

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1986 • \$3.50

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INTERVIEW

INSIDE THE
MEESE COMMISSION
BY ROBERT SCHEER

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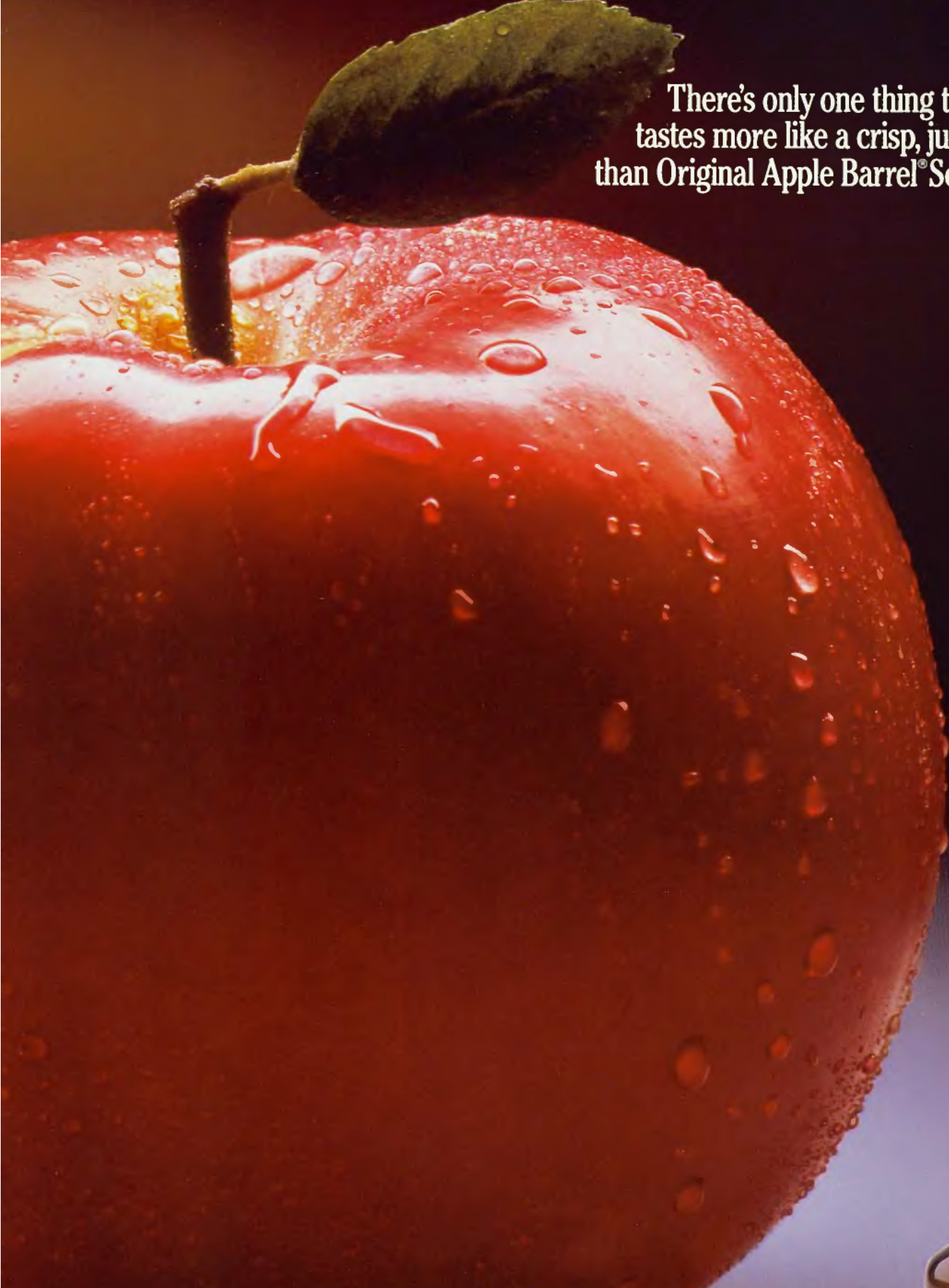
TRAVEL TIPS
OF THE RICH
AND FAMOUS

20 QUESTIONS:
SIGOURNEY
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DREAM BOATS

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PLAYBILL

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, Attorney General **Edwin Meese** formed a commission, ostensibly to find out whether or not pornography caused child abuse and other crimes. On the basis of its findings, the commission would make legislative proposals to Congress concerning the possible regulation of porn. In 1970, a President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography had advised that porn without violence posed no threat to society. But since then, militant feminists and religious fundamentalists have formed an alliance bent on eliminating materials that they deem unsuitable from American newsstands, living rooms and dresser drawers. They pointed at "new research" as proof that sex-related materials caused a host of crimes against both women and children. It didn't matter that the authors of the research had drawn no such conclusions themselves—just the opposite, in fact. The brouhaha led some to think that an impartial new investigation of porn might be in order. But impartiality went out the window when Meese named a majority of antiporn zealots to the commission. In our eyes, the serious purpose of the commission didn't mesh well with the startling lack of objectivity among its personnel. We asked **Robert Scheer**, the eminent *Los Angeles Times* reporter and *Playboy Interviewer* (of Jimmy Carter, Oriana Fallaci and John DeLorean, among others) to join the Meese commission's tour as it held public hearings in six American cities. Scheer, who usually reports on Presidential politics and military defense, found himself audience to a three-ring circus featuring hand-picked witnesses, suppressed evidence, distorted research and built-in bias. He catalogs his findings in *Inside the Meese Commission*. Read it and see your constitutional freedoms walk the high wire.

What's faster than a speeding bullet, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound and carries a Brooks Brothers charge card? The top bosses who appear in the *Forbes Four Hundred*? Probably not, says **Laurence Shames** in *Yikes! Business Superstars!* (illustrated by acclaimed graffiti artist **Keith Haring**), a swipe at the growing myth that businessmen are the new folk heroes. Lee Iacocca is not Superman, the AT&T divestiture probably doesn't have the grandeur of the fall of Rome and everybody knows that magazine editors are the new folk heroes, right? **Louise Bernikow** focuses on one of the main mythmakers in *The Gospel According to Tom Peters*, about the man who wrote the book on excellence. And **Geoffrey Norman** does your homework for you in *Required Executive Reading*, a guide to self-aggrandizing C.E.O. biographies. If you're looking for a truly inspiring story, we recommend *Roger Maltbie Makes the Cut*, by **Pete Dexter**. We sent Dexter out looking for a guy who'd devoted his life to professional golf but never gotten into the big money. Maltbie filled the bill—until Dexter started talking with him, whereupon he started looking good. Next time, we're taking Dexter to the track.

Television comedy writer **Bruce (Family Ties) David** debuts this month with *S.M.O.G.*, a cartoon feature he describes as "a quasi-autobiographical account of my life, hopes and myriad fears." **Bill Zehme** talked with the Great One, **Jackie Gleason**, for this month's *Playboy Interview*, and **David Rensin** asked **Sigourney Weaver** 20 Questions. Don't miss **Warren Murphy's** hard-boiled hit-man story, *An Element of Surprise* (illustrated by **Andrzej Dudzinski**), part of a new anthology from William Morrow and Company, and **Dan Thrapp's** *The Spanish Inquisition* (illustrated by **Brad Holland**), a Western romance with some modern kinks.

In the picture department, three treats from Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**: First, *Brigitte*, starring **Brigitte Nielsen**, a.k.a. Mrs. Sylvester Stallone. Then, *Reincarnation*—photos inspired by the work of artist **Olivia De Berardinis** (see *The Playboy Gallery* for a De Berardinis painting, backed by a sizzling picture of **Morgan Fairchild**) and featuring 1976 Playmate of the Year **Lillian Müller**, whose stage name is now **Yuliis Ruvál**. And finally, you'll see the Fegley vision of this month's Playmate, **Ava Fabian**. Some guys have all the luck. But there's lots more for you, lucky reader, in our grown-up guy's guide to life. So let's get on with it.



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vol. 33, no. 8—august 1986

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Sly's Sweetie

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COVER STORY

You loved her on PLAYBOY's pages as Lillian Müller, the gatefold girl from Norway who became Playmate of the Year for 1976. Now, a decade later, she's actress Yuliis Ruvál, with a stack of movie and television credits to her new name. The cover was shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley and produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski. You'll see more Müller inside, in poses inspired by the erotic art of Olivia De Berardinis.



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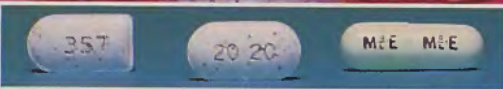
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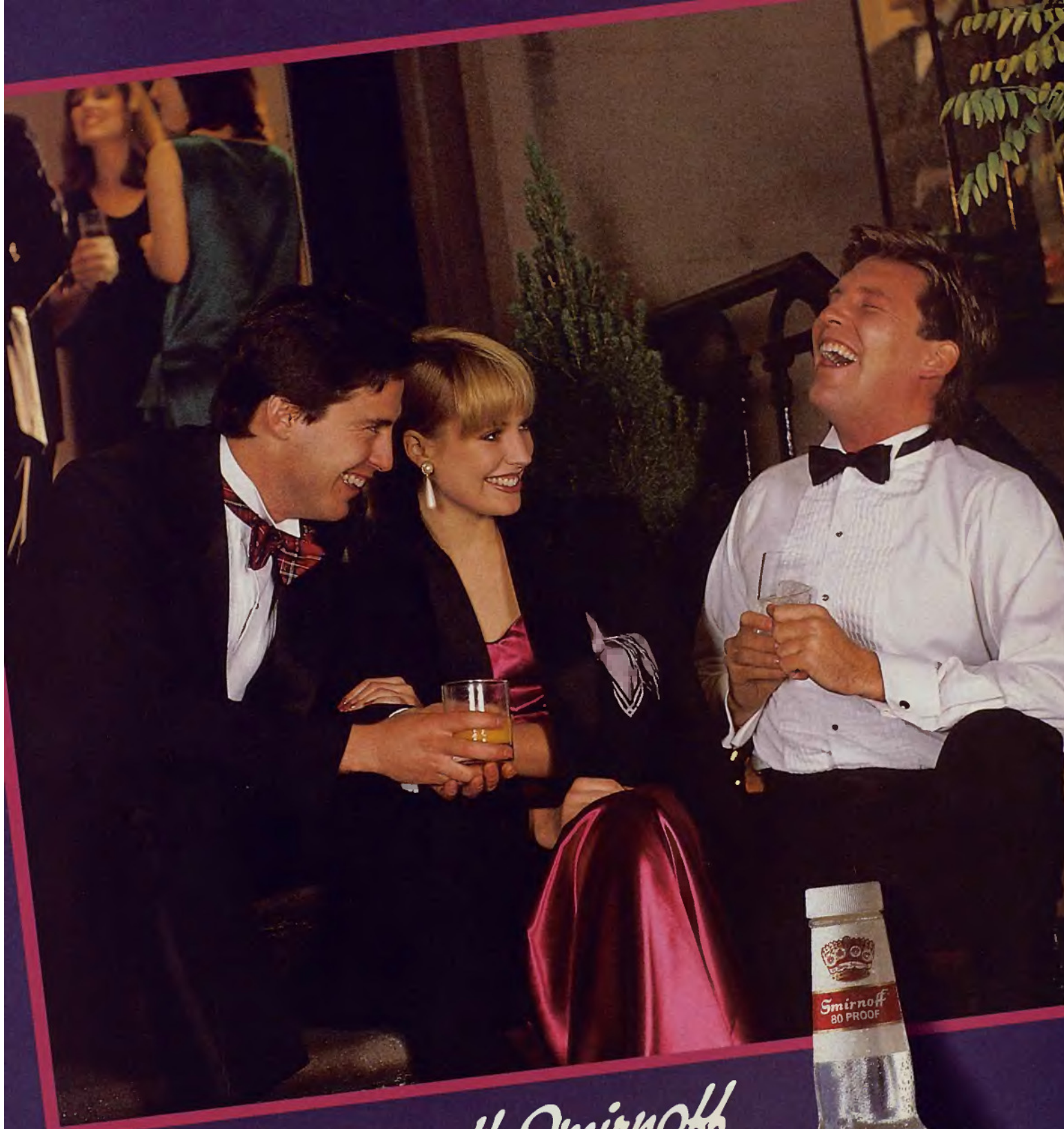
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



IT'S PARTY TIME

M.c. Whoopi Goldberg (left) gets in on the bidding at a Playboy Mansion West benefit on behalf of Children of the Night, an organization that helps rescue teenaged prostitutes. The silent auction was part of the evening's entertainment and many stars came out to shine.



KING CHONG

Playboy Home Video roasted comic Tommy Chong (seated, below), and you can enjoy the many yuks on tape at your house beginning this month. Chong's alter ego, Cheech Marin, was unable to attend, so comedian Bill ("You can call me Johnson") Saluga and host David Steinberg (below left) filled in the laughs.



The photos above and top right feature our birthday boy, who (believe it or not) turned 60 and celebrated with a big bash filled with family and friends. A tableful of familiar faces congratulating our boss: Alexander Godunov and Jacqueline Bisset in the foreground, Manhattan Transfer's Tim Hauser and January 1978 Playmate Debra Jensen in the back. Between blowing out the candles and greeting his pals, Hef was in his prime.



CARRIE'S A COVER GIRL AGAIN

Hef's best girl, Carrie Leigh, has been working out. As anyone can see, it has paid off. She made the cover of *Muscle and Fitness*, and bodybuilder/publisher Joe Weider went to the Mansion to thank her (below). Let's hear it for health!



MOONLIGHTING AT THE MANSION

Is the master giving out free advice to *Moonlighting*'s Bruce Willis? Can Hef help Willis' TV character get the girl? Not on *Fight Night* at Playboy Mansion West, when most thoughts are on *Marvelous Marvin Hagler*, John "The Beast" Mugabi, Thomas Hearns and James Shuler. (Hagler and Hearns won.)

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SOUTHLAND: A VICTIM, TOO

I read that the 7-Eleven stores have decided not to sell PLAYBOY, which pisses me off, because I've always bought my copy of PLAYBOY at my local 7-Eleven. What do you think of asking your readers to boycott 7-Eleven stores? I bet they'd lose more money than they would being boycotted by religious fanatics like Jerry Falwell. As for me, I'm not shopping at 7-Elevens until they start selling PLAYBOY again.

Tom D'arcy
Chicago, Illinois

We appreciate your support, Tom, as well as the support of all the readers who've written to us to say that they're not shopping at 7-Eleven anymore. But the Southland Corporation, which owns 7-Eleven, is nearly as much of a victim in this situation as we are. It was threatened by a letter from the Meese commission that accused it of distributing "pornography" and made the unfounded and ludicrous suggestion that there was a link between magazines such as PLAYBOY and child abuse. Unfortunately, the Meese commission gave legitimacy to the opinions of such individuals as the Reverend Donald Wildmon, whose ravings were turned into expert testimony by the commission. We are, of course, horrified that a Government office, and the Attorney General's office in particular, has been so misused as to effectively blackmail legitimate businesses without the sanction of either the courts or the legislature. And we aren't alone in our dismay. The Chicago Tribune wrote in a May 2, 1986, editorial (see this month's "Playboy Forum") that the commission's "loaded message [to retail chains] is a gross abuse of Government power. It ought to be condemned, whatever you may think of the publications it attacks." And that's the point. Pass it on.

TURNED ON BY TURNER

Your interview with Kathleen Turner (PLAYBOY, May) is enlightening and revelatory. I've often wondered about the real person behind the glittering and alluring persona of this hypnotic, attractive and

highly erotic movie actress. Your interview reveals a sensitive, intelligent and extraordinarily dedicated artist, whose commitment to acting and developing a sense of personhood is as genuine and inspiring as her unique and beautiful voice. She's undoubtedly the actress of the decade.

Teddy Ramsey
New York, New York

I'm an actor, and your interview with Kathleen Turner is the best that I've had the pleasure of reading in your pages. I think that her comments on censorship and those behind it are particularly interesting. And from her insights on acting, I feel that I've gained an extra something that I can use on stage.

Thanks to your wonderful magazine for an excellent interview and to Kathleen Turner for being so open and, as we who have read this interview know, so beautiful. She also has the makings of one hell of a drama teacher!

James A. Hopper
Athens, Texas

Kathleen makes one proud to be a Turner. I'm sure Ted would agree.

Ed Turner
Visalia, California

I'm upset. Just when this 24-year-old male was starting to look at women his own age again, you have a foldout of steamy Kathleen Turner. She's truly one of the world's most sexy women.

Jeff Davison
Gardner, Kansas

LAW FOR PA?

Asa Baber has taken up the cudgel for promale legislation (*Men*, PLAYBOY, May). Then how about abortion? The feminist doctrine, sanctified by your journal, insists that whether or not a mother should abort her baby is a matter to be decided by only herself and her physician. The father need not even be told that their mutual creation



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has been destroyed until he is confronted with the fetus killer's bill. Is this an equal right?

Leon A. Doughty
Palm Bay, Florida

Good question. Baber responds:

As far as I know, this issue hasn't yet been completely resolved in the courts, but surely men aren't being treated equally if a prospective father is not consulted about a possible abortion.

THIS BUTT'S FOR YOU

The *Playboy Viewpoint* written and held by Robert Billings ("Little Pleasures," May) lit an ember under me. In addition to assigning stupidity to the wrong side of the argument, Billings creates uneven parallels between smoking and drinking, cigarette lawsuits and handgun lawsuits, etc., *ad nauseam*, never straying too far from the designation that makes our nation unique—"land of the free." And, I agree, it is a free country. Further, I defend Billings' right to select his little pleasures and, thus, his right to smoke. But when he sees fit to blow some smoke in my face, it becomes my right to rip his tarry, blackened lungs out.

David R. Kramp
Pontiac, Michigan

Three cheers for Billings! The Big Brotherhood of which he speaks is slowly oozing into every area of our lives. Con-

sumption of tobacco and of alcohol are matters of individual adult freedom of choice and should remain so. How far are we willing to allow the I-know-what-is-best-for-you people to go before we put our foot down on their meddling with our vices and pleasures?

Karen P. Munnerlyn
Georgetown, South Carolina

Billings, your right to smoke ends at my lungs. You choose not to believe that smoking is harmful to you. *Fine*. You choose not to believe that secondhand smoking is harmful to others around you. *Not fine*—and irrelevant.

I believe that your smoke harms me. I am under no obligation to run away when you come around, *particularly* in a public assembly; nor must I just sit and take it. You impose on *me*, not vice versa. I also believe in self-defense.

So go ahead and light up. Blow some smoke in my face. You'll find out that smoking *will* kill you. On the spot.

Perry M. Godfrey
Augusta, Georgia

HIGHTOWER TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Our entire crew was delighted to receive your May issue and, in particular, your pictorial on Janet Hightower (*Fire Siren*). She is definitely the best-looking fire fighter we've ever seen. In this small community in snowy Canada, just north of the

Idaho panhandle, the most exciting things that ever happen to us are fire calls and the arrival of your magazine. We were very disappointed that Janet was asked to resign from her former department. Enclosed is a shoulder flash for her, as the crew has elected her an honorary member of the Canyon-Lister Fire Department. We will always have an opening in our department for Janet and, in fact, we think she could even become chief in short order.

Fire Fighters
Canyon-Lister Fire Department
Lister, British Columbia

PLAYBOY's chasing fire trucks again. Not only did you ring the fire bell on your own pages, you caused a three-alarm on the front page of the *Houston Post*, as well as eight five- and ten-P.M. newscasts on all our major radio and TV stations.

It's impossible to purchase that kind of publicity—Ponderosa Volunteer Fire Department is now on the map. It may even help Hightower's career. The fire chief who refused to cooperate with you guys must be a wimp.

G. J. Stover
Houston, Texas

While checking out the sensational fire fighter Janet Hightower in the May PLAYBOY, I got to wondering how her fellow smoke eaters could waste time polishing engines with her hanging around the

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station. After viewing the incendiary Hightower, I felt like polishing *my* engine!

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

LADIES OF LEGERDEMAIN

I've never seen Tricia Brown's magic act (*It's Magic*, PLAYBOY, May), so I don't know what kind of tricks she can perform, but I've got to say that she has the best-looking 38-year-old body I've ever seen.

Jerry Walker
Kalamazoo, Michigan

THAT KRAZY KIM

I just finished reading your *20 Questions* with Kim Basinger (PLAYBOY, May) and enjoyed it very much. She's what I wish more women were: bright, beautiful and touched in the head just enough to get an occasional laugh out of me.

Vic Peccarelli
Stockton, New Jersey

TREMORS ON RICHTERS

Your pictorial on Miss May, Christine Richters, is outstanding. She gets my vote for Playmate of the Year. If she's still looking for a husband, I'd love to spend the rest of my life making her happy.

Thomas Kincaid
Tinley Park, Illinois

Please assure Christine Richters that there are young men in the world who don't just watch MTV and aren't out for

just one thing—sex. Of course, they're all down here at the University of Georgia. Christine, if you're tired of shallow men, please (with lots and lots of sugar on it) come visit us in Georgia.

Fred Roller
University of Georgia
Athens, Georgia

BUSINESS DE GREED

Laurence Shames's article *What They Don't Teach You About Harvard Business School* (PLAYBOY, May) addresses more than the occasional anomaly being faced by contemporary students majoring in business administration.

When curriculums become overindulgent in so-called "arcane statistical formulas that have nothing whatsoever to do with the customer or the product," and when business-administration divisions become less academic and more solipsistic, a situation arises that tends to diminish the value of education.

Shames has chosen to dwell on Harvard, but the same argument could be made concerning other top business schools in America (Stanford, Wharton, Chicago, Michigan, California, et al.).

Instead of beating the system, students might ponder the concept of working with it. One being taught and socialized in the so-called sciences of supervision and management should also examine his or her motives in the proverbial quest for riches

and implied status along the way.

The internal grappling concerning ethics and issues will still be a perennial event; but, with a foundation rooted more in philosophy and values and less in the trendy Yuppie mentality, the business student and future entrepreneur will find himself or herself at a *real* advantage.

Loren Richard Klahs
School of Business Administration
The University of Missouri
St. Louis, Missouri

Articles such as *What They Don't Teach You About Harvard Business School* are molded in the same fashion as M.B.O., Japanese management and the get-in-touch-with-yourself seminars of the past. Now it's bash-those-money-hungry-M.B.A.-degenerates'-brains-in time, and old Larry is right up front a-bashing. It is time for this crap to stop. Larry, go beyond the big schools and dig deeper.

Do you really think you're bashing the Harvard men and women? Well, you're not! You're hurting people like me, who toil away at second- and third-tier schools. The Harvard types will continue to demand top dollar. Articles such as yours only cut into opportunities for us folks who are not on the Harvard class roster.

Paul T. Carringer
Ohio University
Athens, Ohio



Smoke

please try Carlton.

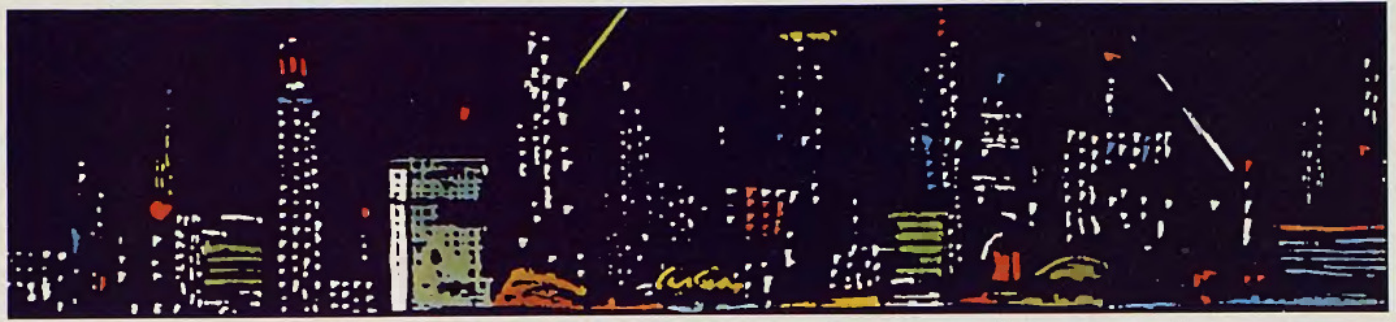


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



SRI International, a hot Silicon Valley marketing think tank, eyeballs nearly everything you and your friends do and then reports it to some of the most ambitious companies in America. John L. Garrett works in SRI's Values and Lifestyles Program, accumulating thousands of bits of information concerning everybody's living and buying habits. He and his colleagues regularly examine their massive trivia collection and fine-tune it to yield a lifestyles composite from which they attempt to predict future behavior for those who are commercially interested.

So what's next? Experience, says Garrett. For example, travel. You know, as in "Bang, zoom, to the moon, Alice!" SRI's data suggest that millions of sensible, well-heeled grownups will wake up some morning, look around and decide that they own enough stuff and that they want something else. Then they will lose interest in their material goods and rush to immerse themselves in the mental stimulation produced by the printed word, entertainment, art and, especially, adventure traveling. In other words, *doing*, not owning things.

A small percentage of the population is already acquiring experience in such activities as canoing down the Amazon, safaring through Zimbabwe, hang gliding off La Jolla and helicopter skiing in Banff. A significant mass is due to follow. The SRI whizzes are advising travel agents to look beyond Disneyland tours and to start packaging experiences.

We plan to do all of the above real soon, and then we'll audition for some sort of beer commercial.

WOMEN IN CHAINS

A feminist chain letter directed exclusively to women promises to yield between \$7000 and \$10,000 on a one-dollar investment. Despite the postal regulations against such letters, this is at least one way to boost female earnings.

We know one fellow who got involved in the scheme. He sent the letter to his female

friends, urging them not to break the chain—he needed the money for a sex change, he said.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK CITY

Sal Piro, a paunchy, T-shirted, Jersey City-born guy with a fingers-on-chalkboard voice, serves as m.c. for the mayhem surrounding the international cult classic *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, now in its ninth year of midnight showings at the Eighth Street Playhouse in the Village. Doing what amounts to a 15-minute set before the film, Sal—who is closing in on his 1000th performance as master ghoul—could be called the Don Rickles of the Village, in that most of his shtick involves reading aloud (and commenting on) notes that have been passed to him by fans in the audience who want to humiliate their friends, usually along these lines: "Hi, Sal. I'm here with my cousin from Staten Island, and she's a virgin [she hasn't seen the film before]. Pop her cherry, please." And Sal dutifully mimes the deed—

sometimes tearing up the aisle to find the party in question, like a frantic and ethnic Phil Donahue, other times exhorting the audience to do a group "pelvic thrust" in the direction of the victim. He'll even break dance for you if he feels that the moment is right.

But most of the time, Sal relies on verbal decimations: "A virgin from Staten Island, eh? Gee, what a surprise." Or "Honey, if you're a virgin and want to get fucked, you'd better stop wearing *those* clothes." Or, to a rowdy Hispanic guy: "Hey, asshole—shut up. You look like a Menudo reject. Why don't you just go home and jerk off, like you do every other night? I'll even lend you the tweezers."

If you *do* take in the show, remember to keep your ticket stub, because there's a door prize at every performance—usually a large cardboard replica of a penis. And as it's presented, the audience chants en masse, "Everybody's favorite greeting card—the three-foot dick." Then again, you may not be interested.

P.S. Maxilla & Mandible, a shop located near Manhattan's Columbus Avenue, advertises "Skulls—everything from mouse to elephant, including human bones, horns, skins and teeth." Just the place to shop until you drop. It's at 78 West 82nd Street, 212-724-6173.

P.P.S. When we called New York City directory assistance one recent morning, the operator answered, "Good morning, Miss Fortune."

We said, "Wrong number."

OFF THE CASTING COUCH, IKE

Crossing the street the other day, we discovered a dog wearing sunglasses, who was having a little trouble crossing the street. His name is Ike, and he suffers from a complaint we fear is rampant among America's canines. Ike has been turned down for *The David Letterman Show's* stupid-pet-tricks feature.

"Stupid pet tricks," harrumphed George, who is his friend and agent, more or less. "Ike doesn't *do* tricks. He doesn't



THE CASE FOR INDECISIVENESS

Know what's got guys down these days? No, not women. That would be too much fun. The dilemma of the man of the Eighties is dilemma itself. What stockbrokers call the range of options. What you and I call choice. Consider: In order to survive, the male of today must be able to select a good Mexican restaurant, the right orthodontist, the maximum house at the minimum flexible mortgage rate and the lesser idiot every fourth November. Not to mention a mate, a car, a condom, a college and a hunting partner who knows the difference between a duck and the back of your head. Life isn't a bitch and then you die. It's a multiple-choice test.

In fact, a new study from the little-known yet highly esteemed Massachusetts Institute of Terminology asserts that the country is in the grips of manic indecisiveness (M.I.), an extremely contagious syndrome first diagnosed in 1985 during the routine urinalysis of a Coca-Cola executive. Described as "the recurrent inability to make up your mind and stick with it," M.I. is said to affect every second American, as long as that American is male.

The study doesn't explain "the unusual and perhaps unprecedented sexist pathology of M.I.," but lead author Dr. Jolene Thibedeaux theorizes that females are immune because "with the XX-chromosome structure, we are not faced at birth with the XY dilemma indigenous to less perfected, more backward males. It's either that or God is a woman after all."

A counterargument could be made that women never have to make up their minds anyway. Whatever—the explosive growth of M.I. in this decade can almost certainly be traced beyond genetic mumbo-jumbo to the technohistoric fact that we all have a lot more stupid things to choose from.

In the Cave-Dwelling Era, the only big decision facing young men, if that's what they were, was whether to mate with a monkey or with a Cro-Magnon or, in selected areas, with Rae Dawn Chong. By Hamlet's day, the options had grown more complex, forcing the Danish prince to decide whether (A) to be or not to be, (B) to kill or not to kill, (C) to act or to overact.

The 20th Century has pushed everybody's balls to the wall. Between

godless communism and heartless capitalism, Adidas and Nike, Big Macs and Whoppers and Kramer versus Kramer, you don't know if you're coming or going. To hear Annie Lennox of the Eurythmics wail, "When will you make up your mind? I can't stand it" is to experience the angst of the Eighties.

Since life is so maddeningly complicated, the conventional response has been to encourage men, and not just the President, to simplify. Marines, for example, are taught that despite ten zillion possible ways to attack an impregnable position, the simplest thing is the frontal assault. This is why there are so few Marines.

For the rest of us, though, it's time to talk liberation from the tyranny of selection. The world has enough generals, judges, C.E.O.s, in-laws, prima donnas, preachers, Puritans and monobrain dickheads to take care of decisions till

Teddy Kennedy gets skinny. What we don't have are sufficient men with the gonads to say, "Fuck if I know. You decide." That's why the discovery of M.I.—if it's valid, and I'm not saying it is—is so important. Far from being the debilitating aberration that client-hungry psychologists describe, M.I. is, in fact, a long-overdue species mutation. After 250,000 years, we are evolving a genetic safeguard against living with our decisions. Men driven to the limit with one damn thing after another can only greet this strange new reagent in their blood—M.I. *simplex*—with the same wonder primates once accorded the development of the thumb.

Do not fear M.I. Do as Marlon Brando did with horror in *Apocalypse Now*. Make M.I. your friend. Think about it—if you can make up your mind—with whom would you rather pal around, a guy who wants to call all the shots or somebody who wants to talk it over? Stand up for indecision. Dare to be indefinite. Make somebody else expose his infantile need for control. Spread M.I. Tell yourself, "If women can hustle this shit, so can I." Anyone who's ever been married, bought stock or tried a new fast-food burger knows that making decisions is far less satisfying than mulling them over—and usually less hazardous.

The great advantage to never making decisions is that you'll also fuck up less. Is this not the goal of adulthood?

—ROD DAVIS



have to—he can act."

For a moment, we watched Ike, who seems to be a collie/German shepherd mix, and while he's no Mike the Dog, he showed some emotive power in a sort of James Dean monosyllabic way. Arf. Aw, maybe it was just his Ray-Bans. George says that Ike has a deal cooking with Pearle Vision Centers.

"VIRGIN SETS UP PRESENCE IN HOLLYWOOD," stated the *Variety* headline on an article announcing the opening of a Hollywood office by Virgin Vision, Inc., a TV production house.

LOUD CUISINE

Nouvelle cuisine is out; noisy dining is in. It's now de rigueur for even four-star spots to sound like a Meat Loaf concert. Here are contributor Abe Peck's ten picks for America's most aural gustatory experiences:

• *Mauna Loa's*—Hawaii's liveliest spot erupts hourly with the finest *maui-maui*. Be sure to try the lava poi.

• *Ma Barnyard*—Ma Maison may once have had Los Angeles' hottest unlisted phone; at Ma Barnyard, you can't hear it ring. Deal making is the specialty of the house, in an ambience made to order for agents who want to deny everything the next day.

• *Jack Hammer's*—Who'd expect abalone this good in a San Francisco trolley barn? Just don't sit on the tracks after the conductor rings the dinner bell.

• *Ground Zero*—Southwestern food updated with Los Alamos' trademark 20-kiloton bang. The blue-corn tacos are glowing. (The owners also operate Nukies, just outside Las Vegas.)

• *Soup-Bowl Shuffle*—Chicago's latest eatery isn't greedy; it just wants to feed the needy. Very large waiters rap and bark about Bear broth; Dolphin chowder, purée of Lion and other big-game selections are in the Refrigerator.

• *Ted Nugent's*—Heavy-metal dining, Detroit style, combines *kielbasa* and ribs hot off the assembly line.

• *Quasimodo's*—This newly converted church in the French Quarter of New Orleans serves up *redfish bruyant*, *canard retentissant* and *soufflé tapageur* while Dixieland bands play a variety of songs simultaneously. Ask for Marie.

• *Moe's Stone-Deaf Crab*—Succulent South Florida shellfish is accented with staccato bursts of MAC-10 fire from Miami vendors.

• *SST*—Dulles Airport offers the Washington area's highest-pitched food. Great wine list.

• *Brmmm Street*—This SoHo punker palace attracts bikers of all persuasions to Manhattan. Try the knuckle sandwiches while you still can chew—or hear.

WISE WORDS

"I was a celebrity for celebrity's sake, and it was degrading." —PIA ZADORA

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

GOT TO ADMIT that I was prepared to hate Van Halen's *5150* (Warner) on the grounds that Sammy Hagar, David Lee Roth's replacement on vocals, is an unmitigated asshole. Then I listened to it—always a mistake for a heavy intellectual critic such as myself—and now I have to revise my assessment to mitigated asshole. The guy's a witless boor, definitely, and so shameless that he publishes his lyrics (most of the words are his, I'm told) on the sleeve for the first time in Van Halen history, demonstrating for all with eyes that original thinking comes in about 13th on the band's TO DO list. When Roth used to sing about lust, he was often quite funny, and you felt somehow vindicated as a male. When Hagar sings about lust (*Good Enough*), you feel like apologizing to random women on the street, and you certainly don't believe the hackneyed attempts at love songs elsewhere on the album. On the other hand, if I excised all the boors from my record collection, I'd have about three albums left. Hagar's vocal cords ain't bad, being of the genuine simulated Robert Plant variety that's standard in commercial metal. And he apparently makes Eddie Van Halen happy, and Eddie Van Halen remains this generation's Beethoven of the electric guitar, and he's pretty good on synthesizer, too. On balance, I'll listen to *5150* again; but I'm for sure tossing this goddamn sleeve.

I'm for sure keeping the sleeve from *Carnivore* (Greenworld/Roadracer, 20445 Gramercy Place, Torrance, California 90501), which makes Sammy Hagar sound like the semimitigated wuss that he is. *Carnivore* has created here a thrash-metal concept album, sort of the *Sgt. Pepper* of cannibalism, sung by a Conan-type character who is tracking down the survivors of a nuclear war and eating them. It also lays out some trenchant social commentary explaining the failure of modern feminism with stunning clarity ("Woman will never know or understand the power men feel to kill with their hands"). But what I really like about *Carnivore* is the fact that right below the lyrics ("I live for sodomy"), the band thanks its moms and dads.

NELSON GEORGE

To a new member of the record-buying public, Earth, Wind & Fire is one of those bands your older brother liked, and Philip Bailey is the guy who sang *Easy Lover* with Phil Collins. But Bailey's third solo album, *Inside Out* (Columbia), produced by Nile Rodgers, has no echoes of his previous employers' sound. The only song that recalls Bailey's past is *Back It Up*, which sounds less like *That's the Way of the World* than like *Easy Lover*.



Ludwig Van Halen.

Van Halen gets a new singer,
heavy Bob gets light and
Katrina gets up.

Still, *Inside Out* is a pleasing collection with plenty of commercial potential. The first single, *State of the Heart*, is OK; like most records on the radio, it sounds better the more you hear it. Far superior are *Don't Leave Me Baby*, with its chunky Chiclike sound, the mid-tempo and lyrically engaging *Long Distance Love* and *Because of You*, in which Bailey's angelic harmonies are placed in an appropriately stylish setting. His vocals aren't as challenging as on his gold album *Chinese Wall*; nor are the arrangements as surprising. But overall, this may be, song for song, an even more consistently rewarding effort.

If Earth, Wind & Fire was the good guy black band of the Seventies, Parliament/Funkadelic was its raunchy alter ego. The ringmaster of the P-Funk circus was George Clinton, who, on *R&B Skeletons (in the Closet)* (Capitol), is still funny. The title song recites the sad tale of a black singer who has sold his soul to the demon of pop crossover. All seven cuts are dense with musical puns and allusions, while the background arrangements are as fascinatingly weird as the album covers. And that's pretty weird.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Occasional jingoistic exploitations such as last year's *Amber Waves of Grain* encourage citified ignoramus to believe that Merle Haggard can't see beyond Muskogee. But over the years, the man's musical sophistication has surpassed even

Willie Nelson's. His *Strangers* are a stripped-down modernization of Bob Wills's Texas Playboys; his soft timbre and lazy swing are marks of a singer who'll never get old; and, unlike Nelson, he keeps writing. Of course, Haggard is the kind of pro who makes decent albums often and real good ones almost never and, thus, *A Friend in California* (Epic) is his best since his 1981 Epic album debut, *Big City*, if not since his 1979 *Serving 190 Proof*, for MCA. Even so, it's hit or miss; but for once, the hits win, among them the Floyd Tillman cover, the mariachi-tinged title tune, the rueful yet jaunty *Texas*, the grateful yet unreconstructed *Mama's Prayer* and, oh, yes, *The Okie from Muskogee's Comin' Home*. Those who'd like another swig should sample *His Best*, the first of two recent (and overdue) MCA compilations—which would be even more consistent if MCA hadn't saved a little best for the accompanying *Songwriter*.

No matter how hard I try, I can't discern much substance in the songs Katrina Leskanich sings. And no matter how hard I try, I don't care. For me—these things

GUEST SHOT



Southside Johnny Lyon is one of America's most highly regarded soul rockers. And his latest LP, "At Least We Got Shoes" (Atlantic), gets down to the basics. It made sense to us to ask Southside what he thought of Bob Seger's new one, "Like a Rock" (Capitol).

"Bob Seger has always impressed me with his conviction and compassion. And this record is no exception. What Seger does best is tell stories about people. And you know he really cares about the people in his songs; he's got that in common with Springsteen, Petty and Mellenkamp. There's not a lot of overblown studio gimmickry here. This record has some kick-ass rock 'n' roll and three really terrific ballads. Seger sings them emotionally but with sparseness. He lets the emotion come out of the story itself—and that's what people want to hear more than anything else, that emotion. And that's why Bob Seger has lasted so long."

FAST TRACKS

R

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Joe Jackson <i>Big World</i>	4	5	7	6	4
Katrina and the Waves <i>Waves</i>	8	7	5	3	8
Prince and the Revolution <i>Parade</i>	9	7	9	5	7
Bob Seger <i>Like a Rock</i>	6	7	8	6	7
Van Halen <i>5150</i>	3	8	6	4	6

RUMOR HAS IT DEPARTMENT: We hear that **Stephen Percy**, lead singer of **Ratt**, has done a nude layout for *Playgirl* and that the magazine is interested in other rock stars. Equal opportunity for all.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Phil Collins** is working on a 90-minute documentary based on his *No Jacket Required* tour; it's due for theatrical release this year. . . . **Allen Klein** is offering private collectors a \$10,000 reward for film footage of **Sam Cooke** performing his classic *Wonderful World*. Call Allen, not us. . . . **INXS** leader **Michael Hutchence** is working on *Dogs in Space*, a movie about a struggling musician and his girlfriend. . . . **Tina Turner** has been offered a part in the film version of a British TV show called *Widows*, about three women who pull off a big heist after their husbands are killed. **Cher** and **Elizabeth Taylor** have been approached about playing the two other leads. . . . Former **Go-Go** **Jane Wiedlin** has a part in *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home*. . . . **Elvis Costello** makes an appearance as a magician in a new British picture, *No Surrender*. . . . Look for **Tom Waits** in his first major film role, as a disc jockey in *Down by Law*.

NEWSBREAKS: **Bob Geldof's** Live Aid attire has been donated to Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum in London, where it will clothe his likeness. . . . **Robbie Robertson** will finally have a solo album out, but not until early next year. . . . **Rubén Blades** will sing part of his next album in English. It will feature songwriting collaborations with **Dylan**, **Elvis Costello**, **Paul Simon** and **Lou Reed**. **Blades** has written Spanish lyrics for the Dylan melody. . . . On the road this summer: **Joe Walsh**, **Eric Burdon**, an **Allman Brothers** reunion, **Joe Jackson**, **Katrina and the Waves** and the **Beach Boys'** 25th-anniversary hoopla. . . . San Francisco is going ahead with plans to

build its own rock museum, even though Cleveland has been chosen as the home for The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. . . . The 20th Montreux Jazz Festival is on in Switzerland, with headliners including **Eric Clapton**, **Albert King**, **Manhattan Transfer** and **George Benson**. . . . **Patti LaBelle**, **Dionne Warwick** and **Gladys Knight** are teaming up for an HBO special called *Sisters in the Name of Love*. . . . **The Bee Gees** will return to touring this winter as a quartet with brother **Andy**. On the itinerary is their home ground, Australia, where they haven't performed for 12 years. . . . Keep your eyes on the **E Streeters**—drummer **Max Weinberg** won't be touring with **Brian Setzer** after all. It seems **The Boss** has called the band into the studio to record some new material he's been working on. . . . **Willy De Ville** is going to record his next album with the assistance of **Mark Knopfler**. De Ville says he may record a Knopfler song if it's right for him, or maybe they'll write something together. "On a balmy evening in New Orleans, anything is possible," he says. . . . The new **Talking Heads** film will be accompanied by two sound-track albums (one with lyrics, one that's just the score) and a book. . . . Record sales slowed dramatically last winter and early spring. Only two albums, debuts by **A-ha** and **The Hooters**, went platinum during that time, and only four went gold. Multi-platinum awards were up, however, thanks to **Sade**, **Kool and the Gang** and **Whitney Houston**. . . . Finally, a few words from **Craig Chaquico** of **The Starship** on performing at the Grammys: "I can remember . . . looking at the front row and seeing **Stevie Wonder**, **Lionel Richie**, **Michael Jackson**, **Phil Collins** and **Sting** and thinking, This is a little intimidating but real exciting, too."

—BARBARA NELLIS

are very personal—she's like a lesser Aretha, possessor of one of those rare voices that are their own reason for being. Feed her gutsy contralto some simple pop tunes and it'll make the simple pop truisms soar. Admittedly, how high they soar varies with the tune and with her enthusiasm. But even though Katrina and the Waves' *Waves* (Capitol) should have been called *Katrina*, it's all an up.

DAVE MARSH

Bob Seger's 1982 *The Distance* responded to the onslaught of Britpop fashion bands with songs deeply rooted in the economically and spiritually depressed Rust Belt, kicking off the so-called American invasion. Unfortunately, *Like a Rock* (Capitol) proceeds as if the most interesting music made since then has been Kenny Rogers and Sheena Easton's duet on Seger's *We've Got Tonight*. These arrangements are mushy and the songs are heavily repetitious—not even Seger's always excellent singing can save them. At his best, he illuminates the straits facing working-class Americans as well as Mellencamp and Springsteen do, but with the exception of *The Ring*, a fine pearl about a marriage gone wrong, the lyrics here are as insular and stuffy as the music. You get a better glimpse of Seger's rocking ability on *Fortunate Son*, the B side of the *American Storm* single. But the A side, a virtual parody of 1983's *Even Now*, would sound just as good coming from Rogers.

Dobie Gray's *From Where I Stand* (Capitol) traverses the same territory, but it works better, because Gray, who may be the finest black singer ever to light up a Nashville studio, bears down as if his career depended upon every one of his love ballads and good-ol'-boy anthems—which it probably does.

VIC GARBARINI

Pat Metheny and Ornette Coleman / Song X (Geffen): This is the album Metheny has been threatening to make for years. Fans of his "lifestyle" jazz are going to have to make the jump to light speed as Pat dog-fights with Ornette, alternately echoing Coleman's deceptively simple melodies and matching his extraterrestrial frenzy. There is method in this madness.

Keith Jarrett / Standards Live (ECM): Jarrett's rippling genius as he solos on these chestnuts shows that he's no prisoner of his own, more familiar, modal improvs. Jack DeJohnette is brilliant, as usual. And I'm sure the Tasmanian-devil growls and yelps are therapeutic. They are also incredibly irritating.

Marc Johnson / Bass Desires (ECM): Bassist Johnson, guitarists Bill Frisell and John Scofield and frequent Weather Report drummer Peter Erskine mesh organically for some of the most refreshing and adventurous ensemble work in jazz today.

The Chicago Transit Authority.



Jim McMahon 1986

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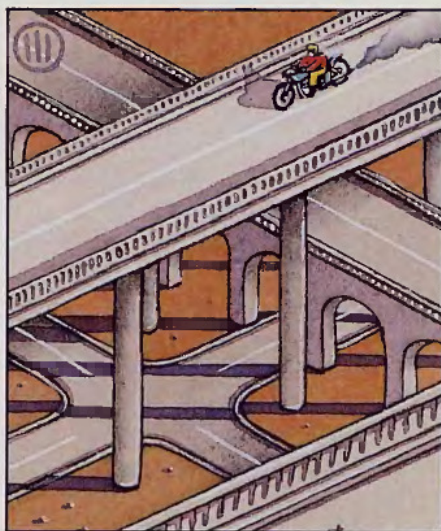
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BOOKS

THE HIGHWAY is more indisputably American than just about anything else—even television. The road, as a pure physical fact, is immense. The concrete poured into the interstate system would cover West Virginia. As an economic fact, the highway looms even larger. It props up the automobile business, the oil business, an incalculable proportion of the fast-food business, motels, the tire business, bumper-sticker production, Lee Iacocca's book, car washes, insurance and who knows what else. The road accounts for 40,000 deaths annually by crashes and no telling how many more from such side effects as pollution and mobile crime. And, inevitably, the highway provides the spiritual landscape for books, movies and plays by everyone from Sam Shepard to William Least Heat Moon. Now Phil Patton has written *Open Road* (Simon & Schuster), an effort to come up with some kind of critical appraisal of the road that will do for our thinking of it what Marshall McLuhan did for television an epoch or two back. This is a good book, if slightly pedantic in places—insightful and witty. The sort of book that makes you look again, and with fresh eyes, at something that has always been there.

George V. Higgins' new novel, *Impostors* (Holt), is a story of crime and corruption in a small Massachusetts town. The crime is a 20-year-old murder; the corruption is its cover-up. And every character in this mess of lies and manipulation is an impostor. Higgins combines some off-stage violence with a lot of sex and pages of dialog (his trademark) to make a witty, gritty, lively novel.

Anatoly Shcharansky spent nine years in Soviet prisons and labor camps because he wanted to live in Israel. The Russians, in their usual hopeless clumsiness, accused him of espionage and treason, held him without trial for 16 months and, after sentencing him to 13 years, unexpectedly gave him his freedom last February, thanks to the publicity campaign waged by his battling wife, Avital. Her untiring devotion to the cause of Jewish emigration caught and held the media spotlight around the world throughout the 11 years the young couple were separated. British author and Jewish-affairs expert Martin Gilbert finished his biography, *Shcharansky* (Viking), two weeks before his subject's release and therefore cannot be accused of rushing into print, but the book is both ponderous and jumpy, as if written in haste. This is regrettable, because Shcharansky is one of the authentic heroes of this or any other time: He's a fat little man who gave the Kremlin the finger and got away with it. To understand what it takes to survive nine years in Soviet slammers, read the let-



Patton eases down the *Open Road*.

Exploring America's *Open Road*;
fast-food history;
Kliban puts his tongue in it.

ters to his wife and family: A strong voice and powerful friends did their part, but what got the Shcharanskys through the ordeal was their faith, love and courage.

As America munched its way westward in the 1870s, hungry passengers on Kansas and Missouri railroads often found themselves victimized by train crews and depot caterers who arranged for meals to be served at the very moment the train started pulling out. Revenues from uneaten food, which would be saved for the next trainload of pioneers, were divided between caterer and crew. This profitable scam continued until Fred Harvey, a railroad postal clerk, devised a system of whistle signals to order passengers' meals before the trains arrived. This probably didn't make him too popular with the guys, but it led to a string of honest restaurants along the line and to the nationwide chain that still carries his name. It's a long jump from the bad old days to the not-so-great present—when more than 340 chains and some 60,000 fast-food joints have reduced a country of great natural beauty and varied terrain and climate to a bland smear of sameness—but the distance is covered in detail in Philip Langdon's fascinating *Orange Roofs, Golden Arches* (Knopf). The subtitle describes it as the architectural history of American chain restaurants, but it's a lot more than that: It's also a social and cultural story, amply illustrated with postcards, photographs, architectural renderings and floor

plans that demonstrate the shrewd genius of the modern-day corporate hash slingers and their philosophy of "Get 'em in and get 'em out."

There is an alternative to *schlepping* a Robert Ludlum tome to the beach, and it's *Nobody Lives Forever* (Putnam's), the fifth of the James Bond series written by British thriller writer John Gardner after the torch was passed to him by the estate of the late Ian Fleming. While motoring through France, Bond is suddenly up to his nine-mm ASP automatic in carnage that's not just for his eyes only. Someone, it seems, has offered 10,000,000 Swiss francs for 007's head on a silver platter and has even erected a guillotine to do the job. In *Nobody Lives Forever*, Gardner gives good Bond; read it to discover if Bond gives good head.

Peter Matthiessen writes beautifully about the natural world, a skill that has probably kept him from being even more widely recognized than he is. But he is no "nature writer." He writes about conflict—spiritual and economic. His latest book is called *Men's Lives: Surfmen and Baymen of the South Fork* (Random House), and in it, he faithfully details the passing of a way of life. The men who have made a living and fed millions from the waters off Long Island are disappearing. In some cases, so are the fish they catch. It is a sad story and a familiar one, but Matthiessen gives it a freshness and poignancy it seems otherwise to have lost in the frequent retelling. This is a book that makes you first pity the victims of human shortsightedness and then rage against the arrogance of those who are responsible. Still, if these sturdy and self-reliant men had to pass on, it is good that they had Peter Matthiessen to write their elegy.

If you're one of those people whose eyes glaze over when the subject of black history comes up, do yourself a favor and read *The Hornes* (Knopf), subtitled "An American Family," by Gail Lumet Buckley. Without rhetoric or bitterness—an act of heroic self-control in itself—the author leads us through two centuries of America's longest-lasting nightmare and explains in lucid and unequivocal prose how the experience of bigotry shaped the remarkable Horne family and its most famous member, the author's mother, Lena Horne. This is a family that was assaulted by both sides—by those darker blacks who envied the education and prosperity of the light-skinned Hornes and by the whites who saw them as niggers, plain and simple. The story inevitably has its horrifying moments, not the least of which is the Georgia lynching of a young black woman, eight months pregnant, who was

hanged upside down; while she was still alive, her stomach was slit with a hunting knife and the baby trampled to death. Through Buckley's eyes, we see two faces of the American dream: the white myth of log cabin to White House, the black reality of Ph.D. to Pullman porter. So it is all the more remarkable—and should be a genuine source of pride for those who care about their country—that this product of the "beige bourgeoisie" concludes that in a new and wiser America, the dream is at last open to all.

Tales of Times Square (Delacorte) is a nasty and endlessly fascinating account of life in and around America's most infamous scum pit, which is now in the last stages of its long-predicted demise from bubonic sleaze. Josh Alan Friedman, who writes the "Naked City" ratings column for *Screw*, is just the man for the job. This pungent and often hilarious book is the evidence. You may not like what you read, but you won't soon forget the report on the young wife who wanted to set a gang-bang record—83 men, including her husband—or the story of the owner of Plato's Retreat, who wagered he could manage 15 orgasms in a day. The rest of Friedman's cast includes a crowded line-up of strippers, porn brokers, pimps, hookers, cops and Runyonesque old-timers, all of them performing in the longest-running show that Broadway ever saw. It was never a pretty sight but, oh, what a spectacle!

BOOK BAG

The Biggest Tongue in Tunisia and Other Drawings (Penguin), by B. Kliban: Our April and May excerpts from cartoonist Kliban's book were a taste; rush to the bookstore and get the banquet.

A Girl of Forty (Fine), by Herbert Gold: Novelist Gold mines his favorite Northern California settings and comes up with a free-spirited woman and her very disturbed teenaged son.

Frog Raising for Pleasure and Profit and Other Bizarre Books (St. Martin's), by Russell Ash and Brian Lake: A delightfully illustrated compendium of the flotsam and jetsam of the publishing industry. The commentary is as funny as the titles.

Manhunt (Random House), by Peter Maas: A breathless account of Edwin P. Wilson's career, from CIA operative to Libyan arms merchant. The research seems solid enough, but the writing style tends to list toward melodrama—*Iacocca* for beginners.

Baseball Wit (Crown), edited by Bill Adler: The sages quoted constitute no literary threat to Oscar Wilde, but any quotebook that includes the wisdom of Yogi ("Baseball is ninety percent mental. The other half is physical"), Satchel ("How old would you be if you didn't know how old you was?") and Joaquin ("There is one word in America that says it all, and that one word is 'You never know'") is worth a listen.



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A TEENAGER who has invented his very own nuclear bomb transports it to New York to enter a high school science competition. By the time the boy (Christopher Collet), his girl (Cynthia Nixon) and his bomb reach Gotham, *The Manhattan Project* (Fox) has made him the subject of a man hunt by a swarm of CIA types who behave as though they are licensed to kill. Thematically close to *War Games* (about a computer-whiz kid whose keyboard wizardry threatened to set off World War Three), *Project* is a sunnier antinuke satire with some unexpected sting in its tale. Co-author and director Marshall Brickman spells out the technical gobbledygook with sly wit, whipping up a timely what-if comedy that's both scary and significant. John Lithgow, playing a nuclear physicist who's dating the hero's divorced mom (Jill Eikenberry), performs his usual effortless tour de force as the patsy in charge of explosive secrets. You'll have to suspend disbelief or go out to buy popcorn when Brickman shows how a smartass kid, as cool as any master saboteur, manages to steal some precious plutonium from a well-guarded Government installation. After that, *Manhattan Project* is right on the button up to a climactic countdown shrewdly timed to detonate laughter as well as aftershock. ★★★

Somewhere on the seedy side of Los Angeles is a neighborhood called *Echo Park* (Atlantic). Like its namesake, Robert Dornhelm's disarming, loose-jointed little comedy is full of rickety houses and slapdash dreams. Thomas Hullece (of *Amadeus* fame) impishly plays a would-be songwriter who delivers pizza. He rents a room from Susan Dey, delightful as a single mother who delivers Strippergrams but wants to be an actress. Her next-door neighbor (Michael Bowen), an Austrian "body sculptor" devoted to his biceps, sees triumph in doing deodorant commercials and believes his destiny is to meet Arnold Schwarzenegger. The denizens of *Echo Park* don't seem to get anywhere in particular. Nor does the movie, yet it makes for a pleasant visit. ★★

In *Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling* (Columbia), Richard Pryor offers a thinly disguised self-portrait reminiscent of Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz*. While he waffles about calling his film an autobiography, Pryor co-wrote, produced, directed and stars in the story of Jo Jo, a black comedian who is raised in a brothel, hits the showbiz heights but almost slips into eternity after a fiery mishap with drugs. Near death in a hospital, he confronts his alter ego, another Jo Jo who searches the past in flashbacks. What he finds is a lifetime of



Collet, Lithgow in laser-sharp *Project*.

