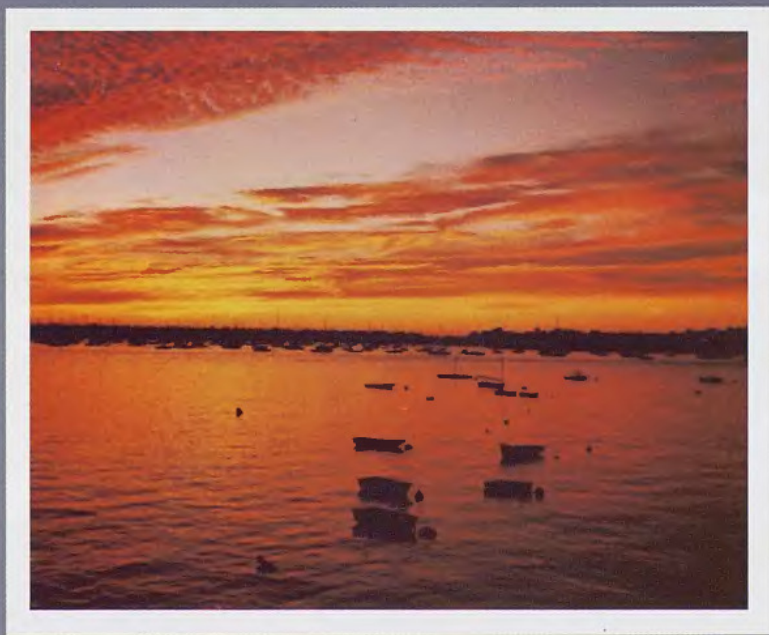
ORGASMIC WOMEN

Carrie Leigh

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OF THE
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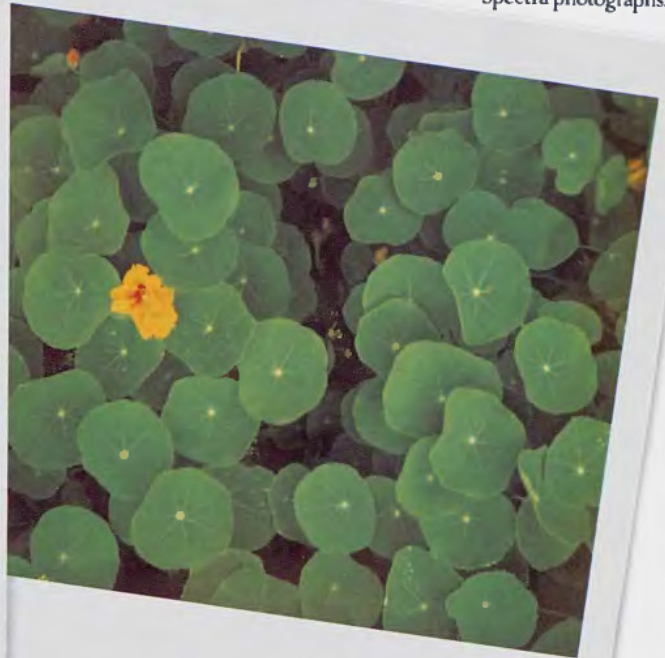
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THE BLACKLIST

the meese commission has become the tool of evangelical terrorists

By HUGH M. HEFNER

IMAGINE, for a moment, that you own a small family-run business. One day, a group of thugs come to your door and demand that you sell their product and pay for "protection," or your business will be ruined. Those were the bad old days, right?

Wrong. Imagine, in the Eighties, that your family business is a chain of convenience stores that stretch from coast to coast. One day, a group of thugs show up at your door and demand that you stop selling a product that they find offensive, or your business will be ruined: Your customers will be met by pickets and bully boys; your staff will be harassed at home and at work; your managers will be called vile names and smeared in the media. For three years, you hold out against the intimidation.

Then a letter arrives in the mail. It is on U.S. Department of Justice stationery and advises you that during the hearings of Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography, testimony has been given "alleging that your company is involved in the sale and distribution of pornography." Here is how the letter ends:

The commission has determined that it would be appropriate to allow your company an opportunity to respond to allegations prior to drafting its final report section on identified distributors. You will find a copy of the relevant testimony enclosed herewith. Please review the allegations and advise the commission on or before March 3, 1986, if you disagree with the statements enclosed. Failure to respond will necessarily be accepted as an indication of no objection.

In other words, you are guilty of these alleged offenses unless you prove yourself innocent.

The letter is signed by Alan E.

Sears, executive director of The Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. Attached are ten pages of clips labeled TESTIMONY, without any attribution. They consist largely of the wild ravings of an obsessed minister from Mississippi who has systematically been sending threatening letters to heads of corporations, advising them that their companies are fellow travelers in the "pornography" industry for helping distribute, advertise or otherwise sponsor "smut." From his perspective, nudity, sex education, birth control, sex between unmarried consenting adults—even evolution—are indefensible. So he has been harassing companies such as RCA, Coca-Cola (because it owns Columbia Pictures), Time Inc. (because it offers R-rated movies on HBO and Cinemax cable), *Vogue*, Simon & Schuster, *Texas Monthly* (for running Calvin Klein's Obsession fragrance ads) and many others. Recent headlines from the National Federation for Decency *Journal* point out some improbable targets. Consider:

- "COSMOPOLITAN" FULFILLS DEFINITION OF PORNOGRAPHIC";
- "SARA LEE IS LEADING PORN PUSHER";
- "ADULTERY IS THEME OF DISNEY SITCOM."

In another context, it would be laughable. But the minister is serious, and his tactics are about as Christian as putting a burning cross in someone's yard.

WHAT MEESE REPORT?

On April tenth, the Southland Corporation, which owns, licenses or franchises some 8100 of the nation's 7-Eleven stores, announced that it would discontinue sales of PLAYBOY, the most popular and prestigious men's magazine, in its 4500 company-owned stores. We were baffled. For three years, the chain had resisted the attempts by the one-man Moral Majority, the

Reverend Jerry Falwell, and the Mississippi minister, the Reverend Donald Wildmon, to control its business. Then, suddenly, Southland announced that because it had "monitored" the hearings of the Meese commission and had noted "the growing concern over a possible connection between adult magazines and crime, violence and child abuse," it was discontinuing sales of PLAYBOY, *Penthouse* and *Forum*. We were surprised, because we, too, had been monitoring the commission's hearings, and as of April, there had been *no* findings.

Oh, there had been a circus. Or, more accurately, a witch-hunt. In the January PLAYBOY, I wrote a *Viewpoint* saying that the Meese commission was engaged in a form of sexual McCarthyism. It was obvious even then that the commission was shaping up as a kangaroo court that, at one count, had called 54 witnesses to testify to the "evils" of pornography—whatever that is—and four to defend it. The panel refused to hear contrary opinions and solicited anecdotes instead of scientific evidence. Although the commission's membership had been stacked from the outset, there was a split among the ranks. The commission had announced that it would release its "findings" by June first, but some of its moderate members refused to go along with the ringmasters. One member, Frederick Schauer, told a *Los Angeles Times* reporter that he had written a letter to his fellow commissioners complaining that the first drafts by the zealots (including the material sent to Southland) were "so one-sided and oversimplified that I cannot imagine signing anything that looks even remotely like this."

Outside observers shared his concern. Barry Lynn, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, demanded, and obtained, copies of the proposed drafts by filing a

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if smoking isn't a pleasure,
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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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request under the Federal Advisory Committee Act. It was Lynn who discovered the Sears letter, and more. Studying the papers, he found them "riddled with factual errors, preposterous legal theories, undocumented allegations and unwarranted hysterics about the effects of sexually explicit material on viewers and readers." According to an article in *The Washington Post*, Lynn had found that several commission staffers had proposed the creation of "citizens'-action groups that would band together to monitor newsstands, convenience stores, video stores, cable networks and other outlets for allegedly obscene materials." After sifting through the documents, Lynn called them "a manifesto for a public sex-spy network that would deputize citizen zealots into frightening every merchant and media outlet into adopting their view of sexual morality."

What had happened was that the Meese commission, unbeknown to some of its members, had become a front for the fringe fundamentalist groups. With its more fanatical members sending out guilty-until-proved-innocent letters, the commission had, in effect, become an unofficial arm of these literary death squads. They didn't even bother to ask McCarthy's favorite question: "Are you now or have you ever been . . . ?"

The Meese commission has not defined pornography—or, for that matter, the difference between pornography and erotica. The draft that was made public noted some research on violent pornography—something PLAYBOY has always opposed—but omitted the word violent, then stretched the term to include all nudity and simply steamed ahead. (Media coverage of the 7-Eleven decision often dropped the words "possible connection" from the Southland press release and reported the news as if the commission had found a connection between pornography and violence.) The lie is huge. A few members of the Meese commission had succeeded in doing what no other official body had ever done.

Consider the facts: An earlier President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, after reviewing the scientific research, had found, in 1970:

Extensive empirical investigation, both by the commission and by others, provides no evidence that exposure to or the use of explicit sexual materials plays a

significant role in the causation of social or individual harms such as crime, delinquency, sexual or nonsexual deviancy or severe emotional disturbances. . . . The commission recommends that Federal, state and local legislation prohibiting the sale, exhibition or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults should be repealed.

Other official inquiries in Canada, Denmark and West Germany have come to the same conclusion. Dr. Richard Green, editor of *Archives of Sexual Behavior*, stated recently, "There is no data that confirms any link between nonviolent nudity or sexual images with any antisocial activity whatsoever." The Meese commission, 16 years later, is trying to come up with such evidence. But there is none.

In going after the "fellow-traveler" corporations, the commission, though it operates under the authority of the Attorney General of the United States, also failed to consult the law. In 1963,

"The fundamentalists, led by Falwell and Wildmon, simply decided to side-step the Constitution and take the law into their own hands."

the Supreme Court held that a state committee formed to monitor "impure-language" publications, which was circulating a list of publications much like the Meese commission's, had committed an illegal act. The Court ruled that the group's members had gone "far beyond advising the distributors of their legal rights. . . . Their operation was, in fact, a scheme of state censorship."

In addition, the thorny issue of obscenity has already been decided by the Supreme Court. In 1972, the Court gave what it thought were clear guidelines for the prosecution of obscenity. Chief Justice Warren Burger was specific, saying that no one would be subject to prosecution for the sale of materials unless they depicted or described "hard-core

sexual conduct." It is instructive that when a headline-hunting prosecutor from Virginia, much like one of the chief members of the Meese commission, tried to prosecute stores that sold PLAYBOY, Burger himself wrote in a memo to the Court that he had "never intended PLAYBOY to be banned."

EVANGELICAL TERRORISM

So, having lost in the courts, the fundamentalists, led by Falwell and Wildmon, simply decided to side-step the Constitution and take the law into their own hands. They went after American businesses, no matter how tenuous their connection with erotic materials, and smeared them with tactics that smack of terrorism and extortion.

Everyone is fair game, and anyone can fall for it—even journalistic enterprises that should know better. *Time* magazine, in reporting the Southland ban, lamely wrote that if adult magazines had the right to publish, 7-Eleven had the right to choose not to sell them. Yes, if that choice is a free and informed one, not one based on what amounts to Government intimidation fueled by false information.

The First Amendment was drafted to protect diversity. Justice Robert Jackson once said it was *not* the Government's role to impose orthodoxy on America's citizens—nor to impose a couple of obsessed individuals' views of what is acceptable and what is not. The victimization of 7-Eleven is a tragedy, not as much for PLAYBOY—two thirds of our circulation comes from subscriptions—as for all of us. It is the first successful use of a national blacklist since the McCarthy era.

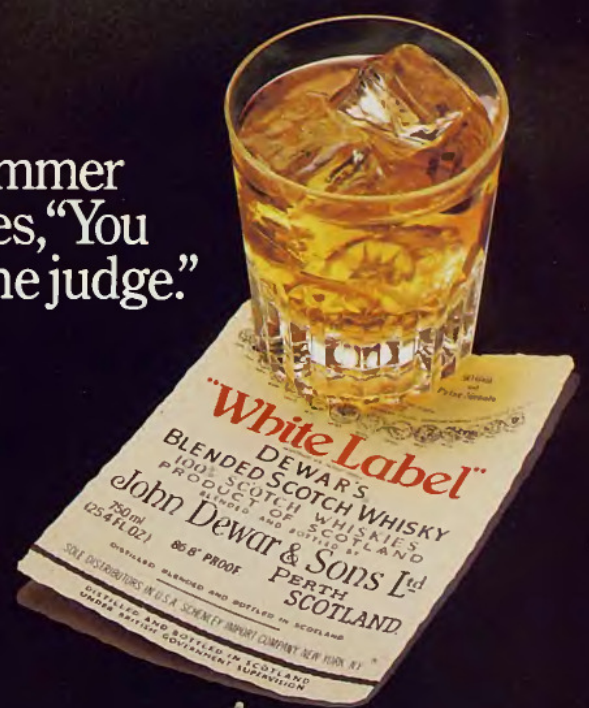
We hope others will speak out. As Lutheran pastor Martin Niemoeller once said, "In Germany, they came first for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me; and by that time, no one was left to speak up."

In America, they came first for your local convenience store. Who's next on their list?



As Grant Anderson is always quick to point out, when you can throw the hammer 112 feet in Scotland's Highland Games, "You don't need a winning smile to impress the judge." The good things in life stay that way.

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PLAYBILL

ASA BABER has caused quite a stir around here lately—or perhaps we should say that this issue's *Men* column has, since Asa himself is a model of stoic gentility. The column, titled "Romancing the Bone," evoked widely diverse reactions as it filtered through our editing machinery. One of our female staffers proclaimed it "disgusting," while another asked, "How can he show his face in public after writing this?" But if you're a *PLAYBOY* columnist, risking embarrassment goes with the turf. Just ask **Cynthia Heimel**, who writes *Women*. A couple of years back, she devised a tongue-in-cheek quiz for men on oral sex, ending, "Those of you with a score of 50 or more, please send your names, addresses and phone numbers to this magazine—my friends have needs." "How foolish of me," she admitted later, after receiving "three crates of letters from every horny half-wit in the country, including photos of naked men and even a 14-year-old boy's high school class picture." Our *Sports* columnist, **Dan Jenkins**, seems to offend sizable numbers of people every time he goes to bat. So far, he has alienated blacks, gays, women, Southerners, golfers, chefs and, no doubt, several of his relatives. He probably would have offended more people than that by now, but he can pick on only one group per column. If he hasn't gotten around to yours yet, just wait. He will. **Craig Vetter**, who says he titled his column *Against the Wind* because "most of the time I take life to be an upwind tack," probably sums up the life of a *PLAYBOY* columnist best with, "You can't be uniformly bright 12 times a year. Out of 12 columns, one's gonna be your best and one's gonna be your worst—but, happily, nobody agrees on which is which." At any rate, our hats are off to three guys and a gal for making the front of our magazine a nice place to visit, even if you don't want to live there. This month, Vetter takes a wry look at the financial wizardry of **Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Marcos** in "Imelda's Shoes," Heimel finally begins to understand men in "Boys and Their Toys" and Jenkins, true to form, insults every heavyweight champion since Joe Louis in "The Last Heavyweight."

If you're a science-fiction fan or merely one of the millions of people who've seen the film *2001: A Space Odyssey* and its sequel, *2010*, you'll be fascinated by **Ken Kelley's Playboy Interview** with **Arthur C. Clarke**, the *doyen* of 20th Century s-f. Clarke reveals more about himself than any of his books and stories have done. Contributing Editor **David Standish** also indulges in a bit of self-revelation as he recounts how Hollywood took his outline for a movie and turned it into something he barely recognized in *From Club Sandwich to Club Paradise*, illustrated by **Georganne Deen**. Real-life drama doesn't get any more tense than *Tick . . . Tick . . . Tick . . .* **Robert Rosenberg's** gripping account (illustrated by **Terry Widener**) of a day in the lives of the men on Jerusalem's ever-busy bomb squad.

Looking to expand your knowledge of the opposite gender? You've come to the right place. We bring you part two of **Marc and Judith Meshorer's Ultimate Pleasures**—an excerpt from *Ultimate Pleasure: The Secrets of Easily Orgasmic Women*, to be published by St. Martin's Press—and four smashing pictorials: **Carrie Leigh**, the first lady of Playboy Mansion West; Senior Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar's** sensuous look at **Brenda Venus**, the last love of master eroticist **Henry Miller**; a tribute to the Pirelli tire company's internationally famous calendar; and **Lynne Austin**, our Playmate of the Month (who is, if we do say so, a lot of fun). To round out the issue, **Ben Yagoda** pares the fat off fitness advice and boils it down to *The Bottom Line on Exercise*; **Christopher Cerf** and **Henry Beard** delineate the ultimate in wretched excess with *The Pentagon Products Catalog*; Contributing Editor **David Rensin** conducts a straight-shooting *20 Questions* with hot-and-handsome **Tom Cruise**; and **Jerry Stahl** depicts the light side of death in his short story *Finnegan's Waikiki*. Oh, yes, and don't overlook **Emanuel Greenberg's Smooth Move to Coolers**, illustrated by **Antonio Lopez**. In fact, we suggest you proceed with that next. Mix your drink in a tall, frosty glass, sit back and then enjoy the rest of the magazine.



BABER



HEIMEL



JENKINS



VETTER



KELLEY



DEEN



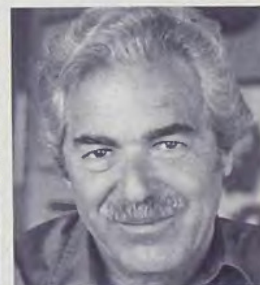
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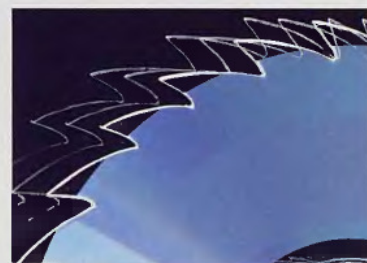
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COVER STORY

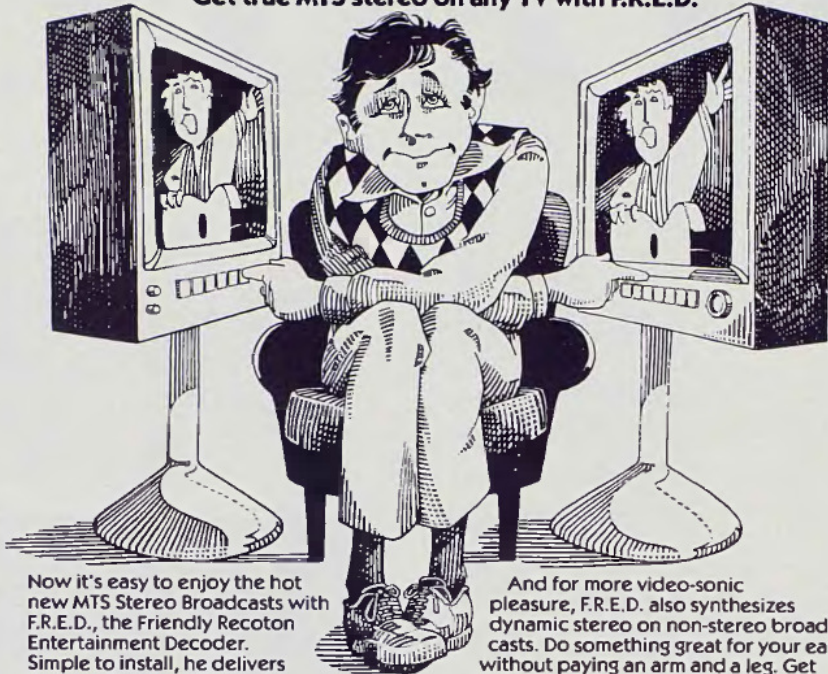
Aficionados of PLAYBOY covers will probably remember having seen Carrie Leigh on our April 1983 issue. Well, she's come a long way since then. She's now the leading lady of Playboy Mansion West, as you'll read in our 12-page pictorial on her. For this month's cover, she was photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda, who had help from make-up artist Tracy Cianflone. Carrie's hair is by Ron Mathews for Cloutier.



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DRINK FOR TASTE, NOT TRENDS.

DOS EQUIS
XX

A \$10,000 Challenge To Escort

Let's cut through the Radar Detector Glut. We challenge Escort to a one on one Distance and Falsing 'duel to the death' on the highway of their choice. If they win, the \$10,000 check pictured below is theirs.

By Drew Kaplan

We've put up our \$10,000. We challenge Escort to take on Maxon's new Dual Superheterodyne RD-1 \$99⁹⁰ radar detector on the road of their choice in a one on one conflict.

Even Escort says that everyone compares themselves to Escort, and they're right. They were the first in 1978 to use superheterodyne circuits and they've got a virtual stranglehold on the magazine test reports.

But, the real question today is: 1) How many feet of sensing difference, if any, is there between this top of the line Maxon Detector and Escort's? And 2) Which unit is more accurate at interpreting real radar versus false signals?

So Escort, you pick the road (continental U.S. please). You pick the equipment to create the false signals. And finally, you pick the radar gun.

Maxon and DAK will come to your highway with engineers and equipment to verify the results. And oh yes, we'll have the \$10,000 check (pictured) to hand over if you beat us by more than 10 feet in either X or K band detection.

BOB SAYS MAXON IS BETTER

Here's how it started. Maxon is a mammoth electronics prime manufacturer. They actually make all types of sophisticated electronic products for some of the biggest U.S. Electronics Companies. (No, they don't make Escort's).

Bob Thetford, the president of Maxon Systems Inc., and a friend of mine, was explaining their new RD-1 anti-falsing Dual Superheterodyne Radar detector to me. I said "You know Bob, I think Escort really has the market locked up." He said, "Our new design can beat theirs".

So, since I've never been one to be in second place, I said, "Would you bet \$10,000 that you can beat Escort?" And, as they say, the rest is history.

By the way, Bob is about 6'9" tall, so if we can't beat Escort, we can sure scare the you know what out of them. But, Bob and his engineers are deadly serious about this 'duel'. And you can bet that our \$10,000 is serious.

We ask only the following. 1) The public be invited to watch. 2) Maxon's Engineers as well as Escort's check the radar gun and monitor the test and the results.

3) The same car be used in both tests. 4) We do this test during the summer when it's warm. (I'm from California, and anything below 80° will do me in.)

5) We'd like an answer from Escort no later than June 1, 1986 and 30 days notice of the time and place of the conflict. And, 6) We'd like them to come with a \$10,000 check made out to DAK if we win.

SO, WHAT'S

DUAL SUPERHETERODYNE?

Ok, so far we've set up the conflict. Now let me tell you about the new dual superheterodyne technology that lets Maxon leap ahead of the pack.

It's a technology that tests each suspected radar signal 4 separate times before it notifies you, and yet it explodes into action in just 1/4 of one second.



Just imagine the sophistication of a device that can test a signal 4 times in less than 1/4 of one second. Maxon's technology is mind boggling.

But, using it isn't. This long range detector has all the bells and whistles. It has a separate audible sound for X and K radar signals because you've only got about 1/3 the time to react with K band.

There's a 10 step LED Bar Graph Meter to accurately show the radar signal's strength. And, you won't have to look at a needle in a meter. You can see the Bar Graph Meter with your peripheral vision and keep your eyes on the road and put your foot on the brake.



So, just turn on the Power/Volume knob, clip it to your visor or put it on your dash. Then plug in its cigarette lighter cord and you're protected.

And you'll have a very high level of protection. Maxon's Dual Conversion Scanning Superheterodyne circuitry combined with its ridge guide wideband horn internal antenna, really ferrets out radar signals.

By the way Escort, we'll be happy to have our test around a bend in the road or over a hill. Maxon's detector really picks up 'ambush type' radar signals.

And the key word is 'radar', not trash signals. The 4 test check system that operates in 1/4 second gives you extremely high protection from signals from other detectors, intrusion systems and garage door openers.

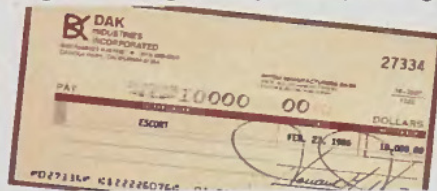
So, when the lights and X or K band sounds explode into action, take care, there's very likely police radar nearby. You'll have full volume control, and a

City/Highway button reduces the less important X band reception in the city.

Maxon's long range detector comes complete with a visor clip, hook and loop dash board mounting, and the power cord cigarette adaptor.

It's much smaller than Escort at just 3 1/2" wide, 4 3/4" deep and 1 1/2" high. It's backed by Maxon's standard limited warranty. Note from Drew: 1) Use of radar detectors is illegal in some states.

2) Speeding is dangerous. Use this detector to help keep you safe when you forget, not to get away with speeding.



CHECK OUT RADAR YOURSELF RISK FREE

Put this detector on your visor. When it sounds, look around for the police. There's a good chance you'll be saving money in fines and higher insurance rates. And, if you slow down, you may even save lives.

If you aren't 100% satisfied, simply return it in its original box within 30 days for a courteous refund.

To get your Maxon, Dual Superheterodyne, Anti-Falsing Radar Detector risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just \$99⁹⁰ (\$4 P&H). Order No. 4407. CA res add tax.

OK Escort, it's up to you. We've got \$10,000 that says you can't beat Maxon on the road. Your answer, please?

Escort is a registered trademark of Cincinnati Microwave.



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MAC DONALD'S LAST STAND

I found Dr. Jeffrey Elliot's interview with Jeffrey MacDonald (PLAYBOY, April) a good piece of work, and I share his conclusions about MacDonald's inability to accept what has happened in his life.

I have come to think of MacDonald as someone who has suffered a terrible, invisible kind of birth defect. Perfect physically, and intelligent enough to have learned how to mimic normal human behavior, MacDonald is missing something essentially human at his core. I believe he is cold, cruel, manipulative and, furthermore, that he knows very well he is guilty of having murdered his family. He reveals himself once again in this interview, and I commend PLAYBOY for further disseminating the truth about Jeffrey MacDonald.

Sara Anne VanderClute
Chicago, Illinois

MacDonald heard screams and saw three people—all males—at the same time. So this means that a blonde was upstairs bludgeoning his wife and children, correct? Wrong! If she had done six or seven hits of heroin that day, no matter how many hits of mescaline she'd done, she wouldn't have had the energy to walk up the stairs, never mind bludgeoning anybody! Sorry, doc, I am a doubter.

Tom Mitchell
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

It is my conviction that Jeffrey MacDonald is innocent of the murders of his wife and children. After all, if he were guilty, he obviously would have become a born-again Christian by now!

John Gordon King
Calgary, Alberta

As the father and grandfather of MacDonald's victims, I read the interview by Elliot with great interest. Your readers should know, however, that most of MacDonald's answers bear very little resemblance to the truth. Elliot assessed him

perfectly when he said, "MacDonald is practiced, studied and rehearsed."

My battle to get MacDonald where he is and keep him there is not over. The U.S. Bureau of Prisons says he is eligible for parole after serving only ten years. It claims that there is no difference between three consecutive and three concurrent life sentences when it comes to parole eligibility. The bureau has misinterpreted the U.S. Code, and I don't intend to let it get away with it without a fight. I would welcome knowledgeable interpretations of section 4205(a) of Title 18, U.S. Code.

Alfred Kassab
Jamesburg, New Jersey

As a friend of Jeffrey MacDonald's, I found it a great pleasure to have him featured in the April issue of PLAYBOY.

Elliot touched on many "controversial" aspects of the case, but Jeffrey answered each and every one of them honestly and concisely. While there are tens of thousands of pages in legal documentation to support Jeffrey's innocence, there he sits in prison, falsely accused of a crime he did not commit, while the bureaucratic red tape and stone-walling continue.

Thank you, PLAYBOY and Elliot, for publishing a fair and impartial interview about the most controversial murder trial of its decade.

Carrie Jaskowiak-Smith
Bloomington, Minnesota

Thank you and the hundreds of readers who wrote to us, both praising and damning our interview with Jeffrey MacDonald. Seldom in this magazine's history have we received so many letters in response to a "Playboy Interview."

AND SO IT GOES . . . LINDA ELLERBEE'S LIFE IN PRINT

Linda Ellerbee's *And So It Goes: My Adventures in Television* (PLAYBOY, April) is witty and entertaining. It's a pleasure to find such fine writing about a medium that I usually find overwhelmingly boring and shallow. Perhaps if Linda were in charge



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of NBC, things would be different. I hope her new book hits the best-seller list.

Anne Sands
Mill Valley, California

I think I want to be Linda Ellerbee when I grow up. The woman was absolutely wonderful in *Weekend and Over-night*. She and Lloyd Dobyns were two sublime reasons not to turn in early. Her article is wonderful. I'm so glad you let her do it, because no other writer but Ellerbee would have had the balls to be so honest about Ellerbee. I was one of the people who sent telegrams to those NBC idiots who canceled her and Dobyns. If any of you executive types there at the networks are listening, please entertain the idea of returning Linda to the masses.

Candi Fick
Council Bluffs, Iowa

DAN'S PANS

What sort of man writes for PLAYBOY? Dan Jenkins' "Dollars for Scholars" (*Sports*, PLAYBOY, April) is the most pointless, condescending and blatantly racist piece of drivel that I have ever had the misfortune of reading. As a black medical student attending Georgetown University, I am very proud of our basketball team's successes on and off the court. The team is all black and, though Jenkins may find this incredible, the players can read and write and articulate their ideas without saying fuck, shit and motherfucker every three words. It pains me to read in 1986 such stereotypical bigotry in a prominent national magazine. I feel that Jenkins' purpose would have been better served if he concentrated on the mercenary attitudes of university administrators who have prostituted the athletic talents of black student athletes at the expense of their educations.

Lawrence Wells
Washington, D.C.

Dan Jenkins, he be a funny mother-fucker. Hooooee. He be knowin' all kinda good shit. Lak, he be makin' up 'maginary po' dumb niggers what talks, you know, jes' lak real-life po' dumb niggers. We all be laughin' some now. Hooooee.

Now, then, I hope I've established whether it takes any particular talent to write racist horseshit. Given the appalling ineffectiveness of the American educational system, mocking the language deficiencies of the Rondiels, Wendiels and Dwoans of the world makes about as much sense as breaking their legs with a tire iron and then laughing at them because they walk funny.

Shame on you.

Robert Parsons
Lakeland, Florida

DEAR OF INTERMENT

I've recently been employed by a very young and, I might add, more beautiful mortician than Alexandra Mosca, your

Lady in Black (PLAYBOY, April). The woman for whom I work is a professional who cares, is efficient and considers her job almost spiritual. Throughout the process of embalming, dressing, etc., she treats the deceased with such dignity and modesty that I'm truly amazed. They are handled like newborn babes making a journey we have not yet made.

Needless to say, I can't imagine my boss's posing for PLAYBOY. Both her professional and private lives are modest. I can assure you that our clients demand this of her. How can Mosca face her clients? This business is touchy enough (as far as people's emotions go). So, please, no more Merry Morticians.

K. Hallahan
Clifton, New Jersey

I must commend you for your nude layout of truly beautiful Alexandra Mosca. So the funeral industry is getting its hackles up. Who cares what they say? She really helped their dull, dour image. I had intended to give my body to a medical school upon my death. Now I would like to give it to Mosca instead.

Ron Carter
Vass, North Carolina

STARS OF DIFFERENT STRIPES

Kudos to Jack Newfield for putting into a clear, well-reasoned essay (*Stallone vs. Springsteen: Which Dream Do You Buy?*, PLAYBOY, April) what I (and countless others) have felt for many years about Bruce Springsteen and his adamant refusal to take the simplistic Stallone/Rambo/Rocky approach to the problems of our times. In Bruce's music, I feel not the gut reaction of Stallone's fake *machismo* but a genuine and personal challenge to make this country, in his words, "a more decent place to live in." The best hope for America's future is not found in the self-congratulatory jingoism of a no-talent Hollywood phony. It lies in true patriots like Bruce, who see our problems for what they are and challenge all of us to do the same.

Ben Douglas
Berkeley, California

Jack Newfield sucks. That's right, Jack. Judging from your stupid picture in *Playbill*, I'd say you're a lily-livered little creep. Judging from your essay *Stallone vs. Springsteen*, I'd say you're a Communist sympathizer. Stallone has more guts in his pinkie than you'll ever have.

Jim Pyle
Naples, Florida

We are the soup kitchen to which Bruce Springsteen donated \$10,000 last August. Newfield gives the impression that we are run by U.S.W. Local 1397. While we are ex-steelworkers ourselves and friends of the union, we are independent of Local 1397. We serve more than just steelworkers, as we are community based. Springsteen's generous donation has helped us survive this far. We can't say the same

about Sylvester Stallone's efforts. I certainly agree with Newfield's article.

Robert Anderson, Director
Homestead Unemployed Center
Rainbow Kitchen
Homestead, Pennsylvania

BIKE-A-BOO

Your photographic essay *Range Riders* (PLAYBOY, April) is unique. Fast motorcycles and cowboys sure seem to go together in those great photographic layouts. Unfortunately, your photo on page 80, captioned the Honda VFR 750, isn't. What you have there is the limited-edition VFR 700F, available only in white. It's a tariff-busting 698.7 c.c. and is offered as a less expensive alternative to the VFR 750F, which comes in red, white and blue. Anyway, it's nice to see PLAYBOY give so much coverage to the next best thing to beautiful women.

Michael J. Hartley
Mission Viejo, California

Good eyes, Michael. Jim Petersen, our resident motorcycle expert, says, "The bike we photographed was a prototype, one of two in the country. The shooting was done in secrecy so complete that not only did we think we had a 750, so did the people at Honda who provided us with the technical specs."

THE LIPS OF LOVE

Yes, I first noticed them when she was on the cover of PLAYBOY in November 1985: her lips, April Playmate Teri Weigel's most endearing asset. It doesn't matter what the pose, it is Teri's full-bodied and beautiful lips that stand out. And I think her mouth appears again, illustrating the article *Pasta!* in the same issue. I'd sure like another picture of Teri, a very lovely girl, indeed.

David J. Kramer
Pontiac, Michigan
Actually, Dave, the "Pasta!" lips belong to Carol Ficatier, our December 1985 Playmate. Teri, you'll recall from her Data



Sheet, is a pizza freak. As you can see above, Teri's a deluxe combination with all the extras.





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 Model: Teri Doss; Photographer: Stephen Harvey

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U J E N A



Why Put Yourself Be When You Can Have The

The VHS Mini VideoMovie from JVC. It weighs less than three pounds, yet it's loaded with features the comparable* size 8mm camcorder leaves out. And just look what JVC has put in one small package.



There's a TV monitor in the viewfinder for rapid review or full playback. The comparable 8mm has no monitor and requires a separate deck for playback.



The Auto Focus 6:1 power zoom lens is rated at 15 lux. The 8mm has no power zoom, just three manual focus settings, and at 25 lux is far less sensitive. The video image is read by a durable advanced solid state CCD chip.

Regular VHS tape is wound on special small cassettes for up to one



*Comparison made with Sony CCD-MBU 8mm camera-recorder. Sony is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation of America.



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It's Not How Small You Make It,
It's How You Make It Small.



The World's Smallest VHS.

A SERIOUS WORD ON BREWING FROM THE FUNNIEST BEER IN AMERICA.



Lite

A FINE PILSNER
BEER

The cast of characters who have helped make Miller Lite famous has brought America a lot of laughs. But the beer that stands behind them happens to be one of the most serious creations in the history of brewing.

After all, the very idea of Lite was once considered an impossibility: a truly full-flavored beer that was significantly lower in calories than regular beer.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE LIGHT BEER

Today Miller Lite is far and away the largest-selling light beer in America and the nation's second largest-selling beer of any kind.

This remarkable performance took a lot more than a good sense of humor. The brewing process that gives Lite its superior taste uses no fewer than 128 quality checks along the way to the bottle.

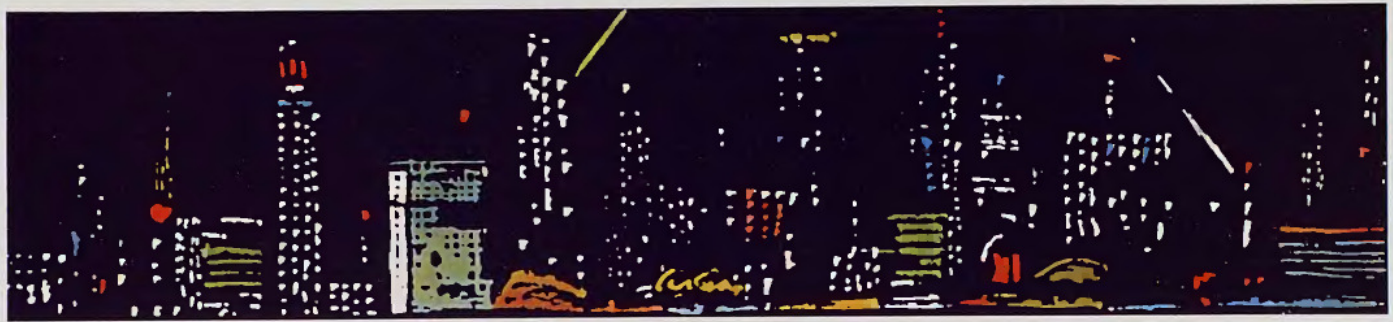
MORE HOPS, MORE FLAVOR

Lite's flavor is achieved by using two kinds of hops instead of just one for more hop flavor than most other light beers. Then the flavor is meticulously balanced to a perfectly mellow, well-rounded pilsner beer containing no additives or preservatives.

The *only* way to achieve this much character in *any* beer is quality brewing every step of the way. To achieve it consistently in a beer with only 96 calories is a long way from funny. It's unprecedented.

**THERE'S ONLY ONE
LITE BEER.
MILLER LITE.**

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



The common ferret is a weaselish, tube-shaped cousin of the common skunk. For reasons that are not entirely clear to us, this animal is presently the pet of choice among hip urbanites. Our neighborhood veterinarian reports an impressive growth in the number of patients named Farrah Ferret and Ferret Fawcett, and Ralston Purina has introduced Ferret Chow.

Pet dealers say that ferrets are small, inexpensive and easy to care for. Reputedly, they are playful and cuddly. For all we know, this may be true. Until recently, few people ever ventured close enough to them to find out. "They have a very offensive, wild-animal odor that stays with you after you've held one," Kay McFarlane, a pet-shop manager, told us. McFarlane speaks from experience; she owned a ferret for a brief time. She named him Stinky Phil. Ferrets are also known to attack house guests. But these unfortunate distinctions have done little to deter them from succeeding socially.

"A lot of people take their ferrets to bars and dinner parties," observes pet-store owner Donna Dunlap. "You can stick them in your pocket or purse and take them anywhere. It's a great way to meet people."

But not nearly as great as bar hopping in the company of Dunlap's newest and fastest-selling pet. "We've started selling white mice dyed in pastel colors," she says. "We call them Miami Mice."

IMPROVED HOLIDAYS

Now that Congressional committees are talking about changing our national anthem, we think it's about time to re-examine our stale slate of national holidays. Since nobody cares about Presidents' Day and only a few squirrels observe Arbor Day, we suggest these new holidays for 1987: Elvis Day, January eighth, when families decorate their homes like Graceland and watch *King Creole*; Morris Day, May first, when Americans

set their clocks back and dance; Reagan's birthday, February sixth, when children sing encouraging songs to the homeless; Ms. Sadie Hawkins Day, June first, when women get to hold all executive-level positions; Dope Day, July fourth, when more than 100 major-league baseball players perform community service; National Highway Death Toll Day, December 31, when all the drunks have the highways to themselves and there is no speed limit; Bomb Awareness Day, August sixth, when we take a day off to think about how pointless our lives are under the threat of nuclear extinction; De-Deregulation Day, October tenth, when air fare and fuel prices skyrocket but there are clear phone lines; and *Walpurgisnacht*, every four years, the last night of the Republican Convention.

Solutions to Contemporary Problems 101: Singer/comedian James Lee Stanley, who is Steven Wright's opening act, offers



some helpful sex advice: "Natural childbirth is a real eye opener. There's so much pain, I can't believe women actually have two children. They should run high school classes through obstetrics wards—it would be the end of teen pregnancy."

And in order to limit the spread of venereal disease, Stanley recommends hot tubs: "I like the idea of boiling your friends for 30 minutes before you put them in your mouth."

POSTCARD FROM LONDON

We know British youth mainly by its exports: Boy George, Wham!, et al. But *Absolute Beginners*, David Bowie and Ray Davies' new movie about early British hipsters, made us wonder which new British phenomena haven't yet reached our shores. We checked. There are two: the red wedge and the *new new* psychedelia (yes, *that* again).

The first is a politically leftist confederation of rock-'n'-rollers whose main target is unemployment, with particular drubbing reserved for Margaret Thatcher, youth enemy number one.

The second phenomenon is not political at all. Unlike the old new psychedelia, which was mostly a musical movement starring such groups as The Psychedelic Furs, the current version expresses itself in fashion and night life. While drugs are not central, or so we hear, trendies boast a nodding acquaintance with L.S.D. The hot clubs: The Alice in Wonderland, A Million Rubber Bands and The Pigeon-Toed Orange Peel. Fashion "ins": long hair, face painting, beads. "Outs": peace signs, bell bottoms and sandals. Betcha already *knew* that.

CAREERS IN ACTION

This month, a true adventure from the exciting world of drug dealing: Juan Guillermo Castano and Gustavo Lopez, Colombian nationals living in New Jersey, saw the small building with antennas

THE PAPA ALSO RISES



There can be no doubt about it now. Ernest Hemingway is the greatest writer of all time. He has published nine books since his death on July 2, 1961. In the more than 350 years since his demise, William Shakespeare has managed only one poor, pitiful poem. Hemingway's prolific posthumous pen has just struck again with the publication of "The Garden of Eden," a surprisingly contemporary novel about a young American writer and his bisexual bride.

Surely, the Hemingway catalog is far from exhausted. Here are some works we're expecting to see next.

THE HEMINGWAY DIET

At long last, an honorable way to lose those unsightly pounds. The book contains many tips from the master—"Never cook bread stupidly," "Always slab your cheese and slice your onions"—along with scintillating recipes for such favorites as Crisp French Fried Kale, Caribbean Sushi and Ernesto's Homemade Smoked Sausage. Written in the form of a novel, it is narrated by an American writer who marries five women in the course of his search for the perfect spear of asparagus. This book is based on a scrap of paper with the word flour written on it in the author's own hand.

THE ADVENTURER'S GUIDE TO THE TEN BEST BARS IN THE WHOLE WORLD

This is the ultimate selection, made according to the true Hemingway criteria: "It must be clean, warm, well lighted. It must serve an honest whiskey. It must have a good jukebox full of the finest tunes. Wonderful, young, tender, vapid women are a must. And pickled eggs. There are no tricks with pickled eggs as there are with wonderful, young, tender, vapid women. It must be an honest egg with true pickling, and then the eating you can do with it is plain and wonderful."

THE OLD MAN AND THE CRATONS

A rock-'n'-roll novel that anticipates the Vietnam war. It's about a platoon of quintessentially born-in-the-U.S.A. grunts—an urban black sergeant, a naïve young white officer and a Midwestern writer who are lost in the jungles of Southeast Asia fighting a war that they only imagine, because they are on drugs. Hemingway manfully blends music, drugs and the rites of manhood into crescendoing despair over the question, If this isn't a war, then what are these men doing here?

THE MISSILES OF AUGUST

This haunting novel is an uncanny

premonition of the Cuban Missile Crisis. The narrator, an American writer living in Cuba, owns a fishing boat, the Pilar. One day, while engaged in a titanic *mano-a-pescado* struggle with a 400-pound marlin, he notices a Russian freighter steaming past, carrying a mysterious cargo. Quickly landing the marlin, the hero establishes a private blockade of the island, singlehandedly preventing the ship from unloading its dangerous lading until help arrives from the mainland.

SWITCHEROO

Sure to be a best seller, this complex and daring novel tells the absorbing story of a young American writer, Nick, who undergoes a sex-change operation and becomes another young American writer, Nora. She writes many excellent books, including one based on the struggle of the women's movement in Spain and another on quilting and growing potatoes in Idaho. In her later years, she sells sea shells on the seashore of Key West and is recognized as the true queen of writing, known to friends and admirers as Mama.

PAPA'S GUIDE TO AEROBICS, YOGA AND JOGGING

In his later years, Hemingway's attention was turning from hunting, fishing and bullfighting to football—"Don't start being friends with quarterbacks again and especially not with this one when you know how good he is and how much you will have to lose if he gets sacked and something happens to him, like a rotator cuff"—and finally to the less directly competitive but personally fulfilling practice of conditioning the whole person, inside and out. Here is gentle, wise instruction on how to run with emotion, stay thin and become one with the universe. A preface by Richard Simmons makes a strong case for Hemingway's having coined the term "Go for it."

—BOB MCKAY

outside and concluded that this must be the radio station where their disc-jockey client worked. So they walked in, dumped a kilo of cocaine onto a desk and requested payment of \$34,000 from the "d.j." The prospective client turned out to be an officer assigned to the Hackensack state-police barracks, which was what Castano and Lopez had stumbled upon.

REAGAN REPORT

Here's what the Soviet Union's journal of political satire, *Krokodil*, had to say about our Contributing Editor Ron Reagan: "His spiritual striptease on the pages of *PLAYBOY* causes slight vomiting." You should have seen what they said about his ballet dancing.

Engineers working on the renovation of the Statue of Liberty fed her dimensions into a computer that reduced the figures to a human scale. The engineers report that Miss Liberty's measurements constitute a perfect 36-24-32. Somebody, please give them back their slide rules.

HAVE YOU TRIED JOHN HANCOCK?

A Washington, D.C., bureaucrat installed a new computer password in the city's master financial records, and now he can't remember what it is. Alvin Frost, a management analyst, changed the password in order to guard against corruption. He has completely forgotten the new word, but he thinks it has something to do with the Declaration of Independence. He says that a careful reading of the Declaration would probably jog his memory. City officials have issued Frost a reprimand.

MILE-HIGH-CLUB NEWS

Passengers aboard a recent flight from Chicago to New York heard this inadvertent slip from their captain, who had left the P.A. system turned on: "All I need now is a hot cup of coffee and a blow job." When a stewardess promptly headed toward the front of the cabin, an amused traveler yelled, "Don't forget the coffee."

"Due to scheduling problems at WABC-TV, the Crimes of the Week of February tenth, 17 and 24th have been delayed," read a letter from the New York City Police Department to members of its Crime Stopper program—which made February an excellent month to visit New York, we bet.

MONEY TALKS

The Rocky Mountain News not long ago reported the following incident in a parking lot in Boulder, Colorado:

A young man in a Porsche shot past a woman about to enter a parking spot and announced, "That's how it's done when you're young and agile." Whereupon the woman rammed the Porsche with her Cadillac and said, "That's how it's done when you're old and rich."



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MARTINI & ROSSI

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ROBERT REDFORD'S Sundance Institute is a well-meaning film workshop where moviedom's high and mighty volunteer their expertise to help beginners polish their craft. So far, its best product is *Desert Bloom* (Columbia), writer-director Eugene Corr's slice-of-life drama about a working-class family in Las Vegas circa 1950. The movie has the earnest air of a conscientious, socially relevant student film, but it also has passion, emotional richness and a marvelously personal re-creation of a particular place and time in America. As a lame, tortured World War Two veteran who runs a gas station and broods about the atom-bomb tests gearing up nearby, Jon Voight limns a near-perfect portrait of a sensitive man driven to drink, cruelty and violence by feelings he cannot articulate. Equally good are JoBeth Williams as his dull but doggedly optimistic wife, and Ellen Barkin as a resident sister-in-law, a snappy former model and divorcee about town. *Desert Bloom's* point-of-view character is a bright, bespectacled teenager named Rose, played with winningly unaffected charm by 14-year-old movie newcomer Annabeth Gish. Gish's strained, poignant relationship with stepfather Voight gives some focus to a story line that is shot through with symbolism linking a young girl's growing pains to an entire nation's loss of innocence. Set in a period when Americans were concerned about the Korean War, McCarthyism and the dawning nuclear age, *Desert Bloom* throws warm light upon a moment of history when atomic-bomb testing in the neighborhood meant party time for fun-loving plain folk from Vegas. Despite an occasional fumble, here's a feature-film debut well worth celebrating. ★★★

Made in New Zealand, where antinuke sentiments run strong, *The Quiet Earth* (Skouras) is an arresting, intelligent psychodrama of the last-man-on-the-planet variety. Well, not quite the last, since Bruno Lawrence—as a scientist who tries suicide after participating in some destructive experiments masterminded by “the Americans”—comes back from the Great Beyond to find two other survivors who have cheated death. *Quiet Earth* is best, though, in the eerie opening sequences, when Lawrence, still alone, begins to go thoughtfully mad, installing himself in a mansion, dressing up in women's lingerie and posing as a ranting dictator and as God. Director Geoff Murphy's vision of an altered, unstable universe is projected in striking images of everyday reality gone oddly askew, emptied of life. *Earth* falters a bit when the hero encounters a sexy woman (Alison Routledge), then a Maori



Voight, Gish take steps in *Desert Bloom*.

A pair of thought-provoking films re-create the pre- and post-nuclear ages.

man (Peter Smith) who becomes a rival for her favors. That's well-traveled turf, but Murphy earns points by stimulating the mind's eye to do the work most film makers assign to special effects. ★★★½

Considering his credentials, from *Carrie* to *Scarface* and *Body Double*, Brian De Palma may seem the man least likely to direct *Wise Guys* (MGM/UA), a flat-out farce in which Danny De Vito and Joe Piscopo play a pair of fourth-rate hoodlums from Newark. In the power pyramid of New Jersey racketeering, De Vito, as Harry, ranks so low that it's his job to start the *capo's* car, to see if the ignition has been wired with explosives. Piscopo is Harry's impressionable side-kick, Moe, who aspires to open up new avenues for Jews in the Mafia, fancying himself “the Jackie Robinson of organized crime.” By the time these two miscreants wind up in Atlantic City with a heavyweight hit man on their trail, it becomes clear that *Wise Guys* is actually an Abbott and Costello comedy for our time—recycled and raunchier but relying on pretty much the same bumptious routines. While there's scant subtlety in their wham-bam slapstick style, De Palma, De Vito and Piscopo aim for the bleachers and occasionally connect. ★★★½

The elusive chemistry that separates major stars of tomorrow from perennial starlets is put to a sizzling test by Sandrine

Bonnaire in Agnès Varda's *Vagabond* (International Film Exchange). Awarded a César (read Oscar) as France's best actress of 1985, Bonnaire is an unconventionally beautiful 19-year-old who has the sulky, sultry presence of a latter-day Jeanne Moreau. She galvanizes *Vagabond* as Mona, a lone, stubborn drifter—like some Haight-Ashbury hippie in a time warp—who hitchhikes from village to village through the south of France, always asserting her personal freedom at any cost. She is unwashed, smelly, aloof, arrogant and so doggedly self-destructive that she's already dead when the movie begins, her odyssey to oblivion pieced together in flashbacks.

Vagabond, additionally honored as the 1985 Venice Film Festival's best picture, has the bizarre, compelling appeal of a mirror reflecting a presumably normal society through one of its late, unlamented outsiders, who has wound up frozen to death in a ditch. A Tunisian workman, a henpecked agronomist, a pimp, a feeble old lady and a touring forestry expert are among those who reveal themselves—occasionally talking directly to the camera, documentary style—while remembering Mona. Although we never learn the precise cause of Mona's torment, Bonnaire makes it impossible not to care. ★★★

Comedy isn't as easy as it is made to look by Judge Reinhold, whose offhand nice-guy charm recalls the young Jimmy Stewart. In *Off Beat* (Touchstone), with some good backup from a daffy screenplay by Mark Medoff, Reinhold plays a librarian who impersonates his friend the policeman (Cleavant Derricks) at rehearsals for a benefit show featuring dancing cops. Jacques d'Amboise, longtime *premier danseur* of The New York City Ballet, appears as dance master, with Meg Tilly on stage and off as the comely fellow cop assigned to be swept off her feet. Many bright, slight complications ensue, the least of them a piece of cake for the Judge. ★★★½

Director Ridley Scott's *Legend* (Universal) looks like a loyalty test for members of the Tom Cruise fan club, who may remain faithful after seeing a greasy-haired Cruise, as a mystical nature boy named Jack, mouth god-awful dialog. The rest of us had better pin our hopes on his subsequent appearance as a hot pilot in Paramount's late-spring release *Top Gun* (for further details, see this month's *20 Questions*). The company Tom keeps in *Legend* consists largely of goblins, fairies, elves, unicorns (“as long as they roam the earth, evil can never harm the pure in heart”) and an innocent maiden (Mia Sara) whose hand he may win if he meets The Challenge. Except for an appearance by Tim

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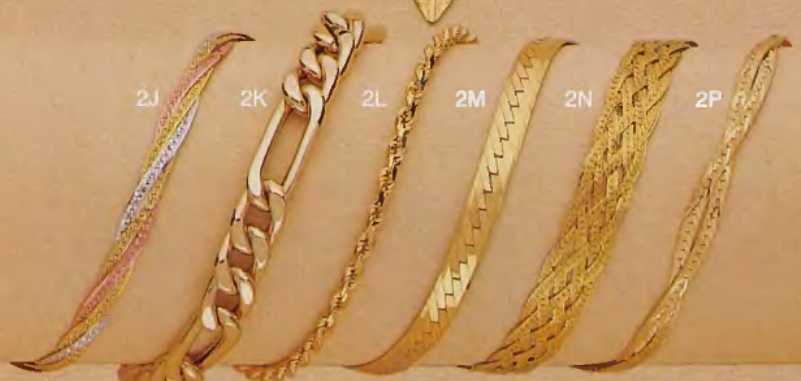
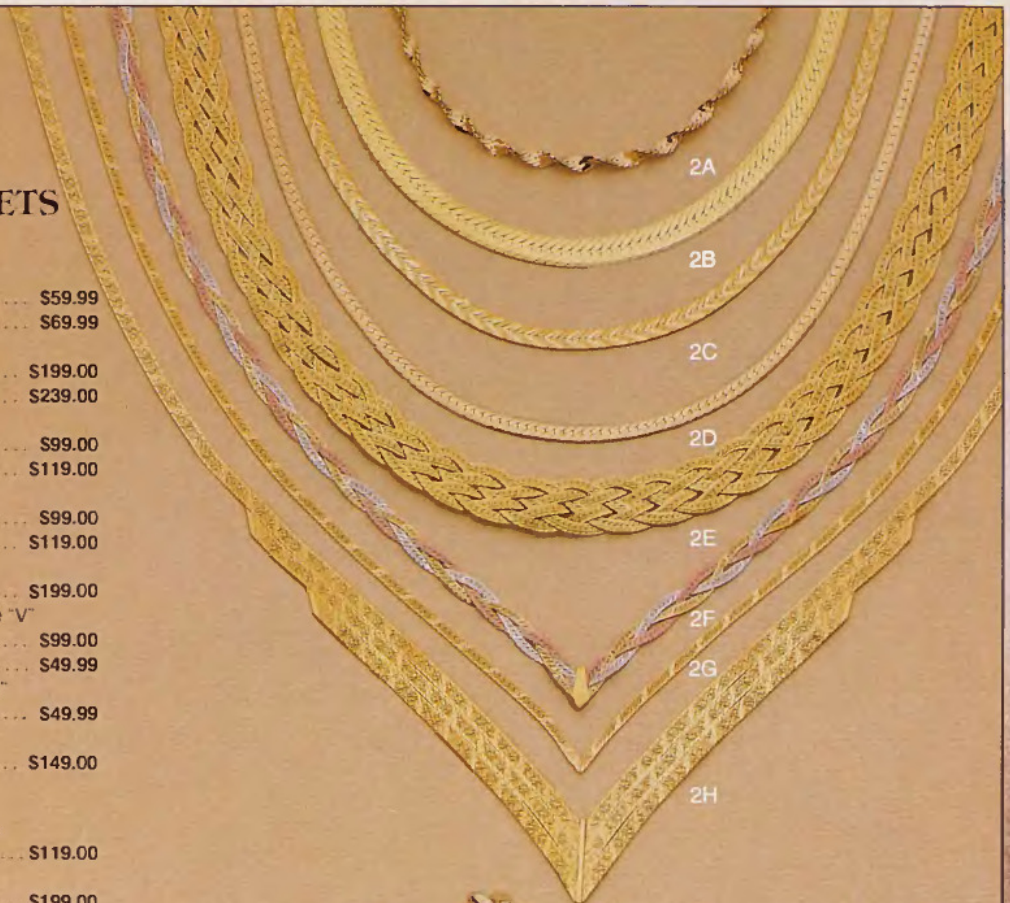
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Curry, in deep disguise and amusingly wicked as a character called Darkness, Scott's flat-footed fantasy is dull, muddled and mediocre from beginning to end. However handsomely photographed, such midsummer-night's nonsense is dangerous stuff for anyone less than Shakespeare. ♣

The ensemble acting is so exactly right in *On Valentine's Day* (Angelika Films) that I am tempted to single out every performer for self-effacing, understated brilliance. Director Ken Harrison has gotten together a flawless company for author Horton (Tender Mercies) Foote's so-called prequel to *1918*, his family drama of a season or so ago set in a small Texas town during World War One. The cast, essentially the same, delivers a richer, more vibrant slice of Americana—moved back in time a year or two, with Hallie Foote (Horton's daughter) and William Converse-Roberts again portraying the young married couple whose elopement on Valentine's Day, against her father's wishes, has caused a family rift. There is not much more to it than that. Matthew Broderick is back in a lesser role as the young bride's wastrel brother, and two other performances—by Steven Hill as a deranged, suicidal cousin and by Richard Jenkins as a totally amiable but embarrassing alcoholic—are nothing short of triumphant. In sharp contrast to the hyperkinetic here-and-now movies that seem to be made for an audience of break dancers, *Valentine's Day* has the leisurely rhythm of a waltz. Even its eruptions of violence feel long ago and far away, perhaps lacking immediacy but full of a born storyteller's magic, delivered *sotto voce*. ♣♣½

In *Rebel* (Vestron), Matt Dillon plays an American GI gone A.W.O.L. in Sydney, Australia, during World War Two. His antiwar attitudes smack more of the Sixties than of the Forties, but that's no fault of Dillon's, who advances from role to role augmenting his screen charisma with intense conviction. Finally (at 22) cast as a grownup, Matt reveals some true grit behind his glamor-boy façade. His co-star, Australian singer Debbie Byrne, makes an auspicious movie debut as the night-club entertainer who falls in love with him while helping him elude the Military Police. The problem with *Rebel*, which director Michael Jenkins adapted from a stage drama by Bob Herbert, is that it's been turned into a hybrid quasi musical. Although Byrne performs vibrantly as a member of an Andrews Sisters type of trio, the film's overproduced song-and-dance interludes are out of sync with the story of a deserting soldier's efforts to buy passage on an outward-bound cargo ship. At moments, there seem to be two movies in progress, disjointedly creating more confusion than concern. All in all, *Rebel* is interesting, ambitious and erratic; but *F/X* fans



Valentine's Day's Converse-Roberts, Foote.

