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THE COVER-UP

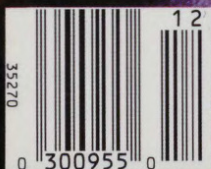
HOT INTERVIEW:  
GORE VIDAL

**SEX STARS OF  
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WHAT MEN  
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ULTIMATE GUIDE


**ALA**  
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# PLAYBILL

CULTURAL LITERACY is a phrase that's been making the rounds of our least favorite cocktail parties recently. It was bad enough when hosts used to pull out a game of Trivial Pursuit. Now along comes a professor—E. D. Hirsch, Jr.—who insists that unless you can identify the 4500 academic buzz words, facts and phrases central to Western civilization as we know it, you may as well work the rest of your life in a gas station.

The way we figure: You could go back to college and pick up a few more key terms, or you could read this issue of *Playboy*. Since you may find yourself at a party in the near future, here are three concepts that are the pillars of enlightened thinking: *Catch-22*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *The 87th Precinct*. We are not talking cultural literacy; we are talking vital signs. These are not mere artifacts or clutter: They are adventures. Thus, we are pleased to present works by **Joseph Heller**, **Roy Bradbury** and **Ed McBain**—three men who qualify as national living treasures.

*Yossarian Survives* (illustrated by **Charles Walker**) is a recently discovered fragment of Heller's *Catch-22*. Twenty-five years ago, Heller and his editor trimmed an 800-page novel down to 600 pages; one of the chapters they cut is a brilliant send-up of physical fitness, military style. It may not have belonged in the novel, but it does belong under your Christmas tree. (Heller is finishing a novel, *Poetics*, to be published by Putnam next fall.)

Bradbury is best known for his science-fiction classics; *Fahrenheit 451* ran in the March, April and May 1954 issues of *Playboy*. Since that initial appearance, Bradbury has contributed 28 pieces of fiction and nonfiction to our pages. *The Laurel and Hardy Love Affair* is a tender three-handkerchief romance, a quality change of pace.

McBain was voted a grand master of mystery by the Mystery Writers of America in 1986. *Tricks* (illustrated by **Stephen Turk**) follows the boys from the 87th Precinct as they try to locate a missing magician. The story is part of a book published by Arbor House.

No holiday issue this year would be complete without a whiff of scandal, so we offer the second part of *The Jessica Hahn Story*, which chronicles the cover-up of the PTL debacle. With sex and politics occupying center stage, we thought it natural for the *Playboy Interview* to check in with **Gore Vidal**. **David Sheff** recorded Vidal's thoughts on the fiasco known as recent American history. For those of you who like your cultural commentary from beyond the fringe, we asked **Jerry Stahl** to visit the happy mediums who relay messages from ancient spirits. *Channel Hopping* (illustrated by **John O'Leary**) reports on the latest trend among psychics.

Culture—be it pop or profound—must also keep track of each important batch of Hollywood personalities. **David Seeley** profiles **Dennis Quaid**, the hot star of *Suspect* and *The Big Easy*. **Robert Crone** interrogates **Justine Bateman**, the other star of *Family Ties*, for a revealing *20 Questions*. **Jim Horwood** has done his usual brilliant survey to report on *Sex Stars of 1987*, with an imaginative layout—including a look at Playmates on film—created by Senior Art Director **Chef Suski**. Photographer **Herb Ritts** gives us a smashing pictorial of **Brigitte Nielsen**: Cultural literacy surely involves a nonverbal appreciation of beauty.

It's not that we're against cultural literacy; we just think that the proponents of such snobbery don't include the real essentials of survival. **Denis Boyles**, **Alan Rose** and **Alan Wellikoff** spent the past several years putting together a curriculum for the complete man. And it features the important stuff—such as how to take a piss without those bothersome little drips. This is an excerpt from *The Modern Man's Guide to Life*, to be published by Harper & Row. And since any cultural sophisticate must know how to relax, we've included *Great Lounge Acts*, with photography by **John Goodman**. No amount of education prepares you for life in an L-shaped studio, so we asked **Joanna L. Krotz** to decorate the ultimate bachelor pad. As long as you have a coffee table, or a place to put your December issue of *Playboy*, you're doing all right.



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vol. 34, no. 12—december 1987

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## COVER STORY

When Brigitte Nielsen split from ex-hubby Sly Stallone, she didn't want to talk about it. Still, her face and figure speak volumes, as you'll see in *Gitte the Great*. This cover photo was produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Gitte's dress is from Addictions, Los Angeles, and her jewelry is courtesy of M Gallery, Los Angeles. The Rabbit is as handy as ever.



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### IS IT A HAMBURGER OR A MCMAHONWICH?

Gary Cole, in *Playboy's Pro Football Forecast* (September), vastly overestimates Jim McMahon's quarterbacking abilities. McMahon's greatest talent lies in self-promotion, not quarterbacking. He has hypnotized his fellow players, his coach and the Chicago media into thinking he's indispensable to the Bears; but if he can't play much this season, the Bears may be better off.

They don't need a ham with a hamburger shoulder as quarterback. With their defense, all they need is a *physically sound*, reasonably intelligent quarterback such as Mike Tomczak or Jim Harbaugh. The running game, with Walter Payton and Neal Anderson, and the defense will take care of the rest.

Mitch Johnson  
Lansing, Michigan

Jim McMahon's importance to the Bears is being blown way out of proportion. When the Bears won the Super Bowl in 1986, they had a great opportunistic defense and an average offense. When McMahon was lost in the middle of the 1985-1986 season, Steve Fuller replaced him and won six consecutive games. I don't have anything against McMahon, but he isn't the key to the Bears' success; the defense is.

Patrick A. Idowu  
Logan, Utah

Your 1987 *Pro Football Forecast* is very well written but comes to some wrong conclusions. Even if Jim McMahon has the best season of any quarterback who ever played the game (unlikely, considering the condition of his shoulder), the Chicago Bears will *not* win the Super Bowl.

Cole is right when he predicts that the best National Football Conference teams are going to keep winning until the American Football Conference teams learn how to play the shove-the-ball-down-your-throat defense. Well, I believe that this season, we'll be looking at one of the most

perfect throat-stuffing football teams in N.F.L. history: the Seattle Seahawks. They have signed Brian Bosworth, who, according to some N.F.L. scouts, is the most talented linebacker since Dick Butkus. With All-Pro safety Kenny Easley returning, it's going to be hard to score against the Seahawks. So all your readers who believe in easy money ought to bet on them, not on the Bears.

Matthew Lankford  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

### TELLER VS. HARPO?

I would like to comment on your *20 Questions* featuring Penn and Teller in your September issue. I hope Teller realizes that people don't compare him to Harpo Marx just because he doesn't speak during parts of his stage act. There are other obvious similarities: Like Teller, Harpo was an athletic comedian who often performed prestidigitatorial antics (witness the endless supply of silverware up his sleeve in *Animal Crackers*). Teller also looks a bit like Harpo and uses facial expressions similar to those Harpo used. It seems to me that his argument about Harpo's "happy" presence *vs.* his own "malevolent" presence is an attempt to mask his fear that perhaps he is being accused of stealing from Harpo, or is the result of insecurity from being compared to a past comic giant. Teller really shouldn't worry; he has demonstrated on the stage and in films his remarkable versatility. He should also keep in mind the fact that Marcel Marceau has never resented being compared to Stan Laurel.

James O'Malley  
Gillette, New Jersey

### BOND FOR GLORY

Congratulations on your James Bond pictorial (*25 Years of James Bond*) in the September *Playboy*. Having viewed the 25th anniversary special on TV (a major disappointment to a Bond fan), I have to say that yours contains more information. Of course, after my friends read the captions, I won't be winning many more

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drinks by naming Bonds. Most people can't remember George Lazenby, let alone name David Niven as the superspy. Having viewed the latest 007 movie, I think Timothy Dalton's portrayal brings Ian Fleming's Bond back home. I'm sure that after four or five more movies, we will be worrying about Dalton's replacement.

Rick Porambo  
Clearwater, Florida

I admired your September tribute to the *Women of 007*—with one major exception. You have done many of us a majestic disservice in excluding Diana Rigg. Having recently returned from London, where I enjoyed the avenging alter ego of Mrs. Peel as she starred in the musical *Follies*, I can assure you that there is more than one regal Diana in England these days. Sexy? She is, indeed. Licensed to thrill? Without a doubt. At least the attractive Maryam d'Abo recognizes her talented predecessor.

Mark McPherson  
Grosse Ile, Michigan

Enjoyed your salute to James Bond in the September issue. One thing I would like to point out, however: In your pictorial *Women of 007*, you mistakenly credit French actress Corinne Clery as Hugo Drax's helicopter pilot in *Moonraker*. That part was played by Caroline Munro. Just to set the record straight, you understand.

Colin L. McKenney  
Northglenn, Colorado

This longtime *Playboy* reader and Bondophile really enjoyed *Women of 007*. However, a correction is in order.

It was Molly Peters (not Claudine Auger) who administered the *Thunderball* massage to Sean Connery. Astute fans may recall Miss Peters for the impression she left on a steamy shower-stall door during a torrid postexercise encounter with 007 in that film.

Mark Tourin  
Bronx, New York

We're batting .500 here, fans. Hugo Drax's helicopter pilot in "*Moonraker*" was Corinne Clery, not Caroline Munro, as reader McKenney suggests. Munro played Naomi in "*The Spy Who Loved Me*." According to Charles "Jerry" Juroe, longtime publicist for the Bond films, however, reader Tourin is correct. We had assumed, erroneously, that it was the auburn-tressed Auger, "*Thunderball's*" principal female star, who was depicted in the movie poster, though the blonde Peters actually administered the rubdown in the film.

#### MATURE MEMORIES

Hey, guys, you forgot about me—in the September *Dear Playboy*, you mention older women you have featured, including Vikki La Motta and Kathy Shower, but you forgot to mention *Meet the Mrs.* (*Playboy*, May 1983).

I was 36 then, am 41 now and am proud to have been a part of *Playboy*. I have two

sons, ages 18 and 16, and a beautiful 12-year-old daughter. Call me when I'm 50 and I'll look even better!

Here's how I look on an '87 Porsche calendar I posed for recently—further proof that older women are great!

Marilyn Griffin  
Mrs. Oklahoma 1980  
Tulsa, Oklahoma



#### HYPNOTIC HELMUT

The king of kink, Helmut Newton, has hypnotized me once again. His photo of the heavenly Rebecca Ferratti and Venice Kong in *Helmut Newton's Playmates* (*Playboy*, September) is absolutely trance-inducing and mouth-watering!

Michael A. Correa  
Mount Vernon, New York

#### FAWNCIFUL THINKING

Including Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North and Fawn Hall in *The Great American Sexy Scandal Quiz* (*Playboy*, September) is really a cheap shot. Whether you like Colonel North or not, nothing has ever come to light to indicate that he and his secretary at any time had anything other than an on-the-job boss-and-employee relationship. While I am not a prude and see nothing wrong with the rest of your quiz, I feel that your quizmaster had to scratch pretty deep and twist a few facts to come up with five items out of 42 that related even remotely to North and Hall and sex.

Incidentally, it seems that whoever printed Colonel North's picture on page 91 reversed the negative. Medals are worn on the left side of a military uniform, not on the right side, as shown.

Lt. Col. Charles F. Gieswein,  
U.S.A.F. (Ret.)  
Silver Spring, Maryland

Somehow near the beginning of our press run, we caught and corrected the error. Colonel North's medals appeared on the left side of his uniform in most copies of our September issue. A few magazines containing the

photo of the reversed negative were distributed; it seems you have one of them.

#### AMOUR DU PAPIILLON

It seems, from the letters you publish, that your readers read everything in *Playboy* except *The Playboy Advisor*. I can't remember your ever publishing a letter of commendation to Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen, who writes the *Advisor* column. So let me break the silence. Petersen spoke at my college last year and was witty, wise and informative, just like his column. Lately, the *Advisor* has been on a roll when it comes to sexual information, thanks to the guys who've written in to describe their variations on the Venus butterfly in the March, June, August and September issues. This technique and its variations have singlehandedly resuscitated my relationship with my girlfriend of five years. If more men were taught to do the Venus butterfly, I'm sure there would be fewer divorces.

Watson Jones  
Los Angeles, California

#### FOLLICULATED FANCIES

Nance Mitchell's *Hair Apparent* (*Playboy*, September) is the first article I have read, including those in medical magazines, that spells out the positive and negative aspects of the newest rage for balding pates, minoxidil. Quite a fine article. *Playboy*, as usual, keeps us up to date on everything from head to toe.

Bruce W. Cave  
Phoenix, Arizona

#### HEARTBREAKER, DREAM MAKER

Miss September, Gwen Hajek, bears the closest resemblance to the girl of my dreams that I've ever seen. She definitely gets my vote for Playmate of the Year. Would requesting another look at Gwen be too much to ask?

Pete Kirk  
St. Catharines, Ontario

Not at all, Pete. How's this view?





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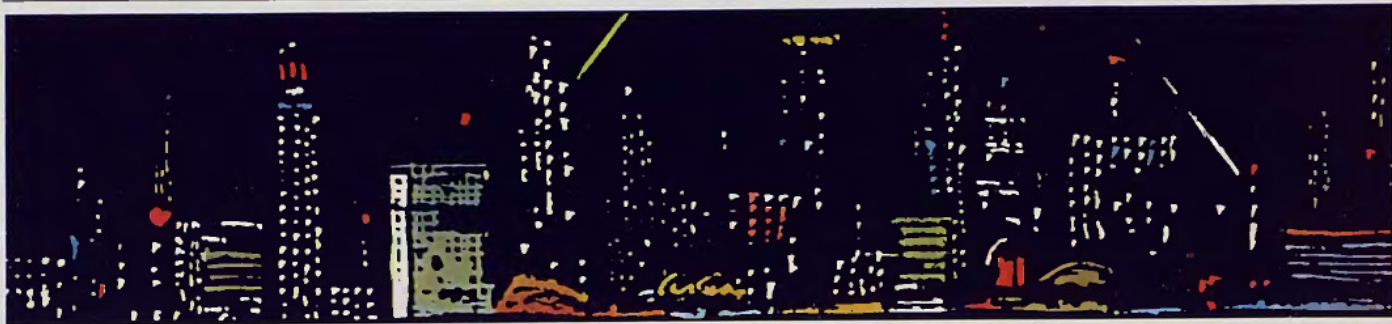
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## HOT JOLT

Sure, its label boasts that it contains "all the sugar and twice the caffeine" of regular cola, and diehards swill it while they crunch for finals; but evidently, Jolt cola isn't enough for the surfers at Fry's Market in Newport Beach, California. The beach blondies there cram Fire Stix, a sticky cinnamon-flavored sugar candy, into a can of Jolt, shake it up until the candy dissolves and then slurp the mixture down. We figure that must be where those T-shirts originated. You know—the ones that say, LIFE'S A BEACH AND THEN YOU DIE.

## ROOTS, PART II

We doff our hats to *New Republic* columnist Michael Kinsley, who dedicated his latest book, *Curse of the Giant Muffins and Other Washington Maladies* (Summit), to his parents. "Any factual errors or lapses of judgment are strictly their fault," he writes. Uh-huh, and the dog ate your homework, right, Mike?

## BARRISTER BOUTIQUE

With top law firms now shelling out \$60,000 annual salaries to new law school grads, it's no wonder that a legal boutique, The Law Source, has premiered in the heart of Chicago's downtown attorneys' row. In addition to the traditional weighty legal tomes, the shop offers, among other sundries, an anatomically correct model of male genitalia for dramatic courtroom demonstrations and T-shirts imprinted with the scales of justice. The Law Source plans new shops in Los Angeles, New York and the District of Columbia. And after that? Maybe a line of underwear—legal briefs?

## I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP

Reid Fleming, World's Toughest Milkman, is a comic-book hero—or is that antihero? According to his boss down at Milk Inc., he's someone who was born "on the wrong side of bed." Fleming is a

grouch, plain and simple. He picks fights, he insults little old ladies, and nary a kind word passes his lips.

Regardless, a Fleming cult has blossomed since the 1980 publication of his first comic book, by Vancouver cartoonist David Boswell. That's why it's big news to Fleming fanatics that Eclipse Comics is publishing a Reid Fleming series four times a year, which is as often as Boswell can produce enough of the strange, heavily crosshatched drawings for a book. Boswell claims he doesn't know what's next for Fleming, but we know we'd pay six bucks to see Jack Nicholson play him in a movie.

## CATCH A WAVE

New Age music, the stuff that has been described as "ear pudding," is no longer purely a staple of Yuppie dinner parties—now it's on the radio almost everywhere.

The Satellite Music Network has started beaming a New Age radio format, called The Wave, to markets across the U.S. The Wave is a foamy meringue of soft rock, jazz and New Age in which

Suzanne Vega and Sting segue into Pat Metheny and George Benson or into such New Agers as Andreas Vollenweider and Suzanne Giani.

The Wave started last February, when veteran rock-radio programmers Howard Bloom and Frank Cody dismantled Los Angeles' legendary album-rock outlet KMET, firing the on-air staff in favor of an untried d.j.-less format on the rechristened KTWV, The Wave.

Instead of d.j.s, the station—and now the network—provides a toll-free phone number to listeners who want to identify the music. It is, after all, "a mood service, more than a radio station," according to director of programming Cody.

Advertisers like The Wave, because it appears to deliver, according to Bloom, the most prized demographic segment of the population: 25- to 54-year-olds, who make up the most numerous, wealthy group in America. That, says Bloom, is "where the money is."

While we were mulling over just how much of the Bloom/Cody hoopla was hype, we got word that the widely respected radio consultants Burkhart/Abrams have taken the cue from The Wave's success and become consultants for their own string of New Age stations. "Seeing The Wave work in a market the size of L.A. has definitely taken people from 'I don't know' to 'Yeah, maybe this is the way to go,'" says Lee Abrams. Still, we wonder, What's going to happen to all the d.j.s who get fired? Maybe they'll become radio-programming consultants.

## BIG BUST

After one week of schooling, the current class of the Arizona Task Force on Marijuana Eradication got a dose of on-the-job training. Some 50 armed narcs raided three homes near tiny Arivaca, where surveillance had indicated that marijuana was growing. At the first home, they found a greenhouse full of tomato plants—no marijuana. At the second target, more tomatoes—no boo. At the third, they



# RAW DATA

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

### QUOTE

"Dear viewers, I just couldn't eat enough to throw up as much as I'd like to."—Karl-Eduard von Schnitzler, East Germany's chief of televised commentary, after viewing a news clip of a diplomat praising West Germany.

### SHOPPERS

Average amount of time an American adult spends shopping each week: six hours.

Average amount of time spent reading each week: one hour.

Percentage of Americans who visit a regional shopping mall weekly: 70.

Average number of times a week an American visits a neighborhood shopping center, two; goes grocery shopping, two.

Percentage of a shopping mall's customers who are male: in 1987, 33; in 1981, 25.

Percentage of people who visit a mall with no specific purchase in mind: 75.

### FROSH

Percentage of American college freshmen who wished to develop a meaningful philosophy of life: in 1967, 82.9; in 1986, 40.6.

Percentage of freshmen who wished to become financially well off: in 1966, 43.8; in 1986, 73.2.

Percentage who considered themselves to be on the political left: in 1966, 19.1; in 1986, 24.

On the political right: in 1966, 15.3; in 1986, 20.

Percentage who felt they were above average in terms of popularity: in 1966,



### FACT OF THE MONTH

In California, a ton of rice sells for \$180. But in Japan, it sells for around \$2000. Before you set up your import-export company, though, be warned: The Japanese government forbids importation of rice into Japan.

31.9; in 1986, 44.3.

### JOCK WATCH

Percentage of all entering freshmen who eventually graduate from N.C.A.A. Division I-A universities: 64.7.

Percentage of student athletes who graduate from the same universities: 62.6.

Percentage of male basketball and football players and gymnasts who graduate: 50.

Percentage of female college basketball players who graduate: 75.

Percentage of female cross-country runners who graduate: 50.

### SHI'ITE INFOTAINMENT

Number of television sets in Iran, 2,100,000; number of VCRs, 380,000. Population of Iran: 45,191,000.

The year of Iran's first televised broadcast: 1958.

Percentage of Iranian TV programming that is domestically produced: 90.

Percentage of religious programming, 12; of news and information, 20; of entertainment, 25; of advertising, 0.

Number of radios in Iran: 7,500,000.

Percentage of Iranian religious radio programming, 8; of entertainment, 6; of news and information, 20.

Number of Iranian feature films produced in 1985 and 1986: 33.

Number of movie theaters in Iran, 398; in the United States, 20,000.

### FUNNIES

Ages of comic heroes: Dick Tracy, 56; Brenda Starr, 47; Mickey Mouse (comic strip), 59; Buck Rogers, 59; Superman, 49; and Batman, 48.

found a naked woman out for a walk—but no weed. The DEA had assembled the attack squad and organized the raiding party in conjunction with the Federal Law Enforcement Training Center in Marana, Arizona. The empty-handed narcs reportedly wore caps with the slogan ARIZONA WEED WARRIORS, CUT 'N' BURN, 1987 TASK FORCE. We're thinking of writing to them for tomato recipes.

### PAWN CHECK

Cash America Investments, Inc., a Fort Worth-based pawnshop chain, has begun selling stock to the public, and it looks like a growth industry—at least in Texas, where 1000 pawnbrokers now do business, compared with 200 20 years ago. But New York State boasts only 35 brokers, 12 of them in New York City. Why the difference? Texas allows pawnbrokers to charge as much as 20 percent in monthly interest, while New York limits them to three percent. At any rate, Cash America shares have fluctuated between \$11 and \$16 a pop.

### WHAT KIND OF MAN...

When Kim Wilson, lead singer and composer of the Fabulous Thunderbirds, was asked where he found the inspiration for his lyrics, he promptly answered, "Females and money and the surplus or lack of both."

### JUST SAY NEIGH

Researchers at the University of Pennsylvania report that the use of anabolic steroids on race horses is causing mating problems among stallions. The horses are uninterested in sex, cannot achieve a proper erection or cannot ejaculate. Apparently, they respond well to behavior therapy and the administration of antidepressants or anti-anxiety drugs. The dud-stud problem could cost the racing business plenty—its economy is dependent upon the horses' ability to breed.

### MODERN LOVE 1987

Our source swears that this story is true: A guy who worked as a sales rep for a business-machines company managed to stay in close touch with his wife from the road. Every night, she was home to answer his phone calls, or so it seemed. Eventually, though, he learned he'd been duped by progress—namely, Call Forwarding. His wife had been forwarding her calls to the site of her nightly assignments. Here's what we don't understand—if he was away, how come she had to leave home?

### FORE SKIN

The Rockford, Illinois, cop accused of taking off his pants during the annual police-department golf outing last summer has pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct. Officer Marlin "Mongo" Peterson, 30, allegedly played several holes of golf without pants. His score is unavailable.

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## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

ON THE HONORS list of movies that really matter, reserve a top spot for *Cry Freedom* (Universal), from producer-director Richard Attenborough. Picking the right high-minded subject at the right time may be the secret of Attenborough's success. In another fruitful collaboration with writer John Briley, whose screenplay snagged one of *Gandhi's* eight Oscars, Sir Richard mounts an epic, enthralling adaptation of two books by Donald Woods about his dangerous friendship with Stephen Biko, a young Bantu leader who died in jail in 1977 after interrogation by South Africa's ruthless security police. Writing about the Biko tragedy made Woods, a white newspaper editor, an officially banned person under constant surveillance. How he smuggled his family of six to safety and managed to flee his native land, disguised as a priest, is the spine of the story. As Woods, Kevin Kline delivers his best screen performance ever, with some ultrasensitive counterpoint by Penelope Wilton as his angry but steadfast wife. Playing Biko, Denzel Washington (of TV's *St. Elsewhere*) is also superb. The huge sweep of events in incendiary South Africa before and after the Soweto massacre of 1976 gives *Cry Freedom* emotional validity despite Attenborough's sometimes clunky, too-literal style. It's not a great picture, but it is a great escape drama, with a passionate one-two punch of timeliness—bashing the fascist monster known as apartheid. Rest assured there will be no gala premiere in Pretoria, where Woods and his works remain prohibited. ♣♣♣

Her portrayal of a weathered backwoods woman in *Shy People* (Cannon) brought Barbara Hershey a best-actress award at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Hershey is fine, and so are the misty images of the Louisiana bayou country caught by cinematographer Chris Menges (an Oscar winner for *The Killing Fields*). The rest is ridiculous and all but incomprehensible hokum, with Jill Clayburgh obviously swamped by her role as a *Cosmopolitan* magazine writer doing a story about her own family roots. From a screenplay that would be fogbound in any language, Russian director Andrei Konchalovsky has thrashed out some laughable drivel involving the hicks, half-wits and disadvantaged types who are said to be the *Cosmo* author's kin. If you're tempted by such backwater sociology, stop to consider that wrestling an alligator might be more fun. ♣

Mixing the New York punk scene with wild-West hoss opera is a risky proposition. In *Dudes* (New Century/Vista), director Penelope Spheeris loses more than she



Kline exults in *Cry Freedom*.

### Star turns by Kevin Kline, Barbara Hershey and Marcello Mastroianni.

wins while wooing her target audience—presumably a bunch who are young, restless and wear Mohawk haircuts. Jon Cryer and Daniel Roebuck play two California-bound freaks on a quest for vigilante justice out West after a chum has been wasted by murderous road warriors. All of which leads to a highway duel between the lads' battered VW bug and a black van, pit stops with a gas-station gamine (Catherine Mary Stewart), occasional rescue missions by a shadowy phantom cowboy, along with a barrage of music by Sting, The Vandals, The Little Kings and others of that ilk. Get the picture? I didn't. *Dudes* is different, for sure, but its mini-macho fantasies finally go thud, courtesy of uninspired casting and overkill. ♣

The best-actor award at Cannes '87 went to Marcello Mastroianni as a charming, indolent ne'er-do-well in *Dark Eyes* (Island). Mastroianni's masterly bullfoggery makes the show, fresh proof—as if any were needed—that he is a genius at revealing human frailty to a movie camera. *Dark Eyes* presents him as a sad but exuberant old faker telling a cruise-ship companion about his three long-lost loves of yesteryear—the beautiful rich woman he married (Silvana Mangano), his bold, bemused mistress (Marthe Keller) and the young Russian matron (Elena Sofonova) whom he wanted most of all. Sumptuously filmed in Italy and the U.S.S.R. by Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov, *Dark Eyes* is a series of flashbacks, exquisite and drawn like a fine, fruity old wine from the

short stories of Anton Chekhov. Such old-fashioned fiction holds few surprises but leaves a highly agreeable aftertaste. ♣♣

One long, hot weekend of nonstop extramarital sex games turns into a nightmare for the New York lawyer played with tight-jawed intensity by Michael Douglas in *Fatal Attraction* (Paramount). Glenn Close is dynamic as the blonde psycho who responds to rejection by launching a reign of terror, and Anne Archer makes the most of her largely passive role as the chastened philanderer's wife. Some predictable glitches in plotting are swept aside by director Adrian Lyne (whose previous movies range from *Flashdance* to *9½ Weeks*) in a sleek and scary grown-up shocker cleverly disguised as a *nouveau-chic* sermon on the wages of sin. ♣♣

Director Rob Reiner recruited a slew of talented friends to fool around in *The Princess Bride* (Fox), a fairy-tale romance adapted by William Goldman from a prankish novel he wrote some years ago. On film, the mischief gets under way with Peter Falk's reading a bedtime story to his hip grandson (ten-year-old Fred Savage, who looks disconcertingly like a miniaturized Jay Leno). "Hold it, hold it," cries the indignant tyke as Falk begins. "Is this a kissing book?" The answer is yes, sort of. *Princess Bride* recounts the dopey misadventures of a beautiful princess named Buttercup (Robin Wright) and a princely lowborn youth named Westley (Cary Elwes) who woos her but loses her to an amoral prince (Chris Sarandon). Mandy Patinkin, as a fighting soldier of fortune, Wallace Shawn, as a vicious kidnaper, Christopher Guest, as an evil count, and Billy Crystal, as an ancient, madcap wizard, Miracle Max, are among the forces for good or evil unleashed by Reiner with airy disregard for traditional kid stuff. Laughs are what he's after, and *Bride*, despite a few clinkers, is the kind of broad, handsome, rollicking and irreverent nonsense that Mel Brooks might envy. ♣♣

His natural film sense is seldom enhanced by first-rate screenplays, so director Abel Ferrara's reputation rests on such stylish B-movie schlock as *Ms. 45* and *Fear City*. New York's his turf, and in *China Girl* (Vestron), Ferrara explores sex, violence and racial enmity between neighboring youth gangs on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Two pretty new faces, Sari Chang, as Tyan-Hwa, and Richard Panebianco, as Tony Monte, play the star-crossed lovers, each with a roughneck sibling to create panic in the streets. The movie too often resembles *West Side Story* shorn of take-home tunes and choreography, yet Ferrara and writer Nicholas St. John do offer some interesting side lights on the ruthless but



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**Money**  
MAY 1987

#### Best Anywhere

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practical adults—both Chinese and Italian—who enforce peace in order to protect their cash flow. **YY**

Seeing Los Angeles through a glass darkly has been a career for roustabout poet-novelist Charles Bukowski, whose screenplay for *Barfly* (Cannon) recalls his own early years as a writer on the sauce and on the skids in La La Land. The hackneyed notion that there is some intrinsic nobility in characters who drink themselves blind instead of joining the nine-to-five rat-race obviously beguiles French director Barbet Schroeder, but Gallic film makers habitually relish Stateside slumming on any pretext. Actors enjoy letting their hair down, too, and *Barfly's* premium hams are Faye Dunaway and Mickey Rourke. Both have lots of seedy scenery to chew, with booze and sex for chasers, plus barroom brawls between binges—his with a muscular barkeep (Frank Stallone, Sly's look-alike brother) who periodically beats him to a pulp, hers a claws-out caterwaul with a literary editor (Alice Krige) whose talent search takes her pretty far afield. In the cinematic scheme of things, the movie doesn't amount to much more than an acting exercise, but it's always a pleasure to see thoroughbreds put through their paces, even on a muddy track. Dunaway's disheveled glamor is a sight for bleary eyes, and Rourke is hardly recognizable as the shambling, unshaven slob who picks her up because he likes her antisocial attitude. Although it's doggedly downbeat, *Barfly* slips us a Mickey more potent than any maverick he has played since *Body Heat* and *Diner*. **YY½**

Mikhail Baryshnikov gets *Dancers* (Cannon) soaring with a lushly photographed and breath-takingly performed version of the ballet classic *Giselle*. Baryshnikov's supple, sexy partner in the ballet's title role is Alessandra Ferri. Leslie Browne and Julie Kent play other ambitious ballerinas. All are beautiful as well as gifted, and they seem to swirl on tiptoe through the tedium of the plot. Pay no attention to it. Something about a womanizing ballet superstar who's in Rome to make a movie of *Giselle* and habitually makes out with the comelier members of his company. He's a heartbreaker, yes; but a bit of dalliance seems obligatory for a ballerina on her way up. Director Herbert Ross, who established Baryshnikov's movie-star charisma in *The Turning Point*, should have scrapped *Giselle's* romantic bubble wrap and filmed the ballet as is, minus all the movie-within-a-movie fluff. This way, *Dancers* plays like a sappy half-hour TV soap, with a masterpiece tacked on for good measure. **YY½**

Bette Davis, Lillian Gish, Ann Sothern and Vincent Price are a scintillating quartet of cinematic senior citizens who have richly earned the right to do just about anything they please. *The Whales of August*



Rourke, Dunaway boozing in *Barfly*.

Rourke, Dunaway bum around and ham it up in *Barfly*; Barkin deserves better than *Siesta*.

(Alive), their recent group activity, directed by Lindsay Anderson, looks as though Andrew Wyeth had painted it—the rocky Maine seascape, the bleak old house on a bluff, even its crusty inhabitants. Davis and Gish are the resident sisters (Sothern and Price merely drop by to visit), dear old things whose most urgent problem, at the time we encounter them, is whether or not to install a large bay window. They finally decide they will, but not until they have doddered through a duet of *grande dame* ties and crotchets, plainly guided by on-with-the-show instincts that age cannot wither. I'd call *Whales* the movie equivalent of "over the river and through the woods to Grandmother's house we go." **YY½**

Anyone who can explain the muddled subtext of *Siesta* (Lorimar) in 100 words or less deserves tickets to a much better movie. Ellen Barkin, wearing a bright-red dress—and shortly to be wearing nothing at all—wakes up at the end of an airport runway in Spain, penniless and emotionally distraught. Seems her life is a mess, though she may not actually be alive at all. Besides, she's an aerial stunt person who's booked to parachute out of a plane over Death Valley on July fourth, only a few days hence. Ponder that for symbolism. Barkin does, while moving in body or spirit from Martin Sheen to Gabriel Byrne to Julian Sands, and from bed to worse. Jodie Foster has the most seductive secondary role, while Isabella Rossellini looks as though she might have wandered onto the wrong film set. The cast is stellar, but even at its sexiest, this surreal psychodrama is gloom-inducing—born to snooze. **Y**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Barfly** (See review) Bottoms up, and let's drink to star power. **YY½**  
**The Big Easy** (9/87) Quaid's the bent cop, Barkin his conscience. **YY½**  
**Castaway** (11/87) A man and a woman on an island, with lots of hang-ups but almost nothing to wear. **YY**  
**China Girl** (See review) East meets West in Manhattan. **Y**  
**Cry Freedom** (See review) Exhilarating escape from South Africa. **YYYY**  
**Dancers** (See review) Tired story but a big bonus named Baryshnikov. **YY½**  
**Dark Eyes** (See review) Here's looking at you, Marcello. *Magnifico*. **YY**  
**Dudes** (See review) Punks go West. **Y**  
**Fatal Attraction** (See review) Hell to pay for a steamy one-night stand. **YY**  
**The Fourth Protocol** (10/87) Cold War kicks, with Pierce Brosnan as a K.G.B. man licensed to kill. **YY½**  
**Hamburger Hill** (11/87) More blood and guts. Bring back *Platoon*. **Y**  
**Hope and Glory** (11/87) John Boorman's genial recollections of World War Two Brits during the blitz. **YYYY**  
**House of Games** (11/87) Mamet drama, too mannered but mesmerizing. **Y**  
**In the Mood** (11/87) WW II nostalgia for a sexually precocious teen. **YY**  
**Jean de Florette** (8/87) Yves Montand triumphs in a French classic. **YYYY**  
**The Living Daylights** (9/87) A brand-new 007 powers the Bond wagon. **YYYY**  
**Matewan** (11/87) Rustic poetry about the mine wars, by John Sayles. **YY**  
**Maurice** (11/87) Boy meets boy in a bittersweet Cambridge romance. **YY**  
**No Way Out** (10/87) More Washington, D.C., corruption, deftly played by Kevin Costner, Gene Hackman. **YY**  
**Orphans** (11/87) Finney at his peak in a tingling tour de force. **YYYY**  
**The Princess Bride** (See review) Rob Reiner's latest movie magic. **YY**  
**RoboCop** (10/87) Heavy-metal man with a head on his shoulders. **YYYY**  
**Shy People** (See review) And plenty to be shy about, all in all. **Y**  
**Siesta** (See review) Zzzzzzzzzzz. **Y**  
**Slam Dance** (11/87) Tom Hulce and much ado about a murdered party girl. **Y**  
**Stacking** (11/87) The one who really makes hay is Christine Lahti. **Y**  
**Stakeout** (Listed 11/87) Sprightly fun, plus suspense, with girl-watching dicks Dreyfuss and Estevez. **YY**  
**Street Trash** (11/87) Barf time. **Y**  
**Tough Guys Don't Dance** (11/87) Mailer should have sat this one out. **Y**  
**The Whales of August** (See review) A slow, genial geriatric outing. **YY½**

YYYYY Outstanding

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





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## CHARLES M. YOUNG

THE FIRST THING you're going to notice about John Cougar Mellencamp's *The Lonesome Jubilee* (Mercury/PolyGram) is that it doesn't sound like everything else. This is because he's using a lot of folk instruments—such as the accordion and hammered dulcimer—that have rarely powered a rock riff. The resulting sound is fresh and emotive and highly American, more rock-folk than folk-rock.

The second thing you're going to notice is that you can't sing along with the catchy melodies unless you sit down and do some serious memorizing. Very few rhymes here, and only a line or two will lend themselves to a stadium chant à la U2 or Bruce Springsteen. So we aren't talking teen anthems here, or *Jack and Diane* revisited. We are talking about approaching middle age and wondering if the emptiness so many people feel has to do with the culture as a whole or just with individual neuroses. Through the many characters who populate his songs, Mellencamp argues that the culture is the culprit, that the economy is tearing families and friends apart, that politicians are lying about why it's happening and that it's noble to remain true to yourself in spite of it all. Even with an occasional lapse into propaganda, Mellencamp is the sort of artist you want to take aside and argue with rather than dismiss when he screws up. But most of the time, he doesn't screw up. Which brings me to the third thing you'll notice: As grand statements about the United States go, *The Lonesome Jubilee* is damn fine, both as metaphor and as album.

## NELSON GEORGE

*Touch and Go* (Tommy Boy) is the Force M.D.'s best effort ever, and it's one of the best pop albums of the year. It shrewdly balances this quartet's unique talents. They can rap and break dance as well as any of today's young black vocal groups, but these guys can also harmonize and glide across stages with Temptationesque finesse. In short, the Force M.D.'s are hip-hop/doo-wop. This album, especially side one, is masterly pop that fulfills the cross-generational potential. *Love Is a House* is a skillful transfer of Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis (that duo produced the Force M.D.'s hit *Tender Love*) keyboard riffs to a pretty melody with an ear-catching title. *Would You Love Me?* mixes brief snatches of rap with a percolating, light funk rhythm. *Touch and Go* and *Couldn't Care Less* are supple mid-tempo on which the Force M.D.'s recall the melancholy style of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles over state-of-the-art Eighties production.

On *Wendy and Lisa* (Columbia), guitarist Wendy Melvoin and keyboardist Lisa



Mellencamp rocks.

Cougar by a different name and rap doctors with mean cuts.

Coleman, the latest refugees from Prince's Minneapolis music factory, will surprise those who thought they were musical lightweights. All 11 cuts display agile, intelligent arrangements and outstanding command of their instruments. In fact, *White*, a churning funk instrumental dominated by Lisa's sensuous keyboards and Wendy's wah-wah guitar, is the album's most compelling cut. Although their occasionally stiff vocals may limit them as recording artists, this distaff duo has the musical chops and imagination to emerge as important producers.

## DAVE MARSH

Def Leppard spent four years making *Hysteria* (Mercury/PolyGram), and the effort shows up not in strain but in sustained musicality. *Hysteria* is ace hard-rock producer Mutt Lange's most extravagant sonic expedition in several years; the group wrote some real songs, and the result is layers of vocals (not just shouts—actual singing with a sense of pitch and dynamics) balanced against Steve Clark's smartly turned guitar licks. This is one of the best pop-metal albums of the decade.

Mostly, of course, you don't want to know about the band's lyrics; such titles as *Pour Some Sugar on Me*, *Run Riot* and *Animal* tell their own tale. But even in this area, Def Leppard has some tricks up its sleeve. *Gods of War* is mostly barely acceptable antiwar grunge 'n' groan. But at the end, the "antiterrorist" speeches of

Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher are added to the mix, and suddenly, the group's "What the hell we fightin' for?" makes a more substantial kind of sense. And Def Leppard isn't preaching to the converted but to the kids who enlist. *Gods of War* suggests verbally what the music states throughout *Hysteria*: In Def Leppard's hands, heavy metal has become a matter of passion again, not just the by-product of bozos rubbing their guitars together in the hopes of conjuring up something in fish-net hose.

Don't get me wrong: It's not that D.L. isn't hoping for similar results. It's just that the music makes you root for the band. It's been a while since there was metal like that around.

## ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Marianne Faithfull attained her pop moment with Jagger-Richards' *As Tears*

## GUEST SHOT



WHILE RECORDING his latest LP, "*Got Any Gum?*" in Memphis, ace guitarist Joe Walsh heard a new guy named Jimmy Davis and liked him so much he stuck around to play on Davis' first LP, "*Kick the Wall*" (QMII/MCA). We asked Joe what he liked about Jimmy.

"Jimmy reminds me of myself—he'll still be around 20 years from now working at his craft, a valid spokesman for his generation. We old-timers have to hand over what's left of the art form to young kids about whom we have a gut feeling. And in that context, I give him an A-minus for his first try. My favorite tracks are *Kick the Wall*, a male summation of relationship frustrations, the catchy *Catch My Heart* and *Over the Top*, a top-quality rocker. It doesn't matter that I played on this one—I had to ask, by the way. He didn't need me—he holds up on his own. I also compliment his band's musicianship and suggest that the members not be uncomfortable with the focus on Davis. He deserves a quality support team. I salute them all. Good luck, Jim. Ya done good."



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# FAST TRACKS

## R

## OCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
<b>Def Leppard</b> <i>Hysteria</i>	2	5	5	7	8
<b>Force M.D.'s</b> <i>Touch and Go</i>	3	5	9	5	5
<b>La Bamba</b> (Sound track)	7	6	7	4	7
<b>John Cougar Mellencamp</b> <i>The Lonesome Jubilee</i>	9	8	5	6	9
<b>10,000 Maniacs</b> <i>In My Tribe</i>	6	7	6	2	5

*Go By*, achieved cult-heroine status with her scabrous 1979 LP *Broken English* and then settled into a formula that made cynicism its subject and was favored by connoisseurs of rock divadom. On *Strange Weather* (Island), producer Hal Willner continues that last trend by putting Faithfull's songwriting on hold and handing her world-weary material, from Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays* to *Hello Stranger*, a new one by the Doctors Pomus and John. Borrowing backups from Tom Waits and Lou Reed, Willner proves that pop realism can transcend the blues tradition. Which is not to say that the two are incompatible—check out Faithfull's a cappella Leadbelly interpretation.

Sonic Youth came up in the postpunk confusion of Los Angeles hard-core and New York no wave. Dominated by hulking guitarist Thurston Moore and crazed bassist Kim Gordon, these self-promoting bohemian obsessives developed their bracing guitar sound playing Glenn Branca's "rock symphonies," then cultivated an undisciplined-to-shapeless expressionism that other bohemians find sexy. Me, I've never gone for Squeaky Fromme. But on 1986's EP *Starpower* and their new LP *Sister* (both SST, Box 1, Lawndale, California 90260), I hear the point. Gordon's vocal on the tranced-out breakdown *Pacific Coast Highway* makes me understand why some guys (and gals) get off on obsessives. Mostly, though, I like this record's sound—and its shape, which permits this skeptic to follow the sound through. Like *Strange Weather*, it's a respite from conventional rock 'n' roll that can make a rock-'n'-roller's day.

### VIC GARBARINI

R.E.M.'s latest, *Document* (I.R.S.), lacks the haunting melodies and solid hooks that made last year's *Lifes Rich Pageant* such a commercial and artistic breakthrough for these Athens, Georgia-based cult favorites. But the scrappier, unvarnished approach displayed on *Document* yields sufficient pleasures to compensate for the lack of immediate accessibility. There's more thrash than chime in guitarist Peter Buck's neo-Byrdsian modalities—R.E.M. is becoming a truly muscular rock-'n'-roll outfit. And while enigmatic singer Michael Stipe's lyrics about working-class realities are often more mystifying than mystical, the galvanizing clarity of his vocals has a resonance and power that are undeniable. *Exhuming McCarthy* reworks an old Smokey Robinson riff quite effectively, while *It's the End of the World As We Know It* borrows from Dylan's early rap stylings. But in its dark yet unembittered reflections and its folk-rock neotraditionalism, R.E.M. may well become the Neil Young of the new American rock movement.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Ozzy Osbourne plays a washed-up rocker making a comeback in *Penelope Spheeris' Seeing Stars*. . . . *The Monkees'* comedy-adventure movie will be out next year. . . . **Alfred Woodard** is said to be interested in playing the blues legend **Elizabeth Cotton** in a film bio. . . . **Harry Nilsson** and **Terry Southern** have written a screenplay called *Obits*. . . . **Madonna** is interested in making a movie about World War Two correspondent **Marguerite Higgins**. . . . **The Call's Michael Been** will play John the Baptist in **Martin Scorsese's** *The Passion*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** A line of rock home videos called *Rock and Roll Goldmine* will debut in January. Also included in the series are *The Soul Years*, *The British Invasion* and *The San Francisco Sound*. The first tape will feature the **Beatles**, **Jimi Hendrix**, **The Who**, **Cream**, **Janis**, the **Stones** and **Steppenwolf**. . . . **Tom Waits's** fall tour will be filmed for theatrical and home-video releases. . . . Record mogul **Joe Smith's** book *We're Talking Music* will be out next year. It includes 200 interviews with recording artists, as well as his own stories. Smith is vice-chairman of Capitol-EMI, but he spent years at Warner Bros. . . . Look for a **Lynyrd Skynyrd** reunion tour. . . . **Stevie Wonder** is working on a double concept album that will be released in two parts. . . . **Aretha Franklin** has recorded a live Gospel album at her late father's Detroit church. . . . Showtime plans an hourlong TV special to celebrate Island Records' 25th anniversary, with **U2**, **Steve Winwood**, **Robert Palmer**, **Jethro Tull**, **Joe Cocker**, **The Spencer Davis Group**, **Bob Marley and the Wailers** and even **Cat Stevens** doing the honors. Also look for a double album commemorating the event. . . . A music scholarship for young Hispanics has been set up in memory of **Ritchie Valens**. The L.A.

County Redevelopment Agency is sponsoring the scholarship along with Columbia Pictures, Coca-Cola and a theater chain. . . . **Don Johnson** is working on a TV sitcom, *Pop Rock*, about a rock star who leaves the music biz behind to raise a family. . . . The charity concert *One World Festival* will probably take place this month. Festival organizer **Michael Aminion** has received an offer to use Moscow's Olympic Stadium. "It would have been ridiculous to stage a One World Festival without the Soviet Union," he said. The festival, unofficially dubbed *Live Aid Two*, is designed to raise awareness as much as money. . . . Yet another piece of **John Lennon's** life is being auctioned off in London. An autographed draft of *A Spaniard in the Works*, written on a white envelope and two brown-paper bags, is expected to bring in more than \$20,000. . . . The **Stones's** **Ron Wood** is touring with **Bo Diddley**, playing large clubs and ballrooms. . . . **The Fat Boys** will tackle the gangster and horror genres in their next two movies, but don't get them mad. The three rappers in the **Joe Piscopo** Miller Lite commercial are *not* the Boys. "They asked us to do the spot, but we turned them down. What Miller has done is a total imitation." . . . The power of music takes a new twist: **Van Morrison** led a consciousness-raising seminar in Britain this fall called *The Secret Heart of Music*. . . . Sibling rivalry? **Prince's** half sister **Lorna** is reportedly suing him, claiming that he has stolen her song lyrics. She's not mad at him, mind you; she just wants her words back. OK, Prince? . . . Former **Wham!**er **George Michael** will be in your city in concert next summer. . . . And, finally, **Christine McVie** says her inspirations for song lyrics "come from either the heavens or a good bottle of wine."

—BARBARA NELLIS

'Twas the night before Christmas  
and all through the house  
not a creature was stirring,



well, maybe just a little stirring.

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## By THOMAS M. DISCH

READING A NEW Kurt Vonnegut novel is like visiting a relative in another part of the country, a gabby uncle you see only once in a while. On some visits he'll be crustier than on others, or windier or more brilliant; but if you love him, the visit needs no other reason than the sound of his voice and the crackle of his wit. So it doesn't much matter to me that Vonnegut's latest, *Bluebeard* (Delacorte), is not the satirical tour de force that *Galápagos* was; he's still my favorite uncle. *Bluebeard* takes the form of an autobiography by a famous painter, Rabo Karabekian, but it doesn't take it very seriously. Born in 1916 to Armenian-refugee parents, Rabo has a life that is a series of unlikely collisions with various Vonnegut oddballs. He's apprenticed to a sadistic Norman Rockwell type of painter, stumbles into success as one of the first abstract expressionists and achieves notoriety when his paintings self-destruct, having been painted with Sateen Dura-Luxe house paint. Rabo stops painting, marries an heiress and keeps everyone guessing as to what he's got locked up inside the barn that used to be his studio. When the barn door is finally unlocked, its secrets are neither amazing nor entirely believable. The problem is that Vonnegut lacks a gut feeling for painting. But Uncle Kurt is still funny more often than not and full of his usual curmudgeonly charm. Family members will enjoy the reunion.

Thomas Keneally's novel *The Playmaker* (Simon & Schuster) is an account of the first play to be performed on the continent of Australia. The play was George Farquhar's comedy *The Recruiting Officer*, the date was June 4, 1789, the cast was composed of the newly arrived convicts of the penal colony of Sydney Cove and the playmaker (director) of the title was Lieutenant Ralph Clark. Readers of *The Fatal Shore*, Robert Hughes's history of Australia's founding felons, may recognize Clark's name, for his journals were a major source for Hughes's account of the colony's early, horrific years. As in the prize-winning *Schindler's List*, Keneally shows himself to be a master of that most difficult of all fictional forms, the "non-fiction" historical novel, in which all the characters are real and nothing happens in the plot that isn't governed by documented facts. That a story so stirring and dramatically well engineered should also be, in essence, true is a little spooky. The stage on which Keneally sets his drama is, like Shakespeare's, as wide as the world.

Toni Morrison's *Beloved* (Knopf) is a ghost story, but don't be put off by that. It's also a first-rate historical novel that ranges from antebellum Dixie to Reconstruction Cincinnati. The basic plot is a



*Bluebeard*: Vonnegut's latest.

### Visiting with Uncle Kurt; books about headline makers Arthur Miller and Kenneth Tynan.

close cousin to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*'s, with a fugitive-slave heroine, Sethe, who can easily take her place beside Harriet Beecher Stowe's archetypal Eliza. Morrison's greatest creation is the spectral Beloved, Sethe's daughter, murdered in infancy, who returns in adult form to reclaim her mother's love; she's a supernatural entity as real as your next-door neighbor. Morrison writes in her own invented vernacular, prose that is musical without being highfalutin and as rich as pecan pie. The book is heartbreaking, breath-taking, mind-boggling and soul-satisfying. Read it.

Arthur Miller's real autobiography, *Timebends* (Grove), covers the same span of time and much the same rags-to-riches social territory as Vonnegut's book, but the truth in this case is definitely stranger than fiction. Miller grew up in south Harlem when it was not yet 100 percent black. His father, a coat manufacturer, was ruined by the Depression, and Miller's youth took the then common form of a radical-activist faith slowly eroded by history. Eroded but never entirely destroyed; when the 34-year-old Miller's plays *All My Sons* and *Death of a Salesman* earned him national celebrity and he became a prime target for the witch-hunters of the McCarthy era, he responded by writing *The Crucible*, his great barnstorming tragedy about the Salem witch trials of 1692. Then he married Marilyn Monroe. Rarely has life dealt any potential autobiographer a royal flush to match this, and *Timebends* actually does

justice to the richness of its material. For most of its length, it has the density of a good realistic novel. However, as he rounds the bend into the Seventies, Miller becomes impatient and querulous. "Aside from *Death of a Salesman*," he kvetches, "every one of my plays had originally met with a majority of bad, indifferent or sneering notices. . . . I exist as a playwright without a major reviewer in my corner." He surely will not have the same experience as an autobiographer.

That a great writer who has led a headline-making life should produce a good autobiography is not very surprising. That the widow of a once-famous critic and theatrical wheeler-dealer should produce a vivid, loving and judicious biography of her philandering spouse is a much greater source of wonderment, but that is what Kathleen Tynan has done in *The Life of Kenneth Tynan* (Morrow). Tynan died of emphysema in 1980, at the age of 53, and his obits dwelt on his notoriety more than on his accomplishments: He was the first person to use the word fuck on television and was the creator of the long-running erotic musical *Oh! Calcutta!* The obit writers were not really to be blamed. Tynan's genius for self-promotion sometimes verged on buffoonery (he sported mock-leopard-skin tights in the uptight Fifties), but just as often it was the flip side of courage. A black belt in the art of invective, Tynan was also a charismatic crusader for the two causes he championed throughout his life: a larger theater freed of the constraints imposed by genteel twits and dimwits and sexual mores likewise loosened up. Tynan succeeded so far in his first objective that he was appointed literary manager of Britain's National Theatre and, from 1963 to 1973, working with Laurence Olivier, revolutionized English-language theater. In pursuit of his second objective, Tynan was a frequent contributor to *Playboy*. Ironically, Tynan the writer may not be remembered so well or so long as Tynan the celebrity, the subject of his second wife's *Life*.

#### BOOK BAG

*The Only Other Investment Guide You'll Ever Need* (Simon & Schuster), by Andrew Tobias: *Playboy*'s money-management maven updates the update of his late-Seventies investment classic with new fiscally facile information. A great return for the money.

*Football by the Numbers 1987* (Prentice Hall), by George Ignatin and Allen Barra: Football fanatics, gird your loins. This book, the second annual edition, is a tell-all compilation of strengths, weaknesses, trends and ratings for college and pro football teams—everything for gridiron fans but Super Bowl tickets.





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# SPORTS

By DAN JENKINS

To beat the spate of all-American teams, I picked mine before the season began, strictly on the basis of names. I don't care whether or not these guys played a down of football. Their names alone make them standouts. I might add that their plaques, rings, wrist watches, sweaters and blankets are in the mail, unless my butler has fouled up again.

Keep in mind that these all-Americans are real people, listed on real rosters.

## OFFENSE

**Azizuddin Abdur-Ra'oof**, Maryland, split end. His name never surfaced during the Iran/*Contra* hearings, but if it had, he could have outrun Ollie North's shredder.

**Keith Jackson**, Oklahoma, tight end. A busy man between catching passes and wondering who his next color man on ABC will be. Still remembered for the best quote of '86: "I've played on a national champion. I've been to the Orange Bowl. I'm an all-American. I'm at peace."

**Nacho Albergamo**, LSU, lineman. Beef, cheese, *guacamole*, beans, onions—Nacho has it all.

**Robbie Coffin**, Stanford, lineman. Known for his willingness to bury opponents. Faster than a funeral procession.

**Bob Kratch**, Iowa, lineman. Bruised his way out of a Dickens tale, and now. . .

**Lance High**, Dartmouth, lineman. At 6'6", he started off as the highest tackle in the Ivy League and, at 265, one of the widest.

**Amosa Amosa**, Hawaii, center. Served in a coconut with a straw, he looks harmless enough, but nobody has ever been able to drink more than two Amosas and walk out of a bar.

**Demetrius Brown**, Michigan, quarterback. Not to be confused with Demetrius Brown, the running back from Utah State, or Demetrius Harrison, the linebacker from North Carolina A&T, or Demetrius Bell, the tackle from San Diego State, or Demetrius Zolotka, a doorman in my building, but it seems obvious that this is (all sing) the dawning of the age of Demetrius.

**Admiral Sydnor**, Delaware, running back. An old salt if there ever was one, he's a reliable flattop who handles pretty easily in a heavy sea.

**Hiawatha Berry**, Georgia, running back. Heap-big ball carrier who makes the defense circle the wagons.

**Ivy Joe Hunter**, Kentucky, running



## THE NAMES OF THE GAME

back. We all remember his first hit single back in the Sixties, *Get Down, Baby, Get Down*.

**Tom Tupa**, Ohio State, kicker. Played the tupa in the Buckeye band for two years but kept misspelling Ohio in script and became a kicker.

## DEFENSE

**Ulysses Slaughter**, Southern Mississippi, lineman. Inspired, no doubt, by what Grant did to Vicksburg.

**Tracy Rocker**, Auburn, lineman. Became a star in his own right after he left Ivy Joe Hunter's group. Best known for his album *Rock Around the Veer*.

**Natu Tuatagaloa**, California, lineman. Virtually uninhabited since the last H-bomb test. Located 1000 miles east and slightly south of Okinawa.

**Doc Wise**, Nevada-Las Vegas, lineman. They say the kindly old Doc never should have sold the neighborhood drug-store and tried to play football, not at his age.

**Mark Pimpo**, Navy, linebacker. Were it not for this guy's toughness and ability, there would be a lot of wisecracks about his side line.

**Heath Bobo**, Oklahoma State, linebacker. Heath rugged as they come, too. You bet.

**Yepi Pauu**, San Jose State, linebacker. This completes the linebacker corps, and

if you can say the names fast—Pimpo, Bobo, Pauu—you can converse with your two-year-old child.

**African Grant**, Illinois, secondary. If this guy gets the right kind of hit on you, he'll knock you from Tanzania to Swaziland.

**Trent Croaker**, Montana State, secondary. After he escaped from a Raymond Chandler novel, he opened his own private-eye agency and was last seen on the trail of the Chinatown killer.

**Thane Gash**, East Tennessee State, secondary. A man of many lives. In his early career, he succeeded Wyatt Earp as the marshal of Dodge City. He later became a noted dress designer. Most recently, he was said to be the kingpin of a gang in Chinatown and, when last seen, was eluding Trent Croaker in the dark alleys of Los Angeles.

**Falanda Newton**, TCU, secondary. Nobody personified the Motown sound better than Falanda. We shan't soon forget his rendition of *Heard It on the Defense*.

## SPECIAL AWARDS

Best name that didn't make the first-team offense: **Stoney Polite**, North Carolina A&T, running back.

Best name that didn't make the first-team defense: **Foot Daley**, Arkansas State, linebacker.

Coaching name of the year: **Spike Dykes**, Texas Tech.

Yuppie name of the year: **Kelly Skipper**, Fresno State, running back.

*Star Wars* players of the year: **Lance Zeno**, UCLA, guard, and **Cosmo Curry**, running back, The Citadel.

Funkiest name of the year: **Joe Funk**, Idaho State, wide receiver.

Mozart's player of the year: **Cedric Figaro**, Notre Dame, linebacker.

Penicillin's player of the year: **Tommy Clapp**, LSU, defensive end.

My plumber's player of the year: **Sim Drain**, Oklahoma State, linebacker.

Headline writers' player of the year: **Tony Cherico**, Arkansas, nose guard. How many battles of Cherico will be fought, give or take a dozen?

Legal aid's player of the year: **Lawyer Tillman**, Auburn, wide receiver.

Retrospective award to one of the best names ever, any year, any sport: **Car Radio Murphy**, who played last year at Georgia.



# WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Not that this is really what the column is about, but 14 years ago, when I was a slip of a girl living in England, I fell (thud) in love and had my heart broken for the first time. Oh, it was awful; I was so seriously besotted, sure that my feelings were returned, and then it turned out that he was one of those guys who make girls fall for them just to see if they can do it. It was my first exposure to this virulent species of tick, and I've never totally recovered. In fact, we keep in touch, John and I. Saw each other recently.

But mainly I went to England to see the girls. Do you know that English girls are the greatest? Not only are they crisp and witty, with those rose-petal complexions, and all completely mad, but they are definite about things. No shilly-shallying, no ambivalence; these girls give the most complicated of human situations names.

"Well, did he have the boy disease?" Felicity (brunette, stunning) demanded when I related my travails with a certain guy. We were eating spaghetti *carbonara* in the magnificently cluttered kitchen of Louisa's house in Bayswater, the kind of place where you go through the entrance hall and suddenly think, Wait a minute; wasn't that a Cézanne I just walked by? Anyway, the boy disease?

"You know," said Felicity, "when everything's just great and you're having a wonderful time and then he suddenly becomes very weird and disappears. It's epidemic nowadays. I believe it was first isolated by Natalia Schiffrin, who noticed that if her friends were looking starry-eyed and walking on air one week, they were bound to be hollow-eyed, pale and listless the next. Apparently, boys are being disappointing in droves these days."

"But why?" I wondered.

"No one knows," Louisa (blonde, gorgeous) said. "Perhaps it has something to do with Chernobyl. Now, do we all want chocolate and cream? Or shall we just drink another bottle of wine?"

The next day, I called John, my nemesis. "Delightful that you're here," he said. "Unfortunately, tonight I'm going to the Hurlingham Club, tomorrow I'm off to Regent's Park and on Thursday it's the proms. Lunch, I'm afraid."

"Fuck you!" I cried. "You, the one who broke my heart, can't stop being posh for a minute to see me?" No, I didn't, really. "Lunch will be lovely," I said.

"Fuck him," I said to the girls. "I'm not going."



## SWINGING THROUGH ENGLAND

"Go and be horrible to him, which will make him fall madly in love," Felicity said.

"Felicity is such a man," Sue (Ursula Andress look-alike) giggled.

"No, she's not; she's a woman," I said, noticing her breasts.

"She's right. I am a man," said Felicity. "But you don't know Will Wenham's famous theory?" she asked me.

"It's perfectly simple," said Louisa. "All women are girls, women or men. And all men are men, boys or hairdressers. Stop looking like a dead halibut."

"You've lost me," I said. "Give examples."

"Sigourney Weaver is a man. Jane Fonda is a man. Diane Keaton is a girl," said Louisa. "Jessica Lange is a woman. Mel Gibson is a boy. Clint Eastwood is a man. Cary Grant was a hairdresser."

"How dare you!" I said.

"No, it's perfectly OK. There's nothing wrong with being a hairdresser, and it has nothing to do with sexual orientation," said Felicity. "Very good people are hairdressers. Louisa's father is a hairdresser, and he's a great man."

"My father is not a hairdresser!" said Louisa, shocked. "My father is God."

"Of course he is," said Felicity, "but he's still a hairdresser. He knows about color and clothes and cares if his hair's a fright."

"Perhaps he's a creature," said Sue.

Creatures, it seems, defy description completely and are the best of all.

"He's a hairdresser," said Felicity, "and thank God he is. Most men are boys. Men who are men are probably the best but almost impossible to find."

"Whereas I, though female, am definitely a man," said Louisa, shifting her gorgeous legs coquettishly. "I even have the boy disease; that's how much of a man I am. I get madly interested in someone, pursue him to the ends of the earth, and the moment he shows some sort of interest, I think, Hang on; I'm not sure I really like the way you wear your pin-striped shirts all buttoned up, and the way you breathe gets on my nerves. And I leave him; I can't help it."

"You're a bunch of loonies," I declared.

"We're not; it's an exact science," Sue said. "We've studied it for years. We even know that girls tend to have women for daughters."

"What am I?" I asked.

"You're a woman."

"Well, it's true, my mother was a girl."

"You see, then," said Louisa, "the more you study this, the more your life will fall into place."

It did. I went to lunch. John recently turned 40. His temples are graying. He told me about his love life. "I'm involved with an architect. She was married in May 1986. In June 1986, I kissed her in a garden in Clapham. In January 1987, she left her husband."

"And now, of course, you don't want her anymore."

"Well, it is a bit of a problem." He creased his face into seriousness but couldn't hide the gleam in his eye, and I felt chilled. But then the light dawned. You're a boy, I thought to myself. I can see you in the sandbox, red face, poncy little sailor suit and lollipop, only wanting the other children's toys, taking them away and then losing interest.

On the bus going home, the conductor was tidying his receipts fussily; he was such a hairdresser. So was the waiter at the Indian restaurant who kept realigning the glasses.

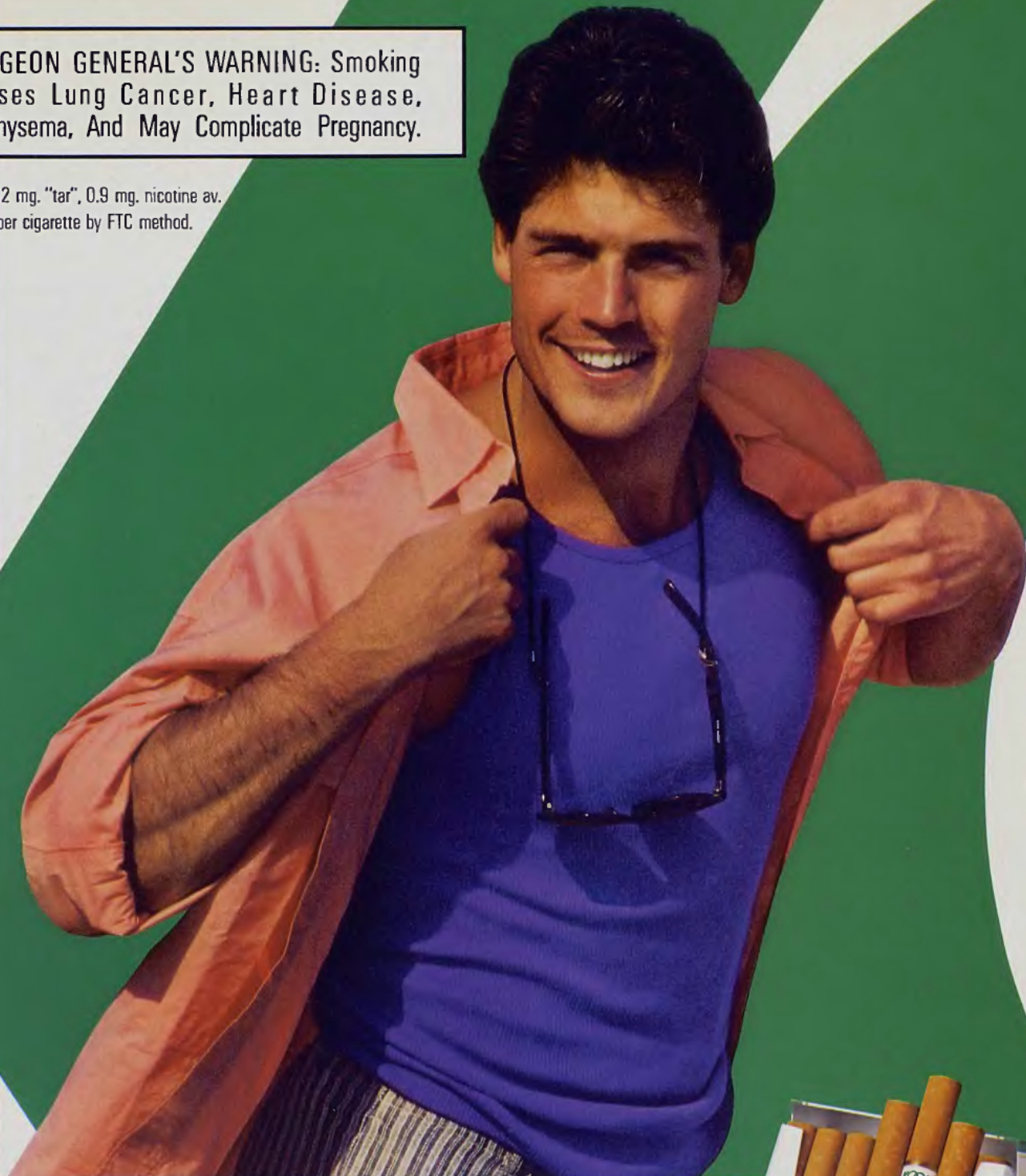
The day before I was to leave, a fellow phoned and offered me a trip to St.-Moritz, where I would stay and be pampered in the best hotel; he would take care of everything.

A man, I thought, terrified.



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By ASA BABER

**N**an lives in San Diego. I've never met her, but I've talked with her by phone and I've seen pictures of her dancing. She's a professional ballerina, slim and blonde and long-legged and flexible. Edible is a word that comes to mind.

She called me the other day with a present. "I loved your 'Three to Get Lucky' column [*Playboy* August], Ace," she said. "You want me to tell you how to get lucky with dancers? It's really easy. I'm surprised you didn't mention it. All you have to do is go to ballet class."

"Ballet class? Sounds kind of wussie to me," I said.