A film the CIA may
hate and one the
White House will go for.

insecurity, broken marriages, hilarious highs and emotional lows liberally laced with sex, booze and happy dust. The movie is a sentimental mess in many ways, both diffuse and self-indulgent. It is also as funny, frank, foulmouthed and brutally honest as the man himself. Pryor still hasn't found a film to match his talent, but this odyssey from rags to riches and back to his roots has you pulling for him all the way. ★★

A nation hungry for heroes and heroic exploits is certain to devour *Top Gun* (Paramount), all about U.S. Navy pilots in training for aerial combat maneuvers. They haven't made a movie as crammed with sky-high excitement since those daredevil airplane epics starring Gable and Cagney, decades ago. The star of *Top Gun*, and no mistake, is Tom Cruise, playing the cocky, aggressive flying ace with a need to prove himself. Director Tony Scott (brother of Ridley, who directed Cruise's misbegotten *Legend*) lets his camera dwell on the actor's every twitch and twinkle, and Cruise responds with a performance likely to cinch his title as top hunk of 1986. Kelly McGillis plays the base's beautiful aerodynamics teacher, while Anthony Edwards, Tom Skerritt and Val Kilmer, all fine in uniform, contribute stiff competition and moral support. *Top Gun* has the updated technological slickness of a search-and-destroy video game, but it lacks heart and seems generally beholden to the *Rambo* school of cinema. Which

means we're back to a Cold War world threatened by Soviet Mig pilots (and bad guys *always* wear black). Somehow, I'm afraid that the White House is going to love this one. ★★★½

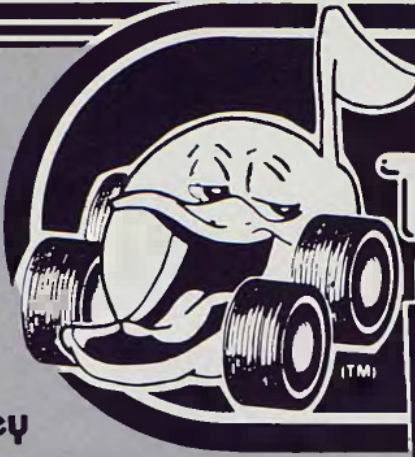
Whimsical is decidedly the word for *Mr. Love* (Warner), a British trifle starring Barry Jackson. Portraying the low-key lewdness of a quiet Everyman in a style perfected ages ago by Alec Guinness, Jackson is a baldish public-park gardener who discovers as he's pushing 50 that love makes the world go round. Thereafter, his mostly fruitless pursuit of women who turn out to be fruitcakes finally proves fatal. Although eccentric and unassuming to a fault, *Mr. Love* pays off with a pair of irresistibly comic scenes. In one, an avid spider collector lures Jackson to her attic lair and tries to seduce him with an arachnid mating dance. In another, he joins an actress-usherette on stage, playing Bogart to her Ingrid Bergman after a power failure in the projection booth of a local bijou showing *Casablanca*. That bit alone would make my day at the movies, any day. ★★

Truth may be stranger—and much grimmer—than fiction, but veracity is no guarantee of satisfaction for unwary moviegoers. *At Close Range* (Orion) taps into a lode of talent to tell the true, downbeat tale of a redneck thief and criminal psychopath (Christopher Walken) with two sons (Sean and Christopher Penn), who learn too late that it may be folly to follow in Father's footsteps. Sean plays the older son, who begins to see the light only after he lands in jail and learns that his teenaged honey (Mary Stuart Masterson) has been beaten and raped, his sibling murdered (Dad guilty on both counts), with other offenses still to come. *Close Range* winds up as a family blood bath, splattering the kind of ignorant, unruly people whose misdeeds usually make headlines in trashy tabloids. Juan Ruiz Anchia's splendid cinematography outclasses his subject by a country mile. There's no-fault acting throughout, with Madonna (Mrs. Sean Penn) on the sound track, if that helps you. Didn't help me. ★★

An innocent native learning the wicked ways of the city is a classic setup for social comedy, and Jamaican-born Trevor Thomas fills the bill handsomely as Ben in *Black Joy* (Oakwood). Fresh from Guyana, Ben drifts through the Brixton slums of South London and, with an ebullient, street-wise hustler named Dave (Norman Beaton) as his mentor, quickly picks up all he needs to know about love, lust and petty larceny. There's a wonderful, resilient humor about all the neighborhood blacks, male or female, contributing to



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Ben's education. In some quarters, their easygoing amorality might be taken as an implied racial slur, but *Joy* is based on a play by West Indian author Jamal Ali and adapted by him in collaboration with director Anthony Simmons. It's a refreshingly feisty little film that speaks gutter truth untainted by self-pity. Brixton's born survivors have got rhythm, plus *joie de vivre*, and they're not about to apologize for it. **★★½**

Sporting a punkish hairdo and singing pop in a Parisian *discothèque*, Isabelle Huppert gives a sexual charge to *Sincerely Charlotte* (New Line). Directed by her sister, Caroline Huppert, the movie presents Isabelle in the title role as an unscrupulous minx who, after the murder of her most recent lover, hits the road—dragging along a former paramour (Niels Arestrup) with a will of limp linguine. Gone are the days when bitchy movie heroines had to pay for their crimes. With typically French insouciance, the Huppert sisters' *Charlotte* reaffirms the adage that bad little girls go everywhere. **★★**

In *Death of a Soldier* (Scotti), an actor apparently sealed in plastic portrays General Douglas MacArthur in various commanding poses, at his liveliest behaving like a waxwork. But not even he can drain away the fascination of a true story set in wartime Melbourne, Australia, in 1942. The Yanks had come, 60,000 strong, and among them was Edward J. Leonski, a hulkingly handsome schizophrenic GI (Reb Brown is perfect in the part) who strangled three women before he was caught, court-martialed and, on MacArthur's orders, hanged. James Coburn is earnestly effective as the Army's reluctant defense attorney, whose argument of not guilty by reason of insanity is brushed aside because the Americans need a human sacrifice to preserve the peace with their Aussie hosts. Postwar, Leonski's case brought about major changes in the U.S. Code of Military Justice. *Soldier* is a third-string, down-underside variation on *Breaker Morant*, a hushed-up, half-forgotten slice of military history that's both shameful and tragic. **★★**

Men, sex, motherhood, loneliness and sundry matters of concern to women are weighed with tact and tender, loving care in another French-language film, *Femmes de Personne* (European Classics). Freely translated, the title means "nobody's women," these being women who just happen to work in the same radiology clinic. By day, they deal with problems of life or death; by night, with problems of personal identity. Marthe Keller is the single mom who resorts to one-night stands; Caroline Cellier is 40ish, married, pregnant and so bored that she recruits a seductive receptionist (Elisabeth Etienne) to go to bed with her husband; Fanny Cot-



Huppert is Arestrup's not-so-sweet Charlotte.

Once again, it takes the French to give some zest to *l'amour*.

tençon is a seemingly flip swinging single driven to try suicide. The most interesting men on the scene are Philippe Leotard, as Keller's gay house guest, and Jean-Louis Trintignant, as a married man she encounters at her son's school. Inconclusive but thoroughly adult, *Femmes* is also definitively French, though written and directed by Britain's Christopher Frank. One provocative footnote: Virtually every top actress in the cast at some point appears topless in a natural and unself-conscious manner that would seem revolutionary in a so-called woman's picture from Hollywood. **★★½**

The excesses and inadequacies of *Absolute Beginners* (Orion), a British musical that claims to celebrate "the teenage miracle" of the late Fifties, may add up to acute distress for anyone over 20. As temporary relief, David Bowie brings style and dashing presence to a music-video sequence built around *That's Motivation*, one of two numbers—including the title song—he composed himself. Up-and-coming Eddie O'Connell and Patsy Kensit ("the British Madonna," according to publicity blurbs) play the cute couple who whirl through a costly replica of neon-lit London streets where they encounter con men, promoters, racist Teddy boys, music impresarios, psychotics and hordes of rather mature-looking teens. Adapted from a Colin MacInnes novel I intend to avoid and directed by Julien Temple, *Beginners* is ambitious, overorchestrated chaos for those who think exceptionally young, or not at all. **★**



MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Absolute Beginners** (See review) Bowie shines in a bungled British musical. **★**
At Close Range (See review) Father-and-son felons fall out. **★★**
Black Joy (See review) Restless natives in London slums. **★★½**
Death of a Soldier (See review) Aussie man hunt for a murderous GI. **★★**
Desert Bloom A-bomb tests in Vegas tangle family ties for JoBeth Williams, Jon Voight and company. **★★★**
Echo Park (See review) L.A. pastiche of aspiring people who need people. **★★**
B Million Ways to Die Hard-edged suspense with Jeff Bridges as an A.A. cop, Rosanna Arquette as an L.A. hooker vs. coke-dealing killers. **★★½**
Femmes de Personne (See review) Parisian women bare all, or nearly all. **★★½**
Ginger & Fred Tuning in on TV with Mastroianni and Masina. **★★★**
A Great Wall The Americanization of Red China, Tung in cheek. **★★½**
Hannah and Her Sisters Woody on a roll, with Mia in the title role. **★★★★**
Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling (See review) Pryor pulls a Fosse. **★★**
The Manhattan Project (See review) Teenager has A-bomb, will travel. **★★★**
Mr. Love (See review) A small, sweetly eccentric bundle from Britain. **★★**
My American Cousin He's the kind Canadians love to hate. **★★**
My Beautiful Laundrette Gay couple making out, in business as in love. **★★★**
9½ Weeks High-style erotica, with Kim Basinger and Mickey Rourke. **★★★**
On Valentine's Day Horton Foote's down-home greeting to Texas. **★★½**
The Quiet Earth Where is everybody after the big blast? **★★½**
Rebel GI blues in wartime Australia, with Matt Dillon A.W.O.L. **★★**
A Room with a View Pure-gold romantic comedy from E. M. Forster classic. **★★★★**
Salvador Tough, timely, topical drama of ugly Americans attending a war. **★★★**
Short Circuit John Badham's sleekly clever kid stuff about an E.T.-type robot that imitates Bugs Bunny, John Wayne and, oh, yes, John Travolta. **★★**
Sincerely Charlotte (See review) Some accomplished witchery by Huppert. **★★**
Sweet Liberty Alan Alda poking bland fun at moviemakers on location. **★★½**
3 Men and a Cradle Three French men about town practice baby care. **★★★**
Top Gun (See review) A Cruise missile named Tom is shot into orbit. **★★½**
Vagabond Agnès Varda's hypnotic post-mortem of a deceased girl, memorably played by Sandrine Bonnaire. **★★★**

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



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SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

Sports columnists get tired, behind on their bills, down in the back and churlish, like everybody else, and there is an old joke that circulates among us. The joke is about the member of our sect who was always looking for a way to bail out on a column, to slide by with an easy one, on those days when even his hair hurt, which were often.

Frequently, the poet would side-step issues he ought to have confronted in print. Instead, he would run a column of letters—nearly all of which he would invent, since he rarely received any fan mail, or even hate mail. “Dear Imbecile: How can you say Notre Dame lost to USC when it was obvious the Irish only ran out of time on the clock? Get with it—and don’t call me biased! Yours truly, Sean O’Boyle.” That kind of thing.

And just as frequently, the poet would resort to a column of notes, most of which he would steal from other columnists in other journals. It’s easier to read than to write. “Don’t invite Crew Slammer and Hank Binge to the same batting cage. . . . If the Cleveland Browns move to Orlando, they’ll play half of their games in Jacksonville. . . . Watch for the Cardinals to trade Rick Yak to the Orioles for Tiny Favor. You heard it here. . . .” That kind of thing.

Finally one day, the poet’s hair hurt worse than it ever had. He gave up completely and began his column with “What did Red Smith mean by this?” Whereupon he ran in its entirety the full 800 words of an old Red Smith column.

All of this is a roundabout way of introducing a column that is only partly a bail-out this month. The fact is, I was twice asked the same question on a recent trip that I have been asked countless times over the past 30 or so years: Who was the greatest sportswriter who ever lived or typed? I answered the same way I’ve always answered, and the same way that most of the people for whom I hold respect in this business have always answered, which is to say with the same two words:

John Lardner.

Thus, I thought I would devote this space to presenting some evidence on the subject. Here are a few of my favorite passages from this eldest son of Ring the Famous, who wrote primarily for *Newsweek* and *The New Yorker* and who passed away in 1960, at the absurd age of 48.

On the topic of the actual baseball that is manufactured for the major leagues, Lardner once wrote:



THE SPORTSWRITER'S HERO

“The improved bazooka-type baseball, which pierces armor at 600 yards, has come in for an unusual amount of discussion this summer. . . . A while back, your correspondent started working on a movement for the prevention of cruelty to pitchers. Pitchers today are a dying breed, like the whooping crane and the 25-cent lamb chop. If they become extinct, a very colorful and authentic part of the American scene will vanish with them. It is sad to think of a future in which our children will never know the sight of a tall, wild curveballer poised at the edge of a pool at dusk, to drink, as the expression goes.”

Few boxing writers have ever been more on target than this:

“When Ezzard Charles won the heavy-weight championship by licking J. J. Walcott, two years ago, Ezzard’s manager, Jake ‘Madman’ Mintz, passed out in the ring. Last July, when Walcott won the title, it was Charles who fell, while Jake remained on his feet throughout. That is my idea of the perfect partnership—always one man conscious, to count the house.”

On pro football:

“The thing called school spirit is notably hard to prolong over a period of years. So I admire the gameness of Slinging Sam Baugh, the oldest virtuoso in professional football, in calling a dressing-room meeting of the Washington Redskins recently

and urging them to go out and win one for the fans, for themselves and—I think Sam invoked this for whatever sentimental weight it might have with the team—for him. It is easier, of course, to say, ‘Fight for the Redskins!’ than ‘Fight for your \$8500!’”

On the sport of sailing:

“Take yacht racing, now. Why does it fascinate the sporting public so much that crowds will stand all night outside a newspaper office in Terre Haute or Des Moines waiting to hear the result of a regatta for F-Class Butterfly sloops off Throgs Neck, Long Island? For that matter, who was Throg?”

On thoroughbred racing:

“All horse races are fixed by a ring of six jockeys who force the other riders to cooperate by lighting matches under their fingernails and beating them over the heads with short lengths of iron piping bought through the black market. What makes me think so? I had the information straight from the lips of a man leaning against the infield fence at the Belmont race track. I knew he was reliable because of the high quality of the wood in the toothpick he was chewing.”

On correcting history:

“Ol’ Doc Goebbels is dead, but his soul, or a reasonable facsimile of same, goes marching on. A mortal deputy for the doctor rose to his feet not long ago in the person of Mr. Max Machon, a German prize-fight hanger-on . . . and announced that Max Schmeling lost his last fight with Joe Louis because of an attack of *Wellschmerz*, or planetary blues, induced by the fact that nobody understood him. Mr. Machon offers this diagnosis to German historians . . . as a substitute for the previously accepted theory that Schmeling was licked by about 15 head and body punches so violent that they shouldn’t happen to an orphaned Pomeranian.”

Those of you who now want to read more Lardner must dash to your nearest rare-book store and offer the owner thousands of dollars to track down his three collections, *Strong Cigars and Lovely Women*, *White Hopes and Other Tigers* and *It Beats Working*.

Many of us in this business would never have existed in our present state of mind if it hadn’t been for John Lardner. If this is a bad thing, you have only him to blame—unless, as he would say, you want to blame the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the late-racing edition.



By ASA BABER

Last February, we passed a point that our fathers probably never dreamed of: The nation's 13,847,000 professional jobs split in favor of women—6,938,000 jobs for women, 6,909,000 for men. Women netted 29,000 more professional jobs, and there's little doubt that this is just the start of something big.

The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics called it a "historic milestone." Its figures were based on studies of 50 "knowledge-based occupations"—architects, engineers, scientists, physicians, dentists, pharmacists, lawyers, mathematicians, writers, artists, professional athletes, teachers, nurses, social workers, et al.

The gap between male and female pay is narrowing—men in professional jobs get a median salary of \$581 a week, compared with \$419 a week for women. The percentage of women in professions that were once bastions of male predominance is growing: Eighteen percent of lawyers are now women; so are 17 percent of physicians. And college enrollments clearly show that the explosion of women into the work force is going to continue to be a major story.

The feminist revolution, in other words, isn't about who opens the door at a restaurant or who gives flowers to whom. It's a revolution that promotes a basic restructuring of our culture and our lives, and it affects us in the profession and the wallet.

Given all of the above, there's another fact you have to face: The odds are that sooner or later, you'll be working for a woman. She'll be your boss and she'll write your salary reviews. Your job will be to follow her lead, take orders, assist her.

How do you think you'll do?

"I never thought I'd be working for a woman," Stan says. "And I'm not always sure I like it. My boss is a workaholic. It wouldn't surprise me to find a sign on her desk that says, THANK GOD IT'S MONDAY." Stan laughs. He is 38 years old, a wiry man in sports coat and slacks, an executive at a hospital-supply company. "She never stops. She's networking—believe me, I'm starting to hate that word—or going to grad school in the evenings or selling real estate out of her home. I put in ten-hour days, and on my last progress review, she said I was a little lackadaisical. Shit, I've never worked harder in my life!"

Rob shakes his head and smiles at Stan's frustration. I've asked them to talk about their female bosses, and they've agreed to—but only if I change their names. Rob is 27, a low-key man in a



BOSS LADIES

three-piece suit who works in a public-relations firm. "Every female executive I know works hard," Rob says. "Look, it's simple: They are first-generation bosses. They're on trial. They know they're setting a precedent. They're the first of their kind, and it's a lot of pressure."

"Wait a minute," Stan says. "My boss works hard for herself. She's never there when we need her to make a decision. We say we've seen her picture on a milk carton: She's missing. She pads her own nest with six businesses and then comes into the office and expects us to have everything done for her. I don't buy this idea of the hard-working, perfect female boss."

"OK, OK," Rob says, "I overstated the case. Big surprise. There are good and bad women bosses, just as there are good and bad male bosses. But one thing's for sure: Men are not adjusting well to this change. You can see it. We're improvising. All of us."

We talk for several hours about that. Stan calls the current crisis "working out the rules while working." His anger is based on how slippery and undefined the workplace is these days. "Male, female," he gestures. "I don't care how you cut it, there's always going to be sexual tension. Do you flirt with your boss or don't you? If you do, you're a pig. If you don't, you're gay."

"The sexual tension is there," Rob agrees. "I confess it: Sometimes I'm intentionally cute. I can't believe I'm admitting

this. Hey, I can't believe I'm in a situation where I think I have to be cute."

"My boss thinks I'm just a little bit dumb," Stan says. "She gets patronizing; she winks at the other women sometimes when I'm arguing a point in a meeting; she's just waiting to be able to put the sexist label on my forehead. Because once that happens, you're dead, you know? That's the blackmail of the Eighties: If they color you sexist, they color you gone."

The discussion is intense, and it is clear that both men have thought a lot about their situation—yet both are floundering as they try to adapt to the new reality. At the end of the evening, we sum up a list of advice: Rob and Stan's Rules of Order. It comes from two men who have been there—and who hope to get back in one piece.

1. *Do not sleep with your boss.* In this case, the kiss of passion is truly the kiss of death. Don't date your boss. The potential for disaster is sky-high.

2. *If it's demanded, flirt.* Yes, this is a double signal. You can flirt but not touch, and some Boss Ladies want to be flirted with. "Professional distance, personal warmth" is the phrase Rob uses.

3. *Be professionally prepared.* Rob's first-generation analogy is not wrong. Most female bosses are under a microscope, and they need and expect professional support. They'll appreciate competence.

4. *Don't come on too strong in business discussions.* Today's Boss Lady is usually a tough and rational thinker who wants to hear facts and evidence, not *macho* posturing. The style of your presentations to her is as important as the substance.

5. *Courtesy counts.* You don't prove you're in favor of equal rights by slamming the door in her face or spitting past her ankles. Be polite. Or die.

6. *Strategize with your fellow men.* Few men are doing this now, but they will. To get a reading on how this Boss Lady treats everybody, what signals she sends, what behavior she rewards and punishes, you have to compare notes with your male colleagues.

7. *Just remember: Be careful out there.* With more competition and less forgiveness between the sexes, the soft focus of romance has been chiseled into the hard edge of the leveraged buy-out. Women are administrators and competitors, people of power and substance who make decisions that directly affect our lives. Caution and consideration are the order of the day.

"We're all point men now," Stan says.

Yes, indeed.





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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Andrea was spinning records at a fancy New York night club, which is her job. She looked adorable in a low-cut pale-blue-satin gown, her blonde hair piled high on top of her head, her skin a rosy amber.

"Hello, Andrea," I sang, spinning by in the arms of my partner. "Play some George Jones. Jeez, you're looking tanned and terrific; where have you been?"

"You want George Jones, take a bus to Nashville," said Andrea, segueing Frank Sinatra into Prince. "I've been to Bermuda, and you know what? They have men down there. Real men!"

At this news, I dismissed my partner, who was eager to pick up boys, anyway. "What do you mean, real men?"

"Tall, broad, handsome, well fixed and horny."

"Stop telling fairy tales. It isn't nice to tease your friends."

A religious fervor seemed to overtake Andrea. "Do you know what it feels like to have a man say to you, 'I want you to take your clothes off right now and fuck my brains out'—and really mean it?"

"No," I breathed. "What does it feel like?"

"It feels like winning the lottery. It feels like going downstairs on Christmas morning and finding a puppy. Do you know how long it's been since someone made a pass at me? Maybe two years. Down in Bermuda, I had simultaneous affairs with two men. I'm thinking of moving there."

I wandered around in a semicomma, so distracted that I bumped smack into Rita, causing her to spill tequila down the front of her vintage Dior.

"Now, darlin', this is ridiculous," she said. "You know how much it's gonna cost me to dry-clean this little *numero*?"

"Rita, Andrea's been having simultaneous affairs with two men, both of whom wanted her to take her clothes off and fuck their brains out."

"Hon, I've been telling you to stop taking drugs. Now look what's happened. You're hallucinating."

"I'm as sober as Sandra Day O'Connor. It was in Bermuda. I swear."

"Holy Jesus," said Rita, smiting her forehead. "Two men. The mind boggles."

"What? What?" asked Cleo, wandering up and observing our expressions.

"Andrea's getting laid," I said.

"Two men, in Bermuda," Rita said.

"My God," Cleo said. "Sisters, let us sing hallelujah!"



A HARD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

The next day, I picked moodily at my *huevos rancheros*. "It's not that I don't have dates, Karen," I said. "Attractive, presentable if, possibly, a bit skittish dates, who are entertaining and charming and invariably fade into a taxi at the end of an evening. I thought maybe I was just putting out weird vibes, you know, since I've just spent a year breaking up with someone and am therefore traumatized."

"But everywhere I go, I hear the same story from girls, the gist of which is 'Whom do you have to know to get laid around here?'"

"Do I know?" asked Karen. "I know. It's chronic, it's epidemic, it's almost passé. The stories I could tell you of aborted seductions. . . ."

"Don't," I said. "I'm despondent enough already."

"Maybe it's this," said Karen (she is a girl of dazzling intellect and a certain effusive sluttiness, full of beans). "Maybe they think they have to write *War and Peace* with their dicks."

"*War and Peace*? Please elucidate."

"It's the Eighties, everybody's concerned with status, with possessions, with being on the top of the heap."

"So you feel there is mass performance anxiety running amuck among the male populace?"

"It's a thought. Plus, there's feminism."

"Ah, feminism. Our fondest dream."

"The ramifications of which are still emerging, the shock waves still emanating. I think it irritates men that we're now required to be treated as equals. The predator-prey syndrome is at the root of many of your average male's erotic fantasies."

"They prefer us to behave in the manner of deer startled by the glare of oncoming headlights?"

"They prefer us to be intimidated, like simps, like wimps. Strong women are threatening to the fragile male psyche. Their not putting out is simply a sophisticated variant of holding their breath and turning blue."

"I don't think it's that," said Emily on the phone later. "We live in terrifying times. The pleasures we used to look forward to have become life-threatening. Take dating. Who would want to have sex with someone now without examining his medical records for the previous five years?"

"Five years ago, I would have said that men are immature. Now I'd say they're terribly afraid of death—more than women. Women are reborn every month, don't forget."

"From now on, a girl must behave on dates like a 19-year-old boy," says Lynn. "Don't take no for an answer. Seduce them. Give them drugs, anything."

"I can't do that," I said.

"Sure you can," she said. "If I can, you can."

"I don't want to do that," I said. "I'm excited only if they're excited. If they're really hot to trot. If they make it clear that they want me. If they pursue me."

"You want to be the object of their desires and the subject of your own life—a difficult feat in 1986."

"Or perhaps I'll just give up," I said. "Grow broad in the beam, wear hats to luncheon. Get a dog, do good works."

"It's no help at all to become morbid."

So later that week, I was having a drink at my local, and a fellow was coming on to me in the old-fashioned sort of way—playing knecses under the table, stroking my arm, complimenting every aspect of my appearance. This made me feel lively all the way down to the soles of my feet.

"Seven years ago," the guy whispered in my ear, "women told me I was immature for wanting them. Now they tell me I'm immature for not wanting them. What's the deal with you broads?"

I honestly didn't know where to begin.



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THE NAME IS NISSAN

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

In those days, we didn't have insurance," said Mel Brooks, in character as the 2000-Year-Old Man. He was explaining what people did 20 centuries ago when they were run down by a lion. "You just lay there till you got better."

In these greedy times, it seems, all you have to do is lie there until a personal-injury lawyer spots you, gets the name of the lion's insurance company and litigates for the kind of money that has to be moved around on hand trucks.

There's been a lot of talk about such cases lately, because insurance companies are crying ruin over the huge settlements they've been forced to pay out in the name of pain and suffering. Their answer, of course, has been to start canceling everybody who represents any risk at all—which means that soon, the old rule of thumb for getting a loan will apply to getting insurance, as well: It's available only if you don't need it.

I generally feel about as much sympathy for insurance companies as I do for gambling casinos, because insurance is a straight-out wager and the insurer is the house. It's betting that nothing particularly disastrous is going to happen in your life. If you believe in Murphy's Laws, that seems like a pretty good bet—until you realize that the house has a bunch of professional touts called actuaries, who work the odds against your ante in such a way as to guarantee that it can't lose in the long run.

So it's a little hard to believe in the insurance "crisis." It has the ring of the oil-business crisis, and what it probably means is that insurance companies are going to have to gouge us a little more openly to keep their stockholders in the kind of cigars that come in glass cylinders.

Every once in a while, though, there's a lawsuit that makes you wonder if the balance of greed hasn't slipped over from the insurance companies onto the side of the personal-injury lawyers and their clients. There was a suit not long ago that seemed to open up a new zone of disability: psychic whiplash. I heard about it before I read it in the papers, and the grapevine version went like this: A psychic had had a brain tumor removed and claimed that after the operation, she suffered headaches so severe that she could no longer make contact with the spirits. She sued the doctor; won \$1,000,000.

The wire-service accounts seemed to



PSYCHIC WHIPLASH

confirm the story. The *Chicago Sun-Times* ran it this way: "PSYCHIC WINS SUIT." "Judith Richardson Haimes, who claimed that her psychic powers were damaged by a brain scan at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia, was awarded \$998,000 Thursday when the jury found the hospital negligent. Haimes said an allergic reaction to a dye injected during a 1976 CAT scan gave her recurring headaches that forced her to abandon her practice."

True, the *Sun-Times* isn't much of a source. In fact, if it's household stink you're trying to control, you don't wrap garbage in the *Sun-Times*—you wrap the *Sun-Times* in garbage. But even *The New York Times* ran the story, under the headline "WOMAN WINS 1 MILLION IN PSYCHIC POWER SUIT," and the lead paragraph pretty much echoed the *Sun-Times* version. At the end of the story, though, it was noted that the judge had ruled that Haimes had failed to prove any connection between the loss of her alleged psychic ability and the brain scan, and that the jury was to award her damages for the allergic reaction only. A small matter, I guess, except that it changed *everything*.

So I called Haimes's attorney, Joel Lieberman, and he explained things to me. Sort of. The way lawyers do.

The doctor put Haimes on the table, Lieberman said, and injected her with the brain-scan dye, despite the fact that they

had records showing that she'd had two allergic reactions to the injection of similar dyes. The immediate result was that she went into violent shock: Her arms jerked wildly, she lost bladder control, vomited and developed welts an inch high all over her body. Her blood pressure rose so high that she was given a drug to reduce it, and when it dropped back toward normal, the doctor said, "I just saved your life," which was interpreted in court to mean that she had nearly died from the procedure. "She has terrible headaches to this day," Lieberman told me, "which sometimes put her in bed for three or four weeks. And she describes them in three ways: like being hit in the back of the head with a two-by-four, like a bomb going off in her head or like an aluminum baseball bat hitting a baseball."

When Lieberman was through explaining the whole thing to me, the award seemed fair. The doctor had clearly made an inexcusable error and Haimes had suffered and, ten years later, was still suffering considerable physical pain as a result. But when I talked with someone who had been close to the trial, he told me that the award was *just* for what she had suffered on the table. It had not been proved, he said, that her continuing headaches and various other complaints were related to the CAT scan; so the damages were solely for the trauma she had suffered at the time of the brain scan.

"That's right," said Lieberman, as if he hadn't misled me the first time we talked. This time, he read me the judge's instructions to the jury. "You shall *not* consider the permanency of the headaches. . . ." Well, that took whatever had seemed fair back out of the deal for me: \$1,000,000 for a momentary spasm, vomiting, hives and a loss of blood pressure that *could* have killed her, but didn't, seemed *more* than fair to me, somehow.

Lieberman said that *he* thought it was fair and, considering what his fee was likely to be, I could understand that. When I asked him what he thought about the insurance "crisis," he let out a cynical little puff of air and told me to look in the previous day's paper at the earnings report of one of the industry giants. I did, and there it was: Aetna Life and Casualty, first-quarter net earnings up 456 percent. Which made me think—ah, justice—lawyers and insurance agents deserve one another.



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DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

How do you feel about being the object of men's fantasies?

My brothers and their friends had gatefold posters all over the garage when they were rebuilding their Camaros. I probably posed for PLAYBOY to have someone fantasize over me, too. When I'm out on the road, doing promotions and signing autographs, I can't look up and think, This guy in front of me has fantasized wild and wonderful things while looking at my pictures. I know it, but I can't acknowledge it, or I'd be too self-conscious. I do think it's an ego boost. You know you're attractive to more than just that one someone in your life. One reason I became a Playmate was to be sexually appreciated.



Tracy Vaccaro
TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

My mom worked at PLAYBOY, so when she used to bring the magazine home, I had a look. I thought the Playmates had beautiful bodies. I feel pretty good about being a fantasy object, if I am. I mean, I go out and meet men and they never say that kind of thing, though they look at me appreciatively. When I go on promotions, a strange thing happens. Women come up to me to get autographs for their boyfriends, husbands and sons. They say things such as, "He's going to love this" or "He's going to die." So I guess men must be out there having fantasies. But when men approach me, they're calm and cool. I can't tell what's going on in their minds.



Venice Kong
VENICE KONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

I'll have to admit that my first thought was not about the ultimate male fantasy. I was thinking more about myself and my career. But I have since given it a lot of thought. I think most women hope to be a fantasy for a man, whether their beauty is internal or external. To be recognized as a fantasy is part of being a total woman. I never saw a PLAYBOY until I was 30. I came from a very small town. A girlfriend of mine wanted to be a make-up artist, so she made me up and her husband, who is a photographer, took my picture. She submitted the pictures for her own job advancement. I did it as a career thing. Now, when I do autograph sessions, I try to impress upon the men who come to them that there is a whole lot more to me than just the pictures. That makes for a better fantasy, I think.



Kathy Shower
KATHY SHOWER
MAY 1985

Actually, it feels good. It's kind of nice to be someone men want and can't have. That sounds a little mean and egotistical, I know, even though being the object of fantasies doesn't make any real difference in my personal life. I started looking at PLAYBOY when I was a teenager. I remember seeing Terri Welles and thinking that she was incredibly beautiful. I never dreamed that I would ever, ever be a Playmate. When I was young, I just wanted to be beautiful; as I got older, I wanted to be an object of desire. Seeing a lot of movies can do that to you. Seriously, those feelings give me confidence. I'm glad I posed. Having all that attention is really nice.



Liz Stewart
LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

Excited and a little apprehensive. My being a Playmate means that other people find me attractive, not only people I know but people I don't know, all over the world. It's a little scary, though; I mean, you can't please everyone. I saw my first PLAYBOY when I was about 12. I thought the women were beautiful. I wished that one day I would be that pretty and could appear in a magazine, too. It was a very intense feeling to have at such an early age. I'm excited by the idea that I could be an object of fantasy to men.



Sherry Arnett
SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

When I posed for my pictures, I didn't think about that. I was thinking more of artistic expression. I think the men who read PLAYBOY have different tastes. Some Playmates don't do a thing for them; others are exactly what they like. When I was 14, I used to sneak a peek at PLAYBOY in my father's closet. There was a mystique about the Playmates. When I posed, I knew I'd be desirable, and that made me feel pretty good. I meet men when I'm on promotions, I usually shake hands with them to make them feel more comfortable and also to say that I'm more than a fantasy. There is more to me than that.



Cher Butler
CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

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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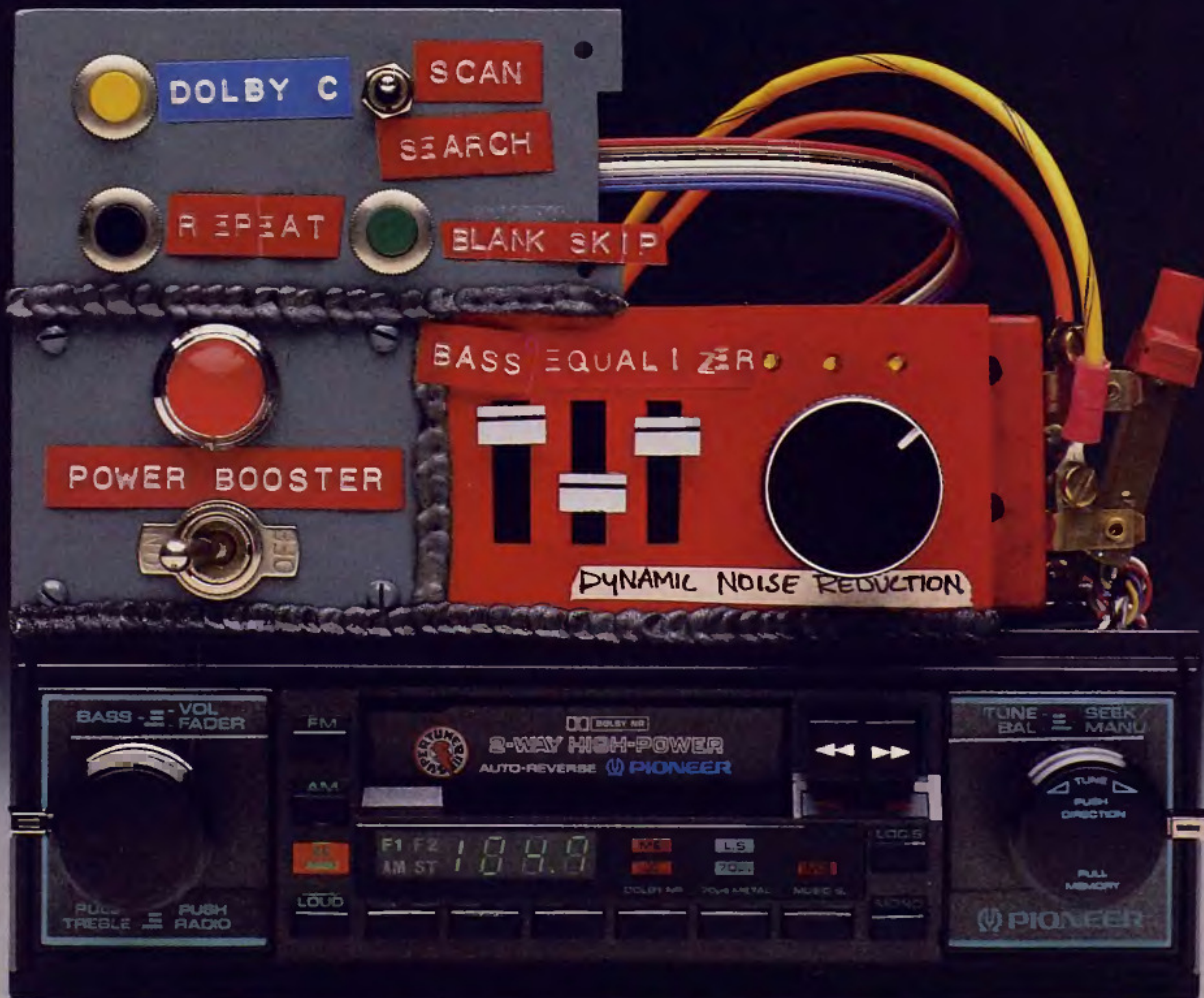
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Please tell me if the following is a rarity or if you've come across this type of obsession before. My girlfriend, who's 22, and I, 24, like to watch sex films a lot when we're warming up to make love. Lately, we have both expressed an interest in viewing films of cheerleaders doing kicks and bending over to show off their asses. We admitted this to each other while watching a recent basketball game in which the cameraman was shooting a tight close-up up a cheerleader's skirt as she was doing a kick. The sight turned me on, so I jokingly said, "Ooh, what a pretty sight!" To my surprise, my girlfriend said, "I agree!" This led to a heavy bout of lovemaking, during which she put on her high school cheerleader's outfit and told me about the affair she had had with one of her fellow cheerleaders in the 11th grade. More surprising, it had been with one of our closest friends, an absolutely beautiful brown-haired, brown-eyed female, definitely the very epitome of femininity—aside from my girlfriend, of course! The girl is still single, and we are thinking of asking her about having a threesome. (My girlfriend has also confessed that while they made out, they both wore their cheerleader's skirts and panties, pulling the crotch to the side to have access to each other.) Anyway, the reason I am writing is to see if you can locate for us a distributor of videos that feature pretty women dressed as cheerleaders, doing what cheerleaders normally do: kicking and bending over, showing off their pretty butts. The photos should be taken close to the women's crotches, too. We are also interested in magazines of this type. I have written to every video and magazine outlet I can find and have found nothing of this type.—J. C., Rutherfordton, North Carolina.

Sometimes, we think that America is turning sex into a spectator sport. Whatever happened to do-it-yourself ingenuity? Buy a Polaroid or, even better, rent a video camera and recorder. Invite your girlfriend's friend over for a photo session. Have them dress up in their old duds and see what happens.

I recently purchased a stereo double-cassette deck that features automatic tape select. Apparently, the type of tape is identified by "sensing holes" in the cassette housing, and the optimum bias and equalization for the inserted tape are automatically selected. The operating instructions warn against using a tape without sensing holes. My question is, Where are these holes located? I want to be sure that the product I buy has them.—M. S., Buffalo, Wyoming.

Sensing holes are located on the top edge of a cassette, opposite the opening for the tape. They are near, but not to be confused with, the punch-out tabs that keep you from acci-



dentally recording over previous material. On a low-bias or normal tape, there will be no sensing hole at all on the tape edge of the cassette. On a high-bias or chrome tape, there is a small square hole next to each punch-out tab. On a metal tape, there are two small square holes near the center of the top edge, approximately one inch apart. All tapes made by major manufacturers have had sensing holes for more than a year. Your machine also will have an indicator that displays NORMAL (or LOW), CHROME (or HIGH) or METAL, to allow you to verify that the tape deck is set up for the appropriate tape inserted into the machine.

I'm about ready to go crazy. I have an insatiable thirst for sex. If I could, I would have it three times a day, every day. Right now, I live with a guy who I used to think loved sex even more than I. We used to make love at least once a day. Now I'm lucky if we make love once a week. He masturbates at least every other day. I can never figure out why he never asks me first or why he never waits for me. I go to school full time and work part time. He goes to school part time and works full time in the evenings. He says he is too tired when I want to make love, so I wait. I'm starting to wonder if he likes masturbating more than having sex. I don't know what to do. I'm tired of waiting and pleading.—Miss B. P., Los Angeles, California.

Desire is a fragile thing: Too much pressure from work and study can put a serious damper on the best of sex lives. Making love becomes a production that requires too much time and is complicated by performance demands of its own. In that situation, solo sex is a catch-as-catch-can alternative. It gets the job done. There is nothing wrong with masturbation. Your problem is mutual lovemak-

ing, or the lack of same. The only way to break this cycle is to have a talk with him. Try to set aside some time that is free from distraction. Check into a motel or take a long weekend. If you can break the routine, you can turn your sex life around.

A recent trip to Florida stimulated some questions about insurance sold by car-rental companies. I had a disagreement with a rental agent over coverage I didn't believe I needed. I had checked with my insurance agent prior to leaving, and he had told me that all coverages from my present policy carried over to the rental car. Is the extra coverage necessary, or are the rental companies increasing their profits through insurance sales?—J. R., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Your insurance agent is basically correct. Most rental-car insurance is an unnecessary expense cleverly foisted upon an accident-conscious public by the car-rental companies. If you're insured with a reputable firm and you trust your agent, listen to him, not to the car-rental companies.

My girlfriend and I have been going together for more than three years. I am due to graduate from college in August and, especially during the past six months, she has been looking more and more for a serious commitment from me. I am just not interested at this time in this sort of thing, and when I try indirectly to say so, she takes offense and becomes very bitchy and cold. I've been considering breaking up with her, as I do not need her hot-cold routine, but I do care for her and do not want to hurt her. Any suggestions?—J. T., Schenectady, New York.

It seems to us that three years of dating is enough time for you to determine whether or not you want to make a more serious commitment to this woman. Since your letter indicates that you're not really interested, you're probably not doing her, or yourself, any favors by prolonging the relationship. Your only alternative is to ask her to wait until you're ready. Graduation is an artificial deadline, a proverbial gun to the head. Don't let that pressure make you do something you may regret later.

I just got a speeding ticket that I didn't deserve. Is there any point in fighting it?—N. S., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Absolutely! Take it to court. First, your chances are fair to middlin' that the arresting officer won't show up, which usually means instant dismissal of the charge—no fine, no points, no raised insurance premiums. Second, if you present a reasonable case showing that you were in the right, your chances of beating the ticket are excellent. Third, you may get it reduced to a lesser offense. (We once went to court with a receipt for a recent

speedometer repair: result, a minor equipment violation, small fine, no points.) When you're stopped, don't panic or get mad. Be polite and respectful. Don't do or say anything that will fix you in the officer's mind. Before going to court, prepare your case. Make diagrams, gather evidence, research the local law. Delay your court date, if possible (the more time that goes by, the more likely that the accuser will be elsewhere). When your day finally comes, groom and dress neatly and show up early. Wait politely while the officer tells his (or her) side of the story; don't get upset or interrupt. When asked, tell your side. Don't come on like Clarence Darrow, but feel free to cross-examine: How did he clock you? Was his equipment recently calibrated and was he properly trained to operate it? Could he have mistaken your car for another? Don't be afraid to fight, since losing is the worst that can happen. Then you pay about what you would have anyway and you're out a little time. Unless your offense is blatant and indefensible, unless you're completely inept or in serious trouble, you don't need a lawyer.

I am a married woman in my early 30s who enjoys a great sexual relationship with a man in his early 40s. We live in a very small town in the South and have to be careful. We have tried sex in many ways and places. We made love once in the back of an old hearse, in the whirlpool outside a big local hotel, in his back yard, with his

wife watching TV inside, at the local car wash, in the shopping center. We have tried all kinds of fruits and vegetables in my pussy—even a big pickle that got stuck. One of the best screws we had was after drinking wine coolers in bed and then pouring the wine into my pussy. The cold sensation from the wine and his hot, thick dick was the best come yet. Please advise anything different we can try or make suggestions to make our sex better!—Mrs. M. C. (address withheld).

If this is what you call being careful, you are in a league of your own. Take notes and you'll have the material for a rural "9½ Weeks." You might check out "The Joy of Sex" and "More Joy," by Alex Comfort. You might rent some X-rated videos for more ideas. Have you tried the missionary position? With the lights out?

Recently, I met the woman of my dreams, and now I've promised her a vacation fit for a queen. The catch is that I need a place where she'll feel like a million dollars but the bill will be a hell of a lot less. Got any ideas?—D. T., New York, New York.

A damsel in distress? A prince of a guy with the budget of a pauper? "The Playboy Advisor" to the rescue. Not only have we got a castle for you—lots of them, in fact—but you won't have to pawn the family jewels to pay for a visit. These castles are located in Spain, and they're part of a series of 84 government-

owned hotels called *paradores*. About half of the *paradores* are situated in restored castles, monasteries or baronial homes, usually away from the major cities and often in dramatic settings. And we mean dramatic: The *parador* *Marques de Villena*, for example, is a stone fortress at least 1200 years old that's perched on a hilltop overlooking a river. You'll find it in the town of Alarcon, about midway between Madrid and Valencia. There are 11 guest rooms, any of them perfect for some quiet knights or even a bit of swordplay. Meals are served in a medieval banquet hall. The cost of this regal cossetting? A mere \$75 per night, and dinner for two is about half that. Those rates are typical for all the *paradores*, and you can make reservations (or obtain illustrated brochures) through *Marketing Ahead*, 433 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016; 212-686-9213.

This story isn't like most stories dealing with sexual problems, unusual sexual appetites or chance meetings between the sexes. It's about an erotic, incredibly horny woman who calls me once a week from 3000 miles away in order to satisfy her sex drive. The mystifying thing about this relationship is that I don't know who she is. It all started back East about six years ago, when she spotted me going home from my bank teller's job. As she called me that first time and told me all the things she wanted us to do to each



A chance to get away. Americans look forward to those moments. Moments to unwind. Moments to enjoy the things you appreciate in life.

other, I became intrigued that she knew all about me. I did not hear from her after that.

So here I was living in Los Angeles, almost two years later. The phone rang and this familiar voice said, "Recognize this voice?" I almost died. She called regularly after that, describing in detail the many sexual habits she enjoys—taking on two guys at once, doing it with another woman, taking my cock down her throat. I must say that I look forward to her phone calls. We often talk of meeting one day. She loves to get me going and moans and groans while I'm describing my tongue in her pussy and her mouth on my dick. To be honest, I hope this never ends. This fantasy keeps me going on the slow days. I know other guys pay to hear these words. I feel lucky to have her calling me—and picking up the tab. Have you ever heard of such a thing?—C. F. P., Glendale, California.

Maybe one of the computers at Ma Bell got horny. On the other hand, maybe you should reach out and touch someone. With a track record like this, the two of you could really set some bells ringing—in person.

Through the years, I've thumbed through the pages of PLAYBOY and have often wondered what makes a woman dress the way she does. To be specific, the number of women who wear nylon stockings and/or garter belts seems to be dimin-

ishing. For me, this is very disappointing. Since I happen to be a loyal and sincere fan of the seamed stocking, I asked my girlfriend if she would wear stockings occasionally when we made love, to keep me satisfied. She looked at me as if I had just graduated from the old school, where silence is golden. Are nylon stockings a thing of the past? Am I old-fashioned?—D. S., San Francisco, California.

Take your girlfriend shopping. When she sees the effect that fulfilling your fantasy has, she'll come around.

On a recent hunting trip, the weather turned terrible and most of our time was spent in the cabin reading everything in sight to help fight the boredom. One of the other hunters had brought along another men's magazine. I was so bored, I read it. My question concerns one paragraph in an article in that magazine, as follows:

A male can considerably lengthen and thicken his penis by applying an ointment to its shaft (for lubrication) and rather vigorously "milking" it in its semiflaccid state. Such "milking" should not be performed when the penis is fully erect—vascular damage could result. Large numbers of males have increased their penis length an inch or more in six months by rigorously "milking" their semi-erect penis several hundred repetitions each day (beginning with around 50 "milking" and gradually increasing

the number to around 200). Masturbation or manipulation of a fully erect penis will not cause any increase in size—otherwise, the vast majority of the world's males would be hung like horses.

I can't help wondering if this isn't more penis-length hype. I am relatively happy with the size of my penis, which is on the upper side of the scale for average; but if I could easily add an inch or so, why not?—H. D., Anthony, Kansas.

Right. If you can sit there and milk your penis—several hundred times—without getting an erection and coming, you are a better man than we are. While this exercise may have aerobic benefits—and we can see the potential video tape and book—it is unlikely to increase the size of your penis. It comes down to an efficient use of your time. Do you want to add an inch to your tool, or do you want to hold down a job?

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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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

Johnny Carson joked about it in his monolog and the audience laughed. David Letterman took an informal poll of the late-night crowd: "I don't get angry about too many things, but I am really steamed. Talk about hypocrisy, folks. Seven-Eleven, this chain of convenience stores across, gee, I guess all across North America, have now decided that they are not going to sell PLAYBOY any longer [*crowd boos loudly*]*—yeah, that's just about how steamed I am, by the way—because they consider the material to be obscene. But yet, they're continuing to sell those Slurpees.*" [*Audience laughs*]

It was not a laughing matter. In the next few weeks, Rite Aid Drugs and Thrifty Drugs took PLAYBOY off their shelves. Other chain stores held firm, but it was only a matter of time before the vigilante groups of the Reverends Donald Wildmon and Jerry Falwell would select new targets—and enlist new allies. Vice-President George Bush, ever willing to assume obscene postures in search of votes, openly courted the New Right. He urged Falwell, the leader of the Liberty Federation, not to allow critics who have denounced the ministers' movements as "moral McCarthyism" to drive them out of the political process. "America is in crying need of the moral vision you have brought to our political life," the Vice-President said. "What great goals you have!" Falwell's goals were predictable. He immediately wrote a letter to his fol-

lowers asking for a \$50 contribution to celebrate a victory over pornography.

Fortunately, not everyone in America agrees with those goals. Last month, Hugh M. Hefner commented on the blacklist—a listing of companies that Wildmon, head of the National Federation for Decency,

Go ahead. Make their day. Write to:

Southland Corporation

2828 North Haskell Avenue

Dallas, Texas 75204

had, in his own demented fashion, determined to be pornographers. Alan Sears, Wildmon's man on Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography, had sent a threatening letter to those companies. Some reacted as we did, with outrage and alarm. Franklyn Rodgers, president of Warner Publisher Services, said (in *Publishers Weekly*), "We protested on all grounds: that there was no due process, that there was not ample notice and that the bias of the commission made its conclusions a foregone conclusion. It is simply wrong, and not the way things are supposed to happen in this country."

David Beale, spokesman for the Manhattan legal firm representing Kable News Company, was adamant: "It is apparent that the commission has become a forum

for special-interest groups wishing to impose their standards and ideas of morality upon others and, more important, who seek to prevent the dissemination of publications whose contents they disagree with."

Falwell and Wildmon are terrorists. They went after 7-Eleven the way the Shi'ites went after TWA—because it was convenient—and, like the terrorists, they use the rhetoric of a higher cause to justify acting outside the law.

Interestingly, their man on the Meese commission has decided that a lower profile might be in order. When PLAYBOY protested the Sears letter and some of its recipients threatened legal action, the commission decided to deny the implied threat the letter contained, voting not to include the blacklist in its final report. It was a nice way to handle the smoking gun. "Gee, folks, I didn't know it was loaded. It's not loaded now. See, no harm done." But harm had been done. It is now more difficult to find copies of PLAYBOY in convenience stores than it was before the 7-Eleven decision was announced. Our readers wrote with sympathy and outrage. Some of their letters are published here.

We believe that Southland Corporation was a victim, not a villain. The only messages its executives heard, for three years, were crackpot protests from the New Right. A lot of letters have changed hands in the past few months. Maybe Southland would benefit from a few less threatening voices. (*continued overleaf*)

The folks at 7-Eleven, at the same time they were deciding to drop PLAYBOY, faced another constitutional crisis. A clerk at their store in Nacogdoches, Texas, saw an ad in *Texas Monthly* for Calvin Klein's Obsession that showed a man passionately embracing a bare-breasted woman. A First Amendment scholar, the clerk decided that the magazine was pornographic. He stashed it behind the counter. Not to be outdone by their East Texas neighbor, a group in Temple, Texas, led by the redoubtable Wanda Vanderbilt, launched a boycott of Calvin Klein products. The Obsession obsession then spread to three major supermarket chains in the Houston area, where local pressure groups demanded the removal of several high-



profile women's magazines. *Vogue*, *Glamour* and *Cosmopolitan* were banished to the managers' offices for carrying the Obsession ad. Even that bastion of proper feminism, *Ms.* magazine, came under attack. Women Against Pornography protested the appearance of an ad featuring three nude women, claiming that *Ms.* was perpetuating Klein's "long pornographic fantasy." Isn't it wonderful, living in a country where important decisions are made by bag boys and misguided God squads?

—PHIL COOPER

F E E D B A C K

RESEARCH MISUSED

One of the most significant letters we received came from Edward Donnerstein, a pioneer in research on pornography and violence, whose studies have been widely quoted and misquoted. Many people, including executives at Southland Corporation, are concerned about a possible connection between erotica and aggression. Donnerstein says there is no evidence to support that.

What is interesting in all of this debate [about pornography and violence] is that many people seem to have forgotten the earlier research in this area. Both I and people such as Robert Baron at Purdue University had shown that when individuals are exposed to mildly erotic pictures (such as those from *PLAYBOY*—in fact, we used *PLAYBOY* pictures), they show reductions in aggressive behavior, even if they are already angered. It is generally assumed that this type of material is incompatible with anger and, thus, leads to reductions in aggression. Likewise, when we do find effects of aggressive forms of pornography, the research is quite clear in showing that it is the aggressive images, or just the message about aggression, that contribute to the results. The sexual aspects of the material have little importance. It seems that many groups do not really want to hear this! It would be nice if people really read the research rather than picked out parts that seem to validate their own opinions. I am well aware of how my research has been misused and misrepresented over the years. We keep trying to set the record straight, but it seems hard.

Ed Donnerstein, Ph.D.
Center for Communication
Research
University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin

OLD-FASHIONED PRINCIPLE

I am renewing my subscription to *PLAYBOY*, even though I originally



SLEAZETOWN

At a recent news conference, Jerry Falwell suggested that *PLAYBOY* be banished to Sleazetown. *Porn Row*, by Jack McIver Weatherford, an inside look at the sex-for-sale district of a major city, quotes a porn dealer's potential reaction:

"On the wall closest to where I sat . . . were the various types of kinky magazines. The sadomasochism books featured whips, unlike the bondage-and-discipline magazines, which did not usually feature whipping, spanking or strangling. . . .

"What about *PLAYBOY* and all that?" I asked.

"We sell only pornography here, not news. If somebody wants that shit, tell them to go to a newsstand or maybe to the Christian Science Reading Room or somewhere. No store down here sells that. . . . People down here want to buy pictures of sex, not something to read in the Library of Congress."

intended to let it run out.

Like many others, I am an eclectic reader. There are few periodicals that I read from cover to cover. Some items appeal to me more than others; some I disagree with. What I reject, other readers may find especially appealing. That is as it should be.

I am jealous of my freedom of choice and get angry when anyone presumes to constrict that freedom. The boycott of the Southland convenience stores against *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* offends me.

You will get neither rich by my

renewal nor bankrupt if I don't renew, but I have long admired your stances in defense of unpopular issues and causes (some of which I opposed), so you should understand why I am renewing as a matter of principle.

Speaking of principle, a survey conducted by one of the weekly news magazines revealed that the majority of convenience-store patrons did not object to those stores' carrying those periodicals, even though they did not necessarily buy them.

George Levy, Psychologist
Canon City, Colorado

LETTER TO SOUTHLAND

Due to your company's capitulation to Jerry Falwell and his "divine" censors, neither I nor my wife will again patronize your 7-Eleven stores. The issue is not whether the magazines *PLAYBOY* or *Penthouse* should be sold or offered for sale but whether your company has any moral convictions whatsoever. It was OK to sell the magazines before, but now it's not? You are towers of Jell-O before the onslaught of the ridiculous "apostles of righteousness."

We know that alcohol causes, directly or indirectly, deaths. Remove it from your shelves.

Nicotine is addictive and a killer. Remove it in every form.

Caffeine contributes to heart disease. Get rid of it.

Processed foods and meats have known carcinogens as ingredients. Are you trying to kill your customers?

Twinkies cause people to kill other people. You may be an accomplice in the next case.

The hours you are open often cater to people who have no good reason to be out. If you were to close at a decent time, those bums might go home.

Video games are instruments of the Devil. Or Communists. And I notice that most of your stores have one or more of them—corruption of youth.

Your prefab foods and microwave ovens are contributing to the breakup

of the American family and the hallowed "dinner hour."

In all, Jerry Falwell has just begun, and your lack of spine deserves everything he throws at you.

Steve and Vicki Dalen
Pismo Beach, California

FALWELL AND FREEDOM

I am a supporter of Jerry Falwell and his Liberty Federation (nee Moral Majority) movement up to a point. But *not* this time around. A 7-Eleven boycott is nothing more than an attack on the basic American freedoms.

If the Reverend Falwell must boycott a food store until the magazines are removed, then I say turnabout is fair play. All readers of *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Forum* magazines, along with all persons appalled by the result of removing a choice or a freedom from our lives, should join forces now and boycott 7-Eleven until the magazines are returned to the shelves.

In allowing this to happen, all Americans lose one more small freedom—the freedom to say, "No, thanks, I don't read this material." I don't think that one religious leader should have so much power.

Come on, ladies and gentlemen, let the 7-Eleven folks hear from the Americans for Freedom Majority in this country, and do this by purchasing your milk and bread elsewhere until there is a change. Say, "Sorry, 7-Eleven" and "Hello, supermarkets" until the freedom of choice returns.

(Name withheld by request)
Honolulu, Hawaii

Thought you might enjoy this excerpt from Ray Recchi's column in the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel*.

I can't help but admire the style with which various religious influences stifle free speech while wrapping themselves in the American flag and ranting about freedom.

Jerry Falwell, for instance, led thousands of protesters in Dallas last fall in a rally against Southland Corporation because its 7-Eleven stores sold *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Forum* magazines. Fundamentalist preachers everywhere urged a boycott of the stores. Then, last week, 7-Eleven announced it would no longer sell those publications in any of its 4500 stores, claiming the boycott had nothing to do with it.

But I don't believe that. I believe Falwell *should* claim his victory and take pride in it.

After all, it may not take any brains to hold up one 7-Eleven. But you do have to have a lot on the ball to hold up 4500 of them.

Henry Senniville
Pompano Beach, Florida

Good work. It's going to annoy the Reverend Wildmon that Jerry's getting all the credit.

Chicago Tribune

The higher morality of power

[We haven't been the only publication to note that the Meese commission is about the abuse of power, not pornography. The following editorial is from the May 2, 1986, Chicago Tribune, a paper well known for its conservative views.]

Skepticism about the unchecked use of Government power used to be one of the main tenets of the conservative faith. But judging from a letter sent by Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography to major convenience and pharmacy chains as well as other businesses, the Reagan Administration does not believe this principle applies to its moral crusades.

The commission's letter warned the retail chains that they have been identified as "involved in the sale or distribution of pornography" because they stock magazines the commission deems unacceptable, including *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse*.

This loaded message is a gross abuse of Government power. It ought to be condemned, whatever you may think of the publications it attacks.

There are laws governing what kind of sexually explicit material may be published and sold. Obscenity statutes must meet the Supreme Court's standards in order not to run afoul of the Constitution, but they do forbid the sale of certain kinds of publications. Mr. Meese's Justice Department and all the various state law-enforcement authorities can bring cases in court to apply them through the ordinary processes of the law.

But instead, the Meese commission has circumvented these normal procedures, which are meant to restrain the awesome power of law enforcement in order to prevent abusive conduct on the part of Government officials. The commission has decided on its own to accuse a group of businesses of peddling porn and dare them not to stop. It is stunning in its arrogance, and it borders on a kind of official blackmail.

Forget for a moment about the impact of such a tactic on free expres-

sion. Even if the target were not a form of speech, the tactic would reek of abusiveness. Imagine if some Government commission decided to send out letters in loaded language to retailers, accusing them of engaging in some other form of conduct that it believed was immoral, even though it had not been determined to be illegal. Say it decided that certain perfumes and after-shave were unduly provocative or that alcohol was not the kind of thing decent people bought and sold.

Would an advisory commission, without the authority to bring criminal or civil charges, be justified in issuing this kind of warning to retailers, just because its members had decided what they think is good and bad for the public? Of course not. The judgment about what this country forbids is supposed to be made by the legislature, not some rogue commission bent on scourging society of sin.

The commission might think that it can get away with it this time simply because it is taking out after the likes of *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse*. It might assume that decent, ordinary folks will hesitate to complain because they might not like those publications much themselves. But this is not a matter of taste. It is a basic matter of legal process and Governmental self-restraint.

If the commission wants to propose a new law to govern sexually explicit material, then let it do so. Congress and the courts will review the suggestion in the ordinary course. If Mr. Meese wants to bring a prosecution against those who publish and sell these magazines, then he ought to do so and try to convince a skeptical judiciary that the material is obscene.

But somebody ought to take Mr. Meese and the members of the commission aside and give them a little instruction on a kind of public morality they have apparently forgotten about in the enthusiasm of their crusade: the fundamental morality of power and the law.

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O N C E N S O R S H I P

On March 14, 1986, *The Association of American Publishers* sent four letters to the members of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography. John Updike, William Kennedy, Susan Isaacs and John Irving offered their testimony on the effects of censorship. What follows is excerpted from those letters.

I think that the relative sexual openness of recent times, including the public sale of magazines and books that many consider reprehensible, has made my fellow Americans more tolerant and genial, less condemnatory and ignorant than they were before, in these long-shrouded areas of human intimacy. It would be a great step backward to rescind this openness and to strengthen the dark forces for censorship. Already, these forces, in the shape of school librarians, local vigilantes and groups informally pressuring bookstores and newsstands, are too powerful. They would make our society less adult and less free. As a person and as a professional writer, I deplore any abridgment of our First Amendment rights as presently interpreted.

John Updike
Beverly, Massachusetts

On the matter of restricting language in books on grounds that it serves the cause of antipornography, may I please differ. What such legislation would do is restrict a writer's ability to reflect the truth of his time, for language is one of the major instruments that define time. . . .