Horton Foote does it again; comedic cultural clashes enliven *A Great Wall*.

will enjoy a feisty, minor contribution by Australia's Bryan Brown, whose star stood lower on the horizon when he took this part. ♣♣

Young and old boogie to the strains of *Oh, Susanna!* in a Peking disco. A Chinese student recites the Gettysburg Address in broken English. And one elderly gent asks politely whether it's true "that almost everyone in America has V.D." Such are the pleasures of *A Great Wall* (Orion Classics), a refreshing social comedy touted as the first American feature film to be shot in Red China. Co-author, director and star Peter Wang portrays a Chinese-American computer executive from San Francisco who takes his wife and his thoroughly spoiled, impudent teenaged son (Kelvin Han Yee) back to visit relatives in his homeland. The conflicting-culture gags are sure-fire, the glimpses of life in today's China both enlightening and inviting. Wang's chuckles wane when they ought to wax, though, and he might have wound up his gentle tale with something more exhilarating than a ping-pong tournament. *Great Wall* already had adequate bounce as an engaging, original Sino-American showdown fairly popping with small surprises. ♣♣½

A comedy bearing the magic words STEVEN SPIELBERG PRESENTS somehow promises more than *The Money Pit* (Universal) ultimately offers. Tom Hanks and Shelley Long co-star as an unmarried couple who jointly buy an old mansion to fix up and almost break up before the scaffolding comes down. As relief from the obvious

gags about inept painters, plumbers and carpenters, Maureen Stapleton and Alexander Godunov (the Soviet ballet star, still stealing scenes after his dashing debut in *Witness*) add some nice finishing touches. Director Richard Benjamin is at his best, though, when he has Hanks catapulting through the residential wreckage as if he were both Laurel and Hardy. The rest is largely romantic drivel, with Long forced to dust off all that did-she-or-didn't-she stuff that was put into moth balls by Doris Day. ♣♣½

The pitiless oppression of blacks in Brazil circa 1650 is stirringly dramatized by writer-director Carlos Diegues' *Quilombo* (New Yorker). Based on historical fact unfamiliar in the Northern Hemisphere, it's an exotic and provocative drama about Quilombo des Palmares, a colony of runaway slaves—originally brought from Africa to work on sugar plantations—who founded a Utopia that the white Portuguese government vowed to destroy. Diegues, more a poet than a historian, approaches the subject of genocide with theatrical fervor and a flair for resonant allusions to atrocities in every century from then until now. ♣♣

The names of Michael Caine, Valerie Perrine, Brenda Vaccaro and Dick Shawn—plus those of George Harrison, Ringo Starr and Eric Clapton, who are signed on for a musical interlude—ought to light up any movie marquee. Uh-huh. Big names may lead an audience to *Water* (Atlantic), but this frenzied little satire will probably drive them to stronger drink. Caine is the pot-smoking governor of a queen-forsaken British outpost in the Caribbean, an island of clichés surrounded by *Water*. You can find better things to do. The actors were evidently not so lucky. ♣

A college town is invaded by a horde of Hollywood hot-shots cranking out a movie based on a local historian's saga about the American Revolution. That gets *Sweet Liberty* (Universal) off to a fair start, particularly when Saul Rubinek, as director of the movie within the movie, announces his three rules for capturing the youth audience: Defy Authority, Destroy Property and Take People's Clothes Off. While writer-director and co-star Alan Alda gives his all to a promising comic premise, he fritters away too much screen time on trite problems with a dotty old mom (Lillian Gish) and a patient fellow teacher (Lise Hilboldt) he may or may not marry. "Just try not to mention the word shit," pleads Bob Hoskins, as author of the loose adaptation, while Michael Caine and Michelle Pfeiffer stylishly carry off their stints as spoiled movie stars. More of that temperamental trio might have made *Liberty* sweeter. ♣♣½



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- The Color Purple** Making Whoopi a star is Spielberg's main achievement in his sugary version of a fine novel. **YY**
- Critters** Fur balls from space. **YY**
- Desert Bloom** (See review) Family problems under a mushroom cloud. **YYY**
- Desert Hearts** On the divorce circuit in Reno, girl meets girl. **YY**
- Down and Out in Beverly Hills** High-camp ode to our affluent society. **YYY**
- FX** Bryan Brown's dandy as a special-effects man marked for murder. **YYY**
- Ginger & Fred** TV à la Fellini. **YYY**
- A Great Wall** (See review) Chuckles in China. **YY½**
- Hannah and Her Sisters** Woody Allen's masterwork in a minor key. **YYYY**
- Kiss of the Spider Woman** Featuring William Hurt's Oscar-winning tour de force as a homosexual jailbird. **YYY½**
- Legend** (See review) In a word, lousy. **Y**
- The Money Pit** (See review) Hanks and Long vs. a handy man's special. **YY½**
- My Beautiful Laundrette** Bright-as-bright comedy about gay London chaps running a coin-wash emporium. **YYY**
- 9½ Weeks** Time flies when Kim Basinger figures in your fantasy. **YYY**
- Off Beat** (See review) Cops on their toes, with Reinhold and Tilly. **YY½**
- The Official Story** Oscar's best foreign film of 1985—from Argentina, superbly acted by Norma Aleandro. **YYYY**
- On Valentine's Day** (See review) Dear hearts and simple people. **YYY½**
- Out of Africa** Another Oscar winner, with Streep acting up a storm, Redford seemingly asleep in safari garb. **YY½**
- The Quiet Earth** (See review) People who need people, postapocalypse. **YY½**
- Quilombo** (See review) Tracking runaway slaves in 17th Century Brazil. **YY**
- Rebel** (See review) Dillon AWOL down under. **YY**
- A Room with a View** Sheer romance, plus Edwardian elegance. **YYYY**
- Salvador** James Woods juggles political hot potatoes as a news photographer in volatile Central America. **YYY**
- Sweet Liberty** (See review) Movie folk bring down higher education. **YY½**
- 3 Men and a Cradle** Bachelors in Paris learn to rockaby baby. **YYY**
- Twist and Shout** The girls, games and growing pains of teenaged Danes. **YY½**
- Vagabond** (See review) On the road with mesmerizing *jeune fille*. **YYY**
- Water** (See review) A comic drought that not even Caine can relieve. **Y**
- Wise Guys** (See review) De Vito and Piscopo as Lou and Bud, sort of. **YY½**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

DREAMING of solo glory, Mick Jagger doesn't have much time for The Rolling Stones these days—just lyrics and a few key musical ideas added to tracks created by Keith Richards and Ron Wood for *Dirty Work* (Rolling Stones). And not since *Some Girls*, in 1978, have these guys sounded so committed. Oh, purists of dirty may not agree—coproducer Steve Lillywhite's cavernous clarity and booming drum mix add a suspiciously "now" feel to the classic riff tunes. But gritty lyrics and vocals open a direct line to love rockers such as *One Hit and Had It with You*, an Angie-caliber slow one called *Sleep Tonight* and songs of conscience that only these well-known sons of bitches could get away with. Here's hoping CBS sends a copy of *Winning Ugly* to Ronald Reagan, Peter Ueberroth and every other archcompetitor who has it coming.

I don't know how seriously anybody takes Laurie Anderson's avant-garde origins anymore, but, really, there was never anything to be afraid of—this is one performance artist who always emphasized the performing, not the art. On *Home of the Brave* (Warner), the sound track to a self-directed movie her label hopes will do a David Byrne on her, she combines the timing and signature delivery of a stand-up comic with unmistakable art rock that has only one pretension—it means to put her across. Old fans may find it slick and resent the occasional remakes, but it's a fine howdy, and this old fan likes it as much as any album she's done except *United States Live*, which is four hours long.

Tsk, tsk—*Party Train*, which leads off side two of the Gap Band's *The 12" Collection* (PolyGram), repeats the formula of *You Dropped a Bomb on Me* and *Early in the Morning*. I mean, wotta formula. Matter of fact, *Party Train* is what they should have called the only Gap Band album anybody need own (and I also mean *need*).

NELSON GEORGE

Grandmaster Flash is an innovative granddaddy of hip-hop. Everybody knows that. Yet on *The Source* (Elektra), Grandmaster Flash & the Furious Five seem consumed with establishing their role in rap history on *Fastest Man Alive*, *Freelance* and bits of several other cuts. Boasting has always been integral to hip-hop; but, with the exception of *Lies*, a lively track reminiscent of Whodini's *Big Mouth*, Flash and crew are too heavy-handed. Considering the great raps in which this group has been involved (remember *The Message?*), this record is a disappointment.

Anita Baker will be seen by some as an American answer to Sade. On *Rapture*



Stones do their own *Dirty Work*.

Sam and Julian and
Mick and company,
plus a new chart.

(Elektra), the music is mellow, ballad oriented and jazzy—superb late-night listening. But this Detroit native's inspiration is really the relaxed pop-jazz of Grover Washington, Jr., and Bob James. Moreover, Baker has a husky, full-bodied voice far stronger than the British crooner's. *Caught Up in the Rapture*, *Been So Long* and *Mystery* are just three cuts on *Rapture* that possess a refreshing maturity.

Steve Arrington was once a funk-'n'-roll wild man. As lead singer and drummer of Slave, he didn't have the public profile of Rick James and the Gap Band, but his funk was just as potent. Then Arrington found God. On *Dancin' in the Key of Life* and the current *Jammin' National Anthem* (Atlantic), he is creating a new genre: Christian funk. Invoking Martin Luther King's name as often as U2's Bono does, Arrington still finds time for sweet love songs (*One of a Kind Paradise*), some electro-reggae with a Sly Stone-influenced melody (*Everybody's Got to Be Free*) and plain old stomping funk (*Homeboy Can't Go Along*). This is rhythmic inspiration for sinners.

DAVE MARSH

To those who *know*, Sam Cooke was and is indisputably the greatest voice in rock and soul history, a thrilling tenor with a gorgeous falsetto and a sense of time that rivals an atomic clock's. Cooke's style defines soul suavity, but he's less famous than lesser practitioners, largely because

his best records were most often pure Gospel or teen fluff. *Sam Cooke: The Man and His Music* (RCA) is, then, a double-barreled revelation, encompassing everything from the holy splendor of *Touch the Hem of His Garment* to the adolescent ecstasy of *Having a Party*. All 28 hits are expertly chosen by A&R director Gregg Geller (who has worked similar magic with Elvis Presley and Jackie Wilson), and the result is Cooke's first complete portrait. Sam Cooke's legacy is as close to eternal as pop gets: Consider this set's final song, the posthumously issued *A Change Is Gonna Come*. Combining Gospel language with a beautifully ornate pop-soul arrangement, the track is a musical landmark and a trenchant one as well, now that Geller has restored a previously unreleased politically oriented verse.

Compared with Cooke, Brian Setzer, the tattooed former leader of rock-a-billy revivalists the Stray Cats, is no singer at all, but his first solo album, *The Knife Feels Like Justice* (EMI America), derives directly from the spirit of *A Change Is Gonna Come*. The ringing guitars and straight-ahead rhythms make such songs as *Maria* (which limns the complexities of Mexican emigration), *Three Guys* (a funny take on religious belief and its consequences) and *Bobby's Back* (a descendant of The Clash's *Stay Free*) fully credible without a fraction of the preaching that too often mars left-of-center rock. In other words, Setzer sounds as if he'd be as

GUEST SHOT



JELLYBEAN "J.B." BENITEZ, who produced superhits for Madonna, Whitney Houston and others, premieres his second solo LP, "Just Visiting This Planet" (Chrysalis), in August. We asked him what's ahead in music.

"I was very synthesizer oriented when I started; now I'm blending acoustic and synthesizer sounds more and more. Dream Academy's first record did that a lot. Barriers are coming down, too, between black and white music. Producers such as Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, who did Janet Jackson's *Control*, are coming up with a sound that a lot of people—black and white—are gonna be imitating."



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comfortable in the *Wonderful World* of Sam Cooke as in the blighted landscape of *A Change Is Gonna Come*, and that, like all first-rate pop musicians, Setzer understands the necessity for both. That doesn't make his music the equal of Cooke's, but Setzer's work suggests that the fires that produced it remain unquenchable.

Muddy Waters / *The Chess Box* (P-Vine): This Japanese 11-disc boxed set surveys the greatest Chicago blues singer, covering his career from the late Forties, when he was just beginning his transformation of the country blues on which he'd grown up, through his raucous Fifties heyday to the genre's waning moments of importance in the mid-Sixties. Waters was such a great talent scout and bandleader—his accompanists here include a galaxy of blues stars, most notably Little Walter, Otis Spann, Jimmy Rogers and Buddy Guy—that his skills as singer, guitarist and songwriter are sometimes forgotten. Here, Muddy takes the shape he deserves as one of the most complete popular-music performers of his era. His best songs are either awesomely salacious (*I'm Ready, Still a Fool*) or almost painfully dignified in the face of outrageous indignity (*Standing Around Crying, Sad Letter Blues*), occasionally both at once (*Rollin' Stone, Down South Blues*). *The Chess Box* ranks with the ten-record *The Immortal Hank Williams* and the 12-disc *Jerry Lee Lewis: The Sun Years* among the most significant and comprehensive collections of postwar American music. Like them, it's worth every nickel of its expensive import price.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Lords of the New Church have never quite made it, due largely to their singer Stiv Bator's always pulling shit like dropping trou on live television. Bator insists there is method to his madness in *Method to My Madness*—one of 12 hits collected on *Killer Lords* (I.R.S.)—but I don't believe him. There are some nuggets in his madness, however, especially *Open Your Eyes*, a surprisingly sensitive and evocative tune that should have been a legitimate greatest hit. The odd thing about Bator is that his antics have prevented people from seeing what an adept singer he has become over the Lords' beyond-the-garage backing. The guy can croon, hiss, snarl, moan, belch, scream, declaim and a lot of other stuff, and even if you don't care about that, you should buy the record for the all-time most-vicious send-up of *Like a Virgin*, a multiple orgasm for anyone who has O.D.ed on the Material Girl.

It used to be that only guys who knew how to conduct an orchestra could do a sound track. Now anyone with a couple of synthesizers can do one. Press the swamp-gas-at-midnight button and—*Voilà!*—you have created mystery. The sound track to *Trouble in Mind* (Island) manages to transcend the synth tradition when Marianne

Faithfull packs a truckload of emotion into such lines as "You gotta make your own rules / You gotta break your own chains." But for my taste, there is too little of her singing (just two and a half songs) on an album for which she gets equal billing with Mark Isham, a talented composer of mood music that here is best suited to listeners in the mood for swamp gas at midnight.

Best folk record I've heard lately is **Rock Is Dead** (Subterranean Records, 577 Valencia Street, San Francisco, California 94110), by the Muskrats, two guys with guitars and washboard who sing the classics classically and will make you drag out all your old Kingston Trio records even if, like me, you don't have any old Kingston Trio records.

VIC GARBARINI

Tommy Keene / Songs from the Film (Geffen): Smarter than the average six-string popster, if only 'cause he puts the kind of muscle behind his guitar that his jangly contemporaries lack.

Julian Lennon / The Secret Value of Daydreaming (Atlantic): Last time, he proved he'd inherited at least some of the Lennon touch with a ballad. But his awkward attempt to rock out here is hobbled by lackluster vocals, overproduction and weak tunes, leaving him sounding like a ghost in producer Phil Ramone's production machine. Next time, maybe a little more daydreaming will allow his proven talents to surface.

Philip Glass / Songs from Liquid Days (CBS): With a little help from David Byrne, Laurie Anderson, the Roches, et al., Glass turns out a cycle of genuine art songs that really work as pop—no mean feat. And by art, we mean alive and resonant, not merely pretentious.

Pretty in Pink / Sound Track (A&M): John Hughes's choices are all politically correct, if a bit overweighted toward Brit synth-pop. But I go back only for Suzanne Vega and the OK cover of Nik Kershaw's wimpy glorious *Wouldn't It Be Good*. (So why not use the original?)

SECOND CHANCE

Fairport Convention / Gladys' Leap (Varrick): We'll admit it—sometimes we slip up and a really good one gets away. *Gladys* falls into that category. It proves that these seminal English folk-rockers, who haven't recorded an album for quite a spell, are still in touch with that ineffable source of grace, beauty and heart that originally set them apart from more orthodox folk purists. We welcome the Convention back and apologize for ignoring this bright contribution. Although *Gladys* hit the stores some months ago, it's still there—go buy it.



FAST TRACKS



ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Sam Cooke <i>The Man and His Music</i>	9	8	10	10	10
Elvis Costello <i>King of America</i>	10	6	7	7	4
Grandmaster Flash <i>The Source</i>	4	8	6	8	5
Julian Lennon <i>The Secret Value of Daydreaming</i>	2	5	6	4	2
Rolling Stones <i>Dirty Work</i>	9	8	7	6	7

IT'S GOT A GOOD BEAT AND YOU CAN DANCE TO IT DEPARTMENT: If you glance above these words, you'll notice that something new is going on. Beginning this month, our incredibly hip record reviewers will be rating five albums on a scale of one to ten, just the way *American Bandstand* taught us to do it. We're calling it the Rockmeter, and you'll find it from now on in this spot.

REELING AND ROCKING: Before tackling his sixth movie score, for the upcoming *Extreme Prejudice*, **Ry Cooder** plans on doing a studio album. He says, "It will be child's play after those movies." . . . Look for **Marshall Crenshaw** in the new **Francis Coppola** film, *Peggy Sue Got Married*. . . . The Colombian Volcano Relief benefit concert held in London last winter is being made into a movie starring **Chrissie Hynde**, **David Gilmour**, **Pete Townshend** and **Annie Lennox**. . . .

Dave Stewart says he's had interest from the Disney Studios in a children's musical he's producing, called *T.V.P.* (for TV Planet). It's about life on a planet so bland that music has become nonexistent—until two funky earthlings arrive to correct the situation. Meanwhile, he and the aforementioned **Annie Lennox** begin a world tour this month. . . . Film maker **D. A. Pennebaker** plans to have a **Jimi Hendrix** concert film in the moviehouses by the time you read this. It's created from unused footage left over from the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967. Pennebaker also hopes to use Monterey Pop footage for an **Otis Redding** film. . . . **Don Henley** is doing triple time for the movies, co-producing a song with **John Waite** for *Captive Hearts*, working on the *Color of Money* sound track and writing the music for *Rescue*, a film about the sanctuary movement.

NEWSBREAKS: Touring news: **John Fogerty** is writing songs for his next

album and gearing up to tour this summer. . . . Former **J. Geils** member **Peter Wolf** will have an album out this summer and expects to tour extensively this fall. . . . **Nils Lofgren**, who is doing an acoustic tour while the **E Street Band** is on hiatus, says **The Boss** is toying with the idea of doing some club dates. Can you imagine? . . . The **Glimmer Twins**, **Mick** and **Keith**, should have decided by now whether it's yes or no for a **Stones** tour. We're hoping for yes. . . . **Cyndi Lauper's** long-awaited second album is due in your store any second. . . . **Moonlighting's** **Bruce Willis** has signed with Motown and will release an album later this year. . . . How about **Dolly Parton** as Mother Goose? It's a real possibility on Showtime's *Faerie Tale Theater*. . . . Plans are in the works for the famous San Francisco intersection of Haight and Ashbury streets to be marked commemorating the site of the 1967 Summer of Love. The monument is still being designed, but musicians will be asked to place their hand- and footprints in the cement around it. . . . Look for the reincarnation of **Little Richard** everywhere—more movies, guest shots on *Miami Vice* and *Hill Street Blues* (we hear he even turned down a series) and a new recording contract. Good golly, Miss Molly. . . . Finally, as **Ted Nugent's** concert tour wends its way into your city, think about the Nug's latest stunt: an offer to buy Muzak for \$10,000,000. Calling Muzak "an evil force in today's society because it causes people to lapse into uncontrollable fits of blandness," Nugent hoped to put the enterprise out of business. Westinghouse, its owner, turned the bid down, claiming that Muzak was worth more than \$10,000,000. To elevator companies, maybe. —BARBARA NELLIS

SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

The month of June marked the 45th anniversary of the last heavyweight-championship fight. Let me rephrase that. It's been 45 years since the last heavyweight-championship fight that meant anything. To me. That I cared about. Are we straight? Fine. I refer to the night of June 18, 1941, "outdoors in the ball park," as Terry Malloy would say, when a flashy young Billy Conn made an unbeatable Joe Louis look stunningly beatable by outboxing him for 12 smart rounds. As we know, it was in the 13th round that Conn inadvertently, if not cockily, danced into a boxing glove that concealed one of Louis' fists. That punch kept Louis the heavyweight champion of the world for the "duration," a term applied to the ten or 15 years it was going to take for World War Two to end.

A film of the first Louis-Conn fight, which was staged in the Polo Grounds before 54,487 people, proves that it wasn't the sporting classic it had seemed to be on the radio. Of course, no sporting classic has ever been as classic as it seemed on the radio, which was the charm of radio. But it was still the last heavyweight-championship fight for someone like me, a person who never saw Rocky Marciano do anything but crowd somebody into a corner and maul him with his shoulders and who can't remember if he ever saw Muhammad Ali actually *hit* anybody.

An explanation. I am a man in his mid-50s racing toward adolescence. As such, I count differently from most people. The Thirties, for example, lasted from the Wall Street crash of 1929 until Pearl Harbor, in 1941. And the Forties lasted from Pearl Harbor until Eisenhower's election in 1952. The Fifties lasted only until Sputnik went up, in 1957, and the Sixties lasted forever, at least until Darth Vader and some Yuppies finally stamped them out. There were no Seventies, and the Eighties won't be here until the Nineties.

The point is, Joe Louis was the heavyweight champion through all my formative and most impressionable years, just as Franklin D. Roosevelt was the only President anybody would ever need.

From a prize-fighting point of view, it was even more important to me that Joe Louis used to stand up and clearly punch people, most often knocking his opponent down and, usually, out. Over and over, I saw him do it in the newsreels.

This trait made his first fight with Conn all the more memorable. It was the closest Louis came to getting beaten in his prime.



THE LAST HEAVYWEIGHT

Billy Conn was a classy challenger. Everybody knew that. He was not a member of the Bum-of-the-Month Club, even though his fight with Louis in June 1941 followed in the wake of the champion's having knocked out Al McCoy in December, Red Burman in January, Gus Dorazio in February, Abe Simon in March, Tony Musto in April and Buddy Baer in May. Conn, in fact, had been the light-heavyweight champion of the world since 1939.

Conn was a clever, stylish fighter with a pretty good punch of his own. The trouble was, he gave away reach, height and 25 pounds to Louis. Still, he had Louis confused and far behind on points that night in the Polo Grounds, and he might well have taken the title if he hadn't grown overconfident or, as Billy later said, "if I hadn't had so much Pittsburgh in me." He wanted to knock Louis out, not just win.

A few years ago, I was with Billy one night in Pittsburgh. He was reflecting, yet again, on his career.

"It wouldn't have done any good to run from Joe," he said. "Maybe I'd have won, but he still would have made my life miserable for four years in the Army, knowin' I had to fight the son of a bitch again when the war was over."

That particular evening, Billy told me about going up against some guys who were a lot tougher than Louis.

"Mob guys," he said. "I got in a legitimate deal with 'em and they wouldn't pay me. They hung out in this hotel suite I knew about. I thought I'd bust in there and get my money. Only time I ever carried a gun. Hey, I wasn't gonna let 'em screw me out of my money. I went to the hotel, kicked the door in, pulled out the gun and said, 'I'm Billy Conn, you low-life bastards! I'm here to get my money!'"

Billy paused in his narrative long enough for me to ask, "What happened?"

"I got laughed at," he said, shrugging.

I once discovered that Louis had a sense of humor, too. It surfaced one night when he appeared on a cable-TV show with Muhammad Ali. According to most sportswriters, of course, Ali was supposed to be funnier than Lenny Bruce and Richard Pryor combined. I never understood why. All he ever said was, "I'm the greatest," and the only funny thing he ever did was exchange the best name in the world, Cassius Clay, for that of an N.B.A. player.

But there the two of them were on TV, with Ali supposed to be funny and Louis supposed to be sad.

I'm sure a good many sportswriters watching must have been highly entertained when Ali said to Louis, "How do you think you'd have done against me—the greatest?"

In his expressionless way, Louis said nicely, "Oh, that's hard to say. We fought in different eras."

"You don't want to answer the question because you *know* the answer," Ali said, still being funny. "You're tryin' to *evade* my question, ain't you?"

Calmly, Louis said, "No, it's just that we had different opponents, different styles. You fought in the Sixties and Seventies. I fought in the Thirties and Forties. You had some easy fights. I once had what they called the Bum-of-the-Month tour—"

Ali broke in, looking outraged.

"You calling me a bum?"


"I didn't say that," said Louis.

"Yes, you did!" Ali yelled. "You're calling me a bum—me! The greatest!"

"No, I didn't," Louis said.

"I heard you!" Ali said. "Didn't you *imply*—don't you *mean*—I'm a bum?"

Louis finally surrendered to a faint grin and said, "You'd have been on the tour."

And in that moment, just as he is today, Joe Louis was still the heavyweight champion. 



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By ASA BABER

Rodney Dangerfield has a joke that goes something like this: The first time I had sex, I was terrified. It was late at night. It was dark. I was alone.

Oh, yeah, Rodney, I know what you mean. The same thing happened to me. And it seems to keep happening. As a matter of fact, I hope it never stops, because it isn't terrifying anymore.

Maybe one day, Roget's *Thesaurus* will have a list of the synonyms we men have given masturbation: beating off, pounding the pud, milking the lizard, phoning the czar. . . . The list goes on, but you know what I'm talking about—one of life's major recreational activities, that's what I'm talking about.

Where would we be without the joy of solitary sex? Dead or in a strait jacket, I think. It's not easy being needy. When it comes to excessive energy, the healthy male is a nuclear-power plant, a Three Mile Island waiting to overload. We avoid meltdown by tapping the tank before it explodes.

Tapping the tank—another synonym.

When I was younger, I used to think that tapping the tank was a hobby that would fade in time, but that's not the case. "I can't believe it," a good friend of mine said. "The married men in this organization masturbate more than the single men!" He had just seen the results of the polygraph tests administered by his Government agency. "Do you believe that?" he asked.

"Why wouldn't I?" I said. "I'm married and I still do it. I haven't stopped; have you?"

"Are you kidding? I can't even give it up for Lent," he laughed.

That's right: Most of us won't give it up, not even for Lent. We flog that snake in all seasons. And we've been doing it for years.

You would think that all this romancing the bone would meet with society's approval. After all, we practiced pud thumpers hurt no one with our private workouts. We seek simple comfort, a release from tension, the tranquillity of a remembered moment or a fantasized love. It's basic, it's creative, it's fun.

So why is it called self-abuse? And why is it an unmentionable topic in some company? And why is guilt about it still dropped around our horny hands?

Put it this way: You've heard of the separation of religion and the state, but have you heard of religion's separation of mind



ROMANCING THE BONE

and body?

That's right, you eel stroker: Here in this supposedly liberated culture, we are, in our way, as hidebound and puritanical as ever. We are told from an early age that our bodies are evil things, mechanisms to be controlled and censored. Those of us who would obtain purity, we are taught, should copy those who have already obtained it. From church and synagogue and mosque, the message is remarkably similar: Religion remains unsexed, unable to deal with sexuality, primarily opposed to any open discussion about it and filled—in its silences as well as its words—with grim sexual lectures.

In some ways, it doesn't matter. There is a life force in us that transcends all the dire threats and warnings of those who would set our moral standards, and most of us doodle our noodles in happy abandon from the moment we first discover the warmth such doodling can bring.

Nonetheless, the attempts to connect sex with guilt are enormous in our younger years. It's too bad we don't have somebody who can demand equal time and say to us, "Hey, kid, it's OK. Go ahead and beat your meat. Everybody does it. Really."

I was lucky. I discovered the pleasure of my company at a very early age and I tickled myself whenever I could. Evidently, the smile on my face gave me away,

because shortly after my life's hobby began, an Episcopal priest chased me down the stairs of a church on Chicago's South Side.

"Ace! Ace!" The good father's voice echoed in the stair well. "I have to talk to you."

I didn't want to talk with him, and I kept running; but the bottom door was locked, and I was trapped. I was in my choirboy robes, and I looked like an angelic little shit. Looks, as they say, are deceiving.

"Ace," the priest said, "I want you to take this crucifix and hang it above your bed. I want you to pray to Jesus every night. And I want you to learn not to abuse yourself. You're maturing very rapidly, and you must learn self-control. You know what I'm talking about, don't you?"

I was what? Nine? Ten? Somewhere in there. But even at that age, I was fascinated by the energy and strangeness of censorship: The priest's face was red, and he rubbed my shoulder while he talked, and there was a desperation in his warnings that I knew did not fit the so-called crime.

"Yes, I know, Father," I said, thinking that it would be better to admit it and get out of his clutches than to pretend total innocence. Boy, has he got problems, I thought.

I guess I still think that. I am not an irreligious man, but I have yet to find a religion that can acknowledge and incorporate all my energies into a way of living and being. Religious leaders and spokespeople seem desexed to me—soft and frightened and filled with forbidding messages about the life that flows through me. Those who tell me that the carnal part of me is unspiritual are people who have their own problems, and I certainly hope they can work them out. But I am here to tell the gurus of East and West that my sexual life has been, in general, a great joy to me, a proof that the universe has its friendly moments. The force that created sexuality was doing us a favor.

You know that Zen riddle "What is the sound of one hand clapping?" After a lifetime of jerking off, I think I know the answer to that one. The sound of one hand clapping is a happy, harmless sound, a celebration of life, a tranquilizing, reaffirming thing.

Like the old song says: They can't take that away from me.



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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Since meeting him, I have had a melody in my heart, a spring to my step, and I hear singing when there's no one there. I walk around in a heady, euphoric daze. I smile at strangers, stop and pat puppies on the street. I'm happy, I'm excited; he has changed my life.

He's a physicist. He has turned me on to computers. I will never need romance again. I'm into bytes; I'm nuts about megabytes; I'm crazy about RAM and ROM. I'm thinking about learning PASCAL. I pore over manuals, read countless trade magazines; and instead of murder mysteries, I take computer books to bed with me. I tinker, I fiddle, I play.

And (at last!) I understand about boys and their toys. This, of course, is the major difference between men and women: Men play with toys; women don't.

Shall I tell you how many years I have watched men twiddle with their woofers and tweeters, take apart their carburetors, readjust their synthesizers, calculate their f-stops, discuss their state-of-the-art this, their top-of-the-line that?

Twenty goddamned years—that's how many I have sat there with a glazed smile on my face, pretending to listen to technospeak and letting my mind amble along to hemlines or chintz patterns. Just the other day, I let a film maker I am interested in tell me all about the sequencer on his Casio. My mind was jolted back to his monolog only when he said, "I re-created a fart the other day."

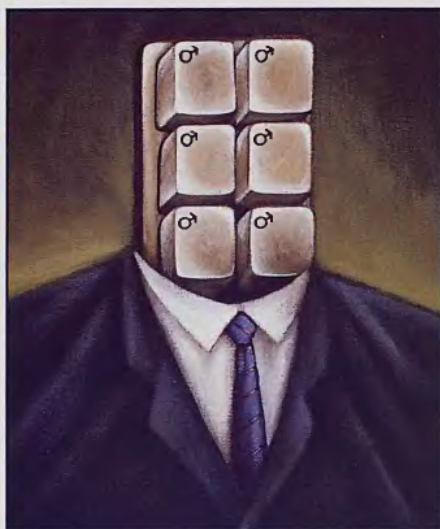
"You what?"

"Re-created a fart. I'm studying how sound works, the way certain frequencies can be reproduced. . . ."

I was off in my own daydream again.

We are taught to play with dolls! With tea sets! With miniature kitchens with teensy, tiny ovens that really work and even teensier, tinier boxes of cake mix, which we beat in minuscule bowls and bake in microscopic pans, frost with sugar and butter (creamed) and feed to our dollies and Teddy bears!

One Christmas, when I was five, I got a great big talking doll with a frilly pink dress. My cousin Ronnie got an electric train set. I vividly remember marveling at my cousin's endless absorption in the circuitry of those trains; he could get them to do anything if he fiddled with the wires for about two days. Whereas I learned how to operate my talking doll in approximately two minutes and spent my hours making up scenarios about her life: She was



BOYS AND THEIR TOYS

adopted; her real mother was a famous ballerina and her real father Howard Keel. And one day, they would come for her and take her to live in a great big castle, where she would live in a room whose walls were covered with roses, and it would be a very large room and she would have it all to herself, *with no horrible little sisters hornning in on her action!*

Sure, I liked the way Ronnie could get his electric trains to load and unload miniature cows—but where was the grist?

My friend Herb spends many hours playing with his chess computer. He has even figured out how to make it stop beeping when he makes a move, so that when he's playing with it while people are talking to him on the phone, they can't tell.

"How can you spend hours and hours a day playing with a toy, Herb?" I asked.

"It's just an extension of the toys I had when I was little," he said, "and it's an escape from reality. I don't like reality. You women, with your dolls and things, just learned how to get along with other humans. We don't know and we don't care."

"Really?"

"Really. Toys are much better. We can control them completely, and they don't hurt us. All toys are understandable if you work at them and take enough time. We can spend every minute of the day sinking into the workings of, say, a stereo system. Whereas a man can devote his entire life to

understanding how a woman's mind works and still never get it."

"Hah."

"Hah yourself. And it's nice the way that you can complicate toys in a satisfying sort of way—read manuals, make everything more time consuming than it has to be, devote even less time to reality."

"What's so bad about reality, Herb?"

"People get sick and ugly and feeble and die. Nuclear war hangs heavy over our lives. Famine and pestilence exist all over the place. And women say they love you and then turn around and leave you for a guy who wears a muscle T-shirt."

Herb had a point. I asked another guy, the one who had re-created the sound of a fart, exactly what he got out of playing with his Casio.


"It feels good and it's instant," he said.

"It's like jerking off. I guess, to stretch the simile to ridiculous lengths, you could say that playing with my Casio is my personal substitute for procreation."

I love my AT&T PC 6300, which my new physicist friend has helped me buy and is teaching me how to use. (He is known by his compatriots as Dr. Chaos, since his specialty is the chaos theory, which is this hot, new, sexy theory that physicists have come up with; it basically proves that nothing you really want to know will ever be predictable. "But hasn't everyone always known that?" I asked him. "You understand nothing," he said. "Next week, I will show you my equations.")

At first, I thought that the computer looked kind of weird, all light beige and dark brown and minimal. I considered making a little skirt for it, or perhaps covering it in nice floral wallpaper, but Dr. Chaos has taught me to look beyond the externals, to marvel at the 8086 microchip, even if it isn't as speedy as the state-of-the-art 80286 microchip. But he hasn't been able to sway me from wanting, with all my heart and soul, a color monitor and enhanced graphics.

What Dr. Chaos has done for me is wonderful: He has opened up an entire part of my brain that had remained dormant since plane geometry in the tenth grade. I am now thinking in terms of pure science, just for the hell of it—without worrying about survival, about ramifications, about interfacing with humans.

And when, at night, I feel lonely and cold and needy and sad and horny, I just go and visit my computer. It's always there for me. 



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AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

How stupidly the mighty have fallen: Just a month after he fled the Philippines like a jeweled rat, Ferdinand Marcos sat in his Hawaiian bungalow, dabbing at his rheumy eyes, trying to explain to Ted Koppel why his wife, Imelda, needed 3000 pairs of shoes. For 20 years, he and Imelda had practiced a style that would have driven Henry VIII from the party, had hoarded a booty that would have made every Louis of France blush, and somehow—like Nero's fiddle and Marie Antoinette's cake—Imelda's shoes had become the single outrage that most perfectly symbolized their arrogance, treachery and greed.

As soon as the press got a look at the row upon row of shoes in the palace basement, they took their pocket calculators and figured that if the first lady had worn a different pair every day, it would have taken her more than eight years to wear them all. And for some reason, that image hit home in a way that put everything else—the dummy corporations, the real estate, even the \$32,000 diamond rosary—in the shade.

In the television interview with Koppel, Ferdinand was in a mood to defend Imelda's wardrobe. That's a tough defense for a husband, any husband, to mount. Most men believe that most women have too many shoes, and Ferdinand probably would rather have taken the witness stand in U.S. Federal Court to explain the diaper box full of hundreds of pearls they found in his luggage. He could have said Imelda needed them to make rosaries. The shoes were going to be a lot harder to explain, but he was trying his best. "There are parties where she can wear high heels," he said, hugging the present tense. "[And] there are parties where she has to wear short heels."

"But, Mr. President, 3000 pairs of shoes—hundreds and hundreds," said Koppel, as if he'd just looked in his own wife's closet and been faced with her monstrous and secret vice.

"Twenty years," Marcos told him. "Those are collections from 20 years." There was a pleading tone in his voice, as if to say, "Give me a break. Redo the math. There is no greed here. She *needed* those shoes. This is the first lady of the Philippines, and we're talking 365 days times 20 years, divided by 3000 lousy pairs of shoes."

Well, my calculator says that that means she had to wear each pair about two and



MARCOS' WIFE'S SHOES

one half times; and when you remember that part of this woman's job was to sit at tables with all the Nancy Reagans of the world without feeling frumpy, wearing a pair of shoes two and one half times must have seemed to her husband one of the most frugal patches in her household budget. You can almost imagine him telling her, "Why don't you give those high-heeled Guccis with the ruby studs a rest, take \$55,000 and go get yourself a new pair of shoes, for God's sake."

But there was something about what he said and the way he said it that caught me. For the most part, I've gone with the tide of indignation that swept the Marcoses from power. But I haven't trusted it entirely. It's been too simple, too easy. Maybe these people just cracked at a certain point, went completely crazy with greed and left behind any resemblance to ordinary men and women like you and me. Maybe. But I doubt it. It seems more likely that what looks like slobbering avarice from the outside was, to the Marcoses, just a natural response to an escalating set of needs that were created not by themselves but by fate and circumstance. Maybe.


Forgiving Imelda her shoes isn't easy work. It took me nearly a month, and I almost gave it up when I saw the video tape of her and the family at their disco—

happily singing, "We are the world. We are the children. . . ." Then I remembered a book I'd read called *The Gentle Tasaday*, by John Nance, about a group of natives right out of the Stone Age who were discovered on the Philippine island of Mindanao in 1971. And when I reread it in light of the Marcos downfall, it seemed a perfect parable, a story that illustrates the first steps in the journey from the innocence of life as it was probably lived in the original Garden to the sickening excess it came to in Malacañang Palace.

The Tasaday were a stunning anthropological discovery. When they were found, they were living without metal of any kind, very much the way their ancestors had lived 100,000 years before. They had been isolated for so long that their language bore only a slight relationship to other island dialects, and it contained no word for war. They didn't hunt, because their tools were too crude for the work. Now and then they trapped a monkey, but mostly they gathered their food: roots, bamboo, crabs, tadpoles, insects. They knew nothing about tobacco, and when they were given sugar, they gagged on it. Their wardrobe consisted of a simple loin cover made of the leaves of ground orchids. And they had no notion whatsoever of personal property.

On their first visit to the group, the representatives of the Filipino foundation that protects primitive tribes from missionaries and loggers asked the Tasaday what they wanted. "Nothing," they said. They asked them what they needed, and again the Tasaday said, "Nothing." Nevertheless, they were given baubles, knives and rice.

Television cameras were flown in for subsequent visits, as was an anthropologist who declared the discovery of the group to be of major significance, an opportunity "to query the essential stuff of man's nature." And on the third visit, the exuberant and trusting little band were given a flashlight.

Over the next three years, the Tasaday were studied, filmed, given medical treatment, and one of the young men was provided with a bride from a lowland tribe. On one of the last visits reported in Nance's book, the Tasaday asked their civilized benefactors not to let so much time go by before they came again. And next time, please bring some flashlight batteries, they said. 

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have been happily married for more than 15 years. We have had what I thought was a mutually satisfying sexual relationship. Recently, however, my wife has not been able to have satisfying orgasms without the use of such exotic paraphernalia as whips, chains and vibrating mechanical devices. I feel embarrassed to participate in her sexual fantasies, due to my conservative small-town upbringing. My question is this: Should I do whatever is necessary to please my wife, regardless of my personal embarrassment, or should I be concerned and seek help in finding out why a drastic change in her sexual preferences has surfaced? What really bothers me is, how has she come up with these sexual fantasies? I am afraid that her new sexual interests have been nurtured by a relationship with someone other than me! I would really appreciate your advice.—C. M., Phoenix, Arizona.

We don't think your small-town upbringing is at fault. You are worried about The Other Man. We're not even sure he exists. Do yourself a favor and talk with your wife. It may be that she finally trusts you enough, after 15 years, to clue you in to her sexual fantasies. Maybe she discovered whips and chains in one of those bodice-ripping Gothic romances. Maybe she read about Black & Decker vibrators in "The Playboy Advisor." Don't suffer insecurity in silence. If you let this eat at you, the sex will break down and, with it, your marriage.

I have a fast sports coupe and an increasingly endangered driver's license—two reasons I've decided to invest in a new radar detector to replace my vintage mid-Seventies model. I know about the importance of the superheterodyne approach and antifalsing circuits. My question is, Should I restrict my shopping to the conventional dashboard detectors or consider the new crop of remote-mounted and miniature detectors as well?—S. G., Portland, Oregon.

Don't say the military and the space program never did anything for you. As a result of the miniaturized technology developed for aerospace use, you now have more options than ever in a radar detector and a better chance of holding on to your license. As you've noted, the big issue in picking a detector these days is its physical form. There's the conventional dashboard- or visor-mounted package we've known for years. Then there is the new generation of minidetectors, which run about the size of a cassette tape and offer the virtues of unobtrusiveness in use, plus ready portability when you leave your car; surprisingly, tests have shown them to be as effective as full-sized units. A third category is the remote detector: a unit with a separate remote sensor that mounts behind your car's grille or hood, coupled with a warning light



and a beeper on your dashboard. And there are the detectors in disguise, concealed behind rearview mirrors.

All four employ basically the same type of circuitry; but in use, their sensitivities differ, because their sensor units are located in different positions. A radar detector's internal antenna, like any other antenna, will be most effective when mounted as far above the ground as possible, so choosing a detector that can be positioned on your sun visor will give you a big advantage in sensitivity over a unit that will "listen" for radar from behind your grillwork. In general, look for a package that lets you position the antenna up high and, paradoxically enough, has the least visible housing possible—to protect your investment from theft or confiscation.

I am 19 years old and about six months ago became sexually active with my boyfriend. I have intercourse quite frequently and enjoy it very much. The problem (at least, I find it somewhat embarrassing) is that when we are having sex, my vaginal fluids flow in very large quantities. My boyfriend says it is like pumping milk from a well. The position I enjoy most is with my knees pulled up past my shoulders, and everything ends up very messy (me, the bedding and my boyfriend). I was recently introduced to a very attractive guy by one of my sorority sisters. But the thought of intimacy is rather scary, because my problem is potentially so embarrassing. I know that I will make a terrible mess, and I am also afraid that someone will whisper things about me. What I need to know is, are there other girls who have a similar problem, what causes it and can anything be done about it? Also, if nothing can be done, how can I

warn a guy beforehand without being self-conscious? I am positive that nothing is wrong with me medically, because my regular physicals are OK.—Miss R. D., Seattle, Washington.

You don't have a problem. Lubrication is the female equivalent to erection. The more aroused you are, the more fluid. Just tell your new date that you get very excited. (Tell him to imagine a 12-inch hard-on, only wet.) If you're worried about the mess, keep a towel by the bed.

Being a typical bachelor (i.e., I couldn't cook my way out of a paper bag), I often receive dinner invitations from friends and relatives. I know it's proper etiquette to take along a dinner gift, the most common being a bottle of wine. But if no one present partakes of alcoholic beverages, what then? Have you any suggestions?—R. I., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Gold bullion. X-rated movie cassettes. Slides of your last vacation. Seriously, it never hurts to drop by a bakery for a special dessert. Flowers still work wonders. Take a copy of your favorite record. Of course, it depends on your host and hostess. One of the nice things about being a bachelor is that most couples treat you as an orphan. They want to take care of you, not vice versa.

My girlfriend and I are planning a summer vacation in the Bahamas, Baja California or Kauai and Maui. We want to try windsurfing. Can you recommend a place at each destination that has a good instruction program for beginners?—B. Z., Gulf Breeze, Florida.

You bet—we're always happy to promote an activity in which the goal is to stay erect and move real fast. The problem is that you may have to make a few changes in your itinerary until you really learn how to stay aboard. The Hawaiian Islands have good winds for beginners in the spring, summer and fall, for example, but the best boardsailing is on the windward side of the islands, while most of the major resorts are on the sheltered leeward side. But don't despair. On Maui, you can sign on for lessons at a shop such as Hawaiian Island Windsurfing, in Kahului. Classes are held at Kanaha Beach Park, about half a mile from the shop. On Kauai, you might check out Sailboards Kauai in Lihue. As for the Bahamas, Bob Leonard, editor of Sail Boarder magazine, says that conditions are generally better farther south, in the Caribbean. The Barbados Windsurfing Club Hotel is one place down in Margaritaville that wears its priorities on its name plate. In Baja California, you might consider El Presidente hotel in Loreto; but aside from that, the peninsula doesn't have ideal conditions for beginners. Better bets are

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Cancun and, especially, Cozumel, over in the Yucatán. Finally, don't overlook the various Club Med villages in the Caribbean and Mexico, most of which offer free windsurfing and instruction. For more information, contact your travel agent or check out the ads in the windsurfer magazines. The photos alone will put some wind in your sails.

I ordered an Italian wine made from merlot grapes the other night and was very disappointed. It surprised me, since I like California merlots and am especially fond of the French Saint-Émilions when I can afford them. But this Italian wine seemed stringy, raw and tangy. What gives?—J. P., Washington, D.C.

It takes more than a grape variety to make a wine. The flavors that come out of a grape are also the expression of the soil and the climate in which it was grown. Hence, if you like French and California versions of merlot wines, stick with them. As for Italian wines, we suggest that you concentrate on the Nebbiolo wines from the Barolo region of Piedmont. They have some of the characteristics of French and California wines but are their own delicious selves.

My wife and I have an open (is there a better word?) marriage. We both date others and prefer the honest approach. When I converse with a woman of recent acquaintance, she will inevitably ask, "Are you married?" If I am interested in seeing her, what should my reply be? That reply should be succinct and honest. It should not be presumptuous (after all, she may be asking out of idle curiosity and have no intentions of her own). It should not imply that I'm dissatisfied or looking for a new mate. A simple yes, without qualifying, would nip things in the bud. I'm stumped; any suggestions?—C. S. H., Hartford, Connecticut.

Honesty wouldn't hurt. After all, you are not cheating on your wife. If you try to dissemble, you are cheating the prospective partner. Don't be afraid of nipping anything in the bud with a succinct yes. If something is going to happen, it will happen as the result of a conversation, not an opening line. You could say, "Ask me again in an hour" or "Yes, I have an unusual marriage. Care to hear about it?" There are as many types of marriages as there are married couples. You may want to explain yours; she may not want to hear an explanation. Maybe she's married, too. Why don't you ask?

Several months ago, you advised readers not to store video tapes under a TV set or a VCR. That was the week I purchased a cabinet that holds the TV set and the VCR and has shelves underneath for the tapes! What do I do now? Is there anything a person can do to protect the tapes? Does the VCR unit also emit harmful rays? I would really like to keep the tapes in the same cabinet as the TV set and the VCR, and so far, I haven't noticed any loss

of quality on the tapes that have been stored under both units.—S. L., Oakland, California.

Not to fear. Our earlier caution was intended to warn videophiles against placing video tapes in close proximity to a VCR or a TV set—close proximity being three or four inches. The problem with that practice, as noted, is that the power supplies of both television sets and VCRs generate stray magnetic fields that could partially erase a tape under certain conditions. As long as your tapes are more than six inches from the VCR or the TV set, you should be fine.

In your learned wisdom, what do women want? I've read countless surveys saying that women prefer being held to sexual intercourse. I've heard from a respected friend that his experiences taught him that women wanted "attention"; women friends of mine agree. They define attention as eye contact, touching, etc. Granted, some women enjoy sexual intercourse as much as men do, but it doesn't seem that all women do. Instead, it seems that they are more interested in something else. What?—D. T., Dallas, Texas.

We think "The McGill Report on Male Intimacy" neatly summarizes the differences between male/female views on sexual relationships. To wit: "For men, sex seems to be the supreme intimacy, while for women, sex is but one aspect of intimacy alongside shared experience, depth and breadth of personal knowledge, exclusivity of exchanges and a common concern for the relationship." And you thought all they wanted was foreplay? All they want is everything.

For the past 20 years, I've had two simple sexual goals: First, my partner should climax first; second, she should have multiple orgasms. I've worked hard on reaching these goals. I'm successful with the first about 99 percent of the time, and my partner has two or more orgasms more often than not. My most successful technique is to bring her to her first orgasm orally or manually, then take her through subsequent climaxes via intercourse. Unfortunately, in mastering this technique, I've had to learn to postpone my own ejaculation—which I can do. The trouble is, I now have difficulty climaxing through manual or oral stimulation or through intercourse. My past few partners have taken this personally, thinking they aren't satisfying me—which is not the case. I thoroughly enjoy sex whether or not I ejaculate, though it's more enjoyable if I climax, of course.

Currently, I can ejaculate only by masturbating—which I usually do after a sex session, while my partner watches and/or helps. It's fun, but I'd like to ejaculate inside her—or from oral or manual stimulation occasionally. Granted, satisfying your partner first and "staying power" aren't the usual complaints voiced by men

(or women), and I'm not really complaining. I'd just like to reach an orgasm through intercourse occasionally. Any suggestions?—S. J., Chicago, Illinois.

Nonejaculation can have physical causes. As men grow older, they may require additional stimulation to reach orgasm. But we think your problem has a different cause. Michael Castleman, author of "Sexual Solutions," says stress is the principal emotional ingredient of nonejaculation. You put yourself under enormous pressure to perform:

Any emotions that prevent a man from literally letting himself go during lovemaking can contribute to nonejaculation: fear of disappointing the woman, fear of abandonment, ambivalence toward the woman or any preoccupation with work, social or family life that prevents him from devoting his undivided attention to making love. . . . Fortunately, men whose nonejaculation has no overriding physical basis rarely wind up absolutely unable to ejaculate. . . . In most cases, restoration of problem-free ejaculation involves building on whatever ejaculatory ability you have. For example, a man might be able to ejaculate by masturbation under specific conditions but unable to ejaculate inside his lover. He might begin by working on increasing the number of ways he can masturbate to ejaculation. He might vary strokes, fantasies, speed or lubricants. He might try a vibrator or other sexual aid. During masturbation, he should focus on his arousal pattern, applying particular attention to the kinds of stimulation that trigger ejaculation. Then he might generalize further by masturbating with the assistance of his lover, after which she might masturbate him by herself. Over time he may be able to ejaculate closer and closer to her erotic openings, then while touching her and finally inside her. . . . Many men experience nonejaculation now and then as the stresses in their lives change. If you develop an ejaculation problem, try not to panic. Consider the possible causes of the problem, then relax, breathe deeply and concentrate on whole-body sensual loveplay. Ask for the touch that turns you on. In time, your ability to ejaculate should return.

In short, lie back and let your partner make love to you for a change.

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



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Can a woman be involved with a man and keep her other men friends?

Men don't understand it when you want both a boyfriend and your men friends, but they think nothing of calling up an old girlfriend. If I say, "Go out to dinner; I think it's wonderful that you guys are still friends," that's one thing. But the minute I call an old boyfriend to say hi, the question becomes, "Why'd you do that? It's really weird. I think my boyfriend thinks another man will steal me away. My men friends don't understand it any better than my boyfriend does. We may have a great work relationship, but they'll never come over to the house and meet my boyfriend. Men are strange."



Venice Kong
VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

Sure. I find in both modeling and acting that I meet a lot of people I'd like to stay in touch with. I work a lot through word of mouth or friends. I also think having men friends when you're in a relationship keeps you on your toes. When you are in a relationship, you may slack off a little on your appearance or get a little dull. A woman should stay in top form, mentally and physically, all the time. Men friends also keep you in tune with what men are thinking. I don't see as many possessive or jealous men now that I'm out of my teens. That's the kind of stuff you learn how to get straight at the beginning. I'm open and honest, but I don't give a man I'm involved with any reason to doubt my feelings, either.



Liz Stewart
LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

Yes, they can. From men friends, a woman can learn about men without all the complications that are part of a love relationship. Men should be able to have women friends, too. You can ask your men friends about things that might hurt a lover's feelings and get a male viewpoint that may help you in your love relationship. In fact, I think the best lovers have been friends first. Lately, I haven't run into a man who was jealous of my friends. But I'll describe a fairly common experience. You're out on the street with your boyfriend and a man friend you haven't seen in a while passes by. You give him a big hug and a "How are you?" He walks on and your boyfriend says, "Who's that?" All of a sudden, you start explaining things—as if you had anything to explain. I don't think you can hide a past involvement. If it had been a man of importance to me, it would be all over my face.



Kathy Shower
KATHY SHOWER
MAY 1985

I think I can, but I also think it's important to be considerate of my boyfriend. It's always difficult when my boyfriend answers the phone and it's another guy. I try to explain that it's a friend from way back and I want the two of them to meet. Usually, he can understand that, because he's got girlfriends who are now just friends. If a woman creates that kind of uncomfortable situation just to make her boyfriend jealous, that's wrong. If you have friends who enhance you, they'll enhance your relationship, too. I have been in relationships where my boyfriend was jealous of my friends. I didn't stay in them very long.



Cher Butler
CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

Not according to my boyfriend. Most of my boyfriends have felt that way. I've always kept my men friends, anyway. Actually, I think that keeping up with them is beneficial to my relationship. They can always give me a view of a situation that my girlfriends can't and that my boyfriend can't, either, because he's too close to it. I think that what worries my boyfriend is the possibility that I'll be attracted to one of those men and that maybe one day, he'll be out of town and something may happen. On the other hand, he feels very comfortable if he knows the other guy and trusts him and doesn't feel threatened. I'm trustworthy, too. It's just that he has seen the forward way some men have behaved toward me, and that bothers him.



Lesa Ann Pedriana
LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

I've always had a lot of men friends and, in fact, most of my boyfriends started out as my best friends. It's a lot easier. First you relate to your pal. You can tell him anything. You don't always have to watch yourself. Your men friends give you a variety of viewpoints. It never causes trouble if I make introductions and everyone becomes friends. Now, a boyfriend may have a problem with an ex-lover of mine. That may make him uncomfortable. I'd let that situation slide and confine that friendship to the phone.

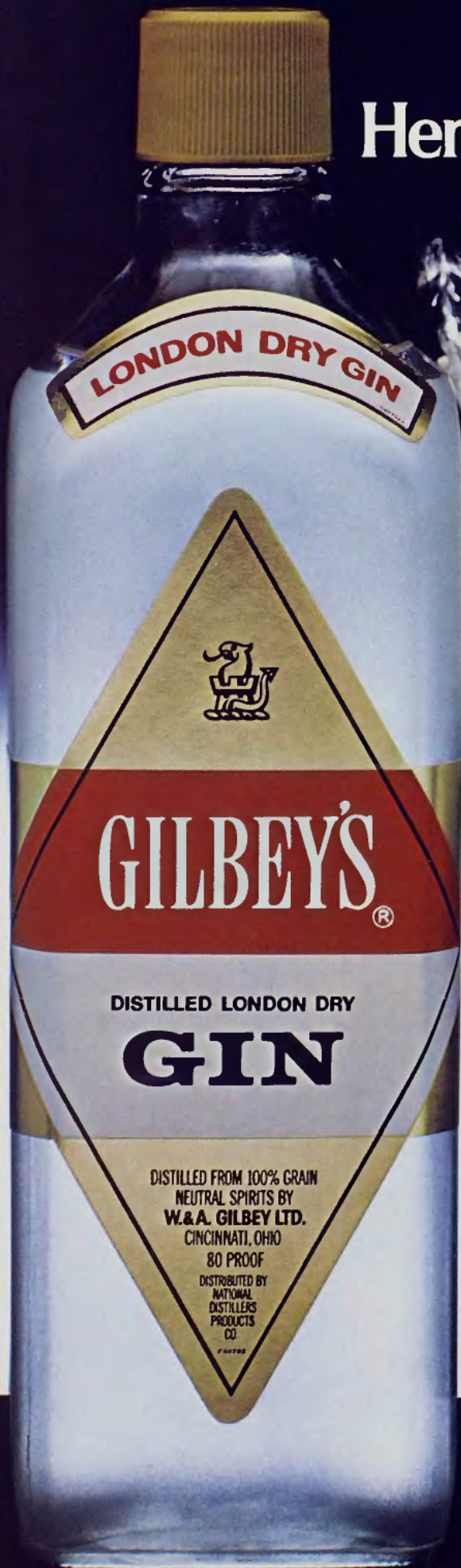


Sherry Arnett
SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

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

MORE IS LESS

Tell Dave Marsh (*Viewpoint*, "What'd I Say?," *PLAYBOY*, March) that some people are concerned about certain rock lyrics' falling into the hands of young kids who may not be able to handle them. Then offer a solution: Not only will the lyrics be presented on vinyl, they'll also be printed on the album jacket. Although this means that a song's lyrics will appear twice on any album, Marsh wails that the solution somehow *inhibits* or *limits* expression, in violation of the Constitution. I just don't get it. No matter how you slice it, doubling the appearance of a word, thought or idea *cannot* limit its expression.

As for Marsh's concern that printed lyrics on an album jacket will inferentially label the album porn and thereby impose censorship—all these defenders of the First Amendment need only band together and agree to print *all* lyrics on *all* album jackets. Then none can be labeled or censored by inference.

Philip D. Donohoe
Bowie, Maryland

First off, rock lyrics were at their worst *before* all the attention. Now the bands are trying to make their "offensive" lyrics intelligent. I know because I'm in one of them. We could probably be considered even more of a menace to society for the reason that we don't write our lyrics to become a major commercial success; we do so because we think they make sense. Our lyrics are important in that we *do* try to say something. Whether based on concrete facts or fantasies, they stem from thoughts and ideas, and ideas are as real as anything else.

I feel that a main problem with all these parents, politicians and preachers is the fact that they don't think that we, the people causing and involved in the controversy, can discern the difference between fantasy and reality. True, some can't. But the popular belief is that "they" don't think "we" know what we're doing.

Why don't these "concerned" ones come down on Stephen King? He makes quite a bundle off the same types of things we write about; and what gives these people the right to pass judgment and attack our freedom of speech? We make statements, yes—negative and violent ones about their hypocritical lifestyles, their hypocritical religions, their hypocritical politics. We're honest about how we feel. Through our music, we release our tensions about the harshness in life. It's like playing football or boxing. These consenting adults beat the hell out of one another as millions cheer them on. We do it in music. Why are *we* persecuted? Are they

offended by our honesty? Are they a tad envious because they've never had the balls to say what they really felt inside?

Kurt o'N M E
Federal Way, Washington

I am 28, middle-class and a rockaholic. I have listened to so-called punk, in its multiforms of hard-core, mainstream, power pop, rock-a-billy, etc, since my early college days.

Punk is the living art form of rock 'n' roll. It does not fool around with such

*"Punk is the living art
form of rock 'n' roll."*

simple-minded themes as love, fantasy or dream islands but delivers direct punches. Some groups use profanity too often, but no more so than we hear in our perfect, everyday corporate lives.

Bands such as the Ramones, Stranglers, Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks and Boomtown Rats started the return of the mid-Sixties no-holds-barred music, which is not the self-serving, idiotically pleasing stuff of Madonna, Culture Club, Michael Jackson or Wham!

There are far more talented bands, such as Hüsker Dü, The Replacements, Descendents and Dead Kennedys, needing airplay and coverage of their music. Such themes as slumlords in *Let's Lynch the Landlord*, by the D.K.s, admiration and respect in *Green Eyes*, by Hüsker Dü, and the ill treatment of a down-and-out man in



Dagenham Dave, by the Stranglers, should please J. Q. Public. Most punk bands just want us to laugh, cry or scream at their up-front opinions of today's decadent society and react in a way to change our lives and save our freedoms and liberties from abuse and corruption. The masses are being polluted and hypnotized to false-idealized, Muzaked commercialism.