"That's the point. Think about it. The ratio of women to men in your average class is about ten to three. The ratio of women to straight men is about ten to one. Get it?"

"Got it."

"There's a world of dancers out there waiting to be, uh, mined."

"Tell me how."

"Rule number one: When you go to class, dress for the part. Wear black-Lycra tights, an old sweat shirt with the arms cut out, some leg warmers and ballet shoes. Scuff up the shoes. Scuff up everything."

"I have to buy dance clothes?"

"You can't go in there in your Levi's, Ace. Show a little couth. Buy the basics: shoes, leg warmers, tights. *Tight* tights, OK? We dancers like to look, too. We check out the merchandise, believe me. We know who's hung and who isn't."

"You dirty little girls," I said.

"Yep," Nan said. "Now, listen up: Use your workout bag for a dance bag. Carry a small towel, an extra pair of leg warmers, some sweat pants. Your bag should look overstuffed and artistically sloppy. And it should never be zipped up. Remember, you're a casual kind of guy."

"But I don't know anything about ballet," I said. "I'll look stupid in class."

"If you look too good, we'll assume you're gay and just trying to pick up other men—and we won't talk to you at all."

"So awkward is good?"

"It's OK. You don't have to take the whole class. Just *barre* will do. Just warm-ups. Stand there at the *barre* and try to do the exercises."

"I do a few squats at the *barre* and women will hit on me?"

"You have to know a few things."

"Such as?"

"Well, try the basics: Those satin-covered shoes the women wear are called



## A BALLERINA'S SECRETS

*pointe* shoes, not toe shoes; when you're at the *barre*, you always start with your right side first; and remember, as a male who's a beginner, you don't have natural turnout. Complain about that and compliment the women on their turnout, the way they can point their feet in different directions and still do the exercises."

"OK, can I go to class now?"

"Not yet. First you have to go to the library. Read about a few ballets. Learn their plots. *Giselle* is good. Ditto *Sleeping Beauty*. Include one Balanchine-Stravinsky collaboration, such as *Firebird*."

"I saw *The Nutcracker* once."

"No good, Ace. Among serious dancers, it's a joke."

"I wanna go to class!"

"Patience, little man. You must learn three basic concepts and say them after me: One, Balanchine changed everything; two, Baryshnikov is the greatest male dancer who ever lived; three, there will never be another Suzanne Farrell."

"I can't say that. I hate Baryshnikov. Every woman I know is in love with him. Why should I pimp for him?"

"If you attack Baryshnikov in a ballet class, you'll be dead meat," Nan said. "We've all been screwing him for years. We hold on to his thighs and he carries us into the heavens. Don't fight it."

"I'll say it, I'll say it."

"Very good. You're almost ready. Get to

class about fifteen minutes early. Be cool. You'll see a lot of women stretching like cats. Sit down next to one who appeals to you. Do not ogle her. Yes, her legs are spread 180 degrees and, yes, her leotards are skintight. Supposedly, you're used to this and it's no big deal."

"No big deal," I mumbled.

"You've seen it all before."

"I've seen it all before."

"You love ballet for artistic reasons."

"Riiight."

"You even play a little hard to get. You're absorbed in your own stretches and too busy to really look at the women."

"I can't stretch the way they can stretch. They'll know I'm faking it."

"Try this: Sit with the soles of your feet together and press down on your knees. Pretend you're pressing hard and act like you're in pain. They'll buy it."

"But when the *barre* exercises start, I'll be totally lost."

"That's the point. This is your big chance. Go up to the cutest woman you see and ask her if she minds if you stand next to her at the *barre*. Say you need someone to follow. You're being modest and vulnerable. She can't say no. And—*voilà!*—there you'll be, a few inches away from everything you've ever dreamed of."

"What do I say to her?"

"Pull out your ballet small talk."

"Balanchine changed everything."

"Very good."

"Baryshnikov is the greatest male dancer."

"Absolutely."

"There will never be another Suzanne Farrell, will there?"

"Not in my opinion."

"Now can I ask her out for dinner?"

"You ask her out for coffee. Most of your ballerinas have eating disorders. If you ask them out for a meal, they'll panic."

"I think I feel anorectic."

"She'll understand."

"I think Baryshnikov is a god!"

"Oh, yes."

"It'll be that easy?"

"I can practically guarantee it. Dancers are some of the loneliest people in the world. You men are missing a bet if you don't check them out. Don't forget, dancers need love, too."

"Thanks, Nan," I said.

"That's OK, Misha," she said.





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y girlfriend and I have started sharing fantasies. Some of them are pretty normal; some are pretty weird. Do you have any information on typical fantasies? How can we tell what's normal and what's not?—K. L., Miami Beach, Florida.

A paper published in *The Journal of Sex Research* stated that 88 percent of the women studied had experienced a sexual fantasy. The researchers found that the subjects of the eight sexual fantasies most frequently experienced, without regard to sexual satisfaction and in order of mention, were an extramarital affair (41 percent), reliving sexual experience but not first sexual experience (39 percent), different position for coitus (38 percent), current sex partner (36 percent), sex in rooms other than the bedroom (35 percent), new sex partner (34 percent), more affectionate sex partner (30 percent) and sex on a carpeted floor (28 percent). Rounding out the top 15 were having sex in a motel and pretending to be with a former partner (27 percent each), reliving first sexual experience and sex on a beach (26 percent each) and having multiple orgasms or oral sex or being sexually uninhibited (25 percent each). Out of all these fantasies, only two were associated with satisfaction or dissatisfaction with a partner. If you liked your current partner, you tended to fantasize about him or her; if you were dissatisfied, you tended to fantasize about a more affectionate sex partner. As for normal behavior—you've already crossed that line by sharing your fantasies. The researchers found that only 25 percent of sex partners were aware of their partners' fantasies. When asked what they thought their partners' reaction might be if they learned about the fantasies, they gave the following responses: acceptance (47 percent), trying harder to please (27 percent), damage to ego (26 percent), feeling hurt (25 percent), jealousy (18 percent), feelings of inadequacy (18 percent) and sexual arousal (15 percent). This is a classic example of the sexual hypocrisy of American culture. Everybody fantasizes, yet almost everybody thinks that if his or her partner found out, he or she would feel hurt or under pressure to perform. If a fantasy arouses you, why wouldn't it arouse your partner? All power to you for sharing.

I have a question of the utmost importance that deals with the very fibers of etiquette. Thorough searches through the archives of manners and morals have failed to solve this very serious social problem. I'm hoping you can help. Is the monogram on a sock to be worn on the inside or the outside of the leg?—D. R., Lawrenceville, Georgia.

My goodness, life must be slow in Lawrenceville. We're assuming that this is a query asked in earnest, so we'd have to say that the monogram should be worn facing outward. Otherwise, why bother paying extra money for



something decorative but useless that no one else can possibly see and appreciate? On the other hand, monograms are déclassé, so you might want to wear them on the inside so no one will see them. Or just toss the socks into the same drawer as the underwear that has your name sewn on little labels.

I am involved with a wonderfully stimulating, sensitive and caring man. We make love every available waking minute—and, oh, what a time we have! His kisses, his licks, his soft strokes make my body tingle, and this crescendoes into erotic waves of throbbing passion as he brings me from one orgasm to another and still another. We play for hours, and never once have I been able to get enough of this wonderful, loving man. My problem, you ask? It is simply this: When our lovemaking carries me to that erotic peak of near insanity, just as the waves of orgasm overtake every trembling inch of me, I scream: I can't help it; it's uncontrollable. My breasts pulsate and the screams just slip from my throat. My lover is appalled by this; his first instinct is to grab a pillow and push it into my face to muffle the noise. He frantically urges me to stop, insisting that the neighbors will hear (I live in an apartment). Needless to say, this puts a bit of an edge on my excitement. My spontaneity leaves me and I usually end up feeling self-conscious and embarrassed. What should I do? I don't want to stop making love to this man; he brings me endless hours of pure joy. Is there something wrong with me?—Miss P. S., Lindenwold, New Jersey.

No, there is not necessarily something wrong with you. Many people react verbally when they achieve orgasm. We can under-

stand your boyfriend's concern, but we don't think this is anything for you to be embarrassed about. We suggest that you soundproof your walls—or move into a house in the suburbs—so you can wail away. Or turn up the stereo until your teeth vibrate. If the neighbors don't complain, you're home free.

Your advice to P. R. (*The Playboy Advisor*, September) about making copies of tapes recorded with Dolby C noise reduction is quite logical. Unfortunately, it also happens to be wrong. The proper way to dub tapes made with Dolby is to turn the Dolby circuits in both decks on, not off. Otherwise, you run the risk of dull or overemphasized treble in the tape copy. This is because the Dolby NR systems work by boosting weak high frequencies in recording, then cutting them back to normal in playback, on the basis of the level recorded on the tape. A small error in level sensing at the playback end throws the process off, so that the highs are cut back either too much or not enough. Dolby C NR is especially sensitive to this, because it uses more boost and cut, over a wider frequency range, than Dolby B. Tape copies almost always come out with a slightly higher or lower level than the original. If you make that copy with both decks' Dolby circuits off, this difference alters the copy's Dolby calibration, so it won't sound right in playback. If you copy with both decks' Dolby circuits on, then the playback deck's Dolby circuits are operating on a properly calibrated tape, giving the flattest response. The second deck then makes a Dolby-encoded tape that is properly calibrated for the level at which that deck is actually recording. This also gives you the chance to switch noise-reduction systems, making the copy with Dolby B NR, dbx or none at all; this causes no frequency-response problems. Your advice to P. R. is correct, however, for tape copying with dbx noise reduction. The dbx system is not level-sensitive.—I. B., New York, New York.

A spokesman for Dolby said that when using two decks to dub, leave the Dolby on. With a single dubbing deck, leave the Dolby off.

Where does sexual guilt come from? I met a girl recently who was so hung up about sex that she refused to engage in any kind of lovemaking at all. How do you deal with a person who is convinced from the outset that she won't enjoy something?—R. G., Hartford, Connecticut.

Let's define terms. An article in *Archives of Sexual Behavior* defines guilt as "a generalized expectancy for self-monitored punishment for violating or anticipating the violation of internalized standards of socially

acceptable behavior." In simple English: Even if you feel good doing it, you know that tomorrow you'll hate yourself; and if you don't, then you'll make yourself hate yourself. Guilt is something you choose. Studies have shown that people with a lot of sex guilt generally have "less sexual experience, less of a tendency to participate in certain sexual acts, such as intercourse, cunnilingus and petting to orgasm." Never have so many felt so bad about so little. You might think that sex education would help, but people who suffer sex guilt are less able than others to receive sex-related information. Some researchers say that guilt is associated with moral development: If you are at a level where you "conform to law and order and place importance on meeting obligations and maintaining society's rules," you tend to have a high level of sex guilt. If you "value such rights as life and liberty and believe in rules for the welfare and protection of all people" (if you view life in terms of self-chosen principles), you have less sex guilt. M. Gerrard and F. X. Gibbons suggest that "sex guilt may limit sex experience, that limiting sexual experience allows the person to avoid the moral reasoning associated with that experience and that their avoidance in turn limits moral development on these specific sexual issues." Sharon Propper and Robert A. Brown recently tried to determine whether or not parental attitudes affected sex guilt. Earlier studies revealed that if your parents had a negative attitude toward sex, you would be more likely to experience sex guilt. Propper and Brown found that restrictive family upbringing significantly raised the level of guilt in members of the group other researchers had found to have low guilt—the people who based their moral reasoning on interpersonal contracts rather than conforming to law and order. You and your girlfriend might discuss her attitudes, those of her parents and those drawn from your own past. Experience is the best teacher and the best cure. Have patience.

I hear that half of the new-car buyers in this country don't even test drive before deciding on a car. I can't imagine anyone's buying a car he's never driven; but for those with better judgment, have you any tips on doing it right?—T. D., San Francisco, California.

Here's how to test: Before driving, adjust the seat, safety belts, mirrors and steering wheel, then check visibility all around. Check the location, ease of reach and operation of all important controls. Start the engine; shift into gear; move forward, backward; maneuver this way and that to see how the car feels at parking-lot speeds. Once out of the lot, allow time for the engine to warm and yourself to get accustomed to the controls. Drive the way you will as an owner—up and down hills, in traffic, on freeways—not just around the block. Then (in a safe place) try the throttle response, the steering, the handling and the brakes.

The salesperson will want to ride along

and demonstrate every marvelous feature, but don't let him distract you from the business of touching, feeling and sensing whatever you can in the time you have. If he rattles on, ask him (politely) to save it for the showroom. If possible, try all the candidates on your shopping list back to back, on the same roads, on the same day, for valid comparisons. If a dealer can't offer the model and power train (engine/transmission) you want for demonstration, make an appointment to go back when he can—or try another dealer. And there's nothing wrong with returning for a second or third drive in the same car as your list narrows to a precious few. Sooner or later, you'll know which car is best for you, and you'll be glad you took the time to do it right. We can't prevent you from buying without driving first if you're so inclined, but we can tell you our reaction when a salesperson refuses us a drive: We make a break for the door.

I love skiing in Colorado but hate having to deal with the crowds and delays during the change of plane in Denver. Is there any way to get to the slopes without stopping at Stapleton Airport first?—G. N., Boston, Massachusetts.

Here are a couple of suggestions: (1) Get a job on Wall Street as an investment banker, make several million dollars and buy your own jet. A Lear will set you back about \$3,500,000; but to have any status in places like Aspen, you'll need a bigger Gulfstream—the plane for real men with \$17,000,000 or so. Assuming that you're in a hurry to ski this season, though, you might also consider (2) avoiding Denver and the rest of Colorado by flying to Utah instead. After all, Alta and Snowbird are less than 25 miles from the Salt Lake City airport, which is not only uncrowded but also rarely closed by snowstorms. If you don't want to take our advice (and, in fact, we often don't—we love to ski in Colorado), you should be aware of the fact that several of the state's top ski resorts will have nonstop jet service this winter from major cities around the country. Steamboat, for example, has nonstop flights from Dallas, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco on American Airlines, and from Minneapolis on Northwest. Crested Butte has announced several nonstops via Continental, as well as a daily nonstop from Dallas on American. Both United Express and Continental Express (formerly Rocky Mountain Airways) are now full-fledged subsidiaries of their eponymous big brothers, by the way, so if you do have to change planes in Denver, we'd suggest trying to stick with the same carrier on your connecting flight. If you're paranoid about losing your luggage, try carrying your boots onto the plane instead of checking them. Even if your skis go astray, you'll look cool at the bar.

Why is it that if a man reaches orgasm in less than two minutes, he's called a premature ejaculator, while if a woman

reaches orgasm in less than two minutes, she's called hot and responsive? It seems unfair.—E. O., Dallas, Texas.

We think you're on to something. Why is it that a man who takes two hours to reach orgasm is called a stud, while a woman who takes two hours to reach orgasm is called frigid or the victim of an insensitive lover? Sexual stereotypes don't take into account the infinite variety of lovers. Leave your stop watch and box of labels at the bedroom door and you'll have a lot more fun.

I know that men complain about condoms' cutting down on sensation. Have you ever heard the woman's side? My girlfriend says that when we use condoms, she experiences discomfort. Is there an explanation?—D. W., Denver, Colorado.

A nationwide survey by the makers of CondomMate found that as many as 67 percent of the women who utilize condoms experience some degree of dryness or discomfort. Nevertheless, the majority of the women surveyed (60 percent) don't believe that condoms significantly reduce pleasure. Almost three quarters of the obstetricians and gynecologists surveyed considered "vaginal dryness during sexual intercourse a problem associated with the use of condoms; dryness that results in vaginal discomfort and the increased risk of condom breakage." CondomMate is an artificial lubricant designed to be used with condoms. You should be able to find it at your local pharmacy.

The letters you have published regarding the Venus butterfly (*The Playboy Advisor*, March, June, August, September) are great. However, it is obvious that none of the writers have been paying attention to the dialog and story line of *L.A. Law*. In each episode in which Stuart and Ann experiment with the technique, the session is always preceded with a line of dialog indicating that Stuart has to call room service before they begin. I can only guess what he needs from room service. Since I can assume that ice is readily available, it would seem that the "missing ingredient" is something more exotic. Whether it is food or some device can only be told by the writers. Let's hope that someday they will tell us.—R. A., Furlong, Pennsylvania.

You have a point. We will reopen our contest. In 200 words or less, describe an act of room-service sex, something that requires the assistance of hotel help. (Clean sheets are not enough.) We'll publish the best descriptions.

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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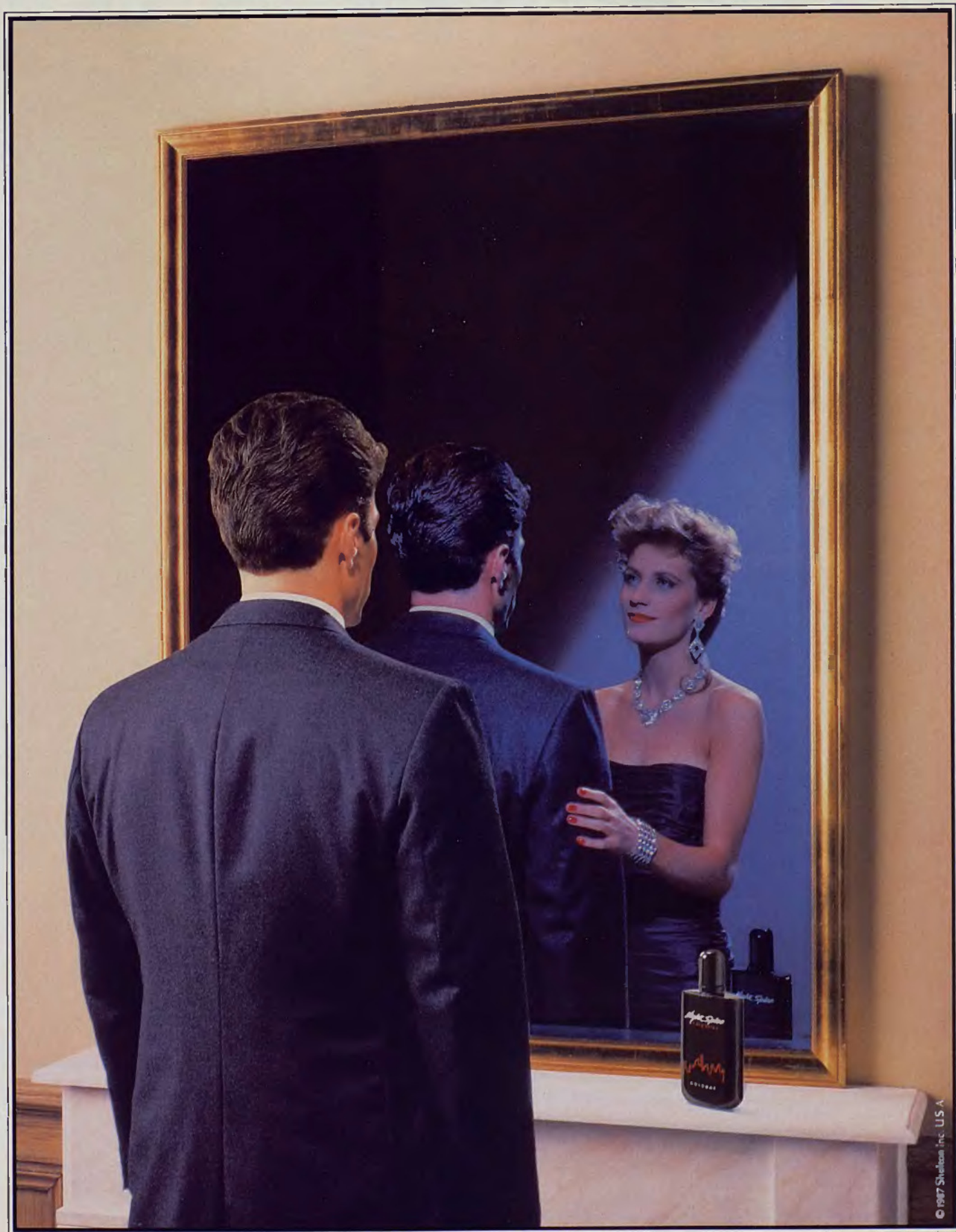
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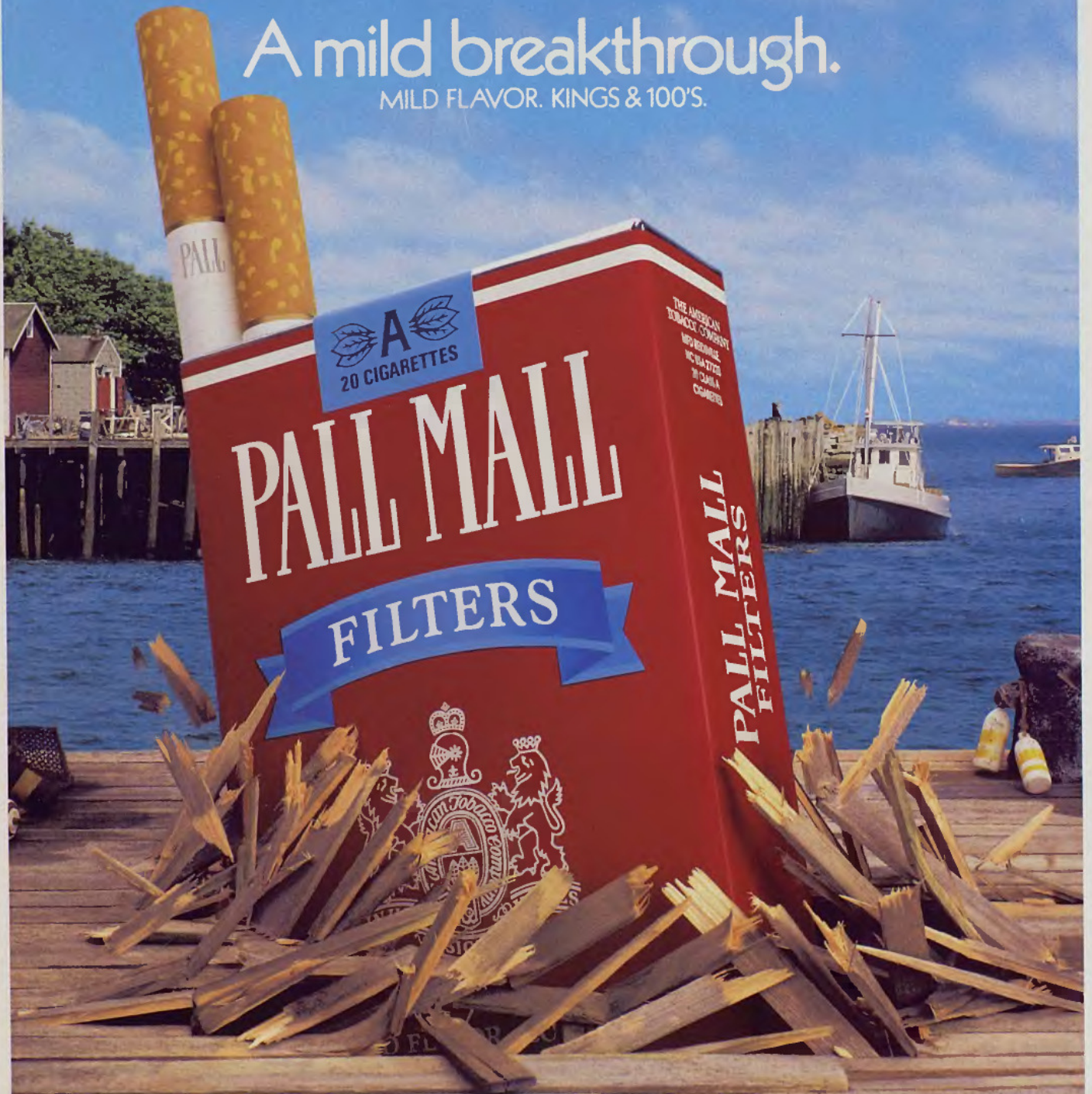


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# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question for the month:

**Have you ever had sex on a first date?**

**I** don't date strangers. I only go out with people I've known for a while. I did sleep with my boyfriend on our first "official" date. We have a very lustful relationship. Sex is important to me, and it matters to me that my partner is sexual, too. Generally speaking, I don't think sex on a first date is a great idea, because you give up too much intrigue too soon. Also, if you don't know or care about a man and you sleep with him, you may have nothing to say in the morning, and that's a waste of time.



*Julie Peterson*

JULIE PETERSON  
FEBRUARY 1987

**I** did it once and I ended up living with the guy for a year. But it's not something I'd do anymore. If I choose not to have sex on the first, second or third date, it makes the sex, when I finally have it, even better. If a guy can't wait and quits calling me, that's his problem. I don't have time to worry about him. Some guys are as transparent as cellophane. Some guys are better than that. It's about luck, really. Sex on a first date isn't the best way to start off a relationship, and there is a health scare now, so I don't do it.



*Lynne Austin*

LYNNE AUSTIN  
JULY 1986

**Y**es. But it's a rare occurrence. I'd much rather get to know someone first. I think sex is very intimate, and the more you know someone, the more fun you can have with him. You can have fun with a guy on a one-night stand, too, but if you want a relationship, you have to wait. If I cared about someone and wanted to see him again, that would make the sex more meaningful. I don't think men are only looking for sex, but those who are make it pretty obvious. That is not to say that you don't wonder about sex on a date. It's in the back of everyone's mind. And your date could have an infinite number of endings.



*Laurie Carr*

LAURIE CARR  
DECEMBER 1986

**T**here are guys I just want to have sex with and guys I want to see in a different way. If you sleep with a guy on a first date, the focus is on the physical, not on communicating. I can read a guy pretty well. I stare into his eyes when I'm turned on. I wouldn't go into a bar and just go home with someone—not in the disease-ridden Eighties. I need to know about someone. Maybe he's a friend of a friend. I know pretty much what I'm getting myself into. I'm particular. If I want to have sex with someone, I definitely know if the chemistry is there; I'm the kind of person who does what she wants to do, with no regrets. I don't wake up in the morning feeling shitty if it's something I wanted to do. It was something we both wanted, and if, for some reason, he isn't going to see me again, he's not worth wanting.



*Kimberly Paige*

KYMBERLY PAIGE  
MAY 1987

**I** haven't. I've never had a one-night stand. The reason is that, to me, that kind of intimacy means giving my energy to someone. It's not the act of sex I'm giving, it's me, my deepest emotions. To give myself to someone like that means that he has to be special. It also means that I'm pretty sure I'm not going to get dumped on and that he will call me again. There have been times when I've had an extra glass of wine and I've thought, I want to be with this guy, but I don't follow the feeling. I get pragmatic instead. Some men take a kiss at the door as rejection. I find that attitude revealing.



*Luann Lee*

LUANN LEE  
JANUARY 1987

**N**o. I've had sex on a third or fourth date, but never on a first. I've never found anyone so appealing that I could open up to him and just say, "Hey, baby, here I am." I really have to get to know him better than that. If I'm giving a part of myself to someone, he'd better be in my life for a while. I am a romantic. It would be terrible to go out on a first date, do it and then never see him again. I'd rather wait awhile and get to know him. Can he be open with me about his thoughts and feelings? That's more important than the sexual thing.



*Rebecca Ferratti*

REBECCA FERRATTI  
JUNE 1986

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# THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

highlights from the original "playboy philosophy," in which our editor-publisher spelled out our guiding principles and editorial credo

Twenty-five years ago this month, the first installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" appeared in the pages of Playboy. Over the next few years, in 25 installments, Hugh M. Hefner tried to define the principles and perspectives of the magazine to readers and critics alike. What the founding fathers in Philadelphia did for democracy, Hefner in Chicago did for the sexual revolution.

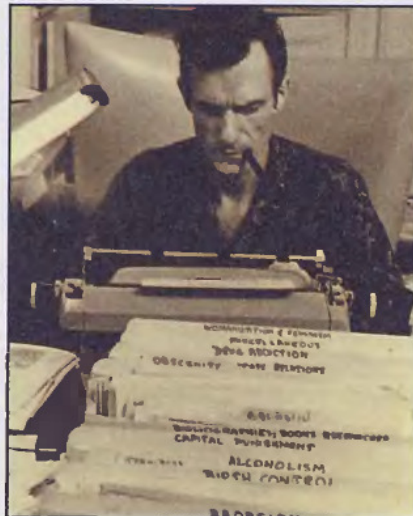
The "Philosophy" mirrored the conversations our culture was having about sex; it clarified the issues. Hefner questioned some of our more irrational and hurtful values.

Now we celebrate 25 years of controversy. "The Playboy Philosophy" is still many things to many people. For some, it represents the ultimate expression of permissiveness. For others, it is a clear vision of a rational society. The original text speaks eloquently. We are pleased to present selected passages from "The Playboy Philosophy." Here is Hugh M. Hefner, in his own write.

The *Playboy Philosophy* is predicated on my belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society. That's my most basic premise—the starting point from which everything else in which I believe evolves.

[We hold] the view that man's personal self-interest is natural and good, and that it can be channeled, through reason, to the benefit of the individual and his society; the belief that morality should be based upon reason; the conviction that society should exist as man's servant, not as his master; the idea that the purpose in man's life should be found in the full living of life itself and the individual pursuit of happiness.

America is presumably the land of the free and the home of the brave. But



Hugh M. Hefner, in 1962, working on *The Playboy Philosophy*.

our legislators, our judges and our officers of law enforcement are allowed to enter our most private inner sanctuaries—our bedrooms—and dictate the activity that takes place there.

It is simply our purpose, at this moment, to point out the utter lack of justification in the state making unlawful these private acts performed between two consenting adults. Organized religions may preach against them if they wish—and there may well be some logic in their doing so, since extreme sexual permissiveness is not without its negative aspects—but there can be no possible justification for religion using the state to coercively control the sexual conduct of the members of a free society.

Church-state legislation has made common criminals of us all. Dr. Alfred Kinsey has estimated that if the sex laws of the United States were conscientiously enforced, over 90 percent of

the adult population would be in prison.

The sexual activity that we pompously preach about and protest against in public, we enthusiastically practice in private. We lie to one another about sex; we lie to our children about sex; and many of us undoubtedly lie to ourselves about sex. But we cannot forever escape the reality that a sexually hypocritical society is an unhealthy society that produces more than its share of perversion, neurosis, psychosis, unsuccessful marriage, divorce and suicide.

A society may offer negative, suppressive, perverted concepts of sex, relating sex to sin, sickness, shame and guilt; or, hopefully, it may offer a positive, permissive, natural view, where sex is related to happiness, to beauty, to health and to feelings of pleasure and fulfillment.

But what you cannot have is a society that stresses the negative side of sex prior to marriage, with the anticipation that it can all be replaced with a positive responsiveness to sex immediately after the marital rites take place. A healthy sexual attitude isn't like a dress suit that can be hidden away in a trunk in the attic all the young years of one's life, and then brought forth when needed—cleaned, pressed and slipped into—on the wedding day. It just doesn't work like that.

Sow concepts of sin, shame and suppression in the early years of life and you will reap frustration, frigidity, impotence and unhappiness in the years thereafter.

There are a great many well-meaning members of our own society who sincerely believe that we would have a happier, healthier civilization if there



were less emphasis upon sex in it. These people are ignorant of the most fundamental facts on the subject. What is clearly needed is a *greater* emphasis upon sex, not the opposite. Provided of course, that we really do want a healthy, heterosexual society.

Nor can we accept the argument that it is some flaw in the nature of man, some weakness or devil in the flesh, that produces our sexual yearnings and behavior; we reject as totally without foundation the premise of the prude, who would have us believe that man would be healthier and happier if he were somehow able to curb these natural desires.

I certainly think that personal sex is preferable to impersonal sex, because it includes the greatest emotional rewards; but I can see no logical justification for opposing the latter, unless it is irresponsible, exploitive, coercive or in some way hurts one of the individuals involved.

We are opposed to wholly selfish sex, but we are opposed to any human relationship that is entirely self-oriented—that takes all and gives nothing in return.

Sex is, at its best, an expression of love and adoration. But this is not to say that sex is, or should be, limited to love alone. Love and sex are certainly not synonymous, and while they may often be closely interrelated, the one is not necessarily dependent upon the other. Sex can be one of the most profound and rewarding elements in the adventure of living; if we recognize it as not necessarily limited to procreation, then we should also acknowledge openly that it is not necessarily limited to love either. Sex exists—with and without love—and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful, both to the individuals involved and to society as a whole.

I do believe that sex can sometimes, quite properly, be an end in itself. And if sex can serve as a means of self-realization, this is purpose enough and

justification enough for its existence. But I do *not* believe that sex, or any of man's behavior, can be separated from its consequences.

The religious views of a portion of society are forced upon the rest of it—through government coercion—whether they are consistent with the personal convictions of the individual or not.

If a man has a right to find God in his own way, he has a right to go to the Devil in his own way, also.

Our society's repressive and suppressive antisexualism is derived from twist-

***"In our most personal behavior, no citizen of the United States is truly free."***

ed theological concepts that became firmly imbedded in Christianity during the Dark Ages, several hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ, and spread and became more severe with Calvinist Puritanism after the Reformation. In the Old World, the people suffered under totalitarian church-state controls of both Catholic and Protestant origin and many of the early colonists in America came here in search of the religious freedom denied them in Europe. Our own founding fathers, well aware of the history of religious tyranny in other countries, established with the Constitution of the United States the concept of a separate church and state as the best means of assuring that both our religion and government would remain free, thus guaranteeing the freedom of the people.

Unfortunately, the seeds of religious antisexualism were already planted in the people themselves, however; in addition, through the centuries, a certain

amount of ecclesiastical law had found its way into the common law of Europe, and then into American law as well. As a result, not even the guarantees of the Constitution itself were enough to keep our religion and government apart.

Nowhere is this unholy alliance between church and state more obvious than in matters of sex. In our most personal behavior, *no citizen of the United States is truly free.*

Some sexual behavior is the proper concern of the state. In protecting its citizens, the state has the right to prohibit unwelcome acts of sexual violence or aggression; it also has the right to protect the individual from sexual exploitation and fraud. Before a certain age, individuals lack the maturity necessary for full participation in a free society and so it is logical to have special legislation for the protection of minors. . . .

All other sexual activity—specifically, all private sex between consenting adults—is the personal business of the individuals involved and in a free society the state has no right to interfere.

Religious puritanism pervades every aspect of our sexual lives. We use it as a justification for suppressing freedom of thought, expression and, of course, personal behavior. By associating sex with sin, we have produced a society so guilt-ridden that it is almost impossible to view the subject objectively and we are able to rationalize the most outrageous acts against mankind in the name of God.

But what sort of God would have man deny his God-given sexual nature?

Some members of our society sincerely believe that sex has a single purpose: procreation. As such, sexual activity is logically limited to coitus within the bounds of marriage, since children benefit from the presence of both parents and a stable familial environment is best established within the bounds of wedlock. But life is more complex than that. To deny the true emotional and physical significance of sex in society is to turn our backs on all the knowledge about man that the sociological and psycholog-





ical sciences have given us. In suggesting that the sole purpose of sex is the perpetuation of the species, we reduce man to the level of the lower animals.

So intimately is sex interrelated with the rest of human experience that it is impossible to conceive of a society existing, as we know it, without benefit of the primal sex urge. Most certainly, if such a society did exist, it would be a very cold, totalitarian and barbarous one. The existence of two sexes, and their attraction for one another, must be considered the major civilizing influence in our world. As much as religion has done for the development and growth of society, sex has done more.

If we want to have a healthier, happier society, we ought logically to approve of whatever art and literature treats sex in an attractive and appealing way and disapprove of that which makes sex seem ugly or shameful. We do just the opposite, of course, because the censor and the prude understand almost nothing about the subject with which they are so concerned. Thus they tend to attack the healthiest, most heterosexual expressions of the erotic, all but ignoring the sex associated with sickness and sin. We pander to the perverted, the sado-masochistic, the guilt- and fear-ridden, perpetuating the most negative side of man's sexual nature. The extent to which a society emphasizes sex isn't what matters, but the way in which it is emphasized is.

The charge of obscenity itself is sometimes used as a cover for other things to which the censor objects: Political, philosophical, social, medical, religious and racial ideas have all been damned at one time or another for being "obscene."

It was disconcerting when we first discovered that many of those who consider nudity and obscenity nearly synonymous often drag God's name into the act—this struck us, and strikes us still, as a particularly blatant bit of blasphemy. The logic that permits a person to call down God's wrath on anyone for displaying a bit of God's own handiwork does, we must admit, escape us. If the human

body—far and away the most remarkable, the most complicated, the most perfect and the most beautiful creation on this earth—can become objectionable, obscene or abhorrent, when purposely posed and photographed to capture that remarkable perfection and beauty, then the world is a far more cockeyed place than we are willing to admit. That there may be some people in this world with rather cockeyed ideas on subjects of this sort—well, that's something else again.

It has long seemed quite incredible—indeed, incomprehensible—to us that detailed descriptions of murder, which

**“Only a man who carries the obscenity within him will see obscenity in a book, a painting or a photograph.”**

we consider a crime, are acceptable in our art and literature, while detailed descriptions of sex, which is not a crime, are prohibited. It is as though our society put hate above love—favored death over life.

Only a man who carries the obscenity within him will see obscenity in a book, a painting or a photograph. If you find the obscene in a work of art or literature, or in life itself, you have manufactured the idea of obscenity yourself. And you have no one to blame but yourself for having made it obscene. If it is true that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," one must accept its logical corollary, that ugliness is, too.

Those who favor censorship are often motivated by what they believe to be the best of principles. We have Government agencies to ban harmful foods and medicines—why not do the same with "harmful" art and literature, they rea-

son. What they fail to recognize is that a bad food or drug is a matter of indisputable fact, but a "bad" book or movie is a matter of taste or opinion, and nothing more. And in our free society, we are fundamentally opposed to the suppression of ideas with which we do not agree, or the forcing of our own ideas onto others.

The attitude that some ideas are best kept from the citizenry advances a concept of totalitarian paternalism that is contrary to the most basic ideals of our free society. It is akin to the colonialist concept that a new nation may not yet be ready to rule itself. The only way in which the people of a country can ever become mature enough for self-rule is by setting them free to practice self-rule. Similarly, the only way in which a society can mature sexually, socially and philosophically is by allowing it naturally free and unfettered sexual, social and philosophical growth. By treating our own citizens like so many overprotected children, we have produced our present, too-often-childlike, immature, hypocritical social order.

Discussing, describing or graphically depicting sex too explicitly, or with an improper moral point of view, is still prohibited throughout much of these supposedly free United States. Why? Because it may lead to like behavior. And that is the greatest fear of all: that sex may be indulged in freely, without the burden of guilt and shame placed upon it by our ignorant, superstitious, fear-ridden ancestors in the Middle Ages.

Never mind that the contemporary psychiatrist knows, and will gladly tell any who care to listen, that books, and pictures, and pamphlets and papers that deal openly and honestly with sex have little or no effect upon human behavior and whatever effect they do have is healthful, rather than injurious, to society; never mind that the science of psychiatry has revealed that it is the repression of the natural sex instinct, and the association of sex with guilt and shame, that cause the hurt to humankind—producing frigidity, impotence, masochism, sadism . . . and all



manner of other sexual perversions, social and psychological ills, neuroses and psychoses; never mind that all of history documents the utter impossibility of curbing the normal sex drive, of keeping the male and female free from this sin of the flesh; never mind that modern research into sex behavior has revealed that America's own Puritan attempts at sexual suppression have failed to halt or seriously hinder the "immoral" sex conduct of the majority of our adult population and resulted in nought but frustration, aberration, agony and heartache; never mind that any effort to regulate or control the private sexual morality of the adult citizens of the United States is contrary to the principle of individual freedom that is the very foundation of our democracy, and is in conflict with the most basic guarantees of our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

*Never mind*—for such arguments are based upon reason. And there is nothing reasoned or rational about our society's attitude toward sex. It is based, instead, upon an irrational conglomeration of prejudice, superstition, fear, faith, mysticism and malarkey.

The lowest forms of pornography tend to flourish in a sexually suppressive atmosphere rather than one that is open and permissive. . . . Censorship creates an appetite for the hidden and suppressed; pornography would lose much of its appeal in a sexually free society.

There is presently a considerable school of scientific opinion amongst authorities on human behavior suggesting not simply that pornography is harmless, but that it may actually have some value as a sublimation and release for pent-up sexual frustrations and desires.

Since the beginning of recorded history there have been individuals determined to force their own standards upon their fellow men. And time inevitably proves that the "dangerous" work of art or literature of one generation is the classic of the next—that any

contemporary condemnation of the spoken or the written word appears ridiculous to succeeding generations.

For it matters little if a book is burned because it contains an unpopular political idea or an unpopular moral or religious one—the book has been burned just the same—and society is a little poorer for having lost perhaps just one small voice, one difference of opinion, one divergent thought or idea.

The founding fathers included necessary safeguards in both the Constitution and the Bill of Rights specifically establishing religious freedom and the

**"There is nothing reasoned or rational about our society's attitude toward sex."**

separation of church and state. To this end, they had a much earlier reference: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's" (*Luke*, 20:25). But for all their precautions, we do not enjoy true religious freedom in America today. In a remarkable example of double-think, we've successfully sustained our freedom of religion, but not freedom from religion.

Puritanism was still so dominant a force in America less than 50 years ago that, from 1919 to 1933, the entire nation suffered under the enforced Prohibition established by Congress with the 18th Amendment. . . . National Prohibition, known as the "Noble Experiment," was almost certainly the most corrupting legislation ever established in the United States; it made criminals out of honest men, and drunkards out of sober ones. It stands as a monument to the evil that can result when man at-

tempts to establish by governmental edict what should rightfully be a matter of personal choice.

We confess to a strong personal prejudice in favor of the boy-girl variety of sex, but our belief in a free, rational and humane society demands a tolerance of those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own—so long as their activity is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any kind of coercion.

Progress necessarily requires the exchange of outdated ideas for new and better ones. By keeping open all lines of communication in our culture, every new idea, no matter how seemingly perverse, improper or peculiar, has its opportunity to be considered, to be challenged and ultimately to be rejected by society as a whole or by some small part of it. This is the important advantage that a free society has over a totalitarian one, for in the free exchange of ideas, the best will ultimately win out. A dictatorship, with its pre-established dogma, is chained to the past; a free society may draw from past, present and the future.

Society benefits as much from the differences in men as from their similarities, and we should create a culture that not only accepts these differences, but respects and actually nurtures them.

It is important to remember that our American democracy is based not simply on the will of the majority, but on the protection of the will of the minority. And the smallest minority in society is the individual.

The Bible singles out the meek and the poor in spirit for special blessings. We'd like to add one of our own: Blessed is the rebel—without him there would be no progress.



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

### PICASSO WHO?

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—Police nearly burned an original Picasso etching when they cleaned out their files of confiscated pornographic material. The etching, valued at as much as \$9000, was saved



when a city manager decided he liked the frame and wanted to keep it. The work depicts a naked woman and a bearded man and was deemed "horrible" by the evidence-room workers.

### ILLEGAL IN CHINA

PEKING—Chinese officials are cracking down on the illicit private publishing industry that has flooded the country with books the government considers "obscene and bawdy" or politically incorrect. According to one survey cited by the New China News Agency, 40 juvenile delinquents were actually victims of books "extolling themes such as murder, pornography and trends going against the Communist Party, the people and socialism." Also under attack are modern Western literature and art. One government official declared, "It is regrettable that in recent years, some writers and critics upholding 'literature and art for its own sake' have forgotten the precise nature of and requirements for socialist literature and art. . . ."

### RELIGION RETURNS

SACRAMENTO—Two years ago, the California Board of Education upset creationists by demanding that science textbooks pay more attention to evolution. It

won't have the same problem with its new demand—that history books pay more attention to religion. The state superintendent explained that the goal of the new guidelines is not to advocate one doctrine over another but to put more emphasis on the role religion has played in shaping U.S. and world history. The effect of California's request will be far-reaching; the state buys such a large number of books that publishers will necessarily accede to its wishes.

### SOVIET SEX

MOSCOW—Western sources claim that a typical Soviet woman has seven abortions and that 50 percent of Soviet marriages end in divorce. Dr. Igor Kon, a leading Russian sociologist, blames widespread ignorance about sex for these high rates of abortion and divorce. He says that many of the country's women believe that abortion is their only means of birth control, and he feels that the Soviets' ignorance about sex causes severe stress in marriages. Dr. Kon believes that the Russians' new policy of glasnost should also apply to sexual issues.

### RENEGADE ROMANS

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA—A survey of nearly 4000 Catholic alumni of the University of Notre Dame reveals that a majority of them disagree with their Church's teachings on significant moral issues.

- Eighty-three percent consider artificial methods of birth control acceptable.
- Seventy-five percent think abortion is permissible in some instances.
- Seventy-nine percent think that the Church should allow divorced Catholics to remarry.
- Fifty-six percent favor the ordination of women to the priesthood.

### SIGH OF RELIEF

AIDS may not pose as great a threat to heterosexuals as has been believed. A new study published in The Journal of the American Medical Association suggests that a heterosexual epidemic of AIDS is not imminent, since the virus is far less infectious to heterosexuals than was once thought. Although there is evidence that male-to-female transmission of AIDS occurs, there is increasing evidence that it is a difficult disease to transmit through heterosexual encounters.

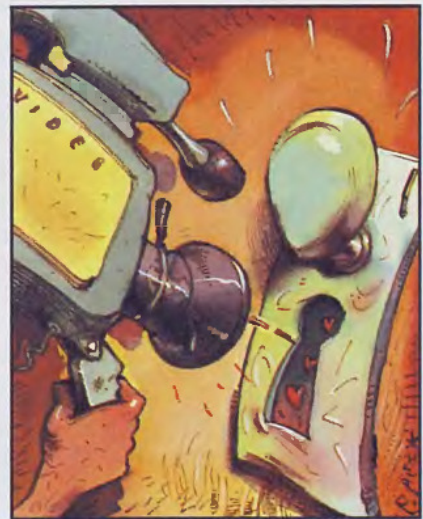
### HEART AND SOUL

MOUNDSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA—An inmate serving a life sentence for murder at the state penitentiary requested permission to donate all his organs to science. The request was denied. The prison warden said that he might let the inmate donate a "kidney or an eye," but "he's going for the whole ball of wax"—and suicide isn't allowed under prison regulations.

### SMILE, YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA

LOS ANGELES—Law-enforcement agencies in America's 16 largest cities spent an average of \$2000 for each prostitution arrest—at a yearly cost of \$120,000,000. These figures were published by the University of California's Hastings Law Journal, reporting on a study that concluded that "arrests for prostitution, a misdemeanor, exact a disproportionately high toll on law-enforcement resources" and that we can no longer afford to keep prostitution illegal.

The researcher for the study also learned that some of the leading hotels in San Francisco allow police the use of rooms to film prostitutes conducting business



with cops posing as customers and that police sometimes tape the women disrobing. Some legal experts claim that this practice violates the Fourth Amendment, but a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union said that limited videotaping "may be appropriate but raises a number of disturbing issues," such as how much unnecessary taping is done and the extent to which the hotels cooperate.

**NOT WILD ABOUT WILDMON**

The righteous Reverend Donald E. Wildmon once again wants to ban what *he* finds offensive (*The Playboy Forum*, August). If he can't accept open and free communication, maybe he'd better move to Russia or China; but then, he couldn't practice his religion in those countries. Maybe Wildmon complains only because he can.

J. Barrett Wolf  
Freeport, New York

It is not possible that Donald Wildmon can be more offended by hearing the words breasts and nipples on the radio than I am by listening to religious preachers. I think it's the FCC's duty to forbid moralistic programming during the day, when my children might hear it.

F. W. Donour, Jr.  
Norfolk, Virginia

I've heard so much about Wildmon lately, not only in *Playboy* but in other magazines and newspapers, that I felt compelled to write with a warning: If Wildmon wants to keep censoring things that offend him, eventually someone will come up with the idea of censoring *him*.

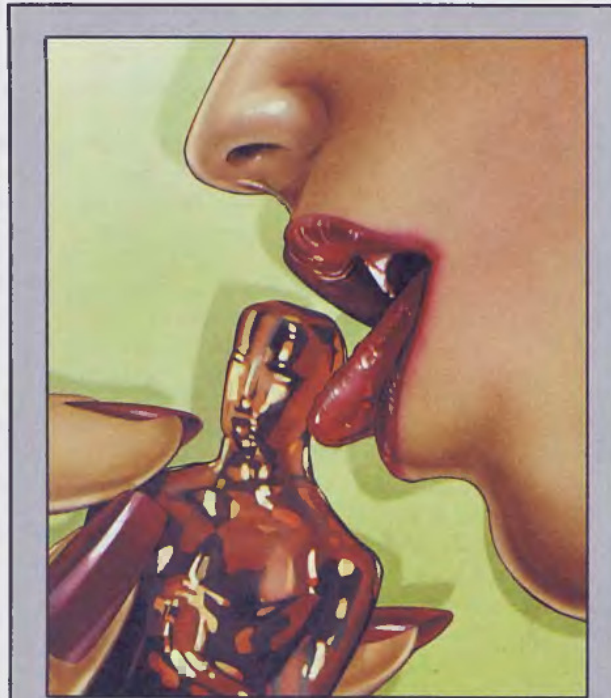
J. Robert Nichols  
Miami, Florida

I'm forming an organization called the Separation of Church and State Group, which will address the issue of Government favoritism of religious, particularly Christian, broadcasts. There are some 1300 Christian radio stations and 221 Christian television stations in the United States. Some of those stations are obviously in business—the business of raising money—and should pay taxes. Join my group (no money required) and write to your Congressman, IRS Commissioner Lawrence B. Gibbs and the FCC to complain! If these religious charlatans can complain about “dirty words,” we can complain about *them*.

Bob Horowitz  
Grass Valley, California

**EL SALVADOR**

In David Harrington's description of the flawed military strategies in Vietnam and El Salvador (*The Playboy Forum*, July), he's telling only part of the truth.



FOR THE RECORD

**HOW TIMES CHANGE**

Lenny Bruce got arrested for saying cocksucker in the Sixties, but Meryl Streep got an Academy Award for saying it in the Eighties.

—PAUL KRASSNER, *The Village Voice*

In both cases, *political* considerations were and are of overriding importance in the selection of military options.

B. Jefferson Le Blanc  
Ben Lomond, California

**PRO MEN**

W. D. Cobourn (*The Playboy Forum*, August) cannot understand how a man, having known a woman for only three weeks, would not want to support their accidentally conceived child. Your headline on the letter, “Fatherly Love,” is inappropriately sarcastic. The woman has all the control in situations such as this. Men have yet to experience the “liberation” women have by being able to extricate themselves from future obligations by means of abortion.

John A. Rossler, President  
The National Congress for Men  
Washington, D.C.

**PORN PATROL**

I've found a way to beat the decency advocates at their own game. I read an editorial in my local paper describing the

activities of the DuPage Citizens for Decency, a group that published the “DuPage Business Decency Report.” Out of curiosity, I ordered the report. The introduction states, “This booklet consists of two separate parts. . . . Part One lists businesses that are not selling pornographic material. [We] are grateful to the owners and managers of these businesses for conducting their operations responsibly. These businessmen and businesswomen should be commended for considering not only the question ‘How can I maximize my profits?’ but also ‘How can I operate my business without causing possible moral, social or spiritual harm to the people in the community?’

“Part Two is a list of businesses that sell books, magazines, video tapes or other products that *many might consider to be pornographic* [my emphasis].”

This convenient listing is an excellent way for *Playboy* readers to strike back at these self-appointed guardians of American morality. Locate your local porn patrol and use its handy guide to find out which businesses still believe in the First Amendment.

Kathleen Hague  
Carol Stream, Illinois

**SINGAPORE'S SEXUAL POLITICS**

Until recently, residents of Singapore were confronted daily with posters urging married couples to STOP AT TWO. These posters were part of a successful 20-year-old birth-control program, which the government has now decided was *too* successful. Government-sponsored surveys show that by the year 2030, two young people will be supporting one old person, compared with the current nine young people supporting one old person. The prospect of a graying society troubles the government, and now it is trying to backtrack a bit on its birth-control advocacy. In an effort to encourage more pregnancies, the government has instituted several measures: tax rebates, subsidies for day care, school-placement priority and generous maternity leave—all for parents who have a third child. Singapore is the first country

## R E S P O N S E

in the world to offer such magnanimous measures to promote procreation.

Mark Jenkins  
Boston, Massachusetts

**AIDS ALARM**

I am a 35-year-old businessman from a small town in South Dakota. One year ago, I went out of town on a business trip. After a long afternoon of drinking, I ended up in a topless bar, where I drank even more. Eventually, I passed out. When I awakened, it was morning and one of the waitresses was in bed with me. I will leave out the details.

That should have been the end of the story, except that five months later, I became very ill and began to lose weight. I immediately feared that I had AIDS. I went to a doctor in a nearby town, who thought I was nuts to worry about AIDS but, at my insistence, gave me the ELISA test. Ten days later, I received a call—the test was positive! The doctor set up a confirmation test for me, the Western blot, but told me that the chance of the ELISA result's being wrong was

one in 500. I confessed everything to my wife and parents. The wait for the results of the second test was an unbearably stressful time for me and for them. I felt doomed.

Incredibly, the Western-blot test was negative. I was given the ELISA test again; it was negative.

Unfortunately, some damage had already been done. Because of the guilt and stress, I suffered a nervous breakdown, was hospitalized for two weeks and was put on antidepressant medication.

I'd like to say that now all is well. But it's not. Even though a specialist assures me that I don't have AIDS, I still don't understand why I tested positive in the first place. Why was the ELISA test positive and the Western-blot test negative? Do you think that I should be retested? I'm still afraid that I really do have AIDS. I've been relatively healthy for the past year—just depressed. Please help.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

*Get a new doctor, one who isn't blinded by science. The ELISA test has a false-posi-*

*tive rate of up to 97 percent when used on a general population. For every 100 people who test positive, only three are actually infected with the AIDS virus. The more expensive Western blot is considered more accurate.*

*Your letter is eloquent testimony against routine testing or testing without professional counseling. You don't have the virus. Take heart and get on with your life.*

**PLAYMATE AND FRIEND**

I stumbled across this fascinating passage from *Nun, Witch, Playmate: The Americanization of Sex*, by Herbert W. Richardson: In *Playboy*, "the sexually attractive woman is here conceived as a friend and equal. The very name Playmate carries with it reminiscences of preadolescent childhood, when sexual differences were not decisive for friendship groups. The Playmate is the girl from whom all the aggressive aspects of human sexuality have been removed. . . . The Playmate is not of interest simply for her sexual functions alone. The photo montage that surrounds the Playmate

# HOLLYWOOD SQUARE

Dr. Joyce Brothers, the original blonde with a brain, is doing for Ph.D.s what Donna Rice has done for Phi Beta Kappas. The famous media shrink, a pop psychologist with her own chair on *Hollywood Squares*, writes an advice column that is syndicated throughout the U.S. For the past year, she has been regurgitating the findings of the Meese-commission zealots as though they were accepted by the scientific community. It seems that for Dr. Joyce, the only kind of erotica that exists is hard-core porn with violence. A mother, we are told, finds her 18-year-old son's collection of hard-core, featuring nude women tied to chairs. A father shows his nine-year-old son an adult movie with violence. Brothers then claims that "while it's true pornography has been around for a long time, it's become much more violent and sodistic in the past decade. Almost all pornography humiliates and devalues women." (Actually, studies show a decline in

violence: Most hard-core films have less violence than most R-rated films or PG films.) Our chief Hollywood square even formulates a new version of the old adage that nice girls don't. When a man writes to her saying that he has met a woman who likes hard-core, Joyce has a honky diagnosis: "Women who like hard-core porn have very low self-esteem. As women feel better about themselves . . . the more turned off they are by films and literature that degrade and humiliate them." And as for men who like hard-core, well, you wouldn't want your daughter to date one: "As a parent and mother of a daughter, I have to tell you I would be concerned if her young man were a collector of hard-core porn. Of course, the definitions of pornography differ, but one of the differences between hard-core and soft-core porno is the amount and degree of violence and aggression involved. In almost all pornography, the victim is apt to be female, or some-



times a child." There you have it: Any depiction of the sex act victimizes the woman. It is sex itself that is the villain. And as for men who like sex, "Any young man who consistently views women as sex objects is going to be unable to have constructive, loving, healthy relationships with them." Welcome to the 17th Century, Joyce. It's time to block that square.



# **S**mooth Taste for **125 Years.**

*You don't become smooth overnight. We've been working at it for well over a century. That's why Early Times is the smoothest tasting whisky you'll find anywhere.*

*We distill it our own special way and age it really slow, so it matures up mellow and pleasing.*

*Take a sip of Early Times, and you'll understand in a moment, why we spent 125 years making it this way.*

## **EARLYTIMES**



# LOCAL COLOR



There's only one jean endorsed by the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.  
Wrangler Cowboy Cut jeans. Original style. Authentic colors.

## Wrangler® Cowboy Cut® Jeans



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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# GORE VIDAL

*a candid conversation with the wicked wit of the west about the decline and delightful fall of sex, politics, literature and the u.s. empire*

If Gore Vidal, author of the recent best seller "Empire," is correct, and "history is the final fiction," then it is in entertaining if mischievous hands. For nearly 40 years, America's wittiest and most prolific gadfly has been providing a kind of brash counterhistory of the republic through his novels, essays, lectures, political campaigns and television appearances. A man of letters as well as popular culture, Vidal is astonishingly productive, with an outpouring of carefully researched and well-read novels whose subjects range from the fall of the Roman Empire to the wobbly rise of the American one.

His revisionist versions of American history—his best-selling "Washington, D.C.," "Burr," "1876," "Lincoln" and this year's "Empire"—are not the history taught in high school. His acerbic sketches of this country's most revered heroes have hardly endeared him to what he would call America's ruling class. Vidal, himself to the manor born, has made a career of thumbing his nose at tradition in scathing terms.

At 62, despite a fatigue-inducing disease known as Epstein-Barr syndrome, Vidal is still cooking. The age of Ronald Reagan has been a fertile one for Vidal's brand of one-liners, and he is amused to claim that it was he who was initially responsible for getting the Gipper elected President.

Vidal's literary forays outside history and politics have often erupted into scandal. He was one of the first novelists to create, in the late Forties, a sympathetic, all-American homosexual character (in "The City and the Pillar"); in the Sixties, an orgy-loving transsexualist was the protagonist of his very successful "Myra Breckinridge."

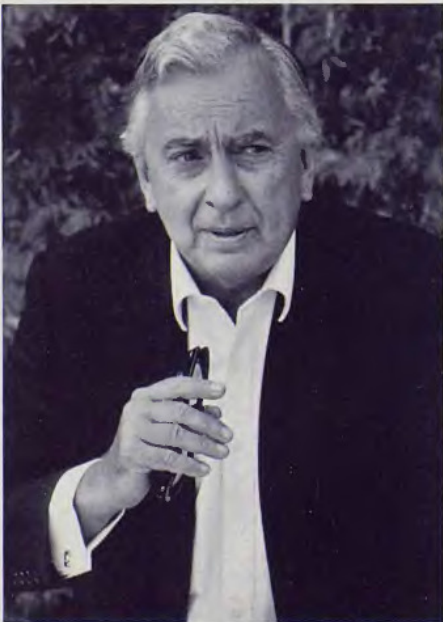
His on-the-air sparring with William F. Buckley, Jr., while they were cocomentators during the 1968 Democratic Convention was one of TV's golden moments. (Vidal called Buckley a "crypto-Nazi"; Buckley lashed back, "Now, listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypto-Nazi or I'll sock you in your goddamn face and you'll stay plastered.") There have also been famous feuds with Norman Mailer (who once took a swing at Vidal), Truman Capote (who was sued by him) and Bobby Kennedy (who supposedly banished him from Camelot for laying a hand on the bare shoulder of First Lady Jackie Kennedy). Vidal, of course, has his own version of all of the above.

Born at West Point, Vidal grew up in Washington, D.C., where his grandfather was a U.S. Senator from Oklahoma. His father, an aviation expert who worked in Franklin D. Roosevelt's Administration, and mother divorced when he was ten. She was remarried to Hugh D. Auchincloss, a descend-

ant of Aaron Burr's and, later, the stepfather of Jackie Kennedy Onassis. Vidal's relatives have been well connected in American politics for generations; one of the current Democratic hopefuls, Senator Albert Gore, is a distant cousin—and so, by marriage, is the rock-'n'-rollers' favorite, lyric watchdog Tipper Gore.

Vidal graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1943 but never attended college. He served in the Army and, while a warrant officer on a transport ship in the Aleutian Islands, wrote his first published book, "Williwaw," a war novel whose writing was compared to Hemingway's. "The City and the Pillar," his third novel, was released in 1948. Its treatment of homosexuality caused a furor and, he claims, his virtual blackballing in the publishing world.

His subsequent five novels were largely ignored; he then turned to writing for television (his teleplays and screenplays included "Visit to a Small Planet" and "Suddenly, Last Summer"). Vidal found an audience for the essays he had begun to publish in 1950 (The New York Review of Books has been his main outlet since 1964) and then, not content to lambaste politicians and institutions in print, he decided in 1960 to run for Congress as a Democratic candidate in Upstate New York. Although it was a heavily Republican



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LUCIANO TRAMONTANO

"None of our institutions are of any use at all at this point in our history. Especially the Presidency. And Reagan's is the most corrupt Administration since Warren Harding's. Everybody knows Reagan is a criminal."

"Journalists write about me as if I'm dying of AIDS. This is wishful thinking. I am dying, but at the usual majestic pace. I have a physical once a year and, other than Epstein-Barr, and terminal hypochondria, I'm fine."

"If I had been Gary Hart, I'd have told the reporters, 'You guys are sick. All you can think about is sex. Don't you realize there are other relationships? Miss Rice is one of the greatest economists in the U.S.' And walked away."

district, Vidal lost the election by only a small margin—and has been telling wry stories about it ever since.

The writer became a politician once again in 1982, when he plunged (some say quixotically) into the race for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator in California—and finished second to Governor Jerry Brown out of a field of 11 candidates. Whether or not it's true, as has been suggested, that Vidal's real dream was of becoming President, he has now returned—permanently, it would seem—to writing and raising hell from his abode in beautiful Ravello, high above the Amalfi coast in southern Italy.

This, the final year of the Reagan Presidency, seems an ideal time to ask Vidal to deliver his State of the Union address. Our interviewer, Contributing Editor David Sheff, whose past "Playboy Interview" subjects have ranged from John Lennon to Ansel Adams, first met Vidal in Moscow at the peace conference sponsored by the Soviet Union earlier this year. Sheff's report:

"When I met with Vidal, shortly after arriving in Moscow for the first time, he was lurching with Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko. Vidal was in fine form. 'One of the things I like about Gorbachev,' he was saying, 'is that he improvises a great deal, which is the only thing you can do when you have a country as slow-moving and resistant to change as this one. People here are clued to something that the Americans have yet to wake up to—the growing irrelevance of both our countries. Except for nuclear arms, we're both hopeless. That is cause for union, I say. I view us as the two klutzes of the Northern Hemisphere. I think we deserve each other.'

"Six months later, I arrived in Ravello. Vidal—lo scrittore, as he is known by the locals—rarely descends from his cliffside villa, where he is surrounded by vineyards and panoramic views of the Amalfi coast. That night was an exception. Vidal was holding court at an outdoor bar on the piazza, sharing gossip with longtime friends and guests. The conversation, as you might expect, was long on wit and name-dropping.

"Shortly after I joined them, Vidal motioned into the dark-blue night. Suddenly, magnificent fireworks lit up the sky. Members of an orchestra began playing on a platform below. The doors of the village church swung open and a procession began. Vidal remarked, 'We thought we'd do something a little special for your first night in Ravello.'

"Although the festivities were actually to celebrate the town's patron saint, Santa Leone, Vidal got as much attention as the golden effigy being paraded through Ravello's narrow streets, and he smiled like a Medici prince at the passing crowd. 'This is why I come down rarely,' he said. 'Just like you-know-who, the more miracles you give them, the more they want.'

"Vidal, who divides his time between an apartment in Rome and Ravello, where he writes in his book-lined studio, insisted on giving me an introductory tour of the coast before the interview sessions began. As we cruised the coast line and he pointed out pre-

Christian ruins and modern eyesores, I wondered if this man might, indeed, be one of those lucky men to have had it all—fame, fortune, adventure, literary respect, academic acknowledgment, popular recognition and all the party invitations the world could offer. That and a sense of having given the world some important things to ponder. So was it all so perfect? Maybe, maybe not. When I raised the topics of loneliness and of Vidal's feelings about personal relationships, I felt I was getting into subjects he hadn't revealed before.

"We began our conversations, however, squarely in the present tense."

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to have been all over the place this year, taking shots at all that is sacred. Since it has been nearly two decades since you last spoke with *Playboy*, why don't we begin with Gore Vidal's current State of the Union?

**VIDAL:** None of our institutions are of any use at all at this point in our history. Especially the Presidency.

**PLAYBOY:** Good, we have that cleared up. And in this, the year of the Iran/*Contra* hearings, what's your verdict on the Reagan Presidency?

*"President Reagan is popular as a TV performer, period. His ideas, to the extent that he has any, are not popular."*

**VIDAL:** Reagan's is the most corrupt Administration since Warren Harding's.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think the hearings showed, as Watergate did, that at least the system eventually works to curb abuses of Presidential power?

**VIDAL:** Quite the contrary. Since the Iran/*Contra* hearings, everybody knows Reagan is a criminal. Everybody knows he's broken at least four or five laws of the land. If we had a nation of law instead of a nation of privilege for the very few, Reagan would be impeached and imprisoned.

**PLAYBOY:** How were you able to watch the Iran/*Contra* hearings in Ravello?

**VIDAL:** I watched Ollie North with an Italian voice-over, but there was enough of him coming through to afford delight. [Laughs] On the tube, he always had that twinkle in his eye, as if he was on his way to get a great hand job at some *Contra* massage parlor. Safe sex, of course. Ollie would only do safe sex.

I knew that he would move into every American heart without actually lying but without ever telling the truth, either, while diverting attention to the horrifying dangers of communism and how he alone has helped save the United States. I mean, someone has to do it, doesn't he?

**PLAYBOY:** Had you been on the Congressional panel, what would you have said?

**VIDAL:** I would have explained to him a little bit about the American Constitution and how his hatred for the Congress was a hatred for the people. I would have asked, "When, Colonel North, did you discover that you hated the American people and their representatives? At what point did you figure that they were all wimps or stupid, that you knew more?" If I were President, the only thing I would allow a lieutenant colonel in the Marines to do is to organize a barbecue on the South Lawn of the White House—but I would first alert the fire department.

**PLAYBOY:** If Reagan is such a criminal, why didn't Congress impeach him?

**VIDAL:** Our legislators want him to stay.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**VIDAL:** For the Democrats, in power now—they rotate with the Republicans like crops—what could be better than to have a totally incapacitated Chief Executive? If, on the other hand, there is a move to do justice to Ron and to the country by removing him, it will come from the other crop—sorry, faction—the Republican Party.

**PLAYBOY:** His own party? Why?

**VIDAL:** They could follow the Nixon scenario. First, George Bush resigns and is pardoned for his sins.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait a minute. Why Bush? Didn't he manage to steer relatively clear of the Iran/*Contra* scandal—at least as far as the hearings went?

**VIDAL:** Bush is into the *Contra* business up to his eyeballs. Much of it was conducted out of the Vice-President's office, we have been told. There's story after story about Bush, his son down in Miami working for the *Contras*, Bush himself being the White House point man, just as Nixon was on Cuba. Bush's little specialty has been Nicaragua. Someone's bound to notice this, if only to provide work for lawyers, the principal task of government.