American writers . . . should have no legalistic fetters that confine the imagination as it seeks to define the raw and radiant truths of the age. If lawmakers feel so strongly about the language, let them use it themselves; let them write their own books and compete in the market place for the attention of the public mind. In resorting to censorship, they not only imprison writers, they imprison readers as well, denying them the right to know. Censorship is pernicious, it is un-American and it is stupid.

William Kennedy
Averill Park, New York

Ever since we have had a First Amendment, we have had people attempting to restrict it. For generations, there have been jurists, clergy, legislators and laymen trying to figure out just what pornography is, and nobody has

succeeded. What is redeeming social value, after all? Is it a film that's bad for my 12-year-old but acceptable for my 15-year-old? Is it a book my husband and I can read in our suburban bedroom with no bad effect but that might trigger some Manhattan psychopath?

There are two main questions here: Where do we draw the line and who is going to draw it? The answer is that I don't know and I don't think anyone else does, either. What's mildly titillating to me may be your absolute filth. Some fellow's pinup girl may be to me a shocking exploitation of women. What do we do? Denounce the work?

"THIS IS THE UNITED STATES, NOT THE SOVIET UNION; AND THIS IS NOT THE UNITED STATES OF COTTON MATHER, EITHER. I DON'T TRUST A SINGLE ONE OF MY FELLOW AMERICANS TO TELL ME WHAT PORNOGRAPHY IS."

—JOHN IRVING

Ignore it? Pass still another law to suppress its distribution or sale? Burn it?

Who is to make these decisions? It's easy to say the law will decide, but someone has to interpret that law. There isn't a person alive whom I trust to make these choices for me. Forget the obvious bêtes noires of the anticensorship forces, the Jerry Falwells of the right, the Andrea Dworkins of the left. Naturally, I don't want those types anywhere near my library or movie theater determining what I can or cannot be exposed to. But no one—not my husband, my editor, my best friend or my rabbi—has the right to decide what I, a free citizen, can see or hear or read.

And I—writer, wife, mother, etc.—should have no power to decide what a Wyoming ranch hand or a Los Angeles sophisticate or my next-door neighbor should have access to. Like all my fellow citizens, I have definite tastes and prejudices and, like all of them, I lack the wisdom to make such profoundly personal decisions for other people.

We have laws enough on the books now. Certainly, no one will dispute the right to legislate to protect those un-

able to protect themselves—children, animals—from being exploited. Legislation can legitimately prevent the distribution of pornography to minors. But do we need more laws to protect adults? I say No.

Susan Isaacs
Sands Point, New York

It is a frightening time to be a novelist and to be an American citizen devoted to the freedom to write—and the freedom to read—throughout the world. I'm very aware of writers who've been imprisoned for what they write and writers who are tortured for what they write; and I am very aware of the censorship that is standard in the Soviet Union and in other countries not committed to democracy. I am also aware of an increase in censorship within my own country; I will not suggest that the enthusiasm for censorship among my fellow Americans is solely to be blamed on an increasingly right-wing agenda, influenced by an increasingly self-righteous Moral Majority (so-called). I have seen a rise in censorship of a left-wing inspiration, too—to ban Mark Twain and Faulkner, for example, for alleged "racism"; to ban Bernard Malamud for alleged "anti-Semitism." I find this form of censorship as wrongheaded and as anti-American as the censorship of Kurt Vonnegut or John Updike—or John Irving—because we are "obscene."

Charlotte Brontë wrote in her introduction to *Jane Eyre* in 1847, "Conventionality is not morality. Self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last." She said this because the English critics of her day suggested censoring *her*.

Recently, I read that Attorney General Meese was critical of the present Supreme Court. Among the things that the Attorney General sought were ways to protect our Constitution, and our laws, from what he called an ideological predilection. I am 100 percent in favor of protecting us from that, too. And if you legislate against pornography in the United States, *who* is going to tell us what pornography *is*? Someone free of the taint of any ideological predilection, I suppose.

This is the United States, not the Soviet Union; and this is not the United States of Cotton Mather, either. I don't trust a single one of my fellow Americans to tell me what pornography is.

John Irving
New York, New York

*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas***MEN HAVE FEELINGS, TOO**

SACRAMENTO—A 30-year-old janitor for an elementary school claims that he had to seek psychiatric help to deal with the embarrassment caused when four female teachers tried to hire him for \$25 to do a striptease at a fellow teacher's 40th-



birthday party. He has filed a sexual-harassment complaint with the state, wants an apology from the women and asks that the school hold a workshop on sexual harassment and that the school district pay for his psychiatric treatment.

GOTCHA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Selective Service System will be given the names of applicants for student loans and grants in order to help the military track down young men who have failed to register for the draft. The new arrangement is expected to result in a few thousand letters' going to student-aid applicants whose names don't appear on the draft-registration lists, gently reminding them that noncompliance could deny them Government assistance and may result in prosecution.

HIRED GUNS

Soldier of Fortune magazine has, coincidentally, decided to stop accepting classified ads for mercenaries after police arrested nine armed men allegedly recruited through the ads to storm a courtroom and free a life prisoner being tried for killing a fellow inmate. One of those recruited was an undercover police officer who went along with the alleged plot until he and his associates reached a motel in

Anderson, Indiana, where the escape was supposed to take place. A Soldier of Fortune editor said that the policy change preceded the arrest and had nothing to do, either, with a Texas murder-for-hire plot that prosecutors claimed had been brought about through the same classifieds.

PROGRESS ON AIDS

EMERYVILLE, CALIFORNIA—The Cetus Corporation reports the development of the first diagnostic test that detects the AIDS virus itself rather than the presence of antibodies, which signal only that a person has been exposed. The biotechnology firm says that its test is "virus specific," using a "gene-probe" method genetically engineered to bind with only the segment of the DNA molecule that is unique to the AIDS virus. Because of its specificity, the test is expected to be a one-step, highly reliable and relatively inexpensive procedure.

Elsewhere:

- A study published in the Western Journal of Medicine has found that of 80 consecutive patients referred to a University of California clinic for treatment of AIDS or its related conditions, eight, or ten percent, turned out to have been wrongly diagnosed and actually had other diseases.

- A Canadian study involving the records of 700 homosexual males since 1982 has found no evidence that the AIDS virus is transmitted through oral sex, raising speculation that the virus is destroyed by the pH levels of the stomach.

- A study by the National Cancer Institute has found that one out of three homosexual males in Manhattan who tested positive for the AIDS virus in 1982 had developed the disease itself by 1985, a percentage considerably higher than expected.

- Medical researchers who initially were pessimistic about finding an AIDS vaccine are now reporting important breakthroughs in biomolecular technology, leading to new drugs that soon will be tested with monkeys.

NECROPHILIA BANNED

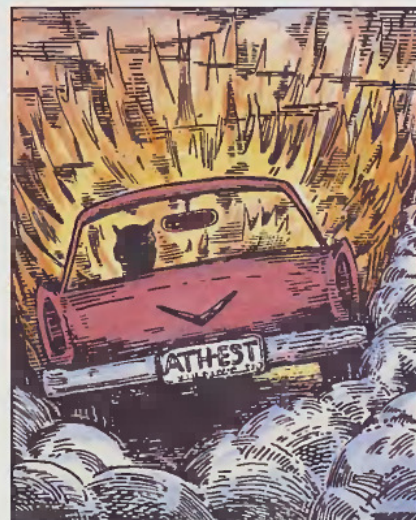
MADISON, WISCONSIN—In a state noted for its antisex laws, the Wisconsin legislature has closed one last, glaring loophole by prohibiting sex with corpses. The issue arose in the case of a rapist who had been sentenced to life in prison for murder but could not be convicted of first-degree sexual assault because the victim may have already been dead.

TWILIGHT ZONE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Expanding on a 1976 ruling that allowed cities to regulate X-rated movie theaters by dispersing them throughout a community, the U.S. Supreme Court now has upheld an ordinance in Renton, Washington, that regulates the theaters "by effectively concentrating them" with zoning restrictions. The Renton law confines the theaters and, presumably, other "adult" businesses to a 520-acre industrialized area laced with railroad tracks, where not too many people are inclined to go for entertainment. Attorneys for both sides said they expected the decision to trigger similar ordinances in many other cities.

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

GROTTOES, VIRGINIA—A county circuit court has upheld the authority of Virginia's Division of Motor Vehicles to repossess the vanity license plate **ATH-EST** after an anonymous citizen squawked that it looked as if the letters stood for **ATHEIST**. The citizen was correct; and since then, atheist motorist Arnold Via has been in court, raising hell over his right to free speech, especially since he'd already had the plate on his Burgundy Cadillac for three years and since the D.M.V. routinely issues such plates as **SAVED**, **PRAY** and **RISEN**. The case has been the subject of editorials in local papers, which have mar-



veled at the state's responsiveness to one citizen's complaint. Via is appealing his case, raising funds through sale of such novelties as a T-shirt picturing the **ATH-EST** license plate under the caption **SAVE ARNOLD'S TAG**.

PLAYBOY SUES MEESE

On May 16, 1986, Playboy Enterprises, The American Booksellers Association and the Council for Periodical Distributors Associations filed a lawsuit against Edwin Meese III, the Attorney General of the United States; Alan Sears, the executive director of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography; Henry Hudson, the commission chairman; and each member of the commission.

The complaint refers to the commission's charter, "to determine the nature, extent and impact on society of pornography . . . and to make specific recommendations to the Attorney General concerning more effective ways in which the spread of pornography could be contained, consistent with constitutional guarantees." The suit alleges that Alan Sears, on behalf of the commission, in February 1986 mailed a letter written on Justice Department letterhead to numerous corporations, advising the recipient companies that they had been identified in "relevant testimony" by an unidentified witness as being involved in the "sale or distribution" of "pornography." That letter, in part, led Southland Corporation (7-Eleven), People's Drug Stores and Rite Aid Drug Stores to stop distribution and sale of PLAYBOY and certain other lawful publications.

Most legal pleadings are about as lucid and easy to read as a liability-insurance policy, but this one is uncommonly clear. Following are excerpts that we think will be of interest to our readers.

This action seeks to enjoin the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography and the individual defendants from publicly disseminating a "blacklist" and from taking other actions for the purpose of censoring and suppressing the distribution and sale of PLAYBOY magazine and other lawful and constitutionally protected publications.

The commission's letter [the Sears letter] can reasonably be read to imply that the unidentified witness was a law-enforcement professional or an otherwise credible and unbiased witness. In fact, however, the unidentified witness was the Reverend Donald Wildmon, executive director of the National Federation for Decency. As the commission knew, Reverend Wildmon did not even claim to be a neutral and unbiased witness. To the contrary, he was an open and vigorous proponent of Governmental suppression or regulation of constitutionally protected speech.

As the commission knew, Wildmon's definition of pornography is so

all-encompassing that it includes a vast amount of nonobscene and lawful material. Given the breadth of his definition of pornography, it is not surprising that in the course of his testimony, Wildmon identified as "major players in the game of pornography" several companies he described as "well-known household names," including CBS, Inc., Time Inc., Ramada Inns, RCA and Coca-Cola. He also alleged that "the U.S. Government fosters, encourages and receives profits from pornography" and that "the military exchanges are major distributors of pornography."

The commission's letter and threatened public dissemination of the list constitute informal Governmental censorship that is intended to achieve and has already achieved the results of a criminal prosecution or other law-enforcement proceeding, without affording the procedural protections and safeguards that are constitutionally required before the Government may censor or suppress speech.

The commission's letter and threatened public dissemination of the list constitute an informal method of law enforcement, the practical effect of which has been, and will continue to be, to place a ban on the distribution and sale of PLAYBOY magazine, and of other lawful publications, without affording those magazines a fair hearing before an impartial tribunal.

The commission's letter constitutes an administrative prior restraint that effectively suppresses lawful speech before that speech has been found unlawful in a judicial proceeding.

The commission intends publicly to disseminate a list, or blacklist, of persons and companies identified as distributors or retailers of pornography, in the hope and expectation that publication of the list will bring social and economic pressure to bear on distributors and retailers of PLAYBOY magazine, and of other lawful publications, to cease distribution and sale of those publications.

Dissemination of such a list does not have, and cannot have, any legitimate legislative purpose, any legitimate law-enforcement purpose or any other legitimate Governmental purpose.

The commission intends to publish such a list for the purpose of exposing persons and companies that distribute and sell PLAYBOY magazine, and other lawful publications, and fostering public disapproval of and economic pressure

upon those persons and companies.

The commission was not established by any act of Congress and is not required or authorized to make recommendations to Congress.

The charter that established the commission provides that the purpose of the commission is to make a report of its findings, its recommendations and its conclusions "to the Attorney General." The charter does not direct or authorize the commission to make recommendations, or reports, or statements of any kind, directly to the public.

The Attorney General is not required by any statute, or otherwise, to accept or adopt any recommendations, findings or conclusions the commission may make, and is free to reject them.

Because the Constitution prohibits Governmental entities from attempting to curb or suppress the sale or distribution of PLAYBOY magazine, or of other lawful publications, a recommendation by the commission to the Attorney General to publish the blacklist described above would violate the Constitution, and would therefore exceed the commission's authority, specified in its charter, to make only recommendations that are "consistent with constitutional guarantees."

WHEREFORE, plaintiffs respectfully pray that the court:

1. Issue a preliminary and permanent injunction:

Directing the commission to issue to all recipients of the commission's letter a notice withdrawing the letter and the warning contained therein that failure to respond will be taken as an admission that the recipient does not object to being publicly identified as a distributor of pornography, and notifying recipients that the commission does not consider PLAYBOY magazine or other constitutionally protected materials to be obscene or unlawful and does not contend that distributors or retailers could be criminally prosecuted for distributing or selling such constitutionally protected materials;

Prohibiting the defendants from employing the inference threatened by the commission's letter in listing or otherwise describing any distributor, retailer or publisher as a distributor, retailer or publisher of pornographic materials;

2. Award plaintiffs monetary damages in an amount to be ascertained.

Stay tuned. We'll let you know how it turns out.



VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

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



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 INTERVIEW: JACKIE GLEASON

a candid conversation with the legendary "great one" about drinking with bogey, ralph kramden's sex life and bang-zoom trips to the moon

Think about this: In some markets, Ted Koppel and his "Nightline" are getting serious competition from a fat, irascible bus driver named Ralph Kramden, the main character in a sitcom that's 30 years old. Of course, as far as many diehard "Honeymooners" fans are concerned, it would take a full-scale attack by Libya and a hostage crisis, to boot, for them to switch from that one-room tenement in a Brooklyn neighborhood that never was.

Which is why it's not at all surprising that today 70-year-old Herbert John Gleason—a.k.a. Ralph Kramden, a.k.a. The Great One (that last appellation courtesy of Orson Welles)—is basking in a sort of recycled sunshine. The principal cause of this new light is a batch of "Honeymooners" segments—henceforth known as the lost episodes—that carry with them the import of a mislaid Mozart symphony. Unseen since their original broadcast some 30 years ago, the 62 long-stashed kinescopes were preserved in a chilled Miami vault and have only recently been excavated. Before that discovery, a scant 39 half hours of "Honeymooners," filmed during the 1955–1956 television season, constituted the incomplete canon of Kramdenia. Subsequently tagged the classic 39 by purists, these episodes have been rerun in some markets hundreds of times apiece,

gleaning new generations of devotees along the way.

The Great One's new popularity may well be the sweetest renaissance ever experienced by a living actor. There's RALPH (the Royal Association for the Longevity and Preservation of "The Honeymooners"), whose membership boasts 12,000 card-carrying disciples—Honeymoonies?—among them, Bruce Springsteen and Cyndi Lauper. Then there's the newly published, reverential tome "The Official Honeymooners Treasury." In March, Gleason was inducted into the Television Academy's Hall of Fame. And on its heels, there's a campaign to see that he at last gets a special Emmy award to make up for the one that has somehow eluded him during the span of his remarkable career.

If celebrity is just as sweet the second time around, we at PLAYBOY remember the challenge it was to get Jackie Gleason to sit for his "Playboy Interview" more than 23 years ago. It was 1962, and Gleason, then a barreling locomotive of showbiz high life, was tearing along at breakneck speed. With his "Honeymooners" gig supposedly a thing of the past, he had knocked off five movies in two years: "The Hustler" (for which he garnered his lone Oscar nomination), with Paul Newman; "Gigol" (his auteur Chaplinesque classic); "Soldier in the Rain," with Steve

McQueen; "Requiem for a Heavyweight," with Anthony Quinn; and the overlooked gem "Papa's Delicate Condition."

The mush-bush albums of mood music he churned out with his Jackie Gleason Orchestra clogged the record charts. His trademark catch phrases—"Awa-a-ay we go," "You're goin' to the moon" and "How sweet it is!"—were stapled firmly to national consciousness. And, of course, every detail of "The Jackie Gleason Show," which ranked sturdily in the top ten, was personally supervised by its economy-sized namesake.

Two years after his "Playboy Interview," Gleason demanded that CBS move production of his blockbuster show to the balmy clime of Miami Beach, Florida. Naturally, the network acquiesced, and Gleason became an instant state treasure.

So he is today among the last of the all-purpose show-business legends, a dinosaur who defiantly stomped wherever he pleased in the realm of performance and conquered all comers. Even Ralph Kramden, an occasional victim of hyperbolic delusion, would have justifiably argued that "The Honeymooners" was easily the biggest thing that Jackie Gleason ever got into (his wife, Alice, however, might have countered that it was his pants). There's no doubt that Kramden was Gleason's role of a lifetime. As John O'Hara once



"In Hollywood, they call you sweetie and baby. At first, you think, What the hell is he calling me sweetie for? Then, after a while, you don't even hear it. It all mixes in with the automobile noises."



"You ask me, do I like to work? No. Not unless it's something interesting. A lot of people say, 'Well, I like a challenge.' I don't like challenges. Life is tough enough without any challenges."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRIAN HAMILL

"It's strange to me that Miami would accept a show like 'Miami Vice.' The stuff those guys wear—T-shirts underneath jackets—was worn years ago. Bums walked around like that. Come to think of it, so did Ed Norton."

wrote, "Ralph Kramden is a character we might be getting from Mr. Dickens if he were writing for TV."

Gleason first tried Ralph Kramden on for size in 1951, while hosting "Cavalcade of Stars" on the DuMont network. In 1952, he hatched "The Jackie Gleason Show" on CBS, and "The Honeymooners" came with it. So popular were the sketches that Gleason—notorious for demanding elephantine sums of money—signed a \$15,000,000 contract with Buick, promising two seasons of self-contained "Honeymooners" shows starting in 1955. After the first year, he backed out of the commitment, contending that his standards for the show couldn't be maintained. He then sold "the classic 39" into syndication for the relative pittance of \$2,000,000.

Yet holding out may be the best revenge: Last year, Gleason, for an undisclosed (read staggering) chunk, sold to Viacom International the syndication rights to all the remaining "Honeymooners" sketches—ranging in length from ten minutes to nearly an hour—staged on the CBS variety show between 1952 and 1957. Showtime began beaming "the lost episodes" over cable last September, and the shows are ready to go into general syndication next month throughout the United States.

As the grandiloquent *Great One* told us in the 1962 grilling, it was more of a shimmy up from the streets of Brooklyn than a meteoric, overnight bounce to superstardom. It went something like this:

Born in Bushwick on February 26, 1916, he was introduced to vaudeville at an early age by his hard-drinking father, who skipped town when Jackie was eight. His mother, a coddling woman, died in 1935 and Gleason, who'd been lingering in Brooklyn pool halls, left for Manhattan's club circuit.

Jack L. Warner saw Gleason's club act in 1941 and nailed him to a studio contract. In 1948, Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" program greased Gleason's television debut. The next year brought the short-lived "Life of Riley" series, and then came 1950, when Gleason was tapped to front "Cavalcade of Stars."

And from there, away he went. . . .

Those are the facts. A little harder to pin down are the legends of Gleason's full life: the "broads," as he still calls them, the booze, the fits of ego, the star turns. To this day, he signs letters *The Great Gleason*. He has rip-snorted with the best (Sinatra, Bogey, DiMaggio, Duke Wayne), shot pool with Willie Mosconi, golfed with Richard Nixon.

His first marriage (to Genevieve Halford—it survived 34 years and produced two daughters) ended in 1970. His second, to former Baltimore secretary Beverly McKittrick, lasted only four years. And late in 1975, he went for number three: Marilyn Taylor Horwich—sister of his longtime choreographer June Taylor—with whom he had fallen in love when she danced on his show 20 years earlier. This marriage, now in its 11th year, is flourishing.

In 1970, "The Jackie Gleason Show," whose ratings hovered in the top 20, was can-

celed when demographics portrayed its audience as over the hill. Gleason moved into a home on the grounds of the Inverrary Country Club in the Fort Lauderdale area, just off a golf course christened *The Great One*. Until 1979, he hosted the popular Jackie Gleason Inverrary Classic there.

Eight years ago, while in Chicago touring with "Sly Fox," he suffered a heart attack. Triple-bypass surgery led to a full recovery.

Aside from reruns, Gleason's television profile dwindled. There were three "Honeymooners" specials, a Dean Martin roast and the CBS movie "Izzy and Moe," which reteamed him with Art Carney. Recent film work, none extraordinary, has included the "Smokey and the Bandit" trilogy, with Burt Reynolds, "The Toy," with Richard Pryor, and "The Sting II," which was simply a mistake.

Gleason's forthcoming film, "Nothing in Common," scheduled for release this summer, promises a return to acting of substance. Directed by Garry ("Happy Days," "The Flamingo Kid") Marshall, it's billed as "a very serious comedy" about the irreparable relationship between a young ad exec (Tom Hanks) and his cantankerous father (Gleason).

Since *The Great One* refuses to give interviews of any sort in his home—they remind him too much of work—we dispatched **Bill Zehme** to infiltrate the Chicago set of "Noth-

"All of a sudden, I'm a genius. You know what a genius is? It's a guy who knows that he isn't one."

ing in Common," where Gleason agreed to fill in the gaps of the past two decades and reminisce about his glorious second honeymoon. Zehme reports:

"On my first day with Jackie Gleason, he ate a bus driver alive. The square-off happened within the fictional confines of a movie scene: His character sideswipes a rapid-transit vehicle on Chicago's North Side and, like Ralph Kramden, refuses to accept the blame himself. As the cameras whirred, Gleason's temper steadily went white-hot. The eyes bugged. The jowls billowed. The voice roared. It was thrilling, probably somewhat metaphorical and just slightly foreboding.

"I was pleasantly surprised, though. *The Great One*, it seems, has gone marshmallowy. He was as serene as a snoozing lynx. He was kind, avuncular and generous. I hunkered down in his padded trailer and logged dozens of hours with him between exterior shots around the Windy City. 'It helps pass the time,' he often acknowledged. During much of that time, his wife, Marilyn, sat with us, doing needlework and listening. He frequently flirted with her. As I plied him with questions, some of them plainly impertinent, he sat, smoked (a couple of packs per session), nibbled cheese, guzzled cinnamon-spiced coffee (unsipked) and never once threatened to

send me to the moon.

"He chooses not to trifle with introspection. He is, however, a nostalgic swoon. Charmed with the notion of doing his second 'Playboy Interview,' he leaped at the chance to review his first one before we got under way. Not that he is unimpressed with what he means to people today. I watched one afternoon when a pale young woman approached Gleason on the street and asked for an autograph to give her dying father. *The Great One* obliged and, handing back her paper scrap, announced grandly, 'This will give him ten more years.'"

PLAYBOY: We'll get around to what *Honeymooners* fanatics want to read about; but first, a little history. We asked you to refresh your memory by rereading the interview **PLAYBOY** did with you in December 1962. What do you think now of Jackie Gleason back then?

GLEASON: You know, I read the thing and told my wife, Marilyn [*smiles*], "That guy's gonna succeed." That interview was an absolute assertion on my part all the way through. You had to have a lot of guts to do that. But that was the attitude for a kid who had just hit show business big to have. That was the way to go. Fearless.

PLAYBOY: A theme that runs through that interview is the importance of being egocentric. Do you still consider yourself an egomaniac?

GLEASON: I've never denied my ego. As I once said, an actor's vanity is an actor's courage. It's the only thing that keeps him going. For someone who makes \$200,000 or \$300,000 a week to walk out onto a stage and entertain maybe 1,000,000 people, humility is senseless. If he starts scuffing the sand with his toe, he's full of crap. It's commercial naïveté.

PLAYBOY: Then you won't quibble with the word genius when it's applied to you, as some critics do today?

GLEASON: I know. We laugh about it. All of a sudden, I'm a genius. You know what a genius is? It's a guy who knows that he isn't one. That's tough to do when you're in show business. Everybody's praising you and jumping up and down. The whole business is superlatives. In Hollywood, they call you sweetie and baby. At first, you think, What the hell is he calling me sweetie for? Then, after a while, you don't even hear it. It all mixes in with the automobile noises.

PLAYBOY: So when the character you played in *Soldier in the Rain*—the 1963 film you did with Steve McQueen—said it's tough being a fat narcissist—

GLEASON: I'm not really narcissistic, because I don't fool myself. I can have ego, because I realize that I've got talent, and that's fortunate.

PLAYBOY: That takes care of the narcissist part. Care to comment on the other part?

GLEASON: I never thought I was fat. I really didn't. The only reason that I knew I was fat—and disliked it—is that I like to wear nice clothes.

PLAYBOY: Would you have become as popular if you had weighed 130 pounds?

GLEASON: Yes, because I would have done a different kind of comedy. But when you're fat, you can get away with murder. If you're slim and handsome, you don't look like a comic—though when I started on television, I was very thin. That's because I'd been in Hollywood, working as a contract player for Warners, and one of the directors had said, "If this guy loses weight, he can be a leading man." So they put me in the hospital, where I lost weight so fast that my beard wouldn't grow. Then my skin started to peel, and I got the hell out of there.

PLAYBOY: How much did you lose?

GLEASON: About 30 pounds in two weeks.

PLAYBOY: In your publicity stills from that time, you look suave, svelte and a lot like Robert Taylor.

GLEASON: In those days, studio photographers made everybody look like Robert Taylor.

PLAYBOY: So, as a result, Warners decided that you were too handsome to be funny?

GLEASON: Yeah. I played gangsters, escaped convicts and Arabs. They were mostly wartime pictures and, as long as you killed the Nazis, they were hits.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a comedy axiom that fat is funny?

GLEASON: Well, that's not true. Otherwise, everybody fat would be making money as a comedian. Tragically, many people who are fat can't make a living, can't make friends, can't do anything. Show business is different. You can be fat, have all the friends you want and make money. There is a discouraging line between real life and entertainment.

PLAYBOY: Fat jokes have been a staple in your career. Have they ever stung?

GLEASON: Never, never. If they had bothered me, I would have lost weight. And even when I weighed 260, I was doing 88s and somersaults. I could always *move*.

PLAYBOY: What's your fighting weight?

GLEASON: About 210.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that the sex lives of the overweight are more interesting?

GLEASON: No, but people might like to believe it. I once said that sex for a fat man is much ado about puffing.

PLAYBOY: We should probably have a more subtle way to bring up *The Honeymooners*, but . . . what kind of sex life do you think Ralph and Alice Kramden had?

GLEASON: Well, you know, at the end of each show, when they'd kiss, you could imagine that they must get along pretty good. You never got to see the bedroom. I felt it was better to leave that room to an audience's imagination. That kiss, incidentally, was very important; if we had done three shows in a row without it, people would have hated *The Honeymooners*. They would have thought, Jesus, it's just arguing all the time.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't just the bedroom that you didn't show on *The Honeymooners*. The episodes mostly took place in one

cramped room. Why?

GLEASON: You know, from the beginning, we were criticized: Why were we in this dump, this one room? Why didn't we expand? But the idea was to get onto the stage and make people laugh. If we needed different locations to do that, we weren't doing a good job. If the four of us could walk around and past one another in that little space, week after week, and make audiences laugh, then we were doing something that had quality. We never used jokes. I hate jokes. That's all you see in some of the sitcoms now.

But, truthfully, *The Honeymooners* is a reflection of real life. Ralph is a funny character, a guy who makes excuses for his failures by blaming them on everyone other than himself, which is human nature. People recognize that. Everybody who watches the show has failed from time to time. Even if you are a success, you can look at it and say, "Jesus, I remember when I went through all that crap, trying to make it."

The fact is, the audience can feel superior to the *Honeymooners*. For instance, they have nicer homes than the *Kramdens*. And there's something about feeling superior to a piece of material that allows you to be more generous with your applause

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and your laughter. So that was a psychological point in our favor.

PLAYBOY: According to legend, the *Kramden* apartment was modeled on the flat in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn where you and your mother lived during your teens.

GLEASON: Almost exactly. We had maybe two more rooms. There was a front room, two bedrooms and the kitchen, with the window leading to a fire escape. We had a dresser there, which is where everything was kept. And the table, which was the center, the working table, the discussion table, the pleasure table. Everything happened on that table.

PLAYBOY: How did Ralph come to be, of all things, a bus driver?

GLEASON: I thought that was a good profession for him, because bus drivers get aggravated, and I was delighted with anything that would aggravate Ralph. At one point, I thought he'd be a policeman, but that would have been out of his range of intelligence. He wouldn't be forceful enough, and it just didn't fit him. And I wanted Ed Norton in the sewer, because his character was off the wall. What better profession could a guy like that be in? And it gave us a plethora of material.

PLAYBOY: Was there any reason that Ralph almost always wore a uniform—either a bus driver's or his *Raccoon Lodge's*?

GLEASON: Yeah. Insecure people love to put on the security of a uniform.

PLAYBOY: One of the most controversial of the recently unearthed *Honeymooners* episodes has Ralph and Alice just a heartbeat away from adopting a child. Why were there no *Kramden* offspring?

GLEASON: All sitcoms—*Father Knows Best*, *Ozzie and Harriet*—had kids running around in them. And when you have a kid on a show, you have to pay him some attention in the sketch. The kid's got to come walking out into scenes. And kids can't time jokes or lines or dialog. To do a show live with them, you'd be dead. So I decreed it—no kids.

PLAYBOY: Sounds a little like W. C. Fields's philosophy. Do you think Ralph would have been a good father?

GLEASON: Oh, he would have for a while. But, eventually, he'd get just as aggravated with the kids as he would with his wife. And that would have been dangerous. The audience will take it when he gets aggravated with his wife, but if he keeps going at a little kid, they're not going to like that.

PLAYBOY: About those constant threats against Alice—"One of these days . . . bang, zoom!" What convinced us that he'd never deliver on the promise?

GLEASON: You *see* it. She stands there, looking at him like he's an idiot. She *knows* he's not going to hit her, and that's why she stands there calmly and lets him blow off steam. Everybody does that, you know, threatens, "I'll murder him, I'll kill him!" And then, when the guy comes in, your attitude changes, downshifts to "What do you mean by doing what you did?"

PLAYBOY: So you'd thought out what Audrey Meadows would look like while you were blustering?

GLEASON: I gave thought to every *speck* of *The Honeymooners*. There were dos and don'ts that made it very difficult for the writers. Sometimes they would write something that might get real big laughs, but I knew it wasn't in character and it wasn't right.

I remember one situation where Ralph goes into a coffee shop and there's a beautiful girl standing there, who starts to throw charm on him, and he goes along with her. Well, I knew that that wasn't right, that he shouldn't do it. Even if he *would* do it, he shouldn't do it on *The Honeymooners*.

PLAYBOY: Ralph wouldn't look past Alice?

GLEASON: No, she's *it*.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could get away with the "bang-zoom" stuff today, given the sensitivity of feminists?

GLEASON: It's *happening!* People often ask me whether such and such a thing on the show would go over today. Well, what the hell do they think it's doing? Audiences are watching it, men and women, and they think it's a riot. Alice, in fact, might have

been the first women's libber. Ralph didn't get anywhere trying to downgrade her. He tried, but he never won; she won. So, in a way, that was a forerunner of the feminism stuff.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Ralph that a man is "the king of the castle"?

GLEASON: There are some men who think that, and Ralph was one of them. And there was a legitimate reason for that. He never achieved anything, so as a façade to hide his failure, he would assume this overwrought, pugnacious attitude. Alice understood that.

You know [*voice rising in anger*], it took time to figure out all these little things that

were necessary to sustain the show, to make it a solid property. People used to say about me, "Well, he doesn't rehearse. Christ, he just walks in, does it and walks out. He doesn't care." *But I did care*—and I say that egotistically. That's the only thing that really steams me.

PLAYBOY: Of course, your distaste for rehearsals has never been a secret.

GLEASON: I don't like to rehearse. I have a photographic memory, so the day we do a show is the day I look at the script. It's unfair to the other performers; but, of course, we had performers who could do a show during the Civil War, people like Audrey and Carney. At first, it was tough

on them, too. But I wanted that spontaneity. I was criticized for that, but it turned out that I was right. Why do you have to direct four people who walk around a room? People walk around rooms all day. If you bump into them, you push 'em out of the way. They come to you, you go to them. It's more natural.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a name coined for the kind of actor with whom you preferred working?

GLEASON: [*Smiles broadly*] They used to call them "Gleason actors." And we had a bunch of them who would turn up playing different characters. They would have to be people with nerves of steel who could do a show in front of a firing squad. They were fearless; they knew there would be no rehearsals, and they were just great. They were very proud to be Gleason actors. They were the survivors.

PLAYBOY: Audrey still talks about being in tears after her first show because of the strain of working that way.

GLEASON: She told me about that later. Today, she says to me, "I wouldn't trade those days for anything in the world." All those who complained in the beginning about its being rough always took pride in having survived it.

PLAYBOY: It probably goes without saying that Art Carney is the greatest Gleason actor of them all.

GLEASON: Oh, Jesus, he is the *epitome*! He out-Gleasons me! He did beautiful things. One time, he was in the Kramden apartment and he couldn't get out; the set was stuck, and the door wouldn't open. So he looked around and went out the window!

The first time I worked with him, I saw that this guy knew what the hell he was doing. Every move he made was the right move. That's what I looked for—moves in performance. Dialog isn't too important; but if you see a guy make a difficult move look easy, then you know he's got something special.

With Carney, it was obvious. In the first *Honeymooners*, he played a cop. At the end of the scene, Alice and I were arguing about my going down to Krausmeyer's bakery for bread. I'm saying, "You think I care about bread?" And I throw a crust of bread out the window. She says, "Well, I don't care about cake!" So she throws a cake out the window. Several seconds later, there comes a knock on the door. It's Carney as a cop, with the cake all over him. I say, "Gee, I'm very sorry." And he says, "Watch it next time"; then he does a funny little move and goes away.

PLAYBOY: How long after that was Ed Norton incorporated into the show?

GLEASON: The very next week.

PLAYBOY: You've said you give Carney 90 percent of the credit for the series' success.

GLEASON: [*Shrugs*] Oh, sure. Why not?

PLAYBOY: What was the catalyst in the Gleason-Carney chemistry?

GLEASON: You can't describe chemistry. You just can't. There's an innate spark or



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a bell that rings. And you *know* it.

PLAYBOY: Some people have compared it with Laurel and Hardy's rapport. They were fans of yours, weren't they?

GLEASON: Christ, we'd get calls from them. If there was any similarity, it was in the timing. But nobody could do what Laurel and Hardy did. They were spectacular. Babe Hardy would call me up whenever I went out to the Coast, and we'd get together. He was beautiful. We'd be sitting in Lakeside country club, drinking, and he'd always have one ear listening to the television there. As soon as the commercials came on, he would jump from the table to watch; then he'd come back. I never knew why. I guess he liked them.

PLAYBOY: Did you drink with Hardy often?

GLEASON: Oh, certainly. He was a *delight* to watch drinking, because he was just like his character. He'd wipe a drop off the glass, pick it up with his pinkie way out, sip it, put it down, tap it, very much like the character that he played.

Stan Laurel, on the other hand, was far from the character he played. He was the brains; he wrote their stuff and, more or less, directed their performances.

PLAYBOY: *The Honeymooners* had always been just a sketch on *The Jackie Gleason Show*. But during the 1955 season, the most famous and enduring 39 episodes were filmed as separate half-hour shows. You had promised the network two years of *The Honeymooners*, but you pulled out after that lone 1955–1956 season, claiming that the quality couldn't be maintained.

GLEASON: No, it couldn't. When I told them I didn't want to do the second year, they didn't believe me. They thought I had some other job. But we had done every script you could think of. And it was a good thing that we quit. We might have continued and gone into the ground, and the reputation of the first 39 would have gone into the ground with us. I just didn't want to get stuck.

PLAYBOY: But, of course, *The Honeymooners* did return and flourish again as sketch segments on your show. Then, in 1957, you sold the syndication rights to those classic 39 shows for a paltry \$2,000,000. Do you ever lie awake at night, ruing the day?

GLEASON: No, never. I sold them because I didn't want to get into the syndication business. Christ, you'd have to hire thousands of people, such as accountants and watchers to keep track of where the show was playing. It's a very complicated thing. With all the outlay for help and offices and everything, I might've made a couple of hundred thousand dollars more, but I didn't want to get mixed up in it.

PLAYBOY: Even so, it seems to us that the royalties would have been enormous.

GLEASON: No, royalties don't mean anything. For instance, Audrey may get five or ten dollars every time an episode airs someplace. It doesn't add up to any kind of really *big* money.

PLAYBOY: Audrey, in fact, was the only cast member who had a royalty clause written

into her contract. That probably had something to do with the fact that her brother was a lawyer.

GLEASON: Yeah, I think he was, and that was one of the demands that they made. I said, "Go ahead and give it to them." It didn't hurt me; it only hurt somebody who bought the films and had to pay out. So I was delighted for her. And, fortunately, she doesn't need the money—which is usually the way.

PLAYBOY: The recently discovered "lost episodes" that Showtime has been running, of course, were never really lost. The question is, Had you known all along that you were sitting on a gold mine?

GLEASON: It never occurred to me. Somebody asked if I might have any of the kinescopes of the sketches from the variety shows we did on the DuMont network and, afterward, on CBS. I said, "Yeah, we've got a bundle of them in an air-conditioned vault in Miami," and that's when we started. I had been getting annoyed paying the air-conditioning bills, anyway. Many times, I said, "Either throw them away or sell them!"

PLAYBOY: You'd never looked at the kinescopes over the years?

GLEASON: No, but we watch them now on Showtime at home. Some of them are good, especially when Carney does something crazy. I look at myself and, since they span several years, one minute I weigh four pounds, the next I weigh 300.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, *The Flintstones*, as you know, was the blatant cartoon version of *The Honeymooners*. What did you think of the replicating job?

GLEASON: We thought of suing them. But I said, "Oh, shit, let's not go through that." We've never done anything about it. It's a good show. In fact, that guy who did Fred's voice dubbed in things for me in motion pictures, whenever they were looping and I couldn't make the session. I forget what the hell his name was [Alan Reed]. Nice guy.

PLAYBOY: You talk of money in terms of money and *big* money. Therefore, we'd be remiss if we didn't touch on your notorious big spending. In retrospect, are fools and their money soon parted?

GLEASON: I've said it before: The best thing you can do with money is spend it. You can't sit on it, you can't throw your arms around it, you can't kiss it. For people to make money and put it away without ever spending any of it—I can't think of anything *sillier*! Do it while you can enjoy it. It's like the guy who could never afford a steak until he had no teeth to chew it.

PLAYBOY: Do you know your net worth?

GLEASON: I don't really want to know. I'll have Mare call up and find out what it is every once in a while. At this stage of the game, when you're spending money, you'd better make sure you've got it!

PLAYBOY: As long as you aren't going to divulge your own numbers here, maybe you'll talk more freely about Bob Hope's.

GLEASON: Hope is gorgeous! I drive him crazy. For instance, we did a show in New York a while back and he said to me beforehand, "For Christ's sake, during this interview, don't start that shit about me having \$150,000,000." So as soon as the interview started, I said, "Tell 'em about the \$150,000,000 you got!"

PLAYBOY: You've won a few bucks from him on the golf course, haven't you?

GLEASON: Mm-hmmm. He's not cheap, you know, but he's tough to pay off. When we play, I call a guy out of the crowd and, before each hole, I have him take my \$100 and Bob's \$100 until we've finished the hole. I tell the guy to give the \$200 to whoever wins. We do that each hole. Yeah, I've got a lot of Hope's money. And it's all new. It's never even been *folded*.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hope isn't the only big name with whom you've palled around. Tell us about John Wayne.

GLEASON: Duke and I got loaded many a time, but the best time was at Toots Shor's anniversary dinner. They had this big spread—where the hell was it?—at the Waldorf or something. Duke and I were on the dais, sitting next to each other. The speeches were going on, and they were all saying how beautiful Toots was. So Wayne said to me, "Is Toots really that great?" I said, "No chance." He said, "Well, what are you going to say about him?" I said, "When it comes time, you'll hear."

So Duke got up before me and said what a great guy Toots was. Then it was my turn; they'd held me for the last, because they knew I was always kidding. I got up and said some of the most horrible things about Toots ever. I said he was in love with Sunset Carson's horse, for starters, and I don't remember what else. When I went back, Duke said, "You did it, you son of a bitch!" Then we started to go at it.

PLAYBOY: For the benefit of those of us who weren't around during those halcyon years, perhaps you could fill us in on just who or what Toots Shor was.

GLEASON: Well, Toots was a very gruff guy—gruff because he wanted to hide his sentimentality. He was big and fat, and he'd call you a stewed bum or a crumb bun, then ignore you in his restaurant. Later, though, he'd come over and sit with you. I told him one time that the best thing you could say for his food was that it was warm.

But he was very generous. He gave money to guys who were broke or in trouble. As a matter of fact, he gave me money many times. I called him once from Philadelphia and said, "Send me \$2000." He said, "Well, what do you want it for?" I said, "If you're going to get nosy, I won't take it." He gave it to me. That's the kind of relationship we had. He was a good friend and a good drinker. He was the friend of Presidents—Truman, Roosevelt, all of them.

PLAYBOY: What kind of drinker was Humphrey Bogart?

GLEASON: Bogart got drunk on the first

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drink. And he stayed that way, never got any drunker. We'd go to "21" and, as soon as they saw him come in, they'd groan a little bit. He had his own table there, with a sign on it that said **BOGART**. We'd sit down and start drinking. I knew when he was loaded, because he'd say, "Let's go somewhere." When he said that, I knew that he was ready.

PLAYBOY: Frank Sinatra?

GLEASON: I think the first time Sinatra ever got loaded was with me. We went to a joint called the Harlequin, and Sinatra said, "I feel like getting smashed." I said, "All right." He said, "Now, what's a good drink?" I said, "You've never gotten smashed?" He said no. I said, "Jack Daniel's! That's a good way to start." And, to this day, he drinks Jack Daniel's. I understand Frank does an hour and a half at parties with stories about the two of us.

PLAYBOY: Mickey Mantle?

GLEASON: Mickey Mantle was great. He liked to drink, but he didn't get sloppy. Neither did Joe DiMaggio; DiMaggio could drink bloody marys for a whole weekend without getting stiff. And Don Ameche was one of the great drinkers of all time. He'd come in with the starched collar and tie and the perfect suit. He'd sit down at 11 o'clock and drink until two in the morning, when he'd get up with the same crisply starched collar.

PLAYBOY: That hard-drinking era is gone forever, isn't it?

GLEASON: Yeah, those were easy, generous days. There's too much jealousy now, too much worrying about making money. In those days, I was signing tabs and I had no money. A lot of guys didn't have money to keep spending on booze all the time. But now, a lot of people are running scared, and I think it's because they don't have talent. Guys like DiMaggio, they had talent. Nothing frightened them, and they could enjoy themselves, knowing that their enjoyment wouldn't affect their business. But nowadays, people are very circumspect about having fun. You never see anybody out getting loaded anymore. Back then, everybody was out chasing stuff.

PLAYBOY: At your peak, how much booze could you put away?

GLEASON: Drinking depends on your mood. If you're feeling fine, you can drink gallons. But if you're in a bad mood, you've got to stay away from booze. After the first few shots, you're gone.

PLAYBOY: You once said, "I'm not an alcoholic; I'm a drunkard." Is there really a difference?

GLEASON: Yeah. By drunkard, I meant drinker, because anyone who's a drinker gets drunk. There's no doubt about that. At the time, I think I said that drinking removes warts—not from me but from whomever I'm with. But the distinction was that I drank a lot but could still memorize 60 sides of script when it came post time and never missed a show. And I

worked week after week, so I must've known how to control it.

PLAYBOY: How bad was your worst hangover?

GLEASON: There are different classifications of hangovers. One is called the chuck horrors, which is when you figure that because you didn't eat the night before, you should make up for it the morning after. So you order some Chinese food or spaghetti for breakfast. Then there are the jingles, where you walk up and down the office, jingling coins or keys in your pocket. And then there's the oh-God-what-did-I-do-last-night? classification, which is frightful. Unfortunately, I remembered every damned thing.

PLAYBOY: You must at least have come away with irrefutable, expert advice on hangover cures.

GLEASON: [With the Gleason swagger] You're coming to the font! Everybody I knew had one. When Toots had a hangover, the first thing he did was eat a whole bowl of peanuts and then have about five Cokes. You knew then that he had a real Olympic winner going.

The only thing that will straighten you out—and you have to have great control—is a couple of drinks. That will stick, but then you begin to feel good and say, "Jesus, I think I'll have some more. . . ." That's when you've just got to stop.

PLAYBOY: Coffee never worked for you?

GLEASON: Coffee only makes you more

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nervous. When you have a hangover, you've already got the shakes. The caffeine in coffee only makes you bounce higher.

PLAYBOY: But you must have loved coffee—at least, it appeared that way. After all, on the *Jackie Gleason Show* that was broadcast from Florida in the mid-Sixties, you always had one of your so-called Glea-Girls bring you a cup on camera—and everyone always wondered what was in that cup. Want to tell us?

GLEASON: Well, it was booze. [Smiles] I didn't see any reason to fake it. That started one night when I told Greta—one of the tall showgirls—to take a coffee cup just before the show started, put it on the end table near my chair and, in front of the audience, pour out of a bottle of Scotch into the cup. So the audience was watching this; then the show started. I came out and took a sip of the booze. And it worked because the audience was in on the joke.

PLAYBOY: Does Scotch taste better in porcelain?

GLEASON: I got used to drinking it that way when I'd go to after-hours joints that weren't supposed to sell liquor. The idea in those places was that if cops came by—and, of course, they were paid off—they'd look around and say aloud to one another, "Say, Al, they're just drinking coffee."

PLAYBOY: So you and the Glea-Girls were simply playing out a variation on an old theme. How did the Glea-Girls come about, anyway?

GLEASON: The sponsors were so damn eager to have their products shown with signs and logos. I said, "You can't do a show holding up signs; let's get some beautiful broads and let them say what the signs would." It was sure a hell of a lot more entertaining. They were *awful good*.

PLAYBOY: Were there any specific qualifications required of the Glea-Girls?

GLEASON: That they look good on television. A lot of pretty girls didn't look good on camera. But there were certain girls who had features that attracted the camera. [Winks] And, if they could speak. . . .

PLAYBOY: Girls were an important ingredient of your variety shows. What was the most enlightening way to appreciate the June Taylor dancers?

GLEASON: [Devilishly] You're talking, no doubt, about the overhead camera angle? June had as much to do with that as I did. With 16 dancers on a small screen, you've gotta do some fluky things to make it look interesting. From the start, I wanted 16 girls, and everybody thought I was crazy. But I knew that the sight of 16 girls on a stage, when those curtains opened and you saw all this flesh, would give you a lift.

PLAYBOY: Did you appreciate any of them individually?

GLEASON: [Looks obediently at his wife, the former Marilyn Taylor, June's sister, with a smile] There was only one.

PLAYBOY: According to our research, you had a special weakness for chorus girls. You've married two, after all.

GLEASON: Oh, I've known a lot of chorus

girls. People think that chorus girls are loose women. They're far from it. First of all, they're very, very attractive. They have their pick of whomever they want to go to dinner with. And they're not pushovers or easy dames. Most of them are pretty intelligent. No, I had a weakness for *all* girls—as long as they combed their hair.

PLAYBOY: Which perhaps explains your three marriages. Your first marriage, to Genevieve Hallford, spanned 34 years, during most of which you were legally separated. You've blamed yourself for its failure. Why?

GLEASON: My style of life was completely different from hers. She couldn't understand that. She thought that the value of my life wasn't high enough; that if all I thought about was having fun, it wasn't enough. And she was right. Life should be of a higher quality and reach a higher goal of morality. But I wasn't interested. I was interested in having fun.

Not that I was wrong in wishing to have fun. The problem was that she didn't want to have the kind of fun I was having. She didn't like to sit around, drinking with the guys. And she was right in thinking that.

PLAYBOY: Your indiscretions during that marriage were reported like box scores in the press. That couldn't have helped.

GLEASON: Oh, they were always writing about me, saying that I was with this girl or that, and I probably was. I had them out to dinner or dancing at night clubs. But I wasn't very promiscuous, though it might seem that way.

PLAYBOY: We've heard something about your having exactly that reputation.

GLEASON: Well, you never try to buck legends. That's an impossibility. You let them go and they finally die out. But the more you deny a legend, the healthier it gets. Remember, I was in a particular branch of show business where we were surrounded by beautiful women. Hundreds of them. So, *naturally*, you'd have to speak to one or two. And that would be enough to get you into any column.

PLAYBOY: One of your former flames said publicly that you're "easy to fall in love with." Do you think that's true?

GLEASON: Not being a broad, I don't know what to say to that.

PLAYBOY: In 1970, almost immediately after Genevieve had granted you a divorce, you married Beverly McKittrick, one of your neighbors in Miami. That marriage fell apart quickly and made for a very messy, public divorce. What unraveled it?

GLEASON: It was another mistake. It wasn't right. Marriages don't unravel; they *bump* and come apart. She, again, didn't like my friends and didn't understand show business. She was a very nice woman, but we weren't in the same field.

PLAYBOY: In the press, she was very hostile over the split.

GLEASON: Well, what would you do if you were a woman married to a wealthy guy and a divorce was coming up? You'd want to get some of the money. And how are you

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gonna get it? You think you're gonna frighten the guy. *I didn't frighten.* She tried, but she didn't get anywhere. Any woman would do that.

PLAYBOY: People who know you best have said that Marilyn has exercised a mellowing effect over you in the past ten years. What's her secret?

GLEASON: Oh, absolutely, she has! Her secret is that I love her. And that's very important. Sometimes there is a pseudo attitude that looks like, sounds like and feels like love, but it isn't. And that's when you realize that a mistake's been made. Marilyn and I wanted to get married 30-some years ago, but we couldn't; I couldn't get a divorce from Gen, though we were separated, *legally* separated. The difference was, Mare and I went to night clubs, and we'd socialize with people. We had similar interests. So we were compatible not only socially but professionally.

PLAYBOY: It must be difficult for *any* woman to deal with the adulation you've received from the earliest days of your career. Didn't you once say that you moved *The Jackie Gleason Show* from New York to Florida for that reason—to escape the constant adulation?

GLEASON: No, the reason for the move was simple: I wanted to play golf. The truth is, when I got to Florida, the superlatives *really* began to fly. I'd walk into a restaurant and everybody'd stand up to applaud. At the height of my popularity down there, they were calling me the emperor of Florida. One time, not long after we got down there, people approached me to run for governor. At first, I thought they were putting me on. Then, when I saw they were serious, I said, "You've got to be a bunch of idiots!"

PLAYBOY: You became the state's leading tourist attraction almost immediately upon your arrival there. How did you discover the Big Grapefruit?

GLEASON: I used to go to Palm Beach on my vacations, and I told Jack Philbin, my producer, that moving the show would be a beautiful way to get the hell down there to play golf every day. Philbin, by the way, was the first one ever to get me on a golf course. Funny thing, we were walking down the very first fairway—this is my first time out—and I fell, spraining my ankle. I said to Philbin, "*You and your fuckin' golf!*"

Two years before we moved down there, I told CBS that I didn't want to do the show anymore. I was out in California, making a picture. They wanted me back for the fall season, and I did everything to discourage them. I told them I'd do it only if I got my own train to take me back across the country, stopping off at big towns along the way to get publicity and ending up in New York. Naturally, they gave in. Pretty soon after that, they started talking about another season, and I said, "Well, all right, but I gotta have another train, and we're going down to Florida to do the show."

PLAYBOY: And you proceeded to turn Miami Beach into "the sun-and-fun capital of the world."

GLEASON: We did very well in Florida. It could have been a disaster moving everybody from New York. If we hadn't clicked, it would have been frightening. The network was incredulous. They said we'd never find lighting down there, but when we pioneered the best color lighting in television, they came in from California to see how we did it. They said we wouldn't find stagehands, but we found 'em. They said we wouldn't get scenery, but there were plenty of great carpenters. It was a great place to do a show. I don't know why more people don't do 'em down there.

PLAYBOY: One show is doing quite well down there—*Miami Vice*. Are you a fan?

GLEASON: I saw it once, a repeat, and thought it was fine. It's strange, though, that a city like Miami, in order to get publicity, would accept a show like *Miami Vice*. But as long as it gives 'em a plug. . . .

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the show's fashion influence?

GLEASON: That's even stranger. The stuff those guys wear—T-shirts underneath jackets—was worn years ago. Bums walked around like that. Come to think of it, so did Ed Norton.

PLAYBOY: Which leads to another subject on which you're particularly vocal: style. Cary Grant has called you the most stylish man in show business. Appearance, we sense, is very important to you.

GLEASON: If you're dressed nicely, you're obviously a man of some kind of substance. You have some taste. People who dress well exude confidence. I'd rather associate with someone neat and clean, someone who looks good.

PLAYBOY: Thus, your decision to have some facial nips and tucks done a few years ago. You had your eyelids and chin fixed?

GLEASON: Yeah, well, my eyelids were covering my eyes, as they do with age, and it was affecting my sight. So I had them taken up. And I got rid of the turkey neck. If you're going to appear in front of the public, you've gotta look as attractive as you can.

PLAYBOY: Care to share some of your sartorial pointers with us?

GLEASON: I happen to dress conservatively. I usually have all my suits made in London, at Kilgour and French, or in New York, by Fioravanti, who's considered the best tailor in town. When I'm dressed up, I wear a white shirt with a white handkerchief. I never wear colored shirts with different-colored handkerchiefs and ties. Or the *same*-colored handkerchief and tie, which is atrocious.

PLAYBOY: Your signature is the red-carnation boutonniere in your lapel. When did that start?

GLEASON: That came from Brooklyn. On Mother's Day there, if your mother was alive, you wore a pink carnation; if she had passed away, you wore a white one. I

thought it looked real spiffy. But wearing a pink one regularly, I thought, would have been a little effeminate. And white certainly would be funereal. But red—that *comes through*.

PLAYBOY: Back to Florida. In 1970, CBS pulled the plug on your show while it was still getting excellent ratings. Weren't you, in effect, the first performer ever to fall victim to demographics?

GLEASON: One of them. Red Skelton and I were in the top 20 or 15 or something. Then CBS started this demographics thing. They said we had a large audience, but our people were too old and weren't buying anything sponsors were selling. I couldn't understand that. Neither could Red. He normally won't get on the phone, you know; he has a thing about it. But he called me when they canceled us. His opening line was very funny. He said, "What the hell are demographics?" I said, "I haven't the slightest idea."

PLAYBOY: For a long time, you had the network on the defensive. Did you feel that you were unbeatable?

GLEASON: Oh, no. You're unbeatable only when you have clout. If you don't have clout, you're as weak as anyone else. To have clout, you have to be right. You can't be wrong two or three times; then you're dead. But it is enjoyable to swing your weight around. It's also very dangerous, because when you lose your clout, you are in *terrible* straits. You only make yourself more vulnerable. Ultimately, I lost my clout due to the demographics. If we were selling things, they never would've gotten around us.

PLAYBOY: When you quit television, were you sick of the grind or bitter because you were canceled?

GLEASON: Oh, no, I really wasn't bitter; I wanted to quit, anyway. We had gone from 1964 to 1970 in Florida, learning four sketches a week, and it was enough. Then, when we did the hourlong *Honeymooners*, it was a Broadway musical every week. You had to learn six, seven songs. Since we didn't like to use cue cards or Tele-Prompters, it made for a pretty big strain on everybody.

PLAYBOY: Strain or not, we get the feeling that you have an aversion to mundane labor. Do you like to work?

GLEASON: No. Not unless it's something interesting. A lot of people say, "Well, I like a challenge." I don't *like* challenges. Life is tough enough without any challenges.

PLAYBOY: There was one infamous series you did in the early Sixties that lost your interest immediately and lasted one week. You know the one we're talking about.

GLEASON: [*Grins*] The show was called *You're in the Picture*, and it was horrible. We had a screen painted with medieval costumes, jockey costumes, whatever, and above them there were holes through which celebrities stuck their heads. We had Buddy Hackett, Arthur Treacher, Johnny Carson—oh, a bunch of them.

(continued on page 149)

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investigative report

By ROBERT SCHEER

*how a group of zealots took aim at pornography
and ended up in a war against sex itself*

INSIDE THE MEESE COMMISSION

DOWN IN Arlington County, Virginia, the lady dancers at what the locals call "tittie bars" had best be wearing pasties, or prosecutor Henry Hudson will bust them. He once was quoted as saying, "I live to put people in jail."

For the past six years, Hudson has also been going after video stores and threatening to shut them down for renting movies depicting nonsimulated intercourse. "Our vice squad has a reputation," he has told me, "for checking periodically in the stores, and the people are careful about what they sell in the county; yes, sir, they are. I don't apologize for that; I'm proud of that. We have a good family community here."

That stand-up-to-porn spirit caught the attention of the President of the United States, who commended Hudson for his actions and vowed to keep his eye on the young prosecutor.

One day in the spring of 1986, I find myself in Hudson's bailiwick in the Arlington civic center, in a cubbyhole at the end of a corridor decorated with WANTED posters. I am there because Hudson has now become a national figure as the chairman of Attorney General Edwin Meese's Commission on Pornography,

whose activities I am tracking for my newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*. We are sitting in his cluttered office, discussing more variations on a single theme—sexual conduct—than I have ever discussed with anyone. The topics range from the limits of anal sex to the many varieties of sodomy. Hudson talks about the proliferation of pornography and how he sees it as his obligation to return this country to the clean good old days.

I ask him, "By good old days, do you mean when they banned James Joyce's *Ulysses* or the novels of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and D. H. Lawrence, all of which have been censored?"