Allow us to make our own choice between true and false, real and fantasy—maybe a late-night format or even a disc jockey who is allowed to play "unknowns." Unplug the repeating moronic programs just long enough for some new thoughts.

I've been in here too long; thanks for letting me out of the closet.

Steven R. Steinke
Billings, Montana

Fantastic! At last, we have some letters to shake under the noses of old-fart veterans of the last youth revolution against hypocrisy, etc., who haven't yet recognized punk as the new voice of protest.

AIDS PANIC

I'm as worried about the spread of AIDS as anyone else. I don't want it, and I don't want my wife or children exposed to it, or my friends or my dog or anyone. But what disturbs me as much as the disease is the paranoid reaction of the public.

It seems to me that half the reaction to AIDS is based on a Puritan antisex backlash. Only perverts get the disease, so the nonreasoning goes; therefore, any and all steps to quarantine AIDS victims are acceptable. The spectacles of this hysteria don't seem to go away. I remember being appalled at a teenaged boy's having to go to court to attend school. He had contracted AIDS through a blood transfusion, not through ass fucking; but that didn't make any difference to his neighbors, who seemed to think that he might transmit AIDS to their children by mental telepathy.

How do people turn into such vicious, witch-hunting monsters? I'd have to say much of it is caused by fear-mongering from right-wing and church groups, who are seizing the AIDS crisis to equate the disease with sin and the judgment of God. These groups—I've seen one brochure that claimed that AIDS is actually airborne—spread lies and whisper campaigns that can only be described as medical nonsense. Since such groups believe that AIDS itself is a God-inflicted response to homosexuality, they view the dissemination of lies about it (as they do those regarding abortion and sex education) as a sort of moral propaganda.

As far as I can tell, the mainstream

media have done a reasonable job of reminding us that AIDS can be transmitted only in specific ways, but the public prefers the alternative, paranoid view. I'm afraid that if this continues, local school districts, municipalities and state agencies may begin crazy schemes to, in effect, disenfranchise AIDS sufferers. Sounds like a future with which the Nazis would be comfortable.

Carl Bolokin
Des Moines, Iowa

What's becoming epidemic with AIDS is not the disease itself but the fear and misunderstanding of it. A danger of contracting it may still exist in the drug and homosexual subcultures, owing to the number of people who already and unknowingly carry the virus, which means that its detection is of paramount importance to avoid its spread, since it is not contracted readily. But any detection policy that has a potentially punitive aspect is going to be resisted and will therefore be self-defeating. For God's sake, keep morality out of it and deal with this as a public-health issue.

Jan Seidl
London, England

Why does the liberal left act so superior about AIDS—as if people who try to fight against it are crazy? I'll tell you one thing: If somebody you know gets it, you'll be sorry you didn't do everything you could to keep it confined to the sodomists. We can stop AIDS, but only with the grace of God and the moral strength of the American people.

(Name withheld by request)
Nashville, Tennessee

People who test positive for the AIDS virus have good reason to fear that they may be denied insurance, housing and jobs, even if they never develop the disease. For this reason, no one in his right mind will submit to testing if there is any way that this information can be used against him. This must be taken into consideration by agencies proposing such tests, and some means of providing identity protection or complete anonymity must be devised.

B. Duran
Washington, D.C.

It is not often that I am moved to compliment large banking institutions, and what we may have here is nothing more than enlightened self-interest, but that's better than the other kind. What I refer to is the new program that I understand is being instituted at BankAmerica to educate its employees about AIDS, on the possibility that some fellow employee may contract the disease. The fact that AIDS is virtually noncommunicable in such a workplace is now established, which may alleviate unnecessary worry, to everyone's benefit, and that the company's progres-

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I sent to Jeffrey Fantle, president of the Lane Drug Company. I thought it might be of interest to you.

Dear Mr. Fantle:

It has recently come to my attention that Lane Drugs has made a policy decision to no longer sell "adult" magazines, such as *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse*, in any of its stores. I understand that this decision was prompted by protests from an apparently small but vocal minority. While I understand the distress of certain customers at having material that is not to be sold to minors displayed in such a way that youngsters can peruse it without any difficulty, I do not understand the unilateral decision to remove such materials from your stores.

Persons who would demand such a policy are, in fact, depriving the majority of the population of its freedom to decide for itself whether or not it wishes to purchase and read such materials. I find this equivalent to censorship and, as such, highly offensive and inconsistent with the principles of our society. . . .

I fear that your yielding to such pressure sets a very dangerous precedent. Will you next, perhaps, remove from your stores or from the display racks such items as other magazines that might take a political view that is offensive to some? Perhaps certain people would object to the sale of tobacco in your stores—for, after all, the Surgeon General has determined that tobacco is harmful to our health. Perhaps certain people would demand the removal of beer and wine from the coolers in your stores. Will you yield next to that? Or perhaps the same people who find *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* offensive would insist that you remove non-prescription birth-control devices, such as condoms, from your stores.

I have always believed that we are an open and democratic society that respects the freedom of its members. I would certainly appreciate hearing your thinking on how you arrived at your decision, and I would request that Lane Drugs respect the wishes of the majority rather than those of a narrow-minded and oppressive minority.

Sincerely yours,

Joel M. Kestenbaum, Ph.D.

Our sentiments, exactly. Now write to the head of 7-Eleven.

sive attitude in acquainting potential AIDS victims with their rights to medical treatment is something I believe should be commended as setting a good example to other businesses. The sad spectacle of Indiana parents' banding together to legally prevent a young AIDS sufferer from attending school is based on legitimate concern but irrational fear and can be prevented only through public education on the subject.

Jerald McCourb
Baltimore, Maryland

Although AIDS is an incurable, fatal disease, it has its good points. AIDS is forcing straight folks, bisexuals and gays to be more selective about their sex partners, and that's the best thing that's happened to sex in 20 years. The dirty little secret of the sexual revolution is that sex with strangers is really pretty boring. Wild promiscuity has never been the total pleasure trip that *PLAYBOY* promised it would be. Personally, I've had enough cheap sex to last a lifetime. It turns out that the best sex is with someone you know and care about, and AIDS has made it socially acceptable to say that you don't want to sleep with strangers. Thanks to AIDS, it's cool to say you prefer to know someone before sleeping with him or her. It's too bad we couldn't get to this point an easier way, but people usually don't pay attention until something serious happens.

Adrian Adams

Cambridge, Massachusetts

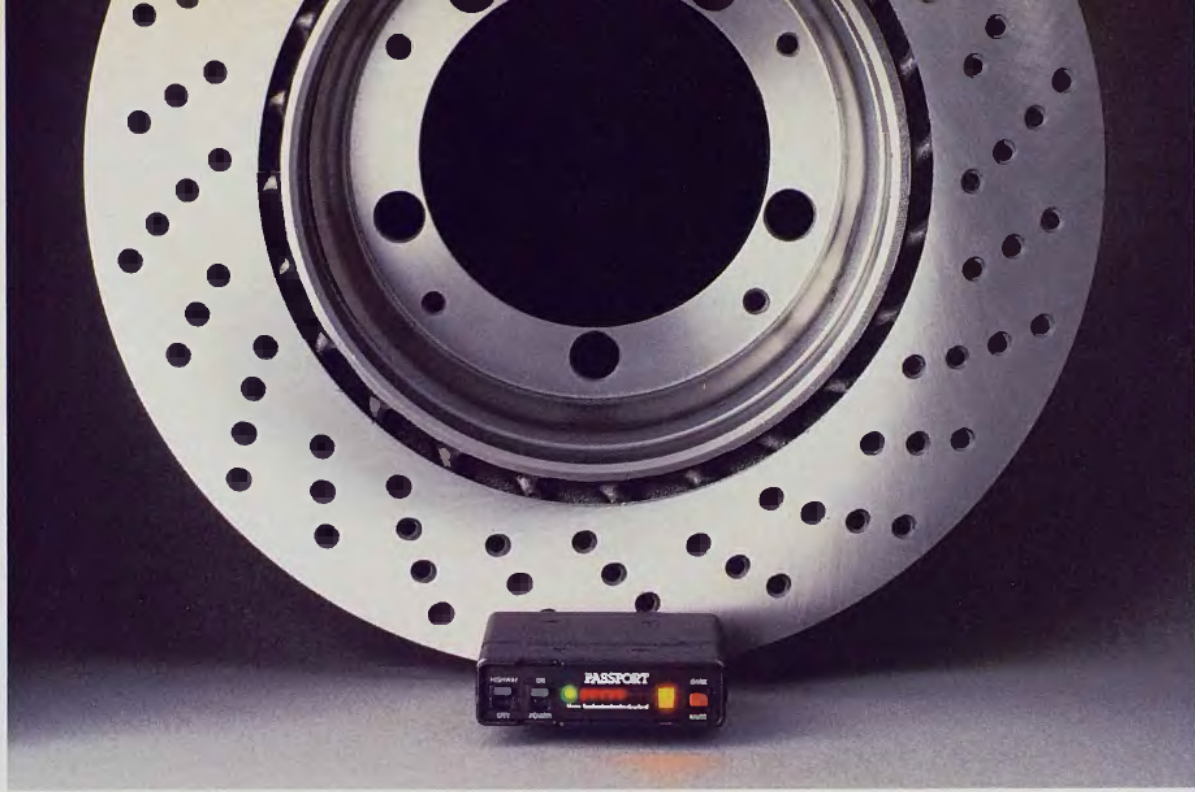
That's an interesting pitch on AIDS, but please don't translate sexual freedom into wild promiscuity. The only one around here who advocated that turned out to be a virgin, and we had to fire him in 1973.

BACK TO THE BIBLE

Dianna Delgado would draw on *Corinthians I* to show that the Bible not only endorses recreational sex but respects the rights of men and women equally in sexual matters (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Apologists for the Bible will apparently claim anything these days.

Paul of Tarsus (Saint Paul, the author of *Corinthians*) believed that the physical world was about to come to an end almost immediately, to be replaced by the Kingdom of Heaven. With this in mind, he advised against *any* sex, whether for procreation or for recreation, even for married couples: "It is good for a man not to touch a woman. . . . Now, concerning virgins, it is good for a man so to be. . . . Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife" (*Corinthians I*). Whatever Paul thought about sex (possibly he had read galley proofs of *Nahum* 2:10, "Much pain is in all loins"), he conceded that it was better than hell: "But if they cannot contain, let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn."

The double standard for men and women is as evident in *Corinthians* as in the rest of the Bible. "For the man is not of



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.

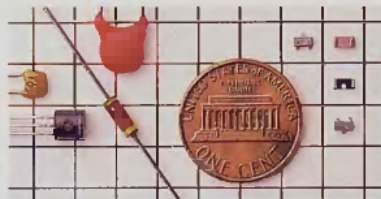
"In a word, the Passport is a winner," said *Car and Driver*.

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.

As you get closer, the pulse quickens and the bar graph lengthens. Should you want to defeat the audible warning during a long radar encounter, a special switch provides silence, yet leaves PASSPORT fully armed for the next encounter. A photocell adjusts alert lamp brightness to the light level in your car. PASSPORT was designed for your protection *and* your convenience.



In PASSPORT, 102 SMDs (right) do the work of ordinary transistors, resistors and capacitors.

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Small means an easy fit in the briefcase

One more PASSPORT convenience—call us direct. It's toll free. We make PASSPORT in our own factory and we'll be happy to answer any questions you may have. If you decide to buy, we'll ship your PASSPORT within 24 hours by UPS, and we'll pay the shipping. For an extra \$6.00, Federal Express guarantees 48-hour delivery.

If you're not satisfied within 30 days, return PASSPORT. We'll refund your purchase and your return shipping costs. There are no hidden charges.

Isn't it time for a PASSPORT of your own?

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what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BORDER JUSTICE

ALPINE, TEXAS—Brewster County authorities are holding a Mexican citizen on charges of rape and assault after three men armed with rifles kidnaped him from jail in the border town of Ojinaga, Mexico, and forcibly returned him to the U.S.,



where the crime had occurred. The abductors blindfolded the man, stripped him naked, handcuffed him to an object in a roadside park and called the sheriff. A local newspaper editor speculated that the kidnapers were the victim's friends, who weren't satisfied that the suspect was in custody in Mexico and wanted to make sure he went to trial.

FIGHTING WORDS AND FREE SPEECH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U.S. Supreme Court has side-stepped a rare opportunity to rule definitively on whether or not swearing at a police officer is an exercise of free speech, much to the annoyance of the San Diego district attorney. A California trial court had convicted a defendant of insulting a cop with "offensive words in a public place which are inherently likely to provoke an immediate violent reaction"—an application of a landmark 1942 Supreme Court ruling that denied First Amendment protection to "fighting words," along with obscenity and libel. But the fact that the "officer was neither offended by [the defendant's] foul language nor provoked to react violently" led a California appellate court to conclude that the words evidently weren't "fighting" enough and therefore must be free speech. The prosecutor appealed further, arguing that "it makes no sense to ascribe to a police officer a tolerance or boiling point higher than the ordinary man's," but the

Supreme Court declined to hear the case.

In reversing two lower-court decisions, the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled five to four that the Sixth Amendment right to a speedy trial is not violated if defendants have been free on bond or recognizance and the long pretrial delays have been caused largely by related legal proceedings and court backlogs. The ruling clears the way for trials of Dennis Banks and three other American Indian activists arrested in 1975 and charged with possession of explosives and firearms.

PRY, PRY AGAIN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A Federally financed survey has asked the nation's schoolteachers how often they pray and have sex, for their views on abortion, mercy killing and capital punishment and for their political affiliations. After complaints from teachers, an official of the Department of Education, which sponsored the study, said, "It obviously makes us take another look at whether we should have review rights over something like this that we give a grant to."

AIDS TEST

NEW ORLEANS—A team of researchers at Tulane University and Ochsner Clinic has developed a test that may enable doctors to predict which people exposed to the AIDS virus are most likely to get the disease. Present tests reveal only the presence of antibodies; the new test's results suggest that the patient is still harboring the virus and may develop the disease's symptoms if infected white blood cells multiply when placed in a culture medium, according to findings presented at the Southern Society for Clinical Investigation.

Meanwhile, from the Centers for Disease Control's AIDS weekly newsletter:

- The British medical journal *Lancet* reports that the AIDS virus now has been found in the vaginal secretions of women, establishing what the researchers call a missing link that could explain why it may be possible for men to contract the disease through heterosexual intercourse. However, the small concentrations of virus present in those secretions are not believed to be readily transmitted to the male, except possibly through a break in the skin on the penis or the urethra.

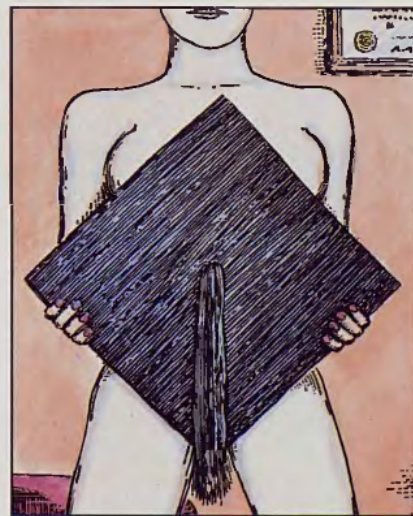
- Interviewed on the Physicians Radio Network, the director of a San Francisco hospital's AIDS clinic has advised that condoms with water-based lubricants appear to be less prone to breakage than those with oil-based lubricants.

- Doctors at the Medical College of Georgia report that a heterosexual man with no other risk factors developed an AIDS-related disease only seven weeks after receiving blood that later tested positive for the virus, raising the possibility that the incubation period of the disease may be much shorter than generally believed.

- The Navy has announced that it will hospitalize any personnel found to have AIDS-virus antibodies for two weeks "to determine if the immune system is fully operable" and that those found healthy will be returned to full-duty status but will be stationed at a major continental U.S. shore facility, near a hospital, for at least a year of monitoring. Active cases of AIDS will receive treatment and evaluation for further military service.

ON THE COUCH

The ongoing interest in teacher-student sex now results in a survey indicating that among female graduate students in psychology, one in six has had sex with a teacher, most often her supervising professor, and another 30 percent report unwanted sexual advances. Published in *American Psychologist*, the study found that of those who engaged in sex, fewer than one in three found it objectionable and that the others engaged "in such intimacies without coercion, exploitation or harm and as freely consenting adults rather than helpless victims," though many had second thoughts about it later.



Comparable surveys of psychology graduate students found that only one in 20 reported sexual contact with a professor prior to the mid-Sixties and that by the mid-Seventies, that figure had risen to about one in five.

“The most fun
I ever had
with my pants off!”



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To Pierce Brosnan a Sunset without Cuervo Gold is only the end of the day. Pour 1½-oz. Cuervo over ice; fill the glass with grapefruit juice, and tell everyone it's easy if they know how. But be sure to use Cuervo Gold, for the uniquely smooth taste of the premium tequila.

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

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

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

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

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

IF YOU CAN ANSWER THESE TEN QUESTIONS, YOU AREN'T JUST A BEER DRINKER. YOU'RE A BEER EXPERT.

Sound business practice dictates that a company understand its customers as fully as possible. It is therefore necessary that we spend a great deal of time in those establishments where our product is sold and our customers gather.

In the course of this research, we have been gratified to find that tavern conversations frequently revolve around the subject of beer. At the same time, we are somewhat dismayed by the amount of misinformation those conversations often contain. Since our success depends on the beer drinker's ability to differentiate between a superior product and a lesser one, we thought it worth the cost of this advertisement to correct some of the misstatements you're likely to hear from the next barstool.

So we've chosen ten of the most commonly asked questions about beer, along with the right and wrong answers. If you get five answers right, your knowledge is about average. If you score eight or more, you obviously didn't need to read this in the first place.

1. HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO PRODUCE A BOTTLE OF BEER?

- A. Ten days
- B. Three weeks
- C. Three months

If a brewer turns to modern technology rather than traditional methods, he can produce beer in just ten days. In fact, one of America's leading brands was once made in this fashion. (It is no longer one of America's leading brands.) Although the answer is A, our old-fashioned approach to brewing and ageing Henry Weinhard's takes approximately 36 days.

This plant was first cultivated in America at the time of the Pilgrims. To find out why see Question 2.



2. WHY ARE HOPS USED IN BREWING?

- A. To make the beer stronger
- B. To add flavor
- C. To preserve the beer

A trick question. In the 17th century, long before refrigeration, hops were used as a preservative. Today, however, they are added as a flavoring agent, to give beer its characteristic bite. So both B and C are correct, depending on the period of history being discussed. (Incidentally, we have tasted beer without hops. Beer with hops is better.)

3. A BOTTLE OF BEER WILL IMPROVE WITH AGE.

- A. True
- B. False

In the cold darkness of a brewery's ageing room, beer mellows, matures, and grows better. That's why

Henry Weinhard's is aged far longer than most beers. But once beer is bottled, time becomes the enemy. As weeks pass, light filters into the bottle, increasing oxidation and destroying flavor. The statement is false, which is one of the reasons we number the bottlings of Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve, thus permitting a constant check for freshness in stores and taverns.

4. WHAT MAKES EUROPEAN BEERS MORE EXPENSIVE THAN AMERICAN BEERS?

- A. The cost of ingredients
- B. The cost of ageing
- C. The cost of diesel fuel

While there is, of course, no diesel fuel in European beers, a great deal is needed to power the ships that bring it to our shores, and this accounts for most of the difference in price. Though C is the right answer, you get partial credit if you chose A; the extra hops in most European beers add approximately 1/100th of a cent to the cost of brewing.

5. IN A BLIND TASTE TEST BETWEEN TWO LEADING AMERICAN BEERS, WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES OF CORRECTLY IDENTIFYING EACH?

- A. 100%
- B. 75%
- C. 50%

According to scientific tests, you have about a fifty-fifty chance of telling one beer from another, even when one of them is your regular brand.

Among collectors, a Henry's Bottling No. 1 commands an impressive price. Investment value is not, however, our purpose in numbering bottlings. What is it? See Question 3.



Most beer drinkers are willing to bet they can identify their favorite brand blindfolded. But we suggest you read question 5 before you back your tastebuds with hard cash.



Mount Hood, the crown of the Cascade range, can be seen from the roof of our brewery in Portland. But its contribution to the quality of Henry's is more than inspirational. For details, see Question 10.

While C is correct, Henry Weinhard's drinkers fare somewhat better in these tests, due to the beer's remarkably distinctive taste.

6. IMPORTED BEERS HAVE A HIGHER ALCOHOL CONTENT THAN AMERICAN BEERS.

- A. True
- B. False

In Europe, beer often has a

higher alcohol content than in the United States. But a European brand *sold here* has about the same alcohol level as American beers. (Approximately three to four percent, by weight.) Although widely believed, the statement is false.

7. THE WORD PREMIUM, WHEN ORIGINALLY APPLIED TO BEER, REFERRED TO:

- A. Superior ingredients
- B. Superior taste
- C. Higher shipping costs

To pay a premium is to pay more than normal cost. In the late 19th century, the term referred to higher prices charged for beer shipped from brewing centers like Milwaukee to distant cities. The answer is C, but since most large beer companies now have breweries in many locations, the term has lost its original meaning.

8. ALL THE BEST HOPS ARE IMPORTED.

- A. True
- B. False

Although many fine hop varieties are grown in Europe, it is false to say

that all the best hops are imported. Beer experts rank the Cascade hop, developed by Oregon State University, among the finest in the world. The small quantities available make the Cascade hop impractical for most large brewers to use. But perfect for us.

9. ALE DIFFERS FROM BEER IN THAT ALE IS:

- A. Stronger
- B. More bitter
- C. Heavier
- D. All of the above
- E. None of the above

The correct answer is E. Although ale is thought of as being stronger, heavier, and more bitter than beer, this isn't necessarily so. A case in point (so to speak) is our Weinhard's Ireland Style Ale. Is it bitter? No. Is it heavy? No. Is it smooth? Absolutely. Are we bragging? You bet.

10. THE WATER USED IN BREWING MAKES A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN THE FINAL PRODUCT.

- A. True
- B. False

If you ask the brewmaster of a brewery near a source of pure water this question, you will be told that the water is important. But if you ask the brewmaster of a brewery which must clean, filter, purify, and balance its water, you'll be told that the water source is of little consequence. So perhaps A and B are both correct. We, however, incline toward the former view. That is why we cherish our brewery's location in Portland, Oregon, where the water source is one of the purest in America.

Just as beer and driving don't mix, neither do beer and sunlight. For further illumination, read Question 3.



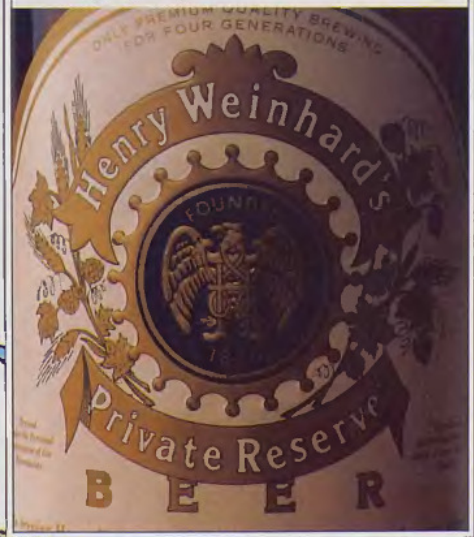
We sincerely hope you have enjoyed our brief examination, and that it has contributed to your knowledge about beer. Feel free to use the facts found here in future tavern conversations. For our part, we will continue our diligent research efforts wherever people are enjoying Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve. In so doing, we will keep a hopeful ear open to discover whether the amount of misinformation bandied about concerning beer has decreased. In the event it has not, you may expect another advertisement similar to this one at a future date.

HOW WE MAKE BEER

The basic process of producing beer is more or less the same all over the world, and it is so simple that it can be done in one's own kitchen. Yet there are profound differences among beers which result from the subtle skills that make up the brewer's art.

In the case of Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve, quality and taste derive from several factors. First, the beer is made by following, as closely as possible, the methods used by our founder in the 19th century. These require that much more time be taken in brewing, fermenting, and ageing than is usual within the brewing industry. Second, we insist on the finest ingredients obtainable, including rich, two-row malting barley and scarce Cascade hops. Both are grown only in a few areas of the Western states, harvested in limited quantities, and available only at a premium price.

Not surprisingly, beer brewed in this fashion is more costly than ordinary beer, but we believe this consideration will not deter those who appreciate quality from enjoying Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve.



DAZZLING

D O Z E N

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW



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A full year's Playmates revisited in a 112-page, full-color collector's edition.

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To order by mail: Send check or money order for \$7.50 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

GRAB A DOUBLE FEATURE.



\$9.95 EACH.

Teri Weigel, Miss April. And Sherry Arnett, Miss January. Each on a twenty minute videotape. Up close. Personal. And in living color. They're the first two in a series. At just \$9.95 each, you should get both. And make it a double play.

Just send \$9.95 plus \$1.25 in postage for each tape, and \$2.00 per order for handling, in U.S. check or money order to Playboy Video, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove, Ill. 60007. Include your name,

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Also available wherever video is sold.

CROSS THE BORDER

ENJOY MEXICO'S #1 BEER.



the woman but the woman of the man. . . . I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is man" (*Corinthians I*). Nowhere in the Bible is there a test for adultery for men, but *Numbers V* provides a charming one for women: drinking mud. The 22nd chapter of *Deuteronomy* illuminates Delgado's contention that the Bible "clearly states that sex is to be shared and enjoyed" by men and women. It says: "A girl not a virgin when she marries shall be stoned to death at the door of her father."

Patrick Hall
Bangor, Maine

Dianna Delgado should read her Bible more closely. It is not quite true that in *Corinthians I*, "God tells us that sex is to be shared and enjoyed for the pleasure and closeness it provides the participants." First, it was Paul, not God, who wrote the Epistle. (In fairness to Delgado, it should be admitted that a lot of people have confused the two—including, apparently, Paul.)

More important, Paul clearly believed that it was preferable to remain celibate and chaste and that marriage decreased one's chances of entering into heaven. He condoned marriage as a barely acceptable alternative for those who, unable to control their base passions, might otherwise be tempted into *worse* sin. The idea that marriage may have intrinsic value, that sexual desire is healthy, that the love of a man and a woman is a joy and a mystery that enriches them both, seems never to have entered his mind.

I think I'll stick with the *Song of Songs*, which is Solomon's; he seems to have had a better handle on life.

Mark Kummer
Portland, Maine

I'M OK, YOU'RE OK

Until reading Hugh Hefner's *Viewpoint*, "Sexual McCarthyism" (*PLAYBOY*, January), I had no idea that pornography was such an issue to our Government. Why can't the Meese Commission understand that *PLAYBOY* is not harmful but meaningful to adults?

PLAYBOY is a highly informative magazine. The articles are straightforward and current; the pictorials, stimulating. (When I open the centerfold, I see beauty. I don't get a mad desire to rush into an alley and rape some woman and I think other men would agree with me.)

At one time, I was caught up in a circle of Christians who viewed nakedness as sinful. An enlisted Serviceman, I began a crusade to destroy all pornographic material on board my vessel. Then I began to understand just how wrong I was. I missed *PLAYBOY*—not so much for the pictorials as for the excellent essays and stories.

A lot of people these days are expressing their religious convictions. Whatever happened to keeping your convictions to your-

self? If you don't feel comfortable viewing a beautiful woman in the nude, then don't look. No one forces you to buy or view *PLAYBOY*. Leave us mature adults, who enjoy the magazine, alone.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

ALL ABOUT SEX

As students of folklore are well aware, the rock face and the painting stick have been replaced by the bulletin board and the copying machine as a means of propagating tales and handing them down from one generation to the next. Judging from its tattered condition, this one has been around, copied and recopied, for millennia, and only by giving it academic significance can we justify bringing you, courtesy of Milton Shaw of Fort Lauderdale, one of the worst we've yet encountered in this publication's lifetime.

ALL ABOUT SEX

For protection, my father bought me a German shepherd.

Now, everyone calls his dog Rover, but I decided to name mine Sex.

When he ran away one night and I was out looking for him, a cop stopped me and asked, "What are you doing in this alley at four A.M.?"

I said, "Looking for Sex." My case comes up Thursday.

I went to city hall to get a dog license, and I told the clerk I would like a license for Sex. He said, "I'd like to have one, too."

"But this is a dog," I said. He said he didn't care what she looked like.

When I said, "You don't understand—I have had Sex since I was two years old," he said, "You must have been a very strong baby."

When my wife and I separated, we went to court to fight for the custody of the dog. I told the judge I had had Sex before I was married, and the judge said, "Me, too."

When I told him that after I was married, Sex had left me, he said, "Me, too."

Then I told him that I had Sex on TV. He called me a show-off and said that I should have sold tickets.

I also told him that we had taken the dog on our honeymoon, and when we checked into the motel, I told the clerk that I wanted a room for my wife and me and a special room for Sex. The clerk said that every room in the motel was for sex.

Then I said, "You don't understand—Sex keeps me awake at night." The clerk said, "Me, too."

Then the judge said, "Me, too."

I gave up and gave my wife Sex in the courtroom.

Here we go again. If Senator Joseph McCarthy hadn't existed, illiberal liberals like Hefner would have had to invent him. Ritualistic invocation of McCarthy's name is purely gratuitous and is designed simply to exploit pre-established prejudices. Nothing in the body of *Viewpoint*, "Sexual McCarthyism" supports Hefner's forced comparison between the methods of Attorney General Meese's commission on pornography and the methods used by McCarthy to drum up anti-Communist sentiment.

Ironically, Hefner's guilt-by-association (an association entirely of his own fantasy) tactics exhibit that very McCarthyism that he pretends to be enraged about (until he himself practices it). Besides, there really were Communists—in both Hollywood and the Government. Only Hodding Carter III is worse than Hefner.

Lee Smith
Vancouver, British Columbia

SUPPORT BLUES

I sympathize deeply with Perry M. Savard (*The Playboy Forum*, December) and others like him who've been hassled by their exes when it comes to child custody and visitation rights. But I also get tired of hearing men holler that *they* are the victims of divorce and injustice.

What about the rights of a divorced woman? I went to court, following a marriage that produced two children, and took the feelings of my husband into consideration. We each agreed to take custody of one child and were each granted liberal visitation rights. There was no spousal support, and my ex had only a minimal amount of child support to pay—ten dollars a week. (That adds up to \$40 a month, fellas.)

It's been ten years since our "ideal" divorce arrangement, and I've seen my daughter exactly three times since then. My ex has not *once* asked to visit his only son. The children have been alienated from each other.

Am I the only dummy living who's had this happen? Or are there other women who've had the screws put to them?

Savard's allegations are probably 100 percent true. And what I have to say to all those heartbroken fathers is, "You're not alone, Jack!"

Lynda J. Webb
Knoxville, Tennessee

Unite, men of America, before it's too late! The women's movement would strip us of everything except the right to cry, on the logical assumption that when they take over, we will have every need to do so.

I heartily applaud the raising of consciousness and the gathering of friendships the women's movement has brought about. I don't approve of women's using men as scapegoats, however, for their every grievance and affliction.

Men don't even get credit for their personal achievements. Behind every

successful man is the proverbial good woman. Behind every failed burglar is a woman, too. She just couldn't make chicken salad out of chickenshit. Men get the blame and the shame for our failures, while women take credit for our triumphs.

Men need to unite in self-appreciation and cooperation—not competition. Ideally, we will have something more meaningful to share than a desire to topple the opposite sex.

Don J. McKay
Dallas, Texas

NIXON, GO HOME

More than once lately, I have seen Richard M. Nixon emerge from hiding to don the robe of elder statesman at political gatherings where he is lauded for such foreign-policy achievements as "opening the door to China." What a short sense of history this country has. Here we have a man who brought disgrace to the office of President, endangered our very system of government with his actions and those of his appointees, humiliated our country in the eyes of the world, now taking credit for a common-sense foreign-policy decision that would have been made years earlier had it not been opposed by the very same Nixon, the anti-Communist politician and witch-hunter. Nixon and his fellow architects of the Cold War, here and in the Soviet Union, are the men we have to

thank for the arms race that keeps a loaded gun pointed at our heads. We can't do much about the fools in Russia, but we don't have to pay homage to our own.

Ted Buckley
Washington, D.C.

AS THEY SAY. . . .

From the April 1986 Reason article "Reagan's Smutstompers," by Martin Morse Wooster, comes the following—which is about as polite a way as possible of saying that the current Administration really has its priorities screwed up.

But does all this erotica and pornography cause rapes, child abuse and the like? That's what Reagan's smutstompers would like to prove—so much so that they are resorting to faulty logic, biased research and ill-conceived public hearings to manufacture a "scientific" case against pornography. It makes one wonder whether Justice Department bureaucrats are trying to wipe out porn because they believe it causes crime—or if they're trying to prove the porn-crime link because they want to wipe out porn.

NEOPOLITICS

In reaction to Sam Ackerman's letter in the December *Playboy Forum*, I resuscitated my old Woodstock typewriter and was moved, as I often am, to verse. I hope this helps clear up the neoliberal-neoconservative question.

*In politics, there's fences,
Both to straddle and to mend.
The neoliberal stands atop the rail
On left foot with leftward bend.*

*The neoconservative is perching
Right-footed on the rail.
The right side is the drop zone
Should his balance choose to fail.*

*The conservatives and liberals,
Each knowing their side's best,
Reserve the right to change their
minds
With the wind from east to west.*

*Then we have the ultras,
With their ever-growing lists—
So far out in their fields,
They don't know the fence exists.*

James E. Pyatt
Freeport, Illinois

YOU'RE WELCOME

On behalf of the Hollywood Women's Coalition, I would like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its generous donation to the Imagine There's a Future Arts



America's first lady. Since 1886, the proud symbol of a life where you're free to enjoy what makes you most happy. A life Americans cherish.

Festival, which was held in Los Angeles in commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The coalition worked with the Interfaith Center to Reverse the Arms Race and the Southern California Ecumenical Council to make the festival a success.

More than 1000 commemorative posters displaying the artwork of Nancy Buchanan were printed by the Playboy Foundation, which was generous with its time and assistance.

Thank you very much. You were a big part of making it happen.

Abby Haight, Festival Director
Santa Monica, California

DRUGS AND CORRUPTION

Thanks to our national drug problem and the Government's response to it, corruption of public officials has reached epidemic proportions. Over the past three years, an average of two public officials each week have been charged with or convicted of drug-related crimes. The rate is unparalleled in U.S. history, except during the period of alcohol prohibition.

We have assembled a report that lists the names of approximately 300 public officials involved in drug crimes over the past three years and would note that the Government has not even acknowledged how widespread this problem has become.

Unless we take the profits out of the marijuana trade by regulating and taxing it, corruption in the U.S. will continue to expand and will eventually surpass that found in any foreign country.

The report is based on published reports of official corruption. No doubt, many cases are not included. And these are only the officials who got caught.

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

HOME ON WHEELS

I was interested to read of the trouble gotten into by a man living in a motor home who held a burglar at gunpoint only to find himself arrested for carrying a weapon in a motor vehicle (*The Playboy Forum*, March). I thought that the use of a motor home as a primary residence allowed me to possess the means of protecting it, my wife, myself and my valuables. A police search would discover not only a weapon but an open container of Scotch, which I have been known to serve friends who come to visit. Is there any way *not* to break the law?

(Name withheld by request)
Struthers, Ohio

FORWARD THRUST OF CELIBACY

After hearing so much about the merits of celibacy, I vowed to use it as a test of my

own inner strength. Right away, I found it comforting that there was no longer the need to perform every time the opportunity for sex arose. In a short time, I was able to block all erotic thoughts and emotions. Sexual anxieties were not pressing on my consciousness, therefore allowing more time and energy for productive thinking.

But, as you know, lust is the natural enemy of celibacy. This antagonist manifested itself very early in my continence, taking the form of a beautiful enchantress who urged me to give up my restraint.

I immediately mounted an attack, entering the battlefield with my sword drawn, ready to prove that I was stronger than my own base desires. The struggle was long and ardent, causing me to retreat almost to the point of failure but then thrust forward with renewed energy. Finally, I triumphed in a burst of ecstasy, knowing that I had proved celibacy as a consciousness-raising tool.

Michael McCary
Centralia, Missouri

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



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The advertisement features the brand name 'SEAGRAM'S 7' in large, stylized, block letters. The background is a dark, moody image of a city skyline at dusk or dawn, with the water in the foreground. A glass of whiskey with ice is positioned in the lower right, next to a large, red, stylized number '7' that has a crown on top. The word 'Seagram's' is written in a white, serif font across the top of the '7'.

And because the makers of Seagram's 7 embrace this ideal, too, we've become the official distilled spirits sponsor of the Statue of Liberty Restoration.



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Some of the little extras you won't need with the new Sony Super Walkman® stereos.

The world's smallest personal stereos now come with rechargeable NiCad batteries.

When Sony introduced the Super Walkman over two years ago, they were the world's smallest personal stereos.

They still are. Only now there's an extra advantage: You don't have to keep buying little alkaline batteries. Instead, the new Super Walkman comes with two rechargeable NiCad batteries. (Yes, these batteries are included.)

One NiCad, fully charged, will play the radio continuously for 10 hours, or the cassette for two hours. It's good for 300 recharges, so you get a total of



600 to 3000 hours of playing time. It would take 150 AA alkaline batteries, and an extra \$150* to equal one NiCad. (For the price of extra batteries, you could buy an extra Super Walkman.)

Of course, we realize money isn't everything. There's sound. And the Super Walkman sounds nothing short of, well, super. All of which makes them worth having in the long run, jog, walk, or ride.

After all, what other way can you be completely satisfied and still get your money back?

SONY
THE ONE AND ONLY SOUND

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ARTHUR C. CLARKE

a candid conversation about the future of space travel—and about sex, immortality and “2001”—with the witty dean of science-fiction writers

For armchair space explorers, these are the best of times and the worst of times. On one hand, science fiction continues to flourish on best-seller lists, the Soviets have set up the first permanent manned space station and satellites are doing everything from sending back pictures of distant moons to bouncing our TV and telephone signals around the world at ever-increasing speeds. On the other hand, America's space effort seems stalled in the wake of the Challenger disaster, and the Reagan Administration keeps pressing—and the Soviets keep protesting—its multi-billion-dollar satellite-and-laser-beam Star Wars space defense plan. So at this crossroads in the history of space travel, with all these high-tech topics in the air, it seems an excellent time to . . . go to Sri Lanka.

There's a reason, of course, and that is that Arthur C. Clarke lives in Sri Lanka. If anyone can be said to have a unique and central perspective on these currents, it is this genial British-born man of science and literature. He is the author of “2001: A Space Odyssey,” the researcher who predicted the invention of communication satellites, the outspoken opponent of Reagan's Star Wars plan (see this interview for a change on that), the spinner of tales portraying a future in which space travel and contact with aliens is the stuff of everyday life.

The explosion of the space shuttle in January, which caused some to question whether or not space travel should continue at all, shocked Clarke but “did not surprise” him. He felt that the shuttle was faulty in the first place and says in this interview—before the explosion occurred—that a catastrophe in space was inevitable. He nevertheless feels strongly that space exploration, which is not only good for the soul but vital to the human race, should go forward with new tools.

Born (in 1917) and raised on a farm in Minehead, England, young Clarke took a job as an auditor at the Exchequer in 1936. In his spare time, he would devour the pulp science-fiction magazines that were published at that time, writing letters to them and consuming all the Jules Verne and H. G. Wells he could read.

After hours in London, Clarke found himself spending time with a group of people who shared his interests. These were early science-fiction fans, who would gather at local pubs, sharing the latest American magazines and talking about real space exploration—heavy stuff for a farm boy whose head was in the stars. One of these pub groups went official and revived the British Interplanetary Society, founding a newsletter to which Clarke became a frequent contributor.

Meanwhile, Clarke extended his studies in

mathematics, receiving in 1948 a degree from Kings College, Cambridge, in physics and pure and applied mathematics, and contributed to scientific journals. At the same time, he began to hone his fiction-writing style. It was not long before a prolific outpouring of books, short stories, articles and scientific papers began, eventually to total more than 600. He has received 25 literary, scientific and academic awards for his writing, including an Emmy in 1981 for his contributions to satellite communications.

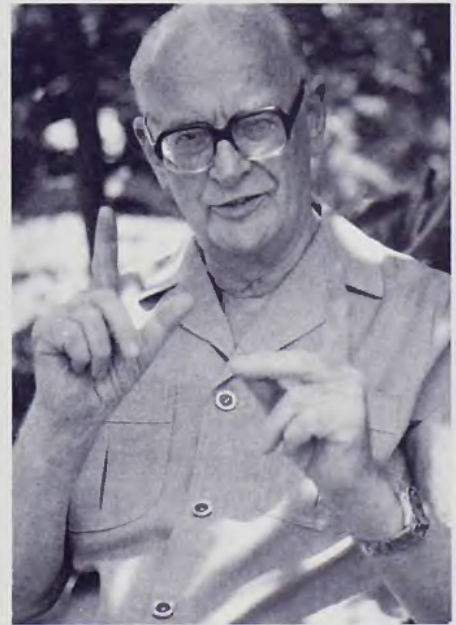
His special moment in the sun, however, was unquestionably the writing of a short story called “The Sentinel,” which led to his collaboration with Stanley Kubrick on the film classic “2001.” The movie went from being a cult favorite to being included on some critics' lists of all-time greats—including the lists of some who had panned it when it was released. Clarke waited 15 years to publish a sequel—“2010,” an adaptation of which was first published in *PLAYBOY*—which became a huge best seller. He collaborated with director Peter Hyams on the film version, which enjoyed only a modest commercial success and culled mixed reviews. Clarke also managed to write and host two television series for Britain's ITV, “Arthur C. Clarke's Mysterious World,” in 1980, and “The World of Strange Powers,” in 1984—both



“I hate to let people down, but there may be no extraterrestrials. It's infinitely improbable, but a number of scientific papers are appearing now, saying that we are all there is. Which is a mind-boggling possibility.”

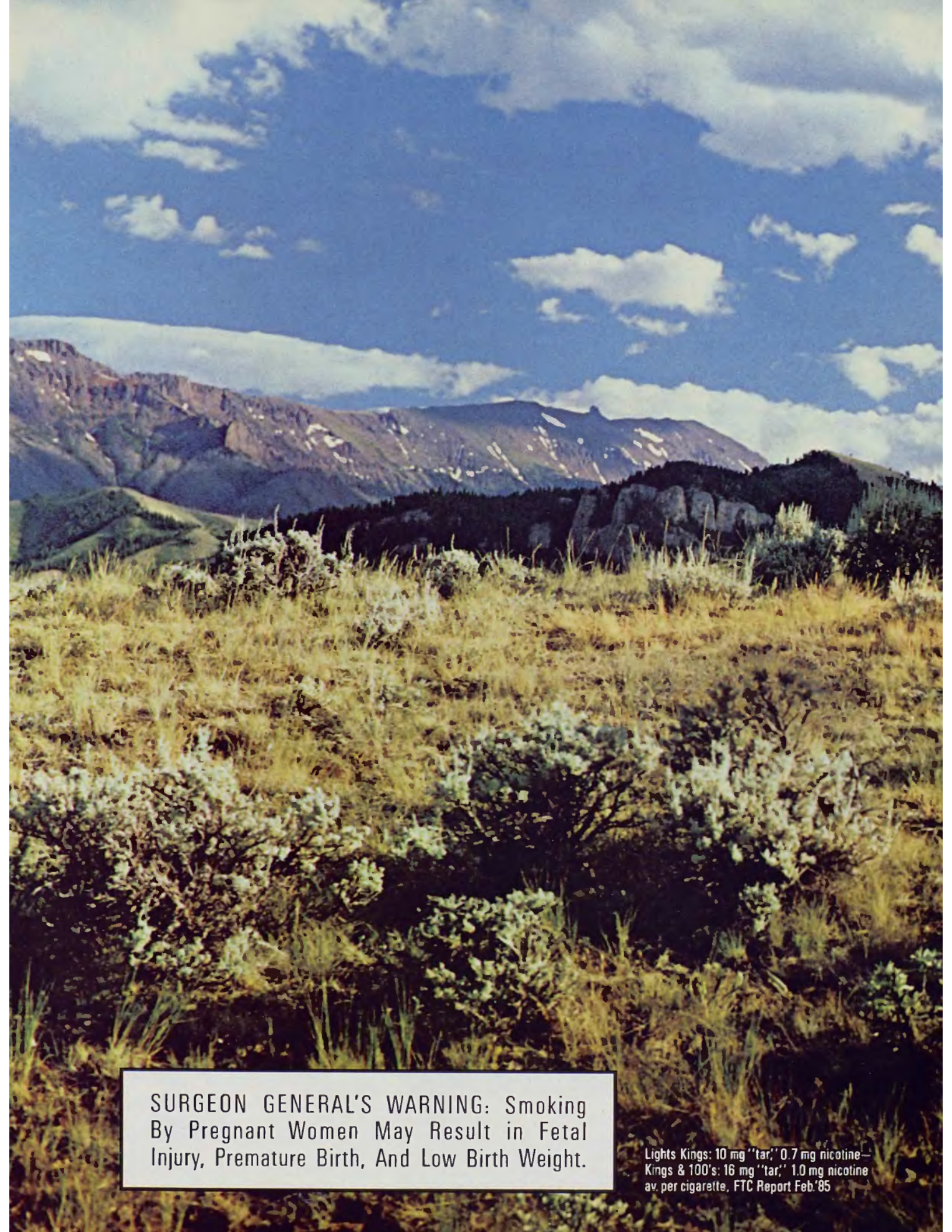


“Reagan's Star Wars—the defense shield in space—may turn out to be a stroke of political genius, even if his motivations are wrong. I now think there are subtle reasons we should do it, even if it doesn't work.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAHAN DE SILVA

“The shuttle is far too complex, inefficient and expensive. It's a financial disaster. The Challenger explosion shows the terrible complexity of the device and the fact that it has to strain its guts to work.”



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Lights Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
Kings & 100's: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85



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widely syndicated around the world.

The fame he would achieve certainly did not seem possible to him when, at the outbreak of World War Two, Clarke left his accountant's job and joined the Royal Air Force as an advanced-radar instructor. He enjoyed the experience well enough—he was learning new technology—but at night, off hours, he was perfecting his mathematical theory about space-satellite transmissions. It paid off. In the October 1945 issue of the scientific journal *Wireless World*, he hypothesized a system of world-wide communications via transmission of satellite signals. His calculations showed that there was a belt around the earth 22,300 miles high in which a satellite's orbital period would be synchronous with the earth's rotation, thus making the satellite effectively motionless to earth stations below. By beaming signals to satellites at that altitude and relaying those signals between receiving stations, Clarke said, it would be possible to transmit information almost instantaneously from one point to another. The orbital area he proposed was called Clarke's Belt; and in 1964, with the launching of America's SYNCOM III, the first satellite with enough rocket thrust to take it up that high, Americans were able to watch, live, the Tokyo Olympics.

Noted physicist and inventor Dr. Norman Abramson says that today, a list of satellites in Clarke's Belt, "or planned for that orbit, has almost 500 entries, and the array of new services and new network architectures that will be provided by these satellites is always expanding."

T. A. Heppenheimer, of the Center for Space Science in Fountain Valley, California, points out another major example of Clarke's prescience, from a 1950 paper Clarke published on the topic of what are now called mass drivers—in effect, huge spaceships that can run indefinitely on solar power: "Their importance may well rival that of communications satellites in half a century or so."

The Fifties were a particularly prodigious period for Clarke, in both fiction and nonfiction. He published eight novels, four collections of short stories and ten nonfiction books, one of which, "Childhood's End," became a classic in the genre. On a research expedition for one of his nonfiction books, about Australia's Great Barrier Reef, in 1954—he was an avid diver who believed that the sea was "the closest thing to space"—he discovered the island of Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. He vowed then to make it his home.

Clarke is often asked why he chose to live there. "The answer is simple," he says. "I fell in love with the place." Although in the early years he could not live on the Indian Ocean island for more than six months at a time, he established Sri Lanka as his home base. He began to travel widely, lecturing and writing. Between 1964 and 1968, he says, he spent much of his time holed up in the Chelsea Hotel in New York City, working on the script for "2001" with Kubrick. But Sri Lanka has become his permanent residence. He has no plans to visit America again. "I've earned the right to live where I want," says Clarke.

In 1983, a team of Clarke admirers decided that the father of space communications should have his own satellite dish and organized an expedition to deliver one to him. One member of the team did some research and noticed something uncanny: "There are some places over the equator where the earth's gravity is so strong that satellites placed there don't need fuel, because they never drift out of position. It turns out that one of the most stable places on the planet is directly above the piece of property that Arthur bought in Sri Lanka. It makes you wonder where this man came from."

To find an answer, we sent free-lance reporter Ken Kelley from California to Sri Lanka, and this is his report:

"It took 35 hours by plane to reach the country, and that's one tough haul. When I arrived in Colombo, the capital of Sri Lanka, and flopped down, exhausted, I figured that with all the reading I'd done, I could take a break from Arthur C. Clarke before the interview began. But what to my reddened eyes should appear but an in-house showing on the hotel TV of '2001'!

"The next day, I took a taxi to Clarke's home and became immediately aware of what Third World traffic means—there are no stop

*"I write science fiction
only about things
I know are
reasonably true."*

signs and no traffic signals in Colombo. The taxi competed with oxcarts, children rushing into the street from all directions, people dashing across lanes on bicycles, with no regard for life or limb. I just closed my eyes, and we made it. (Clarke later told me that Colombo has one of the worst accident rates in all of Asia.)

"When I arrived at the gates of his compound—one near that of the country's president, a beautiful layout originally built for the local Anglican bishop—I was greeted by Clarke, who was dressed in his casual attire, a loose shirt and a sarong. Speaking in his rapid-fire, very clipped English, he proceeded to show me around the place—which resembles a sort of earth space station: the huge satellite dish on the roof; the ubiquitous computers, manned by a staff performing mysterious clerical tasks for him; the walls hung with the myriad awards he's received, along with pictures of visiting celebrities, from movie stars to Russian cosmonauts and American astronauts. He asked me to sign his visitors' book; I signed my name beneath that of Carrie Fisher—Princess Leia of 'Star Wars,' who had been the last visitor to sign the register. Then we sat down to play an insanely complicated space-age video game. I, of course,

was a total klutz at it, but he'd mastered it and played it with the exuberance of a kid.

"Clarke's feeling for the fun in life pervaded the next two weeks I spent interviewing him, even though at moments we explored sensitive personal areas he has never discussed before. He is a man of many faces, an original, protean creature. Every day, we'd go to the Sri Lankan version of a country club, where he'd strip off his shirt, put on his tennis shorts and beat the hell out of most of the teenagers who came to play table tennis ('Don't call it ping-pong,' he would say firmly). His dexterity was amazing. I got up the nerve to play him one day, and he beat me so badly that I suggested we collaborate on a new novel—'2001 to 1.' Then he was driven home in his fire-engine-red Mercedes, attired himself in a loose white outfit, looking downright papal, and went to a function with the president of Sri Lanka.

"It is interesting to see him switch from one persona to the other. He will go from being a curmudgeon dealing with a mountain of requests from all over the world to being the gentle patriarch of his adopted 'family'—a Sri Lankan couple with two daughters for whom 'Uncle Arthur' will drop everything. In our conversations, I often didn't know to which Clarke I was talking.

"I do know that I'll never forget the 'Hah!', the cackle he uses to punctuate so many of his points—that's a sound, unfortunately, that can't come alive in print. His ideas and his history, though, do."

PLAYBOY: To begin, we wanted to ask—
CLARKE: Hold it. Here's a large ant on your neck. [Flicks it off] Oops! It's a spider. Some of them bite a bit here in Sri Lanka. Nothing fatal, though, if you ask the right questions. [Laughs] Take two.
PLAYBOY: In terms of sheer quantity, you're one of the most prolific authors on earth, one of the planets you consider a home base. You've written 65 books—
CLARKE: Really?
PLAYBOY: You don't keep count?
CLARKE: Well, there's some overlap, I guess. Books published under different titles—65, you say?
PLAYBOY: Our research is impeccable.
CLARKE: I don't doubt it. My memory, I find, isn't. I was going through my list of published books last year and, quite by accident, I discovered two books that I'd forgotten about. Totally lost track of 'em.
PLAYBOY: Didn't that give you pause?
CLARKE: Yeah, but then I thought about my friend Isaac Asimov—imagine keeping track of his. Actually, I'm sure he does, come to think of it.
PLAYBOY: Still, we've added up the volume of your work—more than 600 short stories, articles and essays—
CLARKE: As many as that? Nonsense. [Pauses] Let me take that back. I guess it must be in the 600s if you include my books. Hmmm. So much for my reputation as a mathematician. Don't forget that

you're talking about a 30-year period. That's not so much, really. I'm not a workaholic, like dear old Isaac. I don't just sit in my office with a typewriter—I've done a lot of traveling and lecturing, all that. Although now I tend to call myself a failed recluse.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

CLARKE: Not being able to say no to interviewers. You got the message I left for you when you arrived?

PLAYBOY: Yes. We traveled halfway around the world to pick your brains; and when we arrived at our hotel, the first thing we found was a press release from you, announcing, "I am now completely fed up with talking about myself, and all my ideas are better recorded in my writings. I no longer have the time and energy to cope with mail and visitors—and media coverage makes matters steadily worse." That was some cordial greeting.

CLARKE: Oh, c'mon. [Laughs] That's the form I send to all people who ask me for an interview. **PLAYBOY** is quite a different matter. Let me make this quite clear—the reason I'm doing the *Playboy Interview* is that I've had such a long and pleasant relationship with **PLAYBOY**. And I've always had a soft spot in my heart for Hef, ever since he told me about his security blanket with a bunny on it.

PLAYBOY: The press release also says, "Don't ask me about my philosophy of life—I don't have one." That certainly seems to contradict your body of work. Many of your fans consider you a philosopher—of the future, of space travel and exploration.

CLARKE: I always feel a little bit embarrassed when I'm told that. Deep down inside, I suspect, I'm rather shallow.

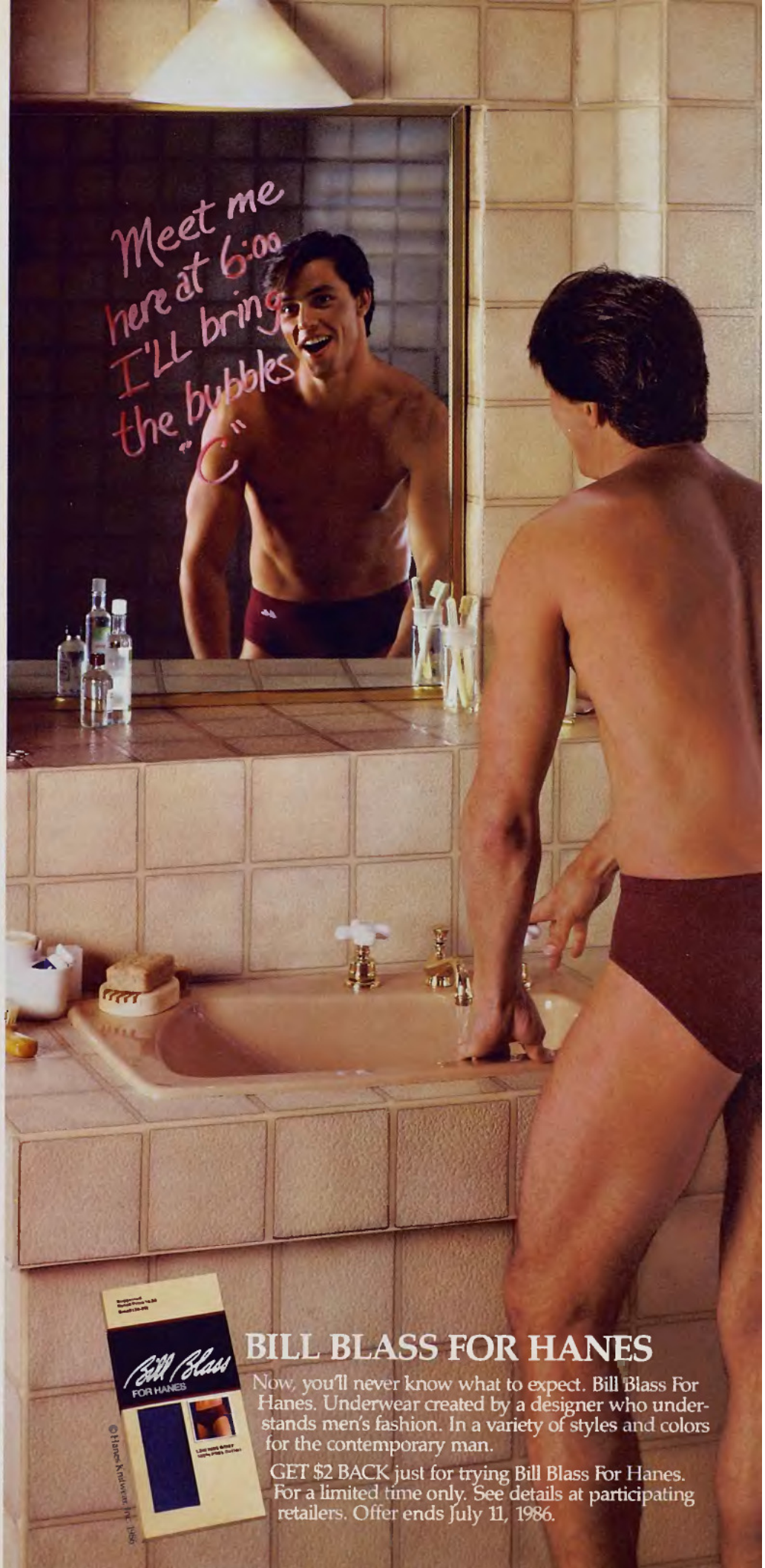
PLAYBOY: Why?

CLARKE: I've had scientific training but never any formal studies in philosophy, and when I'm faced with serious issues, logic and so forth, I just can't be bothered—I shy away from that. It's my butterfly mind.

PLAYBOY: Well, Asimov doesn't think so. On the cover blurb of your recent book *1984: Spring*, in which you attack creationism, he wrote, "Nobody has done more in the way of enlightened prediction." Of course, you've always insisted that your writings are "extrapolation" rather than "prediction." Isn't that just a matter of semantics?

CLARKE: OK, obviously, when I'm extrapolating, sometimes I am trying to predict. I'm flattered and somewhat embarrassed by what Isaac says, but I guess somewhere I accept some of it, and I certainly don't want to contradict the world's best seller of books when he's complimenting me, now, do I?

PLAYBOY: Your most famous prediction was about the invention of communications satellites. Back in 1945, when you were a radar flight instructor in the Royal Air Force, you published a paper outlining how they could stay in geostationary orbits



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at a precise altitude of 22,300 miles. That part of space was immediately called Clarke's Belt—and still is. Wouldn't you call that a fair bit of predicting?

CLARKE: I guess so. But the point is this: All of the mathematical elements in what I published were familiar to a great many people. The idea of geostationary satellites went back at least to the Twenties, when the concept emerged that you *could* have such a satellite.

PLAYBOY: But you were the first one to publish the equations.

CLARKE: I really don't take too much credit for that, because I know half a dozen people who, if I hadn't published the stuff in 1945, would have published it in 1946. So I was the first one—so *what?*

PLAYBOY: Didn't you try to patent the idea? And didn't a lawyer tell you that the idea of sending signals to satellites in space was too farfetched—and that if you *did* patent it, the patent would expire by the time the satellites came into existence?

CLARKE: Yes. What that experience mainly taught me was a lot about lawyers.

PLAYBOY: What?

CLARKE: Lawyers are the sanitary engineers of society. A necessary evil. I should only earn as much money as they do. [Laughs] My favorite line from Mr. Shakespeare—"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." Can't we talk about something other than dreadful lawyers?

PLAYBOY: Let's go to the moon.