So: Bush resigns and gets pardoned. Reagan then appoints, let us say, Howard Baker as Vice-President, as Nixon appointed Gerald Ford. Then Reagan takes the Walter Reed route—not feeling too good, the White House announces. Then we have President Baker, who will then be elected in his own right, and the Republican faction will stay in power and keep the dark limos and clattering choppers.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think Republicans are really sitting around planning these scenarios?

**VIDAL:** Well, we're sitting here in Ravello discussing it. Don't think Georgetown is not awash with the sound of similar Muzak. I would think that at some moment, the Republicans—Robert Dole, let's say, who seems to be a clever man—*would* say, "My God, we're not only going to lose the White House but we're going to lose Congress and we might lose for the next eight years and miss the fun of overseeing a depression!" So then Dole, with Howard Baker, will say, "Mr. President, you've got to leave. You're going to destroy the party and we'll never make it again."

**PLAYBOY:** So, by your logic, the Democrats are rooting for Reagan to hang in there?

**VIDAL:** Sure. The Democrats are saying, "This is wonderful! Whoever we nominate will be elected President!"

**PLAYBOY:** Except Gary Hart, who removed himself from the race this year. Did we miss something with his fall from grace?

**VIDAL:** Hart would have been a perfectly conventional President, just like the other 1001 dwarfs. The Presidency of Gary Hart would have been no different from that of Dole, no different from that of Bush, no different from that of cousin Al Gore.

**PLAYBOY:** Cousin Al?

**VIDAL:** He's about a sixth or seventh cousin, or so his father once told me. Although the relationship will get more and more remote the more I hear about that wife of his, who wants to censor the lyrics of rock songs. I admired his father.

**PLAYBOY:** If you had been Hart when the scandal broke, what would you have done?

**VIDAL:** If I had been Gary Hart, I would have gone up to those reporters from *The Miami Herald* and said, "You know, you guys are sick. All you can think about is sex. Don't you realize there are other relationships in this world? As it happens, Miss Rice is one of the greatest economists in the United States, and I now have a deep understanding of supply-side economics." And I would have walked away.

Instead, he gets hysterical and, of course, blows it. Hart ought to have known better. Everybody feels he could have been caught, but a little charm and a bit of wit would have got him through.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think about reporting on the candidates' private lives?

**VIDAL:** In America, if you want a successful career in politics, there is one subject you must never mention, and that is politics. If you talk about standing tall, and it's morning in America, and you press the good-news buttons, you're fine. If you talk about budgets, tax reform, bigotry, and so on, you are in trouble. So if we aren't going to talk issues, what can we talk about? Well, the sex lives of the candidates, because that is about the most meaningless thing that you can talk about.

Now there is a lot of tension building up in our society. We're going broke, we're losing our place in the world, the quality of life goes down and the public educational system is gone. So what shall we talk about? Anything that can distract the folks from taking revenge on the country's owners, who have ripped us off. Let's talk sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet your friend Jack Kennedy was famous for his womanizing and it was ignored. What was the difference?

**VIDAL:** There was a gentleman's agreement in those days. It was clearly understood that one's sex life and one's political life were two separate things.

**PLAYBOY:** How discreet was he?

**VIDAL:** The higher echelons of the press certainly knew about Jack's activities, and, of course, those of us who knew him knew what he was up to a lot of the time. I don't

think anybody much cared. I mean, what has sex to do with—let's say—the missile gap, which he helped invent? Now, *that's* important. That started the arms race. And our current bankruptcy stems from that.

I once wrote an essay about the 12 Caesars in which I said that 11 of them practiced bisexuality or homosexuality. The 12 Caesars were far more interesting than most American Presidents. The point I am making is this: In order for the state to control people, it is useful to create sexual taboos. Then enforce them. Human nature is far more complex than the enemies of humanity care to admit. They want power. So they exploit various crank religions, such as Christianity. The Roman emperors were simpler. They ruled through the army. They had no interest in regulating the sexual lives of their subjects—or their own, for that matter.

**PLAYBOY:** But if sexual behavior determines character—for either the Caesars or the President—is it relevant?

**VIDAL:** Sexual behavior determines sexual behavior, not character. As for sex and politicians, my father, who had a sort of Cabinet post under Franklin D. Roosevelt, thought that power itself was very satisfying to most of the political people he dealt with. Their sex was politics. On the other hand, from Napoleon Bonaparte to Alexander and Julius Caesar, it seems as if the two drives often intertwine. Who knows? Who cares?

**PLAYBOY:** Was that true for Kennedy?

**VIDAL:** Jack was sick, both physically and a bit in the head. First of all, he was on cortisone, which makes you quite horny but not very good at performing. He would feel rather revved up all the time. And he was also in competition with that terrible father who collected movie stars like stamps.

**PLAYBOY:** Any opinions about the current crop of Democratic contenders?

**VIDAL:** Paul Simon wrote a very good book on Abraham Lincoln. On the other hand, in the last election, he got the most money from the Israel lobby. Wouldn't he be crippled in dealing with the one billion irritable Moslems who share the small planet with us? Mario Cuomo could be nominated and he could probably be elected, but he is smart enough to see what's coming. A major depression. So why not sit it out? Of course, he may well convince himself that something will turn up. But, of course, it won't. And who wants to preside over a major depression? Who wants to be Herbert Hoover?

As to the others, it's too soon to tell. But how much hope can you have for a line-up of politicians called the seven dwarfs? Anyway, it doesn't much matter. I am for abolishing the Presidency entirely, except perhaps as a ceremonial post.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**VIDAL:** At Philadelphia 200 years ago, there were a great many people who were quite wary of the notion of a powerful executive who would also be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy. Thomas Jefferson an-

icipated trouble. He thought that it was a serious error to concentrate so much power in one man's hand. We were making it quite possible for the man who would be king to seize power. Well, in effect, this has been happening over the years.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**VIDAL:** From Nixon to Reagan's private group of thugs working out of the White House, it is apparent that the President feels himself above and beyond the law, that Congress is just an echoing chamber.

**PLAYBOY:** And what would you propose?

**VIDAL:** Starting all over. We need a new Constitution in which the power of the Government branches is redefined.

**PLAYBOY:** And how likely do you think that is to happen?

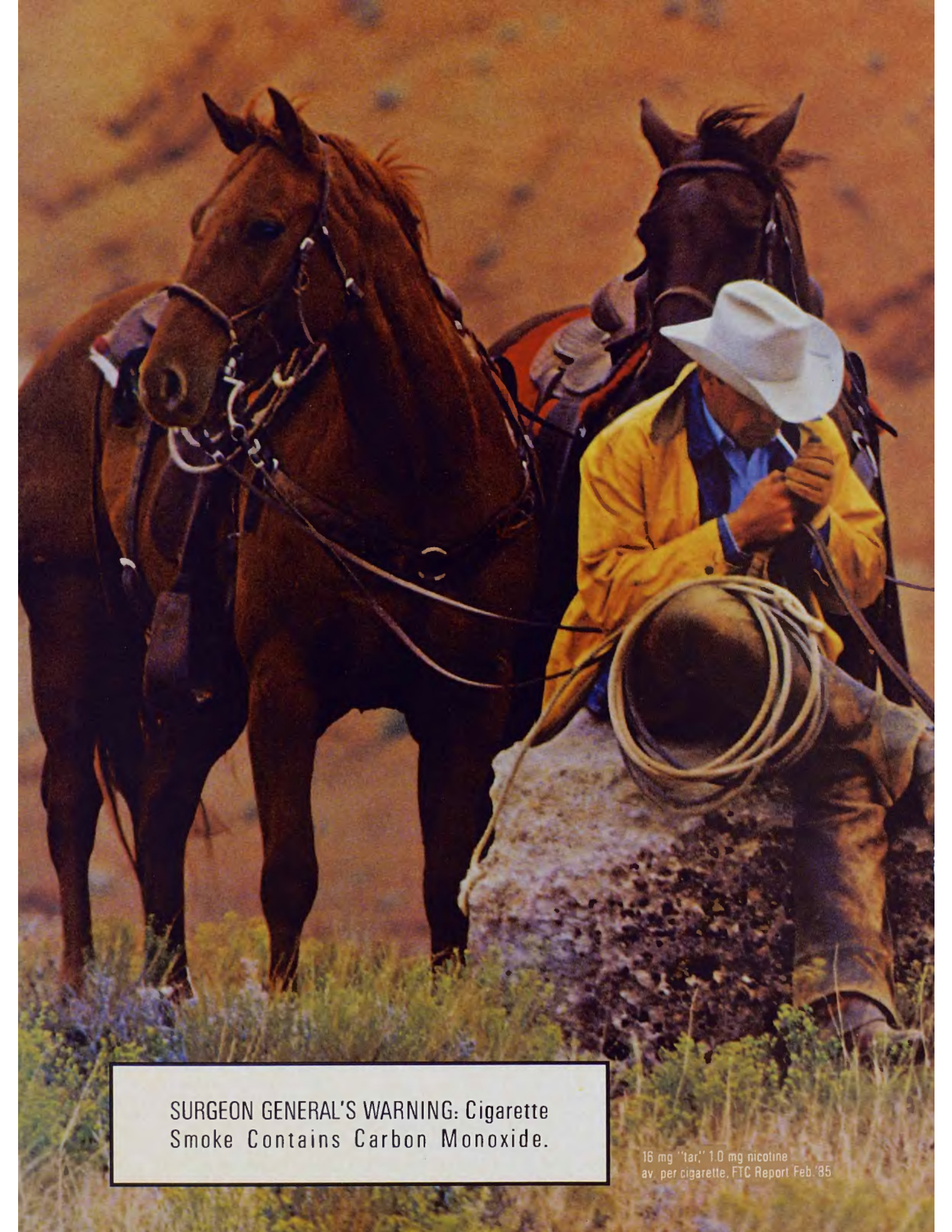
**VIDAL:** It has to. However, it's very unlikely that a new Constitution would solve the problems, because the authors would inevitably be a part of the problem, threatened by any radical reform. In the Thirties, Lady Astor asked Stalin, "When are you going to stop killing people?" Stalin said, "The undesirable classes do not liquidate themselves, Lady Astor." Well, no political system is going to be abolished by those who profit from it. They are the ones in the White House and the Congress and on the bench who are employed by the one percent who own the country, whose power is increasing, not decreasing. When Reagan became President, one percent of the population owned 19 percent of the wealth. Seven years later, the one percent owns 29 percent. This is a country for that one percent, the ruling class.

**PLAYBOY:** That's stock left-wing rhetoric. Wouldn't you admit that America is far less class-defined than many other Western countries?

**VIDAL:** That's the genius of our ruling class. They're so brilliant that no one knows they even exist. The political-science professors, perfectly sane men, look at me with wonder when I talk about the ruling class in America. They say, "You are one of those conspiracy theorists. You think there's a headquarters and they get together at the Bohemian Grove and run the United States." Well, they *do* get together at the Bohemian Grove and do a lot of picking of Secretaries of State, anyway. But they don't have to conspire. They all think alike. It goes back to the way we're raised, the schools we went to—after all, I'm a reluctant member of this group. You don't have to give orders to the editor of *The New York Times*. He is in place because he will respond to a crisis the way you want him to, as will the President, as will the head of the Chase Manhattan Bank.


**PLAYBOY:** What happened to you?

**VIDAL:** Every now and then, you get a maverick who opts out. A sense of justice probably would be the simplest way of putting it. But people are very shy and tend to accept the world view that they grew up with. And if they do well at it and if their class is doing very well, why rock the boat? Even if someone can't help but see how

A man wearing a white cowboy hat, a yellow jacket, and blue jeans is sitting on a dark brown horse. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand and a coiled rope in his left. The horse is standing in a field of green and yellow grass. The background is a blurred, warm-toned landscape.

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A man wearing a white cowboy hat, a bright yellow jacket over a white shirt, and dark jeans is sitting on a large, dark rock. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a vast, arid desert landscape with sparse, dry vegetation under a warm, orange-hued sky.

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unjust the system is, the truth is that not many people want to be unpopular. To go against the status quo is dangerous. You're discredited, you're censored—worse.

But now our rulers are getting a bit hysterical. They have had only one thing going for them for 40 years, one way to hold their power over the people aside from money: The Commies are coming. Now it's pretty plain that not only are the Commies not coming, they never were, particularly back when Truman and friends invented the ongoing Cold War and rearmed Germany, and established universal military conscription at a time when we alone had atomic weapons, world bases, the number-one economy, while the Russians were a second-class power sitting on their collective ass.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you jumping the gun? No one high in this Government has conceded that the Commies aren't coming.

**VIDAL:** Well, they're desperate. They'll reach out for anything. Watch out! Nicaraguan imperialism may yet destroy us! They will cross over at San Antonio in their Greyhound buses and rape and loot and pillage unless Gold Star mothers unite and the National Rifle Association members get their guns out and we shoot their *cojones* off at the border. [Laughs] We like to make an occasional little word picture for our readers. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Seriously, if the Soviets aren't a threat, what happens to the world order

built around the Cold War?

**VIDAL:** One alternative is that we redirect billions of dollars from defense to education—and save the country. Otherwise, the clearest scenario is a total economic collapse. Which is more likely than not. As it is, we're 20-something in quality of life. Down to around 11 in per-capita income. We decline and decline. We burn up our money on "defense." How do we keep going? The Japanese buy one fourth of the Treasury bonds at every auction. This pays for our empire. The day they stop paying for us, the game is up.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would they stop?

**VIDAL:** Why do they continue? I can see the Japanese becoming totally alienated from us. We say, "Without our markets and magnificent military machine, they can't survive." Well, they can survive very well, indeed. I see them marrying China before the century ends. I see them opening up all over the world. They are brilliant at selling. Something we used to be. They have a global view that we lack. They were being scolded by us—*insulted* by us—because they weren't doing enough for the Third World. So they said, "All right. This year, we will take the United States' place and put up five billion dollars for Third World development." Where did they put it? *Mexico*. They're building a pipeline near Tabasco, where all the Mexican oil is. They're building refineries. The Mexican oil that we thought would finance our gas

guzzlers is going to go off to Japan in Japanese ships. If that will be their main fuel supply for the next 100 years, they won't need the Middle East, on which they're altogether too dependent right now.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, let's play out your grim scenario. If our economy collapses, as you predict, what will happen politically?

**VIDAL:** A dictatorship. There's a real fascist strain in the American psyche, which was energized recently by Ollie's boyish, fascist charm. He appeals to the vigilante, the lonely Gary Cooper type out there trying to defend the honor of womanhood and property against hoodlums. It has always been part of the American myth, yet it's a fascist notion, because it goes against the whole idea of law and order and due process.

**PLAYBOY:** So what do we do?

**VIDAL:** Imitate the Russians. They are in a worse mess than we are. They are trying to save themselves from economic inertia, from becoming a Third World nation. So they are turning inward. They will get out of Afghanistan and Poland. I used to tease Soviet friends about Poland, a country they hate as much as the Poles hate them. I'd say, "Why don't you just pull out and turn Poland over to the United States? Stop all aid to the Poles. Let the United States step in and pay Poland's bills. Two birds with one stone." I suspect that that is what Gorbachev is doing—trying to do—turning the Soviet Union inward. The

## STYLES VARY.



next U.S. President—if we have a President—is going to have to forget foreign affairs—the only fun Presidents have—and go domestic. He'll have no choice. There's going to be a good deal of internal strife. In spite of all our secret police and all the killings and all the people sent to prison. Did you know we rank number three in the world in people in prison?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you referring to all prisoners or to political prisoners?

**VIDAL:** I call them political and so do the blacks, but the whites don't. I would say half the blacks in prison are, in a sense, political prisoners. The land of the free follows South Africa and the Soviet Union in the number of people in prison.

Of course, it's the dream of all rulers to have as many people in prison as possible. It's my dream to have *them* in prison, starting with Ronald Reagan and working my way to George Bush and to most of Congress. [*Sinister smile*] We all have our priorities. There's a wonderful Russian saying, "Every madman has his agenda."

Anyway, it may be that Gorbachev will save us, because he has opened the possibility of the end of the Cold War. If we respond, we have a chance. If that budget is not cut and we don't stop the "The Russians are coming" propaganda, there isn't going to be an economy.

**PLAYBOY:** Conservatives would argue that the Soviets have not stopped their advance, that *glasnost* is just cosmetic.

**VIDAL:** Anyone who knows any history knows that they are not moving *anywhere*. Anyone who knows any history knows that the United States has been constantly on the move since 1847. It's the mind-set. "They're on the march!" We always had to have a rationale for expansionism, and Americans, as we were basically Anglo-Saxon then, held the Anglo-Saxon pretensions about white man's burden, believing our institutions were better than those of anyone else and that we would bring freedom, justice and little Lord Jesus to other people, whether they wanted him or not.

**PLAYBOY:** You see no aggressive Soviet moves? What about Czechoslovakia, Poland and Afghanistan?

**VIDAL:** Yes, they went into Afghanistan and they did very badly there, but it wasn't as dumb as our invasion of Cuba nor as totally insane and disastrous as our Vietnam adventure. Yes, they did take the eastern European countries as buffer states. With our connivance. A part of the Truman phony Cold War. We had to have an enemy. Stalin was a monster. So we pinned him down in the dismal corner of Europe and let him persecute his captives. Our "conservatives," to choose a polite word, like to say that Stalin really won the war and the Soviets doubled their territory. They didn't quite do that, but we quadrupled that.

**PLAYBOY:** On what map do you base that?

**VIDAL:** They got eastern Europe. We got

Germany and Japan and western Europe. Now, face it: Would you rather have Germany, Japan and western Europe or would you be happier with Romania and Czechoslovakia?

**PLAYBOY:** You don't see a difference between allies and satellites? The U.S. has not taken over its allies.

**VIDAL:** We have had military control—bases, atomic weaponry, troops—in the Axis powers Germany, Italy and Japan ever since 1945. We invented NATO to control our European allies, militarily, under our suzerainty. Only De Gaulle ever objected, and much good it did him. We occupied England in 1948 with our B-29s, and it's still occupied. Latin America is more or less within the empire, as are Australia and, in part, the Asian countries. Now let's hear again about the Soviet menace. They're winning all the big ones. Like Cuba.

**PLAYBOY:** There still is a difference. They forcibly took over.

**VIDAL:** We have taken over to the extent that we have wanted to, and Japan and Europe have obeyed us loyally. We have our bases there and they have done what we want. There's been no rebellion against us, because while we were bullying everyone, they—particularly Japan and Germany—were busy mastering the 20th Century world while the United States lost its grip as a mercantile power.

**PLAYBOY:** Largely, because Germany and

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Japan could rely on American defense.

**VIDAL:** We gave them no choice, particularly Japan. They were able to put everything into business, and then they took our business away from us.

**PLAYBOY:** American tradition is not to dictate to Japan or Germany or its other allies how to live or how to run their countries. The Soviet tradition is somewhat different, wouldn't you agree?

**VIDAL:** You don't think we're trying to tell the people of Nicaragua and El Salvador how to live? Were we trying to tell the people of Vietnam how to live? For decades, we have determined the governments of Germany and Japan. Things now crumble. Slowly. Of course, the Soviets' system is repressive. It's inherent in their culture. But you can be certain that if our clients were to get seriously out of line, we'd tighten the screws. Yet according to Ron and the system he works for, it's the Reds who are perpetually on the march.

**PLAYBOY:** You once predicted that Ronald Reagan could never be President, because the United States isn't yet Paraguay.

**VIDAL:** Well, as I said shortly after his election, "Welcome to Asunción." [Laughs] Did you know that I made Reagan President in the first place? I was casting a new version of [my Broadway play] *The Best Man*, and I refused to cast Reagan on the ground that he wouldn't be convincing as a Presidential candidate. I picked Melvyn Douglas, because *he* would have been quite a good President, come to think of it. Had I given Reagan the job, his career would have been revived and he would never have gone into politics.

Anyway, we were talking about the ruling class. If it weren't a prerequisite that you have millions of dollars to run for office, you might have something resembling democracy, which we have never had. The founding fathers were just as terrified of democracy as they were of monarchy—and curiously enough, we're tending toward monarchy now, rather than toward democracy. As a result, half the people never vote at all, and it's not because they're stupid or apathetic. It's because they think, What's the point? There's nothing to vote for. There's only one political party, the property party, and it represents the owners of the country. It has two wings, the Democratic and the Republican, but it's basically the same party, paid for by the same people. The candidates are all the same. If there are two parties in the United States, they are the 50 percent of the electorate that refuses to vote—I'm the leader of that party—and the 50 percent that does vote in Presidential elections. Not voting is as much of an act as voting.

**PLAYBOY:** Historian Arthur Schlesinger says it's all in the cycles—that the swing of the pendulum evens things out, giving us the kind of stability other countries envy.



**VIDAL:** Arthur, watch out! Here it comes; oh, my God, the pendulum! Crassshhhh! The pendulum got Arthur. My God, it can get any of us.

**PLAYBOY:** So you don't subscribe to his theory of cycles as it applies to our elections?

**VIDAL:** There's something the French call *la politique du pire*. In moments of desperation, I tend to it—that you vote for the absolutely worst possible person in order to bring on the crisis a little sooner. Reagan was ideal for that. He has polarized the country, disturbed the usual apathy.

**PLAYBOY:** And perhaps made Americans desperate for a change?

**VIDAL:** Which they won't get. People felt that Kennedy was going to be a radical change, but by the time Jack was killed, he had proved that he didn't represent anything new. No, I see all the candidates as being essentially the same person, with the same viewpoints and the same limitations. Obviously, some have more talent than others and they vary in character and perhaps even wisdom, but it's systemic. Individuals cannot affect a system that has just run out of gas.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's go back to a time before the system ran out of gas. What would have happened had Kennedy not been shot?

**VIDAL:** He would have gone on with the war in Vietnam. Maybe not as long as Lyndon Johnson did, but he loved war. He found it very exciting and dramatic. I was in the White House one day and there he was, busy designing the uniform for the Green Berets. He picked the green beret, green for mother Ireland, and he was designing the little insignia that went on the lapels. I said, "The last chief of state I know of who designed military uniforms was Frederick the Great of Prussia." Jack was not very amused by that.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Kennedy's record?

**VIDAL:** Hopeless. He was a wonderful man and great fun, very witty, the best company on earth, the greatest gossip who ever lived, though Walter Mondale is pretty good in the gossip department, too. Jack would tell you where everybody on earth was—and with whom.

Jack was very punctilious about Johnson, because he knew not only that Johnson didn't like him but that he was potentially dangerous—politically. In those days, when the Vice-President came into the room, everybody took cover, including me. But Jack wanted Lyndon to be happy. He introduced him to a very young beauty with a very rich old husband. Later, Jack heard that they had got on very well, indeed. Jack was astonished [*imitates J.F.K.*]: "Isn't Lyndon a little too young for her?" [*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of Johnson's Presidency?

**VIDAL:** I think [biographer] Robert Caro is going to show that he was probably the most corrupt man in public life the United States has ever known. He was also one of the most interesting—as a politician. My father, with Amelia Earhart, started

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something called Northeast Airlines. In the Fifties, Northeast, which had never been profitable, was trying to get a Miami route, which they thought could turn the airline around. They fixed it in the House of Representatives with John McCormack from Boston, the Speaker. Johnson at the time was Senate Majority Leader. A high official of Northeast asked my father to give Johnson \$30,000 in cash—he thought my father was the logical person, since he had been in Roosevelt's Administration and had known Johnson. My father said, "But that's a bribe!" The official said, "Of course it's a bribe." And my father said, "Well, I don't understand it. Does Johnson favor another airline for that route?" He said, "No, he couldn't care less, but he expects to be paid for every single vote that he delivers." My father refused to do it, and somebody else gave the money to Johnson and they got the route to Miami. I have told that story for years and nobody wants to believe it. Now Caro is spelling all of this out in great detail.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Johnson's record on issues such as civil rights?

**VIDAL:** He and Kennedy were just completing the work of the New Deal. Jack's death made Johnson able to get through a lot of legislation in one year. I'm not saying that Johnson didn't have some interesting ideas. In domestic matters, he was not a fool. But he was a crook and certainly he was a fool about Vietnam. That adventure was fatal, destroyed the United States, not only internally and militarily but economically. That's when the big debts came.

Let me give you my full historical perspective here. What happened, in retrospect, was that they had had a winner with Eisenhower—

**PLAYBOY:** Who is they?

**VIDAL:** The ruling class. Now, Eisenhower did give an embarrassing speech warning against the military-industrial complex and thus almost gave away the game, but he had served it loyally. When it came to 1960, and the candidates were Kennedy and Nixon, they preferred Nixon, but they could live with Jack. He was a member of the team. Then he invaded Cuba. Disaster. Then he puffed up the Missile Crisis, which made the world unsafe for a few minutes, and then he started the war in Vietnam. All in all, not a great record. Then he was removed from this vale of tears.

So, to continue, they then inherited Johnson, who turned out to be a madman on the subject of his *cojones* in Vietnam. He ran up huge debts. Kept taxes down. The day that Wall Street demonstrated against the Vietnam war, I knew the following: that the war was over, that that Administration was finished and the other wing of the property party would supply the next President. And, indeed, they did. In theory, Nixon was a good choice. He came from the new, rich West. He had always been adaptable and respectful, a clever lawyer. All in all, since Franklin

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**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**VIDAL:** Because of *détente* with the Soviet Union and the opening up of China. Forget his motives. They were always base. You must never worry about motives in politics. What matters is what is *done*.

But then they find out that he's nuts, too, and that he's got this little flaw in his character that no matter how marvelously his back is being scratched, he must get it against the wall. He nearly brings down the republic, brings on a constitutional crisis and flirts with dictatorship.

Now, if you're running the United States, what do you pick next? What about a liberal Southerner who believes in God and will clean up the image of the office, which is a little sordid after Johnson and Nixon? They get Jimmy Carter. Like everyone else, I'm skipping Gerald Ford. Betty is something else. But Carter gets bogged down in details and there's far too much Jesus even for *their* taste.

Now there's real panic. They think, Why don't we get the best TV-commercial pitchman in the business? And they did. They hired the old actor to read their lines for them. And he gave them everything they wanted. They wanted tax cuts, not only for individuals but particularly for corporations. He cut all those taxes and then he kicked the poor in the ass, which they love; that's fun for them. He gave all our money to the military while generally staying out of wars. He was ideal, but the chickens are coming home to roost. He decided to go covert in a way that other Presidents have done, though not so exuberantly or so stupidly, and he got caught. Now, that's where we are. Who will they give us next?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you also feel that people and countries get what they deserve?

**VIDAL:** God, no. I have more compassion for my countrymen than that.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps. But you haven't always been so cynical—

**VIDAL:** Realistic—

**PLAYBOY:** Whichever. A critic wrote that yours has been a "destiny unfulfilled" because *you* were never President. Do you feel that was ever a glimmer?

**VIDAL:** I was brought up to be a politician, but I was born a writer, which I never particularly wanted to be. I didn't have any choice in the matter. If I had wanted to be President, I promise you I would have found a way—though the thing, finally, for the individual, is accident—right time, right place. Also, I would have to have made myself seem like all of them and hidden any signs of the lurking reformer. You must be really ignorant to be successfully false. I didn't try. At 25, I wrote that Christianity was the greatest disaster ever to befall the West. There, to put it mildly, goes Dixie—even Duluth.

**PLAYBOY:** In the 1960 election, when you ran for Congress, what broke your ties with the Kennedys?

**VIDAL:** In the New York Republican district in which I ran, I got the most votes any Democrat had received since 1910. I lost by a very small margin. I also ran 20,000 votes ahead of Jack Kennedy, at the top of the ticket. He always said [*imitates J.F.K.*], "The most embarrassing thing about 1960 was Claiborne Pell running 1,000,000 votes ahead of me in Rhode Island and Gore 20,000 ahead of me in Upstate New York." Had he not done so badly, I would have been elected.

On Halloween night, Bobby Kennedy arrived at a Democratic gathering in the district. He was two hours late and gave one of the worst speeches I've ever heard. Afterward, he came up to me and said [*imitates R.F.K.*], "Why don't you ever mention the ticket?" I said, "Because I want to win." Anyway, bad blood flowed ever since Halloween. Later, I wrote a piece in which I expressed my deep dislike of Bobby Kennedy, the FBI and his policies as Attorney General. I took him to task for not riding herd on J. Edgar Hoover. He didn't appreciate that.

**PLAYBOY:** And he once threw you out of the White House, didn't he?

**VIDAL:** Truman Capote gave an interview in which he went into great detail about how Bobby Kennedy had thrown me out of a party to which Capote had not been invited. I took him to court. He was found guilty of libel. He then appealed but couldn't afford the appeal and wrote me a cringing letter saying that he had lied and he knew that he had lied, so I withdrew the suit. The actual event was pretty uninteresting. I was squatting beside Jackie's chair. We were talking. There was no arm or back to the chair, so I had one hand on her shoulder, to balance myself. Bobby came along and removed the hand. What followed was not the most brilliant exchange. I went up to him and said, "Don't ever do that again." Each of us then, un-witnessed by anyone, told the other to fuck off. Then came dinner. Later, I left the White House in a car with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., George Plimpton and John Kenneth Galbraith. So much for the dramatic story, so popular in neo-Nazi circles.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you still friends with Jackie?

**VIDAL:** I never see Jackie. A mutual sister [Nina Straight, Vidal's half sister and Jackie's stepsister] keeps us informed. Years later, we ran into each other in a lift in London on my 50th birthday.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she wish you a happy birthday?

**VIDAL:** I'm afraid two of the cooler people of our time stared with mouths ajar at each other. Then I turned, impolitely, away.

**PLAYBOY:** That's not your only celebrated feud. There was one with Norman Mailer, who decked you at a dinner party.

**VIDAL:** He swung at me and grazed my lip and I pushed him away and he fell backward on top of Max Palevsky. Max thought it was a hostile act, throwing Mailer at him. It all was over something I

had written, a defense of women's liberation in which I had a paragraph or so about Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex*. Norman took great umbrage. But that was long ago. Only the media remember these things, getting the details wrong and missing the point. These "feuds" are largely the work of others; I'm not the instigator, though Capote had an interesting fix on them. In his pretrial deposition [in Vidal's libel action against him], he said, "Gore never starts a quarrel, but he incites you to it; then he's ready with a gun."

**PLAYBOY:** Is it a way of amusing yourself?

**VIDAL:** Well, I like fighting. It's part of the Anglo-Irish heritage, I suppose. But I also deplore it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you want to say anything about William F. Buckley, Jr., with whom you had your most notorious feud?

**VIDAL:** A figure of no consequence, whom I neither read nor watch.

**PLAYBOY:** Back to your life as a politician. Why didn't you run again in 1964?

**VIDAL:** I got smarter. I made a conscious decision *not* to go to the House of Representatives. As Jack always said, "The House of Representatives is a can of worms." I certainly wasn't going to hang around Washington listening to that buzzer go off for the voting in the House. It's a pretty grim place, unless that's to be your career; it wasn't going to be mine, and I didn't see a Senate seat opening up in the near future.

**PLAYBOY:** Until 1982, when you ran in the California primary against Jerry Brown.

**VIDAL:** And could have won.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you?

**VIDAL:** I couldn't have won the general election. The Republicans would have spent \$50,000,000 to buy that seat for Pete Wilson.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why did you run?

**VIDAL:** I had been lecturing up and down California, getting large crowds. I realized it was a moment in our republic's history when the people were getting nervous. Even Carter had detected a malaise. I decided that I would go against Brown, because he was weak and I could beat him. However, I was death to the wine-and-cheese liberals, who always suspected that I might be for real, while they knew that Brown was not—he's a good beggar, though, which is what politics is today, begging people for money.

Still, I decided to have some fun and make people read about the election. I started at five percent and ended with 15 percent and about half a million votes, which is quite a lot. You must remember that there are many people who are very interested in what I am politically and they don't very often have anybody to vote for. I was awakening them and voicing their objections to things in the society.

**PLAYBOY:** So you ran because it was your patriotic duty?

**VIDAL:** I never wanted it said of me, "Oh, he just complained. He never did anything." Well, there's no other critic who

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has run for the House in New York and the Senate in California as well as cochaired a political party. I have been more of an activist than any other writer in our history.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said, "I write to make art and change society" and "A writer with an audience has more power than most Congressmen." Do you still believe that?

**VIDAL:** I'm not so sure anymore. They allow you to be rich and famous, but they don't allow you to be influential, so what influence you do have is very indirect. To the extent that you're allowed to express your ideas, they are apt to fall upon fertile soil, and you may set off a chain of reaction that you'll never know about. Who knows what future political genius I may have inspired? And you can have more visibility. After all, with the exception of Teddy Kennedy, I suppose I am better known than anybody in the Senate, which isn't saying very much, because people aren't awfully interested in Senators.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's say some of the things you've called for have taken place—a new Constitution, no President and a parliamentary system of which you are a part. What do we do first?

**VIDAL:** We dismantle the defense budget. We withdraw from NATO. We stop all aid to the Middle East. And we abolish the operative end of our secret services, specifically the CIA. The savings there alone would balance the budget. Then I would do a crash course in education with the money that is being saved and not being wasted on stockpiling nuclear weapons.

**PLAYBOY:** How, briefly, would you restructure the educational system?

**VIDAL:** The idea is simple: to teach children to think and to tell them what other people have thought. To do that, I would make history the spine of any educational system. I'd start with the big bang and the cosmos and the Garden of Eden—give all the theories to the six-year-olds. Then keep going, so that by the time they're 17, they will be getting today's history and they will have gone through at least an outline of the story of the entire human race and will know not only about the Western world, from which we come, but also about the East.

Along the way, the kids would come naturally to the various sciences, and those who are going to specialize in one or another will sort of bend off in a given direction. Also, it would be obligatory to learn one foreign language, which should include Chinese, Japanese and Russian. Eventually, we might have an educated citizenry. If we did, an awful lot of our political problems would go away.

**PLAYBOY:** Nothing too radical there.

**VIDAL:** Try to get it through the system, though. The politicians are quite happy with the way things are. If you ran a country like the United States and were currently ripping it off, you certainly wouldn't want an educated citizenry.

**PLAYBOY:** What happens to American foreign policy in the world according to Gore?

**VIDAL:** I think the United States should mind its own business for a while.

**PLAYBOY:** And do what, for instance, in the Middle East?

**VIDAL:** I don't think we should give aid to Israel or Egypt or Jordan or sell radar planes—or whatever—to anybody. Pull out of the Middle East and pull out of Central America.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a brisk policy. What about the Philippines and other trouble spots around the world?

**VIDAL:** Let them *all* go. Of all the really unimportant countries, the Philippines takes the cake. It's an issue only because it used to be our property. What the Marcos family did not steal, Aquino's family will now steal. Nobody seems to know it's the same family. They just have different names. We don't have any understanding of that part of the world.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Korea?

**VIDAL:** Let it go. Nobody cares.

**PLAYBOY:** The Persian Gulf? All that oil?

**VIDAL:** The big terror is supposed to be that the Russians will become the new allies of Iran and they'll end up taking all that oil, right? OK, let's say they've got the oil. What are they going to do with it? Drink it? Deny it to western Europe unless everybody in western Europe gives up his Rolex? Are they going to burn it up because they're evil? No. I'll tell you exactly what they'd do. They would—brace yourself—sell it, because they need hard currency, and their oil might actually be cheaper than what we buy from the oil cartel, which fixes prices.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your prescription for fighting Arab-sponsored terrorism?

**VIDAL:** Simplicity itself. The Israelis are going to have to give back the land they have stolen from the Palestinians, and create a pluralist state. Nothing else will work.

There is no morality in politics. There are only interests. And it is not to our interest to have the hatred of 150,000,000 Arabs, the hatred of one billion Moslems. They hate the United States because of our connection to Israel. I was a great Zionist when the thing started. Lebanon is what turned me around. I realized that not only is the Israeli leadership demented but the Shamir/Sharons are active fascists in the way that the Reagan/Rehnquists are passive fascists.

**PLAYBOY:** It's that kind of statement that has gotten you branded as anti-Israel and even anti-Semitic.

**VIDAL:** I have made myself very clear on the subject. Israel has skewed American politics like nobody's business. It is going to stop soon. When the American people wake up to it and realize what is going on, they are going to be very, very angry. We haven't got the money to support Israel. You think the Japanese are going to give us money to give to Israel to beat up on the Arabs and to make nuclear weapons?

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think of sanctions to equalize the trade imbalance with Japan?

**VIDAL:** I think they're pointless. Japan has

won economically. We live on their sufferance. If we make them really angry, they will cut us loose. Then what do we do? Join Argentina and Brazil and Mexico as the bankrupt Western Hemisphere? Japan could even live without us as a major market. China and Russia and even western Europe will take up the slack.

**PLAYBOY:** If you feel that governments should mind their own business, then should they meddle in South Africa?

**VIDAL:** I'd stop all meddling. We're too small, too poor and too ignorant to try to run the world. This isn't 1945, when we were all-powerful. I'd pull out of *everywhere* and try to become again what we were once very good at—making and selling consumer goods. Another point that few have noticed: The nation-state is finished.

The future—if we make it to the future—belongs to the multinational, which means *extranational*, conglomerates. We've seen only the evil side of them, which is that they have no loyalty to any country, that they rip off everybody, won't pay taxes, and so forth. On the other hand, they are *beyond* nationalism, which is good. They're outside the nation-state. Ultimately, they're going to want a peaceful world, a well-educated world—so they can sell better gadgets. ITT will not allow you to bomb Moscow, because Moscow is a big market. Can you imagine if they put up an expensive skyscraper in downtown Moscow and we got a crazy fundamentalist President who believed in Armageddon and wanted to blow up the capital of the evil empire? ITT would say, "Oh, no you don't. We've just made a big real-estate commitment there. Forget it. Pick on somebody your own size. Like Jamaica."

**PLAYBOY:** Just as briefly: What do you think is going on in Gorbachev's Russia?

**VIDAL:** I think that what Gorbachev is doing is disarming—unilaterally. He can't tell his *own* people that, because his generals would go up the wall. And he can't tell *us* that, because he can't give away those bargaining chips, as Nixon would say. Yet, in practice, he's cutting back on the military and putting the money elsewhere. It would be nice if he could persuade us to do the same thing, but he has already figured out that we're going broke anyway, so it doesn't matter what we say or do.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's move to your social ideas. You've said you would legalize drugs. Defend that in the era of "Just say no."

**VIDAL:** Legalizing drugs would remove all drug-related crime, which is most of organized crime. There would be no playground pushers, because there would be no money in it. It would be the end of the Mafia, the end of the CIA's running cocaine from Asia and Latin America, as it used to do during the Vietnam war and still seems to be doing in Central America. Most people don't want to die, so most people won't become addicts. The ones who will die are going to die anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** That's being pro-choice in a

# The Velvet Touch...

fairly brutal way.

**VIDAL:** Beyond all the individual issues, the big one is, Do we want the state to be paternalistic and determine what we eat and drink, how we dress and so on? In my lifetime, we have moved away from a concept of the state as being something to run the post office. A convenience to protect persons and property. For what it's worth, the founders didn't think that the Federal Government should be in the business of legislating private morals. To underline the point, they gave us a Bill of Rights. Anyway, I never thought I'd live to see the day when a President would get up in the Congress, where before him stood, symbolically, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, and talk about *abortion*. Reagan symbolizes the end of the American republic.

Whether you have an abortion, what you put in your own body, with whom you have sex—these are *not* affairs of the state. A government does not exist to control the citizens. When it does, it is a tyranny, and must be fought. The tree of liberty, Jefferson warned us, must be refreshed with the blood of tyrants and patriots.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider mandatory birth control, which you favor, a state concern?

**VIDAL:** I see that coming anyway. The planet last summer celebrated the birth of its five-billionth inhabitant. It simply won't support unlimited growth.

**PLAYBOY:** But how can you justify telling people whether or not they can have children and, if so, how many and not give prescriptions about abortion or drug use?

**VIDAL:** Wantonly *adding* a life to a society is just about as arbitrary and aggressive as *taking* a life. What you do in the way of baby making stays on for another generation after you've departed this Slough of Despond, because the society can't support the child and there may be nothing at all for it to do. I think most people should be discouraged from having children, because most people have no gift for parenthood. Most parents realize this eventually. The children, of course, realize it right away.

**PLAYBOY:** One of your long-standing goals is to see religion taxed, isn't it?

**VIDAL:** Oh, yes. God, I get applause with that one from audiences everywhere. Yes, I would tax the lot, including the TV evangelicals. The founding fathers' idea of exempting churches from taxation had to do with the property tax on the little white church on Elm Street. It was not meant to exempt the little white church's portfolio of stocks in Union Carbide and Standard Oil. An interesting reason for the deterioration of the older American cities is that so much of their more valuable real estate was—is—owned by church and temple. Since these properties are largely tax-exempt, municipal governments go broke.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about a continuing issue of this era—Attorney General Edwin Meese and his commission?

**VIDAL:** Yet another assault on the First



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Amendment. Pornography is a nonissue but a lot safer to talk about than taxing Wall Street's Trinity Church.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why have Meese and other so-called moralists—the evangelical TV ministers—gotten so much attention?

**VIDAL:** According to Schlesinger's pendulum number, there's always a kind of ebb and flow. When politicians need diversion, they start talking about prayer in school, pornography, homosexuality and drugs. That's when they want to keep you from watching what they're doing. It's like the magician who's picking your pocket with his right hand and distracting you with gestures with his left hand. Whenever I see anybody pushing those issues, I start looking very seriously at tax reform and see what he's up to. Fawn Hall, Donna Rice, Jim and Tammy Bakker are all diversions. Sexy, but diversions.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about AIDS. Have you anything revisionistic to say about that?

**VIDAL:** Well, there is one definite *plus* from this horrible disease—the fact that birth control will now be universal as people resort to rubbers, so it will cut the baby supply, and that's a good thing. One odd thing—for an epidemic that has created so much hysteria in the press, the numbers are so small.

There's an awful lot of sex going on in western Europe, at least here in southwestern Europe, and there are very few cases of AIDS. Many more people would die on a bad day of the influenza epidemic in 1917 than have died in seven, eight, ten years of this. The practicing of safe sex has cut down the rate of new cases in San Francisco and the gay communities around the world, and the famed heterosexual community, whoever and whatever it may be, seems not to be overly afflicted. So here is the question: What could it be that has caused so much distress? Could it be the hatred of faggots? Of casual sex? Even, God help us, of Haitian refugees? I think it is.

**PLAYBOY:** How is AIDS affecting sex?

**VIDAL:** It's going to be interesting to see the effect it has on those who are by nature promiscuous. In my youth, I was always a devotee of promiscuity, and my generation did not have penicillin—we could get syphilis at any time, which could be a death warrant. We could wander around with it and not know it and give it to other people, who could suddenly die of it. We were shown horrendous movies in the Army that preached, "Beware of syphilis and bad girls off the post," showing dripping cocks in lurid color, with huge chancres. They showed us the V.D. films at least once a month to get everybody out of the mood for sex, which, of course, did no good at all. But, as with AIDS, there was no real cure for syphilis then. Gonorrhea was the same. Doctors used to have to stick a little umbrella up your cock, and then they opened it up inside and reamed it out to get rid of the gonorrhea. They were very proud of how extremely painful



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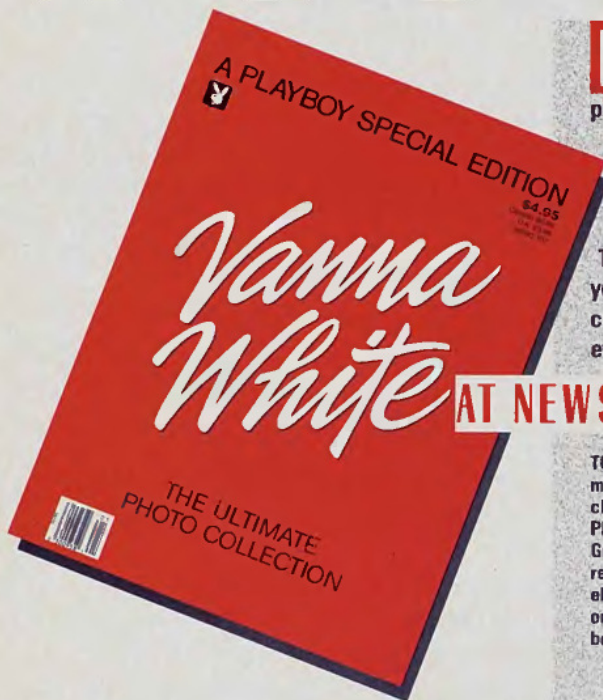
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it was, showing once again that sin was being punished.

Anyway, the postpenicillin generation has no idea that there was ever any risk at all in sex. So what it means socially is quite interesting. What will young people do? They used to have sex, you know. They don't now. What will take its place? **PLAYBOY:** According to you, politics is a better bang, anyway.

**VIDAL:** [Smiles] When I wrote "Sex is politics," I was speaking hyperbolically.

**PLAYBOY:** And there are those who suggest that mother nature is weeding out the population with AIDS.

**VIDAL:** Which proves what an ironist mother nature is. The one group that does not add to the population and, therefore, is in the truest sense altruistic is the one group to get knocked off. It should obviously be the heavy breeders that get the plague if nature was looking out for our best interests. People who did not make babies would be preserved and the baby makers would die. I'm afraid mother nature doesn't really like the human race, but then, why should she?

**PLAYBOY:** What's the serious political danger in all this?

**VIDAL:** That they start locking people up. However, what if you run a blood test on everybody in the United States and you find that 2,000,000 have the antibody bubbling around in their blood? You can't lock up 2,000,000 people. And a lot of people tested will show up negative and the disease will show up a week later, a year later, five years later, from past activity.

**PLAYBOY:** What does one do responsibly?


**VIDAL:** I think you educate and you take precautions and that's the end of it. The miniplague will run its course or they'll find a cure or both. Some people are naturally immune. Why? There the cure begins.

**PLAYBOY:** Will AIDS cause the return of some of the taboos about sex?

**VIDAL:** We know that there's been a lot of hysteria about people's being open about sex, which violates the essential roots of our religio-political life, roots that have been seriously frayed during the past 20, 30 years of sexual *glasnost*. Out of the so-called Judaeo-Christian synthesis have come truly perverted attitudes toward sex—toward life, toward government, toward everything. Now a backlash begins.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see this attitude spilling over into other forms of repression?

**VIDAL:** Obviously, the faggots and the needle users are the first targets, two unpopular groups to begin with. I also think there will be a concerted effort on the part of the Jesus Chrusters and the Orthodox Jews and Moslems to smash to bits the women's movement. Why should a woman have sex freely? She's supposed to marry, according to God, and have sex with only one person, her husband. She's to have babies only from him and there is a blessed family. We could have a revival of monogamy, not so much as a religious ideal but as a medical reality. "I'll be true to



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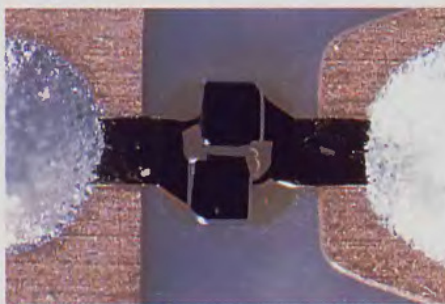


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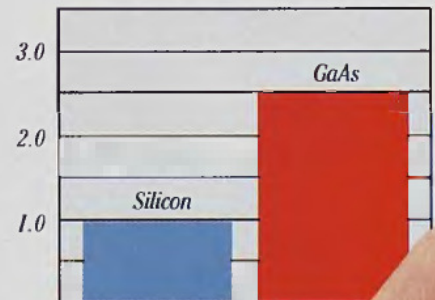
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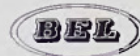
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you, Mildred." "And I to you, Herman."

**PLAYBOY:** Or use rubbers.

**VIDAL:** Or use rubbers.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see that necessarily as a bad thing?

**VIDAL:** Rubbers?

**PLAYBOY:** No. A revival of monogamy.

**VIDAL:** Certainly it would not suit *me*. I personally feel that we live far too long to be monogamous. It was a nice notion when you might not make it to the age of 14, so you'd better impregnate someone by 13, before a rock was dropped on your head. These days, the biggest thing keeping marriages together is the vibrator.

I see marriage as a social device to trap the working population, traditionally young males, in order to get them to do work they don't want to do in order to support their wives and family. This pattern goes back a long time. But it became a true prison during the industrial revolution. Conditioning starts at birth. First thing a little girl got was a baby doll to get her used to being a mother. A little boy got soldiers, just in case, and team sports under a coach just like his future factory manager. Things are only slightly better now. Women's liberation altered certain ideas about the family, but the women then were as trapped in the work force as the men.

**PLAYBOY:** It has been reported that you have Epstein-Barr. How bad is it?

**VIDAL:** I may not even have it or I may be in some kind of remission. According to the tests, I've had it, so I must have it now—it's incurable—but I don't feel ill at all. Anyway, much of the American population may have been exposed. Acute infectious mononucleosis is an aspect of it. When it does hit, you feel as if you're on jet lag. They—you know who "they" are by now—are desperately trying to make it sound like AIDS. Journalists write about me as if I'm dying. This is wishful thinking. I *am* dying, but at the usual majestic pace.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you had an AIDS test?

**VIDAL:** Sure. In fact, I have a physical once a year and I always test for everything, from syphilis and AIDS to whatever. Other than Epstein-Barr, and terminal hypochondria, I'm fine.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been asked about it often, but do you think you will ever discuss your own sexuality in public?

**VIDAL:** People of my time and place don't discuss that sort of thing, nor do we say how much money we have. I'm not all that charmed when other people go public. I mean, the way [Anthony] Burgess goes on in his memoirs about his sex life; I like Anthony, but I don't ever want to know anything about his sex life—or anyone else's. What do you think we have fiction for? Erotic delight. The real thing, when written about, chills.

I'm not that involved with other people, nor do I want them to be that involved with me. And I'm not that involved with myself. I'm not going to do an autobiogra-

phy. I'm not my subject. I've never interested myself that much.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you describe your relationship with Howard Austen, the man who lives with you?

**VIDAL:** We've been friends for a long time—37 years. Our paths kept crossing and he's a good companion.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been in love?

**VIDAL:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you've missed something?

**VIDAL:** I doubt it. Actually, if I were to place any value judgment on it at all, I'd say it was a plus.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe that's why *Time* magazine called you "the disparager of all mankind."

**VIDAL:** Come now. In truth, it's a real plus not needing people. My favorite god-awful lyric is "People who need people are the luckiest people in the world." I turned to Mary Martin once and said, "I think that's the stupidest lyric I've ever heard. Every time I hear it I get anxious." She said, "You know, so do I. I've always loathed that song." I said, "People who need people are in terrible trouble. I think that's how the lyric should go."

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps now we know why there's so little romanticism in your work.

**VIDAL:** Well, let's not start feeling sorry for me. Of course you need people. But one's happiness is not contingent on the *moods* of others. That's the point. Obviously, I'm aware of lust, and in youth, I've been sexually obsessed, as everybody has. But when most people say "I love you," what they mean is "You must love me, as much as I love me."

**PLAYBOY:** Are long friendships valuable?

**VIDAL:** Of course, but I don't think they should be self-conscious. I can't imagine a friendship in which one is constantly congratulating oneself about having sustained this marvelous, warm, mature, deep relationship for so long. No, friends are nice. Some people you seem to like better and see more of than others.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds rather lonely.

**VIDAL:** I've never been lonely. I've spent most of my life with myself and books. Besides, my sort of books couldn't get written with a lot of people around.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do most of your good friends come from?

**VIDAL:** I used to have more friends in England—before everybody started dying—than anywhere else. They are—or were—the best talkers. And the jokes are wonderful. The only upper class in the world that can be genuinely witty.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the joking, the wit, also a defense mechanism to keep people from getting too close?

**VIDAL:** I suppose it can be used as that. It's very much a class or tribal thing. Most of my friends in the United States are Jewish. Jokes may be a Jewish device to keep people at a distance, for self-protection.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had pangs about not having had a family or children?

**VIDAL:** I think that around 40, men go through a period of wanting a son. It passes. One thing that we're all programmed for is to teach, to instruct. Dogs, cats, all mammals, at least, do it. A writer's desire to teach is fulfilled by his work. You act out your programming, your desire to teach, on the page. If I hadn't been able to write, I probably would have had a family.

**PLAYBOY:** You say that writing, or teaching, is your real legacy. And you've lit into the ruling class for its contempt for the people. But you've also said that "the sad paradox of liberalism is to want majority rule while realizing that the majority is instinctively illiberal."

**VIDAL:** Did I say that? It sounds sadly true.

**PLAYBOY:** In the same interview, you said, "The Bill of Rights was the creation of the educated few, not of the ignorant many." What we're getting at is, don't you see a contradiction in this? Isn't there a lot of contempt for the people here?

**VIDAL:** Analysis is not contempt. The majority is trained to respond the way that the majority that rules wants it to. I'd change the rulers and educate the majority. After all, the only legitimate government is based upon the people at large. There is nothing else to base it on, unless you believe in little Lord Jesus, say, and you want a theocratic society. As it is, we have a Bill of Rights—to ensure that the majority doesn't damage minorities out of ignorance.

**PLAYBOY:** You criticize the ruling class for contempt toward the people but say that the people aren't competent to be listened to. On the other hand, if you believe in democracy, the people have what they want in Reagan.

**VIDAL:** First, never fall for the bullshit that Reagan was elected to office with a great mandate. Reagan is popular as a TV performer, period. His ideas, to the extent that he has any, are not popular. He knows how to push emotive buttons such as "Save our children," which translates into "Get the fags"; "Right to life," which is "Abolish abortion"; or "Just say no," which is "Submit to mandatory drug testing." More diversionary politics. Instead of talking about who's stealing all the money and why we don't have an educational system, you start talking about prayer in the schools instead of textbooks in the schools. So I'd get rid of the nonsense issues and go to the real issue, which is the education of the majority. In a way, that's all I've ever done as a writer.

**PLAYBOY:** So you have an idealistic view of your job as writer.

**VIDAL:** Well, I strongly believe that one should learn something from reading. This is unfashionable. The romantics—which is to say most American writers, with all their I, I, I, from Melville to today's hacks—don't believe you should learn anything from a book except the poignant wonder of the author's life. I do the opposite. I'll examine the Fifth Century B.C., which is when every idea that we now have

first burst upon the scene. That takes an awful lot of work, but anybody who reads *Creation* is going to end up knowing a good deal about Confucius, the Buddha, the Socratic philosophers. It is a crash course in comparative religion and philosophy. I think that's worth doing. Europeans like this sort of thing because they are curious about the origins, while Americans tend to resent it. Why should they learn anything from a book? On the other hand, the most popular American writer is James Michener, who just gives you millions of items of information, often without a story.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about the fairly standard line among critics that your essays are superior to your novels?

**VIDAL:** I suppose that's because they can actually read essays. In fact, they have to read pieces about books in order not to read books by anybody. In my case, how can they say I'm a bad essayist when everybody reads them and knows otherwise? On the other hand, it is easy to say that any book, by anybody, is bad because so few people will ever read it anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Do the novels and essays come from different parts of you?

**VIDAL:** Well, I do my reflections, such as the historical, religious works—*Creation*, for instance—with a lot of study and advance planning. The inventions, such as *Duluth*, which is my favorite, are written with much more abandon, more pleasure. But I don't find any difference between an essay and a novel. The same mind creates each.

**PLAYBOY:** In your current novel, *Empire*, you have William Randolph Hearst say, "True history is the final fiction." What does that mean in terms of your work?

**VIDAL:** There is no such thing as history, only some random "facts" that I try to honor. I don't make any divisions between history, biography, science fiction, mystery novels. It's all invention. When you are writing about actual history, you owe it to the readers to use what I call the agreed-upon facts. In other words, I don't do what E. L. Doctorow does. I thought *Ragtime* was a charming book, but by deliberately ignoring the agreed-upon history, he does a disservice to the readers who don't know who Houdini, J. P. Morgan or Emma Goldman was. I think there's an obligation to keep to the known.

**PLAYBOY:** Which of your books is the closest to you?

**VIDAL:** I'd say the one that most approximated my youth and general background is *Washington, D.C.* The two houses in that book are the two houses in which I was brought up, though I'm much more autobiographical with the houses than I am with the people. As I've said, I don't really see myself as being one of my own subjects.

**PLAYBOY:** You once wrote you're not an "American" writer. What did you mean?

**VIDAL:** I don't conform to any of the ideas of what an American writer should be. Either you're academic or you're popular. Either you are an upholder of the status



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quo or you are a romantic subversive. I don't think I'm like anybody else on the scene, and I think that has caused disturbance. You're not supposed to have as large an audience as I do if you're any good.

There is also great suspicion of those who can't be categorized. They don't much like Burgess, either. He's always trying something new. On the other hand, as much as I like old Graham Greene and enjoy the books, I would go crazy writing that same book over and over again. Finally, there is a true hatred of popularity, but if literature is too good for the people, what is it good for?

Among the hicks and hacks of academe, it is an article of faith that if a book is accessible to people who read, it must, indeed, be a very bad book. They've even convinced themselves that all the great writers were unpopular, which is absurd. George Eliot was one of the most popular writers of her time, and certainly the best novelist in the English language. I don't think they know much about literature.

**PLAYBOY:** How do critics and academics view your political involvement?

**VIDAL:** For them, everything is a matter of deportment. To sign a letter to *The New York Review of Books* to protest the silencing of a dissident Czech writer is correct politics. To run for the House of Representatives is bad form.

**PLAYBOY:** So the problem is that you're not a well-behaved writer?

**VIDAL:** As opposed to John Updike, who has been almost perfect in the way he's conducted his career. He's also quite talented and, to me, perfectly boring. I can predict what he'll say about almost anything, though he writes very prettily. Still, it is all absolutely predictable and conservative and highly suitable for middle-class, middlebrow Americans.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Mailer? Can you predict his output?

**VIDAL:** No—which makes him more interesting. He's chaotic. I don't know to what end all that energy is being put, but at least he has tried to define the prospect.

**PLAYBOY:** You once described Mailer's *Naked and the Dead* as a "clever, talented, admirably executed fake."

**VIDAL:** Well, after all, I had read Malraux first. I recognized the scene coming down the mountain in *Man's Fate*. Actually, I never finished Mailer's book, so I can't really judge it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you trying to wriggle out of your early assessment?

**VIDAL:** That was not an assessment but a comment. In general, I never thought that the novel as a form was of much use to him. He wants much quicker public reaction than one gets as a novelist. That means journalism or politics or making movies, all of which he has done.

**PLAYBOY:** You similarly skewered Capote as being completely unoriginal.

**VIDAL:** I don't worry about originality, a word our countrymen use to describe novelty. But Capote was unusually derivative.

We used to play a game with Capote's work. We'd read a passage from *A Tree of Night* or *Other Voices, Other Rooms* and then try to find whom he had stolen it from. Carson McCullers was his principal quarry, but he did very well with Eudora Welty. I even found scenes from old Warner Bros. movies that he had lifted. He was ruthlessly unoriginal.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a favorite writer?

**VIDAL:** In my time, Italo Calvino.

**PLAYBOY:** How about Americans?

**VIDAL:** I've always liked Saul Bellow. We're both Puritan moralists, though from different viewpoints. He's also an intellectual, which none of the others is. In fact, they rather pride themselves on being non-intellectuals. They are happy not to know history, religion, politics, languages, other literature or even their own. It goes back to Hemingway, I suppose. But you can talk to Saul. He's more of a European intellectual—like Calvino or Primo Levi—than an American he-man author.

I have friendly relations with many of the others, but after they finish telling you about how much money they make and what kind of alimony they're paying their wives and their aches and pains, there isn't much to talk about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel that you're part of the tradition of writers—Voltaire, Shaw, Swift—who were also involved in politics and who used writing for political ends?

**VIDAL:** I would think that Voltaire certainly had many of the preoccupations that I have. I'm often compared to Shaw and Swift. I hate Swift, so I find that this causes consternation. No, I didn't read *Gulliver's Travels* as a child and become forever mordant and satiric. But you can resemble a predecessor without liking him.

My job, I suppose, is instruction, and holding together a number of disparate facts in my head and looking for a pattern. The one advantage of age is that your synthesizing ability gets better, because you have more data—theses?—to synthesize. You get so that you can put together a large mosaic quite beyond what those younger and less curious can do.

**PLAYBOY:** You use the pronoun we when you speak about Americans. Although you choose to live in Italy, do you really consider yourself an American?

**VIDAL:** Oh, yes. What else?

**PLAYBOY:** You live as an expatriate.

**VIDAL:** Only in Los Angeles, where I have a house. Expatriate. Ex-patriot. What a funny word to use to somebody like me. Patriotism, literally, is my subject. America is my subject.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you live here, commenting on America from across the Atlantic.

**VIDAL:** But I also live there. Anyway, we all read the same newspapers. I know exactly what's going on, as much as any member of the U.S. Senate, plus, here I can get the European view. In the winters, I am Asiatic, centered on Hong Kong. So I get yet another point of view.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet, in a way, you've bailed out.

**VIDAL:** Voltaire lived on the Swiss border. It's very wise for someone like me to be out of their reach.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning what?

**VIDAL:** When empires fall apart, scapegoats are needed. Who better than one of the first messengers with the bad news?

**PLAYBOY:** Are you a U.S. citizen still?

**VIDAL:** Oh, sure. I pay U.S. Federal tax. California property taxes, too. A variety of European taxes. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Could your current apparent contentment in isolation above the Amalfi coast make it impossible for you to write another great novel of the imagination?

**VIDAL:** Current "contentment" created our greatest novelist's three greatest novels, at my age, too: *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Ambassadors*, *The Golden Bowl*. Of course, Henry James was living in England. Oh, I still erupt.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't there less and less to erupt against when you have said it in as many ways as you have?

**VIDAL:** Well, there's always the Israel lobby. [Laughs] And Ollie. Reagan has certainly been bringing a twinkle to my eye, as I bring a twinkle to his eye.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning?

**VIDAL:** Recently, in *Newsweek*, I attacked the sleaze of the Reagan Administration in general and himself in particular as symbols of all that we have lost since World War Two, our high noon. Reagan read the piece, was not happy; told his man at *Time* magazine that I wasn't accurate, historically, because I wrote that Lincoln had watched the sunrise from his White House office, which wasn't possible. Of course, neither *Time* nor Reagan knew that Lincoln's office had a fine view of the sunrise. They thought he presided from the Oval Office, which wasn't built until 1909. *Time* wrote that the President had a "twinkle in his eye" and "chuckled" when he criticized my book *Lincoln*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get weary criticizing the same things for 25 years?

**VIDAL:** Well, it is quite startling how monotonous it is, but things have changed a bit in my lifetime. They are no longer as confident as they were. They are getting quite nervous. The twinkles in their eyes might be not just contact lenses but the odd tear. I think they are nervous. So things do change. I hope it's not too late.

**PLAYBOY:** And despite the small changes, in your view, the one percent still rules; the rest of the population is powerless.

**VIDAL:** Of course.

**PLAYBOY:** You'll continue to take them on?

**VIDAL:** No choice.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you become bitter?

**VIDAL:** No, I'm very cheerful. Would one like to change the system and start all over again? Yes, of course. A second American Revolution? Why not? But I'd settle for a Constitutional Convention. Anyway, we're all still here. Each in place. Finally, the work of art is never finished, any more than that of a republic is. All is becoming.





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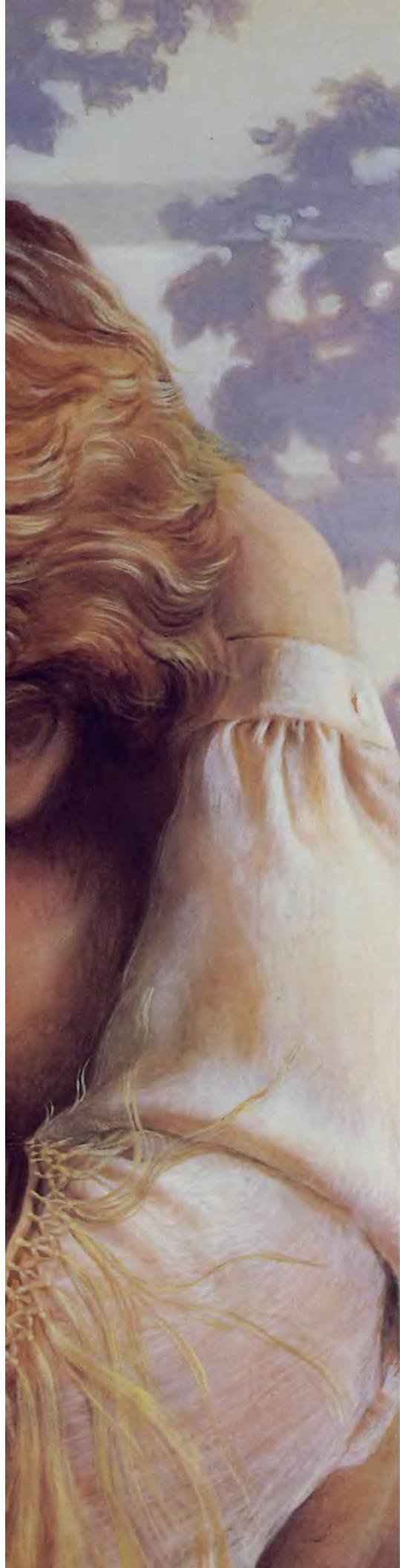
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THE  
**LAUREL**  
AND  
**HARDY**  
LOVE AFFAIR

"another fine mess you've got us into," he said. and that was how it all began

HE CALLED HER Stan, she called him Ollie.

That was the beginning, that was the end, of what we will call the Laurel and Hardy Love Affair.

She was 25, he was 32 when they met at one of those dumb cocktail parties where they all wonder what they are doing there. But no one goes home, so everyone drinks too much and lies about how grand a late afternoon it all was.

They did not, as often happens, see each other across a crowded room; and if there was romantic music as background to their collision, it couldn't be heard. For everyone was talking at one person and staring at someone else. They were, in fact, ricocheting through a forest of people but finding no shade trees. He was on his way for a needed drink, she was eluding a lovesick stranger, when they locked paths in the exact center of the fruitless mob. They dodged left and right a few times, then laughed, and he, on impulse, seized his tie and twiddled it at her, wiggling his fingers. Instantly, smiling, she lifted her hand to pull the top of her hair into a frowzy tassel, blinking and looking as if she had been struck on the head.

"Stan!" he cried in recognition.

"Ollie!" she exclaimed. "Where have you *been*?"

Fiction By  
RAY BRADBURY

"Why don't you do something to *help me!*" he exclaimed, making wide, fat gestures.

They grabbed each other's arms, laughing again.

"I—" she said, and her face brightened even more. "I—I know the exact place, not two miles from here, where Laurel and Hardy, in 1932, carried that piano crate up and down one hundred and fifty steps!"

"Well!" he cried. "Let's get *out* of here!"

His car door slammed, his car engine roared.

Los Angeles raced by in late-afternoon sunlight.

He braked the car where she told him to park. "Here!"

"I can't believe it," he murmured, not moving. He peered around at the sunset sky. Lights were coming on all across Los Angeles, down the hill. He nodded. "Are *those* the steps?"

"All one hundred and fifty of them." She climbed out of the open-topped car. "Come on, Ollie."

"Very well," he said, "Stan."

They walked over to the bottom of yet another hill and gazed up along the steep incline of concrete steps toward the sky. The faintest touch of wetness rimmed his eyes. She was quick to pretend not to notice, but she took his elbow. Her voice was wonderfully quiet. "Go on up," she said. "Go on. Go."

She gave him a tender push.