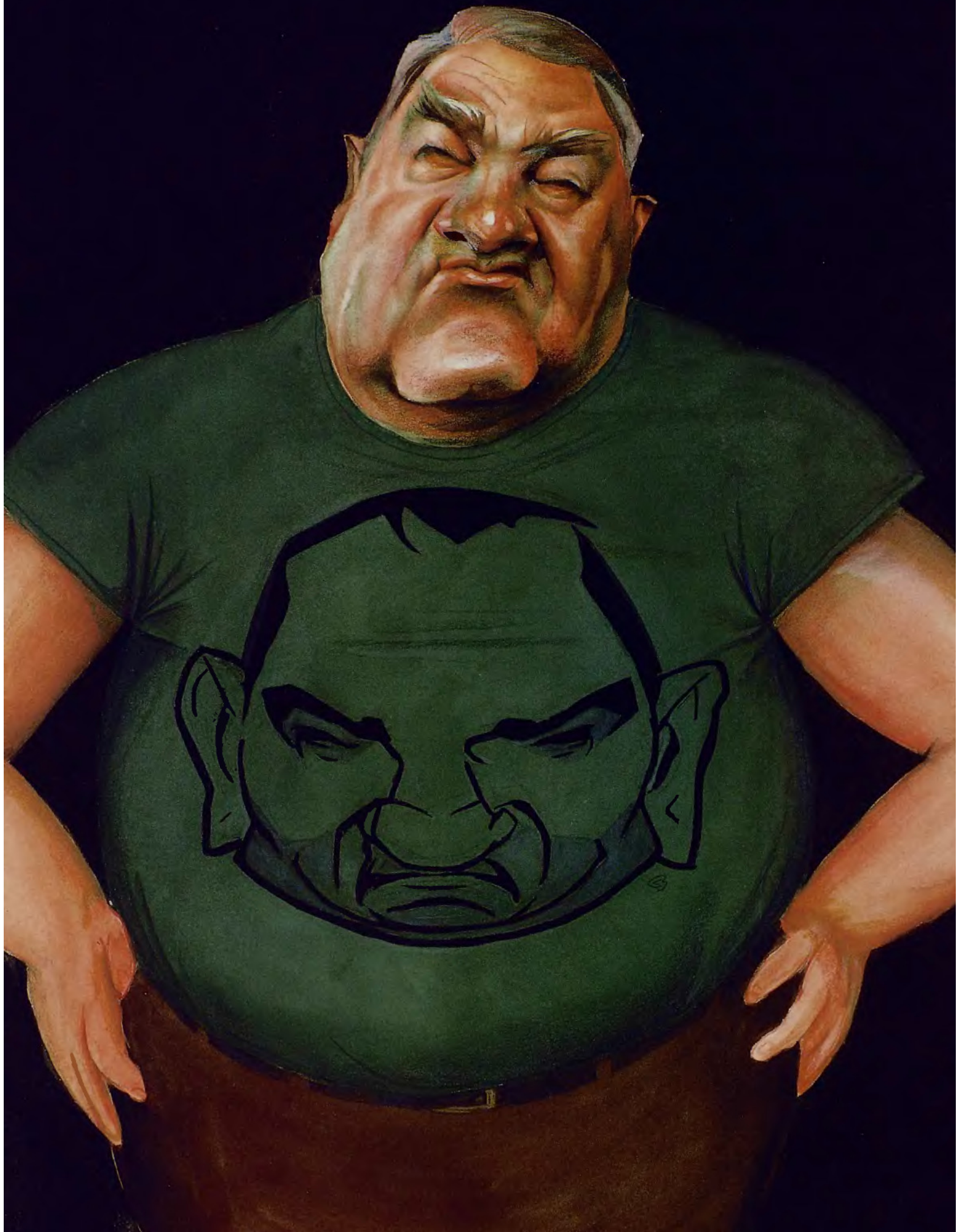
"I can't say I've read or seen the items in question," says Hudson. "I don't have time to read books or go to the movies."

"What is this thing called pornography you're now investigating?" I ask.

"Pornography, to a degree, is like the word love; it means different things in different contexts."

"Great," I observe, "but you're head of a commission that wants to get rid of it, so what is the *it*?" Hudson then riffls through the search warrants and *Miranda* confessions in his briefcase but can't find the (continued on page 157)

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BROONER

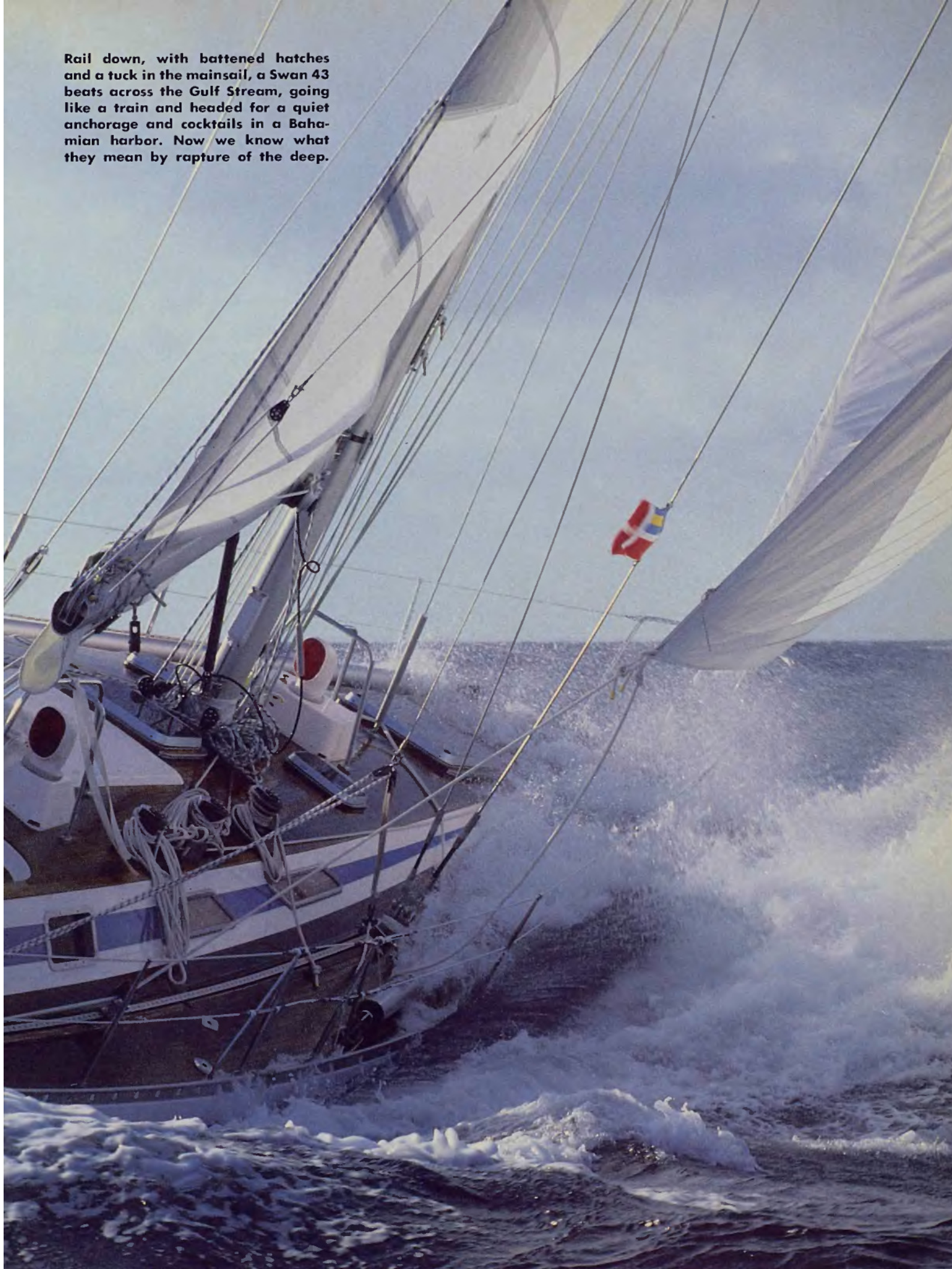


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modern living

By REG POTTERTON

SOME ARGUMENTS NEVER DIE; they just get louder and more confusing—which is how it is with boats, a subject of acute disagreement between sailors ever since canvas gave way to the propellor. All we care to say on the subject is that anyone daft enough to insist that power is better than sail or vice versa stands as much chance of convincing a disbeliever as would a man who insists that vanilla is better than chocolate.

Accordingly, we've chosen five of the very best in power and sail, with the certain knowledge that many people in the boating fraternity will disagree with some of our choices and nobody will agree with all of them. We can hear it now: You left out the Low Down Low Monthly Ocean Motion 35! And Fast Eddie's No Cash No Splash Plastic Fantastic Knotbuster, with the FM stereo



Hanging out on a Prindle 19 catamaran (top left), our couple in the flying trapezes shamelessly exceeds the legal fun limit. Left: The world's fastest hair drier, a Donzi Classic 18, carries precious cargo on a party-bound mission at 60 miles per hour. Yes, there's room for more party mavens in the back seat. Right: Miami's vice—and they had fun, fun, fun till Customs took their speedboat away. Complete with a 38-color paint job and a pair of 400-hp MerCruiser sterndrives, a Scarab 38 KV gets down to some serious business. Hang on, Sloop!



and dual speakers!

Well, so we did, but consider the options in today's boat market: According to the National Marine Manufacturers Association, there are about 3700 boat builders in the United States, thousands of imports and almost 14,000,000 privately owned boats. This includes boats with outboards, inboards, inboard/outboards (a.k.a. sterndrives), unpowered sailboats of all sizes, houseboats, canoes and rowboats. Last year alone, those boats generated a retail trade of some 13.2 billion dollars in sales, service and maintenance.

In making our selection, we started with the questions that all prospective boat buyers need to ask: What will the boat be used for and where? To sail around the world or on quiet inland waters? High-speed offshore travel or gunkholing in a quiet estuary? Cruising, racing or both?

Our choices, therefore, cover a wide range of possibilities, from the Donzi Classic sport boat, for rapid transit on inland waterways, to the Swan 43, which is built for luxury, speed and distance—around the planet, if that's your ambition.

In all five selections, we were guided by resale value as well as by quality, because the resale factor—along with strength, performance, function and comfort—is an essential consideration in appraising a boat for purchase. Always verify the pedigree of designer and builder before whipping out the checkbook; if possible, talk with an owner—or three!

All five of our boats are fiberglass—not that there's anything wrong with other boat-building materials, such as wood, steel, aluminum or ferro-cement; it's just that most new boats are made of fiberglass, and the stuff is strong and relatively easy to maintain, paint and repair.

We took our small armada (except for the Donzi, which was photographed in the waters off south Miami) 55 miles across the Gulf Stream to the island of Cat Cay, the private paradise of the Cat Cay Club and once a favored golfing venue for the duke of Windsor. The membership, which comes mainly from the U.S.A., South America and Europe, currently numbers about 260. For an initiation fee of \$7500 and annual dues of \$2500—we said it was *private*—those who are lucky enough to pass this way enjoy golf, tennis, world-class tournament fishing and the kind of



Right: An American beauty, the Parkins H-28, lies at anchor in the tranquil harbor of Cat Cay, Bahamas, where a cruising couple ponders the age-old question: Whose turn to cook?



beaches found in travel brochures. You can fly to Cat Cay on a seaplane of the venerable Chalk Airline—67 years in the aviation business—or you can do what we did and go by sea. Which brings us to our five selections.

PRINDLE 19

The Worrell 1000 is a race over a 1000-mile ocean course from Fort Lauderdale to Virginia Beach. This is an unforgiving stretch of water, notorious for currents, gales, big seas and—even worse from the racing sailor's viewpoint—flat calms and windless summer days. Until last year, the only boats eligible for the Worrell were Hobie Cats; but in 1985, the rules were changed to admit any sailboat up to 20 feet, prompting the race organizer to observe, "The boat that wins the Worrell this year will be the strongest, lightest and fastest off-the-beach sailboat on the market." Of the 11 entries in the race, two were Prindle 19s; and they came in first and second, the winner finishing with a five-hour lead.

Of course, not everyone wants to race—and for those who don't, the Prindle catamaran makes an excellent day sailer or, for the adventurous, an inshore cruising boat. All you need are a couple of sleeping bags, a tarp over the trampoline (or deck, if you prefer) and your favorite provisions. No galley, no engine, no head, no complicated electronics—just pure boat, fast and sturdy, with minimal costs in maintenance and service.

The Prindle 19 was developed by three of the top catamaran sailors in the country and is built in Santa Ana, California, by Lear Siegler Marine, builders of O'Day, Cal and Ranger boats. We borrowed our model from Barrett & Sons Sailing Center, Orlando, Florida, where the quoted price is \$5595, ready to sail.

DONZI CLASSIC 18

You can buy bigger, you can pay less, but Donzi quality, toughness and performance have given this Bradenton, Florida, *marque* a reputation that's hard to touch. The Secret Service had a fleet of Donzis to protect President Lyndon Johnson while he cut up the waters on Lake L.B.J. The Classic 18 is stylistically comparable to early Corvettes and the MG lines from the Fifties—in short, a beauty to look at and sheer pleasure at the wheel. The model we used, from Donzi in Lauderdale Lakes, was brand-new and hadn't been fully run in, but we got 55 knots, plus, with another ten or so in reserve. Powered by a 350-Magnum MerCruiser, with a deep V hull for stability in building seas, the Classic 18 is a triple threat as sport boat, ski boat and yacht tender, a boat for pure exhilaration.

The hull is laid up by hand; engine mounts and trim tabs are through bolted; standard equipment includes blower,

aluminum fuel tanks, through-hull exhaust, V.D.O. instruments (same as in BMW, Mercedes-Benz and Rolls-Royce), tonneau cover, adjustable bucket seats and leather-stitched steering wheel from Momo, supplier to Ferrari, Porsche and Lotus. The price, ready to run, is about \$27,500. Nice.

SCARAB 38 KV

This is the boat that Crockett and Tubbs drive in *Miami Vice*. Not a replica but the real thing straight from the set, complete with custom paint job that blends 38 colors to produce a high-gloss finish of turquoise, navy, green metal flake and lavender. It's a bit like Crockett's wardrobe, but louder.

This is not a boat for shy guys: It's a high-performance ocean-going beast, 9100 pounds of drop-dead design powered by a pair of 400-hp MerCruiser stern drives.

At idle, it sounds like the wrath of God—top speed of around 60 knots. Standard layout below includes a V-berth double in a forward cabin and a main cabin with a huge velour couch, a tiled entry, a stereo with four speakers, a complete galley and head. On deck is heavy-duty stainless-steel hardware, plus a full-performance instrument panel, convertible bolster seats for standing or sitting, two hatches in the forward deck and an aft bench seat. At cruising speed of around 40 knots, the twin Merces burn about 30 gallons an hour, which gives you about seven hours of running before it's time to refuel. Have a nice day. Retail prices from the manufacturer, Wellcraft Marine, Sarasota, Florida, start around \$105,000 and peak around \$130,000.

H-28

The H stands for Herreshoff, the greatest name in the history of American sailing-yacht design. The founding father was Nathaniel; L. Francis, his son, designed the H-28 in 1942. A man of fixed New England ideas about boats, sailing, clothing and diet (he advised that all food be well chewed), L. Francis knew exactly the kind of boat he wanted:

"I can, or think I can, design a cabin plan for H-28 for those who want to go where the water is clean, the pine trees green, the offshore breezes laden with ozone and where breathing, living and sailing are joys . . . a boat that can quickly be gotten under way for a sail on a summer evening, a boat that can ghost along in light breezes as well as stand up to anything she might get caught in." And he did, with the result that H-28s are found around the world, many of them built by the owners from the plans and instructions drawn up by the old man 44 years ago.

L. Francis would probably have enjoyed meeting David Parkins, who has built 20 H-28 hulls for owner completion and six complete boats at Parkins Marine in Fort

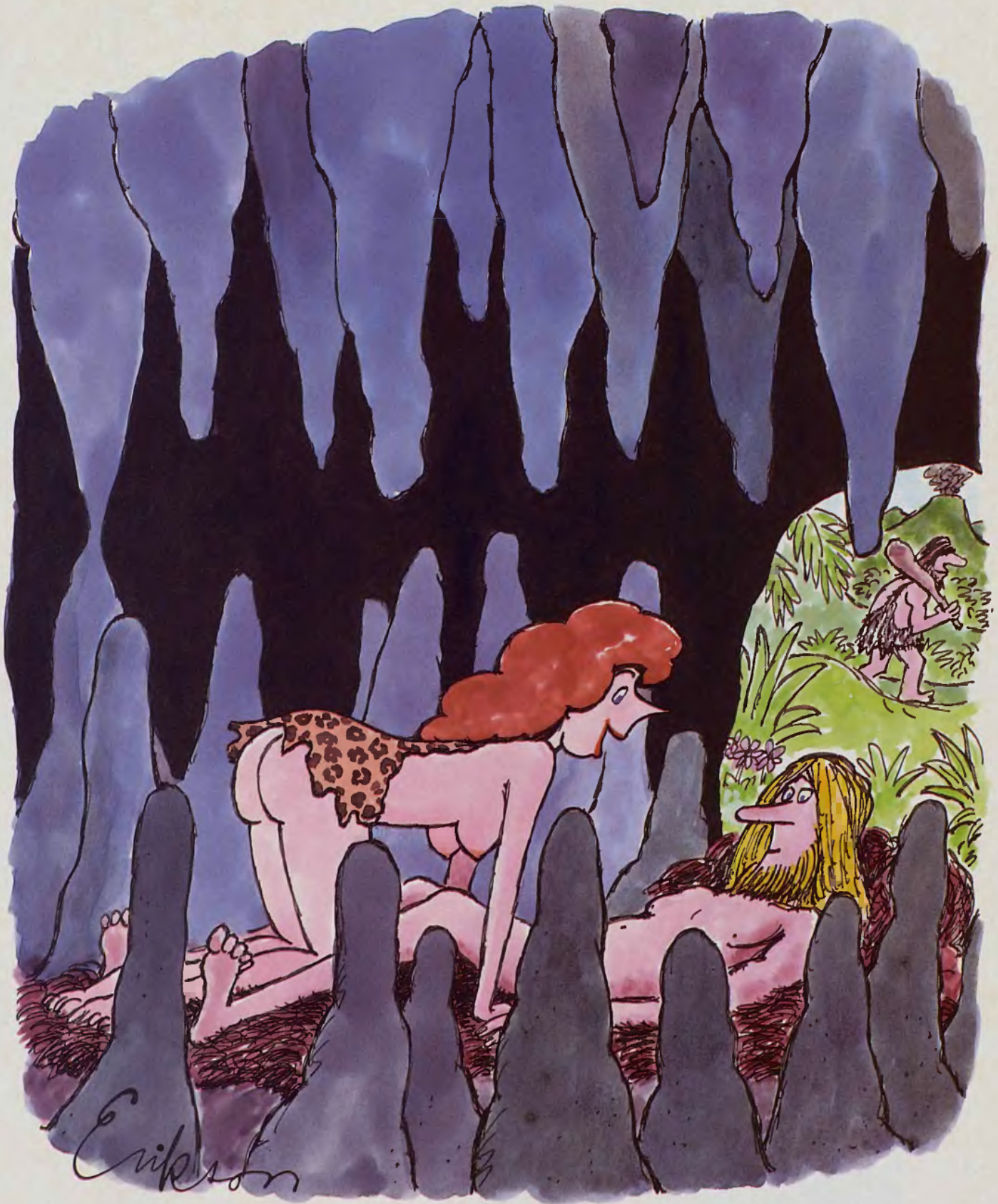
Lauderdale. An experienced cruising sailor himself and former chief engineer at an aircraft-equipment company, Parkins built his first boat, an eight-foot dinghy, when he was 12. The dimensions of the Parkins H-28 differ only slightly from those of the original, and it's rigged as a sloop (one mast) instead of a ketch (two masts), as designed by L.F.H. Below, it's as snug and as inviting as its predecessors, and its joinery is probably even finer than the rough-and-ready finishes sometimes found in older models. The cabin floor (properly known as the sole) is inch-thick teak, and the panels, doors and trim are mahogany, with lockers lined in aromatic cedar. Six heavy bronze portholes, a forward hatch and an after companionway provide ample light and ventilation; cast bronze is also used on rudder fittings and chain plates (those are the things that anchor the mast rigging to the hull) and in the through-hull plumbing. Nothing but the best materials go into these hand-built yachts, each of which is finished to the owner's specs. Full galley and head are standard, electronics are practical and rugged and the engine is an 18-hp Yanmar diesel with plenty of power for docking and maneuvering and burns less than half a gallon an hour at maximum revs, giving around seven knots in ideal conditions.

The price of a Parkins H-28 varies according to the owner's requirements in the way of electronics options, but the basic model, ready to sail, is around \$75,000. Just add water and mix, and, as old L.F.H. said, "You [will be] fortified against a world of war lords, politicians and fakers." And that's what sailing is all about.

SWAN 43

You've won the lottery, you want to buy a yacht and you'd like one that's capable of taking you round the world in speed and luxury. If you knew what you were doing, you could choose a designer and a builder and specify your precise needs as to hull size, sails and type of rig, deck and interior fittings. Depending on your knowledge, you'd end up with either a fine custom-built one-off—which is what such boats are usually known as—or the kind of lawsuit that brings joy to the hearts of lawyers. For those of us who don't know a naval architect from a building inspector, the alternative is simple, intelligent and inevitable: Buy a Swan. You can't do any better than that, certainly not in the production—as opposed to the one-off—boat business. Over the past 20 years, the Finnish company Nautor Swan has made a global name for itself, one that few production-boat builders have matched in modern times for performance, strength and quality in every inch of construction.

Stepping down the main companionway
(concluded on page 145)



"When it sticks up like that, is it a stalactite or a stalagmite?"

BRIGITTE


miss nielsen zooms to fame as stallone's bride and "cobra" co-star



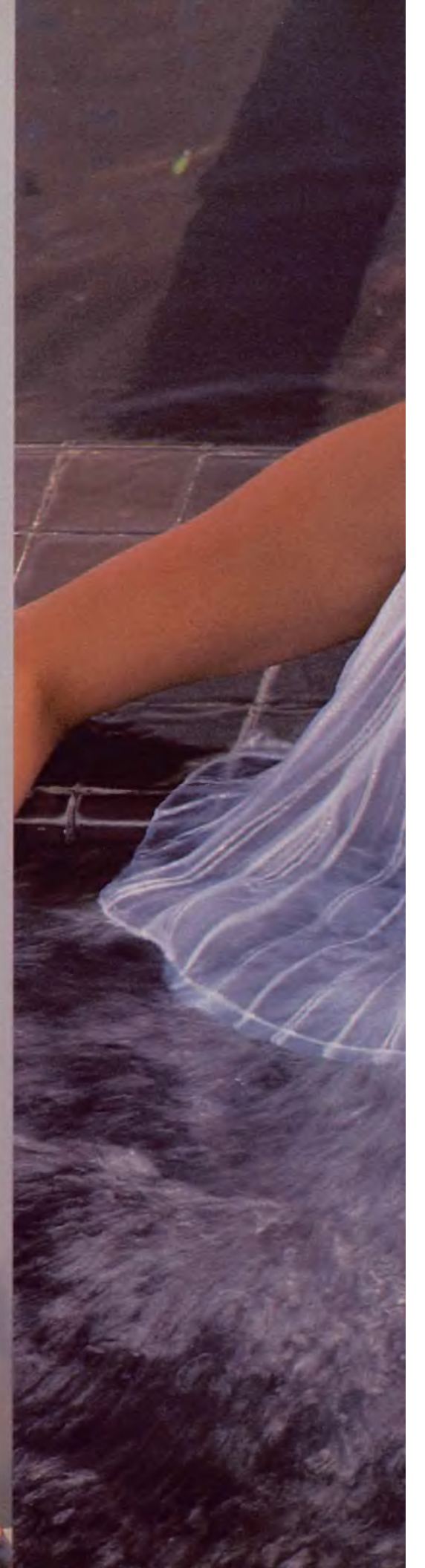
Kiss-kiss for a pair of slam-bang adventurers—Hollywood superstar Sylvester Stallone and Danish supermodel Brigitte Nielsen seal it with a smooch last December at their sumptuous California wedding reception for a few hundred friends.



Collecting long-limbed and beautiful blondes was no novelty for Sly Stallone, whose romance with Susan Anton had taken its toll of his first marriage waaay before he set eyes on the delovely great Dane known to close chums as Gitte. We don't usually pose as matchmakers, but the real story of how they met began when Brigitte flew to New York to work on her September 1985 PLAYBOY pictorial. Yes, she *did* drop off an 8" x 10" glossy at his hotel—and that's how Gitte came, was seen by and conquered Rambo himself.



Something like spontaneous combustion occurred at their first meeting. Brigitte soon became a more or less permanent house guest at Stallone's Pacific Palisades estate, then signed for her second movie role, as the Russian wife of his formidable adversary in *Rocky IV*. That, plus *Red Sonja*, won her the 1985 Worst New Star citation from The Golden Raspberry Award Foundation, but the Razzies had it all wrong. A more seasoned judge, Stallone offered Brigitte a marriage proposal as well as a contract to star opposite him in *Cobra*. He calls his glowing Gitte "the most unvain beautiful woman I've ever met . . . like a giant Afghan."





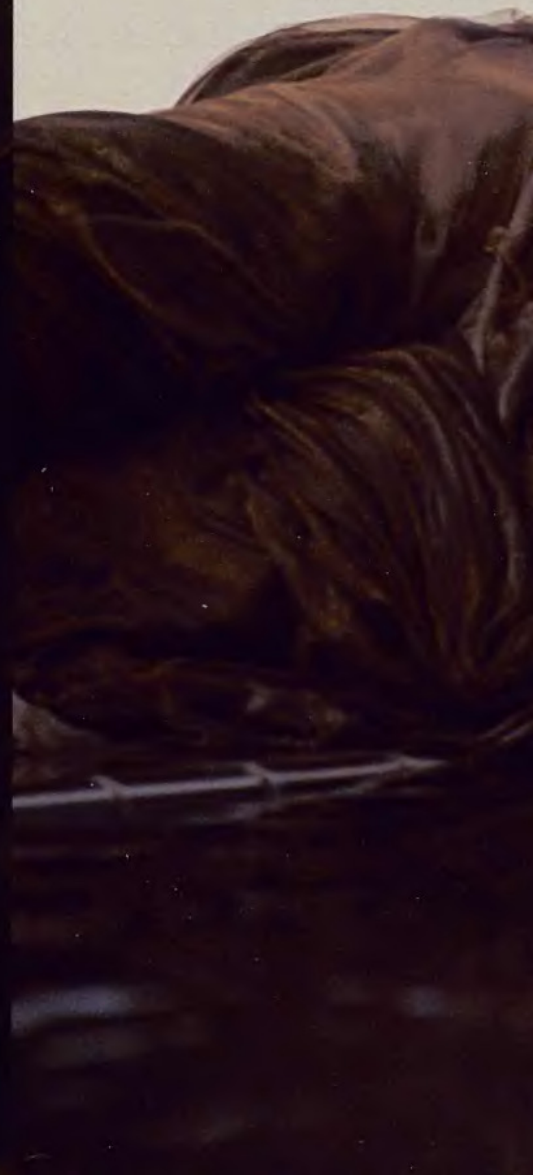


Portraying a top model in *Cobra* ought to be a cinch for Nielsen, a European cover girl before Dino De Laurentiis chose her to play Red Sonja. What Dino saw is what he got: a stunning film presence. *Cobra* is Stallone's nickname in the new movie. He's a big-city detective who has to kill just about everybody to save Brigitte for himself. Well, who can blame him?





Brigitte Nielsen Stallone, at the age of 23, has found love, fame and fortune far beyond her fondest golden-girlhood dreams. "I've had a strange life," says Gitte, who avows she's slightly psychic and believes her grandmother's ghost watches over her. Stallone, 40, has often discussed his ambition to make a film about the life of poet Edgar Allan Poe. If he can wrest himself away from the megabuck certainties of *Rambo* and *Rocky*, Sly may have found a face well qualified to express the beauty and mystery of Poe's Annabel Lee.





YIKES! BUSINESS SUPERSTARS!

EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, THE DULL TOIL OF
COMMERCE IS BEING GIVEN A HIGH-GLOSS MAKE-OVER

essay

By LAURENCE SHAMES

BUSINESS IS not rock 'n' roll. Nor is it guerrilla warfare, Roller Derby, cowboys and Indians or the Friday-night fights.

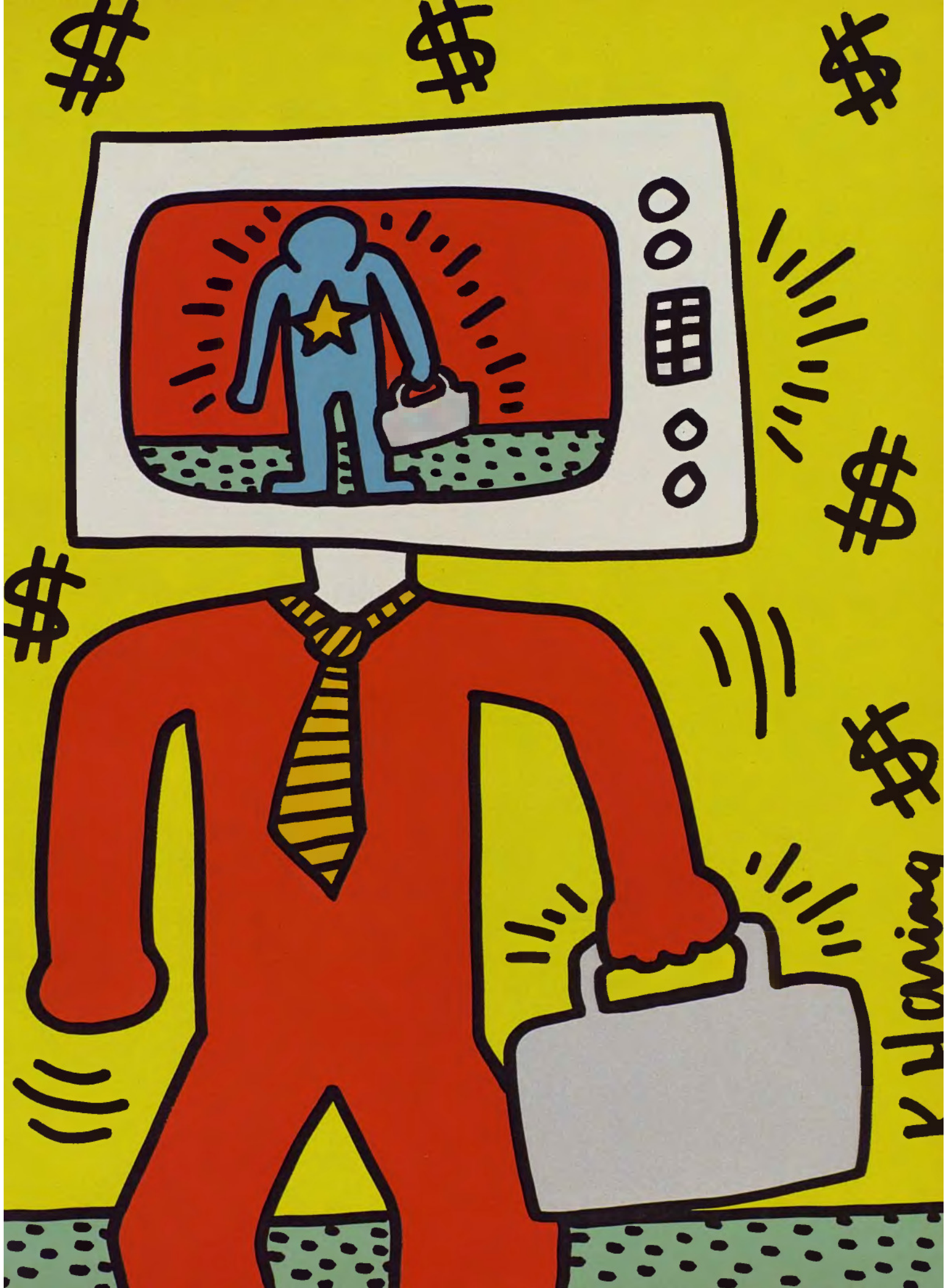
Businessmen and businesswomen are not gladiators. Nor are they conquistadors, *ninjas*, test pilots, Olympic pole vaulters or movie stars.

Business is . . . well . . . *business*—that necessary but generally routine set of activities that most of us perform in order to pay our rent, buy eggs and cheese and stay out of trouble between breakfast and happy hour. And business people—which is to say, *most* people—tend to be regular folks, with the standard mixture of brains and limitations, daydreams and terrors, quirks, pettinesses, humor and dread. Free enterprise—the construct itself and the people who keep it going—is actual size.

Now, I realize that all of that is pretty elementary, even self-evident. And I say it only because there seems to be a movement afoot to deny it, to inject America's sagging business fortunes with the silicone of myth, so that mere functions are portrayed as high adventures, the gray processes of commerce are passed off as invigorating quests and business success—an equivocal goal that has historically held its share of squalor, bitterness and suicides, as well as the recent Wall Streeters' trinity of bimbos, limos and

lines—is held up as a grail. From King Arthur to the ale man, our communal legends are being conscripted into the service of the business rah-rahs. We've got number crunchers out there talking about *the right stuff*: the accountant as astronaut. We've got ad execs talking about swinging from the heels for the new dog-food launch; the middle manager as cleanup man in the batting order of industry.

What is going on is a national campaign to kid ourselves into thinking that business is more dramatic, more heroic and just plain more interesting than it almost always is; and, as usual, the media are in the vanguard of the bamboozling. Looked at a magazine rack lately? Maybe you've seen a glossy rag called *Manhattan, inc.*, the fashion magazine about money, whose stock in trade is the celebrity tycoon, preferably under 40, and which fawns so cravenly on business overachievers that last year it saw fit to devote nine pages to Donald Trump's utterly inscrutable views on world peace. For the silver-haired set, there's *M*, which addresses itself to the sticky problem of satisfying people's medieval hankering for aristocracy in a country whose first premise is that there shall be no aristocracy. The *M* solution harks back to Calvin: 55-year-old C.E.O.s, having proved their preferred status in the eyes of (concluded on page 156)



V. Waring

**EXCELLENCE
SAVES!**



THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO TOM PETERS

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND IT WAS GOOD.
BUT WAS IT ACCURATE?

article

By LOUISE BERNIKOW

PERCEPTION," Tom Peters is fond of saying, "is all there is." He is usually leaning on a podium when he says this, midway through one of his almost daily appearances before business groups around the country. He is standing in front of several hundred people, some trying not to make noise with their after-lunch coffee cups, others sitting at attention with writing pads in front of them, as though they were in school. The room is often huge, with massive chandeliers and Oriental carpets, a setting more appropriate to Diana Ross in sequins than to Tom Peters in a blue blazer. After he says, "Perception is all there is," he generally looks down at the floor and shakes his head, looking very sorry about the whole thing. "There ain't no such thing as steak, sad to say," he almost whispers, "just the sizzle."

Tom Peters is very good at marketing. In addition to making the word excellence a banal din in our daily vocabulary, he has made himself a millionaire several times over. *In Search of Excellence*, written with Robert Waterman, Jr., is the best-selling business book in history—5,000,000 copies sold world-wide. *A Passion for Excellence*, written with Nancy Austin, sold more than 500,000 copies in hardcover and a paperback edition will be out this fall. Peters' share of royalties and subsidiary rights runs into the millions. But the books are only the beginning. Nearly 200 speaking engagements a year net about \$1,500,000, plus expenses. (He

sometimes lectures free to women's groups and to "the few dozen people who were good to me before I got outrageously expensive.") Skunk Camp, a four-day seminar given in Monterey, California, six times a year, attracts 40 executives at a clip, each willing to pay \$4000 to learn the lessons of excellence. You can license a video-tape package for \$13,500; you can buy *The Excellence Challenge* audio tapes for \$49.95; you can put a leather-bound Year of Excellence diary on your desk for \$25. You can run Peters' software on your computer and, soon, watch one of his three new television projects.

Yet the atmosphere that surrounds him, the things he feels compelled to talk about and the reactions of people who listen are couched not in marketing terms but in theological ones. He is a man perpetually on a crusade. "In my own half-assed way," he says, "I'm preaching to the converted. I'm essentially here to talk to the seven percent who already believe."

The crusade hinges on his exhortation that "American industry is headed downhill. We're headed for disaster, because we're managing badly. We've got to regenerate ourselves." Those who see him as an angel think of Gabriel, God's messenger. "The Word," as Peters tells it, is that our economic life is hopelessly paralyzed by "sinners," out-of-touch managers who "treat people like shit" and others who hide in fancy offices and fire off memos. These sinners (continued on page 152)

*how today's highfliers take
the ravel out of travel*

TRAVEL TIPS OF THE RICH & FAMOUS

modern living

By RICHARD and JOYCE WOLKOMIR

EXCEPT FOR THE ROSES in their suites, the chauffeured limousines and the TV news crews that greet them, celebrities travel much as the rest of us do, only more frequently. To find out just what they've learned about getting away to it all, we asked a number of well-known globe-trotters, from Famous Amos cookie king Wally Amos to novelist John Updike, to tell us their favorite techniques for making life on the run less than total tedium.

Wally Amos: "I always travel with bags of my Famous Amos cookies for the flight crew. I wear really comfortable jeans. And I give all my (continued on page 129)





AN ELEMENT

*charley thinks he's smart enough to punch my ticket.
but there ain't too many people smarter than me*

fiction **By WARREN MURPHY**

"IS THIS Alex Garth?"

"No, moron. It's Bonnie Prince Charley. I always stay at the Budget Six Motel when I'm in Boston. Who is this?"

"That's one thing I like about you, Garth. You've got a sense of humor."

"Shrinking by the minute. Who is this?"

"Who's not important."

"Just what I was thinking," I said and hung up the telephone. It started ringing again while I was walking into the dingy little motel bathroom. I took my time. I wiped my hands on my pants. It was still ringing when I came back out, so I picked it up.

"You've got twenty seconds," I said.

"That's another thing I like about you, Garth. You've got a lovely temper."

"Fifteen seconds and counting."

"All right," he said. "They're going to punch your ticket when you get back to New York."

"Who's they?"

"Some of the people you work for. Something about some snow that stuck to your shovel."

"I don't know what you're

talking about," I said.

"Suit yourself, pal. I was just trying to do you a favor. Forget it."

"Hold on," I said. I paused for a moment, then figured, What the hell. "This hit. Who's supposed to do it?"

"Charley Cletis."

"You know when?"

"When you get back. This weekend. I don't know exactly."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked him.

"You did me a favor once. Now we're even."

"Who is this?" I said.

"Sorry. Your twenty seconds is up."

Click.

I put the phone down and plopped back on the unmade bed.

I did him a favor once? That just didn't ring true. I couldn't remember ever doing anybody a favor. Not when I was a cop in New York. Not when I was trying to make a living off that crummy private-detective agency. Especially not since I'd been taking a lot of money to kill a lot of people.

Who had called? That was the only puzzle. The rest of it was *(continued on page 136)*

OF SURPRISE





A woman in a black sequined dress and high heels is dancing in a club. The background is a warm, orange-toned wall with a pattern of glowing spots. The text is overlaid on a red rectangular box in the upper left corner.

AVA GALORE

IT TAKES A LITTLE EXTRA TO LIVE UP
TO A NAME LIKE MISS AUGUST'S





Our opening spread finds Ava at the Palladium in New York; here, bicoastal Ava paints N.Y. green (left, at Art Wave in the Unique Clothing Warehouse) and dazzles the folks on L.A.'s beaches (right).



TONIGHT IS Ava Fabian's birthday, and she hasn't slept for two days. If she'd been back in Manhattan, her old stomping ground, she would have celebrated at the Palladium. Now that she has moved West, she gyres the night away at Tramps, a Los Angeles dance club that closes too early, at least for her. At two A.M.—just when Ava is breathing the last of her first wind—the club holds last call for margaritas. Show's over, folks. The dynamite Italian girl retires with her friends for further partying. The spectators at Tramps wish they could see her *second* wind.

Named for Ava Gardner, whom she resembles as much as Dad must have hoped she would, Ava spends the night of her birthday dancing off some of the energy that she thinks will make her one of Hollywood's irresistible objects. Don't bet against her.

Seventeen years ago, Ava told her first-grade class that she wanted to be a Playboy Bunny. The principal wondered what was going on in the Fabian household, but little Ava was on the level. Her dad had a gold Playboy Club Key and used it when he wasn't helping run Joe Namath's ill-fated New York saloon, Bachelors III. He liked Bunnies, hung around Joe and knew a cute girl when he saw one. So did Ava. Looking in the mirror, she fancied herself on





Ava's dream date is "a roller-coaster ride at an amusement park—that gets you close. Then a quiet, candlelit dinner with lots of champagne. And then? Maybe we take a roller-coaster ride in bed."

Broadway Joe's arm. "It broke my heart when Joe got married," Ava says.

Poppa Fabian thought his tomboy had what it took for Bunnyhood, and Ava's course was set. Although she never actually worked as a Bunny, she was named Most Beautiful and Best Body in her high school class. Later, she did some modeling, "just so I could pay my rent in New York City. I modeled fur coats for the JC Penney catalog. It was in the summer, about 95 degrees, and under the coats—naked. I don't know about the other girls, but *I* was." She went on to study dance and theater in the Big Apple and eventually, like many aspiring actresses, ended up in Southern California, where she got an agent. Early this year, looking for something to read in her agent's home, she picked up a copy of "one of those really dirty girlie magazines." She nearly retched when the agent asked if she'd ever pose for it but said she'd always had this thing about PLAYBOY. . . .

"I knew you'd do that," her mother said a few weeks later, when Ava told her who was going to be Miss August 1986. "Your father put that in your brain when you were a kid."

Thanks, Dad.

A *New Yorker* in Hollywood, Ava misses taxicabs and night clubs that stay open late, but she knows that L.A. is the place for an actress on the cusp of









"I wouldn't force myself on anybody, but if I liked a man who was shy, I might become aggressive: loosen his tie, let him relax. I'd take some things off—slowly. Then, lights out. We'd still be at it 24 hours later."

success. "I'm strong, I'm a survivor and I have a very good agent," she says. "You're going to be seeing me in the movies."

If you get cable, you have already seen her on VH-1 or MTV, in Olivia Newton-John and David Foster's video *The Best of Me*. Livy gets the guy, but Ava, Foster's fantasy girl, makes a fantastic impression.

"I'm a New York girl and I miss my Sabrett's hot dogs," she says, "but there's a lot to do out here, money to be made, and I want some. I want good movie roles; I want the ranch, the boat and the private jet. I'll work for them."

She calls herself "a big ham" and admits that she sizzled during the shooting of her Playmate pictorial. "Arny Freytag and [make-up artist] Clint Wheat made me look beautiful, threw me on the couch and, yeah, I felt *real* sexy," says Miss August. "Exposing myself in front of millions of people was an experience I'd been thinking about. I felt sexy and I wanted to share it."

Beautiful, talented and *real* sexy, Ava can't be certain she'll succeed in the business that made her namesake famous. But she won't rest until she finds out.

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY ARNY FREYTAG
AND RICHARD FEGLEY

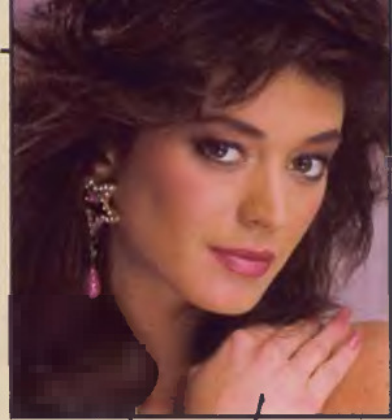
MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Ana Fabian

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Ava Fabian

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 114

BIRTH DATE: 4/4/62 BIRTHPLACE: Brewster, New York

AMBITIONS: Achieving Physical - intellectual and Artistic Excellence.

TURN-ONS: Men in Uniforms - Whipped Cream - Massages - Flowers - Big Fluffy Pillows - Ocean

TURN-OFFS: Hang-Overs - Ignorance Curfews - Cigars

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Sam Shepard - Truman Capote - Leo Tolstoy - Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. - Harold Pinter

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Elvis Costello - Talking Heads - Jeff Beck - Roxy Music - John Waite - David Byrne - Alison Moyet

FAVORITE SPORTS: Baseball - Horse Racing - Hockey

FAVORITE ERA: Roaring Twenties - Silent Films - Flappers - Duesenbergs - Gangsters - Big Band - Steak Houses

SECRET FANTASY: If I told you it wouldn't be a secret, now, would it?

Age 13



Big Night First Date Football Dinner

Age 16



Class picture

Age 21



First Cover-Girl Shot



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When his wife's snoring woke him for the third straight night, Henry went into the bathroom, got some aspirin and popped two tablets into her gaping mouth.

"Awk, glub!" choked his startled wife. "What happened?"

"I gave you some aspirin."

"Why? I don't have a headache."

"Great!" Henry said, chuckling triumphantly. "Let's screw."

Man, my kid's got girls hangin' all over him," the construction worker boasted to his buddy on the site. "I don't know how he has the energy."

"They say a guy hits his sexual peak at seventeen, you know," came the reply.

"Yeah," the worker sighed. "And to think mine slipped right through my fingers."



"It's just too hot to wear clothes today," the man said, emerging from the shower. "Honey, what do you think the neighbors would say if I mowed the lawn like this?"

"Probably that I married you for your money."

After spending a pleasant first morning in heaven walking through the clouds, the new arrival headed over to the cafeteria for lunch. He was surprised to find an enormous line stretching for blocks from the front door, but he dutifully took a place at the end of the line.

Fifteen minutes later, a tall old man with a large staff walked to the head of the line and was admitted at the cafeteria door.

"Say," grumbled the newcomer to the man next in line, "how does *that* guy rate?"

"Oh, that's Saint Jerome," the man replied. "He's a patriarch, you know."

Half an hour later, a dark-haired man carrying stone tablets walked to the front and was admitted.

"Who was that?"

"That was Moses," the experienced man answered. "The lawgiver."

Finally, a short, gray-haired man with a long robe and a flowing beard made his way to the front of the line and was admitted.

"And who was that?"

"That was God," the man explained. "But He thinks He's a doctor."

When an airplane carrying Reagan, Gorbachev and Marcos suddenly developed engine trouble over the Pacific, a decision had to be made as to who would get the only available parachute. Marcos suggested it be put to a democratic vote: He won, 12-2.

The insurance salesman stopped at a singles bar, ordered a drink and gazed around the room. He noticed a young woman sitting alone at a nearby table. Gathering his nerve, he approached her and said, "Excuse me. I hope you don't think I'm being forward, but I'm new in town and don't know too many people. I was wondering if I could buy you a drink."

The woman looked up and screamed, "Motel? How dare you?"

As every head in the room turned, the embarrassed man slunk back to the bar and ordered another drink.

Ten minutes later, the same woman came up to him, smiled and said, "I'm sorry about what happened before. I'm a graduate student in psychology, and what I did was part of an experiment in human social behavior."

"Ah," the man replied, then suddenly slammed his glass down on the bar, stood up and screamed, "Seventy-five dollars? Are you out of your mind?"

Look at this, Ralph," George said, passing a folded newspaper to his friend on the bus. "It says there's some woman in Missouri with sixty-nine kids."

"Jeez. I wonder why she didn't go for an even seventy," Ralph said after skimming the article.

"Who knows?" George replied with an elaborate shrug. "Maybe she wanted a career, too."



There's a new name for an old career-saving method among corporate underlings—the Hindlick maneuver.

Tired of their lack of spending money, the witless brothers decided to find work. At the end of their first day of work, they had earned a total of three dollars. After they had spent hours considering ways to enjoy their fortune, the older brother decided to take the cash and go shopping. When he returned, he proudly displayed a box of tampons.

"Gillie," the younger brother asked in exasperation, "what in blazes are we supposed to do with that?"

"Look at the box, Buford," his brother replied. "It says right here you can go swimming, sailing, horseback riding. . . ."

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.



DEDINI

"You see, in my country, we never had Mother Goose stories."

THE SPANISH INQUISITION

she was too beautiful not to be trouble

fiction By DAN THRAPP

MEN COME UP TO HER, even when she's with me, and say, "Wasn't that you at The Bronco Saturday night?" Or lines like, "Didn't I dance with you at The Outrider? Didn't I see you before? What was your name, sweet thing?" She really turns heads. Men notice Teresa. They remember her.

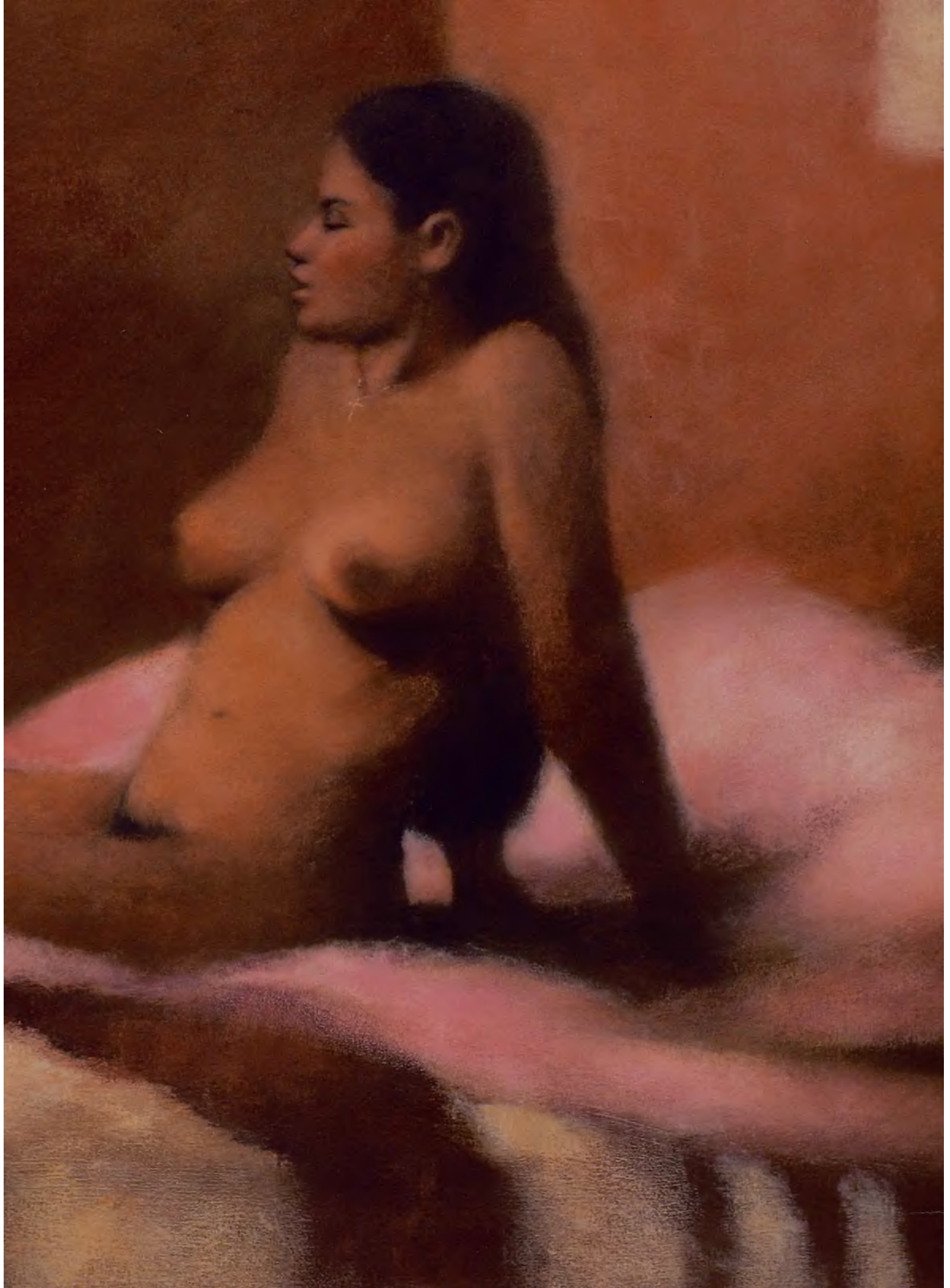
Guys say, "What's a knockout *señorita* like her doing with a skinny goat roper like you?" Trying to pick a fight. It's why I've always had to watch out. Why I've always carried my pistol in

the glove box of the truck, loaded. And it's why I wonder what I'll have to do when *The Spanish Inquisition* comes to town. The thing's not over yet, no matter what Teresa says.

Teresa is what's called Mex-mix or mix-Mex. Half and half. Blue-black hair that's down to her waist when she lets it loose and great big, deep, dark-brown eyes. Perfect complexion. Skin like a polished peach. When I first saw her, she was decked out like a cowgirl in boots and a pair of jeans they

must've stitched with her already inside.

It was down in Santa Cruz County, where I grew up. It was a spot down there called The Steak Out, one of those saloons with bullet holes in the roof for color; that's where we met. I used to rodeo, and this was after the rodeo, last fall. I'd lucked out and taken a prize, and when I came in late, first this giant ugly woman that hangs out there hooks her arm through mine and says. *(continued on page 124)*





20 QUESTIONS: SIGOURNEY WEAVER

America's favorite long drink of water defends her inalienable right to spend more years living dangerously

Tall, lithe, patrician and great-looking, Sigourney Weaver is a thinking man's actor on both stage and screen. She's also not above having a few laughs, whether it means being possessed by Zuul the Gatekeeper in "Ghostbusters" or being chased by an evil extraterrestrial in "Alien." Weaver had just returned from nearly a year in Europe, with a sassy new hairdo and three completed films (including "Aliens"), when she met Contributing Editor David Rensin at a Viennese restaurant on New York's West Side. Afterward, says Rensin, "She told newlywed stories. The prognosis: So far, so good."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've played bright, sensible, forthright women. In *Half Moon Street*, you play a woman who is a hooker on the side. Was it good to be bad for a change?

WEAVER: I'm always offered roles as straightforward women with integrity. Even as Lauren in *Half Moon Street*, I'm a callgirl with integrity. [Laughs] But I have more going on as an actor than I've been able to show, and in *Half Moon Street*, I could express something that was already there—though I still have a long way to go with that. None of the three films I've done this year was particularly funny, but humor is what I'm best at. The director was a fairly serious person, and so it will probably be a serious film. There aren't too many callgirl jokes in it.

2.

PLAYBOY: What's your character's approach to sex?

WEAVER: It's interesting. She understands quite clearly that sex is mental. That's why she doesn't get dolled up for her dates. She just goes as herself. Sex is also other things, though Ph.D.'s are probably more mental than the rest of us. One of the reasons Lauren is good at her job is that she sizes up how to get to a person fast. Then she can arouse him mentally or physically or emotionally, depending on what she thinks would be successful. Money just makes it more interesting for her. If you have to fuck a lot of people you don't care about, at least it would help. I certainly didn't find her a perverse character in any way. If that means that I'm perverse, so be it.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are the required nude scenes more or less of an issue to actresses these days?

WEAVER: I had to do a nude scene in *One*

Woman or Two, the French film I made with Gérard Depardieu. It now seems like an invasion of those characters' privacy. In a comedy, you don't want to go into the bedroom with the characters. You want to close the door and leave them to it. But one of the reasons I did it was that it was the last day of filming and I thought, Well, I have to take off my clothes for the next film, anyway. I would have thought more about it. Nudity becomes a major issue only when actors are asked to do something that they know is artistically stupid. Also, a lot of women are misused in films. You often see them nude, but not men—unless it's a Richard Gere movie. [Laughs] As for the *idea* of being naked in a film—as an actor, you're naked anyway.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is there an advantage for a leading lady in falling in love with her leading man?

WEAVER: I make it very clear to my character, inside me, that it's all right to fall head over heels in love. I say to that part of myself, "Go. Have fun." But the line between character and reality never gets blurred. I remember Depardieu said to me in the first couple of days of our film, "You're very much in love with your husband. Good. I'm very much in love with my wife. Now we can fall in love on screen. We can really be with each other."

5.

PLAYBOY: What surprises you most about marriage?

WEAVER: It's a lot easier than I thought it would be. I expected to have to tell myself every day that I must be more unselfish. I figured living alone had made me selfish. But in my case, it was the reverse. I could really embrace the change, because I lived alone longer. I also discovered that Jim was, well . . . terrific. I'll probably get in trouble, bragging in this interview, but he's so much fun. I knew this before marriage, but when your schedules are difficult and you're under a lot of pressure, you find out more quickly who people are. He's an effortlessly good companion.

He's just always there. He never seems to drop out. He's not a moody person at all. It's fun.

6.

PLAYBOY: You did a play called *Beyond Therapy*, which was about two people who found each other through personal ads in *The New York Review of Books*. Before she

got married, how might Sigourney Weaver's ad have read?

WEAVER: [Laughs] That's a wonderful question. OK: "Tall, shy brunette loaded with degrees would like to meet smart, happy-go-lucky man . . . in his early 70s . . . [Laughs] to skate with at Wollman Rink."

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a most treasured fan letter from a famous person?

WEAVER: I remember something that's similar. I was having trouble getting into Australia for *The Year of Living Dangerously*, so my agent had to write to about ten directors to get their recommendations. I never read them, but I know that people such as Robert Altman and Woody Allen and Bob Benton all sent telegrams saying nice things. I'm sure they didn't spend a lot of time thinking about it, but I was very touched that they would take the time to give me a recommendation.

8.

PLAYBOY: What doesn't the press understand about actors?

WEAVER: We're all different. I read something once where Bill Hurt tried to explain about being an artist and trying to remain one. What I respect about Bill is that he's not afraid to sound like an asshole when he talks about these things. They're important. It's what we're all feeling. Actors are society's creatures. We try to pull something out of people's private places and illuminate it. We're the fire bearers. Some of the most intense affairs are between actors and characters. There's a fire in the human heart, and we jump into it with the same obsession we have with our lovers. Acting is not, as some think, an attempt not to die. We don't judge it. We just celebrate it all.

9.

PLAYBOY: What qualities should the perfect director have?

WEAVER: I don't think there is such a thing. But a *good* director is someone who chooses people who are good at what they do and allows them to do it. Also, it's nice if a director is prepared. I was lucky this year. I worked with three who had written the scripts they were directing.

10.

PLAYBOY: You've spent time on a kibbutz. Why?

WEAVER: I wanted to be Jewish. When I was in college, (concluded on page 132)

*sometimes the god of golf smiles
on a guy just for the hell of it*

ROGER MALTBIE MAKES THE CUT

THERE IS an old man sitting on a folding chair behind the green on the 12th hole at Perdido Bay. His name is Archie. He is wearing a plaid shirt, buttoned at the neck and wrists, and is absently holding a cigar against the cuff of his pants. It is the second day of the 1985 Pensacola Open, and Archie is setting himself on fire.

The smoke rises in a path, following the folds in the old man's pants and shirt, and then flowers in front of his face, hanging there motionless even as he speaks.

"There's a lot of the females object to a cigar now'days," he says, playing to all the females in earshot, "but it's a sweet smell to the initiated."

A hundred and sixty yards away, a golfer named Roger Maltbie is standing beside a pond, looking down into the water at his golf ball. There are signs everywhere on the course that say, **THE LAKES CONTAIN WASTE-WATER EFFLUENT. DO NOT ENTER.**

There are 14 other people standing on the bank with him, all looking into the pond, too. Fifteen disappointed people all shake their heads at once. Everybody loves Roger Maltbie.