CLARKE: Fine with me.

PLAYBOY: On this one, your prediction was off. You made a bet with the chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, of which you were a member in the Thirties, about when the first landing on the moon would occur.

CLARKE: Yes, I wasn't very clever. I never really thought a moon landing would occur in my lifetime. But, you know, even the space enthusiasts of my youth didn't believe it would be in this century. When I wrote my book *Prelude to Space* in 1948, I put the landing 30 years in the future, in 1978. I remember thinking when I wrote it, This is hopelessly optimistic.

PLAYBOY: As it turned out, during the moon landing in 1969, you were a commentator for U.S. television, along with your friend Walter Cronkite. You cried then, didn't you?

CLARKE: When you go to a launch, it is an emotional experience. Television doesn't give any idea of it, really. Walter wiped away a tear or two, as well—as did Eric Sevareid. The last time I'd cried was when my grandmother died, 20 years before.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Neil Armstrong's statement, "That's one small step for man, one giant step for mankind"?

CLARKE: Well, I took him up on that statement afterward, because he dropped out the "A." It was supposed to be "That's one small step for *a* man." He just fluffed it. When I talked with him about it later,

he said, "That's what I *thought* I said, and that's what I meant to say." He did all right, though. I remember there was a magazine article on what the first words should be, and one astronaut suggested, "Help!" [Laughs] Can you imagine what that would have been like, as he sank into the lunar dust?

PLAYBOY: The crew of Apollo Eight circled the moon on Christmas Eve, 1968—the first men ever to see the dark side of the moon. Didn't the commander of the mission later tell you they'd been tempted to radio back to earth that they'd discovered a large black monolith, as in *2001*?

CLARKE: Alas, discretion prevailed.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think *2001*, which you began envisioning with director Stanley Kubrick in 1964, inspired actual space exploration?

CLARKE: Although most people thought space travel was inevitable by then—President Kennedy had called for a moon landing before the end of the Sixties—I think the movie *did* stir people's imagination about the future. I'm especially proud of how well the film stands up—even the moons-of-Jupiter stuff. The only thing we were wrong about scientifically—everybody was wrong, because the information was incomplete—was the surface of the moon as we depicted it in the film.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

CLARKE: We never *dreamed* the surface would be so *smoothed*. The idea had been

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that there would be no weathering on the moon; everything would be fresh and sharp-edged. Because of all the meteor bombardment, there *has* been a lot of weather on the moon—but it's taken a long time.

PLAYBOY: After the Apollo 11 moon landing, you said that "history and fiction became inextricably intertwined." What did you mean? That extrapolations such as yours were now coming true?

CLARKE: Yes. But it was another Apollo launch that made that point even more clearly—and that is, how uncannily nature imitates art. During the Apollo 13 flight in 1970, the space module that housed the crew had been christened *Odyssey*. Just before the explosion that caused the mission to be aborted, the crew had been playing Strauss's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* theme, now universally identified with the movie. Immediately after the loss of power, Captain Jack Swigert radioed back to Mission Control, "Houston, we've got a problem"—the words used by the computer HAL, who went crazy in *2001*, to Captain Frank Poole. I feel strange when I think about that. . . .

PLAYBOY: And NASA administrator Thomas Paine was the one who later sent you a copy of the book, saying, "Just as you always said it would be, Arthur."

CLARKE: Now I'm embarrassed again. It makes it sound as if I were playing God, or something, and that I don't want to do.

Although I've been accused of it more than once.

PLAYBOY: In your epilog to the new edition of *2001*, you describe the curious evolution of the movie and the book. Actually, the genesis of it was a short story you'd written years before, *The Sentinel*—

CLARKE: Yes, and Kubrick read it, contacted me and said, basically, "We're going to write the best science-fiction movie of all time," based on that.

PLAYBOY: You published the book in July 1968, shortly after the release of the movie. You continue in the epilog, "Thus I often had the strange experience of revising the manuscript after viewing the [movie] rushes based upon an earlier version of the story—a stimulating but rather expensive way of writing a novel." You've also said that that period was "streaked with agony." Why?

CLARKE: Well, I guess agony was a bit too strong a word. There were lots of frustrations and financial worries, because I didn't want the novel to come out until after the film, and I was afraid I wouldn't get a good deal on the novel if that happened. I had *no* idea how successful, if at all, it would be.

PLAYBOY: Still, did it surprise you that the movie became such a cult hit?

CLARKE: At the beginning, it was a flop. I can well remember, at the premiere, an MGM executive's saying, "Well, that's the end of Stanley Kubrick." And the day of

the premiere was right after President Johnson announced he wouldn't run again. I remember one of the MGM people saying, "Well, today, we lost two presidents," meaning also the president of MGM. The reviews were disastrous, too—*The New York Times'* Renata Adler panned it. I later called her "the critic who came in from the cold," because she went back and saw it again and wrote something to the effect that, hmmm, maybe this isn't so bad, after all.

PLAYBOY: But it didn't take long for the word to get out, as we recall.

CLARKE: No, only about a week. It took poor Herman Melville, who's been such a tremendous influence on me, about 50 years for *Moby Dick* to become a hit, and poor Kubrick only about a week to sweat over it.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the famous opening sequence, in which the bone thrown into the air by the prehistoric man-apes becomes the space vehicle *Discovery*, came about by accident.

CLARKE: Yes, Stanley and I were trying to figure out that crucial transition. We were walking back to the studio in London and, for some reason, Stanley had a broomstick in his hand. He threw it up into the air, in a playful way, and he kept doing it, and it was at that moment that the idea of making the broomstick into the bone that gets turned into *Discovery* came about. I was afraid it was going to hit me in the

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head. [Laughs] So later we filmed it with some sort of bone. That shot was the only one in the movie done on location. It was shot just outside the studio. There was a platform built and, just beneath it, all the London buses were going by.

PLAYBOY: How did it feel to be a kind of visionary prophet in what was called the Age of Aquarius?

CLARKE: It was a fascinating time. I knew [James] Rado and [Gerome] Ragni very well back then—

PLAYBOY: The team that wrote the book and the lyrics for *Hair*—

CLARKE: Yes, and I've got a lovely picture of them with one of the Skylab astronauts, taken at the Chelsea Hotel in New York. In fact, I'd taken a couple of the astronauts to the Chelsea, had them staying with me there. I won't tell you who. I loved *Hair*. The Apollo 13 crew didn't—they were quite upset with what they thought was the antipatriotic theme. But John Glenn did love it—kind of strange, in a way, because I suppose he's perceived as one of the stodgiest of the bunch. Actually, he's quite a liberal guy. But as for this visionary-prophet business—

PLAYBOY: Well?

CLARKE: Yes, well, move over, Allen Ginsberg. [Laughs] I really never regarded myself that way. I must say, though, being kissed by Allen Ginsberg was quite an experience. In front of two astronauts! We were landing at an airport, I was met by a couple of astronauts and Allen was with them, and he came up and gave me a big smooch—he had his beard then, which is what I mean by quite an experience.

PLAYBOY: You were living at the Chelsea then, right?

CLARKE: Yes. Off and on from about 1956 to about 1968. I came back from Australia in about 1956, after having done my book *The Coast of Coral*—

PLAYBOY: You discovered Sri Lanka while doing the research on that book—

CLARKE: Yeah, and I wanted very much to live here, but I couldn't really afford it for more than six months of the year, because of the tax situation. So I had to have a base in New York, and I lived at the Chelsea—"beat scene" and all.

PLAYBOY: What was the beat scene like?

CLARKE: Well, I met that scene only in the lobby, really—I never went to any orgies, alas, or parties. I spent most of 1964 working like hell on *2001* up on the tenth floor. But I got to meet William Burroughs, Ginsberg, Gregory Corso. I ran into Andy Warhol on Seventh Avenue. . . . When I met Burroughs, he was a nice, quiet businessman—like his family corporation.

PLAYBOY: The success of *2001* allowed you to fulfill your dream and move to Sri Lanka. In fact, when you collaborated on the sequel, *2010*, with Peter Hyams, you did everything via computer from Sri Lanka, right?

CLARKE: Yes, and I wouldn't have written it if I'd had to go to Hollywood. I don't want to leave Sri Lanka again for a long time.

PLAYBOY: You had vowed never to do a sequel to *2001*—what prompted you to do it? The \$1,000,000 advance you got?

CLARKE: Not in the least. I can't really pinpoint it. I thought that *The Fountains of Paradise*, in 1977, would be my last novel and that I'd said everything I had to say. Writing it had drained me emotionally. The Voyager mission to Jupiter was the key thing. It still seems incredible to me that whereas in *2001*, I assumed that we wouldn't know what the moons of Jupiter were like until men landed there in 2001; by 1979, we knew what both Jupiter and its moons were like, because of the photographs transmitted by Voyager. That had a profound effect. Without that, I couldn't have written *2010*.

Ever since I'd published *2001*, people kept asking me, "What about a sequel; what happened next?" And I kept saying, "Well, I painted myself into a corner with the ending, didn't I? No way you can get out of that." But it was obviously an intellectual challenge, and so, subconsciously, I was probably always working on it. And then I discovered a major factor in my writing career.

PLAYBOY: What was that?

CLARKE: The movie outline, which is a way of getting in a whole novel in about six pages, having all the fun but none of the work. Then I got a letter from a guy in South America suggesting an idea for bringing HAL back to life—a good idea, one of the few I've taken from anybody else. So I sat down and wrote a ten-page movie outline, sent it to my agent, so then I could exorcise *Odyssey II* and forget the whole damn thing. And, of course, my agent sent it right back and said, "You can't do this; you've got to write the whole thing." And I cursed him for a minisecond or so, then realized he was quite right: I had to do the whole thing as a novel.

PLAYBOY: Since in *2010* Jupiter turns into a sun and a Utopian world is created out of one of its moons, you could send the crew of a third *Odyssey* there, right?

CLARKE: There's no way I can even think about that now. It all depends on the launch by NASA of the spacecraft Galileo, whether it makes it to Jupiter or not.

PLAYBOY: That could be years away. So why, on your remarkably precise schedule of your future plans, which you have printed up, do you announce a delivery date to your publisher of December 16, 1989, for *The Final Odyssey*, as you call it? You're obviously thinking about it. What's your advance on the new one?

CLARKE: The whopping sum of one dollar, and, OK, I guess I am contradicting myself—but at least I won't burn my publisher too badly if I fail to deliver, will I? [Laughs] You must understand this: It all depends on Galileo. If Galileo gets launched this year, then it'll take some two years for it to get to Jupiter, just before my 71st birthday; and then, for several months, it'll be cranking around all of Jupiter's moons, not just doing a fly-by, as

Voyager did. Yet without Voyager, I couldn't have written *Odyssey II*—

PLAYBOY: Why not? This is science fiction, after all—the other creatures and planets you've made up aren't dependent on NASA launches.

CLARKE: That is true, but then it would be sheer fantasy, not fiction, in a sense, because the only thing I could have done was make up the moons of Jupiter. The Voyager mission did give me the round truth and, therefore, make the whole thing more realistic. I write science fiction only about things I know are reasonably true, even though the extrapolations may not be known.

PLAYBOY: You think Jupiter could turn into a sun, then?

CLARKE: It nearly made it. It's not as far-fetched as it seems. It's something called a failed sun—there again, we're talking about very advanced technology, and in advanced technology, you can assume you can do anything that isn't incompatible with logic. If you even compressed it until it ignited—Jupiter is very much like a very large diesel engine.

PLAYBOY: Do you also think it's in the realm of human possibility that Jupiter's moon Europa could become a Utopian paradise, inhabitable by human beings?

CLARKE: It's fiction, but it's probably possible. In fact, the possibility of life on Europa is very real, and a lot of people are taking that very seriously. There's ice, and the idea of ice with liquid water underneath—it's a very real possibility. A lot of scientists have sent me studies from working on this. I got my idea from them, and now there's feedback from both directions on that.

PLAYBOY: At the end of *2010*, the astronaut played by Roy Scheider tries to define the monolith. He says to his son, "I still don't know what the monolith is. I think it's many things. An embassy for an intelligence beyond ours—"

CLARKE: Those aren't my words; they're from the movie. I didn't write those words. I like to think of the monolith as a sort of cosmic Swiss army knife—it does whatever it *wants* to do.

PLAYBOY: Presuming it gets written someday, will we find out in *Final Odyssey* what the monolith wants to do?

CLARKE: I just don't know. And if I did, I certainly wouldn't tell you. You see, it took me 15 years or so to build up steam for *2010*—most of the time denying that there ever would be an *Odyssey II*. I'll gladly refund the dollar advance if I don't turn it in on time.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your extrapolations, you also predicted in a 1966 *New York Times Magazine* article that you would go to the moon by 1980—

CLARKE: Did I say that?

PLAYBOY: Sure you did; we have the clipping right here.

CLARKE: Well, if *The New York Times* said it, I guess I must have. All the news that's fit to print, I guess. Nineteen sixty-six, you

say—I don't think anyone had even heard of me in 1966.

PLAYBOY: In that same 1966 *New York Times* piece, you also said that by 1980, we'd have landed on other planets.

CLARKE: Nobody's right all the time—

PLAYBOY: And you went on to say that by the year 2000, there would be actual colonization of other planets. How are we doing on that schedule?

CLARKE: You're trying to pin me to the wall, and, believe me, it's a *tough* job being a prognosticator—for instance, the success of Apollo and then trying to recover from the immediate post-Apollo emotions. I remember standing next to Vice-President Spiro Agnew, just after he'd seen the Apollo Two leave, and hearing him say, "Now we must go to Mars." And everybody thought we'd go to Mars. It seemed quite reasonable that we'd be on Mars during this century. And we would have if the momentum had continued.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't it continue?

CLARKE: Oh, Vietnam, Watergate, all of the social turmoil in America. But even if there had been no war, no scandal, there probably would still have been some feeling of letdown. So, no, I *don't* think we'll be colonizing other planets by 2000. I'll be pleased if we're back on the moon by 2000.

PLAYBOY: To do what?

CLARKE: To develop it.

PLAYBOY: When you say "we," do you mean the Russians, too?

CLARKE: Yes, that's the obvious way to do it. It would be very difficult, even without the political difficulties, in terms of interfacing America's and Russia's different technologies. I remember one of Russia's chief space scientists once saying to his American counterpart, "If we *tried* to cooperate, there would be no space program," and there's some truth to that. Still, there are many things that can be done with mixed crews.

PLAYBOY: You've also said that by 2030, there will be contact with extraterrestrials.

CLARKE: That, of course, can't be anything but a guess. Nobody knows if there *are* any extraterrestrials, let alone if you can contact them.

PLAYBOY: The author of *Childhood's End*, the book that's synonymous with a belief in extraterrestrials, is now saying that they may not exist? What a letdown!

CLARKE: I hate to let my readers down, as you put it, but there may *be* no extraterrestrials. I think that it's almost infinitely improbable that that's so, but quite a number of scientific papers have appeared now on the theme that there are *not*. That we are all that *is*, in this enormous cosmos, which is a mind-boggling possibility. That there may be nobody else.

PLAYBOY: You don't really *believe* that?

CLARKE: It's not a question of belief. I'm not trying to disillusion my readers, which I would do if I said there were no extraterrestrials, but there is that possibility. A remote one, but maybe it is true. I am just



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a human being, and even though I use my imagination to create still-unseen possibilities—well, nobody really knows anything about the true nature of the cosmos. I'm flattered that the books I produce excite my readers to *imagine* the way I imagine; but when it comes down to the cold, hard facts, we really have no *proof* of anybody else out there.

PLAYBOY: And that would naturally apply to UFOs, wouldn't it?

CLARKE: I had lunch a while back with a friend who is an ex-deputy director of the CIA. He told me a fascinating story. When he was hired, one of the first things he did was get all his scientists together and say, "OK, boys, what's the truth about UFOs?" And they all told him the same thing—one, we're pretty sure there's a lot of life out there in space and, two, there's not the *slightest* evidence of their *ever* having contacted us. And, of course, that's exactly what everybody *knows*, but it was nice getting it from that level. But even if that conversation were made known, it still wouldn't convince the *nuts* who always believe there's a cover-up.

PLAYBOY: We were talking about Soviet-American cooperation earlier. How did you feel when Ronald Reagan quoted you in his remarks to the National Space Club in 1985, in which he discussed his Strategic Defense Initiative—nicknamed Star Wars by the press—to build a laser-beam shell to defend against Soviet missiles? You'd already denounced the concept as impossible, hadn't you?

CLARKE: Yeah, he invoked what I call Clarke's Second Law, which basically says one should protect oneself. I wish he'd invoked what I call Clarke's First Law.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

CLARKE: I quote myself: "When a distinguished and elderly scientist says that something is possible, he's almost certainly correct; when he says something is impossible, he's very probably wrong." And that's something that's been thrown back at me ever since I criticized Reagan's Star Wars concept to begin with.

PLAYBOY: In fact, your most famous criticism of it was a harsh video tape you presented to a U.S. Senate subcommittee hearing, at its invitation, shortly after Reagan announced S.D.I.

CLARKE: You know what? I don't feel comfortable talking about the subject now.

PLAYBOY: Why? You haven't changed your position, have you?

CLARKE: I guess I've changed my attitude quite a bit, yes. [Pauses] I think in the long run, what Reagan did, announcing the S.D.I., may turn out to be very beneficial just in terms of focusing attention on the practicability of it. For one thing, it may make people think seriously about what we have instead—MAD, or Mutual Assured Destruction—which the United States has had in place for years as a response to any Soviet attack. It really is an apt acronym. I just think Reagan's Star Wars may turn out to be a stroke of politi-

cal genius, even if his motivations and political conclusions are quite wrong. Do I make myself clear?

PLAYBOY: Not really. Are you retreating from the charges you made in your Senate video tape—that the program is a fantastically expensive and unworkable scheme?

CLARKE: I don't mean it to sound like I am. Theoretically, everything that's said about killing missiles from space *can* be done, by a team of trained experts, a certain number of times. But the idea of an effective space-based defense system, meaning anything that shot down even 50 percent of incoming missiles—no, I still don't think it would be worth while even to attempt to build such a system. But I've begun to think there are all kinds of subtle matters, reasons you maybe *should* do it even if it doesn't work, reasons you should say you'd do it even if you don't intend to. . . . It's an extraordinarily complex issue.

PLAYBOY: It sounds to us as if you're saying you support the idea of a gigantic bluff.

CLARKE: It could be. And if it is a bluff, one shouldn't even suggest the possibility.

PLAYBOY: Wait. This is confusing. Your opinion is listened to. Are you or aren't you supporting S.D.I.?

CLARKE: I'm saying that although the only long-term solutions are political—banning the weapons—in the short run, there may be a case for developing, experimenting with and perhaps even deploying some systems. The over-all idea of building a laser umbrella over cities, much less a country as vast as the United States, is utter nonsense. Nevertheless, I'm not as anti-S.D.I. as I was, because I think some research should be done, if only to keep up with the Russians, who've been working on this for a couple of decades. The first experiments were made by the Americans, who then gave them up because they found out that exploding atom bombs in outer space was *far* too effective—it knocked out everything. Then the Russians, perhaps scared by that, developed their own primitive antisatellite systems.

PLAYBOY: Then do you subscribe to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's theory that the reason the Russians are so eager for the U.S. to give up S.D.I. is that they're so far behind us in technology?

CLARKE: I do think Weinberger has a point. I think one of the reasons the Russians are so scared of it is that if the Americans do it, the Russians will very rapidly spend a lot of money to get far ahead, spending a lot of money they don't really have, because their economy is in such trouble. There again, it's the big-bluff area.

I don't know if S.D.I. is some kind of brilliant U.S. bluff, but I'd like to point out some problems the two countries are up against. First, any system, as it gets more and more complex, becomes less reliable. In a test with the American space shuttle, they aimed a laser at the mirror on the shuttle and missed, because the computer had been programmed in nautical miles instead of feet or something stupid

like that—a simple programming error. Of course, it doesn't really matter on a test. But these are the little stupid glitches that invariably happen, and the more complex the system, the more inevitable the glitches. So there's a 100 percent certainty that something will eventually go wrong.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that apply to S.D.I.? And if so, doesn't that frighten you?

CLARKE: It *terrifies* me. That's what's so scary, the people who are saying, "We can do these things," when most of them don't know the problems.

PLAYBOY: Then let's nail this down: Although you've shifted your position on S.D.I., what do you think is the responsible position?

CLARKE: People who do know all the facts should study them dispassionately. I'd call for some benign neglect and a little less religious fervor. That process includes educating the President. There's no human being who can possibly know all the things a President has to know. People make fun of Reagan, but I have a great admiration for him.

PLAYBOY: For his politics?

CLARKE: No, but in many other ways. I admire him as a man—he's courageous, witty and intelligent. He's not a genius—obviously not—but that's OK. I think it's very appropriate that a movie star should become President of the United States—and I'm *not* joking.

PLAYBOY: You're not?

CLARKE: No. Movies are one of the great art forms of the modern world, and he's been in so many of them. I've seen *Bedtime for Bonzo* and all that, but that was something he did as a young man and—well, I guess he had to make a living, just like anybody else. I mean, a barber and haberdasher from Missouri named Harry Truman turned out to be a great President.

PLAYBOY: Returning to the theme of your predictions, you also said that by 2060, artificial life would be created.

CLARKE: In a sense, that's already happened. It depends on what you mean by life. The building blocks of life, you know, have already been assembled. I think, actually, it's very unlikely that we'll have to wait till 2060 for some fairly complex sort of organism, at least at the amoeba level, to start to crawl around in some scientist's laboratory.

PLAYBOY: And you said that by 2090, there would be the chance of immortality.

CLARKE: Well, there again. . . . I don't know if immortality is possible, and I'm even less sure that it's *desirable*. It would mean that no more children could be allowed, unless, of course, you have room to expand—

PLAYBOY: Space.

CLARKE: Exactly. You're getting the point.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once think immortality was desirable? From reading some of your works, it seems as if you did.

CLARKE: I think about it a lot differently now that I'm getting older. First of all, I

don't think any human mind could stand it. We just couldn't live forever—we'd have to flush our minds out, and then we wouldn't be the same person, anyway. I've now come to the conclusion that all one wants—and it's quite enough—is the ability to live as long as one wants to. Or maybe as long as your relatives want you to. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: How long do you want to live?

CLARKE: Well—I'd like to live no longer than my health permits. My father died prematurely of cancer, but most of my family lived long—my great-grandfathers lived long. My mother is now in her late 80s—we've got pretty good genes. As long as I can *think* and take an interest in life and enjoy music, I don't care.

PLAYBOY: What music do you enjoy?

CLARKE: Sibelius and Rachmaninoff. Some of the moderns, too, like Michel Jarré.

PLAYBOY: How about 2001's theme music, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*?

CLARKE: No, I never liked that piece. The opening is magnificent, but from then on, it's a big *nothing*. Kubrick discovered it—I just was not moved as much as I thought I should have been. My feeling was, So what?

PLAYBOY: More letdown for your fans—

CLARKE: Well, back to the question of longevity, maybe *this* will console some people: I would like to live until we've made contact with some extraterrestrials—at least *know* if they're there. I've had fantasies about that a lot—a spaceship comes down and the first guy off the ship says, "Take me to Arthur C. Clarke."

PLAYBOY: Meaning that they've read your books, so they're saying the proverbial "Take me to your leader" line.

CLARKE: Yeah. But again, of course, he might say, "Take me to Isaac Asimov"—that's the nightmare, isn't it? [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What about going into space yourself? Ever fantasize about that?

CLARKE: I certainly don't expect it; but, again, it's rather more probable than the fact that there are no extraterrestrials. Maybe there's a one percent chance of going up into space myself—if only into orbit. Remember, the first passengers are going into orbit within the next ten years or so. There's already an organization booking seats with NASA. I don't know how serious it is, but it will be expensive.

PLAYBOY: In fact, your friend Walter Cronkite, along with many other journalists, has booked a flight.

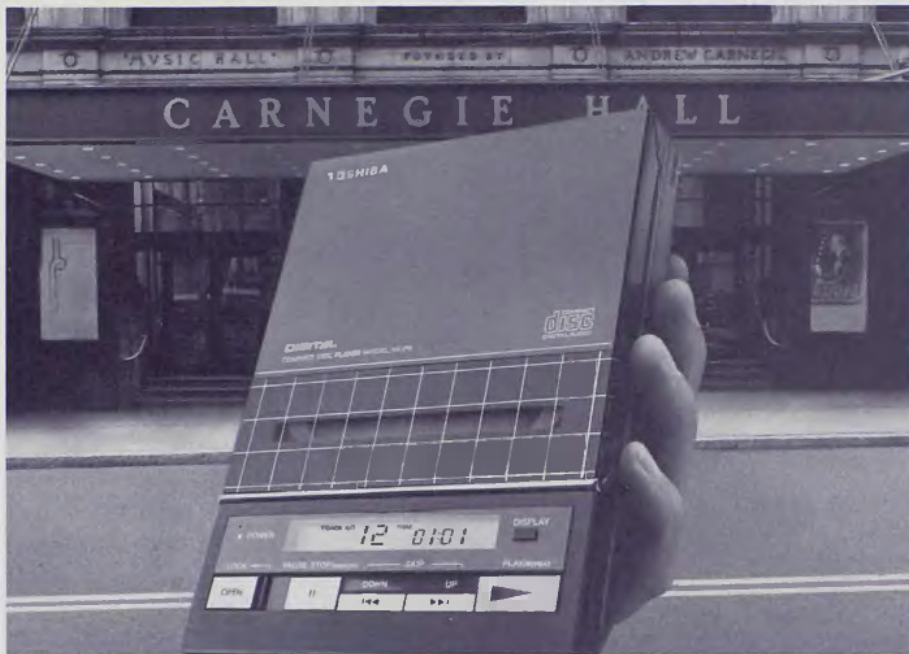
CLARKE: Yeah, I know. If I can trample Walter Cronkite on the way to the gangplank, then I'll do it, even if I'm in a wheelchair.

PLAYBOY: In one of your best sellers, *The Fountains of Paradise*, set in Sri Lanka, you describe a scenario in which several geostationary satellites are linked to the earth by cables and space elevators forming giant spokes. You say that the earth would, in fact, now become a sort of gigantic wheel, and passengers could now move up and down the spokes of the rim. In

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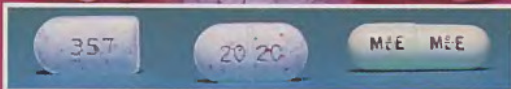


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effect, the distinction between earth and space would be abolished, though the advantages of either could still be retained. That would sure beat space shuttles, wouldn't it, as a way of traveling into space—and of beating Cronkite to it?

CLARKE: Yeah. Then Walter and I could have a real race up the stairs!

PLAYBOY: But do you really think that could ever happen? Is anything as outlandish as that even remotely possible?

CLARKE: Almost anything you can imagine that's feasible that is likely to be done is going to happen. It's almost exponential, the rate of knowledge—it's doubling every two years now, and it's only going to get faster and faster. That's the rate of progress and, of course, that also includes catastrophes.

[The following exchanges took place in February, after the explosion of the space shuttle.]

PLAYBOY: Earlier, you were talking about the inevitability of catastrophes. How do you feel about the shuttle disaster, now that a short time has passed?

CLARKE: It's certainly a terrible tragedy and it's given me a lot of pause; but in the whole picture, I think the shuttle is now an idea whose time has gone. The time has come for something new. Rolls-Royce has a secret patent on something called HOTOL—for Horizontal Take-off and Landing—which is an air-burning rocket engine that takes off as a plane does, uses the atmospheric air on the way up, then turns into a pure rocket. It doesn't carry any oxygen, or at least nothing near what the shuttle carried. Besides being cheaper by a factor of at least ten, the HOTOL would also be safer: Horizontal take-offs are far safer than vertical ones, and I think the shuttle disaster proves that old-fashioned vertical take-offs have been stretched to the limits.

When the final report is issued, it may turn out that the cause is such that nothing like that will ever happen again. But, of course, it *might*. The shuttle is far too complex, inefficient and expensive. It's a financial disaster; everyone knows that. In a way, this disaster shows the terrible complexity of the device and the fact that it's got to strain its guts to work.

PLAYBOY: But do you think the shuttle disaster has set back space exploration?

CLARKE: I don't think so. I'm trying to think of a historical parallel. . . . I've got it—the Titanic. The great age of the big ships continued after the sinking of the Titanic. The sinking didn't stop the building of bigger and *better* ships. And the psychological impact of the Titanic's sinking was almost as great as—maybe even greater than—the shuttle explosion's. Space travel will be, in the long run, a lot more important in the development of the human race than transatlantic liners.

PLAYBOY: In America, some people's immediate reaction was to demand that this sort of space exploration stop.

CLARKE: If I may coin a phrase, that's a

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very un-American reaction. In the past—look at Pearl Harbor—America certainly didn't surrender. Let me give another example. The Comet, the first British passenger jet, built after World War Two, which launched the jet age, suffered disastrous crashes. There was a design failure that permitted the jet windows to blow out. The aftermath was very interesting, too, because what it meant was that America then went ahead and became the leader in jet technology. If it hadn't been for the failure of the Comet at the start, Britain might very well have become the leader in the jet revolution.

If America gave up on space exploration because of this, it would leave everything in the hands of the Russians, who, God knows, have had a few unpublicized disasters of their own. Americans should also be prepared for the possibility of other disasters' occurring—it is a risky business. The point is this: We should make it less risky; American scientists should be given the money to go back to the board and design a more effective system, re-employ some of the old-fashioned technology and think about some new things, such as the British horizontal-take-off system. The shuttle is simply the wrong system. It was designed, then redesigned by Congress—the proverbial camel, in that way. You know, the camel is a horse designed by committee. The original shuttle was designed to be a completely reusable vehi-

cle, both halves of which could be used over and over again. Because of Congress, the present one is incapable of that. The original shuttle was planned to be the DC-3 of space, and it ended up being the DC-1½. NASA built a very bad compromise, because it wasn't given the time or the money to do it right, so it had to go a different route—throwing half the thing away by using solid-fuel boosters.

PLAYBOY: Should we junk the remaining shuttles, then, while developing new ones?

CLARKE: No, you must make the best use of them while the new technology is developed, because you've got nothing else at the moment. Just make sure they're safe and usable, and I'm certain the committee appointed to investigate the disaster will make sure that happens. Meanwhile, there should be immediate development of the HOTOL system.

PLAYBOY: In the postscript to your book *Ascent to Orbit*, you talk about technology quite a bit. You have a lot of technology in your own home—your John Deere computer "Archie," your satellite dish, your Kaypro-II computer. Yet you write, "This power over time and space still seems a marvel to me, even though I have been preaching its advent for decades. But the next generation will take it completely for granted and wonder how we ever managed to run the world without it . . . which we never did. May these new tools help them to succeed where we failed so

badly." Do you still think that way?

CLARKE: [Pauses] Absolutely. That's why I'm so delighted that kids these days are not using their computers strictly to play games but are using them to process information. Knowledge really is power, and computer technology has increased an individual's potential for power considerably. I still think it's one's duty to be optimistic about the possibilities of that power, without being unrealistic. It's just that if one radiates doom and gloom about the possibilities of technology, one is in danger of creating a self-fulfilling prophecy about self-destruction.

Of course, anybody should be able to say anything he likes, no matter how stupid. I'm always in favor of freedom of speech, unless one cries "Fire!" in a crowded theater. Including the matter of creationism, for that matter, which is just such utter nonsense—Jesus himself is quoted as saying, in the Scriptures, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Those Scriptures were written on purpose, I think.

PLAYBOY: Does being set free include reincarnation, in your view?

CLARKE: No. On one of the programs I did in my British-produced TV series *The World of Strange Powers*—13 half-hour programs—the theme was reincarnation. I know it's a subject of great interest, and everybody believes in it. In one episode, we explored case histories from some

remarkable children, about reincarnation, and we were able to follow up some of them. We found that some of the children had the ability to see a book, say, perhaps only once, perhaps even in a foreign language, and still be able to recapitulate it. And, quite unconsciously, the children would build up fantasies, sometimes involving real people, sometimes fictional people, in *incredible* detail, but from this totally forgotten source material they'd been shown. That means there are a lot of powers in the human mind, and that once you convince yourself that something like reincarnation is possible, from the power of any kind of suggestion, you believe it.

PLAYBOY: You've talked about the way Buddhism has changed your life since you settled in Sri Lanka. How has it affected your way of thinking?

CLARKE: It's tough to talk about. I first wrote about it in *The Deep Range*. I talked a bit about what I thought I knew about Sri Lanka Buddhism. [Pauses] I guess it's that I think I have a different philosophical attitude. The pure Buddhist doctrine has become very much corrupted and overlain by other religious and political considerations, and even by superstition, which is a great tragedy.

PLAYBOY: You're not at all superstitious?

CLARKE: I guess I am, in a weird sense—I deliberately walk under ladders, and I wouldn't bother to do that if I didn't have a trace of superstition, but I always have to

see a little guy atop with a bucket of paint on it, first. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Back to Buddhism. You've described it as the one religion that will survive in the age of science—

CLARKE: Because it's not a religion, really. It's a philosophical outlook. When it does get involved in reincarnation and belief in gods, it weakens itself and endangers its possibility of survival.

PLAYBOY: It's the dominant religion in Sri Lanka; how has it affected your life here?

CLARKE: I doubt that it really has influenced me very much. If it has, maybe it's in terms of its reverence for animals, because I was brought up on a farm. Unfortunately, for some practitioners of Buddhism in this country, that reverence doesn't always extend to a reverence for human life.

PLAYBOY: You're referring to the civil war that's being fought now between the Sinhalese people, who are primarily Buddhist, and the minority Tamil population, who are primarily Hindu.

CLARKE: Yeah, and it's a war that in a few short years has virtually destroyed this country's tourist trade, which used to be the mainstay of the economy. If the Buddhists would all behave as Buddha did, and if the Hindus would stay true to the beliefs of Gandhi and Nehru, everybody would be a lot better off, I must say.

PLAYBOY: You are friendly with the rulers of Sri Lanka; the president lives down the

street. Does your celebrity give you any special cachet?

CLARKE: You could put it that way—amazing things happen to me. I was appointed the chancellor of the University of Moratura here—the MIT of Sri Lanka, as we like to think of it—five years ago, without even being told first. I opened the local paper one morning and read, "CLARKE TO BE HEAD OF UNIVERSITY," and I thought, There aren't many other Clarkes in the country; I wonder who this could be. [Laughs] After I'd gotten over my astonishment, I felt compelled to prove my worthiness. I'd just been awarded the Marconi Prize [for scientific contributions to the advancement of communications technology], so I donated the \$35,000 prize money to set up the Arthur C. Clarke Center, right next to the university, so we could build an institution concerned with promoting excellence in four areas: engineering, communications, space technology and robotics. At the moment, we've been able to erect only one small building, and the planned expansion is being stopped by the civil war. Many of our best people have left the country because of the uncertainty. We hope the center will bring them back. Meanwhile, I'm doing what I can to support my friends in America who have set up the Arthur C. Clarke Foundation, U.S.A., to raise money to promote the ideas I've talked and written about.

PLAYBOY: You juggle a lot of projects, don't you?

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CLARKE: It's hard. I took time out to visit England for three weeks last summer, and it's the first holiday I remember having. I took it because I had nothing to do. I'd finished my latest book, *The Songs of Distant Earth*, a year and a half ahead of schedule. I got time to visit my old auntie, my mother's sister, who's 94, and I got the chance to bring back about 20 video movies.

PLAYBOY: Including *2001* and *2010*?

CLARKE: [Smiles] *Those* I already had.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed that the movie version of *2010* wasn't as big a hit as the book?

CLARKE: It wasn't a big hit, but it's made money, and it will go on making money—forever. The video cassette is doing extremely well. I knew it couldn't be as much of a hit as the George Lucas stuff—*Star Wars* and so forth—because Lucas' movies had created a new kind of phenomenon, a much wider, nonintellectual, emotional appeal. And *2010*, though I think it was accessible to everybody, didn't have the fantasy elements that appeal to the younger groups. I think, too, the younger groups lost some of the humor of it—there were many good one-liners in it. I've seen it now some five times, and I like it more each time I see it. But it's done very well in Japan and other foreign markets. I watch that stuff much more carefully now, because in *2001*, I didn't get a piece of the action. As I've told you, in a

way, I didn't even know if there'd be any action. And you know what? It's been only very recently that *2001* has made a profit! It was a bloody expensive movie—it cost some \$50,000,000 in today's money, something like that.

PLAYBOY: What's your own favorite work?

CLARKE: My latest one, *The Songs of Distant Earth*. And before that, *The Fountains of Paradise*, which we've discussed—I think of that as my magnum opus.

PLAYBOY: In several of your books—*Childhood's End* comes to mind—you bring up the idea of "nonmaterial minds"—

CLARKE: That comes from William Olaf Stapledon's *Last and First Men*. He's a science-fiction writer from the Thirties who's most influenced all my writing, when you come down to it. But go ahead.

PLAYBOY: You write about the mind's transcending, leaving behind, its material organic base, as you put it. And in your book *The City of the Stars*, you present the idea of a mind created and altered by a galactic culture as a new evolutionary stage for man. That may be what people mean when they talk about a mystical aspect to your work. Why do you regard the departure from the physical realm—leaving planet earth—as desirable? What should we leave the material world for?

CLARKE: I guess that it's just hard to imagine another direction in which to go. I hope I'm making sense. [Pauses] I guess

it's just pure laziness on my part—I should think of a new evolutionary outcome. But I'm very much against any form of irrationality and mysticism. I guess I'm a mystic who's against mysticism.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

CLARKE: [Long pause] I'm so very sorry you asked that question.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CLARKE: It's tough to explain. This universe is so incredible, and we constantly find new things out; but what we know may be such a small part of reality, if, indeed, reality is finite—it may be infinite. But one must always allow for the totally unexpected. So, in a way, by talking about things that could be called mystical—well, I guess, I do try to allow for the idea that, as the famous scientist J.B.S. Haldane once said, "The universe is not only queerer than we suppose, it's queerer than we can suppose." I've changed the word queer to strange, because, of course, the word queer has taken on a different context. [Laughs] And that calls to mind what I call Clarke's Third Law, which is, "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic"—by which I mean things we take for granted now, such as transistor radios, that would be totally baffling, totally magical to even a man like Thomas Edison. I mean, if he saw a pocket computer, Edison would go totally crazy. He'd spend his whole life trying to figure

out, "How does this *work*?"

PLAYBOY: You don't believe in organized religion, yet a major theme in so many of your works seems to be a quest for God.

CLARKE: Yes, in a way—a quest for ultimate values, whatever they are. My objection to organized religion is the premature conclusion to ultimate truth that it represents. I can remember, quite vividly, growing up in England and being sent to Anglican Sunday school—we had to walk a couple of miles to get there and then listen to these horribly boring sermons, and then we were given these stamps that we had to stick in this book, and if you had this book full of stamps, you had the right to go on an outing, an ingenious form of bribery. I remember doing it for a couple of months and then saying, "This is a bunch of nonsense, and I don't intend to do it anymore." Never went again. It's kind of ironic, I guess, that the house I live in used to be the local Anglican bishop's compound. I remember lecturing at the University of Notre Dame many years back, after my short story *The Star*, about the star of Bethlehem, had come out—one of my most famous short stories, about a Jesuit priest who has this crisis of conscience when he discovers, to his horror, that the star of Bethlehem is a nova that has destroyed another civilization—and I remember this Jesuit priest telling me at the time, "You underestimate the Jesuits. I can't wait to go back to the Vatican with that news!" Wicked fellows, some of those Jesuits. [Laughs] Rather imperial chaps.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you give a speech at the Vatican last year?

CLARKE: Yes. I met the Pope. He's a very impressive man, though I don't approve of everything he stands for.

PLAYBOY: What did you say to him?

CLARKE: I don't remember exactly. I do remember that I was, I think, the first man to tell a Polish joke in the Vatican—

PLAYBOY: Which was?

CLARKE: I'm not going to repeat it—let's just say that it was in very bad taste and that people laughed.

PLAYBOY: Did the Pope laugh?

CLARKE: He was out of earshot. I hope.

PLAYBOY: When you mentioned "imperial chaps," it reminded us of your book *Imperial Earth*. That was banned by some school boards in the U.S. for its treatment of sex. The protagonist is a boy whose mission is to produce a clone of himself, who gets involved with a woman, though it turns out his former lover is a man.

CLARKE: I think lover is a bit too strong a word—

PLAYBOY: You do?

CLARKE: Yeah, they'd just sort of mucked around as boys.

PLAYBOY: It certainly didn't come across to us that way.

CLARKE: Really? OK, I won't argue. There's a whiff of that in *Rendezvous with Rama*, too. I guess I get more and more daring as I get older.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

CLARKE: I guess I just don't give a damn anymore. [Pauses] Maybe that isn't true, actually. One of my problems now is that I'm not just a private citizen anymore. I have to keep up certain standards, or at least pretend to, so that I don't shock too many people.

PLAYBOY: The protagonist in *Imperial Earth* makes the selfless decision to clone his friend, rather than himself.

CLARKE: Yeah, I guess you're right; they must have been lovers.

PLAYBOY: In fact, you conclude the book with the image of "two boys in a spaceship having a baby"—

CLARKE: [Laughs] I remember a cartoon in the early days of the Gemini program: There was a capsule on the deck of an aircraft carrier, and two astronauts emerge, saying, "First of all, I want to announce our engagement. . . ." I thought that was quite a riot.

PLAYBOY: But we're trying to get to the bisexual, or homosexual, themes of your work. If we sound a bit shy—

CLARKE: Yeah, you are, like in Gore Vidal's famous remark: He was asked if his first lover was a man or a woman, and he said, "I was too polite to ask." Or better yet, when Quentin Crisp was asked, "Are you a practicing homosexual?" he said, "Certainly not—I'm *perfect*."

PLAYBOY: Well, it is a delicate subject, and we're talking about you. Do you think bisexuality is inherently normal?

CLARKE: Oh, yeah. I think Freud said something to the effect that we're *all* polymorphously perverse, you know. And, of course, we are. Bisexuality is certainly a normal instinct for womankind. No question. But the point is that one of the interesting things about the human race is its incredible plasticity. The human race can adapt to almost any circumstance. Genetically, unless there are any physical malformations, we have all those potentials.

PLAYBOY: Have you had bisexual experience yourself?

CLARKE: Of course. Who hasn't? Good God! If anyone had ever told me that he hadn't, I'd have told him he was lying. But then, of course, people tend to "forget" their encounters. I don't want to go into detail about my own life, but I just want it to be noted that I have a rather relaxed, sympathetic attitude about it—and that's something I've not really said out loud before. Let's move on.

PLAYBOY: Sure. Let's finish with the theme of where technology is taking us. You once said, "Technology will improve remorselessly until we can be wired in so completely that we can't tell what's real and what isn't." How desirable *is* that?

CLARKE: I don't know. Technologically, it *will* be possible. But the danger is that it will happen to everybody, and only the robots will be around to keep changing the

tapes, you see. [Laughs] I never said it would be desirable, only that it will happen. I've seen a couple of movies where there's an attempted move toward that end—it's very impressive. Sixty frames a second, wide screen, subsonics, the lot—I saw one and I felt really uncomfortable, really queasy. It was a movie where this dune buggy was riding close to the ground, and with subsonics, you *felt* it, too. I don't know how the young people felt about it—I guess it must be a thrill, something of what a merry-go-round, a carousel was to people of my generation—but still, the technology *does* advance remorselessly, and if there were not a demand for it, and if people *didn't* want to feel as though they were somewhere else, it wouldn't exist. That was the point I was trying to make.

You know, I feel so encouraged and delighted when I see that young people—*new* young people—are still reading my books and seeing *2001*. It's rather rejuvenating. It keeps this old bird feeling young, I'll tell you that.

PLAYBOY: Is that what keeps you going these days—that feeling?

CLARKE: I'm not really sure. [Pauses] It must be a part of it. I think, too, it's that I concentrate on ways to keep enjoying myself. I want to be able to keep enjoying staying around here in Sri Lanka, just waltzing around and seeing more of the country, seeing if another idea comes up that's not necessarily *Final Odyssey*. And if I do want to write that last *Odyssey*, I want to be able to write it in my home, surrounded by my friends. I know I have that freedom, too.

PLAYBOY: Excuse the old question, but how would you like to be judged in history?

CLARKE: Well . . . in *The Fountains of Paradise*, I brought together some themes that I think no other author—or Arthur, for that matter [laughs]—has ever brought up. I combined my Sri Lanka background and my space-technology background. I hope it doesn't sound like I'm boasting, but I think that book was the first ever that combined the two, and no other writer can say that. I think it was André Gide who said something to the effect that "what another would have done as well as you, do not do it." And I did something nobody else could do, I think, with that book—and with some style, I hope.

PLAYBOY: Over the years, many have tried to analyze you and your work. One critic has said that "the thrust of most of Clarke's fiction is sentimental in its optimistic view of human destiny." True?

CLARKE: That's fair enough. That may not be true, but I'd like to *think* it is. You know the old prayer "The sea is so big, and my ship is so small, O Lord"—you can be totally despondent at moments in your own life but still be optimistic about life itself.



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Gordon's® Gin: The possibilities are endless...





FINNEGAN'S WAIKIKI

she likes you, buddy boy, and bambi ain't a gal that likes easy

FINNEGAN was halfway through *Family Feud* when he got the update on his dad's prostate.

"Harry, phone!" his wife yelled down from their bedroom, where she was packing shoes for her tropical vacation. They had agreed on separate trips this year, at the urging of Dr. Fern, their marriage counselor, though Finnegan was still not sure how he felt about Marge's toddling off to Bora Bora unescorted. "Harry, it's your father's *thing* again. It's flared up. . . ."

"All right," Finnegan called from the rec

room, "I'll take it on the Princess."

For a second more, he stayed where he was, while Richard Dawson planted wet kisses on a jumbo Montana woman, mother of six. The man would put his tongue anywhere. But why? Finnegan got up and flicked off the set with a heavy sigh. Lately, news of his dad's condition sent waves of dread sweeping over him, leaving him moist and weak-kneed. It was as though, once the old man landed terminal gland trouble, it would be only a matter of time till he

fiction

By JERRY STAHL



passed on and left it to his only son, like shares in Monsanto.

"Pop, it's me," Finnegan shouted when he grabbed the kitchen Princess. "How's the boy?"

"This isn't your pop," said a girl at the other end, "and you don't have to talk so loud. The phone company does wonderful things with satellites."

"Oh . . . Bambi," said Finnegan, and he settled in against the dishwasher. Bambi was the perky 24-year-old his father had wed after Finnegan's mom had lost her bout with lupus. For two and a half years, the old man had nursed her, never complaining, doing all the things a loyal, loving husband would do. And two weeks after she went into the ground, he snapped up Bambi and moved to Waikiki, where he lived in some kind of rest home with a bunch of people he referred to as "swingers." *Hey, kiddo, come on down!* he'd holler in his weekly calls—an ex-gossip columnist, Finnegan Sr. was used to hollering on phones to make himself heard over jumping city desks, a habit his son had inherited—*Come on down and see the swingers! Have some fun for a change!* But so far, Harry had bowed out. He had not even met his stepmother face to face. He'd only seen her in the snapshots the old guy was always mailing along. Ten years younger than Harry, Bambi looked a little like Morgan Fairchild and struck Finnegan as the sort of girl who popped out of cakes. In fact, that's how the old guy had met her, when she leaped out of an eight-layer at a reunion of his dad's old magazine, *Uncensored*. After leaving newspapers, his pop had gone on to write for the "glossies," as he always called them, popping along from *Confidential* to *SIN-sensational*, on up the ladder to *Uncensored* before the market dried and he retired to stay home and care for Finnegan's mother.

What bothered Harry, he supposed, was that Bambi was so much better-looking than his own wife, a horsy brunette who seemed to have lost her waistline sometime around 1975.

"So how is he?" Harry asked before Bambi could launch into another subject. If you didn't steer her, he'd discovered, the girl would just sort of ramble on until you either had to put the phone down or tell her the surrounding five-block area was engulfed in flames. "Marge tells me he's had a flare-up. . . ."

"Well, gee," Bambi sighed, the first time he'd ever heard her less than vivacious. "It's kinda worse than that. They were gonna operate. Then they weren't. And now he's got the emphysema, *plus* cancer of the thingy, so they had to go in and put a little tent up over the water bed. It's, like, this giant gator bag, and Bernie was all upset, 'cause he wanted to keep his Sony portable in there with him. You know how he loves *Hawaii Five-O*. But like I

keep telling him, 'Bernie, you're already *in* Hawaii, so—'"

"Bambi, please," Finnegan cut in, "just tell me what's going on."

There was quiet for a second; then Finnegan heard a snuffle. "I think you ought to come down, Harry. He asked special."

"That bad, huh?"

Finnegan was already making calculations. He wondered if this would count as his vacation—going to see his dad in an Oahu oxygen tent.

"All right. I'll catch the next plane out." He spoke as gently as possible, half surprised by the girl's concern. This was an all-new Bambi, or else he'd had her wrong all along. "Just don't worry, OK? The old guy's always been lucky."

"Let's hope," Bambi blubbered, "but you better *wiki wiki*."

"I don't know if that's legal," said Harry, happy to hear a giggle at the other end.

"You *silly*, that means 'Hurry up.' I'm scared to death."

"On my way," he promised, and he felt a lot better when they hung up. So what if it did count the same as Marge's stint in the South Pacific? He had to be there, and he would.

Finnegan felt almost noble as he trooped up the stairs to give his wife the news. "Honey," he announced, catching her bent over before the mirror, trying on Bermudas—not his favorite view—"you may have to find another ride to the airport tomorrow night; Dad needs me in Waikiki right away."

"He . . . what?" Marge met his eyes in the full-length. "Is it awful?"

"Bambi says *wiki wiki*," he said gravely, leaving her tugging at a zipper while he skipped back down to the Princess to make his reservations.

Harry himself had no idea why he felt so giddy.

From the second Bambi met Finnegan Jr. at the airport, she had been eager to tell him how well his father looked, how smoothly all his bodily functions still operated, as though the old man were some kind of farm implement Harry had come all this way to consider purchasing. "It's amazing," she bubbled, leading her legal stepson into the bungalow and up to the tent beneath which her husband appeared to be sleeping peacefully.

In the dusk, Finnegan Sr. did appear remarkably well, if a tad pallid. He still sported a full head of hair, which he slicked straight back and kept a shimmering black with daily applications of Skuff-Kote. As far back as Harry could remember, he'd been dousing his waves with the old-fashioned olive brush that came with the polish. When the Skuff-Kote folks switched over to a modern sponge applicator, Harry's dad stocked up on the original bottles, and one of the

young Finnegan's fondest father-son recollections was of watching his pop dip in the tiny brush, then daintily swab on shoe polish, taking special care with his natty, Amechlike mustache.

The old man lay flat on his back, like he always had, his hands behind his head and his legs crossed at the ankle. He was the only person Harry knew who slept with his legs crossed, as though in a deck chair.

"You're right; he looks fantastic," Harry whispered, though something was still a little off. It was so obvious, it took a few seconds to see what it was. "*Why the hell doesn't he have any clothes on?*"

"Oh, Harry," chuckled the perky blonde, "you're just like him."

"What?"

"Come on, you nut," said the girl, "we'll have plenty of time to kid around tomorrow. Right now, I'm going to change, then we've got to get you to your bungalow. We had to put you in Honeymoonland, 'cause just about everything's booked up. I wanted to slide you right in here with us, but your daddy said three's a crowd."

Bambi seemed 100 percent more chipper now than she had on the phone. She did not show the least discomfort standing in front of the nude old man, and Harry had a feeling it could have been anyone—his father, Marvin Hamlisch or Ted Koppel—and it would not have made a lick of difference to her if he was naked. He realized as they turned to leave that, except for a simple terry robe that barely covered her own bottom, she was just about in the buff herself. She was tinier than he had imagined but still very much in the Fairchild mold.

When she saw him gawking, Bambi pranced back and gave him a peck on the chin. "I know what you're wondering—Why the hoopy-doop does she have a robe on? Well, the one thing about going *au naturel* is the buggy bites. Especially at night. They don't seem to bother you know who. But they like me, so *that's* why I sometimes slip into this old thing. To protect the investment, as Bernie says."

"That's not what I was thinking," Harry said, but Bambi wasn't listening. The girl had already grabbed his hand and was tugging him out of his dad's quarters back into the courtyard. From what Harry could tell, Waikiki Haven consisted of clusters of round, overgrown cabanas, separated by palm trees and winding paths that led to other cabanas and more palms. The beach was nowhere to be seen, but they passed a pair of kidney-shaped pools—one just for "waders," Bambi explained with a little nose wrinkle—as well as a blossom-covered gazebo, a horse-shoe pit, shuffleboard courts and a long, low building Harry guessed had to be for dining. Strings of colored lights sagged between the bungalows, lending the tropical rest home a makeshift, carnival feeling,

(continued on page 80)

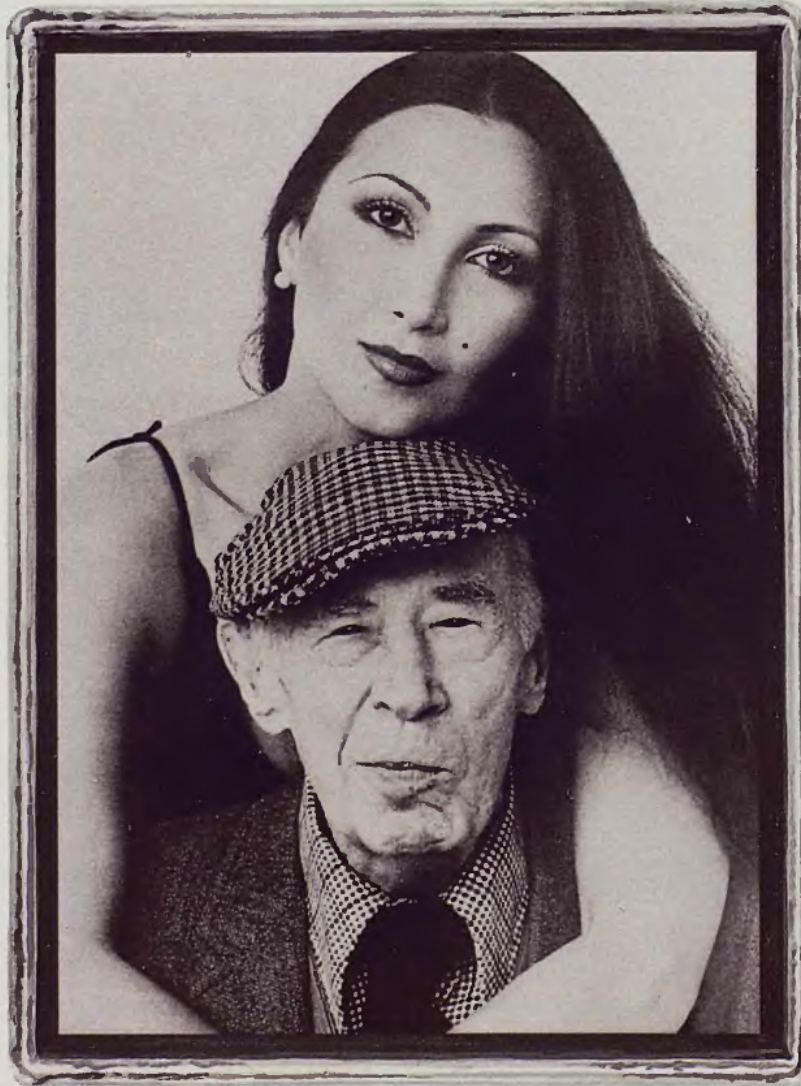


"Please, not on a day like today."



meet the last great love of miller's life,
his "dear, dear brennda"

HENRY'S VENUS



THE NIGHT IN 1976 when Brenda Venus had planned to hear Henry Miller deliver a lecture to her acting class, her house burned down. She didn't make it. A few weeks later, at a rare-books-and-antiques auction, she found a first-edition set of books called *Women Through the Ages*. She examined one of the volumes and found in it a letter written by Miller to a woman. She bid on the books. Before the evening was over, Brenda Venus owned the first editions and Henry Miller's address. She wrote to him, returning his letter and enclosing a few pictures of herself. That piqued the famed author's curiosity and, shortly thereafter, they began a correspondence and a friendship that would last for four years, until Miller's death in 1980 at the age of 88. "When I read *Tropic of Cancer*, in college, I had a premonition that I would meet him one day," Brenda said. "There was something about Henry's writing; I knew if we ever met, we would get along. I had never had that



"Dear, Dear Brenda: The Love Letters of Henry Miller to Brenda Venus" is a collection of the best of more than 1500 letters Miller wrote to Brenda. It's a story of verbal passion but not physical love, told by the master sensualist who wrote both "*Tropic of Cancer*" and "*Tropic of Capricorn*."