He started up the steps, counting, and with each half-whispered count, his voice took on an extra decibel of joy. By the time he reached 57, he was a boy playing a wondrous old-new game, and he was lost in time, and whether he was carrying the piano up the steps or whether it was chasing him down, he could not say.

"Hold it!" he heard her call, faraway. "Right there!"

He held still, swaying on step 58, smiling wildly, as if accompanied by proper ghosts, and turned.

"OK," she called, "now come back down."

He started down, color in his cheeks and a peculiar suffering of happiness in his chest. He could hear the piano following now.

"Hold it right *there!*"

She had a camera in her hands. Seeing it, his right hand flew instinctively to his tie to flutter it on the evening air.

"Now *me!*" she shouted and raced up to hand him the camera. And he marched down and looked up and there she was, doing the thin shrug and the puzzled and hopeless face of Stan, baffled by life but loving it all. He clicked the shutter, wanting to stay here forever.

She came slowly down the steps and peered into his face.

"Why," she said, "you're *crying.*"

She placed her thumbs under his eyes to press the tears away. She tasted the result. "Yep," she said. "*Real* tears."

He looked at her eyes, which were almost as wet as his.

"Another fine mess you've got us into," he said.

"Oh, Ollie," she said.

"Oh, Stan," he said.

He kissed her gently.

And then he said, "Are we going to know each other forever?"

"Forever," she said.

And that was how the long love affair began.

They had real names, of course, but those don't matter, for Laurel and Hardy always seemed the best thing to call themselves.

For the simple fact was that she was 15 pounds underweight and he was always trying to get her to add a few pounds. And he was 20 pounds overweight and she was always trying to get him to take off more than his shoes. But it never worked and was finally a joke, the best kind, which wound up being, of course, "You're Stan, no two ways about it, and I'm Ollie, let's face it. And, oh, God, dear young woman, let's enjoy the mess, the wonderful mess, all the while we're in it!"

It was, then, while it lasted, and it lasted some while, a French parfait, an American perfection, a wildness from which they would never recover to the end of their lives.

From that twilight hour on the piano stairs on, their days were long, heedless and full of that amazing laughter that paces the beginning and the run-along rush of any great love affair. They stopped laughing only long enough to kiss and stopped kissing only long enough to laugh at how odd and miraculous it was to find themselves with no clothes to wear in the middle of a bed as vast as life and as beautiful as morning.

And sitting there in the middle of warm whiteness, he shut his eyes and shook his head and declared pompously, "I have *nothing* to say!"

"Yes, you do!" she cried. "*Say* it!"

And he said it and they fell off the edge of the earth.

Their first year was pure myth and fable, which would grow outside when remembered 30 years on. They went to see new films and old films, but mainly Stan and Ollie. They memorized all the best scenes and shouted them back and forth as they drove around midnight Los Angeles. He spoiled her by treating her childhood growing up in Hollywood as very special, and she spoiled him by pretending that his yesterday on roller skates out front of the studios was not in the past but right now.

She proved it one night. On a whim, she asked him where he had roller-skated as a boy and collided with W. C. Fields. Where had he asked Fields for his autograph, and where was it that Fields signed the book, handed it back and cried, "There you are, you little son of a bitch!"?

"Drive me there," she said.

And at ten o'clock that night, they got out of the car in front of Paramount Studios and he pointed to the pavement near the gate and said, "He stood there."

And she gathered him in her arms and kissed him and said gently, "Now, where was it you had your picture taken with Marlene Dietrich?"

He walked her 50 feet across the street from the studio. "In the late-afternoon sun," he said, "Marlene stood here." And she kissed him again, longer this time, and the moon rose like an obvious magic trick, filling the street in front of the empty studio.

"Now," she said quietly, "where was it you saw Fred Astaire in 1935 and Ronald Colman in 1937 and Jean Harlow in 1936?"

And he drove her to those three places all around Hollywood until midnight and they stood and she kissed him as if it would never end.

And that was the first year. And during that year, they went up and down those long piano steps at least once a month and had champagne picnics halfway up, and discovered an incredible thing:

"I think it's our mouths," he said. "Until I met you, I never knew I had a mouth. Yours is the most amazing in the world, and it makes me feel as if mine were amazing, too. Were you ever really kissed before I kissed you?"

"Never!"

"Nor was I. To have lived this long and not known mouths."

"Dear mouth," she said. "Shut up and kiss."

But then, at the end of the first year, they discovered an even more incredible thing. He worked at an advertising agency and was nailed in one place. She worked at a travel agency and would soon be flying everywhere. Both were astonished that they had never noticed before. But now that Vesuvius had erupted and the fiery dust was beginning to settle, they sat and looked at each other one night and she said faintly, "Good-bye. . . ."

"What?" he asked.

"I can see goodbye coming," she said.

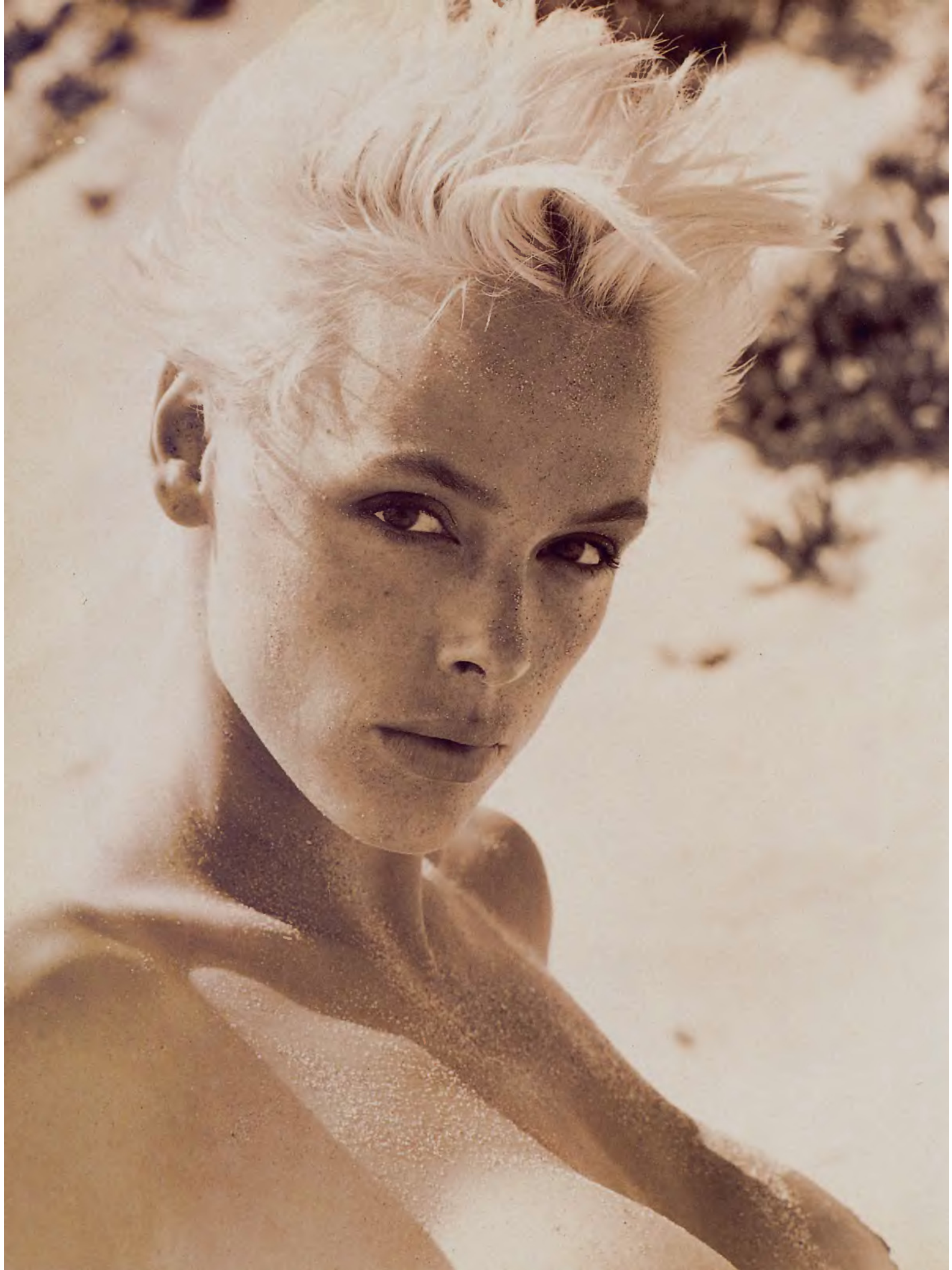
He looked at her face, and it was not sad like Stan in the films but just sad like herself.

"I feel like the ending of that Hemingway novel where two people ride along in the late day and say how it would be if

(continued on page 210)



*"Funny how it worked out. I show up with a microwave oven; you've got a couple of frozen dinners on hand; we're both horny. . . ."*



# G I T T E THE G R E A T

SANS STALLONE, SHE'S THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE

**B**RIGITTE NIELSEN is one very busy woman. She's an actress, of course, the star of such films as *Beverly Hills Cop II*, *Red Sonja*, *Rocky IV* and *Cobra*. Then there's her career as recording star; she recently cut her first pop-rock album, *Every Body Tells a Story*, which includes two songs she co-wrote and has already been released in Europe.



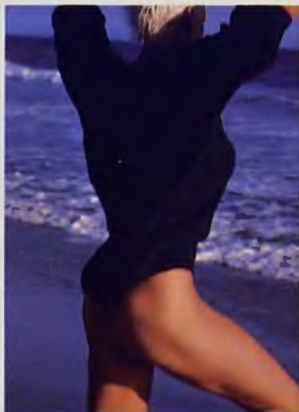
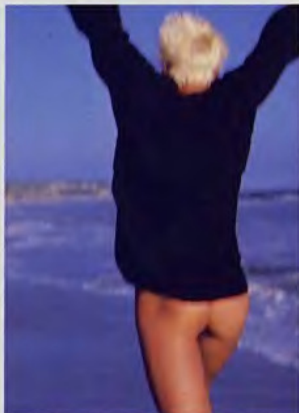
Naturally, she plans a series of music videos to help push the album. And then there's TV—Italian TV, at least, where

she's just finishing a 14-week stint co-hosting *Festivale*, a popular weekly variety show on which she sings, chats with celebrities and screens her videos. "It's wonderful publicity," she says. But most of all, Brigitte is busy being half of one of Hollywood's steamiest divorces.

# B

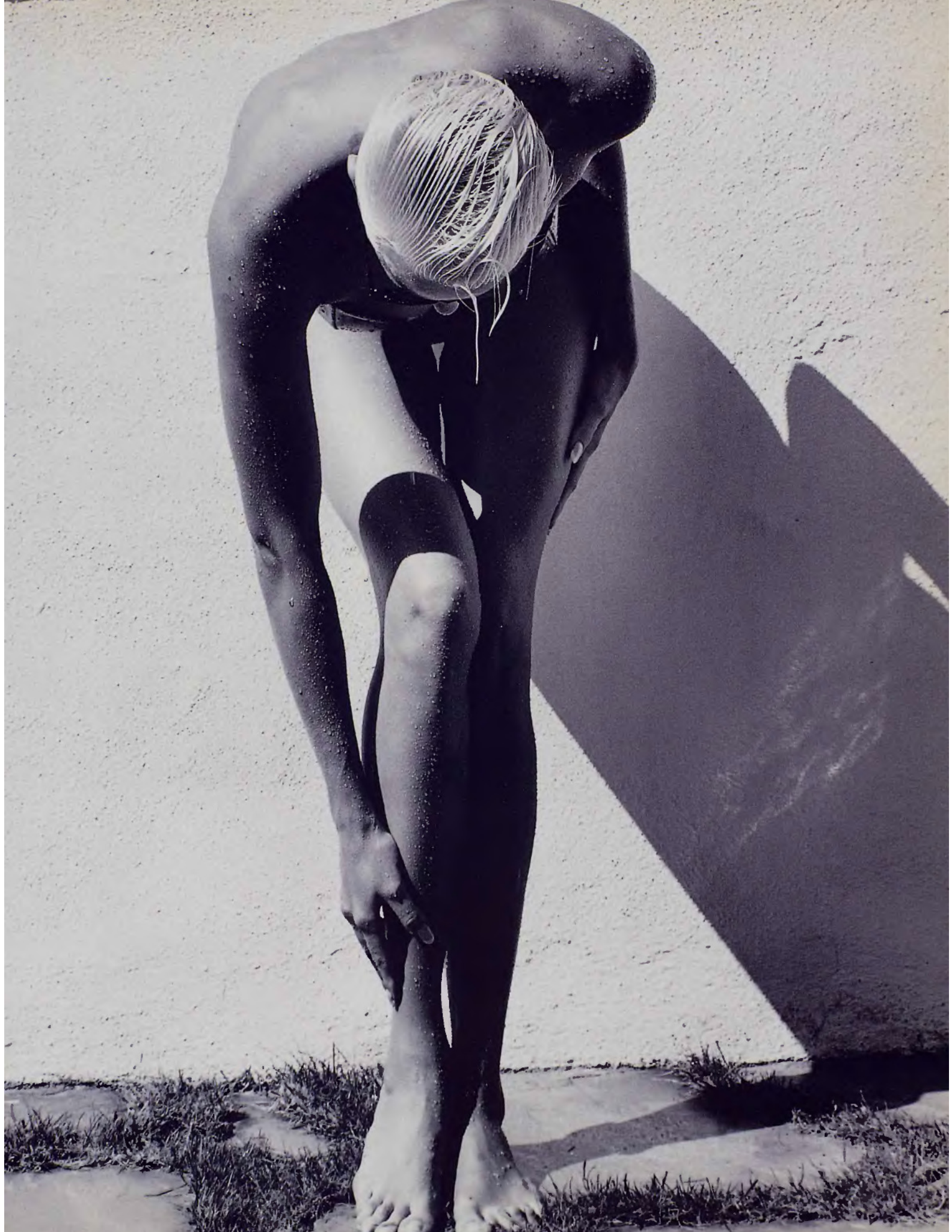
ack in 1985, it was big news when Gitte (pronounced *ghee-ta*) met Sylvester Stallone. She had gone to New York to discuss her first *Playboy* pictorial (*Rating Nielsen*, September 1985) and to promote her first film, *Red Sonja*, when she discovered that Rocky himself, her longtime heartthrob, was also in town. Although married to a Danish musician and the mother of an infant, Gitte was not shy about getting to meet Stallone, leaving, she admits, eight messages a day at his hotel for five days running. When words failed and Stallone didn't respond, Gitte resorted to visual aids, sending her picture to his hotel room. That, naturally, got Stallone's attention. Within four months, they were engaged; nine months later, they were married. And, of course, 18 months later, they were embroiled in a divorce so messy that several tabloid editors thought they had died and gone to heaven.

"SEX ON THE SLIP?" headlined *People* magazine, which managed to cram all the rumors about the divorce into one juicy paragraph: "Gitte is said to have been sleeping with (1) her *Beverly Hills Cop II*



director, Tony Scott; or (2) her secretary, Kelly Sahnger, whose new breasts and improved nose were a gift from her boss; or (3) *Cop II* co-star Eddie Murphy; or (4) all of the above. . . ." The relentlessly tacky *New York Post*, not surprisingly, staked out the Gitte beat with a vengeance. *Paparazzi* caught her cavorting in the French seaside resort of St.-Tropez with banker Lucas Rossi, whom the *Post* described as "a well-known Italian playboy" and "a lusty Lothario," adding, "Brigitte's public display of togetherness with her Riviera Romeo comes just a month after European papers blamed the breakup of the Stallone marriage on a possible relationship between her and Miss Sahnger."







Given the enormous amount of attention she received, Gitte, who is now 24, also proved quite adept at side-stepping, well, personal queries. Her comments on the divorce have been exceedingly brief. "We are not here to talk about my private life," she told *People*. And even though she had obviously given liberally of her time for this *Playboy* pictorial (her third), nailing her for an interview was not so easy; and getting her to answer questions about what had gone wrong was a challenge that would daunt Rambo. Our first phone conversation lasted a generous five seconds. "I'm very busy right now," she said with Nordic firmness. "Could you call me later?" She was in a San Fernando Valley recording studio, putting the finishing touches on her album. Calls went back and forth; sometimes Gitte explained how busy she was, while other times the excuses fell to Kelly Sahnger (yes, *that* Kelly Sahnger). "Call back in 15 minutes" was the usual request. Fifteen minutes later, it turned out, Gitte had already left the studio.

She was gone, but we were not forgotten. A mere five minutes later, our phone rang and it was Gitte, who sounded as if she were calling from an empty high school gym. She was, in fact, taking time to talk while on the high-risk San Diego Freeway, prepared to spill all on her car's speaker phone, as she headed toward home in her Mercedes.









# W

hat are we going to talk about?" asked Gitte, while the cellular-phone signal faded in and out as the car passed between the hills. The usual stuff, we told her: her career, the pictorial, the divorce.

Suddenly, we weren't talking with Gitte anymore. And we weren't on the speakerphone. Kelly Sahnger, the most infamous secretary since Fawn Hall, had picked up the car-phone receiver and was lecturing us about discussing the divorce. "It's totally against what she wants to do or what I think she should do," warned Kelly. "She doesn't want to *ever* talk about it."

We pressed the issue but struck out. "I don't want to sound mean or anything," said Kelly, sounding mean, "but there's no use in even talking about Sylvester. It's just that she won't do that. It's old news. Why even bother to bring it up? Sylvester Stallone is out of her life."

And, apparently, out of our interview, which turned immediately to Gitte's career news—"I love the fact that I have both acting and music," said Gitte, speaking for herself this time, "because they are such different things. In acting, you always portray somebody else. In singing, you are you—you bring your personality, your feelings, your emotions out of you," she confided. "If the album is a hit in Europe, we definitely have a go-ahead here in the U.S. I wouldn't want to release it here if it's not good." Unfortunately, the vagaries of the L.A. cellular-phone system soon proved as formidable a challenge as

Gitte. The signal faded in and out, questions and answers had to be repeated and there lingered the anxiety that if we forgot and mentioned you-know-who, we might risk causing a 12-car pile-up on the 405. At one point, the signal disappeared entirely.



# M

inutes later, we were relieved when Gitte called back to answer our question on why she had chosen to do the *Playboy* pictorial. Actually, it wasn't Gitte. "This is Kelly again," said a familiar voice. "Brigitte and I were talking, and she doesn't want to say why she did *Playboy*."

"I have a reason," Gitte broke in, "but it's not anything I'd like to talk about. It's very personal."

Having already learned how to adapt to these sticky situations, we artfully dodged the issue with a truly tough question: Where will you be living now as a permanent home base?

Gitte confessed that she planned to stay in L.A., and now that she was no longer *chez* Rambo, she'd buy her own house. (By the way, the tabloids estimate that she's sitting pretty from the pay-out dictated by a prenuptial agreement she and Stallone had signed.) "I love the weather and I love the opportunity to be a success. People have really respected me here."

We could tell that Gitte was beginning to tire. After all, her day had started at eight that morning with business calls and meetings, and she had spent the afternoon and much of the evening in the recording studio. She was on her way home at 9:30 P.M. to change for an important dinner meeting, and the next morning, she'd be leaving for her lengthy European stay.

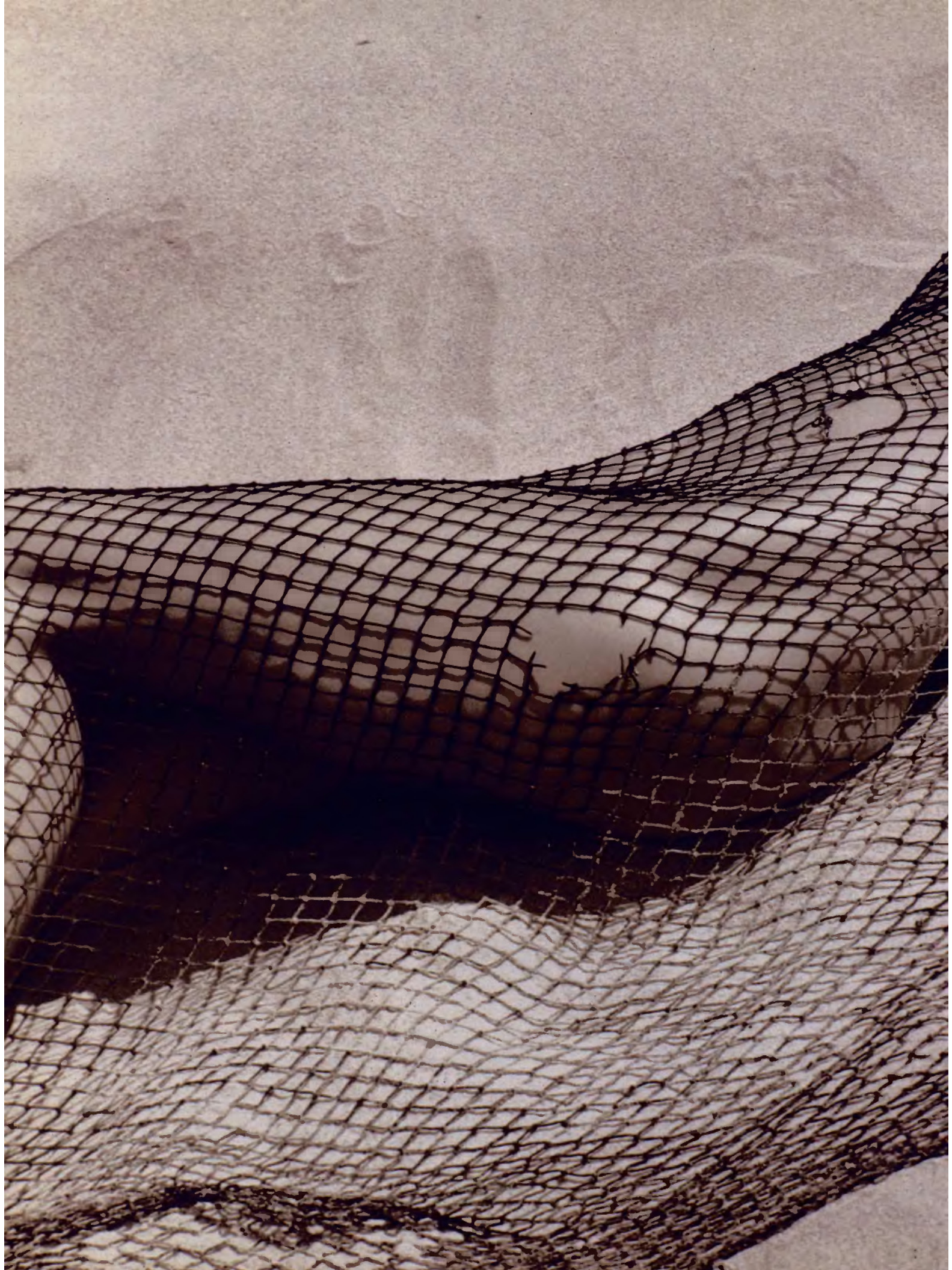
Do you like this pace? we asked. Don't you need more time to unwind? The phone made some



strange noises. The Mercedes was apparently getting closer to home, entering a hilly area that's death to car phones. Gitte said, "Hello?" plaintively, and then we were disconnected once again. It was, we supposed, life in the fast lane.









# THE MODERN MAN'S GUIDE TO LIFE

listen up as we reveal the essence of civilized manhood in an uncivilized world

article

By DENIS BOYLES, ALAN ROSE and ALAN WELLIKOFF

**A** YEAR OR TWO AGO, we sent out what amounted to a chain letter asking modern men for advice about modern life. We hoped that by doing so, we could raise a sort of extended barroom conversation, nationwide, and get the best take on life from the three or four modern guys sitting next to the pretzels there under the TV in bars across the country. We could ask, for example, "Hey, what do you think of rats?" and somebody would probably tell us a little more than we really needed to know about rats. And mice. And how to take a gentlemanly piss. And how to win a woman. How to survive losing one.

Most important, while collecting answers, we discovered something about figurative colorization.

Colorization is what they do to old black-and-white movies so they can make some more money off their re-release. It's complicated, expensive and very progressive. Trouble is, it screws up somebody's film in the process.

Colorization of one kind or another is everywhere. All the stuff that is supposed to make our lives so much easier only makes them more complicated. The most trivial daily activi-

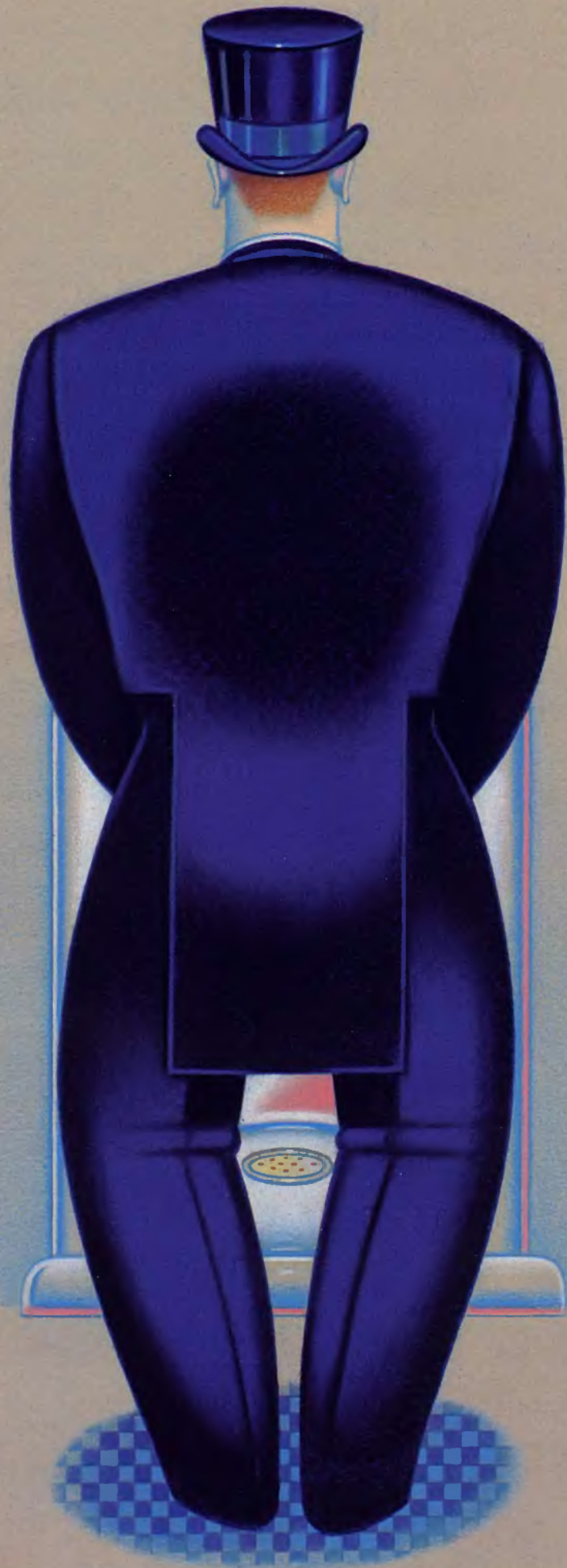
ties—getting dressed and going to work, for example—have become fraught with political, social and moral implications. To be a man in the late 20th Century is to be a confused oppressor who dresses funny.

The New Man, who looked so promising in the Seventies, has broken down completely. The guy wimps around and cries on cue and is very sensitive and all, but he's useless in the sack and a pain at work and, worst of all, it turns out that girls, who were supposed to be the market for the New Man, hate the sucker.

The Modern Man is, in fact, an old-fashioned kind of guy, a reasonably thoughtful fellow who has listened with varying amounts of patience to all the new ideas so passionately advocated by well-intentioned people (sometimes including himself) over the past two decades and has discovered that while all of them may be new ideas, 90 percent of them are also bad ideas. So what appears here is conventional wisdom. Much of it was conventional 25 years ago; much of it will be conventional for the foreseeable future.

And that's just as well.

*(continued overleaf)*



## RULES OF COURTSHIP

**J**ust goes to show, there are rules for *everything*.  
*The ultrarule.* There is no such thing as an innocent lie. Every lie you tell during courtship will come back to haunt you. A teeny little white one about something completely inconsequential ruins your credibility forever. If you're found out in a fib about being late to work, you can forget about ever being believed again; your flattery will go unwelcomed and your sincerity will sound like false flattery.

Modern Men—and most women—find that there is no charm in a lie, no endearing foible that justifies taking liberties with the truth. *Never cheat* on a woman whom you care about and expect to get away with it. She'll *always* find out.

*Keep your emotions tidy.* Tossing off meaningless emotional demands and tantrums is extremely irresponsible.

*Control your ego.* Don't make emotional submission a part of your sexual conquest. Making somebody jump through ego hoops is not only dishonest, it's cruel.



## THE METAMECHANICS OF THE OPENING LINE

**I**n approaching a woman in a bar or other public place, remember that you'll almost never get back more than you give. A good opening line should always do two things: It should invite a response (other than a simple yes or no) and it should reveal something positive about you. Also note: While first lines are important, fifth and sixth and even 75th lines are crucial. If you don't have anything to say after she says hello, don't even start a conversation. Passive rejection is preferable to active failure.

*The less threatening the environment, the more aggressive you can become.* In the produce section of a supermarket, you can use almost any opening line that comes to mind. In the New

York subway, nothing short of absolute brilliance will work.

*Tramps like us.* A good opener will imply that something special separates the two of you from the rest of the crowd in the room and beyond—e.g., “What are two good-looking people with legs like ours doing in a dive like this?”

## THE PROPER PISS

**O**ne thing that separates the boys from the girls is the relative portability of our urinary habits. But this seeming advantage is not without its perils—especially given the occasional unpredictability of the equipment.

*Avoiding the telltale dribble.* The horror of the postpiss dribble can be easily avoided by firmly pressing one or two fingers up and out on the area immediately behind the scrotum after urinating. This forces a tidy evacuation of the urinary tract and prevents the surprise that appears after you've closed the zipper on light-colored trousers.

If, for some inexplicable reason, that doesn't work, simply walk to the basin, sprinkle water all over your chest and lower abdomen and, when rejoining your companion, place the blame on faulty plumbing in the men's room. Better its plumbing be suspect than yours.

*Five rules to piss by:*

1. Always lift the seat before pissing.
2. Always lower the seat when finished.
3. If you make a mistake and miss, clean it up. This is especially good advice for house guests, since it means that your host will not find himself standing in a pool of your piss during some nocturnal visit.
4. In houses with immodestly placed toilets or with flimsy walls, try to ricochet your shot off the porcelain inner surface. If this is impossible, don't mess around: Go for the big splash in the deep end. Make it sound like *The Bells of Saint Mary's*, and God bless you.
5. Never try to piss in the dark.

## FIRST-DATE MISDEMEANOR

**L**adies love outlaws, sure enough; but just watch the opening scene of *Bonnie and Clyde* to see the effect of involving a woman in some spontaneous larceny. This doesn't mean that to win her heart you've got to risk an ambush by *federales*. But if robbing a store on the first date got Clyde wrestled to the floor of his stolen car by an admiring Bonnie, then breaking into the zoo by moonlight or some similar misadventure ought to at least win you a smooch.

## HOW *ESQUIRE* FOOLED YOU

**W**omen *hate* so-called New Men, despite the media's protestations to the contrary. The idea of a man's sitting down and weeping about his difficulties on the job or shedding tears of joy at the thought of a Saturday-night dinner date is enough to make most women puke.

## THE WORLD OF WORK

**T**he office is where you spend the most meaningless hours of your life. To admit this, however, would be to wear a Gillette bracelet, so go to work and get serious. Acquire wealth and power. Exploit markets and labor. Win. Win so hard it hurts good.

*Never steal anything from your employer with a market value of less than one year's salary.* This includes stamps and pencils.

*Brain power.* No matter how many hours you spend working, your brain won't give you more than six hours a day.

You'll notice that if you work longer, you become distracted and require more rest intervals. You can think about this as long as you like, but after six hours, you'll be on overtime and running on empty.

## WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A TV NEWS PERSONALITY

**Y**ou should be female, preferably a female member of a minority group. You must, however, try as hard as possible to sound like a white male. Listen to women who work in radio and TV news. Do you think they talk like that around the house?

If you're something other than female, you should have relatives in dentistry and hair care.

You should be a college graduate who majored in something called communications. A network-news personnel director—an old hand at the business—pointed out with some sadness that the networks are no longer interested in hiring print journalists, the traditional background of correspondents and anchor men. "The people we're hiring can't write complete sentences," he said.

You must be able to project what one network vice-president called believability. You can cheat on your wife and your taxes, but if you can look into a camera and pretend you understand what you're saying, you can get on TV—no sweat.

If you have a normal attention span, shorten it. Ditto your vocabulary.

Make certain that your view of every story you cover conforms to conventional wisdom. If you work in TV, you probably won't have much of an independent point of view, anyway, so talk with a lot of people around the office and see what they think of the world. If you get seriously divergent opinions on an issue, ask for a show of hands. Get someone to help you count.

## POWER

**F**or secular success, this is the big one, the only one that counts.

Who has it. Almost nobody has real power. Look around you. Divide your working world into two groups—those who have the power to say yes or no and those who have only the power to say no.

Your first list will have very few names on it: the president, maybe the chairman of the board. Almost everybody will be on the second list: receptionists, secretaries, administrative assistants, vice-presidents. Anyone can say no.

The trouble is, nobody wants to appear powerless. Therefore, those who have the power to say no exercise their franchise with wild abandon, since the admission that they will



have to ask a superior for the power to say yes is crippling to their self-esteem.

## FIVE THINGS TO DO EVERY DAY TO HELP YOU GET ORGANIZED

**I**f possible, do this stuff the night before; you'll sleep better.

1. *Set your priorities* by making a careful and thoughtful list. This is such an obvious aid that most people just skip it. Don't. Take the time to make a list every single day.

2. *Do the items you want to do the least the first thing in the morning* and get them out of the way.

3. *Get all correspondence out of the way immediately*—if possible, early in the day.

4. *Meet with your staff frequently* and make sure channels of communication are wide open. Always allow time to be available to discuss the staff's various projects and problems.

5. *Commit one hour at the end of the day to reading.* Go through all those newspapers and magazines that you'll lug around for weeks because you think there might be something useful in them.

## FIRING PEOPLE

**F**iring people is the downside of all the other upsides you enjoy as an employer or supervisor.

*Start your dismissal conversation by reinforcing yourself as the employer.* You're going to be nervous, and it's not such a bad thing to show it.

*Build your case* over a period of time—and make sure it's in writing. Lawyers are everywhere.

*Always fire an employee first thing in the morning.* It will cut down on the angst. Never do it on a Friday; you don't want him to brood for an entire weekend. Monday is the ideal day for an axing, because your ex-colleague can go directly from his former workplace to the (concluded on page 173)



# The 12 Stores of Christmas

from herald square to rodeo drive, *playboy* shopped for the niftiest presents money can buy

VALENTI  
THE AFTON TOY SHOP  
BEVERLY HILLS MOTORING ACCESSORIES  
AMERICAN SHOWSTER GUITARS

A handsome five-foot-long-and-four-foot-high pachyderm bar, handmade in Spain of pigskin with brass hardware, is no pink-elephant joke. Housed in its rich-looking pinewood interior are the fittings for as many as five bottles held in a recessed holder as well as an ice bucket and glasses, from Quality Furniture Florida Inc./Valenti, Miami, \$4265.

His name is Bond, and now the fellow who has drawn more than a billion and a half moviegoers to the theater is back as one of the hand-painted, pewter-cast pieces in the James Bond Chess Set. The whites are the good guys (Goldfinger is the black king) and the pieces are stored in the board, from The Afton Toy Shop, Afton, Minnesota, \$189.

Pacesetter Products, Inc., created the Eliminator, a kit-built, gas-powered, quarter-scale funny car, with Drag City in mind. The 50" fiberglass 1987 Corvette body covers a 4-horsepower engine that can propel the Eliminator down the strip at more than 100 miles per hour, from Beverly Hills Motoring Accessories, Beverly Hills, \$1245 without remote control.

The A/S Chevy Guitar is the ultimate rock-'n'-roll vehicle for the Eighties. Hand-crafted to match the tail fenders of the classic 1957 and available in 12 original Chevrolet colors, the guitar is custom-made from ebony, maple and basswood—and, yes, the tail-light works, from American Showster Guitars, Maplewood, New Jersey, about \$2500.







## The 12 Stores of Christmas

POLO RALPH LAUREN  
CARTIER  
LAKE CYCLE  
THE SPORT CHALET



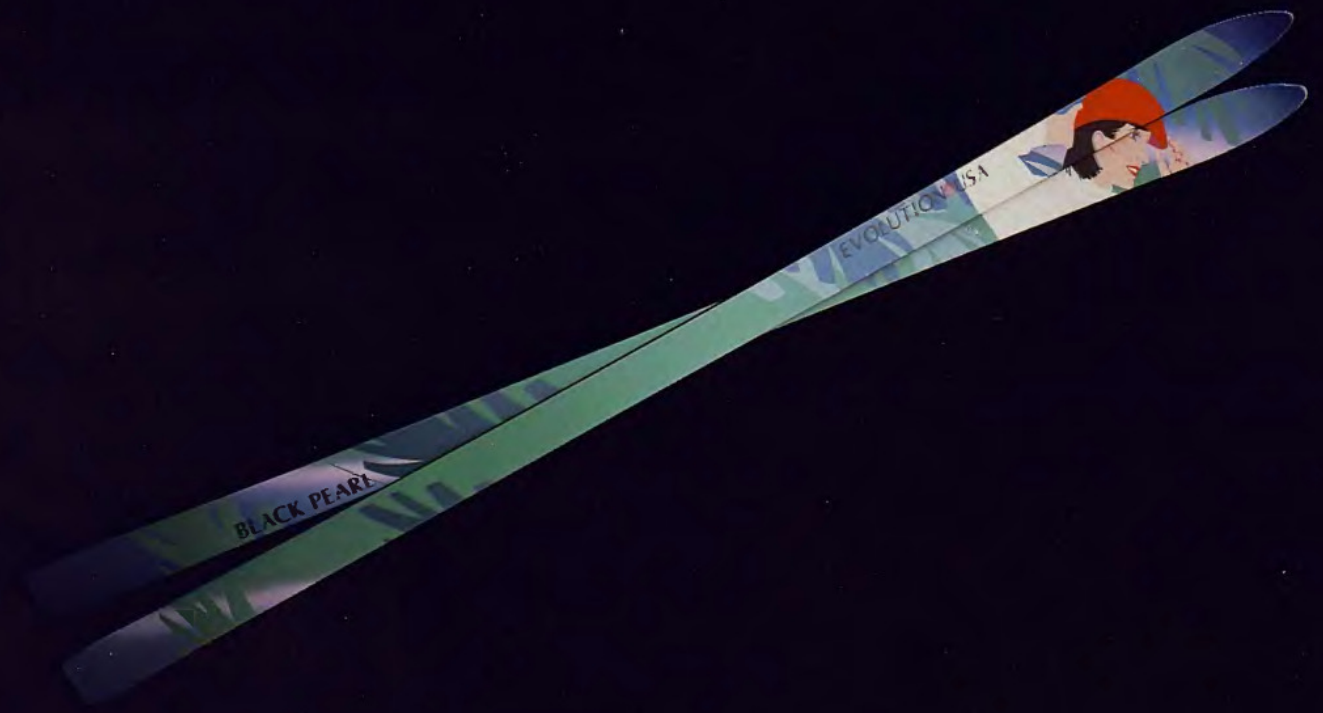
In these days of raised consciousness, we're not about to comment on Kipling's famous dictum on women and cigars; but we do know that a good cigar case is a thing of beauty, and that's what this antique English crocodile-and-sterling-silver case is, \$750, plus \$220 for the accompanying leather match holder, both from Polo Ralph Lauren, Chicago.

Designed in 1933 for the pasha of Marrakesh, the Pasha de Cartier watch is truly an Aladdin's treasure of a time-piece. The watch itself is of 18-kt. gold set with cabochon sapphires and features a quartz movement and a second time zone that shows the date and phases of the moon, from Cartier, Chicago, \$2400, including an 18-kt.-gold band.

Honda's 1000 Hurricane is a wicked 998-c.c., 130-horsepower, 16-valve whirlwind. Aerodynamically designed, it produces more power than any other production motorcycle. The Hurricane turns on a 59.1" wheelbase and has triple disc brakes for when it's time to rein in your horse and head for the barn, from Lake Cycle, Merrillville, Indiana, \$5398.

Each pair of Evolution's Black Pearl skis is handmade in the States from prepreggated carbon and fiberglass, then hand-painted with a variety of exclusive designs. The foam core, electra 6000 base and Dynaflex cracked steel edge make the Black Pearl the gourmet ski for major bumps or deep powder, from The Sport Chalet, La Canada, California, \$900.





## The 12 Stores of Christmas

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**GIORGIO  
SPEX, INC.  
PAN PACIFIC CAMERA CENTER  
MACY'S**

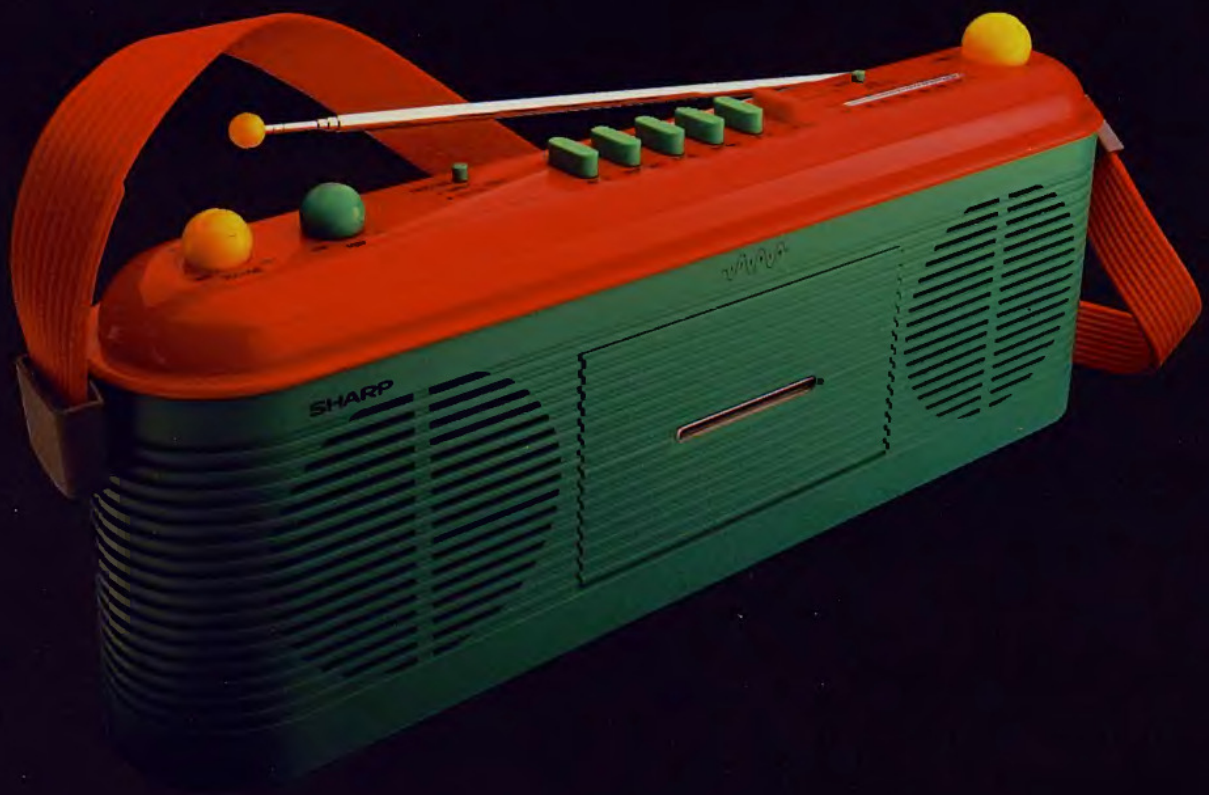


This year's ultimate chic duffel surely must be the weekend bag Les Lieges de Kati Maulin, a durable French-made carryall, distributed by Armel Accessories, measuring 28" x 17" x 9". It's made of natural cork and is trimmed and lined with calf leather (inside are a separate pouch and money compartment), from Giorgio, Beverly Hills, \$400.

Carrera's bronze-tinted Boeing Shield, a sleek, new, sophisticated look in sunglasses, offers a wide, uninterrupted field of vision and features an adjustable nose pad, shock absorbers at the temples and a frame that's embossed with its own serial number, from Spex, Inc., Chicago, \$195, including a cargo box and a guarantee.

Fuji's GX680 Professional is the first 6 x 8 single-lens reflex camera with a full range of lens movements—tilt, rise, shift and swing. It all adds up to a medium-format camera that offers state-of-the-art capabilities with the convenience of a roll-film camera, from Pan Pacific Camera Center, Los Angeles, \$1675 for the body only; lenses from \$813.

Sharp wears holiday colors on its QT-V40 AM/FM stereo radio/cassette recorder. Three-and-one-half-inch full-range speakers provide crisp sound from the automatic-level-controlled recorder directly off the air. Measuring only 15" long, the QT-V40 is the perfect size to slip under anyone's tree this Christmas, from Macy's, New York, \$80, including cover.





HE SAW ripped through wood, ripped through flesh and bone along the middle of the wooden box and the middle of the woman. Blood gushed from the track the saw made, following the sharp teeth. The saw itself was bloody when at last he withdrew it from box and woman. He looked up at the wall clock—5:05 P.M. He nodded in grim satisfaction.

And lifted the lids on both sides of the box.

The woman stepped out in one piece, grinning, and held her arms over her head. The audience began to applaud and cheer.

“Thank you, thank you very much,” the man said, bowing.

The audience was composed mostly of boys and girls between the ages of 13 and 18, because the performance was being held at the high school on North 11th. The woman who’d stepped out of the box now rolled it off the stage. She was a good-looking blonde in her late 20s, wearing a sequined costume that exposed to good advantage her long, long legs and her exuberant breasts. Most of the boys in the auditorium could not take their eyes off her. She wheeled a tall vertical box onto the stage.

The magician—whose name was Sebastian the Great—was wearing tails and a top hat. “Ah, thank you, Marie,” he said to his assistant.

“You see here a little box—well, not so little, because I’m a pretty tall fellow—which I’m going to step into in just a moment. . . . Thank you, Marie, you can go now, you’ve been very helpful; let’s have a nice round of applause for Marie, kids.”

Marie held her hands up over her head, legs widespread, big smile on her mouth, and the kids applauded and yelled, especially the boys, and then she did a cute little sexy turn and went strutting off the stage in her high heels.

“That’s the last you’ll see of Marie tonight,” Sebastian said. “And in just a few minutes, you’ll see the last of me, too. What I’m going to do, kids, I’m going to step inside this box. . . .”

He opened the door on the face of the box.

“And I’m going to ask you all to count to ten . . . out loud . . . one, two, three, four, and so on—you all know how to count to ten, don’t you?”

Laughter from the kids.

“And I’m going to ask your principal to come up here—Mr. Ellington, would you come up here now, please?—and when you reach the number ten, he’s going to open the door of this box, and Sebastian the Great will be gone, kids; I will have disappeared, vanished, poof!

So . . . ah, good, Mr. Ellington, if you’ll just stand here beside the box, thank you. That’s very good.” He took off his top hat. Stepping part way into the box, he said, “I’m going to say goodbye to you now. . . .”

Applause and cheering from the kids.

“Thank you, thank you. Now, the minute I close this door, I want you to start counting out loud. Goodbye, kids,” he said, closing the door behind him.

“One!” the kids began chanting. “Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!”

Ellington opened the door on the box. Sebastian the Great had, indeed, vanished.

The kids began applauding.

Ellington went to the front of the stage and held up his hands for silence.

## fiction By ED McBAIN **TRICKS**

first it was a routine disappearing act, and then it was murder. but the 87th precinct has a problem—where’s the body?

He would have to remind the kids not to try sawing anybody in half, because that had been only a trick.

Marie Sebastiani seemed uncomfortable talking with a cop. Most honest citizens were; it was the thieves of the world who felt perfectly at home with law-enforcement officers.

Fidgeting nervously, she told Detective Cotton Hawes how she’d changed out of her costume and into the clothes she was now wearing—a tweed jacket and skirt, a lavender blouse and high-heeled pumps—while her husband, Sebastian the Great, a.k.a. Frank Sebastiani, had gone out behind the high school to load the Citation with all the *little* tricks he used in the act. And then she’d gone out (continued on page 187)







# M E E T I N D I A

**F**OR INDIA ALLEN, life has offered up very few surprises—which, when you think about it, is one of the logical benefits of having a psychic for a mother. “My mom is a really good psychic,” India says. “She has always told me, ‘Your picture is going to be seen everywhere.’ In high school, I really didn’t believe her, because I was real tall and real thin.” But Mom, a full-blooded Algonquin Indian who has looked into the future for various celebrities and has attempted to help police solve crimes, was more specific—she even “saw” her daughter’s pictures on these pages and urged her to try out as a Playmate as soon as India turned 18. “I didn’t have much self-confidence then,” admits India, who’s now 22. “My mom thought I had a pretty body, but I was chicken.” But four years of modeling all over the United States and Europe “has really toughened me up,” she says. “It’s amazing that being rejected can give you so much confidence, but I’ve really got all the confidence in the world now.”



miss december's name  
isn't the only exotic  
thing about her

*At school, I was a jockette. I played field hockey and tennis, and I was real good at basketball. When you're tall, you get recruited for every sport," says India. "I never thought I would be a beauty queen. I got busty in my sophomore year, but the rest of me just stayed straight all the way down. I didn't get any curves at all, and I still don't have many."*





Still, India didn't give much thought to *Playboy*, despite Mom's early-warning system. The idea resurfaced when her agent sent her to do a small role in a short film parody of *Beverly Hills Cop II*, playing, appropriately enough, a Playmate in the Playboy Mansion West scene. One of the other actresses, who was perhaps overqualified for the part, was Monique St. Pierre—*Playboy's* Playmate of the Year in 1979. Even though India and Monique became fast friends during the shoot, India was stunned when one of the producers mentioned Monique's stint as P.M.O.Y., and even more surprised when he suggested that India should consider giving *Playboy* a call. India turned to Monique for advice, and Monique, after looking through India's portfolio of modeling assignments, turned from friend to unofficial agent, taking her to *Playboy's* West Coast photo studios on Sunset Boulevard for test shots.







Once I walked through the doors at Playboy, I felt as if this was where I belonged," says India. "It was really weird." There's been no flak from other quarters, either. Her mother, naturally, is thrilled; her father, who took some of the early photos that helped launch her modeling career, is equally pleased. And her fiancé, veterinarian Bill Garfield, surprised India with his enthusiastic support. "He's a real health fanatic," she says. "That's why he has such a good attitude about it—he's such a body person. His body's perfect." So, apparently, are his scruples—the couple met when India was 18 and he was 35, an age gap so large that he refused to date her. It was only after four years of long-distance friendship that he reconsidered. They now live together and plan to marry in the spring. Once again, India's mom saw it coming. "She always hinted that we would end up together," says India. And, as we've discovered, mothers definitely know best.

*My mom named me after a legendary old Southern woman, India Allen, who was born with hair the color of India ink, just like I was. Mom worried that the name was too exotic, but for modeling, it was perfect."*



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Londia Allen

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Linda Allen

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 127

BIRTH DATE: 6-1-65 BIRTHPLACE: Portsmouth, Virginia

AMBITIONS: To Buy my own Animal Hospital and have a successful modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Washboard Stomachs, smart men, animals, new corvettes, '65 mustang conv.

TURN-OFFS: Hurt Animals, Drugs, Rude people, traffic and smog.

FAVORITE BOOKS: JAMES HERRIOT'S DOG STORIES, The Eighth Commandment, Dune Series

FAVORITE MOVIES: THE QUIET MAN, REAL GENIUS, DR. STRANGELOVE, TALE RIDER.

I'LL KNOW I'VE MADE IT WHEN: I have more work than I can handle, hopefully modeling!

IDEAL WEEKEND: TAKING a motorcycle trip up the coast of California and staying in Carmel. (Paradise!)



10 yrs. old



17 and trying Junior Prom to Pose! (100 BAD I can't Dare)







# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When I drink, *everybody* drinks!" a man shouted to the assembled bar patrons. A loud general cheer went up. After downing his whiskey, he hopped onto a barstool and shouted, "When I take another drink, *everybody* takes another drink." The announcement produced another cheer and another round of drinks.

As soon as he downed his second drink, the fellow hopped back onto the stool. "And when I pay," he bellowed, slapping three dollars onto the bar, "*everybody* pays!"

Dad," the 13-year-old boy asked, looking up from his social-studies text, "what did you do during the sexual revolution?"

"Well, son," his father replied, "I guess you could say I was captured early and spent the duration doing the dishes."



Morris had been down on his luck for months and, though not a devoutly religious man, had begun to visit the local synagogue to ask God's help. One week, out of desperation, he prayed, "God, I've been a good and decent man all my life. Would it be so terrible if You let me win the lottery just once?"

The despondent fellow returned week after week. One day, Morris, nearly hopeless now, prayed, "God, I've never asked You for anything before. I just want to win one little lottery."

As he dejectedly rose to leave, God's voice boomed, "Morris, at least meet Me halfway on this. Buy a lottery ticket!"

After making a daring escape from the penitentiary, the convict eluded bloodhounds and police roadblocks and dodged helicopter searchlights on his way to see his wife. Finally sneaking in a back entrance, he knocked on the door and smiled triumphantly as she opened it. "Where the hell have you been?" she blared. "You busted out more than four hours ago!"

Rumor has it that the descendants of the Elephant Man have offered \$10,000 for the remains of Michael Jackson's nose.

The old man had lived all his life in a little house on the Vermont side of the New Hampshire-Vermont border. One day, the surveyors came to inform him that they had just discovered that he lived in New Hampshire, not Vermont.

"Thank heavens!" was his reply. "I didn't think I could take another one of those god-damned Vermont winters."

How many surrealists does it take to change a light bulb? Two—one to hold the giraffe and the other to fill the bathtub with Jell-O.

When the usher noticed a man stretched across three seats in the movie theater, he walked over and whispered, "Sorry, sir, but you're allowed only one seat." The man moaned but didn't budge. "Sir," the usher said more loudly, "if you don't move, I'll have to call the manager." The man moaned again but stayed where he was. The usher left and returned with the manager, who, after several attempts at dislodging the fellow, called the police.

The cop looked at the reclining man and said, "All right, what's your name, joker?"

"Joe," he mumbled.

"And where're you from, Joe?"

"The balcony."

A driver, obviously drunk, was heading the wrong way down a one-way street when a policeman pulled him over. "Didn't you see the arrow, buddy?" he asked.

"The arrow?" the confused driver said. "I didn't even see the Indians."



*Wally Neenan*

After 20 years' obedience to his vow of silence, the Trappist monk was called into the abbot's study and told that he could utter two words. "Bad food," he said softly. His superior nodded and dismissed him.

Twenty years later, the monk was again summoned by the abbot. "No heat," the monk said, head bowed.

By the time he was called again, a new, younger abbot had been appointed. The monk, an old man now, entered the study waving his cane. "I quit," he declared.

"So be it," the abbot said. "I hear you bitch too much, anyway."

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. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"Get a load of ol' Rudolph, the brown-nosed reindeer!"*



## JUSTINE BATEMAN

**R**obert Crane cornered the less-than-bashful "Family Ties" star Justine Bateman at her home in the Hollywood Hills. He reports, "Justine wore a black miniskirt and a black tank top. The outfit brought tears to my eyes. She confessed that she would eventually like to be a magazine editor, though she doesn't actually know what an editor does. She would love to observe. I was able to cajole Playboy's Articles Editor, John Rezek, into showing Justine the ropes—what he does and how he does it. The logistics are being worked out."

1.

**PLAYBOY:** In what ways are you like and unlike Mallory, your character on *Family Ties*?

**BATEMAN:** Mallory is in me somewhere. It's really a relief to play her, because she has almost no worries; she grew up with an older brother and a family that had nine-to-five jobs. It's a protected environment. She loves life, and just everything's groovy with Mallory.

On the other hand, I had a higher grade-point average than she did. I'm much less open when I meet people. We dress differently. We look the same; that's about it. Mallory is much more concerned with looking absolutely correct. I'm more into letting the clothes reflect how I'm feeling that day. I wear black a lot.

2.

**PLAYBOY:** What would be your dream exit on your last episode of *Family Ties*?

**BATEMAN:** Mallory is comparing her relationship with Nick with that of Alex and whoever he is with at the time, and she says, "The great thing about Nick and me is that I feel so comfortable with him.

I don't have to think when I'm with him. It's like we have one collective mind."

Alex says, "Who's using it tonight?" Mallory says, "God, I don't know."

3.

**PLAYBOY:** Sports car. Home in the hills. Have you gone Hollywood?

**BATEMAN:** If you had \$50,000, you'd

buy a Porsche, too. I always ask my business managers, "How am I doing? Am I spending too much money?" They say, "Give me a break. You spend, like, nothing." There comes a point when you have to spend your money. It's not smart to keep paying rent—for tax reasons. You can't just keep putting your money in a money market. I sat back and thought, This is nuts. I'm 20 years old and I bought a house? It's really nice not to get slips of paper under the door saying, "Move your car" or "The rent's going up three percent."

4.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the strangest thing we would find in your purse?

**BATEMAN:** A puck. A Swiss army knife. I have pens, clips, Porsche keys, Trident gum, money. A Hard Rock Cafe Express card. It's funny; once you're in a position to get these cards, you don't need them anymore. I have a valuable phone book.

5.

**PLAYBOY:** How should a young, attractive woman prepare for Hollywood?

**BATEMAN:** Really like yourself a lot. Be prepared to be rejected because of the color of your hair or because you're not it that year—you don't have the right look or they don't like your acting. Make sure you are a good actor.

6.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any advice for Lisa Bonet?

**BATEMAN:** It's her career, it's her choice. If I were in that position, I wouldn't have taken that role in *Angel Heart*. Essentially, she was the tits and ass in the film. I didn't see the necessity of it. What Julie Andrews did in *S.O.B.* was great; it worked. If it's just to take it off to take it off, hire someone else to do it.

7.

**PLAYBOY:** When you lunch with your friends, what are the recurring themes? Plumbing? Sex?

**BATEMAN:** I don't really talk about sex with that many people. It's, like, why talk about it? Even though you try to avoid it, you always wind up talking about films. Always. Or old *Twilight Zone* episodes. I don't sit around and gab about guys, because I'm usually with girls. I learn a lot from that. I've been hanging out with guys since I was six.

I've learned things, like don't start calling him every night if he's not calling you, because he's trying to gently say that when he's ready to call you, he's going to call you. Don't get hung up on that. Go live your life. If he happens to call you later, you might even have forgotten about him.

Girls should know about football. At Thanksgiving, I always resented the fact that it was assumed that I would go in the kitchen and help. I wanted to watch the football games, too.

So many girls don't know how to hang out and talk with guys. "So, what's going on in your life now?" "Just work and stuff." "Oh, really? What have you done?" It's like this interview. Girls are always interviewing guys. Just hang.

8.

**PLAYBOY:** How does the sentence begin that indicates the guy's a total dork?

**BATEMAN:** It's not a sentence, it's an attitude. You're walking through a club on the way to the rest room and there's some guy on the other side of the room who calls you over with his finger. "Me?" His finger motions you over.

Here's something I really despise: You're standing at the corner, waiting to cross the street, and you're just thinking—right?—and some guy comes up to you and says, "Hey, smile; life's not that bad." You want to turn around and say, "What the fuck makes you think you've got any right to tell me how I'm feeling?"

I went into a store the other day and I was chewing on the end of my glasses, and the guy who was working there said, "Don't chew on your glasses." I said, "Why not?" He said, "You shouldn't." I said, "Says who?" He said, "I'm just kidding." You never find a girl going up to a guy and saying, "Hey, cheer up! Smile! What are you so miserable about?" He'll turn around and belt you.

9.

**PLAYBOY:** What line never fails with you?

**BATEMAN:** "Want to see my Harley?"

10.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it in his kiss?

**BATEMAN:** Yes. And the way he dances.

11.

**PLAYBOY:** Who leaves first in your relationships, you or the man?

**BATEMAN:** Me. (concluded on page 182)

tv's cupcake  
on how she  
hangs out  
with the boys,  
avoids jealousy  
and never has  
a visible  
panty line

# THE JESSICA HAHN STORY

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## PART TWO

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IN HER OWN WORDS: THE COVER-UP,  
HUSH MONEY, MEDIA MADNESS,  
HOLY WAR—THE MORAL OF THE STORY

*In Part One, Jessica described her upbringing, her life in the church and her encounter with two preachers in a Florida hotel room. This installment begins with her reaction to reports of the cover-up.*

**GOLSON:** The press is still reporting on the blackmail you supposedly got from the PTL.

**HAHN:** Yes. But what's so unbelievable is that this was a seven-year thing. But the media made it sound like "Jessica Hahn jumped into bed with two men and then, a week later, she tried to blackmail them." I went through hell. . . .

"BLACKMAIL FOR SEX"—that was the first headline. The truth is that it happened in 1980; I was 21 years old; and then, after it happened, I spent four years by myself, keeping quiet, getting phone calls that went "Shush, shush, shush," working at the church, minding my business. I was *counseling* for four years after this happened. I was not living in a luxury apartment, driving around in limos. I was living with my mother, making \$98 a week. With the money I got from the trust that PTL set up, I paid some credit-card bills and maybe bought a kitchen set.

**SCHEER:** We'll get to the money; but let's pick up the story in 1980, after Bakker and Fletcher left you in your hotel room.

**HAHN:** All right. That night, I just stayed awake, shivering, in my hotel room and waited for dawn to come. John Fletcher called and said, "Look, thanks a lot, but we've got" (continued on page 196)









# G R E A T L O U N G E A C T S

let's hear it for fireside finery  
*fashion* By HOLLIS WAYNE

**C**UDDLE UP and break open the brandy. 'T is the season to be jolly—and comfortable—and that calls for loungewear that brings a stylish warming trend to the great indoors. Our man at left has already slipped into something casual: A rich cashmere robe, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$850; and silk pajamas, by Van Tisse Men, \$265. Right: A silk robe, \$320, and sexy silk-Shantung pajama pants, \$110, both by Howard Behar.



PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY JOHN GOODMAN

**T**he easy elegance of a soft woolen robe or a silk smoking jacket on a frosty morning or an arctic-cold night will send old man winter packing. At left, a cashmere/superfine-wool robe in a herringbone pattern with a shawl collar and raglan sleeves, by Peter Barton, about \$385; plus a silk-brocade ascot, by Howard Behar, \$80. Underneath the robe, he's wearing navy tone-on-tone striped cotton pajamas, from Sulka, \$150. (His close friend has on a silk-Shantung pajama outfit, also by Howard Behar.) Right: The stuff that smoke dreams are made of—a silk smoking jacket with a printed peacock design and gray shawl collar and cuffs, \$650, silk Jacquard dress shirt, \$340, silk bow tie, \$32, and silk pajama pants, about \$240, all by Cecilia Metheny.





DEBUTANTE  
THE LIFE OF  
MELBA POZIER  
BY  
MELBA POZIER

personality By DAVID SEELEY

# DENNIS, ANYONE?

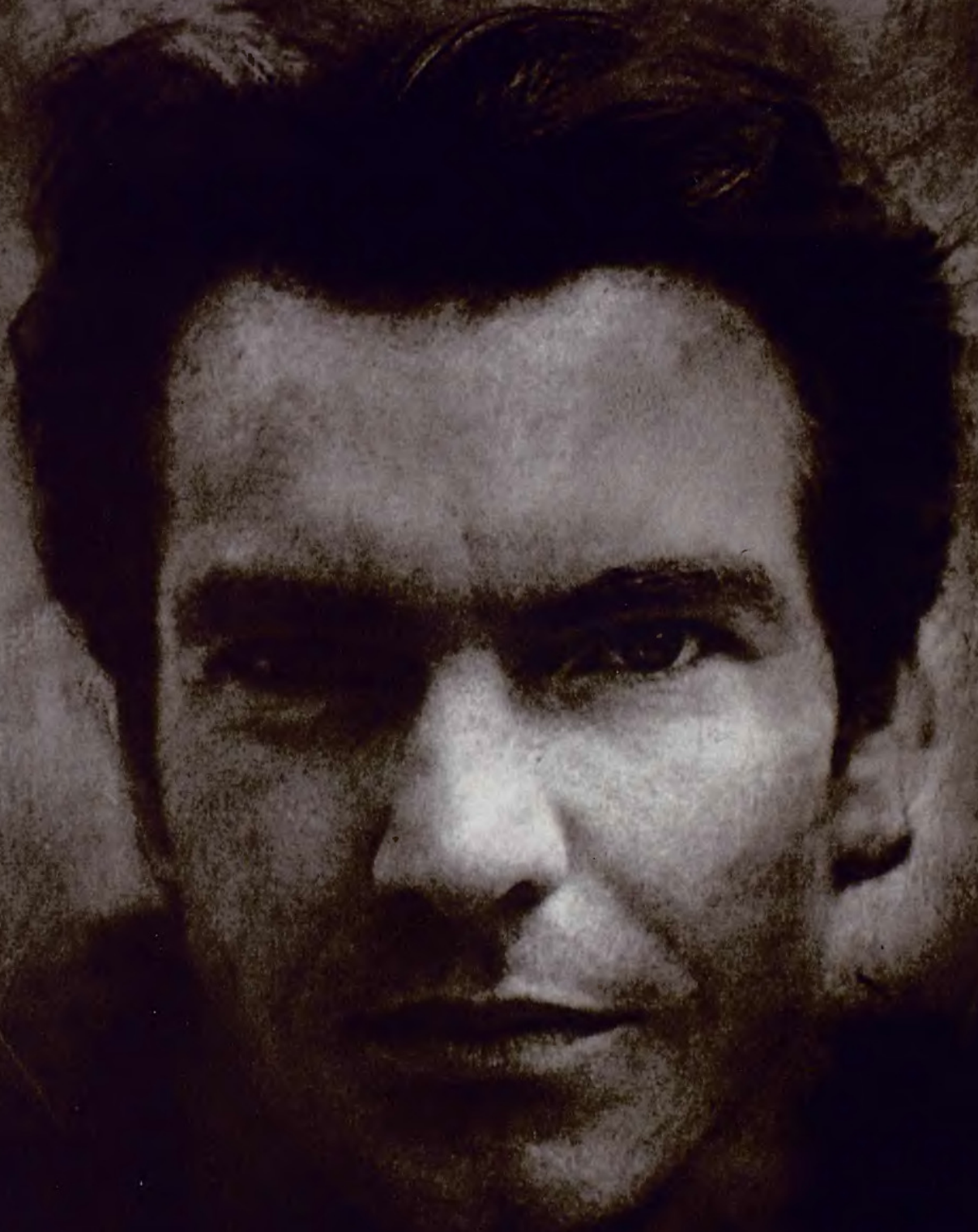
in the sly, sexy dennis quaid,  
hollywood has found its  
newest matinee idol



PUT YOURSELF in Dennis Quaid's shoes. It's the summer of 1984. You're suffering from a string of stinging failures: Your marriage to actress P.J. Soles has ended in divorce court. She was the jewel of your life, and now you're arguing over who will get the dogs.