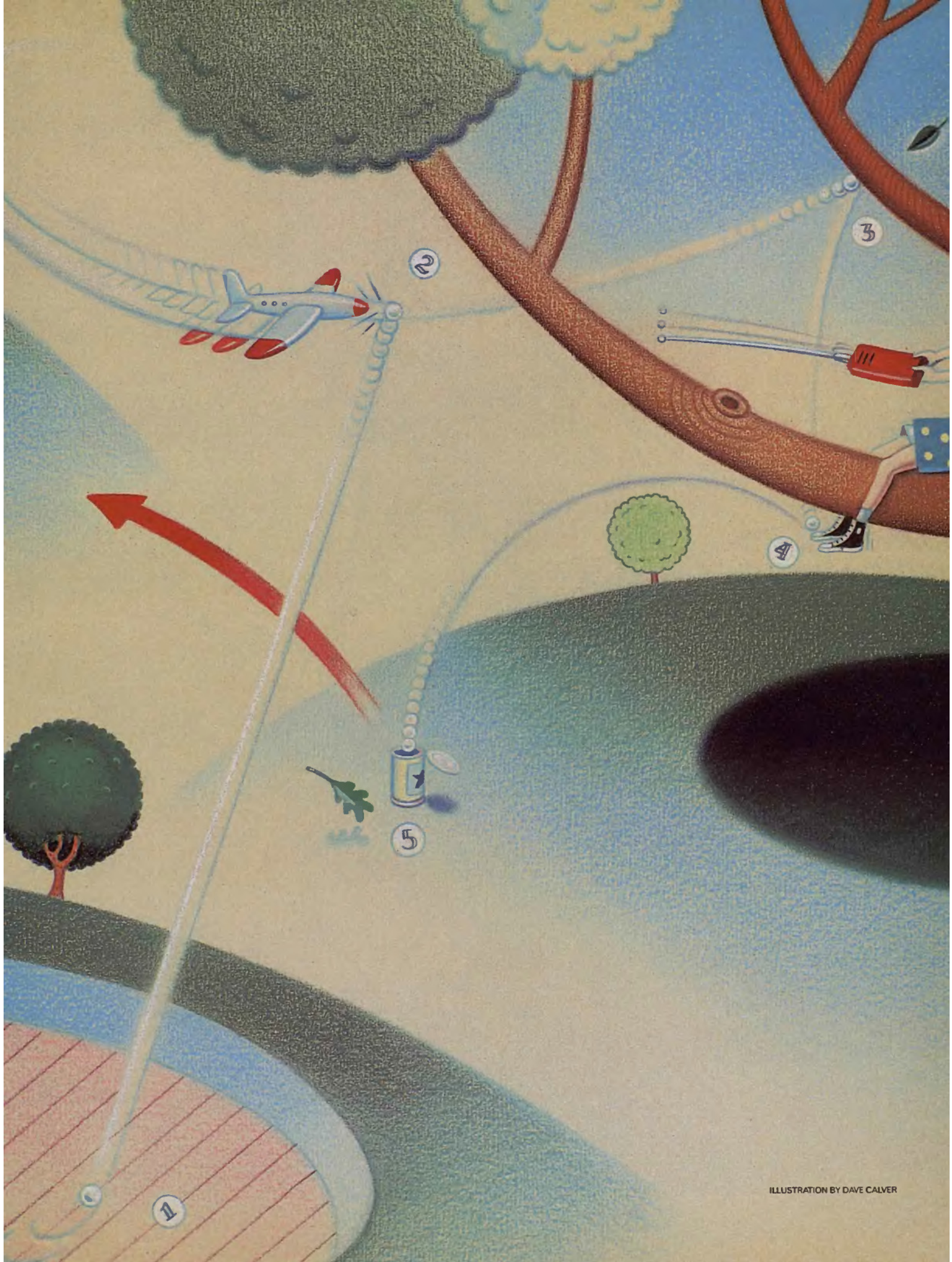
This is the second time this afternoon that Roger has put a ball into waste-water effluent. He has also hit balls into trees and sand traps and past the security guards—muscular, blonde girls, every one of them with those coffee-table legs, like Mary Lou Retton's—and even into the tall grass where small swamp animals lie around in the afternoon, airing themselves out after they've emerged from the waste-water effluents.

I do not know if this is happening because Roger's wife has gone to Chicago for a funeral, or *(continued on page 110)*


personality

By PETE DEXTER









ALEXANDER
SECRETS
OF
SUCCESSFUL
STYLE
JULIAN'S

Alexander Julian's belief that fashion is closer to comedy than to drama sums up his easygoing, often irreverent approach to clothes. Julian, who grew up in the preppie environs of his father's Chapel Hill, North Carolina, haberdashery, was "one of the weird kids who liked clothes and getting dressed up." Today, he heads a \$300,000,000 men's-fashion company, and nobody thinks that he or his philosophy that "clothes don't make the man, but they sure do make him look better" is offbeat.

That statement, incidentally, is Julian at his best. He has described his own "modern traditional" philosophy of design as a freethinking approach to fabric and color that lets the wearer enjoy the past without forsaking the present. For example, in putting together an outfit, Julian would "start with a classic navy-blue blazer with thin two-color stripes and team it with a blue pinpoint-oxford shirt that has a subtle overplaid, a bold paisley tie and gray-wool herringbone-stripe slacks. The outfit is classic, yet there's a modern twist to the interplay of patterns. It shows that the wearer has given some thought to his personal style."

When it comes to clothes, Julian insists that no one (concluded on page 145)

well-tailored advice
from
menswear's foremost
freethinker

ROGER MALTBIÉ

(continued from page 106)

"He didn't look like the golfers you see on TV; there is nothing that makes you want to kill him."

because his regular caddie is sick, or because when Roger's wife goes to Chicago and his caddie is sick, he sometimes goes out at night and drinks with the people who love him.

And everybody loves Roger Maltbie.

"Golf," Archie says, "is a tricky old game." And then, before I can stop him, he tells me it's a lot like life.

It is always somebody setting himself on fire who wants to tell you the meaning of life; have you noticed that?

On the other hand, how are you going to argue that golf *isn't* a lot like life? I mean, there are some of us who know what life is like, and some of us who know what hitting a golf ball straight is like, but almost nobody who knows about life and hitting a golf ball straight, too. Those things may not be able to exist in the same body.

Which, as much as anything, I guess, brings us to Roger Maltbie.

One day, while I was in the bathtub having sexual intercourse with my wife—actually, we were just at that place where the girl says, "Wait, my leg . . ."—this magazine called me on the telephone and said it had a great idea.

"We want to find somebody frustrated," the magazine said. "A professional golfer, somebody maybe in the top 100 in the world at his sport, who lives on the fringe, never really making it, struggling from week to week to stay in the game."

I said, "And you're going to call him up while he's fucking his wife."

"Is this a bad time?" the magazine said.

Don't ever believe that shit that PLAYBOY's insensitive to modern woman's sexuality.

"Not at all," I said. "I was just thinking about golf myself."

Which was when the missus got up out of the bathtub and disappeared into the bedroom, trailing little wet footprints that would have broken your heart.

"Are you sure this isn't a bad time?" the magazine said.

"To talk about golf?" I said. "There's no such thing as a bad time to talk about golf." Which is more or less the motto I live by.

Somewhere in the house, the missus turned on a hair drier; and while she did that, the magazine and I agreed to find somebody about three fourths fucked up on the golf tour—who could never play as well when it counted as he could when it didn't, who was still out there chasing something he could never catch—and use him to show readers sitting abandoned in

bathtubs all over the world that they aren't the only ones who can't get what they want.

And so I called some people who follow the game closer than I do—this includes everybody in the United States and most of Cuba—and laid out what I needed in the way of a fuck-up. A golf writer who was obviously trying to protect the game told me there might be an interesting piece instead in the fact that more and more golfers are spending countless hours in the gym, because touring pros have to be in better condition than the public realizes.

Another golf writer told me about Roger. He said, "There's this guy with a funny name and a beer belly. He won a tournament his first year on the tour, got drunk and left the check in a bar someplace near Boston, won another tournament the next year and then went into a nine-year slump and didn't win again until this year."

Which sounded more like it.

Roger Maltbie. I loved that name; I still love it, even though now, looking back on it, I'd have to say that in a way, Roger has let all of us sitting-in-a-bathtub-looking-at-my-own-dick kind of guys down.

But I am getting ahead of myself. The first sign that something was wrong with Roger showed up early, and I ignored it. A woman with an air of authority that exists only in offices where nobody reads anything but golf magazines told me that she was not about to "turn over Roger Maltbie's phone number to just anybody." She said I would have to ask his agent if it was all right to talk with him.

If the question of what a fringe professional golfer struggling from week to week to stay alive on the tour was doing with an agent passed through my head, it didn't stay long enough for me to notice it. This man had gotten drunk and left his winner's check in a bar, he was *Roger Maltbie* and he'd gone stone-cold for a decade.

It took 11 days to get him on the phone. Business deals, public appearances. When I finally caught up with him, he sounded exactly like somebody who'd left a \$40,000 check in a bar but not much like somebody who'd been riding a losing streak for ten years since.

So I laid out what I was after, and he said he certainly knew something about frustration and living on the edge: "Until May [1985, when he won the Westchester Open and \$90,000], I was exactly what you're talking about."

And that didn't warn me, either, not a half second's worth.

I said, "Don't change; I'll be out there in three days."

And so I met Roger in a bar at the Hyatt Hotel in San Jose, California. He had yellow hair and a tan, but he didn't look like the golfers you see on television, which is to say that there is nothing about Roger that makes you want to kill him because you know right away that nothing else is ever going to go wrong in his life.

No, Roger looks like he's had his share of things go wrong and like he's had his share of things go right. And he looks like sometimes when things went right, it was for too long, and he had ended up feeling wrong again in the morning.

I said, "You don't spend endless hours in the gym because golfers have to be in better condition than the public realizes, do you?"

Roger lit a cigarette and pointed with the two fingers holding it toward a window across the room. "If I ran to that window," he said, studying the distance, "if I made it, you would hear a pitiful wheezing. Why put everybody through that?"

I said, "I see life on the fringe of the P.G.A., watching the Tom Watsons of this world walk off with the 18-foot winners' checks, hasn't turned you bitter?"

He said, "Well, I'm not really doing too bad this year. . . ."

"You won a tournament in May, right?"

"That one," he said, "and then the World Series of Golf."

I said, "That's sort of honorary, though. I mean, you didn't get paid."

He scratched his head. "A little more than \$120,000."

So I excused myself from the table for a minute and found a telephone and explained to PLAYBOY that things had made a left turn. "I thought you said he was a fuck-up," the magazine said.

I said, "What can I tell you? He fucked that up, too."

The numbers at the time, if you are interested in numbers, read like this: It was mid-August 1985, and Roger had won \$351,724. He was sixth on the P.G.A. money list for the year—\$10,000 shy of being third—and he had just gone over \$1,000,000 in career earnings.

I went back to the table and asked him to tell me something human.

"Three hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars by August won't do it," I said.

Roger thought it over. "I'm human," he said. "I've got the same feelings as everybody else, but somehow I ended up with golf. When I was a kid, I had a kind of epilepsy. It wasn't fits, but sometimes there'd be short periods of time when I'd go off somewhere else. That happens while you're playing third base, it shows. With golf, it didn't matter.

"That's how I got into it at first; now I

(continued on page 147)

a cartoonist gives new meaning to the concept of getting tanked

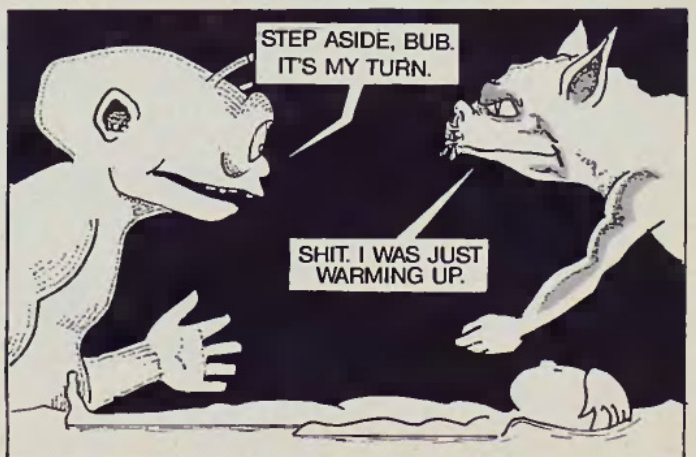
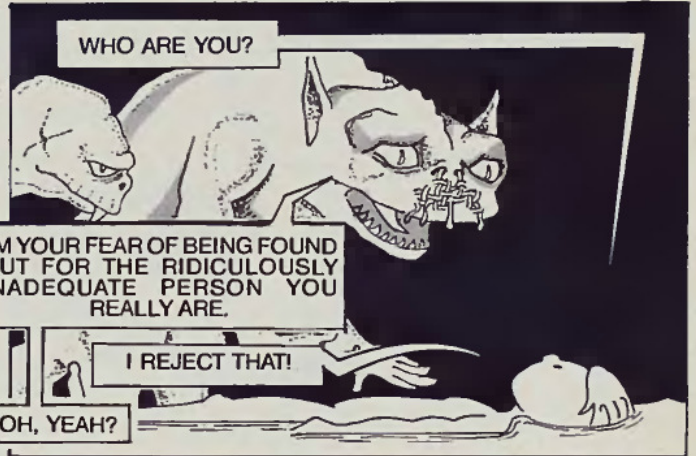
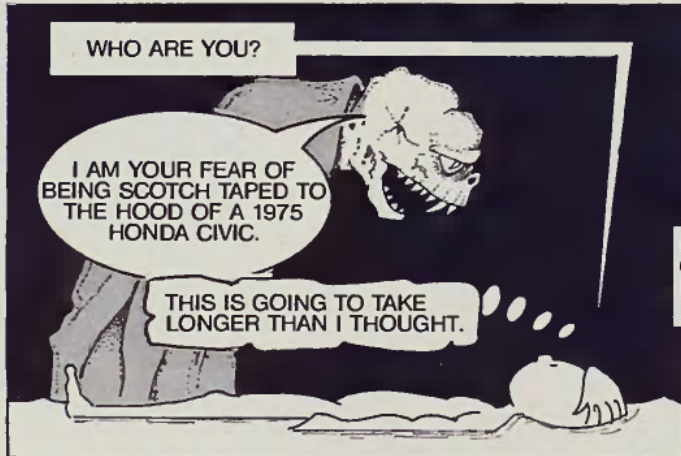
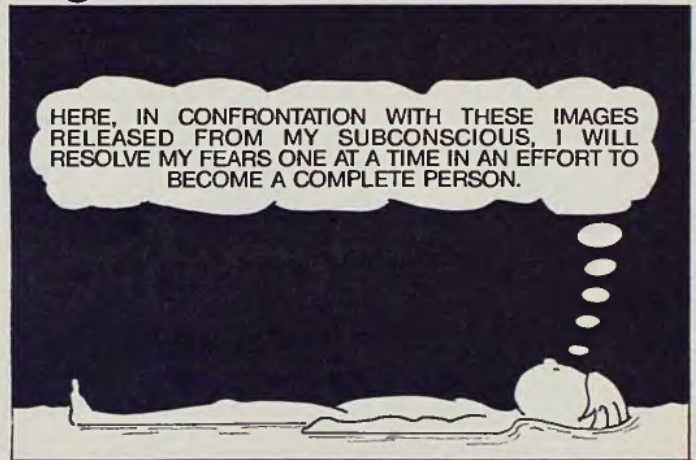
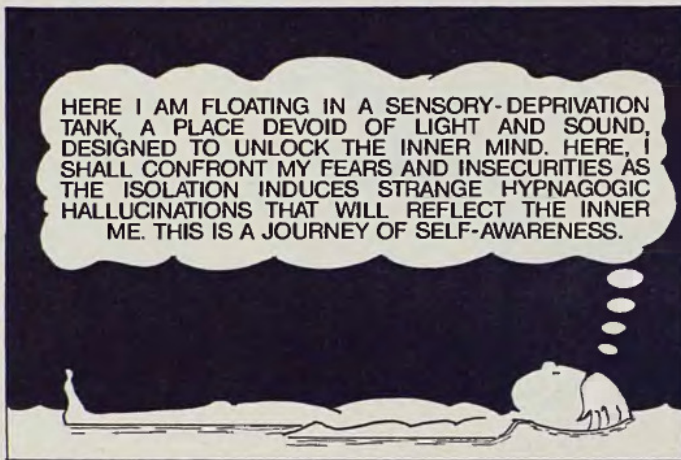
SOME PEOPLE work out the accounting of their lives by stretching out on psychiatrists' couches; some work off excess guilt by jogging to a frenzy with their Walkmans; and one brave soul we know lowers his body into a tepid tank of water and shuts out the problematic world. Our bachelor Bruce David lives in Los Angeles, where he cartoons his *S.M.O.G.* fea-

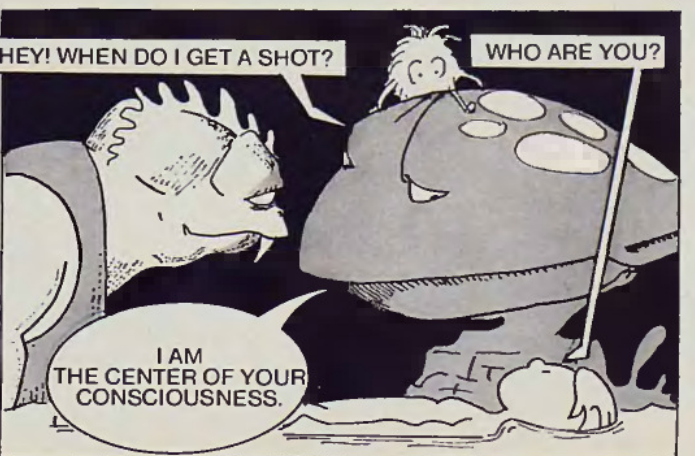
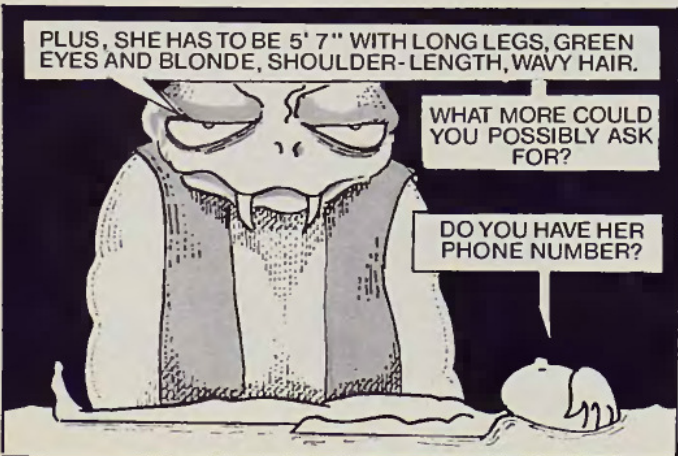
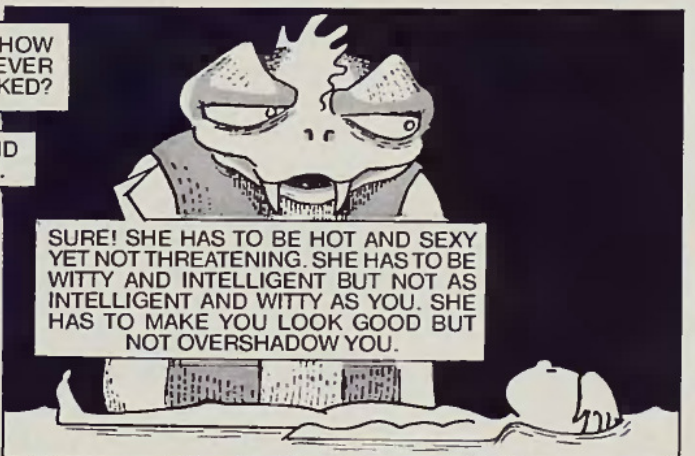
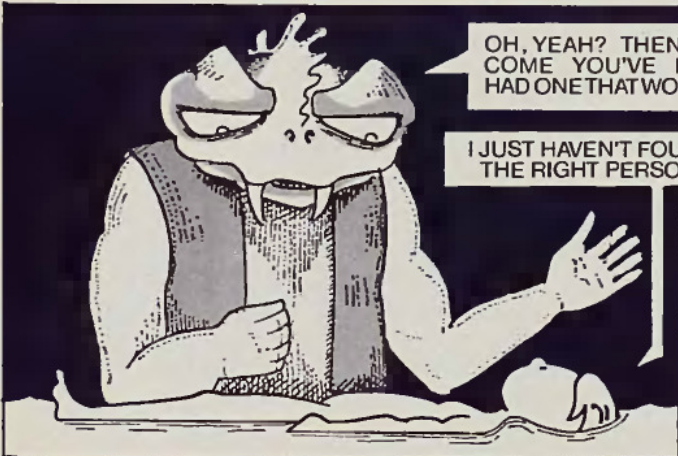
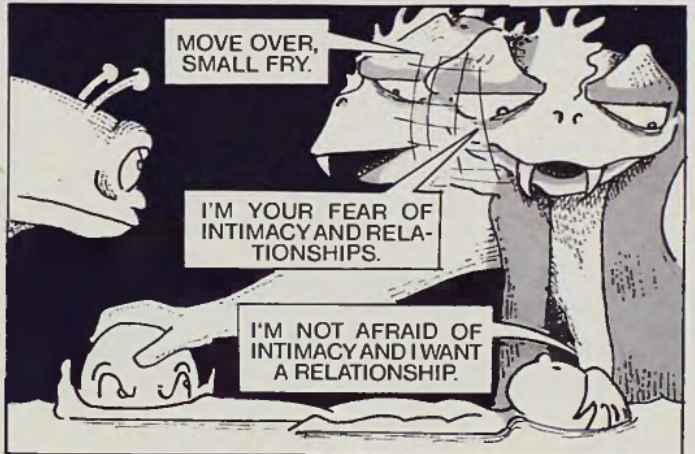
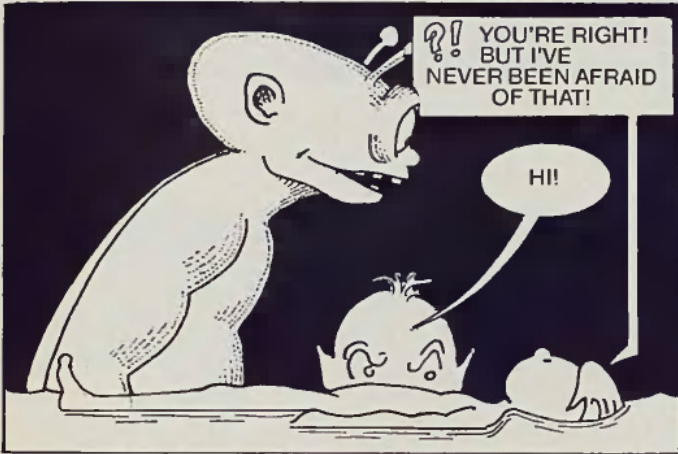
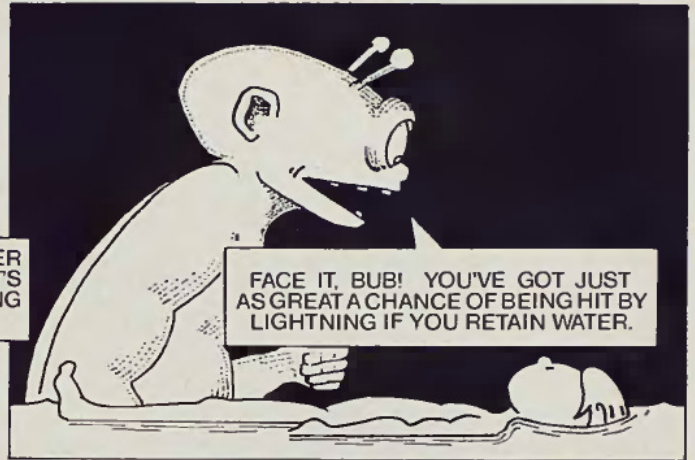
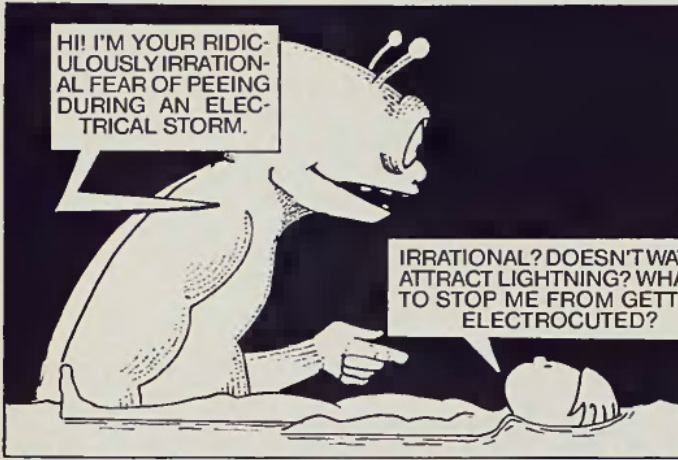
ture for the *L.A. Weekly*, writes television comedy—including two episodes of *Family Ties*—carouses and allows his subconscious to flourish and be inspired while he sloshes around underwater in an isolation tank. As a student of the *Tibetan Book of the Very Depressed*, however, he is convinced that all of his alternate selves are having a better time than he is. You can judge for yourself.

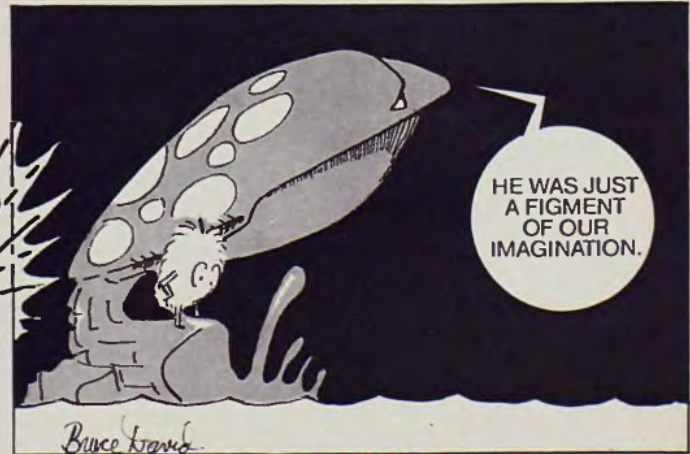
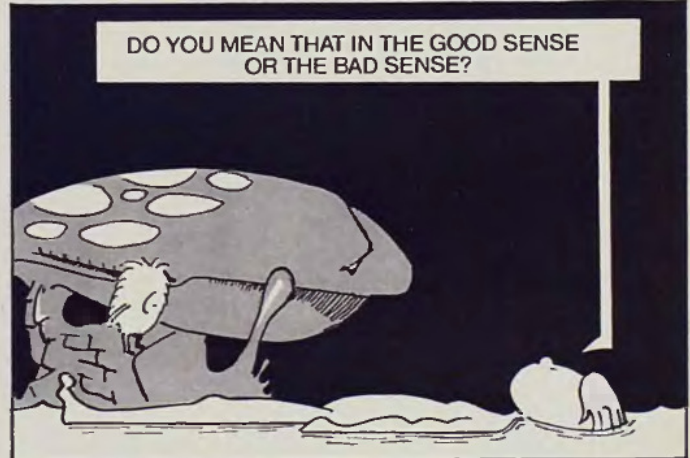
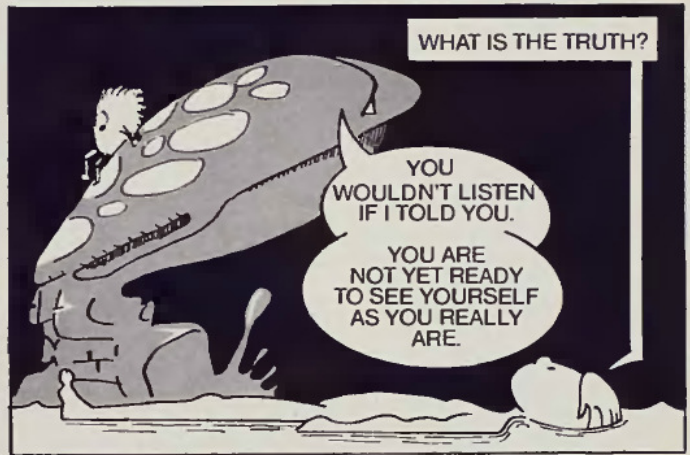
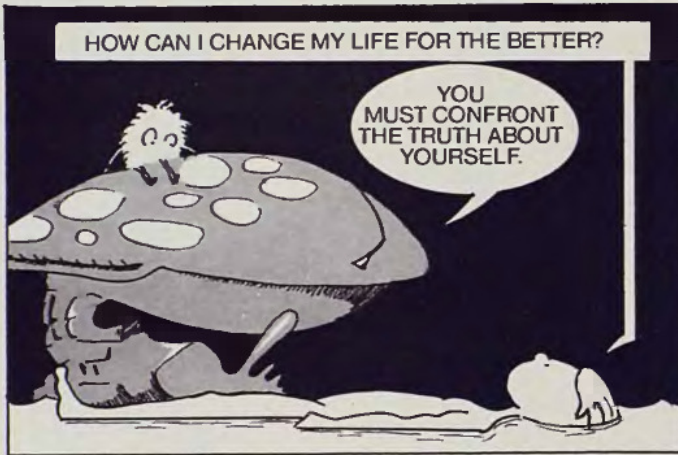
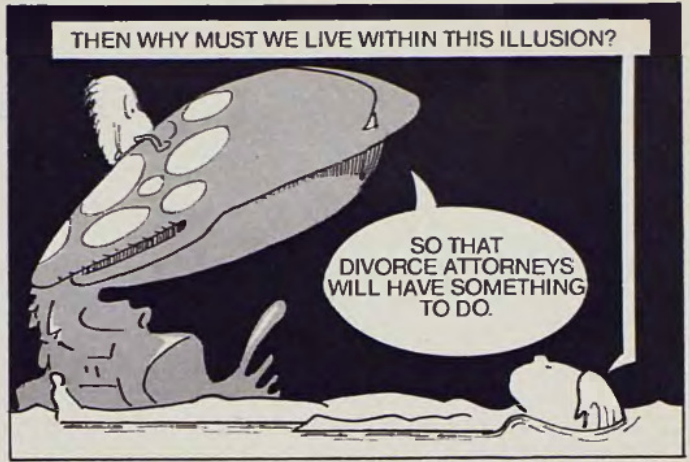
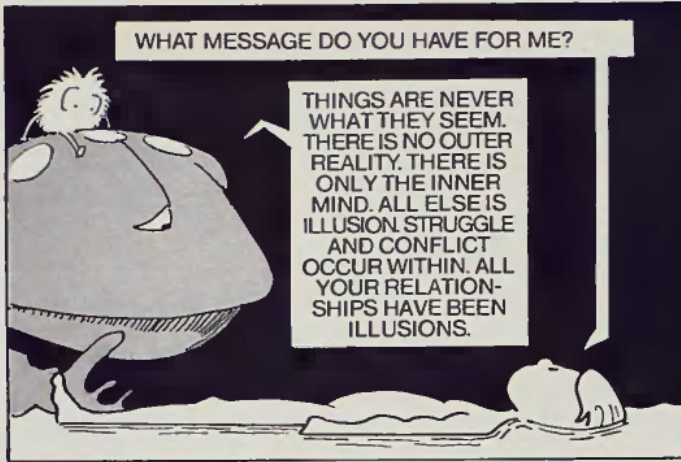
S.M.O.G.

humor

By Bruce David







REINCARNATION

life imitates art when playmate lillian müller interprets the erotic masterpieces of olivia de berardinis



OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS can remember the first time she saw Lillian Müller on the pages of *PLAYBOY*. "She was so beautiful," she recalls. "She really defined sexuality." That was 1976, the year in which Müller had been chosen *PLAYBOY*'s Playmate of the Year and had embarked on an ambitious acting and modeling career in Europe. De Berardinis was an artist—an *erotic* artist who was just beginning to build her reputation in a field dominated by men. She tore Müller's pictures from the

It's not often that an artist such as Olivia De Berardinis sees her paintings recreated in real life. At right, art comes alive, with 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller (now known as actress Yuliis Ruvál) striking a classic De Berardinis pose for the camera. Above, the artist returns the favor with a Müller portrait.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY / ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS

COSTUME ADAPTATION BY LESLEY LEVIN



"There's nothing sexier than a kimono," claims Olivia De Berardinis, who created the original work below. "It's the ultimate fantasy lingerie, because you're covered yet also exposed." Lillian Müller interprets that pose (left). At right is another attention-getting re-creation, and on the following page is one of De Berardinis' favorite visual puns, called "You Tickle My Ivaries."



magazine and pinned them to her studio walls for inspiration. Ten years later, the two women met. The occasion was a photo session at Playboy Studio West in Los Angeles, where the magazine was attempting to pull off an unusual homage to De Berardinis' art—which is now ranked with the work of Pat Nagel, Alberto Vargas and George Petty. The idea was to take several of her remarkable paintings and re-create them photographically. When the time came for the artist to meet the model, De Berardinis did a double take. By sheer coincidence, the woman *PLAYBOY* had chosen for the layout was the very same Lillian Müller whose pictures had graced her studio.

For Müller, stepping inside Studio West was like a return home. After her Playmate of the Year promotional tour in 1976, she had returned to her native Norway. In Europe, she appeared on the covers of several magazines and starred in three films—*Rosemary's Daughter*,







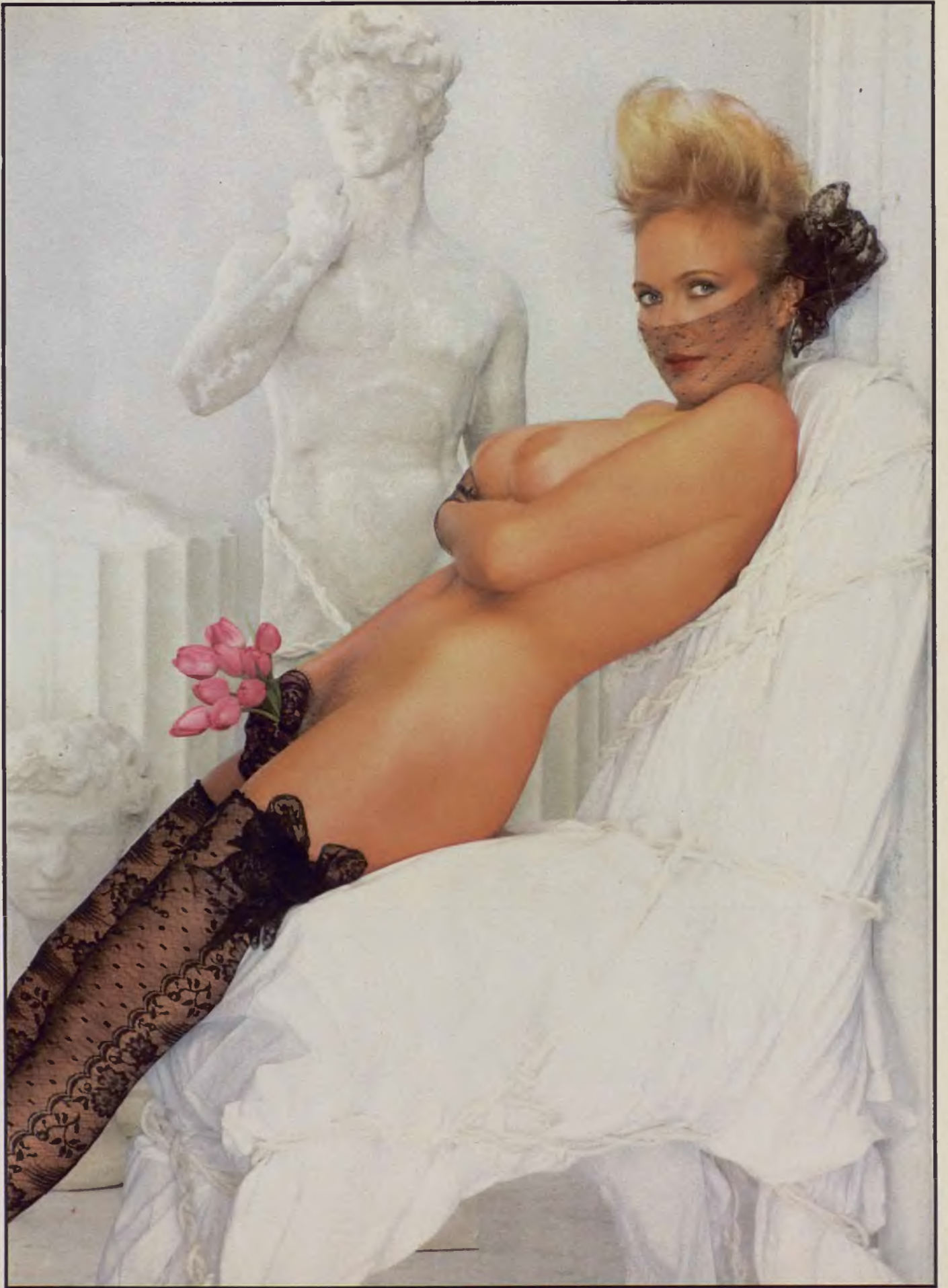


"When I started painting, my subjects all looked like me," explains De Berardinis, "but the more I worked, the more that changed." The work on this page is sold by De Berardinis' O Card Corporation as a birthday greeting. At right, Müller pays homage to a work that originally appeared on the cover of *Zaam*, a glossy French photo magazine. It's available as a limited-edition print.



Doctor's Dilemma and *Casanova & Company*—before stunning her agents and friends with an impromptu early retirement. "I wanted to pursue a regular relationship and a normal life," she explains. She and her boyfriend moved to the Norwegian countryside. After a few years, it became apparent that the experiment wasn't working. "I wasn't made for a so-called regular life in Norway," she now admits. When her relationship foundered and her life in "a small town in a small country" became claustrophobic, she returned to the United States to resume her career.

Along the way, she made an important decision: to change her name. She had found that the surname Müller, combined with her sultry Norwegian accent, worked against her getting parts. "Everyone would take it for granted that I was German," she complains. "I was sick and tired of it, so I thought, Why not take my grandmother's (text concluded on page 146)





Something old, something new. This page features one of De Berardinis' most recent works, her first experiment in combining air-brush (for the body and face) with water color and pastels (for the background). If the pose at right looks familiar, you have a sharp memory. It's based on a piece that first appeared in *PLAYBOY* in November 1984. Lillian Müller makes it breathe in 1986.





"I like to watch her towel herself. Women look so beautiful when they're just out of a shower."

"Hi, darling, where've you been all night?"

The place's packed, and everybody I know or don't know's in on the joke, watching for me to get eaten alive. So I give this woman a great big smack on the mouth, which stuns her so severely I make my getaway.

I squeeze in quick to a place at the bar. Then I look down where the bar elbows, and there's Teresa, fighting men off. She's wearing one of those Western shirts, cut like a man's but made for women, and it's silky and white, so she stands out like a pearl. And every time she moves, it clings to her in a new and interesting way, so I get eyestrain trying to watch her without turning my head. I carry my heart around in my mouth half the night, watching her dance, watching her breeze around, one man after another taking a throw at her and coming up empty. Later on, here she comes right up beside me to the bar. She doesn't look at me, just leans there, waiting for the bartender.

Then, out of the blue, she says, "You been looking at me all night."

"So what?" I tell her after I take a big gulp. "So's everybody."

"So everybody else is asking me to dance."

"I'm too shy for that," I tell her.

She likes such a remark. She gives me a long look then, those big, dark eyes. "I liked the way you handled Big Billie," she says, finally.

So, to make a long story short, I played hard to get for another five minutes, which is just my way. Then I asked her to run off to Mexico with me, and she said she would. We were both kidding. That was it, really. She told me right off she only acted wild, and I told her I only acted bold.

She was living down in Tucson, so I moved there and in with her. I went to work up in San Manuel, down in the mine—a chute tapper, which is pounding big rocks into little rocks so they'll go down the chute. It's hard work, but the money was awful good. Then I made foreman of the team, which made sense, because they always promote the one who least deserves it, and so I was making more than a hundred a day on bonus. Our expenditures took off like a rocket. New furniture, new pickup; we bought a house on the northwest side. Then the copper industry went to hell. They said it would happen, but nobody believed it. So the union went on strike, and I went, too.

Inside of one month, we ran through what little we'd put aside. Cutting back

was harder than walking on one foot. And I couldn't find a job, because people were afraid to hire miners when they knew we'd go right back to the mine as soon as we could. Unemployment checks kept us from sinking clear under, but I worried that Teresa'd start thinking she'd joined the wrong parade.

Then Teresa says how she used to hire on with the movie companies that used to come to Tucson. I tell her I'm not the sort to have a woman support me, but she says, "Larry, don't worry about that; it's not really work." She said it wasn't like a steady job. She said it was fun.

So I said, "OK, see what you can get."

It was her and her friend Victoria who used to hire on as extras. Victoria is mix-Mex, too, so they both worked the West-erns as Mexicans or Indians. Victoria was her roommate before I came along, and we all lived together for a couple or three weeks. Victoria isn't pretty the same way as Teresa, but she can look real good, and she's got a quick head. We had something happen once, then maybe once again. It was more like friends getting friendlier; Victoria gets lonely, and she got lonely once when Teresa went home for the week to Yuma, and again when we were just talking one afternoon. But it was nothing more than that; we both knew it.

Anyway, she calls up Teresa and says there's a job opportunity with some movie company, so they go out to see about it, and later on, Teresa phones me. "We both got the job," she says. She doesn't sound too excited about it.

"What do you have to do?"

"I don't know yet for sure."

She was at Victoria's, and they were having a couple of margaritas and going over their part of the script.

"Does it look good?"

"Yeah. In a way."

That's all she'll say. She comes home around suppertime, a bit dazed—they'd each gone through five or six margaritas.

"How much does it pay?" I ask her. She tells me how much, and it seems like *mucho* for an extra. "What do you have to do? Jump off a cliff?"

She tells me it's nothing like that. "I play an Indian. We both do. It's a movie about Spanish conquistadors looking for the seven cities of gold. It's called *The Spanish Inquisition*."

"Inquisition?" I ask her what that means.

"I don't know. It has something to do with converting the Indians to Christianity."

"Good for you," I put in then. "A reli-

gion movie, and you're Catholic, even though you're lapsed."

I'm trying to be funny, but she doesn't even smile. So I tell her the whole thing sounds awful damn simple for all that money. She says maybe it isn't enough money. She's not sure what she'll do. She left the script at Victoria's, and she's tired and doesn't want to talk about it anymore. "I have to get to sleep and get up at four, because it starts tomorrow and they always start early and it's way down south of Sonoita."

I ask her the name of the company, and she says it's Cibola Productions and that they've done lots of pictures. She wouldn't've told me that much if I hadn't asked.

Then, in the morning, she's up and gone before I know it. So I sprawl around the house all day, wondering if she'll call, but she doesn't. She comes home after dark and says she's dog-tired. She wants to shower and clean off the rest of the make-up and go straight to bed.

I wait till I hear the water shut off. Then I push open the door. I like to watch her towel herself. Women look so beautiful when they're just out of a shower. She does, her black hair all wet and slick, and the way she bends, getting the teeniest fold across her navel when she runs that towel up and down her legs. She's got one of those long, thin-waisted figures that are full on top without being too full and not too wide across the hips. She's smooth all over, like when they finished making her, they took and cinched up her skin to make it fit perfect, like the way they put those plastic grips on pliers by slipping the plastic on hot so when it cools, it snugs up firm. She likes her body. She likes having me watch her. It's a game we play, and here I've been lunking all day, building up my energy.

(continued on page 142)

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY

WE LIKE to think that every installment of our new editorial-art-photo feature *The Playboy Gallery* is good, but this month's entries are especially tasty. The art, a fine-feathered femme by Olivia De Berardinis, is a previously unpublished original. If you'd like to see more of Olivia's work, turn to *Reincarnation*, featuring 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller, on page 114. Our photo (by Dick Zimmerman) is of Morgan Fairchild, whose bitch-goddess *Falcon Crest* persona made her second only to Joan Collins as America's favorite dangerous damsel. If you, like we, love to watch Morgan's pert little nostrils flare when she talks, volume five of the *Playboy Video Magazine* features an interview with her that reveals, among other things, that she always wanted to look like Sophia Loren.





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





1985
Shirley

TRAVEL TIPS (continued from page 82)

“Walt Frazier: ‘Just for fun, I’ll have myself paged and watch everybody looking around for me.’”

sweaters a little chance to go out on the road, to be a part of my life. I also carry a fruit-paring knife. Thank God I’m Famous Amos, so the security guards know I’m not a hijacker. Sometimes I wear my naval admiral’s cap, with scrambled eggs and stuff on it.” Disembarking, Amos has stewardesses fill a shopping bag with leftover fruit from the first-class galley. “That’ll be my breakfast some morning, or a snack,” he says.

R. W. Apple, Jr.: This veteran foreign correspondent for *The New York Times* has jetted virtually everywhere, becoming a packing maven: “The trick is to find things that pack easily, stand up to the rigors of Third World laundries and serve many purposes.”

His bag is a canvas carry-on, so he never arrives in Cairo to find that Egypt-Air has routed his clothes on to Aswan. But his mainstay is The Briefcase.

“For years, I used a plebeian model, until it was stolen in Naples. The insurance payoff was generous, and now I have a fancy one by Porsche. I always keep it with me, packed. If I have to get to the airport fast—as I did when the Pope was shot—I can throw in a clean shirt and survive for a couple of days.”

Stowed inside: a calculator, folding sunglasses, a checkbook, an address book, guidebooks, first-aid packets and a miniature toilet kit. Apple carries a Braun travel alarm, with a world time chart and an alarm that gets louder if it’s ignored, a Durabeam flashlight, a Sony ICF-7600D radio and spare batteries. Also on board are a miniature leather tool kit (“for repairing hotel plumbing, decrepit rental cars and the like”), traveler’s checks, a leather pouch with international coins, a mini-atlas and a Swiss army knife (which guards seized at the Venice summit meeting).

He also carries a portable pepper mill. “It’s amazing what a few turns of the machine will do for a meal prepared by the culinary sadists of the Iraqi army.”

Airborne, he wears The Uniform: “Corduroy trousers with elastic woven in, making them wrinkle resistant and stretchable, a polo shirt or a turtleneck, depending on the climate, and a jacket.” He packs a blazer, a medium-weight suit, a quick-dry bathing suit, a fold-up bag for purchases en route and boots for those rainy days in London, snowy days in Minsk or dusty days in Marrakesh.

Peter Burwash: As president of Peter Burwash International, a company that trains and places tennis pros at 63 sites in 23 countries, Burwash travels 300 days a year. He conducts business in transit with the help of a mini-office that he carries in a

Verdi shoulder bag. Inside, he stashes a fold-up briefcase, envelopes and paper in an expandable folder, and two address books, one containing 16,000 names. Also tucked in the bag are a 5” x 7” pencil case that holds a Swingline stapler, a small pencil sharpener, a six-inch ruler, Scotch tape, miniscissors, a two-inch Phillips- and regular-head-screwdriver set, a sewing kit, 20 Avery file labels, four Duracell AA batteries, a calculator and Band-Aids.

City maps go in the bag along with an assortment of felt-tip pens, a 35mm mini-camera, film and a micro dictation machine. Also inside are a document case, a bag of change in various currencies for airport telephones, a zippered bank bag to hold his 20 or so airline tickets and white tape to repair tears in his luggage. Burwash obviously believes in the boy-scout dictum “Be prepared.”

Stockard Channing: “It’s a point of honor with me to take nothing I won’t wear—if you have too much stuff, you get angry at your clothes,” the actress says. “But I do pack books. No phones interrupt you on planes. I’d rather omit comfortable shoes than three books.”

Channing also checks her luggage through. “If I can’t bear to lose it, I don’t pack it.” Traveling between climates, she carries separate bags for each. “Recently, flying from Italy to Morocco, I stored the Italy bag in Rome and just took the Morocco bag.”

Eric Dickerson: “My solution to packing, since I can’t fold clothes neatly, is to get a young lady to do it for me,” says the running back of the Los Angeles Rams. “And when I can, I avoid connecting flights.”

On one trip, Dickerson’s prized Louis Vuitton suitcase was stolen from a conveyor belt. His advice: “If you’re going to tote fancy luggage, make it a carry-on.”

Doug Flutie: “I just go through my drawers and grab my favorite clothes,” says the quarterback of the New Jersey Generals. “I don’t pay attention to three pairs of pants or three shirts or things like that—I just grab whatever I like and throw it into a Pony bag.” Flutie keeps the Army-style bags in different sizes to match trip lengths. “If I need a suit, I just hang it in a garment bag, which I take on the plane.”

Walt Frazier: “I don’t eat on planes, except chicken—sometimes that’s good,” says the former center for the New York Knickerbockers, who often takes off on the spur of the moment, either on business or to his Virgin Islands hideaway.

“I used to stay up all night figuring out my packing, but now it takes ten minutes, because I pack only what I need.” He coordinates colors so that all his clothes

are interchangeable. He keeps a toilet kit permanently packed. Size-13 shoes are hefty, so he takes only one pair, in a neutral color.

When possible, he rents a car instead of flying, reserving it in advance to avoid hassle. “Driving through the countryside can be very relaxing—no phones, just checking out the scenery.” To find a new town’s hot spots, he asks skycaps and cabbies. Celebrity status helps, he adds, because you’re never a stranger. It also helps relieve the tedium of long airport waits: “Just for fun, I’ll have myself paged and watch everybody looking around for me.”

John Larroquette: At 6’5”, the Emmy-winning actor on NBC’s *Night Court* requires a hotel room with a king-size bed. “Small hotels give you more hospitality,” he says. But he checks out a new one with someone who has stayed there: “It may be next to a toxic-waste dump, with people with three arms wandering around.”

Despising travel, he simplifies by always keeping a bag packed, including two unread books. Upon entering his hotel room, he orders room service, even if he doesn’t want anything. “Just ordering a sandwich gives you a clue to the quality of the hotel’s restaurant,” he says. “Also, I want them to wait on me, so I feel I’m being treated as a guest.”

Robin Leach: A 300,000-miles-a-year traveler, the host of TV’s *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* packs each garment on its own wire hanger, in a separate plastic bag: “That prevents wrinkles and lets you hang up your things fast when you arrive.” He packs a carry-on garment bag and an under-the-seater, with a shoulder strap. “A bag over each shoulder is important for balance.” He keeps his traveling clothes in a special section of the closet, ready to grab. He has three identical traveling wardrobes: “One is packed, one is at the cleaners and one is en route from the cleaners.”

“Fine hotels have advantages. In Bangkok, I once discovered that I’d left all my clothes in Hong Kong, but the hotel there forwarded everything to Bangkok. And never check luggage. In Jordan for the king’s engagement party, I discovered that the airline had lost my suitcases. You can’t just go around the corner in Amman and buy a tux. I wound up going in a caftan.”

LeRoy Neiman: Neiman’s packing centers on his artist’s supplies, which always accompany him in a briefcase. He also takes a travel iron, using a towel atop a dresser as an ironing board. Since he tends to leave his reading glasses on planes, he carries a spare pair.

For big jobs, such as the Super Bowl, he carries bulky portfolios. “In first class, you can carry almost anything on.” His fees include first-class tickets and hotel suites: Arriving in Las Vegas to cover a fight, or in Palm Springs for a golf tournament, he must be relaxed, ready to begin sketching immediately. He favors such hotels as The Mansion in Dallas, the Beverly Hills



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Hotel, the Dorchester in London and the Ritz in Paris. "The determining factors are small ones, such as providing a robe, so you don't have to carry one," he says. "A hotel's view is crucial, too—a splendid view is liberating when you're working."

He also packs a dark business suit. With a cummerbund and a bow tie, he can make it formal.

George Plimpton: "Everything I need goes into a soft-sided bag I can squash under the seat," says author Plimpton, who refuses to check bags through.

His devotion to minimal packing may be genetic. His grandfather circled the world, discarding things en route, and arrived home with a large trunk containing one last pair of socks. "I knew a well-traveled Cuban who stored trunks in cities such as Madrid, Paris, Lisbon," Plimpton says. "He'd arrive carrying only an attaché case, pick up his trunk and have all he needed."

Plimpton himself travels sans pajamas and bathrobe, figuring that anything he really needs, he can buy. In the air, he works. "It's a wonderful time to write. About half my bag is taken up with yellow legal pads and pencils."

Pompeo Posar: "I tell my wife where I'm going and she packs everything for me," says PLAYBOY's Senior Staff Photographer, the leading producer of this magazine's centerfold and cover photographs. "When I fly, I always sit on the left side of the plane going east and on the right going west, to avoid the sun. I get an aisle seat, so I can stretch out and walk around the plane without disturbing people."

"If I'm checking into a hotel early, I always call in advance—often, they bill you only half a day or they don't charge at all," he adds. "I tip the chambermaid every morning, instead of waiting until I leave, to ensure good service."

Posar guards his film zealously against airport X rays. "I always pack fresh film with my clothes," he says. "I carry a Polaroid for test shots when I get to the site—if it's OK, I know that the film in my luggage is also OK. Coming back, I hand-carry the exposed film in plastic bags that I've taken with me—you have to insist, in a nice way, that airport security officers hand-check your exposed film. If they argue, ask to see their supervisor. In Mexico, recently, I spent two weeks shooting nine girls who had flown in from nine countries and four continents—imagine if airport X rays had fogged my film!"

Posar carries his camera equipment in a pilot-style carry-on bag. "I never use a camera bag. I don't want to advertise myself as a photographer, which makes you vulnerable to thieves and extra customs inspections." For off hours, he says, "I take a small automatic camera, just to take shots for fun of flowers, boats, scenery."

Deborah Raffin: Raffin travels frequently to China on film-industry business. "I always pack a small set of stereo headphones, because the plane's earphones are

terrible," she says. "Plus a Walkman, books on tape, dried food and an electric pot for preparing soup or tea in my hotel room. And I always use inexpensive luggage on wheels; even my carry-on bag is cheap." Raffin has stopped buying expensive luggage, because it was inevitably destroyed in transit.

For some situations, she says, only a sense of humor helps. In Inner Mongolia, she reluctantly boarded a tiny, rickety prop plane. The crew sealed the doors. "Suddenly, the stewardess rushed down the aisle; they'd locked out the pilot."

Wally Schirra: "In the old Apollo days, I traveled with only a change of underwear and one suit, a space suit—we weren't frequent fliers, but we got in a lot of mileage," says the pioneer astronaut. Now he uses a T-shaped handle, designed for carrying ski boots, to sling a garment bag over his shoulder. Schirra keeps an airline-schedule guide handy. "I build my flight plan with the travel agent, rather than just saying, 'Launch me.'" He also belongs to several VIP airline clubs. "Blow your connections and, instead of standing in line, you have the club rearrange your schedule." If his travel agent can't do it, he gets his seat assigned at the club, too. He checks his bags with the sky-cap at the curb. "The only line I haven't figured out how to avoid is security."

Deke Slayton: Another of the original seven Mercury astronauts, Slayton still has the "right stuff" for flying. He minimizes his pay load: "I list what I need and then halve it," he says. He opts for drip-dry polyester, fashion be damned—"I don't like carrying a travel iron."

"A former NASA flight surgeon told me how to handle jet lag. Get into sync with the day, wherever you are. Also, your first night abroad, take a sleeping pill. I'm usually death on sleeping pills, but I've found it works like a charm."

Slayton carries nothing electrical. "In Moscow, my wife once plugged in the boiler for her contact lenses, using an appropriate electrical converter, but the thing popped anyway, a small explosion—the Russians had to rewire the room."

Calvin Trillin: "My only rules for travel are, if you want to go, then go, and keep an eye on your luggage," says author and *New Yorker* staff writer Trillin, who travels as light as a feather. "I'm not a lawyer, and reporters are known to be rumpled and shabby-looking, so I just take the sports coat I'm wearing. Actually, I don't even own a suit." Rather than haul clothes with him, Trillin lives off the land. "You're in a pretty remote spot if you can't find a one-day laundry service," he says.

John Updike: "I have found over the years that the plastic bags that clean shirts come in make excellent impromptu toilet kits for tooth paste and the like," says the novelist. "And, before leaving the hotel room, always look under the pillow in case you left a handkerchief or earplugs there."



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"Give me the script and I'll see what I can do with it. Don't write me off as some Grace Kelly type."

all my friends were Jewish, and they were all very funny. But there weren't really a lot of laughs on the kibbutz. People were working too hard and were too vulnerable. This was in 1970. It was a sober place and very traditional. Women did all the kitchen chores and men were out in the fields. It was much more traditional than I had had in mind. I had expected some sort of Utopian community where everyone was equal. But I was one of only ten girls—and the rest of them were there to find good, upstanding Israeli husbands. They weren't interested in changing the way the kibbutz ran. I got into a fair amount of trouble trying to do it myself. It was the most boring two months I ever spent. I discovered that Jewishness and Israeliness are different things.

11.

PLAYBOY: What stays with you most about the making of *Aliens*?

WEAVER: Truly? The big thing was that I worked with a nine-year-old girl [Carrie Henn] for most of *Aliens*, and I'd never had a little friend I saw every day. She was really good company. Our relationship was one of equals, on and off the set. And I was very proud of her at the end. That relationship was probably the focus of the movie, and certainly that changed my notion of what children are about. I used to think they were just *children*. In fact, they're little *people*. You may change and grow, but you're basically who you are from early on. The experience also made the thought of having my own kids seem like more fun.

12.

PLAYBOY: Your dad, Pat Weaver, played a crucial role in the early development of TV programming. He created *The Tonight Show* and the *Today* show, put spectaculars and Sid Caesar on the air. Do you recall a moment when the realization of his accomplishment blew you away—and not just because you're his daughter?

WEAVER: I remember exactly. I was at Stanford, taking a course in communications, which frankly bored me. All everyone there was interested in was films and film making. Television was considered "yuck." It wasn't exciting anymore. But my father was asked to come up and speak, and within 20 minutes, he had galvanized all those people into wanting to work in television. He reminded them of what television was originally there to do. When you hear my father, not only do you get his spark but you get moved by television's potential. And you get horrified at what's happened to an invention that

started out to be such a glorious thing. It's there to wake people up and to give, as he says, the common man the uncommon experience. And now it's sort of a dead nerve. It puts people to sleep.

13.

PLAYBOY: Why doesn't he work in television today?

WEAVER: Yeah. He even started cable TV 20 years ago, for goodness' sake. [Pauses] The fact that he's not in control shows that his ideas are still considered dangerous. They involve quality and taking big chances. I'm not saying that someone like Grant Tinker doesn't. He's done a very good job of pulling NBC away from what the other networks are doing. Yet I do think it's ironic that with all the awards my father receives, he still doesn't have the power. When he describes his vision and ideas, TV executives all go, "Ha, God, that's so exciting." Then they all go home and program the same old stuff. I tried to set up a series of on-camera interviews with my father, with me asking the questions. I would like to record in some form what he does as a live speaker. If he tries to write a book, he writes the way he talks, and the sentences go on for pages, you know. But when he's there just standing with his hands in his pockets, jingling his change and talking to everybody, he turns everything around.

14.

PLAYBOY: What did you say the last time anyone suggested your success had something to do with your father's connections?

WEAVER: I never used to mention who my father was when I went up for a job, especially in television. The last time it happened was when I was going up for a TV series with James Brooks [*Terms of Endearment*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*] and Allan Burns. Brooks said, "Still riding on the old man's coattails, huh?" I flushed to the bottom of my feet. By that time, I had already achieved some success, so the statement mortified me. But it also made me laugh. Brooks didn't do it for real, but it's still something I don't want to hear when I go in for interviews.

15.

PLAYBOY: What should a young girl learn from her mother?

WEAVER: To make her own mistakes.

16.

PLAYBOY: Your family is fairly well to do. Could you play someone poor?