You are the heart of
 my heart. I am bursting
 with you! Now for a
 water color!
 Yours Henry



feeling about anyone else. By the time I met him, I had been going to school for a long time. I'd had a few acting jobs, won some beauty contests and moved to L.A. My parents insisted on the schooling. I wanted to be out in the world. I wasn't educated, in any real sense of that word. Henry was a genius. He educated me. Were we fated to meet? I think so. He thought

Miller was a painter as well as a novelist. Above left is a facsimile of a letter to Brenda. The water color he mentions, right, is a portrait of Brenda, with an inscription reading, FOR BRENDA, THE VENUS OF DICK STREET. Miller never sanitized sex. He told Brenda she was the first woman he had ever known who "combined cunt and intellect": a compliment from a man who had made an exhaustive study of both.



all of you, my darling
Brenda, is tender to the touch,
Tender but untouchable. What
complications! All because of
a little crack between the legs,
which drives men crazy and
makes angels unattainable.

so, too. Henry once said this about great lovers: They can't write about each other when they're both alive. One of them has to be dead. He told me that several times. I used to wonder why he kept saying it, but I guess I really knew it was about the letters. I had to know what he wanted me to do with the body of work he had given me. I couldn't have made a decision

about the letters without him." Miller's writing is famous for its fleshy descriptions of sexual love and the uneasy alliance between the sexes. In his relationship with Brenda, the possibility of actual sex was out of the question, because of his failing health. That freed him to woo her with words. And he did. "Without the pressures that come with a sexual relationship,

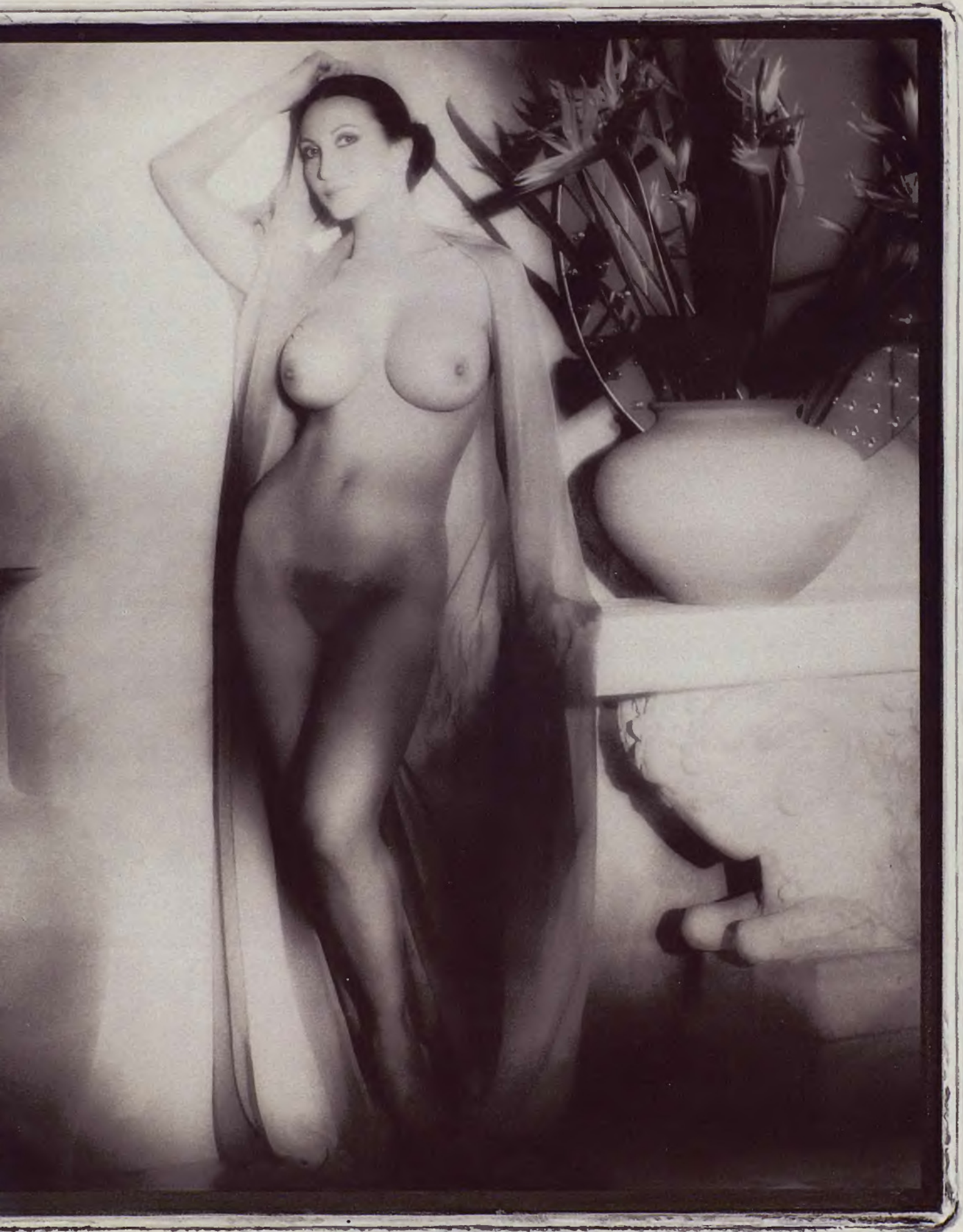




"Why am I posing for PLAYBOY? A lot of reasons. It had to be in good taste. I did it as if I were a Greek goddess, an imaginary creature. I wanted to play it like an actress. I think Henry would be proud."

you can focus better. For Henry to be my mentor, I had to be in love with him. He was a hard teacher, because he was intense. He was also very sick and could have died at any time. So everything was speeded up. He knew that there wasn't much time. He stressed that there would be a lot of things I would remember only after he died. He gave me love and I gave him love. But I also gave him something to live for. It was a wonderful exchange. I don't think either of us got shortchanged. The passion of raw sex makes you play games, even if you're unaware of it; Henry always said that man/woman games would never end. The beauty of our relationship was the purity of it." What will Brenda Venus do after the book reviews and the talk shows and the movie deals are history and her letters from Henry Miller become part of his literary legacy? Don't worry about her. She's a strong, beautiful, intelligent woman. And a 20th Century Venus.





FINNEGAN'S WAIKIKI (continued from page 70)

"She had champagne-cup breasts, the nipples good little soldiers just waiting for a command."

like a summer camp fixed up for parents' weekend. To Finnegan, the air smelled like Glade.

"You missed the luau," said his jaunty stepmother, walking him by a fenced-in barbecue pit where a few cinders still sizzled in the dark.

"Story of my life," said Harry. "But what I still don't get is why you and Dad are the only people I've seen. It's only eight and the place is deserted."

"Bingo night," Bambi giggled and gave his hand a squeeze. "They bus 'em out at six and bus 'em back in again around eleven. The only kids who skip bingo are the 'mooners," she whispered, leading him down a dirt path between smaller cabanas with their names on little stilts out front. They passed DEEP DISH APPLE and BAKED ALASKA, where plaintive cries of "Herbie, Herbie!" leaked out into the night. Bambi continued to speak in hushed tones, as though they'd entered a hospital zone. "They named all the bunks in Honey-moonland after desserts. I think that's kind of cute."

"Me, too," said Harry, going *sotto voce* himself, not wanting to spoil the mood. "Which one am I in?"

"Spicecake," Bambi said, smiling, and she gave his fingers another squeeze. "The same as your dad and me our first night."

There was nothing Finnegan could think of to say to this. He simply trailed behind in silence as the girl skipped up the three steps to the honeymoon suite, trying not to stare at the perfect handfuls her teeny robe revealed as she took each one.

"For God's sake, she's your mother," he said to himself, causing his hostess to turn around and ask if he'd said something. "Oh, no . . . I mean, just how I'm glad we're related," he said lamely. But Bambi hardly noticed. She was too busy fiddling with the oil lamp, digging Finnegan's blanket out of the bureau drawer and generally making things just so for his visit.

Harry waited by the door in his business suit, doing his best to stay composed while his tempting stepmom pattered about her tasks.

"*Voilà!*" she cried at last, with a little curtsy. And then she bounced backward onto the bed so that her robe flew open and Harry saw everything he'd been struggling not to for the past five minutes. "I'm pooped!" she laughed, lolling back on the mattress, which seemed to buoy her up and sink down into itself before settling. "These water beds are just like curling up in a womb, don't you think?"

"I don't know," said Harry. "I've never

been in one."

"You're kidding! Well, Harry Finnegan, come on down!"

Bambi giggled and patted a spot beside her. The bed began to undulate, sending the girl up and down again, rising and falling as she lay down, exposing every inch of herself to his nervous gaze. It had been so long since Harry had seen a woman, a really gorgeous woman—for better or worse, he could not count the waistless Marge—that he felt his mouth go dry. She had the tiniest belly, the palest hair, the most delicately arching throat. . . . All that, plus champagne-cup breasts that spilled neither right nor left but remained there, the nipples good little soldiers just waiting for a command.

Harry sighed, his fingers tightening around the strap of his leather-look bag.

"Your father and I like to play life raft," Bambi said brightly. "We sort of bounce around till things really start to roll; then we pretend we're trapped together on stormy waters. Babes at sea. . . ."

"Babes at sea," Harry repeated, his voice going husky.

He had to lean on the doorjamb while the girl who was his father's bride threw her head back and laughed. Nothing in Harry's life had prepared him for such a situation: for being older than his stepmother, to begin with, not to mention finding her bare-skinned on a water bed, exposed from platinum head to rosy toenails, while his prostate-damaged dad lay wheezing in his sleep just five minutes down the road. Some things Emily Post had just never got around to covering.

"Bambi," Finnegan blurted, feeling the blood rush to his face. "Bambi, I just want to. . . ."

"Yes?"

"I just want to say I like you, *as a mother*," he heard himself say.

"And I like *you*," tittered the sumptuous blonde, "my only son. Maybe tomorrow, if Bernie's up to it, we can have a picnic."

"Swell," said Harry. Then, to his mixed relief and disappointment, the diminutive beauty hopped off the bed and rushed over to smooch him on the forehead.

"If I had to have a child," she confided on the way out, "I'm glad it was you."

Again, Finnegan was speechless. He remained in the doorway, watching his young relation sway off into the night. Faint cries of "Herbie! Herbie!" could still be heard wafting out of Baked Alaska, and for a second more, he gazed up at the stars. He'd have to call Dr. Fern. He'd been there only an hour, and he already had a

whole new batch of marital problems he needed to kick around.

The chanting must have begun around seven, but Harry felt as though he'd just dozed off. Something about the water bed, the way it sort of churned when he rolled over, kept him hopping out to stand over the bowl every couple of hours. He wasn't sure if he felt nauseated or if he just wasn't used to the feel of fluid-packed plastic shifting under his vital organs. As the chorus drew closer—it seemed to be marching on his cabana—he dug in, face down, on the percale, clasping the single pillow provided over his head and squishing it against both ears.

"Shall we give it to him?" cried a man with a voice like Jiminy Cricket's.

"You bet!" sang the rest of the gang, and Harry's annoyance turned to panic as they clumped up the steps to his bungalow and began to chant:

"We know what you're *do-in*! We know what you're *do-in*!"

They kept it up for what seemed like centuries. Then a tingle in the back of his neck told Harry they were actually staring at him, that if he lifted up the pillow even an inch, he would see them. They'd be there waving and smiling through one of the bungalow portholes.

"C'mon, you newlys! Shake a leg!" It was Jiminy Cricket again. "There's plenty of time for that stuff. We've got some volleyball to play!"

"Go 'way," Finnegan muttered, and he realized they couldn't hear him just mumbling like that into the bedding. Keeping the pillow clamped over his head, he edged his face off the mattress and shouted, "All alone . . . family emergency!" Then he laid his head back down and hoped they'd wander off.

"What'd he say?" came a voice after a few seconds.

"He says he's alone," said another.

"Honeymoon horror! You know what *that* means!" It was the crickety ring-leader. "She left him! The bride's gone back to Momma!"

There was a sympathetic hush, during which Finnegan burrowed deeper in the sloshing mattress. He'd just begun to drift back off when a female voice started in again. "We just can't leave the poor bunny! This is when a person really needs some support!"

"She's right," chimed in Jiminy, to a rising tide of *All right's* and *Go for it's*. "OK, fella, come out with your hands up. Or the honeymoon fun squad's comin' in!"

"No," Harry mumbled weakly, "*no!*" He heard his cabana door being opened and wanted to disappear. He hadn't locked it, could not even remember if the thing *had* a lock. It sounded like 100 fun seekers were piling in, and Harry played desperately at sleep, even though he'd

(continued on page 168)

THE PENTAGON PRODUCTS CATALOG

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NOW YOU DON'T have to be a general or an admiral to buy household articles from defense contractors at 100, 1000—even 10,000—times their real cost! That's right—this is your chance to pay the same absolutely astonishing prices Uncle Sam has been paying for years! We at Pentagon Products don't believe in wasting time on a lot of "dollars-and-senseless" program reviews. We're purveyors of high-quality merchandise, not a bunch of pussy-footing pencil jockeys whining over a couple of extra zeros. Nor do we believe in hauling our contractors over the coals because of a minor price adjustment or a small problem with availability or capability. The way we see it, we're like golf partners, working together to get the best score. In fact, some of our contractors *are* our golf partners. All the products in this catalog are taken from military-supply records, and the price listed under each item is the actual price at which it was offered to the Defense Department—you're not being asked to pay one penny less! We feel certain that once you consumers have a chance to eyeball some of these once-in-a-lifetime bargains—yes, *bargains*—you will enthusiastically remark, "To heck with the naysayers, the hairsplitters and other negative personnel!"

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Christopher Cerf Henry Beard

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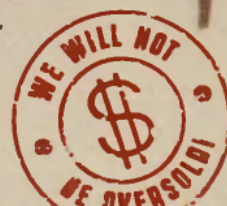
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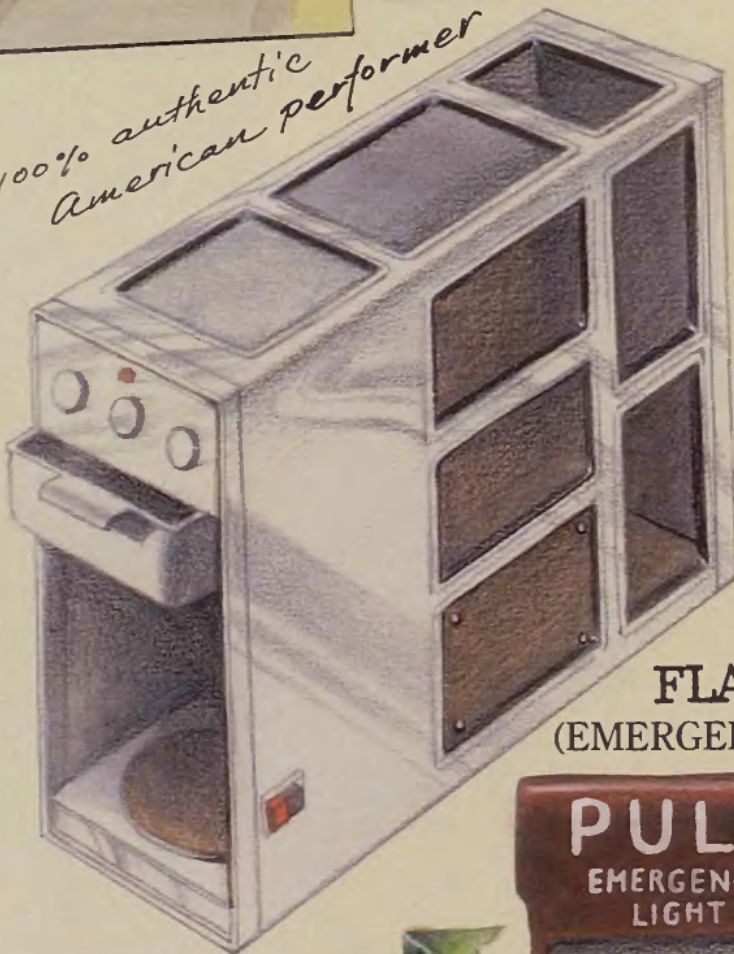
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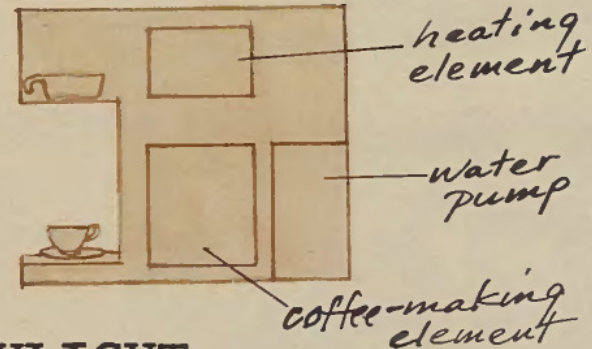


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Person-made material*

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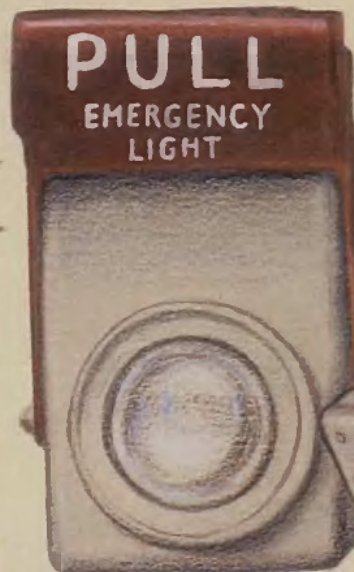


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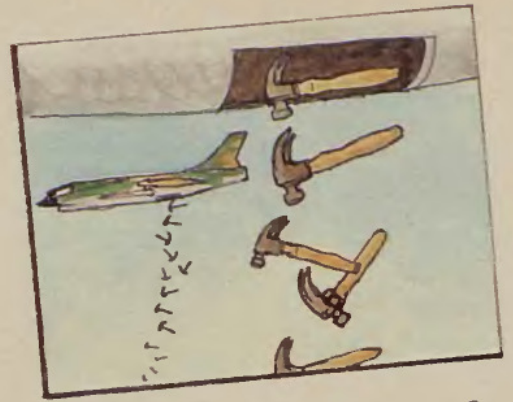
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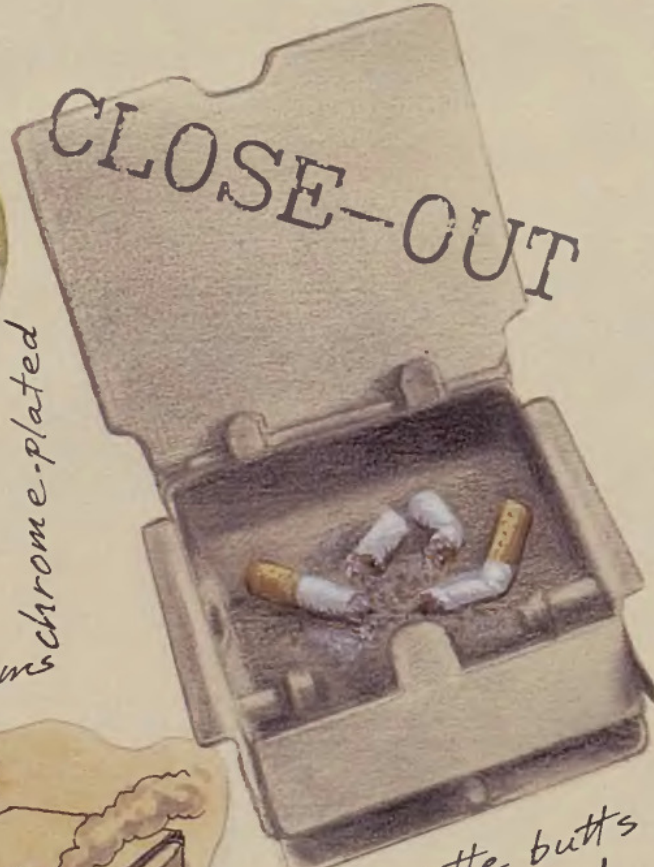
CLAW Hammer

Ever since men first picked up rocks and started using them to hit things with, and sharpened elk antlers and began ripping other things with them, they no doubt dreamed of possessing this claw hammer. It was with a tool like this that Luther nailed his demands to the church door and doomed men drove home the sticky bolt in the door of the Alamo. Considering its immortal contribution to our Western heritage, plus its top-quality construction, we're proud of its price that matches its heft.

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back view



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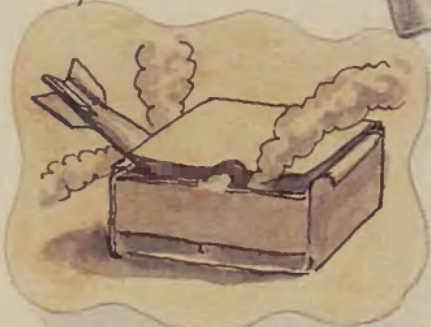
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Specially designed to fit into the bulkhead of the E-2C electronic-surveillance plane, each Grumman Spring-Loaded Ashtray takes 13 hours to make and requires 11 separate parts. The result? A receptacle that can take it—whether "it" is the jolt of a high-speed landing on an aircraft carrier or the impact of your overweight uncle hurtling himself into your favorite Louis XVI armchair. Stop being the victim of obsolescent smoking-material-extinguishment technology now!

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LP
VS.
CD



FIDELITY WARS!

is it r.i.p. for the lp? are compact discs just shiny silver platters? two opinionated sounds men square off to determine which sonic system has the cutting edge

article

By ROBERT E. CARR

"The LP is today's audio dinosaur."

I HEARD the death knell for the LP a little more than a year ago. That's when I purchased my first compact-disc player. Now my LPs sit silent, lifeless and forgotten on the shelf. Although there are memories in them, I don't mourn their passing. Most of them lived gloriously at least once—when I was able to match the perfect stylus to the perfect surface of the perfectly spinning disc.

Most often, the LPs sounded less than perfect at the first playing and steadily deteriorated from there. My ridiculously expensive diamond stylus, for example, was fond of tap-dancing its way across the surface of a new record, as if to brand it permanently as a part of my collection. When that happened, I would usually sit there, afraid to inspect either the record or the stylus. In desperation, I'd lie to myself: Hey, it's a diamond, right? Can't hurt that. And the record? Well, vinyl has a little give in it. Maybe they're both OK. Then I'd hit the REPLAY button and wait quietly for the first of the clicks that always came.

Men don't cry at such times. They are philosophical.

None of it really mattered, anyway, because we could never be sure if the sound being reproduced by the turntable and the stylus was really what was on the record. Using the equipment was trickier than neurosurgery.

After all, few of us could ever figure out the relationship between the stylus pressure and the antiskating control, and we occasionally allowed a couple of extra grams to keep it in the groove. That was especially useful if the stylus was worn and started to *(continued on page 144)*

article

By DAVID A. WILSON

"CDs are cute. So was the eight-track."

PHILIPS' PROMISE OF "perfect sound, forever" is the dream and passion of all who love music and labor to reproduce it beautifully in the home. No goal in audio has been so elusive. Over the past 50 years, fortunes—indeed, lives—have been exhausted in the quest for even reasonably satisfying musical sound. Yet now the commercial leaders in audio would have you believe that you can have perfect sound right in your own living room, conveniently, inexpensively and immediately. Of course, they'll say your music must first be digitally processed. In fact, you, the consumer, no longer have a choice between digital and analog recordings. The vast majority of recordings being released today by the major labels, whether in LP or in compact-disc (CD) format, come from digital rather than analog master tapes.

Digital audio recordings, particularly in the CD format, are spreading across the land. Most industry people are delighted with the market success of the CD. There's gold in those iridescent discs! The ailing record industry's profits are on the rise. Hi-fi-equipment manufacturers and retailers are delighted—sales of CD players are drawing customers back to the showroom. Happy, or at least profitable, days are here again. Some have even proclaimed the LP dead.

In view of the CD's great convenience, seeming indestructibility, better-than-average sound and undeniable "cuteness," it's easy to see why it should succeed. Add to this an unprecedented coordination of marketing efforts by all the world's major *(continued on page 146)*

*for the guys in the
jerusalem bomb squad,
business is booming*

TICK...

IT BEGINS on a hot August morning with a dark-haired, mustachioed man in an orange ten-year-old Opel Rekord sedan, driving nervously through downtown Jerusalem, looking for a place to park.

He frequently checks the time and as the minutes pass, his perspiration has nothing to do with the morning sun.

He turns onto a side street that serves as a parking lot and a pedestrian short cut from a poor residential neighborhood to the downtown commercial district.

To his east, on the right, casting a deep shadow over the parking lot, is the tallest building downtown—the 19-story City Tower, an eyesore of dark glass and shiny

TICK...

marble in a city of rough-cut limestone, arches and wrought iron.

On the western side of the street, a low-slung public medical clinic has not yet opened for business, and about a dozen people—an elderly couple supporting each other, two young mothers with babies, some bandaged youngsters—mill about on the steps. Trucks are lined up on the department-store loading platform next to the City Tower.

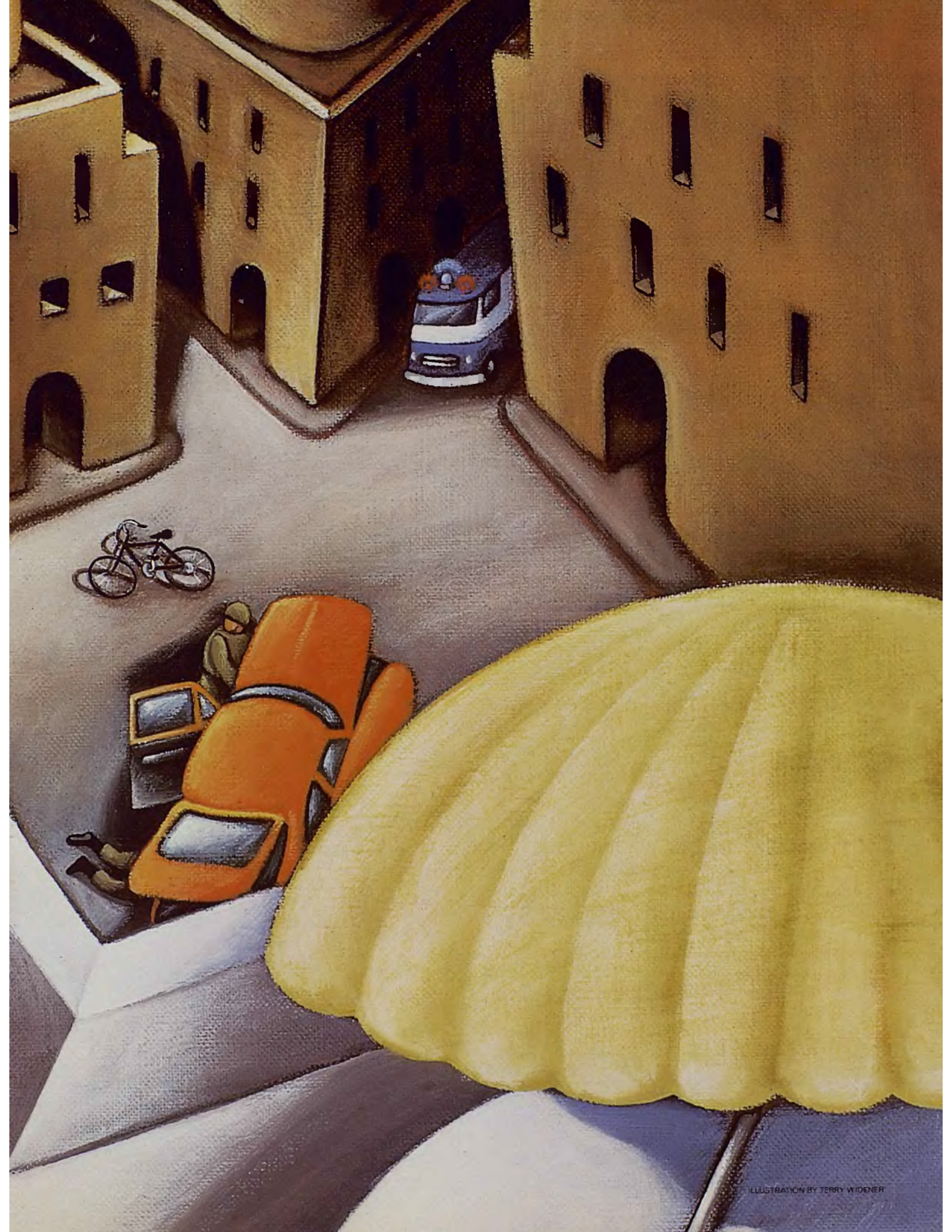
The dark-haired man glances at his watch one more time and then looks around. In the cracked rearview mirror, he sees no vehicles behind him. There's an empty parking *(continued on page 110)*

TICK....

article

By ROBERT ROSENBERG







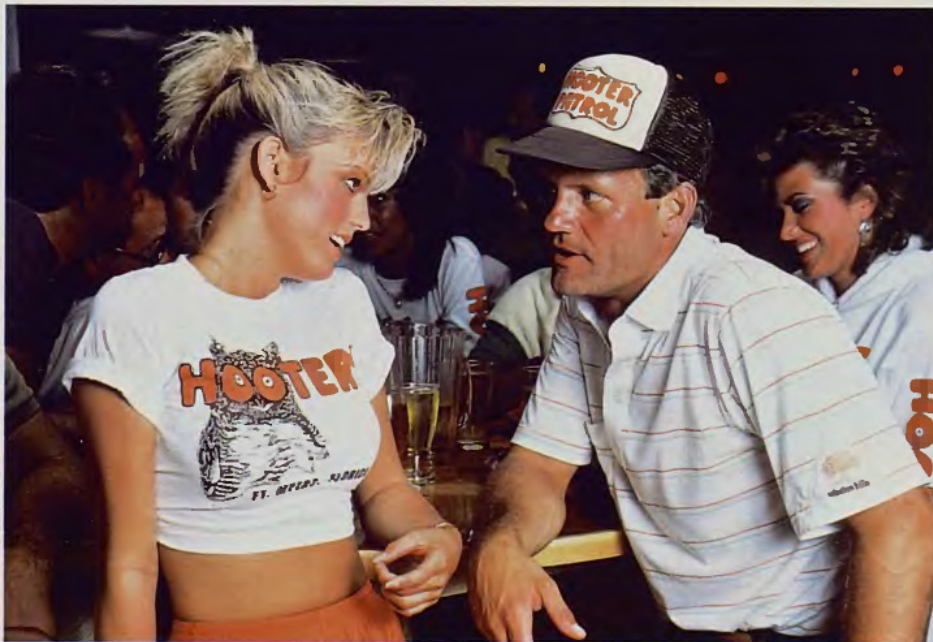
LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUSTIN!

meet miss july, the bombshell in the bikini on the billboard

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

HEY, MTV—here's one for you. The video opens with a high-angle shot of Clearwater—the sunny strip of land between the Gulf of Mexico and Tampa Bay. Billy Idol's *Hot in the City* pumps in the background. The air is sweating. "When a long-legged lovely walks by. . ." Camera cuts to Hooters, the beachy bar just off the causeway. A bright-red Fiero zips into frame and stops. Zoom in on door. Someone steps out. "Yeah, you can see the look in her eye. . ." At first, all we see is blonde hair, the color of Tampa sun. Finally, close-up: Lynne Austin. "Then you know that it's hot in the city." She perches her sunglasses on





"When my friends and I get shuckin' and jivin', we've got the world wrapped around our little finger." At top, the ladies do exactly that in front of one of Lynne's billboards. Above, George Brett, a Hooters guest, tries to improve his average.

top of her head. Her eyes are deep blue—bluer than the Clearwater surf. She smiles. Cut to the inside of Hooters. In the background, Jimmy Buffett sings about the blurry joys of tequila. Lynne and her best

friend, Brenda Lee, sit at the bar, sipping a midday beer. They're waitresses at Hooters, but it's their day off, so they're kickin' back. "Hey, take the air outa my glass," Lynne says, laughing, to the bartender;





they're served another round. Hooters is a pretty funky place—probably the only bar in Florida where you can find a biker at one table and a doctor at the next. Calling itself “delightfully tacky, yet unrefined,” Hooters is a place where the walls tell its history—an N.F.L. pennant here, an Iowa license plate there, a clock on whose face is written WHO GIVES A SHIT?

The camera pulls in over Lynne's shoulder to yet another piece of memorabilia on the wall: a photograph of Lynne in a cut-off T-shirt and a bikini bottom. The same photo is plastered on a dozen or so billboards in the west Florida area.

The shot dissolves to a close-up of Lynne's flawless face. She is thinking back to the days when things weren't as promising as they are now.

High school gymnasium, 1976. Tampa, Florida. A dozen cheerleaders practice their routines to Rod Stewart's *Tonight's the Night*, which blasts from a transistor radio. (Years later, Lynne would meet Stewart backstage at a gig. But that's another story.)

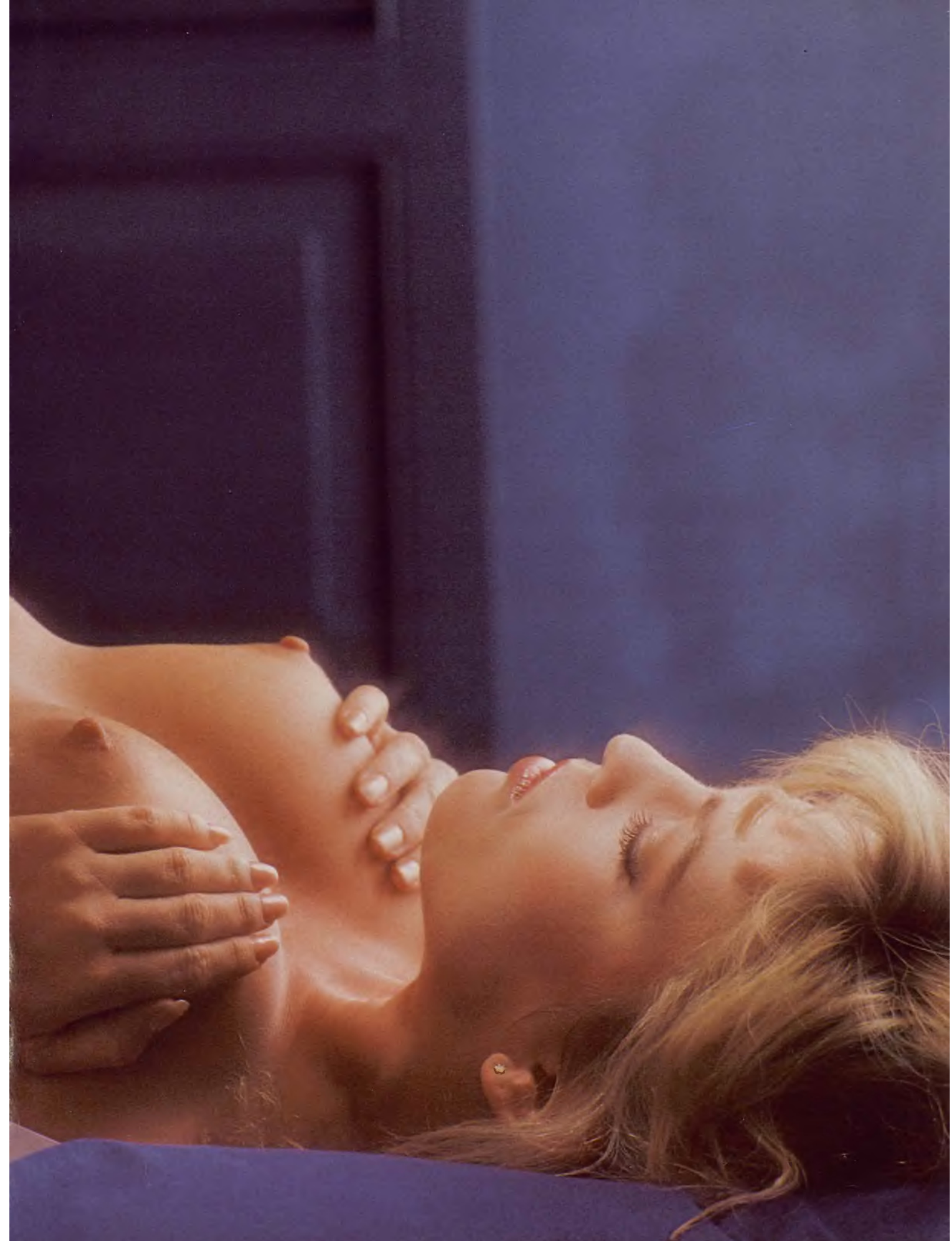
Camera pans down the line of pompon-wielding girls. At the end is Lynne. She'd always wanted to be a cheerleader, because she's not so hot on her looks. (“I wasn't exactly the girl to be seen with—a little less than eye-catching. I was the only cheerleader *not* up for homecoming queen. And my mother used to ask other mothers to have their boys take me out.”)

As Lynne works out with the squad, we hear her voice over the music. She's thinking, I wanna be with the action—wherever it's blowin'. There's gotta be some shakers and movers

Where guys are concerned, Lynne's pretty selective. “I once went with a guy and we didn't drill for a whole month. When we did drill, though, it was pay dirt, baby.” As for her acting career, she's a lot less picky: “I'll open any door that's knockin'—a Hooters commercial today, MGM tomorrow.”









She started doing beach contests "on a wing, a bikini and a prayer. Hell, my mom even bought me my first bikini." The daughter of a Pershing-missile maker, Lynne (above and right) relaxes with a jet copter that just happened to be flying by.

on this train—and I want to be the conductor.

Fast flash forward: 1980. Springsteen's singing *Hungry Heart*. Lynne does the community college scene but ultimately gets "a taste of the almighty buck." So now

she's at work. Anywhere she can get it.

Quick-cut montage of Lynne the working girl. Almost *I Love Lucy*-ish, because, try as she may, she can't seem to hold on to a job. Lynne the (concluded on page 148)



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Lynn Austin

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: LYNNE AUSTIN "L.A."

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6 1/2" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4.15.61 BIRTHPLACE: PLANT CITY, FL.

AMBITIONS: EVERY DAY IS A NEW AMBITION... HEY, MAYBE ILL BE A PILOT... OR A FLORIST... OR A STAR

TURN-ONS: MEN'S BUNS, EXPENSIVE COLOGNE, GREEN EYES, DIAMONDS, KISSES AND... OK, 'KOB LOWE!!

TURN-OFFS: BAD BREATH, WAITING IN LINE, BUSY TELEPHONS, OBNOXIOUS PEOPLE AND DRUGS!

FAVORITE PLACES: KNEE-DEEP IN THE SNOW, ARUBA, CAMPING IN THE WOODS, THE BEACH AT MIDNIGHT, PARIS, MAUI.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: HOOTERS (SUCH DOWN-TO-EARTH GUYS), BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, THE CARP

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: THE COSBY SHOW, 60 MINUTES, THE COLBYS (IS ANYBODY HIRING OUT THERE?)

FAVORITE FOODS: CORN BREAD, FRIED OKRA, PINTO BEANS, LASAGNA, CHEESE POPCORN & LIGHT BEER (TOGETHER).



LOOK AT THOSE POMPONS!



SLUMBER-PARTY ESCAPADES!



THE CHAMP!



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A father stork tried to comfort his little boy during one of the mother's frequent nocturnal absences.

"Don't cry, son," the father said soothingly. "Your mother is bringing people babies and making them very happy."

The next night, the father was gone and it was the mother's turn to offer comfort.

"Son, your father will be back as soon as he has brought joy to new mommies and daddies."

Several days later, the stork parents were desperate when their baby was gone from the nest all night. When he finally returned at dawn, the relieved parents asked him where he'd been.

"Aww, just scaring the hell out of college kids."

Two golfers were being held up as the twosome of women in front of them whiffed shots, hunted for lost balls and stood over putts for what seemed hours.

"I'll ask if we can play through," Bill said as he strode toward the women. Twenty yards from the green, however, he turned on his heel and went back to where his companion was waiting.

"Can't do it," he explained. "One of them's my wife and the other's my mistress!"

"I'll ask," said Jim. He started off, only to turn and come back before reaching the green.

"What's wrong?" Bill asked.

"Small world, isn't it?"



Harold had never wanted a woman so much in his life, but he overheard the 22-year-old beauty remark that he was too old and out of shape for her. The determined septuagenarian immediately embarked upon a rigorous self-improvement program. He had his face lifted, bought a toupee, ran five miles every day, lifted weights and adopted a strict vegetarian diet. Within months, the rejuvenated old man won the young woman's heart, and she agreed to marry him.

On the way out of the chapel, however, Harold was fatally struck by lightning. Furious, he confronted Saint Peter at the pearly gates. "How could you do this to me after all the pain I went through?"

"To be honest, Harold," Saint Peter sheepishly replied, "I didn't recognize you."

Two successful executives were backpacking in Yellowstone when they heard a rustling behind them. Glancing over their shoulders, they saw a large grizzly ambling toward them. As the backpackers broke into a trot, so did the grizzly. As they began sprinting, so did the grizzly.

With the bear gaining on the businessmen, one of them stopped, opened his pack, took out his running shoes and put them on.

"What the hell are you doing?" panted his companion. "He's catching up, and you stop to change shoes?"

"I've re-evaluated my goals," replied the shrewder exec. "I don't have to outrun the bear—just you."



Shelby Naiman

In the old country, Tillie Noffka had suffered for years under the burden of her name—*noffka* means prostitute in Yiddish. Being, in fact, a very proper woman, she finally consulted her rabbi, who advised her to change her name to Noffkawitz.

Tillie moved to America. Years later, she happened to run into her old rabbi. "Why, if it isn't Tillie Noffkawitz!" he said.

"Oh, no, rabbi," she replied. "Here I am known as Tillie Horowitz."

A group of scientists discovered an apelike creature in the jungle, which they hoped would prove to be the missing link. The proof of their theory, however, required that a human mate with the animal so that they could see what characteristics the offspring would assume. Needing volunteers, the scientists placed an ad in the paper: "\$5000 to mate with ape."

Almost immediately, they received a response from a man who said he would be willing to take part in the experiment, with three conditions.

"First," he said, "my wife must never know. Second, the children must be baptized. And third, I'll have to pay in installments."

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



"I'm going to the city, Maw. I want a telephone, sex, blue hair."

FROM CLUB SANDWICH TO CLUB PARADISE

article By DAVID STANDISH

THANK GOD moviemaking is so slow and boring and repetitious. Otherwise, it would be a *totally* enviable way to make a living: hanging out in the best places in the world, bathed in the adulation of strangers, getting more zeros at the end of pay checks than most of us manage to dream about. As Peter O'Toole says, "I get paid the fabulous sums for the bloody waiting; the acting I do for the fun of it." Even when it's going well, moviemaking moves at the pace of primordial ooze.

I'm standing on a beach a few miles from Port Antonio, Jamaica, watching the filming of *Club Paradise*; these thoughts come to mind while I watch director Harold Ramis at work. It's midday in May, hotter than hell, humidity hanging like layers of lead plate.

The shot involves Cool Runnings, the Club Paradise bus, named for a Rastafarian phrase meaning everything's going smoothly, is cool, which, of course, it *never* is at Club Paradise, this being a post-teen beach comedy starring O'Toole, Robin Williams and Jimmy Cliff—his first movie since *The Harder They Come*—and also featuring Twiggy, Adolph Caesar (who died before the film's release), Joe Flaherty, Andrea Martin, Steve Kampmann, Rick Moranis, Eugene Levy, Mary Gross, Robin Duke, Joanna Cassidy and Brian Doyle-Murray, (continued on page 126)

what happens to a script on its way to becoming a movie? almost everything



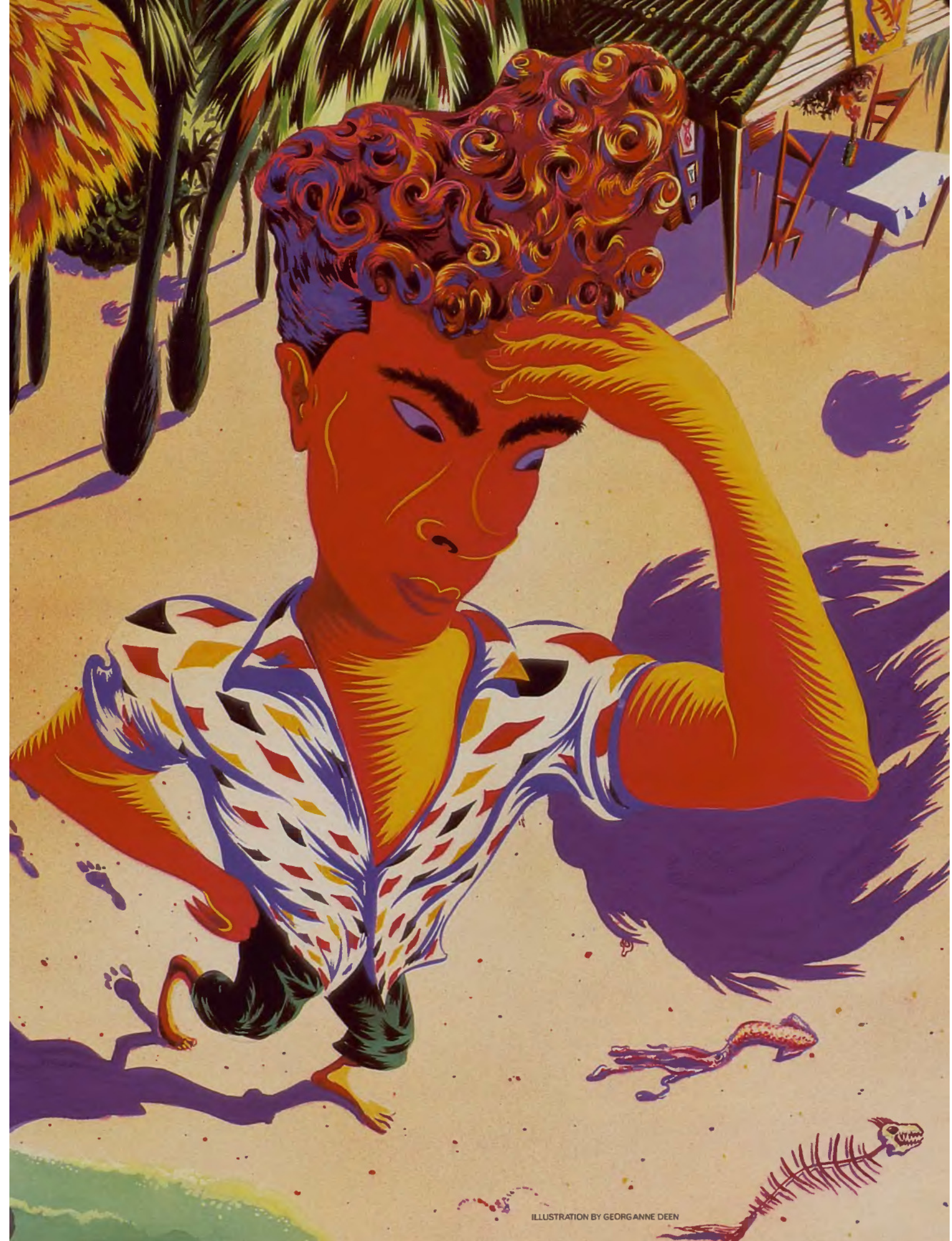
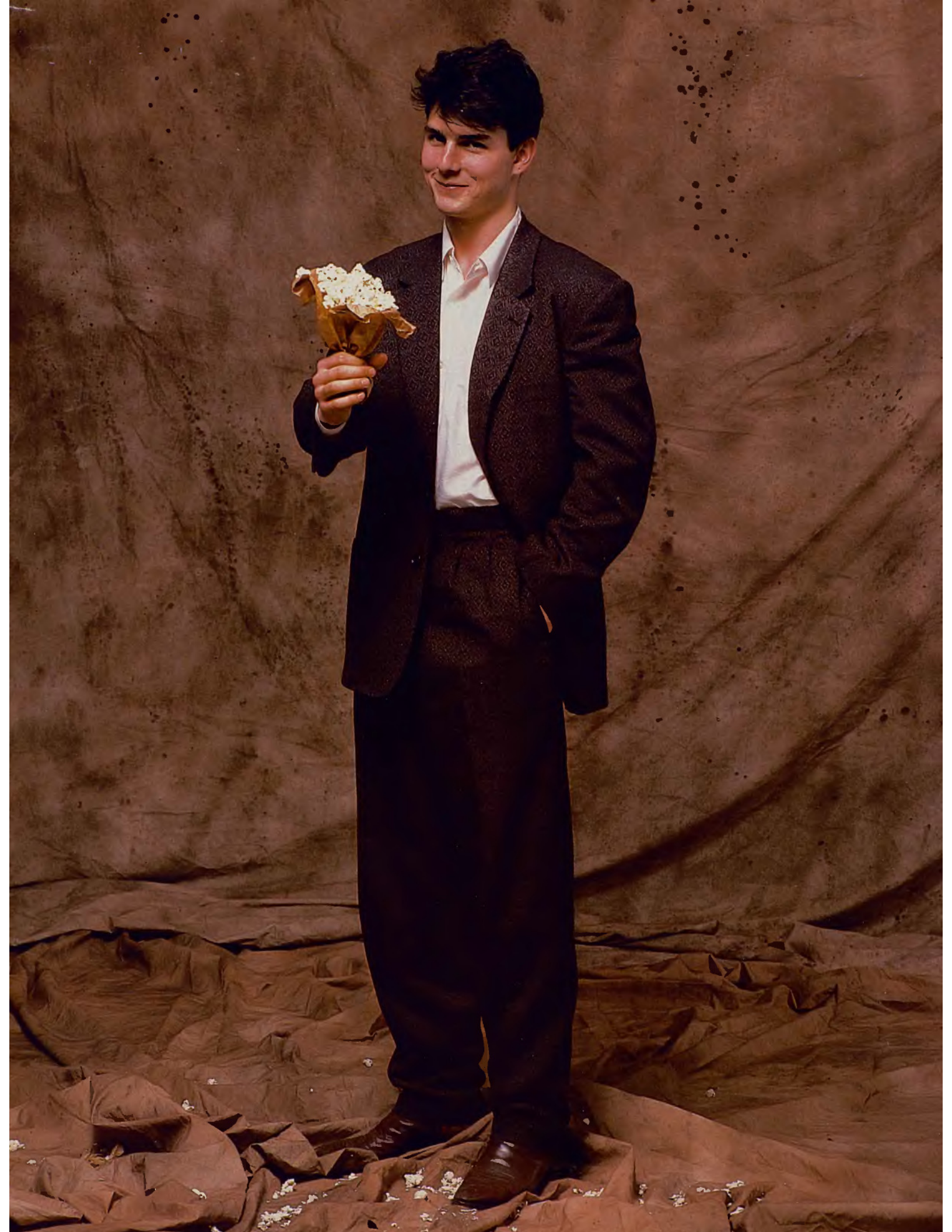


ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGANNE DEEN



20 QUESTIONS: TOM CRUISE

the modern screen's top gun describes the risky business of making all the right moves

Tom Cruise was burned out. The previous day's shooting on "The Color of Money," a sequel to "The Hustler," in which he co-stars with Paul Newman, had run into the early hours of an icy Chicago morning. Now, what the 23-year-old actor wanted most was some sack time. But it would have to wait. Instead, in preparation for his talk with Contributing Editor David Rensin, Cruise had reserved a suite at the Ritz-Carlton and had ordered coffee, tea, orange juice, croissants and assorted fruits. He wore cuffed-and-pleated slacks, a red shirt and cowboy boots. His hair was cut close, and he sported a gold-plated stud in his pierced left ear. "It's something my character, Vincent, wears," he offered. "After this is all over, I may just let the hole close up."

1.

PLAYBOY: Once and for all: Are you part of the Brat Pack?

CRUISE: It's something that the press made up. I want no part of that or this Brat Pack. Putting me in there is absolutely absurd and it pisses me off, because I work hard and then some guy just slaps me together with everybody else. We're all different. Paul Newman said to me, "The only way you are going to survive is learning how to get thick-skinned about some things." If I seem angry now, it's because I've been working very hard, I'm tired and the whole thing is just so much bull. This used to bother me a lot more. But one morning I woke up and said, "Why am I giving these guys the power? Forget it."

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any free career advice for your peers?

CRUISE: Take big risks. You've got to. I'm constantly looking for material that will expand me. I want my characters to be fresh and real. Was it Spencer Tracy who said, "Acting is great. Just don't ever let anyone catch you doing it"? So it's a matter of constantly searching for characters who will let me explore different aspects of myself. What makes an actor's performance interesting is the choices. Once I've done something, I don't want to do it again. That just bores me. I like feeling nervous and excited about my roles. When I find good material, it wakes me up. It's exciting. But I always ask myself why I would want to do a film. What does it offer me? What do I have to offer it?

3.

PLAYBOY: You suggested that we ask you about the three stages of an actor's career. What are they?

CRUISE: This is classy. I'm stealing this from Newman. One day he comes to see me and says that the first stage of an actor's career is when he shows up on the set and says, "You should have seen the girl I was with last night. God. I didn't sleep. She was amazing." In the second stage, he's a leading man. He says, "You know, I found the most wonderful restaurant. You wouldn't believe the fish." By the third stage, he's a character actor. Now he says, "Oh, I had the most lovely bowel movement last night." Newman's a funny guy. We love telling each other jokes. We see who can tell the worst.

4.

PLAYBOY: What can an actor—like you—still in the first stage of his career learn from watching Newman? Ever watch him cook?

CRUISE: Mostly, I get the sense that there's a life beyond film. He's got a family. He's had the same wife for years. To a young actor, that's inspiring. Sometimes I'm working so much that I'm alone 95 percent of the time. It's tough having a relationship, because when I'm doing a film, that's all I think about. Now, I've done only eight films and Newman's done about 60. And with each film, I can feel myself becoming more and more relaxed; so seeing him, his ease and what he's achieved, makes me think that it's possible for me.

Yeah, I've watched him cook. He prepares cod and ham hocks and a fantastic steamed lobster.

5.

PLAYBOY: You get very involved in each film you make. Since there is usually a well-defined separation of powers in the movie business, how do you get your way? What kind of resistance have you encountered?

CRUISE: It's always seemed natural to me to be involved. I love movies. I'm really interested in the whole film process: editing, make-up, acting, how it gets to the screen. I like working closely with a director, and that means finding one I can trust. Paul Brickman, for example, who directed *Risky Business*, could really listen. When I worked with Ridley Scott on *Legend*, I went to script meetings and talked with the writer, William Hjortsberg.

Doing *Top Gun* is probably the best

example. I don't like to be at the mercy of scripts already written. This script happened to have been written with me in mind. When I met with the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, I told them I was interested in the project but that I wanted a couple of months to see where the script went and that I would commit to the film on that basis. At first, Don, who has a pretty good story sense, was a little apprehensive. But after a script meeting, he began to trust me. Eventually, I spent a lot of time going down to San Diego and the air base and coming back to L.A. with information for the script.

Now I have my own development deal at Columbia Pictures. It's what I've always wanted to do.

6.

PLAYBOY: Just how much fun can you have in a jet fighter?

CRUISE: Landing on a carrier deck in an F-14 has been described as having sex in a car wreck. I've always enjoyed going fast. I've always wanted to be a fighter pilot. I enjoy competition, though not in terms of war and battles—I'm not a warmonger. I just love jets and flying—in the romantic sense. During *Top Gun*, it was such a thrill for me to go to the officers' club in San Diego and talk with World War Two fighter pilots about combat. Now, with air-combat maneuvering, there's a computer in each plane. Everything is calculated by computer, so that combat is a huge video game. The A-4s and F-5s simulate Migs. You get the conditions: hard deck at 5000 feet. You make a head-to-head pass and enter combat. It's like two warriors jousting. You see the fighters coming down, full throttle, to the deck, the exhaust just ripping out of the planes as they tear over the desert canopy to canopy, inches apart. The key thing is to try to get nose to tail on the enemy aircraft. We've also got missiles to shoot head on. But since it's all computer-guided, there's a chance the missile won't go off. So you have to switch to guns. When you're down on the ground, you can listen to the pilots' voices in combat and see it all on a big video screen from the pilots' point of view.

I took three hops while we were shooting. I also took lessons in a Cessna to prep for the film. I came close to getting my license but didn't really have enough time.


7.

PLAYBOY: If you could ask Chuck Yeager one question, (continued on page 172)



smooth move to COOLERS

you've sipped them straight; now here's how to add kick to the trendiest drink in town



THE WINE PRESS has consistently savaged coolers. "Not really wine," it sniffs. *Of course not*; that's the point. Coolers are a whole new dimension in beverages, taking their place alongside wine, beer and soda pop. For want of a better handle, they've been termed adult soft drinks. Coolers have been spectacularly successful because they implement the changing American lifestyle, with its attention to fitness and moderation. Convenience is another prime attraction of coolers. They're fast, fun and easy to swallow. Just twist off the bottle cap or flip the tab and you're in business. Definitely *not* the thing to serve at formal dinners, coolers are perfect at the beach or the marina, at barbecues and picnics.

With upwards of 75 brands on the shelves, you can't tell the players without a score card. However, the field shakes down into four broad groups—citrus, fruits and berries, soda-pop flavors, exotic and bizarre. Under bizarre, file Rattlesnake Cooler, Scooter Juice, Harley-Davidson, Ridge Runner, 20/20 Free Spirit—which is nonalcoholic—and Lotto, with redeemable bottle caps. (Would we kid you?) Following are specific flavor profiles of the leading cooler brands, roughly in order of popularity.

California Cooler: Undisputed *numero uno*—citrusy, fruity, with a definite almond-extract undertone and a little fizz. The Orange Cooler has a distinct orange flavor and aroma, while the new Tropical combines mango, pineapple and other fruits for a tropical tang.

Bartles & Jaymes: Coming up fast—most winelike of all coolers; combines flavors of apple cider and lemon. Clean and dryish, with large bubbles.

Sun Country Cooler: Now in five flavors. Original Citrus hints of pineapple, grapefruit and lemon; Orange offers enveloping orange aroma and flavor and wine undertones; Tropical Cooler is a modified fruit punch; Peach and Cherry are moving into national distribution.

Seagram's Cooler: Subdued blend of white wine, citrus and spice notes—agreeable.

Calvin Cooler (not the former President): Comes in six flavors—raspberry, citrus, passion, grape, orange and Chablis. Chablis has hints of wine and ginger, with a tart finish. Orange is orangeade with a layer of wine. Passion reminds us of cotton candy. Raspberry and grape are in the soda-flavor realm, with tart undertones.

20/20 Wine Cooler: Also produced in six flavors. Raspberry and strawberry are sweet, fruity and fresh-tasting. Orange and apple are so-so and Tropical Cooler resembles a frat-house punch. The aforementioned nonalcoholic Free Spirit is a diet cooler with an aggressive lemon flavor and faint chemical notes sweetened with saccharine. At 100 calories a bottle, it's about half the normal calorie count for coolers.

Among other coolers worthy of mention are Heublein's Citronet—restrained citrus and spice flavors; thin, refreshing. T. J. Swann, from the same stable, bottles an agreeable strawberry and a dandy peach cooler, but the citrus is a bit too almondy for our taste. Steidl's offers a white and a red cooler; the red is better. Country Cooler is produced by G. Heileman, the brewing company. Nevertheless, its four coolers are white-wine-based; we like the orange best. The country's dominant brewery, Anheuser-Busch, is testing the waters with Babry's, a cooler based (concluded on page 164)

Tick . . . Tick . . . (continued from page 86)

"His body tensed with fear, he slides his hand into the sloppy wiring beneath the dashboard."

space, but as he starts to back into it, his foot slips off the clutch, stalling the engine. He jerks his head in birdlike motions in all directions, sure that he's being watched. The street is quiet and there are no cars backed up behind him yet. For a moment, he sits there, thinking and sweating.

Then, his eyes closed as tightly as possible, his body tensed, he slides his hand into the sloppy wiring beneath the dashboard and flips a jury-rigged switch.

Nothing happens. He's relieved. And he knows that if all goes well, in exactly one hour he'll be a hero to his comrades.

In one smooth motion, the man takes the keys and opens the door, leaving the car as it is, parked halfway into the empty spot, with the door open.

At first, he walks fast, not glancing back. But after turning once to look at the car, he begins to run, at first a jog, then a sprint, finally a dash.

Passing a construction site a block away, he throws the keys over the fence, deep into the pit. Within two minutes, he has become one of the hundreds of morning shoppers crowding the alleyways of Mahane Yehuda, Jerusalem's open market, five blocks from where the orange sedan has begun to block traffic.

It's 9:03 A.M., according to an old but accurate Bulova watch connected by wires to three boxes full of explosives in the trunk of the car he left behind.

Suspicious vehicles and objects are not unusual in Jerusalem. In the terror-conscious Israeli capital, the citizenry's alertness keeps the bomb squad, whose experts are called sappers—the British term for bomb-disposal expert—busy answering upwards of 25 calls a day to check out suspicious packages or cars.

Since 1967, when Jerusalem's reunification in the Six Day War made it the top target for Arab terrorism against Israel, some 70 people have died and more than 700 have been wounded by bombs in the Holy City.

Two sappers have been killed and half a dozen wounded. Hundreds of bombs have been defused, neutralized, dismantled and destroyed by sappers, who were notified by alert citizens who had seen something strange and called the police.

Somebody notices a battered jalopy parked too long or in the wrong place; a driver behaves in a bizarre fashion when he gets out of his car; a truck parked in a residential area draws the attention of an old lady with nothing to do other than notice strangers in her neighborhood. Blue

license plates, indicating that the vehicle is from the Arab West Bank or Gaza, the territories Israel has controversially controlled since 1967, are often enough to provoke a telephone call to 100, the emergency police number, especially if the car is illegally parked.

For a Jerusalemite, the phrase "*Shel me zeh?*"—"Whose is this?"—is a signal that perhaps that cardboard box in front of a kiosk, or this abandoned briefcase beneath a table in a sidewalk café, is a bomb.

An old refrigerator on a street corner draws attention. In the mid-Seventies, 13 people were killed when a refrigerator full of explosives blew up in downtown Jerusalem. A bicycle left too long in a crowded place runs the risk of being taken apart by sappers. In the early fall of 1979, just before the Jewish New Year, a bicycle, its tubular frame packed with *plastique*, blew up in the midst of a popular sidewalk café on the outdoor Ben Yehuda mall, the downtown shopping center. One person was killed and 36 wounded.

And since 1967, there have been six car bombs planted in Jerusalem. But so far, only the first one—parked in the open-market Mahane Yehuda *shuk* in the spring of 1968—exploded. Twenty-two people were killed. More than 100 were wounded. All the other car bombs were discovered in time.