*Urban Cowboy* was written for you. You read with Debra Winger. Everything was all set. Then director Jim Bridges had to tell you that John Travolta wanted the role, which meant \$33,000,000 in advance film rentals, which meant you were out on the street. You got away from it all by taking a trip to New Delhi, only to be awakened on a sultry Eastern night by a frantic call from your agent in L.A. "Come back here *now!*" he said. "They want you for *An Officer and a Gentleman!* It's in the bag!" You flew halfway around the world; but by the time you were touching down at L.A.X., Richard Gere's pen was touching down on the contract. Your only great news in those years—getting your dream role of Gordo Cooper in *The Right Stuff*—was dimmed when the movie fizzled at the box office. All your hopes were riding on the part of the rock-'n'-roll astronaut, the youngest of the bunch, the best damn pilot in the goddamn world.

Now *The Right Stuff* has come and gone, and nobody knows who you are. People confuse you with your big brother, Randy. They confuse you with Robert Carradine or James Keach or



one of the five other actor brothers you starred with in *The Long Riders*. After seven years of working your way toward stardom in L.A., you realize something: You're losing it. Whatever passion and hope thumped in your chest when you rode west on that bus from Houston at 21 have escaped you. What do you do? What can you do?

This is what Dennis Quaid did: He bolted out of Hollywood and went to New York. There he co-starred with his brother in an off-Broadway production of Sam Shepard's *True West*. For four months, the Quaid brothers lived the story of two brothers, one a screenwriter, the other a big, menacing, unpredictable bruiser. By the end of each performance, they exchanged identities and were grappling on the floor, trying to kill each other. Performing in *True West* would be a kind of cathartic cure for Dennis Quaid.

One night, after they'd lived inside the incredibly physical play for months, something went wrong. They met backstage as Dennis walked back from a shower and Randy trashed his performance by seething, "You quit."

"No, I didn't," Dennis said. And all at once, they exploded with a screaming, kicking, shoving, hitting rage. The crew stood back, aghast. People filing out of the theater turned to listen, thinking the brothers were rehearsing. The fight was broken up and Dennis stormed to his dressing room, vowing to leave the show and never see his brother again. There were two holes in the wall, left by his predecessors. He put his fist through the plaster beside them. Then he remembered it was January, his hair was soaking and the hair drier was next door. In Randy's room.

He went next door to get it. Quietly, the two brothers began talking about why they hated each other, why they loved each other, what they admired and envied about each other. They left the theater that night arm in arm, went out and had the greatest time they'd ever had together.

Whatever demons Dennis Quaid exorcised that year in New York don't seem to be bothering him in 1987. After appearing in last year's s-f flop *Enemy Mine*, he hit the screen with a succession of good, high-profile films: *Innerspace*, the Steven Spielberg-produced, Joe Dante-directed s-f comedy in which he plays Tuck Pendleton, a hot-shot test pilot who is miniaturized and accidentally sent zooming through Martin Short's veins; *The Big Easy*, a tale of police corruption in New Orleans, in which he has a steamy romance with district attorney Ellen Barkin; and *Suspect*, co-starring Cher, a courtroom murder mystery directed by Peter Yates, who also directed Quaid in his first major role, as a young Indiana

quarterback in *Breaking Away*.

In June, I flew to Austin to catch up with Quaid on the set of a remake of the 1950 B-movie thriller *D.O.A.* He'd been filming in the Texas capital, close to his home town of Houston, for five weeks. Nearly all of it had been night shooting; this was the first day in a month that the crew and cast had seen sunlight. It was a set of zombies—people bumping into walls, teamsters snoring on folding chairs, key grips downing Jolt cola. Quaid and I went to his trailer, one of several broiling in the 95-degree Texas sun. He'd just come from make-up, where he'd been aged to look six years older than his 33 years, and wore only Nikes and a pair of loud shorts.

"This is Maggie and Jesse," he said, pointing to a lumbering basset and a hyper golden-retriever pup. "I bring 'em with me to the set; it makes it seem a little more like home." He plopped onto a beat-up brown sofa and offered me his "Jetsons" chair, a jetlike turquoise-vinyl seat. He pulled out a cigarette, then scoured the trailer for a match. He held the cigarette a little gingerly; the week before, he'd cut his hand open busting out a window for a scene and had gotten ten stitches. He lit the cigarette, inhaled it gratefully and said, "Kids, don't try this at home."

Even though Quaid was exhausted from the jet-lag switch to day shooting, he was cracking jokes, performing, talking in a high-volume stage voice. (As an actor, he's no brooding, mumbling Method type, no young Brando or pouty Sean Penn; he's closer to Jack Nicholson: brash, male, full of smirking humor.)

If Quaid were ten years younger, he'd be the age of today's hottest young movie stars—the young kids, the Brat Pack: Emilio Estevez, Judd Nelson, Charlie Sheen and Rob Lowe. I tell Quaid about a *People* cover story on Charlie Sheen: how he claimed to have made the deal for *Platoon* on the phone in his black Porsche; how he said he'd had a girlfriend but "I got that piano off my back"; how he said he liked to go out in L.A. at night and "check out some butts."

He laughed. "Ten years from now, he'll look back and go, 'Ooooo! Cringe city!' I wouldn't have handled it very well, to tell you the truth. The danger involved in getting success early is losing that inspiration you started out with about why you wanted to become an actor. What happens is you get all caught up in wanting to be in a hit movie, caught up in the commerciality and the financial decisions, instead of the material and what you should be concentrating on. It seems to have happened to people I admire most—like Robert Duvall—in their 30s. It seems a lot of people who make it in their 20s don't really have a chance to live life, to garner some experience. After

that, you become a spider in a glass jar. Life watches you instead of you watching it, which is how an actor gets his meat."

His ambivalence about stardom is reflected by his two homes: one in the Hollywood hills, in the thick of the L.A. scene, and the other in the wilds of south-western Montana, a region noted for its lack of multiplex moviehouses. Quaid is buying a ranch he's rented for years there. It helps him fit a peculiar schedule: Half the time, he's racing like crazy to get the hugest audience possible; the other half, he's running away, holing up. Few people recognize him when he's in Montana; it's a place where he can be, well, just a rich young guy with his own ranch.

"It's gorgeous country," he said. "It used to be Warren Oates's and Sam Peckinpah's place. Warren was a good friend of mine; we were in *Tough Enough* together. We were great friends the last year of his life. Then he checked out. His bones are right out in back of the house, in fact, spread around a campfire where we all used to howl at the moon." He plucked a felt marker off a nearby table, held it up. "There're pieces about as big as this. You can pick him up. One night, I took him to dinner. Put him back, though, of course. He was a great guy."

"The ranch is 1400 acres, bordered by a national forest. You can go out the front door, make a right turn and go for 200 miles without crossing a road. It's pretty incredible. Four and a half miles of creek goin' right through the property. Go right out the front door and fish. Trout, German browns, natives, cutthroats. The Yellowstone River is about a mile and a half away. It's gorgeous in the wintertime. In Montana, if you see somebody on the highway, you wave. It's, like, 'It's another car!' I run to the window to see who it is if I hear a car coming down the road. But mostly, I just sit and watch the clouds go across the sky. The whole valley becomes your mind." He smiled. "Warren used to describe it as nine months of winter and three months of guests."

I asked him how he would wind down from his four-film run after *D.O.A.* wrapped; the production was heading down to the wire, trying to get it in under the gun of the Directors Guild strike.

"It's a ritual," he said. "First, I go to an island paradise, sit with my girlfriend on the beach, with a piña colada in my hand, and relax. Then Montana."

"What does she think of your place in Montana?"

"Who?"

"Your girlfriend." I knew he'd been linked to actress Lea Thompson, star of *Back to the Future* and *Some Kind of Wonderful*. I'd also heard they were on the skids.

"I don't have a girlfriend now," he said. "We split up about five months  
(continued on page 180)

# channel

H • O • P • P • I • N • G

encounters with the dead are more than the new-age path to enlightenment—they may also be the safest sex in town

## ARTICLE By JERRY STAHL

RIGHT OFF, let me say I've got nothing against the dead. There are a few I really like. In fact, some of my best friends are dead. But that doesn't mean I want to hang out with them on weekends and kick around old times.

Oh, I don't mean to sound like a bigot. I just think the dead should know their place—and not come scooting back from the Other Side just 'cause this year they're "in" and everybody wants one at a party.

Bad enough you don't know where they've been. Even worse, with the sudden slew of trance channels on hand to help them spout off, today's dead tend to be real know-it-alls. Less likely to dish out greetings from Gramps than with tips on how to shake your inner turmoil, or news that you used to be known as Festive Olga in the year nine, when half the Eskimos in Greenland were wont to toss old seal chunks into your igloo for hours of fun and blubber—the kind of info you'd just as soon stayed packed away with Jimmy Hoffa.

But enough about me. The only reason I mention the whole business is that I'm meeting Mafu. Mafu, you may as well know, is also a deadie. Dead but psychic, like the rest of them. He's lived 17 times—that's just counting his incarnations on earth—as everything from Egyptian Pharaoh to Pompeian leper. But lately, eschewing a bod of his own, he appears exclusively in the full-figured form of 28-year-old Penny Torres, bright and bubbly ex-wife of an L.A. police officer.

Penny channels "the Fun Guy," as she calls him. This means that for the past year, she's been gracious enough to vacate her body when the frequently deceased wants to sidle in and start dispensing the special brand of beyond-the-grave wit and wisdom that's made him spiritual darling to legions of devotees.

All true. The field's crowded, but Mafu has already emerged as one of the hottest entities on the channel circuit since Ramtha, the famed 35,000-year-old war-

rior who got nailed asking believers to shell out big bucks for Arabian ponies. Said fillies, coincidentally, were raised on the Yelm, Washington, ranch of J. Z. Knight, the gifted blonde who leaves *her* incarnate being to channel Ramtha when *he's* feeling chatty. Word in the New Age world is that Dick Chamberlain and Mike Farrell, among numerous others, swear by the big R, while Linda Evans has switched camps. Now she's Mafu's girl.

Or am I going too fast?

Channeling, for the four or five of you who think I'm discussing Transcam funding techniques, is the cosmic rage that has half of Hollywood spending more time yacking with spirits from Atlantis with names like after-shaves than with their own agents.

Basically, channels are enlightened citizens who, through chance or training, know how to turn themselves into human telephones. They do this by entering a trance and stepping out of their bodies to let the spirits in. This enables the rest of us to pay money and gather round, not just to hear the Other Worlders speak through them but to bask in the wondrous energy their formless entities just seem to emit, like benevolent swamp gas, while they tell us what's what.

If it's still confusing, imagine the channel as Mister Ed and the believers as a batch of happy Wilburs—who happen to pay anywhere from \$10 to \$1500 for the privilege of kicking around cosmic secrets with invisible visitors. Los Angeles alone is home to 1000 channels, with countless full-timers and followers sprouting up coast to coast.

Weird as the whole process may sound, weirder still is the sheer normalcy of the good souls involved. People into channeling—a trend, no matter how you slice it—tend to be relentless examples of Regular Guy- and Galhood. Which makes sense when you realize that most Americans got their first glimpse at this extreme-o phenom on that most unextreme of venues—TV!

Channeling may be the first grand-scale spiritual movement to have been promulgated primarily on the tube. Christianity

at least existed before Oral Roberts started tossing crutches to the ushers in the first row. But for most contempo devotees, channeling didn't show up in their brains till those cultural trail blazers Merv Griffin and Shirley MacLaine put it there.

Merv was first, back in the summer of '86, when he played host to Lazaris, a non-physical entity channeled by Jach Pursel. As luck would have it (if you call sitting home watching *The Merv Griffin Show* luck), I caught that media milestone. Actor Michael York and his wife, Pat, the Jim and Tammy Bakker of New Age theology, were on hand to help introduce the masses to their man. And Merv made the point right up front that "many of our top stars are now consulting not Jach but the entity."

With that kind of build-up, you're expecting Sun Myung Moon. Even more incredible, on comes this Teddy-bear R.V.-salesman-of-the-month type. And this is Jach. Channel to the stars!

Considering its impact, it's worth reliving the thrill of that cognitive landmark. After the obligatory couch chat, Pursel says he's ready to make room for Daddy. First he gulps in air, squinches his eyes shut, wrinkles his nose and bares his teeth like a Disney chipmunk.

The contorto stuff is part of the excitement of channel watching. See, it's not easy letting some strange spirit sublet your body. You'll find channels who snuffle, channels who snort, channels who groan and twitch. But Jach's one of your tamer pros. *Upscale*. The furthest he goes is that nose wrinkle.

At last, Jach is banished to the metaphysical greenroom; Lazaris pipes up with his trademark opener: "All right!" Pronounced "Oo-right," in an accent best described as Charlie Chan in a kilt.

The entity's message turns out to be your basic success-'n'-positive-thinking shtick: cosmic Norman Vincent Peale. "You *do* create your own reality!" And my own fave: "After you leave this plane, your body gets younger and thinner and more athletic." Perfect!

"We have earthly things to do, called commercials," blurts a respectful Merv at one point.

"We know of such things," quips Lazaris, wrinkling up again. I mean, he's never been incarnated. The guy dwells in some timeless ether. But, by God, he knows about commercial breaks. Now, *here's* a spirit for our era!

The medium, in ways Marshall McLuhan never guessed, is clearly the message. Awash in our media *Zeitgeist*, we can use some divine intervention. But, this being late-Eighties America, we need it repackaged—postmodernized—preferably in telegenic bytes by blow-dried shamans

such as Jach and his *compadre* Kevin Ryerson, the channel catapulted to stardom by MacLaine's blockbuster *Out on a Limb*.

*Limb*, without question, has done for channeling what *Saturday Night Fever* did for disco. The miniseries weaves the tale of Shirl's stormy affair with a married British pol and her plunge into the paranormal. The scene that opened a grateful nation's eyes, however, was her Malibu tête-à-tête with Ryerson.

Kev is one of the nation's premiere mediums (Joyce DeWitt sometimes tours with him). He's tall. He's dark. He wears a fedora tugged low over one eye. And it's amazing, the stuff Ryerson reveals. For one thing, he informs Shirley that she and her beloved had been married on Atlantis. His nibs was a diplomat then, too. Unfortunately, even on Atlantis, he was too caught up in his career to really adore Shirley the way she required.

It all makes sense! That's the thing about reincarnation: the way past lives make the twisted and inexplicable present logical as sitcoms. Each life's just another episode. There are, as channels one and all insist, no accidents.

Their session over, Shirley'd love to find out more about this right-brain, faith-in-the-unseen situation, but Kev's got a date. "I need to be picking up my lady" is how he puts it.

Alone again, the codivine Miss M. reports that she was "vibrating with this strange, almost magnetic energy down [her] arms." Thankfully, no paper clips fly across the room and scar her elbows. What's most exciting is that this revelation—the irrational is as real as meat loaf—has transformed her on the spot. And her transformation sparks scads of split-level, job-family-and-Allstate Insurance types to see the clear light right along with her. Like Shirl, a soul, after that first taste, just needs to get out there and sample the magic firsthand.

There exist, on the New Age chain of being, three modes of attaining atoneness with the channel of your choice. You've got your retreats, your evening get-togethers and your personalized sessions (or, as industry insiders like to call them, your "privates"). Retreats, often week-long affairs in some suitable idyllic setting, tend to be the most demanding, spiritually and financially.

So when I get a call that I can meet Mafu's own Penny T., who had already canceled a couple of meetings, at midnight that very night at some place called the Institute of Mentalphysics in Yucca Valley, I drop everything and flee my modest movieland hovel for the three-hour drive. The point of her (continued on page 174)



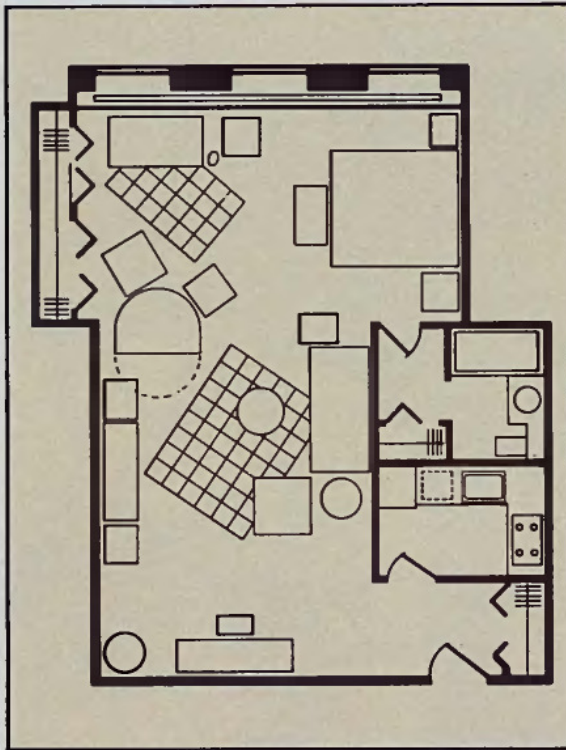


BK Woom

*"Why, thank you! I'd love to dance!"*

how to  
turn a  
nothing  
studio  
apartment  
into the  
ultimate  
L-shaped  
room

*modern living*  
By Joanna L. Krotz



Clubroom glamor, rich color and some smart investments take the edges off this ordinary white-box studio (above). But high style works here, too: Diagonally placed Oriental carpets (see floor plan, top, and photo at right) help zone the sleeping, dining and living areas. Underneath, sisal floor covering highlights the antique woods and rugs. Low-hung curtains add privacy yet turn the windows into 3-D posters. And small tables and trunks move easily for parties of two or 20.



# URBANE RENEWAL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI  
MODEL-APARTMENT DESIGN BY JACK KREITINGER, CHICAGO



# S

SO MANY settle for the modern convention: a sofa backed up to the longest wall, a rug squared off against the sofa, an armchair on lone guard duty and, overhead, one of those snap-in lighting tracks that a friend promised were easy to install. Swell. The apartment is done. There's just one glitch. No one wants to live there. It's a thorny problem, all right: only one room, with microkitchenette and sleeping alcove (maybe not even that), into which you must fit all the needs of a man living alone—your entire life, loves, possessions, enthusiasm *and* comfort. Not easy. And—we won't kid you—it's a situation that calls for compromises.

A studio apartment obviously sets limits. Space is at a premium, and every piece of furniture, each accessory and object must be chosen with care. But before you rush out and throw money at the problem, think about how you spend your time at home. Don't get snookered by the rules. There aren't any.

Some designer in the Fifties may have decided that chrome and glass and motorcycle leather provided the ultimate bachelor ambience, but that's no reason for you to go out and follow outmoded prejudices. This is the Eighties, remember. No more hard-edged, right-angled lines about what makes the man. Today's style for the man about town runs the gamut from cozy nights with the VCR to playing host for glittery parties. Make sure it's *your* home that's being planned, not someone else's image. Be confident. Above all, trust your taste.

#### STRATEGIES FOR SPACE: YOUR LIVING-AND-ENTERTAINING ROOM

Too often, when it comes to studios, the prevailing advice is "Think small." So scaled-down furniture is installed in scaled-down apartments, and the result looks like one of those trick model rooms that make you notice how hard everyone is working to fool you. Don't fall into the trap. Instead, think trade-offs. The idea is to take the edges off the impersonal white box. Since most newer high-rise spaces have none of the character of yesteryear's, you have to import it by adding sculptural shapes that will work as interior architecture. Look for virtuoso furniture, something imposing or intricate that the eye can roam around. That can be an outsize poster, a huge, curvy sofa—a significant investment in style and space. (continued overleaf)



Chosen with care, big-scale furnishings do the job of walls. Opposite page, the foot of a sleigh bed makes a low-slung bedroom border, while a screen outlines the room within a room and camouflages skis and weights. An airy wicker love seat provides easy transition from the "bedroom" and intimate extra seating, too. Antique trunks and suitcases, sporting grand-tour patinas, store linens (above), and a small chest of drawers (top) is more efficient than a night table.



**L**eave some air around it, some breathing room, so the shape is sharp and clear. Personality counts. The more your individuality is in evidence, the more the room will feel like home. But function must count, too. In a studio, you don't have the luxury of the merely decorative.

Storage is the problem in any apartment, especially the one-room home. And it's perhaps the most logical one to be solved by a major piece. An antique or reproduction armoire with shelving and doors will hold most electronic goodies and still store books and trophies or glasses and wine. Sleek and efficient storage units now on the market have the virtue of seeming built in once in place. It's useful to choose one with both open and closed storage—drawers and cabinets as well as shelving. Some are being manufactured with precut holes in the back to fit computer cables and lines for other electronic components. Take your pick of laminates, painted or natural woods, high-tech metals, streamlined plastics or combinations. Many units are designed to stack or coexist side by side. Whatever your taste, make sure the unit will stow a good deal of stuff.

#### THE CHARM OF THE UNEXPECTED

The most lighthearted people we know lose their sense of humor and turn earnest when it comes to furniture. Factors that never seem to matter much in other purchases—such as safety or lifetime durability—assume paramount importance when applied to a lamp or a chair. The most fashionable of men still end up with sofas that are tried, true and boring. Why? Because of a tendency to get their rooms in order and then go on to more major concerns. Because furniture is pricy and you don't discard a sofa like last year's suit. You figure, with reason, that the smart policy is to choose the unobtrusive, the neutral, the conventional. "It'll still look good in ten years," urges the salesman.

Maybe. In any case, ten years from now, you'll undoubtedly be somewhere else, doing something different, and that sofa will be, at best, an annoying reminder of where you were. Try thinking of the room the way you do your clothes—just with a longer timetable. Your wardrobe changes, gets added to, edited. You never consider it finished. Homes are like that, too.

Take a chance with an item or two. One (continued on page 212)

Old World comfort may reign here, yet performance is very up to date: Dining chairs can move confidently into the living area. A gate-leg table serves dinner or backgamman (above left). At the entrance, a sideboard—rather than a table—holds clothing as well as the mail (top). An antique armoire (opposite page) houses high-tech equipment, while a *trappe l'oeil* book stack (above right) opens to store magazines. Function counts, but personal style makes the home.









FICTION

## By JOSEPH HELLER

If my memory is correct, no episodes or characters were deleted when the first typed manuscript of *Catch-22* was reduced in the editing from about 800 pages to 600. My memory is not correct. Shortly after the novel was published in late 1961, a friend who had read the original deplored the omission of a series of letters from Nately to his father. Subsequently, those eight or ten pages were published in *Playboy* under the title *Love, Dad* (December 1969).

I should state that all of the cutting had been for the sole purpose of obtaining more coherence and effectiveness for the total work.

More recently, on the 25th anniversary of the publication of the novel, two officers at the U.S. Air Force Academy doing research on the work wanted to know why I had removed an entire small chapter dealing with a physical-education instructor and with the application of calisthenics and other exercises as preparations for combat and survival.

My reactions of surprise were contradictory: I had forgotten I had written it; I was positive I had left it in. "Do you mean it's not there?" I exclaimed. "That line 'Don't just lie there while you're waiting for the ambulance. Do push-ups?'"

They assured me that the entire chapter had been excluded, that they felt it was good, still timely, and that it ought to be published.

Checking on my own, I find them correct on all points. That chapter is not in the novel; I think it ought to be published.

Here it is.

—JOSEPH HELLER

ACTUALLY, YOSSARIAN OWED his good health to clean living—to plenty of fresh air, exercise, teamwork and good sportsmanship. It was to get away from all of them that he had gone on sick call the first time and had discovered the hospital.

At Lowry Field, where he had gone through armament school before applying for cadet training, the enlisted men were conditioned for survival in combat by a program of calisthenics that was administered six days a week by Rogoff, a conscientious physical-education instructor. Rogoff was a staff sergeant in his mid-30s. He was a spare, wiry, obsequious man with flat bones and a face like tomato juice who was devoted to his work and always seemed to arrive several minutes late to perform it.

In reality, he always arrived several minutes early and concealed himself in some convenient hiding place nearby until everyone else had arrived, so that he could come bounding up in a hurry, as though he were a very busy man, and launch right into his exercises without any awkward preliminaries. Rogoff found conversation difficult. He would conceal himself behind a motor

in a lost chapter of *catch-22*, our hero discovers that the best exercise is no exercise at all

# YOSSARIAN

S U R V I V E S

vehicle if one were parked in the vicinity or hide near the window in the boiler room of one of the barracks buildings or underneath the landing of the entrance to the orderly room. One afternoon, he jumped down into one of ex-Pfc. Wintergreen's holes to hide and was cracked right across the side of the head with a shovel by ex-Pfc. Wintergreen, who poured a stream of scalding abuse after him as he stumbled away in apologetic humiliation toward the men waiting for him to arrive and put them through his exercises.

Rogoff conducted his exercises from a high wooden platform between two privates on the ground he called his sergeants, who shared the same unquestioning faith in the efficacy of exercise and assisted him by performing each calisthenic up front after he himself had stopped to rest his voice, which was reedy and unpredictable to begin with. Rogoff abhorred idleness. Whenever he had nothing better to do on his platform, he strode about resolutely, clapped his hands in spasmodic outbursts of zeal and said, "Hubba, hubba." Each time he said "Hubba, hubba" to the columns of men in green fatigues on the ground before him, they would say "Hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba" right back to him and begin scuffing their feet and shaking their elbows against their sides until Rogoff made them stop by unctuously raising his hand high in an approving kind of benediction and saying, as though deeply moved, "That's the way, men. That's the way."

*Hubba, hubba*, he had explained, was the noise made by an eager beaver, and then he had laughed, as though at an extraordinary witticism.

Rogoff conducted them through a wide variety of obscene physical experiences. There were bending, stretching and jumping exercises, all executed in unison to a masculine, musical cadence of "One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four." The men assumed a prone position and did push-ups or assumed a supine position and did sit-ups. The men learned a lot from calisthenics. They learned the difference between prone and supine.

Rogoff named, then demonstrated, each exercise he wanted done and exercised right along with them until he had counted one, two, three, four five times, as loudly as he could, at the top of his frail voice. The two privates he had promoted to be his sergeants continued doing the same exercise after he had stopped to rest his voice and was pacing spryly about on the platform or clapping his hands with spirit.

Occasionally, he would jump down to the ground without any warning, as though the platform were on fire, and dart inside one of the two-story barracks buildings behind him to make certain

that no one who was supposed to be outside doing calisthenics was inside not doing them. The men on the athletic field would still be bending, stretching or jumping when he darted back out. To bring them to a halt, he would begin bending, stretching or jumping right along with them, counting one, two, three, four twice, his voice soaring upward almost perpendicularly into another octave the first time and squeezing out the second set of numbers in an agonized, shredded falsetto that made the veins and tendons bulge out gruesomely on his neck and forehead and brought an even greater flood of color to his flat red face. Every time Rogoff brought an exercise to an end, he would say "Hubba, hubba" to them, and they would say "Hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba" right back, like the bunch of eager beavers he hoped from the bottom of his heart they would all turn out to be.

When the men were not bending, stretching, jumping or pushing up, they were taught tap dancing, because tap dancing would endow them with the rhythm and coordination necessary to do the bending, stretching, jumping and push-ups that would develop the rhythm and coordination necessary to be proficient at judo and survive in combat.

Rogoff emoted the same ardor for judo as he did for calisthenics and spent about ten minutes of each session rehearsing them in the fundamentals in slow motion. Judo was the best natural weapon an unarmed fighting man had for coping with one or more enemy soldiers in a desert or jungle, provided he was unarmed. If he had a loaded carbine or sub-machine gun, he would be at a distinct disadvantage, since he would have to shoot it out with them. But if he was lucky enough to be trapped by them without a gun, then he would be able to use judo.

"Judo is the best natural weapon a fighting man has," Rogoff would remind them each day from his pinnacle in his high and constricted voice, spilling the words out with haste and embarrassment, as though he could not wait to be rid of them.

The men faced one another in rows and went through the movements slowly, without making contact, since judo was so destructive a natural weapon that it could not even be practiced long enough to be learned without annihilating its students. Judo was the best natural weapon a fighting man had until the day the popular boxing champ showed up as a guest calisthenics instructor to improve their morale and introduced them to the left jab.

"The left jab," said the champ without any hesitation from Rogoff's platform, "is the best natural defensive weapon a fighting man has. And since the best de-

fensive weapon is an offensive weapon, the left jab is also the best natural offensive weapon a fighting man has."

Rogoff's face went white as a sheet.

The champ had the men face one another in rows and counted cadence while they learned and practiced the left jab in slow motion to a dignified four-beat rhythm, without making contact.

"One, two, three, four," he counted. "One, two, jab, four. Now the other column. Remember, no contact with the left jab. Ready? Jab, two, three, four, jab, two, jab, four, one, jab, three, jab, jab, two, three, jab. That's the way. Now we'll rest a few seconds and practice it some more. You can't practice the left jab too much."

The champ had been escorted to the athletic field in his commissioned-officer's uniform by an adulating retinue of colonels and generals, who stared up at him raptly from the ground in lambent idolatry. Rogoff had been bumped aside off his platform and was completely forgotten. Even the honor of introducing the champ to the men had been denied him. An embarrassed little smile tortured his lips as he stood off by himself on the ground, ignored by everyone, including the two privates he had made his sergeants. It was one of these sergeants who asked the champ what he thought of judo.

"Judo is no good," the champ declared. "Judo is Japanese. The left jab is American. We're at war with Japan. You figure it out from there. Are there any more questions?"

There were none. It was time for the champ and his distinguished flotilla to go.

"Hubba, hubba," he said.

"Hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba," the men replied.

There was an awkward hush after the champ had gone and Rogoff had returned to his desecrated platform. Rogoff gulped in abasement, failing abysmally in his attempt to pass off with casual indifference the shattering loss of status he had just suffered.

"Men," he explained weakly in a choked and apologetic voice, "the champ is a great man and we've all got to keep in mind everything he told us. But he's been traveling around a lot in connection with the war effort, and maybe he hasn't been able to keep up to date on the latest methods of warfare. That's why he said those things he did about the left jab and about judo. For some people, I guess, the left jab is the best natural weapon a fighting man has. For others, judo is the best. We'll continue concentrating on judo here, because we have to concentrate on something and we can't concentrate on both. Once you get overseas to the jungle or desert and find yourselves attacked

(continued on page 184)




*"One pumps iron, the other is recovering from a damaged relationship. Easy does it."*



**S**EX  
TARS  
OF 1987

**KEVIN COSTNER and SEAN YOUNG**  
Torrid Twosome



this year, hollywood had  
a lot of competition—  
from amateurs

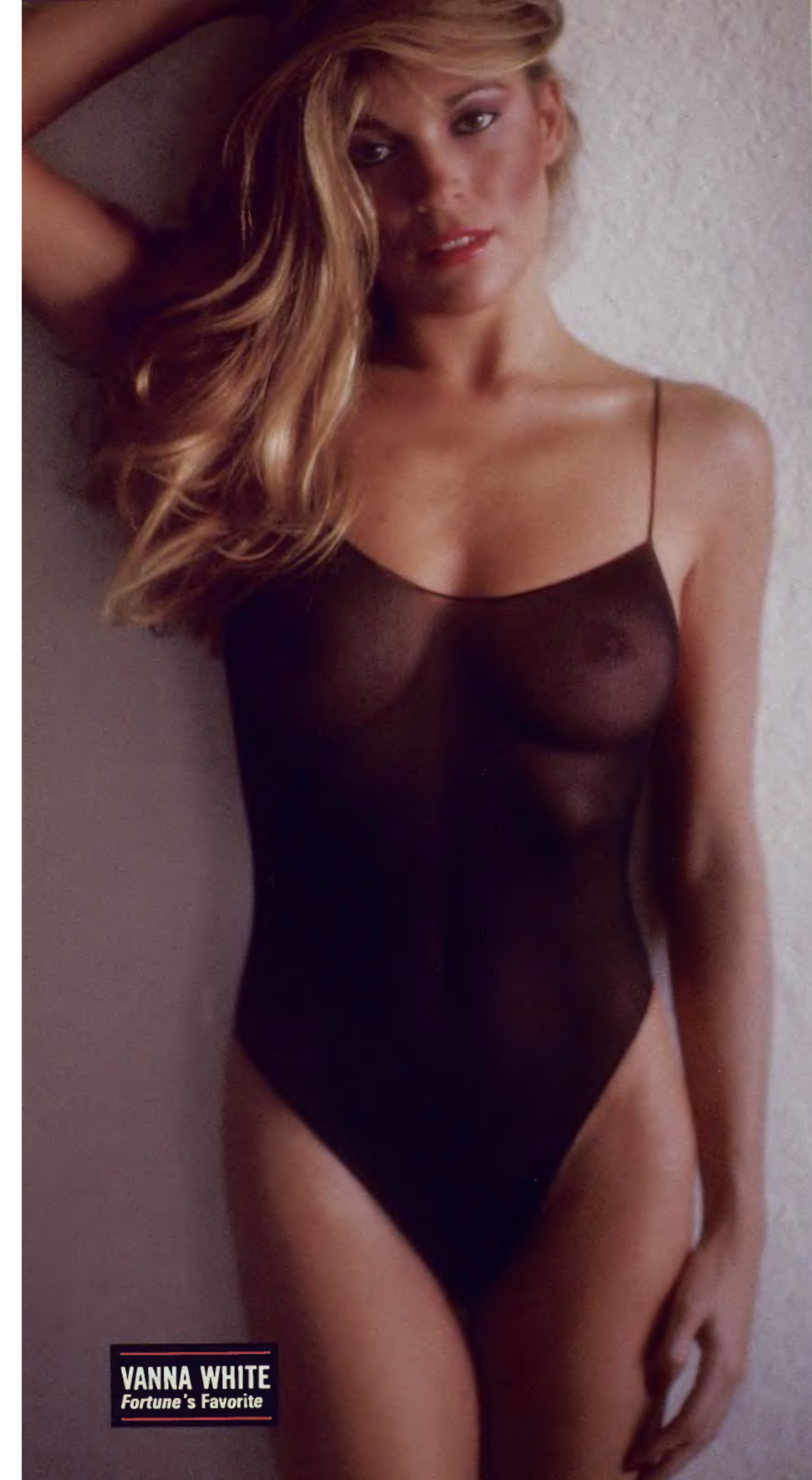
text by  
JIM HARWOOD

**F**OR A WHILE, it seemed as if the Sex Stars of 1987 would turn out to be a ram-bunctious bunch of overnight sensations who might never be heard from again. Fortunately, a few experienced veterans came off the side lines to make the year a memorable mix of high-jinks rather  
*(text continued on page 168)*

## LEADING LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Movie screens are beginning to steam up again, thanks in no small part to such stars as Sean Young and Kevin Costner (opposite), who are obsessed with each other in *No Way Out*, and ever-sexy Kim Basinger (right), most recently paired with Jeff Bridges in the goofily romantic thriller *Nadine*.

**KIM BASINGER**  
A Now Kind of Blonde



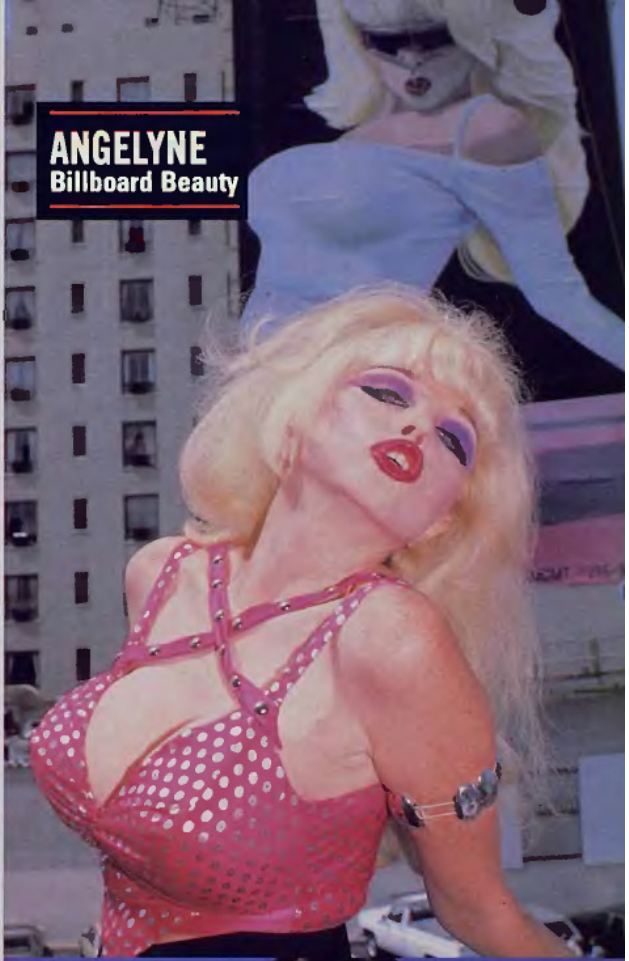
**VANNA WHITE**  
*Fortune's Favorite*

## **MEDIA DARLINGS**

One could scarcely open a periodical in 1987 without encountering Vanna White (left), *Wheel of Fortune's* popular letterwoman, whose May *Playboy* issue was a sellout. As for Gloria (Ms.) Steinem (above), she brightened our year by posing in a mini for *Vanity Fair*. We're glad you've finally caught up with us, Gloria. If you hadn't had great gams, you'd never have become a funny Bunny. A lady named Angelyne (top right) had herself immortalized on billboards and an 85-foot mural, while model Paulina Porizkova (bottom right) had a new calendar and *Playboy* layout.



**GLORIA STEINEM**  
Most Liberated Legs



**ANGELYNE**  
Billboard Beauty



**PAULINA PORIZKOVA**  
Page Turner



**MICKEY ROURKE**  
Slovenly but Sexy



**MICHELLE PFEIFFER**  
Most Be-Witching

**SCREEN PRESENCE**

How does he manage it? Mickey Rourke (left) can look like a slob in such films as *Angel Heart* and *Barfly*, but he still turns on the ladies. Michelle Pfeiffer (above) enlivens *The Witches of Eastwick*, as well as the zany spoof *Amazon Women on the Moon*, while Patrick Swayze (below), previously cast as a tough, outdoorsy kind of guy, transforms a Borscht Belt hotel dance floor into an erogenous zone in *Dirty Dancing*.

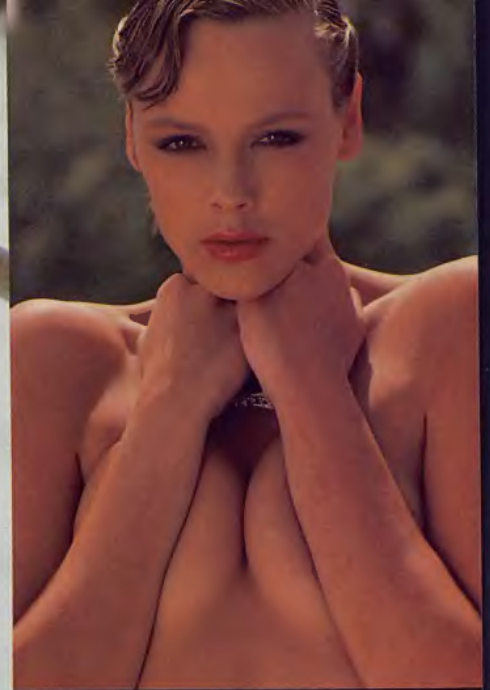
**PATRICK SWAYZE**  
Dirtiest Dancer







**SONIA BRAGA**  
*Milagro's Miracle*



**BRIGITTE NIELSEN**  
*So Long, Sly*

**FOREIGN LEGIONS**

Brazil's spectacular Sonia Braga (left), owner of one of our favorite foreign bodies, stars in Robert Redford's upcoming *Milagro Beanfield War*; great Dane Brigitte Nielsen (above), split from husband Sylvester Stallone, has lots of movie offers (not to mention a sizzling pictorial in this issue). And super-Swede Dolph Lundgren, no longer Grace Jones's main man, conquers all as the superhero of *Masters of the Universe*.

**DOLPH LUNDGREN**  
*Dis-Graced*





**MARYAM D'ABO**  
Comeliest Cellist

**BOND AGAIN** You've been under a rock if you aren't aware that 1987 marks the 25th anniversary of 007 movies, duly noted with a *Playboy* retrospective (September) and a new film, *The Living Daylights*, starring Timothy Dalton (below) as Bond and Maryam d'Abo (left) as his musical Bondswoman.



**TIMOTHY DALTON**  
Heir Apparent



**MADONNA**  
Queen of the Road



**JON BON JOVI**  
Teens' Dream

**THE BEAT GOES ON**

Music's charms do more to inflame than to soothe when it's Madonna (left) on stage; her round-the-world tour was a near sellout wherever she went, filling such giant arenas as Houston's Astrodome and London's Wembley Stadium. (In her movie *Who's That Girl*, though, she took a fall.) Jon Bon Jovi (above) drew the lion's share of the year's groupies, while Whitney Houston (below) scored with a second top-selling album.

**WHITNEY HOUSTON**  
Pop's Top





**DONNA RICE**  
Hart Stopper



**GARY HART**  
Losingest Weekend



**FAWN HALL**  
Sexiest Shredder



**OLIVER NORTH**  
Soep Killer

**HEADLINERS** Some of the year's sexiest stories featured people who popped up on television newscasts, not sitcoms. Donna Rice (far left) is a Miami party girl whose past has been revealed to be much more colorful than she would like to admit. Donna, who has been described in the press as "Wild Rice" and an "action girl," helped torpedo the Presidential ambitions of candidate Gary Hart (top left) when they were observed during an all-night stake-out at his Washington town house. It later turned out that Rice, the ex-girlfriend of a convicted drug dealer, had accompanied Hart on a swinging cruise to Bimini. Fawn Hall (center left) shredded heaps of documents, then smuggled other papers from the office of her boss, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North (bottom left), in her blouse; this fueled sniggering speculation about their relationship that both denied—and that has never been confirmed. But the year's hottest story was that of former church secretary Jessica Hahn (right), whose revelations about the sexual and financial misdeeds of TV evangelist Jim Bakker led to his downfall and to the near demise of his multi-million-dollar PTL empire. Jessica has told her complete story exclusively in the pages of *Playboy*.



**JESSICA HAHN**  
Avenging Angel

# PLAYBOY'S LAYMATES *in the Movies*



**JULIE MCCULLOUGH**  
Miss February 1986  
*Big Bad Mama II*

**F**rom the beginning, *Playboy's* Playmates have appeared in movies. Think of Jayne Mansfield and Stella Stevens. This year, though, there's a bumper crop. The eight gatefold girls on these pages have been in more films than we have space to list. Other Playmates are also making cinematic waves: 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker, for example, is Charity in *Million Dollar Mystery*; Heidi Sorenson is the mayor's best girl in *Roxanne*; Ava Fabian, in *Dragnet*, plays Dabney Coleman's companion, Ava; Susan Scott stars in *Student Confidential* and Pamela Bryant in *Tiger Shark*; Yuliis Ruval, a.k.a. Lillian Müller, is in *Stewardess School*. Independent film maker Andy Sidaris features a veritable stock company of Playmates, among them Hope Marie Carlton, Cynthia Brimhall, Patty Duffek, Dona Speir and Roberta Vasquez, in his secret-agent movies *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* and *Picasso Trigger*. Catch a *Playboy* centerfold on the screen soon!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

HUGH M HEFNER



**HOPE MARIE CARLTON**  
Miss July 1985  
*Double Exposure*  
*Slaughterhouse Rock*  
*Hard Ticket to Hawaii*

**KIMBERLY EVENSON**  
Miss September 1984  
*Kandyland*  
*Porky's Revenge*



**DEVIN DE VASQUEZ**  
Miss June 1985  
*Can't Buy Me Love*  
*House II: The Second Story*





**SHANNON TWEED**  
Playmate of the Year 1982  
*Code Name: Vengeance*  
*Steele Justice*  
*Lover Boy*



**DONA SPEIR**  
Miss March 1984  
*Into the Night*  
*Picasso Trigger*  
*Hard Ticket to Hawaii*



**REBECCA FERRATTI**  
Miss June 1986  
*The Silent Assassin*  
*Gor*  
*Outlaw of Gor*



**KATHY SHOWER**  
Playmata of the Year 1986  
*The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck*  
*The Woman Who Loved Too Much*

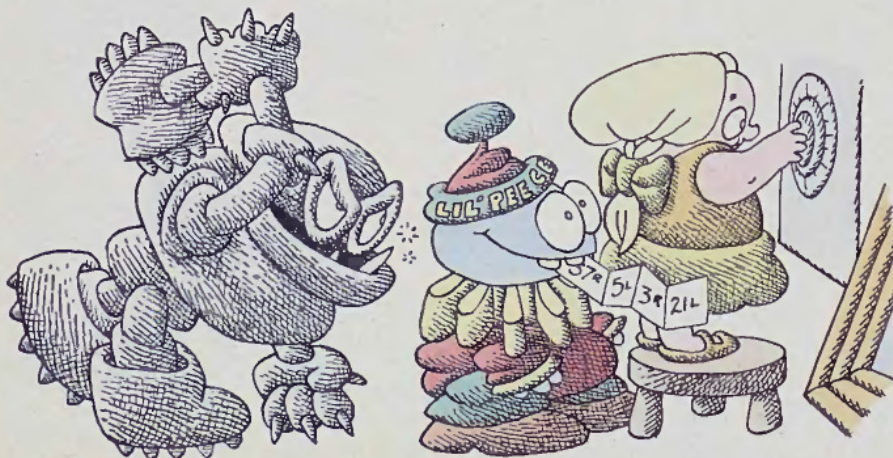
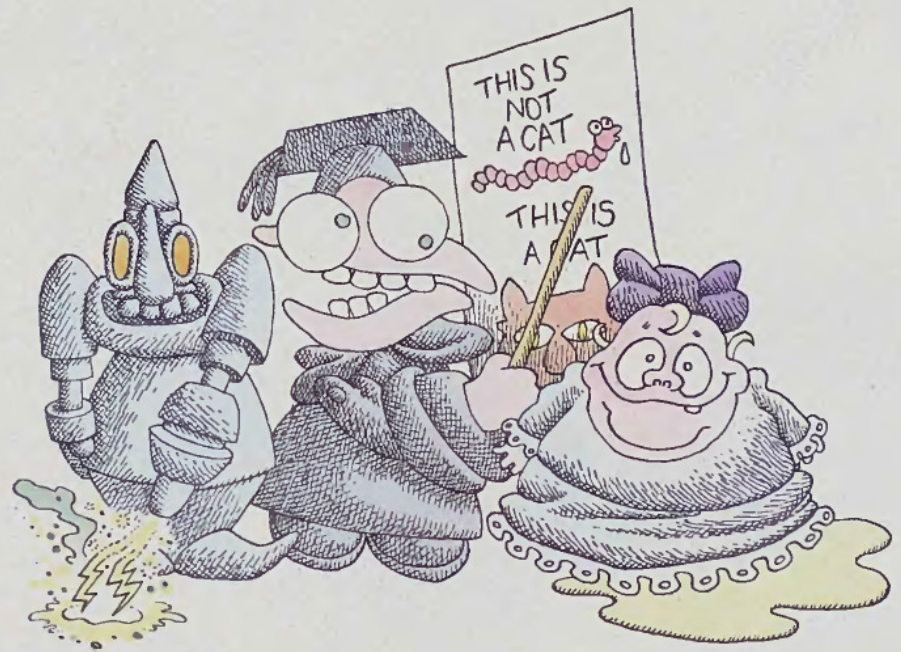
# THE 'SUBSTITUTES'

By

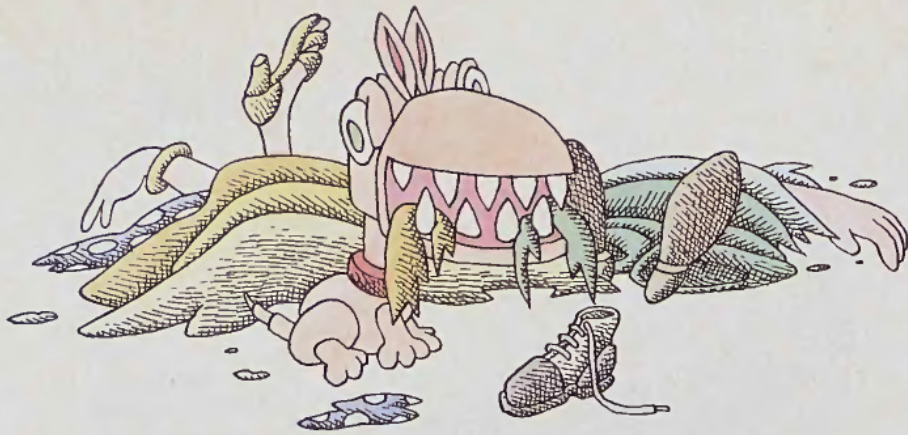
Graham Wilson

THE MOST optimistic scientists agree that massive overcrowding is just getting started (wait until we all try to pack ourselves aboard the spaceship!), and it's just begun to dawn on us that many living creatures we enjoy or need are space-wasting and could easily be replaced with computerized, mechanical substitutes.

*We all wanted childhood friends, sure, but they often ate cookies we expected to eat, and they selfishly refused to let us play with their toys, so we often had to beat them, which made them bleed or swell up, and that got us into serious trouble with adults. Now American know-how is developing a wide variety of robot chums that will talk to kids, follow them around on cute little feet or treads and even urinate on them.*

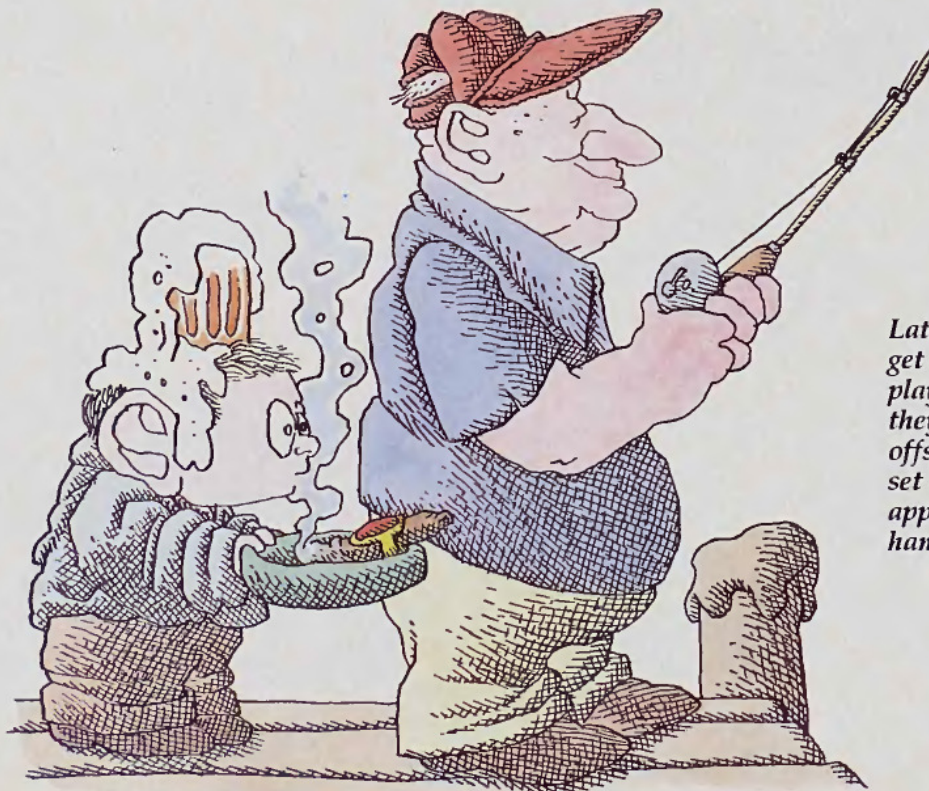
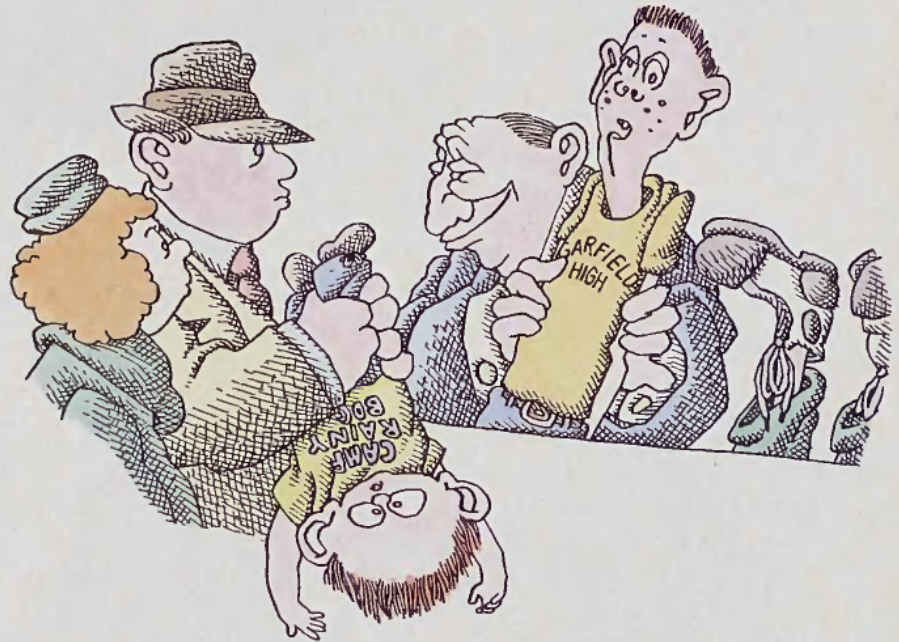


*Of course, the experimental models they come up with next may now and then get a mite too clever, but they'll be awfully surprised to learn that Daddy has bought a little gadget of his own to cover that eventuality.*



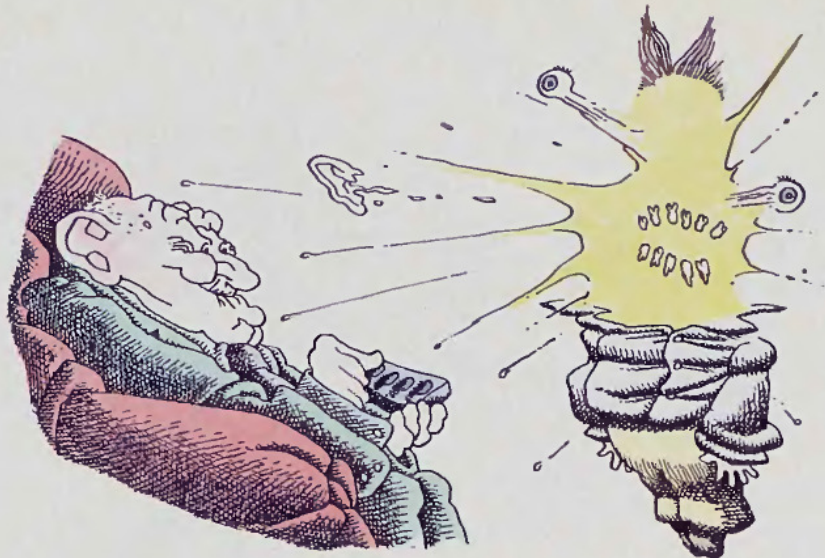
*Pets will be a natural for mechanical replacement, though there may be bugs in the earlier devices.*

*Many a would-be mom and pop, debt-ridden for life from their college education and unable to afford flesh-and-blood offspring, will buy computerized children that can be traded in for computerized adolescents.*



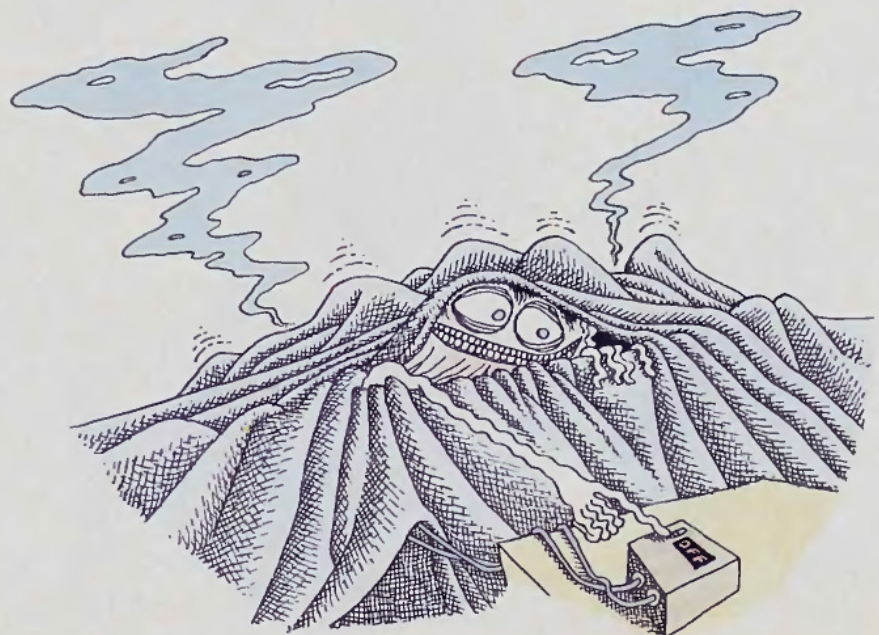
*Later, when the pretend parents get on in years and feel like playing Grandpa and Grandma, they can trade their matured offspring back in for a fresh new set of little tots, which will make appealing walking planters and handy mobile end tables. . . .*

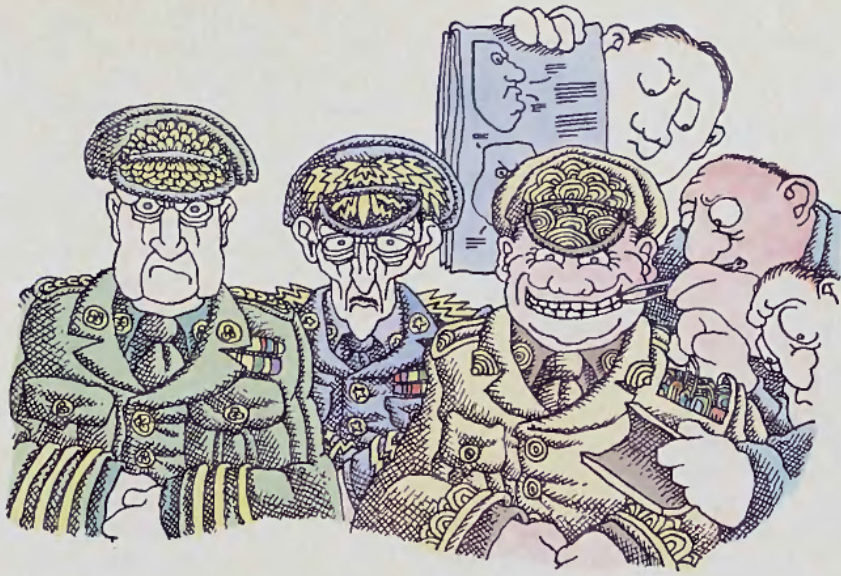
*And if the old folks get cranky, they can indulge themselves in acting out a fantasy that has crossed many a grandparent's mind on long, rainy afternoons.*



*The wildest and most glorious imaginings of men will at last be realized when customized, perfect lovers come onto the market. They will be programmed with the "Kama Sutra," just for starters. . . .*

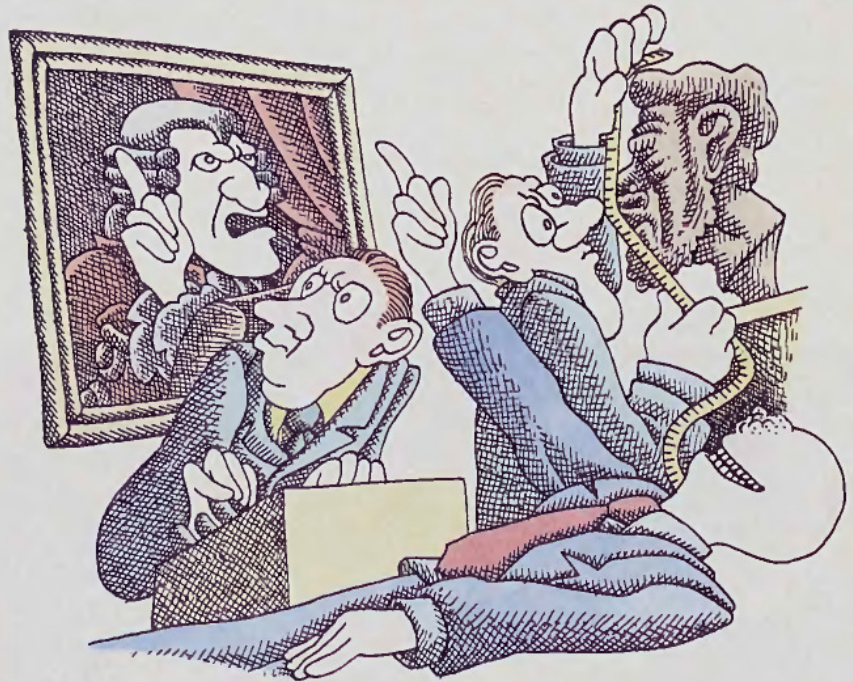
*And, of course, they will all have built-in rheostats.*





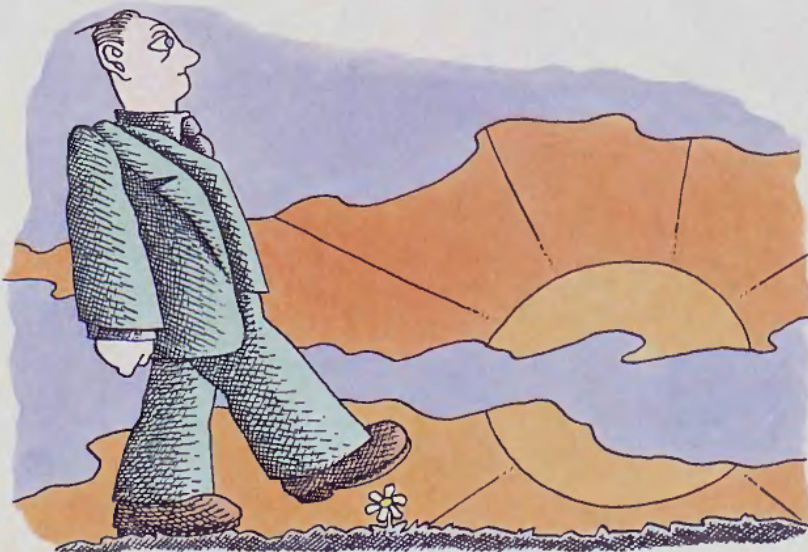
*The Pentagon will be computer-ized, though not without some flawed prototypes at the start.*

*Politics will finally be perfected when political offices are held by genuinely artificial mayors, Congressmen and, yes—most decidedly—Presidents.*



*In the end, we will all be replaced by tidier replicas of ourselves, and in many ways it will be a great improvement: All the trains will finally run on time; the streets of our cities will be spotlessly clean; and there will be no starvation anywhere in all the world, except for the occasional power failure.*

*It's a pity no one will be there to notice.*



## SEX STARS (continued from page 149)

*"Such a tale Hollywood hasn't heard since the good old days. Part way through, Romina swooned."*

than an endless display of clumsy amateur enthusiasm.

Sure, it was fun to watch a part-time model undo a Presidential candidate and an ex-church secretary bedevil a preacher and his painted wife, while a White House honey stuffed her shirtwaist full of secrets to protect a new American hero, who wanted only to save the country from communism and pick up leotards for his kids at the panty-hose store.

But trying to get at the truth was just too tiring, as even a Congressional committee discovered. We want our sexual evidence sworn to in the courtroom by a swooning Italian "passion flower" while the wronged soap-opera star glares at her philandering husband. We want married hunks and hunkettes splitting apart amid conflicting press releases. We want porno stars to win elections and reach voting age or, at least, the age of consent. We want stars behind bars. Hallelujah, we got it all—and more. Where to begin? From the

standpoint of history, Miami model **Donna Rice** doubtless caused the most trouble—at least for Democrats—by sailing off with Presidential front runner **Gary Hart** to the Bahamas and into the headlines. He was forced to quit the race and she tried to paste up a new career from the clippings.

A suspicious nation was prepared for the worst when it turned out that handsome Lieutenant Colonel **Oliver North** had had a tawny aide-de-camp named **Fawn Hall** (none of these girls is ever named **Millicent Feenweather**, we notice) helping him at the shredding machine in the Irangate scandal. But he said he was true to wife **Betsy**—and **Fawn**, as she fended off a flood of offers that would have let her profit from the experience, also denied fooling around.

**Donna** was love-struck and **Fawn** was devoted. But **Jessica Hahn** said she just wanted to pay her religious respects when she spent time in a hotel room with **Jim Bakker**, the popular *PTL Club* televangelist with the *Howdy Doody* grin.

Some seven years later, **Hahn** revealed that she had been tricked into bed with **Bakker**. Repenting, **Bakker** said he had been trying to make his heavily painted, astonishingly eyelashed co-host wife, **Tammy**, jealous because she was being too friendly with a country singer. The **Bakkers** said it was all one big misunderstanding but still wound up out of work; their dog's air-conditioned house was auctioned off while they struggled to hang on to several mansions of their own.

Hand in hand through it all, **Jim** and **Tammy** were shining examples of marital devotion in public, as were **Ollie** and **Betsy** and **Gary** and his wife, **Lee**. Alas, Hollywood marriages sometimes aren't equal to the strain. There were **Joan Collins** and her Swedish younger hubby, **Peter Holm**, fighting it out in court over his demands for a couple of mil in joint property, plus \$80,000 a month to support his manly needs. At a dramatic moment, her lawyer called **Romina Danielson**, who took the stand in a tight dress to tell all about her love affair with the impoverished plaintiff.

Such a tale Hollywood hasn't heard since the good old days. According to 23-year-old **Romina**, she lived with a kindly elderly millionaire husband who approved of her extramarital flings, including bedding down in the bushes with **Peter**, who spread petals on her body and called her his *Passion Flower*.

Part way through her testimony, **Romina** swooned and collapsed on the witness stand, ripping at her well-filled bodice as if gasping for air. As the court recessed, jaunty **Joan** stepped past the supine interloper, whose testimony was subsequently dismissed when she failed to reappear for cross-examination. The divorce was granted, but at presstime, **Holm** was still looking for the 80 grand.

If it ever gets to court, the divorce of **Sylvester Stallone** and his 24-year-old bride, **Brigitte Nielsen**, promises to display some provocative witnesses, too, if even a tenth of the gossip can be believed. Although the parties communicated through press releases denying the good stuff, the tabloids were atwitter with all sorts of speculation about **Nielsen's** ramblings away from **Rambo**. (For details—and pictures—see *Gilte the Great* elsewhere in this issue.)

**Gary Hart** had obviously had enough of such attention by the time he visited **Barcelona**, shortly after withdrawing from the Presidential race. Scheduled to appear on a Spanish talk show, he ducked out when he discovered that a fellow guest was to be **Ilana Staller**, newly elected to the Italian Chamber of Deputies. **Hart** apparently felt that he needed no new exposure with **Staller**, a porn star who had run for office under her better-known stage name, **Ciccilina**. In office, she vowed to seek the overturning of various antiporn laws under which she had been prosecuted.

The U.S. porno industry could only



*"And you in your kerchief and I in my turban had just settled down for a long evening's bourbon."*





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look on in envy at Staller's success as it was rocked from the inside out by revelations that tender temptress **Traci Lords** had been tender, indeed—well under the legal age of 18—when she appeared in hundreds of popular films, tapes and magazines. The products had to be pulled from the shelves and destroyed at painful expense to the industry, and some producers were prosecuted for having done business with her. The law left Traci, now 19, alone, but after the release of a new hardcore video, *Traci, I Love You*, she announced she was entering a new field with an exercise video, *Warm-up to Traci*. If the porno purveyors had hung around the L.A. jail long enough, they might have had a good chance of running into a famous face: **Sean Penn**, who seems to make regular stops at the poky. Already on probation for punching a songwriter at a night club when he suspected that the tunesmith was trying to kiss his wife, **Madonna**, Penn flared up again on the set of *Colors*, swinging at an extra for taking a photo of him and co-star **Robert Duvall**. The judge gave Penn a 60-day sentence, but his little woman was patient and understanding, insisting that her man would have to be a "pacifist or a Buddhist" to ignore the taunts tossed his way. "They bait Sean in ways I can't even tell you," Madonna complained. "They call me obscene names in front of him just to get him to react, but Sean is trying to learn not to take the bait. . . . I think he will emerge from jail as a better person and as an even greater actor." This was good news for those who had seen the pair together in *Shanghai*

*Surprise*. Madonna fared little better with her solo outing in *Who's That Girl*, but her concert tour drew sellout crowds from Tokyo to Paris.