WEAVER: My father made a lot of money, but he was still on salary, so his fortunes

rose and fell with the jobs he took. I never worried about where my next meal was coming from, but I didn't feel like part of the rich world. Still, one of my frustrations is having been somewhat pegged into the rich-girl role—and even if I'm not, as in *Ghostbusters* and *Eyewitness*, my characters get huge, deluxe apartments. It's not the way in which they would live. But I guess the crews need the room in which to move the camera around. Directors tend to make women in film grander than they are, anyway. They're still caught up with them as glamorous. Usually, they clean women up and make them appetizing and into their ideals, which can often be a first wife or a girl they were in love with in high school. I suspect it has happened to me. There isn't a whole lot of curiosity about normal, everyday women—which is a great loss to the public and films and to me as an actor. I want to play all kinds of women. I'm an actor. That's my job. Give me the script and I'll see what I can do with it. Don't just write me off as some Grace Kelly type. If I thought I was cut out to play only rich people, I'd be so very bored with the prospect.

17.

PLAYBOY: You live in New York but have spent a good deal of time in Hollywood. Who gives better parties, New Yorkers or Angelenos?

WEAVER: I do. They're children's parties. There's usually a magician or some entertainer. I love people with specialties, such as fire-eaters. I've never given a party where people just stand around, drink and talk. I had a Halloween square dance for my birthday. I had a witch for a caller. It was glorious—all these goblins and tigers and ghosts dancing around the room, drunk, laughing, screeching, trying to follow directions—a lot of people who wouldn't normally be thrown together in such a violent manner.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's on your bookshelf that no one would suspect is there?

WEAVER: I have three copies of *The Dragons of Eden*. I like to read about evolution. I don't know if we're evolving up or down. I've thought about developing gills and going swimming. Maybe someday.

19.

PLAYBOY: You worked with Michael Caine in *Half Moon Street*. Did you get a chance to ask him, "What's it all about, Alfie?"

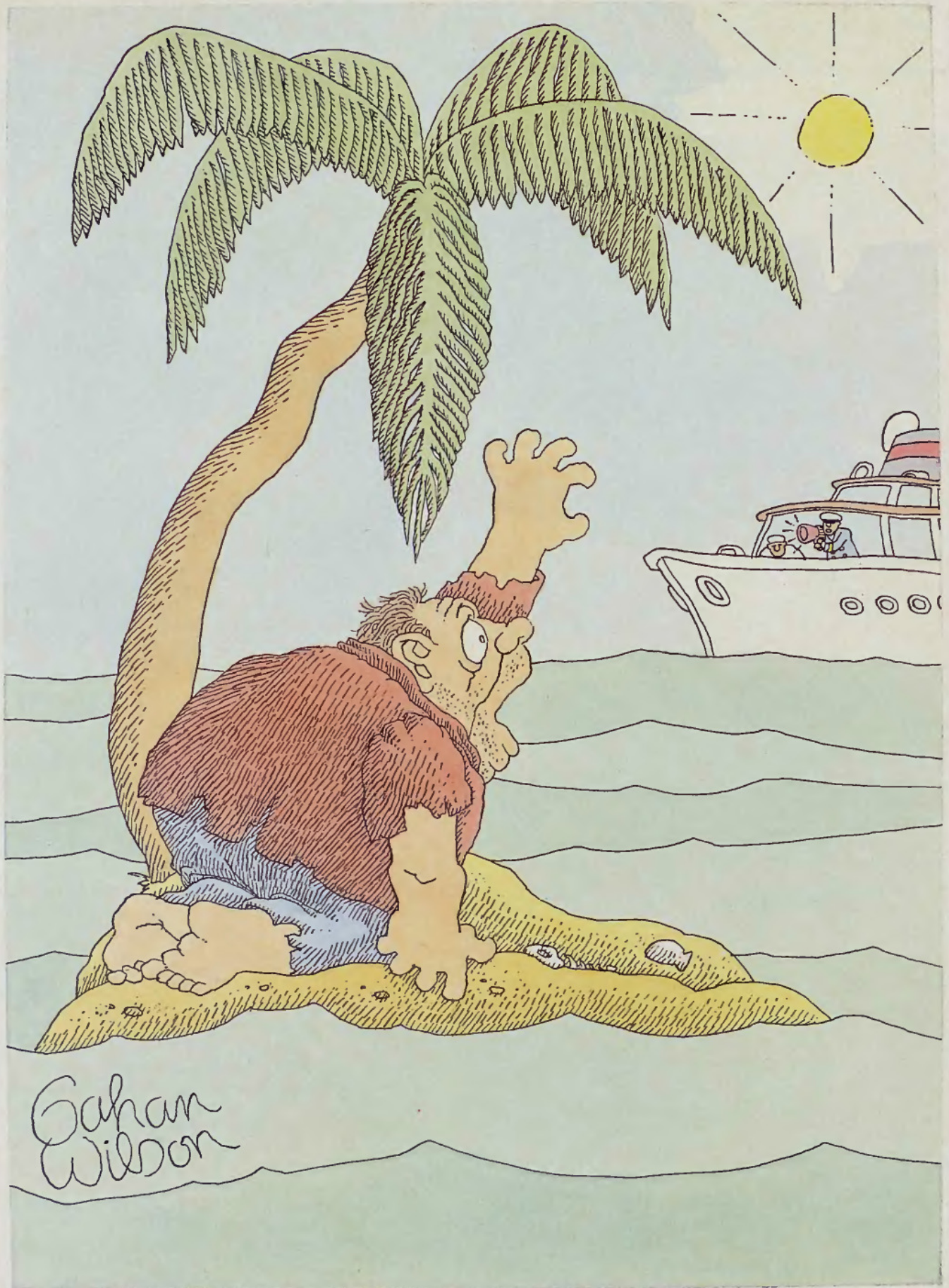
WEAVER: I should have. He works hard but secretly. You don't see it. And he wants to be home for dinner. He wants everybody else to get home for dinner.

20.

PLAYBOY: What's better than a massage?

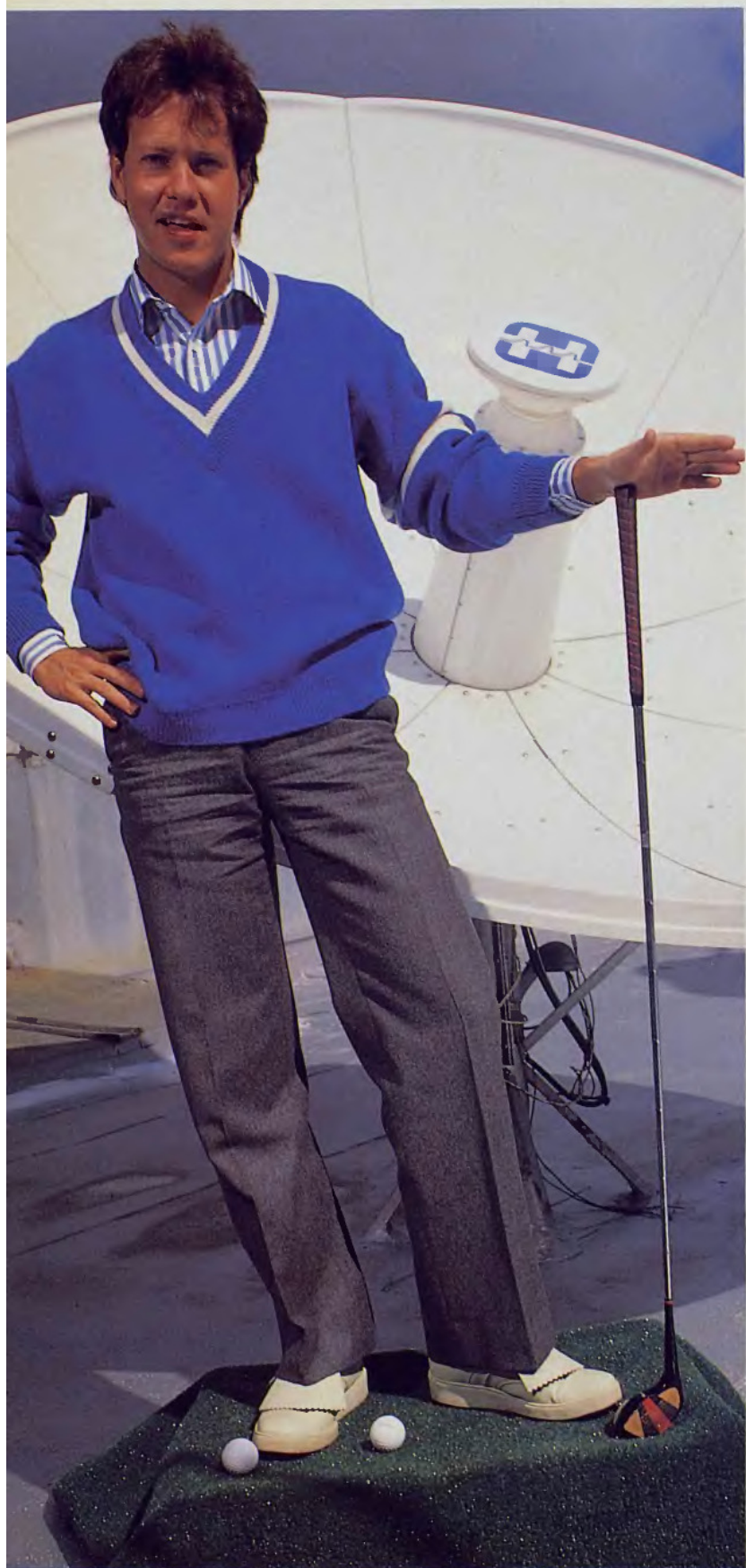
WEAVER: I've always been fond of the Tilt-a-Whirl.





"How's the diet coming, Mr. Sims?"

FAST FORWARD



MARK HANAUER



▷ RICK DEES son of "disco duck"

Directly in front of Rick Dees's radio console is a red-neon sign reading, RICK DEES IS SOOO STUPID. In Dees's case, however, stupid is good. It's made him the number-one disc jockey in Los Angeles by one of the widest margins in radio history. And now he's reaping the benefits of taking the show-business capital by storm, with TV gigs, commercials, albums and movie deals occupying his off-radio hours.

"I find that the stupider I am, the more I go over," explains Dees, 36, of his silly humor and cast of goonish characters on KIIS in L.A. "I've always been a buffoon."

A radio buff in his youth, Dees grew up during the heyday of personality disc jockeys; but when his time behind the microphone came, the business had changed. "In the Sixties, it was 'Just play the hits and shut up.' So I tried to create a personality in spite of that. I'd say something stupid that people would remember. That's the essence of humor—trimming off the fat and getting the funny part right into the audiences' minds." Along the way, he recorded *Disco Duck*, a 1976 hit novelty record.

"That song is still a great calling card," he says. "I'll go to people who don't know me and I'll say, 'Remember *Disco Duck*?' They'll say, 'That was the worst thing I ever heard.' And I'll say, 'I wrote it.'"

But can Dees bestupid forever? "I can go on for 30 years," he says. "You don't burn out that much in radio. I'm living a fantasy. I hope I never grow up." —MERRILL SHINDLER



STEVEN PUMPHREY

◁FREDDIE SPENCER

life in the fast lane

Freddie Spencer is not unlike other young presidents of international marketing corporations. He jets between his offices in Amsterdam, Yokohama and Shreveport, Louisiana, making licensing deals, handling endorsements and turning a tidy profit. There is, perhaps, a small difference: Spencer has only one product—himself.

As it turns out, that one product is enough, since Spencer, at 24, is probably the fastest man on a motorcycle in the world. Several times a month, from March to September, he mounts a 150-horsepower, 180-mile-per-hour, 270-pound crotch rocket called a 500-c.c. Grand Prix motorcycle and, more often than not, whips the rest of the world's best pro riders. Last year, he also raced in the 250-c.c. (75 hp, 150 mph) class and managed to win both world titles simultaneously—a first for any rider.

But Spencer has always had a talent with motorcycles. He started racing at the age of five, won his first championship on a dirt track at eight and expanded to pavement racing at 11. In 1977, at 15, he competed in five classes at once and took titles in four.

"Almost everything I do is by feel," he explains. "I don't use brake markers or corner markers or anything. It's very difficult to get into the corners faster *and* come out faster than anyone else, but I've always felt that if I could do that, I'd win every time."

Ironically, Spencer is far from a household word in the United States, where world-class motor-sports greats take a back seat to the likes of Hulk Hogan and *Battle of the Network Stars*. But in Europe and Japan, he's mobbed like a movie star. "That gives me the best of both worlds," he says. "I can go back to Shreveport and play basketball with my friends. It's just like I was Freddie ten years ago." —GARY WITZENBURG

WOODY HARRELSON▷

playing dumb

"It's weird to feel that people are looking at you," says Woody Harrelson, 24, a virtual unknown before he landed the part of the sweet but dim Woody Boyd, a bartender on *Cheers*. "I'm not complaining. This is what I've always wanted."

Fame may be what Harrelson wanted, but, for a while, he had reason to wonder if it was headed his way. A drama major from Hanover College, where he played the lead in 28 plays, he decided to make his mark in New York. Not only did he not get acting work but, after ten months of trying, he hit bottom.

"I got into a fight with my boss at a sleazy little restaurant where I was the night cook," he explains. He lost more than the fight and his job. "All my money, \$126, was in a duffel bag stolen during the fight. Then the police arrested me. I had already borrowed from everyone who was speaking to me except my mother. I decided to leave New York the next Tuesday, but on that Friday, I got my first break—a part as an understudy in *Biloxi Blues*."

That job kept him in the business, but it wasn't until the *Cheers* producers, looking to replace the late Nicholas Colasanto, who had played Coach, chose him over several better-known actors that he became recognizable to the public. Now, when he walks into a restaurant, especially with actress-girlfriend Carol Kane, he hears a slight stir as heads turn. Occasionally, a fan will approach him and ask, "Are you as dumb as the character you play?"

"It really kills me when people ask that. I feel like smacking them," says Harrelson. "You have to be pretty smart to play dumb. You have to be observant and intelligent enough to know the facets of stupidity and see the humor." —JEAN PENN



MARK HANAUER

"The guy I bopped had a kilo of pure cocaine in his room and I took it. Somehow they had found me out."

easy. Some snow stuck to my shovel. That was in Philadelphia, my last job, and the guy I bopped had a kilo of pure cocaine in his room and I took it. And somehow they had found me out. All right, a mistake, but I wasn't going to let it turn into anything serious.

I stood up and saw the gun on the end table next to the telephone. Damn it, I thought, I should have gotten rid of that. I took it into the bathroom and used toilet paper to wipe it clean. Then I wrapped it inside the paper bag they used for a liner in the wastebasket, those cheap bastards, and stuck it inside my jacket pocket. I went over to the motel office. I had paid cash in advance and wanted my change. Simple and no records.

The clerk was a college cretin with pimples. "How was everything, Mr. Johnson?" he asked me.

"Fine. I think you're growing a better brand of roach since the last time I was here," I said.

"Roaches?" He put this big concerned face on. What ought to have concerned him was zits. "I'll call our exterminator right away."

"Try a demolition team," I said, pocketing my change.

"What do you mean?"

I just sighed. "Forget it, will you?" Another flea, another flea brain. The world was filled with them; it really *could* use a good exterminator.

Outside, the sun was shining its ass off—I read that once in a sappy detective novel—so I put on my sunglasses. I wished I hadn't when I looked back and saw Pimples staring at me through the office window. But then I figured, Aaah, to hell with it. Everybody looks alike wearing sunglasses.

Two blocks away, I bought a newspaper from a dork who told me to have a nice day. Another block later, I took the wrapped gun from my pocket, put it inside the newspaper and dropped the whole package into a litter basket.

Another block away, I flagged down a cab.

"The airport," I said.

The guy looked into the back seat and said, "Logan, right?"

"You know another airport in Boston?"

He turned back. "Logan it is. Wicked hot, ain't it, this summah?"

I've always hated New Englanders and their stupid accents. They talk like retardards and, to boot, are absolutely the worst drivers this side of Mexico City.

"Just can the chatter and get me to the freaking airport in one piece, will you?"

Directionals must be outlawed up there.

To make a right-hand turn, this imbecile pulled into the left-hand lane, leaned on his horn and swerved across two lanes of traffic into another street. It was Charles Street, and all the shops seemed to have signs that read, YE OLDE this and YE OLDE that. These merrie olde shopkeepers ought to try visiting ye olde London, where the people had to be the stinkiest on earth. I had been there two years earlier, and ye olde soap bar and ye olde deodorant hadn't seemed to be real big hits.

The cab lurched to a stop at Logan, nearly loosening my teeth, and Idiot Boy said, "That's foahteen dollahs." So I dropped a ten and a five through the front window.

"Keep the change. Use it for remedial driving school."

I had a few minutes, so I stopped in the lounge for a drink. The television screen was filled with a solemn dickhead reporting on "the gangland-style killing" of a young attorney that morning. He had been shot by an unknown assailant as he left his home for work. The only description of the killer was that he wore dark sunglasses. I took off my sunglasses. The lawyer left a wife and three small children, and they had an interview with the wife, who was crying and wailing and wondering why someone would kill her husband, who didn't have an enemy in the world.

Wrong, lady, I thought. He had an enemy, somebody who hated him enough to pay me to kill him. What the lawyer had done, I didn't know and didn't care. He was just another day's work.

When the shuttle to New York was airborne, I ordered a Chivas Regal on the rocks, then figured maybe I ought to walk back to the bathroom to see if there was anybody on the plane that I recognized.

There wasn't, so I hunkered down in my seat with my Chivas and thought about that phone call again. So they were going to try to kill me, all over a stinking 2.2 pounds of cocaine, a stinking pile of degenerate powder for stinking degenerates who wanted to kill themselves.

I had taken it only for the money. That much blow was worth more than a quarter of a million out on the street. So it was a risk, but I'd taken it and then they'd found out and had given Charley Cletis the job of killing me.

Funny, but my own first solo contract had been on the guy who'd recruited me and taught me about the hit man's trade. So I thought it was poetic justice that they gave the job of kissing me off to somebody I had trained. It was the way the people I worked for liked to plan: neat, tidy, no

loose ends.

I was thinking it all through when this redheaded bimbo leaned over and said, "Another drink, sir? Last call."

"If I wanted another drink, I'd ring your bell," I snapped. She got uppity, the way they always do when somebody doesn't fall for their big, phony I'm-staying-at-the-Plaza smile, and stalked off, so I just nursed the Chivas and weighed my options.

Option one: I could run away.

Option two: I could kill Charley Cletis.

Option two was better. If I ran, the contract would stay open and anyone could collect on it. I had this image of what my life would be like—a marked man, looking over my shoulder, sleeping with a bazooka under my pillow, owning a freaking toy poodle that barked at raindrops, just to make sure nobody sneaked up on me.

If I killed Cletis, though, the old peppers who ran the organization would have to vote on whether or not to issue a new contract on my life. Chances were they wouldn't. I had worked for them for 15 years, and I knew them. They didn't like untidiness or risk and, despite all that crap about Marlon Brando and Don Corleone, if they were faced with a man who fought back, they would back off. They'd accept their losses, assume I'd keep my trap shut, and I'd go my own sweet way. With the cocaine. Maybe they'd even give me a gold watch for faithful service. Anything rather than risk being shot themselves.

It was the only way to go, I thought. That left Charley Cletis to get rid of. I figured it wouldn't be any problem at all.

I put on my sunglasses and tilted the seat back and thought about Cletis. He wasn't the kind of guy you would forget, 6'6" or so, less than 150 pounds, a big shock of hair that looked like straw. I could picture him, an automatic in each hand, firing out entire clips like some dim-witted Rambo or Schwarzenuts, or whatever his name is.

It wasn't a bad thought, because Charley Cletis just wasn't too bright. He had something else going against him, too: He had lost the surprise factor, thanks to that phone call. I had warned Cletis about surprise when I broke him in . . . hell, it had been six years ago. We were at one of the organization's properties in New Jersey—one of those big, isolated warehouses they build to keep the garbage dumps from running into each other. I had been asked to show Cletis the ropes as a favor to some organizational friends in Chicago. No skin off my nose; my territory didn't reach all the way to Chicago.

So I had tried my best. I sat this big scarecrow down and told him the truth.

"Nothing is important except surprise. Look at political killings. The easiest hits are where you just walk up to the target and blow him away. If you don't have to, don't even take the gun out of your pocket;



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But Cletis just looked at me, and I could see contempt in those watery blue eyes of his. I knew it right then. He was some kind of throwback to the merry days of Al Capone and the Twenties, the type who'd use a submachine gun when a .22-caliber target pistol would do the job. His teeth were too big for him to be smart.

"Goddamn it, Cletis, did you hear anything I said?"

Cletis smiled and gave me that soft Southern drawl, the way they talk when their mouths are filled with sheep turds, and he said, "Raht. Suhprazz."

Christ, I hate Southerners. They wouldn't recognize an idea if it jumped up and fastened its teeth on their corn-cob pipe.

"That means, 'Right. Surprise,' doesn't

it? In English?" I said.

"Raht. Suhprazz," and then he walked off to shoot another 100 rounds into a stationary target.

So that was that and Cletis was off to Chicago. I scanned the papers once in a while, expecting to find him dead in some dumb shoot-out, but he must have gotten lucky, because I never saw anything about him, and I put him out of my mind.

Until that phone call. Charley, I thought, you've been lucky, but your luck is running out. I'm going to have a surprise for you.

After the plane touched down in New York, I walked around the airport for a while, making sure I wasn't being followed, then I grabbed a cab.

But I didn't go back to my apartment. Instead, I checked into a fleabag hotel on the other side of 14th Street, then called my own phone number and used a beeper to get the messages from my machine.

There was only one.

"Hiya, ol' buddy. This is Charley

Cletis. Long time, no see. How 'boutcha give me a buzz when you get in?" He left a phone number.

I could feel the sweat on my palms as I asked the hotel operator to get me the number. It was a good feeling. It was starting.

"Hello, Cletis. This is Garth."

"Ax, ol' buddy. Nice message there on your machine. Most folks do leave some kinda message, you know. Not jus' thirty seconds' dead air."

I hated him. I hated the way he talked, the way he sounded talking to a man he was planning to kill. I hated him for thinking he was good enough to take me on. I hated it that the dumb Rebel bastard couldn't pronounce Alex and always called me Ax.

But all I said was, "You know me; I don't care much for chitchat. You want something?"

"Jus' in town for a couple days' R&R," Cletis said. "Thought we maht get together for a drink."

"You run out of shitkickers to drink with?"

"Naw, but 'tain't often I get a chance to drink with my mentor." He pronounced the last word slowly—*men-tore*. "'Course, iffen ya don' wanna. . . ."

"What the hell," I said. "Let's get lunch."

"Fahn. When? Where?"

"Let's meet at my office tomorrow," I said. "I get in around eleven. Meet me there and I'll take you to a good restaurant. Real food. Not that catfish crap you people eat."

"Eleven o'clock? On Sattiday? Business must be real good."

"Not that good," I said. "It's just my schedule. Saturday morning, ten o'clock sharp, I get my car cleaned at the car wash down the block, and then I go to the office to check the mail. Like clockwork."

"You always was like clockwork," Cletis said with a dry chuckle. "You still driving that old blue clunker?"

"Sure," I said. "I like my cars slow, only my women fast."

"Fast women, fast ponies. That's what I remember about you," Cletis said. "Ya been away?"

"Out of town a couple of days. On business."

"But you're home now," he said.

"Right now, I am where the welcome is warm and so is the company," I lied.

"Old dog," Cletis said. "Ya gonna get married and settle down is what ya gonna be tellin' me next."

"Not a chance," I said. "Listen. This lady is anxious and so am I. Tomorrow, at the office. Any time after eleven."

"Look forward, Ax," he said.

"Me, too," I said; but after I hung up the phone, I said out loud, "You stupid shitkicker, who do you think you're jerking around with?"

It would be the car wash. I knew it because Cletis was just too damned obvious



"Remember 'Bambi'?"

about it. I left the room to go for a walk. It was cooler, and the night air always helped me think.

One way or another, I wound up going toward Alphabet City—an ugly slash of New York, running south from 14th Street and sliced up by avenues A, B, C and D. That's where it got its nickname—that and maybe from the fact that most of the people there can't recite the alphabet. More than Harlem, more than Times Square, it was New York City's combat zone. The streets weren't unsafe only at night; they were unsafe at high noon. Gary Cooper would get his ass shot off walking down these streets.

I called it home. It's where I lived, among the orange-hairs and the leather boys and the girls who wear tire chains around their necks and T-shirts with holes cut in them so their nipples can stick out. It was where I wanted to live. No one asked any questions and no one cared what you did, and that was all I wanted from a neighborhood. And Alphabet City would stay that way, too, because the scum of the city would always need a place to collect. I felt for the trendies—young women, mostly—who had moved into the area because the rents were low. I saw one of them coming toward me down the street, a tall, thin, uptown type, flanked by two woolly dogs with heads big enough to belong to grizzly bears.

I almost laughed aloud. These dumb broads. What's the point of saving money on rent when you have to spend all you save on 100-pound dogs and tons of soup-bones and Alpo beef chunks by the case and wee-wee pads the size of mattresses?

The woman was getting close, and she smiled this nervous smile at me. Not smart, I thought. Just when she got near me, I jumped in front of her, waved my arms and yelled, "Boo!"

Well, she shrieked, and those two stupid Japanese dogs whimpered and hid behind her legs.

"Hey, lady," I said. "Why don't you move the hell out of here and go someplace nice? Before you and your doggies get hurt?"

She mumbled under her breath and yanked the dogs along. Just for good luck, I reached out and patted her rear end as she scuttled away.

Guard dogs. Not around here, lady, not in Alphabet City. Smarts keep you alive down here, not Yuppie guard dogs that you have to hand-feed *sushi* to. In Alphabet City, there are only three kinds of people: smart people, dead people and candidates for dead people. I was one of the smart ones. "Down here," I said to myself, "Charley Cletis would be dog meat." I laughed aloud on the empty street. It felt good to be back home.

I turned toward the river, then stood across the street from my tenement building. There were no curtains on my windows, and I could see the bare bulb hanging from the ceiling. I never could see

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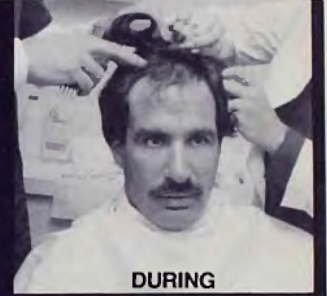
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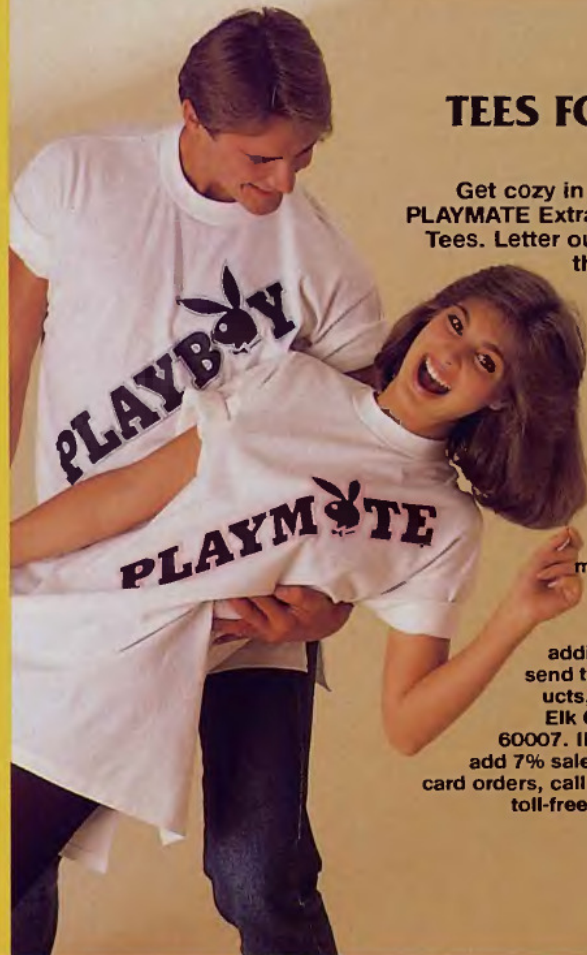
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spending money on decorating.

I used my key to let myself in and walked up the dark steps to my floor. I listened at the door, but it was quiet inside. I felt at the top of the door for the piece of Scotch tape I always stick there so I can tell if anybody has been in my apartment after I've left. The tape wasn't there and, for a moment, my heart thumped hard and the breath caught in my throat. Then I remembered I had run out of tape just before I left for Boston.

I unlocked the door, pushed it open, waited a beat, then went in. I had come for a gun, but, just like that, a plan started forming in my mind. I took a few pieces of clothing from a pile in the closet and stuck them inside an old gym bag. I picked up the wastebasket from under the kitchen table and from the bottom took a .32-caliber revolver that was taped there. It was loaded, so I put it in the holster on the back of my belt, under my jacket. It was a clean gun—no record of it anywhere.

Back on the street, I felt better, feeling the weight of the gun. A few blocks away, I stopped in a bar called The Stinking Parrot. I'd never seen it before, but that didn't surprise me, because in that neighborhood, a guy opened a saloon, used it as a front while he sold \$1,000,000 worth of drugs, then took his money and got out and sold the joint to somebody who changed the name and started it all over again.

When I opened the front door, the smell from the place almost made me gag. It was this mixture of urine and smoke and alcohol and sweat, and it was lethal. I thought that somebody someday was going to light a cigarette in there at the wrong time and the place was going to explode in a fireball. I stood at the corner of the bar and put the gym bag on the floor between my feet.

"Get you something?" this fireplug bartender yelled at me over the noise.

"Chivas, rocks," I said.

"Pretty fancy for in here," the bartender said.

"Not for me."

"Why not?" he asked.

What I wanted to say was that I was a Lithuanian princess in disguise, looking for a suitable husband. What I said was that I hit a pony and would he please get me my drink.

I gave him the three dollars and looked around the place. It was lit like a pinball machine, and I wondered how much money a person could make in a dive like this. I spotted the big man at the bar right away. He was this big, noisy black dude wearing a black-leather jacket and dirty white painter's pants and, even in the middle of July, he had a ski cap on.

The plan for the whole thing was coming together in my mind, but I had to work it out carefully. No slip-ups. I thought I had been careless a couple of times already that day. Taking too long to dump the gun

in Boston. Wearing sunglasses watching that stupid news report. Even waiting too long before checking to see if anybody dangerous was on that plane. No tape on the door. Little mistakes like that, I knew, could cost you. I was swirling the drink in my hand, watching the black man's mouth move and wondering again why the organization would send someone like Cletis after me. Christ, they could've hired Martino. He was a wop, but at least he was a professional.

"Yo' be havin' trouble wif yo' eyeballs?"

I blinked and saw that the big guy was yelling at me. I had been staring at him. I looked away, but it was too late; he came down the bar and stood alongside me.

"Ah ask you, somfin' wrong wif yo' eyeballs, you starin' at me like dat?"

On a different night, a different place, I might just have said, "No. Actually, I was mesmerized by your mastery of the English language." But not this night.

So I said, "Sorry, mister. I'm just leaving."

"You leaves when ah says you leaves."

The bartender was hovering around, so I leaned over and said softly, "Get this tree climber off my back, will you?"

"Hey, Uncle Joe," the bartender said. "Let him be. He's leaving now."

"Ah makes sure o' dat."

I grabbed the gym bag in my left hand and headed for the door. I could feel the black guy walking behind me, and I knew what was next. As soon as I got outside, he'd slam me in the back, cold-cock me, drag me into the alley and lift everything I owned.

I had the gun in my hand before I was out the door, and I sensed when he was starting his punch, so I pulled away, spun around and let him see the gun aimed at his face. He still had his fists clenched together, in front of his head, but now he separated them slowly.

"Hey, bro'. No need fo' dat," he said. Then he smiled. Then I smashed the heel of the gun butt into his nose. He dropped like a wet sock. I knelt alongside him and slammed his face again with the butt of the gun. What there was of his nose went soft under it.

"You're lucky, Bomba," I said. "I'm busy tonight, or I'd just love taking you apart." He groaned and his eyes rolled back into his head, so I picked up my gym bag and took off at a trot before any of his littermates came out looking for him.

I walked back to the hotel, feeling good. I might be getting older, but I wasn't old yet. Not yet.

I stayed awake for two hours, carefully working out the trap I was going to set. When I finally rolled onto my side to get to sleep, I knew it was dead-center perfect. I closed my eyes, wondering again who it was that had called me in Boston. Why would somebody want to help me? And in those last few seconds before sleep, the

answer popped into my head. It had to be somebody who hated Cletis even more than I did, somebody who had a score to settle with the redneck rube. It was a good reason and it solved the puzzle and I slept like a baby.

•
Nine o'clock the next morning, I parked my car in front of a small luncheonette two blocks from my apartment. The neighborhood was ripe, I thought as I stepped from the car. The hot July sun was already baking the garbage on the sidewalks and the sweet stench of decay hung in the air.

Through the window, I saw a beefy gray-haired man behind the counter and, when I went in, he said, "Hey, Al. How's the private-eye business?" His name was Benny, and he thought he was my friend.

"Looking good. I need a favor."

Naturally, he looked away without answering. In Alphabet City, favors generally get you thrown in jail.

"Nothing serious," I said. "I need you to drive my car through the car wash down the block."

"Yeah?"

"That's it," I said. "There's twenty bucks in it for you. Ten minutes' work."

"Just go get your car washed?"

"At ten o'clock. That's all," I said.

"This isn't dangerous, is it?"

"Come on, Benny, for Christ's sake. I'm talking about a car wash."

"Twenty bucks." Benny hesitated. "Alright. What the hell."

"Ten o'clock sharp," I said.

"No sweat. Louie can watch the counter."

I took three ten-dollar bills from my jacket pocket. "Here's your twenty. The extra ten's for the car wash."

"What do I do afterward?"

"Bring the car back here," I said. "I'll pick it up later."

"OK."

"And be sure to wear these." I took off my snap-brim hat and my sunglasses and put them on the counter. I tried my smile on Benny. "A disguise for you," I said.

"So I should look like you," Benny said.

"You should be so lucky, fatso," I said and grinned at him. Like a friend would.

In the men's room of a saloon on the corner, I took a bottle of black shoe polish from the gym bag, put some on my fingers and dabbed it on the hair on my temples, changing the gray to black. Then I washed my hands, put the shoe polish back into the bag and changed from my suit jacket into an old baseball warm-up jacket. I put on a New York Yankees baseball cap, then folded my suit jacket and put it inside the gym bag. On top of that, I put the .32-caliber revolver.

When I walked away from the saloon, I felt the churning in my stomach that I always feel when a job is near. Some people may find that sensation unpleasant, but not me. Draw up a good plan, execute it

well and bingo. It's what life is all about. And death.

There was the usual Saturday-morning line at the car wash. A couple of old wines and other assorted debris from last night's drinking lay cluttered around the apartment buildings on the block.

Like trees lining the entranceway to some estate, mounds of green-plastic garbage bags decorated the entrance to the Kleen-Kwik Kar Wash. In other parts of the city, garbage piles up when the sanitation men go on strike. In Alphabet City, it's always there, a municipal monument.

At one minute to ten by my watch, I saw my car pull into the end of the line, and I saw Benny behind the wheel, with the snap-brim hat and the sunglasses.

Almost time, I thought. I still hadn't seen Cletis, but I knew he had to be around.

Benny was now only two car lengths from the car-wash entrance, so I opened the gym bag, took out the revolver and stuck it in my belt, under the jacket. I stashed the bag behind a garbage pail and started strolling down the street to the Kleen-Kwik.

It happened just like I knew it would. As Benny pulled the car up to the entrance, the door of another car parked on the street opened and a gangly, tall man with straw hair stepped out. He left the door open and walked toward Benny in the car. He swallowed it, I thought. Hook, line, sinker and fishing rod.

The thin man stopped next to the car Benny was driving. He put his hands on the car roof and leaned over to look inside the passenger's window. I remember thinking it was strange that his hands were empty; but before he could reach for a gun, I stepped up behind him and put my hand on the gun inside my jacket.

"Hello, Charley," I said. "Sorry, but somebody dropped a dime on you."

I wanted him to turn around, to see my face as I shot him. The man turned. It wasn't Charley Cletis. Somebody else but not Charley.

My hand squeezed the grip of my gun. Hard. The man said, "You Garth?"

I nodded. "Who are you?" I asked. He looked so much like Charley Cletis.

He said, "I've got another message for you. I was told to tell you, 'Another thing I like about you, Garth, is that you're so predictable.'"

That's what he said just now, and I don't understand it; but I know that if I have a minute or two, I can figure it out.

Do I have a minute? Maybe not. I feel something now against the back of my neck. It's hard and it's cold, and I know what it is. It's the muzzle of a small gun.

I don't have time to turn around. I just hear a voice, this soft Southern voice, and it's saying . . . what's it saying? It's saying: "Suhprazz, Ax, ol' buddy. Suhprazz."



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"She gives me a look. Yeah, I was wearing nothing. So what? That's what they're paying me for."

But she looks at me tonight like she's real tired and I'm not wanted, and she tells me I'm letting out the humid air, that it's good for her complexion. She's never said that before, so I stand there another minute, and she gives me a couple of scowls.

Then I see these marks on her back when she turns, long, red lines, not real plain but there.

"What marks?" she says and turns quick to look over her shoulder in the mirror. She looks for a long time, and she doesn't say anything.

"So what are they?" I say finally.

"Whip marks."

That's what she says and goes to wrapping up all her hair in the towel, like that's all that's needed to be said on the subject.

But my interest is pretty damn aroused by now, and I say, "Who's been whipping you, T.J.?" I call her T.J. a lot of the time, because her middle name is Juanita. "Is that what they did today?" I ask her.

I figure it's a straightforward enough question, but she gets angry all of a sudden, like I'm asking something dumb, trying her patience. She flings on her robe and cinches it up tight and pushes past me. "It didn't hurt," she says. "It was just make-believe."

I follow her into the bedroom and ask her, "With or without your shirt on?" I have to ask this. It's the next thing to ask.

She sits down on the bed and just glares at me. "What is this?" she says. "Why are you being so suspicious?"

"Look," I tell her. "You haven't told me square one about this whole damn picture. I sure as hell don't recall you saying anything about being whipped. And I don't care about that per se. What I care is, was your shirt on?"

She gives me a little smirk. "Indians don't wear shirts."

I never felt more like hitting her. "Whatever the hell they wear," I said, "were you wearing it?"

She gives me a long, long look. Then she says, "Yeah, I was wearing what the Indians wear, which is nothing. So what? That's what they're paying me for."

I go around the room swearing, telling her I don't want her undressing for strangers like that, telling her to give them their damn money back, that isn't how I want her to earn money.

"Aw," she says finally, "it's no big deal if I show my tits."

"It is a big deal, T.J."

"No, it isn't, and I don't like you thinking it is. No one else thinks it is."

"Look," I say. "What happens when they make this picture and it starts showing here in Tucson? Think about that."

But she's too mad to think about it. We go around and around, and I get hotter and hotter while she gets colder and colder.

I leave. I figure if I stay, there'll be a hell of a mash-out. I drive down to a tavern. I stay there till I'm the only one left except for the bartender, and she's a woman, so I can't talk to her much. What

I tell her is, my lady is in a movie. She says, "What movie?" So I tell her, and she says, "That's kind of funny, because the Spanish Inquisition happened in Spain and Indians weren't involved."

That stays with me. But I'm too tired to think about it. I go home and hit the sofa, dead as a stump the whole night, and wake to an empty house. Teresa has slipped right out without waking me. And first thing, sitting in the kitchen, thinking with a clear head, all of a sudden I remember Victoria telling me how she'd done a skin movie once, when she needed money. "Simulated," she called it, not the real thing. I remember that, and at first it's like it has nothing to do with what's happening now. But then the two things—that and what the bartender told me—sort of come together in my head like two pictures laid over each other.

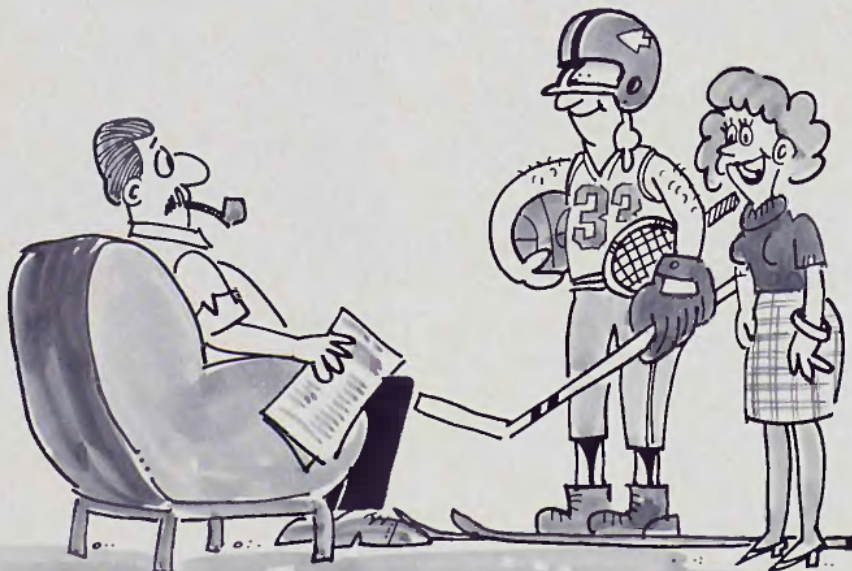
I jump up quick and dial Victoria's number but get no answer, so she's left. Then I poke around, and first I find a note saying, I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT IF YOU WANT TO TALK. Then I find it, on the phone pad, that one word CIBOLA, with a number.

So I give a call, and this sweet little female voice answers and I tell her Victoria Leon's little brother just got hit by a car and's in the hospital, so I have to get in touch with her right away. She tells me there's no way to reach them by phone. "They're shooting way down at someplace called Saddleback Mountain. It's not even a place. I don't even know where it is."

"I do," I say and hop into my pickup and tear out.

Saddleback's a big snaggletooth of a hill, like a cow's molar, about 50 miles from Tucson, sticking up out of the San Rafael Valley, which is a wide tongue of the Mexican grasslands that licks about 20 miles over the border. Down there past Sonoita, it's all rolling pastureland, all gravel roads, open country where I can let her out and fly, which is what I do. Every once in a while, I come to a low-water bridge, and the road dips and the truck squishes down, bumper banging, and then leaps up like it might take off and flip clean over. But I don't slow down. I'd been all over that country as a boy and know it like a cat knows its own rear end. There's not many people, just cows and coyotes and wetbacks sneaking around. I see only one old geezer, mending a fence, with his pickup sloped into the ditch, barely off the road, so I have to hit the brakes and spin around it. He straightens up and gapes and shakes his head as I go barreling past.

Then I see Saddleback off in the distance, and my sweat goes cold and my brain goes that way, too, calculating. I don't have plan one. I'm not even sure what I want. It gets tricky. I don't even know for sure what she's done yet—except that she's done it behind my back because she didn't think I'd like it. That's all I've got to go on, but I'm worried sick she's



COCHRAN!

"Daddy, this is Howie. I met him in a sports bar."

done what I'm afraid she's done or is about to do it or is thinking of doing it, or even that she might let it happen or might simulate it to the point where it doesn't make any difference whether it happens or not. It all boils down to that. If she's willing to pretend there's no difference, then there isn't any difference, and she knows it, or else why would she pretend she wasn't even pretending?

This gets so confusing, the truck comes to a dead stop, and I sit there trying to figure it all out. In the first place, I figure I'm pretty much in love with her. But I'm not so sure I want to be. I keep seeing all these men, like the men who always watch her when she's anywhere and always try to take her away from me, only these men are sitting in a movie theater, watching her up on the screen and saying, "Don't I know her? Didn't I see her just last Saturday?" I think that, and I know the next thing they'll think is, "If that dude she was with lets her do that, he hasn't got any jurisdiction over her. That's the whole problem. I start moving again. I figure I've finally got my real purpose sorted out."

There's a fork in the road, and one way leads right up to the mountain and dead-ends there in a little arroyo, with cottonwoods and oaks along the wet-weather creek and big rocks and sand holes. It looks like a Western-movie set, so I figure that's where they'll be, and they are. I drive up and there's a herd of vehicles gathered—a U-Haul truck, a Winnebago so big you'd think they had to airdrop it, a couple of pickups and one bright-red little sports job.

I pull in just short of them and get out. It's one of those clear, hot days with the air so dry and thin, you wonder if you're breathing anything. It makes me feel giddy. I can feel my stomach spinning around like it wants me to forget the whole deal.

But I go crunching up that brown-gravel road, and then the big guy steps out of the Winnebago. I might've figured they'd have a watchdog, that I'd have to take care of him first.

He's about as big as the motor home, built like a beer keg, with his head like a little beer mug set on top. Yellow curly hair like foam, two piggy little eyes and a smirk.

"You must be lost, pal," he says. "And found the wrong place."

"Not me," I say. "I'm not lost."

"Well, maybe you'd better get lost. This is a private party."

I go on back to my truck and jump in and drive up to where he's still standing there and lean over and tell him I'm just turning around. He gives me a curt little nod.

I let the truck roll on past him. I'm still leaning over on the seat, and before I straighten up, I pop open my glove box and take my gun out and lay it on the seat. It's a Smith & Wesson .41 Magnum with a six-inch barrel and walnut grips, all blue-black steel. If you don't hold it right when

it goes off, it'll kick up and plant a nasty bruise into that webbing between thumb and forefinger. I found that out the first time I fired it.

By the time I get back to him, I've got it right up against my leg, with my finger on the trigger, and I stop the truck again and smile at him.

"Sure you don't want a little company?"

"No chance."

"What if my friend here wants to talk it over with you?"

There's one thing about pointing a gun at someone like that. You know if you ever stop pointing it at him, you'd better put a heap of territory between him and yourself P.D.Q., because it's the same as telling him he ain't so tough when tough's the only thing he's got. I can see it in his eyes.

"Your friend's a lot bigger than you are, runt," he says. "And he's bought you plenty of trouble."

I get out and have him pull up his shirt to prove he doesn't have a weapon. I don't let him within ten feet of me. If there's one thing I learned watching movies, it's that the guy with the gun *always* stands too close to the guy who doesn't have one. I have him walk ahead, and we start up into the arroyo.

You could say it's a scenic little hike. About a quarter mile. A four-by-four could maybe make it, and I think if these guys have a jeep or something up there, I'll heist it.

This big fella keeps talking to me. "You're biting off a pretty big wad, pal," he says. "What the hell you want up here?"

I tell him to keep quiet and stop calling me pal.

There's a little stand of desert willows and beyond that an old adobe homestead all crumbled down, and beyond that is where they are. We go around the side of the old house and catch them by surprise.

This next part, it's like when you're expecting something and then it happens and it still surprises you. It's like when we used to say somebody would get caught sometime in the blast area down in the mine. You carry these two pictures of it around in your head. One is of what you want it to look like and the other is sort of what you know it will look like. Then, when you actually see it, it's not at all like what you were expecting, and it's not like what you wanted it to be. It's somehow different, kind of like a dream; not exactly a surprise, but all the ways of dealing with it you thought you had figured out ahead of time sort of leave you.

That's as well as I can tell about it, so there's nothing else to tell except the truth, which is that they're all there, and she is, too, she and Victoria and two other girls. None of them has any clothes on at all. I see them, and the feelings going on inside me all stand up together like it was a fire drill. And then, for a minute, a big

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ache swallows up everything inside me and makes me hollow, and I can't even breathe. There aren't any lungs left.

All around, there's men; that's what gets me. There's men with cameras on their shoulders and men with carphones and some holding big sheets of aluminum, for some reason, and some men doing nothing but standing around. I mean, there's a couple more women, too, but mostly it's men. And there's a bunch of them, a half dozen or so, wearing shiny, Spanish-style armor and those helmets with bright-red plumes coming out the top.

They all see the gun first. There's the same general look on everybody's face. These two other naked girls try to cover themselves, like they've suddenly got modesty. I don't really see this, though, because I'm just looking at Teresa, and she's looking at me like she's seeing a ghost. Then, I don't know, maybe for a second she feels what I'm feeling, because there's a sad look comes into her eyes, and her arms fold up like she's ashamed, too. But then she passes on through that. Mad comes into her eyes, and her hands end up on her hips.

"Larry, you asshole bastard," she says.

I try to say something and find out my mouth has quit operating. It's the strangest thing: For a moment, nothing at all happens, like they're all just waiting to see what I'll do next.

Then there's this one guy, in a HAWAII FIVE-O shirt, and he shouts, "Who is this guy? What the hell's he doing on my set?"

He's wearing tan shorts and black cowboy boots and a cowboy hat, like he's Howdy Doody, a real dandy with feathers stuck in his hatband and big blade sunglasses over his eyes. I feel like ignoring him right away.

"T.J.," I say, mild as I can. "Get your clothes on."

"Hey!" the leader says, snappish, like a little dog.

"Get your clothes on," I tell her again. "You, too, Victoria."

Victoria has been standing there, giving me a tired frown; but when I say this, she only shrugs and starts over to where there's a little camp table set up. Teresa, though, she doesn't move. She just glares at me. "Why?" she says, real scornfully.

Her hair's all tangled and her feet are set apart, and her skin's just glistening, and she's breathing hard, with her nostrils flared and her eyes flashing at me. She's so beautiful in that moment, these guys all look at her. And I don't know what to do. I just stand there. For a second, which seems like an hour, nothing happens. Buzzards make slow circles way up in the blue sky over Saddleback Mountain. Something goes tick-tick-tick-tick off in the trees. I feel a little ribbon of sweat slip down the side of my face.

Finally, without knowing I'm going to, I say, "Because I love you, honey."

But still she stands there. She looks like some wild animal that's been cornered and won't give in yet, not without a fight. Then Victoria comes back, and she's got their clothes in a bundle and she says, "Come on, Teresa. I'm telling you."

Teresa looks at me for another second, which lasts an hour. Then, finally, like what she's really doing is agreeing to fistfight me, she says, "All right."

Things happen fast then. There's a general attitude among everybody else that I ought to have my gun taken away from me. But nobody's sure of how to start. The big guy's puffing and swearing. Howdy Doody wants to know who the hell I am, and he starts screaming at me that I'm a madman, walking in there and interrupting his movie. Finally, Victoria tells him I'm Teresa's husband. It's sort of the answer to everything. "That's all I need," he says. "A husband."

So we head down the trail. "Don't try following," I yell back at them. "There's nothing I'd like better than to shoot a few of you assholes." I'm feeling pretty cocky. But when we get to the truck, I get it rolling P.D.Q.

Then I don't feel cocky anymore.

It gets quiet and stays quiet for half the drive back, until I try telling her she's violated my trust.

She's sitting between Victoria and me, and she says, "Oh, yeah. You two want to talk about trust?"

I take a look over at Victoria. She smokes her cigarette and won't look at me.

"Yeah, she told me," Teresa says. "Because she couldn't keep it behind my back, like you."

"Men and women are different," I try telling her.

"Yeah," she says. "You're different, all right. You're a two-faced, self-serving son of a bitch."

"Yeah?" I say. "And so's every damn male human being in the world, then, and that's the whole problem. You've got to beware of us every damn minute of the time."

"Amen to that, brother," she says.

"So why do you want to show yourself off like that? Just for the money?"

But she won't say anymore, so I won't, either. It's a standoff, both of us saving our ammunition.

We have our talk-out when we get home, sitting at the kitchen table with a bottle of Scotch between us. "It wasn't the money, was it?" I say. "T.J., how in the world could you do something like that?"

She looks at me across the table. She's still plenty roughed up, but then she gives a shake to her head and looks me square in the eye and says, "It was the safest I ever felt."

Then she gets a look like something just occurred to her and, all of a sudden, she's not so mad anymore. "It's something," she says. "There've always been men who looked at me like I was naked in their

minds. That's what's scary. This was embarrassing at first, but it wasn't scary. After about a minute, I felt more normal than I ever did with my clothes on. Does that make any sense?"

I don't say anything to that, because right then, I'm afraid that things can never be the same between us. I'm not mad anymore, either, only hurt and ashamed, like it had happened to me instead of her. It's like a switch thrown to another circuit. A whole flood comes rushing up, real tears, and it rims out right even with my lower eyelids and teeters there and then starts spilling over.

T.J. looks at me like I've got ants all over my face. Then she says, "Aw, honey, don't cry. Sweetheart. Baby, I'm still all yours." She comes around behind my chair and puts her arms around me. She wraps her arms around my head like a bandage. I can smell the make-up and dust and her sweat. Her skin's hot on her neck, and her breath's hot. I want right then, in spite of everything that's happened, just to take her into the bedroom and love her like there's no tomorrow. She knows it, too. I feel her mouth press into the top of my head. She starts tugging at my hair with her teeth. Then she comes around and sits in my lap, and then I can't even remember what I was thinking before. It's not a truce, it's just a plain lay-down of all weapons.

So pretty soon, we're in the bedroom. At first, I'm worried that it might be different, that she'll be changed. But it's not so, until we're in the middle of it, when I take a breather and she says for me to speak Spanish.

"Say everything you know," she whispers to me. "Speak Spanish to me."

So I say, "*Esto es para las chiquitas*," which sort of means, "This is for pretty girls," and Teresa says, "*Más, más, que me estoy calentando mucho*," because she knows Spanish like a Mexican.

So I go on, saying everything I can think of. I start getting into it. I start getting the accents right. I start putting some color into it. Finally, I'm saying the same thing over and over, but it doesn't matter. I just keep saying it until we're through.

Then we're lying there, and I'm wondering which one of those Spaniards it was she turned me into but thinking maybe it wasn't so bad, when all at once Teresa says, "We'll have to go see it when it comes to town."

"See what?" I say. Then I know, and my heart takes a leap.

"*The Spanish Inquisition*," she says. "We'll look for it when it comes. We'll see if they kept me in it. The scene where I'm whipped."

I think about this. I picture it. I know a movie's not the same as the real thing. It's worse. Men will see her up on the screen, then they'll see her in real life and they'll think things. I start thinking then how I'll have to be ready.



ALEXANDER JULIAN

(continued from page 109)

should cheap out. "If you don't have the money to buy a complete wardrobe, then one good suit is better than five mediocre ones." For the young man entering the business world, a wise investment would be a gray or blue suit that has a slight pattern and a touch of accent color. ("Don't be too basic. It's not surprising that interesting clothes and interesting people are often found together.") He also recommends purchasing a "great tweed sports coat" that's not too colorful. That way, the wearer has the option of wearing it for either a dressy or a sporty occasion.

"Clothes can be a catalyst for a personality change. I've seen it happen dozens of times in the years I've spent making personal appearances in stores around the country. A guy who has worn only white shirts and navy jackets puts on something new, with a little color, and begins to feel like a changed person. And that's always great for his sex life."

On the subject of power suits, Julian feels that "clothing should be enhancing rather than intimidating. I always try to build something extra into my business suits to keep them from being boring. It may be a hidden pattern or a subtle twist of color that is really noticeable only to the wearer. There's a subliminal message of strength that comes across to others."

Spotting Alexander Julian on the street is never difficult. Despite his neatly trimmed reddish beard, he is the man wearing the clashing patterns and offbeat color combinations. Unlike many of his counterparts, Julian takes his personal wardrobe directly from his line of clothes. And he never advises a customer to combine patterns, textures and colors in a way that Julian wouldn't himself.

"People like to be challenged by my fashion eccentricities. I wear a lot of patterns together, because the idea of two solid colors worn at the same time makes me cringe. I wear only clothes that I honestly love. Boating shoes without socks were a real idiosyncrasy of mine until too many people started wearing them. I wear clothes to be comfortable—voluminous linen shirts, sweaters tied around the waist, beat-up flannels. I really like to use clothes. Most of my things are rags."

As one of the nation's most successful men's-fashion designers (he has won the prestigious Cutty Sark Menswear Award twice), Julian is in the unique position of being able to declare what is and what is not good taste, regardless of personal quirks. His advice to those who would be well dressed: "The key element is not to take yourself too seriously. You can wear anything as long as you know yourself." Julian, we like the way you think.



DREAM BOATS

(continued from page 68)

into the saloon of a Swan for the first time is rather like climbing into the back seat of a Rolls-Royce. It looks good, it smells good, it feels good. This is an interior that was put together by craftsmen, with meticulous attention to finish and detail, and not just crudely banged into shape by a gang with power tools. The saloon itself is huge, with seating for eight around a teak drop-leaf table and panels of hand-rubbed teak. All the wood, from stem to stern, has a soft satin finish that brings out the deep gold of teak's grain.

Forward of the saloon are a shower/head and the forward cabin, or fo'c'sle, with two folding berths and capacious stowage underneath for sails and other gear. At the afterend of the saloon are a fully equipped galley and the navigation station, with chart table, control panel, instruments, gauges and communications. There's a second shower/head aft of the navigation station and, beyond that, the owner's stateroom, with double berth and settees on either side. Here, as throughout the boat, abundant light is provided by ports and hatches—and these, like everything else aboard, are built of strong and durable materials for long life and hard

usage. In short, Swans combine two virtues that are rarely found together: elegance and rugged strength.

As a Swan owner, you can compete in the Robert Swan Atlantic Regatta at Newport, Rhode Island, or at the Robert Swan World Cup in Porto Cervo, Sardinia. Or you can enter the quadrennial Whitbread Round the World Race (a Swan 65 won the first Whitbread in 1973-1974), compete in the Southern Ocean Racing Conference series in south Florida (better known as the S.O.R.C.) or enter any one of dozens of ocean races, from the Sydney-Hobart Race to Antigua Race Week. And compete with a strong chance of winning, because that's what Swans have built their name on: coming in first. Our Swan 43, a Ron Holland design, was provided by Nautor Swan of Miami and is delivered in sail-away condition on the East Coast for around \$340,000. For those who'd sooner take delivery at the source in Pietarsaari, Finland, and bring it home themselves, the check comes to \$320,000 or thereabouts. Anyone who says that money can't buy happiness has never owned a Swan—which, come to think of it, is something that can be said about any boat, be it ever so humble.



SUMMER CAMP.

REINCARNATION (continued from page 120)

"Yuliis Ruvál is probably one of the most unusual names to grace a marquee since Schwarzenegger's."

name? I like to flatter her and make her happy." Müller's grandmother didn't have the most common of names, even for a French-Norwegian. In fact, Yuliis Ruvál (pronounced You-lease Roo-val) is probably one of the most unusual names to grace a marquee since Arnold Schwarzenegger's. While Müller is still Lillian's legal name, all her acting is now done as Yuliis Ruvál. "I know it's an unusual name, but I consider myself very unusual and it kind of fits the package."

The new name certainly hasn't been a hindrance. She estimates she has guested on more than 25 TV shows since she returned to the U.S. three years ago; among them, *Remington Steele*, *Crazy Like a Fox* and *Magnum, P.I.*, as well as such movies as *King of the Mountain*, *The Devil and Max Devlin* and *Stewardess School*.

Olivia De Berardinis has taken an equally circuitous route to success. She showed an aptitude for erotic art at the precocious age of nine, when she drew her

own version of LeRoy Neiman's Femlin after seeing her father's copies of *PLAYBOY*. Her parents, by her own description, were a somewhat eccentric, lusty, fun-loving couple who "got a big giggle out of sex." Around the house, risqué jokes were told with abandon. Not surprisingly, her father prized his daughter's Femlin sketch. It was almost preordained that De Berardinis go to art school; there she put aside eroticism and experimented with more conventional types of art. Eventually, however, she realized she would never be able to make a living in fine art and returned to drawing pinups. The experience taught her an important lesson: "You shouldn't fool with something that comes naturally."