Car bombs are a particularly dangerous piece of business. The trunk, back seat or undercarriage of the vehicle can be loaded with enough explosives to destroy several buildings and kill hundreds.

About 2200 kilos packed into a truck driven by a suicidal Shiite Moslem destroyed the Beirut headquarters of the U.S. Marines, killed more than 200 U.S. Servicemen and put a serious chink in the Reagan Administration's Lebanon policy.

That vehicle was driven into its target, and that's almost impossible to prevent. A parked car bomb can, at least, be treated. But car bombs are put together in such a way that the only tools the sapper can use to neutralize them are his own hands or, at most, a knife.

Maishe is in the tiny office the sappers call "the cage" when the police walkie-talkie he carries with him everywhere squawks the first report of the suspicious car in downtown Jerusalem.

Despite the fact that there are several such calls a day, this one gives Maishe the *feeling*, a sensation that tells him that this call is different. Some of the men on the squad explain that the feeling occurs in the small of your back; others say it's the back

of your neck or your palms. But for Maishe, it's between his legs; and when it's there, he knows that soon, someplace in town, he's going to sweat, because life or death for him and possibly hundreds of other people will become a matter of his skills and nerve.

He crosses the narrow corridor between his office and the dispatchers' switchboard room, where half a dozen men and women handle incoming calls and send out patrol cars and jeeps.

There's a heat wave this summer of 1984, but it's cool down here in the basement of the rambling, ivy-covered police headquarters, which 100 years ago was a hostel for Russian Orthodox pilgrims to the Holy City.

Maishe is impatient during the agonizingly slow response from the main computer at national headquarters on whether or not the suspicious car is stolen. He's eager to be out on the street, looking forward to seeing the device and feeling the crowds behind the police lines, hundreds or thousands of people holding their breath for the few minutes of silence and tension in which the sapper works.

"I can't wait here," Maishe says to nobody in particular. "I'm going." The duty officer puts out the word to the patrol cars already on the scene that the sapper is on his way.

Maishe climbs the worn marble stairs out of the basement and to the police parking lot two at a time. He gets into a blue jeep and takes it out of the courtyard and into the street. There, he turns on the siren; but even though the City Tower is barely a dozen blocks from police headquarters, he curses traffic for nearly five minutes before reaching the scene.

It's 9:10 when he first sees the suspicious car. By then, the computer has reported that the orange Opel was once yellow and has, indeed, been stolen.

Six months earlier, Maishe had been given command of the Jerusalem bomb squad, which handles about 10,000 calls a year and, as the sappers say, "treats" about 75 bombs in a hot year of political conflict translated into terror.

That's more than any other bomb squad in the world, and the experience of the Jerusalem squad has made its reputation as the best in the profession. So, as the boss of the squad, Maishe, at the age of 35, can be called the best sapper in the world—a superstar.

Maishe wanted the command job for the money that went with it—an extra \$90 a month, which would bring his monthly take-home pay to slightly more than \$500. He liked being in charge but despised the paperwork; the written reports reminded him why, after he left the army, he had never made it past the first year of college.

His meaty hands and linebacker's body belonged on the streets, and his superior

(continued on page 131)



"It wasn't exactly a summer romance, but we did spend an intimate half hour in a tanning booth together."

first the bad news, then the good news, then the really good news

article

By BEN YAGODA



Even as Jane Fonda and other gurus of sweat were imprinting their leotarded images on the national consciousness, even as the home fitness business was beginning to rival the arms industry in annual sales, even as joggers were shouldering automobiles off the roads, even as more and more seemingly sane people engaged in such seemingly masochistic pursuits as the Ironman Triathlon, the rumblings were starting: Does this stuff *really* do any good?

And then, in the summer of 1984, Jim Fixx was struck down by a heart attack while jogging along a Vermont byway. Fixx, author of *The Complete Book of Running*, was the man who had done the most to spread the ambulatory Gospel, and it had done him in. This was akin to Dr. Ruth's growing hair on her palms, to Bill Cosby's choking to death on a spoonful of Jell-O pudding.

Across America, one could hear the sound of jogging shoes being flung into the trash. Henry A. Solomon, M.D., wrote a book called *The Exercise Myth*, which warned, "Almost nothing you have been told about the benefits of exercise is true." Magazines ran articles with titles such as "Exercise: A Matter of Life or Death?," "Why Joggers Are Running Scared," "How Much Exercise Is Too Much?," "The Limits of Exercise," "Too Much of a Good Thing" and—summing up the backlash—"Is Exercise Overrated?"

Is it? It depends on who's doing the rating. Everyone seems to agree that, all things being equal, exercise probably is better for you than no exercise; but beyond that, there's little certainty. Absolutes are in especially short supply when it comes to long-term effects: The masses simply haven't been doing this stuff long enough to enable researchers to judge its impact on life expectancy. Still, some facts are known.

THE BAD NEWS

Fixx's death was a fluke. One recent study of cardiac patients found that the incidence of heart attack during exercise is the same as or less than its incidence in people "crossing the street, lying in bed or driving a car." Another calculated that Americans suffer only one death per 396,000 hours of jogging. Fixx had a family history of heart disease and had neglected his condition. For him, exertion was a trigger for a heart attack, not a cause.

However, it's now commonly agreed that exercise holds more perils than were perceived in the initial fervor of the fitness boom. Among the more obvious is wear and tear on bones and muscles. Half a century ago, Dr. Hans Selye of Montreal's McGill University subjected a group of rats to physical stress. He let some of them recover; they grew stronger. The rest were put through their paces again and they became weaker.

It's the same with humans. When you have an exhausting (concluded on page 180)

THE BOTTOM LINE ON EXERCISE





*a pictorial tribute to
the first lady of the mansion*

Carrie Leigh



LET'S FACE IT, Playboy Mansion West is an imposing piece of work. Five and a half lush acres in Holmby Hills, with zoo, hidden grotto, beautiful people. One gets the idea that Hef watches *Dynasty* to see how the less fortunate live. This is home to a man who doesn't go out for Big Macs, doesn't care if he ever sees Herb and thinks jogging is something you do to your memory. On a recent visit, we strolled the grounds. In the Library, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and writer Leo (Yeager) Janos were collaborating on Hef's autobiography. Near the bathhouse, workmen were laying the foundation for an underground exercise room. At the pool, a Playboy Channel crew was setting up a shooting. Then we met the lady of the house, Carrie Leigh.

She came. He saw. They concurred. That was the romantic essence of their first meeting three years ago. Since then, Canadian fashion model and actress Carrie Leigh (opposite and above) and PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner have been constant companions at Playboy Mansion West.





Carrie's photo magic derives from her multifaceted personality and her strong sense of style. She never appears to be the same person twice. As a model in Toronto, she developed a love for the visual language of fashion. She's drawn to those expressions that reflect bold, dramatic moods.



*F*or the past three years, Carrie has been Hef's special companion. Maybe she is the reason he is thinking about exercise. We asked her what it was like to be center stage in a perpetual episode of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. "When you fall in love," Carrie began, "you don't think about how you're going to handle living in this big Mansion, with its constant stream of beautiful girls and celebrities. You just sort of fall right into it. It's love. And then, later on, it hits you—'Hey, wait a minute! There're a few things I have to deal with here.'" How *does* a 22-year-old deal with a man old enough to be her, uh, lover? How does a woman whose life's just beginning deal with a man who's writing his life story? How does she establish equal footing?



Carrie's personal magic is subtler. She moves her 5'8½" body with a slow, deliberate grace. Her quiet demeanor and apparent sensitivity suggest fragility, but Carrie can be both assertive and outspoken. Her obvious inner strength comes from a clear notion of who she is and who she is not.

*E*nergy is the answer. Take the simple matter of games: "I play gin with the guys here two or three nights a week," she said in her best John Wayne twang. "I'm the only girl who's allowed to play in those games. And I've been winning more than losing. They love having a woman in the game who knows what she's doing." After one particularly impressive evening, film director Richard Brooks presented her with a framed blowup of a queen of spades, with the caption **CARRIE IS MY NAME—GIN RUMMY IS MY GAME.**



Carrie Leigh brings a sharp mind, a sensuous glamor and an intriguing presence to Playboy Mansion West. Her devotion to her relationship with Hef is matched by her determination in self-development. She has made an auspicious start.







Hef and Carrie have also expanded each other's taste in music. He introduced her to jazz. She responded with her latest pop favorites—Grace Jones and Tears for Fears. They sing to each other. Can you imagine a Jones version of *My Funny Valentine* or a Fears rendition of *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*? Carrie and Hef enjoy movies the way Cecil B. De Mille intended them to be enjoyed—on the big screen, with popcorn. At (text concluded on page 166)



Experience in front of the still camera has made Carrie's transition to movies easy. She relishes the added dimensions afforded by acting and has committed herself to learning the craft. Her first role is in Blake Edwards' "A Fine Mess."





"Our main characters were Sixties-vintage dope dealers named Woodstock Nathan and Fillmore West."

who co-wrote the final script with Ramis. With an original sound track by Cliff and a crossed-palm-tree logo for the T-shirt trade, this one, as they say, looks like it can't miss.

Over on the beach in a far corner of the cove, a wind machine is filling a silky red-and-yellow parasail. The stunt crew is working on Andrea Martin's broken-rope parasailing scene, in which she lands in the palm trees. In that scene, Bill Morrissey is Andrea Martin. He's a sandy-mustached stunt man from Orlando, who will wear a dark wig and will be seen from a distance. The crew is having a problem with the sometimes prevailing wind. The wind-machine-and-powerboat combo is getting Morrissey up from the beach, but once he's up above the rocky bluff, the wind wants to blow him down against the rocks. I saw one try where he barely missed scraping his ass or worse as he soared low over the point. He told me he preferred jumping out of airplanes.

Skinny, shirtless British assistant directors are running all over the place, two-way radios in hand spitting static at them, riding herd like sheep dogs, getting things and people to be where they belong under ever-shifting conditions.

The whole crew is British, somehow cheaper than an American crew because they're shooting in Jamaica but also, by general consent, better than any other crews. Lee Brothers Electric, the sparks, out of London, are legendary. They'll go on location anywhere without blinking an eye. The Green Hell of Bolivia, from which no one has ever come back alive? You got it, guv.

The amount of detail, the convergence of energy, thousands of man-hours' worth, that go into getting 90 minutes of comedy is absolutely mind-boggling. The company has taken over an entire resort for office space, for instance. The draftsmen, art department, transportation people, assistants to the assistants, all have as offices duplex resort suites with little kitchens and views of the landscaped grounds. They so dried up the local vehicle pool, they had to persuade the local dealer selling LAATs—an Eastern-bloc auto that makes old Russian jokes live again—to turn out all the new cars in his showroom on lease to the movie company. On the far side of Port Antonio, they've turned a big warehouse into a carpentry shop—from which this whole funky-but-nice fake beach resort has been built. They're even rebuilding and spiffing up the downtown

square a bit, to make it look, I guess, more authentically Caribbean—repairing reality one more time.

This \$19,000,000 activity is all the stranger to me because none of it would be happening if Chris Miller and I hadn't had a terrible time at a Club Med in 1979. He was recovering from oral surgery, I from a divorce, and he suggested we go to the swinging Club Med on Guadeloupe. We were wildly out of place, at least ten years older than everybody else, a group tending toward young nurses and boy execs on their first tropical vacations.

It was awful, like being trapped in a singles bar for a week.

When we got back, Chris and I decided to write a humor piece about it, at the very least, to vent our spleen and, more important, to write off the trip for the IRS. We sat in my living room tossing ideas around for a couple of hours, getting deeper and deeper into libel and slander. Then we both had the same flash: This would make a great movie. And so was born *Club Sandwich*.

Chris, along with Doug Kenney and Harold Ramis, had been one of the writers of *Animal House*. Doug had since formed a production company with Michael Shamberg, who's producer on *Club Paradise*, and Alan Greisman, who's executive producer. They had a deal with 20th Century Fox and were looking for properties. So Chris went out to Hollywood to pitch *Club Sandwich*. And then, wonder of wonders, they said yes—we had a deal.

Chris now refers to this project as his Vietnam. Neither of us, at the time, it turned out, really knew how to write a screenplay. I had never written one before, and Chris had co-written only one—huge success though it was. And while all three of them had split the writing of *Animal House*, Chris's deepest contribution had been his *life*. The whole thing started from his real-life experiences at Dartmouth. It had been mainly Harold who supplied the structure, put all their funny ideas into some pleasing order. And it was the absence of structure that did Chris and me in (though Chris, braver than I, has stuck with screenwriting, learned his lessons well and become very good at it, indeed).

We worked on the screenplay for more than a year, daily sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire. Don't misunderstand. We wrote some very funny stuff, but none of it hung together. We had lots of shiny ornaments but no Christmas tree.

Among our main characters in the first

draft of this beach comedy was a creature from outer space, taking a vacation tour of this part of the universe. Like a giant, friendly *mop*, the alien had many tentacles and six eyes on stalks and had learned English by listening to Henry Kissinger tapes. "Vell? Volleybowl, anyone?" He was sweet—rather, it was. Another character was Sol the Shark, the actual one from *Jaws*, now wearing gold chains and visiting Club Sandwich to get away from the phonies in Hollywood. There was a time warp in that one, too, with a samurai warrior suddenly appearing on the nude beach. Our main characters were a hapless pair of Sixties-vintage dope dealers named Woodstock Nathan and Fillmore West, who were trying to hide out from the law in this square, awful resort. We were hoping for John Belushi for Woodstock—that's how long ago this was.

Our producers, including Doug, weren't exactly thrilled by this draft; and in retrospect, it's hard to blame them. They brought us out to Hollywood in June 1980 and put us up in suites at the Château Marmont for a month of meetings and rewrites. They explained that movie audiences are young and that the only people interested in old hippies are other old hippies.

For me, it was heady stuff: in the 20th Century Fox parking lot seeing a \$70,000 Porsche with the vanity plate RERITE. Meeting Mel Brooks's desk—Mel was out at the time. Sitting two tables away from foxy Fox president Sherry Lansing at lunch. Getting tips on reverse California roll from Starsky himself at the Imperial Gardens *sushi* bar on Sunset. Drinking at the Whiskey with Doug and Brian Doyle-Murray and John Candy. Sitting behind his eminence Father Guido Sarducci at an early rough-cut screening of *Caddyshack*, which Harold and Doug were just finishing, a pre-cleaned-up Chevy Chase sitting nearby looking puffy and zoned. On and on. One afternoon in Beverly Hills, I saw the back of what looked like a dry cleaner's

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THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

Continuing *The Playboy Gallery's* tradition of bringing you the best of *PLAYBOY* art and photography, we present Vanna White, named best game-show hostess in our *March Playboy Guide: The Best*. Vanna, who is watched (and, no doubt, worshiped) by millions of fans of television's *Wheel of Fortune*, was photographed by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. On the flip side, you'll find a splendid interpretation of a *Playmate* by Salvador Dali; it appeared in our January 1967 feature *The Playmate as Fine Art*. This water color, commissioned by *PLAYBOY*, is part of the extensive art collection at *Playboy Mansion West*.





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





"The bomb exploded in his face, but somehow he emerged from the smoke and dust without a scratch."

officers at national headquarters always complained about the quality of his paperwork. But they knew that his skills as a sapper were irreplaceable.

Traffic is snarled for blocks around the area, and while the sirens and loudspeakers scream and shout the emergency, demanding that pedestrians clear the streets, Maishe listens to a senior officer on the scene explaining how long it could yet take to clear the streets in the vicinity of the car bomb. "You can't do it any faster?" he asks, calculating the few minutes he'd have to work.

"We're going as fast as we can," the officer answers, knowing that it doesn't matter that he outranks Maishe by four career ranks. Until Maishe and any other sappers on the scene finish their work, they will outrank everyone.

While Maishe listens, he thinks about what he heard in the jeep about the origin of the report of the suspicious car. An unidentified woman called the police emergency number and said she had seen "somebody who looks like an Arab" running from the car "and leaving the door open."

The remark about the Arab doesn't make much of an impression on Maishe, who also looks like an Arab—his mother is Iraqi, his father Bulgarian—but the facts that somebody was seen *running* away from an old car in such a place, the car wasn't parked but *abandoned*, with the driver's door wide-open, and it *was* stolen are all strong indications of danger.

He approaches the car but doesn't yet open the trunk or the hood. Looking inside, he sees aluminum balloons of cooking gas in the back seat. Brown-paper bags full of penny nails are piled around the gas bottles. The penny nails are another sign, for they make the best shrapnel.

Maishe goes back to his jeep, parked at the end of the street facing the Opel. He decides to wait for Danny, the other sapper on duty that morning. A car bomb is a two-man job.

Meanwhile, patrolmen and soldiers on the scene work to get the people away from danger. A soldier trying to help the police clear the crowds that gathered along the sidewalks gets too close to the car, and Maishe shouts for him to "move ass." The soldier, an M-16 slapping against his thigh, runs away.

Danny arrives in a blue-and-white patrol van used by the sappers, who get chauffeured by drivers specially trained for bomb-squad duty.

While Maishe is all military precision packed into a fire-hydrant body, Danny is tall and lanky, his hair always a little too

fashionable and long for a police officer. Maishe rarely puts together more than a dozen words and can remain still for hours, while Danny rarely stops moving, using his hands to describe everything, shifting from foot to foot as he listens to Maishe's assessment of the situation.

They make their plans for action—Maishe to the trunk, Danny to the hood—and the two of them walk slowly toward the car, to look for detonators and to find out where the explosives are hidden.

On elbows and thighs, they crawl under the car, turning onto their backs to look for telltale wiring or grease and dirt that doesn't match the rest of the undercarriage. Finding nothing there, they get up and turn to the closed trunk and hood.

Maishe goes to the trunk, carefully and gingerly using a knife to inch open the lock. They are well practiced at breaking into closed cars and sometimes joke that they could make a much better living stealing Mercedes.

Danny opens the hood. When he raises it, everybody within viewing distance can see the scrawled Arabic written on the underside: FATAH! REMEMBER SABRA AND SHATILAH, referring, of course, to the massacre of Palestinians that took place in September 1982, while Israeli troops were occupying Beirut. In two weeks, it will be the anniversary of the murders committed by Phalangist allies of the Israelis during Israel's ill-fated invasion of its northern neighbor.

While Maishe studies the timing device and detonator connected to what he estimates to be at least 25 kilograms of TNT in the trunk of the car, Danny looks for a booby trap, a backup detonator devised to set off the bomb if the car is restarted, even if the timer is disconnected.

Maishe calls Danny to the back of the car. The two men study the detonation system and synchronize their watches to the old Bulova. All three now read 9:17 A.M. The device is set so that the bomb will explode at ten.

Even if Danny hadn't been on duty, Maishe would have called him. For if Maishe is the commander of the squad, Danny, at 38 its oldest member, is its inspiration.

He has more gray above the sideburns than anybody else in a group in which 25-year-olds are often grayer than their 50-year-old fathers. And Maishe has the job that a lot of people thought should have gone to Danny.

But Danny never wanted to be the officer in charge, not in the army and not in the police. Danny didn't want to have to wrestle with the paperwork—or, worse,

the responsibility. Even after getting a promotion from policeman to inspector, he still writes POLICEMAN where he could write the higher rank on all the paperwork he does.

"Call it luck if you want," he tells new drivers who ask why he doesn't advertise his rank. "As long as I've been in the business, I've written POLICEMAN, and nothing's happened to me yet. Why should I change things?"

Superstition and almost ritualistic routine are part of the sapper's job. One of Danny's superstitions and rituals involves not using the siren unless it's absolutely necessary—or absolutely unnecessary. If he doesn't have the *feeling* on a routine call to a suspicious object, he doesn't want the siren blaring or the tires squealing on his way to the scene.

"Our hearts will be beating fast enough when I've finished doing the job," he tells new drivers, who have to learn quickly about all the superstitions in the group if they want to remain with the squad.

Another superstition involves photographs. The two sappers who died in Jerusalem in the Seventies agreed to be photographed for newspaper stories, and each was killed within a month of those photo sessions. Since then, sappers don't like having their pictures taken.

Nor do they want their proper names mentioned in public. Newspapers and TV newscasts are prohibited by the military censor from using their photographs or names. Even if they are among the most celebrated people in Israel, they remain anonymous, hidden for their own good behind pseudonyms.

They never break routines—not the normal routines of life, such as getting up every day at the same time, nor the small routines involved in putting on protective gear. The leggings are pulled on first, and only then do they don the flak vest.

When in the company of sappers, never make a casual comment about how "things have been quiet lately." Mentioning a period of quiet can break the spell. And never call it a bomb; call it a device.

The sappers always refer to the object as a device. To call it a bomb, it seems, would be a kind of admission that the thing could explode. By calling it a device, they make it mechanical, technical, professional, undramatic; yet as they discuss the work, they always reach a point where the science of the job is best explained by the *feeling*, by gut instinct. And, of course, by luck. And when somebody is hurt—or worse—luck, not the sapper, is blamed.

The luckiest of them all was also the unluckiest.

Itzik, a pudgy, soft-spoken sapper, once had "50 grams of TNT get past his ugly face," as Danny describes it.

Itzik had been working on a small device in which a matchbox had been packed with TNT and connected to a watch. The bomb exploded in his face, but

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ILLUSTRATION BY CATHY BARANCIK



ULTIMATE PLEASURES

what easily orgasmic women look for from a lover

Last month, we showed what easily orgasmic women bring to the act of love and that every woman is the product of her sexual past. Orgasm is in part the result of individual experience, in part the result of creativity. Ecstasy is the meeting of attitude and attention. Technique is only part of the story. This month, we explore the realm of fantasy and sex itself.

Today, men are focused on your clitoris, like, "Oh, God, look! I found the magic spot!" But wait a minute, boys—there's still a lot of territory out here, and it's all connected! —CORAL

ON ONE LEVEL, sexual arousal and orgasm are natural and simple; on another level, they are learned and complex. For clarity, we have divided Part Two into a section describing primarily physical aspects and a section describing primarily mental aspects. In life, there is no such distinction. A woman's body and mind are exquisitely blended at orgasm—perhaps as a prerequisite to orgasm.

Making love is sharing, and lovers delight in the feelings of joy experienced by

part two of an article

By
MARC and JUDITH
MESHORER

their partners. In the interplay of excitement, there is no clear division of pleasure, but there are moments when one or the other takes or is given erotic stage center. And an easily orgasmic woman makes sure of such moments—when a man focuses his energies on giving her sexual pleasure. Sexually, there is “more” of her, a more intricate system—her entire erogenous body, her extensive genital network, her mind, particularly her emotions. Usually, she is slower than a man to become sexually aroused and, ideally, more actual lovemaking time is expended upon her pleasure. And, once thoroughly aroused, she has a greater orgasmic capacity than a man—the potential, bestowed by nature, to reach another climax more quickly. “You feel everything,” one woman told us. “The whole body is erotic, and a lot of men don’t know that.”

When a woman communicates her sexual needs and cues her partner to her state of arousal, it’s little to ask in return that he be a considerate lover. Even when she prepares herself for sex—and even when she’s easily orgasmic—a woman wants time for romantic affection and foreplay and for making herself ready for orgasm. And, for a number of women, foreplay—manual or oral stimulation—is one of the best parts of lovemaking and may be the *only* way in which they are consistently orgasmic.

When they are slow to become aroused, 20 percent of the women in our study are best aroused through caressing—ears, lips, buttocks, toes, anything but their genitals. Kissing is a nice way to start: “I enjoy kissing more than any other foreplay.” And stroking the skin can be especially erotic: “I want hands over my whole body.” “Full-body contact arouses me.” “Caress *everything*.” Caress “the undersides of my arms,” “my shoulder blades, abdomen, top of the *mons*,” “my buttocks, the back of my knees,” “inside my thighs, my legs.” Kiss, nibble, suck or massage “my ear lobes, the nape of my neck, my eyelids,” “my back, belly and thighs,” “the whole of my feet, my toes.” For ten percent of the women, feet and toes are a prominent focus of erotic turn-on.

One woman is orgasmic when her husband simply holds her—“Sometimes, after I’ve come once or twice, we talk and he holds me without other contact, and I come again in his arms”—another, when her lover kisses the small of her back or either side of her neck; and another, from kissing one side only: “A neck kiss on only my right side can bring my first or a later orgasm. The feeling starts at a spot on the side and trills down my back to my pelvis and vagina.”

“Tits are sensuous—I need them handled, kissed and massaged.”

“Cup the whole breast; for me, the outer edges are a place of major turn-on.”

“I fondle my own breasts at orgasm—and wish that men did more of it.”

For many women who are aroused by

breast stimulation, the nipple is especially sensitive: “Circling my nipple and areola is the most erotic preliminary.”

“My hard nipples are fabulously sensitive.”

“If he gently sucks on my nipples, the feelings travel through my body.”

Some notes of caution: A few women find their nipples *too* sensitive, particularly during the minutes following orgasm, and prefer that they not be stimulated. Further, some women simply do not enjoy breast or nipple stimulation, or enjoy it “depending on the quality of touch.” And, finally, some partners overdo a good thing—they continuously stimulate the area, rendering it too sensitive or painful. Unless partners know otherwise, the best approach is an intermittent touch, with lips, tongue or fingers nipping, brushing or gliding in circles, perhaps gently intensified as a woman nears her orgasm.

Of the women in this study, 20 percent have been orgasmic from breast stimulation alone: “Every now and then, I can start right off by telling my partner to keep on nibbling, with little bites and caresses, until I come.”

“Just before I come, my mind concentrates on my vaginal area, even if [the stimulation] started at my nipple.”

Another woman says, “I like both a soft and an aggressive touch, on my nipples or on my full breasts, and sometimes I feel there’s a wire from my breasts straight into my vagina. A straight pipeline—all he has to do is touch me there and the feelings go straight down. I have orgasms that way. I’ll be still, relaxed, concentrating on the feelings; and all of a sudden, my whole body will shake involuntarily from head to toe, with rushes, chills and quivers.”

For a number of women, the *labia*, both inner and outer, are an area of exquisite sensation. Partners should always add them to clitoral stimulation. Several women are orgasmic from primarily labial (with a little clitoral) touch.

Ninety percent of the women report being orgasmic from manual-genital stimulation. The ways women prefer it vary greatly.

Ginger: “I love it with my clothes on, through underpants or jeans.”

Coral: “Mainly with my *labia*, and deep inside my vagina.”

Other women: “Whole-hand pressure on the area.” “All at once—clitoral, vaginal and anal.” “I prefer fingers inside me, very little clitoral.” “Vagina, clit and my whole pubic *mons*.” “Vaginal, in and out, clitoral, side to side—and please throw in a tongue!” We recall Coral’s statement that men seem focused on the clitoris. With manual stimulation, particularly, many women prefer the vagina or a combination of vagina and clitoris—or a partner’s simultaneous use of mouth, fingers and limbs, all the while caressing the woman’s entire responsive body.

Eighty-five percent of the women are orgasmic from cunnilingus, and a few others,

though it does not bring them to orgasm, thoroughly enjoy the feelings. For several women, a genital kiss gives them their favorite sensations. As one says, “I’m orgasmic from everything, but if I had to give one up, oral or intercourse, at this point I’d stay with oral.”

A woman’s complete, abandoned enjoyment of cunnilingus usually takes both time and experience. Ingrid: “I was always orgasmic from manual and oral sex, but I thought oral was very different. For one thing, I figured that if a partner did it to me, I’d have to do it to him, and I didn’t want him coming in my mouth. But also, for a while, I just thought it was terrible—that of all the times you shouldn’t be orgasmic, it was during oral love. I had a real taboo feeling about that for a long time. I felt I should warn my partner that I was ready to climax, to let him pull away and have regular sex. But he never seemed to mind—so I never said anything.”

Constance: “At first, I wasn’t comfortable and would not allow myself to relax, to enjoy the feelings. Then I had a very considerate partner. He let me know he enjoyed it and that he’d never done oral love with just any passing acquaintance. That’s quite flattering to a lady, that a man is that intimate with you and wants to make you that happy. He would make love to me orally for almost an hour to bring me to orgasm. After that, I learned to relax, and it became easier, quicker . . . *real* easy! Sometimes you have to kiss just my thighs.”

And a few women, though they have come to enjoy oral sex, still have substantial reservations. We are reminded of Emily, who always showers when oral sex is likely. These are the feelings of another woman, from a fundamentalist Christian background: “I guess it’s because as women, we’re so often brought up with the idea that that part of us is dirty. For a long time, I just couldn’t believe that the person stimulating me orally was really enjoying it himself. Once I believed that, it allowed me to enjoy it—but I still have few orgasms orally.”

There are other reservations:

“My husband likes it more than I do. I prefer him face to face, up here with me.”

“I can’t help it. I still think putting his mouth on my pussy is dirty.”

“The stimulation is just too intense, and men don’t know how to do it.”

When a woman is slow to become aroused, oral sex is mentioned most often as the form of physical stimulation most likely to get her started.

Clitoral stimulation, manual or oral, is an art requiring a partner’s talent—yet no matter how intuitive or experienced he may be, without a woman’s feedback, his success is, at best, erratic. As Tracy stated, the focus of pleasure is a “moving hot spot,” differing from moment to moment and never alike in two women. Of course, many men are insensitive and assume that



"Chemical spill? What chemical spill? Anybody here know anything about a chemical spill?"

all women are similar, or simply have no knowledge of how most women function.

Dorothy, a peppery redhead, exclaims, "I can tell you exactly the difference between a good one and a bad one. If a man goes down on you and the first thing he does is take your clit in his mouth and suck—that's a bad one! If he would just take his tongue and soothe my clit lightly—that's all he has to do! For some reason, they like to suck on it. But it's like a woman's giving a blow job—*she* wouldn't just suck; she knows better than that. It's different if you're close to orgasm; then he can use some suction, but before that, it's only irritating."

About half the women we surveyed preferred direct stimulation of the clitoris. By direct, we mean stimulation of the tip of the glans, where it protrudes from the hood or covering membrane.

Here are some examples of a preference for indirect stimulation, usually involving manual touch:

"I like it around the sides of my hood as well as along my *labia*. The glans and the top, where the hood blends into my *labia*, are always much too sensitive."

"Light pressure and more spread out, with the palm in a circular motion. Most men get too direct and intense."

The area at the top of the hood, covering the spot where the clitoris enters the pubis, is often one of extreme sensitivity. For many women, it is much too sensitive for comfort; for a small number of other women, however, when they are well advanced toward climax, stimulation of that area can trigger multiple orgasms.

Here are examples of preferences for more direct stimulation, usually involving oral sex:

"Direct, with pressure on the whole area. I love it when he takes his tongue and sweeps from back to front, from my tush through my vagina, across the tip of my glans and up to the top of my clitoris."

"After a while, I want it all—direct lapping, off-and-on vibration with his full tongue and sucking on my clitoris."

"Direct and very firm on my glans. It's a little painful at first, but I still like it."

Naturally, a substantial number of women desired both indirect and direct stimulation. A distinct trend emerged. Almost every woman who desired both wished to begin with a light, indirect sensation and touch, then move to more directness, more intensity and pressure, only as she neared her orgasm: "An easy, circular pressure and touch—but then, at orgasm, steady and direct on my glans, please."

"Back and forth, lightly across the hood and even the sides of my legs, then, near orgasm, pressure right on the tip."

This is hardly a rule, however—one woman likes the opposite: "I like the feeling in the middle of the hood, left, right, the sides, in a firm, circular motion. But then, at orgasm, I like more indirect pressure, spread to the entire vulval area."

Timing and touch are critical. If a lover dwells too long on one spot or returns to it too quickly or applies too much intensity too early, pleasure soon turns to annoyance or discomfort:

"I like it strong, and directly under the little hood—but surely not constant, in one place only."

"I prefer direct stimulation—but after a big orgasm, please don't touch me for at least five minutes."

"Vary the touch and area. Use some movement—and a lot of imagination."

Half the women in this study freely caress their own bodies while making love, and many partners find it highly arousing. The other half rarely, if ever, caress themselves while making love with a partner. The reasons are varied. A woman may feel that touching her body is purely her partner's province. Many feel inhibited—shy is a common word—and several feel that caressing themselves reduces their sensuous aura: "Sometimes I'd like to, but I'm embarrassed, and if I did I feel that I'd lose some seductiveness." Other women are mainly concerned with a partner's adverse reaction: "I'm afraid he'd feel threatened, that he'd construe it as meaning he wasn't good enough by himself." "I'd fear he'd think I'm too kinky, or more into myself than him." And a woman who never masturbates is unlikely to touch her clitoris, though the very same woman may lovingly touch her breasts.

But a woman is often highly aroused by touching her skin and parts of her body. Particularly when using a rear-entry position for intercourse or when she needs extra clitoral sensation to be orgasmic during intercourse and a partner fails or finds it awkward to adequately provide it, a woman may find that self-stimulation gives her total enjoyment.

"I love to caress my clitoris when his tongue is in my vagina or along my lips and inner thighs. When he takes me from behind, I cup myself with both my hands for stimulation and pressure."

"I'm open about touching myself. Even when I'm riding on top, I need a lot of moistness and clitoral stroking and pressure, and I'm never shy about helping my partner get me to come—he should enjoy my pleasure. Most partners like it—I've noticed it gets some wildly excited—but frankly, if they don't, I couldn't care less."

The anus is a region of highly erotic sensation. When stimulated, its muscles transmit sensation to adjoining areas. Anal muscles contract when a woman experiences orgasm. The anus, however, can be an area rife with prohibitions—some emotional, some aesthetic and others based on considerations of hygiene or past unpleasant experience.

More than two thirds of the women sometimes enjoy anal petting as a part of their lovemaking episodes. We emphasize *sometimes*, because anal stimulation is a very quixotic pleasure:

"Odd, but sometimes it arouses me and

sometimes it grosses me out."

"Sometimes a finger slipped in my tush can help bring me to orgasm, yet sometimes it only distracts me."

"It's a very sensitive area, and I like it within my control, not someone else's." So a woman's enjoyment of anal stimulation often depends on her partner, her mood, the situation, her state of arousal. Caring partners respect her decisions.

Anal petting encompasses a variety of stimuli, from light external caressing to slight penetration with finger or tongue or full, deep finger penetration; and, as noted above, a woman's desires are variable. Whatever the degree of stimulation, the purpose is increasing a woman's arousal, not indulging her partner. Some men fantasize about deep anal penetration of a woman as the expression of their dominance and her absolute loss of control, her willing and eager submission. This hardly helps most women reach orgasm.

In any event, a woman who relishes anal stimulation usually enjoys it in combination with other stimuli or mainly as a boost across her orgasmic threshold:

"Of course I like an external touch—it's part of making love and a nice added stimulus. I do it to my husband, too."

"No hang-ups here, but deep finger penetration can smart for a while until your bottom adjusts to it—then it's fantastic in combination with cunnilingus."

"A finger inside is a powerful boost to building sexual tension, and I'm particularly orgasmic when it comes near the end of intercourse. I feel so wide and extended that my body just opens and comes."

Before any type of anal penetration, a woman should be substantially aroused and more than abundantly lubricated. Any entry should be made with care. Gentleness, hesitation, a slow, gradual increase of pressure, with frequent pauses and even withdrawals, can aid penetration. The anus is unlike the vagina; quickly discard notions of a thrusting entry. It is usually also advisable to keep penetration shallow. In a healthy, natural state, the anal muscles are tightly constricted, and the rectum is unaccustomed to sudden, thrusting intrusion. A woman needs time to relax her muscles and let her mounting erotic feelings overcome pain. Even women who are orgasmic during anal intercourse have to get past discomfort or pain to get to arousal.

Provided they obtain additional clitoral or other stimulation, ten percent of the women we talked with are orgasmic during anal intercourse. An additional ten percent of the women report having been orgasmic when full anal intercourse was their only stimulation.

For many women, anal intercourse is simply an arousing fantasy, not to be confused—by men—with their wish to actually do it. Few women completely enjoy anal penetration, and those women who do have usually obtained a very high pitch

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PIRELLI'S HOT DATES

FOR YEARS, sophisticates and auto mechanics on the Continent have ogled the annual photographic miracle known as The Pirelli Calendar. The tire company has become as well known for its taste in women as for its products. Whenever one had the tires rotated on one's Aston Martin, one could spend a few moments reflecting on the state of womankind. It made paying the bill a bit easier, we suppose. In 1975, for some unknown reason, the company ceased publishing a calendar. Fans had to go to auctions at Christie's to fight for old copies. Western civilization as we knew it had come to an end. No less a personage than actor David Niven mourned the passing of the calendar: "Pirelli gave our dreams form and once we saw them, we knew that standards had been set that would last us a long, possibly a life, time." Say amen.

in europe, a tire company's calendar has been a collector's item for years. its reputation is not overinflated



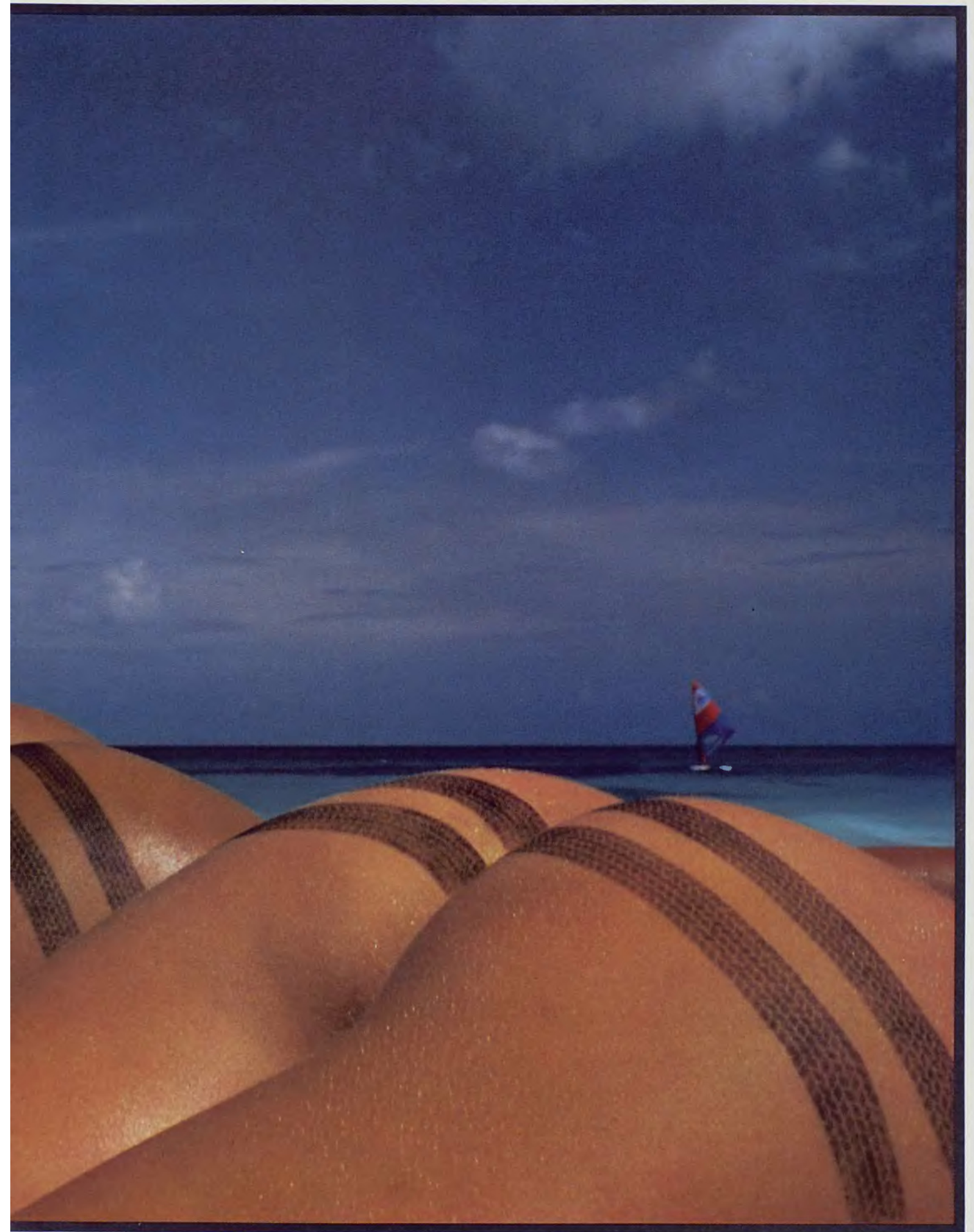


1984

For some, 1984 will be remembered as the title of a George Orwell novel. For others, it will be remembered as the year of the second coming, the return of The Pirelli Calendar. Art director/designer Martyn Walsh took it upon himself to persuade the company to revive the calendar. "I proposed a series of abstract ideas that featured the tread pattern of Pirelli's P6 tire. I contacted Uwe Ommer to take the photos, and off we set for the island of Eleuthera in the Bahamas."

The results of the Eleuthera shoot were stunning, as you can see from these three pictures. Once again, The Pirelli Calendar gladdened people with bald heads and bald tires. "The calendar is unique," says Walsh, "in that it has to satisfy the man who changes the tires in the garage and the captains of industry. The managing director of Pirelli said to me before the shoot, 'I want a calendar that I can feel proud to take home and show to my wife.' And he did." Perhaps she realized, as did the rest of the world, just how erotic the concepts of traction and handling are. Just skidding, folks.





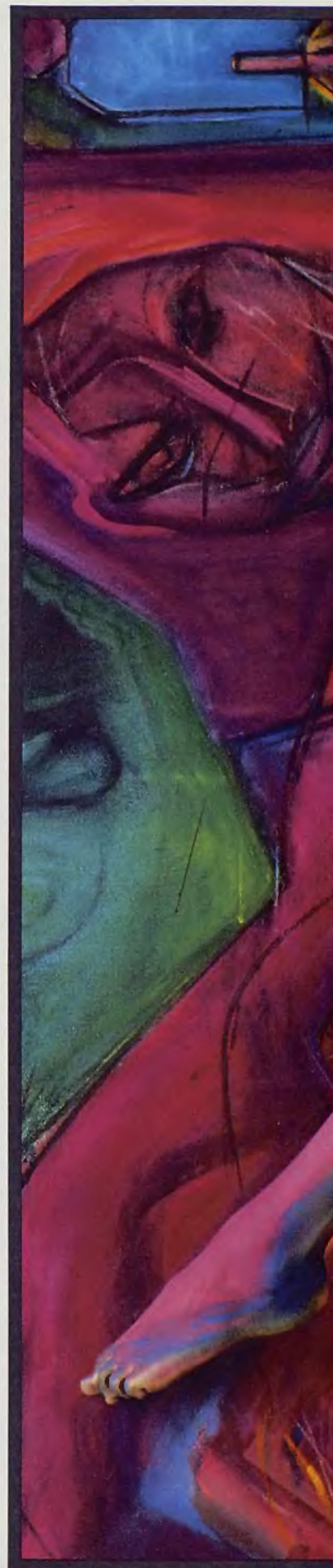


1985



Pirelli liked Walsh's efforts in 1984, so it asked for an encore: "I proposed an idea that had grown out of the 1984 calendar, for which I had stenciled a girl's body to make it look as though she were wearing a swimsuit. This set me thinking of clothes made with a tire-tread design in them. Why not real clothes made by real designers? Why not a Pirelli collection?" If someone came to us with the idea of designing a line of clothes that looked as if they had been run over by a truck, we might balk. But Walsh managed to enlist the aid of Zandra Rhodes, Jasper Conran, Bruce Oldfield (a favorite designer of Princess Di's), Patricia Roberts, and others. "In all, I got the top 12 fashion designers, plus Butler & Wilson, the foremost jewelry designers in London, to make originals for the calendar. Norman Parkinson photographed the results. He brought to the shooting a look that was glamorous but never erotic." We don't know about that. Whatever it is, The Pirelli Calendar beats a flat tire.





1986

Who cares if Harvard M.B.A.s make \$50,000 a year? Art students still have all the fun. Hef has turned Chicago's Playboy Mansion into Hefner Hall, a dormitory for students from The Art Institute of Chicago, and Walsh has come up with an idea for the newest Pirelli Calendar. "I hired 12 students from the Royal College of Art to produce paintings that would appear in the photos. Their assignment was to produce a painting of any subject they wanted. There was only one stipulation, and that was that the painting should include a nude girl and the tire tread." Walsh contacted American Bert Stern to do the photography; it was the first time someone from the colonies had participated in a Pirelli project. "We took over a quaint old Elizabethan hotel outside Stroud, England. At night, over dinner and some reasonable bottles of claret, the ideas for the following day's photo would start to evolve, with everyone throwing in ideas." We can't wait for next year. What does Pirelli have in store for us—Princess Di, naked, wearing a tiara of tires?



FIDELITY WARS!

(continued from page 85)

"When the CD came along, I was ripe. I was sick of buying a new stylus every six months."

mistrack. And some of us seldom bothered to replace the record in its sleeve—or in its jacket, for that matter. Worse, we sometimes let the stylus take care of our record-cleaning chores by plowing the grooves clean.

And then the entire sordid house of cards came crashing down on us. Everything we'd read about record maintenance and stylus cleaning and tonearm balancing and drive-belt deterioration turned out to be true. And instead of being awash in beautiful sounds, we were awash in wow and flutter and click, click, click.

That's why, when the CD came along, I was ripe. I'd been lied to and cheated on. I was sick of buying a new stylus every six months. I'd tried cassettes, but the manufacturers usually opted for speedy duplication rather than accurate reproduction.

The discs offer superior sound, no adjustments and no maintenance. You can put one in a player and play it from now until the rent comes down and the last time will sound as good as the first. A CD will survive abuse far better than the common LP, because a CD is really a sandwich. Its microthin aluminum-foil center is embedded with tiny pits that are read by a laser pickup through the clear-plastic

sides. Nothing but light touches the surface of the disc.

One of the best things about CDs is the way they look. Before going into production with them, the recording companies and disc producers actually got together and standardized them. They were not going to have the Beta-vs.-VHS wars that slowed the growth of the video-cassette-recorder market. What they agreed on is a very sexy-looking package. Each 4 3/4" disc is like a gem, glittering in a rainbow *moiré* pattern. In fact, the flat clear-plastic containers that CDs come in have been dubbed jewel boxes. Attempts to substitute a cheaper cardboard packaging have been beaten down by the industry.

The sound is better because of a technology known as digitization, which involves, simply, slicing the music into thousands of pieces and giving each piece a numerical value. The nice thing about sound in that form is that it is easier to manipulate, easier to store and easier to retrieve from storage.

Until now, we've reproduced music by analog means. During recording, the music makes a needle vibrate and the vibration is traced in the vinyl. Later, another needle traces the same grooves and its vi-

brations are amplified back into music.

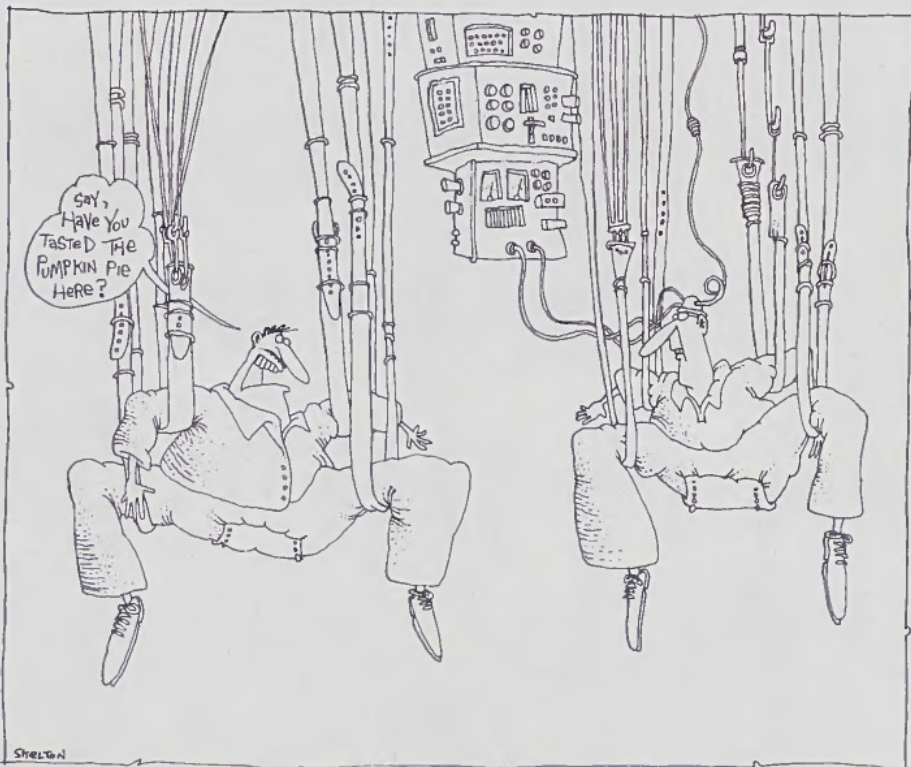
The accuracy of analog depends on the needle at your end's tracing the exact route of the stylus at the recording studio. The variables in such an undertaking are staggering—as is the cost of the equipment. A state-of-the-art audiophile turntable could go for as much as \$1500—sans cartridge and tonearm! Even with the best equipment, however, you are still getting less music than the musicians put out. That's because the range of some instruments is beyond the reproductive ability of the stylus-on-vinyl combination.

The advantages of a CD system were at first lost on a few diehards—LP purists and high-enders, who have a good portion of their fortunes invested in hand-carved onyx cartridges cantilevered and counterweighted to survive tremors approaching 6.8 and toddlers approaching 2'6". They set up a howl that this was tainted sound, ruined by this callous process. They said it was harsh and shrill and there was probably a lot of music missing in the spaces between the slices. They said the machines were too sensitive to vibration and mistracked if someone looked at them hard. In the first generation of machines and discs, there was a lot of truth to all that.

But then, the CD-player makers took another shot at it. They filled in the cracks with a technique called oversampling, which meant taking each of the thousands of pieces and breaking them down further for a better musical image. Then they added a couple more lasers, kind of like having three styluses instead of one, to decrease the chances of mistracking.

As for the harshness of the CD sound, the fault was harder to pinpoint. What had happened was that people were hearing a lot more than they were used to hearing: pages turned on music stands, coughing in the background, musicians taking breaths between phrases. All of this came through crystal-clear, because there was no surface noise clouding the sounds. Frankly, a lot of recording engineers were taken by surprise, and recording techniques had to be re-evaluated. High-frequency sounds that would have produced distortion if they were recorded analogously suddenly had lots of headroom. At first, there was a tendency to overplay the sonic quality and forget the musicality. That, of course, was what had probably offended the sensibilities of the high-enders. It took a few tries before engineers got the digital beast under control.

That wasn't the end of the objections, though. You could tell some people that you had improved every centimeter of the disc player and the discs and they would still hate CD. It's not a rational thing we are dealing with here. Deep down inside, purists don't believe that a CD provides real music. They think it's synthetic. They're like people who prefer "natural" vitamins to synthetic ones, even though



At The Hemorrhoid Research Center

they are chemically identical.

Let's face it: In the world of sound reproduction, there is no such thing as "real" music. It's all an approximation. All music exists only in the environment in which it's played and cannot exist in the same form outside it. You can't reproduce the feel of a concert hall or a recording studio in your living room unless you include such acoustical nuances as the echo of the French horns in the mezzanine or such human nuances as the shriek of the groupies in the control booth.

We at home are left trying to find some personally pleasing way to approximate what we would hear in a performance by live musicians. And in that, we have been very lucky lately, technologically speaking. Current home sound-reproduction equipment offers almost unlimited ways to vary the output to one's liking. Most people take advantage of that freedom, too. I have never played a record that didn't need more bass. I don't feel guilty about jacking up the bass, either, since I know that some guy in the recording studio tweaked the sound to his liking. And why should I be bound by what he liked?

It may not be personal preference that needs satisfying. Some minor tweaking of the sound is often necessary to accommodate the idiosyncrasies of the listening room. It's one of the ironies of audio that the soft couches and thick carpeting that

make a listening room pleasant to be in also make the music less effective than it should be. As a result, some of the hot-test-selling items in the audio-equipment field are equalizers and spectrum analyzers to help shape the sound to the contours of the room.

In other words, nowadays, we have the capability of small sound studios right in our homes. We are in control of the way our recorded music sounds.

What we haven't had to begin with, until now, is reasonably accurate recordings. We are learning that what we thought was high fidelity was at best mid-fi. The new CD players have sent sound engineers scurrying to design new tests for sonic sincerity. The CD process is so good that the old tests can't even measure the flaws.

While their aural purity in itself is more than enough to pull the curtain on the black vinyl, CD systems also offer previously unheard-of convenience. With 70 minutes of playing time, the CD can accommodate a full symphony or both sides of a conventional LP, with room to spare. That means no more getting up to play the flip side. The flip side is gone.

Unless you purchase a strictly bottom-of-the-line unit, you will probably have more programmability than you will ever use. You can, for example, play the same track repeatedly. Or go from the first track to the last in an instant. Or play the first,

third and fifth tracks until the neighbors complain—and if you have remote control, you can do it from your easy chair.

Car players that absorb railroad-track crossings without missing a beat are now available. Multiplay units are the latest configuration. You can stack six to ten discs in special cartridges and program them for all-day play.

Personal players that you can take with you deliver the same sonic purity as full-size players, because the basic hardware can't be compromised by using, say, cheap metal heads or styluses.

As for the discs themselves, prices are dropping and selection is increasing. Currently, there are about 5000 titles on CD, compared with about 50,000 on LP. CDs account for about 12 percent of recorded-music sales, and if the record industry were geared to manufacture the CDs faster, it could sell a lot more.

They played it cautious at first, not sure if the little laser discs would catch on. But they needn't have. The sonic superiority of CDs is apparent to anyone who takes the time to listen to one. And years from now, when the music they hold is found to be just as vibrant as on the day the disc was made, another fact will be clear: At last we've found a way to save our music for the ages.



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FIDELITY WARS!

(continued from page 85)

"The analog approach has evolved to the point where it is capable of astounding accuracy."

recording and audio-equipment companies, and you have a merchandising triumph. But do you have perfect sound? In the midst of this digital hype and industry coercion, why do some careful listeners continue to extol the virtues of analog sound? Does the LP possess any virtues to justify its continued existence?

An appreciation of the relative strengths and weaknesses of the LP and the CD requires some understanding of analog and digital, two ways in which a musical signal may be recorded and stored. Music is sound, which is a wave phenomenon; and to understand the principles of analog and digital signal processing, we must view sound as waves.

We have all seen wave-form displays dancing across an oscilloscope screen—or at least across our TV screens on late-night reruns of *The Outer Limits*. When an electrical signal carrying musical information is fed into an oscilloscope, the wave form, which changes with the music's volume and pitch, is shown on the screen. As the music gets louder, the crests of the wave forms get taller; as the pitch gets higher, the wave forms get narrower.

Ideally, in recording music, we want to

capture the shape of the wave form exactly as it enters the oscilloscope, without distorting it and without adding noise. Unfortunately, to make matters difficult, most musical wave forms are immensely complex, with several pitches being produced simultaneously by instruments played at different volumes. The resulting wave form would seem to be a chaotic and incomprehensible blur. Throughout our lives, though, we have taught our ear-brain system to unravel that chaos and interpret it as music—as long as the wave form's shape is not too badly altered or masked by noise.

Analog and digital systems handle this complex wave-form information in different ways. Analog strives to follow the wave form exactly. The higher the quality of the analog system, the better it can trace tiny wave-form details without overloading at the same time on high crests. The analog signal may be stored on magnetic tape or in the grooves of an LP record. The analog approach, which was first used with the Edison cylinders, has evolved to the point where it is capable of astounding accuracy in capturing that wave form. The Achilles'

heel of analog, though, is noise, which may take the familiar forms of tape hiss, record pops and ticks, and turntable rumble, to name but three. As genuine improvements are made in analog recordings and playback gear, noise is progressively lowered and the system's ability to resolve more detail on the wave form gets better. This is a great strength of analog: It can be continually improved.

Digital, on the other hand, operates on the assumption that the wave form has to be accurate only up to a point, beyond which no one can hear the difference anyway. What is to be achieved, however, is the absence of noise. The current digital system, as used in all CDs and most new LPs, captures what it does of the wave form by sampling. When the original digital recording is made, the musical wave form from the microphone goes into the digital recorder's analog-to-digital (A/D) converter. The wave form is then chopped, or sampled, approximately 44,000 times each second. Such a system is said to have a sampling rate of 44K. Each of these samples is then assigned a number, the maximum size of which is called the bit-word length, 16 bits being the current standard. These numbers may then be stored on tape or laser-etched into a compact disc. When the signal is in the form of numbers, it is extremely insensitive to noise and signal loss. This is a real strength of digital. However, because the ear-brain system does not hear numbers as music, playback of the recording requires reversion to analog by a digital-to-analog (D/A) converter. The D/A converter, with varying degrees of accuracy, reconstructs the wave form and sends it out to the playback amplifier and speakers. All audio compact discs conform to this 16-bit/44K system.

Analog may be likened to a photographic print and digital to a lithographic print. Photographic prints are subject to grain, haze, poor focus and color shift. Optimizing all these factors, while hideously difficult, can produce lovely results. Moreover, as finer-grain film, better-quality emulsions and sharper lenses are used, the print quality can always be improved.

Lithographic prints, on the other hand, are created by laying down a regular pattern of dots, the size and density of which may be varied to provide extremely tight processing control and excellent uniformity quickly and inexpensively. However, as practical as lithographic prints are, it is relatively easy to see their dot structure. A lithographic print can be enlarged to provide more detail only up to a certain point. If it's enlarged beyond that point, you don't see more detail, just more dots.

It could be argued that the ultimate lithographic print would approximate a fine-grain photographic print. For most print applications, such as popular magazines and newspapers, print-detail resolution doesn't really matter. For critical viewing, however, a standard fixed, coarse line screen would not be acceptable. Imagine



"Tell us, Mr. Riley, has your life changed much in the week since you won the lottery?"

your frustration if you could not go to a finer line screen to improve detail because there was a fixed, unimprovable industry standard based on the coarse line. That is essentially the case with the current, fixed digital standard.

Derrick Henry, writing in the June 1985 issue of *Opus*, points out the irreversibility of the current digital system: "Whereas the implementation of an analog medium can be improved without any definite limit, once one has chosen the word length [number of bits] and sampling rate, one has set forever an upper limit to the quality of a digital audio system." In fact, as the quality of the stereo playback system improves, CDs tend to become more disappointing, whereas high-quality analog sources become more satisfying.

Ivan Berger's column in the November 1985 issue of *Audio* presents an interesting perspective: "Analog builds models, or analogs, of the desired information on the optimistic assumption that our modeling technology is infinitely perfectible. . . . Digital starts from the cheerful admission that total perfection is impossible, then goes on to assume that we can, by choosing the specific degree of perfection we can live with, achieve it—not approximating perfection but perfecting our approximations. . . . Digital takes the idea of 'good enough' as its foundation."

The promoters of digital audio would have you believe that the limits or approximations of this system are "good enough" to be considered perfect. It would be nice if they were, because the public is now stuck with this system whether we like it or not.

Just how good is digital?

In spite of the unprecedented industry hype about the CD, there are many who are not enamored of its sound. There is a widely perceived lack of ambience in digital, along with an edgy or unnatural quality to violin overtones. Sounding-board resonances are muted. Delicate high-frequency transients and their overtones are lost in PCM digital recordings. Contrary to popular notion, the musical dynamics of CDs are compressed compared with those of high-quality analog recordings of the same material.