**Bruce Willis** also wound up at the station house after police were called to quiet a nonstop three-day party at his Hollywood Hills home. According to the cops, the *Moonlighting* star put up an argument, and he was subsequently arrested for assaulting an officer. Before stardom, Willis had had a reputation for loud all-night parties back home in New York. But boisterous bachelor Bruce had a lot to celebrate, having squired in short order such beauties as **Jonet Jones**, **Olivia Brown** and **Demi Moore**.

The mother of new twins with her husband, chiropractor **Bruce Oppenheim**, Willis' co-star, **Cybill Shepherd**, says Bruce could never woo her romantically. "I went to a therapist to make sure that kind of guy wouldn't be in my life anymore," she said.

Some of this year's lovely ladies have led pretty rowdy lives of their own. Take **Paulino Porizkova** (and many wanted to after her layout in our August issue). Known for her teenage adventures in Paris' Latin Quarter, Paulina is now trying to calm down. "My experience tells me that the people who read Dostoevsky usually don't say shit and fuck," she observed. "So I'm not going to say them anymore." Oh, darn.

But some lovelies, such as **Theresa Russell**, are leery of carrying ladyhood too far. Talking of "smart and elegant" women in London recently, Russell told writer **Buck Henry** of her occasional aspiration to look like that. According to Russell, Henry responded, "Yeah, but would you want to

fuck her?" "All of a sudden," Russell recalled, "I said, 'Oh, no! You mean, I could be like that and nobody would want to fuck me?' I don't think I would like that!"

Still, fashion can be sexy—especially this year, with the return of the mini-skirt. While the short skirt infuriated some feminists, such as **Betty Friedan**, who said it was like "trying to put women into girdles again," others—notably **Glorio Steinem**—found charm in the garment and actually posed in it for a cheesecakey *Vanity Fair* feature. Said Steinem, "Women have seized control of what they're wearing. It's more about style, less about fashion."

More and less, less and more; it always goes in cycles. And for all the people who got into trouble, an equal number of Sex Stars remained relatively well behaved. As usual, the good guys were inspired by **Vanno White**, whose May *Playboy* pictorial did nothing to mar her clean-cut image; she remained as puzzlingly popular as ever, turning those *Wheel of Fortune* letters with one hand and cranking out a book and a fitness video with the other.

On balance, although the aberrations draw the most attention, nice, normal lives seem to be in vogue. **Corbin Bernsen**, who plays a repellent, womanizing divorce lawyer on *L.A. Law*, pretty well summed up his private life—and those of a lot of people—by noting, "I'm not as promiscuous as my character. My idea of a great date is swinging in a hammock, sipping a margarita with a sunset coming over the aqua-blue sea." Bernsen, incidentally, has kept company with the aforementioned White and with **Heather Thomas**, great dates in anybody's book.

Former eligible bachelor **Mork Horman** played it doubly clean-cut on screen in *Summer School* and in private life by marrying wholesome **Pam Dawber** of *My Sister Sam*. The couple sneaked away for their wedding. Asked why, Pam explained, "Look what happened to **Bruce and Julianne Springsteen**. . . . We didn't want a circus, like **Sean Penn** and **Madonna**."

Another happy family man is **Kevin Costner**, suddenly elevated to major stardom by *The Untouchables*. Married ten years to his college sweetheart, **Cindy**, with whom he has two daughters, Costner says he's never been a big sex symbol. "Girls don't run after me," he says. "But sometimes guys'll stop me on the street and introduce their girlfriends. They don't seem to be threatened by me, for some weird reason." Our guess is that has changed since the guys have seen Kevin's steamy performance in *No Way Out*, opposite a startlingly sultry **Sean Young**.

Even old coals are flaming up again. **Melanie Griffith** has reported that she and ex-husband **Don Johnson** are keeping company again, though not exclusively. Melanie was only 14 when she first moved in with Johnson; in 1976, after four years together, they married, but the union



"Last time, we got monkeys on our umbrellas."

# COVER STORY



**E**veryone would like to know someone who has appeared on the cover of Playboy. Now you can! Simply send us a snapshot of someone you love and we'll turn it into our cover story. You can even send a shot of yourself. We'll take your snapshot and make it into a Playboy cover with all of the graphics you see pictured. Also included is a lucite frame to stand up or hang. It makes a gift which will be remembered and talked about for years to come.

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lasted less than a year. Former groupie Pamela Des Barres boosts Don's image in her new autobiography, *I'm with the Band: "Huge cock,"* Pamela told her diary. "I'm getting off like I haven't in ages."

Tina Turner found new love with a German recording exec, Erwin Bach, 16 years her junior. "When people first heard about us, they reacted as though he was a teenager," she fumed. "But he's 31 years old, for Chrissakes. How old do you have to get to be a man?"

"I want your sex," former Wham! singer George Michael belted while censors fumed, ignoring the rest of the song's lyrics, which assert that "Sex is natural / Sex is fun / Sex is best when it's one on one." When MTV refused to air the video without editing, Michael protested, "Sex is not a public enemy at the moment; promiscuity is a public enemy, but sex isn't."

Jon Bon Jovi, with his 14-inch locks—some say he has the best hair in rock 'n' roll today—has eschewed some of the music world's excesses of the past, insisting that the kids to whom he appeals don't need to know that much about his private life. Still, they might have wondered about the title of the group's hit *Slippery When Wet's* having been inspired by two strippers in a shower.

Other heavy-metal workers were relatively calm at home. Nikki Sixx settled down with Vanity, who claimed, "We've kind of tamed each other. At home, Nikki's such a farm boy! He wears granny glasses. . . . You don't need booze and drugs when you're in love."

Prince, Vanity's former companion, was going strong on an intercontinental tour, crooning to a hot new momma, Cat Glover; but Parisians' eyes were on Sheena Easton, ostensibly in the City of Light to make a

video with Prince; rumors had it that her interest in the star was more than musical.

"Safe sex" was the battle cry for the year, leaving Hollywood a bit schizophrenic. Sweet little Lisa Bonet, one of the nicest daughters Bill Cosby could want on television, boiled over on the big screen with Mickey Rourke in *Angel Heart*, which was cut and recut to get its original X rating changed to an R.

Pretty Alexandra Paul, who almost stole *Dragnet* in the role of a squeaky-clean virgin, complained that her character was not like her. "I don't think I am a particularly nice person," she commented. "But for some reason, I tend to get cast as the sweet thing." Although she's played girls next door in most of her films, she did get to essay a hooker in *Eight Million Ways to Die* and liked it. "Playing a whore, I had to be comfortable with my body. It made me explore my sexuality."

Two of the most daring explorers of the year were Dennis Quaid and Ellen Barkin, who filmed a volcanic sex scene together in *The Big Easy*. "I think Dennis was a little horrified when I pulled his pants down," Barkin said after shooting the scene. "We hadn't practiced that, and I know he got mad at me. I understand him completely. If, in the middle of a scene, someone just ripped my blouse off, I'd say, 'Excuse me. Cut.'"

Sexy or sedate, many Beautiful People are just busy working. Sonia Braga stars with Richard Dreyfuss and Raul Julia in *Moon over Parador* and in Robert Redford's *Milagro Beanfield War*, due soon. Dolph Lundgren, split from former fiancée Grace Jones, appeals to the kids in *Masters of the Universe* and to adults as a hired assassin in *Red Scorpion*. Patrick Swayze, the stud of *Dirty Dancing*, plays a young man trying to

make amends to his father after holding him hostage in *Tiger Warsaw*.

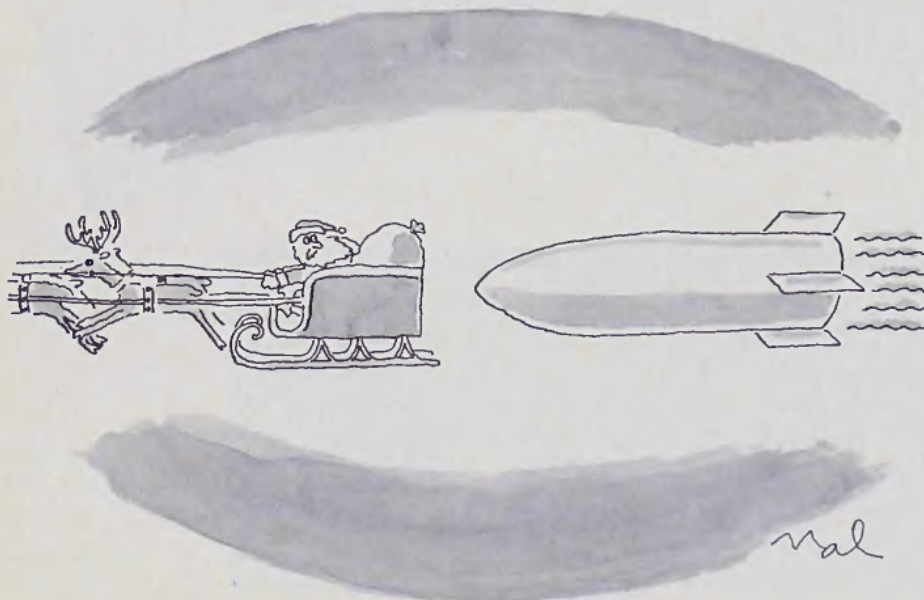
Sexy—and working plenty—are a slew of Playmates. Shannon Tweed, Playmate of the Year for 1982, appears in *Code Name: Vengeance*, *Steele Justice* and *Lover Boy*. Kathy Shower, Playmate of the Year for 1986, shows her winning form in a film tentatively titled *The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck* and *The Woman Who Loved Too Much*. Dana Speir, Miss March 1984, is in *Into the Night*, *Dragnet*, *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* and *Picasso Trigger*; Hope Marie Carlton, Miss July 1985, in *Double Exposure* and *Slaughterhouse Rock*, as well as *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* and *Picasso Trigger*; Rebecca Ferratti, Miss June 1986, in *The Silent Assassin*, *Three Amigos*, *Beverly Hills Cop II*, *Gor* and *Outlaw of Gor*; Devin De Vosquez, Miss June 1985, in *Can't Buy Me Love* and *House II: The Second Story*; Kimberly Evenson, Miss September 1984, in *Kidnapped* and *Kandyland*; and Julie McCullough, Miss February 1986, in *Big Bad Mama II*.

Standing alone was Angelyne, who has been hanging around Hollywood trying to become famous for several years. She finally made it this year by having her form painted in an 85-foot portrait on the side of a building near the corner of Hollywood and Vine. That was it and she was pleased. "I'm the first person in the history of Hollywood to ever become famous for nothing," she boasted.

Timothy Dalton became the latest person to play James Bond, in *The Living Daylights*, and the first person to delight in doing so with lovely Maryam d'Abo, who won *Playboy* readers' hearts with a September pictorial. But the blonde with the cute rear end in the movie's poster turned out to be Kathy Stangel, who was paid \$500 for a four-hour posing session.

Dalton won a libel suit against an English newspaper that had wrongfully reported he had been fired from the role of 007. But Princess Diana was in no position to sue over endless stories in her country's tabloids about her alleged antics. She finally had enough and protested that "contrary to recent reports in some of our more sensational Sunday newspapers, I have not been drinking. And I am not, I can assure you, about to become an alcoholic."

In the face of such irritations, the mark of a truly veteran and experienced Sex Star is to stay calm no matter what. With a stack of his own libel suits pending against British tabloids, Elton John took an even-handed view: "I have more writs lying around England than I have hit records lately. . . . There's nothing they could say about me anymore that would embarrass anybody—except if they said I'd slept with Prince Philip, and that would only embarrass him."



## MODERN MAN'S GUIDE (continued from page 97)

employment agencies and the unemployment office; doing something about his new state of unemployment will help give him a sense of control over his situation.

*Be positive.* Talk about his strong points and emphasize his worth. Don't overdo this, or he'll end up with *your* job.

### SHINE, MISTER?

**P**atronize your local shoeshine parlor. A good shine performed by somebody who really knows what he's doing is not only a threatened masculine tradition, it's also a damn fine show—the snap and pop of a buffing rag in the hands of a pro is a unique thing. Besides, loafing for a quarter hour in a shine parlor is good for what ails your ego; you are, for example, strongly advised to visit a shoeshine parlor on your way to a job interview.

### I'M FIRED! YOU QUIT!

**A**side from dying at your desk, the only way to get out of a job is to get fired or to quit. So don't make a big deal out of either one. These things happen.

*If you leave a job with bitterness*, conceal your feelings from your co-workers and your boss. Leave no loose ends, even if it means working overtime. If you explode and storm out, you'll just be leaving a group of people who will happily gossip about you and call you a jerk behind your back.

### REVENGE

**R**evenge must be seen as a risky investment in which you will either gain a great deal or lose much more than you can afford. Therefore, we don't recommend it. If, however, you just can't help yourself:

*Make it fast.* The romantic notion that you can wait a lifetime to avenge some slight is bullshit. The longer you wait, the more your determination will cool.

*The return.* Be sure the screwing you give is worth the one you'll get.

*Clichés.* Every cliché we've ever heard about revenge is true, especially the one about success' being the sweetest variety. If you really want to get even with ex-girlfriends, ex-wives or ex-employers, get along better without them.

### MODERN ROMANCE

**T**he cardinal rules. On behalf of *all* men everywhere, please observe the following rules of behavior at all times.

1. Do not whistle, shout or make animal noises at females in public.

2. If you are over the age of 40, do not make suggestive remarks or *double-entendres* during a flirtation ritual with a younger woman.

3. Do not make rude or suggestive comments to any females with whom you have a less than intimate acquaintance, especially if you are in the company of other males.

4. Never touch a female with whom you have a less than intimate acquaintance in any way differently from the way you would touch another male.

Note: Women who wish you to violate these rules will make their wishes known to you in unambiguous ways. Until then, assume that all women—along with all Modern Men—will find the violation of these rules grotesquely offensive.

### SEDUCTION AND SEX

**L**ook out for number one. The key to great sex is selfishness, not hypersensitivity. The best sexual encounters begin with bold and unapologetically smoldering gazes and lead to a kind of foreplay in which your thoughts and moves subtly impart the message that you're going after what you want, no matter

what. Then forget all you've ever heard or read about technique. In fact, forget about everything in the world, except for that part of it which is before you. No amount of tender (or timid) consideration will ever please her as much. Never ask if it was good (you'll feel no need to) and be sure to return to being a gentleman when the lights go back on.

That's how it works. Sometimes.

### AN ENGLISH-LANGUAGE/GIRL-TALK DIRTY-WORD GLOSSARY

**I**t's very fashionable for women to be foulmouthed—but only in public. In private, intimate moments, when blunt words might be expected, women turn coy and revert to a chaste, mysterious language. Below is a brief list of translations.

ENGLISH	GIRL TALK
Cock	It
Balls	Those
Tits	These
Cunt	There
Shit	Freshen up
Fuck	Dinner and a movie

### THE PUBIC WORKOUT

**A** good round of P.C. (for pubococcygeus)-muscle exercises will do more for your sex life than years of psychotherapy.

The P.C. is the central muscle of the pelvis, suspended like a hammock from the front of your crotch to the back. The proper exercise of the muscle may help you enjoy more frequent erections, increased sexual endurance, an infection-free urinary tract.

Simply finding the P.C. muscle will give you an intuitive understanding of why this workout helps. To locate it, sit down on the toilet with your legs spread and urinate. The P.C. muscle is the one you use to start and stop the flow of urine. Now that you've found the muscle, you can exercise it—without having to piss to do so.

You exercise the P.C. simply by contracting it according to the following variations.

1. Flicks—which are rapid and rhythmic.
2. Holds—which are maximum contractions held for ten seconds or so, then relaxed for ten seconds, then repeated. Work yourself up to the point where you're a P.C. heavyweight. Note any benefits; if the P.C. exercise works, you'll be sure to keep it up. And share this information with female friends: P.C. workouts also increase orgasms for women.

### BREAKING UP

**T**here's only one rule here, but as much gloss as you like:

*The rule.* When it's over, it's over.

*The gloss.* Your desperate attempts to patch things up—especially if you've been dumped—will make you look even more pathetic to your estranged honey and to everyone else.

The more effort you put into trying to unbreak a breakup, the more unlikely is the possibility of a reunion.

If you do manage to get back together, you'll find that the relationship has been fatally wounded, and it won't be long before you'll break up again.

If you do persuade her to give it another shot, she'll hate you for making her do something she doesn't want to do.

*The comfort.* The chances are about 50-50 that if you let it go, she'll call you sometime within five years, and you'll discover you don't want the relationship anymore.

*A reminder.* Three months after you've split, you'll find yourself thinking you want her back. You'll be wrong.



*"Mafu bursts to life like Ed McMahon doing Yoda. 'It is, indeed, a glorious thing to be here in your time!'"*

appearance, apparently, is to greet arrivees at the opening of her *monstro* \$625-a-head six-day human-sexuality retreat. What a thrill!

Torres, of course, doesn't show. Which leaves me, drenched in rent-a-car sweat and dazed with anticipation, more or less at loose ends here in the desert moonlight. But that's OK. There are no accidents. (I've decided to try out this world view while doing this piece, just as a nutty break from my meat-and-potatoes "Life is hell.") What's meant to happen is that I'll hang out at the Mentalphysics sign-in office, meet a couple of hard-core Mafu fans and snag some valuable testimony. Which is what does happen! It's almost spooky.

"Mafu gets right in your face. It's intense," chuckles one friendly attendee, a real perfect-teeth-and-triathlon guy—it turns out he's appeared in commercials

and soaps (*Capitol* and *As the World Turns*). Like lots of those here at the institute, Michael Doven seems to have attended just about all of Mafu's recent events, trailing the zesty entity from retreats and intensives as far afield as Colorado, Seattle and Peru.

"He'll say," Doven continues, "'Would you lay with an overweight woman?' No matter what you answer, he knows the truth. And when it comes out, all the overweight women in the room are mad."

Good God!

"There's no point lying"—big daytime-drama grin—"Mafu knows. I mean, he knows what shirt you were wearing last Tuesday. He knows what you did two nights ago!"

Nobody ever said inner growth was easy. But even now, that first flush of panic is as vivid as heat rash. What spooks me is that I can't remember what I did *two nights ago!*



*"Well, it does say 'Serve at room temperature.'"*

I dimly recall a plastic lint remover and the sensation that Ted Koppel was watching *me* from my TV. Now I'm faced with the threat that some ex-Pharaoh will root out worse truths.

Of course, the average person will say to himself, "None of this can be real." And yet—here's the crux, the quaking nub, the unspeakable, hell-freighted hypothesis any sane neurotic has to lug like a ball and chain to channel land: What if—*what if it's all real?*

Next morning, about 50 pairs of shoes are lined up, like good little soldiers, outside the Mentalphysics meditation center. At first, dulled by sleep deprivation and all-round angst, your correspondent thinks maybe the impossible has happened: The whole group's gone nonphysical, except for their Reeboks. Turns out, though, the socks-only retreatees are already inside, awaiting Mafu's rescheduled arrival. He's due in at ten.

Inside, giant ferns flank a sort of Naugahyde throne on the flowered platform. A pair of purple pyramids sway languidly, dangling on gold wire from the sanctuary ceiling. The assembled seekers might have been scooped up and teleported from a *Donahue* audience. A wholesome bunch.

Promptly at ten—here's Penny! And she's Elayne Boosler's little sister. Or could be. Torres comes on like a lipstick-and-eye-linered, *Letterman*-ready comedienne. She's got enough blonde hair to stuff a whoopee cushion, and a killer delivery.

"My niece, I found out last time, is, like, a major virgin." Big laugh.

She works the room, peppering regulars. "You might not want to sit next to your mother during this one," she kids an Opiesque 17-year-old lad wedged between his folks. "Have you had sex?" she asks the squirming youngster. "No, don't tell me! We'll get Mafu to get it out of you."

Before this morning's big draw emerges, there's a Mafu-pronouncement update. One bit of news is the intergalactic AIDS quarantine. Seems our off-planetary neighbors, skittish as preschooler parents with an HIV-pos. child in their day-care center, have gotten together to keep earthlings from spreading our killer virus. This explains, among other things, the Challenger disaster. It wasn't those frosty booster seals after all. It was the Astral Command, cracking down on interstellar immigrants. (If Morton Thiokol attorneys can get *that* in a deposition, it'll save the company zillions in settlements.)

At last, Penny settles on her Naugahyde, sits back and prepares to transmogrify. Mild rocking gives way to twitches. Then come shudders, a wrenching, tortured groan and—*mirabile dictu!*—it's not Penny anymore. It's Mafu, who bursts to life like Ed McMahon doing Yoda. "It is, indeed, a glorious thing to be here in your time!"

Other channels stay put on their thrones, squinch-eyed and sedentary. But Mafu follows, quite literally, in Ramtha's footsteps. He pops up and manipulates his hostess'



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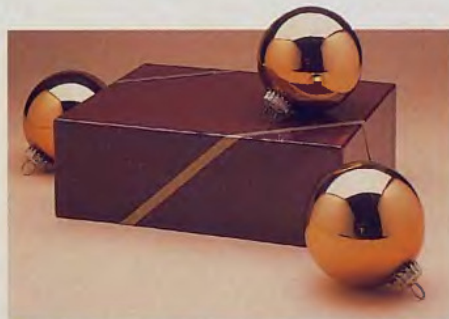
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haunches around the room in a flat-footed, ALFlie waddle to greet his regulars.

The spirit wastes little time before wading into heavy water. "A state of marriage can be a limitation. What if you desire to lay with someone else?"

Mafu pauses, nostril to nostril with a pretty middle-aged lady, who manages to smile sweetly at the assault: "You're familiar with this, aren't you?"

"Do you want me to answer right now?"

"No, why don't we wait for another lifetime?"

Ouch! In another seat, a nervous, pregnant young woman weeps over whether or not to abort. Across the room, the sheepish dad, in the company of another young woman, is told, in effect, that he's *at the counter asking for another life* if he doesn't shape up. (If we're really good, see, we won't have to come back; we can ditch this mortal coil and groove out as pure energy, like guess who?) The tone's pesky but affectionate: Joe Pyne come back to life as a cross-dressing Kreskin, hosting *The Newlywed Game*.

Mafu punctuates his most scathing queries with a hearty it's-all-a-joke chuckle. *But still*, when he shuffles his way near my row, clomping ever closer, I leave so much sweat on my seat back, I'm afraid it'll peel off when I leap up and run screaming out into the desert, to die among cacti, too plagued by Ted Koppel shame to get even: Mafu's term for attaining perfect *no-beans-left-to-spillness*.

Mafu pauses, swings my way, but—

maybe he *can* read minds; maybe he's merciful—shuffles on by toward a handsome, familiar-looking fellow in the first row. I'm so relieved that I can't even remember how many Valiums I've gobbled.

Back in the marital tug of wars, Mafu stops short by this swarthy looker, who, it turns out, is Andrew Rubin, star of *Police Academy* and the late, lamented *Joe Bash* show, among other things.

"Hector, how do you like laying with my woman?" Mafu wonders. The drift's a little unclear at first—until it turns out Hector is how Mafu pronounces actor, and Andrew is Penny's fiancé. (At the same time, trickily enough, she's Mafu's "woman," which makes it that much more high-impact when M. asks A. what he'll do if he feels desire for another woman when he's married to P.)

In all honesty, I'd probably implode if the gal of my dreams turned into a chuckling dead man and began to grill me on true-love dos and don'ts. But Andrew, to his credit, is as cool as a cuke. Maybe this happens all the time around their house. And why not? The half-hour-comedy potential's endless. *I Married Mafu!*—about a guy who never knows when the little lady will twitch out and re-emerge, her perky self possessed by a crusty-but-lovable ascended master. "Hector!"

"Don't judge yourself; you're all God" is Mafu's message. It's like the opposite of est. First you find out all the reasons you're an asshole. Then you find out there's no such thing as an asshole, anyway! So go ahead and love your funky self.

Hats off to those brave channel fans who can handle the program! Personally, I'm back on highway 62 before I crack and confess to spanking a WAC.

Happily, on just about any night here in the psychic hub of the universe, there's enough channel action to make Edgar Cayce want to reincarnate and lease a Hyundai. L.A.'s so hopping, benevolent entity-wise, that serious seekers are less likely to go trekking through Nepal than through the San Fernando Valley. The only way to keep track—unless you're already psychic—is to snap up a copy of the movement's New Awareness bible, *The Conscious Connection*. Tellingly enough, its founder, Susan Levin, used to run the singles connection, *Mix and Match*. "Until," explains Levin, now a pillar of the L.A. spiritual community, "I got tired of the desperation."

Exactly! Here in the Tainted Semen Era, smart singles are looking to get intimate with *nonphysical* beings. It's safer than all that guy-'n'-gal stuff. Thus far, nobody's even caught athlete's foot from a formless spirit guide, let alone the killer sex plague.

That's what's so great. Even the briefest riff through Levin's high-colonic and "color energy" promos reveals a smorgasbord of other-world get-togethers. You've got Pele, Hawaiian volcano goddess. You've got Bell-Bell from Atlantis. You've got Merlin and St. Germain. You've got Raydia from pass the Pleiades. Li Sung, Dr. Pebbles, Master Ho, Zoroaster, Zamar and Moe Howard. I've caught them all. Or almost. (I made up Moe, but only because I have this *feeling* that when I start channeling, that's who's going to take over.)

For weeks, I attended a channel evening, not to mention those "privates." Grim but true. One more jolt of psychic energy and my offspring will be born with a third eye.

Take Darryl Anka's Bashar, from the planet Essassani. Darryl, a special-effects ace by training, distributes his own videos and holds S.R.O. Thursday-night channelings at the Encino Women's Club. The day after we caught him, he was off to break still new frontiers—to channel in Japan. They may have invented ancestor worship, but it takes good ol' American know-how to show them how to get in touch with their dead-and-goners.

For once, they can't cop the technology and sell it back to us, either. There isn't any. Unless you count crystals. Every trend generates its own peculiar paraphernalia. And the same chest-haired hepsters who once dangled coke spoons around their necks are now likely to be dangling amethysts instead. Not 'cause they're trying to be *hip*—no!—but 'cause they want to magnify their energy field.

Young Darryl, a compact, goateed Canadian in this incarnation, does not seem to require mineral assistance. He's empowered enough in unadorned jeans and a snug muscle T. Before Darryl can relax up front and beam in Bashar, his



"Well, I'll do what I can, Mr. Vice-President, but just to satisfy my own curiosity, what on earth did you do with the pair God gave you?"



roadies have to set up the vid-cam, check the P.A., make sure tapes and transcripts of channels past are on display by the door where seekers drop their \$12 admission on the way in. Which gives Valley spiritualists time to browse among the twinkly display.

The biggest table belongs to Dr. Shawn Shelton, a 40ish, blonde lovely in tight stone-washed jeans and enough lip gloss to lubricate a submarine. "The magic of crystals can create a more beautiful and powerful you," according to the doctor's testimony. Better still, her mile-long array offers stones for specific psychoemotional hankers. Such as aventurine—"the money-and-business crystal." Or Apache-tear obsidian—"perfect for immediately transforming worry, fear and anxiety."

By the time Bashar's manager, big Steve Muro, starts his warm-up spiel, dozens of true believers are already clutching their crystals. A few rest them on their heads. Others simply roll the wonder nuggets back and forth between their fingers, like Captain Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny*. "Uri Geller was on *Good Morning America*," says Muro, "Shirley MacLaine has her own miniseries, *Whitley Strieber*"—author of the extraterrestrial best seller *Communion*—"was on Johnny Carson. The New Age is approaching!"

Yeah! The *Communion* deal means a lot to Basharites. See, their entity's not a past-lifer, he's an alien. From the planet Essassani. Apparently, several years ago, Darryl spotted a craft (insiders never call them spaceships) over greater Los Angeles. That sighting triggered the memory of his real mission as an earthling: to get the rest of us ready for the shift to Fourth Density, last stop on the physical plane before entering Pure Lightville. All of which, just so you have time to pack the Polaroid, should start happening 26 years from now. For the record, Bashar's breed are already Fourth Density, going on Fifth. Essassanites "average five feet of your height, with gray skin coloration with wide upturned eyes. . . . Males have no hair. Women have white fluff." I've seen similar creatures grubbing for Burger King buns in Times Square subway bins, but draw your

own conclusions.

By way of transition, the alien of the hour breaks into a heavy catarrh, a loud hack and swallow on his way from being Darryl to being Bashar. It's not really appetizing. But maybe, on Essassani, postnasal drip is a sign of welcome—like vomiting in Australia.

"All right, I'll say, and how are you all this evening of your time as you create time to exist?"

That's how Essassanites speak English. Bashar pronounces world "wurrled" and doles out tureens of ethereal data before breaking for no-nonsense Q. and A. with the eager Valley metaphysicians lined up along the women's-club wall. This is serious biz. Beyond your standard "Is some-

Brynner in *The King and I*. But he says some great things. Every time I come, I drive home thinking, I just spent three hours with some fucking entity from some fucking spaceship who looks like he works in the post office. And what he's saying fuses with things going on in my own life." Here the actor's actor pauses, his face aglow with ethereal glee.

"Besides, I love seeing Shawn. A lot of gorgeous chicks come to these things."

Dr. Peebles, the departed Scotsman channeled by affable Thomas Jacobson, is actually the same entity channeled by the Reverend William Rainan, Tom's psychic instructor. That happens a lot. "John," for example, speaks through Kevin Ryerson and Gerry Bowman. But it's OK. That's one of the sweet things about the movement. Channels, by and large, hold the same attitude about spirits as Eskimos do about their wives: They don't mind sharing.

Tom shows up in a crew-neck patterned sweater, wool pants and wafer-soled Italian shoes—the weekend C.E.O. look. Right off, he helps a roomful of well-groomed white people groove out on a guided meditation, employing the same Hobbit visuals aging hippies started painting on the sides of vans in the mid-Seventies. The unicorn-and-white-light feel favored by Gilbert Williams, the premiere New Age artist, represented by Jach Pursel at his thriving Illuminarium galleries. (Jach, the one

channel who eschews the Eskimo share-the-spirit approach, opens every video with a *caveat emptor*: Anybody else claiming to speak as Lazaris is a fake. It's that simple. Jach's also the only channel flush enough to open up a *très*-glam art gallery at Number One Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. There are, it becomes more and more obvious, no accidents.)

"You're loony," the dead cutup tells an earnest gent who insists he's being contacted by a spirit named Philip. "Only teasing," adds Peebles. "I'm only using some of the earth humor I've heard directed toward me."

The heart of the affair, as is once more the case, are the questions. Your dancers,

# Too good to gobble.

## WILD TURKEY

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY © 1986

thing in my past life holding up my cable deal?" queries, Bashar tackles some arcane inquiries. One little bald fellow, when told that killer whales are the "samurais and sorcerers of the sea," asks if dolphins have "multiple-point consciousness." "Yes," Bashar replies, "and so do you." Who'd ever have guessed?

At half time, actor Allen Garfield, who starred as the tempestuous new police chief in *Beverly Hills Cop II*, abandons Dr. Shawn's crystal emporium long enough to explain what's brought him back to Bashar three weeks in a row. "From a purely entertainment value, it's fabulous," gushes Garfield, looking svelte and elegant. "The guy sounds like a Valley version of Yul

your scribes, your aspiring Jerry Bruckheimers—all crave the kind of insider info that, weirdly enough, they're confident a man who lived centuries before step deals were even invented can somehow dish out.

"I've been working on a script," announces a chunky but sweet first-time writer in the back. "I've just left my job. I'm about to finish, and I feel a lot of fear."

"Well," ad-libs the enlightened sage, "all you have to do is make the spirit the star of the script."

What a kook! And the wacky patter's enhanced by the fact that Tom himself bears an uncanny resemblance to lounge legend Shecky Greene.

After the yoks, Dr. P. proceeds to more nuts-and-bolts material. "Names and titles are important," he points out in that roguish burr, eyes shut, hands webbed upon his sloping belly. "If you don't feel a little nasty, you're not going far enough. You have wonderful humor, but be a little more black. Without apology."

When Miss Screenwriter finally mentions the name of her opus—*Chances Are*—Peebles makes no bones about his reaction. "Change the title, for goodness' sake! The public will respond!"

This is priceless advice. Considering my own agent, whose general response to just about anything is "See if Taco Bell is hiring," you can't help but love the guffawing master's M.O.

•

Now, though, it's time to talk privates.

For five years, twice a week, I've been shelling out \$50 a pop to hit the couch at my analyst's, Dr. Housebomb. Just trying to get a handle on things. And now, for a comparable fee (\$50 to \$300—but you don't meet as often), I've had the privilege of sampling the kind of consultation only a quality trance channel can provide. And let me tell you, as therapists, your channels supply bushels more Big Insights per depression-fighting dollar. Not to mention the bonus entertainment value.

"People don't have time for traditional therapy anymore" is how Margo Chandley, Ph.D., explains it. "A channel session is like an accelerated psychoanalysis. It's quicker. This is what we need."

And not just because we're a bunch of go-go moderns, either. The whole universe is accelerating. Time's speeding up. According to Dr. Chandley (she snagged her doctorate studying 13 top-drawer practitioners), the last days of our millennium are a time when the planet itself is revving up for a leap in consciousness. That's why all these enlightened beings are popping up in the first place.

Dr. Margo's theory is that Mayans were gifted at levitation on account of their pineal glands, which were jumbo compared with Homo moderno's, which are as withered in disuse as a Tyrannosaurus' arms. How do you think the Mayans built those hefty pyramids? Surely not by *hand*. No, sir, the denizens of Olde Mexico had plainly mastered telekinesis.

It's the same with Atlantis. And I ought to know—I *was there*. Lazaris told me personally.

I'm serious. Jach was gracious enough to grant yours truly a one-on-one with the Big Guy at the L.A.X. Hilton. To his credit, J.P. still charges a modest \$53 per private, easily the low end of the nonincarnate consultation scale. Mafu, by contrast, charges two C notes. And most middle-of-the-road energies bill at least \$100.

Pursel and I share a Diet Pepsi; then Laz arrives and tells me I had a key lifetime back on Atlantis, round about 11,300 B.C. The scene: Dad was a wealthy banker, and I wrote god-awful epic ballads. I was, near as I can make out, a sort of grade-D Rod McKuen. My poetry was so bad I was disowned. I became an outcast and died broke. Until—scant consolation—decades after I checked out, my work was rediscovered and used as propaganda by the reigning fascist administration. The regime that revered me eventually destroyed the entire civilization. Which may, I suppose, mean that the batch of light verse I'm currently preparing will be critically lambasted, then end up quoted extensively in Sly Stallone's 2004 Presidential Inauguration speech. When, thankfully, I'll already be dead.

Unlike your ho-hum, poky analysts—such as Housebomb—Lazaris will occasionally toss out a hot stock-market tip. It's nice. The spirit (considered by many the most avant entity in the cosmos) tailors each tip to his client's particular psychic make-up. Says the loving and rotund Lazaris with a smile, "We would tell you, because of your temperament, hold on to blue chips."

The ancient-scribe motif is also picked up by Gerry Bowman. He channels "John" on the *Out of the Ordinary Show*, America's first radio call-in formless-energy program.

If Jach Pursel is the Pat Boone of trance-dom, Gerry Bowman's the flat-out Elvis. He holds privates in a converted garage behind his funky, ramshackle house in Altadena.

It's kind of a blue-collar feel. Bowman is wire-thin, with ropy veins down his arms, a droopy mustache and a tattoo of an eagle clutching a U.S.A. banner gracing his right wrist. Before deciding "to take the spook on the road," our man was a Boston mechanic, a Vietnam vet and a window-and-door contractor.

Among non-Yup *aficionados* (your BMW clones tend to go in for Laz), Bowman's considered the purest energy helping us out right now. Word is, when John shows up, there's not much of Gerry left to pollute the spirit's vibe. Meaning, when this cowboy leaves his body, he *leaves his body*. In fact, Gerry confided that he can channel John's energy only eight or nine times a week. (Compared to the dozens of sessions your standard professions take on.) More than that, he confesses, and he starts doing "the Thorazine shuffle." There are, needless to say, easier ways to make a living.

*Intense strain* does not begin to capture

the throes Bowman goes through to let in John. First off, he stubs out a pre-out-of-body cigarette. Then, for a moment, he stays inhumanly still, staring at an Egyptian print on the wall—the eye of Horus. Inanimate as stone, he suddenly pitches forward, flushing scarlet, and begins to shiver, the veins in his throat pulsing like a hanged man's. At last, jerked back upright, he closes his eyes. By now, the twitching has gripped him all over. Organic electroshock, inches from my own incredulous self. If there's such a thing as a contact heart attack, I'm a likely candidate.

I've said it before, but under the circumstances, it's worth repeating: After a minute or two, *anything* seems normal. And sure enough, in no time, I'm used to this vibrating saint in a Ban-Lon shirt, knee-deep in another twisted-scribbler saga. This time, I'm a malcontent scribe with prophetic powers. In ancient Egypt. Even then, I seem to have, um, "problems with relationships with the opposite sex."

But that's OK. Three hundred fifty light-years from now, John says I'll come back as a "gaseous state on the planet Elgon" and finally find happiness as a fume.

Of course, your conventional, *West 57th*-type wisdom might dismiss channeling as a "self-love, Yuppie religion." But that's way off. Channel infatuation isn't about selfishness or status. It's about raw, steaming, bodily-fluid-friendly sexual pleasure. The kind nobody has anymore.

My most memorable privates—with Sherman Oaks' hugely popular Natalie Wood look-alike Taryn Krivé and North Hollywood's sultry-but-spiritual Shawn Randall, whose channel classes have inspired some top entities in the biz—left me with a *warm glow*. They were, you might say, models of The New Intimacy. The kind where all you do is *feel* and never touch.

In the old days, you could have sex and not connect. As the Eighties climax, all that's left is connecting. Which is what Taryn and I did, separated only by a floral-print TV tray in her private channel room. To begin, Taryn rubs a chunk of purple crystal along the length of her torso. The former legal secretary starts at the crown of her brunette shag. She eases the charged-up mineral between her Bambi eyes, between her breasts, due south to her flat and seductive tummy. She opens chakras one through seven and slides the electromagnetic silica back up to her pretty skull.

Actual touching at this point would be as inappropriate as martinis. What I the client do is wait for the spirits to arrive, so we can abandon the pesky physical realm altogether and get down to business.

For \$100, it's just us, all alone in this cozy *salon*. "You and I knew each other in Lemuria," Hopi spirit Barking Tree reveals through Krivé. "I was married. We had a relationship that was very close."

Well, gosh. Is it getting warm in here? I hardly know this creature, and she's telling me what a really deep female I was way



*"Oops. I'm afraid I'm at the wrong party."*

back when. I mean, you could sleep with somebody dozens of times and she'd never dream you were once a Lemurian bachelorette. But get down with a channel and without so much as a smooch, you're totally exposed.

"You had a lifetime in Alaska, and you were what is called Eskimo. In that lifetime, I was not in physical form, but I was one of your spirit guides."

Oooh, yeah! Ladies and gentlemen, the unconditional love floating over me at this moment is more than I can adequately convey. Just being here with Barking Trec, now letting me know that in my Eskimo mode, I "had a limp and a tendency to hide"—just sharing such intimacy with this caring and adorable woman generates that life-affirming, warm glow deep down inside of me.

Somehow, in retrospect, it all seems weirdly inevitable. Here at the dawn of the New Age, sex has been bounced by hands-off, soul-to-soul communion. Any day now, we'll be formless, anyway. Today's channel hoppers are simply boning up for the big transition.

Despite this new-found enlightenment, my excitement at meeting Shawn Randall, legendary channel instructress and vessel for ascended entity Torah, is shamelessly crude. In her preholiness mode, Randall wrote screenplays. And it just so happens she co-penned one of my all-time favorite cinema gems: Pia Zadora's *The Lonely Lady*. The prospect of communing with the woman who put words in Pia's lips is just too thrilling. I can't imagine more total fulfillment.

Once *Lady's* author enters her trance and admits Torah, she gives me the low-down on my life as an alienated crystal wizard back on Atlantis. That existence, I embraced psychic powers at 45 and died a bemused seer decades later. Past life-wise, it's not too shabby. Compared with some of the karmic pit stops I've slimed through, this one sounds like a jaunt at Club Med. But even *this* info is not what makes our session so special.

Beyond all the channeled specifics, what really sends me are the dynamics of the

affair. Shawn greets me at the door of her beige condo with her blouse open down to her navel. Our eyes lock and a wave of desire suffuses my loftier urges. We instantly give in to retro, animal drives that are bigger than both of us. And then—

I'm lying, of course. I don't even know if Pia's scribe knew she was baring more than her soul. It's just that even an inadvertent breast exposure sets a tone. Especially if there are no accidents.

By the time our session gets under way, my fantasy's already fading. The accomplished, beautiful channel sits at her end of the couch, transformed into Torah. The squirmy seeker sits at the other end, all keyed up for some cosmic oneness.

What, really, is left to say? Moments pass in heavenly communion. Torah tells me she and I both lived in Lemuria, that long-defunct continent in the Pacific, and lets me know she fought in the Crusades. I have no idea what it means. All I know is, after a passel of revealing details, it's white light a-go-go. Torah explains *everything*.

"Sensuality," she reveals, "is in reality very spiritual. At the point of orgasm, you are closer with your higher self than at any other time. Total surrender to lovingness, total surrender to sensation that overcomes all other ills and problems of the day. This, in a sense, is you opening to the energy."

By now, my advisor has buttoned up. But still, the mood lingers on. What she's saying is at once erotic, outrageous and completely logical. Channeling, as you've doubtless already guessed, is the ultimate safe sex. Not just safe but *cosmic . . . empowering . . . divine . . .*

Go ahead and laugh. Now that flesh and blood are off limits, spirit's the next frontier. Ten years from now, you won't even take your own body on your honeymoon. You'll just unpack, clutch your crystal and slip into a trance.

It's perfect! Tune in, turn on, talk true love with the saucy godhead.



## DENNIS QUAID

(continued from page 130)

ago. Lea." He looked up at me. "Do you know Lea Thompson? We lived together almost—shoot—five years. It got to be that we just never were together. The time factor. It's just too tough after a while. Six months apart is just too much. So we're still great friends. But it's . . . tough."

"I guess it's a rough business to be in, in that respect."

He took a puff of his cigarette. "Yeah. It is true . . . but everybody's got that trouble, anyway. If you're together all the time, you've got troubles, too."

He suddenly seemed faraway, staring at the cigarette clouds drifting around the trailer, thinking about things he preferred not to think about. I asked him if he were still into boxing, and he brightened some. When he was 18, he started to box to avoid taking a dance class for stage movement. He'd never been much of an athlete in school—he was kicked off the football team, which in Texas high schools is all that matters—but he found that he excelled at boxing. He even dreamed of competing in the Olympics, but he was a middle-class white boy who lacked the killer instinct, as he likes to say, and there was only so much he could do, only so many opponents he could knock to the floor. The muscles we saw on him in *Innerspace* and *The Big Easy*, the ropes of sinew slung across his shoulders as he slouched in his trailer were shaped by a dozen years of boxing.

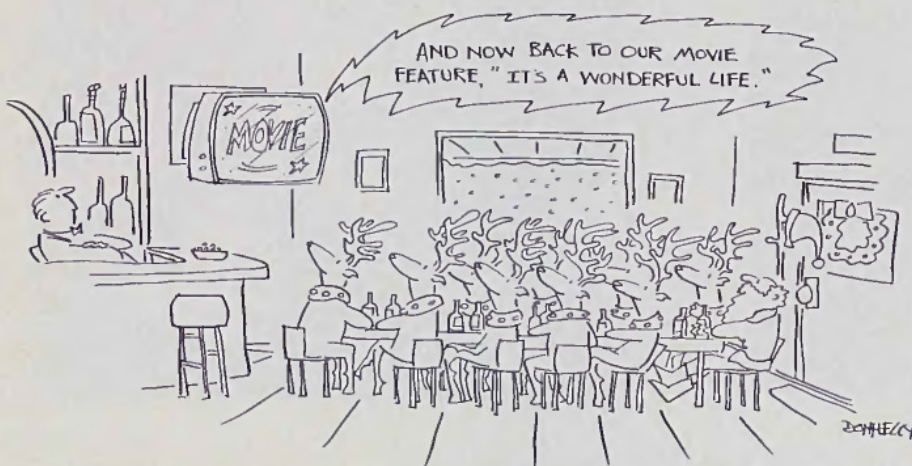
"I broke my nose three times," he said. "Twice in movies. I broke it in *Tough Enough* [in which he played a boxer] and broke it in *Long Riders*. It was an accident—James Keach was supposed to miss, but on the tenth take he hit me, and blood was spurting out like this. We kept doing the scene, but we couldn't use it, because he had such an apologetic look on his face. My nose went to a melon, man."

"What the game does to people, if you keep at it, it'll tag you. You know what happens when you get knocked out? Your brain sits in a pan of fluid. And when you get knocked out, your brain tilts like this; and that pan, after a while of getting hit like that, I.Q. points start going."

He hung up his gloves after he saw his hero, Muhammad Ali, in a Santa Monica gym. "And he was . . . sad, man. He was slow."

"Now I'm into yoga and golf." He laughed, then said he wasn't kidding. "It's embarrassing to admit that you play golf, because the image of white shoes and white belts and Pat Boone comes up. But there're a lot of cool people playing golf now. Bob Seger and I play golf. I figure, if Bob Seger plays golf, *why not me?*"

The hot summer seeped relentlessly into the trailer, vanquishing the barely effectual air conditioning, as we talked about many things: his nightmarish memories of making *Enemy Mine*, which



dragged on forever, with fired directors, canceled locations on fire- and hail-ravaged islands off the coast of Iceland and, finally, a quick fizzle at the box office; how doing *The Right Stuff* started his love affair with flying—he even does acrobatics, snap rolls, lazy eights; how music is nearly as important to him as acting—he has written songs since he was 13 and has written and performed songs for a number of pictures, most recently for *The Big Easy*.

Finally, he was called to the set. After a long day of waiting, he was acting, finally getting down to business.

He wanted to take a break, have some fun. That night and the next, we talked about storming Sixth Street and beyond, drinking and catching bands at Antone's and the Black Cat Lounge. Here and there, we'd talk and I'd take notes. But every night, shooting would go overtime. Dailies from the week before would be screened late at night in north Austin. So instead of bar hopping, we'd ride in a big black limousine to the screening room, with the windows down, the dogs wrestling in back, a tape of Quaid's own music booming on the stereo and a huge grizzly bear of a man named Jim at the wheel. By the time the dailies were shown and discussed, Quaid would have eaten most of a huge jalapeño-laced pizza, and then he'd head for his place west of town to catch a few hours of sleep before his 7:15 A.M. call.

He called me one night at one A.M. "Listen, where are you?"

I gave him my address, in a quiet neighborhood north of the UT campus.

"OK. How about if I come over and we just walk the suburban streets?"

On a flat black stretch of Sky View Road, Dennis Quaid pointed out Saturn. He's an amateur astronomer and often looks at the Montana sky through a telescope. I asked him what the winking body was next to Saturn, and he said, "I don't know. A star." (All right, so he's not Carl Sagan. Give him a break.) He was walking with a beer in his palm, another cold one stuffed in the hip pocket of his shorts. The night was eerily quiet, except for the padding of our shoes on the asphalt, the chorus of crickets, the rumble of a distant train.

"Did you do this when you were a kid?" Quaid said suddenly. "Walk up and down the suburban walks? There's something very safe about it. I always wanted to be out of it. I always kinda envied those guys who grew up in the inner city of New York, who knew the real life, because of the boredom that goes on in the suburbs. But at this time of night, it's very mysterious sometimes."

We sat on a curb across from a row of darkened homes. Quaid popped his second beer. The long day had dragged him down, put some fatigue into him, and his gusto-filled Texas baritone had dropped to a scratchy, drawling bass.

We talked about *Suspect*. It's about a homeless man who's accused of murder and put on trial; Quaid plays a young

Washington lobbyist who's on the jury, and Cher is the homeless man's public defender. During the trial, Quaid becomes convinced of the man's innocence and gets involved with both his attorney and his defense. While he worked on *Suspect*, Quaid became interested in the problem of the homeless, spending the night on a grate during the Great American Sleepout, and he plans to perform in a concert for them this Christmas Eve in Washington.

"Everyone in the movie is homeless," he said. "Including me, including Cher; we all live separate lives. We live alone. When we see the places we live in, they're barren, they're stark. A home is two people. Don't you feel that way sometimes? I do. It's a question of loneliness."

I asked him if he felt that way on his huge ranch in Montana.

"You mean in paradise? Yeah. You feel it in paradise. There's no way in the world you can geographic your way out of it. It's just a part of all of us that we're going to feel, you know? Relationships. That's what we're all after. It's love, man. To really get to know one person in your entire life, to really, really know one person. It seems to be our real quest in life, to escape our own loneliness."

We sat and sipped our beers. A light went on in a house across the street, went back out. "My dad died about three months ago. And I'm just coming to terms with, uh, dying. It sounds stupid now, I guess, 'cause here it is one in the morning and I'm dog-tired; I don't know what the fuck I'm talkin' about."

He shrugged, ran his hand through his hair. "Losing a parent kind of gives you a sense of mortality. Before that, I thought of myself as living forever, and that's all changed. He and I were great friends. He was a frustrated actor all his life—he used to tap-dance around the house and do Bing Crosby and Dean Martin impressions. He was a really funny guy, the reason Randy and I were both actors. There was a legend in the family that he was in San Francisco getting ready to ship out—he was in the merchant marine—and a couple of talent scouts from Columbia approached him and said he looked like Dana Andrews and wanted him to do a screen test. But he had to ship out. Probably not true," he said, managing a little laugh. "But it's a good legend nonetheless."

We walked back toward where the limousine was parked. Big Jim was walking around with Maggie and Jesse, whose tinkling chains were arousing the canine life of greater Austin. I shook Quaid's hand, minding the stitches. He had to get going. He was making a movie in the morning, and then he had to keep moving, working hard, making music, diving into other lives, making other movies. There were millions of people sleeping through that quiet American night who still had no idea who Dennis Quaid was.



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*"In Los Angeles, you start complaining about the tiniest little things. I like L.A."*

I once went to a wedding where there was one unlit candle in the middle and one lighted candle on either side of it, representing each of those people. They each took a candle, they lit that center candle together and then blew their own candles out. I thought that was the most asinine thing I'd ever seen, because you're blowing out your own individuality, which is what attracted you to each other.

If I ever get married, it will be at a big party on the beach in Mexico. Why start a marriage on a serious note?

12.

PLAYBOY: What sex acts do not constitute adultery?

BATEMAN: Flirting.

13.

PLAYBOY: Take us on a tour of your body. Which are your favorite and least favorite features?

BATEMAN: Any time I gain weight, it goes straight to the hips. But if you want to change that, go to the gym and change that. I like everything OK. Sometimes, I look in the mirror and say, "Oh, my hair won't go anywhere I want it to go and I just look like putty and my face looks like Play-Doh." You get over it. I'm always checking out the guitar calluses on my fingers. From the waist up, that's always OK. I do bench presses to get it right.

14.

PLAYBOY: Which animals should die for your footwear?



*"You might have told him to call back another time, rather than 'Hold on. I'll be with you in a sec.'*"

15.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you never wear underwear on *Family Ties*?

BATEMAN: There's nothing more annoying than seeing panty lines on women. So I wear panty hose on TV, but I never wear panty hose in real life.

16.

PLAYBOY: What can't be forgiven?

BATEMAN: Destroying your trust in a person. When you really trust someone and he does something that would never enter your mind. Like embezzlement. Something comes out of a person's mouth that you just can't believe. Just when you thought you knew someone.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the antidote to jealousy?

BATEMAN: Get your own shit together. You'll never have a problem with it if you're really secure and happy with yourself. Too many people live their lives according to how other people perceive them. You start getting sucked into that and the person you're with won't want to be with you anymore.

18.

PLAYBOY: You haven't attended a college or university, but you're rich enough to endow a chair at one. In which department? At which institution?

BATEMAN: It would definitely be in art or journalism. And I'm partial to the schools that accepted me: Northwestern, NYU, BU, Dartmouth.

19.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst rumor you've heard about Hollywood?

BATEMAN: That the squirrels in Los Angeles have the black plague. That if you get bitten by a squirrel, you're in deep shit.

But I certainly wouldn't move. I recently spent eight weeks in South Carolina, and eight weeks away from home is too much. I miss traffic jams. I miss Winchell's doughnuts. I miss smog. I miss waiting in line to get into a restaurant. In Los Angeles, you start complaining about the tiniest little things. I like L.A.

20.

PLAYBOY: Disprove the vicious slander perpetrated on your gender: Tell us a joke with the punch line intact.

BATEMAN: Why is six afraid of seven? [Pauses, trying to remember joke] Oh, yeah, because seven eight nine.

Have I saved the female race?



# Newport



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*After all,  
if smoking isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

*"If he ever found himself cornered without a gun by enemy soldiers, he knew what to do: beg for mercy."*

by one or more enemy soldiers when you're unarmed, I'll let you use the left jab if you want to instead of judo. The choice is optional. Is that fair? Now, I think we'll skip our judo session for today and go right to our game period instead. Will that be OK?"

As far as Yossarian was concerned, there was little in either the left jab or judo to justify optimism when confronted by one or more enemy soldiers in the jungle or desert. He tried to conjure up visions of regiments of Allied soldiers jabbing, judoing and tap-dancing their way through the enemy lines into Tokyo and Berlin to a stately four-beat count, and the picture was not very convincing.

Yossarian had no need of Rogoff or the champ to tell him what to do if he ever found himself cornered without a gun by two or more enemy soldiers in a jungle or desert. He knew exactly what to do: throw himself on his knees and beg for mercy. Surrender was the best natural weapon he could think of for an unarmed soldier when confronted by one or more armed enemy soldiers. It wasn't much of a weapon, but it made more sense than left jabbing, tap dancing or judoing.

And he had even less confidence in calisthenics. The whole physical-exercise program was supposed to toughen him for survival and save lives, but it couldn't have been working very well, Yossarian concluded, because there were so many lives that were being lost.

In addition to exercising, tap dancing, judo and left jabs, they played games. They played games like baseball and basketball for about an hour every day.

Baseball was a game that was called the great American pastime and was played on a square infield that was called a diamond. Baseball was a very patriotic and moral game that was played with a bat, a ball, four bases and 17 men and Yossarian, divided up into one team of nine players and one team of eight players and Yossarian. The object of the game was to hit the ball with a bat and run around the square of bases more often than the players on the opposing team did. It all seemed kind of silly to Yossarian, since all they played for was the thrill of winning.

And all they won when they did win was the thrill of winning.

And all that winning meant was that they had run around the square of bases more times than a bunch of other people had. If there was more point to all the massive exertions involved than this, Yossarian missed it. When he raised the question with his teammates, they replied that winning proved that you were better.

When he raised the question "Better at what?" it turned out that all you were better at was running around a bunch of bases. Yossarian just couldn't understand it, and Yossarian's teammates just couldn't understand Yossarian.

Once he had grown reasonably familiar with the odd game of baseball, he elected to play right field every time, since he soon observed that the right fielder was generally the player with the least amount of work.

He never left his position. When his own team was at bat, he lay down on the ground in right field with a dandelion stem in his mouth and attempted to establish rapport with the right fielder on the opposing team, who kept edging farther and farther away, until he was almost in center field, as he tried to convince himself that Yossarian was not really there in right field with a dandelion stem in his mouth, saying heretical things about baseball that he had never heard anyone say before.

Yossarian refused to take his turn at bat. In the first game, he had taken a turn at bat and hit a triple. If he hit another triple, he would just have to run around a bunch of bases again, and running was no fun.

One day, the opposing right fielder decided that baseball itself was no fun and refused to play altogether. Instead of running after a ball that had come rolling out to him between two infielders, he threw his leather baseball glove as far away from him as he could and went running in toward the pitcher's mound with his whole body quaking.

"I don't want to play anymore," he said, gesticulating wildly toward Yossarian and bursting into tears. "Unless he goes away. He makes me feel like an imbecile every time I go running after that stupid baseball."

Sometimes Yossarian would sneak away from the baseball games at the earliest opportunity, leaving his team one man short.

Yossarian enjoyed playing basketball much more than he enjoyed playing baseball.

Basketball was a game played with a very large inflated ball by nine players and Yossarian, divided up into one team of five players and one team of four players and Yossarian. It was not as patriotic as baseball, but it seemed to make a lot more sense. Basketball consisted of throwing the large inflated ball through a metal hoop horizontally fastened to a wooden backboard hung vertically high above their heads. The team that threw the ball

through the hoop more often was the team that won.

All the team won, though, was the same old thrill of winning, and that didn't make so much sense. Playing basketball made a lot more sense than playing baseball, because throwing the ball through the hoop was not quite as indecorous as running around a bunch of bases and required much less teamwork.

Yossarian enjoyed playing basketball because it was so easy to stop. He was able to stop the game every time simply by throwing the ball as far away as he could every time he got his hands on it and then standing around doing nothing while somebody else ran to get it.

One day, Rogoff sprinted up to Yossarian's basketball court during the game and wanted to know why nine men were standing around doing nothing. Yossarian pointed toward the tenth man, who was chasing the ball over the horizon. He had just thrown it away.

"Well, don't just stand there while he gets it," Rogoff urged. "Do push-ups."

Finally, Yossarian had had enough, as much exercise, judo, left jabs, baseball and basketball as he could stand. Maybe it all did save lives, he concluded, but at what exorbitant cost? At the cost of reducing human life to the level of a despicable animal—of an eager beaver.

Yossarian made his decision in the morning, and when the rest of the men fell out for calisthenics in the afternoon, he took his clothes off and lay down on his bed on the second floor of his barrack.

He basked in a glow of superior accomplishment as he lay in a supine position in his undershorts and T-shirt and relaxed to the rousing, strenuous tempo of Rogoff's overburdened voice putting the others through their paces just outside the building. Suddenly, Rogoff's voice ceased and those of his two assistants took over, and Yossarian heard his footsteps race into the building and up the stairs. When Rogoff charged in from the landing on the second floor and found him in bed, Yossarian stopped smirking and began to moan. Rogoff slowed abruptly with a look of chastened solicitude and resumed his approach on tiptoe.

"Why aren't you out doing calisthenics?" he asked curiously when he stood respectfully by Yossarian's bed.

"I'm sick."

"Why don't you go on sick call if you're sick?"

"I'm too sick to go on sick call. I think it's my appendix."

"Should I phone for an ambulance?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Maybe I'd better phone for an ambulance. They'll put you in bed in the hospital and let you rest there all day long."

That prospect had not occurred to



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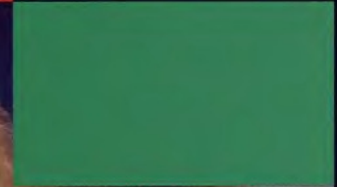
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Yossarian. "Please phone for an ambulance."

"I'll do it this very minute. I'll—oh, my goodness, I forgot!"

Rogoff whirled himself around with a bleat of horror and flew at top speed down the long boards of the echoing floor to the door at the end of the barrack and out onto the tiny wooden balcony there.

Yossarian was intrigued and sat up over the foot of his bed to observe what was going on.

Rogoff jumped up and down on the small porch, clapping his hands over his head.

"One, two, three, four," he began yelling downward toward the men on the ground, his voice struggling upward dauntlessly into his tortured and perilous falsetto. "One, two, three, four. Hubba, hubba."

"Hubba, hubba, hubba, hubba," came back a sympathetic mass murmur from his

invisible audience below that lasted until Rogoff raised his hand high in a formal caricature of a traffic cop and choked it off.

"That's the way, men," he shouted down to them, with a clipped nod of approbation. "Now we'll try some deep knee bends. Ready? Hands on hips . . . place!" Rogoff jammed his own hands down on his hips and, with his back and neck rigid, sank down vigorously into the first movement of a deep knee bend. "One, two, three, four, one, two, three, four."

Then Rogoff sprang up, whirled himself around again and flew back inside the building toward Yossarian and zipped right past him with a chin-up wave of encouragement and pounded down the stairs. About ten minutes later, he came pounding back up the stairs, his corrugated red face redder than a beet, zipped right past him with a chin-up wave of encouragement and flew down the full length of the building again and out onto the bal-

cony, where he yanked the men out of their deep knee bends, hubba-hubbaed them a few seconds and flung them back into straddle jumping. He was showing signs of the heavy strain when he returned to Yossarian. His spare, rosy chest was pumping up and down convulsively in starving panic, and fat, round drops of sweat were shivering on his forehead.

"It will take—I ain't getting any air! It will take the ambulance a little while to get here," he puffed. "They have to drive from all the way across the field. I still ain't getting any air!"

"I guess I'll just have to wait," Yossarian responded bravely.

Rogoff caught his breath finally. "Don't just lie there while you're waiting for the ambulance," he advised. "Do push-ups."

"If he's strong enough to do push-ups," said one of the stretcher-bearers, when the ambulance was there, "he's strong enough to walk."

"It's the push-ups that make him strong enough to walk," Rogoff explained with professional acumen.

"I'm not strong enough to do push-ups," Yossarian said, "and I'm not strong enough to walk."

A strange, regretful silence fell over Rogoff after Yossarian had been lifted onto the stretcher and the time had come to say farewell. There was no mistaking his sincere compassion. He was genuinely sorry for Yossarian; when Yossarian realized that, he was genuinely sorry for Rogoff.

"Well," Rogoff said with a gentle wave and finally found the tactful words. "Hubba, hubba."

"Hubba, hubba to you," Yossarian answered.

"Beat it," said the doctor at the hospital to Yossarian.

"Huh?" said Yossarian.

"I said, 'Beat it.'"

"Huh?"

"Stop saying 'Huh?' so much."

"Stop telling me to beat it."

"You can't tell him to beat it," a corporal there said. "There's a new order out."

"Huh?" said the doctor.

"We have to keep every abdominal complaint under observation five days, because so many of the men have been dying after we make them beat it."

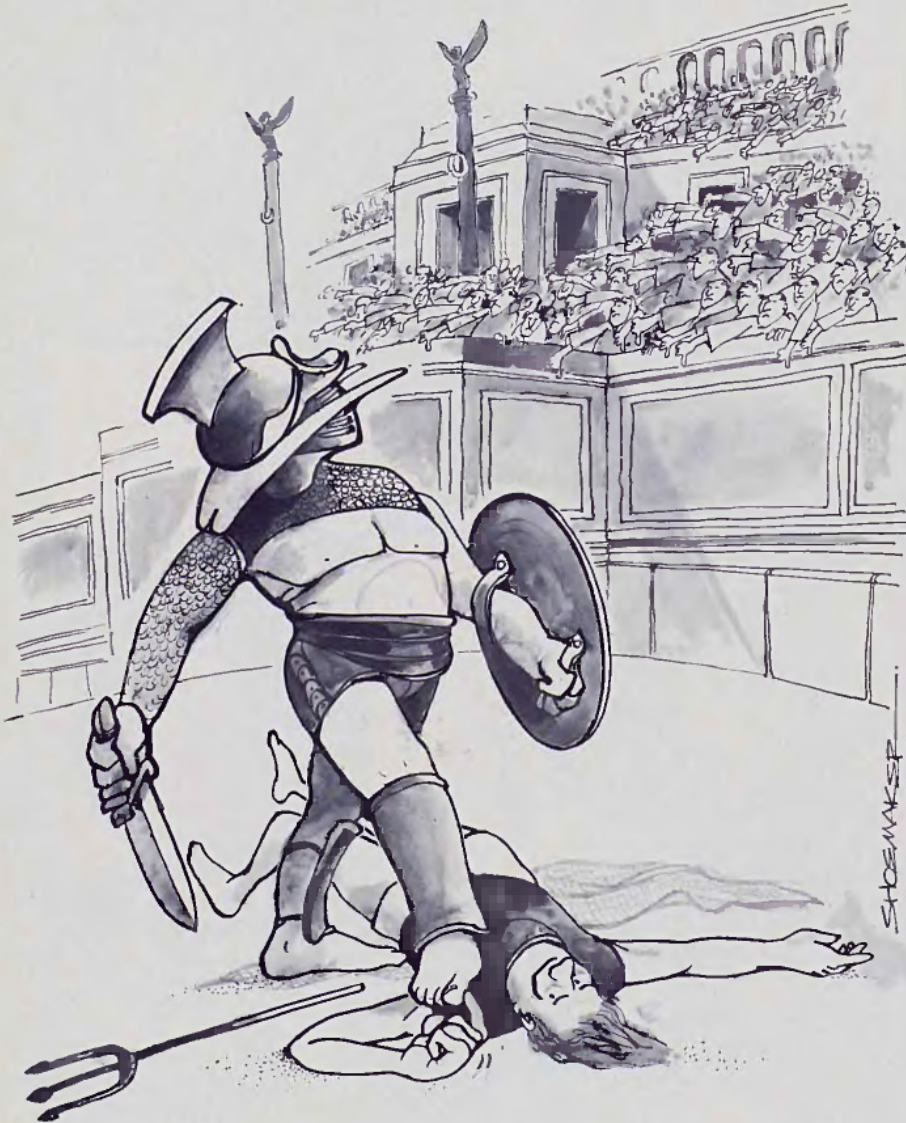
"All right," grumbled the doctor. "Put him under observation five days and then throw him out."

"Don't you want to examine him first?" asked the corporal.

"No."

They took Yossarian's clothes away, gave him pajamas and put him to bed in a ward, where he was very happy when the snorers were quiet, and he began to think he might like to spend the rest of his military career there. It seemed as sensible a way to survive the war as any.

"Hubba, hubba," he said to himself.



"This little piggy went to market, this little piggy stayed home. . . . This little piggy. . . ."

*"He was gone—disappeared, vanished, poof—and his tricks were scattered all over the driveway."*

back to where she was supposed to meet him, and the Citation was gone, and he was gone, too—disappeared, vanished, poof—and his tricks were scattered all over the driveway.

Hawes listened intently and then scratched at his back. He was sunburned and peeling. He had returned Monday morning from a week's vacation in Bermuda and his skin was still the color of his hair. He was a big, redheaded man with a white streak over the left temple, where he'd once been slashed.

"By little tricks . . ." he said.

"Oh, you know, the rings and the scarves and the balls and the bird cage—well, all this stuff all over the place here. Jimmy comes with the van to pick up the boxes and the bigger stuff."

"Jimmy?"

"Frank's apprentice. He's a Jack-of-all-trades—drives the van to wherever we're performing, helps us load and unload, paints the boxes when they need it, makes sure all the spring catches are working properly . . . like that."

"He dropped you both off today, did he?"

"Oh, yes. We drove the Citation in and he followed in the van."

"And helped you unload and all?"

"Same as always."

"And stayed for the performance?"

"No, I don't know where he went during the performance. Probably out for a bite to eat. He knew we'd be done here around five, five-thirty."

"So where is he now?"

"Well, I don't know. What time do you have?"

Hawes looked at his watch.

"Five after six," he said.