At first, her work showed a hard-core eroticism appropriate only for some of the more explicit men's magazines. "That was fun to do for a while," she says. "The country was more liberated then." However, the more she painted, the softer and sexier her images became. "I realized that

clothes and lingerie suggested so much more than explicit nudity did." Her popularity grew as her work became more mainstream. A series of posters done for a New York radio station, imagining the fantasies such musicians as Linda Ronstadt and Rod Stewart might have, were ripped out of the subways soon after they appeared—all 10,000 of them. She also did a movie poster for Bo Derek's *Tarzan* and started a successful line of greeting cards (for a catalog of Olivia's works, including the cards, a calendar and other reproductions, send two dollars to O Card Corp., P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018).

Many enthusiasts consider her the quintessential pinup artist working today, and she's the first woman to earn such an accolade. But for De Berardinis, being a woman *and* an erotic artist is a logical combination. "Women are always looking at other women. It's very natural," she says. "I have trouble drawing a man in an erotic position." Still, when people meet her in her New York studio, they expect the artist to be as uninhibited as her art. "If I were like that, I wouldn't have time to paint," she laughs. "I guess some people think, others do."

Joel Beren, her husband and manager for the past seven years, agrees. "We're homebodies, leading a very quiet life. Olivia's a workaholic, seven days a week, 15 hours a day."

Lillian Müller doesn't travel on the fast track, either. "I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't do any drugs," she reports. "I go to my little healthy places to eat, because I'm a vegetarian, and I don't go to parties or premieres. You don't actually get work by hanging out—you get it by doing a good job."

Right now, Müller is concentrating on movie roles. "I'm a bit tired of television," she says. "It's not creative enough." She's an avid moviegoer—her list of favorite directors and stars reads like the Beverly Hills telephone book—and she continues to take acting and singing lessons. Her appearance in *PLAYBOY* is part of her specific career planning. "It's not enough for me to marry a rich man and have a great social life, with a Rolls-Royce and a mansion," she says. "I have to make the most of my talent. I want some quality in my life, and I think I can combine being a 'sex symbol' with being a serious actress. *PLAYBOY* fits in because this is a very classy layout, like a piece of art. And it was a privilege to work with Olivia."

As De Berardinis watched this layout take shape, she was surprised. "I felt so strange," she explains. "I deal so much in fantasy, making things curve the way I want them to. Suddenly, I was watching my two-dimensional fantasies come to life. It was amazing and sort of eerie."



ROGER MALTBIE

(continued from page 110)

do it for a living. Fresh air, cut grass . . . golf balls. Somebody carries your bag. Not only that, my caddie's name is Shitty. I get paid to be on the Michelob Advisory Staff; I get paid for wearing Aureus shirts. And what I do for that is play golf, which is something I've done since I was about ten years old, anyway, for free.

"I'm making some money now, but there were years when I didn't. Nine thousand, 12,000 dollars. You don't break even out there until you make \$65,000 or \$70,000. But even when the ball wasn't going into the cup, when I was frustrated and playing below what I could play, it was still golf. I was happy then without money; I'm happy now that things are going better. . . ."

I leaned closer, so he could see my eyes. "Roger," I said, "would you like me to be happy, too?"

Roger sighed. "All right," he said, "I'll tell you about the house. We found this place a few months ago, out in Los Gatos, kind of set back from the road. Four bedrooms; my wife loved it right away. And it's reasonable. We paid about \$250,000, which isn't a lot of money for something out there, and moved in. And the day we walked in the door, there was a dark spot on the rug in the den where there wasn't a dark spot before.

"It turns out there's a problem with underground water; we might have floor rot. Nobody's been under there yet to see how bad it is. There's going to be lawyers in it and real-estate people and banks."

As soon as I saw the spot on the rug, I began to feel that this was going to work out after all. It was big and it was wet and it was fresh. Golfers, of course, cannot swing with people standing behind them; they cannot putt while anything is moving. Roger not only had lawyers and real-estate people and banks in his life now, he had—if I know anything about houses and marriage—lost his conjugal rights.

And if a man cannot concentrate on a motionless white ball on a green background because somewhere an airplane is crossing the sky, how can he concentrate knowing his life isn't going to be worth living for the 11 years minimum it's going to take to get this settled?

I said, "Horrible, just horrible."

But then Donna Maltbie came into the room, and we were right back where we started. First of all, this woman was supposed to be from somewhere around Moline, Illinois—I knew this from talking with Roger. I have been to Moline a lot of times, however, and have never seen anything resembling Mrs. Maltbie.

I mean, there was no beard or anything.

I found myself staring at her—not so much because she was pretty, which isn't enough of a word, anyway, but trying to

figure out what kind of fairy dust they sprinkled over Roger Maltbie that he rolled into one end of Moline, Illinois, and came out the other end with this woman instead of, say, a rash.

Second, there was something in Mrs. Maltbie that was missing in Roger. Something practical. I don't mean this in an insulting way, but the truth is, left without outside influences, Roger would look at the spot on the rug every morning for the rest of his life, wonder if it was blood from the night before and forget it was there by afternoon.

The truth is, Roger without outside influences is the guy you would sell your underground-water problems to. Roger married to Donna, however, is a different proposition.

He fixed some drinks and we all sat out on the patio. There were still people moving around inside. "House guests," Donna said. "Friends come in from out of town, Roger invites them over and sometimes they stay for months. When we first got the place, there were people in sleeping bags in the halls."

Roger smiled and drank Scotch.

"That's the way Roger's always been," she said. And you could see she wasn't trying to change that. Mrs. Maltbie was going to have somebody's nuts on the gas grill before the underground-water business was settled, but they weren't going to be Roger's. She was practical and, at the same time, working in Roger's interests.

Take my word for it, that cannot be easy.

"Donna follows me almost every round I play," he said. "She doesn't understand the mechanics of the swing—I mean, she can't tell me I'm doing this or that. But she can pick me up with a couple of words, or she can kick me in the ass. . . . She keeps my mind on what I'm doing."

It wasn't always like that, of course.

Back in 1975, when he was 24 years old and new on the tour, Roger didn't need anybody to pick him up and he didn't need anybody to kick him in the ass. He was the P.G.A.'s rookie of the year and, early on, in the space of two weeks, he won tournaments back to back.

After the second win, played at Pleasant Valley, just outside Boston, Maltbie wandered into T. O. Flynn's tavern in Worcester, where he took everything out of his pockets—money, keys, lint, everything—and laid it all on the bar to make sure nobody else could buy a drink.

"I woke up the next morning," he said, "and sat up, thinking, Lord, don't let this be me inside this headache, and put my face in my hands before I opened my eyes. I started out just looking for my feet. I couldn't see them; or maybe I could see them, but they didn't look familiar. The light was unnatural—you know what I mean? I closed my eyes, trying to remember what I'd done. I needed a cigarette."

"I found my pants on the floor and

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reached into the front pockets. They were wet and cold and empty. I checked the back pockets and then my wallet and then my shirt. Not a nickel. I thought, Well, you must have had a good time; then I remembered the check, and that was gone, too.

"Forty thousand dollars. I called up the bar and said, 'Listen, you didn't happen to find a check on the floor while you were sweeping up, did you?'"

"No, but the guy said he'd keep an eye out for it.

"Then I called the tournament and asked if I could have another one. They did that, and Cuz Mingolla lent me a couple of hundred dollars so I could get to the next stop. Meanwhile, somebody found the check in the sawdust. He called and told me, but I already had a new one coming, so I said, 'Why don't you just keep it for a souvenir?'"

That was ten years ago. There was another win the next year, and then Roger went cold. "The way it was before," he said, "I'd play a bad round or a bad tournament and it wouldn't bother me. I always knew I'd play better tomorrow. But somewhere in there, I began to get frustrated. Instead of knowing I'd play better, I'd begin to think I *had* to play better.

"I worked harder and harder at it; I pressed all the time. Seventy-eight, '79, '80, those were the worst years. Without realizing it, I quit having fun. On the course, I mean. I was still the same person; I never was ungrateful to be playing golf for a living. But let me tell you, one day, in a tournament, I actually shot a 92.

And I posted it, I didn't withdraw or get myself disqualified; I signed the score card. I said, 'I shot it, I'll sign it.'

"And it wasn't too long after that I went and talked with this sports psychologist at the University of Virginia. He thought I'd forgotten how to have fun. I said, 'You know who I am?' He suggested that I ought to try to remember how it felt when I'd just got on the tour, when I'd go out and have a good time playing. And it was that simple. Once I started thinking of it like that, I began to play again."

But back to Perdido Bay.

The caddie pulls the ball out of the waste-water effluent and cleans it off. Roger drops it on the other side of the pond and hits an iron through some trees to about 40 yards in front of the green.

Somebody in the crowd says, "Good shot." Roger smiles. Even though he is all over the course today and is not having as good a time as the sports psychologist at the University of Virginia would like, he takes a certain happiness in the act of hitting the golf ball.

He is, first of all, a natural athlete—something that is not as common on the P.G.A. tour as you might think. His swing is uncluttered, his weight moves by itself through the ball, the club head follows it. And in that moment—free of physical distractions—there is a fresh start. An expectation. Which is at the heart of fun, or nobody would ever be stupid enough to get into a car and drive the family to the Grand Canyon on a vacation.

And the fact that Roger's expectations are turning bad today does not seem to get in the way of his enthusiasm for the afternoon. At least that's the way it looks to me.

Archie—you remember Archie—sees it another way. He shakes his head and brushes at the smoke coming from his pants leg. A piece of the cuff falls off. "That fella's in a lot of trouble," he says.

"What's the worst thing that can happen?" I ask him. "It was the caddie who stuck his hand in the water."

"Mental," he says and taps himself on the head. "He could take a seven on the hole. He could miss the cut."

(Which is, in fact, what happens. Roger takes a seven and shoots a 74, leaving him with a 36-hole total of 142. That is even par, and that is one shot too many.)

As I am leaving the green, Archie lights a fresh cigar and smiles an awful black-gummed smile. "I told you," he says.

And an hour later, Roger walks off the 18th green, shaking his head. He says, "I have been invaded by a foreign body," but it's bothering him more than that.

I ask him if it was the substitute caddie, or his wife's being in Chicago, or the wet spot on the rug back in Los Gatos, or if the magazine had jinxed him.

"I don't know what it was," he says, "but it's embarrassing, being all over the course like I was. I don't like playing that way, because I can play better."

I ask Roger how long today will be on his mind. "Until I play better," he says.

And that is a germ that can grow different ways, of course, but it is at the heart of anything serious. And you've got to appreciate it in Roger. Whether it's a nine-year fuck-up or \$351,000 by August, drunk, sober, married or single, it doesn't matter if there's a swamp growing under his house—whatever Roger Maltbie is doing, he's doing it all the way.

And one more thing.

A couple of hours later, I walked into a place called the Flora-Bama, which sits on the state line between Florida and Alabama, and asked the bartender for something to drink.

And while I was waiting, I happened to notice a brass plate fitted into the walnut bar over the garbage can. I asked one of the waitresses what it was for.

"There's a guy named Roger," she said. "Everybody loves him, and last year he came in here and drank so much, he fell into the garbage can and couldn't get out. Go look for yourself."

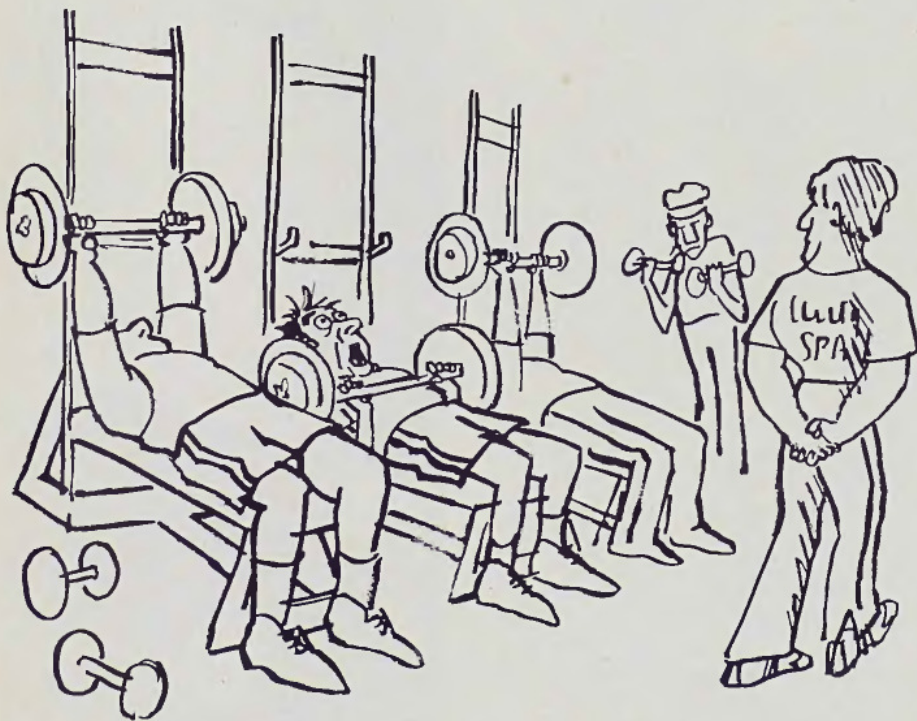
And so I did.

It said, ROGER MALTBIÉ'S TRASH CAN, AWARDED ANNUALLY.

And so, in the end, I am afraid the comfort of the Roger Maltbie story isn't what we set out to find a long time ago, alone in a bathtub.

Roger isn't one of us, he's better.

The heartening part is that everybody loves him anyway.



BRIAN SAVAGE

"Stop the presses!"

“Hugo looked at the check, went over to a telephone, dialed a number and said, ‘Hello, Juilliard? Fuck you!’”

They were asked questions, and you had to guess what they were.

Halfway through the show, I knew we were going into the ground. I said, “The only thing that would help this show is if we shut the holes up.” It was a *bomb*. I told the execs that I was going on the next week to apologize. They said, “You can’t do that! This is a network; we never apologize!” I got one exec on my side, and he talked them into letting me do it. And when I did it, of course, it got great critical acclaim. Nobody’d done that before.

PLAYBOY: Let’s talk about your amazing—and generally overlooked—recording career. The Jackie Gleason Orchestra sold millions of LPs full of what might be called syrupy strings. What was their appeal?

GLEASON: Well, they *were* syrupy. We had one of the best orchestras you could get. I wouldn’t hire people unless they were the top guys, and we’d have a lot of fun. But we didn’t fool around with the melody; the melody was the main thing. I wouldn’t have strings do big sweeps that agitated the melodies. It turned out to be very romantic music.

PLAYBOY: We suspect that you had ulterior motives.

GLEASON: Well, it helped the guy who had a dame and wanted to have that atmosphere you’d see in motion pictures. You know, in pictures, a guy’s talking to a dame, and then the music sneaks in and everything is magnified. My records proved it works for guys in Brooklyn, too.

PLAYBOY: You actually arranged the music?

GLEASON: No, I did the complexion of the arrangements. I would tell the arranger how I wanted the music to sound. For instance, when I wrote *Lover’s Rhapsody*, which was the first opera I did, I would tell the guy where I wanted to hear the sound of heels clicking as the hooker walked down the street.

PLAYBOY: Let’s get this straight: Your romantic albums were mainly standard popular tunes. When did you write operas?

GLEASON: *Lover’s Rhapsody* was for television, as was *Tawny*, which was a ballet and a symphonic theme, and it got great notices. By the way, *that* was when you *had* to use clout. As soon as a network hears that a comedian is putting on a ballet and he’s writing the music, it gets very nervous.

PLAYBOY: Tough to imagine. Did the serious music do well with the average guy?

GLEASON: Yeah. All the albums were best sellers. I had three albums on the charts at the same time. I’ve got a great story about that. I was sitting at Toots’s bar with the

classical conductor Hugo Winterhalter, and Dick Jones, who produced the records, walked in and threw a check onto the table. It was the royalties for two months, something like \$50,000. Hugo looked at the check, went over to a telephone, dialed a number and said, “Hello, Juilliard? Fuck you!”

PLAYBOY: Didn’t Salvador Dali have a hand in the packaging of one Gleason Orchestra album?

GLEASON: He did something for me that he’s never done for anybody else. I did an album called *Lonesome Echo*. I was sitting with him at El Morocco in New York, and we were both stiff. I said to him, as a joke, “How about painting a cover for the album?” And he said, “Certainly!” And he did. We have the original at home. He’s beautiful. We’re very good friends. He used to carry a cane; he’d pull a sword out of it and wave it around. I once asked him why he wore that curly mustache. He said, “They’re antennae. I get messages coming in!” I knew then he was my kind of guy.

PLAYBOY: Another interesting fact is that you wrote two of the most famous songs in TV history—your theme song, *Melancholy Serenade*, and the *Honeymooners* theme. How did they come about?

GLEASON: On *The Honeymooners*, we used to play *Our Love Is Here to Stay* at the end of the show, when I’d start to apologize to Alice. Finally, I decided I might as well write a theme, since I’m a member of ASCAP. And with the variety show, we had to have a theme song. I wanted something that had a tremendous burst of “Now it’s gonna happen.” I also wanted nostalgia inside the melody. And when they hit those tymps, the music would say it was a big opening for the show.

PLAYBOY: Then the camera would pan across the Miami water and the girls would come out kicking.

GLEASON: The girls—that was the best part. We made sure I never lacked for an opening.

PLAYBOY: One last musical question: We understand that you take full credit for giving Elvis Presley his first big break. Care to share the details?

GLEASON: I don’t take *full* credit. He just showed up on our program before he showed up on anybody else’s. I was producing our summer replacement show, starring Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. I was sitting in my office, and Jack Philbin handed me a picture of him. I looked at the picture and said, “Can he make any noise at all?” They played me that record, *That’s All Right, Mama*, and I said, “Nail him.” So we put him on. It didn’t take

much foresight; all you had to do was look at the picture and you knew that here comes a big one.

Anyway, we had him on several times and he was doing great. Then Tommy and Jimmy got a little angry because it was turning into the Elvis Presley show and, since they were good friends of mine, I had to let him go.

PLAYBOY: We hear he got work. About the Fifties: Were any of your people ever the targets of McCarthy’s anti-Communist witch-hunts?

GLEASON: There was a guy who owned a supermarket chain, and he was putting everybody on this list. CBS, NBC and ABC were all kowtowing to this guy; they were scared to death of him. He was going around to all shows—Sid Caesar’s, [Milton] Berle’s, any show that he thought had a Red on its staff. He had this power because he owned these supermarkets and wouldn’t accept the sponsors’ products in his stores.

He finally came up to see me and said that I had a writer on the show who was a Commie and I was to get rid of him. So I called everybody on the staff down into the main room of the offices, where I had this supermarket guy, and I said, “You’re now going to see me throw a son of a bitch out the door!” And I threw him out.

PLAYBOY: You’ve never received an Emmy award for your television accomplishments—a fact many people find astounding. What would you trade for one?

GLEASON: Absolutely nothing. It’s a joke now. I wouldn’t trade for any award. They really don’t mean anything. Think of some of the people who won these awards—people you’ve never seen again! The only time I was nominated, Danny Thomas won. At least, Audrey, Art and June Taylor won them.

PLAYBOY: You’ve been known to say you don’t think you have a “motion-picture personality.” How do you figure that?

GLEASON: No, I don’t. I can be *interesting* in a picture through my acting, but I don’t have the personality that would lead a picture—unless it was a comedy and it fit me.

PLAYBOY: One exception may be the 1962 film *Gigot*, the Chaplinesque tale about a deaf-mute Parisian janitor. That, we understand, was your favorite performance. What did you achieve there that you haven’t in other roles?

GLEASON: Well, *Gigot* really fit me. First of all, my performance was all pantomime. Expressing yourself in pantomime is a hell of a lot more difficult than if you use words. So it was an achievement. Plus, I wrote the story and the musical score for the picture. It was a ham actor’s dream, a nice ego trip. And it got very good critical acclaim. I’m proud of that.

PLAYBOY: Some critics complained, though, that it was a little heavy-handed in the pathos department.

GLEASON: Comedy without pathos is like

sitting down to a meal without bread.

PLAYBOY: Not everybody needs that much bread with his meals.

GLEASON: I do. Pathos is a very important comedic element. It's a strange thing, too, that all good comedians can make an audience cry, with the exception of one of the greatest—Groucho Marx. His character didn't lend itself to it; I don't know whether or not he even wanted to do it.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us: In 1968, you persuaded Groucho to join you as a cast member in Otto Preminger's appropriately titled stinker *Skidoo*. Did he ever forgive you?

GLEASON: [Wistfully] It might've taken him a while. I got Groucho to play God in the picture. They were looking for somebody and I suggested Groucho. They leaped. So I called him up and he said, "I don't want to work." I said, "Come on, it's only a couple of days—we'll have some fun!" George Raft, Mickey Rooney and Peter Lawford were also in the cast. So Groucho agreed. Then, right after he got on the picture, Preminger started in on him, giving him a hard time. And Groucho was old and feeble. Preminger, what a *son of a bitch!*

Right at the beginning of shooting, Preminger started berating Frankie Avalon, who was in the cast, and, Christ, it was just terrible to see. Very embarrassing. So when that was over, I said, "Otto, come here." I said [stage whispers], "If you ever talk to me like that, I will hit you over the head with a fuckin' chair! Just remember." From then on, he was as gentle as the rain with me.

The picture turned out to be the greatest *meatball* that was ever made! Coming out of the theater after the premiere, I told Preminger, "I hope your hair falls out!" [Preminger, of course, was already a cue ball.—Ed.] And the strange thing is that, in one San Francisco theater, *Skidoo* played for *years*. I guess audiences went in there to masturbate or something, because they certainly couldn't have been looking at the picture.

Jesus, if you want to hear picture stories, here's the greatest one in the world: John Huston is directing the picture about the whale, *Moby Dick*. They're on location in this little village, where all the natives know everything that's going on. They hear that Huston needs an actor with one leg and, in this town, there happens to be a guy with one leg. Suddenly, this Irish friend of his becomes the guy's agent and tells him [in a brogue] "All right, let me do all the business."

Before long, word gets to Huston that there's this soul with one leg available and that his "agent" is talking about hundreds of dollars. On the day they arrange a meeting, Huston is standing on the end of a pier. This guy with the one leg and a crutch comes hobbling up with his manager, and they're talking about all the

money they're gonna make. They get to Huston and the agent says, "Here he is!" Huston looks at the guy, then says, "Wrong leg."

PLAYBOY: Even you've admitted that some of your most recent pictures have been, at best, disappointing. What, for instance, possessed you to make *The Sting II*?

GLEASON: [Unhesitatingly] *Money! Sting II* was trying to live on the reputation of the original. When we were making it, I knew we were headed for disaster. The script they first brought to me was very good. Then they started to "fix" it and, once they start doing that, anything can happen. Usually, trouble starts.

PLAYBOY: Was it simply money, then, that drew you to the Burt Reynolds—Hal Needham *Smokey and the Bandit* trilogy?

GLEASON: Well, I didn't get a great deal of money for the first *Bandit*. When I saw the script of that one, I turned it down. I said, "How dare they bring me this?" Then I started to think about how I could play a redneck sheriff differently from anybody else. I thought the pencil mustache would be an interesting touch, and I started to get into it. But there wasn't even a scene between Burt and me, so I wrote a scene for us myself. That's the only time we met in the picture, and here I was chasing him all over Florida and Georgia.

PLAYBOY: What's your appraisal of Reynolds' career?

GLEASON: He's never done a picture that even approaches his potential. I've seen him and he has, you know, *moves*. He moves just right, has great acting ability and he can do comedy. He could even be 20,000 times better than he was in *Deliverance* if he got the right part. Given the opportunity, he'll be a riot.

PLAYBOY: Of course, your performance in *The Hustler* as Minnesota Fats, for which you earned an Oscar nomination, has been regarded as your finest on film. Have you ever heard from the real Fats?

GLEASON: You know, his name wasn't Minnesota Fats then! It was New York Fats, and when the picture came out, he immediately changed it. I heard he tried to sue 20th Century Fox, but they sent him a couple of letters and he shut up right away. [Excitedly] And I could beat him *left-handed*, playing pool. *Left-handed!* Every time Willie Mosconi plays him on TV, Willie has to miscue three or four times, because otherwise, the poor bum would run out on him. He can't play pool. He wanted to cash in.

PLAYBOY: Eight years have passed since your triple-bypass operation, yet you still play golf every day when you're not working. Can we assume that the heart-attack nightmare is a thing of the past and that you're now feeling spry?

GLEASON: Oh, I've never felt better. Whatever they did to my heart, they must have done it right.

PLAYBOY: You were on stage in Chicago, doing *Sly Fox* in 1978, when the heart at-

tack hit, but the show did go on, didn't it?

GLEASON: I wouldn't walk off a stage if my legs were falling off! But that night, when the pain started, I'd never felt anything like it before, where I wanted to get the hell off. Fortunately, it was near the end of the show, but, boy, did I want to quit. Then it subsided, so afterward, Mare and I went to a restaurant and I had some clams and some booze. Then this pain came over me again. I got up and went out in front of the restaurant. I knew something was happening. I didn't have the slightest idea what—I wasn't scared. I've never been scared about things like that.

PLAYBOY: Like death?

GLEASON: It's ridiculous to be afraid of death. No matter how frightened you are, you're still going to die.

PLAYBOY: Does your pragmatism come from what we've heard you believe regarding the afterlife?

GLEASON: Well, reincarnation would be ideal. If you didn't do it right the first time, you could come back and try it all over again. I just hope I'm doing it right, so I don't have to come back.

PLAYBOY: You don't want to come back?

GLEASON: What for? Maybe if I could come back in 1000 years and see all the new stuff. . . . But just to come right back and say, "Oh, Christ, *the same old stuff* . . . !"

PLAYBOY: Has it occurred to you that you could probably stave off that eventuality longer if you stopped smoking? You plow through, what, five packs a day?

GLEASON: [Sighs] Yeah, it's a very dubious distinction to smoke five packs of cigarettes a day. After my operation, though, my doctor made a terrible mistake. In my presence, he said to Marilyn, "I don't understand it—the bum smokes five packs a day and his lungs are as pink as a baby's!" She went crazy and said, "What did you tell him that for?"

But if I were to get anything, I would have had it by now. I mean, it's just your constitution. Quitting, I think, would affect me worse. Whatever you give up, you have to substitute somehow, usually by eating 40 pounds of candy a day. Now, who the hell knows what I would substitute for smoking?

PLAYBOY: Jackie, is there anything you do in moderation? Or is everything grander, bigger than life?

GLEASON: Well, there's nothing too grand about my ordinary life. The only things I do in a grand manner have to do with show business. I have a little piece of wood on my desk with an inscription on it: THREE ELEPHANTS ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE. And that's my philosophy, my show-business philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine your life outside show business?

GLEASON: Sure. I would have shined actors' shoes.





John
Dempsey

"He is not just talking about increasing corporate revenues; he is talking about salvation."

block innovation the way a huge man's shadow blocks the sunlight.

There are some who insist that Peters is not an angel but a devil, possessed not by the Word but by the buck. And the spotlight. He's this year's snake-oil salesman, they say, pitching his "excellence" cure to the desperate; a silver-tongued barker covering up the holes in his story, waving off evidence that the cure doesn't work. He's selling a kind of corporate est, forever pushing the AMERICA CAN DO IT button.

Tom Peters is, momentarily, a happy man. In a small chartered plane lifting above the hills of West Virginia, he is in an excellent, albeit exhausted, mood. A Democratic caucus at the Greenbrier resort has just been told how America can be saved. "We can't protect industries that make things that just don't work!" he shouted. So we must learn to compete. World peace lies in the direction of world trade. And why, now that the session is

over, is he so thrilled? Because, he says, "I sure pissed off a few people."

He did more than that. He captured the crowd. Elmer Gantry in a humid tent holds not a candle to Tom Peters in an air-conditioned ballroom. Peters at the podium is a man on fire. He harangues the ceiling; he implores the floor. He paces, stomps, wrings his hands. He shrieks. He sweats. His voice grows hoarser and hoarser. A former colleague says that listening to Peters speak is like trying to get a drink from a rushing fire hydrant.

He has been honing this style longer than most people know. Since 1980, when *Business Week* published a portion of his excellence study, his phone hasn't stopped ringing. He has now developed, he says, "infinite respect for Johnny Carson and Bill Cosby. I learned the hard way that you can tell the same story over and over. One time, you belch in the middle, which gives people seven seconds to laugh, and the next time, you forget that's what you

did, and they don't laugh."

At the Greenbrier, he wasn't trying to make people laugh. He was a man consumed by grief at how badly most companies operate. His was a soul in torment, and his suffering was contagious. When he told his listeners he was afraid of the Japanese, a *frisson* of fear ran through the room. Then came the parable. In this one, a woman bought an appliance at Macy's during the Christmas rush. On her way out, someone asked if she knew who the Japanese man who had sold her the appliance was. She didn't. Well, the man was the *president* of the Sony Corporation, working in the store to see what his customers were buying. "Imagine!" Peters shrieked. "How many C.E.O.s hang out in department stores? You can count 'em on one hand after a lawn-mower accident."

So he got his laugh anyway. When he said, "Management in Silicon Valley is as rotten as it is in the Rust Bowl," a Representative from Maryland poked a Representative from Ohio and whispered, "How's *that* for mild?" Florida Congressman Claude Pepper rushed forward when the speech was over and said Peters was the man they should run for President.

Tony Coelho, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, also thinks Peters has political potential. He likes a guy who says such things as "The only thing people understand in the board rooms of the Fortune 500 companies is terror."

People who know him well assume that Peters, now 43 years old, has overcome the initial shock of his rapid rise to celebrity. No longer overweight and disheveled-looking, he has achieved a new peace of mind. And although he can be seen sipping Scotch after his speeches, he is reportedly drinking less than he used to. He reacts badly to rumors that lectures were botched—even missed—because he was drunk. He admits to having missed three, one because an airline bumped him off a flight. "I thought I was an alcoholic, but my shrink says no," he says. After years of wearing torn running shoes, rumpled corduroys and shirts that protruded over an expanding belly, today's trimmer Peters is nattily dressed in gray slacks, a button-down shirt, a red tie and a blue blazer that, to his amazement, shakes out wrinkle-free when he lifts it from the airplane seat. "Maybe," he says, "I ought to buy expensive clothes more often." On a very good day, he might resemble Harrison Ford, the far side of boyish, with unruly eyebrows, broad face, hair shaggy (by corporate standards) and a bring-on-the-beast-I'll-take-'im-with-my-bare-hands look in his eye.

There are a lot of beasts in Peters' world. And bad guys. "Tom needs an enemy," one friend says. "Life isn't worth living for him unless he has one."

The composite Peters enemy is the "button-down guy in a 17-piece gray suit who never speaks above a whisper," the



*"But this is neither snow nor rain nor heat
nor gloom of night."*

BIZ BOOKS

WHEN CORPORATE HONCHOS PUT PEN TO PAPER, ARE THEY BETTER OFF JUST SIGNING A CHECK?

Business, when treated in books and movies, was once made synonymous with greed, plunder, acute Philistinism and mindless wheeling and dealing.

All that has changed. Bankers and businessmen are the new darlings of book publishers. Anyone with a theory about where business is going and a system to guarantee first-class tickets for the ride can get a chance at a best seller. Publishing itself is a business, and publishers have discovered that business is good for business.

Yes, but is it good for *books*?

Iacocca, by Lee Iacocca with William Novak (Bantam, \$19.95). This, of course, is the book that made C.E.O.s hot literary properties. Iacocca, it turned out, could sell books even better than he could sell cars. *Iacocca* has genuine virtues, many of which have little to do with business. In the book, Henry Ford is a wonderful villain. Probably only John Dos Passos could have imagined him. *Iacocca* also has a good plot line. The reader actually feels some suspense over the fate of a corporation and some relief when the poor thing narrowly escapes disaster and goes on to prosper.

But, like virtually every other book in the genre, *Iacocca* is a perfect reflection of the priorities of present-day American business. It is long on marketing, advertising and sales, short on craftsmanship. The book is full of bad welds. It rattles with mixed metaphors and tinny clichés. The flow is interrupted by sloppy syntax. At this level, the book is—to use the vernacular its author understands—a clinker. Consider this example:

It was incredible. One man with inherited wealth was making a shambles of everything, launching a company on three years of hell just because he felt like it. He was playing with people's lives. Guys were drinking too much. Their families were falling apart. And nobody could do a thing about it. This juggernaut was running amuck.

Going for It! (Morrow, \$16.95) is Victor Kiam's account of how he came to sell Remington shavers on television. Kiam sums up the lessons of one entire chapter: "The entrepreneur should always be mindful that if he steps on

too many toes by double-dealing or failing to honor his commitments, someone is going to cut off his foot."

Risk & Other Four-Letter Words (Harper & Row, \$19.95) is a collection of old speeches given by Walter B. Wriston. He was then the C.E.O. of Citicorp, and he affects the insufferably superior wisdom bankers wear like pinstripes. To establish his urbanity and learning, he uses more quotes per paragraph than anyone this side of George Will. For instance:

To recognize in a clear-eyed way the existence of an international information standard is not in any sense to denigrate the achievements of the old fixed exchange rates of Bretton Woods any more than taking the Concorde to New York denigrates the achievements of the clipper ships. It is simply a different world. There is a time and a place for everything. As Thomas Hobbes once said: "Hell is truth seen too late."

One wonders how Hobbes's aphorism applies to Wriston's argument. Probably, the banker saw the line in his *Bartlett's* and liked it so much that he used it when he had something close.

On the Line, by Larry Kahaner (Warner Books, \$18.95), is the story of how MCI took on AT&T. This challenge, of course, led to the breakup of the phone company, which a few lawyers still consider a good thing. The murkiness of this book matches the logic of that breakup. This sentence is typical: "Being a city boy, he didn't like Charleston, with its one decaying main street and new downtown mall that housed the stores from the one decaying main street."

Views from the Top (Facts on File, \$16.95) is a collection of platitudes uttered by various C.E.O.s. The editor, Jerome M. Rosow, neglects to say whether they were laughing at the time. Consider this insight from the head hog at Dow Chemical: "An individual learns more by doing than by looking over somebody's shoulder in a management seminar or reading case studies."

Re-inventing the Corporation, by John Naisbitt and Patricia Aburdene (Warner Books, \$17.50), is a pastiche of such new-age insights as *The new information society has created new mar-*

kets and new business opportunities (authors' italics). Perhaps because they realize that so much of their book is obvious and jejune, the authors use a dazzling array of typographical tricks. The resulting chaos makes the book even less fun to read than an annual report.

The IBM Way (Harper & Row, \$17.95) is for people who want to learn why IBM is the most successful corporation in history. However, it turns out that the author, a Buck Rogers (no kidding), can't really tell you what the IBM secret is. So he tries for enlightenment by indirection, employing what might be called the Yuppie epiphany: "It's wonderful when you have motivations and incentives on your side. It makes you stretch. Having run five miles a day for the past 12 years, I know the truth in the old French saying 'One can go a long way after one is tired.' I'd add, 'But only when one is motivated.'"

Innovation, by Richard Foster (Summit Books, \$19.95), is a little more sober. This book purports to explain "why leading companies abruptly lose their markets to new competitors. And how a few have avoided this fate by relentlessly abandoning the skills and products that have brought them success." The author quotes the aforementioned Wriston, who saw that the age of cheap oil was gone forever. He also cites Von Clausewitz and Liddell Hart. This isn't business, you see, it's war. But that tone seems somehow all wrong when the author begins to explain the abstractions of the Coca-Cola/Pepsi struggle: "But Coke's decision to match Pepsi's was just one more move in the chess game that these two competitors have been playing for longer than my lifetime." The introduction of New Coke was something Joseph Heller could have written. It was not high drama but high humor.

Augustine's Laws, by Norman B. Augustine (Viking, \$18.95), is meant to fill the wit void in business writing:

LAW NUMBER XI: If the earth could be made to rotate twice as fast, managers would get twice as much done. If the earth could be made to rotate 20 times as fast, everyone else would get twice as much done, since all the managers would fly off.

Let's stick with Mark Twain.

—JOHN HUNT MORGAN

corporate honcho who runs a huge company and fills his life with perks, private parking spaces and executive elevators; the professional manager, rather than someone who really knows the business.

Peters' heroes and saints, on the other hand, are a ragbagful of shirt-sleeved guys: Frank Perdue, out on the loading platforms with his people; former Dana Corporation president and chairman Rene McPherson, who taught Peters the importance of "managing by wandering around"; Vince Lombardi, who talked about managing through love and whose words often find their way into Peters' speeches. Peters especially likes Baltimore's mayor, William Donald Schaefer, who drives around his city, checking out potholes. Peters grew up in Baltimore.

The one thing with which he has no patience is indifference—from friend, enemy or seminar participant. Before his speech to the Democrats, his biggest fear was not that he would be booed—that appeals to him—but that the audience "wouldn't be interested." Peters needs people to be interested, because he is not just talking about increasing corporate revenues; he is talking about salvation.

Does his own salvation lie on Capitol Hill? Is he tempted by Coelho's urging? He sets aside the airline schedule he has been scanning. No. He hates Washington, first of all. The day before, he had walked along K Street, muttering about how "turned off" he felt the minute he landed at National Airport. "It's the sense of self-importance that's been here since Kennedy," he says, "the arrogance."

Nor does a Congressman's salary have a lot of appeal. "I'm making more money than I know what to do with," he says sheepishly. His company, The Tom Peters Group, had revenues of \$5,000,000 last year, he says. "I can't get past the greed phase."

So if Peters' future doesn't lie in shaking hands with constituents, where, exactly, is he headed? He likes to talk about moving "to fucking Vermont and waving to Palo Alto," to dream about playing the harpsichord and writing "thoughtful essays." But he never seems to get there. His schedule—which includes participating in an exchange program with China and establishing an arm of The Tom Peters Group in Sweden—is full until mid-1987.

The truth is, Peters *can't* stop what he is doing. He runs a business, and there are 17 people for whom he feels responsible. You'll find them in a brand-new, loftlike office on quiet Hamilton Avenue in Palo Alto. Gray industrial carpeting covers the floors and fabric covers the sides of cubicles, into which glass windows are cut. There are few secrets here—and few appearances in the office by Peters, who's usually on the road four or five days a week. But he's big on calling in. "Tom's on line one," an amplified secretarial voice will call out. "Anybody want to talk to him?" A large number of women work in this office, which seems odd in view of the

fact that the companies on his "excellent" list employ few. Peters explains that the work at his office consists mostly of "support functions."

Tom Peters' operation is a study in irreverence. On one wall are photos of Peters dressed in a skunk costume; another wall displays a bumper sticker that first surfaced last year at the American Management Association meeting: *I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN EXCELLENT. In Search of Mediocrity*, a parody published in Silicon Valley, is passed from hand to hand. And although its name is derived from a group at Lockheed Aircraft that carried on research outside the bounds of that company's R&D division, the skunks, the bumper sticker and the corporate culture of The Tom Peters Group revolve heavily around stinking things up and pissing people off. Peters, of course, sets this tone. He talks about "the search-for-excellence phenomenon—whatever the hell *that* might be." He calls his lectures a "tap dance" and once described his second book, *A Passion for Excellence*, as "more bullshit for people who believed the first bullshit." In this vein, but with a greater dose of unprovocative seriousness, he also says, "I could never work for an 'excellent' company. There are still a few crazy folks who value independence." And Peters, with no small irony, leads the pack.

Not everyone in The Tom Peters Group thinks it is an "excellent company." Mara Neiman, for one, has just resigned. Neiman began working with Peters at the time *I.S. of E.* (as it is called on Hamilton Avenue) was published. She booked his lectures from the gardenia-filled back porch of his house on Fulton Street, five blocks away. And she watched things change. "In the beginning," she says, "people said, 'Oh, thank God. I've been doing this for years. I feel validated!' Then it shifted. People who called said, 'I'd like to have Tom Peters speak. But I don't know what it's about.' They were managers getting brownie points for booking him, capitalizing on Tom as a product. It was a disillusioning experience for him."

And for her. Like most enterprises that begin small, entrepreneurial and close-knit, Peters' company has been changed by growth. Now, Neiman says, "It's a bureaucracy." The new offices are "too corporate" and, instead of being concerned about purpose, people "worry about whether our plants stick out over the partitions." She worries, too, about the future of the enterprise. "It doesn't take a marketing genius to know you can't have a company in which the product is one person."

The job of building "the excellence phenomenon" into an ongoing business ("leveraging Tom Peters," one staffer calls it) falls more happily to Debbie Kaplan, a former Paul Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison lawyer from New York, who makes all the deals for Peters' products. Bob LeDuc—a friend from Stanford Business School days, a former employee of

Hewlett-Packard (one of the original "excellent" companies) and an ex-Harvard Business School professor—manages the seminar business.

LeDuc is aboard the Peters express for the long run, has been since the back-porch days on Fulton Street. That was just after Peters was fired from his job at McKinsey & Company—one of the country's most prestigious consulting firms—where the research and writing of *In Search of Excellence* had been done. According to a frequently told story, Peters was fired for wearing shorts to the office; it's a tale that neatly fits the image of Peck's Bad Boy in the land of gray suits. He got a part-time job at the Stanford Business School and, with LeDuc, planned to set up a consulting practice. They thought they would work 60 days a year and make \$60,000 apiece and, as Peters says, "live happily ever after." Then, in 1982—a year after Peters and McKinsey had parted—in LeDuc's words, "the damned book hit."

It hit because of a fortuitous combination of historical forces. In 1982, the economy was suffering the worst recession in half a century. Unemployment was at ten percent the week the book was published. "The Japanese threat" to industry had become a byword, and Americans, accustomed to dominating the world of technology and business know-how, were suffering not only in their pocketbooks but in their pride.

"Our stuff caught people who were hungry for answers," Peters says. "The world was ready to listen. Two or three dozen other people had said the same things."

Passion co-author Nancy Austin, who has since left The Tom Peters Group, thinks that the "ridiculous success" of the first book wouldn't have happened if it had come out a year earlier: "American industry was sending troops to Japan to find out why they were outperforming us. The beauty of *I.S. of E.* was its patriotic message: 'Here's an *American* company doing things right.' It fit into the buy-American mood in the country. Everybody thought Tom was a Republican!"

Like a real Republican, Ronald Reagan, Peters had found a way to communicate with Americans: the anecdote. His speeches, seminars and books brim over with anecdotes. But, like Reagan's oft-repeated chestnuts, some are hard to verify. The story about the woman who bought an appliance from the Sony president at Macy's, for example. Peters says he heard this from the woman herself. What did she buy? He doesn't know. How can he be sure it *was* the Sony president? He doesn't know that, either, but he isn't sure it matters. His research methods consist of doing an enormous amount of reading and clipping and listening to what people tell him "on the road." All that matters is that the stories seem plausible, he says. He'll use one if he thinks it is "consistent with what the guy could have done."

That was not good enough for *Fortune*. In the spring of 1985, the magazine, preparing an excerpt from *A Passion for Excellence*, set its fact checkers to work. Some of the facts didn't check—such as the story about the Xerox executive who tried to make things more democratic by directing that all reserved-parking signs in the company lot be painted out. The story wasn't true. "I look like an asshole in this one," Peters says. "It's a weakness in the head. I like to tell stories; when I elaborate enough times, I believe it."

Or the bit about Frank Perdue's investing a quarter of a million dollars in a machine to blow the feathers off chickens—an example of truly excellent chicken plucking. The trouble was, Perdue's company told *Fortune*, the machine had already been replaced.

Which brings up another question: How excellent are Peters' choices of excellent companies? Thirteen of the 43 companies praised in *In Search of Excellence* were in big financial trouble three years later. Pressed on this, Peters responds, "Am I the only person in the U.S. responsible for quarterly earnings? They ran into serious problems because they took their eyes off the real world. Our point was long-term performance. If a company has a bad quarter or two, what does it mean?" Then he will talk about "comebacks at Kodak, Delta Airlines and maybe Caterpillar." Or the way Mary Kay Ash gets employees involved in her cosmetics company by putting on old-fashioned "hoopla" meetings at which everyone gets an award. Still, in recent years, Mary Kay's stock has tumbled, its sales force has dwindled and sales have plummeted. And People Express Airlines—also a Peters favorite—lost \$27,500,000 last year and \$58,000,000 in 1986's first quarter. Can you be excellent in the red?

James O'Toole, professor of management at the University of Southern California, says that when companies get into trouble, "Peters offers no principles to turn to. Those Silicon Valley companies"—he doesn't name it, but Apple is a prime example—"that looked so good and appeared so humanistic turned into tyrants when they got into trouble. It's at that level that Tom doesn't have anything to say. He walks away or he screams. There's nothing he says that's wrong," O'Toole insists. "It's just incomplete, therefore misleading. American businessmen love his good news. They hate to be criticized, and Tom never says anything bad. He insults the intelligence of the American business community and its members don't recognize it."

No one seems insulted as Skunk Camp convenes on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. Participants sleep in weathered-wood condominiums and, each morning, make their way along narrow walkways to Grove House, where the lessons of excellence are taught by Peters and LeDuc. The

four-day seminar is a bizarre mixture of tomfoolery and seriousness. Each day is color coordinated. T-shirts appear at the door of each condo every morning, their colors matched to the work sheets for that day's study.

The people who come to Skunk Camp are among Peters' "converted." Many are from companies he has written about: Domino's Pizza, Stew Leonard's Dairy, Burger King. New faces at this session include two Roman Catholic priests from Chicago interested in "translating the lessons of excellence" to their own enterprise. They are having trouble deciding what their translation of "dealing with competitors" is, but they heartily agree that Peters is an evangelist.

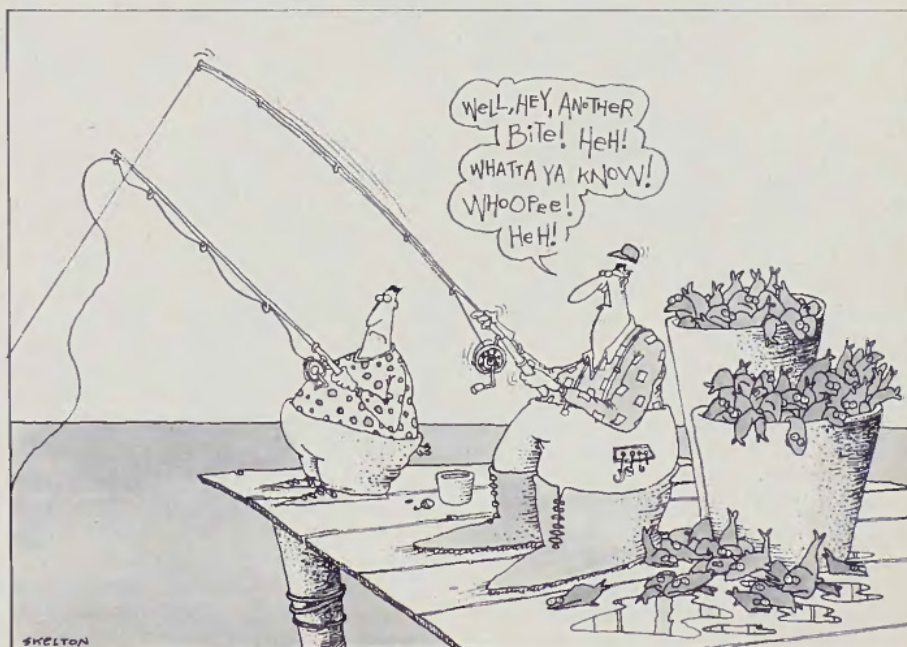
In two- and three-hour chunks, Peters lectures, cajoles and leads discussions on topics that are beyond debate: creating new heroes, treating people decently, keeping things simple, learning how to innovate. In a small room with a blackboard and 40 people taking notes, his speaking style is the same as it is from a podium under the glare of spotlights:

"Nobody can deal with the word failure!" he shouts. "People talk about 'outcomes of the other variety.' I hate the term risk taking. You have to be able to say something was a screw-up, a goddamned unmitigated failure! Not 'a good try!' At Xerox, they've got a product in development that's supposed to be taking two years, and now it's seven years and"—his voice rises into the upper registers; he squeaks—"nobody will talk about it!" Quick, an anecdote about a failure that is inspirational: "John Reed was an innovator, a hero. Worked at Citicorp. Biggest loss in the history of Citicorp is associated with him. He sent 24,000,000 credit-card

applications all over America and lost a fortune, but he helped create the nationwide bank. His competition for the top spot was a buttndown guy who never made a mistake."

When LeDuc takes over, Peters sits at one side, sipping diet sodas and taking notes. He never shows up at morning exercise workouts and doesn't linger in the evenings; too much to do. He has to drive home to Palo Alto, where he spends much of the night working on speeches, columns, Congressional testimony before the House Armed Services Committee. The deadline for filing for the Congressional race has come and gone; he has declined. He's tired. When Skunk Camp is over, he will dress up in a skunk suit and give out awards, then board another plane for another speech. Perhaps he'll "go cata-tonic" and the stewardess will think he has had a heart attack.

Tom Peters flies on. "The pace," he had told Skunk Camp members, "has to be speeded up. Our objective must be the grand one. I would beg you *not to waste a minute.*" Peters, for one, doesn't waste a millisecond. It's not enough to have put some pizzazz into business talk. It's not enough to have people across the country gathered to watch you on closed-circuit television, the way they do prize fighters. It's not enough to play David to the Goliath of the Fortune 500 and walk away with fame, money and your name mentioned as a potential Presidential candidate. Nothing is enough, because this is, after all, a holy war, the precise savagery of which only Tom Peters really knows.



The Herring Aid

BUSINESS SUPERSTARS! (continued from page 78)

Providence by their obvious successes in large-scale commerce, can then be offered up as exalted role models as they hold forth on the pleasures of polo or comment sagely on the sad decline of big-game hunting in postcolonial Africa.

The imagery, too, of business and the businessman has undergone a radical jazzing up of late. It used to be that an executive portrait consisted of the head and shoulders of some Episcopalian sitting at his desk, with his hands folded, a pen set in front of him and a globe alongside, and looking as if he'd rather undergo a tax audit than crack a smile. These days, C.E.O. pictures look a lot like album covers. Business bigs are being photographed—literally—sitting in the lotus position, standing on their heads and wearing clown costumes. By the deft use of strobes, entrepreneurs in crew-neck sweaters and beat-up moccasins are made to look as if they're spinning off an aura of cosmic energy. *American Photographer* pegged the trend perfectly by comparing the new executive-snapshot style to—you guessed it—the rock-'n'-roll portraiture pioneered by Annie Leibovitz and showcased in *Rolling Stone* back when people looked there, rather than in *Fortune*, for fan-zine gossip and close-ups of celebs, preferably with their shirts off.

Nor is business' grab for drama and immediacy limited to the print medium. Consider *The Wall Street Journal Report*, a breathless business-news spot now carried on 85 radio stations nationwide. The *W.S.J.R.* announcer comes on sounding as if he's introducing an episode of *The Untouchables*, then proceeds to intone some stunningly meaningless factoid, such as that inventories of durable goods increased by one tenth of one percent last month, equalizing the decrease of the month before, so we're all back where we started from. This information is of use to no one; but, of course, that's not the point. The point is that a fix has been provided to America's burgeoning ranks of business junkies. Millions of people—not by working, not by getting anything accomplished, but merely by tuning in—have been reassured that they are plugged in to the fast-paced, adrenaline-laced, roller-coaster world of business and that they are part of the hyped-up, sexed-up crusade that is American enterprise today. They feel like they belong.

The irony of all this is that we Americans, as a breed, pride ourselves on being ferociously independent, on defining our own goals and going merrily to hell by our own self-chosen paths; we fancy ourselves immune to, and above, herd psychology. Let's face it—even as the Japanese ace us out in business, we secretly despise them, with their company songs, their blind loyalties, their fanatical teamwork. Sure, they get results—but at the unforgivable cost of surrendering their individuality and ab-

dicating their sacred eccentricities in favor of the all-compelling myths of the company and the national objective. But think about it: Is our own recent mythologizing of business fundamentally any different? Our legends, too, are designed to motivate, to steer ambitions onto acceptable tracks, to subjugate individual choices to some irresistible vision of "success" as defined by someone else. So, OK, here in America, we don't sing company songs. We tap our feet to the patter of the business cheerleaders and call it rock 'n' roll.

•
And we lie a lot.

We sexualize business by making it sound like a sries of titillating, high-stakes gambles, a tightrope act performed without a net; when, in fact, as John Kenneth Galbraith asserted in his 1958 classic, *The Affluent Society*, "modern business enterprise can be understood only as a comprehensive effort to reduce risk." The businessman who really comports himself as a high roller is neither typical nor smart.

We rationalize business by portraying it not as a scramble after wealth but as the passport to life's civilized pleasures, when, in fact, it most often becomes such a draining and narrowing vocation that civilization's pleasures, once you get past cellular phones in German cars, end up scudding by unsavored. "More attention needs to be accorded," opined a recent column in *The New York Times*, "to what the executive gives up . . . of [his] one certain life" in return for his salary and perks. Amen—though, of course, bringing that kind of humanistic perspective to bear on the trade-offs demanded by a fast-track career would constitute what the business rah-rahs call a disincentive.

And, finally, we glamorize business by making it one of those fantasylands in which we live vicariously. Barbara Howar, who, as East Coast correspondent for TV's *Entertainment Tonight*, knows about celebrity obsession, recently observed that "shopgirls from Bloomingdale's read *The Forbes Four Hundred* as avidly as a corporate vice-president." Why? They have about as much chance of entering those circles as they do of looking as lissome as the models in *Vogue*. But business, like *haute couture*, seems to have become one of those things that, by a truly sublime illogic, make us feel good by making us feel bad about what we're not.

The question that remains, however, is why this rampant business mythologizing should be going on right now. Part of the answer, no doubt, lies in the adventure vacuum that otherwise pertains in this well-behaved and inglorious decade. After the local, intellectual and, yes, *moral* ferment of the Sixties and Seventies, the current historical moment . . . well, you can give it the benefit of the doubt and call it a period of regrouping and redirecting of na-

tional energies, or you can just say it's as dull as shit. It is the sort of dead spot in time during which the self-concerned have always consolidated their gains and nothing much else happens. Which is not to say that business is bad or that businessmen are villains—that's just another version of the business myth, another strained and bogus way of lending resonance to what is, finally, a value-neutral game.

But there's the rub: *Value-neutral* doesn't satisfy us. We are, in spite of ourselves, idealists. We call ourselves pragmatic, and we think we mean it as a compliment; yet even in our most mundane doings, we yearn to cloak our ambitions in grandeur; we spin myths around ourselves the way a worm bedecks its tiny self in silk. And this would seem to be especially true of us baby boomers—who are both the central subject and the central target of the business cheerleaders, not to say the majority of the cheerleaders themselves. We boomers, with a cockiness that came from our sheer stampeding numbers, always knew that a very special destiny awaited us, and we tried on and outgrew alternative rhetorics the way a tall kid outgrows pants. The buzz words came and went; what was constant was the belief that we would live lives different from those that had been lived before.

Except that it hasn't quite turned out that way, has it? Most of us have settled into lives *exactly* like those that have been lived before: lives in business in a culture that's *about* business. So now the mythology is undergoing an ingenious twist: Having largely given up our dreams of being unconventional, we must contrive to make the conventional itself appear exalted. And that's what the business rah-rahs are trying to sell us.

A while back, a piece called "A Wall Street Rocker" ran in the "About Men" column of the *New York Times Magazine*. It was written by a 32-year-old fellow named Jim Fusilli, identified as "a corporate-relations associate for Dow Jones & Company." Fusilli came across as a damn nice guy, and his story just about broke my heart. It was about the frustration and ambivalence of trying to hold together a rock band when half the players were wearing suits and filling what are piously called positions of responsibility in the business world. What it was really about was the death throes not of adolescence but of the naïve faith that, even as prospering adults, we would have the prerogative of cranking the volume up, crushing the microphone in our hot fists and singing the damn song any way we pleased. Well, we haven't. But we're with you in your yearning, Jimbo—millions of us. We wish you success on the job and joy with the music. But, for Christ's sake, don't let the business rah-rahs befuddle you, even for a single beat, into mixing up the two.



MEESE COMMISSION

(continued from page 60)

working definition with which his commission has been playing for a year (and on which it never manages to agree).

"Let me take a stab at it," he offers gamely. "It's any portrayal that is designed to be sexually arousing, that depicts sodomy, sexual degradation, humiliation, domination or violence."

Why sodomy? Hudson launches into a stern, finger-wagging lecture on the menace of sodomy and how I obviously misunderstand the sodomy laws as they affect what the pornography commission calls "rubber goods" and oral sex.

A career of reporting, from Saigon to Presidential primaries, has not adequately prepared me for this moment.

It seems that, as Hudson views the law in Virginia and quite a few other states, it is a felony to have oral sex with your spouse, even in the privacy of your own bedroom. That's sodomy. And apparently there isn't anything you can do with a dildo, including sticking it in your ear, that Hudson and his law will tolerate.

Depictions of violence, by the way, are OK, as long as they're not connected with explicit sex. The video stores in Arlington that are now forbidden to rent the unedited version of *Debbie Does Dallas* are doing a brisk business in *I Spit on Your Grave*, *Tool Box Murders* and other splatter flicks uncensored by prosecutor Hudson.

As the manager of one of Arlington's more popular video stores said, "I can rent movies that dismember and mutilate but not those that show sex." He held up one cassette and said, "In this cute one, a woman is sun-bathing by a river and this killer comes along and chops her head off with a shovel, and you see the blood spurting out. And then it gets worse. But it's legal; it's not considered obscene. There's no explicit sex."

When I ask Hudson how he could possibly find films that show the decapitation of sexy women less objectionable than portrayals of sexual intercourse, he responds, "I just enforce the law, and the law refers to sex, not violence."

Now, why am I, an investigative reporter of some experience, telling you all this as if it mattered to anyone not planning a trip to northern Virginia? Why, indeed. Because the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, which Hudson heads and of which, if you're like most people I know, you've probably never heard, has attempted to extend the legal mores of Arlington County to the rest of the country.

It has been a weird odyssey for Hudson and his fellow commissioners, hand-picked by the Attorney General and charged with slogging through smut, the better to know it, the better to regulate it. These pilgrims, or "sewer astronauts," as Vonnegut has called them, have trekked through tons—I'm pretty sure that's

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literally true, by the way—of photographs, video tapes, transcripts and paraphernalia. But it was necessary. Witch-hunts need witches, and that meant hearings in six American cities, a parade of witnesses and “experts” and born-again pornstars and vice cops and all manner of people testifying as to the evils (mostly) of porn.

The goal of the commission was politically charged from the start. As announced by Meese in the charter of the commission, its purpose was “to make specific recommendations to the Attorney General concerning more effective ways in which the spread of pornography could be contained, consistent with constitutional guarantees.” Note the wording: to “contain the spread,” not to dispassionately

examine the possible harm, if any.

Meese was taking up the rallying cry of an extremely odd alliance of New Right religious fundamentalists (such as Jerry Falwell) and a small but vociferous band of anti-pornography militants (such as ultraradical feminist Andrea Dworkin) who held that the increased availability of pornography was responsible for a rise in all kinds of crime, particularly against women.