Controlled, rigorous listening tests of recording machines conducted by physicist/concert pianist Jim Boyk at the California Institute of Technology and reported in *Science News* indicated no superiority of the digital to the analog units. Indeed, in the Boyk tests, there was a general subjective preference for the analog units. Another recent test was conducted by a Sheffield Labs recording team at recording sessions of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf, as reported in *The Absolute Sound*. Identical two-channel microphone signals were sent to a variety of analog recording machines, as well as to a JVC digital recorder. Upon careful lis-

tening, the consensus was 12 to one in favor of *any* of the analog recording systems over the digital recorder. The JVC, by the way, is considered to be one of the best-sounding digital recorders. Edward Rothstein, writing in *New Republic*, sums it up: "The CD is an immediate, instantaneously impressive achievement, but it cannot be lived with in a sustained musical fashion. In a sound system of sufficient resolution, CDs end up sounding not like perfect sound but like perfectly unreal sound."

Apologists will say that criticisms of digital merely reflect the prejudices of those who cling to the past and to the romance of expensive turntables. But, in fact, most criticisms of digital are based on actual distortions in the system, most of which are unique to digital.

Dr. Roger Lagadec is chief of digital activities at the prestigious Studer/Revox firm in Switzerland, a world leader in the development and manufacture of professional-grade digital and analog recording equipment. The August 1985 *Stereo Review* quotes Dr. Lagadec as saying, "In Europe the CD was conceived of as a mid-fi product from the beginning. . . . I have no argument whatever with those who say that the performance of CD players varies and that the best of CD is lagging a bit behind the best of analog."

What distortions render the best of digital CD inferior to the best of analog?

The first and most obvious shortcoming of the current system is its sampling rate. Most experts agree that 44,000 times per second is marginal, too coarse. Everyone agrees that a higher rate would be better.

The current 44K sampling rate requires that a drastic filter be used to roll off all information above about 20,000 cycles per second. According to an Audio Engineering Society paper written by Dr. Thomas Stockham in 1984, these extremely steep-slope filtering methods, used only in digital, produce peculiar distortions. Although theoretically feasible, their sound is too alien to be musically accurate. Current oversampling techniques employed by some CD players only reduce, not eliminate, these problems.

Another side effect of the CD's limited high-frequency response is its relatively slow transient response. In other words, its ability to respond to delicate, quick, high frequencies is audibly and measurably inferior to that of high-quality analog.

Yet another limit to digital's quality is determined by the system's bit-word length. The current word length is 16 bits, which is a pretty big number and would seem to be more than adequate to describe any wave-form sample. But maximum word length is available only at the loudest musical levels the system can handle. As the music gets softer, the bit-word length gets progressively shorter, distortion increases and the system loses resolution and

becomes "deaf" to some of the subtleties of instrumental timbre and concert-hall ambience. This is the opposite of analog, in which the system gets lower in distortion as the music's level gets lower. Of course, as the analog signal gets very soft, you do hear tape hiss. But the hiss is pretty constant, it does not vary with the music and the ear can hear musical detail even when it's buried deep in the noise. So with analog, as the music gets progressively softer, it sinks slowly but cleanly into the tape hiss, where it can still be heard as music. Not so with digital. With digital, the softest musical details, while not lost in noise, get progressively coarser, then disappear. The deadly digital silence. But there is some noise unique to digital. According to Lawrence Mailander in the summer 1985 issue of *The Absolute Sound*, the quantization process used in the A/D converter to assign a number to the digital sample produces a noise itself. This quantization noise does not sound like a slight, constant hiss—it changes with the music, adding a smeary quality to the trebles.

Why weren't these problems heard from the start? These exciting new forms of distortion, brought to us by digital, were unknown with old-fashioned analog—which is why so many people have overlooked them.

It has been said that there are two types of people—failure avoiders and success seekers. There is a world of difference between them. These two approaches also affect the way we listen. Many people, when hearing that digital has avoided the familiar noise problems of analog, will conclude that the system is perfect. This is a common perspective of recording-industry workers and equipment salespeople—people whose jobs are made more difficult and embarrassing by production problems such as record pops and ticks. The other type of listener is concerned with certain musical qualities that may be beautifully achieved by high-quality analog, in spite of tape hiss or record pops. Finding those qualities lacking in digital, this listener concludes that analog is superior. Musically sensitive audiophiles tend to listen from this perspective.

Fortunately, there is a growing realization in the industry that digital has a long way to go before it approaches perfection and that high-quality analog has many sonic virtues. At the conclusion of their 1984 Audio Engineering Society paper, Drs. Stockham and Lagadec state, "There are serious reasons for the assumption that digital sound, as it is created today, may be qualitatively different from analog sound and that the difference should be to the disadvantage of digital."

But this realization has come too late for those listeners who prefer the sublime subtleties of high-quality analog sound. If, for example, you want to buy new recordings of the Berlin Philharmonic or the New York Philharmonic but find digital's

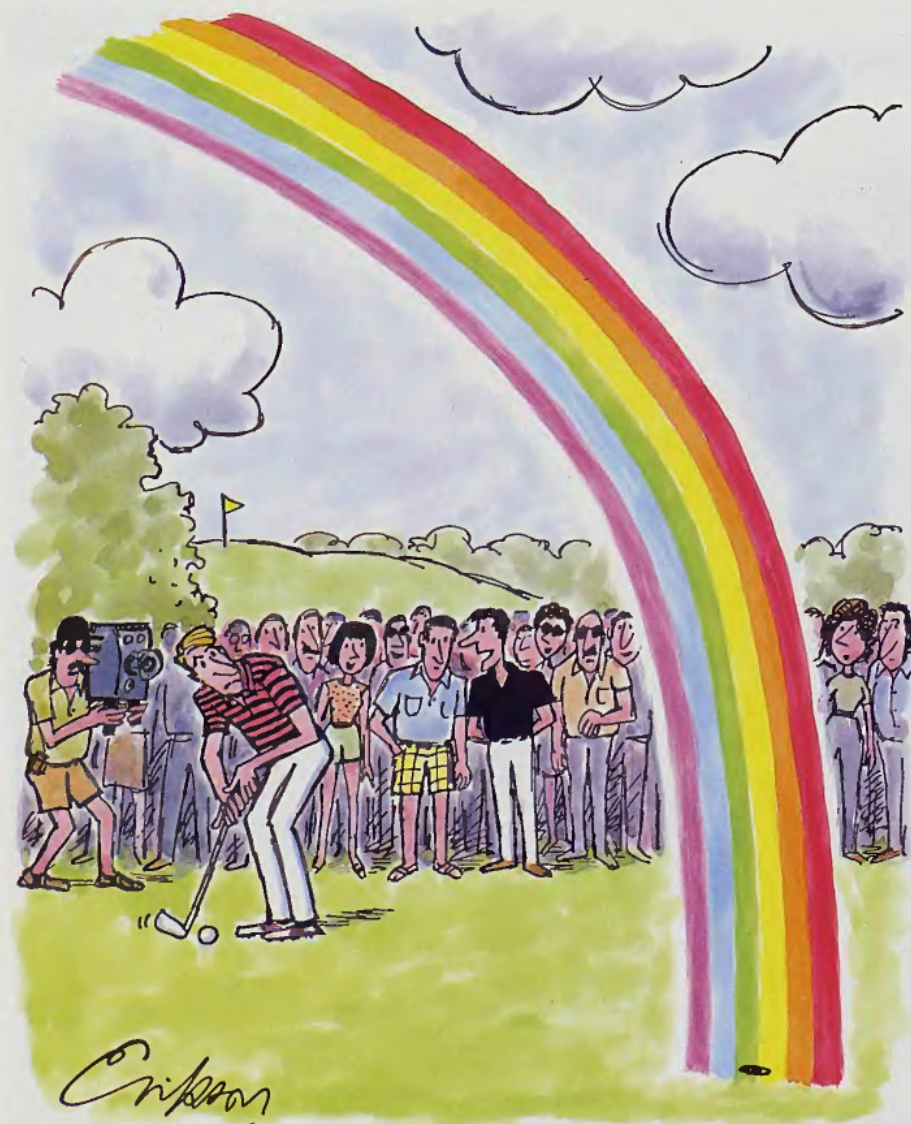
handling of orchestral string sound offensive (as many do), you are out of luck. These orchestras—and, for that matter, most major symphony orchestras—are now recorded exclusively from digital master tapes, whether the recordings are LPs or CDs. The damage has been done. What if you have heard some of the classic RCA Red Seals of the Chicago Symphony under Fritz Reiner and love their sound? They were recorded in the late Fifties and early Sixties; surely, they must be analog! Sadly, even these are being re-released in both LP and CD—both digitally remastered.

We have a tragedy here. The development of digital audio and the availability of the CD, in and of themselves, are not disasters. For many, this new medium perfectly suits their listening habits and tastes. What is a disaster, however, is the fact that the industry has robbed us of a choice. Indeed, until the serious shortcomings of digital are corrected, a generation of recordings will be lost forever to thou-

sands of musically sensitive listeners.

For those who may applaud the death of the LP—and of analog sound, for that matter—the tragedy may come later. These disciples of digital, seeking perfect sound, forever, have instead found imperfect sound for longer than even they are likely to want it.

But take heart! There is some hope that CDs may not be quite as indestructible as promised. Results of experiments by Stan Curtis of Cambridge Audio in England suggest that the CD player's laser beam may damage the delicate pits in the disc's reflective surface. After a few playings, Cambridge's test equipment begins to show progressively increasing error rates. Perhaps it's in the eternal scheme of things that only that which is designed properly in the first place should last forever. It would be ironic injustice, indeed, for survivors of the nuclear winter to have to endure CDs as well as cockroaches.



"That's pressure."

AUSTIN!

(continued from page 96)

grocery-store checker. Cut to Lynne the fitness-spa consultant ("Like I ever lifted a weight in my life"). Cut to Lynne the secretary at a fish company ("I got fired because I went through more stationery than my boss could afford"). Cut to Lynne the telephone operator ("You had to keep each call to under 23 seconds").

Fade to 1983. The Police: *Every Breath You Take*. Lynne on the beach. Camera starts at her feet and takes a slow trip up her long legs. She's in a bikini and is achingly beautiful. She's handed a check for \$500, having just been named first runner-up for the Miss Savage Tan title. Cut to another beach on another day. And another check. This time, \$1000, as Miss Hawaiian Tropic, Tampa.

Finally, fade in on The José Cuervo Bathing Beauty Contest. Lynne's a winner again; but this time, she walks off with more than the \$500 first prize. Ed Droste, one of the six owners of Hooters, is among the ogling spectators. (Droste: "I was looking for a cheerleader type with a fantastic body to do my promotion.") And the rest reads like a fairy tale: Suddenly, the highways and byways of western Florida are sprouting giant billboard shots of Lynne Austin, the bikini-clad girl from Hooters. She's popping up on TV. She's talking on the radio. She's the runner-up for Miss Florida U.S.A. She's on the boat with John Candy in *Summer Rental*. She's running in overdrive.

Soft dissolve back to Hooters. Buffett's turned the juke over to Lionel Richie, who's singing about love. Lynne and Brenda Lee are still at the bar. They're talking about guys or, as they call them, "trim." Trim? Lynne laughs. "We were getting tired of having dudes call us that, so we're turning the tables."

She continues: "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a guy who cheats. When it comes to guys, you seek your own level. If you're lookin' for dirt, you'll find it. If you just want a good time, you'll have it."

At that moment, a friend of theirs runs up to show off her new diamond engagement ring. "Holy cow!" shouts Lynne. "Take a look at that carbon." And with that, the ladies are up and out of the bar—all three talking a mile a minute.

Cut to back shot of the Fiero pulling away from Hooters. Billy Joel is singing about an *Uptown Girl*, but the car is heading in the other direction—where the girls are gonna check out the "downtown dudes." The camera tilts up to a billboard. And, once again, there's Lynne. In a bikini and smiling. Giving the sunshine a run for its money.





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FAST FORWARD



◁ LEA THOMPSON *making all the right movies*

An unsung benefit of having an amateur actress as your mother is getting your stage debut out of the way. For Lea Thompson, 24, it came while she was still *in utero*. "My mom was pregnant with me while she was doing *Kiss Me, Kate*," explains Thompson. "You know that research about how babies can be affected by sounds they hear in the womb? Well, my mom swears that when I was seven months old, she was rehearsing in our house and I began singing *Too Darn Hot*, from *Kiss Me, Kate*, on pitch, in baby words, in my crib."

But musicals weren't in Thompson's future. At first, she seemed doomed to a life of restaurants—first as a waitress ("I always got fired") and then by doing 22 Burger King commercials ("I was a kind of virginal counter girl"). Her first movie job, as a beach bunny attacked by a shark in *Jaws 3-D* ("No, I wasn't eaten, I was bitten. I haven't died in a movie yet"), wasn't memorable, but her next role—as Tom Cruise's sexy girlfriend in *All the Right Moves*—threw her career into high gear. "I wasn't so wholesome," she recalls. "It brought me into a more realistic category." It also brought her to the attention of the people casting *Back to the Future*, last summer's hit starring Michael J. Fox.

This summer, she'll be out in two films—*SpaceCamp* and Lucasfilm's *Howard the Duck*. "I'm Howard's girlfriend," she explains. "He's a duck from another planet." A duck? After Cruise and Fox? "Howard's a cool guy," Thompson insists. "He's kind of like a symbol for all of us. And besides, he saves the world." —MERRILL SHINDLER



JAMES SCHNEPP

◁ JOEL COOPER AND MICHAEL TOMSON *beach-blanket gringos*

Back in 1978, Michael Tomson (far left), like many men, was pondering his postretirement life. Granted, Tomson was facing the issue at the age of 23, when most folks are starting out, not wrapping up. But as a professional surfer who had been on the circuit since he was 16, Tomson knew it was time to plan for his leeward years. "I looked at what else I could do," he remembers, "and I said, 'Hey, I've been in surf trunks all my life.'" So he called an old school friend, Joel Cooper, 32, who had worked in his father's dress-manufacturing business and proposed they go into business together.

Working out of a rented beach house without a phone, the pair designed a line of swimwear and shorts—including the long, colorful swim trunks known as jams. They took their samples to an apparel show and walked away with a quick \$200,000 in orders. The rest, as they say on the beach, is a way-rage story of growth—Gotcha (named after the nick in the old Gillette TV commercial) expects to gross \$50,000,000 this year and now makes jackets, pants and T-shirts in addition to surfwear. "We sell young, sexy, graphic things that speak very loudly," says Cooper.

Gotcha's popularity with hard-core surfers travels well. When the surf craze hit Japan a few years back, young, fad-conscious Japanese "had to have a pack of Marlboros, a surfboard and a pair of jams," says Tomson. Gotcha is one of the few American companies selling clothing in Japan—to the tune of \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 this year—but Tomson is cautious. Japanese society is so "instant," he says, the next fad—wind surfing—is already taking hold. And, he claims, Gotcha has no plans for making wind-surfing gear. —RICHARD J. PIETSCHMANN

JON LOVITZ▷ *"saturday night" afterlife*

One of the main attractions—perhaps the only one—of the latest edition of *Saturday Night Live* is a furtive, slightly swarthy fellow with slicked-down hair who seems incapable of telling a straight story. "I'm in the music business," he confided to Jerry Hall in a skit. "I'm a produc— songwriter. Yeah. I write hit songs. For everybody." "Have you ever written for The Rolling Stones?" she asked. "Now you're being silly," The Pathological Liar replied. "Of course not. I *manage* them."

The Pathological Liar, like The Master Thespian ("I feel that Shylock could be played as a Dane and Hamlet as a Hebrew; it's called *ack-ting*") and various other smarms, gigolos, nerds and *bons vivants*, is the creation of Jon Lovitz, 28, who, less than a year ago, went directly from the unemployment line to *The Tonight Show* and a skit that launched his career.

As a member of The Groundlings, the L.A. improv group that spawned such performers as Laraine Newman and Pee-wee Herman, Lovitz gave Johnny Carson and most of his viewers (including *S.N.L.*'s producer) their first look at The Pathological Liar. A month later, he had a new agent; and two months later, he was in his first movie, *The Last Resort*.

Since then, in addition to *S.N.L.*, Lovitz has been cast in a number of features, including *The Three Amigos*. "Steve Martin, Chevy Chase and Martin Short are the stars. I play a guy named Marty. I don't think I'm supposed to talk about it. The director, John Landis, asked us not to. Yeah. That's the ticket. Not talk. But it's going to be goo— great. Yeah, great. It's gonna make mill— billions. Yeah, billions," Lovitz says. And would he lie about a thing like that? —DICK LOCHTE



GEORGE LANGE

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CLUB PARADISE

(continued from page 126)

van open, and out stepped Burt Lancaster, wearing a suit. I swear. This was a long way from my usual haunts and pursuits.

Meanwhile, Doug was falling apart. His attention span was getting shorter and shorter. Weird-looking characters in restaurants would hand him vials of coke under tables. The only objects in the living room of his new Laurel Canyon house were a couch and a big green garbage bag full of top-notch Hawaiian dope. One morning at a nine-o'clock meeting at Fox, we all watched amazed as Doug paced like a trapped cat until his coke connection arrived, laying a ridge of it literally from elbow to wrist and snorting it all up, then smiling for the first time that day. And this was our producer. In fact, he wanted to direct *Club Sandwich*.

Even in this condition, Doug was usually smarter about things than the rest of us put together. That's what did him in, I think. As P. J. O'Rourke wrote in a *Lampoon* memorial to Doug, he was just too smart for his own good. You got the feeling he saw all the implications of everything, all the time, and couldn't shut it off, or could do so only through the most extreme derangement of the senses.

Doug's advice to us on the rewrite, repeated often enough that we came to believe him, was, "Follow your own worst instincts!" This we interpreted to mean do whatever pleased us most, despite the other producers', Shamberg and Greisman, repeated pleas that we bring it back to earth, make it less surreal. Doug agreed that the alien had to go—mainly because it would be too expensive to build and manipulate. He suggested that we replace it with the Creature from the Black Lagoon, the rights to whose much simpler suit the studio already owned. It sounded good to us.

So in the new, improved, saner, toned-down version, the Creature from the Black Lagoon was one of the main love interests. We came up with an evil island dictator named Moussakka, so tough that when he accidentally stuck his hard-on into a fan, the fan broke. And a group of fake Rastafarians we called Palookas, who worshiped Joe. And an island restaurant called The Mangled Parrot, specializing in the local *cuisine vivante*—in one scene, a loving couple are holding hands and dreaming over dinner, only to find that certain parts of it, covered with sauce, begin to hop off their plates and across the restaurant floor. There was a handsome, goofy Frenchman who did ventriloquism with his dick to impress girls and, in a true Chris Miller touch, one scene ended as a projectile gob of come hit a light bulb and blew it out. It would have been a classic.

Hey, call us irresponsible.

Then, late in August, Doug fell or jumped off that cliff in Hawaii. The joke went around that he had fallen acciden-

tally while looking for a good place to jump. Harold told me he visited the spot afterward and that it wasn't a likely candidate for a place to jump, more a crumbly steep hill than a nice, dramatic cliff. Harold also said that Doug had been uncomfortable with all the money he'd made, would sometimes go around randomly telling strangers he was rich, tipping car *schleppers* \$100 a pop, like that. Harold said that island was one where tourists flashing rolls were sometimes not seen alive again. And a rumor that made the rounds was that he'd stumbled onto some secret dope fields and was killed by the growers. Doug's death, like his life, seemed ambiguous, complex.

Chris and I were hard at work in a country house near Woodstock, New York, when we got the news. Chris was devastated. I hadn't known Doug very well, but I felt gut-punched, too. He was to be buried in Connecticut. I drove Chris to the funeral, one of the saddest and strangest days of my life—many of the funniest people in the country gathered red-eyed and tearful and choking back sobs on a sunny hillside as they planted what was left of Doug.

It seemed an incidental loss that *Club Sandwich* was now a goner, too. That autumn, Chris and I finished our second draft, but our hearts weren't in it. All along, Shamberg and Greisman had been begging for realism, characters the audience could cuddle up to—a host of things we had been either unable or unwilling to provide.

So after a decent interval, they said, "Thanks, guys," and handed it over to two other writers, and the project became *Club Paradise*—the title shift alone a fairly reliable indicator of the attitudinal shift that was going on. These other guys—whose names I have resolutely refused to remember—wrote it twice more.

Then, in March 1985, Harold sent Chris and me copies of the final version of the script. The note attached to mine read, "David—This is *Island Jack*, six years from *Club Sandwich*. I hope you will like it and that you'll consider visiting us in Jamaica while we're shooting. There's even some extra work in it for you, if you're up to it. Hope you like it. All the best, Harold."

This may be the place to mention that Harold and I used to work together on this very magazine. I was the first full-time *Party Jokes* Editor, and when I began going batty and asked that I either be given something else to do or be fired, they hired Harold as the second full-time *Party Jokes* Editor. We were never buddies, but we worked in the same small office for a couple of years as junior editors terrorized by the same senior editors and got along OK.

Reading Harold and Brian's script—their second version, bringing the number of writers and drafts to six each in six years—reminded me again why I'd fled

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AT

back to regular writing, with its many fewer zeros. Theirs was so much *sleeker* than any script I could ever do. It had formal elegance, was seamless, economical, graceful, smooth—and funny. Its humming structure made our earlier attempts seem like a friendly Frankenstein monster lurching along with bolts in its neck.

It, like the movie, was comedy made by grownups.

Most of the cast and crew were staying at the Marbella Club on Dragon Bay, six miles outside Port Antonio. The setting is ridiculously beautiful, a pale-yellow-and-white-stucco Spanish Riviera-style resort of villas and courtyards arranged in a pleasing jumble on a hillside overlooking a perfect cookie-cutter lagoon, whose clear, extraordinary water is seven shades of blue and green all at once. There's a fresh-water pool on a wide lawn facing the sea and a private beach protected by a reef. Simply hard to beat.

The Sunday night I arrived, tables with white-linen tablecloths, set for dinner, were arranged in an outdoor courtyard around a fountain centerpiece. It was that time of gloaming, a sprinkle of early stars in a violet sky, candles lit inside curving, clear hurricane lamps on all the tables, just swell.

I was sitting, happy to be there after a long day's journey from Chicago, feeling better and better. I mean, Jesus, I recognized Jimmy Cliff there, standing against a white-stucco wall, *the fucking Jimmy Cliff*, wearing a classy red-leather jockey's cap, checking it out, smiling like a friendly imp from Shakespeare. Cool runnins, if ever it did exist. This was a big one for me. I

mean, you know, movie stars are OK, but that was *Jimmy Cliff* over there, not 30 feet away. I took another sip of my Red Stripe. Dis already be all right, mon.

Then, wobbly, running and squealing with delight, scooting among the tables, came a little kid pursued by none other than Robin Williams, with a happy grin on his own face, playing I'm gonna get you with his two-year-old son through the maze of the candlelit tables. They roughly described a simple polygon around the tables and then were gone. It just added to the sweet, placid feeling of the evening.

And then, a few minutes later, I saw Harold and Shamberg. Both had their tired, oversunned daughters in tow, taking them home to get ready for bed.

Thus do creatures of the Sixties move into power in Hollywood, it struck me, with an egalitarian leftover-hippie edge, even as they become the new comedy moguls and hang out in places like this and drink Montrachet with their freshly caught *langouste* and talk about real estate. It was the new Hollywood establishment, comedy division, congealing before my very eyes. And sliding smoothly into grownupdom. And this is how they live—camping for months at one of the most pleasant beach resorts in the Caribbean, with their wives and husbands and kids and friends along, and they call it work. I felt like Robin Leach for a week.

But I had no inkling of the *extent* of this G-ratedness until the next morning, as I was on my way to breakfast in the Colonial-great-house-style dining room facing the lagoon. Everywhere I looked, there were kids and moms and nannies.

It was New Baby Boom Central.

I especially liked one morning in mid-week, a rainy day at movie camp.

Walking into the dining room for breakfast, I discovered that the covered porch had been converted into the rainy-day games center for the tots and their various caretakers—while up in the dining room, most of the cast were sitting around, drinking coffee, also waiting for the sun to come out and playing their own rainy-day games.

Robin Williams' large, bearded assistant was calling out questions from a Genus version of Trivial Pursuit. Joe Flaherty, Mary Gross, Robin Duke, Rick Moranis, Twiggy, Eugene Levy, Williams and a few others were shouting out answers and cracking wise over the questions. If it weren't for all the household faces, it could have been a summer-house rainy day on Cape Cod or Fire Island or somewhere along the Lake Michigan shore.

A card came up: "Which of the Mackenzie brothers wore the ear muffs?"

Well, one of the Mackenzie brothers was sitting there.

A little later: "Who played an ax murderer on *Mork & Mindy*?"

And, of course, Mork was right there, too.

As Flaherty's Count Floyd would say, "Pretty scary, eh, keeds?"

Then, twitchy with nervous energy, Williams popped up from his seat and looked out at the lawn, commencing to harangue in an ironworker voice one of the peacocks strutting there: "C'mon, be a man! Get out of that drag and make something of yourself, like your mother and I have prayed and dreamed you would! Eddie, come to your senses, boy!"

This was about as wild and crazy as it got. There will be no bizarre ganja parties among the stars reported here. I didn't smell a whiff of the stuff all week, and not one single person offered to sell me any. What's this country coming to, anyway?

And everyone was working these long days in the heat—7:30 calls, wrapping the day around six, then dailies from 6:30 to seven or so, then a quick cleanup and dinner—so by ten o'clock, everybody was worn out, your faithful parasite included. This is the Eighties. We're not partying, we're all working our asses off, making it—though, of course, some of us are just working our asses off.

It sure was different from the shooting of *Animal House* in Eugene, Oregon, back in the autumn of 1977, under gloomy skies the few days I was there. Chris had invited me out to watch, and it was hard to tell where the movie left off in the afternoon and real life set in at night, except the *drugs* were better at night. I vaguely remember one night a bunch of the cast crammed into one Spartan little Rodeway Inn room, watching some big fight on TV. Even John Vernon, dread Dean Wormer, was there, hanging out. It's vague because of the fat joints that kept circulating and circulating. And the night after that, Chris



"Nice kickin' ass, Reverend."

and Doug and D-Day and Karen Allen and I and a couple of others spent most of the evening in one of those cinder-block rooms, listening to tapes of greasy old R&B, some of us passing a joint now and then, drinking beer and shooting the shit and hanging out, the way decent people should.

One afternoon, I managed to overhear some killing-time improv between Williams and Levy. Gross and Duke—who seem to be real-life buddies, just as they are in the movie—and Moranis were also nearby.

For no noticeable reason, Williams broke into a blue magic act.

"See these little ropes?" he said to Levy. "Now they're gone—and if you look in your pants, you'll find them tied around your penis. Isn't that amazing? And I believe you had a watch? You'll find that up your ass!"

Levy mimed removing it and gingerly holding it up. "Yes," he said, going into John Cameron Swayze, "it takes a licking and goes on ticking!"

"Oh, no," groaned Gross.

Then Williams did his John Cameron Swayze, conjuring a tub of water and the growl of an Evinrude as he tossed in the watch and cranked the outboard. He told us how he saw this on live TV, and the watch disintegrated or something; they couldn't find it. Then, pushing the fantasy: "Yes, we took our next Timex to a leather bar on the Lower West Side. And after 15 guys—"

Gross groaned again.

During lunch break one day, I had a long talk with Harold, sitting at one of the tables in the semi-open-air Club Paradise lounge over frosty Red Stripes. I hadn't seen him for years, but as far as I could tell, he hadn't changed very much—he still had his easy, relaxed manner, and a great deal of consideration. The week I was there, people of all sorts—from O'Toole and Williams and the rest of the stars to the grizzled, experienced crew and new assistants recruited from Port Antonio—kept volunteering how good Harold was to work for, many of the old hands saying this location had the best vibes of any they'd ever been on. Being in the prettiest part of Jamaica didn't hurt, certainly. But Harold, and a little of that leftover-hippie thing, also helped. When he and his wife, Anne, lived in Chicago, they had a pad that was *seriously* Sixties, and I think Harold still carries the best of those attitudes around with him—rich and famous though he is these days.

Harold has his own style of cool runnins. Certainly, he doesn't take himself too seriously. He said that he'd had no real directing experience before *Caddyshack*, that the studio basically handed him and Doug \$10,000,000 and said, "Go, guys." Starting out on that one, he told me, that constant semismile on his face, he didn't even

know what the assistant directors *did*. When I asked why he thought *Ghostbusters*, for which he was co-writer and co-star, had succeeded so hugely, he said, after thinking a moment, that it was because it wasn't *dirty*. Parents would come up to him, thanking him for making a movie their kids liked that neither was pornographic nor incited them to revolution. And his capsule comment on *Club Paradise* was that it had long been his dream to make a movie where nothing blew up at the end.

But the one with the coolest runnins by far is Peter O'Toole.

He wasn't working the week I was there, he had his own rented villa by the sea, in toward Port Antonio, so had been nowhere in evidence. But in my capacity as Announced Journalist, I tried to convince Don Levy, the publicist, that I absolutely *had* to talk with O'Toole or the story would fail utterly. It wasn't exactly true, and we all knew it, but O'Toole graciously agreed to come down to the set one afternoon and talk with me.

Kids again.

I got my first live glimpse of O'Toole as he sat in the shade of the lunch tent, laughing with a young, pretty local woman and her cute, roly-poly baby. O'Toole leaned toward the infant and comically growled at him like some fierce beast, the actor's elegantly wasted face lighting up each time the baby squealed with delight.

When Don introduced me, O'Toole said, "Let's piss off to my beach shack to talk." We took this to mean his fake beach bungalow on the set. He said just a second—and headed off at a good clip down the beach to say something to Harold, who was hanging out down the beach with Flaherty (he told me quite seriously that it was seeing *Lawrence of Arabia* that made him want to become an actor) and Steve Kampmann and some others. Just as everyone likes Harold, they are openly in *awe* of Peter O'Toole—Harold, Williams, the lot. And well they should be. Marching down the beach there was Lawrence and Lord Jim and all the rest.

It turned out the beach shack he meant was his villa. We would go there and have tea. I was to ride with him and Don would follow in his car. I've been chasing around the great and the near-great for 15 years as a journalist, but I still felt nervous and a little giddy.

I needn't have. O'Toole has been around so long—he characterized himself to me as the Old Man of Locations—that he has seen everything and everyone before, including me, and still finds the Vanity Fair tremendously amusing. Of all the people imported to make this movie, O'Toole seemed most comfortable, naturally friendly, easily at home with the local Jamaicans. To the ulcer-inducing horror of the head of Warner Bros., since he might get hurt and, God forbid, screw up the shooting schedule, O'Toole tried out for



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and made a serious Port Antonio cricket team, making him both the only white person on it and the oldest by ten years—and, of course, the only international star. As we walked toward his car on the set, he stopped for some cricket chitchat with a few of the Jamaican police.

On our way up the hill, the cricket continued. O'Toole said he first heard of the West Indies and Jamaica in 1948, in a calypso song about cricket that was popular in England—and proceeded to sing me a bit of it as we rattled up the road. At the top, he stopped for some more cricket chitchat, and then we were off on the main road to his place. He had been horseback riding a lot, he said, both at a coco-palm plantation by the sea and on trails up in the hills—where he had been visiting the Maroons who live up there, a semimysterious separatist group descended from runaway slaves, who claim the island is theirs and want it back.

His villa was spectacular, right on the water, with its own little crescent of private beach. Soon we were served tea by the housekeeper, and O'Toole, with a little prodding, told one wonderful story after another.

For instance, about the time they were shooting *Lord Jim* on the Mekong Delta, and the Vietnam war started up right around them. He said they woke up one morning and there were four dead Americans outside the compound, and the company got out of there as fast as they could—ruining the picture in the process, he felt.

When pressed, he said that of all his movies, *Lawrence* was the one that mattered most to him—that to him it was the masterpiece, was *the* one. And, incidentally, that *Lawrence* was also the worst location he'd ever been on.

But my favorites were two stories about the shooting of *What's New Pussycat?*, with Peter Sellers. The cast was living in the hotel where the last part of the movie takes place. Naming no names but indicating that the other person in the story was one of the several beautiful female stars of the movie, he began, "Well, I was climbing out of a window. I couldn't go up, so I went down—and found myself in the bedroom of this woman, who was lying there nude in bed. I began to make my apologies, but she said, 'No, don't go'—and hurried into the bathroom. I thought she was after a robe or something. But in a minute, she came back, still quite naked—but wearing her *false eyelashes!*"

The thought of it makes him laugh to this day. And he never did explain why he was climbing out of a window in the first place—a master storyteller's touch, I thought.

The other story involves how he recalls the invention of Inspector Clouseau. Working at the hotel as the desk clerk was a young Spanish guy whose English wasn't

as good as he thought it was. Also, small misfortunes kept happening to him. He'd pick up a telephone and the bottom would fall out. And then he'd try to look cool, as if nothing had happened. O'Toole said that Sellers picked up on this and used the clerk for the model of the Clouseau character. He also played the desk clerk in the movie, and in one scene was required to give an inventory of who was doing what to whom in which suites. "There are two boy scouts and their scoutmaster in the Marie Antoinette Suite, and in the Napoleon Suite, there is a man *sheeting* on his wife—"

"Cut. That's *cheating*. Ch . . . ch!"

"Yes, there is a man *sheeting* on his wife. . . ."

After dinner the last night I was there, I found myself stretched out on one of the beach chairs, staring up into the sky, wondering what I thought of it all. The complacent moon, one day past full, rose through the trees, coming up over the blue-black presence of the mountains, behind an inky, fat cloud, lighting the cloud's ragged edge like neon sculpture of the chiaroscuro school.

I sat there, staring up at the real stars, with my last Red Stripe. To get a token writing credit and a few of those zeros would send the hound, who's been gaining on me lately, howling in painful retreat. And, naturally, that would be a relief. But then again, I've sort of gotten used

to having him yapping there on my heels, and, you know, I've read *Bleak House*, and the ever-elusive possible payoff seems like Jarndyce & Jarndyce Revisited—even though Chris's and my Club Med stumblings did set this whole big wheel turning.

Was it possible that I didn't care? Or rather that a few of me did—my Dagwood family man and my Sammy Glick among them—but the 12 or so others of us just didn't give much of a shit? Apparently so.

Even though I wished the company well, I felt fairly remote from the movie they were making here, funny and successful though it will be. But it is sensible grownup comedy, and there is no tentacled alien or Creature from the Black Lagoon in it—not one single character of another species, you know? It was a large reminder that the world had changed. I liked the family G-ratedness of this new grownupdom all around—the joys of kids finally being discovered by a generation that had tried almost everything else first as a substitute for such corn-ball pleasures. And the fact that those of us who are left seem to be gaining our balance at last, all of us slightly safer and duller survivors who flirted with the edge but made it safely back to center.

I sat there watching the rising moon seem to electrocute a fat, dark cloud, missing old friends, and knew it was time to go back home.



"Damn it, man! That's classified information!"

Tick . . . Tick . . .

(continued from page 131)

somehow he emerged from the cloud of smoke and dust without a scratch.

But ever since then, he's had this strange, slightly ironic smile that never lets go. Even when his eyes go cold with concentration, the thin-lipped smile remains. When he overhears Danny telling the story, the smile is on his face, and when he shows a journalist how he can take a land mine apart with his eyes closed, the smile is still there.

The police are having a difficult time

trying to move the crowds, which are reluctant to back up out of viewing distance from the sappers and the orange car. A huge crowd continues to fill the top of the Ben Yehuda mall, a block from the City Tower parking lot. They can see the sappers and the other policemen standing at the end of the street, looking at the booby-trapped sedan, but the car itself is on the far side of the tower.

Overlooking the parking lot, the City Tower patio café is already empty. The canvas umbrellas over the white tables flap in the morning breeze.

High above, from windows in the tall white-marble-and-dark-glass building, a

television camera crew is aiming a lens down at the Opel. In a few hours, the scene will be broadcast on news shows throughout the world. If the car explodes and nothing more sensational happens elsewhere, the car bomb will be the top story of the day. Foreign ministries will condemn the cycle of violence in the Middle East—an Israeli retaliation is likely if the bomb explodes—and one of the half-dozen splinter groups in the Palestine Liberation Organization will take credit for the bombing.

Police-car loud-speakers call on people throughout the downtown area to open windows so that the shock wave from the blast won't send glass slivers flying through the air. Windows are flung open in the three- and four-story buildings, and policemen urge people to either leave the buildings or get away from outer walls.

Dressed in their dark-green flak leggings and vests, the two sappers sit on their helmets and hold their goggles in their hands, playing with them like an Arab handling amber worry beads. The two men are actors at center stage, with a supporting cast of thousands watching them wait for their cue.

Both men know that the heavy gear will be no help if anything goes wrong; indeed, the weighty and cumbersome leggings, vest and helmet are a hindrance while they work. They are cursed by a police policy that doesn't want the public to know that there's no such thing as safety for a man who's about to deal with enough explosives to make him—and half the buildings within 50 meters—disappear.

So the sweating begins. Sweat is the measure, the means by which they feel.

"If you don't sweat when you're doing it, you're doing something wrong," Maishe always says. "Not the sweat of working out—the sweat of concentration."

As the seconds flick past on Danny's digital watch, showing that they now have less than 25 minutes before the device does its evil work, he plucks at his damp T-shirt.

When a newcomer to the squad's team of drivers becomes savvy enough to know without asking when Danny thinks the siren and overdrive are necessary, the lanky sapper introduces him to one of their favorite places for a cup of coffee.

He directs the van or jeep to Hashem's, a tiny café tucked away in the lobby of the Arab East Jerusalem building, where in an upstairs office, Alfred Habash, a relative of George Habash, one of the archterrorists of the Palestinian movement, has a dental practice.

They drink Hashem's sweet Turkish coffee, which is delivered to the van by a young boy carrying the cups and glasses of cold water on a copper tray. And after sipping from the minuscule porcelain cups brought out from a tiny kitchenette in the lobby, Danny asks the driver to pay.

But ever since the sappers took care of a bomb placed in the hallway by a Palestinian

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group trying to rival George Habash's organization—even though Alfred had never been involved in politics—Hashem's doesn't take money from sappers.

If the driver hasn't noticed it, Danny points out the sign bearing the Habash family name—a name known to every Israeli—and Danny explains that the sappers had treated a device aimed at Alfred.

Only then does Danny fill the new man in on the real secret of the squad. The secret that they keep to themselves is that the rhetoric, ceremonies and citations that the politicians lay on them with thick, saccharine-sweet measures of hero worship mean little to them.

The sapper approach to terrorism is single-mindedly *pacifist*, not caring who might be the victim of a bomb, caring only that there be no victims.

Danny would be happier with a ping-pong table in the squad room than with another certificate of appreciation from city hall—except that the office isn't much bigger than such a table.

"At least then, on a quiet day, I could let off steam and relax," he says. But politicians don't see any profit in a ping-pong table. City hall has tried raising money for a special club for the sappers; but so far, that money hasn't been turned into a building large enough for Danny's ping-pong table. A local news story about his dream resulted in three contributions of tables but not enough money to build—or even rent—a room for one.

When a job's done, the sappers like to add particularly interesting neutralized bombs, like trophies on exhibit, to the bizarre collection of devices of death already on display in the office.

There are dozens of objects on the gray-metal shelves, all disguises for a bomb: a carton of eggs, a doll, a loaf of bread, a high school yearbook, an old black-and-white television set, an attaché case, a flowerpot—they've all been bombs.

Some of the objects remind the sappers of past incidents—this saccharine bottle cost Dudik Ivgy his fingers; this Soviet-made *katyusha* rocket, leaning casually against the wall in a corner, was found just after dawn on the Mount of Olives, pointing down at the Jewish quarter in the Old City of Jerusalem.

On a wall above Maishe's desk are two photographs framed cheaply in plastic. Between them is a plastic electric eternal lamp, flickering its pale orange light. One photo shows a young, sharp-featured blond man staring coolly at the camera, as if it were yet another enemy. That's Steve Hilmes, an American who moved to Israel to become a sapper. He survived two tours in Vietnam, only to be killed in 1979 when an Arab's bomb tore apart his chest.

The other picture shows dark-skinned Albert Levy, his mournful eyes staring

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over the shoulder of the photographer. In the tilt of his head, you can see pride. The picture was taken at a ceremony at which the minister of police pinned the commander's oak leaf on his shoulders, giving him the job that Maishe now holds. Albert was killed in 1976 by a device that also claimed a patrolman's life.

On the bulletin board just to the left of the photographs are a work schedule, a picture of Madonna in the nude and a postcard of a snow-topped-mountain scene in Switzerland, sent by Itzik when he took a vacation from which he came back insisting that he had learned about skiing and snow bunnies.

Also tacked to the board is a dog-eared card with the inscription FEAR OF FAILURE IS THE KEY TO SUCCESS, in coffee-cup-motto archaic print.

Few have been as successful as Danny, for success in this job is measured by the length of time you've survived. He has been doing it for almost seven years, not counting the two years and one war he spent with the army.

Most leave within five years. Some go to the police-training base to teach their skills to the next generation; others move to the police labs, where devices are discovered and neutralized and the remnants of bombs that have exploded are analyzed to reveal the latest level of ingenuity reached by terrorists. Some go to work for construction companies that need demolition experts able to create precise holes in the granite and limestone on which Jerusalem is built.

Many get offers from the criminal underworld to bring their skills to crime, but none is known to have taken up the opportunity, despite the obvious material benefits to be gained.

Danny and Maishe wait at the end of the parking lot, staring at the orange Opel, accepting as a fact of life that the basic rule of Israeli bomb disposal is to neutralize the bomb on the scene, rather than do as the British do in Ireland—get the people away and blow the thing up or take the risk of moving the device.

Treating the bomb where it is found, a policy developed by Israeli sappers in the mid-Seventies after too many devices exploded when they were moved elsewhere for treatment—one of them killed Albert—means that all the danger is faced by one or two people, the sappers.

Since 1979, when Steve died, the squad has had a couple of robots to provide an edge of safety. Each robot is equipped with a video camera connected to a monitor in the van and travels on caterpillar treads. It has long flapper arms that can maneuver explosive packages into more convenient locations for what the sappers call treatment.

Fixed along the length of the robot is a

shotgun that can be aimed via the TV monitor. The shotgun is used to fire a cartridge of double-ought pellets into the TNT. That disperses the explosive material faster than it can ignite, destroying the bomb without causing it to explode. The procedure is no more damaging than a shotgun blast, which is a lot less destructive than what a kilo or two of explosive can do if detonated. Thus, a sapper never blows up a device, he destroys it.

Unfortunately for Maishe and Danny, the robot is useless on a car bomb.

As they sit shifting their glances from the crowds to their watches, then to the car, they know that when they begin working, they'll have less time to work than it takes for Danny to hum one of the innumerable Fifties and early Sixties Motown songs from which he learned his minimal English. And as they sit on their helmets and wait, they talk.

They don't talk about the politics of terrorism, for, as Maishe once said, "I only care about how the device is put together, not about who put it there or why."

Maishe says you have to think like a terrorist in order to beat a terrorist. He quickly adds that he can't understand the reason for putting a bomb anyplace where innocent people can be hurt. "If they attacked soldiers—well, that's war. But kids?"

But Maishe's thinking like a terrorist is technical: Why did he use this kind of explosive? Park the car next to this building? Use this kind of detonator?

And, finally, how would I do it?

They also don't talk about the other side of the politics of Arab terrorism, terror that is aimed against Arabs by Israelis who are frustrated by what appears to them to be government impotence in the face of the Arab attack.

A group of 25 Jewish settlers from the West Bank had been arrested earlier in 1984, and their trial on charges ranging from membership in a terrorist organization to murder was to begin the next week. The group, which had become known as "the underground," had confessed to crippling two West Bank mayors and blinding a sapper who was trying to dismantle a bomb at a third mayor's house; plotting to blow up the Moslem holy sites on the Temple Mount; attempting to sabotage five Arab buses; and assaulting an Arab religious college with automatic-weapons fire and hand grenades, killing three and wounding 36. Only a year later would the group, which had found large measures of political support from the right wing of Israeli politics, be convicted for its professionally plotted—and sometimes accomplished—terrorism against Arabs.

It was the *competence* of the 25 accused members of the underground, all of whom had been highly trained members of combat units in the army, that spooked the sappers. A sapper working for the border patrol, a military department inside the

police force, was called in June 1980 to deal with one of the devices planted by the underground at the garage of Ibrahim Tawil, then the mayor of Al Birah, a West Bank town. Sulemein Hirbawe found out just how professional the Jewish terrorist can be. He was blinded when the bomb exploded and now works as a switchboard operator in a small police station not far from his Galilee home.

Since then, whenever Danny gets philosophical, he says, "I don't want to end up a switchboard operator."

And when Maishe, Danny and Itzik were called to dismantle the large bombs hidden by underground members on the undercarriages of five Arab buses, they encountered the finest handiwork they had ever seen, handiwork that seemed sickeningly familiar to some of them. As Maishe sometimes says, "The truth of the matter is that the Arabs just aren't very good at making bombs." Graduates of Israel Defense Force commando and engineering courses are much better.

Itzik said he had never seen such "quality work."

Maishe said he had—in the army sabotage course from which he had graduated.

And Danny said it didn't matter where they had seen such work. All that matters, he said, is that the devices are neutralized in time.

It's 9:49, according to their watches—and the Bulova is ticking away inside the trunk of the car.

Maishe uses his walkie-talkie to inform the police commander on the scene that "ready or not, we have to start working."

The commander asks for another minute, and Danny nods. The extra minute becomes 90 seconds, and then the two men begin waddling in their heavy gear through the parking lot to the car. Maishe goes to the trunk; Danny goes to the engine.

There is a booby trap, Danny discovers. As he leans over the engine, his tall frame in its heavy gear gives him the look of a college basketball player in dark-green cowboy chaps who has found work as a mechanic.

The wiring in the rear of the car also includes a secondary booby trap deep inside the trunk, so Maishe first works around the wrist watch and the detonator, leaning so far into the gaping mouth of the trunk that all that can be seen are his legs, hanging over the top of the faded chrome bumpers.

The crowds go silent while the sappers work. It's as if the entire city is holding its breath.

The only sound is the wind, whistling through the alley between City Tower and the squat department store next to the tall, ugly building. The flapping umbrellas shading the tables of the empty café crack and slap a nonsensical rhythm.

Suddenly, a young boy on a bicycle,

who somehow slipped past the police lines, rides into the empty street. A border policeman gives a shout and runs out into the road, knocking the bewildered boy off the bike. Danny seems to hear the incident. For a moment, he looks up from his work; but then he bends quickly down again.

The border policeman drags the boy into a shop opening and the boy, startled with the sudden awareness of what's happening, starts to cry. His bicycle lies in the middle of the street, the spokes of the spinning front wheel reflecting the bright sun.

Maishe finishes first, holding a detonator attached to a wire over his head. A moment later, Danny is done, and he, too, like an athlete raising a championship trophy, waves a fistful of wires over his head.

Danny speaks into the microphone attached to his lapel. "We're done, but don't release the crowds yet."

The two sappers compare devices. Danny looks into the trunk. Maishe looks at Danny's work under the hood.

Then, taking off their helmets and tucking their foreheads into their biceps to wipe the sweat from their brows, they walk slowly back to the van and the jeep. Maishe carries the explosives, while Danny carries the wiring and the watch.

A policeman starts the applause, and the crowds at each of the police lines around the area join in. Some 3000 people applaud the two men, who laugh as they compare their sweaty blue T-shirts under the flak jackets. Duvid, the driver, who brought Danny to the scene in the blue-and-white van, helps them off with their gear.

"How much time was left on the clock?" a high-ranking officer asks as he approaches the sappers.

"You really want to know?" Maishe asks, smiling at Danny.

"Plenty of time," answers Danny, smiling sarcastically. "Here, look." The officer eagerly looks at the watch and quickly glances away, his face white.

"See?" Maishe says. "Plenty of time."

A tow truck pulls the neutralized car bomb out of the parking lot and past the crowd still behind the police lines. The city goes silent again, except for the murmurs of the people behind the front row, who push forward to get a better look.

Maishe and Danny finally finish packing up their gear and make an initial report to the investigators on the scene.

From inside the jeep, they watch as the crowd dissolves back into the normal pedestrian traffic of downtown Jerusalem in midweek.

"Let's get to the cage; I got to change this shirt," Danny says to Maishe. "Look at it!" The navy-blue T-shirt is a clinging dark purple on Danny's torso.

Maishe smiles, sends Duvid back to headquarters with the van and then starts the jeep. Danny gives a whoop and a laugh and leans forward to turn on the siren.



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COOLERS (continued from page 109)

"Coolers make marvelous mixers. Simply combine them with a splash of your favorite spirit."

on champagne in four flavors—citrus, mimosa, cranberry and *kir royale*. California's sizable wine cooperative Guild Wineries contributes a red and a white cooler under the Quinn's Cooler label. The red is refreshing, with grapefruit and red-wine accents; the white is limy and crisp.

Life in the cooler lane is turbulent, with processors working feverishly but secretly to develop new flavors. Nevertheless, information is often leaked. New products rumored to be in the works, or in test markets, are a chocolate and a plum from T. J. Swann, a cherry from Sun Country, a pineapple from Calvin Cooler and an imported cooler from Italy, modeled on Riunite. Bob Huntington, V.P. of Candaigua (Sun Country Cooler), foresees a flood of imported coolers coming our way.

Along with their other virtues, coolers make marvelous mixers. Simply combine a splash of your favorite spirit with a compatible cooler and you've got the essentials of a first-rate drink. Since coolers already contain about five to six percent alcohol, you should cut back on the amount of spirits you add. You'll find it an easy new way to entertain friends—and yourself. The

recipes that follow will give you some idea of the possibilities of coolers as mixers.

THE COOLER PURPLE

½ teaspoon crème de cassis
¾ oz. tequila
Juice of ½ small lime
4 ozs. berry cooler, well chilled
Add crème de cassis to stemmed wine-glass. Roll glass so liqueur coats inside. Drop 1 ice cube into glass. Add tequila and lime juice; stir. Pour in chilled cooler; stir quickly.

TROPICCOOLER

¾ oz. dark rum
Lime wedge
3 ozs. Tropical Cooler, well chilled
Pineapple cube, optional
Pour rum over ice cubes in 8-oz. highball glass. Squeeze in lime juice; drop peel into glass. Stir well. Pour in Tropical Cooler; stir briefly. Fix pineapple on pick and place in glass, if desired.

VERMOUTH COOLER

3 ozs. citrus wine cooler, well chilled
1½ ozs. dry vermouth
2 dashes Angostura bitters, or to taste

Lemon wheel
Pour cooler and vermouth over ice cubes in highball glass. Shake in bitters and stir. Hang lemon wheel on rim of glass.

RAJ COOLER

¼ oz. triple sec
½ oz. gin
Lemon wedge
3 ozs. chilled cooler (citrus, Chablis or orange), or to taste
Pour triple sec and gin over ice in old fashioned glass. Squeeze in juice of lemon; add peel. Stir well. Add chilled cooler.

COOL DRIVER

1 oz. vodka
Thin slice orange
4 ozs. orange cooler, well chilled
Mint sprig, optional
Pour vodka over 1 ice cube in stemmed glass; stir. Drop orange slice into glass. Add chilled cooler; stir briefly. Garnish with mint sprig, if desired.

COOLER SANGRIA (About eight servings)

1 navel orange
½ grapefruit
1 lemon
½ oz. blackberry-flavored brandy
1 bottle (750 ml.) or 2 12-oz. bottles raspberry cooler, very well chilled
Cut orange in half lengthwise; cut halves into thin slices. Cut grapefruit half into quarters; cut quarters into thin slices. Cut lemon into thin slices. Place cut-up fruit in bowl and pour blackberry-flavored brandy over it. Mash fruit to release juices and bruise rind. Transfer fruit to large pitcher. Add 3 or 4 ice cubes; stir. Pour raspberry cooler into pitcher; stir to combine. Serve in juice glasses or cups, adding a bit of fruit to each portion.

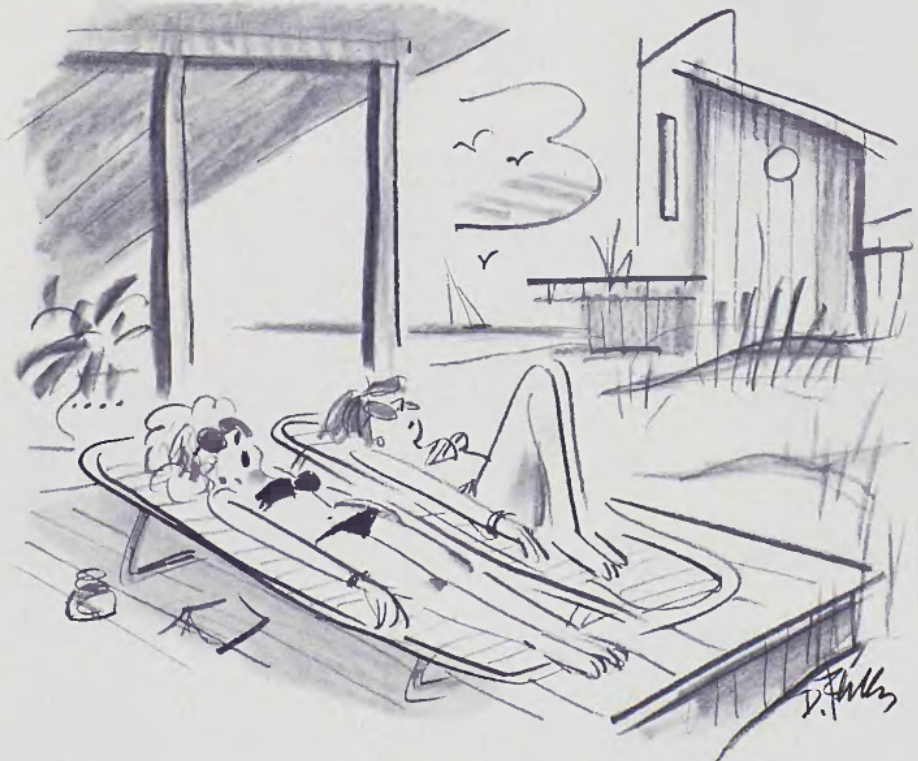
PEACHY COOLER

¾ oz. peach schnapps
½ lime
4 ozs. peach cooler, well chilled
Pour schnapps over 2 or 3 ice cubes in 8-oz. highball glass; stir. Squeeze juice of lime into glass; stir. Add cooler; stir briefly.

CANADIAN COOLER

¾ oz. Canadian whisky
3 ozs. citrus cooler, or to taste, well chilled
Strip of orange peel
Pour whisky over ice cubes in old fashioned glass; stir. Add citrus cooler; stir quickly. Twist orange peel over drink, then drop into glass.

If there's a difference of opinion about what beverage to serve at a party, let cooler heads prevail.



*"We're both strategically driven,
so we're not ruling out the possibility of that
igniting into love."*



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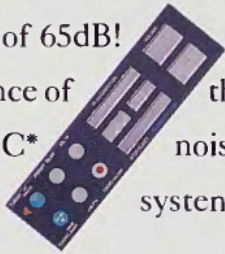


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What more could you ask for in a car audio system? How about the convenience of the CT-X500II's removable remote control module and the performance of Dolby C* noise reduction circuitry. There's no doubt about it. No other car audio systems can match the CT-XII Series from Aiwa. Not even remotely.



Carrie Leigh (continued from page 123)

“Going downstairs is like going out to a party every night—without leaving the grounds,” Carrie says.”

home. They pillage the Mansion’s private collection and often watch two or three films a night. Their solid-gold favorite of the moment is the recent variation of *film noir* mysteries of the Forties, *Body Heat*. (For those who need to know everything, their favorite TV show is *Moonlighting*.)

Hefner is a self-professed incurable romantic, and Carrie provokes and inspires him. He sends her roses, a dozen every Friday. A different color, a different message, each week. Hef is searching for new shades of the spectrum. If anyone has a line on turquoise roses, please contact the Mansion.

If you ask Carrie about the passion in

the relationship, she isn’t shy about responding. “Well, Hef is a very sexy man,” she concedes, “but I think sometimes I like it even more than he does. I like waking him up in the middle of the night. ‘Hef!’ In the morning: ‘Hef!’ Sometimes, I even try to get him out of his meetings.

“I think it was sexual attraction that first got us together, but it’s turned into something a lot more special than that. There are so many different sides to Hef. He’s so sentimental and boyish. I like those qualities in a man.

“I’m rather complicated for a woman my age—with a lot of insecurities and changes in mood. Hef is the first man I’ve

ever known who can handle me no matter what mood I’m in. He understands me, and I think I understand him, too. I don’t know how long the relationship is going to last, but it’s been three years and, so far, it just keeps getting better.”

Carrie’s a long way from home—Toronto, where she was born almost 23 years ago. She began a modeling career at the age of 14, so she grew up early and has lived on her own since her mid-teens. She tried marriage and it didn’t work. A modeling assignment for *PLAYBOY* resulted in the April 1983 cover for the magazine. We asked her to fly to California for a Playmate test. During her stay, she was a guest at the Mansion. “I was playing Monopoly,” Hef later told *Rolling Stone*. “It was one of those things where you look across the room and . . . something happens. My relationship with [Playmate] Shannon [Tweed] had ended just a few weeks earlier, and I was determined not to get involved again. But the mutual attraction was obvious. We fell for each other.”

Shortly thereafter, Hef asked Carrie to move to Los Angeles. Her life at the Mansion is a contemporary Cinderella story, with a continuing cavalcade of new-found friends and celebrities, surrounded by the flora and fauna of a Southern California Shangri-La. There’s a poolside buffet and a first-run film on Friday and Sunday evenings for 50 invited guests. One recent Tuesday, there was a charity affair for Children of the Night, with Whoopi Goldberg and Robin Williams in attendance. The following Monday was Fight Night, with 100 sports enthusiasts, including Bruce Willis, Magic Johnson, Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis, watching Marvelous Marvin Hagler and Thomas Hearns successfully defend and win, respectively, the middleweight and superwelterweight titles in a boxing extravaganza on pay TV.

“Going downstairs is like going out to a party every night—without ever leaving the grounds,” Carrie says. “But when we go upstairs to our own quarters, that’s the best time of all. Hef likes to have dinner in bed around midnight. We watch tapes of our favorite films or television shows on a pair of big screens that are built into the bedroom walls.”

During the day, Carrie works out in the Mansion gym (she’s a physical-fitness devotee), takes acting lessons and pursues her modeling career. She has already posed for some of the world’s top photographers, from the dean of the Hollywood glamor chroniclers, George Hurrell, to the internationally famed avant-garde lensman Helmut Newton.

The original plans for a Playmate pictorial were replaced by this special 12-page feature, shot by seven photographers—Richard Fegley, Phillip Dixon, Charles Bush, Stan Malinowski, Ken Chernus, Larry L. Logan and Harry Langdon—each of them capturing a different facet of Carrie Leigh’s remarkable persona.















“What do you mean, ‘In a way, I guess we’re all whores’? I’m not a whore! I’m a pimp!”



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"Pleased to meet you," said Harry, trying hard to act casual. "So this is a nudist colony, huh?"

have to be deaf not to hear the racket.

"Up and at 'em, big guy!"

When Finnegan stayed catatonic, the ringleader leaned down and blew into a referee's whistle. Then he clapped his hands and addressed the group. "OK, kiddies, we need a quorum! Do we let this slug-a-bed play possum, or do we give him the Waikiki treatment?"

"The treatment!" they echoed, to plenty of hoots and catcalls.

I'm on *Candid Camera*, Harry thought, as someone yanked his blankets away.

"Oooh, boxers!" cried a dozen honeymooners, the shock of their voices unmistakable. "He's got on boxer shorts!"

There was nowhere to hide. "I—I was going to pack pajamas," Harry began, but when he raised up and opened his eyes, the words caught in his throat. His jaw might have been missing a hinge. "Holy cow!" he said. He had never seen so many naked people in one place.