"Gee, I don't know *where* he is," Marie said. "He's usually very punctual."

"What time *did* you get done here?" Hawes asked.

"Like I said, around five-fifteen or so."

"And you changed your clothes."

"Yes. Well, so did Frank."

"What does he wear on stage?"

"Black tie and tails. And a top hat."

"And he changed into?"

"Is this important?"

"Very," Hawes said.

"Then let me get it absolutely correct," Marie said. "He put on a pair of blue slacks and a blue sport shirt—no pattern on it, just the solid blue—and blue socks and black shoes and a . . . what do you call it? Houndstooth; is that the weave? A sort of jagged little black-and-blue weave. A houndstooth sports jacket. No tie."

Hawes was writing now.

"How old is your husband?" he asked.

"Thirty-four."

"How tall is he?"

"Five-eleven."

"Weight?"

"One-seventy."

"Color of his hair?"

"Black."

"Eyes?"

"Blue."

"Does he wear glasses?"

"No."

"Is he white?"

"Well, of *course*," Marie said.

"Any identifying marks, scars or tattoos?"

"Yes, he has an appendectomy scar. And also a meniscectomy scar."

"What's that?" Hawes asked.

"He had a skiing accident. Tore the cartilage in his left knee. They removed the cartilage—what they call the meniscus. There's a scar there. On his left knee."

"How do you spell that?" Hawes asked.

"Meniscectomy?"

"I don't know," Marie said.

"What's your address?"

"Well, I'll give you Frank's card," she said and dug into her shoulder bag and came up with a sheaf of cards. She took one from the stack and handed it to Hawes. He scanned it quickly, wrote both the home and the office numbers on his pad and then tucked the card into the pad's flap.

"Did you try calling home?" he asked.

"No. Why would I do that?"

"Are you sure he didn't go home without you?"

"He never has."

"This Jimmy . . . what's his last name?"

"Brayne. B-R-A-Y-N-E."

"And his address?"

"He lives with us."

"Same house?"

"A little apartment over the garage."

"And his phone number?"

"Oh, gee," she said, "I'm not sure I remember it."

"Well, try to remember," Hawes said, "because I think we ought to call back home, see if either of them maybe went back there."

"They wouldn't do that," Marie said.

"Let's find a phone, OK?" Hawes said.

"There's one inside," she said, "but calling them won't do any good."

"How do you know?"

"Because Frank wouldn't have dumped his tricks all over the driveway this way. These tricks cost money."

"Let's try calling them, anyway."

"It won't do any good," Marie said. "I'm telling you."

He dialed Sebastiani's home and office numbers from a phone inside the school

and got no answer at either. Marie at last remembered the number in the room over the garage, and he dialed that one, too. Nothing.

"Well," he said, "let me get to work on this. I'll call you as soon as—"

"How am I going to get home?" Marie asked.

They always asked how they were going to get home.

"There are trains, aren't there?"

"Yes, but—"

"I'll drop you off at the station."

"What about all those tricks outside in the driveway?"

"Maybe we can get the school custodian to lock them up someplace. Till your husband shows up."

"What makes you think he'll show up?"

"Well, I'm sure he's OK. Just some crossed signals, that's all."

"I'm not sure I want to go home tonight," Marie said.

"Well, ma'am—"

"I think I may want to . . . could I come to the police station with you? Could I wait there till you hear anything about Frank?"

"That's entirely up to you, ma'am. But it may take a while before we—"

"And can you lend me some money?" she asked.

He looked at her.

"For dinner?"

He kept looking at her.

"I'll pay you back as soon as . . . as soon as we find Frank. I'm sorry, but I've only got a few dollars on me. Frank was the one they paid; he's the one who's got all the money."

"How *much* money, ma'am?"

"Well, just enough for a hamburger or something."

"I meant how much money does your husband have on him?"

"Oh. Well, we got a hundred for the job. And he probably had a little something in his wallet; I don't know how much."

Which lets out robbery, Hawes thought. Although in this city, there were people who'd slit your throat for a nickel. He suddenly wondered how much money he himself was carrying. This was the first time in his entire life that a victim had asked him for a loan.

"I'm sort of hungry myself," he said. "Let's find the custodian and then go get something to eat."

At 7:35 on a Friday night, there were a lot of restaurants open, but Marie felt like pizza, and so he chose a little place just south of the avenue, on Fourth. Red-checked tablecloths, candles in chianti bottles, people waiting in line for tables. Hawes rarely pulled rank, but now he casually mentioned to the hostess that he was a detective working out of the 87th and he hadn't had anything to eat since he came on at four o'clock.

"This way, officer," the hostess said at

once and led them to a table near the window.

As soon as the hostess was gone, Marie said, "Does that happen all the time?"

"Does what happen?"

"The royal treatment."

"Sometimes," Hawes said. "You sure you only want pizza? There's plenty other stuff on the menu."

"No, that's what I really feel like. Cheese and anchovies."

"Would you like a drink?" he asked.

"I'm on duty, but . . ."

"Do you really honor that?"

"Oh, sure."

"I'll just have beer with the pizza."

Hawes signaled to the waiter and then ordered a large pizza with cheese and anchovies.

"Anything to drink?" the waiter asked.

"A draft for the lady, a Coke for me."

The waiter went off again.

"This is really very nice of you," Marie

said and reached across the table to touch his hand briefly. A whisper touch. There and then gone.

"I'm sure he's OK," Hawes said.

"I hope so."

"I'm sure."

He wasn't at all sure.

"I just keep thinking something terrible has happened to him."

He didn't want to tell her that maybe her husband had driven off on his own, heading for the wild blue yonder. Let the lady enjoy her pizza and her beer. If her husband had, in fact, abandoned her, she'd learn it soon enough. If he was lying dead in an alley someplace, she'd learn that even sooner.

He didn't bring up Jimmy Brayne again until after they'd been served.

She was digging into the pizza as if she hadn't eaten for a week. She ate the way that woman in the *Tom Jones* movie ate. Licked her lips, rolled her eyes, thrust

pizza into her mouth as if she were making love to it. Come on, he thought. Strictly business here.

"He's normally reliable, is that right?" he said.

"Who?"

"Jimmy Brayne."

"Oh, yes. Completely."

"How long has he been working for you?"

"Three months."

"Started this July?"

"Yes. On the Fourth."

"Did he know where he was supposed to pick you up tonight?"

"Oh, sure. He dropped the stuff off at the school; of course he knew."

"Is it possible he went someplace with your husband?"

"Like where?"

"For a drink or something? While you were changing?"

"Then why was all that stuff on the sidewalk?"

"It's just that . . . well, *both* of them disappearing. . . ."

"Excuse me," the waiter said. "Officer?"

Hawes looked up.

"Officer, I hate to bother you," the waiter said.

"Yes?"

"Officer, there's somebody's arm in one of the garbage cans out back."

"What we have is three cards here," Marie said. "The ace of spades, the ace of clubs and the ace of diamonds." She fanned the cards out, the ace of diamonds under the ace of spades on the left and the ace of clubs on the right. "Now I'm going to put these three aces face down in different parts of the deck," she said and started slipping them into the deck.

Three detectives were watching her.

She had done four card tricks since Hawes came back to the squad room with her. He had called in to report the arm in the garbage can. Artie Brown, Hawes's partner, had rushed on over with Genero. Three pieces of a naked corpse had been found—the upper torso and a pair of arms. No head, no hands, no legs.

Hawes was standing closest to Marie. He could smell her perfume. He was hoping her husband had abandoned her and run off to Hawaii. He was hoping her husband would call her from Honolulu to say he had left her. This would leave a cold, empty space in Marie's bed. Her proximity now was stupefyingly intoxicating. Hawes guessed it was her perfume. Maybe hubby and his apprentice had flown off to Hawaii together. Maybe hubby was gay. Hawes glanced at Marie's pert little behind as she leaned over the desk to pick up the deck of cards. He was sorely tempted to put his hand on her behind.

"OK, Detective Brown," she said. "Pick one of those three cards. Either the ace of clubs, the ace of diamonds or the ace of spades."



"Do you have any that calm men down?"

"Clubs," Brown said.

He was a hefty, muscular black man, standing some 6'4" tall and weighing 220 pounds. There was a glowering look on his face. He always looked glowering, even when he was smiling. Brown could get an armed robber to drop his piece just by glowering at him.

Marie riffled through the deck, the cards face up, searching for it. When she found the ace of clubs, she pulled it out and tossed it onto the desk.

"Where's the trick?" Genero said. "If you're looking at the cards, of *course* you're going to find them."

"Right you are," she said. "Which card do you want?"

"The ace of diamonds."

"OK," she said and handed him the deck. "Find it for me."

Genero started looking through the deck.

"Have you found it yet?" she asked.

"Just hold on a minute, OK?" he said.

He went through the entire deck. No ace of diamonds. He went through it a second time. Still no ace of diamonds.

"Have you got it?" she asked.

"It isn't here," he said.

"Are you sure? Take another look."

He went through the deck a third time. Still no ace of diamonds.

"I give up; where is it?"

"Right here," she said, grinning, and reached into her blouse and pulled the ace of diamonds out of her bra.

"How'd you do that?" Hawes asked.

"Maybe I'll tell you sometime," Marie said and winked at him.

The telephone rang. Brown picked up.

"Eighty-seventh Squad," he said. "Detective Brown." He listened. "OK," he said. "And the name on it? Thanks, we're rolling." He put the receiver back on the cradle. "Let's go," he said. "We just got ourselves the lower half. Name tag on it this time."

"This trick is The Mystic Prediction," Marie said and began shuffling cards.

"What do you mean, name tag?" Genero asked.

"The dead man's carrying a wallet," Brown said.

"How?"

"What do you mean *how*? In his *pocket* is how."

"I'm going to ask any one of you to write down a three-figure number for me," Marie said.

"You mean he's wearing pants?" Genero said.

"Unless there's a pocket sewn on his ass," Brown said.

"You mean there's *pants* on the lower half of the body?"

"Whyn't we run on over and see for ourselves, OK?"

"Who wants to write down three numbers for me?" Marie asked. "Any three numbers."

"And his name's in the wallet?" Genero said.

"On his driver's license," Brown said.

"Let's go."

"So what's his name?" Genero asked.

"Frank Sebastiani," Brown said.

And Marie fainted into Hawes's arms.

•

They led her inside.

The morgue stank.

She reeled back from the stench of human gases and flesh.

They walked her past a stainless-steel table upon which the charred remains of a burn victim's body lay trapped in a pugilistic pose, as though still trying to fight off the flames that had consumed it.

The four pieces of the dismembered corpse were on another stainless-steel table. They were casually assembled, not quite joining. Lying there on the table like an incomplete jigsaw puzzle.

She looked down at the pieces.

"There's no question they're the same body," medical examiner Carl Blaney said.

Lavender-eyed, white-smocked. Standing under the fluorescent lights, seeming neither to notice nor to be bothered by the intolerable stink in the place.

The lower half of the torso was naked now.

Marie kept looking down at it.

"Would you know his blood type?" Blaney asked.

"Yes," Marie said. "B."

"Well, that's what we've got here."

"Do you recognize anything, ma'am?" Brown asked.

"The scars," she said.

"Would you know what kind of scars those are?" Blaney asked.

"The one on the belly is an appendectomy scar."

Blaney nodded.

"The one on the left knee is from when he had the cartilage removed."

"Anything else, ma'am?" Brown asked.

"His penis," she said.

Neither Blaney nor any of the detectives blinked. This wasn't the Meese commission standing around the pieces of a corpse, this was a group of professionals trying to make positive identification.

"What about it?" Blaney asked.

"There should be a small . . . well, beauty spot, I guess you'd call it," Marie said. "On the underside. On the foreskin."

Blaney lifted the corpse's limp penis in one rubber-gloved hand. He turned it slightly.

"This?" he asked and indicated a birthmark the size of a pinhead on the foreskin, an inch or so below the glans.

"Yes," Marie said softly.

Blaney let the penis drop.

The detectives were trying to figure out whether or not all of this added up to a positive I.D. Just the blood type, the scars on belly and leg and the identifying birthmark on the penis.

"How tall was your husband?" Blaney

asked Marie.

"I've got all that here," Hawes said and took out his notebook. He opened it to the page he'd written on earlier and began reading aloud. "Five-eleven, one-seventy, hair black, eyes blue, appendectomy scar, meniscectomy scar."

"If we put a head in place there," Blaney said, "we'd have a body some hundred and eighty centimeters long. That's just about five-eleven. And I'd estimate the weight, given the separate sections here, at about what you've got there, a hundred seventy, a hundred seventy-five, in there. The hair on the arms, chest, legs and pubic area is black—which doesn't necessarily mean the *head* hair would match it exactly, but at least it rules out a blond or a redhead or anyone in the brown groupings. This hair is very definitely *black*. The eyes—well, we haven't got a head, have we?"

"Is this your husband, ma'am?" Brown asked.

"That is my husband," Marie said and turned her head into Hawes's shoulder and began weeping gently against his chest.

•

He yanked the phone from the receiver the moment it rang.

"Hello?" he said.

"Hi," Marie said. She was standing on a platform in the train station.

"Where are you?" he asked.

"Metro West. I'm catching the ten forty-five home."

"How'd it go?"

"Tough night," she said. "Any trouble on your end?"

"Nope. They made identification, huh? I saw it on television."

"I was the one who made it. Where'd you leave the Citation?"

"Behind an A&P near the river."

"Cause they already found it, you know."

"Who's on the case?"

"A salt-and-pepper team. Hawes and Brown. Big redhead, big black guy. In case they come shopping."

"Why would they?"

"I'm saying in case. They're both dummies, but you oughta be warned. They got a bulletin out . . . they asked me for descriptions. They're gonna be watching all the airports. What flight are you on?"

"TWA's one twenty-nine. Leaves at twelve-oh-five tomorrow afternoon."

"What time do you get to Frisco?"

"Four forty-seven."

"I'll try you at the hotel around six-thirty. You'll be registered as Theo Hardeen, am I right?"

"All the dead ones," he said and laughed. "Like Sebastian the Great."

"Give me the number of the Hong Kong flight again."

"United eight-oh-five. Leaves Frisco at one-fifteen Sunday, gets there around seven the next evening."

"When will you call me?"

"Soon as I'm settled."  
 "You think these passports'll work?"  
 "They cost us four hundred bucks; they better work. Why? You running scared?"  
 "Nerves of steel," she said. "You shoulda seen me with the cops."  
 There was a long silence on the line.  
 "Be careful."  
 "Oh, yeah."  
 "They know what you look like."  
 "Don't worry."  
 Another silence.  
 "Maybe you oughta call me later tonight, OK?"  
 "Sure."  
 "Be careful," she said again and hung up.

She'd have to call Frank's mother as soon as she got home, and then his sister, and then, she guessed, some of his friends in the business. Had to get in touch with that detective again, find out when she could claim the body, arrange for some kind of funeral; she wondered how soon that would be. Today was Friday; she didn't know whether or not they did autopsies on the weekend—probably wouldn't get around to it till Monday morning. Maybe she could have the body by Tuesday, But she'd better call an undertaker first thing in the morning, make sure they could handle it. Figure a day in the funeral home—well, two days, she guessed—bury him on Thursday morning. She'd have to find a cemetery that had available plots, whatever you called them; maybe the undertaker would know about that. Had to have a stone cut, too—HERE LIES FRANK SEBASTIANI, REST IN PEACE—but that could wait; there was no hurry about a stone.

She'd call the insurance company on

Friday morning.  
 Tell them her husband had been murdered.  
 Make her claim.  
 Two hundred thousand dollars, she thought.  
 Invest it at ten percent, that'd bring them \$20,000 a year, more than enough to live on like a king and queen. A maharaja and maharani was more like it. Go to the beach every day, have someone doing the cleaning and the cooking, have a man polishing the car and doing the marketing, buy herself a dozen saris, learn how to wrap them, maybe get herself a little diamond for her nose. Even at eight percent, the money would bring in \$16,000 a year. More than enough.

And all they'd had to do for it was kill him.

There were a lot of things bothering Brown about the Sebastiani case.

The three most important things were the head and the hands. He kept wondering where Jimmy Brayne had dropped them.

He also wondered where Brayne was right now.

"You think they're making it?" he asked Hawes.

"Who?"

"Brayne and the woman."

"Marie?"

The possibility had never occurred to Hawes. She had seemed so honestly grieved by her husband's disappearance and death. But now that Brown had mentioned it. . . .

"I mean, what I'm looking for is some motive here," Brown said.

"The guy could've just gone berserk, you know. Threw those tricks all over the

driveway, ran off in the Citation. . . ."

"Yeah, I'm curious about that, too," Brown said. "Where'd he chop up the body, Cotton?"

"Coulda done it anywhere in the city. Found himself a deserted street, an abandoned building. . . ."

"Yeah, you could do that in this city. So he chops up the corpse, loads the pieces in the trunk and starts dropping them all around town. When he gets rid of the last one, he leaves the car behind the A&P and takes off."

"Yeah."

"So where's the motive?"

"I don't know."

"She's an attractive woman," Brown said.

Hawes had noticed that.

"If she was playing house with Brayne in that apartment over the garage. . . ."

"Well, you've got no reason to believe that, Artie."

"I'm snowballing it, Cotton. Let's say they had a thing going. Brayne and the woman."

"OK."

"And let's say hubby tipped to it."

"You're thinking movies or television."

"I'm thinking real life, too. Hubby tells Brayne to lay off, Brayne's still hungry for her. He chops up hubby, and him and the woman ride off into the sunset."

"Except Brayne's the only one who rode off," Hawes said. "The woman's—"

"You think she's home yet?" Brown asked and looked up at the clock.

The house was a white clapboard building with a white picket fence around it. A matching white clapboard garage stood some 20 feet from the main structure. Both buildings were on a street with only three other houses on it, not too far from the turnpike. It was two minutes past midnight when Hawes and Brown reached the house.

There were no lights burning on the ground floor of the house. Two lighted windows showed on the second story. As the two men walked to the front door, their breaths plumed from their mouths. Hawes rang the doorbell.

"Probably getting ready for bed," he said.

"You wish," Brown said.

They waited.

"Give it another shot," Brown said.

Hawes hit the bell button again.

Lights snapped on downstairs.

"Who is it?"

Marie's voice, just inside the door. A trifle alarmed. Well, sure, midnight already.

"It's Detective Hawes," he said.

"Oh."

"Sorry to bother you so late."

"No, that's all . . . just a minute, please."

She fumbled with the lock and then opened the door. She had been getting ready for bed. She was wearing a long blue



"Of course I give them urine tests. Look at them. Wouldn't you?"

robe. Laced ruff of a nightgown showing in the V-necked opening. No slippers.

"Have you found him?" she asked at once.

"No, ma'am, not yet," Brown said. "OK for us to come in?"

"Yes, please," she said, "excuse me," and stepped back to let them in.

Small entryway, a sense of near shabbiness. Worn carpeting, scarred and rickety piece of furniture under a flaking mirror.

"I thought . . . when you told me who you were . . . I thought you'd found Jimmy," she said.

"Not yet, Mrs. Sebastiani," Hawes said. "In fact, the reason we came out here—"

"Come in," she said. "We don't have to stand here in the hall."

She backed off several paces, reached beyond the doorjamb for a light switch. A floor lamp came on in the living room. Musty drapes, a faded rug, a thrift-shop sofa and two upholstered armchairs, an old upright piano on the far wall. Same sense of down-at-the-heels existence.

"Would you like some coffee or anything?" she asked.

"I could use a cup," Brown said.

"I'll put some up," she said and walked back through the hall and through a doorway into the kitchen.

The detectives looked around the living room.

Framed photographs on the piano—Sebastian the Great doing his act hither and yon. Soiled antimacassars on the upholstered pieces. Brown ran his finger over the surface of an end table. Dust. Hawes poked his forefinger into the soil of a potted plant. Dry. The continuing sense of a house too run down to care about—or a house in neglect because it would soon be abandoned.

She was back.

"Take a few minutes to boil," she said.

"Who plays the piano?" Hawes asked.

"Frank did. A little."

She'd grown used to the past tense.

"Mrs. Sebastiani," Brown said, "we were wondering if we could take a look at Brayne's room."

"Jimmy's room?" she said. She seemed a bit flustered by their presence, but that could have been normal, two cops showing on her doorstep at midnight.

"See if there's anything up there might give us a lead," Brown said, watching her.

"I'll have to find a spare key someplace," she said. "Jimmy had his own key; he came and went as he pleased."

She stood stock-still in the entrance to the living room, a thoughtful look on her face. Hawes wondered what she was thinking, face all screwed up like that. Was she wondering whether or not it was safe to show them that room? Or was she merely trying to remember where the spare key was?

"I'm trying to think where Frank might have put it," she said.

A grandfather clock on the far side of the room began tolling the hour, eight minutes late.

One . . . two . . .

They listened to the heavy bonging.

Nine . . . ten . . . eleven . . . twelve.

"Midnight already," she said and sighed.

"Your clock's slow," Brown said.

"Let me check the drawer in the kitchen," she said. "Frank used to put a lot of junk in that drawer."

They followed her into the kitchen. Dirty dishes, pots and pans stacked in the sink. The door of the refrigerator smudged with handprints. Telephone on the wall near it. Small enamel-topped table, two chairs. Worn linoleum. Only a shade on the single window over the sink. On the stove, the kettle began whistling.

"Help yourselves," she said. "There's cups there and a jar of instant."

She went to a drawer in the counter, opened it. Hawes spooned instant coffee into each of the cups, poured hot water into them.

She turned from the drawer, handed Brown a brass key that looked like a house key.

The telephone rang.

She was visibly startled by its sound.

Brown picked up his coffee cup, began sipping at it.

The telephone kept ringing.

She went to the wall near the refrigerator, lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Oh, hello, Dolores," she said at once. "No, not yet; I'm down in the kitchen," she said and listened. "There are two detectives with me," she said. "No, that's all right, Dolores." She listened again. "They want to look at the garage room." Listening again. "I don't know yet," she said. "Well, they . . . they have to do an autopsy first." More listening. "Yes, I'll see you soon. 'Bye, Dolores."

She put the receiver back on its hook.

"My sister-in-law," she said.

"Taking it hard, I'll bet," Hawes said.

"They were very close."

"Let's check out that room," Brown said to Hawes.

"I'll come over with you," Marie said.

"No need," Brown said. "It's getting cold outside."

She looked at him. She seemed about to say something more. Then she merely nodded.

"Better get a light from the car," Hawes said.

•

The apartment over the garage was perhaps 12 feet wide by 20 feet long. There was a neatly made double bed in the room and a dresser with a mirror over it and an upholstered chair with a lamp behind it. The wall surrounding the mirror was cov-

ered with pictures of naked women snipped from men's magazines banned in 7-Eleven stores. All of the women were blondes—like Marie Sebastiani. In the bottom drawer of the dresser, under a stack of Brayne's shirts, the detectives found a pair of crotchless black panties. The panties were a size five.

"Think they're Brayne's?" Hawes asked dryly.

"What size you think the lady wears?" Brown asked.

"Could be a five," Hawes said and shrugged.

"I thought you were an expert."

"On *bras*, I'm an expert."

Men's socks, undershorts, sweaters, handkerchiefs in the other dresser drawers. Two sports jackets, several pairs of slacks, a suit, an overcoat and three pairs of shoes in the single small closet. There was also a suitcase in the closet. Nothing in it. No indication anywhere in the apartment that Brayne had packed and taken off in a hurry. Even his razor and shaving cream were still on the sink in the tiny bathroom.

A tube of lipstick was in the cabinet over the sink.

Brown took off the top.

"Look like the lady's shade?" he asked Hawes. "Pretty careless if it's her, leavin' her o.c.p.s in the dresser and her—"

"Her *what*?"

"Her open-crotch panties."

"Oh."

"You think she was dumb enough to be makin' it with him right here in this room?"

"Let's see what else we find," Hawes said.

What else they found was a sheaf of letters rubber-banded together. They found the letters in a cardboard shoe box on the top shelf of the closet. The letters were inside lavender-colored envelopes, but none of the envelopes had been stamped or mailed. The name JIMMY was scrawled on the front of each envelope.

"Hand-delivered," Hawes said.

"Mmm," Brown said, and they began reading the letters.

They were written in purple ink.

The first one read:

Jimmy,

Just say when.

Marie

It was dated July 18.

"When did he start working for them?" Brown asked.

"Fourth of July."

"Fast worker, this lady," Brown said.

The second letter was dated July 21. It described in excruciatingly passionate detail all the things Marie and Jimmy had done together the day before.

"This is dirty," Brown said, looking up.

"Yes," Hawes said. He was reading over Brown's shoulder.

There were 27 letters in all. They chronicled a rather active sex life between

the lady and the sorcerer's apprentice, Marie apparently having been compulsive about jotting down everything she had done to Jimmy in the recent past and then outlining everything she hadn't done to him but that she planned to do to him in the foreseeable future, which—if the chronology was faithful—she had, indeed, gotten around to doing to him.

She had done a lot of things to him.

The last letter was dated October 27, four days before the murder and dismemberment of the lady's husband. She suggested in this last letter that one of the things she wanted to do to Jimmy on Halloween night was tie him to the bed in his black-silk undershorts and spread herself open over him in her black crotchless panties and then—

"You see any black-silk undershorts in the dresser there?" Brown asked.

"No," Hawes said. "I'm reading."

"A celebration, do you think?" Brown asked. "All this stuff she planned to do to him on Halloween?"

"Maybe."

"Do hubby in, chop him up in little pieces, then come back here and have a witches' Sabbath."

"Where does she call it that?"

"Call it what?"

"Witches' Sabbath."

"I'm calling it that," Brown said. "Black-silk undershorts, black o.c.p.s."

"So where's Brayne?" Hawes asked. "If they were planning a celebration. . ."

"Did you look under the bed?" Brown asked and then turned suddenly toward the window.

Hawes turned at exactly the same moment.

An automobile had just pulled into the driveway. It was silver-sided, with a black hardtop—a 1979 Cadillac Seville, still in seemingly excellent condition.

The woman who got out of the Caddy was in excellent condition herself, tall and leggy, wearing a black-cloth coat the color of her hair. Hawes and Brown watched her from the upstairs window as she went directly to the front door of the house and rang the bell.

Hawes looked at his watch.

Dolores Eisenberg was Frank Sebastiani's older sister.

Five feet ten inches tall, black hair and blue eyes, 38, 39 years old. Hugging Marie to her when Brown and Hawes came over from the garage. Tears in the eyes of both women.

Marie introduced her to the cops.

Dolores seemed surprised to see them there.

"How do you do?" she said and glanced at Marie.

"We're sorry for your trouble," Brown said.

An old Irish expression. Hawes wondered where he'd picked it up.

Dolores said, "Thank you," and then turned to Marie again. "I'm sorry it took me so long to get here," she said. "Max is in Cincinnati, and I had to find a sitter. God, wait'll he hears this. He's crazy about Frank."

"I know," Marie said.

"Poor baby," Dolores said and hugged her sister-in-law close again. Her arm still around her, she looked at Brown and said, "My mother told me you think Jimmy did it; is that right?"

"That's a strong possibility," Brown said and looked at Marie.

"You haven't found him, though?"

"No, not yet."

"It's hard to believe," Dolores said and shook her head. "My mother said you have to do an autopsy. I wish you wouldn't, really. That's really upsetting to her."

It occurred to Brown that she did not yet know her brother's body had been dismembered. Hadn't Marie told the family? He considered breaking the news, opted against it.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "an autopsy's mandatory in any trauma death."

"Still," Dolores said.

Brown was still looking at Marie. It had further occurred to him that on the phone with Dolores not an hour ago, she herself had told her sister-in-law about the autopsy. He tried to remember the exact content of the phone conversation. Marie's end of it, anyway.

*Hello, Dolores; no, not yet; I'm down in the kitchen.*

Which meant that her sister-in-law had asked her if she was in bed or getting ready for bed or whatever, and she'd told her, "No, I'm down here with two detectives." Which meant that Dolores *knew* there were two detectives here, so why had she looked so surprised to *find* them here?

Brown decided to play it flat out.

He looked Dolores dead in the eye and said, "Did you call here about an hour ago?"

And the telephone rang.

Brown figured there had to be a God.

Because if the earlier ringing of the phone had visibly startled Marie, this time the ringing caused an immediate look of panic to flash in her eyes. She turned toward the kitchen as if it had suddenly burst into flames, made an abortive start out of the entrance hall, stopped, said, "I wonder . . ." and then looked blankly at the detectives.

"Can't be Dolores again, can it?" Brown said.

"What?" Dolores said, puzzled.

"Better go answer it," Brown said.

Marie hesitated.

"Want me to get it?" Brown asked.

"No, I'll . . . it may be my mother-in-law," she said and headed immediately for the kitchen, Brown right behind her.

Marie lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello?" she said.

And listened.

Brown kept watching her.

"It's for you," she said, sounding relieved, and handed the receiver to him.

They were sitting in the living room when Brown got off the phone—Marie and her sister-in-law side by side on the sofa, Hawes in an easy chair opposite them.

Brown walked in, looking very solemn.

"Genero," he said to Hawes.

"What's up?" Hawes said.

Brown tugged casually at his ear lobe before he started talking again. Hawes picked up the signal at once: little dog-and-pony act on the way.

"They found the rest of the body," Brown said.

Marie looked at him.

"The head and the hands," he said. "In the river. I'm sorry, ma'am," he said to Dolores, "but your brother's body was dismembered. I hate to break it to you this way."

"Oh, my God!" Dolores said.

Marie was still looking at Brown.

"Guys dredging the river pulled up this aluminum case, head and a pair of hands in it," he said.

Hawes was trying to catch the drift. He kept listening intently.

"Did you know this?" Dolores asked Marie.

Marie nodded.

"You knew he'd been . . .?"

"Yes," she said. "I didn't tell Mom because I knew what it would do to her."

"Genero responded," Brown said to Hawes. "I hate to have to go over this another time, Mrs. Sebastiani, but I wonder if you can give me a description of your husband again."

"I have it right here," Hawes said. He was beginning to catch on. He took his notebook from the inside pocket of his jacket, flipped through the pages. "Male, white, thirty-four years old . . ." he said.

"That right?" Brown asked Marie.

"Yes," she said.

"Five-eleven," Hawes said, "one-seventy. . ."

"Mrs. Sebastiani?"

"Yes."

Eyes flashing with intelligence now. Hawes figured she was beginning to catch on, too. Didn't know exactly what was coming but was bracing herself for it. Hawes didn't know exactly what was coming, either. But he had a hunch.

"Hair black," he said. "Eyes—"

"Why do we have to go over this again?" she said. "I identified the body; you have everything you—"

"My brother's hair was black, yes," Dolores said softly and patted Marie's hand.

"Eyes blue," Hawes said.



"Blue eyes, yes," Dolores said. "Like mine."

"Will I have to come into the city again?" Marie asked. "To look at . . . at what they . . . they found in the . . .?"

"Mrs. Sebastiani," Brown said, "the head we found in the river doesn't match your husband's photograph."

Marie blinked at him.

Silence.

Then:

"Well . . . does . . . does that mean . . .?"

"It means the dead man isn't your husband," Brown said.

"Has someone made a mistake, then?" Dolores asked at once. "Are you saying my brother isn't dead?"

"Mrs. Sebastiani," Brown said, "would you mind very much if I read you this description you gave me of Jimmy Brayne?"

"I really don't see why we have to go over this a hundred times," she said. "If you were doing your job right, you'd have found Jimmy by now."

Brown had already taken out his notebook.

"White male," he read, "thirty-two years old. Height six feet, weight a hundred and seventy. . . ."

"Yes," she said impatiently.

Eyes alert now. Hawes had seen those eyes before. Desperate eyes, trapped eyes. Brown was closing in, and she knew it.

"Hair black, eyes brown."

"Yes," she said again.

"Mrs. Sebastiani, the eyes were brown."

"Yes, I just told you—"

"On the head in the river. The eyes were brown." He turned to Dolores. "Does your brother have an appendectomy scar?" he asked.

"A what?"

"Did he ever have his appendix removed?"

"No. I don't understand what you—"

"Was he ever in a skiing accident? Did he ever tear the cartilage on his—"

"He never skied in his life," Dolores said.

She looked extremely puzzled now. She glanced at Marie. "Marie, what is he talking about?" she asked.

"I think she knows what I'm talking about," Brown said.

Marie said nothing.

"If the prints come up blank," Brown said, "we've still got the head. Someone'll identify him. Sooner or later, we'll get a positive I.D."

She still said nothing.

"He's Jimmy Brayne, isn't he?" Brown asked.

Silence.

She sat quite still, her hands folded on the lap of her robe.

"Mrs. Sebastiani," Brown said, "would you like to tell us where your husband is?"

"Police," Brown said and knocked on the door again.

Silence inside the room.

Then the sound of a window scraping open.

"He's moving!" Hawes said.

Brown was already backing away from the door and raising his right leg for a piston kick. Arms wide for leverage, he looked like a football player going for the extra point. His leg lashed out, the sole and heel of his shoe hitting the door flat, just about at the knob. The latch sprang, the door swung inward, Brown following it into the room, gun extended. Don't let there be another gun in here, Hawes thought.

A man in his undershorts was halfway out the window.

"That's a long drop, mister," Brown said.

The man hesitated.

"Mr. Sebastiani?" Hawes said.

The man still had one leg over the window sill. There was no fire escape out there; Hawes wondered where the hell he thought he was going.

"My name is Theo Hardeen," he said.

"So your wife mentioned," Hawes said.

"My wife? I don't know what you're talking about."

They never knew what anyone was talking about.

"Mr. Sebastiani," Hawes said, "at this very moment, your wife is driving in from Collinsworth with two detectives from the Eighty-seventh Squad—"

"I don't have any wife in—"

"They also have a chain saw in the car," Brown said.

"We found a chain saw in your garage," Hawes said.

"There's a lot of blood on the saw," Brown said.

"And a lot of blood in the garage," Hawes said.

"Sir, we're arresting you for the crime of murder," Brown said and then began reeling off *Miranda-Escobedo*. Sebastiani listened to the recitation as though he were being lectured. He still had one leg over the window sill.

"Mr. Sebastiani?" Hawes said. "You want to come in off that window now?"

Sebastiani came in off the window.

"She blew it, huh?" he said.

"You both did," Brown said.



# NOW

People,  
places, fads  
and culture—  
all that's  
happening  
coast to coast

## ENOUGH, ALREADY

Let's face it; time's run out on Dennis Miller and his smirky humor at the *Saturday Night Live* "Weekend Update" desk. Enough with the smug mugging; the jokes just aren't very funny anymore. *Outa here.* . . . And speaking of anchors, will Mary Hart please weigh hers? The hostess of *Entertainment Tonight* drops celebrity worship to new depths. Her swell gams are insured for 2,000,000 bucks? She, with Johnny Carson's celebrated lawyer, "Bombastic Bushkin," actually accompanied Johnny on his honeymoon? Each day seems to bring another appalling bulletin in the columns. And, oh, that relentless perkiness: "I've always been perky," she tells reporters. Climb off the high wire, Mary, and give us a break. . . . Finally, how about calling a halt to the trumped-up bravura of avant-garde theatrical "Wunderkind" Peter Sellars, who irked so many with his wretched excesses at Washington's Kennedy Center. His next likely offense: *Nixon in China*, opening this month at the otherwise select Brooklyn Academy of Music. . . . Enough also about Mark Harmon, Jim McMahon and Michael Jackson's return.

## pass the salsa

It's Spanish for sauce—and it's hot. Check it out on Thursday nights at New York's Palladium, where crowds of 2000 slither to the music that *salsero* Rubén Blades calls a mix of Afro-Cuban rhythms, Brazilian samba and Colombian *cumbias*—tinged with rock 'n' roll. Or hit the action on the opposite coast, home to the east L.A. band Los Lobos and the cooking new dance club Samba e Saudade. Cooking? *Salsa* is the New Big Thing. At BMW heaven, Rebecca's in Venice, California, have grapefruit *salsa* with your grilled lobster; at Saint Estéphe in Manhattan Beach, star-shaped *tortilla* chips with truffle-pinto-bean *salsa*. Or go to the soft-taco chain La Salsa, with its *salsa* music and *salsa* bars.

## rock golf

Who, pray tell, is fairest on the fairway? If you guessed heavy-metal rockers last on the list, step up to the tee. "Next to my band," says Gregg Giuffria of Giuffria, "my life is golf. I want the world to know that the game is no longer dominated by the polyester elite."

Apparently not. Members of Dio, Y & T, Triumph, Uriah Heep, Judas Priest and the raucous Mötley Crüe, to name just a few, hauled clubs to Giuffria's first Rock & Roll Celebrity Golf Tournament, as did mellow musical types such as Cheap Trick and The Eagles. One reason for the, er, heavy turnout: With drugs passé, metal hackers can now be awake early enough to get a decent tee time.

## BEEPER MADNESS

Remember when only doctors carried beepers? Now the belted gadgets are used by 6,500,000 people, from C.E.O.s to club hoppers. Nearly 1,000,000 beepers are toted strictly for their after-work advantages, since the new pagers function as portable answering machines, putting the owner just a beep away from the action.

Beeps, in fact, are the least of it. The newest pagers can display a caller's phone number, transmit a 300-character message or relay a 20-second voice message. Within a year, they will deliver stock-market results, and units will be small enough to fit on wrists.

The best news is that many of these beepers announce their messages by vibrating or flashing a light—silently.



## ANCHOR DATE

COLLEEN WILLIAMS

**Marital status:** Single

**Stats:** Weekend anchor, KNBC-TV, Los Angeles; 1987 Associated Press Trophy for "Kids Who Kill"; 1986 Golden Mike Award for "Disaster over Cerritos"

**Viewer testimonial:** "Colleen defies the trends among anchor women—she's not blonde, ethnic or pregnant. When she wears black, she's devastating."

**Trademark:** A natural white streak in dark-brown hair

**Roots:** Farm reporter on Omaha's radio station WOW: "I had no idea what I was reading. I figured pork bellies might translate as bacon."

**On fandom:** "I get flowers and letters all the time. My co-anchor likes to do newsroom readings of viewers' fantasies about me."

## SECRET PASSION

Designer Ralph Lauren has been indulging a very private romance—with the blood-red Italian cars that flaunt the black prancing horse of Ferrari. Crown jewel in his stable of almost two dozen Ferraris is the legendary 1963 250 GTO, valued in excess of \$1,500,000. And that's just for starters.

Lauren also owns *two* vintage 250 Testa Rossas, an exquisite pontoon-fendered roadster and a shark-nosed TR61; there are a wine-hued 275 GTS/4 NART Spyder and two retired Le Mans racers, a 250 LM and a P3/4. Lauren's big, brutal 375 Plus two-seater is flanked by two 170-mph Daytona Spyderys, worth more than \$500,000 each.

Lauren, who admits that he is not quite expert enough to drive the competition cars, explains his Ferrari mania: "My friends kidded me because I never bought art."

## boomtown

It used to be a sleepy central Florida town with lush orange groves, a tiny Quonset-hut airport and a few mom-and-pop hotels for tourists en route to Daytona Beach. Today, the groves are a skeletal forest, the airport is a stunning ultramodern \$300,000,000 facility and the place boasts more than 62,000 hotel and motel rooms.

Orlando is booming. Elaborate theme parks (Boardwalk and Baseball the latest, Walt Disney World the pioneer), giant malls, upcoming film studios (Universal and Disney/MGM), a doubling-in-size convention center—all make Orlando the rage in realty.

There is 16 billion dollars sunk into development projects. Led by Harcourt Brace

Jovanovich, half a dozen corporations have already moved to build headquarters there. And an N.B.A. franchise is set for 1989 named, appropriately, Orlando Magic.

## THE BIG TEASE

'T is the season for trailers. During the Christmas crush, studios unleash upwards of 30 films, most of their big-gun Academy Award hopefuls, and pressure mounts on those specialists who can lure an audience with a 90-second promo. A \$100,000 90-second promo. Although studios and a few directors occasionally make their own, two companies—Kaleidoscope in Hollywood and Gary Kanew in New York—dominate the trailer business.

"Leave an impression, give them goose bumps," says Kanew of his strategy. "But I want less razzle-dazzle, more information." Kanew, who has produced trailers for three of the past six best-picture Oscar winners, has two likely holiday candidates: Steven Spielberg's *Empire of the Sun* and Richard Attenborough's *Cry Freedom*. They're both coming soon to a theater near you.

Contributors: Ken Gross, Pat Jordan, Richard Lalich, Maury Levy, Richard Natale, David Rensin, Merrill Shindler, Bill Zehme.

# V I D E O

- When **Robert Englund** welcomes you to his nightmare, he's deadly serious.
- A.k.a. Freddy Krueger of *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, he has become one of the hottest faces on video. Now he'll have some company: With the cassette release of *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*, **Media Home Entertainment** has shunned the trend of adding a commercial to the tape and instead is inserting a music video. It stars heavy-metal maniacs **Dokken** and features Freddy in a cameo. What next? A guest-v.j. spot on MTV. . . . It's the holiday video you've been waiting for: *Peter Clark's Christmas Tree Tips*. For a mere \$19.95, Home Services, Ltd. offers 30 minutes of insights on lighting and trimming, including where to hang your balls. . . . **Super VHS** now has an accelerated-delivery timetable in the U.S. While fewer than 400,000 VCRs with the super-high-resolution format will make it to our shores this year, that number is expected to jump to 4,000,000 in 1989. . . . And **flat-screen TVs** may be closer than you think. NHK, Japan's national broadcasting company, recently demonstrated a prototype of a wall-hung 20-inch model. NHK's goal is a 50-inch set. Look, Ma, no tubes.

*“Bakker wants to see you again. He’s willing to pay your way anywhere to do anything.”*

to go. Jim and I are going. The jet is waiting. And the limo.” He made a point of mentioning the jet and the limo.

I called downstairs and asked for somebody to help me with my bags. They got me a cab—which I paid for with my own money—to take me to the airport. Fletcher had given me exactly \$129 to buy a ticket home. I got the last seat on the plane, near the bathroom, and spent the whole trip thinking, Maybe I’m crazy. Maybe I am the one who did wrong. Maybe this is God’s will. Maybe I *did* something to somebody.

I was crying on the plane, because confusion started to set in. I thought, I am alone; how am I going to deal with this? I no longer had these people to depend on, to trust.

**GOLSON:** What happened after you got home?

**HAHN:** I got home Sunday morning, unpacked, put a robe on, saw my parents. I tried to smile, acted like everything was fine: “I saw John and his family. It was fun doing the telethon.”

I covered up. No way was I going to tell my mother—or show her—what I went through. So I climbed into bed and stayed there. I was in physical pain.

Sunday came and went. I was holding in my anger, my confusion. I was wondering again if I had gotten pregnant by Bakker. While he was with me, Fletcher had said that he had had a vasectomy.

**GOLSON:** In the tape you later made with your legal advisor, Paul Roper, you said it was Bakker who had had the vasectomy.

**HAHN:** No, the transcript was wrong. I was worried about having Jim’s baby. John told me he’d had a vasectomy.

The next day, I went back to work at the church. But I wasn’t right—I was just all messed up. So Tuesday night came. It was about eight o’clock. I was in my room. The phone rang and it was Jim Bakker. He said right away, “I don’t want you to tell anybody. I don’t think that it would benefit anybody. You would hurt a tremendous number of people.”

I said, “Jim, why did you do this?”

He said, “You will appreciate it. You

will realize that I chose you. You were the one woman, out of all the people, that I chose.”

**GOLSON:** How did you respond?

**HAHN:** I said, “Who would I tell?”

He said, “That’s good, because you really are blessed; you really are special. I will pray for you.”

Then he continued, “Jessica, I just want you to know that if this becomes public knowledge, it will be devastating not only to me but to my ministry, to the kingdom of God. Millions of people will suffer. I’ve got a lot more to lose than you do.”

**SCHEER:** He used those words—“I’ve got a lot more to lose”? Did he mention any money?

**HAHN:** Nope. Nothing.

**SCHEER:** Did he say he’d take care of you?

**HAHN:** Nope.

**GOLSON:** Did he ask you how you felt?

**HAHN:** No.

**SCHEER:** What else did you say?

**HAHN:** I said, “Why did you choose me?”

He said, “Because I was able to trust you. And I still trust you. And I trust that you will not tell anybody.”

I said, “How do you know you can trust me?” and he said again that he knew all about me—where I had been, how I was in the church my whole life and I understood the importance of keeping silent. Because this was something that would just destroy the entire kingdom of God.

Now, you have to understand my training. Since I was 14 years old, that was what I was most scared of doing—*hurting the church, hurting others.*

**SCHEER:** Did you tell him that you were hurting?

**HAHN:** Yes. He said, “You’ll get over it. You’ll appreciate it later. You did something for Jesus. You did something for God.” He also explained again how belittled he felt by his wife and how important a thing I had done for him. He seemed caught up in feeling like a man.

There was one last thing he said, where the conversation turned. He said, “Now, I want you to forgive me, but if certain things come up, some things may need to be done; I’m not sure.” He was subtly warning me that if there were any leaks, he would have to go through channels to shut me up.

And that’s exactly what happened. But the leaks didn’t come from me. They came from him—a few weeks later.

**SCHEER:** Did anyone else call you that first week?

**HAHN:** Yes. John Fletcher called me sometime that first week, saying, “Jessica, Jim Bakker wants to see you again. He’s willing to pay your way anywhere to do anything, because he enjoyed you so much.” He said Bakker had his own jet and we could go anywhere we wanted without being seen. I hung up on him.

**SCHEER:** When did you hear that Bakker was leaking news about the incident?

**HAHN:** Within a couple of weeks, his assistant—David Taggart, the guy who was



*“Perhaps Madam is looking for a card that expresses the sentiments of the season without using the F word? . . .”*

paid \$600-some-thousand a year—called me and said, “Jim Bakker confided in me.” He also said Bakker had confessed to a sexual encounter with a woman from New York to his church board.

“But he is just broken,” Taggart said, “and he does not want you to talk.” I listened as he told me about Jim’s tremendous problems, constantly reminding me of the damage it would do if I talked. That got me angry.

**GOLSON:** If Bakker was beginning to talk to the people around him, why the continuing efforts to stifle you?

**HAHN:** Because of Fletcher, who eventually broke with Bakker. As the months went on and the PTL continued to call, Fletcher’s name came into their conversations more and more. Taggart would call to say that Fletcher was going to be brought before the board because of these problems.

**GOLSON:** What other problems?

**HAHN:** Alcoholism and other stuff. They wanted to let John go—they didn’t want him to be connected to the Assemblies of God, didn’t want him preaching on TV. So John was apparently fighting back by dropping hints about Bakker. You see, John had a plan. His plan was to hold something over everyone.

**SCHEER:** Including Bakker?

**HAHN:** Especially Bakker. Because John knew that Jim Bakker had been with me; Bakker may not have known if John had been with me.

**GOLSON:** Even though the scene on the TV telethon was of two guys sharing a secret?

**HAHN:** That was John taking the credit for giving Bakker a good time—“We had a good rest today, Jim.” Bakker may not have known John came back.

So now Fletcher is obviously saying, “Hey, you’re not going to kick me out. I know something you don’t know.”

That was just the beginning. John’s campaign was just starting. He would call me and call the PTL. Eventually, he would even call the press about Bakker and me—keeping his part secret.

**GOLSON:** As the calls continued, why didn’t you go to your pastor, Gene Profeta? He was Fletcher’s friend and had given

to kill both of them. His immediate response was to cry. And he is not a crier.

**SCHEER:** How much did you tell him?

**HAHN:** I told him enough. I didn’t go into every tiny detail. Obviously, he asked what went on, what happened. He said, “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

**SCHEER:** What did you say to that?

**HAHN:** I said, “Because you know John.” I didn’t want to cause chaos between them.

After I had told him, he never again had John back to preach.

**GOLSON:** As we’ve said before, Profeta, a tough, flamboyant man, is not everyone’s idea of a pastor.

**HAHN:** Maybe, but after everything happened, I went to him and he became very protective and we became very close; he watched over me. I had been there in his church since the time I was 14—always doing whatever had to be done.

So now it’s early 1981, and I continued to work at church. About the pregnancy, obviously enough time passed. But I was still trying to sort out whether or not this was God’s will.

**GOLSON:** Were your parents worried?

**HAHN:** Yes. I began to lose a great deal of weight. My parents thought that I had anorexia. They would make up trays of food for me and I would just throw them away. I stayed in the house when I was not working. I didn’t care. I would come home and go to bed

and not sleep. I was under the covers all the time. When I went to church, I was not the same. I was not able to worship the way I once did. I didn’t hear the preaching. I cut myself off from everything and everybody. People would call the office and want prayer and I would pray with them over the phone, but I actually got to a point where I thought, Lord, who is going to pray for me? I thought, I need help. I

him a church to preach in.

**HAHN:** I eventually talked to him, but he was there to tell me that not everybody is like that—not all preachers are animals. “I can prove that,” he said, “by helping you and being there—emotionally and spiritually.”

**SCHEER:** Surely, he wasn’t that calm and collected about it.

**HAHN:** After he heard about it, he wanted

need somebody to tell me whether or not this is the way things happen in life.

Actually, I needed somebody to say, "Jessica, they were wrong."

**GOLSON:** Did the calls from PTL continue?

**HAHN:** The calls were always the same. "Please be quiet; don't talk." Jim Bakker did not call me anymore. He used Taggart to call. So I finally thought a psychiatrist might help. I couldn't really afford him, but I looked up one who was listed as a "Christian psychiatrist"—you pay according to what you make. It was \$50 an hour, which was a lot for me, but I went.

**GOLSON:** Did you tell him about Bakker?

**HAHN:** No. I was working up to tell him when I asked him, "Do you know who Jim Bakker is?" He said, "Yeah. I've been on his TV show." I just thought, God.

**SCHEER:** It sounds like a Hitchcock movie.

**HAHN:** Well, that's how it was. My circle of people were Christians, and anybody who was a Christian—a born-again Christian—knew Jim Bakker.

**GOLSON:** At some point, it began to look as if the news would break. Later, some reports said the break came from you.

**HAHN:** It is on the record that in 1983, John Fletcher called a reporter in Charlotte, North Carolina, and said, "Remember the name Jessica Hahn, with Jim Bakker." He then did that over and over. He would call PTL and do the same. This was his way of fighting the charges against him by the Assemblies of God.

**GOLSON:** Were those charges made public?

**HAHN:** They were public among the Assemblies of God people. The leaders discussed the charges among themselves. I think what happened is, John began to wonder why Jim Bakker's star should continue rising while his was falling. Remember, he was intensely jealous and competitive. And little by little, he began to leak the story. In 1984, I had heard that a reporter named Charley Shepard of *The Charlotte Observer* had my name. I called him because I was scared. He said he had heard a story that Bakker was involved with this young girl, Jessica Hahn, from New York. He made it sound like this big affair and like we were running all over the place together. So, in defense, I said to Charley, "That's not what happened." And for the first time, I told an outsider some of what happened—the Bakker part of the story—so that Charley could draw his own conclusions. I didn't add anything Shepard didn't have, such as the Fletcher part. I only wanted to defend myself against the Bakker charges. I even tried to chicken out from that a short time later.

But that began everything.

**GOLSON:** So Shepard had your name as early as 1984 but didn't reveal it until two years later. Has he ever said why he didn't break the story earlier?

**HAHN:** He didn't have proof. He wanted to meet with me and set up a thing where I

would help break the story. But I didn't want to get involved in breaking a story—I never did. I didn't want to work with this reporter. If he wanted to ask me something, fine. I wouldn't volunteer anything.

Now we're into early '84. Richard Dortch came on the scene. He took over Taggart's job of calling and saying, "Please keep quiet." Now, Richard Dortch—I don't know who is worse, him or Jim Bakker. Dortch would call me at night—two, three times a week. He asked to meet with me. He said things were beginning to come out. So first off, Dortch offered to move me into PTL territory, I guess so they could watch me.

**GOLSON:** What is PTL territory?

**HAHN:** The hotel in Heritage USA. I said no.

**SCHEER:** What happened then?

**HAHN:** Dortch finally requested that I meet with him in March of '84 and told me that a woman would also be there to ease things—so that it wouldn't just be me and Dortch in the hotel. We were going to meet at the Holiday Inn at La Guardia Airport.

**SCHEER:** Why did you agree to the meeting?

**HAHN:** Dortch made it seem desperate. He said, "Jessica, something's going on; you should know about it. I need to talk to you." And he said that this woman, Aimee Cortese, a board member of the PTL, would be there, too.

I went to the airport to meet Aimee at the La Guardia gift shop. I remembered her from my church, years before. She looked like a large prison warden, standing there with her arms crossed, holding a pocketbook. The first thing out of her mouth was, "Why do you dress like that?" I had on a black-and-white dress. I looked nice. Decent, not overdone. I didn't have any money to be overdone. She had on a ratty coat and looked like Miss Humble.

So we went off to meet Richard in a hotel room. Richard hadn't come in yet. Aimee sat down with me and got all confidential. She said, "All right, Jessica, Jim Bakker has marital problems, and because of it, he does have a problem with women."

Dortch came in the room. He's got this sugary way and started off by talking about how the news was going to come out. "Now, Jessica," he said, "we could get a lawyer, but God's people don't need lawyers. We depend on God." I finally got mad. I said, "Richard, don't be ridiculous. Don't start using God. We all love God, but let's talk."

What was on their mind was not to go to a lawyer but to get me to sign a document. Fletcher's story would not be believable if I denied in writing that anything had happened; it would be me and Bakker's word against John's.

"But, Richard," I said, "Aimee tells me that Jim Bakker has been with other women." Aimee immediately said, "That's not what I said"—this is ten minutes later! "I

only said Jim Bakker is having marital problems."

I said, "No, Aimee. I'm not stupid. You told me that he was having problems with other women."

So we went through that. Then Richard said, "Jessica, how would you feel if Jim Bakker took a gun and put it to his head and shot himself?" I said, "Richard, why would Jim Bakker do that?" He said, "Because his brother did."

To this day, I can't find out if he had a brother who committed suicide. Maybe they'll turn it around and say it was a brother in Christ, if it needs to be documented. Still, he told me Jim Bakker was suicidal and that it was up to me whether Jim Bakker lived or died. This is exactly how Dortch put it. Then Aimee began telling me that she loved me like her own daughter—

**GOLSON:** Out of the blue?

**HAHN:** Out of the blue. She wanted to be there to help me, to bring me through this. Because there was something I could do to save the ministry—"Look, you know what's going on with PTL; we're building hotels, we're building everything. You can save lives, keep all that moving"—if I agreed to sign a paper saying that Bakker never did anything to me.

They explained that the document would state that I came to them for financial help and that they helped me. They started mentioning some sums of money—up to \$30,000—which I could have taken then, without any lawyers' percentages or anything. I didn't. But the document was going to say that I had, in effect, raped him.

They said they had papers like this signed before when the ministry had been threatened—kind of like some form letter for people like me.

So I said, "Look. I have about had it with all this."

But Aimee said, "Jessica, you won't have any peace if this story breaks. Just think what it would do to your brother to see that you were involved in this. Think what it would do to your parents. We can prevent this story from coming out."

What she said about my brother Danny started playing on my mind, so I said it was true, I *didn't* want it to come out. So—for Danny's sake and my family's—I was *almost* willing to do something. Aimee began to tell me how much PTL meant to her and how she ministered to thousands. They went on and on—hours and hours of this.

Afterward, they left. No agreement was made then.

**GOLSON:** But didn't you say you'd begun to weaken a bit?

**HAHN:** Yes, because of Danny and my family. That's why I agreed to another meeting, to think about it. So another meeting was set up, and we were back and forth on the telephone that summer.

**GOLSON:** Did they show you a draft of what



*"I'm a romantic old traditionalist when it comes to Christmas, Miss Bishop—  
holly, mistletoe, a roasting log fire, a black garter belt. . . ."*

they wanted you to sign?

**HAHN:** Yeah. And they wouldn't let up on me about signing it. It was a complete lie.

**GOLSON:** Did you consider getting some legitimate advice? You led a sheltered life, but surely you knew enough not to sign a contract without having a lawyer look at it.

**HAHN:** But if somebody had looked at it, I would feel like I was telling him what happened. And the whole idea was *not to talk*. Besides, I didn't have any money.

**GOLSON:** What were you making?

**HAHN:** Maybe \$10,000 a year.

So throughout 1984, Dortch called to ask me to sign the paper. "I really think you should pray and think. . . ." November rolled around. Dortch was telling me how crazy Fletcher really was and what he was capable of doing. In a way, he was telling me that my life was in danger, because John Fletcher would do anything, *anything*. If the story came out, I would have to pick a side. Dortch argued that signing the paper was protection for *me*. Then we could go to the authorities and say, "This man is losing his mind. Here, this paper was signed—that's the proof."

Either way, I couldn't win. If I signed the thing, John would find out and he would come after me. If I went in the other direction and said that I'd talk, the PTL would ruin me.

They would manipulate you and get you to believe anything, these people. They are trained to program you to "do it this way because it is in *your* best interest." That's their skill.

**GOLSON:** And all to prevent Bakker's reputation from being tarnished?

**HAHN:** Right. Jim Bakker was the king. In fact, during our telephone conversations,

Dortch never called him Jim Bakker. He called him J.B. I would say, "Richard, say 'Jim Bakker.'" And he'd reply, "I'm saying 'J.B.'" Everyone was always taping everything. I was told, "When you call, say you're Jennifer Leigh. Don't use the name Jessica." Everything was a big deal.

**GOLSON:** What finally happened with the document?

**HAHN:** I went to the Bronx to meet with Aimee Cortese again. It was in a tough neighborhood, and she had two enormous guys standing at the door.

So I went upstairs to her office. It was the size of a bathroom stall. Tiny. Just room enough for a desk and a person and another person. I sat down; she handed me an envelope with the papers and said to me, "Jessica, sign these."

I began arguing about what the document claimed I did. By now I was mad, talking back to her. I said, "What are you getting out of it?" She said, "I'm getting nothing but the peace of God." I said, "Aimee, you are full of crap! You tell me you love me like your daughter; would you have *your* daughter sign this?"

She just gave me the paper. I said, "Aimee, I am not going to sign this." And she said, "If you *don't* sign it, the story is going to come out. Then people are going to look at you as this woman who slept with two men."

And so . . . I was stupid enough to let her talk me into it. She did talk me into it. And it *did* say rape—of Jim Bakker by me—and it *did* have extortion in it.

**GOLSON:** Why would you ever sign such a document, especially since you were finally angry at these people?

**HAHN:** That's just it. I'd been so mad, and

she'd persevered so hard, I figured she *had* to know something. It really *was* going to break. It all was going to fall on me. Why else would she persevere?

I found out why later: I read that she got \$60,000 as a "gift" from PTL. And she had \$10,000 for me in an envelope. As I was about to walk away, she tossed me an envelope that had the money in it and said, in a tone like "Get lost," "Get some counseling."

**GOLSON:** Why not ask for another version of the document? Something less damaging to you?

**HAHN:** I don't know. There wasn't time; she was pushing. I screwed up. I signed the paper. I should have thought, This is crazy, let's rewrite it. But the woman said, "I've got to go—I'm late for a church meeting—and you've got to sign it."

These people are vicious. Dortch told me he had done this before and that this document would never, ever, ever be seen by anyone. It was just for their personal assurance. It was to prove to them that I could not be the one who would leak the story—because then I would damage myself. If I talked, they would show this. It would let them trust me.

**SCHEER:** How? This sounds complicated.

**HAHN:** It is. They were telling me, "We can't protect you from Fletcher and others who know about this story unless we have your trust, unless we believe that you are completely sincere in not wanting this story to come out. And the only way we can believe that is if you sign this. When you sign this, it is going to say you did a lot of things you didn't do. Then we will know you would not bring this story out." Are you with me so far?

**SCHEER:** You're locked together in a trust.

**HAHN:** Right. We're on the same side now. Jim is not going to talk, because he has an empire. I am not going to talk, because I just signed a document that says I seduced Jim. So if John starts to talk, I deny it because of the document, Jim denies it and John's credibility is down the drain.

That was their way. Their Christian way, the kind of games they would play with you. They got me to a place where I would have to sacrifice myself again in order for them to protect me.

**GOLSON:** When did you know how much money you'd been given?

**HAHN:** When I got in the car and looked. I thought there might be \$300—money for a few counseling sessions. But there was \$10,000. So I went home and that night it hit me: "What did I do? My God, I've just committed suicide, practically."

**GOLSON:** What did you do?

**HAHN:** The next day, I called Aimee and said, "Aimee, I changed my mind. I want to give you this money back. And I want that document." She said, "Look, lady, you signed it. Too late. It's being sent to the PTL for safekeeping." I said, "What do you mean? It's not even nine o'clock. You couldn't possibly have mailed it. It's in your office. I want it." She said, "You're



"Well—do you feel joyful and triumphant?"



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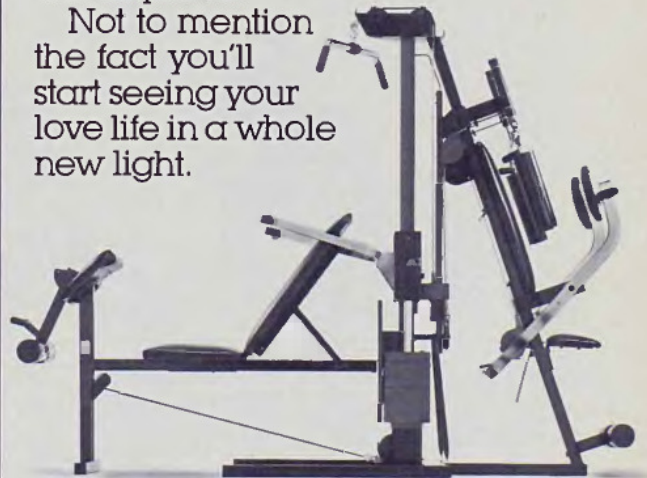
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not getting it."

Now I couldn't get that document back. I had to have help. I couldn't go on like this. The money meant nothing to me. In fact, I hid the money—I barely touched it. I felt like it was dirty, anyway.

**GOLSON:** But you kept it.

**HAHN:** Yes. I put it in a safe-deposit box and I used to take a few hundred out and get money orders and pay bills—which is probably wrong, but I couldn't exactly put it in the bank. I was afraid. The whole scene was scary.

**GOLSON:** You spent the money?

**HAHN:** I hid the money and began using it. I'd gotten it for signing a document I couldn't get back, but I knew it didn't seem right. I am admitting that. That's what drove me to finally get help.

**SCHER:** The papers reported that the \$60,000 Aimee Cortese received may have been PTL money laundered through the Wedtech corporation, which has been linked to widespread Bronx corruption. What do you know about Wedtech?

**HAHN:** Nothing. I picked up a paper one day later on and read, "JESSICA HAHN POSSIBLE LINK TO WEDTECH." I didn't even know what Wedtech was. I had to call up the

Daily News reporter and ask him. I still don't know.

**SCHER:** Aimee Cortese's brother, Congressman Robert Garcia of the Bronx, was allegedly involved in the Wedtech investigation. You know nothing about it?

**HAHN:** No. Was it Wedtech money? PTL money? Are Wedtech and PTL somehow linked? I can't say. All I read was that Aimee Cortese was paid \$60,000. And that she was supposed to use it for her church.

**GOLSON:** You said the money and the fact that she wouldn't give back the document caused you to get help.

**HAHN:** Yes, that was Paul Roper. The brother of my pastor, Gene, knew that Roper had previously gone after a church organization that allegedly was misusing funds.

**GOLSON:** Where did you meet him?

**HAHN:** He had come to our church in Massapequa and taught. He was also somebody who studied the Bible a lot. So I called to say, "Paul, you have handled this sort of thing before. Something's terribly wrong here. What should I do?" He came to Long Island and said, "Jessica, I'm going to need to know the details."

So we sat in an office with a recorder

and I told him over a two-hour period what had happened to me, in chronological order. My pastor was there. There was one tape. I said, "Do not let this tape get out." I'm not stupid—I know there could've been copies made. But it was an honor thing. We didn't put anything in writing. I just trusted him. I didn't realize until later that he wasn't an attorney, but a law student.

**GOLSON:** How often did Roper stay in touch with you after that?

**HAHN:** Maybe once a month by phone, then less. I saw him once at the signing of the papers, then not again for two years.

**GOLSON:** Why did you make the tape?

**HAHN:** To let these people know I had real help, that I wasn't just some naïve girl, that what they'd done was serious. I wanted them to know someone else knew the details and could file a lawsuit.

**GOLSON:** And what, exactly, was your objective?

**HAHN:** To say, "We are serious. If you're going to threaten Jessica, we're going to follow through and press charges." I wanted them to say, "Jessica, we're sorry."

But they wouldn't even return Paul's phone call. So Paul got angry and sent papers. Paul sent them the transcript and a list of the charges we could make—which were very heavy, heavy charges: that I was held against my will; that I was sent across state lines; the whole thing.

Then they woke up.

**GOLSON:** To whom were the papers sent?

**HAHN:** To PTL—Jim Bakker, Richard Dortch. Paul had someone official deliver them, like a summons. Dortch called and said, "We don't hire lawyers. We do everything on our own. We believe God is our lawyer." Then he turned right around and hired one of the biggest attorneys in the United States, Howard Weitzman—John DeLorean's attorney.

So after the PTL retained Weitzman in California, Roper and Dortch met a few times to discuss what would happen. There was finally a meeting in California.

After they met, Paul Roper came back to me and said, "Jessica, this is the thing: They want to pay you." A trust fund would be set up—the Jessica Hahn trust—at \$150,000. This trust fund, Paul said, would be set up to pay me for 20 years.

Paul called me and said, "Jessica, we want to settle this and we need you to come to California." I flew to California. Now, let me set the stage: I went into Weitzman's office. Roper was present. There was Howard Weitzman, who was Jim Bakker's attorney. There was Scott Furstman, who was Howard Weitzman's assistant. And there was this retired judge, Charles Woodmansee, who I assumed was there to give an impartial hearing.

**GOLSON:** Then you were represented by a law student against one of the toughest attorneys in California and his staff.

**HAHN:** Yes. Paul had someone else draw up



"You're angering them, Carter. It doesn't work if you anger them."



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the legal papers—and I heard later that he was a law student, too. Anyway, we sat down and we read the papers—and to this day, I don't remember what I read. Something along the lines of, for 20 years, I couldn't talk with Bakker. And the same went for him. It was supposed to stop any harassment.

But I wasn't going to talk. Why would I talk? The PTL had no reason to shut me up. All they needed to do was to go back to where they started from and hush their own people. All the people that Jim Bakker complained and cried to were the ones they needed to hush up, not Jessica Hahn.

**SCHEER:** But the PTL didn't know that. They thought they were dealing with this woman whose legal advisor was threatening to sue them and expose them.

**HAHN:** OK—the PTL did this to make sure I didn't talk for 20 years. That was their thinking. I hardly understood what was being said. Paul always translated it to me as "You're going to be set for life." But I didn't jump up and down. When Weitzman handed Roper the check, I asked Paul where it was going. "I'm going to put it in the bank," he said. I didn't understand where it was going. All I knew was that I was going to receive \$20,000 and that Paul Roper would receive \$95,000. And the rest—\$150,000—would be placed in a trust. Every month, I would receive interest payments.

**SCHEER:** What happened then?

**HAHN:** We left. The trust was to go into a California bank. To this day, I still don't know where my money is. All I know is that Roper and Furstman are the trustees.

**GOLSON:** Why can't you find out more?

**HAHN:** Every time I ask for papers, I'm told they'll be sent. I don't have anything

in writing in front of me. And I don't understand that stuff—bank business.