Unfortunately for their cause, a Federal commission reporting in 1970 to President Nixon had “found no evidence to date that exposure to explicit sexual materials plays a significant role in the causation of delinquent or criminal behavior.” This did not deter them from their new campaign. Meese claimed that research conducted

after 1970 would show evidence of harmful social effects and that, besides, pornography had become more violent. To overturn that earlier finding and recommend new laws dealing more harshly with the purveyors of pornography, the Attorney General chose 11 men and women, a majority of whom had already sided with the anti-porn crusaders.

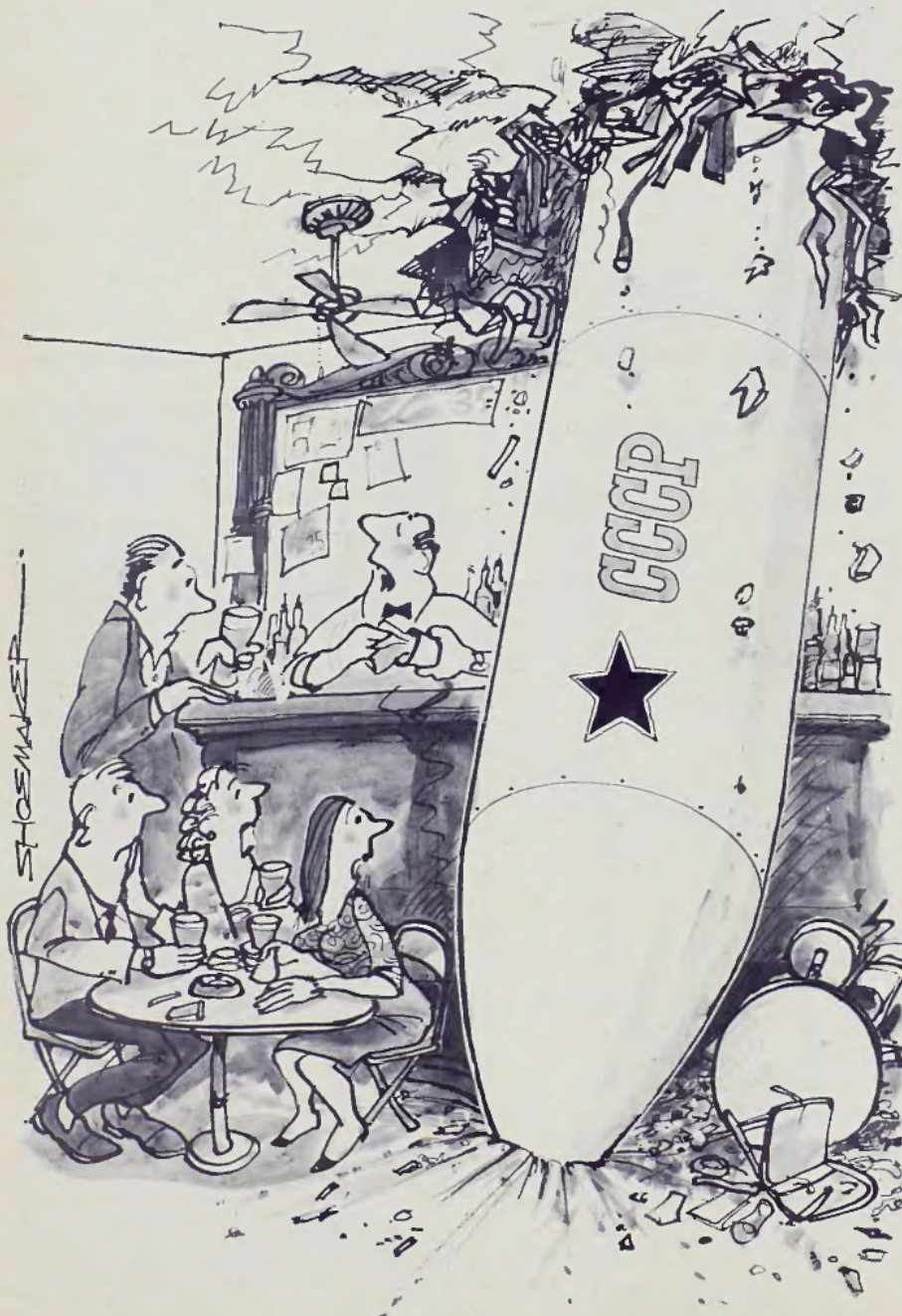
Chief among them were Hudson and his side-kick, another prosecutor and porn buster, executive director Alan Sears. From Kentucky, he, too, had made a name for himself by finding smut peddlers to prosecute. He was to figure prominently in the drama that unfolded the commission in its final days.

The other members included Father Bruce Ritter, a Catholic priest committed to banishing porn from Times Square. Father Ritter was always forthright when, during breaks in the hearings, I questioned him about his views on sex outside marriage (it's a sin) and within marriage (it “wastes the seed” if the sex is not strictly for procreation). At one meeting, Ritter said, “I would say pornography is immoral, and the source of my statement is God, not social science.” I must have missed the day God gave testimony to the commission. In any case, Ritter was an earnest commissioner, never batting an eye as the armada of law-enforcement officers (68 out of a total of 208 witnesses) testified as to how rough it was out there in the land of dildos and plastic-wrapped fetishist magazines.

James Dobson, a fundamentalist radio counselor, was considerably more emotional, though perhaps more practiced. He regularly broadcasts tales of sexual depravity on his radio program, *Focus on the Family*. Nevertheless, during the hearings, he exhibited an unnerving propensity to half pop out of his chair, with a “Gosh, no!” look on his face, at every new tale of a pornography victim's woe. Although Dobson is undoubtedly sincere, there appear to be other forces driving him. He announced in a speech that since joining the commission, he had become the victim of “satanic” attacks. He claimed that a mysterious black Porsche had been the demonic agent of accidents to his son and daughters.

Commissioner Diane Cusack, a councilwoman from Scottsdale, Arizona, had attempted to get re-elected by crusading against local adult-book stores. Among other things, she suggested that anti-porn activists photograph the license-plate numbers of people attending an adult-movie theater. To boost her fortunes, some said, the commission even met in her home town. She lost her election.

Commissioner Harold “Tex” Lezar had been an editorial assistant at William F. Buckley, Jr.'s, *National Review* and a Nixon speechwriter before serving as an advisor in the Reagan Administration's Justice Department, where he helped formulate the idea for the porn commission.



“Last call!”

A solid anti-porn vote, he was instrumental in choosing the commission's members.

This conservative majority was rounded out by Reagan-appointed Federal judge Edward Garcia of Sacramento, who had been a municipal-court judge with a reputation for being hard on defendants in obscenity cases. Garcia, to his credit, did appear capable of boredom and often seemed to doze off during those sessions he managed to attend.

Commissioner Park Dietz is a psychiatrist and criminologist specializing in violent crime and sexual disorders. Thought at first to be a hard-liner, Dietz occasionally showed that he marched to his own drummer, though it was not always clear what the music was. He has written that he believes that all pornography is in some sense tainted with "sadism and masochism" and that masturbation can lead to "sexual disorders"; but during the hearings, he frequently expressed the view that violence, not sex, was the key problem.

(It was Dietz and Cusack who provided one of the high points of the year. Wrestling with some testimony about odd sexual practices, Dietz said for the record, "I think more people would agree that it's bad to encourage rape than would agree it's bad to encourage ejaculation in the face.")

(Another member of the commission noted, "One's a felony," at which Cusack, ever the eager teacher's pet, piped up with "Maybe both should be.")

Frederick Schauer was another one who was capable of surprise. A professor of law at the University of Michigan, he believed that the First Amendment did not apply to pornography. Nevertheless, as time went on and staff director Sears attempted to pressure the commissioners into accepting a sweeping, jail-all-pornographers draft, Schauer protested that it was "so one-sided and oversimplified that I cannot imagine signing anything that looks even remotely like this." He later said that *he* would write the report, an offer that was to prove a mixed blessing for all concerned.

The rest of the commissioners turned out to be more difficult to classify. But it is worth noting that, on a panel whose male members would often discuss the best ways to protect women from the dangers of pornography, three of the four female members on the commission formed the core of the loyal opposition.

Judith Becker, a Columbia University psychologist and head of an institute specializing in sex offenders, had the most professional experience of any of the commissioners in dealing with people who commit sex crimes. Through the months, she became increasingly dismayed by the misuse of available scientific data. "There simply is no serious body of evidence of a causal connection between pornography and crime," she would say. But the commission wasn't listening.

Deanne Tilton, the head of the California Consortium of Child Abuse Councils

and an appointee of Republican governor George Deukmejian, had been counted on by Hudson as a solid anti-porn vote. Instead, she emerged as a sharp internal critic.

Ellen Levine, the editor of *Woman's Day*, was the strongest dissenting voice on the commission. As she said to me at one point, "What I like is erotica and what you like is pornography." A strong defender of both constitutional and women's rights, Levine became a thorn in Sears's side.

Although Hudson, Sears and the other conservatives loved the fact that they could drape themselves in women's liberation to combat porn, they deflected the criticisms from the three women by referring condescendingly to them as "the ladies" and by taking shots at their professional affiliations. (Levine's employer, the owner of *Woman's Day*, is CBS, whose interests in cable and records made a tempting target for Sears.) As a leader of the Southern Baptist Convention, Sears often made it clear that he could not abide Levine's more cosmopolitan ways, which included what he clearly perceived as an unseemly propensity, for a female, to independent thought. Toward the end of the commission's life, the two were barely speaking to each other and communicated by exchanging bitter notes.

The bitterness came not just from the clash of philosophies but from the fact that within weeks of the commission's creation, several of the commissioners had begun to feel as if they were on a runaway train.

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For nearly a year, the commission and I wandered this country, seeking out the sickest, most pathetic examples of human sexual fantasy; the search went on for so long that it almost seemed as if all that was typical of American eroticism. But what we watched, in large part, was shit. And, again, I mean that literally.

For reasons best known to the staff (Sears and his aides), the commission exhibited an uncommon fascination with the scatological fringe of the porn world. No simple tits and ass for this crowd. Forget garter belts and even whips. This Federal commission spent much of its time—and your money—on fist fucking, golden showers, child porn, asphyxiation, anilingus, with side trips into such rarely considered fetishes as toenail-clippings collections, being squirted with real mother's milk and the private, carefully contoured world of sweat sniffing.

If all of this seems removed from your experience, join the crowd. The commission shunned the kind of mainstream erotica most of us might encounter—though carefully culled slides of *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* photos were shown—in favor of the extremely bizarre. As attorney Barry Lynn of the A.C.L.U. would write, "It is as if finding the most despicable scene of sexual conduct ever photographed, the commis-

sion of all sexually oriented material."

Lynn, a United Church of Christ minister as well as a lawyer, a 37-year-old family man with a wife and two children and a station wagon, played an unusual role in this trek. Often staying at cheap hotels, he operated as a one-man truth squad, attending every hearing and preparing summaries for the press explaining the implications of some of the wilder proposals.

Was this hunt for the despicable, as Lynn charged, a campaign to smear erotica with the brush of the grotesque? Or did it reflect the sexual fascinations of the staff and the army of vice-squad officers who led them through descriptions of various dens of iniquity? Being there, I found it hard to tell. The commissioners mostly played hard to get to. A studied indifference permeated their responses to talk of sexual stimuli, as if they were biologically as well as ethically beyond the reach of their effects.

But because I was there, I can also tell you that the commissioners' public air of detachment was at odds with their more private comments. At one point, in New York, I happened to drive a carload of them, including a couple considered to be conservatives, up Broadway from lower to mid-Manhattan, in slow-moving traffic. The conversation about the often offbeat passing sidewalk scene was urbane. "Nice-looking hooker," said one, and there were approving grunts. They had been around a bit themselves and did not seem to be overly disapproving.

On another occasion, a woman commissioner was talking with one of the men, who had loudly declared his belief that masturbation could lead to sexual disorders. He remarked offhandedly, "Of course, none of this would happen if women learned how to give a really good blow job." When the woman objected, he said, "That's a lot of feminist crap."

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Traveling with that crowd, I frequently became overwhelmed by the mountains of material, all of it unrelentingly squalid, all of it fodder for this evangelical soap opera. Lynn later estimated that 160 of the 208 witnesses before the commission—or 77 percent—had favored tighter controls on sexually explicit material. The intent of the men running the hearings was so transparent that it was almost embarrassing: transportation provided free of charge for those testifying to the evils of porn; tough, unrelenting questioning of those few who said otherwise.

In brief, it was surreal to be in an audience in which high heels and uplift brassieres were the norm even among women sporting anti-porn buttons. Among the men, there was an obvious excitement in the air, much like that of a Rotarian stag show of old, when a disgruntled *Playmate* or an aging but feisty *Penthouse* Pet showed up, or when the lights were dimmed for a screening of the "hot parts" of X-rated movies confiscated by Sears's

Kentucky State Police.

The pattern of what was to follow in each city was established at the opening session in June 1985 in the Great Hall of the U.S. Department of Justice in Washington, with Dr. C. Everett Koop, Surgeon General of the U.S., as lead witness that day.

Perhaps it was the early hour, 8:45 A.M., but Dr. Koop came through as a bumbler. The title is impressive; the man's mind is not. He spoke of caring deeply about the subject of pornography and wanted to assure his audience "that we are not operating in the dark on this matter, as may have been the case a decade or two ago," when the 1970 commission entered its report that porn had not been proved harmful. Koop stated that the earlier report "was based upon a very limited universe of scientific literature," and you would have thought that he was leading up to the presentation of some new findings.

Well, the Surgeon General had no new findings to present and seemed to regret it. He spoke emotionally about the new technologies of video tapes and cable, through which pornographers "have expanded their markets of sleaze and trash."

When Hudson asked, "Do you, based upon your experience and the evidence that you have seen over the years, find a direct connection between pornography and public health?" Koop replied, "Well, the simple answer to that question is, yes, I definitely think there is a connection. But . . . sir, that is basically, at the moment, an intuitive reaction, rather than one based upon lots of science."

Koop's objectivity will soon be of some significance, because he has promised to present a report attempting to summarize the social-science data on the effects of pornography.

Immediately after the Surgeon General had spoken, the commission presented the first of a long parade of porn "victims."

Bill sat in protective anonymity behind a screen, presumably because he and the commission did not want the world to connect him with his crime. Bill, who said he was 40, told how he had been convicted of molesting two 14-year-old girls while they were visiting in his home.

"I would like to tell you," he stated, as if on cue, "briefly what happened and what role pornography had to play in these events. In both cases, the girls were sleeping over with my daughter, and I had been drinking very heavily for several hours. After going to sleep, I awoke very abruptly, almost like someone had kicked me. With compulsion, I was driven to go into the room where the girls were sleeping. It was like an inner voice giving me instruction and direction."

For the benefit of the stilled audience, Bill provided further detail. "The first time this happened, I removed the sheet from the sleeping girl, fondled her breasts and vaginal area. After a brief moment, I committed oral sodomy on her. . . .

"In looking back on my life," Bill continued, "I would like to tell you a few things that happened that I feel led to these crimes that I just alluded to. I was raised in a Christian home, the third child of a police officer." He faltered, sensing quicksand—Christian cops causing crime? Bill recovered: "There was, and still is, a great deal of love between us. I would not ever say or think that my family had anything to do with causing me to commit these crimes."

No, it was pornography. According to Bill, it started with the kid next door, who showed him bodybuilding books; and from there, it was a predictable journey to nudist magazines and, finally, through exposure to men's magazines in the Armed Forces. "*Hustler* became my bible, and I had maybe the largest collection in the country," he noted with what seemed to me a faint trace of the pride of an art collector. "In closing, I suggest to you, distinguished panel members, pornography did not make me commit my crimes. No, I am held accountable for my actions. What I would like to suggest is the pornography industry is guilty of journalistic malpractice hiding behind the First Amendment. It is much like the person yelling 'Fire!' in a crowded theater." Or yelling "Sex!" in a crowded church. Just how Bill had come to be familiar with Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes's argument on the First Amendment was not made clear in his testimony. Nor did the commissioners ask.

There was, however, some cross-questioning.

LEVINE: Can you tell me whether or not drinking was also a problem of yours and whether or not it continues to be?

BILL: Drinking was a problem in my life. I was drinking approximately two to three six-packs of beer daily.

LEVINE: Was drinking in any way one of the triggers that allowed you to do things that otherwise you wouldn't have done?

BILL: Yes, it certainly was.

What Levine was driving at was the body of evidence connecting such deviant behavior with alcoholism. As in countless times to come, the link between deviant behavior and alcoholism was touched on but never followed up. Instead, Ritter came to Bill's rescue: "Bill, do you think that you could describe pornography as the match that lighted the fuse to the explosive?"

BILL: Yes, sir, it certainly did.

RITTER: Do you think that your use of pornography actually helped shorten the fuse to the explosive that ultimately injured these children?

BILL: Yes, it did.

RITTER: Do you think that your continued use and exposure to pornography actually increased the explosive

fuse and abuse of those children?

BILL: Yes, it did.

RITTER: Thank you.

HUDSON: Thank you very much, Bill. We appreciate your testimony this morning.

Just to complete the circle, Bill, who had started life in a good Christian home, reported, "Right after I was arrested, I met the Lord, Jesus Christ, and I turned my life completely around."

Levine said that later, in private session, she had told Hudson that the witness seemed to have been coached, but Hudson had evaded the issue. The commission's questioning of Bill was typical of what would happen for the rest of the year—pandering to the anti-porn witnesses to buttress the case and attempting to discredit those with a different position.

A particularly clear comparison was to be the sympathetic treatment of a Playboy Playmate whose wild charges, including murder, went unchallenged, while former *Penthouse* Pet Dottie Meyer, who still works for the magazine and claims to love it, was grilled by the commission. Dictz all but snarled back at Meyer lines from the text that appeared in *Penthouse* and asked sarcastically, "You like your men rough and tumble, living on the edge of danger?"

She zapped him back with "Yes, I married a policeman."

I could go on with other highlights, but those snippets should convey the flavor. Well, just one more. We've had a medical expert and a criminal, so let's try a cop. That would have to be Dennis DeBord, investigator for Virginia's Fairfax County Police Department, who testified at some length about his specialty—the busting of adult-book stores. He put on the usual slide show, featuring such highlights as "another section of magazines appealing to different interests, magazines with deviant behavior, such as *Mother's Milk* or *Poppin' Mamas*. The 'poppin' mamas' are pregnant women engaged in various sexual acts, while the other is of women with milk in their breasts. Also, a magazine commonly known in this culture is *Fist Fucking*."

Investigator DeBord went on to relate his own sad tale of victimization by porn—in this case, in the hallways outside peep booths in adult-book stores.

"This investigator has also been solicited outside the booths in the hallway. Individuals have solicited me in various ways, such as asked me straight out to commit oral sodomy, anal sodomy, etc. I have also had my buttocks fondled in the hallway."

It's rough out there.

Enough of anecdotes. What, after all this effort, did the commission uncover that might have been overlooked by the 1970 commission?

That earlier panel, much better

funded—a two-year effort costing \$2,000,000—and more serious about its work, commissioned more than 50 independent studies on the effects of pornography. The Meese commission made none. Meese would pony up only a miserly \$500,000 for a year of commission hearings, including staff salaries and travel expenses. By Washington standards, that's lunch money.

It's also \$250,000 less than this same Justice Department had previously given one antiporn crusader, Judith Reisman, a former songwriter for *Captain Kangaroo*, to do a survey of three magazines, including *PLAYBOY*, to determine their pornographic content. Her study, among other travesties, counted each panel in the cartoon strip *Little Annie Fanny* in a running total of instances of pornographic child imagery (the original Orphan Annie was a kid—get it?). It came in for much Congressional ridicule, and *The New York Times* included the Reisman study in an article about Government-funded projects “with an ideological tilt bordering on fanaticism.” Lawmakers were appalled at the lack of objectivity of the “research.” For starters, she likened Hugh Hefner to Adolf Hitler.

To the evident frustration of the zealots on the commission, however, Reisman proved a bust as a witness when she testified at the Miami hearings, raising a shrill warning against “shaved genitalia,” which she charged has “emerged as a new key phenomenon.” She denounced Gahan Wilson's cartoons and Helmut Newton's photographs—to the discomfiture of at least one commissioner whose living room features Newton prints.

At hearing after hearing, the commission would gear up with high anticipation, bold claims about revelations to come and long witness lists, only to founder, as it did in Reisman's case, on the paucity of any reliable social-science evidence to make its case that the 1970 commission had been wrong and that pornography caused anti-social behavior. The key researchers in this field refused to be drawn into Hudson and Sears's political agenda.

The star witness in Houston, for instance, was to have been Edward Donnerstein, a psychologist whose studies of college-student response to erotic and violent material is considered pioneering in the field. If there had been new evidence since the 1970 commission on the harmful effects of porn, it was expected to be found in Donnerstein's work. In one laboratory study, it had been shown that men exposed to a rape scenario—not common in most porn—showed some increase in “negative attitudes” toward women. The crusaders had seized on that finding to claim that porn in general led to violence toward women. But Donnerstein emphasized repeatedly to the commission that the crucial variable was not sex but violence and that nonaggressive sexual material produced no such effect.

Commissioner Schauer asked Donnerstein if there were any “laboratory studies showing increase in aggressive behavior after exposure to nonviolent, sexually explicit material.”

There it was, the \$64 question, upon which the future of the sex-censorship roundup was riding. It was as open a question as you could get. Were there any lab studies, any at all? Give the wrong answer and you give away the ranch. And with a rare hush in the audience, Donnerstein responded, as cool as a killer of dreams in a Western, “Not that I am aware of.”

“The problem,” Donnerstein and his associate Daniel Linz later said, “centers on what we mean by pornography. Are we talking about sexually explicit materials? If we are, then one would have to conclude that there is no evidence for any harm-related effects. Are we talking about aggressive materials? In this case, the research might be more supportive of a potential harm-effect conclusion. The problem, however, is that the aggressive images are the issue, not the sexual, in this type of material.”

Bam! The commission was up against a stone wall. This is what it was all about, right? Evidence that depictions of sex cause harmful effects. But here, the only witness so far to present cold, detached, nonanecdotal evidence tells the commissioners that it's not sex but violence. The same violence implicit on children's television and in toy stores in the forms of Rambo and Masters of the Universe? So if there's any serious intent, wouldn't the commissioners have stopped dead in their tracks at that testimony? Not bloody likely. That would mean redirecting the New Right's pop cause of pornography to

that of violence, which seems to be built into the very red-white-and-blue muscle of American culture.

The Meese commission, of course, did nothing of the sort. Hudson's immediate response, since he was discombobulated by Donnerstein's testimony, was to cut short the discussion of scientific findings and turn the meeting over to the next slide show. Enter Sergeant W. D. Brown of the Houston vice squad. If the sergeant ran true to form, he would do what vice cops in the other cities had done: provide a juicy horrifying tour of his terrain—the now-familiar landscape of sleazy bookstores and scatologically oriented publications.

But Brown didn't deliver all the commission might have hoped for. “Presently,” he said, “there is no child pornography that is being sold readily over the counter, nor is there any bestiality or defecation or those types of films.”

Child pornography is, of course, that most toxic of terms, the great rallying cry of the antiporn witch-hunt. But society clearly recognizes its obligation to protect minors, and no serious person disputes it. As Lynn suggests, “It's a convenient way of getting everyone excited, but the fact is that the laws are very severe on child pornography and it exists only as an illegal cottage industry.”

What does exist, as Brown went on to document with a slide show, are sad watering holes for primarily poor consumers of adult fetishist material. To underscore this fact, obvious to any visitor to the neighborhood of a downtown bus station, Brown intoned along with his slide:

“This is another typical bookstore that we have in Houston. You will notice that they also advertise giant booths. The



“You're young. I hope you live to see the day when a doctor has the right to operate on any lawyer who sues him.”

booths that you will see in a moment are places where individuals go to have anonymous sex relations with other individuals in the bookstore. This is a typical counter which you will find in a bookstore. The shelves are stocked with different rubber goods and devices to stimulate sexual activity."

For some reason, dildos fascinate police forces more than any other item of erotica, as Brown's testimony indicated; and in Texas, as he noted, "possession of six or more of these items is a class-A misdemeanor. They are listed under Texas law as contraband and can be confiscated. Presently, Houston, I guess I would have to say, has the largest inventory of rubber goods. At last count, we had 27,000 of these things located in our property room."

Consider, if you will, the presence of 27,000 arrested dildos stacked neatly in the property room of the Houston jail. The commissioners sat in respectful and intent silence, apparently unaffected by the absurdity of the moment, as Brown marched bravely forward to the matter of rubber dolls that "are primarily used for sexual relations with individuals." Grotesque though some of the paraphernalia may be, no one broke the silence with the questions that begged to be asked: Is it harmful? Might it even be calming to some people and, therefore, to society's benefit?

So that the commission might fully examine the question of whether or not the public display of porn had harmful effects, it was determined that slides of these dingy sex stores would not suffice; the commissioners had to see for themselves. Research. So Sears hired transportation and marched them as a group, accompanied by Houston cops, into one of these establishments. In fact, it had been cased in advance by the police. As everyone watched, a bullet-headed vice cop yanked open the door and announced in a loud voice, "And here we have two men engaged in an act of oral copulation!" The two men looked up in astonishment at the 11 commissioners.

One commissioner said she couldn't tell the cops from the customers—except for the cops' white socks. And Lynn said it was all he could do to prevent the edgy police from arresting everybody there.

One might understand if this had been a meeting of the local board of health. But what business was it of a U.S. commission on pornography to get down and dirty into the pathetic attempts of some of this world's most forlorn, desperate and lonely inhabitants to find a few moments of whatever brings them as close to joy as they will get? These were two human beings!

And what did this field trip yield?

HUDSON: Sergeant Brown, have you or any other member of your department developed any statistical correlations between the increasing number of adult-book stores and the

incidence of sex-related crime in those districts?

BROWN: No, sir, we haven't. We haven't done any kind of studies in that regard. It would be impossible for me to give you a definitive answer.

The lack of reliable studies was to dog the conservative commissioners throughout the hearings. Sears and Hudson had made the mistake of hiring their own expert—an honest social scientist. Unfortunately for them, Canadian sociologist Edna F. Einsiedel is a scholar of integrity and issued a disquieting report to the commission summarizing existing studies.

After reviewing studies done on televised soap operas, men's magazines such as *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* and other magazines such as *Time* and *Reader's Digest*, Einsiedel reported, "No evidence currently exists that actually links fantasies with specific sexual offenses; the relationship at this point remains an inference."

Her report also risked the heresy that erotica could be good for you. Therapists, she noted, have used erotic material "to help patients with sexual dysfunctions overcome their fears and inhibitions." Also available was a 1982 report by Donnerstein and his colleague Neil Malamuth concluding that "exposure to certain types of pornography can actually reduce aggressive responses." (*PLAYBOY* photos had been used in that study.)

As a result of Einsiedel's study, when the commission convened in Scottsdale last February to summarize its findings, for one moment it came dangerously close to passing a logical resolution: that, according to the evidence, "nonviolent" and "nondegrading" pornography caused no harm.

Hudson quickly called a recess. The commission had to be brought to its senses. The commissioners met in private and Sears announced that any working papers including the Einsiedel report were to be secret—in effect, classifying them. Einsiedel herself, as if privy to the secrets of the Stealth Bomber, was placed under a gag order not to talk to the press.

That was when Lynn stepped in on behalf of the A.C.L.U. Suing under the sunshine laws, which require Government proceedings to be open to the public, he forced Meese's Justice Department to back down. Papers were released, the report was made public and all hell broke loose.

It seemed that among the papers that had come to light in the A.C.L.U. action was a letter that had been dashed off by Sears. Among the commission's witnesses had been a Reverend Donald Wildmon of Tupelo, Mississippi, a man driven for the past several years to monitor all manner of publications and broadcasts for signs of dirt. He puts out a newsletter keeping a running count of corporations that sponsor offensive TV shows and advertisers who buy pages in *PLAYBOY* or *Penthouse*.

The newsletter informs its readers that "SARA LEE IS LEADING PORN PUSHER" and "COSMOPOLITAN FULFILLS DEFINITION OF PORNOGRAPHIC." Wildmon testified to the commission that such major U.S. companies as CBS, Time Inc., Coca-Cola and others were "distributors of porn" because of various direct and indirect connections to material he deemed offensive, and that adult magazines had been linked to all manner of crime and social ills.

As usual, the commission did not cross-examine Wildmon, who made unsubstantiated charges that *PLAYBOY* and *Penthouse* had been linked to "violence, crime and child abuse." When it was suggested to Sears that the corporations named by Wildmon deserved an opportunity to answer the charges, his response was to clip together ten pages from the testimony, without attribution, and send them to corporate officers with a letter on Justice Department stationery telling them that their failure to respond to the unattributed allegations would "necessarily be accepted as an indication of no objection."

It was an outrageously effective job of smearing. Most of the corporations answered the charges defensively and hastily, and one of them, the Southland Corporation, under constant attack by Wildmon and his pickets and mailing lists for more than three years for carrying *PLAYBOY*, *Penthouse* and *Forum* in its 7-Eleven chain stores, capitulated. Between the letter and the drafts that had come to light proposing that an offending store's assets might be seized, someone at the Dallas-based company said, "Whoa. Child porn? Forfeiture? The Justice Department? Bail us out!" All three magazines were promptly dropped in what a spokesman admitted was a response to the Meese hearings.

If the commission now proves to be a menace, I was not among the first to recognize it. Like those of a Presidential primary, the antics of the commission had seemed little more than harmless fun and games, a lot of holier-than-thou rhetoric accompanied by winks of acknowledgment from the real world. The air of flirtation in the hearing rooms, the female witnesses in see-through blouses denouncing porn, the constant references to sex all had a carnival-like effect. This can't be serious, right?

So, charged with this sense of the inevitability of the sex drive and convinced that no one was truly intent on putting the sexual-freedom genie back into the bottle, I spent too many hours sitting at the hearings with Lynn, reassuring him that the republic was not about to fall.

In part, I was informed in my optimism by my conversations with Levine, Becker and Tilton, all of whom were alarmed at the prospect of being party to an assault on the First Amendment and being cast as the arbiters of individual taste.

All three had been opposed to the frenetic pace at which the commission was



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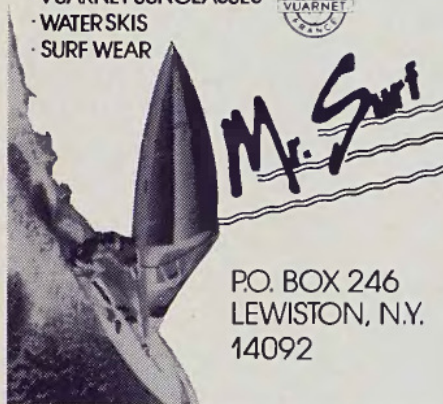
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being rushed to its conclusions. Levine told me that she had refused to join in voting on positions by mail, because she thought debate was needed. When Tilton was about to leave her Los Angeles home for the final stretch of meetings in April, she was startled to receive yet another two-foot stack of commission staff reports, memos and proposals for legal changes. As she said, "We have a 1200-page staff report to go through and a rival report prepared by Fred Schauer. My sense is we're not going to be able to get through more than one third of this material in the allotted time. We have asked for an extension and it's not been granted. I feel like I'm in fantasyland."

That morning, Tilton was inclined to look back on her year with the porn commission as time "largely wasted." Her only consolation was the fact that she had pushed through some strong language and new concepts on child pornography, but she felt that her concerns in this area were being used to support far-reaching measures for control of adult erotica on which she was not prepared to act.

In the end, she and the other moderates won a few battles but lost the war.

The last meeting of the commission took place in a dreary corner of the old granite-and-marble Federal Home Loan Bank Board building in northwest Washington. The moment of truth was at hand. The commissioners had 72 hours to write and approve a report that would set out in detail what American society should do about the "pervasiveness" of pornography, according to Meese's mandate.

They were 11 men and women, some hardly speaking to each other, bored to tears with this material that was supposed to be more addictive than heroin, looking at their watches, thinking of the planes they had to catch. The only problem was, they didn't have a report.

What they had was a disjointed, Draconian and moralizing staff summary prepared by Sears, which a number of them felt was an acute embarrassment—the same shrill, hysterical document that had already had an effect, calling for vigilante groups, for the naming of corporate "porn" distributors, etc. Schauer had said that to sign it would be a travesty, and offered to write his own version, which he hoped the full panel would endorse. Schauer, it will be remembered, is the lawyer who believes that most sexually oriented material does not deserve First Amendment protection and did not have major policy differences with Sears's version; he simply didn't want to be laughed out of court.

And so, in the space of a couple of weeks before the legal deadline, Schauer wrote a 192-page draft. In its pristine form, it is a discursive but highly opinionated march through the history of constitutional law and censorship, a lifetime's worth of lecture notes by a professor who suddenly

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had a nation for a class. Sears did not want it on the agenda he had drawn up. The session opened with Ritter's moving successfully that the commission use the Schauer draft as the basic document into which it would meld Sears's proposals. Since it is highly probable that few of the commissioners actually read all 192 pages, what followed was a kind of insanity.

During those final days, the commissioners would gather around the table, which was usually piled high with documents, as Hudson read aloud from the Schauer draft. It made sweeping statements about pornography and the role of sexuality in America—all of it one professor's opinion. Hudson would finish one ten-page section and ask, "Everyone agree with the wording?"

The commissioners would then toss new phrases and wording at each other and, depending on whether or not they had been heard amid muttered remarks about betrayal, proceed to get lost in a thicket of proposals and counterproposals. No two commissioners with whom I spoke at the end could agree on what was definitively decided during those sessions. One member would offer a horse trade on a proposed jail sentence in return for a softer line on a constitutional question; another would make a sarcastic amendment to a hard-line declaration. Entire topics would be left to be called up for a vote later on—though some would never be.

"We were told we had to have a product," said Becker. "We couldn't even see galleys, because Sears insisted that time didn't permit. When my colleagues ask me about this report, I've suggested they stop reading when they get to this commission's recommendations."

As voting on sections of the draft continued under deadline pressure, members would later admit that they were unsure of which sections were being passed and which tabled, which votes were binding and which not. At one point, when it seemed as if an important vote—nothing less than the exemption of print and cable from censorship—had been taken, I interviewed Dietz and mentioned the votes that I'd already reported in the *Los Angeles Times*, as had other reporters.

"We didn't pass them," insisted Dietz.

I said we should check with Sears. So we trooped over to his office and, after 15 minutes of conversation, established that the commission had, indeed, voted 6-5 on just those points—but it was now agreed that the vote would be recorded as a divided one, not as a recommendation of the commission. You figure it out; I couldn't.

One thing on which the commissioners did agree was that there was no agreement on the definition of pornography. As an alternative to a single definition, they came up with a three-tiered one.

The first part, category one, was to include sexual violence, and there were no demurs, even when Dietz said *Miami Vice* was an example in this category. No one

quarreled with judging this material offensive, if not necessarily legally obscene.

Category three—defined as nonviolent pornography that is nondegrading and nonhumiliating—was also easier to deal with. That was the category that had come close to being judged not harmful in Scottsdale but had instead been recorded as a split vote at Sears's insistence.

But it was category two—pornography defined as nonviolent but "humiliating and degrading"—that gave the commissioners their real trouble. Until the very end, they were not clear as to what kinds of materials fell into this class. Did *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? Did *PLAYBOY*? The debate wore on. Sears passed around ads and photo spreads from *Vogue* and *Cosmopolitan* and suggested that they, too, might fit the category. Levine responded with what one wag called the "Bloomingdale's exemption," asking, "Do you want to take on the entire fashion industry? The ads for Bloomingdale's are just as sexy."

In frustration, an angry Dobson said, "Wouldn't you say a photograph of a woman masturbating, with a look of ecstasy on her face, is degrading and humiliating? I would!"

Other members said they would not, as long as the woman appeared to be enjoying herself. One commissioner said later she could not believe that these conversations were taking place in the final week of the meetings. The concept of degradation of women had been introduced to the panel when Andrea Dworkin testified before it. She had denounced the "humiliation" of women in mainstream publications, and her comments had obviously caught Dobson's ear. What the Christian broadcaster of traditional family values had perhaps overlooked was who his new ally was, for Dworkin had written, in an attack on the very idea of traditional heterosexuality, "I think that men will have to give up their precious erections and begin to make love as women do together."

In the middle of the voting, when the wrangling and confusion were at their height, Dietz dropped a bombshell. He announced to the panel that he had prepared a paper summarizing the "sentiments of the commission," though no one had been asked for one. Reading his newly minted manifesto aloud, Dietz tried to cut through Schauer's verbiage and get to what he saw as the heart of the matter—that pornography was just no good. "A world in which pornography was neither desired nor produced would be a better world," Dietz proclaimed. He called most pornography an "offense against human dignity," asking all Americans to shun it because "conscience demands it!"

There it was, as if handed down from the mountain. Ritter, the Catholic priest who had been so adamant about condemning any form of sex outside marriage, dramatically removed his white clerical collar and presented it to Dietz. The dis-

senters, Levine and Becker, were astonished. The moralists were obviously thrilled: The commission—for a moment, at least—had been reborn in their eyes. Hudson asked for a show of hands. No one is clear on what the vote was, but it was agreed that Dietz's declaration of morality would be included in the report as a personal statement and that the commissioners who agreed with it could affix their names to it.

As can best be reconstructed, what was voted on and would be recommended as this article went to press was a series of battle orders in a sweeping war against sexual explicitness. The report calls for the elevation of pornography to a level matching that of drug trafficking or organized crime: a national emergency. As the final draft was being prepared by Sears, these were the major recommendations to the Attorney General:

- The creation of a national commissioner—a porn czar—to push for and coordinate more vigorous prosecution of Federal obscenity cases.
- The forfeiture of assets by any business found to be dealing in obscene materials, as is now done with drug traffickers.
- Banning the use of performers under 21 in "certain sexually explicit depictions."
- A vast computer-bank system, involving state and Federal cooperation, to prosecute producers of porn more effectively.
- The elimination of the requirement, to trigger Federal intervention, of proof that obscene materials have crossed a state line.
- The establishment of an automatic, mandatory felony conviction—with 20-year sentences—for second offenses in the selling of obscene materials.
- The enlistment of the Internal Revenue Service to use its auditing power to go after porn producers.
- Endorsement of citizens' action groups to boycott, picket and "socially condemn" local sellers of offensive materials, whether obscene or not.

As noted, the commission agreed to exempt printed words and cable television. These categories were strongly defended by such big guns as Time Inc.'s cable executives and by top book publishers, while magazine publishers and film makers did not show up in strength. (Historians may wish to note that vibrators, which were nearly criminalized by Hudson and Sears—to be left to languish like those 27,000 dildos in the Houston jail—were allowed to hum on.)

What would come of these recommendations? As far as the law is concerned, the answers will come from the Government bodies that must enact the recommendations. But just as the earlier drafts have already had an effect on the market place, so will the final recommendations have their effect, with or without enactment.

What all the commissioners were concerned about, however, was the report

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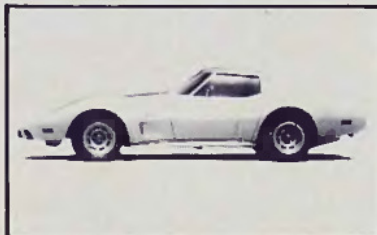
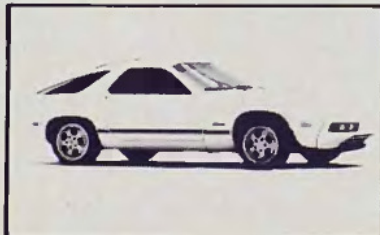
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that would precede the recommendations—the revised Schauer draft. This was what was supposed to make sense of the year and summarize the members' conclusions. It had been left to Schauer to return to his university office and assimilate the votes of the preceding week into his original draft report.

It was a daunting task, but the problem was that he had only five days in which to perform it. Why? Because, despite the national implications and the complexity of what he was to write, he wanted to make a previously scheduled trip to China.

Schauer delivered. The manuscript is a testament to the ability of word processors to merge disparate ideas and contradictory facts into a seemingly consistent whole. But upon reading it—and not many will—one realizes that the attempt to summarize 11 views on hundreds of points of law and morality and philosophy is, like the attempt to define pornography itself, futile.

Schauer accompanied the draft with a letter to his fellow commissioners informing them that he would not accept any changes that weren't agreed to by the ten others, including those in "wording and style and anything other than blatant grammatical errors." He wrote that the report was a "house of cards, as to which what in itself [*sic*] appears to be a small change might ultimately destroy everything." Then he left for China.

The report does not define pornography. In fact, it begins by saying that it cannot define pornography, nevertheless, it claims that "degrading" pornography—whatever that is—was found "likely to increase the extent to which those exposed will view rape or other forms of sexual violence as less serious than they otherwise would have." Schauer adds that as to violent sexual material, the commissioners are "unanimous and confident" that exposure leads to antisocial acts and sexual crime.

The wording in the Schauer draft led *The New York Times* to report that the Meese commission had concluded that "most pornography . . . is potentially harmful and can lead to violence." But the fact is that studies do not suggest anything like that. Becker, whose institute in New York has treated more than 700 sex offenders and who was originally recruited as the commission's expert in this field, had just finished reading the report when I contacted her on the day the *Times* story appeared. "It is wrong and it is ludicrous," she said flatly. "Not only did we not define what 'degrading' pornography is but no social science or data has shown any causal connection between even violent pornography and crime." As to the conclusions' being "unanimous and confident," Becker and Levine were preparing their own dissent as the *Times* story hit the newsstands.

Schauer gave the right wing what it

wanted—the words, if not the data, to repudiate the 1970 commission findings that porn is not a social menace. Virtually the only erotica given a clean bill of health were nude statues. “Michelangelo will not be banned,” Sears said to me soothingly when I asked him for his score card.

Lynn, winding up his watchdog role from the audience, went back to his office to prepare a thick briefing book on his own. In a long discussion after the final tally, he summed up his perspective.

“It’s just as bad as I feared from the onset,” he said. “It calls for a McCarthyite witch-hunt against material about which there is no evidence, whatsoever, of harmful social effects. The report has hysterical statements that presuppose that pornography plays a major role in causing a variety of social ills, even though after a year of work, the commissioners have not made the case. Our country would never allow the regulation of a food additive or a prescription drug on the basis of evidence as flimsy and tangential as the evidence the commission has heard to regulate pornography. The FDA would laugh these studies out of the agency.

“In my view, they have morally condemned virtually every kind of sexually explicit material, even that which depicts consensual, equal, loving, monogamous sexual activity.”

Dietz conceded that point during a post-hearing interview. “Pornography is not a productive substitute for a relationship,” he said, so why should any of it—except for a few “art” pictures—be protected? Did he mean there could not be any redeeming feature to pictures that were simply erotic? “As a steady diet,” said Dietz, “they are the source of mischief.”

Mischief? At last, it seems clear that the real issue is that would-be censors are elitists, convinced that while they can wallow in smut for a year and be unaffected, most people cannot and must be protected; and that they alone know best how Americans should conduct their sex lives.

When Meese announced the commission to study pornography, he chose his language carefully. “The formation of this commission,” he announced, “reflects the concern a healthy society must have regarding the ways in which its people publicly entertain themselves.”

Meese didn’t attend the hearings, but all of this happened under his name, under the authority of the office of the Attorney General of the United States. I know Meese. I even like him. But talk about how one entertains oneself publicly: I was with him at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, during the 1980 campaign, when he was a bit tipsy and was eying the scantily clad cocktail waitresses, as any Rotarian from Oakland would do when away from home in the big city. As I might do. This was the same guy left hanging in public by the Senate for more than a year while the boys deliberated over whether or not

his financial dealings were too sleazy for him to become the nation’s chief law-enforcement officer.

We all have standards, tastes, as well as personal centers of hypocrisy, and we all know it. Maybe we should lead different lives; maybe some do. But, one might ask, what have the Feds to do with it? And what are the all-American, God-fearing right-wingers doing leading the pack? Isn’t it the most profoundly conservative, profoundly American impulse to keep the Feds’ noses out of our private business?

In my opinion, much of what is lumped under the label of pornography is vicious and disgusting—no question. Sitting at the hearings, even a purist on the First Amendment is moved by the truly sad tales of victims of malicious, pimp-like producers of seedy porn movies. In my view, all child pornography is foul, and society has an overriding obligation to protect minors. The celebration of violence, sexual or not, the cheapening of life, male or female, cannot but have a bad effect on a society. And that includes *Rambo*, celebrated by Reagan, as well as your low-budget, X-rated mutilation flick.

But more disturbing than the excesses of pornography is the denigration of all erotica, making it the scapegoat for the larger ills of society. I came away convinced that for all their rhetoric, the majority of the commissioners were not serious about decreasing violence or sexual exploitation in our culture. They were serious about stopping sex that they didn’t approve of.

They turned their backs on proposals to go after the much greater amount of violence found in most R-rated movies in favor of a crusade against sexual explicitness. They consistently went after erotica instead of violence, despite irrefutable evidence from virtually every witness, friend or foe, that it’s violence, not sex, that’s the problem. Becker said bitterly that she had tried in the final days to raise the topic of marital rape—which is still legal in some states—but Sears refused to consider it. In

its zeal to make the nation march together in a lock step to paradise, the commission also rejected programs for sex education—proposals made by commissioner Deanne Tilton, its own expert on child abuse—because those programs ran against its notion of the proper Christian family.

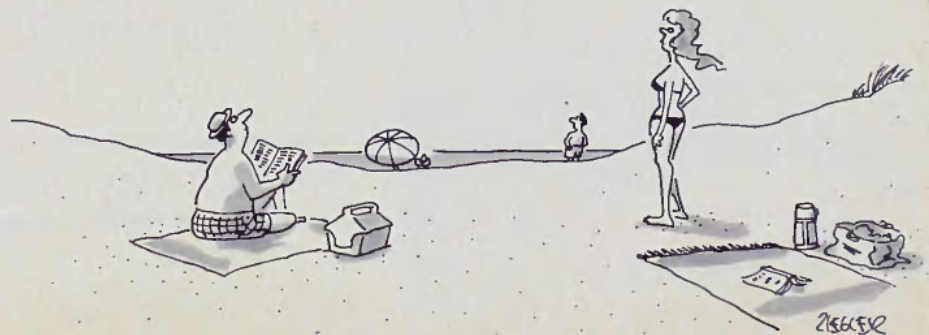
In a piece on Reagan (*The Reagan Question*, PLAYBOY, August 1980) during the 1980 Presidential campaign, I predicted—erroneously, it may turn out—that he would not be a hard-liner on this type of issue. I cited the freer lifestyles chosen by Reagan’s children, with his apparent approval, as evidence of his essential tolerance, his apparent faith in the ability of the next generation to make personal-lifestyle decisions free from the heavy hand of Government-sanctioned conformity. This is a President who seems, by all accounts, to be untroubled and even pleased that his son Ron has found gainful employment as a Contributing Editor of this publication.

In any case, until the formation of the Meese commission, I figured that the regular denunciations of porn I would hear from Reagan, Bush, Meese and points right were just rhetoric to please the fundamentalist fringes who vote. After all, as Reagan said during a 1980 interview with me for the *Los Angeles Times*, he wasn’t born yesterday. When we discussed the pervasiveness of loose morals, he pointed out that he’d been a Hollywood actor and even quoted from the trial of Oscar Wilde: “I have no objection to anyone’s sex life, so long as they don’t practice it in the street and frighten the horses.”

Something disturbing has come out of these hearings. Never mind frightening the horses. In their zeal to make the nation conform to their tastes, the more zealous members of the Meese commission have, as McCarthy did, twisted the very ideals of freedom they claim to cherish. It’s not what we may do in the streets that these people fear. It’s what we do in our heads.



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

ROAD WARRIORS

Porsche's new 924S is definitely a wolf in sheep's clothing. Its \$19,900 sticker sets a tempting price trap for Mazda RX-7 and Nissan 300 ZX buyers. Recycling the precious 924's dated body and cramped cockpit to cut costs, Porsche has sweetened the deal with the torquey 2.5-liter engine and finely tuned running gear from the sensational 944. At current prices, it's one hell of a bargain. But any resemblance to the old 924 ends where it counts—on the road. We drove "the attainable new Porsche" on twisty highways through the Chattahoochee National Forest, where Georgia kisses the Carolinas. On mountain switchbacks that would discourage lesser makes, the 924S was cheerfully in its element—cruising the curves, looking for victims. Settle in

behind the fat, three-spoked wheel and listen to the machine's rich burble. This car handles any tricks the road can throw at you. Toss the 924S into tight, tree-lined, off-camber turns and wicked double dips with no guard rails and serious drop-offs. The beautifully balanced little coupe digs in and comes out grinning. You'll grin, too. Acceleration is quick (0 to 60 in 8.3 seconds with a five-speed: A three-speed automatic is optional) and virtually vibration-free. The injected, 147-hhp counterbalanced four loves to run to its 6500-rpm red line, daring you to find your own limits. (Porsche lists 134 as the top end and it's a claim that we're not going to dispute.) With about one per dealer per month available, the 924S will go fast. Get in line right behind us.

BRUCE AYRES



The 924S has an uncanny ability to deal with any road. Massive disc brakes haul you down with the smooth deceleration of a high-rise elevator. Air conditioning is standard, along with power windows, four-speaker stereo sound and electrically adjustable and heated outside mirrors. Exterior colors? Red, white and black, with silver metallic available as an option. The interior upholstery is PORSCHE-lettered cloth. Nice.

FASHION

One can never be too rich or too thin or own too many pairs of sunglasses. In fact, having it made in the shades has become everybody's favorite outdoor/indoor sport, as wrap-arounds, clip-ons, leather trims and retro looks abound. There's even a type of sunglasses that allows ultraviolet-A rays to filter through,

preventing the bane of all sun worshipers—raccoon eyes. Color also plays an important role when you're getting your glass act together: Swatch offers 12 eye-popping shades, ranging from racy yellow to matte black, while Corning Optics, has opted for light-adjusting lenses that permit clear vision under a variety of conditions. It all looks good to us.



Left to right—strip one: It's photo-booth fun and games in a pair of Calvin Klein's updated retro-look sunglasses, \$75. Strip two: UV-A Tanning Lens sunglasses that allow UV-A rays to shine through while blocking out UV-B rays, by Carrera, \$50. Strip three: These Serengeti Drivers sunglasses feature a bridge-span-style frame and light-adjusting lenses, by Corning Optics, \$70. Strip four: Funky Wrap-A-

Round sunglasses, with Polaroid polarizing lenses, by Benetton, \$16. Strip five: Kisses and clip-ons—Corona's sunglasses, designed by L.A. Eyeworks, can be worn with or without the clip-ons shown, \$110. Strip six: Ray-Ban leather-trimmed Outdoorsman sunglasses, fitted with changeable lenses, by Bausch & Lomb, \$109. Strip seven: Swatch 180-degree sunglasses—colorful, lightweight and fun, \$35.





DESTINED FOR THE BOOB TUBE

How to Strip for Your Lover is a "how-to-undo video," says executive producer Ira Oppen, one of the biggies at Home Star Video who decided to put their money where their minds were and came up with a 40-minute primer (in both VHS and Beta) on the sexy art of taking it off, taking it all off. In addition to advice on technique, the video takes a look at the history of striptease, strip-o-grams, male strippers and more. The price for all this good, clean fun is \$32.95 sent to Home Star Video, P.O. Box 1005, Solana Beach, California 92075. Ta-dah!

WATER MUSIC

Something by The Waterboys or the sound track from *Splash* would play nicely on an Aqua Sound—a floating AM/FM personal-stereo/cassette player that takes to hot tubs and salt water as a bikini takes to a Rio beach. Each Aqua Sound comes with two sets of earphones for tandem listening, illumination/mood lamp and autoreverse/fast-forward functions. The price: \$169, postpaid, from ITC, 3031 Tisch Way, Suite 910, San Jose, California 95128. It's definitely a watery groove.



TALES OF A TRAVELER

LET'S PARTY, HI CUTIE, BACK OFF and OOPS! SORRY are just some of the thoughts you can flash to fellow motorists when you've hooked your wheels to TaleLights, a multi-message rear-window-mounted electronic signboard that Willas USA, 8933 Quartz Avenue, Northridge, California 91324, is selling for \$199.95, postpaid. Six of the messages—including STOP, HAZARD and REVERSE—are automatically activated; the others are driver activated via a remote key pad mounted on the dash.



SEE YOU AT THE WEIRD MOVIES

As Ed McMahon would say, "Every weird movie that you ever wanted to see is included in *Incredibly Strange Films*," a \$15, 224-page softcover book just out from Re/Search Publications, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco 94133. Have a thirst to drink in the history of *Color Me Blood Red*, a "blood-spattered study in the macabre" that's "drenched in crimson color"? *Incredibly Strange Films* tells all about it, along with hundreds of other far-out flicks, from *The Acid Eaters* to *Zontar, the Thing from Venus*. There are also interviews with film directors, articles on genre films, an A-to-Z directory of film personalities and even quotations. ("You've only dreamed there were women like this, until now. But they're real! Unbelievably real!"—*Mondo Topless*.) Let's go!





GETTING A GLOW ON

From the people who brought you charcoal-mellowed Jack Daniel's come Jack Daniel's Charcoal Briquets with Barrel Chunks. Yep, sugar-maple charcoal is turned into briquettes and mixed with white-oak barrels that have been used to age the whiskey and is then pulverized and combined with hard sugar maple to make barrel chunks. A seven-pound bag costs about \$3—or send \$29.95, postpaid, for six bags, to Hickory Specialties, P.O. Box 1669, Brentwood, Tennessee 37027. Although the smoke flavor is more wood than whiskey, it makes a hell of a glow.

BULLION MARKET

Beverly Hills Bullion Bar, the soap "for the filthy rich," contains "oil of L.A., Glitz-erin, Stardust" and has the "fragrance of New Money." If that isn't enough to send you back to good old Lifebuoy, consider the fact that it's \$7.50 per bar, comes in a fake-gold-bullion box and is manufactured in New Jersey. If you're really stinking rich, you can even order a case of 24 Bullion Bars for \$180 from Products . . . For the Filthy Rich, Inc., P.O. Box 334, Short Hills, New Jersey 07078. So where's Imelda Marcos, now that we need her? Probably eating cake.



IT ALL ADS UP

"Long-legged Sugar Daddy—75, 7-ft. slam-dunker enjoys slo breaks and full-court press. No dribbling. Looking to play with a. . . ." You get the idea. Desperately Seeking ("The madcap game of romance in the want ads!") lets you kick-start your libido in a race against the clock to compose a personal ad from 35 word cubes. Baron/Scott Enterprises, 8804 Monard Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland 20910, sells Desperately Seeking for \$10, postpaid, or check out your neighborhood naughty-game store.



FOODIES' VIEW FROM THE TOP

Eighty-two of Manhattan's top restaurants are pinpointed on Alan E. Cober's aerial drawing of Manhattan. And in case that doesn't give you an appetite, restaurant info (credit cards accepted, etc.) and a minireview are included in the margin. Great Restaurants of New York is available as a 27" x 30" poster for \$25 from Postermotions, 17 East 48th Street, New York 10017. There's also a limited-edition (350) litho that, at \$250, is about the price of a great meal.



TIP SHEET FOR THE ROAD

Travel newsletters come and travel newsletters go, but one that's just been launched, *Winston's Travel Discoveries* ("an exclusive guide to hotels, inns, resorts and restaurants world-wide"), has, we think, all the earmarks of a tip sheet that's going to stick around. *Winston's* reads good, like a newsletter should; and it's stuffed with savvy, inside info on a variety of places, from San Francisco restaurants to castle hotels of Scotland. The price: \$30 for six issues, sent to the publication at P.O. Box C, Sausalito, California 94966.



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Oh, Those Pearly Cates

Actress **PHOEBE CATES** is seriously adorable. She's also busy, currently in an off-Broadway play, *Rich Relations*, and collaborating with rock producer Jellybean Benitez on an album. Go, Phoebe!



© 1986 ROBERT MATHEU

King Richards

Admit it, you've never seen this man smile. **KEITH RICHARDS** has survived everything, intact. The Stones' latest opus, *Dirty Work*, is running up the charts, and the old Devils of rock even picked up a lifetime Grammy this year. Not bad. Even if the entire group doesn't make it to the stage this summer, look in your neighborhood concert hall for Keith. He's ready to roll.



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Cyndi's Big Adventure

Do **CYNDI LAUPER** and **PEE-WEE HERMAN** know how to have fun? You bet! Cyndi's long-awaited second album is almost finished, and we hear that Pee-wee may have a first album in the works. He's also looking for a movie as a follow-up to his screen debut in *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*. Whatever they do, they're good for a laugh.



Not Just Another Fish Story

Transplanted American beauty **SYDNE ROME** is not live bait. She is a woman of many accomplishments—a singer, an actress, a best-selling author, an aerobics apostle and the star of a French/Italian TV show. So what's the fish angle? Simple. Would we have published a photo of her autographing books? Too conventional. This caught our eye.

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Ava, as in Rave-a

Playboy Channel viewers will remember AVA CADELL as the hostess of *Pillow Previews*. Even if you don't get cable, you've seen her on *Hotel*, *Mike Hammer* and *Dallas*. Your TV is broken? No sweat; you've got us. Think of this very sexy shot as a kind of public service. Don't you deserve to see the very best?

The Return of Oz

This time, rocker OZZY OSBOURNE has not bitten off more than he can chew. Say what you will about living a clean life: It works. Osbourne has his first ever top-ten album, *The Ultimate Sin*, a successful tour and a follow-up album planned. On to the Emerald City, Oz.



ALAN HOUGHTON

Our Kind of Kelly Girl

You know KAREN KELLY from two TV soaps, *Capitol* and *Rituals*. Taking pity on those of you who have to work during the day, we present a little bit more of Karen.

ALAN HOUGHTON



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FARMERS' DAUGHTERS



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GREGORY HINES REMINISCES ABOUT TAPPING WITH HINES, HINES AND DAD, INTERRACIAL MARRIAGE AND GETTING THE FEEL OF A MOVIE ROLE BY WATCHING AUTOPSIES IN A SHARP **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"PRIZZI'S FAMILY"—IN A PREQUEL TO *PRIZZI'S HONOR*, MAEROSE TRIES TO ROPE CHARLEY INTO MARRIAGE—BY RICHARD CONDON

"FARMERS' DAUGHTERS"—NO JOKE; THESE PICTURES ARE THE GENUINE ARTICLE

"HIT THE BRAKES!"—FIRST ESSENTIAL OF STREET SMARTS: BRING YOUR CAR TO A STOP BEFORE IT GETS TOO INTIMATE WITH ANOTHER ONE

"WHY THEY LOVE US IN THE PHILIPPINES"—FOR STARTERS, OUR NAVAL BASE AT SUBIC BAY PROVIDES WORK FOR 16,000 NATIVE PROSTITUTES. A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE OF OLONGAPO, BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CULT CLASSIC *EDDIE AND THE CRUISERS*—P. F. KLUGE

"HUSH PUPPIES"—THE A.S.P.C.A. WOULDN'T APPROVE OF PAUL'S METHOD OF KEEPING THE NEIGHBORS' DOGS QUIET—BY STEPHEN RANDALL

PLUS: **"BACK TO CAMPUS FASHION"**; ANDREW TOBIAS' **"QUARTERLY REPORT"** ON **"SPREADS"**; ROBERT M. (*THE WINE ADVOCATE*) PARKER, JR.'S, ADVICE ON **"WISE MOVES WITH YOUR WINE DOLLARS"**; **"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST,"** BY ANSON MOUNT; **"THE CAR-HOP COUCH"**; AND MUCH MORE



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