"What are you, a nonconformist?" asked the cricket man, actually a rotund, middle-aged fellow with a part down the center of his scalp that seemed to match the part in his chest hair and the fur circling his rounded belly. Even naked, he was the neatest man Harry had ever seen.

"I'm not really . . . anything," Harry tried to explain. "I mean, I'm here for my father, Bernie Finnegan. He's over there in—"

"Bernie!" chirped the neatly parted fellow. "Of course! You must be his son, Harry! I'm Chuck Burnell, director here. . . ."

"Pleased to meet you," said Harry, trying hard to act casual. He struggled to sit up in the water bed so he could shake hands. "So this is a nudist colony, huh?"

"No, no, no!" cried Burnell, his voice getting even more insectlike. He reddened and made pudgy little fists. "We can't call it an *N* camp. Don't even say the word! It's a zoning thing. We've got to list as a clothing-op factory. Strictly clothing op! Otherwise, the chamber-of-commerce boys shut us down *like that*. Most folks who move in just decide not to *op*, if you get my meaning."

"Of course." There were a few throat clearings and titters, and Harry tugged self-consciously at the elastic around his waist. He tried not to look at the director's privates, which hooked to the left, or at the hummocky thighs of the older ladies. The problem was finding somewhere to aim his eyes, and he finally settled on his own feet. "I'm really just here to be with my dad," Harry explained. "I don't really know if it's a nude kind of situation."

"That's *clothing optional*!" steamed Burnell, coloring up again. "I told you!"

"That's what I meant," Harry said, still staring at his toes. "I think it's more of a clothes-on situation than a clothes-off, at least for now."

There was some murmuring among the newlyweds, and Harry lifted his eyes cautiously. The entire predicament was so peculiar, Harry almost forgot he was still sprawled in his underwear, on display for a horde of senior sun worshipers.

"All righty," cackled a gaunt gentleman as he bounced a volleyball off the bungalow floor. "Me 'n' m' buttercup feel like doin' some spikin'," he cackled again, jiggling his Adam's apple. "Come on, 'mooners!"

One by one, the Waikiki newlyweds trooped back out of Spicecake. Only the director, Burnell, stayed behind long enough to say how sorry he was about his dad and that he hoped the old guy would pull through. "Around here, we call him the Walter Winchell of Waikiki Haven," he chuckled. "I guess you could say he's got a little scoop on just about all of us."

Harry smiled and thanked him, wondering if what he'd just heard was good or bad, when the well-groomed nudie chief stopped at the door and spun around. "You want my advice, son, can the skivvies. When in Rome, there's no point acting Armenian—if you get my drift."

"Loud and clear," said Harry, tugging the blankets back over his head the second the man was out of sight.

An hour or so later, Finnegan made his move.

By sneaking out of Spicecake, keeping to the back of Baked Alaska and flitting through the jonquils that bordered the shuffleboard courts, he managed to make it to his dad's without meeting any naked. Only once, skirting the wading pool, did he nearly bump head on with a family of clothing ops. Crouched by a Dumpster, he spied on the clan, three generations from bent and heavy-chested grandma to acned teen, as they trotted off for a dip. Harry wondered if they were year-rounds or if they just went bare when they visited. He could not imagine flapping around with his own wife. Marge did not even like to undress in front of him—after 12 years of marriage, she still disrobed in the closet. And try as he might, he could not bring himself to head off without any clothes on. Instead, he wore the boxers he'd slept in, a baggy pair Marge had bought him for the Bicentennial, stamped with little flags and Lincolns.

Approaching the bungalow the back way, he heard his father's voice and stopped under the window to listen. "Sure," the old man was going on,

"reminds me of the time Dino, Lawford and Frankie were skinny-dipping at the Sands. Must've been Sixty, Sixty-two. Anyway, out comes the manager, and he says, 'Sorry, folks, pool's closed.' Can you imagine? Half the pack's out there doin' belly flops in the altogether, and he makes the payin' customers hit the pavement! Those were the days, boy. Rob Roys by the *tureen*. We ran a feature about it in the June ish. . . . Raised all kinds of stink."

Still stooping, Harry scooted around to the front and took a deep breath. It had been two years since he'd seen his father, and his heart was thumping.

"Daddy," Harry blurted as he burst through the doorway. "It's me! It's your son, Harry!"

The old man looked up momentarily, then went back to the cards he held in his hand as he sat in bed. "Have a seat, kiddo, I'm almost gin. Two cards and I take these *putzes* to the cleaners."

"OK," said Harry, and he dropped onto a barstool by the door.

For a moment, he thought he was going to weep, but he steadied himself with a peek around the room. Flanking his dad's bed were two naked old guys, one a thin, brittle-looking fellow with liver spots dotting his back, the other a squat, bullish man with bushy sideburns and a TWISTED SISTER headband. "Joe Alzheimer," announced the brittle fellow with a friendly wave, "no relation to the disease."

"And I'm Greenstein," the bushy chum called over his shoulder. "Stateside, I'm known as the Chaise Lounge King. You might've seen my ads. Stores in all forty-eight big ones, excepting Utah. Don't ask me why. My theory is, Mormons don't like to recline."

"Harry don't wanna hear all that," his father interjected, slamming down a three of clubs. "He's an important coupon guy back in Chi town. You probably read his stuff: REDEEMABLE AT TIME OF PURCHASE. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. Harry writes that stuff. He's got no time for lawn furniture."

"Wow," said Alzheimer, "you don't look a minute over forty, either. That sounds like a heck of a responsibility for a guy just over forty."

Harry, who happened to be 34, again fought off the urge to bury his face in his hands. "Nice to meet you," he said and managed to smile. He knew his dad was doing his best to build him up. But nothing could disguise the fact that banging out SAVE \$1 ON YOUR NEXT NABISCO PURCHASE! was a thousand times less thrilling than scooping Earl Wilson on the Cary Grant-Luba Otasevic scandal. Back in '59, Bernie Finnegan had beat out the pack on the leading man's fling with the lady hoopster—and had dined out on it for years. But even worse for Harry was the fact that he'd dropped everything to fly off and be with his dying father, and here was the old guy telling Vegas stories and winning at gin rummy. Just like he always did. "You're not supposed to be having fun,

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you're supposed to be dying!" he felt like saying, but bit his tongue. What kind of son would even think of such a thing?

The oxygen tent had been folded back over the headboard, and Bambi now perched beside her husband, as naked as a waif, fanning the old man with a giant banana leaf. When Harry caught her eye, she shook her head sadly, as though what they were witnessing were death throes, not a guy and his pals in a penny-a-point gin game. Harry was so out of sorts, he could not even focus on the girl's body, beyond reflecting that her breasts were colossal for someone so petite.

The bed tray on which they were playing was propped over his dad's middle and sounded a resounding *thwack* every time one of the fellows discarded. With each slap, Harry grew a little more agitated. He was about to leap and say something, but just then his dad yelled, "I'm a ginny!" and broke into a coughing fit that had all three men scrambling to smack him on the back. When he started gagging, Bambi slapped an oxygen mask across his mouth. The tank was tucked beside the bed for easy access. After a second more, his father waved them off, but Harry quickly regretted his thoughts of a second earlier.

"Maybe we oughta take a break," said Bambi, and both boys nodded that they understood.

"Sure thing," said Alzheimer. "Sec ya later, Bern. And nice to meet you," he added, turning to shake hands with Harry before leaving.

But Greenstein, the Chaise Lounge King, hung on a moment longer. "Check it out," he barked, pointing to the TWISTED SISTER sweatband around his head. He wore his few remaining strands of hair swept forward, covering the top of his skull from somewhere around his occiput. "This is 'cause you gotta keep up with the kids. Me 'n' your daddy see eye to eye on that. You're only as young as you feel!" Here he snapped into a quick frug around the bed, sneaking a pinch at Bambi's bottom and frugging back again. "And this doll here feels pretty young to me!" he hooted.

"Hey, none of that," snarled Finnegan's dad. "Find your own."

"Sure, sure," chuckled Greenstein, poking Harry in the ribs. "I love this guy! He's got the best broad in the joint and he won't even let his pals have a pinch."

When the old man felt well enough, he handed the tube back to the girl and asked if she'd mind running out for magazines. "I still keep up," he explained, "even though this *People* crap is nothing like the old days. I don't trust any magazine that don't use composites." His eyes misted over and he got a kind of far-off look. "One

month, we must've pasted Ingrid Bergman next to every chump who ever got off a bus at Hollywood and Vine. That was the same ish we ripped the lid off Kookie—'MAD AVE MAKES MILLIONS OFF KIDDIE COMB CRAZE.' . . . Edd Byrnes claims, 'Mom always told me to look neat! Edd Byrnes! Those were the days, boy.'"

Finnegan had heard it all before but wanted to make his dad happy any way he could. "That must've been something, huh?"

"Don't patronize me," growled his father, and Harry felt instantly crushed. You couldn't win with the guy, which is one reason he'd stayed away as long as he had. "Grab me a *Midnight*, a *Star* and an *Enquirer*," the old man told Bambi as she fished in her purse. "And pick up some Coppertone for Harry. He's not going to be prancing around in those shorts for long, and there's nothing worse than an ass burn the first day out."

Harry was embarrassed at being treated this way in front of the girl, but Bambi just smiled as she scampered off. After she left, Bernie Finnegan nodded proudly. He moved the tray off his midsection, exposing his old-guy organ to his son, who'd never really seen it before.

"So what do you think?"

"Well," said Harry, a little flustered, "it doesn't look sick."

"Not that," snapped his father. "I mean my *bambina*. My B.W. She's some step-mother, huh? Guys'd kill for a little somethin' like that in the family."

"Dad!" Harry blushed.

With some effort, his father propped himself up on his elbows, and up close Harry saw for the first time how sick he really was. He'd grown so thin, the cords in his neck stuck out painfully. And the slightest exertion set him panting. Even the tattoo on his shoulder—LOOSE TALK, in scarlet filigree—had faded to a greenish blur, like some kind of label that had gone through the wash once too often.

"Kid," his dad began, his voice now no more than a rasp, "there's two things you oughta know about your old man. I'm dying and I'm broke. Bustereeno. I wanted to get you down here to hear it straight from me, so you don't find out the hard way."

"But, Dad . . . I mean, you look—"

"Like Georgie Jessel on his last *Merv*," his father butted in. "I happened to catch the show. Guy looked like he was on leave from the mortuary. Sonny boy, a bum tater's a bum tater. Believe me. They've done everything to my weenie but roast it on a stick. The chemo, the shmemo, the operations, the examinations where they make you bend over and play *up periscope* while they talk about their golf game. I tell ya, Harry, I don't see how these guys hold their lunch."

"Come on, Pop," Harry pleaded. "You're doing OK."

"Would you knock it off? As if the dingus isn't bad enough, I need a rest every minute and a half from the emphysema. Don't get me wrong, I'm not complaining.



"I'm seeing a side of you tonight I didn't know existed!"

I've had some laughs. But if I don't say what I have to say now, you might have to wait till after the next nap, and who knows. . . . You know what I mean?"

Harry had never learned how to handle his dad's dramatics and just tried not to acknowledge them. He moved to the seat at the head of the bed, where the ailing gossip grabbed his knee for leverage.

"Slide me against the wall," he said, and Harry eased him backward.

Finnegan Sr. flattened one hand to his chest and sucked in enough air for another sentence. Harry had a feeling he needed the oxygen again but did not want to admit it until he had said what he had to.

"Daddy," Harry said softly, but his father waved him off.

"Don't 'Daddy' me, kid. I'm a pro. I made my living sniffing out crap. I know your mother and you never approved of me. But bereft as I am—which reminds me, you'll be getting the bill for this fun house the second I croak; my apologies—bereft as I am, I still want to leave you a little something. I want to make it up to you for all the times I was off carousing when you were stuck home with your mother, may she rest in one piece."

Harry opened his mouth, but the words came out in a soft moan. "What is it?"

"What it is," said his father, brightening considerably, "is Bambi. I want to leave you Bambi."

"You what?"

"Tit for tat," cackled his dad. "I only wish my old man had left me something that nice. All I got from that crumb bum was a Purple Heart he didn't even earn—he got it in a crap game."

"But . . . Bambi," Harry sputtered. "I don't—"

"You don't what?" The color had returned to his father's cheeks. He looked almost young again. "I didn't even have to sell her," he declared, as if this were the best part of all. "I just dropped a hint about a week ago, after my last checkup, and she said it was A-OK, as long as she got to stay here in Waikiki. You can come on down and visit when you want to, or you can move right in."

"Dad, I'm married!" The pleading in Harry's voice surprised him, as if he were begging his father to write him a note so he could get out of it. "I'm a married man."

"Of course you are—and you're gonna stay that way! When it comes to man and wife, Bernie Finnegan says you got to honor the office. Look at Jack Kennedy. No matter where he was planting it, Jackie stayed up on that pedestal. That's class! You think I ever caused your mother grief?" He paused when he saw his son's expression. "OK, maybe a little. But only by accident! Your father always took care of the home front. He honored the office!"

Harry started to say something, but the old man waved him off again. He had worked himself up. A thick vein quivered in his temple, and his face shone a boiled-tomato color. He began taking tiny gasps

between each word, but nothing could stop him.

"Kiddo, we talked about it. Last night, after she showed you around, she woke me up to tell me how much she likes you. She likes you, buddy boy, and Bambi ain't a gal that likes easy, believe me. That mug Greenstein said he'd sign over his Eldorado—for one night—and she laughed in his face."

"Maybe she wanted it for more than a night," said Harry, setting his father off with a rasping snort that turned into a wheeze, then worked its way into a hacking cough. He sounded like a bad clutch.

"Always a kidder," gasped the old man. "You're such a kidder, I don't know why you never did Merv along with Jessel." He coughed again, doubling up this time. "You should make half what that man left to his damn poodle with what you make writing coupons for feminine napkins."

"Not that again," said Finnegan wearily. Months ago, Bambi had spotted a 30¢ OFF slip in a Modest box, and she asked Harry on the phone if his firm had handled it. "That happens to be one of mine," he told her, in a flush of authorial pride, and had regretted it ever since.

"OK, I'm teasing," said his father, catching his breath. "That's a good-looking coupon. I couldn't be prouder."

"Dad, please," said Harry, but in another second he'd started gagging again. This time, he motioned for his son to grab the oxygen.

"Right . . . there," the old man panted, and Harry reached over to try to turn the valve on top of the little tank. "No," he gasped, but Harry was still wrestling with the valve and didn't hear. He tried frantically to turn the dial and finally tipped the whole thing over, crashing the night table with his father's Sony and his Snoopy clock-radio. But the old man didn't notice. By now, his eyes bulged and his face throbbled purple. The sweat ran in black streaks down his cheeks from all that polish. At last, he got out a single word—"mask"—and Harry caught on. He grabbed the oxygen mask and his father snatched it and shoved his face inside. Clutching it with both hands, he inhaled until his shoulders hunched up around his ears.

"Harry," his father whispered when he was able, "it was already on. . . ."

"Oh, Jesus," Finnegan groaned. "I'm sorry. . . ."

But the old gossip dismissed him with a kindly wave. "Relax, pally. Just wake me up for the luau."

Then he crossed his legs and keeled over on the water bed, as dapper as ever.

Harry decided to spend the three days before the funeral right there in Waikiki Haven. At first, he was uneasy about the prospect of a nude funeral. But after the very first day, it made more sense. He and Bambi really got to know each other. The girl informed him that his father had

wanted to be cremated and to have his ashes scattered in the flowers around the shuffleboard courts. He'd jotted down a few little plans for the occasion that he, Bambi and Chuck Burnell went over ahead of time. The idea was to have a modest ceremony there at the courts around nine, then ease into a light brunch and kick off the first annual Bernie Finnegan Memorial Shuffleboard Classic at noon on the dot. When Harry called Marge with the news, he left out the brunch-and-shuffleboard part and mentioned instead that he wanted to cash in his return ticket and use the credit to give her an extra week in Bora Bora. Marge was overwhelmed with this generosity. "Except when will you be coming back?" she kept asking, but Harry told her to just enjoy herself and they'd talk about that later. Which seemed to do the trick.

The morning of the ceremony, Harry spent a long while in front of the cabana mirror, deciding how to wear his black arm band. Since "nudists have no lapels," as Burnell explained, traditional clothing-op mourningwear consisted of black arm bands for men and black mantillas for the ladies. Finnegan finally decided on sliding the band high up on his right biceps, gladiator style, and at 8:45 sharp, he and Bambi stepped out of Spicecake and headed for the shuffleboard courts.

The young widow wore a veil over her face and black spike heels, a combo the bereaved son had a feeling he'd be requesting for years to come—all thanks to his dad's inimitable foresight and generosity.

About 60 naked—the entire Haven population, barring the grounds crew, who insisted on keeping their civvies on and shunned contact with live-ins—showed up for Bernie Finnegan's service.

The sky shone cheery blue and an easy breeze blew from the east. Harry stepped up, ashes in hands, and gave a nod all around before beginning his modest eulogy. "Der Bingle, Danny Thomas, Bob Hope," he intoned, "just about everybody my dad admired had a tournament named after him. And now he's finally got one of his own."

"We just hope, wherever he is, he can peck down and enjoy it," Bambi chimed in, as planned, and then Finnegan unscrewed the lid from the urn the mortician had given him. A hush fell over the crowd, and there were a few sniffles as he began to scatter his father's ashes here and there alongside the asphalt courts. But just then the breeze picked up, and some of the grit blew in the direction of the nudists, who squinted and brushed themselves.

"Do you realize," cried Burnell, "if we had pants on, this stuff would be landing in our cuffs?"

"Holy cow, you're right!" said Finnegan.

He felt certain, as the last bits drifted off in the wind, that he had made the right decision.



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TOM CRUISE

(continued from page 107)

what would it be?
 CRUISE: Why are you still alive?

8.

PLAYBOY: When are you most dangerous?
 CRUISE: At about 160 miles an hour on my motorcycle. It goes 170.

PLAYBOY: Say you're going 80. What goes through your head as you wind it out?

CRUISE: [Grips] OK, it's like this: A Porsche cuts in front of me because the guy doesn't see me. So I calmly pull up next to him and honk my horn and say, "What do you think you're doing?" But he just takes off, thinking that he's in a Porsche and I'm just on a bike. So I lay across the tank and pull the throttle back a little bit. I start to pass things. The Ninja begins to bear down as I speed up. I see the taillights of the Porsche coming closer and closer. Then, as I'm passing, I look right into the big, surprised eyes of the driver.

The Ninja really holds the road, so I don't worry about balance. But I wouldn't do this on roads I didn't know, either. I just like going fast, but [snaps fingers] anything can happen.

9.

PLAYBOY: There have been varying interpretations of your breakthrough film, *Risky Business*. What would you tell a film school class the picture was about?

CRUISE: It's about capitalism and the idea that there has to be more to life than making money. Joel Goodsen is a kid from upper-middle-class society who has an ultimate capitalist adventure by organizing callgirls—the ultimate capitalists. I love the way Rebecca De Mornay played her part, because she didn't do the happy hooker. There was sadness and reality. She asks, "Why does it always have to be so tough?" Then, when Joel says, "My name is Joel Goodsen and I grossed \$8000 in one night," he is really saying that he now understands the system and that he's not going to play.

10.

PLAYBOY: Your name has been linked lately with those of a few actresses. Would you rather have a girlfriend in or out of the movie business?

CRUISE: Again, the press makes things up. I haven't been in a relationship with anyone since Rebecca.

I'm not really sure whether it is an advantage to be with someone in the business. I know I need someone who is adaptable, someone who can go from one extreme environment to the next and not go crazy. Sometimes I get up in the middle of the night and want to work. Other times, I can sleep for days. And I'm always going from one location to the next. I want someone extremely bright and creative. That kind of woman is likely to be pursu-

ing her own vision in life, which for me is ideal. I don't want someone living for and depending on me for everything, because I do need a lot of time alone.

But just as I'm still at the beginning of my career as an artist, it's the same in relationships. I'm not looking to get married right now. But I love to be in love. That's what makes it all worth while. Outside of a high school sweetheart I went with for about seven months, Rebecca was my first serious girlfriend. Living with her was fantastic. She's bright, talented. I've since dated women other than actresses—no, not the check-out girl at the local market. [Laughs] Lawyers, writers, artists. But in the final analysis, it's just the person, isn't it? Who knows? One day, I'll just be walking down the street and there she'll be.

11.

PLAYBOY: Whose company do you enjoy more—women's or men's?

CRUISE: Women's. I like the company of men, but I prefer women. Maybe it has to do with having three sisters. I trust women easier than men. Also, I got to see all the stuff they went through. I know that women are at their worst in the morning. [Laughs] I used to talk with my sisters about women. I saw how they liked to be treated, what upset them. We were close. And now I am very careful with the women I date. I treat them the way I would want my sisters to be treated.

12.

PLAYBOY: We loved the train scene from *Risky Business*. Whom would you like to have directed in it?

CRUISE: [Long pause] Hmmm. Who would I like to see make love on a train? Sean Penn and Madonna? Bruce Willis and Cybill Shepherd? Actually, I see more of Kim Basinger and . . . Paul Newman. I'll throw him in there so he can have a good time. [Laughs] Whom else do I want to do a favor for here? The list will be long and distinguished.

13.

PLAYBOY: Sunglasses have often been part of your movie attire. How many pairs do you actually own? Do you lose them often? Ever been asked to do any eyewear ads?

CRUISE: I have only one pair now, sort of wire-rimmed but not aviator style. The lenses are black. They do the job. Sometimes I have a second pair, because my shades are always getting lost or crushed. I won't do ads. I'm an actor and not into that kind of stuff.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite acting-profession joke?

CRUISE: A guy is in a bar, talking to the bartender. He seems down and out, and the bartender is concerned. "The problem," the guy says, "is that I have an I.Q. of 185 and I can't find anyone to have a decent

conversation with." Just then, the guy two seats away pipes up, "An I.Q. of 185? Mine's 184." So they start talking about Star Wars technology, black holes in space, theoretical mathematics. Farther down the bar, another guy says, "I have the same problem. My I.Q. is 135 and I can't find anyone to talk to." But a guy a couple of seats away says, "One thirty-five? Mine's 134." So they talk about their new BMWs, the best pasta, vacations in the Hamptons. Finally, a guy near the end of the bar says, "Wow. I have the, uh, same problem. My I.Q. is . . . 85, and there's, uh, no one to talk to." But the guy next to him says, "Eighty-five? Mine is . . . 84 . . . can we talk?" "Sure," says the first guy. "About what?" "I don't know," says his new friend. "Let's see. Uh . . . been on any good auditions lately?"

15.

PLAYBOY: Defend Sean Penn.

CRUISE: He got a bum rap from the press with *Racing with the Moon*. The film didn't do well, not just because he wouldn't promote it. He did his job. He did hard work. If you feel comfortable doing interviews, fine. But if they make you nervous or you have nothing to say, why should you be pressured into doing them? Now everything he does is blown out of proportion. It must be a drag. And now that he's married Madonna—the wedding with all the helicopters, it was absurd. Though when you marry Madonna, it is pretty hard to keep things private. It was a beautiful setting, but the helicopters made it difficult to hear what was being said. But she's perfect for him. They're in love. The last time I saw Sean, he was really calm, feeling good about himself, focused, getting ready for another movie. What's important is the work an actor does. There he delivers.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's the most ridiculous rumor you've heard about yourself?

CRUISE: On the set of *Top Gun*, Duke Cunningham, a Naval ace, came up to me and said, "Congratulations, Tom, about your new house."

I said, "My house?"

"Yeah, didn't you just buy a house next door to Cyndi Lauper in Connecticut?"

I said, "Wow. If I did, it must have been a hell of a night last night."

17.

PLAYBOY: When you cook to seduce, what's your meal of choice?

CRUISE: I make reservations. A bottle of Château Lafite at dinner is also nice.

18.

PLAYBOY: When in your career has a movie critic gone too far?

CRUISE: I read a review of my dance number in *Risky Business* that somehow failed to talk about my work. After I'd worked so hard to create a character, that was frus-

trating. Critics are supposed to educate the audience by discussing what they like and don't like about a film. But when one comments on the clothes I wear or how I talk, then I feel like saying, "Hey. Just do your job." I don't read a lot of reviews, because if I believe all the great ones, then I have to believe the bad ones. I want people to like and respect my work, but I essentially do films for me.

19.

PLAYBOY: In *Risky Business*, Joel was urged to adopt the attitude "What the fuck." Was there a point in your life at which you did the same?

CRUISE: I think my whole life is "What the fuck." My family traveled. Each year, I was the new kid in school. I knew there was always going to be some jerk who would take a cut at me. Someone was going to say something weird about my sister. I learned early on just to take a deep breath and go for it.

20.

PLAYBOY: OK, let's see if you'll go for this: If you could be any woman you wanted to be for a day, who would that be?

CRUISE: The perfect woman.



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ULTIMATE PLEASURES (continued from page 136)

"I gave him a lovely gift and arranged for two massages—a woman for him and a man for me."

of prior sexual excitement, if not one or two orgasms.

To be orgasmic, a woman must never accept, and a partner must never press, any sexual activity that undermines her arousal. For most women, anal intercourse fits that description. However, if the thought is intriguing, it's important to know thoroughly your partner's past sexual habits. For aesthetic and practical reasons, before anal intercourse, an experienced woman, in privacy, thoroughly cleanses her rectum, and a novice should always use a copious amount of lubrication.

Easily orgasmic women tell their partners what gives them physical pleasure. But there is another side to sex—the mental scenarios that accompany physical pleasure.

"We've done it where I've always wanted to—on the beach, in bathrooms at parties, slyly at outdoor concerts. My fa-

vorite was in a private room at a very elegant restaurant, after a candlelight supper."

"I gave him a lovely gift and arranged for two massages—a woman for him and a man for me. Then two others, barely clothed, served us hors d'oeuvres and champagne. Then we scattered rose petals over the bed. . . ."

Acting out fantasies may sometimes include an element of the forbidden or the possibility of being discovered. Any such adventurous sex, including sex with a couple or a person recently met, or acting a role or developing shared scenarios, may add arousing thoughts to pleasing physical acts: "We take turns. Maybe he's the doctor and I'm his seductive patient, or maybe I'm his teacher and he's in need of discipline. Sometimes we'll dress the parts, and we'll probably play the scene until we've both reached climax. . . ."

The actual visual experience of love is

often highly arousing. The entire love-making scene can be a source of excitement, or a woman may prefer to notice particular visual aspects:

Grace: "Watching our bodies making love is amazingly arousing. Bodies are surprisingly sensuous."

Bernadette: "It excites me to look at my breasts—the fact that we don't have clothes on, to see and feel him holding my breasts, to see my nipples erect."

Rita: "I look at my partner to feel more love and closeness. I like to watch penetration, or his tongue between my thighs. . . . It's also a turn-on to watch in mirrors—I have two close to my bed."

Among easily orgasmic women, we discovered two types of images, the prevalence of which has largely escaped popular and professional notice. These images are rooted in the ongoing moment of lovemaking—a woman's sexual activities with her partner and her body's responses. As such, they are not only highly arousing but entirely faithful to the moment and a woman's relationship with her partner.

We term one of these images a third-person-observer image. A majority of the women report this erotic experience. As if she were a movie camera, or another person watching, a woman has varied images of what she and her partner are actually doing, though some women change it a bit or add a touch of fantasy. However, an orgasmic woman is never detached, never a passive spectator, aloof from her sexual experience—detachment often characterizes *nonorgasmic* women. Although aware of the image, orgasmic women remain immersed in simultaneous sensations. Further, arousal is usually more intense when a woman senses herself *within* the picture.

Many women are aware of their state of physical arousal. Awareness is a subtle, fully involved immersion in bodily sensations. Arousal begets arousal:

"I'm aware of my nipples, my lubrication, my clitoris and labia engorging, and I'm conscious of a rising feeling—I recite each sensation."

Ginger: "Sometimes I'm like a third person, watching myself from out of the bed. I see what I'm actually doing, see my own body on top or rear penetration—and yet my focus is always on me, for my own sexual pleasure, and I'm absolutely feeling everything that's happening."

Rita: "What I see is bodies. For instance, during oral sex—and it may not even be exactly what is happening—I see my body stretched out on a bed and a man's body kneeling by mine. My legs are probably up, and my hands are along the sides of his head. It's just the image and feelings, a very soft, very beautiful image. And I see the body movements, but I don't see the details . . . just the scene, very soft lights and images and me."

Natalie: "I've always watched what we're doing at that moment. And I can imagine other men—never women. Yet I



"All right, then, how about a cigarette?"

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never imagine their faces but only parts of their bodies, such as abdomens, rear ends and thighs—and mostly extra hands. Hands become large; I see details such as their nails . . . hands inside my vagina, touching my nipples, my clitoris, bottom . . . hands all over my body. Maybe that's how I have breast orgasms, by imagining lots of sensations."

These third-person-observer images blend to form a different type of image, that of specific body parts. Among women who have visual images, there seems a progression during lovemaking, a tendency to move toward body-part images as a woman nears orgasm. Occasionally, a woman will take a fantasy or a role image right through the peak of orgasm; but more frequently, as erotic arousal mounts, her focus begins to shift toward third-person and body-part images—closer to pure sensation.

A substantial majority of women in our study frequently have these images. We say frequently because a woman who is aware of having one of these images usually has many. And we suspect that the actual incidence is greater than that uncovered by our interviews: Many of these images are fleeting impressions, quickly forgotten after lovemaking.

What do we mean by body-part imagining? Simply, a woman will have close-up images of her own body parts or her partner's while she is making love. These

images seem to be natural, usually spontaneous, extremely arousing—and, for several women, almost essential to orgasm.

Jennifer is 21 and single, a recent college graduate: "Visualizing my clitoris or the parts of my body being touched is important. That helps me a lot for orgasm."

Iris: "I very definitely see images of my body as it's aroused. I think that's a necessity, very important. You have to realize how each of your body parts feels to you when it's being touched. To reach orgasm, I enjoy many layers of stimulation."

Kate describes a common experience: "When a man is making oral love to me, sometimes, in my mind, I actually see my clitoris growing. I can feel it getting hard and I think, My God, it's just like a man's penis! I can feel it start to stick out, and when he has his lips on it, I see and feel the hardness."

Although most body-part images have a visual component, some are purely kinesthetic, a recall or recognition of arousing bodily feelings. Tracy, who has a visual orgasmic image, has images of only sensation during her arousal: "Something may cue a memory, and past sensations pop in." And Emily, who never has visual images, relates, "My first orgasm was shocking. It kind of scared me, but I knew right away I liked it. Then I got worried that it wasn't going to happen again. So I touched myself more and went back in my

mind through the entire sexual experience to see what made me feel good, trying to capture whatever sensations I went through. Now I think about how I'm feeling and concentrate on where he's touching. I can help control it. . . . I'm familiar with the feelings of arousal."

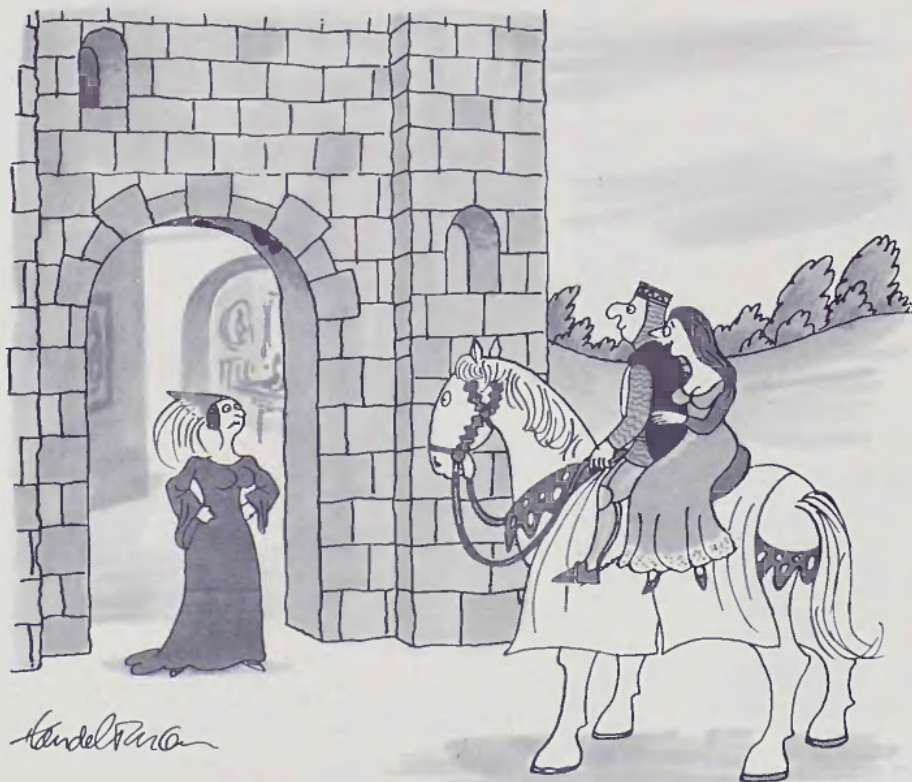
What does a woman see when she has visual images of body parts? Let us try to fathom the scope of one woman's experience. Grace is aware of her images: "I'm a visual and tactile person. I watch our loveplay [third-person images], but later on I see areas. I see my husband clearly—I'm a chest-shoulders-and-butt woman—or his genitals, face, mouth or tongue, his head between my legs. But I see myself as a vague form, especially when there's intense feeling, as when his mouth is upon my breast. Then I see my nipples, my pelvis, clitoris, thighs—and particularly my vagina. I focus on vaginal insertion. As if I were inside my vagina, I see his penis start to descend as if it were coming toward me. I only sense my vaginal walls, but his penis is hard and powerful. I see and feel it ripple and glide. When I'm feeling the gliding and impact that way, I feel very pink and open."

Most body-part images are visualizations of contact, with both the woman's and her partner's parts in felt-and-seen combinations. Realistic or somewhat abstract, the images have extremely strong, immediate sensations: "I visualize sensations." "I see what feels intense or arousing." A common image is of the penis within the vagina, usually seen in a cut-away view, "from the side, like looking through a window."

Many women have images of ejaculation: "I see his penis throbbing, then spurting inside my vagina." But even before they touch, a woman may see parts of her partner's body, particularly his penis, face, chest, hands—whatever she may value as a source of erotic stimulation.

A woman may also anticipate desired stimuli. Alice is single, in her late 20s: "During oral sex, I sometimes jump ahead in my mind and see myself in intercourse. If I'm going to peak, especially if I've had one orgasm and the same tongue or kissing is building toward another, I'll let my partner know that I feel an urge to have intercourse. I often see quick side views of his penis inside my vagina. When I need deeper thrusting, it helps me establish a rhythm and to know how to move him to get where it feels good."

A woman's imaging usually stops in the moments just before orgasm—or a new type of image is initiated. Yet a few women do experience comprehensive or related images that start in mid-arousal and extend through the peak of orgasm. Natalie is such a woman, possessing, as she informed us, a repertoire of images,



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and some are of special beauty.

"When I'm having oral sex, I see all the little creases and crevices in my vagina; my clitoris is large and swollen and enlarging even more, and fluttering, because it usually does before and after orgasm. . . . When he enters initially, I have an image of this large, beautiful penis perfectly filling a marvelous space, and it's an incredible feeling to have something in you, enter inside your body, a very romantic feeling that now we have united. . . . The walls of my vagina are rather narrow and long, pink, fleshy and moist. . . . When he comes inside me, I feel a flush of warm ivory-colored liquid and watch it coming toward me, very gently and lightly washing over my presence. . . .

"When I am ready for orgasm, I always imagine my vagina as being doors opening and closing. . . . The doors are deep inside me, surrounded by fleshy vagina. They open like double French doors, white, very delicate, feminine. I see them slowly opening, then staying open at orgasm. Sometimes, depending on how wet I am, I see blue water seep out the doors, as if that's the way I'm coming. Then, after I've had my orgasm, I see the doors slowly close."

Of the easily orgasmic women in our study, *80 percent*, at least on occasion, have third-person observer and/or body-part images.

Although orgasm is physical, orgasmic women use their minds to nourish their bodies to orgasm.

For a few women, this nourishment takes the form of a simple focusing, concentrating their minds to blend with pure sensation. But most do immensely more: They pre-arouse their bodies and minds before a sexual encounter; they focus on making love, eliminating distractions; they use all their senses, choosing and also creating erotic sensory input. During lovemaking, 90 percent sometimes use a form of visual imaging; 80 percent have fantasies; 90 percent use roles or go with thematic moods; 80 percent use third-person views or close-up body-part images. When all these factors are added, the total effect is striking: *Orgasmic women make especially sure of getting enough stimulation for orgasm.*

However, *no* woman does everything. As Grace, who focuses on images and sensory impressions and is always immersed in her body's sensations, exclaims, "I can't have fantasies, too; there's just no more mental room!" Indeed, there is not. At any given moment, a person can engage in only so much mental activity. Further, women have preferences; each attends to whatever, for her, is most erotically pleasing. One attends to pure sensation, aided, perhaps, by a feeling image or boosted by audible input. Another sees vivid images; another enacts roles or fantasies. There are infinite possibilities and, therefore, infinite choices. Only you can choose.



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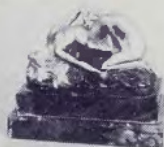
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EXERCISE (continued from page 112)

"No states require certification for instructors . . . clubs get out-of-work dancers or actors."

workout, some muscle fibers may become worn, and it may take at least 48 hours for them to heal. Noted sports doctor Gabe Mirkin recently cautioned, "Your injury rate drastically shoots up when you exercise more than three times a week." Few fitness fanatics can restrain themselves that long, which is one reason there are an estimated 30,000,000 sports injuries a year.

Another reason is poor coaching, particularly hazardous in the heavy-metal Nautilus era. "I'm surprised there aren't more lawsuits," says Jay Shafran, a former trainer at New York's one-on-one Sports Training Institute who runs people like Ed Bradley and Sigourney Weaver through their paces. "No states require certification for instructors, and few clubs do. How can they get highly qualified people when they're paying only minimum wage? In New York, clubs get out-of-work dancers or actors, people with nothing else to do."

Besides not overdoing it and getting training advice from someone who knows what he's talking about, there's one more thing to remember if you want to avoid exercise-induced injuries. "To get into shape, you have to be in reasonably good shape," says Dr. James A. Nicholas of New York's Lenox Hill Hospital Institute of Sports Medicine. "Otherwise, your susceptibility to injury goes way up. Say your legs are weak. Running puts a lot of stress on your body." Flexibility, cardiovascular efficiency and strength should all be relatively high before you start a rigorous training program, Dr. Nicholas cautions; he recommends swimming and walking as good, no-risk ways to build up all three.

Finally, a recent study at the Harvard Medical School found that when strenuous exercise is stopped abruptly, the level of certain hormones in the blood rises dramatically; these constrict blood vessels and raise the pulse rate, which can lead to a potentially fatal irregular heartbeat. After working out, cool down gradually.

THE GOOD NEWS

People who exercise have always known that it makes them feel good. Ever since the days of Dr. Selye, scientists have been explaining that phenomenon with more research. Various studies have shown that working out is good for blood-sugar control, sexual performance, the immune system, the circulatory system, breaking down blood clots, reducing stress and, of course, losing weight and gaining muscle.

The list of benefits continues to grow. According to a study recently published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, people with "low levels of physical fitness" are much more likely to develop

hypertension than are "highly fit persons." In an accompanying editorial, Dr. Norman M. Kaplan of the University of Texas Health Center in Dallas observed that "the study provides some suggestive evidence that physical fitness provides protection against the development of hypertension. . . . Like my mother's chicken soup, regular isotonic exercise should not hurt. . . . Joggers may even live longer."

It now appears certain that they do. Current research is focusing on the ability of exercise to help forestall or even prevent heart disease—the biggest killer around—and it looks pretty good. A joint Harvard-Stanford study (released, ironically, the week after Fixx's death) found that sedentary men were more than twice as likely as active ones to die from cardiovascular disease and gave up the ghost an average of four to five years earlier. Subsequent studies have bolstered those findings.

Regular and habitual exercise seems to have a protective effect on the heart and the cardiovascular system. And studies have indicated that vigorous exercise increases the level in the blood stream of high-density lipoprotein (H.D.L.) cholesterol, which slows the build-up of atherosclerosis in the blood vessels.

THE CONSENSUS

The *really* good news is that you don't have to go through as much hell as everybody used to think to get all these benefits. An integral part of the fitness boom was a self-flagellating "no pain, no gain" mentality. Current thinking is more civilized.

Exercising strenuously more than three or four times a week can be harmful, and you're probably not giving anything up by limiting yourself. To experience the benefits of working out, men apparently must burn just 2000 extra calories a week, which they can do by playing an hour of racket sports every other day.

Kenneth Cooper, the doctor who coined and popularized the term aerobics, has probably made the most dramatic flip of all. Dr. Cooper now says that walking three miles in 45 minutes, five times a week, is all the aerobics conditioning anybody needs. Exercise more than that, he said recently, and "you are running for something other than fitness."

THE BOTTOM LINE

Now that we are beginning to realize so precisely what is good for us and how much of it is necessary, you'd think that we'd be doing it. You'd be wrong.

Despite all the talk of the fitness boom, this country is in woeful shape. A study released this spring by the U.S. Depart-

ment of Health and Human Services shows that 80 to 90 percent of all Americans don't get enough exercise. A little less than a third of American men and more than a third of women are obese—just as they were a decade ago. According to a recent poll, swimming is the country's most popular sport, but it's practiced by just 41 percent of the population. In second place is the less-than-exhausting ordeal that goes by the name of fishing.

The situation among kids is particularly depressing. The Amateur Athletic Union recently reported that a mere 36 percent of U.S. youngsters meet its standards for various exercises; a few years ago, the figure was 42 percent. Kids spend an average of 13 hours a week in sports and other exercise (much of that time taken up in standing motionless in right field). That's only a third or less of the time they spend watching TV and playing video games.

This is not to suggest that the fitness boom is merely a media creation. Just look at the bottom line. The home-exercise-equipment industry, which passed the one-billion-dollar mark in annual sales in 1984, is growing at a 20 percent clip; not far behind is the fitness-apparel industry. Each year sees a new fashionable device—at the moment, the rowing machine, with sales increasing more than 100 percent in each of the past two years. Each month sees a new fashionable exercise (have you heard about running backward, or retro running, as it's called?). And each week sees a new expensive exercise toy (for bored stationary cyclists, a 60-minute video tape that sells for \$50 and simulates a cycle tour of Yellowstone National Park).

Nor are fitness centers suffering because of the home-equipment trend. Singles health clubs such as New York's Vertical Club (\$750 for initiation, \$60 monthly membership fee) have no trouble filling aerobics-dance classes. Even more pricey are one-on-one fitness centers, such as New York's Sports Training Institute (\$20 a session), and the ultimate, personal trainers. They're not hurting, either.

Who's doing all this stuff? It's not kids, and it's probably not old people or poor people. That leaves—you got it—Yuppies.

The fitness boom is becoming the sole property of the young urban professionals. The only question that's left is, Will they stick with it as they become middle-aged Mauppies and senile Suppies? It says here that they will. This is a generation for which self-preservation, and self-perpetuation, is paramount; it has embraced fitness less because it is "in" than because it works. Author James K. Glassman, recently musing on the same issues, put the explication for exertion well: "Yuppies don't want to die; they want to keep their options open as long as they can."

With the first of the crew just reaching 40, there's a lot of option keeping left to go before the Yuppies hit the wall.





"For heaven's sake, Linda—either put something on or take something off."



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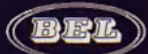
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WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?


For Polaroid, it's been a very good year. First, the legal decision that sent Eastman Kodak and its attempt at instant photography into the red ink. Now, The Spectra System, an optical and electronic quantum leap that has produced a marvel of a camera. Like the best 35s, Polaroid's Spectra is completely automatic—including focus,

flash (it recycles in two tenths of a second) and even a digital readout that tells you how far your subject is from the camera. Add such options as interchangeable filters and a wireless remote control for the shutter, and you've got yourself a stylish shooter that not only produces crisp color shots in about 90 seconds but also feels right when you hold it.

Yes, the developed print that we positioned in Polaroid's new Spectra System is a larger rectangular format, and it's reproducing the camera's back panel with controls for an audible built-in timer and autofocus, plus more. Fire off a shot through the Spectra's exclusive Quintic 125mm lens, and Polaroid tells us that "more than 30 complex focusing and exposure adjustments occur within 50 thousandths of a second" inside the camera. We'll take their word for it. The results are terrific. And so is the price: about \$200. It looks like Polaroid's done it again.







Just about any excuse will get us to leave town during the depths of a Chicago winter. But when Kawasaki invited us to Bimini for a few days of making like a motorized skipping stone aboard its new X-2 Jet Ski, we knew that we were in for the wetting party of the year. The X-2 does for aquatic fun and games what the sidecar did for motorcycles—no more solo wave jockeying, with just you and Flipper out there on the briny deep. The X-2's two-cycle, 635-c.c. engine has plenty of poke: 40 miles per hour is about the top end, and should you flip, the X-2 immediately returns to idle and automatically circles back to you, like a friendly dolphin. (Being rudderless, it has nothing underneath except water-intake jets, which provide the thrust.) The X-2 holds up to 450 pounds and even comes with an adjustment that enables you to alter its trim, depending on how much weight you're carrying. So, as you can tell, we're wedded to Kawasaki's X-2. (Not even Raquel Welch in a shower would be as much fun.) Surf's up! The gang's down at the beach. Don't just sit there. Join the Jet Ski set.

Although Kawasaki's X-2 Jet Ski has some Japanese components, it's essentially born in the U.S.A., as it's assembled at the company plant in Lincoln, Nebraska. Three other Jet Ski models (all single-passenger) are available; but to us, going tandem, for a retail of \$3399, is what water sports are all about.

FREEZE! MIAMI DEVICE!

The stubble-cut look that draws lovely ladies to Don Johnson's chin like sinners to Miami has just gone legit with a cordless facial-hair trimmer called (what else?) The Miami Device. It allows the user to choose any length from a one-day shadow to a five-day growth. Wahl Clipper Corporation in Sterling, Illinois, is the manufacturer and its director of marketing, B. J. Cornstubble (would we kid you?), says that the Device is available nationwide for \$29.95. Tough!



OF RATS AND MEN

Those candy men at Goelitz Confectionery who brought you President Reagan's favorite nosh, Jelly Belly jelly beans, have cooked up a new chew for you to sink your teeth into—Gummi Pet Rats. Yes, 9" gelatin rodents in flavors even the Pied Piper would love—cherry, orange, licorice, marshmallow and bubble gum. Buy them individually nationwide or order a Rat Pack of 24 for \$36 from Goelitz Candy, 2400 North Watney Way, Fairfield, California 94533.



EXPANDING MONSTER MARKET

In the past few years, Godzilla, king of the monsters, has returned in a variety of guises, from a radio-controlled model "that loves to rush about at parties, snapping at ladies' ankles" (*Potpourri*, December 1984) to a Godzilla phone holder that screams in Japanese, "The end of the world is near! The soldiers have failed to stop Godzilla!" (*Potpourri*, October 1985). Now comes what surely is the ultimate monster toy: an inflatable vinyl Godzilla that swells to 6' if you have the lung power. Weinberg Books, P.O. Box 423, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452, will send it to you for \$29.95, postpaid, including a patch kit. Weinberg Books also puts out monthly science-fiction/fantasy catalogs (six months for \$3) for juveniles of all ages.

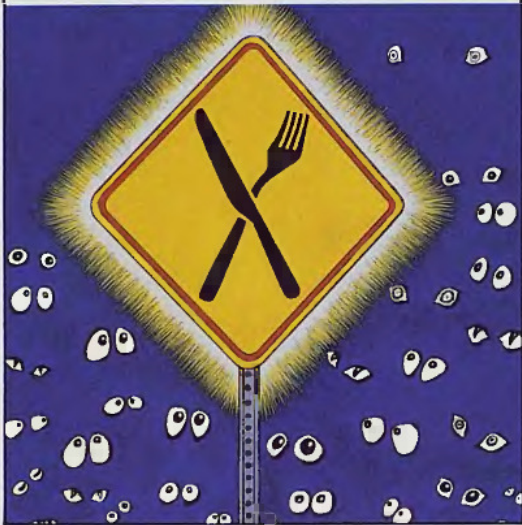


SOMETHING FISHY

For the executive who has everything except a place to house his pet piranha, there's the Desk Mate I, a handsome solid-oak-and-acrylic four-and-three-quarter-gallon fish tank measuring 24" long x 10" wide x 13" high that incorporates all the silent-running mechanical gizmos that fish fanciers never want to see, anyway. (We're talking two filtration systems, a thermostatically controlled heater and a fluorescent light.) Ocean View Aquariums, 5245 South Kyrene Road, Suite 10, Tempe, Arizona 85283, sells the Desk Mate I for \$420, including shipping and complete instructions for start-up and maintenance. No raises for the staff this year, Miss Throckmorton. Let the fish eat cake!

YELLOW-LINE YUMMIES

Pavement possum, windshield wabbit, Datsun duck, highway hash. . . . Buck Peterson cooks up a fine mess of mother nature's bounty in *The Original Road Kill Cook Book*; and while we wouldn't want to eat from it, this softcover is the perfect put-on to leave in plain sight the next time serious foodies stop by to check out your culinary skills. Order yours for \$5.95, postpaid, from Buck at P.O. Box 553, Woodinville, Washington 98072.



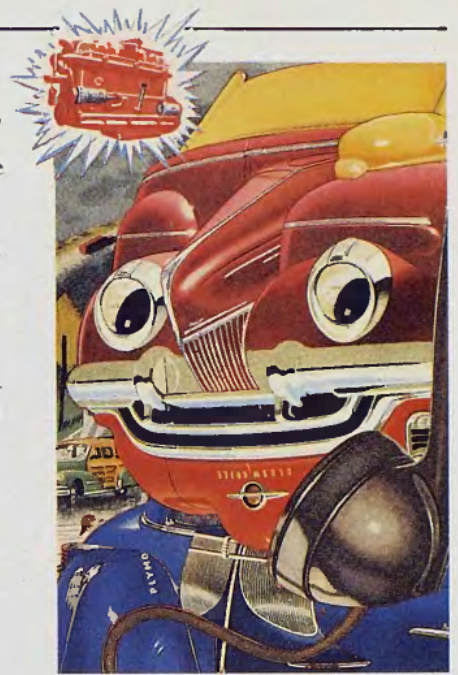
CARRYING THE TORCH

We don't know whether or not Statue of Liberty memorabilia light your fire, but with the entire nation chipping in financially to carry the torch for her restoration, all sorts of lady-with-the-lamp curiosa are cropping up. The latest: a vinyl-plastisol-and-metal lighted crown and torch that Mythology, 370 Columbus Avenue, New York 10024, is selling for \$165 each, postpaid. Both are U.L. approved, and each takes a standard seven-watt bulb. Ultra-right-wingers can use them for night lights.



MR. CARS

Anyone in the market for a new, late-model or classic car should call the Car Consultants before he lays out long green for what could be the wrong set of wheels. The Car Consultants are PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Gary Witzenburg (he specializes in late-model cars) and former *Road & Track* editorial director Dean Batchelor (classic and collector); they'll share more than 50 years of automotive experience with you in a 30-minute phone consultation for \$50. Witzenburg's number is 818-706-3708; Batchelor's is 818-340-1546—or write to them at P.O. Box 1003, Woodland Hills, California 91365. Who says nice guys have to finish last?



TRAVEL ON

The Cooper-Hewitt Museum's latest exhibit, *Bon Voyage! Design for Travel*, has been open since late April; and before it closes on July 13, anyone with wanderlust should drop by for a look at what must be one of the finest displays ever of peripatetic accouterments. Steamer trunks, traveling sets, even a Louis Vuitton poster are among more than 200 items on display. (The museum's address is 2 East 91st Street, New York 10128.) And the gift shop sells such items as an extra-shirt leather bag for \$45 that travels well, too.



SHOP TALK

Express Shop USA kiosks have mushroomed in such high-traffic areas as airports, casinos, hotels and shopping malls within the past few months, and anyone carrying plastic (American Express, Visa, Diners Club, Carte Blanche or MasterCard) can order products from Cartier, Gucci, Gund, Polo and other upscale companies and have them sent virtually overnight to almost anywhere in the country. What you're buying is displayed in the booth on video; purchases can even be gift-wrapped. So the next time you're snowed in in Las Vegas, instead of calling, send the little lady back home something from Cartier to remember you by.



Take a Discreet Peek at Monique

You saw MONIQUE GABRIELLE in *Flashdance*. You'll see her again in *Private Property—Young Lady Chatterley, Part II*. Think of this shot as a bonus.



ALAN HOUGHTON

Here's Looking at You, Kid

KID CREOLE of the Coconuts is in a boogie-down mood. An album and a video are out, and a North American tour has been completed. A new album is in the works. No kidding!



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Roxy and Roll

Have you heard Vixen? If not, here's a peek at drummer ROXY PETRUCCI. She auditioned for David Lee Roth with 200 guys and made the top-ten finals. Says Roxy, "Drummers always do it better on bare skins." Does Buddy Rich know about this?



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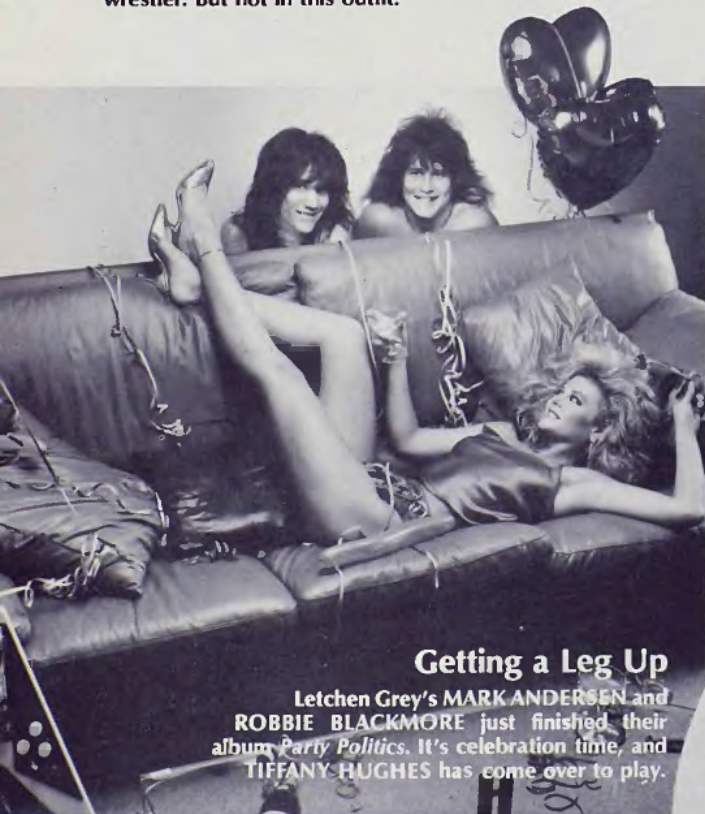
Yo, Yo-Yo

Has Rocky joined the Rockettes? SYLVESTER STALLONE is always so serious, we thought you'd like to see this piece of foolishness. Look for Sly this summer, with bride Brigitte, in *Cobra*, or late this fall in *Over the Top*. He plays a champion arm wrestler. But not in this outfit.

ALAN HOUGHTON



BILL RUSSELL



Getting a Leg Up

Letchen Grey's MARK ANDERSEN and ROBBIE BLACKMORE just finished their album *Party Politics*. It's celebration time, and TIFFANY HUGHES has come over to play.

Throw in a Towel

ANGELA AAMES has been on your big screen and, recently, on your small one, in *The Fall Guy* and *The Love Boat*. She's currently starring in our favorite summer fantasy: We dry her off and she stops pouting. Then her jacket shrinks. Make up your own story line.

NEXT MONTH



NIELSEN



BOATS



SURPRISE



MÜLLER

"COMPANY MEN"—ARE MEGABUSINESS MOGULS THE SEXY NEW AMERICAN FOLK HEROES? NOT ON YOUR BOTTOM LINE. READ **"ATTACK OF THE BUSINESS RAH-RAHS,"** BY **LAURENCE SHAMES**; **"THE SELLING OF EXCELLENCE,"** A PROFILE OF TOM (*IN SEARCH OF*) **PETERS**, BY **LOUISE BERNIKOW**; AND **"REQUIRED EXECUTIVE READING,"** A GUIDE TO THOSE SELF-AGGRANDIZING C.E.O. AUTOBIOGRAPHS

"ROCKY MEETS HIS MATCH"—WE INTRODUCED **BRIGITTE NIELSEN** TO YOU WHEN NOBODY KNEW HER. NOW THAT SHE'S **MRS. SYLVESTER STALLONE**, EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE MORE OF HER. WE OBLIGE WITH A DELECTABLE EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL

JACKIE GLEASON EXPOUNDS ON TV, DIETS, BOOZING WITH **BOGART** AND **SINATRA** AND WHY THE GUYS ON *MIAMI VICE* REMIND HIM OF **ED NORTON** IN A BANG-ZOOM **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"DREAM BOATS"—SIX OF THE BEST IN POWER AND SAIL, FROM BABY HOVERCRAFT TO OCEAN-CRUISE YACHT—BY **REG POTTERTON**

"AN ELEMENT OF SURPRISE"—HIT MAN VS. HIT MAN, WITH A NEW TWIST—BY **WARREN MURPHY**

"INSIDE THE MEESE COMMISSION"—A SCARY CATALOG OF HAND-PICKED WITNESSES, SUPPRESSED EVIDENCE, DISTORTED RESEARCH AND BUILT-IN BIAS—BY **ROBERT SCHEER**

LILLIAN MÜLLER, OUR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR A DECADE AGO, RETURNS IN POSES INSPIRED BY THE WORK OF EROTIC ARTIST **OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS**

"THE SPANISH INQUISITION"—A SKINNY RODEO COWBOY HOOKS UP WITH A BEAUTIFUL *SEÑORITA* AND COMPLICATIONS ENSUE—BY **DAN THRAPP**

PLUS: **SIGOURNEY WEAVER** TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE, PARTIES AND CINEMATIC NUDITY IN A SPARKLING **"20 QUESTIONS"**; **JOHN UPDIKE**, **CALVIN TRILLIN**, **WALLY SCHIRRA** AND OTHERS OFFER **"TRAVEL TIPS OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS"**; **PETE DEXTER** GOES ON TOUR WITH GOLFER **ROGER MALTBIE**, WHO CAN'T LOSE FOR WINNING; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

CAMEL FILTERS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Filters,
surprisingly
smooth.

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

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

TOYOTA SUPRA



DRIVER COCKPIT

This is where you perform, accompanied by an advanced technology concert sound system. Optional glove-soft leather is the ultimate touch.

**THE SUPRA
DYNASTY BEGINS:
PERFORMANCE
WITHOUT COMPROMISE.**

PERFORMANCE*

STANDING START

0-50 5.27 sec.

0-60 7.33 sec.

1/4 mile 15.60 sec.

B R A K I N G

60-0 3.15 sec.

Distance 122.73 ft.

0-60-0 10.48 sec.

L A T E R A L A C C E L E R A T I O N

150 ft. radius 0.875 g

*Data from independent testing.

PURE SPORTS CAR

Toyota joins the high performance club. The all-new Supra is pure sports car. A 200 hp 3.0 liter 24-valve engine moves it. Supra rides on a racing-type double wishbone suspension. And Supra rolls on uni-directional 16" wheels with specially designed Goodyear Eagle GT radials unique to Supra. If performance is your goal, make no compromises. Supra doesn't.



**WHO TOYOTA
COULD ASK
FOR ANYTHING
MORE!**

Get More From Life... Buckle Up!