**GOLSON:** Why did Roper get \$95,000?

**HAHN:** Because he said that was a standard fee—30 percent.

**GOLSON:** He has since explained that he received expenses, plus \$2500 a year for the 20-year trust. Since Roper took his money all at once and the trust froze when the news broke, have you gotten some money back?

**HAHN:** No. I don't hear much from Paul.

**GOLSON:** When Roper said, "I'll take \$95,000," why were you so passive?

**HAHN:** Because I didn't know what the normal procedure was.

**SCHEER:** So what did you get out of the meeting that was important to you?

**HAHN:** Well, I didn't get what I wanted—that paper. It was very simple: "Give me back the document I signed, and somebody please acknowledge that I have been hurt." But, in the end, I felt like I was at a real-estate meeting where somebody bought and sold a home, got their money and everybody went their way. Nothing was accomplished.

**GOLSON:** But something was accomplished. You were going to get interest payments from \$150,000.

**HAHN:** It wasn't what I wanted! I wanted Jim Bakker to get on the phone and say, "Jessica, I was wrong. I harmed you." I wanted that document. I didn't give a damn about the money! I felt sadder than I felt even before I went in, because I thought, Now it's a 20-year secret.

Nobody ever gets back to basics. Nobody realizes what really happened. Nobody understands why Jim Bakker lost his ministry. People only see what their first love is: money. Everybody is worried about bank balances. Fine. I understand

that—that's how people exist and feed their families. But from the day that it happened, there has been nothing but people making money off of this. At PTL, people were paid off by the hundreds and thousands of dollars to keep silent about the incident. When this story broke, why do you think all you saw in the papers was a money trail?

And now people are running around saying I'm capitalizing on it. What have they been doing? At least I'm doing it by making some beautiful pictures and by telling my story once and for all.

**GOLSON:** OK, assuming you were pressured into this trust arrangement, why did you continue to accept the checks?

**HAHN:** I accepted the money because I thought it was over; it was the way to keep peace. But why did I keep accepting the money later on? I don't know if I have an answer. Roper kept saying, "You're a rich lady," and I felt like the same thing again—a little kid.

**GOLSON:** But you'd already taken \$10,000 from Cortese; once it was obvious that the \$10,000 wasn't going to keep them off your back, why did you think money from a trust would be more effective?

**HAHN:** Because the trust was more formal—it was more binding. It came out of a meeting with a lawyer and a retired judge. It was more real to me—it made me think that this thing might really just end. It was also an admission by Bakker.

**GOLSON:** Of what?

**HAHN:** Of guilt. Why else do you give somebody money? In a case like mine?

**GOLSON:** Then the money did have some satisfaction for you?

**HAHN:** It was a way of finally saying that the first piece of paper wasn't true, because he never would have given me anything if I had really seduced him.

**GOLSON:** In another incident, before the trust was set up, a letter was sent by someone who apparently knew your story and demanded \$100,000 from the PTL.

**HAHN:** Yes. There was a girl who I'd pulled through some tough times. I told her some of what had happened to me to make her feel better. She then wrote this letter to the PTL, which she thought was on my behalf—but I didn't know about it in advance. It later turned out she was signing my name to things and wasn't very stable. I'm sorry it happened.

**GOLSON:** That adds up to a lot of financial activity by people who said they represented you. Don't you think that's why people find it hard to believe you weren't interested in getting money from the PTL?

**HAHN:** If it were money I wanted, would I have had all these middlemen? I could have taken money at an early stage and just walked away—they were offering it to me! All I wanted was the document Aimee Cortese made me sign. If anyone thinks I was trying to get something out of the PTL, he's right—it was that lying document that brought the whole thing down. That's what I wanted—not money.



don  
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**SCHEER:** Let's move ahead to when the story broke. Where were you?

**HAHN:** I'd moved into a small apartment—the upper floor of a house in west Babylon, Long Island. On March 18, Charley Shepard called to say that he'd finally gotten proof about the payments—from a source inside the PTL—and was breaking the story the next day.

**GOLSON:** Not from you?

**HAHN:** No, I refused to give him what he wanted. He got the proof on his own. I had only told Charley my side to defend myself—no more. I still didn't want it to come out. Anyway, Charley told me the big news—that Bakker was going to resign and that he said it was because he'd been "wickedly" manipulated into a sexual encounter and blackmailed. Charley asked me if I had any comment. I didn't know what to say. I said, "Jim Bakker obviously has to protect himself." I also said I wished it wasn't going to happen. All I could concentrate on was that all these church people were going to be hurt, and it was going to be my fault.

Then the news broke all over.

My first contact with a newspaper reporter, besides Charley Shepard, was when a woman from *Newsday* came over and got a photo of me in my boots and jeans—what I had been wearing around the house. I didn't know how I was supposed to look, what I was supposed to say. The following day, my picture came out in *Newsday*. That's when the image of the "sex secretary" began.

I didn't dare go anywhere. I couldn't call anyone. The news reports were non-stop. The phone began to ring—and never stopped. All I could think to do was stick to my routine, to hold on to my sanity. So I began to pedal on my exercise bike, listening to tapes. All of a sudden, I heard this rumble outside. I stopped pedaling, took off my earphones and went to the window to look out. There were vans and trucks and sound booms everywhere. There were blankets on my lawn, chairs set up. There were—no kidding—120 newspeople milling around. There were photographers on top of the vans, focusing their cameras on my window. People perched on my car. The street was blocked. And I was scared to death—I didn't dare open my door. When I did, it was just a crack to let my dog, Missy, out.

Somehow, my unlisted phone number got out—and the phone began to ring non-stop. When one call stopped, another began. The counter on my tape machine went to 100, and it just started up again, over and over. Everyone on earth wanted an interview—"Barbara Walters would like an interview, please get back to us"; "*Newsweek* wants to talk to you"—everyone. So I had my phone going endlessly, my dog going crazy, the little girl from downstairs bringing up messages every five minutes, microphones on the end of poles coming up to my window, bright lights all night long—and I ended up sit-

ting in my living-room chair like this [*claps knees, rocks back and forth*], saying, "My God, what do I do?"

**GOLSON:** You couldn't get any advice from anyone?

**HAHN:** Roper was never in. This was way past any experience my family had. I didn't have close friends or a husband. And anyway, with all the press calls, no one else could get through. Who was I going to turn to? I thought they were going to come any minute with handcuffs, just on the basis of what Bakker was saying. He was the one who knew how to talk to the press. I didn't know how to begin saying what I had to say to the press. And even then, I was afraid of speaking out. So I just hid inside for days.

Finally, when it got to be too much—the doorknobs were jiggling, people were throwing things at my window—I slipped out my front door. They weren't expecting me and there was this rush—a guy was eating pizza and dropped it when he saw me—and they knocked me over. I stood up and went back to my doorstep. I was wearing sunglasses, not just because I'd always worn them but because my eyes were a disaster from crying so much.

So I prayed, "God, help me," and I just walked up to the camera people: "Where do I go? Where do I stand?" And when everyone was ready, I just said, "My biggest concern is not to hurt the church." I know it sounds strange in retrospect, but it was all I could say. I also managed to say I was worried about my parents and my little brother, and that was why I couldn't explain very much. And that was the first time I talked to the press.

**SCHEER:** But not the last time. *Penthouse* published an article by *Washington Post* reporter Art Harris questioning your story and quoting documents obtained by *Penthouse*. What was that all about?

**HAHN:** I saw Bob Guccione on TV one night, saying he thought I was being manipulated. I was as low as could be, I had no lawyer, and I was impressed that he was so direct. I knew I wasn't going to be able to tell my story to a family newspaper. So I called him. I went over to his town house in New York. We met in a conference room. There was security all over the place and big, huge dogs. To impress me, he told me he could find out in 24 hours who had sold the transcript of the tape I made for Roper, which the *Star*, *The Washington Post* and everyone else was publishing. Ironically, that transcript is most of what *Penthouse* ended up publishing as its "exclusive" story.

Guccione told me that night how hungry he was for this story; that he wanted to get Falwell and the others for having cost him \$12,000,000 worth of magazine business; and that payment to me would be "endless."

**SCHEER:** Did he say how much?

**HAHN:** He just said it would be endless. But first he wanted to wire me up.

**SCHEER:** What do you mean?

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**HAHN:** He wanted to hide wires on me and send me out to tape-record people like Falwell and Jim Bakker. By myself. I left without saying much, but I was scared to death. It seemed crazy and dangerous, someone wiring me. As I left, Guccione said, "Call me any time, night or day, Jessica. I never sleep." I felt I was leaving some dark place.

**SCHEER:** How did you feel when you read the *Penthouse* story?

**HAHN:** What *Penthouse* did is no different from what Bakker and Falwell and some of the others have done—taken my story and used it for their own benefit. The *Washington Post* reporter, Art Harris, was someone I trusted. He said he had compassion for me, believed me and wanted me to deal only with him. Then he went to *Penthouse*.

**SCHEER:** Did either Guccione or Harris ever challenge your story when they were trying to convince you to deal with them?

**HAHN:** No, never. They both said they were totally on my side.

**GOLSON:** How do you feel about the fact that some people will continue to call you a liar?

**HAHN:** Resigned to it. I'm finally telling my story my way—but to a lot of people who knew me back when, that translates into money and celebrity. And it will attract people who want a part of this. They'll claim that I slept around or that I was a bad person or that I took more money or—I don't know if it will ever stop.

But what's ironic is, what does any of this have to do with what's important? I mean, what would it matter if I'd slept around a lot—which I haven't? Despite any rumors you might hear, I'm here to tell you, as God is my witness, that I was a virgin before 1980 and that my experience since then has been very, very limited. Anyway, isn't what happened inside that hotel room what's important? That a preacher I worshiped forced himself on me and, on that same afternoon, the preacher who baptized me did even worse? That's why I've given *all* the details I remember of the incident—so they won't be able to lie again about *that*.

If some of the things that have happened to me and some of the people who've been around my life seem kind of strange to normal people, well, it seems that way to me, too, now. I can't believe how complicated it's been. And I sure haven't always had the best taste in who I turned to for advice or help. But this is the environment I came out of. It wasn't because I went *looking* for the complications.

**GOLSON:** But it was not just the small-timers who jumped on this story, was it? A few days after the news broke, the big-time TV preachers were in full cry, weren't they?

**HAHN:** Yes, everyone had an angle. Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, John Ankerberg, they all used me. The Roper tape was not only played for the Assemblies of

God people but Jimmy Swaggart, who is not a member, also listened to the tape. As for John Ankerberg, he took a copy of the tape and, from what I understand, not only listened to it but *began to hand copies out*.

These men couldn't wait to go on TV and say, "I listened to a tape, and this poor little girl. . . ." They all got up and said how victimized I was, yet they used me, too. They loved the details. They had to pick a side—and they said to themselves, "If we're going to fight Jim Bakker, who are we going to fight him with? What tool can we use?" And the only tool they could use was Jessica Hahn.

I was used. I was not cared about. It was pretty obvious I had no one to turn to, but no one said, "What can we do for you?" But when it came time to go on television, they all had a lot to say about me. I hate Jim Bakker for that and I hate John Fletcher for that, but I do not need these other men coming along and playing God and deciding that Jim Bakker should burn and they're going to do it. Because when they burn Bakker, they burn Jessica. It's been a war of words—their war—with my name as the weapon. Each man had his own vendetta.

**SCHEER:** So you weren't able to take much comfort from any of the church people who came to your aid.

**HAHN:** Right. Most of them turned out to be the ones who hurt me the most.

**GOLSON:** But you're not referring to the people from mainstream churches. You're talking about—

**HAHN:** *That circle, that world, that clique* of churches. And that's why it felt like being mistreated by your own family. It's like a child-abuse story. A child goes to the mother or the father because that child believes they cannot do wrong. Then the parent abuses that child. So the child feels helpless and asks, "Where do I go? These were the very people I loved and needed, but they turned on me."

**GOLSON:** Didn't anyone come to the door and say, "How are you?" or bring you some fruit, that kind of thing?

**HAHN:** No. I paid somebody to go out and buy my groceries. I couldn't leave because of the press—ropes were finally put up. You know, I saw the transcript of the tape I'd made for Roper appear in the *Star* and *The Washington Post* at the same time everyone else did, and I wondered how it got in there. When I asked about it, nobody knew. I would like to know how these things got out—these little bits and pieces of the story that I never confirmed or talked about until this day.

**GOLSON:** But didn't you give out some bits and pieces yourself? Aside from the newspaper reporters we mentioned, there was a period when you would talk with disc jockeys and wire-service reporters, sounding very disoriented. What was going through your mind then?

**HAHN:** I was trying to make a decision

alone—without a lawyer, without an agent, without any kind of representation—as to how I was going to straighten things out. So if U.P.I. or A.P. called me, I would pick up the phone. But basically, the stories were just about my background—where I lived and what I was like. But I learned real quick that the press publishes what it wants.

At one point, I decided to be brave and agreed to go on the Phil Donahue show. I just showed up in the car they sent and walked into the waiting room. Phil came in and looked around. "What?" he said. "No lawyers, no agents?" I just looked at him and said, "It's just me, Phil." But when I did his show, I managed not to talk about my story for a full hour. I just wanted people to get a little impression of me, not to believe I was some slut.

**GOLSON:** You also began having breakfast conversations on the air with Howard Stern, a comic d.j. who specializes in near-obscene radio talk. How did that dialog come to happen?

**HAHN:** When Howard Stern called, I was like a caged animal. I was sleeping one morning and I heard someone saying through the answering machine, "Jessica, Jessica, pick up," so I figured it was somebody I knew. Nobody just gets on the phone and says that. So I picked up and he said, "It's Howard Stern, and you are on the air."

And as sad as it may sound, Howard Stern was somebody on the outside, talking like a human being to me. Even though we were on the air, I said, "I'll take it," because I was desperate.

**GOLSON:** Because he was the only one asking how *you* were?

**HAHN:** Exactly. He never asked me about Bakker. He just said, "What are they doing to you? Are you all right?" I was so desperate for some human contact—for *somebody*—that I took his calls.

**GOLSON:** Isn't that part of why people saw you the way they did? Here was an apparently intelligent woman talking about her abuse on an outrageous radio show. Wasn't it an odd way for you to vent your feelings about something as serious as what was happening?

**HAHN:** It shows you how desperate I was; that is all I can say. That is the point I was at: I needed somebody to listen to me and, out of all these people, Howard Stern cared about me. "Jessica, are you all right?"

**GOLSON:** Wasn't your pastor there through that period?

**HAHN:** But I didn't *want* to get him involved. I told him, "I'll be all right. Just stick to preaching. Don't be a part of this." He knew all along the pain I was in, but what was he going to do, sit there and have people snap pictures of him?

That was part of my learning process. He obviously cared about me, but I realized I couldn't go through life depending



*mikewinkler*

*"OK, so it's a Christmas tree . . . it still beats me why people in the West get so excited about them."*

on these people.

**SCHEER:** But from what we can see, you're still not free of them, even though you're finally telling your story.

**HAHN:** Yes, the calls and threats keep coming in. The fact that I can talk about things now is a relief, a release—and they want to steal that. They want to turn it into something to their advantage.

**GOLSON:** Are these powerful people?

**HAHN:** No. These are everyday people. Homemakers. People who are aggravated because I'm not under their thumb. People who don't know my whereabouts and are frustrated because I'm not responding to their every whim anymore.

I came that close to suicide. And they kept it up! You know, I fell off a horse once and broke ribs. I came real close to dying. My ribs were broken and I injured my kidney and hit my head. While I was in the hospital, the first phone call I got was: "Jessica, I wish you would have died." This was a church person.

These are the things that come back to me now. *These are the kind of people that I had around me.* And it makes me so angry, because these are the people I loved so much and wanted to please so much. They take my kindness for stupidity. And it's just not true. I *am* kind, but I am not stupid. And they used that. They saw I was friendly and called me a flirt.

Before, I depended on these people for love, for support, for guidance and direction. And now that I'm more in control of things, it drives them nuts. To think that for a second I might be able to make a decision by myself! I don't ever have to ask for their advice anymore. I don't need their love anymore. And I guess I never had it in the first place. In a way, it was always fake—it was false.

Now I feel I've snapped out of something. I can separate the good from the bad. I am on my way to being happy.

**GOLSON:** But can you really *tell* the difference between bad people and good people? After all, you say you were assaulted by Fletcher, the very man who had baptized you at the age of 14. How can anyone tell if you couldn't?

**HAHN:** John Fletcher only glorified John Fletcher. When you are in a church and you look around, you have to ask, "Does this glorify God?" The secret is to go to church and see if people are talking about themselves and their own problems or talking about God.

We all know there are bills to pay. But if I wanted spiritual help, I wouldn't want to hear Jim Bakker using precious TV time to complain about the press being mean to him for his wife's mink coat. I would want *help*.

And that's how I feel about all those other ministers right now, too. They all do it—Falwell, Swaggart, all of them. They need to stop talking, to stop pleading. They need to get back and realize that somebody hung on the cross for a reason! That there are people who are dying and

hurting and have nothing—no love!

**GOLSON:** All of this is tumbling out of you as if it's been pent up, waiting to come out all these years.

**HAHN:** Yes. And it's because those people told me for so long, "Just shut up, Jessica. We have much bigger problems than yours." But what makes me angry as hell is that their big problems are, How are they going to look in front of the public? What are they going to say about their college or their \$1,000,000 building that they built for no other reason than because it makes them look more powerful and big?

A church is to minister. These buildings are being built in a competition for money. There's no reason to put yourself in debt because you had to build 70 buildings that make the place look like Walt Disney World. These buildings aren't going to help people. They're just buildings.

If you're going to use all your television time to cry that you can't pay for anything, stop building for a while and get back on track. Then you could minister!

**GOLSON:** What would you say today to a 14-year-old who walked into the kind of church you did?

**HAHN:** I would say, "Worship the way you want to, not the way the preachers tell you to. Have a relationship with God, not God's representatives. Realize that preachers are only a vessel, only a tool. And don't be misled, don't put your life in their hands, as I did.

"Keep your mind. You can become so caught up in one man's way of thinking that you do lose your own mind. You start saying, 'Well, I'll just leave it to him to decide. If he says wearing make-up is wrong, then I'm just not going to wear it.' You can be so heavenly minded that you become no earthly good.

"Just get back to basics. If you're going into church, don't get into the politics, don't become part of a clique. Just go in there, worship, love God, give 100 percent of yourself and go your way. Don't allow them to say where you're going to school, who you can and can't talk to. You've got to use your own brain. Don't lock yourself in. Remember this isn't your whole world—you can bring God with you wherever you go."

**GOLSON:** You said you snapped out of something, as if you had awakened. Looking back, what do you think of the kind of conditioning you went through?

**HAHN:** It starts when you're a child. You walk in a place and everything is wonderful and you think, This is where I want to spend the rest of my life. As a kid, you're easily influenced—you believe everything and everybody and just want to hang on. And I think in my case, it turned negative.

I'm glad that this is finally me now. Not a little girl who is being influenced by all these big men that have all this power. It's Jessica now—making decisions on her own. But this hasn't been easy. I'm not going to lie to you. Suddenly, you look back

at what's happened and you say, "My God, my life really was destroyed by this."

**GOLSON:** Now where are we? Are we talking about the events in the hotel or—

**HAHN:** I'm talking about from the time I was 14 years old up until now! The church and worship and my personal relationship with God are probably the best things that ever happened to me, only the people surrounding it were *not* the best thing that happened to me. I can't understand how I could have allowed all of this to happen in the first place. What allowed me to trust people and let them use me? What allowed me to get to that point? What kind of techniques did they use? What did all of these little men have that allowed them to do this to me?

So it's amazing and it's depressing and it's scary and it saddens me, because I realize that all of my 20s, all of my teen years—all of my *life*—have been influenced by this. It feels like I went to sleep on my 14th birthday and didn't wake up until my 28th.

That was the day that I said, "That's it. I've got to get help." From someone, some institution that wasn't involved in this clique of people. I thought, I am not going to take this anymore. I can't lie under the covers. I am 28 and I have done absolutely nothing with my life but accommodate these people. I have gone nowhere. I have no money. I have \$40 and my heart is breaking and I'm mad as hell. I was also close to ending it for myself.

Within hours, things changed. I picked up the closest thing to me—the *New York Post*—and I saw Dominic Barbara's name in it. He's a divorce attorney on Long Island. I liked his style. So I called him, we signed a real contract, and I ended up here talking to you.

**GOLSON:** How did the *Playboy* pictures go?

**HAHN:** Now, don't laugh, but I believe this experience has brought me closer to God. In my quiet moments, my faith was all I had. In Chicago, when I was at *Playboy* to be photographed, I'd go for walks by Lake Michigan and talk with God. I'd say, "God, help me through this. I need a friend." I couldn't call anyone. Who else was in my shoes? Who else could understand where I was coming from? So I'd walk by the water and say, "God, help me; it's really You and me right now."

**SCHEER:** Did you think you might be doing the wrong thing by posing for the pictures?

**HAHN:** No, but I wondered. I prayed one day and said, "God, please, if I'm doing the wrong thing, just show me." And this is probably going to sound real corny, but I asked for a sign if I was doing wrong. I said, "God, I feel at peace about what I'm doing, but I don't want to be this woman who marked the church in the Eighties; I don't want to be this woman who is identified with evil. I want to be identified with *You*. I'm doing all of this in *Playboy*, and I know why I'm doing it. It's because You



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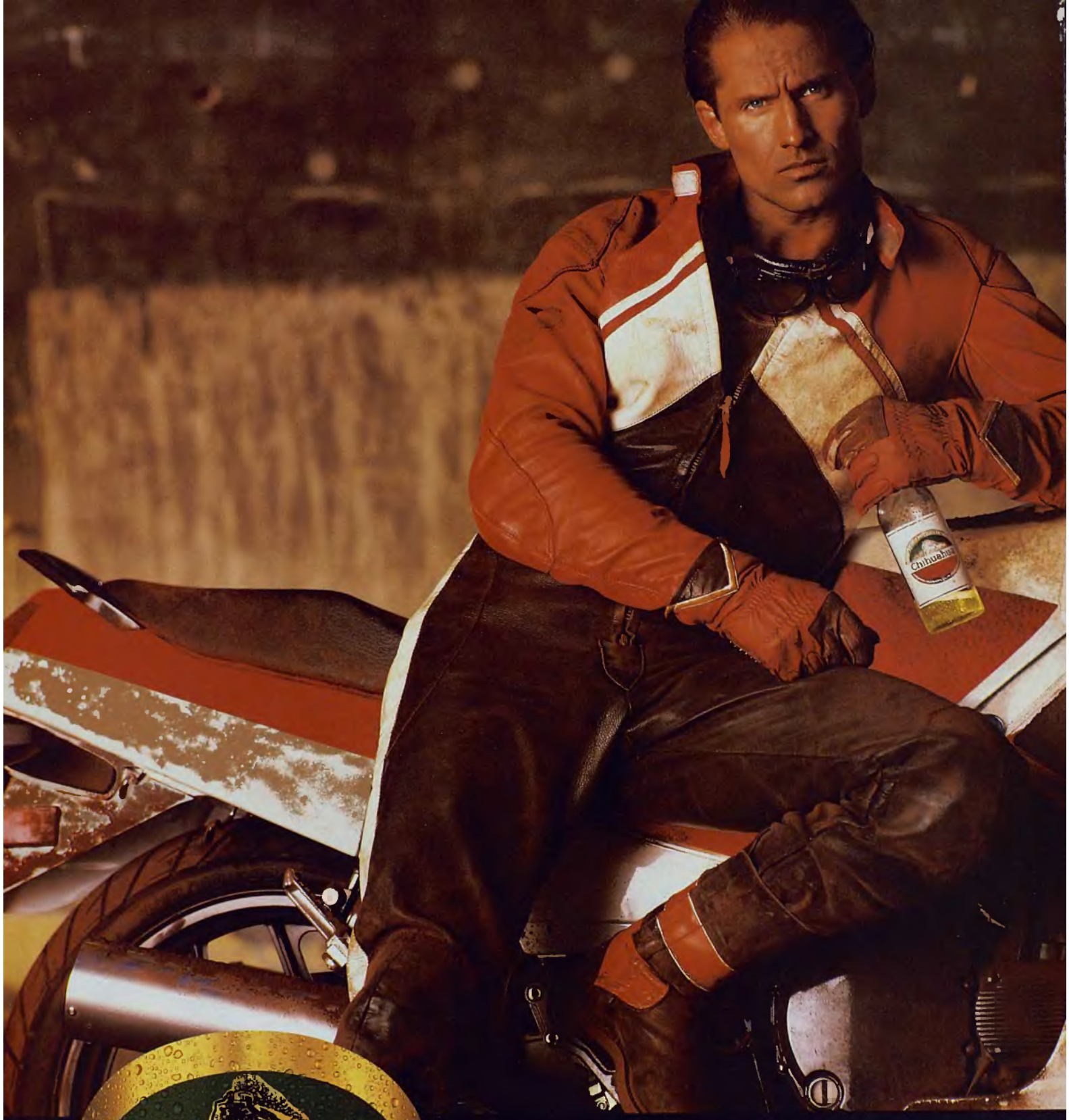
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made me this way and I'm not ashamed of what You created. But I need a sign just to be sure."

And as I was walking—you don't have to believe me, but this is true—I saw a rainbow. I saw it, and it was like "Hey, I'm here for you. You're going to be OK. I'm on your side." That was enough for me. God may not always be there when you want Him, but He's there when you need Him. I didn't have a church or a preacher to run to. I had just me and God walkin'.

**SCHEER:** You're something of a preacher yourself, Jessica.

**HAHN:** Well, I know how ironic it is to be saying this in *Playboy*, but—it's the time and the place. If *Playboy* wants the truth, this is all of it. Not just the pictorial, not just the hotel encounter. You're going to have all of me. My whole dream was just to get that message across. You don't have to be just one way to love God.

**GOLSON:** And you remain comfortable with your decision?

**HAHN:** *Playboy* allowed me to be myself, to do what I wanted to do. I don't believe anyone else has ever done that for me in my life. *Playboy* did more for me than I could ever do for *Playboy*. It gave me a new lease on life.

**GOLSON:** Wouldn't some say there was a price tag here, too—that you took your clothes off as the cost of telling your story?

**HAHN:** That's not a price to pay: Nobody forced me to take my clothes off. They simply said, "You decide, Jessica. You decide."

**GOLSON:** Well, Jessica, for someone who was so careful and so quiet about this story—this *whole* story—for so long, you've certainly opened up.

**HAHN:** One hesitation I had all along about telling the raw truth was that it would leave people with a bad feeling. My whole goal was to tell it in a way where there was a happy ending despite the bad stuff. My goal was to show that at the end, you can survive something like this. You're not a slave anymore. You're free.

**GOLSON:** And what do you have to say to those people you were so afraid of hurting for so long—people who truly believed in Jim Bakker and who say you destroyed that faith?

**HAHN:** Look, in the Bible, God used a jack-ass to get His message across. God will use anybody. Because we're really all just vessels. Sure, He used Jim Bakker. I believe He used Jim Bakker. I'm not denying it. But if people say I destroyed their faith in him, then they had their faith in the wrong thing. If you're going to have your faith in Jim Bakker or in Jessica Hahn, sure it's going to fail. That's why I say, "Have faith in God, not people. They're going to fail you every time."

**SCHEER:** Still, *Playboy* is an unexpected forum in which to read this kind of talk.

**HAHN:** I've prayed about it many times and I've felt at peace about it. You know,

the body is something God made, and what God made is good; it shouldn't be abused. And I don't mean in just a hotel room. I mean, it shouldn't be exploited, as it is in some magazines. But if you're going to just appreciate something pretty in a nice way, it's how people choose to see it.

God made Adam and Eve this way and it wasn't until they sinned and noticed each other's nakedness that it became wrong, that they covered themselves. They ate the apple and there was sin—and when there was sin, they covered up.

Everything out there is for us—trees, stars—because God loved us so much, He gave us all of this to enjoy. For no other reason than for us to enjoy. Nature is really beautiful—it's people who make ugliness.

**SCHEER:** How about your own happy ending? How far have you come from that day in 1980? How about love and romance?

**HAHN:** Well, it took me years to realize it was those men who were wrong, not me. I thought for a while that every time I thought of a man and a woman together, it

would remind me of pain.

It took me a long time to realize that it is not that way. That a body is something God created, and it is precious, it is a miracle, it is not to be abused and it is not ugly. I learned to appreciate a human body and see it as something beautiful. As something precious, to be handled gently, delicately.

**GOLSON:** Why didn't this experience—both physical and mental—overwhelm you? What were you able to draw on?

**HAHN:** I finally realized all these things led to God. These guys—all of them—are the ones who messed up. God didn't. And I finally got my priorities in order and stopped worshipping them.

It's so easy to become wrapped up—to let people run your life. It's so easy because you want so badly to be loved. *Everybody* needs to be loved. That's why a church is so important in people's lives—people just need to be loved. And some pay a high price for that love. I did.



*"What I believe in is my parents' buying me everything I want so I'll love them."*

*“This is my one and only offer, Ollie. I won’t ever propose again; it’s hard on my knees.”*

they could go on forever, but they know now they won’t,” she said.

“Stan,” he said, “this is no Hemingway novel and this can’t be the end of the world. You’ll never leave me.”

But it was a question, not a declaration, and suddenly she moved and he blinked at her and said, “What are you doing down there?”

“Nut,” she said, “I’m kneeling on the floor and I’m asking for your hand. Marry me, Ollie. Come away with me to France. I’ve got a new job in Paris. No, don’t say anything. Shut up. No one has to know

I’ve got the money this year and will support you while you write the great American novel—”

“But—” he said.

“You’ve got your portable typewriter, a ream of paper and me. Say it, Ollie, will you come? Hell, don’t marry me—we’ll live in sin—but fly with me, yes?”

“And watch us go to hell in a year and bury us forever?”

“Are you that afraid, Ollie? Don’t you believe in me or you or anything? God, why are men such cowards, and why the hell do you have such thin skins and why

are you afraid of a woman like a ladder to lean on? Listen, I’ve got things to do and you’re coming with me. I can’t leave you here; you’ll fall down those damn stairs. But if I have to, I will. I want everything now, not tomorrow. That means you, Paris and my job. Your novel will take time, but you’ll do it. Now, do you do it here and feel sorry for yourself, or do we live in a cold-water walk-up flat in the Latin Quarter a long way off from here? This is my one and only offer, Ollie. I’ve never proposed before; I won’t ever propose again; it’s hard on my knees. Well?”

“Have we had this conversation before?” he said.

“A dozen times in the past year, but you never listened; you were hopeless.”

“No, in love and helpless.”

“You’ve got one minute to make up your mind. Sixty seconds.” She was staring at her wrist watch.

“Get up off the floor,” he said, embarrassed.

“If I do, it’s out the door and gone,” she said. “Forty-nine seconds to go, Ollie.”

“Stan,” he groaned.

“Thirty,” she read her watch. “Twenty. I’ve got one knee off the floor. Ten. I’m beginning to get the other knee up. Five. One.”

And she was standing on her feet.

“What brought this on?” he asked.

“Now,” she said, “I am heading for the door. I don’t know. Maybe I’ve thought about it more than I dared even notice. We are very special, wondrous people, Ollie, and I don’t think our like will ever come again in the world, at least not to us, or I’m lying to myself and I probably am. But I must go, and you are free to come along but can’t face it or don’t know it. And now”—she reached out—“my hand is on the door and—”

“And,” he said quietly.

“I’m crying,” she said.

He started to get up, but she shook her head.

“No, don’t. If you touch me, I’ll cave in, and to hell with that. I’m going. But once a year will be forbearance day, or whatever in hell you want to call it. Once a year, I’ll show up at our flight of steps, no piano, same hour, same time as that afternoon when we first went there, and if you’re there to meet me, I’ll kidnap you or you me, but don’t bring along and show me your damn bank balance or give me any of your lip.”

“Stan,” he said.

“My God,” she mourned.

“What?”

“This door is heavy. I can’t move it.” She wept. “There. It’s moving. There.” She wept more. “I’m gone.”

The door shut.

“Stan!” He ran to the door and grabbed the knob. It was wet. He raised his fingers to his mouth and tasted the salt, then opened the door.

The hall was already empty. The air



*“I’m sorry, Inspector Lestrade, but for reasons which I confess are sentimental, I feel I must, just this once, decline my services to Scotland Yard.”*

where she had passed was just coming back together. Thunder threatened when the two halves met. There was a promise of rain.

He went back to the steps on October fourth every year for three years, but she wasn't there. And then he forgot for two years; but in the autumn of the sixth year, he remembered and went back in the late sunlight and walked up the stairs because he saw something halfway up, and it was a bottle of good champagne with a ribbon and a note on it, delivered by someone, and the note read:

Ollie, dear Ollie. Date remembered. But in Paris. Mouths not the same, but happily married. Love, Stan.

And after that, every October, he simply did not go to visit the stairs. The sound of that piano rushing down the hillside, he knew, would catch him and take him along to where he did not know.

And that was the end, or almost the end, of the Laurel and Hardy Love Affair.

There was, by amiable accident, a final meeting.

Traveling through France 15 years later, he was walking on the Champs Élysées late one afternoon with his wife and two daughters, when he saw this handsome woman coming the other way, escorted by a very sober-looking older man and a very handsome dark-haired boy of 12, obviously her son.

As they passed, the same smile lighted both their faces in the same instant.

He twiddled his necktie at her.

She tousled her hair at him.

They did not stop. They kept going. But he heard her call back along the Champs Élysées the last words he would ever hear her say:

"Another fine mess you've got us into!" And then she added the old, the familiar name by which he had gone in the years of their love.

And she was gone and his daughters and wife looked at him and one daughter said, "Did that lady call you Ollie?"

"What lady?" he said.

"Dad," said the other daughter, leaning in to peer at his face. "You're crying."

"No."

"Yes, you are. *Isn't* he, Mom?"

"Your poppa," said his wife, "as you well know, cries at telephone books."

"No," he said, "just a hundred and fifty steps and a piano. Remind me to show you girls someday."

They walked on and he turned and looked back a final time. The woman with her husband and son turned at that very moment. Maybe he saw her mouth form the words "So long, Ollie." Maybe he didn't. He felt his own mouth move, in silence, "So long, Stan."

And they walked in opposite directions along the Champs Élysées in the late light of an October sun.



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*"A dose of wit goes a long way. One trompe l'oeil mural or chest can enliven the room."*

dramatic, unexpected piece, whether major or not, can do wonders for injecting personality and presence into a small space. A burgeoning possibility nowadays is art furniture, found in galleries, designer showrooms and upscale shops. An art piece will work as furniture, storing possessions or lighting up, but it will also be startling and exciting.

A dose of wit goes a long way, too. One trompe l'oeil mural or chest, for example, or a neoclassic table with ceramic swags can enliven the room. Much of the touted Memphis design collection achieves a similar effect. Wit, as you well know, often comes from context, from not expecting some object to be in that place. Imagine an outdoor chair—perhaps a leggy Adirondack—inside. Or a column working as a divider. Many commercial objects will look witty when moved into a home from restaurants, libraries, theaters, hotels, hospitals, board rooms.

#### THE UNUSUAL MIX

In this postmodern age, when contemporary fashion means acknowledging the influences of the past, design culls from all eras. Small spaces particularly benefit from contrasts. Forget all those matched suites of furniture. They'll just make the room feel cramped and ordinary. If you fancy a Victorian sofa, fine; but then look for something in the Italian streamlined mode, too. If you're a fan of the country look, concentrate on roughhewn, woodsy pieces, and then set a few slick objects alongside them. The range now mixes metal with wood, fabric with hard edges, high-tech with traditional. Think about serious furniture next to some cartoon character—a familiar, sturdy wing chair, say, pulled alongside a classic Fifties kidney-shaped table. Watch the proportions and colors, though. A few contrasting elements are all you need.

One of the fastest ways to achieve an up-to-date mix is by combining period furnishings with the latest in lighting—which means a halogen light. The advent of the tiny, hard-working halogen bulb has revolutionized lighting design, in much the way the silicon chip forever changed the shape of electronic equipment. Lighting is now slim, elegant and remarkably versatile. And one of the first halogen lamps—the status-conscious Tizio, designed in 1972—has now been joined by an array of snazzy space-age choices that swivel or dip, go on the wall, the table or the ceiling. No matter what materials and styles you have in the room, lighting can make it feel contemporary.

#### BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS

Mirrors move in and out of fashion in living spaces, much like plants and platforms. Currently, they're back, though a decade or so ago, you didn't see many, except in dressing rooms. They're obviously useful for a studio, reflecting light and, perhaps, a view. Mirrors open up space like nothing else.

But be careful. Most people fall into one of two categories as soon as a mirror is anywhere close. Your date may be made uncomfortable by the constant reflection of herself and be unable to relax, or she may be an admirer of her own good looks, unable to stop the self-appraisal. In either case, you've lost her. Position mirrors where they'll reflect light without dominating the social arena. Often, a broken reflection will work—mirrored squares on a structural girder, for example, or a slim, horizontal bar over a long table.

#### THE DOUBLE TAKE

We've mentioned the need for compromise in a studio apartment, but we don't mean on quality or style. We mean this: You can't afford furnishings that will do just one thing. Rigorous multiple function is the goal, without sacrificing comfort or design, of course. Don't choose a table that simply sits there, waiting for a party. A drop-leaf or gate-leg table will expand to accommodate dinner for eight, every receipt you've squirreled away for tax time or a buffet brunch for 12. At half capacity, it's just the right size for an *intime* breakfast for two. And when you're dining out, it'll fold snugly against the wall and turn into a sideboard for keys, mail and briefcase. A wall piece becomes a table when it comes off the wall to top the two trestles that are stored in a closet. A few handy side tables can slide into position for dining.

You're best off with chairs that will change roles, moving from social to dining modes with the mere proximity of a table. Select a design that will work for both. Or, if you're a staunch traditionalist and must have division of labor, think about chairs that stack. Three or four nested in a corner make for sculpture—and a movable feast. A short stack will fit in a closet and appear at the right time. Many on the market nowadays will not only stack but fold, too. These are lightweight and ingeniously designed for looks and comfort.

Every space needs some definition, a way of dividing one area from another. The trick in a studio is to make those dividers functional. An open-shelved storage unit can zone sleeping and dining areas or living and cooking areas, while

still providing a place for books and the baseball-hat collection, lighting and the stereo. But remember: That unit needn't tower over the room. A low-rise unit will do it, perhaps backed up against the sofa. Pay attention to the horizontal lines in the studio and try to match your horizons. That will make for a more harmonious room. If this is the place for a tall divider, be clever. Get one with access from both sides, so you won't block out light and you can reach what you want without circling the piece.

And consider a standing screen to divide space. A nifty solution, the screen is basically a movable wall that will create an instant room wherever and whenever it's needed: a private guest room, for example. Or a dining area. A home office, perhaps. If the screen has a distinct personality, you've ended your search for a major piece as well.

#### OFF THE WALL

A word about furniture arrangement: A powerful tendency for anyone dealing with a small space is to push everything against the wall. Resist it. That stiff line-up of sofa, table, standing lamp and chair looks very much like a waiting room. Yes, the cardinal rule of allowing for traffic patterns does apply, but that doesn't legislate a hole in the center. Your studio's longest line, of course, is a diagonal. If you can set the living area at angles to the room's straight-edged rectangle, in one fell swoop you will gain both space and interest.

#### THE ART OF CLUTTER

Received wisdom for a studio dictates lean-and-mean furnishings: Keep everything spare, say the decorating dicta. Make sure surfaces are clean. That's a perfectly acceptable strategy for people who like to live that way. For those who have lots of tapes, books, records, clocks, cassette players and maybe even an insatiable appetite for whatnots, it's no strategy at all. While it's true that acquisitive instincts should be curbed in a studio, there's still room for the stuff of life. You can feel comfortable in a one-room home with many textures, patterns and possessions as long as you assemble everything with care. If it's pattern you crave, choose a palette and stick to it. The designs may vary—paisley to stripes—but the color theme will unify the pieces. Usually, a two-tone motif works best, but that depends on just how much pattern you want. It's personality you're after, not a formula. Pay attention to scale as well. A jumble of skyline shapes that force the eye up and down without rest will be uncomfortable and awkward to be around. When you add surfaces covered with more shapes and colors, however prized, the discomfort may well turn to claustrophobia.

#### BEDROOMS WITHOUT WALLS: THE ROOM WITHIN THE ROOM

It's usually about six by nine feet and it's called the sleeping alcove—in other



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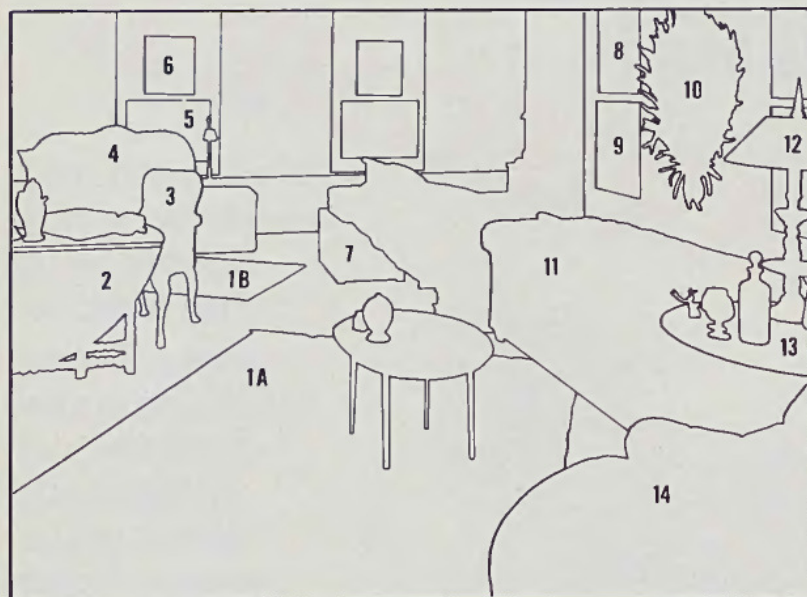
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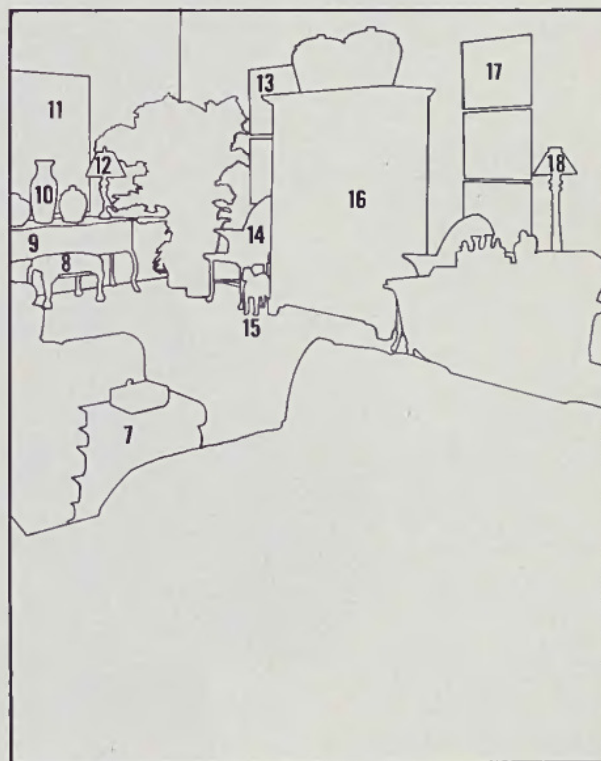
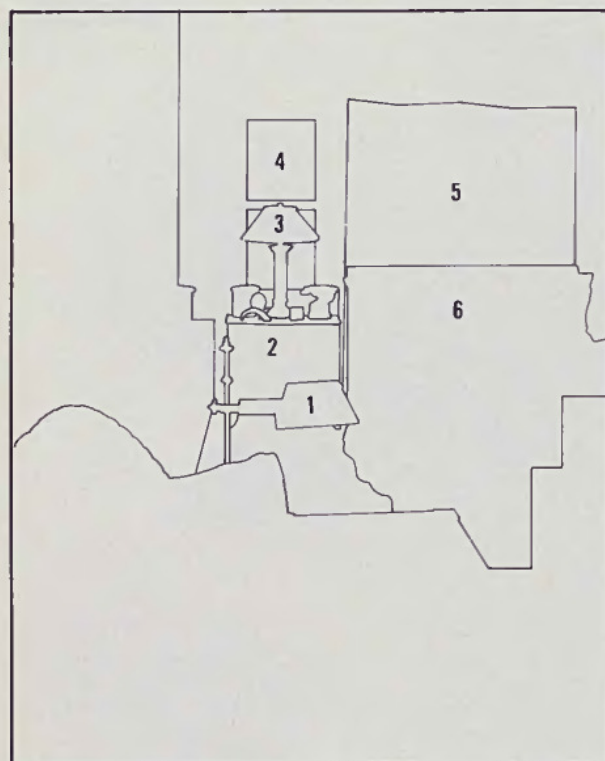
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words, the short leg of an L-shaped box. What you're looking for is a cozy bedroom, with a distinct atmosphere separate from the living area's. We suggest a canopied four-poster. With just the one piece of furniture, you create a room with a sense of presence, mood, architecture and function. If space is tight, or if window light is a problem, choose a four-poster without the top. Four upstanding posts will still work.

If you're not partial to four-posters, there are other choices, based on the same idea of an open-walled room. Consider, for example, a Murphy bed (which, by the way, makes a dandy guest room as well). The days of Thirties movies are gone forever: Murphy beds will no longer flop down of their own volition, thus spoiling seduction scenes. New technology has made a significant difference. Beds now hide in the most handsome and streamlined of cabinets, including some with closets and shelving alongside. The result is a miniroom housed in a cabinet.

#### A KITCHEN THAT WORKS

It's amazing how little work space you really do need to cook. Everything important can be included in one tidy line: sink, stove, fridge and, for a work top, a butcher-block board placed over the sink. That's a worst-case scenario.

Move up from there. Don't think for a second that every bit of kitchenware must reside behind closed doors. Likewise, a drawer full of jumbled tongs and graters, mashers and knives is a waste of space. Any small niche should be pressed into service. Spaces under the cabinets and above the counters can hold shelves—ready-made systems are widely available. Hang everything you can—pots, utensils, serving dishes, glassware. Use the backs of doors and wall space above the stove (for the saucepans). It's OK to let everything show. It's also much smarter for providing access. Good-looking stainless-steel-grid systems attached to the wall have made pegboards obsolete. A few hooks and you're in business. A closet pole or two, attached high up near the ceiling in closet sockets, will perform the same trick.

You can always find space for a fast kitchen meal by hinging a shelf and tucking a stool under it. The shelf will fold down, out of the way when not in use, and will also double as a work counter.

#### THE REAL-ROOM BATH

You may be lucky enough to live in a studio in an older building where the bath fixtures include real porcelain and pedestal sinks. Most studios, however, are found amid the modern high-rise hustle, and bath space in the apartment is an afterthought—a sterile white-and-chrome laboratory thrown into glaring relief by a fluorescent fixture.

Begin by changing the lighting. While halogen designs aren't a good idea in the bath (too much moisture), warm incandescent works a lot better than cold fluorescent. There's also no reason you can't have more than one. An efficient light over the sink can be complemented by others near the tub and elsewhere.

And why does the building-supplied medicine cabinet have to remain? It's usually downright ugly. Further, if not inset, why must it be above the sink? You can find a dozen varieties of wall storage units that can be hung anywhere there's space, to replace or complement the original. Perhaps an antique oak cabinet to change the mood of the bright-white box. Or, if you have the floor space, move in a low-rise chest of drawers and store towels and sundries there. Open shelving units will work just as well. Then, find a streamlined,

handsome mirror—maybe a snazzy art-deco number—and hang that over the sink.

As in the living and bedroom spaces, don't forget to personalize. Little things do, indeed, mean a lot. Long-armed mirrors, well-designed accessories, the new electronic clocks, scales and radios will warm the cold white room. Small earthenware jars or ceramic urns do the same work as plastic and are just as moisture-proof. Color helps—even if you feel right only with matte black. Big, lush towels are a lot more luxurious than postage-stamp-size ones. It may sound like common sense, but it's easy to forget comfort.

Remember, rules are made to be broken. Nothing has to match—it just has to look and feel good. And the bottom line is this: It's your home; make it a place to come home to.



Edvin

"Let's eat Chinese."

Eventually you'll arrive at Finlandia.



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# PLAYBOY

## ON · THE · SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

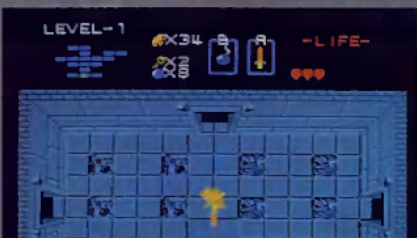
### —LET THE GAMES BEGIN—AGAIN—

**F**rom the heady world of Super Tennis to *Top Gun*-like fighter-pilot tension, video-game cartridges are enjoying a revival that brings them out of the arcade and into the home via two exciting entertainment systems. Sega and Nintendo are truly the comeback kids of this comeback, supplying the tools of the technology—a programmable

robot, light-phaser video guns, brilliant color graphics and arcade-quality joy sticks—that add simulation thrills to fantasy fun in an industry that has bounced back more often than little Mario in Donkey Kong. With Rocky, World Grand Prix and Slalom waiting to be played, forget your quarters, turn on the TV and load the cartridge. Pac-Man, we hardly knew ye.



Above is *Hang On*, a thrill-a-minute motorcycle game that comes with the Sega Master System, which includes a video gun and control pads, about \$100. Below left is Sega's *Choplifter*, a hostage-rescue game Ollie North would love, \$35. Nintendo's Entertainment System includes a deck and controllers, a wireless programmable robot and a video gun, \$140. Nintendo's *The Legend of Zelda* (below center) is a journey into swords and sorcery, \$44, and its *Pro Wrestling* (below right) is mat mayhem at its best, \$34.



# S U P E R S H O P P I N G



The Munchkin Model R-3980, Sharp's new .3-cubic-foot microwave oven, is designed primarily for the single urbanite who often eats frozen dinners, leftovers or minimeals and has a modicum of kitchen-counter cooking space to work with. It features automatic defrost, one-minute key, two power settings and day/date digital display. The R-3980 is available in red, yellow or white, \$169.

Vendex Pacific's MultiTech WeatherBeater is a compact water-resistant, hands-free telephone and AM/FM radio that's designed to be mounted outdoors by the pool or patio or even in the shower, \$49.95 in white or pink, and that price includes a section of water-resistant telephone cable.



The Eagle Rubbolver, technology's answer to the thumb and forefinger, is an 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ "-long mahogany six-shooter that comes displayed in a velvet-lined maple case equipped with brass target and rubberbands, from Eagle West Enterprises, Santa Barbara, California, \$89.95.



Baby, it's cold outside, and the unique temperature-sensing strip on your pair of Gore-Tex Thermo ski gloves has changed from pink to blue. That's the signal to save your fingers from frostbite by slipping in the silver space-age liners that come with the gloves, by Roeckl, \$100 the pair—and well worth it.

*Cavallino Rampante*, Ferrari's prancing horse, rears back in stainless steel on its base of American black walnut that's laser-engraved with the legendary Ferrari name. The desktop work is a signed, numbered limited edition that stands about six inches high, from Mascots Unlimited, Naples, Florida, \$495.



A sampling of camcorders (top to bottom): JVC's GR-C11 VHS Video-Movie weighs only 1.6 pounds and features a record-only one-button-activated mechanism with a fixed-focus lens and one-hour record time on VHS-C tape, \$1149. Canon's 8mm camcorder VM-E2 weighs only 3.5 pounds but packs the Canovision 8 punch in its small-format taping capabilities, \$1700. Zenith's nifty VM7100 vertical-loading hi-fi stereo VideoMovie camcorder will lie completely flat on a monitor or a table, thus becoming a VCR that will play standard VHS tapes for up to eight hours, about \$1800.

"Winner Takes All," an elegant lacquered box trimmed with brass, conceals a game board for backgammon and checkers and comes stocked with an array of Perry Ellis toiletries for men, from the Perry Ellis for Men Contemporary Christmas Collection, \$200.



For milord's bathroom, there's the Cabnitere, an adjustable defogged mirror housed in a cabinet made of *sennoki*—an Asian tropical wood known for its resistance to humidity. The Cabnitere's focused-lighting system is accented with an antiqued-bronze interior, crossarm and mirror mechanism. An outlet is conveniently located inside the wall-mounted unit, from Mergenthaler, Inc., Glenview, Illinois, \$360.

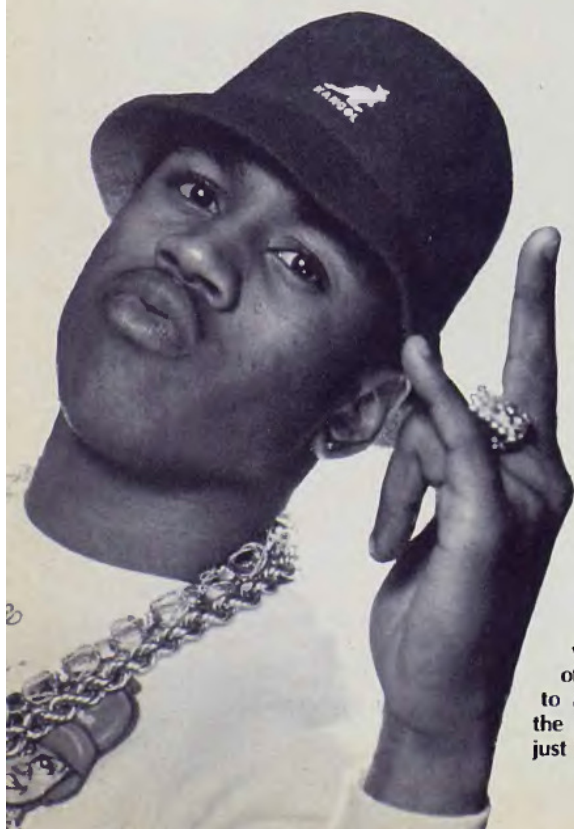




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**Hizzoner**

The mayor of Carmel is a busy guy. From governing the locals to meeting the Pope to owning a restaurant to playing golf, CLINT has most of his days already made. For you moviegoers, the mayor will put down his gavel and start shooting in 1988.



**The Ninja of Rap**

Master rapper LL COOL J got the gold for his second album, *Bigger and Deffer*, and then hit the road with the Def Jam '87 tour. Says LL about the future, "There hasn't been a rap star yet. . . . There will be . . . when one of us is standing next to Michael Jackson at the Grammys, getting just as many as he is."

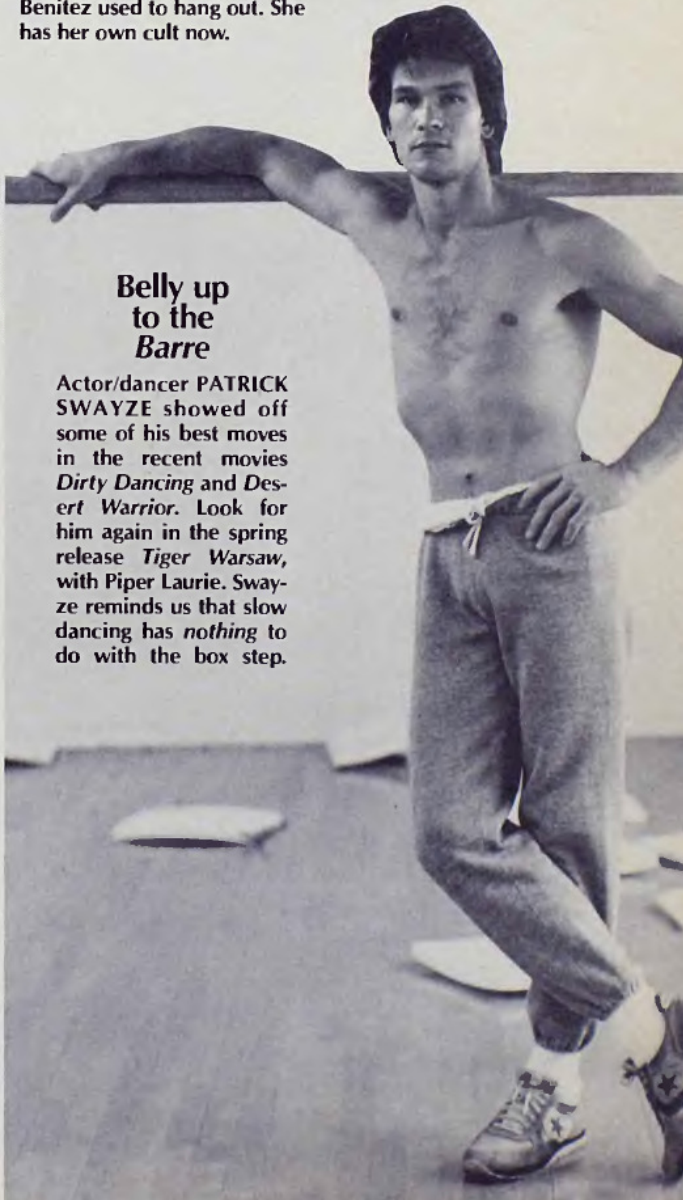
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**Jamming with Lisa**

Singer LISA VELEZ' group, Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam, shot up the charts with its album *Spanish Fly*. A New Yorker, Lisa got her start at the Fun House, where Madonna and Jellybean Benitez used to hang out. She has her own cult now.



NANCY MORAN / SYGMA

**Belly up to the Barre**

Actor/dancer PATRICK SWAYZE showed off some of his best moves in the recent movies *Dirty Dancing* and *Desert Warrior*. Look for him again in the spring release *Tiger Warsaw*, with Piper Laurie. Swayze reminds us that slow dancing has *nothing* to do with the box step.



## Getting Cured

ROBERT SMITH, lead singer for The Cure, has no major worries. The band's album *Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me* went gold. The Cure's North American tour was a smash and the boys are now giving Europe its chance to rave. So if something's ailing you, save on your doctor bills. Go for The Cure instead.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



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## Deck the Halls

Our season's greetings come unwrapped, of course. Actress KAREN RUSSELL has appeared in the movies *Dragon Fly*, *Modern Girls* and *Hell Bent*. If we were naming things, we'd call Karen heavenly and raise a glass to holiday cheer.



© 1987 MARK LEIVOAL

## The Eyes Have It

Actress ARLENE JULIAN appeared on the big screen in *Mankillers* and on TV in *The Young and the Restless*. Now she's doing some man-killing in *Grapevine*. Don't look for clues. Arlene gets away with murder.

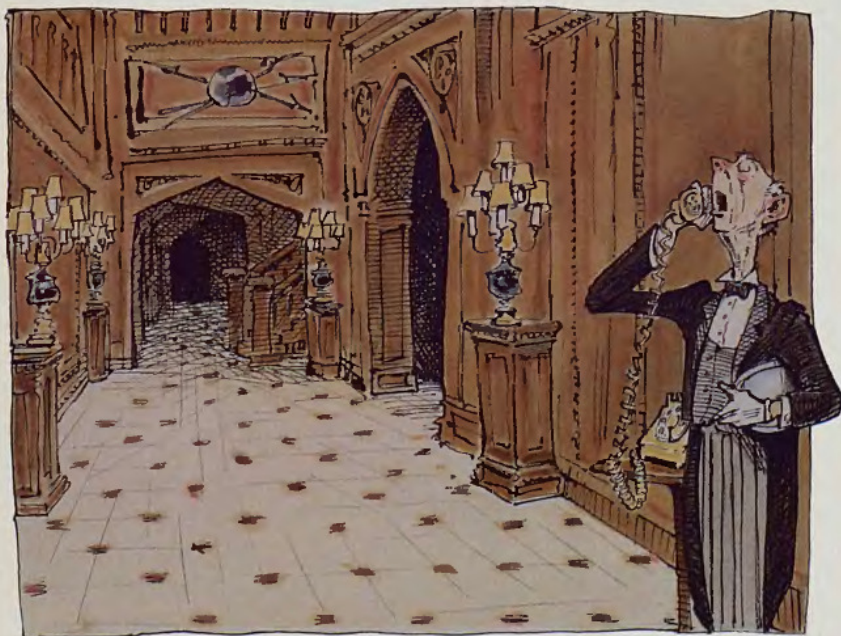


## THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

Now, here's a product whose time has come: Safety Shorts—unisex boxer shorts that are snazzy enough to be worn outdoors for recreation and functional enough to be worn indoors to prevent procreation, because hidden inside the waistband is a pouch containing a condom. "It replaces the cold shower for good, clean fun," says the manufacturer, Petracca Productions, 473 Columbus Avenue, New York 10024. Just \$18.95 sent to them will get you a pair of shorts in size small, medium or large and your choice of eye-popping polka dots, jazzy patterns or solid colors. (The shorts, we've been assured, are also being stocked in some of Manhattan's trendiest boutiques; and they'll soon be available in select stores nationwide.) And a percentage of the profits made from the sale of the shorts goes to AIDS research.

## A WINTRY BREW

Samichlaus, a rich, full-bodied beer from Switzerland that's brewed only once a year—on December sixth—and is released for sale the following October, has just hit the stores. Before you pick up a six-pack (for about \$15), be warned that these suds pack a mighty wallop: about 13.7 percent alcohol. Phoenix Imports Ltd. imports Samichlaus and you can write to the company at 2925 Montclair Drive, Baltimore 21043, for where-to-buy info. Then put some away; Samichlaus ages in the bottle.



## THE BUTLER DID IT

"Most messages on an answering machine are boring," says British-born Chris Sotnick, one of the founders of The Perfect Answer, a company at 416 Douglas Avenue, Dunedin, Florida 34698, that specializes in creating personalized answering-machine tapes. A Shakespearean bard and an Aussie who sounds like Paul Hogan are two of the 15 choices available, but our favorite is the British butler who tells the caller, "You have reached the [your name] residence. The master of the house is indisposed," etc., just \$19.95 for two selections, postpaid. The Perfect Answer does custom tapes, too. Write for details.

## PUTTING BOND ON THE MAP

Like the Ernest Hemingway Adventure Map of the World (August's *Playboy Potpourri*), the 21" x 27" Ian Fleming Thriller Map offers more than 100 locales where James Bond dealt with Draconian villains and luscious, lethal ladies—plus such 007 iconography as his Aston Martin. All for \$5.75, postpaid, sent to Aaron Blake Publishers, 1800 South Robertson Boulevard, Suite 130, Los Angeles 90035. And for those of you whose tastes are Victorian, a handsome Sherlock Holmes map is available, too.



## YUPPIE SLURP

"The Yuppie lifestyle requires an esoteric refreshment to match the occasion," says the Rikki B. Company, and that's why it's marketing Yuppier (pronounced Yup-e-a), caffeine-free, sodium-free, calorie-free ten-ounce bottled water that comes in three flavors: plain, cherry and vanilla. "Whether you're closing on a condo deal over the cellular phone in your BMW or walking your Akita, nothing attracts other Yuppies like Yuppier." And all for \$9.50, postpaid, a four-pack from Rikki B., 2210 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 654, Santa Monica, California 90403. Drink up!



## BAUBLES, BANGLES AND BILLS

Pressman Toy Corporation has just introduced Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous—The Game, in which would-be millionaires guess the cost of items from six categories, including Posh Playthings and Champagne Wishes and Caviar Dreams. If that isn't enough to wean you from Trivial Pursuit, Lifestyles also comes with brass-plated markers, colorful gem stones, a leather-look game mat and more. All for about \$20 from better game and department stores, of course.



## BAREFOOT'S GIRLS WITH CHEEKS OF TAN

To get all you gentlemen in the northern climes through the long, cold winter, there's California Girls—a four-color 24" x 36" poster on which are reproduced no fewer than 30 bikini bottoms being worn by some of the West Coast's cheekiest sun worshipers. Barefoot Press, 1856-1 Cherry Road, Annapolis, Maryland 21401, sells it for only \$18, postpaid. Or call 800-638-3877.



CALIFORNIA GIRLS



## THE LITTLE COMPUTER ENGINE THAT COULD

Just running an electric train around the Christmas tree used to be enough to get your adrenaline flowing. Now Märklin, the German company famous for its model trains, has introduced a new Digital HO Starter Train Set that can be operated with a home computer, no less. For \$965, you get two digital locomotives with rolling stock, two electric switches (and a decoder to operate them), the central control unit, a transformer and 18 feet of track. A call to 800-772-2490 will get you the name of a local dealer. Chug. Chug.

## DREAM PIPES

The world's first pipe-smoking-and-collecting VHS video tape, *The Ultimate Pipe Video*, has just debuted, hosted by Richard Carleton Hacker, the author of *The Ultimate Pipe Book* and *The Christmas Pipe*. In it, Hacker gives a fireside chat about the love and lure of pipe smoking. Two versions are available: a 60-minute tape, which sells for \$31.95, and a 100-minute collector's edition that's \$49.95. (Both prices are postpaid.) Order from Rick Hacker, P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213.



# COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 34TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



MINIS



SURGEON



AIDS



REVIEW

"PANIC IN THE SHEETS"—AN ENLIGHTENED LOOK AT HOW AIDS AFFECTS ROMANCE, BY CELEBRATED BACHELOR AUTHOR PHYSICIAN **MICHAEL CRICHTON**

**SUSAN DEY**, SIZZLING STAR OF TELEVISION'S HIT SERIES *L.A. LAW*, TALKS ABOUT **HARRY HAMLIN**, ANOREXIA AND OUTGROWING THE IMAGE OF **LAURIE PARTRIDGE** IN A LIVELY "20 QUESTIONS"

"DUELING SIXTIES"—TWO FORMER *RAMPARTS* EDITORS, **PETER COLLIER** AND **DAVID HOROWITZ**, FIND THAT DAZZLING DECADE AT THE ROOT OF MANY OF THE EIGHTIES' EVILS. AGING *ENFANT TERRIBLE* **HARLAN ELLISON**, HOWEVER, BEGS TO DIFFER

"KRAZY KAT"—WHEN THE CLASSIC CARTOON FELINE AND COMPANION **IGNATZ MOUSE** ASSUME THREE DIMENSIONS, THEY DISCOVER THE JOYS OF SEX. A WITTY YARN BY **JAY CANTOR**

"THE SURGEON"—HE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL IN A NIGHT'S EMERGENCY-ROOM WORK; THEN THE THANK-YOU GIFT FROM THE SAUDI PRINCE ALMOST GAVE THE DOCTOR A CORONARY. AN ENTERTAINING STORY FROM THE PEN OF **ROALD DAHL**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: RUSSKI BUSINESS"—IS THIS WHAT BEING IN THE RED MEANS? THE SCOOP ON WHAT THE K.G.B. TAUGHT HIM ABOUT MONEY FROM **ANDREW TOBIAS**

**PLUS:** "THE CURSE," A HAUNTING TALE OF A BARTENDER'S MEMORIES, BY **ANDRE DUBUS**; A PICTORIAL HURRAH FOR "THE RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT"; "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"; A **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW WITH **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER** AND "THE BEST" FOR THE NEW YEAR

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: PHOTOS THAT EXPLAIN WHY BRITS GO GAGA OVER "PAGE-THREE GIRLS"; "WHY SPY?" AND "GOING DOWN ON THE TITANIC," TWO VERY DIFFERENT PIECES BY THE INIMITABLE **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**; "THE GIRLS FROM DOWN UNDER"; FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG**; NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV** AND **OLIVER STONE**; A SMART BROKER'S ADVICE ON "WHEN TO GET OUT OF THE MARKET," BY **JOHN D. SPOONER**; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH **JUDGE REINHOLD**, **THERESA RUSSELL**, **JOHN CANDY** AND **ED HARRIS**; "THE YEAR IN SEX"; AND MORE

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